was twice Chancellor in days when the Chancellor was a good deal more like Prime Minister than he has been since the Reformation. If he has exaggerated the novelty of Wykeham's creation of Winchester in saying that "his conception of a great grammar school training a constant supply of scholars for the great college in the University was entirely new," and that "from it we may date, and to it we may refer, the development of the study of language and the elements of abstract science," the exaggeration is slight to that which is usually found in this matter. A correction may be found in the next chapter on "Wykeham's Models," where Mr. Leach has shown that both at Exeter, in connection with Exeter College, and in Oxford itself, in connection with Merton College, there were grammar schools in connection with, and serving as feeders to, Colleges at Oxford half-a-century and more before Wykeham's day. What was new was the creation of a college much larger than Merton, and for schoolboys a "sovereign and independent foundation, existing of, by, and for itself; self-centred, self-controlled," and "not even like a college in a University; an imperium in imperio, a protected State under the shelter of a greater whole." The head-master, Dr. Fearon, has unfortunately vanished from us only five pages on "Wykeham's conception of a public school," when we could well have had more of his vigorous English and broad-minded utterance.

"There was a time," he reminds us, "when many stiff patriots maintained that there were a sacred three, or possibly as an act of grace some mentioned four, with claims to be admitted within the narrow boundary of public schools. Some thought that there was a mystical meaning in the special mention of two colleges and a school in a certain Act of Parliament, recorded in the Frayer-book. Then in 1861 another Act of Parliament seemed to come to the rescue and ordain a privileged nine to occupy a world apart. But the fact is that the splendid success and influence of the schools of the Victorian epoch have stormed the fortresses of the exclusionists, . . . . If indeed Wykeham had to be the mother of numerous daughter public schools, some the creation of the fifteenth century, some of the sixteenth, some of the nineteenth, and he points out how "Arnold's conception" of a public school "is the accepted model throughout England; it is Arnold's conception which is the final authority in America and Australia, even more than in England; and Arnold learnt his lesson at Winchester,—particularly in the prefect system, which was Wykeham's own system, laid down by him in his statutes from the first. Dr. Fearon, however, goes too far when he claims for Winchester, or, indeed, for public schools, the special distinction of "patriotism," and Wykeham as "the founder of this school esprit de corps." In days before Wykeham were chiefly Benedictine or Cathedral schools; in the Benedictine schools there was the utmost devotion, but it was devotion to the order, not to the particular school." There is good cause for doubting whether the Benedictine schools were schools at all in our sense of the word, or meant anything but the instruction of novices, who were young men. And as for the other schools which existed in England in plenty, long before Wykeham—Cathedral schools and others—there is no evidence to show that they had no esprit de corps; and certainly they had no devotion to an order, because they were not connected with any order to be devoted to, except the clerical order with which Wykeham's school was even more closely connected than its predecessors. When Wykeham enlarges on brotherly love he is only doing what every founder of every religious house, whether monastic or clerical, had been doing from the first century onward. "ubi bene, ibi patria," expresses both the cause and the limitations of esprit de corps; and in no other sense can we fairly attribute its creation in schools to Wykeham, than that he founded a great, and on the whole, no doubt, comfortable, school. Probably most people are patriotic about their school because "the days of our youth are the days of our glory," especially in these days when the captain of cricket is a footballer a far greater person than a Prime Minister or a head-master. How recent these days are is shown by Mr. Cook in an excellent article on "Hills, Meads, and Games." The "Hills" that formed the delight of Frank Buckland and other lovers of country sports ceased in 1888 under the potency of the counter-attraction of "Meads" and "New Field." The supremacy of cricket dates only from the regular institution of public school matches with Harrow and Eton in 1825; and though football is an older game, its popularity too seems to only date from the same era. How far Wykeham would have approved of either seems very doubtful. Probably he would have approved very little of the doings of any of his successors after the fifteenth century,—from the Second Master who pulled down (but did he?) the golden images on the Roof screen with a twitch, or the Parliam ntal Warden who kept in with both sides during the Great Rebellion, downwards. Why, by the way, does Mr. Oman, who was a keen pupil, write on that latter period like the ignorant writers who always assume that it required some special Deus ex machina, in the shape of a distinguished Parliamentary General, to save the College or Wykeham's tomb in the Cathedral from plunder or destruction? The Parliament side did far less damage to institutions than the Royalist guillemots on the roof. Cromwell, who captured the Abbey which Rupert carried off. Neither Eton nor Windsor were damaged; and Cardinal Beaufort in his red hat sleeps quite as unharmed in Winchester Cathedral as William of Wykeham. But no one pretends that any special saviour appeared for him. The Parliamentarians were far greater favourers of learning than the others, as the erection of Durham University, and its destruction on the Restoration plainly show. Of course, they wanted to "purge" the college of obnoxious persons, just as James II. did afterwards. But they never dreamt of destroying them, and Winchester was never over in any danger nor need of a "Starky" to keep it in line in the present instance the slang is rather artificially dropped in, and there is a little want of a genuine ring about the poem though no want of real earnestness. The lines—

"It's just the power of some to be a boss, And the bully power of others to be bossed,—"

express a truth that is older than Socialism. The last four verses are set in a higher key, and, "The Gospel of Contentm is preached as forcibly, if not as diffusely, as Mr. Frederic Greenwood's reformed Russian preaches it. Mr. Alfred Hayes has realised to the full the restfulness of Nature; his poem is redolent of sunshine and fresh air, the third and fourth stanzas do the work of the "Starky"; the final couplet of his open-air "Starky" has some resemblance to Shelley's "lawny islet," where he describes it—

"Like mosaic pavements, And its roof was flowers and leaves Which the summer's breath oversweeps."

Mr. Hayes's powers are unequal; it is a pity that any one who can write such a good verse as the following,—

"As on my grassy couch I lie, From hedge and tree MUSICIANS PIPE; O'ER THE NEAR Subside the birds, one crooneth sweet, Whose labour is in vain: The slumberous bee,"

should end his poem in such a remarkably commonplace manner, the last line of the last stanza, "And go to bed," absolutely unpoeetical.

The distinctive feature of the new Yellow Book is the introduction of criticism. Mr. Philip Harmer critiques the former volume with a seriousness that almost, amounts to dullness. Mr. Max Beerbohm protests against the want of a sense of humour and against the "New Humour," which he sometimes finds "stale and rigid" and "stale and tiresome," and "a school of the new generation." It does justice to the work of Mr. Ormond, and Mr. Ormond has written the most amusing essay in the first number of The Yellow Book, called "Defence of Cosmetics," should have been taken seriously, but in the defence of the critic, we feel bound to say that, some cases, what is known as the "New Humour" requires the same sense as the "New Humour." Furthermore, the art that serves to discern the humour of past generations being wholly inadequate to modern demands. Mr. Beerbohm has a little sermon in his letter as he was in the essay which ends; he describes the "average pressman" occupied reviewing the work of an unknown author, and accuses him
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"plucking out and gloating over" defects and ignoring obvious beauties; but he ignores the average conscientious
witness who spends much time in searching for those latent
beauties and fails after all to find them. He would exclaim
with Cowper:—

"Happy work!
Which not even critics criticise."

And to the present race of critics he addresses the following
equalled, intangible, and irreparable are the woes that our
critics have done. At least, let them repent with sackcloth
and ashes, where they see not beauty, let them be silent,
reverently feeling that it may yet be there, and train their
dull senses in quest of it. Mr. Herbert Crackanthorpe
knows Mr. W. S. G. Peel's title of "Reticence in Literature,"
and pours out the very life-blood of the Philistines, on every
one who ventures to protest against his code of moral
fiction, particularly the "moral objector," and the "artistic
objector;" but critics are a callous race, and we shall be
surprised if any of the respectable Philistines at whom Mr.
Crackanthorpe points the finger of scorn, will sleep any
worse for it. Of other articles there is an account of the
charming French actress who has fascinated all London
this summer, and among the fiction Miss Ellis D'Aroyo's
dark-coloured sketch of "Poor Cousin Louis" is the most
made up of haughtily themes with a "Persian wheel" as a
kind of stage-property round which the characters are
grouped, in much the same way as Mr. Vincent Crummles
advised Nicholas Nickleby to introduce a "Real pump;"—
and "Splendid Jibs!"—into his new play. "Passed" is the
"impression" of a nightmare, dubiously thrown to the
old responsibility of man towards his fellow-creatures,
against which Cain flung his rebellions question, "Am I my
brother's keeper?" but the style is gawping and hysterical,
and the effect tawdry and theatrical. Mr. Harland's con-
tribution has the same keynote, the story being also narrated
in the first person; but the "Responsibility" shirked, is more
properly a case of selfish ill-breeding, the narrator deliberately
ignores a shy fellow-countryman, his own equal in all re-
spect, in a foreign hotel, and finally helps to goad him into
committing suicide by a system of unctuous rebuffs that
wound an abnormally sensitive nature in an unlooked-for
manner. If there was any enjoyment to be got out of such
behaviour to an insensible stranger, it was emphatically,
as Mr. Harland calls it, "heathenish;" but the slight sketch
is cleverly written, a little in Mr. Henry James's style. Mr.
Henry James's own contribution of "The Cossack Trust,"
points to the weight of the Yellow Book, and is a little dull.
We are not surprised that his characters tangle themselves into
a hopeless muddle, and are left in vague ambiguity, but we are
disappointed that so much apparent brilliance should produce
so little sense of illumination. His hero, Frank Saltram, is a
literary Pecksniff, with a dash of Mr. M. M. Collins thrown
in, and we fall to task any interest in the disreputable old humbug, whose sole literary capital is his brilliant convers-
ator, and the toleration shown towards him and his tiresome
wife by his long-suffering friends becomes a little tedious. Not
having the advantage of hearing any of Mr. Saltram's golden
utterances, it is difficult to echo Miss Anwoy's remark that
"one forgets so wonderfully how one dislikes him!" and the
only picture that impresses itself on the imagination is that of
a fat, frowzy, old man driving with his lamented hostess in
a one-horse greenish thing, an early Victorian landau, hired,
pair at hand, imaginatively, from a broken-down job-master,
whose wife was in consumption—a vehicle that made people
turn round all the more when her pensioner sat beside her in
a white hat and a shawl, one of her own."

In a review of Mr. Beerbohm's suggestion of keeping silent
(silence can be applied to "art" as well as to "literature") until some latent beauty can be discovered, we forbear
to discuss Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's pictures, merely promising
that his portrait labelled "Madame Réjane" is more lifelike
and human than anything we remember seeing by this artist,
and so far as the costume goes, there is an excellent likeness of
the French actress. Mr. Walter Sickert's portrait of his
fellow-artist, apparently sketched in a cemetery, recently
in days of impossible daguerreotypes: it is a positive relief to
turn to Mr. John Sargent's excellent pencil-study of Mr.
Henry James, and to note the clear outline and the
intelligible effects of light and shade. Perhaps this
effect of unintelligibility is one of the features of latter-
day art, and needs a special vision to discern its latent
beauties; on the other hand, a bald and naked realism that
insists on ugliness, and holds up the hidden shores of life for
inspection, is the tendency of some modern literature, and is
the risk of being confronted with a hideous spectacle of Mrs.
Grundy, and of being accused of shameless hands with her,
we venture to borrow an analogy from Nature (who is older
than the oldest of us), and who asserts that those things which
are sound and healthy are likely to endure the longest, while
that which is evanescent and rotten at the core will perish
and be forgotten."

HISTORIC RECORDS OF ENGLAND. *

The plan of this useful work, which to some may appear
novel, seems to have been suggested by Sir E. Cressy's
"Fifteen Decisive Battles," and though the author has moderately
termed it merely "a companion to the history of England," we
expect that it will be found a very agreeable and profitable
study. Events prior to the Norman Con-
quest are arranged according to their nature, those occurring
subsequently, by reigns, except where some matter of para-
mount importance has constituted an epoch; a list follows of
the authors who are most worthy of being consulted on each
subject, accompanied by criticisms which will comprise a large
many of facts and their dates, with many judicious remarks
thereon. There are, however, a few points on which the
author has not been as expansive as one would wish; some of
them, too, worthy of the thoughtful attention not only of the
literary student, but of every thinking man.

Without diverging into the domain of archeology, we may
observe that even as early as Cesar's invasion, Britain was
occupied by three or four different races; that during the
Roman domination many foreign Colonies were introduced;
that though the Danish element was akin to the Teutonic,
and this does not hold good as regards the Finns and Wends,
who followed in their train; that not only did the Norman
Conquest bring in a foreign, privileged, and dominating class,
but that subsequently there was an influx of Angles under
Henry II., and of Provencals and Italians under Henry III.
When therefore the discontent in the reign of the latter
monarch raised the cry of "England for the English," they
showed as much inconsistency as the seditions at the Cape at
the present time, who advance the maxim, "Africa for the
Africans." Our view was brought clearly into notice in
Dr. Dod's poem, "The Traveller Englishman," in which he
shows that there are but very few Englishmen in whom the
foreign blood does not flow, and who do not, in his opinion,
inhabit some at least of the vices of their progenitors. Mr.
Malden, on the other hand, has, with justice, pointed out
that the strength of the Reformers as well as of the Puritan
movement lay principally in those who, though born in a
foreign element was most prominent, while the
more remote and isolated districts adhered to their ancient
traditions.

We do not from this infer that foreign immigrants should
be either promiscuously admitted or rigidly excluded, but
that attention should be paid to their natural environment,
in whose pecuniary circumstances, the prospect of their becoming
useful citizens in the land of their adoption, and, above all,
the reason why they left their native land. Mr. Malden has
done good service to the cause of just historical opinion
by cautioning the student against the erroneous and senti-
mental views of M. Thierry, whose work on the Norman
Conquest, though vivid and attractive in style, is replete
with political quixotism, and has led to much discontent
and dangerous speculation. Still, the book will be deemed of
authority since the author, through mistaken benevolence, has
sympathizing desired the introduction of those with whom
nationality of political agitators and their ignorant adherents.

Our author, too, has beneficially noticed the important fact
that the Civil War, and what is erroneously called the Revo-
lution of 1688, were contests of opinions, not of classes,
and that the spirit of democracy exercised little, if any, influence
in the debates and resolutions of the Legislative Bodies.
Indeed, it would be absurd to suppose that a party numbering
in its ranks Percy, Cecil, Herberts, and Hampdens, could