spirit was broken by the failure of his hopes. His health was undermined by the horrors of the famine and the fever. After three years of married life he died, leaving his wife with one boy, a Stephen Butler, and the task of saving, if possible, some part of the Butler estates.

She faced the situation, as she had accepted the news of her father's death, calmly. A Quaker kinsman came to her from the north. Together they went through the tangled record of Antony Butler's affairs. They sold an outlying part of the property, the land which lay east of the village of Cuslough. A Dublin pawnbroker, one David Snell, bought it at a ridiculously low price. His money stayed the threatenings of the most clamorous creditors. Mrs. Butler went to the north, and rented a little cottage near Hollywood, on the shore of Belfast Lough. She saw clearly that she could not afford to live in Dhulough House, but she believed that she might save the remainder of the property for her son.

CHAPTER III

PRISCILLA BUTLER proved herself a wise woman. She followed the advice of her relatives in all that concerned the management of her son's estate. She could have done nothing better. Old Timothy Davidson, her uncle, was a godly man, but in all that concerned money, the getting or the keeping of it, he was shrewd and keen. He had given the world proof of his qualities. No linen merchant in the north was better spoken of, or bore a higher reputation for probity. Few had acquired and secured more comfortable fortunes. John Tennant, Priscilla's cousin, stood behind the counter of his shop and sold drapery. His goods were

sound, his word reliable; and men said that he was growing rich. If these two understood nothing about land, they knew most of what was worth knowing about money. Under their care the revenues of the boy's estate were so managed that debts and mortgages began to melt away.

But in one matter Priscilla Butler would not be advised by any one. She insisted on bringing up her own son herself. Timothy Davidson and John Tennant shook their heads together over the boy. He grew self-willed, was little subject to control, and somewhat inclined to be contemptuous of mature wisdom. On Sunday afternoons Timothy Davidson and his wife used to visit Mrs. Butler in her cottage. It was Timothy's custom to afflict the boy with much advice, advice given after the manner of Polonius, in polished epigrams. Stephen learned to endure it because sixpences followed the advice. Pears and grapes from the wonderful gardens, on which the old man lavished his money, were given by little Mrs. Davidson and further reconciled the boy to the patient hearing of sound teaching. John Tennant, when he visited his cousin, advised that Stephen should be sent to school. He used to bring with him his little daughter Dorothea; a motherless child, three or four years younger than Stephen. She was quaintly dressed by an old Quaker housekeeper, and taught to be more solemn than is right for any child. When Stephen refused to play with her, declaring that girls were no good for anything, John Tennant, drawing on his imagination, described the joys of school sports and the companionship of other boys. To Mrs. Butler he spoke of the necessity of giving her son a proper education. She listened to him and set herself to learn the Latin language so that she might herself be Stephen's tutor.

What the end of such a system of education

would have been is doubtful. Priscilla Butler was stronger willed and calmer than most women, and the boy loved her very well. Perhaps she might have made a good man of him in the end. But when he was fourteen years old she died. Afterwards John Tennant, guardian along with Timothy Davidson, had his way.

"The lad," he said "is not of our people and will not live after our ways. It is right that we should remember this. Let him be taught in the way that men of his class are taught that he may live among them."

Timothy Davidson was silent for many days. Then he went to John Tennant and said—

"Thou speakest wisely. It shall be as thou hast planned. It may be that after many years the lad will return to us. In the meanwhile let him go to one of the schools which are accounted best by the world."

Stephen Butler was sent to an English public school, a place with a famous name and great traditions.

The education given at the English public schools in those days was the best in the world. It was indeed likely that a boy would emerge from it with small Latin, less Greek, and a contempt for French. He was almost certain to be ignorant of mathematics and natural science. But if he had any good in him at all he learned to be a gentleman; that is to say, one fitted to be a leader of other men, either in battle or in politics. The boy from an English public school made an admirable captain of soldiers. He faced physical pain for himself without shrinking, and gazed on the sufferings of others without nausea. He was inured to suffering. Masters birched their pupils frequently. The boys fought battles with each other in which even the victors were hurt a great deal. Bullying was the sport of the strong; to be bullied the common lot of the weak. Nowadays, thanks to the intro-

duction of anæsthetics in surgery and the recognition of the dignity of surrender in war, a gentleman is no longer called upon to suffer or witness physical torture. Therefore there is no necessity to birch him excessively in his youth, or to encourage him to find pleasure in hurting those weaker than himself. He is still trained, however, just as he was trained then, in the other habits which go to the making of a gentleman. For a gentleman should have good manners, a high opinion of himself, and a capacity for concealing his feelings. The leader in political life must be properly contemptuous of the suffrages of the multitudes he courts. He must be able to hide anger, disgust, enthusiasm, high hopes, or an altruistic outlook upon life. He must smile when rage is in his heart: dine, without visible discomfort, with notorious liars; and pretend, when his soul is full of lofty ideals, to be occupied principally in finding room for his own head at the feeding-trough. The public school education is admirable still for the training of such men. It was even better adapted for its purpose fifty years ago.

In Stephen Butler the system produced unusual results. He had a fierce Irish temper, a sensitive pride, and a kind heart. When he was birched he resented it angrily. When he was bullied, he hated the bully with a hatred so vehement that, reckless of appalling consequences, he revenged himself in unheard-of ways. He refused when his time came to bully other people, winning for himself the dislike of his equals and the contempt of those who ought to have been his victims. During his school days he was neither popular nor happy. Yet he gained something. He learned at school, as he might never have learned otherwise, to be brave. And he suffered little loss. Nothing that he endured was able to deprive him of the share of masterful self-assertion which he inherited from his grandfather.

The bitterness which came into his life was not enough to destroy the capacity for spiritual emotion which he had from his mother and from intercourse with his mother's people. He went up to Oxford with his Irish heart still whole in him, with the spirituality of the Quaker life still possible for him, with the manners of an English gentleman, but a dislike of English ways and English ideas growing rapidly in his mind.

At Oxford Stephen first realised that he was an Irishman. The Fenian organisation brought the existence of Irish national feeling once more under public notice. The English people were very indignant. They believed that the Irish question was settled; that Irishmen were being scattered abroad and in process of being absorbed by other peoples; that, from a political point of view, Ireland was no more than an extension of England, in which Whigs and Tories would excite themselves over the questions which seemed to be important in London or Liverpool. There was a general gasp of amazement when it was discovered that some Irishmen at home and abroad were still willing to take guns in their hands and fight for an unintelligible conception which they called nationality. Amazement gave way to fury when a policeman was shot in Manchester. The English people were able to view the murder of Irish landlords and the execution of Irish tenants with equanimity. There is no need to get excited about the way barbarous people treat each other. But an English policeman is a sacred animal, and when he is seated in a prison van, with the keys of a black door in his pocket, he represents, more obviously even than the judge in his ermine, the majesty of law. The van itself is a kind of ark of the covenant on which no man shall lay impious hands unpunished. That Irishmen should have dared to shoot off a pistol in the presence of a policeman, and that the bullet from the pistol should actually kill him was an

apocalyptic horror. Public opinion demanded that several victims should be sacrificed on the gallows.

At such times of general excitement, the position of the Irish gentleman in close association with men of his own class in England is a peculiarly difficult one. Stephen Butler had no wish himself to shoot any one, least of all a policeman. He had no desire to blow up a prison or to invade Canada. He did not understand the sentiment of nationality which urged men to do such deeds. But he was an Irishman and, since he had been frequently kicked at school for saying so, very proud of the fact. He found that unless he denounced his own countrymen in language more violent than that of the English themselves, he was likely to be looked on as one who sympathised with monstrous and unnatural crime. The choice, as it appeared to Stephen, was between losing his own self-respect and losing the respect of other people. He decided without hesitation that of the two his self-respect was the better worth keeping. Having chosen, he went on to emphasise his choice by defending the reputation of the men who were hanged for shooting the policeman. This was more than any one, even his best friends, could stand. He became unpopular. No doubt he would have regained his friends and his position in the society of the college after a while. Unless he is worked up to a pitch of unusual excitement the Englishman, and especially the English gentleman, is wonderfully tolerant of eccentric opinions. It would always have been believed that Stephen Butler admired those who murdered policemen; but in calm times, when the locks were not being shot off the doors of prison vans, his peculiar taste in heroes would have been forgiven, even prized as a picturesque national characteristic. But Stephen did not stay at Oxford long enough to enjoy the reaction in his favour.

News came to him that his guardian and great-

uncle, old Timothy Davidson, had died suddenly. He returned to Belfast to attend the funeral. John Tennant, then a very prosperous draper with a new villa of his own at the foot of the Cave Hill, received Stephen as his guest. It appeared that Timothy Davidson had left behind him a considerable, a very considerable, sum of money. Part of it was willed to Stephen. John Tennant advised him gravely about the use that should be made of it.

"We have so managed your affairs for you that there are now only small charges upon the income of your estate."

John Tennant stood half-way between the old and the new Quakers. He discarded the broad-brimmed hats his father and old Timothy Davidson wore, but he affected a sombre severity of attire which marked him off from ordinary Christians. In speaking to members of the society to which he belonged he used the "thous" and "thees" of the older generation. In conversation with outsiders like Stephen Butler, he accommodated his speech to the common use of plural pronouns.

"I should recommend," he said, "that this money which comes to you from our uncle Timothy should be used to pay off the remainder of the mortgages on your property. You are now of full age, and it is for you to do what seems right in your own eyes; but this is what I advise, and this, I think, is what our uncle Timothy would have wished."

Stephen, although he was twenty-two years of age, had left the management of his property in the hands of his guardians. He was content to continue receiving the allowance they gave him when he first went to the university. He had no wish to dispute the wisdom of John Tennant's advice.

"But there is more than sufficient money for this purpose. I have gone into the matter very

carefully. I find that when everything is paid you will have several hundred pounds of our uncle Timothy's money left, and you will also have a large income—an income of more than two thousand a year of your own."

John Tennant paused to allow the importance of this announcement to have its due effect. A prosperous shopkeeper who has worked hard and saved carefully is in a position to appreciate the value of an income of two thousand pounds a year. He was anxious that Stephen should appreciate it too. But John Tennant was a Quaker, a member of a society which has consistently and steadily maintained a very literal and therefore highly spiritual conception of the meaning of Christ's words. Therefore he did not look upon a large income precisely as most successful shopkeepers do. He regarded it in the first place not as a means of indulgence, but as a heavy responsibility. He gave simple and unaffected expression to his views.

"You will have a great deal of power, Stephen, either for good or evil. I hope that you will use it well. The possession of money always brings with it power; but money which comes from a landed estate brings with it more power than money like mine or our uncle Timothy's. You have under you men—men with wives and families dependent on them—whom you may treat justly or unjustly, wisely or foolishly."

It was curious that Stephen, with all his pride and independence of spirit, should have listened without protest, should have listened even reverently, to the platitudes of this somewhat pompous, very imperfectly educated draper. The power of simple sincerity is very great. John Tennant had no art in sermonising, no freshness of view, no wisdom or philosophy to impart. But he was absolutely, unmistakably sincere, and Stephen listened to him.

"I hope that your education has fitted you for

the management of your estate. So far as the income of it is concerned we have managed well for you. But we have not known or taken care of the men who made the money out of your land. We could not do that, for we knew nothing of such matters. Only we saw to it that they should not be overburdened with rent, or deprived for your sake of a fair reward for their toil. You must do much more than we have done if you wish to do your duty. I cannot advise you about this further than to repeat to you the words of God: 'Do justly. Love mercy. Walk humbly.'"

This was the sum of the Quaker's advice. He did not press decision or immediate action on Stephen. He neither suggested a return to Oxford nor a visit to Dhulough. Men of John Tennant's society learn patience and self-restraint by sitting quiet in their churches, neither reciting liturgies nor declaiming doctrines. Stephen remained, untroubled, a guest in the new villa, until he made up his own mind about his future.

"I think, Cousin John," he said at last, "that I shall not return to college."

He waited, but John Tennant expressed neither approval nor disapproval.

"If you will continue to act for me," Stephen went on, "and if you can supply me with sufficient money, I should like to go abroad for a while, for a year or two, and travel."

"It is well," said John Tennant. "I shall arrange about your affairs and act for you as before until your return."

CHAPTER IV

DINNER was over. The cloth, after the custom still prevalent in 1875, was removed, and the mahogany table shone pleasantly in the