

THE HORROR OF IT ALL

The role of the Unitarian movement in the ‘Christianization’ of Jewish families is well known and the fact that Louis Schwabe II and his children were associated with the Cross Street Unitarian chapel in Manchester is not surprising. A book written by a man named



Guy Thorne called ‘*When it was Dark*’ published in 1903 is a story about a Jewish merchant in Manchester called Schwabe (or Schuabe depending on which edition) who is a Unitarian and who undertakes a devilish plot to destroy Christianity. Guy Thorne (whose real name was Cyril Ranger Gull) lived from 1876-1923 and the book was first published in 1903. Louis Schwabe II died in 1922 at Manchester. The villain of this awful novel is one Constantine Schwabe (one of Louis’ daughters was baptized Constance). But, *who* exactly Thorne had in mind when he created the devilish character of Constantine Schwabe we will never know, the name alone might lead one to conclude that Thorne may

have had our Louis somewhere within his consciousness when he wrote the book. In 1973 Claude Cockburn, the British journalist, wrote an interesting article called ‘*The Horror of it all*’ which I have very heavily edited below. My edits or comments appear within square brackets thus -- []. Those passages that are taken directly from the book are in *italics*. Because of my HEAVY editing the article reads somewhat choppy. I have also added without indication some passages which illustrate the role of Schwabe more forcefully. The illustration above is of Gustav Schwabe taken from the catalog of his paintings that he presented to the city of Hamburg. The original full text of the article can be found here on the internet: <http://www.counterpunch.org/claudhorror1.html>.

“THE most daring and original novel of the century is *When It Was Dark* by Guy Thorne.” Since the date of publication was 1903, this claim by the publishers might look as cautious as a bet on a cert. How many still more daring and original novels had had an opportunity to be issued since the twentieth century began?

The answer is that although the publisher’s statement might in one sense appear somewhat absurd, it was not merely true, but stayed true, or as true as any such assertion can be held to be, for years and years. *When It Was Dark* was one of the most significant works of the Edwardian and early Georgian eras. It was read by people who found little to excite them in the novels of the period which have, as the saying goes, ‘lived’. It is, by any standards, a tour de force of extraordinary vivacity and skill. And its stew of spicy cunning, gross pomposity, wild melodrama, heavy religiosity, anti-Semitism and acute

class-consciousness, has a wiff and flavour which re-create that not very distant age more vividly and authentically than many far better books.

An early and useful summary of this plot was given by the Bishop of London, who, soon after the book was published, preached about it at Westminster Abbey. He said: "I wonder whether any of you have read that remarkable work of fiction entitled *When It Was Dark*? It paints, in wonderful colours, what it seems to me the world would be if for six months, as in the story is supposed to be the case, owing to a gigantic fraud, the Resurrection might be supposed never to have occurred, and as you feel the darkness creeping round the world, you see how Woman in a moment loses the best friend she ever had, and crime and violence increase in every part of the world. When you see how darkness settles down upon the human spirit, regarding the Christian record as a fable, then you quit with something like adequate thanksgiving, and thank God it is light because of the awful darkness when it was dark."

Guy Thorne, a prolific novelist and journalist whose real name was Ranger-Gull, opens his book with Mr. Byars, Vicar of St Thomas's in Walktown [a suburb of Manchester], seated in his study thinking about his parish, which Thorne describes as

... a stronghold of the Unitarians. The wealthy Jews of two generations back, men who made vast fortunes in the Black Valley of the Irwell, had chosen Walktown to dwell in. Their grandsons had found it more politic to abjure their ancient faith. A few had become Christians - at least in name, [...] but others had compromised by embracing a faith, or rather a dogma [Unitarianism], which is simply Judaism without its ritual and ceremonial obligations. The Baumanns, the Hildersheimers, the Steinhardts, flourished in Walktown [...].

Thorne is writing the book in a period when 'men accustomed to decent society' would only under great pressure venture much north of the Thames Valley, and people with names such as Baumann or Hildersheimer were automatically suspect of undermining the national culture. (*'It was', says Thorne, 'people of this class who supported the magnificent concerts in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, who bought the pictures and read the books. They had brought an alien culture to the neighbourhood.'*)

The vicar's curate is Basil Gortre who is engaged to Byars' daughter Helena. Unfortunately Byars is soon to lose Gortre who will be leaving Walktown for London where he will share rooms in the Inns of Court with Harold Spence, who is a journalist, and a famous archaeologist named Cyril Hands who, the vicar recalls, recently discovered some inscriptions in 'the place which is thought may be Golgotha, you know'.

One of the earliest scenes in the book is a conversation between Gortre and Bryars that turns to the topic of the 'anti-Christ'. Gortre is full of foreboding and at one point in the conversation Bryars asks Gortre to give him his opinion of a rich local mill owner by the name of Schwabe, and Gortre offers this:

"Schwabe is the epitome of a hard, godless and material world. The curse of indifference

is over the land. Men have forgotten that this world is but an Inn, a sojourning place for a few hours. O fools and blind! The terror of death is always with them. But this man is far more than this -- far, far more. To him has been given the eye to see, the heart to understand. He, of all men living in England today, is the mailed, armed enemy of Our Lord. No loud-mouthed atheist, sincere and blatant in his ignorance, no honest searcher after truth. All his great wealth, all his attainments, are forged into one devilish weapon. He is already, and will be in the future, the great enemy of Christianity. Oh, I have read his book! Even now there are many antichrists. I know his enormous influence over those unhappy people who call themselves 'Secularists.' Like Diocletian, like Julian, he hates Christ. He is no longer a Jew. Judaism is nothing to him - one can reverence a Montefiore, admire an Adler. His attacks on the faith are something quite different to those of other men. As his skill is greater, so his intention is more evil. And yet how helpless are we who know! The mass of Christians - the lax Christians praise his charities, his efforts for social amelioration. They quote, 'And God fulfils Himself in many ways.' I say again, O fools and blind! They do not know, they can not see, this man as he is at heart, accursed and antichrist!" His voice dropped, tired with its passion and vehemence. He continued in a lower and more intimate vein:

"Do you think I am a fanatic, vicar? Am I touched with monomania when I tell you that of late I have thought much upon the prophetic indications of the coming of 'the Man of Sin,' the antichrist in Holy Writ? Can it be, I have asked myself, as I watch the comet-like brilliance of this man's career, can it be that in my own lifetime and the lifetime of those I love, the veritable enemy of our Saviour is to appear? Is this man, this Jew, he of whom it is said in Jacob's words, 'Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path"

"You are overwrought Basil," said the older man.

The conversation continues on in this vein for a short time when all of a sudden, Schwabe himself makes an appearance:

Gortre stood by the mantelshelf, leaning his elbow upon it. One of the ornaments of the mantel was a head of Christ, photographed on china, from Murillo, and held in a large silver frame like a photograph frame. There came a sudden knock at the door. It startled Gortre and he moved suddenly. His elbow slid along the marble of the shelf and dislodged the picture which fell upon the floor and was broken into a hundred pieces, crashing loudly upon the fender. The housemaid who had knocked stood for a moment looking with dismay upon the breakage. Then she turned to the vicar. "Mr. Schwabe from Mount Prospect to see you. Sir," she said; "I've shown him into the drawing-room."

This Constantine Schwabe is a multi-millionaire of overpowering intellect and eloquence; and is

... one of the ten most striking-looking men in England Standing motionless now in the vicar's drawing-room. The man was tall ... and the heavy coat of fur he was wearing increased the impression of proportioned size, of massiveness, which was part of his personality. His hair was a very dark red, smooth and abundant ... His features were

Semitic, but without a trace of that fullness, and sometimes coarseness, which often marks the Jew who has come to the middle period of life. The eyes were large and black, but without animation in ordinary use-and-wont. They did not light up as he spoke, but yet the expression was not veiled or obscured. They were coldly, terribly aware, with something of the sinister and untroubled regard one sees in a reptile's eyes. Most people, with the casual view, called him merely indomitable, but there were others who thought they read deeper and saw something evil and monstrous about the man ... now and again, two or three people would speak of him to each other without reserve, and on such occasions they generally agreed to this feeling of the sinister and malign.

What, in fact, we have here is the first appearance in full rig of a figure who is to reappear with fascinating frequency in British literature right through the first third of the century, most notably in the novels of John Buchan. The social significance of his popularity with the British middle class is profound, particularly when it is noted that, at a slightly later stage, and not by any means in fiction alone, he is discovered among the principal Devil-figures of Nazi mythology.

At first sight it would seem difficult to give any sort of credibility to a figure who is at the same time a multi-millionaire and a devilish and deliberate agent for the destruction of established society. (He is sometimes a multi-millionaire and a Bolshevik, sometimes a multi-millionaire and an anarchist. The label is not of great importance, provided it describes something terribly subversive.) He is, in fact, a figure straight out of the Protocol of the Elders of Zion.

But for scores of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of people, he was not merely credible; his existence was a social and emotional necessity.

As a class, the middle class was menaced on two fronts. The threat from below by the working class [...and...] on the other front were the forces known collectively to the middle class as the 'New Rich'. In one sense, they were not so new as all that. They had been detected, for instance, those threatening, subversive hordes of Midian, prowling around the English Way of Life in Trollope's great sociological novel *The Way We Live Now*, published in the 1870s. The figure of Melmotte [a Jew], so unimaginably rich, so devilish crooked, already lowered and lurched among established institutions. He was a power in the Tory Party. Royalty went to his house.

Like Melmotte earlier, the New Rich of the early twentieth century were sometimes mysteriously, sometimes obtrusively, powerful in politics. Like him, they were cultivated by royalty. To put it plainly, they mucked about with the value of money, notably by their demonic abracadabra on the Stock Exchange. Even if a majority of them and their hangers-on were English by birth, their interests were not identical with the interests of the English middle class.

A very large segment of the middle class lived, wholly or in part, on fixed incomes. And the activities both of the New Rich and of the proletariat were seen as jointly responsible for that most immediate and damaging of developments, the rise in the cost of living.

And, who could be perpetrating this? ... the devious, over-brained, ruthless and essentially un-English Jewish financiers. Thus a composite figure was found who combined the worst features of both the threatening elements.

The German, and indeed most of the Western, intelligentsia were incredulous when Hitler set out to prove that Wall Street and the communists, all run by Jews, were in essence the same people pursuing identical objectives. For a dangerously long time the intelligentsia simply refused to believe that so preposterous a notion could deceive anyone but the infantile or the senile. Much too late, this same intelligentsia were forced to realize that millions of people could be brought to believe not only that, but also to believe, as the Nazi Press told them to during the Second World War, that President Roosevelt was a Jew whose real name was Rosenfeld, and was acting in collaboration with communists (whose leader's first name was Joseph) to bring about the destruction of Western society.

With this fairly recent phenomenon in mind, we can better understand the credibility of Constantine Schwabe, and the impact of *When It Was Dark*. Enter (in London) villain Number Two. This is Robert Llwellyn, internationally famous savant in charge of the Palestinian section of the British Museum. He is described as being '*that almost inhuman phenomenon, a sensualist with a soul*'. In his room at the Museum he has just received the news that he is about to be knighted for services rendered to science, archaeology, scriptural knowledge and so on.

Schwabe has written to the Professor demanding that he pay back loans from Schwabe of which '*the principal and interest now total the sum of fourteen thousand pounds*'.

The man Schwabe writes:

It would be superfluous to point out to you what bankruptcy would mean to you in your position. Ruin would be the only word. And it would be no ordinary bankruptcy. I have by no means an uncertain idea where these large sums have gone, and my knowledge can hardly fail to be shared by others in London Society.

"I have still a chance to offer you, however, and perhaps you will find me by no means the tyrant you think. There are certain services which you can do me, and which, if you fall in with my views, will not only wipe off the few thousands of your indebtedness, but will provide you with a capital sum which will place you above the necessity for any such financial manoeuvres in the future [Llwellyn, a married man has been borrowing money to maintain a mistress] ... If you care to lunch with me in my rooms at the Hotel Cecil at two o'clock the day after tomorrow – Friday - we may discuss your affairs quietly. If not then I must refer you to my solicitors entirely. Yours sincerely, Constantine Schwabe.

So what is our man Schwabe going to get for his many thousand pieces of gold? Simply this: on grounds of alleged ill-health the Professor is to get one year's leave of absence from the British Museum.

He will proceed to Jerusalem.

With his unparalleled skill and the help of an enormous bribe from Schwabe to a corruptible Greek called Ionides, a man much esteemed by the Palestine Exploration Society, he will then forge, in a tomb just outside Jerusalem, a certain inscription.

The nature of this inscription? It is nothing less than a message from Joseph of Arimathea, admitting that he, Joseph, stole the body of Christ and hid it in this same tomb. So that when the disciples thought that Christ had risen from the dead, they were victims of a well-meant deception by Joseph of Arimathea. There had been no Resurrection. The body had merely been secretly transferred from one tomb to another. The entire Christian world had been the victim of this hoax.

They did not have radium tests in those days, capable of deciphering the antiquity or otherwise of such an inscription. All the same, it certainly took fifty thousand pounds' worth of the Professor's skill to fake the thing so that it was going, a bit later, to fool all the greatest Palestinian experts in the world, including archaeologist Hands.

For, obviously enough, it was not going to be Llwellyn who would make the historic discovery. The thing that was going to change the history of the world would come to light as a result of the honest exploratory labours of honest men like Hands.

Quite early on in the novel, before Schwabe's plot takes effect, the young curate Gortre and he have an encounter where Gortre's suspicions regarding Schwabe's intentions bubble to the surface in this exchange. First Schwabe asks Gortre:

"What is that Cross to which all Christians bow? It was the symbol of the water-god of the Gauls, a mere piece of their iconography. The Phrenician ruin of Gigantica is built in the shape of a cross ; the Druids used it in their ceremonies; it was Thor's hammer long before it became Christ's gibbet; it is used by the pagan Icelanders to this day as a magic sign in connection with storms of wind. Why, the symbol of Buddha on the reverse of a coin found at Ugain is the same cross, ... The cross was carved by Brahmins a thousand years before Christ in the caves of Elephanta. I have seen it in India with my own eyes in the hands of Siva Brahma and Vishnu !"

"I know! You hate our Lord, and would work Him evil." Gortre cried " You are as Judas was, for to-night it is given me to read far into your brain. "

Schwabe rose quickly from his chair and stood facing him. His face was pallid, something looked out of his eyes which almost frightened the other. "What do you know?" he cried as if in a swift stroke of pain. "Who?" He stopped as if by a tremendous effort. Some thought came to reassure him. "Listen," he said. "I tell you, paid priest as you are, a blind man leading the blind, that a day is coming when all your boasted fabric of Christianity will disappear. It will go suddenly, and be swept utterly away. And you, you shall see it. You shall be left naked of your faith, stripped and bare, with all Christendom beside you. Your pale Nazarene shall die amid the bitter laughter of the world, die as surely as He died two thousand years ago, and no man or woman shall resurrect Him. You know nothing, but you will remember my words of to-night, until you also become as nothing and endure the inevitable fate of mankind."

He had spoken with extraordinary vehemence, hissing the words out with a venom and malice, general rather than particular, from which the Churchman shrunk, shuddering. There was such unutterable conviction in the thin, evil voice that for a moment the pain of it was like a spasm of physical agony. Schwabe had thrown down the mask; it was even as Gortre said, the soul of Iscariot looked out from those eyes. The man saw the clergyman's sudden shrinking. The smile of a devil flashed over his face. Gortre had turned to him once more and he saw it. And as he watched an awful certainty grew within him, a thought so appalling that beside it all that had gone before sank into utter insignificance. ...

He staggered for a moment and then rose to his full height, a fearful loathing in his eyes, a scorn like a whip of fire in his voice. Schwabe blanched before him, for he saw the truth in the priest's soul.

"As the Lord of Hosts is my witness," cried Gortre loudly, "I know you now for what you are! You KNOW THAT CHRIST IS GOD!"

Schwabe shrank into his chair.

"ANTICHRIST!" pealed out the accusing voice. "You know the truth full well, and, knowing, is an awful presumption you have dared to lift your hand against God."

Then there was a dead silence in the room. Schwabe sat motionless by the dying fire. Very slowly the colour crept back into his cheeks. Slowly the strength and light entered his eyes. He moved slightly. At last he spoke.

"Go," he said. "Go, and never let me see your face again. You have spoken. Yet I tell you still that such a blinding blow shall descend on Christendom ..."

In spite of all this, Gortre does not act on his suspicions, and so, in the fullness of time and exactly in accordance with the malign calculation of Devil-man Schwabe, it came to pass. It is naturally difficult in a summary to do any kind of justice to Guy Thorne's capacity for the creation of suspense. To convey it one must quote at some length the chapter in which the news of the supposed discovery in Jerusalem reaches London. Harold Spence, you will remember, is a leader-writer for the Daily Wire. One of his room-mates, Cyril Hands, is agent of the Palestine Exploration Society. Hands has recently left for Palestine on the business of the Society. The reader is of course already aware of the nature and the successful carrying out of the tremendous plot concocted by Schwabe and Sir Robert Llwellyn, but nobody else in the civilized world is aware of the fearful time-bomb ticking away beneath them. With admirable skill Thorne delays the final revelation with what might otherwise be a pedestrian account of a day in the life of Harold Spence Spence takes the fake inscription to the editor of his newspaper [a man called Ommaney] who realizing the impact of the finding soliquizes this:

"... of course you realize that the future history of the world is changed. I hold in my hand something that will come to millions and millions of people as an utter extinction of hope and light. It's impossible to say what will happen. Moral law will be abrogated for a time. The whole fabric of society will fall into ruin at once until it can adjust itself to the

new state of things There will be war all over the world; crime will cover England like a cloud ...' His voice faltered as the terrible picture grew in his brain. Both of them felt that mere words were utterly unable to express the horrors which they saw dawning."

Here we have a new aspect of the historical phenomenon represented by this book and its popularity. Some of its attitudes to class, to sex and to the Jews offer a preview of assumptions which are to recur in popular British literature during subsequent decades. To that extent the modern reader may feel that the Edwardians were not after all so different from himself as he may have supposed. But it is impossible to imagine a novelist of any period after 1914 basing his entire plot on the assumption that a general belief in the Incarnation and the Resurrection is the sole force which prevents Western civilization from blowing up with a bang. (It was the view, one may recall, of Ivan Karamazov.) I have just used the phrase -after 1914. But it is really impossible to know at precisely what point in British history such a plot would cease to be credible. Naturally at the time of its publication the book was greeted with derision and occasional disgust by considerable numbers of people. But as its circulation figures, not to mention the sermons of the bishops, show, the notion of Christianity and the literal truth of the Gospels as the main if not the sole factor holding civilization together was accepted in England to an extent which seems suddenly to remove the Edwardians to a remote and almost wholly alien world. A world which has seemed largely familiar abruptly becomes as strange as the world of the Middle Ages. This kind of illumination, this kind of jolt to one's historical sense, is among the reasons why a study of the bestsellers is of serious importance and certainly not to be considered in the light of a mere amusement to be enjoyed chiefly for the purpose of noting how 'odd' or unsophisticated their authors and mass public must have been.

What has, of course, happened is that Hands, guided by corrupt Ionides, has found the inscription forged by Sir Robert Llwellyn, and has sent the incontrovertible (so it seems) tidings to Spence. Ommaney has a proper sense of journalistic responsibility and, before publishing anything, insists on a meeting with the Prime Minister. Kaiser Wilhelm, German Emperor, is also immediately made aware of the perils now facing civilization.

What is decided is that a Commission of Experts (and here we seem to be in more or less modern times) shall visit the scene. And who leads this great international Commission? None other, naturally, than Professor and Knight Llwellyn. He has no difficulty in convincing his colleagues, plus Harold Spence, who has been rushed by the Daily Wire to the scene, that the fatal inscription is indeed genuine. It stands up to every test.

Now it emerges that the principal, if not the only force, which has been holding civilization together is the belief that Christ rose from the dead.

Just for a start, the Turks begin to massacre the Balkan peoples. The Russians mobilize. India revolts. *'In America; says a newspaper report,*

"We find a wave of lawlessness and fierce riot passing over the country such as it has never known before. The Irishmen and the Italians who throng the congested quarters of the great cities are robbing and murdering Protestants and Jews. From Australia the foremost prelate of a great country writes of the utter overthrow of a communal moral

sense ... 'Everywhere I see morals, no less than the religion which inculcates them, falling into neglect. Set aside in a spirit of despair by fathers and mothers, treated with contempt by youths and maidens, spat upon and cursed by a degraded populace, assailed with eager sarcasm by the polite and cultured.'

"The terrible seriousness of the situation need hardly be further insisted on here. Its reality cannot be more vividly indicated than by the statement of a single fact - CONSOLS ARE DOWN TO SIXTY-FIVE."

The statement also vividly enough indicates the values and attitude of a society in which it can be published, in what the Bishop of London could describe as a 'remarkable work of fiction', and regarded as credible and at least worthy of serious discussion by scores of thousands of readers. (Hands, reading all this and regarding himself as responsible for the original 'discovery', goes partly mad and dies in a fit.)

The most significant feature of the whole affair is the effect upon the position of women. For it turns out that male belief in the Resurrection is the only factor which prevents most men treating most women in bestial fashion. In the aftermath of the news from Jerusalem, criminal assaults upon women in England rose by nearly 200 per cent. In Ireland, 'with the exception of Ulster, the increase was only eight per cent.' The explanation for this is that at the outset the Vatican not only denied the slightest validity to the 'discovery' but absolutely forbade Roman Catholics even to discuss it. That was why the women of southern Ireland were relatively safe, while in the Protestant north men went hog-wild.

The Secretary of the World's Women League reports that '*crimes of ordinary violence, wife-beating and the like, have increased, on an average, fifty per cent all over the United Kingdom.*' He is able to produce field reports from reliable individuals up and down the country. The vicar of St Saviour's, Birmingham, notes: '*Now that the Incarnation is on all hands said to be a myth, the greatest restraint upon human passion is removed ... In my district I have found that the moment men give up Christ and believe in this "discovery", the moment the Virgin Birth and the manifestation to the Magdalene are dismissed as untrue, women's claims to consideration and reverence for women's chastity in the eyes of these men disappear.*'

Information reaching the World's Women League from the United States is no less alarming. Reclaimed prostitutes are rushing from the League's 'homes' back to the streets, only to return a few weeks later as mere wrecks, on account of the novel and appalling brutality of the men. "*The state of the lower parts of Chicago and New York City has become so bad that even the municipal authorities have become seriously alarmed. Unmentionable orgies take place in public. Accordingly a bill is to be rushed through Congress licensing so many houses of ill-fame in each city ward, according to the Continental system.*"

But God is not mocked. Vengeance is mine saith the Lord. Vengeance in this case takes the form of Llwellyn's mistress Gertrude who manages to get Llwellyn to reveal the plot to her and she hurries off to report. As a result, Spence is sent off to Palestine where he runs to earth Ionides, who tells Spence how he was bribed to assist Llwellyn in the faking of the alleged message from Joseph of Arimathea and its subsequent discovery by Hands.

With this confession, the fate of Schwabe, Llwellyn and their whole conspiracy is sealed. Not only the establishment but the deluded populace turn against them. Llwellyn is lynched, trampled to death by the mob ... Schwabe escapes to Manchester with the intention of committing suicide. He fails and goes mad. He is taken to the County Asylum.

It was apparently customary, or at least not unusual, at that time for visitors to be shown round the asylum as an alternative to visiting, for instance, the zoo.

One afternoon the chaplain was showing a group of young ladies over the place. The girls were three in number, young and fashionably dressed. They talked without ceasing in an empty-headed stream of girlish chatter. They were the daughters of a great iron-founder in the district and would each have a hundred thousand pounds.

“How sweet of you, Mr. Pritchard!” said one of the girls, “to show us everything. It's awfully thrilling.” The party went laughing through the long spotless corridors, peeping into the bright, airy living rooms where bodies without brains were mumbling and singing to each other.

“Did ye show the young ladies Schwabe?” said the doctor to the chaplain.

“Bless my soul!” he replied, “I must be going mad myself. I'd almost forgotten to show you Schwabe!”

“Who is Schwabe?” said the youngest of the sisters, a girl just fresh from school at St Leonards.

“Oh Maisie!” said the eldest. “Surely you remember. He was the Manchester millionaire who went mad after trying to blow up the tomb of Christ. I think that was it. It was in all the papers. A young clergyman found out what he had been trying to do ...”

“Everyone likes to have a look at this patient,” said the doctor. “He has a little sleeping room of his own and a special attendant. His money was all confiscated by the Government, but they allow two hundred a year for him. Otherwise he would be among the paupers.”

The girls giggled with pleasurable anticipation. The doctor unlocked a door. The party entered a fairly large room, simply furnished. On a bed lay the idiot. He had grown very fat and looked healthy. The features were all coarsened, but the hair retained its colour of dark red. He was sleeping.

“Now, Miss Clegg, ye'd never think that made such a stir in the world but five years since. But there he lies. He always eats as much as he can, and goes to sleep after the meal.”

“He's waking up now, sir. Here, Mr. Schwabe, some ladies have come to see you.”

It got up with a foolish grin and began some ungainly capers.

“Thank you so much. Mr. Pritchard,” the girls said as they left the building. “We’ve enjoyed ourselves so much.”

“I like the little man with his tongue hanging out the best,” said one.

“Oh Mabel, you’ve no sense of humour. That Schwabe creature was the funniest of all.”

And thus, with the blessing of the Bishops of London and Exeter, we leave a book highly recommended by them to the British public and by that public enthusiastically received.

There is, I suppose, a difference between those rich girls giggling so heartily at the lunatics, and the hangers and torturers of our own day. The differences are indeed obvious and can be studied in laws and by-laws. Perhaps still more interesting to study would be the similarities, not always obvious, between our own times and the days when it was dark.