

912 (22 Feb 1925)

FURTHER MEMORIES OF A COURT SCULPTOR

BY EMIL FUCHS

WHEN I was occupied with the memorial to the Duke of Coburg for Sandringham Church, the question of inscription and armorial bearings had to be decided. I submitted my designs and in reply received the following letter from Sir Arthur Ellis:—

"DEAR MR. FUCHS,—Personally I prefer the Gothic shields as more in harmony with the rest of the surrounding church decoration and the actual monument itself.

"But your heraldic drawing is deplorable, my dear friend—your Russian eagle is a gruesome fowl—like a plucked turkey in a poulturer's window! Look for a piece of Russian money (rouble) or on the back of the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage medal—*there* is a beautiful spread double eagle! which will put your miserable pullet to flight!"

When I submitted my sketch for the Prince Christian Victor Memorial at Osborne, the Duchess of Coburg wished me to make a bust of the late Duke. She asked if I could progress far enough with the model to make it possible to bring it to Coburg that summer and finish the work there. To escape the dull season in London one would probably be content with a far less important excuse.

Coburg is a small town in Thuringia. It is in close proximity to the Grand Duchy of Weimar, better known on account of its having been the home of Goethe and Schiller and, later, of Abbé Liszt.

Coburg leaves no such inheritance to posterity. Their ruling families have been related to almost all the reigning houses of Europe and have been so enormously rich that this they considered quite sufficient to insure to them eternity. The castle is a splendid building, commensurate with their great wealth.

The court spent the summer not far away, at Castle Rosenau, a rather simple house for

royalty. I was asked for luncheon several times, which was served in a vaulted room of ample proportions, leading into the garden. The windows were so small that the light it received from outside was only that of the blazing sun reflected from the white sand. With the exception of the Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg, now the Queen of Rumania, the whole family was present.

The Dowager Duchess, a daughter of Czar Nicholas III of Russia, was a lady of generous proportions, whose English abounded with the idiom which is so attractive a characteristic of the Russians and which they seem to retain in spite of their superior linguistic talents. Three of her four daughters were there, all of whom were so beautiful that it has never been decided which was really the handsomest: Victoria Melita, Grand Duchess of Hesse, who afterwards left the Duke and married the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia; Alexandra, Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg; and the then unmarried Princess Beatrix, who later married a Spanish Infante, a cousin of the present King, thereby incurring the displeasure of their mother as well as of the King of Spain, on account of their difference in religion. She was Protestant, while her husband was Catholic.

Besides these there was the young Duke of Coburg, a son of the late Duke of Albany, also the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

The party was a happy one. The Grand Duchess was most amusing and always ready for a joke. Once at the luncheon table, she told one of her stories which was so funny that the servants could only with difficulty keep their serious expressions. When she noticed this she and the others purposely continued to say laugh-provoking things until at last one of the servants was compelled to

place his dish on the sideboard to regain his customary composure. They were all Russian guardsmen, each one a giant, who had probably been in the royal service all their lives. As it was a hot summer's day and the life at Rosenau so informal, they were in all white uniforms, a most imposing sight.

During my stay came the news of the death of Empress Frederick, which threw nearly all the courts of Europe into deep mourning.

The South African War came to an end. With the defence of Ladysmith and Mafeking, England proved that if she is called Bulldog it is justly so, as she has every claim to the title. In generals she added two names to the long list of her national heroes and her idols—Sir George White and Baden-Powell.

Sir George White I first met when he was posing in my studio for a portrait which Laszlo was painting by command of the Queen. His head in profile was even more interesting than full face. The features showed every indication of the ascetic life to which he was accustomed; deep sunken eyes, a forceful aquiline nose and a determined mouth, habitually used to command and to exact obedience. His skull was remarkable; in profile especially could be discerned the unusual amount of brain space; and, as if the natural flow of contour were not enough, he bore on the top of his head an additional eminence. The enthusiasm after his return and the eagerness of the entire populace to entertain and fête him was more than he cared for, and he often spoke of it as being so different from his hitherto rigid life.

"Have you any suggestion as to the reverse side of the medal?" I asked him one day when I had nearly finished my medallion.

"Yes," he replied, "I would like you to use my motto," and he wrote on a slip of paper—"Honeste Parta."

Sir Robert Baden-Powell did not so much mind the adulation which fell to him as his share. He even enjoyed it. Sir Robert was a clever draughtsman, quite an artist, and an amusing companion.

The more I worked in oil the more fascinating it became. It seemed to fill a gap in my existence. Many orders for portraiture could not be so successfully executed in sculpture as in painting. The moment colour is the dominant factor, clay, marble and

bronze cease to be the correct media, and if an artist employs them in these circumstances it is only because he is not able to do otherwise. Fortunately I was no longer compelled to do this, and soon was making a clear distinction among my sitters as to whom to portray in the one and whom in the other medium. Two commissions which I had on hand were manifestly problems of colour. One was that of Maud Ashley, the very attractive daughter of Sir Ernest Cassel; the other, the Marquess de Soveral, who was the Portuguese Minister to the Court of St. James's. He was favoured of the gods—not good-looking, but different from anyone else. His face was nearly as round as a billiard ball and the few remaining hairs on his head were carefully parted. He had bushy eyebrows and wore a heavy moustache, most punctiliously turned up, and an imperial, all of which were jet black. His cheeks were shaved, but the hair growth was so strong that it gave his skin a bluish tinge, which earned him the nickname of blue monkey.

One night when he was dining at the house of Sir Ernest Cassel, the financier, who shared equally in the friendship of the King, His Majesty was present and suddenly called across the table: "Last night I saw the revival of Oscar Wilde's *Importance of Being Earnest*. Do you know it, Soveral?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "but I know the importance of being Sir Ernest."

A party without him seemed incomplete. He was equally at home at Sandringham, at Windsor, Sunderland, Devonshire or Dorchester House. When the father of the present King of Portugal came on a visit to London, Soveral gave several parties at the Legation which were the talk of the town. At one of these, a dinner, the King made him a marquess. Shortly after this a relative died and left him a competence.

Maud Cassel was the only daughter of Sir Ernest. The story of his life reads like another fairy tale. He came to London when still a boy and entered the banking house of Biscoffsheim and Co. in an insignificant capacity. There he soon gave evidence of extraordinary ability and he advanced rapidly. One day the house was confronted with a difficult situation, the handling of which presented seemingly insuperable obstacles to all. Young

Cassel suggested a solution which appeared to be feasible, and was intrusted with the task. Having accomplished it successfully to the complete satisfaction of his superiors, he was called into the office and informed: "We are entirely satisfied with the manner in which you have discharged this undertaking, we have decided to raise your salary to five hundred pounds."

Young Cassel calmly replied, "I suppose you mean five thousand pounds."

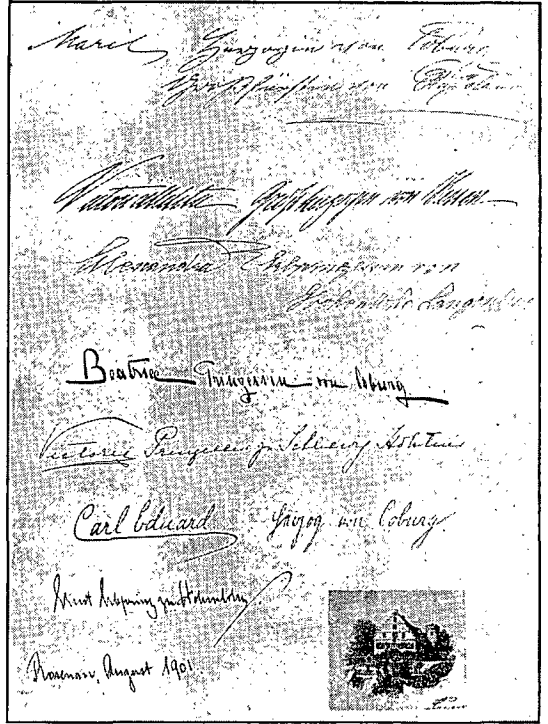
Whereupon everyone looked with astonishment at everyone else, but Mr. Bischoffsheim retorted just as calmly, "Yes, sir."

He was soon made a partner in the concern, but the flight of his imagination probably soared too high and his vision was too magnificent for them to follow; so they parted and he went into his own business. In a modest three-room office, his transactions embraced the whole globe. He negotiated for railroads in the most inaccessible parts of Sweden, Russia, Mexico; with Baron Hirsch, whose firm friend he was, he planned the complete system of railroads for Turkey and Anatolia. His name became a magic word.

One day a man approached Lord Rothschild with a scheme for the irrigation of the River Nile. Since the days of the Pharaohs similar projects have been promoted. This man, then, was received by Lord Rothschild, who, after hearing his plan, said with a shrug of his shoulders, "Such fantastic ideas find encouragement only with Ernest Cassel."

The man probably did not even know at that time who Ernest Cassel was, but he soon learned. Cassel listened to him and asked him to leave his papers for him to study, promising to return them in a few days, which he did. Then Cassel chartered a steamer and invited on a trip to Egypt a party of friends, financiers and others, including Sir George Baker, the famous engineer who built the bridge over the Firth of Forth, and Sir John Aird, the contractor.

And while his friends enjoyed themselves, he spent his time investigating and planning and calculating. A few years later this problem, which had baffled the engineering world for centuries, was solved by the initiative of one individual. And, as was predicted, irrigation brought untold riches to the country. The cotton crops were uniform from year to year;



Castle Rosenau and Autographs

the value of the land rose accordingly; and it would not be surprising to know that, in spite of his fabulous wealth, old Rothschild regretted he had not been a bit more generous with his time and attention.

For years Ernest Cassel was in charge of the King's financial affairs, even while he was still Prince of Wales. He could be the best of good friends, but also he had his dislikes.

He lived in Grosvenor Square when I first started to work for him on his medallion and a marble bust for his daughter. Later he bought Brooke House, in Park Lane, from Lord Tweedmouth and redecorated it—actually, he rebuilt it—until it became one of the show places of the town. The entrance hall was in blue marble from a quarry which had just been discovered in Canada, and this was the first of it to be used. It resembled lapis lazuli, so the effect may be visualised.

His daughter Maud was the most sympathetic and delightful of women, absolutely unspoiled, and with a full understanding of the needs and feelings of others, perhaps partly due to the fact that she herself had been a sufferer for much of her short life.

Her husband was Wilfrid Ashley, of the Shaftesbury family, and a Member of Parliament. The marriage was an ideally happy one and she bore him two children, both girls, the elder of whom, Edwina, is married to Lord Louis Mountbatten—a great-grandson of Queen Victoria.

Many artists were permitted to work for Mrs. Ashley, for she was devoted to art. Laszlo and Zorn painted portraits for her, the better of which was that done by Zorn, and I likewise was granted this inestimable privilege, and made the bust of her as well. Alas! Like Lady Alice Montagu, her visit to this world was of but short duration, and in the prime of life she left it.

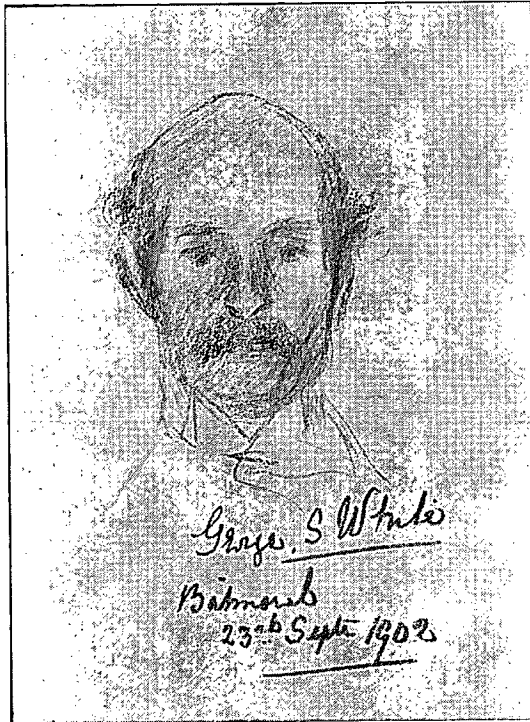
One day while painting Maud Ashley at her home, she received the call of Lord and Lady Normanton, whose country seat was in Somerley near Ringwood in Hampshire, where they spent the major part of the year. My portraits pleased them to the extent that they asked me to paint some for them too. Subsequently I went down to prepare for my work there. Somerley mansion was built by the father of the present peer, who filled it with many beautiful pieces of furniture, china and silver, but took especial pride in his picture collection.

The generous permission accorded to inspect the pictures and art objects attracted many visitors. One day while I was working, Mrs. Herbert Asquith came over with a party from a neighbouring estate and, after having made a tour of the house and gallery, came to have a look at the portrait. The sitter and Lady Normanton welcomed an opinion from so keenly critical an eye,

trained among the priceless pictures of her father, Sir Charles Tennant.

She cast a cursory glance at it and remarked, "Why don't you have your husband's portrait painted by a real artist?"

The physician who cared for Mrs. Ashley as a child was Sir Felix Semon, the friend of her father, Sir Ernest Cassel. He was a throat specialist, esteemed as one of the best in his profession and consulted by Queen Victoria and the other members of the royal family. In a conspicuous position in his office a table had been placed containing a mighty array of photographs of celebrities of the stage and the opera, each inscribed with a flattering dedication to the physician. His wife was a singer of talent, a pupil of the famous Henschel, who often sang with much sentiment and understanding. Sir Felix was socially ambitious, and he and Lady Semon could be seen at all the first nights, big concerts and public dinners of importance. He was an excellent after-dinner speaker and had a remarkable memory for funny stories. Often when he was



The Defender of Ladysmith

called for attention to the King's throat, which troubled him, sometimes as a result of excessive smoking, he took occasion to repeat the latest jokes, to the keen amusement of those who happened to be present.

One day he regaled the King and the Duke of Connaught with some of these stories, which were particularly funny and were met with roars of laughter. Emboldened by their reception, he ventured to tell of an incident at the Queen's Jubilee, when she raised one of the professors of the medical college to the rank of Physician in

Ordinary to the Queen. The man was exceedingly vain and anxious that everyone should know of the event, so when he entered the lecture room he took a piece of chalk and under his name he wrote his new title. After the lecture, when he was leaving, he turned again at the door for a last proud look, and saw that someone had added "God save the Queen." This story was harmless enough in itself, but not a muscle of the faces of his listeners so much as quivered, and Sir Felix discovered himself in a painful extremity. He bowed himself out and for some time his services at Court were dispensed with. Poor Sir Felix was much distressed, but he was helpless to change matters, until one day Sir Ernest took occasion to tell the King that Sir Felix was slowly fading away with grief; so the King sent for him and forgave him. But he had had a useful lesson which served him for the future.

This little story reminds me of another which I hope is not too generally known to bear repetition. This occurred at Balmoral. After dinner, while Queen Victoria was conversing with an ambassador, her attention was drawn to a far corner where her gentlemen- and ladies-in-waiting were assembled and whence floated repeated outbursts of suppressed laughter, in which the Queen felt she would like to participate; so she inquired what it was all about. Dead silence. Again she asked the question. One of the ladies-in-waiting stepped forward and explained the little joke, which, though also quite as harmless as that of Sir Felix, was not what the Queen had expected. With a stern face she announced, "We are not amused."

One of the most prominent women of that time was Lady Jeune, the wife of Sir Francis Jeune, First Lord of the Admiralty and Divorce Court, later better known as Lord and Lady St. Helier. Their house in upper Harley Street was the rendezvous for many illustrious people, mostly in public life. One might call Lady St. Helier a political hostess. Her daughter, a really handsome girl, assisted her admirably, at her receptions, and afterwards married that Sir John Brodrick, now Lord Midleton.

The marble bust I made of her husband has been permanently placed in the Law Courts.

There was no comparison between the culinary offerings of most dinner parties and what one might confidently expect at the Bischoffsheim house in Park Lane, and especially in the country place, Warren House, near Stanmore, where the viands approached the last word in gastronomic creations. Mrs. Bischoffsheim modified the, probably to her, slightly more vulgar saying to—"The way to people's hearts leads through their throats." She understood better than most hostesses how to make her guests happy, the secret being to leave them to their own devices. Some played golf while others motored or went on long walks with kindred spirits, or sat at cards the entire day. Mrs. Bischoffsheim stipulated only that they return for meals.

It was at Stanmore that I first met Prince Francis of Teck, the brother of Queen Mary, probably the handsomest man I have ever seen. In all my recollection there was only one other who could compare with him, and that was the late Archduke Otto



Sir Ernest Cassel, Bt.

of Austria, the heir presumptive to the crown. Prince Francis was not only good to look at but was a most agreeable man to meet. Absolutely democratic, he lived the life of a private gentleman in his flat in the Marylebone section, and, as may be inferred, was the most popular bachelor in London. His interest in art brought him often to my studio, and in his spare moments he would sometimes pose for me. I thought it a great pity not to preserve those manly features for the future. When he died, quite unexpectedly, Queen Mary asked to see the unfinished portrait, which she bought. Fortunately the face was done, and work on the hands sufficiently far advanced so that the picture could be completed without much trouble.

One of the most amusingly entertaining houses was that of Mr. and Mrs. Asher Wertheimer. Soon after my arrival in London, Sargent invited me to lunch. When I went to his studio in Tite Street to

fetch him, he said that he had accepted an invitation for both of us to lunch with a man whose portrait he was painting. This was Asher Wertheimer. We went first to his gallery in New Bond Street, where he showed us some china. When Sargent particularly admired one piece, Mr. Wertheimer had the assistant wrap it up and send it to the studio; protestations were of no avail.

The Wertheimers kept open house in Connaught Place, near Hyde Park. They needed the enormous building, for their family was large and grown-up. The drawing-room, in white and gold, extended through the full length of the house and contained the most beautiful furniture to be found. Then there was the hall in which Sargent painted the two eldest daughters in three-quarter length, and the school-room where the three youngest children posed for their picture. In the drawing-room hung the portrait of Mrs. Wertheimer, the first of the series, which he later painted again because it did not satisfy him. In the second portrait he displayed all that mastery which he possessed in such high degree.

The Wertheimers gave splendid dinner parties, the children attending to the preservation of their Bohemian character; artists felt quite at home there. Mr. Wertheimer gladly gave his help where he felt that it would advance a talent. Mancini did some portraits for him, and so did Brough, a young artist of promise who was killed in a railway accident. Writers, musicians and actors were all welcome. Sargent was the central and outstanding figure.

I was happy to read after the death of Mr. Wertheimer that Sargent's pictures had been left to the nation, and they now occupy a room in the National Gallery.

Lord Charles Beresford had two brothers, Lord William and Lord Marcus Beresford, manager of the Prince's racing stable. Lord William was married to Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough. An American by birth, daughter of Commodore Price, U.S.N., she had first married Louis Hammersley, a New Yorker, and after his death, the Duke of Marlborough, father of the present Duke. Louis Hammersley had left her a respectable fortune, and with this, after she became



ROBERT T. LINCOLN

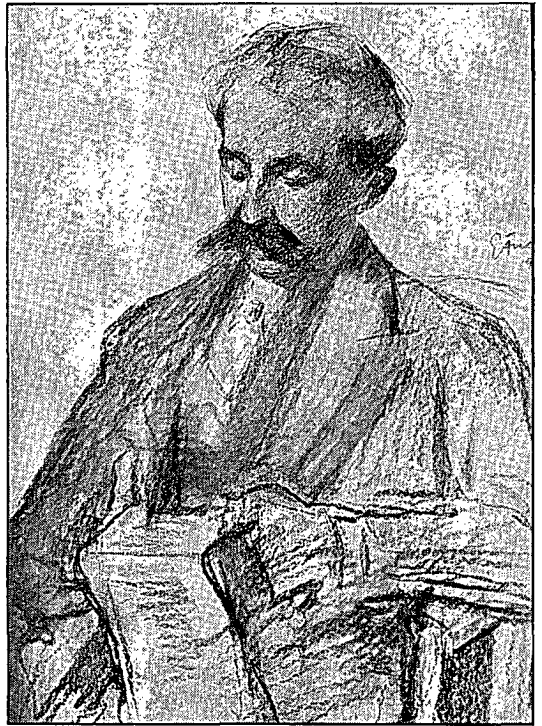
Only surviving son of Abraham Lincoln and Minister to the Court of St. James's

the Duchess, she embarked upon elaborate improvements at Blenheim. These were later carried on by Consuelo Vanderbilt, the next Duchess. When the old Duke died, his widow married Lord William Beresford. But she clung to the title of Duchess, which presumably had cost her too much to be lightly relinquished. Her marriage to Beresford proved a happy and congenial one, and their union was even blessed with a somewhat belated son.

One day I received an urgent message from Lord Marcus, whom I had met at Sandringham, bidding me come to Deepdene, near Dorking, to make for the Duchess a death mask of his brother, Lord William, who had just died. The telegram came too late in the day for me to avail myself of the aid of a moulder, and, as I did not wish to disappoint Lord Marcus, I decided to do the work myself. It was a dreary journey from Charing Cross in an empty train after midnight. When I arrived at Deepdene, Lord Marcus and the nurse in attendance. The Duchess I did not see. I proceeded with my melancholy task.

The making of a death mask is no pleasant labour. First of all, the face is lightly coated with olive oil. In the case of a man, the brows, the moustache and beard are covered either with the skin of egg or with grease generously applied. A frame of soft clay is then laid round the head to mark the limits of the cast and to prevent the soft plaster from flowing out. The plaster has to be mixed with warm water and a little salt to make it set more quickly. In liquid form it is then applied with a brush and, as it gets harder, with the hand until the whole cools down and solidifies. To remove the mould, it is simply moistened with a saturated sponge. This form the moulder afterwards uses for making the cast. All this I was obliged to do myself, with the help of only the nurse.

Once the task was done, I went upstairs to gain a little rest. To a stranger, the house seemed enormous. It was autumn, and outside I heard the leaves rustling to the ground under a black sky. So cold and lifeless was everything within and without that I could not sleep. I longed for my cosy studio and the little cheerful fire that awaited

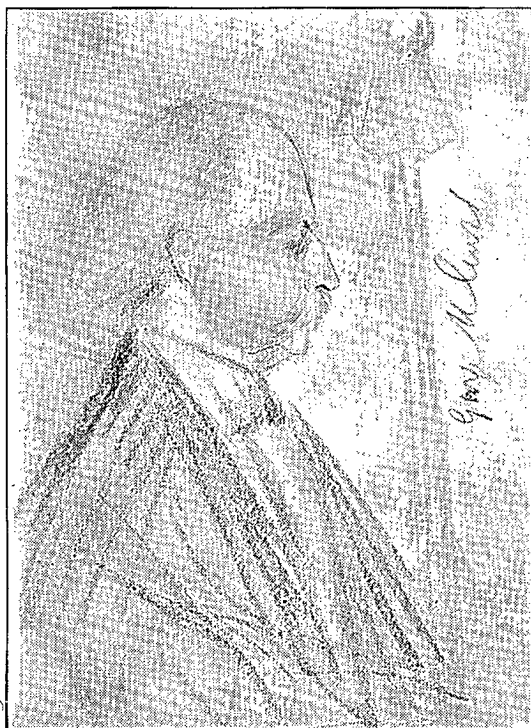


Sir Felix Semon

me like an old friend. Early in the morning at the first opportunity I fled.

Yet, in spite of all this trouble, I did not hear from the Duchess. I wrote her once or twice to say that the death mask was ready, but my letters remained unanswered. It was not until some time later, when I was doing some work for Sir George Lewis, the noted solicitor, a man sympathetic to artists, that I happened to mention among others of my experiences, the one with the Duchess. He desired to know all the particulars. Sir George was the solicitor of the Duchess, and had the management of her affairs. Very soon thereafter I finally received from her an apologetic letter with a cheque.

Sir George Lewis, I may add, was perhaps the most eminent solicitor of his day. His advice was universally sought, and the most important and delicate cases were likely to be found in his hands. To have him on one's side was already in some degree an assurance of success. His principle was never to advise a lawsuit unless he was reasonably sure of the justice of the cause and the probable result. The fore-



The late Sir George Lewis, Bart.

most contemporary names of his time, including that of the Prince of Wales, figured among his clients.

His wife, Lady Lewis, of German origin, was a great lover of art in all its forms. She was among the first of Sargent's patrons. In his early days, before he became famous, he painted the portrait of both Sir George and Lady Lewis. An entire wall in their house in Portland Place was covered with cartoons by Burne-Jones. Sir George Frampton, the sculptor, modelled the ceiling of her drawing room. Paderewski and Alma-Tadema were intimates and often to be met in the Lewis house. Paderewski never came to town without devoting at least one evening to his friends, the Lewises, who made this the occasion for a big dinner and reception, which strained to its utmost the capacity of even their large house.

At about this time Philip Laszlo first made his appearance in England. Though a Hungarian, he had studied at the academy in Munich, and set up as a portrait painter. He had an extraordinary facility for likenesses, and his first portraits, still painted

under the influence of the academy, gave excellent promise. His ease was amazing. It was the sort of ease which is far more general among the Italians and the Spaniards. Sorolla once told me that whenever one of his pupils shows signs of it, he sets him to copying Holbein until he copies him well. Laszlo was able to handle not only the brush with facility, but also his sitters. He knew how to keep in the public eye, and like a clever musician who is sometimes able to play himself into the hearts of people, so Laszlo had the art of painting himself into their hearts.

Laszlo first came to me with an introduction from Count Mensdorff, then an attaché of the Austrian Embassy in London. I was asked to help him obtain a studio for a short period so that he could paint a score of portraits or so. As I then had, besides my own large studio, a smaller one near by, I welcomed him as my guest. I saw much of him at that time, and we often had discussions upon art. One afternoon, when his sittings were over for the day, I visited



The Duke of Roxburghe

him and observed the pile of canvases in all stages of progress which he had already accumulated in a short time in London.

"Don't you feel," I asked him, "like so many of us, that portraiture is only a means to an end—but, after all, it does not represent the very best which is in an artist?"

He seemed inclined to agree with me.

That was a quarter of a century ago, but I have not yet heard of that frieze of Laszlo's. I sometimes wonder whether, as he looks back upon his achievements, he does not regret that he has remained so one-sided in the practice of his art.

Laszlo, I need hardly say, painted the portrait of Count Mensdorff as he painted the portrait of every other celebrity. Count Mensdorff was an excellent specimen of the diplomacy of his time. The prime requisite of that diplomacy was not so much a fine mind as a strong digestion. Almost all diplomats were in those days alike. Very few stood out for exceptional ability. Baron Traottenberg, an adherent to the old

school, one day wrote in an album: "The duty of diplomacy lies less in the achievement of great successes than in the avoidance of great difficulties."

That was the working principle of pre-War diplomacy. And it was by no means confined to the Austrian Embassy, but prevailed in all the embassies I ever knew. For the statesmen of that era this was doubtless a sufficiently satisfactory motto.

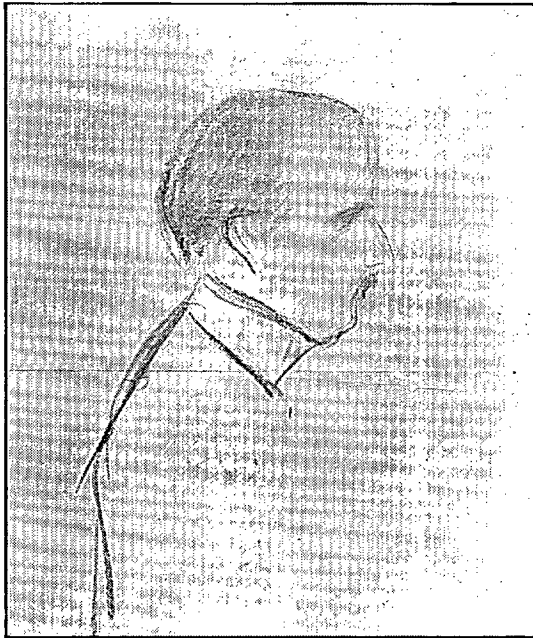
Count Mensdorff came of a noble family, so ancient that it even managed somewhere in its path to pick up a connection with

royalty. The house of Leiningen, to which he was related, had at some time become linked with the house of Coburg. Mensdorff was therefore considered a relation of the British Royal Family, and was not only *persona grata*, but a favourite. No dinner party, reception or house party was deemed complete without him. He was everywhere welcome—at Cowes, at Newmarket, at Chatsworth, at Sandringham and Windsor. When Count Deym, his chief, died, Mensdorff was elevated over many heads and made

Ambassador to the Court of St. James. With so popular a man, it was thought, the cordial relations between the two empires could not help but be maintained. When the War was approaching it became evident that the situation demanded someone as adroit in diplomacy as Mensdorff was socially. With that type of man in London, and such a diplomat as Austria now possesses in Monsignore Seipel, the destinies of the world might perhaps have moved other-

wise. The Mensdorff type had doubtless been a great asset in the days when the fates of empires were settled by a chosen few over the coffee and cigars after a good dinner. But those times had passed, and they have passed for ever. To-day we live in a world where merit alone is of any account, where the humblest has the same opportunity as the highest born, where individuals can no longer decree the fate of whole nations, but humanity settles such things for itself.

And thank heaven for that.



Count Albert Mensdorff



The Cedars of Lebanon

LEBANON AND THE DRUSES

A Holiday Spent among the Syrian Hills

BY E. M. STUART

HAVING spent the winter months in Mesopotamia, with the advent of tropical heat in May our thoughts turned towards higher and cooler altitudes. Our original intention had been to spend the summer in Persia, but the difficulties of accommodation and expense loomed so heavily that we eventually decided to try the Lebanon as a summer haven.

The new and short route across the desert has made this trip a possible, even an easy one, and Lebanon holds every promise of becoming the summer hill station for the inhabitants of Iraq. Up till now they have either endured the five months of intense tropical heat, or have been forced to undertake the long and costly journey to an Indian hill station. Great credit, therefore, is due to the enterprise of those who have made this desert route a quick and easy one. Not only

has it come as a salvation to the dwellers of Iraq and Egypt, but it offers many a lure to the world tourist for short cuts to the East. It has also reduced the journey to England from weeks to days. But, more important for our needs, it has made it possible for one to leave Baghdad with the temperature at 116° in the shade and to be on the cool heights of the Lebanon within thirty hours.

Although Syria is so easy of access, extraordinarily little is known of its most prominent feature, the Lebanon. To many of us the name merely conjures up Biblical memories—chiefly in connection with the famous cedars for which Lebanon was at one time noted. There are now very few of these cedars left to remind us of past glories, and those that remain must be carefully preserved against final extinction. It has been suggested that the general