THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

2

MARCH 1904

	Page
EDITORIAL ARTICLES:	
The Dynasts	1
On the Line	13
THE REORGANISATION OF THE WAR OFFICE——JULIAN CORBETT	26
THE FAVOURED FOREIGNER: A COMPARISON IN BURDENS ——H. J. TENNANT, M.P.	37
BUSHIDO: THE JAPANESE ETHICAL CODE——ALFRED STEAD	52
THE JAPANESE WARRIOR: OLD STYLE——HON. W. P. REEVES	63
CANON AINGER: A PERSONAL IMPRESSION——EDITH SICHEL	64
ITALIAN POLICY AND THE VATICAN (*concluded*)——COMMENDATORE F. SANTINI (*Liberal Leader in the Italian Parliament*)	75
THE PRUSSIAN CO-OPERATION AT WATERLOO——J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt. D.	94
TWO UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY CRABBE——Edited by R. HUCHON	117
PESCOCOSTANZO AND ITS LACEMAKERS (*illustrated*)——MARCHESA DE VITI DE MARCO	140
THE GIANT INFANT AND ITS GOLDEN SPOON (*concluded*) ——L. DOUGALL	146
FORT AMITY—XX—XXII——A. T. QUILLER-COUCH	160

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (FEBRUARY).

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

A New Poet and an Old One

On the Line

THE CRISIS IN THE FAR EAST—ROBERT MACHRAY

AUDIENCES AND EXITS (*with plans*)—PAUL WATERHOUSE

ITALIAN POLICY AND THE VATICAN—COMMENDATORE F. SANTINI (*Liberal Leader in the Italian Parliament*)

DANISH AGRICULTURE AND FREE TRADE—R. A. WESTENHOLZ (*President of the Agrarian League of Denmark*)

THE CAVALRY AND ITS PRINCIPAL ARM—CAVALRY

THE JEWISH PERIL IN RUSSIA—M. O. MENCHIKOFF (*of the Novoë Vremya*)

THROUGH MACEDONIA—L. VILLARI

W. E. H. LECKY: A REMINISCENCE—HON. EMILY LAWLESS

A FURTHER STUDY AT ASSISI (*Illustrated*)—BASIL DE SÉLINCOURT

A RUSSIAN PRIVATEER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—JULIAN CORBETT

THE GIANT INFANT AND ITS GOLDEN SPOON—L. DOUGALL

FORT AMITY—XVIII—XIX—A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, *"Monthly Review,"* 50A *Albemarle Street, London, W.*

THE DYNASTS

OF the success of Mr. Hardy's new volume there can be no doubt whatever. It has what Stevenson once declared to be the first quality of a good book; "it lets itself be read." The philosopher, the historian, the theologian, the lover of poetry will have a great deal more to say than this; but they will all agree here with the ordinary reader. Be as critical or as uncritical as you please, as learned or unlearned; you will not easily be separated from the book until you have finished it.

It is well for us all that this is so, and it is well for Mr. Hardy too: for if we may quote Stevenson again, to conjure with great names is, in the event of failure, to double the disgrace; and Mr. Hardy has certainly conjured with great names. His subject is "the vast international tragedy" of Napoleon's career; his hero the English nation. Born and bred among the memories of that gigantic contest, where they still echo faintly among the Wessex downs, and provoked (how we warm to him for the confession!) "by the slight regard paid to English influence and action throughout the struggle by those Continental writers who had dealt imaginatively with" it, he set out, as he tells us in his preface, about six years back, to "re-embody the features of this influence in their true proportion." Of his Titanic undertaking one-third only has yet been accomplished, but we are allowed to see the skeletons of the second and third part upon the stocks, and may hope that

their launch will not be long delayed. In any case, as they are evidently sister ships to the one already afloat, there is no reason to suppose that our present verdict will be modified to any considerable extent.

Mr. Hardy has called his work a drama: he has thereby earned the inevitable comparison with Shakespeare, and has also drawn ingenious suggestions, for staging it, from a gentleman who has at his disposal all the dictionaries and encyclopædias of a great newspaper office. With such technicalities we have nothing to do: the book is a drama, it is true, of a very unusual kind, but it is none the less a drama in the usual sense of the word. It is, however, very far from being either a Shakespearean chronicle-play, or a puppet-show, as will be evident when we come to discuss the supernatural element in it. Let us first say something of the human part.

The historical pageant of this volume begins with the outbreak of war between England and Spain in March 1805, and ends with the death of Pitt. It is spread out before the mental eye of the reader in a manner which is as simple as it is masterly. What we are told to see we see: tract after tract of Europe lying below us like a map, men and nations moving, swarming, contending like ants, ships of the line floating over the sea like moths; then the point of view descends nearer to earth, voices come to us, as they come to those who descend a mountain in clear air, "thin and small, as from another medium," till at last we lose the sense of distance and hear the characters speaking in the tones of the life we share ourselves.

Act I. Scene 1 opens, as we might have hoped, upon "a Ridge in Wessex." From the first note all is English: King George has rebuffed Bonaparte; passengers by the Weymouth coach discuss his answer; they pass companies of infantry singing on the march, and hear from a horseman the news of the threatened French invasion. The scene shifts to Paris: Decrès receives Napoleon's plan for Villeneuve's feint on the West Indies. We pass to the old House of Commons, where

Windham, Whitbread, Tierney, Fox, and Sheridan attack Pitt's measure for the national defence; thence to the harbour of Boulogne, where the "Army of England" labours in dumb show; thence again to London; and finally to Milan, where Napoleon is crowned by his own hands with the crown of Lombardy, as Emperor of the French and King of Italy.

The scene changes. The exterior of the Cathedral takes the place of the interior, and the point of view recedes, the whole fabric smalling into distance and becoming like a rare, delicately carved alabaster ornament. The city itself sinks to miniature, the Alps show afar as a white corrugation, the Adriatic and the Gulf of Genoa appear on this and that hand, with Italy between them, till clouds cover the panorama.

The remaining five acts are not less brilliant and varied. The second shows us Gibraltar, Ferrol, Boulogne, and the review of troops by George III. on the South Wessex downs opposite; concluding with a most characteristic scene between rustics of Mr. Hardy's chosen breed on Rainbarrows' Beacon. In the third act the Austrian columns are seen drawing with "silent insect creep" towards the banks of the Inn: Napoleon abruptly postpones the invasion of England, strikes camp at Boulogne, and marches to meet them. In Act Four he defeats Mack at Ulm; and Pitt hears from Malmesbury of the failure of one-half of his great combination. Only the Russian force remains unbroken; should Boney vanquish these he will be upon us again at Boulogne. "Nelson to our defence!" cries Mulgrave, and adds, though no one knows Nelson's plans or his whereabouts, "He's staunch. He's watching, or I am much deceived."

Accordingly the Fifth Act opens with a bird's-eye view of the sea off Cape Trafalgar.[1] The point of view descends, and

[1] One or two critics, children of a generation which sometimes seems to have learned nothing and forgotten everything, have called in question Mr. Hardy's use of this name, which he accents on the first and third syllables, instead of on the second as is now the common practice. It is true that the modern usage was not long in gaining a foothold, for, to say nothing of *'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay*, Canning early in 1806 wrote of the "dear bought glories of

we see in succession Villeneuve on the *Bucentaure*, and Nelson on the *Victory*. The battle is vividly played out, and the scene of Nelson's death, though given with many details of studied accuracy, is enriched by passages of great poetical beauty, unlike anything in the authentic prose narratives of the time. Hardy, in whom we cannot help seeing a sympathetic reflection of his namesake's mind, stands by Nelson's side in the cockpit, and for a moment, like the dying Blake, dreams of the West Country:

NELSON (*suddenly*).

What are you thinking, that you speak no word?

HARDY (*waking from a short reverie*).

Thoughts all confused, my lord;—their needs on deck,
Your own sad state and your unrivalled past;
Mixed up with flashes of old things afar—
Old childish things at home, down Wessex way,
In the snug village under Blackdon Hill
Where I was born. The tumbling stream, the garden,
The placid look of the grey dial there,
Marking unconsciously this bloody hour,
And the red apples on my father's trees,
Just now full ripe.

The plain, unadorned story of this death scene, as told by Dr. Beatty, is one of the most pathetic and moving passages in our language; how exquisite then must be the art which, without taking from the simplicity, can add even one touch to the beauty of it! The act ends with another glimpse of Weymouth, where boatmen talk with horribly grim humour of the *Victory's*

Trafalgar's day"; but Mr. Hardy is the more correct, as may be shown by the derivation of the word (Tarif-al-gar) and by other evidence. Croker, also in 1806, prophesies Nelson's fame "While the white ocean breaks and roars On Trafalgar's immortal shores." L. E. L. addressed to Sir Thomas Hardy himself stanzas on "The Victors of the Baltic Sea, The brave of Trafalgar": and we have the testimony of the late Admiral Sir Windham Phipps Hornby, who served under Hardy, that the sailors pronounced the word "Traflagar," which leaves no possible doubt as to *their* accentuation.

home-coming, and roll out a tremendous chanty of the October storm, when

> Dead Nelson and his half dead crew, his foes from near and far,
> Were rolled together on the deep that night at Trafalgar.
> (*All*) The deep
> The deep
> That night at Trafalgar!

In the Sixth and last Act Napoleon crushes the Allies at Austerlitz: Pitt hears the news of this second failure of his hopes, rolls up the map of Europe, and dies at Putney, thinking of his country to the last moment of his life.

So ends the first part of this great drama, set forth with a breadth, a vivid terseness, and a dignity which are the more impressive because of the rigidly impersonal manner in which the author has compelled himself to treat his individual characters. That this curious aloofness is intentional and not due to any lack of high imaginative power we will show by quoting one more passage. It is said of Pitt's speech in the House of Commons (in Act I. Scene 3) that

> To-night's appearance of its Minister
> In the assembly of his long-time sway
> Is near his last, and themes to-night launched forth
> Will take a tincture from that memory,
> When men recall the scene and circumstance
> That hung about his pleadings.—But no more;
> The ritual of each party is rehearsed,
> Dislodging not one vote or prejudice;
> The ministers their ministries retain,
> And Ins as Ins, and Outs as Outs, remain.

These lines, with their mingled splendour and simplicity, and their rhyming close, are near, but not too near, to the Shakespearean manner; and the substance of the play, as we have outlined it, may perhaps seem such as Shakespeare might have fashioned. But the truth is far from this; for the half has not yet been told. The historical drama, with all its scenes and stage directions, in straightforward Roman type, is

throughout intertwined with an element at whose existence we have hitherto only hinted, a supernatural element, uttering, with all the vague mysterious impressiveness of italics, the sympathies and comments of human thought upon the passing event of the moment. Here Mr. Hardy has been supposed to draw upon Æschylus or Goethe, though such lines as these seem to us to show more affinity with Shelley:

SEMICHORUS I.

Ere systemed suns were globed and lit
The slaughters of the race were writ,

SEMICHORUS II.

And wasting wars, by land and sea,
Fixed, like all else, immutably!

The abstractions, too, which form the personages of this "over-world" are Shelleyan: they are The Ancient Spirit of the Years, The Spirit of the Pities, Spirits Sinister and Ironic, The Spirit of Rumour, The Shade of the Earth, as well as Choruses, Spirit-messengers, and Recording Angels. They are all described as "Phantom Intelligences," and are, in truth, no more than personified moods of the human mind in criticism, supernatural only in the manner of their presentation on the scene of the drama. The profound interest with which we hear their utterances is due to the fact that, taken all together, they represent beyond doubt the author's reasoned verdict on the life of men and his belief as to the working of the universe and its First Cause.

This confession is a debt which Mr. Hardy has long owed us. "Life's Little Ironies" (to take one example) marked a perhaps passing mood of protest; but at the end of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" we were bewildered by a violent and abrupt cry; a cry of rebellion for which nothing in the course of a beautiful but inconsequent story had prepared us. When the black flag went up on Dorchester Gaol the solemnity of the last silent watch was rudely and irrelevantly broken by a sort of exasperated outburst: "The President of the Immortals

had finished his sport with Tess." What President? What Immortals?

The acute discomfort of that moment has never quite ceased to haunt some of us. Was this, too, then a writer who felt and could not think? Well might a Meredith pray, "More brain, O Lord, more brain." For comfort or conventionality we were not asking; his creed is all that we can ask of any man, but then it must be a man's creed and not a child's angry and unintelligent scream. From these doubts Mr. Hardy has now delivered his readers: a creed he has, and however insufficient it may seem to some, however unscientific to others, it is a serious and a reasoned creed, set out with extraordinary skill and impressiveness.

Of the Phantom Intelligences there are two to whom is especially committed the task of expounding Mr. Hardy's theory of the universe. These two are not the Sinister and Ironic Spirits, as we might have expected, but the Spirit of the Pities, which in general puts the question, and the Spirit of the Years, which gives the answer. Nothing could be clearer or more positive than the doctrine they lay down. The "Immanent Will," the creative and directing principle of all forms of life, is the sole cause of events and characters, being itself intelligent but motiveless.

> It works unconsciously, as heretofore,
> Eternal artistries in Circumstance,
> Whose patterns, wrought by rapt æsthetic rote,
> Seem in themselves Its single listless aim,
> And not their consequence.

Everything in man's history goes to show

> That like a knitter drowsed,
> Whose fingers play in skilled unmindfulness,
> The Will has woven with an absent heed
> Since life first was; and ever will so weave.

This idea is enforced in a very original and striking manner three times: once when we are shown a general view of Europe before the play begins, once after Napoleon's coro-

nation at Milan, and a third time on the battlefield of Austerlitz. At each of those moments "a new and penetrating light descends on the spectacle, enduing men and things with a seeming transparency." In this preternatural clearness "the controlling Immanent Will appears, as a brain-like network of currents and ejections, twitching, interpenetrating, entangling, and thrusting hither and thither the human forms." The theory is worked out in every act, emphasised in nearly every scene. All living things are but clockwork, set in motion by a mainspring beyond their knowledge or control: they do not *act* in any true sense of the word; they merely "click out" their allotted parts.

We have now entered upon a very ancient battlefield, strewn with the bones and weapons of many generations. Why has it pleased Mr. Hardy to bring us here? The truth is that the Creator, not the creature, is his real subject: Napoleon's career, Pitt, Nelson, and the English race are all mere illustrations. His thesis involves a denial of Free Will, but only as a stepping-stone to the height of his great argument, which is to prove with all the breadth and solemnity attainable in mundane affairs, the impossibility of justifying the ways of God to man.

We are far from sharing Mr. Hardy's view, but are full of admiration for the manner in which he has presented it. There is no screaming this time, nothing hasty or incoherent. If man is to bring an indictment against That in which he lives and moves and has his being, this is certainly the mood in which it should be done: by reproach rather than rebellion, in words of deep suggestion and lofty resignation.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS.

Young Spirits, be not critical of That
Which was before, and shall be after you!

SPIRITS OF THE PITIES.

But out of tune the Mode and meritless
That quickens sense in shapes whom, thou hast said,
Necessitation sways!

Things mechanised
By coils and pivots set to foreframed codes
Would in a thorough-sphered melodic rule
And governance of sweet consistency
Be cessed no pain; whose burnings would abide
With That which holds responsibility,
Or inexist.

CHORUS OF THE PITIES.

Yea, yea, yea!
Why make Life debtor when it did not buy?

The reply to this question, so often asked by human pain, and never in more memorable words, is the true conclusion of the book, though it does not come as such, but closes the scene of Nelson's death in the Fifth Act. We may quote, but the page ought to be read as a whole.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS.

Nay, blame not! For what judgment can ye blame? . . .
The cognisance ye mourn, Life's doom to feel,
If I report it meetly, came unmeant,
Emerging with blind gropes from impercipience
By random sequence—luckless tragic Chance,
If ye will call it so. . .

CHORUS OF THE YEARS.

Yea, yea, yea;
Your hasty judgments stay
Until the topmost cyme
Have crowned the last entablature of Time.
O heap not blame on that in-brooding Will;
O pause, till all things all their days fulfil!

Criticism comes ungraciously after the concentration and high pathos of such verse; but the writer tenders his evidence as one concerned for the truth, and we can do him no disservice by questioning him on one or two apparent inconsistencies and shortcomings. Both from the philosophical and the scientific point of view he has difficulties to meet which are not of our creation: they confront us all, and if he is to be our guide he must face them with us. To begin with, the phrase "The Immanent Will," though striking and sure to be remembered, is not a fortunate one from Mr. Hardy's own point of

view. "Will," says Kant, "is that kind of causality attributed to living agents, so far as they are possessed of reason"; and it will hardly be denied that this must be taken as the common acceptation of the term. But that which is "unconscious" "listless," "weighing not Its thought," "a knitter drowsed," weaving "with an absent heed," "a Clairvoyancy that knows not what it knows," can hardly be brought under any such definition; "purposive yet super-conscious," is a magnificent phrase, but an inconsistent one; if all heed is absent there is neither reason nor purpose, as we ordinarily use the words. No doubt it is possible in a philosophical treatise to use words out of their ordinary sense, carefully made up with definitions, notes, and excursuses, to play their part, but in a poem, where the appeal is to a wider and less trained audience, language will continually be showing its more natural and familiar face beneath the disguise, and associations will intrude to the confusion of the author's meaning. Reading, and therefore thinking, of the Supreme Power as a "Will," Mr. Hardy's audience must tend to lose the balance which enables him to quiet rebellious feeling with the reply, "Nay, blame not! For what judgment can ye blame?" It will be in vain to remind us that he believes our fatal inheritance of human feeling to have come to us "unmeant." "Will" excludes "unmeant," as surely as "unmeant" is intended to exclude the common meaning of "purposive." And no one who has ever given serious thought to the subject will dismiss this inconsistency as "a mere matter of terminology."

A further difficulty arises when we find the statement that feeling "came unmeant" amplified by the phrase "emerging with blind gropes from impercipience, By random sequence—luckless tragic Chance." What is Chance? and what place can it have in such a scheme as that portrayed here? If all life is the automatic outcome of a single Cause, and all its "gropings" mechanically dependent on that Cause, how can any impulse or acquirement come to it from Chance? Mr. Hardy has with emphasis and iteration denied the existence of any spring of power except in the central Will; now to save

that Will from the accusation of being less responsible, less compassionate than its own emanations, he turns about and introduces a new centre of power, a new spring acting from outside ; a power as sharply divided from the Great Cause as any Free Will of man himself, and far less credible ; being in fact only a hypothesis invented to support the hypothesis that feeling was "needed not In the Economy of Vitality."

And here Mr. Hardy comes into conflict with the ideas which his generation has learned, accurately or inaccurately, from Science. To those who have listened so humbly to so many apostles of the gospel of Evolution, there is something startling, even irreverent, in Mr. Hardy's scientific heterodoxy. The evolution of man has, according to him, not merely preserved but actually produced an "unneeded" faculty. We might have been, and in a well thought-out universe we should have been, as unconscious as animals or as the Will itself ; but we have developed useless human sentience. We have also evolved the illusory sense of a will, an even more extraordinary feat, for there is apparently nothing whatever out of which such a sense could be developed, and yet upon this unfounded but instinctive belief we have built up at widely different times, and probably in many separate centres, a whole fabric of ideas of right and wrong. These must all be the mere shadows of a shade, but they have again and again proved so strong as to survive when a logical belief in their foundation has perished. From the Stoics to Calvin, from Calvin to Mr. Hardy, there have always been Necessarians who gave back to the moral will with the practical hand what they had taken from it with the theoretical. Life after all, like the King's Government, "must be carried on." And if the sense of will is an illusion it is an absolutely perfect one. "All theory," said Dr. Johnson, "is against the freedom of the will, all experience is for it."

We have indicated difficulties upon which we have no time now to dwell. We are far from imagining them to have escaped Mr. Hardy's attention. On the contrary, he seems clearly to have seen them and purposely to have turned away.

He knows that men do "dream their motions free, their orderings supreme," however illogical they may seem to the Spirit of the Years; but it cannot be said that he shows them in his play as possessed by any such belief. In order the better to "manifest the volitions of an Universal Will, of whose tissues the personages of the action form portion," they are represented, even to the greatest among them, as being of somewhat less than life-size and life-energy. Villeneuve longing to quit by his own act the life he has disgraced, is actually made to speak of

> Those stern Nays
> That heretofore were audible to me
> At each unhappy time I strove to pass,

and must receive assurance from one of the Phantom Intelligences that "The Will grants exit freely" before he can strike. On the other hand, in curious contrast to this is the total omission from the play of all reference to personal religion among the characters. This cannot be accidental: it is a deliberate striking out of data which would embarrass the author's theory; for there happens to be at least one scene, one character, to which religion vitally belongs. No account of Trafalgar, or of Nelson, is complete, is scientific, which does not include the famous prayer, and show us the greatest actor in the drama alone upon his knees as the *Victory* drifts into the shadow of death. *For myself I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my Country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen.*

We make no appeal to sentiment here; we claim no weight of authority for Nelson; but it is the mere truth that his belief and practice are representative of a set of facts which are perhaps the most prominent of all in the historical drama of Man upon Earth. If Mr. Hardy had found it easier to invalidate those facts he would probably not have done violence to his work by omitting them altogether.

ON THE LINE

A fine spirit of comradeship animates the pages of the long record of "twenty-four years of soldiering and sport," From Kabul to Kumassi (by Brigadier-General Sir James Willcocks, K.C.M.S., D.S.O. Murray, 21*s.* net).

Is it a question of the Irish?

I am not an Irishman, but I have served long with Irish soldiers; their faults are many, but their virtues are more. As Adjutant, years after the time I am now writing of, I learnt to love them.

How about "natives"?

Each time I returned to India from leave the first man I met at Bombay was my gallant Sikh orderly. None more brave and true ever lived, and one of the saddest bits of news that ever reached me was the report of his death in 1898, whilst I was on the Niger. Poor old fellow! he sent me word to say he did not care to live now that his master had left India and would never return again.

The courtesy on both sides which marked his dealings with the French in West Africa is truly delightful.

When our difficulties had once been settled we parted, I believe, the best of friends,

"which long may we continue to be so," goes on Sir James, with charming disregard of grammar; and later on he pays a tribute to the French officials who let the Ashanti plainly understand "that the enemies of England were their enemies also, and *thereby showed a most friendly spirit to our country at a time when friends were few and far between.*"

Nor does he ever lose an opportunity of praising Lady Hodgson's conduct at Kumassi, although she blamed him (unjustly, in her ignorance) for not coming sooner to the relief of that place.

It was considered a forlorn hope. When, on June 5, 1900, with eight officers and British non-commissioned officers, and with three hundred men, Sir James marched out of Cape Coast Castle, the streets of the town were almost deserted and no one raised a cheer. The attempt to stamp out rebellion with black troops alone seemed to the wiseacres there merely farcical. The rain poured down in torrents, and it continued so to pour down until the month of November. The precious bags of rice, which the Commander had watched with a feeling that they were of more worth than if they had been bags of silver, possessed no waterproof coverings. Every object, every man in the force, was soaked through; and fourteen miles out of Cape Coast the darkness was so thick that they had to wait for flashes of lightning in order to move. At Prahsu the force was reduced to two hundred and fifty. No food, no ammunition had arrived, the promised carriers from Sierra Leone had not even landed. To enter Kumassi without provisions would simply add to the difficulties of the starving garrison there. Of the ten messengers sent to the Governor, not one succeeded in arriving. On June 9 came news of a serious reverse, in which Colonel Carter lost a fourth of his entire column. A hundred and fifty men had to be sent at once to his relief. Food was becoming a serious question at Prahsu, though there were now only about a hundred men left; and things looked black enough. A fearful gale had damaged the telegraph wire, so that it could not be used for several days. Lying about in the telegraph office Sir James found an old magazine, and on one of the first pages this quotation from "Henry V.":

> The fewer men the greater share of honour,
> God's will; I pray thee wish not one man more.

It seemed to him a good omen, and he pasted it into his

diary. There is no more interesting passage in the book. How would the warrior King have stood amazed on that rainy morning of Agincourt, could he have known that the torch he kindled there would light the flame of hope in the breast of another English General, upon another black and rainy day, in a far-off country, the very name of which he had never even heard, nearly five hundred years after his death! There are few emotions of which we can say with certainty that Shakespeare's heart would have beat the faster for them; but surely this is one. No poet ever lived who did not hear with a thrill of joy that a soldier had carried those words, most truly called his Works, into action.

Sir James was, at this time, so ill that he could hardly sit up in his chair. Even when the first batch of carriers arrived on June 16, they brought the small-pox with them; in spite of every possible precaution, men infected with the disease carried the loads, and it became necessary to erect a hospital at every post. Another detachment of sixty had been sent to reinforce. Maps were found to be worse than useless. Captain Wilson, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, was killed.

> His only exhortation, when he knew he was dying, was to leave him alone, but not to abandon the helpless, injured men.

Colonel Carter had begun to retire. Evidently Sir James considered this a mistake, but the manner in which he refers to it is admirable.

> Colonel Carter had his own reasons for abandoning Kwissa, and did not understand from my orders that he was, under all circumstances, to hold on to the Post . . . He was justified in considering the changed conditions. He made his decision and acted on it; that the result was unfortunate is one of the chances of war.

Presently came a letter from Burroughs to the effect that he had been heavily repulsed at Kokofu on July 3. It was well known that the garrison in Kumassi could not hold out beyond the 15th. *I will personally undertake to*

relieve Kumassi by July 15 *under any circumstances*, Sir James had written.

I had pledged my word. . . . It was getting a close thing, but it was this more than anything which gave me confidence. When one is really put to t is generally the time when one's best efforts seem to spring to life. There are times when one almost hugs misfortune, for it appears a solace to the feelings. I did not so much mind the facts, but I could see on the faces of officers and men a look of seeming pity for me. Now anything is better than to be the subject of pity, and I had no intention of allowing myself to be made so. I remember well surmising whether the smile I put on gave away my thoughts.

We cannot but think of a certain passage in Gordon's Diary—of a certain letter in which a younger friend who saw him ever calm and serene by day, heard him night after night pacing up and down his room after the others were all in bed. Hard, hard it must have been for an unsentimental Englishman in that frame of mind to order a theatrical dress rehearsal of what was to be the last charge at Kumassi! "I thought I knew my men," says Sir James, rather as if he were ashamed of it, "and I acted accordingly. . . . I spoke to the men like one would to children." The event justified him. Wildly agitated by the exciting gestures and sounds which—so they had been taught—were the signal for victory, they rushed on the Ashanti when the day came, and carried everything before them; but this was not yet.

On June 23 all who could leave the fort at Kumassi had done so, except three white men, a hundred and fifty black soldiers, and a starved and starving mass of refugees too weak to travel. From the officer commanding there came a message, brought by a famished Hausa soldier, "covered with sores, dazed with hunger and fatigue," a hero who had run the gauntlet of the enemy alone, and come through.

I promoted him to the rank of Sergeant on the spot, and presented him with a sum of money; but I have ever since regretted I did not recommend him for a Victoria Cross, for surely it was well earned. Is it too late now?

Well may we echo the question, *Is it too late?* The message, in its tragic, uncomplaining brevity, struck home to the hearts of all who heard it, and made them "almost tremble" (what virtue in that "almost"!) lest they should not arrive in time. The "pomp and panoply" of war, says Sir James earlier in the book, "can only be really thoroughly imagined once," and that is on receipt of the first order "to proceed at once to the Front"; but finer than that youthful effervescence of delight must have been the great moment when, having brought in every available man, to raise the strength of the column to a thousand,

there passed through my mind a feeling of stern joy that it should at last have fallen to my lot to take a share, however small, in my country's history.

Most of the officers were suffering from fever, many of the rank and file came out from hospital, not yet cured, to join in the final attack. While they were there, our one ally, the King of Bekwai, the "noble black chief, who behaved as a gentleman," and "never swerved a hair's-breadth from his pledged word," had sent in eggs and vegetables for their use, although he had not enough provisions for his own household. Now, just before they started, this loyal and gentlemanly person came to ask in a whisper whether he might cut off a few heads of the slain wherewith to adorn his war-drums.

It rather made one shiver to think what nature of men we were dealing with, friends and foes alike.

They started for the last day's march at daybreak on July 15. Little things show the tension. A new bugle call for *Advance* was mistaken over and over again for *Halt*. "'Alt 'as sounded" was turned into "We're all surrounded," and caused a long delay. When Sir James did call a short *Halt*, one of the staff, who had scarcely rested for three days and nights, lay down in a pool of mud and water, fell asleep on the instant, and was much vexed at being awakened. At length came the supreme event:

It was a glorious roar which greeted our ears as the enemy opened with every gun and rifle they possessed; it was the best moment of my life, and

nothing can again equal it. . . . As soon as firing had ceased the drums and bugles took up the "Charge!" the finest music my ears shall ever hear.

Every one of the staff joined, and Sir James was left alone. The charge was completely successful. They had done what they had vowed to do—they had relieved Kumassi. Perfect silence was once again the order of the day, that they might catch some sound from the fort, but nothing came—there was no answer to their cheers. It was but half a mile distant. Once again fear overtook them. Were they too late? Had it been all in vain? On they went, past ruined houses, charred timbers, telegraph posts torn down. Here and there lay a headless corpse. Strewn all about were hundreds of empty bottles, that had once held gin. At last, from the top of a slope—beyond the sacred groves that had so lately reeked with human sacrifice—they saw the fort, the flagstaff still before the gate—the three gallant defenders—Bishop, Ralph, Hay. At 8 P.M. *on July* 15 five star shells burst from the guns outside, the signal for Bekwai to flash the good news on to Cape Coast, for Cape Coast to cable it to England.

There are more Liberal parties than one in the Empire, and it is of Canadian and not English Liberals that Mr. Willison treats in his two solidly written and clearly printed volumes, entitled **Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party.** (Toronto: Morang; London: Murray. 25*s.*) They give us the creditable record of a successful party and of an attractive and interesting politician. Though frankly a partisan, Mr. Willison manages to keep the judicial tone, without which a semi-official apologia must become tiresome to outsiders. We get the case for Canadian Liberalism stated as fairly as counsel for the defence could be expected to state it. What is even more to Mr. Willison's credit is that the hues in which he has painted Sir John Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper, the Tories and the Ultramontane Bishops of Quebec are by no means of a deep sable. Sir John's colour, in particular, is made no darker than a cheerful and respectable light grey; and when

we consider what Canadian political feeling can be like, and what Canadian journalism has been, we can well understand the restraint which Mr. Willison has at times imposed upon himself. In a political biography of Sir Wilfrid Laurier moderation is the appropriate key-note, inasmuch as, more than anything else, the Canadian Liberal leader has been a moderating and reconciling influence. It was hardly thus that he began in public life, for he was deeply tinged with French Radicalism, came early into sharp collision with the hierarchy of Quebec, and was the friend of young men more than suspected of free-thinking, republicanism, leanings towards union with the United States, and bitter opposition to Canadian Federation. But Wilfrid Laurier mellowed early, and even when young contrived to keep his head. He fought his bishops for a decent allowance of intellectual and political freedom, yet never ceased to be a good Catholic; and nothing can be laid to his charge in his salad days, or since, inconsistent with loyalty to the English connection. As for federation, it does appear that he once owned and edited a certain newspaper, *L'Avenir*, and that the future prefigured in this print was not Canadian federation but the reverse. But *L'Avenir* has long been *Le Passé;* in young Laurier's hands it did not live for two years; and by a timely stroke of fortune its files were thereafter destroyed in a fire, so that but a single copy of a single issue survives to suggest that forty years ago the French-Canadian who is now Premier of the Confederation, feared that federation would rob the French-Canadians of their rights and just influence. Fortunately federation was a *fait accompli* before Laurier fought his first election fight, and if he was not an advocate of the great compact, he was sensible enough to accept it, and logical enough to understand its inevitable consequences. The year of the election contest referred to was 1871. The district bore the typically North American name of Arthabaskaville, yet was not so much urban as rural. Mr. Laurier's opponent was an Englishman, one Hemming. A copy of a Montreal newspaper is happily

quoted from by Mr. Willison, which sums up the qualifications and drawbacks of the rivals very delightfully. Mr. Hemming, wrote this clerical oracle, had done solid public service "by his devotion to the Sorel and Drummondville road." But he was an aggressive Protestant, and there were many Catholics round about Arthabaskaville. Mr. Laurier was personally esteemed, but his Liberalism was not more likely to please Catholics than was Mr. Hemming's Protestantism. "It is regrettable," concluded the discerning editor, "that a more acceptable candidate is not in the field." Thus did a French-Canadian newspaper welcome into public life the most eminent French-Canadian who has yet played a part therein. The electors, however, had more insight into character, and returned Mr. Laurier by a majority of 1000.

Generally, the impression left by Mr. Willison's conscienciously elaborated picture of Sir Wilfrid is very pleasant. Just as the chief life-work of the politician has been that of finding a *modus vivendi*, of reconciling race-feuds and softening religious animosities, so the man is winning and agreeable rather than rugged and tempestuous. That he does not lack courage has been shown fully enough in battles against forms of clerical arrogance, of which Englishmen have luckily no experience and little conception. But in the main Sir Wilfrid Laurier seeks the paths of pleasantness and peace. His ideal of government seems to be one which looks to material well-being and progress, leaving scope for social and industrial improvement, with somewhat freer play to private enterprise than "Liberals" in some other British Colonies are prepared to allow. If he has been no heroic social reformer, if he is more conservative than revolutionary, he can at least claim that under his genial guidance Canada has been too prosperous, progressive and contented for any loud demand for drastic social or constitutional change to make itself heard.

Lectures on Classical Subjects, by W. R. Hardie (Macmillan. 7*s.* net.) Such a compilation as this, consisting of

lectures addressed at different times to different audiences, naturally leads down many by-paths; but through all runs a clue of unity; the writer's object would seem to be to point out once more the loftiness and originality of Greek literature, its application to practical life and reduction to stately form by the Romans, and its value as a standard and a foundation to all civilised life. The feeling for nature, the existence of the unseen world, the glimpses into it from this side of the veil, and man's relation to it on the other side, are different faces of the same problem; the place of man as a spiritual existence in presence of an outward world like and unlike himself, careless of him and yet necessary to him, the object of love and fear. To the early Greek mind as pictured in Homer, nature appears in its simplicity and greatness, beneficent or destructive, unapproachable by man, but "sympathising with some God or half-divine being." The idea of a sympathy of nature with man had not yet been born—that sympathy which is expressed in Virgil's *O qui me gelidis*—the sympathy of man with nature had only begun to appear in the sense of beauty, as in Homer's moonlight passage, the love of rivers, meadows and glens, the joy of the sea-rover, and the sense of home-coming. So, too, in the Homeric religion. The gods live their own life, have their own loves, hates and quarrels, take care of or punish certain mortals, may be appeased by the smoke of sacrifices, but do not care or have not the power to alter fate. Minos in Hades is no judge of sin or merit, but the lord of the underworld. This indifference or uncertain action towards mankind depends upon the subjection of the gods themselves to fate, a thought which lies deep in the foundations of Greek religion. And so when the Greek desired to find atonement for the discord of passions which he felt within his soul, he sought it not from the sunlight gods of the upper world, but from those mysterious deities to whom the dead descend, and by whom human lives are judged. The religion of nature leads to a kind of atheism; the gods who live at ease do not answer prayer; but consciousness of sin and desire for purifi-

cation lead to the hope of a reconciliation, and from the early ideas of sacrificial blood dripping through the earth to be lapped up by the dead, the cult of the dead and the gods of the dead are derived, the truly religious creeds of the Orphic and Eleusinian mysteries. Here first comes in the thought of happiness after death, for whereas Achilles would rather be the slave of a poor man upon earth than king of the dead, the Mystæ in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes sing "Cheerful light is ours, ours and ours alone." There can be no doubt that a deep religious import attached to the Mysteries, that a belief in a life after death was created by them, and that the initiated experienced conversion, and led holier lives in consequence. When we come to Rome and the Augustan age, we find an unintellectual ceremonial religion, decaying among the educated, whose attitude towards the supernatural is well shown in Cicero's Second Book *de Divinatione*, but still holding its position among the unlettered. Lucretius sweeps away all hopes and fears *strepitumque Acherontis avari*. The gods control life and death, but do not give grace to live virtuously. Virgil and Horace adopt the Greek mythology in a poetical spirit and without much credence, but infuse into it Roman seriousness, the sense of law and justice, and the memory of the past which fosters hope. "Virgil's work has a wider range; there is the majesty of Rome . . . and besides scenes of horror and gloom, there are visions of great beauty, the tranquil tide of the Eridanus flowing through fragrant groves of laurel, and the plains of Elysium bathed in a glowing light all their own." To Virgil on the side of feeling, as to Seneca and Marcus Aurelius on the side of philosophy and practical duty, the door of Christianity seems to stand ajar.

We pass over for want of space Professor Hardie's Lectures on the Vein of Romance, the Language of Poetry and Metrical Form, and come to the brilliant sketch of the history of criticism and scholarship from Roman times to our own. Professor Hardie rightly points out that neither language nor its origins, nor rules of versification, nor

canons of poetry and rhetoric, nor comparisons of Greek and Roman with other systems of religion, polity and science, nor archæology, nor history, can severally claim the title of scholarship; but that what our own time should specially prize is not the contribution to the knowlege of facts made by Greece and Rome, which is but a drop in the cup, but their contribution to literature, which is immense. To know all that can be known about Greek pottery and the foundations of buried cities is worth something, but to know the mind of the Greeks and Romans is worth everything; and we are not only not much better than our fathers, but much worse, if we have lost or are losing the familiarity with Homer and Virgil, which enlarged their minds and ennobled their lives. Do our present public school and University "studies" lead us nearer to a knowledge of Greece and Rome such as Milton and Charles Fox and Macaulay possessed, or are we splitting up and specialising into pseudo-science what should be a unity and harmony?

One at least of the numberless magazines now offered to the public cannot be called superfluous, for it is both unique and admirable. **The Ancestor** (Constable: 5s. quarterly) has now completed its second year of existence, and we are glad to see that the almost meteoric splendour with which it first appeared has proved to be only the natural and persistent light of a new planet. Its orbit may now be taken as definitely ascertained, and it may be useful to say a few words about it for the benefit of those who have not yet had their attention directed to it.

The work of the herald and genealogist, though it may be said to deal with part of the field of history, must evidently be carried on under conditions somewhat different from those which affect the historian. On matters of national and international importance the verdict of Time has been for the most part unbiased and unchallengeable. Light may be thrown into obscure corners, excavations may teach us more of the foundations of our past and present, but the broad outlines of

our knowledge are rather strengthened than destroyed by such labour. Family history, on the contrary, has been not only forgotten but forged, its evidence weighed in the false balances of personal pride, and its true origins concealed under masses of ignorant or even fraudulent legend. It follows that the first duty of the honest genealogist must always be to provide himself with a destructive *apparatus criticus*, and to use it, if without pedantry, yet with an unshrinking hand. And since he will often be taking from us the picturesqueness of tradition, he is bound to give in return as much as possible of the pleasure which belongs to criticism and the humour which especially attends the downfall of the pretentious. This duty Mr. Oswald Barron has found congenial, and in the editorial notes which he has contributed and in such articles as "The Genuinely Armigerous Person" (July 1903), and the series of Papers on "What is Believed," he has done much good pick-work, with an accompaniment of hearty laughter which even his opponents have probably appreciated.

A much more difficult and not less necessary part of the work of the New Antiquary must, however, be the constructive. It is amusing enough to see stick after stick hurled with unfailing aim at the grotesque old Gogs and Magogs of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century pedigree makers: but when we have done laughing at the collapse of the paint and plaster we want to see the genuine stone, however simple, which they replaced or hid. The first Feilding was not a Hapsburg; what then was he? If the Snookses and the de Tompkinses did not come over with the Conqueror, who did, and who are their descendants? To these we may add wider and far more interesting questions. What is the true social history of England? From what classes have descended our present grades, and by what process? What can we learn of the results in England of race, of local habitation, of personal character, of occupation, of chance or favouritism? What does our nobility now represent? What is it to be a gentleman? What and where are the treasures which have escaped

the dust-heaps of the past and survived to commemorate the more distinguished of our forefathers: the houses, churches, shields, and pictures?

It is here that the "Ancestor's" great opportunity lay, and here it has already achieved a notable success. The eight numbers—or rather volumes—before us are a storehouse of rich and carefully arranged material. The origins of the Carews, the Nevills, the Wrottesleys, and a dozen more of "Our Oldest Families," the fascinating portraits of the Barrett-Lennards, and the Massingberds; the seals of the Barons of the thirteenth and fourteenth century; an armorial of the fifteenth century; manuscripts exhibiting mediæval manners and costume—all these, with a wealth of illustrations, are among the attractions of the more recent numbers, and the supply shows no sign of exhaustion. And while the Editor is so fortunate as to command the help of such contributors as Mr. Round and Mr. St. John Hope the scholarly character of the review will need no other guarantee than their names and his. We read with admiration and confidence: we recognise upon reflection that to the next generation the whole outlook of a genuine and valuable study will have been changed: for a lumber-room of broken, unrecognisable or tinsel rubbish there will have been substituted a well-ordered collection of documents and authentic relics, illustrative not of bombastic and absurd "family traditions," but of the serious and honourable progress of a great nation from semi-barbarism to civilisation.

Erratum.—We regret that in reviewing the Life of Lord Colborne last month we inadvertently spoke of Sir Harry Smith as "a captain in the 52nd." He belonged, of course, to the 95th Rifles, and his association with Colborne was due to the fact that he was Brigade Major of the 2nd Brigade, Light Division, when Colborne commanded the Brigade.—EDITOR.

THE REORGANISATION OF THE WAR OFFICE

ON February 6 Letters Patent passed under the King's Sign Manual for the constitution of the new Army Council, and one of the greatest administrative reforms of our time was set on foot. The die is cast, the vital step for which we have all been crying so long has been taken, and for good or evil the military forces of the Crown enter a new chapter of their history. That the change has been acclaimed by the country with something like enthusiasm is not to be denied, even if it has a little taken away its breath. We stand gasping before a revolution that goes beyond all that the most strenuous critics hoped or even asked for, and it is no wonder that as breath is recovered we begin to hear a note of opposition and even of hostility. Nor is it the note of obscurant conservatism or of mere reaction from so great and sudden a surprise. It is a note that commands attention, for we recognise in it the voice of those who have been crying the most ably and persistently in the wilderness through the barren years, and of those also who have done most to wring drops of success from the old worm-eaten system. To a large extent all criticism must now be academic, since the scheme is launched. But the men whose devotion and capacity have forced the old engine to do the country's work, and whose untiring pens have brought opinion to the brink of the leap cannot be ignored. The Empire owes them too much. Still face to face with a reform that stirs the

very roots of its organisation, the country must judge for itself as best it can. Nor should judgment be difficult. On the one side we have the new scheme presented in its broad outline in one of the most lucid, masterly and well-reasoned State papers that has appeared in recent times, and such a document alone is enough to arouse confidence in the clear heads, the grip and the exhaustive thought that lie behind the change. On the other we have the men, as able, and logical, and lucid both with pen and voice as any in the country, at whose feet we have all sat, wondering how long the old ruin could withstand their convincing attacks and well knowing they uttered not only the results of their own sagacious study, but also the conviction of the men of action whom the country most firmly trusts.

Taken broadly, the new scheme is seen to be composed of three cardinal changes: First, the creation of a permanent State Department attached to a unified Committee of Defence; secondly, the supersession of the old War Office by an Army Council consisting of heads of departments, political, military and financial; and, thirdly, the substitution of an Inspector-General for the Commander-in-Chief. In other words, we are to have the germ of a General Defence Staff, the administration of the Army by a Board like the Board of Admiralty, and the complete decentralisation of executive command with a simple and unhampered check to secure co-ordination and efficiency of method. On this clear and well-designed tripod the scheme of the Commissioners rests, and it is on each several leg of it that the hostile criticism is directed. Details are barely in question. It is the whole fundamental structure that is challenged.

It would be well if in endeavouring to come to a right judgment we could consider the criticism of the three essential factors separately, but this is impossible. The scheme is so logically constructed, the parts are so firmly interlocked, that to find fault with one is to condemn the whole. Another course must be adopted, and we must try to deal with the objections according to their nature.

Let us first take those which are mainly even merely rhetorical. Though worthy of least weight, they often carry most and cannot be neglected—the more so as they express that strong sentimental antipathy in which every reform finds its most difficult obstacle. Here is one of them: "The history of war," says perhaps the ablest and best-known student of the question, "is a long series of proofs of the incompetence of Boards to conduct it."[1] With the gravest respect to this pioneer in a field where he has no superior either for knowledge, devotion, or ability, his dictum is one that historians cannot endorse. They will ask him for particulars, and where shall he find them? Where shall he find failures of Boards that cannot be matched by failures of single persons? And where shall he seek successes of single persons that shall pale the triumphs of Boards? It is too sweeping a statement to contest in less than a volume. Suffice it to remember that our own standing Army and our own standing Navy were established under Boards, and launched by them on operations which for drastic cleanness of effect are not to be surpassed in our annals of victory. But let it pass as the outcome of a depth of feeling we all must honour, remembering always that such forcible generalities are rhetoric and not serious argument for a time of serious thought.

Of the same nature is the cry that the whole scheme is contrary to the spirit and tradition of the service. It may be so. It is difficult for a civilian to distinguish between what is real and vital tradition in the Army and what is pestilent fashion. He only knows that the one is sometimes mistaken for the other, and that there exist in the military organism customs and sentiments of evil growth which he trusts to see uprooted, however much, in treason to the great spirit of soldiership, they are permitted to masquerade in the sacred name of tradition. In this connection it is particularly urged that the whole spirit of discipline has come to rest in the conception of a single command. We cannot believe it, and it is

[1] Mr. Spenser Wilkinson in the *Quarterly Review* for October 1903, p. 612.

the high record of the Army itself that prompts our disbelief. It has never shown us that its spirit of obedience and self-sacrifice to King and country is less devout or less deeply rooted than in the sister service. History and modern experience only enforce the doubt which is thus aroused. Neither show that the office to which the sentiment clings can be a reality for any length of time. From the days of the Constables and the Earl Marshals downwards every attempt to establish a permanent Commander-in-Chief for peace and war has, sooner or later, tended to his degeneration into a political official or a mere Court functionary. Again and again, not only in our service but in most others, the office of Commander-in-Chief on the peace establishment has become aborted and the army has sloughed it off as unnecessary, if not harmful, to its tone, its health, and its latent activity.

Another and more weighty class of objection is aimed at the new distribution of the complex functions which are recognised as essential to the organisation of all armies. These are objections which call for very serious consideration; but when they are closely examined it will be seen that for the most part they rest on an insecure analogy—the analogy which is so generally drawn without doubt or question between the military forces of the Crown in their entirety and an army in the field. No error can be more specious and at the same time more natural. For years the devoted band of reformers have been crying to us that the root of all the evil is that our Army is organised for peace and not for war. The cry is absolutely true, and it is echoed with conviction by the Commissioners themselves. What, then, could be more obvious and natural than to advance from this datum to the position that you should organise the forces of the Crown like an army in the field, with a Commander-in-Chief at its head, a Quartermaster-General to think, an Adjutant-General to act, and the rest. But the two things are not identical. The military forces of the Crown are not and can never be an army in the field. The resemblance is at best only analogous, and it

is unsafe to argue from one to the other as if they were homologous things. But we may go still further. For a closer examination will show that the resemblance on which the critics of this school proceed is not only a mere analogy but a false analogy. Out of their own mouths let them be judged.

The ideal system of this school, as expounded by the authority already quoted—and they can wish for no more able exponent—would run on the following lines:[1] There should be "a military Administrator-General who would be entrusted with the material maintenance as distinct from the training, discipline and leading of the Army . . . On the other hand, would be the Commander-in-Chief charged with the strategical study of the national policy, with the duty of drawing up general plans of operations, and of supervising the execution of such plans and with the education and training of the Army." He would have a staff of a Quarter-Master-General for orders, movements, tactical regulations, intelligence, and education, a Military Secretary for selection and promotion, and an Adjutant-General for discipline. He is also to be charged with the inspection of corps or divisional commands. And this, we are told, is the natural and logical organisation of the Army. But is it logical? The whole conception is based on the idea of an active Army which is to be left free to prepare itself for war, and an administrative department which is to supply and nourish it. And the two most important items of supply and nourishment, men and intelligence, are given not to the feeding department but to the active Army. It may be right, it may be natural, but to the lay mind it cannot seem logical. Is it even possible for such a system to work smoothly? Assuming you are to choose for your Commander-in-Chief your most capable General to whom you would wish to entrust your main army in time of war, and for his staff the men he would demand to assist him in war, what would happen? At the most critical moment you would tear out of your system the

[1] *Quarterly Review*, October 1903, p. 607.

men responsible for your two most difficult items of supply, and have to replace them with new hands who would be without a head. Surely this must be wrong. If anything should stand fast in the stress and strain of war it is the hands and head that supply the waste of men and the hunger for intelligence. What functions are there that more naturally or more logically should be fixed upon your Administrator-General, your Kriegsministerium, than these? And that is just what the new organisation does in placing the Chief of the Staff, who is charged with these functions, in the Army Council and freeing the chief executive officer from supply duties which in war he could not possibly perform.

The duties of training and intelligence gone, what remains for your Commander-in-Chief? Surely an enormous load—the study of the national policy, the preparation of strategical plans, the supervision of their execution, and the inspection of the whole Army. Where shall be found the man to carry such a weight? Bitter experience, thrice told and lamented, should have taught us that in so complex and widespread an Empire as our own it cannot be done by a single hand. Something will be left undone, and that probably the most important because the least obvious and ready to hand. Unless we are to ignore practical experience of human limitations and live by logic alone, some of this weight must be taken from his shoulders. Logic tells us at once what should go. The study of national policy and the preparation of strategical plans can only be adequately done, in a sea-girt country above all, in close and well-adjusted consultation with Ministers and seamen; and therefore it is best done by a body where all are represented. Moreover, the study of national policy and strategical plans cannot cease with the outbreak of war. They must continue to meet the changing phases of its development. These functions, then, as much as the supply of men and intelligence, should be fixed with a permanent body not liable to be dismembered when you send your great soldiers to the front. It is such a body that the new scheme provides,

leaving to the most trusted and experienced of our generals the vital duties of Inspector-General, with some possibility of his being able to perform them to his own and the country's honour.

Against this it will be justly urged that a Commander-in-Chief does not really frame strategical plans. According to the long-established practice of all civilised armies, they are, or should be, prepared by the Chief of the Staff, and what the Commander-in-Chief has to do is to decide which plan shall be carried out. But here again the false analogy shows its head. Of an army in the field this is true. But when the nation is putting out its whole force to attain some great political end it has never been the Commander-in-Chief who has decided the plan of action. It is equally a question for the Foreign Office and the Admiralty, and the man who has always ultimately had to decide is the Prime Minister. This is the teaching of plain history and experience, and it is the Prime Minister who, by the new scheme, is to sit at the head of the strategical council, the new Committee of Defence.

The truth is hard to avoid, and every line of argument points to it, if only we purge from our minds the misleading analogy of an army in the field. In a widespread Empire like our own, whatever may be needed elsewhere, there is no function that a Commander-in-Chief can usefully discharge, and there are functions which only a Committee of Defence can grapple with, and functions that can only be adequately performed by a powerful Inspector-General.

Again, it will be urged that by the abolition of the old office we deprive ourselves of the means of training a supreme Commander-in-Chief, and of fitting him to undertake, fearlessly in the hour of need, the great responsibilities of a national leader. There will be no one familiar with the task of dealing with soldiers of high rank, of making them work well together, and no one thoroughly versed in every detail of the great organism he has to set and keep in motion. It is

an objection of undeniable weight; but against it we must consider whether under the new scheme we are not in a fair way to gain far more than we lose. By the new system of complete decentralisation of local commands, are we not training many Commanders-in-Chief instead of one, and training them well instead of badly? The task set for the old Commander-in-Chief was one he could not possibly perform, and he necessarily fell into the evil habit of letting certain things slide. No training is worse or more fertile of evil than this. And while the old Commander-in-Chief was ruining his power of command, he was at the same time depriving local commanders of the bracing sense of responsibility. Now the new Commanders-in-Chief will each have a task that is well within the powers of our best men to perform with profit to themselves, the Army, and the country. They will pass with growing strength and knowledge from small commands to higher ones, and never cease to feel the stirring pricks of responsibility and competition. To the lay mind the system must commend itself, for it is just what ordinary citizens employ in all great industries and businesses that are successful. Nor can soldiers well argue it will not work with the Army, for it is the system that exists in Germany, stamped with the hall-mark of successful experience. Not that an unintelligent and slavish appeal to German practice should ever be allowed to influence our own system, because our national habits of thought and work, our British characteristics, and the problems we have to deal with are so different from theirs. But in this case it is just these differences that strengthen and clinch the argument. The German habit is to think out the most perfect system he can and stick to it as closely as possible in every detail. The British is rather to encourage every man to use, within certain wide lines, the originality and initiative that is in him. All over the world the principle of our finest administrators is to choose a good man and give him his job, and let him do it with as little regulation or interference as possible to cramp his initiative and responsibility. It is under such a system that

the fruits of British power and character are most vigorously developed, whereas Germans, it would seem, to do their best must feel the bit. If we look at the problem of empire it is the same. In Germany it is the defence of an area compact and closely knit to headquarters by a perfect and rapid system of communication. With us it is exactly the reverse. In all the great wars of Germany their military effort has merely been to radiate securely from a handy centre; whereas in our case, owing to our privilege of sea-carriage, far more than to the straggling lie of our territory, we have always seen our strength and advantage in operating from widely distant points—in making, as it were, separate wars which, as Marlborough said, were intended to stand on their own bottom. If, therefore, a system of decentralised commands is good for Germany, *à fortiori* it is good for us, and if it is well adapted for our great wars, it is needless to point out how admirably it fits those little wars with which our Army has so constantly to deal.

Why then should soldiers complain? No doubt the loss of the one honoured head to look up to must be a shock to military sentiment. It is a sentiment that deserves all sympathy and respect, but it is only a shock, and not a wound. It is not felt in Germany. Why should the feeling last here? The unifying influence, the symbol of military obedience for which a soldier craves, is in Germany the Emperor. Will not the King suffice them here—the King, in his ancient constitutional office of Captain-General of the Forces, whose name stands at the head of the Army List, and whose colour they daily salute? Surely little will be lost either in dignity or moral effect in making this time-honoured fiction something more of a reality.

A third class of criticism there is which is more difficult to deal with, because it involves the consideration of details rather than principle; and the details of the scheme cannot be rightly judged until the second part of the Report is issued. On these judgment must be reserved, although they would

seem to be the only ones that have real weight with the citizen. As an example of these objections may be cited the apparent danger of a conflict of functions between the Permanent Department of the Defence Committee and the Department of the Chief of the Staff in the Army Council. Both seem charged to some extent with the initiative in plans of operations, and should they conflict the Prime Minister's Department from the position it occupies might be found in possession of a weight that is not intended or desirable. It must be said, however, that this danger seems to have been anticipated by the Commissioners in providing that officers in the Permanent Department are not to be of high rank, nor to serve for more than two years. While performing invaluable clerical functions, these men will, therefore, be rather in the position of a higher "War Course," being made familiar with the great problems of national defence, than of staff officers in authority. But there still remains the influence of the Permanent Secretary, whose power of asserting his own views, if not carefully watched and guarded, would be almost irresistible. But here again the danger is probably rather imaginary than real. For the rank and position of the Naval and Military officers who sit on the Defence Committee are such as to render his power of initiative or resistance rather too small than too great.

For the present, therefore, we may safely rest content to consider the striking completeness and sagacity with which the Commissioners have seized the eternal essentials of all sound army organisation and adapted them to the needs of a democratic constitution. They offer us in the consolidated Defence Committee a thinking department, a "great general staff" in which all the elements of war, diplomatic, financial, naval and military, are brought in contact, and they would place them under direct and close control of the responsible Minister of the Crown and people. They have given us a real Kriegsministerium also in close touch with Parliament, which, including as it does an Army General Staff, is a real feeding department for the active forces, and which

in the words of the Commissioners, "is to administer and not to command the Army." And they have given us an Army really commanded by soldiers, and set free from administrative and political preoccupations to fit itself for a fighting machine. How could they better have performed their task? It is thus they state it. "Our task," they say, "as we understand it, is specially difficult from the fact that for many years this Department of State has been administered from the point of view of peace. It is necessary to make a complete breach with the past, and to endeavour to reconstitute the War Office with a single eye to the effective training and preparation of the Military Forces of the Crown for war." It is well said, but let not the utterance be mistaken. A War Department exists chiefly for a state of peace and not for a state of war. Its main and abiding function is to prepare in a state of peace for infrequent intervals of war, and it is not solely by its apparent fitness for conducting a war that it must be tested. To throw off armies into the field and keep them nourished, though a more arduous is nevertheless a more simple task than that of keeping the national forces efficient in time of peace. No study of the organisation of armies in the field will enable us of itself to design a machine to this end, and no criticism which judges such a machine solely from the point of view of a state of war, or as though it were simply a vast army engaged in war, can be just. In the sister service the distinction which is here sought to be drawn between the whole organism and its potent members has long been recognised, and we see it in the words "Navy" and "Fleet." In the land service no such distinctive nomenclature has arisen, a sure sign of a long-existing confusion of thought, which is perhaps at the root of our otherwise inexplicable failures in army organisation, and which it may be hoped the new system will finally clear away.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

THE FAVOURED FOREIGNER: A COMPARISON IN BURDENS

IN the course of the controversy which has been debated with so much industry and enthusiasm in the House of Commons during the last six days and in the country during the last six months, certain arguments have been put forth with much semblance of force by the promoters and supporters of Tariff Reform which merit more attention than they have received. The examination given to them in the House of Commons was necessarily so general in character that there seems room for the more analytical treatment of an article.

My purpose here is to consider the three chief arguments: that Free Traders who support protective industrial legislation are illogical and inconsistent; that such legislation is almost peculiar to our country; and that the consequent immunity of foreign countries is an unfair handicap to our industries, since legislation of the kind is necessarily an embarrassment to manufacture.

Let us consider the first argument as briefly as possible. It charges Free Traders who support such measures as the Workmen's Compensation Act, the Factory and Workshop Act, the Truck Acts, and the Shop Hours Act, with inconsistency, because the strong doctrinaires of the Manchester School were the original promoters of the Free Trade movement, and that school advocated *laisser faire* in its most extravagant form and to its uttermost conclusions.

. . . Legislation such as the Factory Acts, the Mines Acts, the Truck Acts, the Compensation to Workmen Act, the Fair Wages clauses, the Prohibition of Prison Goods, and a number of other minor Acts of the same kind, every one of these measures is opposed to the strict doctrine of Free Trade. Free Trade says you are to buy in the cheapest market. Free Trade says you are not to interfere with the freedom of independent man, not to prescribe to an employer what he shall or shall not do, but to leave him free to bargain as he likes with his workpeople.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Liverpool, October 27, 1903. Report from *The Times*.

The charge has, then, for its foundation the idea that, though protection of industrial life may accompany protected markets, it cannot logically accompany a system in which there is free competition in goods. If a British manufacturer may not claim the protection of the State in his competition with the goods of a foreign country, is it logical, we are asked, to deny to him in the employment of his labour the freedom he is forced to concede in commerce? This argument is born of a confusion between men and material, and out of this confusion emerges the charge of inconsistency. But in truth there is no inconsistency. Free Traders believe the protection of markets to be a hindrance to the accumulation of wealth and the development of industry; the protection of workpeople to be a benefit not only to themselves and to those who employ them, but a necessary measure towards the advancement of the nation.

The second argument goes on to assume that this country is peculiar in the possession of an industrial code of protective laws. We are asked to believe that the foreign workman enjoys no similar privilege, and it is often implied that he is both neglected by his Government and oppressed by his employer. It is no doubt true that on the Continent wages are lower and hours of work longer than in this country;[1] but, though that fact illustrates the greater efficiency of Trade Unionism here, and incidentally is a comment upon the

[1] In this country the State controls the hours of women and "young persons" only; those of adult males are controlled by individual or collective contract.

theory that high tariffs produce high wages, it in no way concerns the argument under consideration. What alone concerns that argument, what alone can illuminate the position of splendid isolation attributed to our country, is a study of the comparative legislation of foreign countries. Mr. Chamberlain does not help us with any guiding reference to specific countries, but he tells us in his review of our position that

> We have passed legislation to raise the standard of living amongst our working classes. . . We have surrounded them with regulations which are intended to provide for their safety. We have secured them or the majority of them against the pecuniary loss which would follow upon accidents incurred in the course of their employment. There is not one of those things which I have not supported. . . But they have all entailed expense, they have all raised the cost of production; and what can be more illogical than to raise the cost of production in this country in order to promote the welfare of the working classes and then to allow the products of other countries—*which are not surrounded by any similar legislation, which are free from all similar cost and expenditure*—to allow them freely to bring each country in competition with our goods, which are hampered in the struggle?—Mr. Chamberlain at Greenock, October 7, 1903. Report from *The Times*.

But although Mr. Chamberlain throughout his speeches avoids specific reference, others have been less indefinite. One Minister, for example, in enforcing the same argument, includes all the great nations of the Continent. He says we invite these nations to "send goods here made by workers who have no such protection as our own possess."[1] This is a comprehensive statement, and a venturesome; yet it is but a punctuation of the challenge which Mr. Chamberlain has thrown down.

It is unquestionable that in their industrial laws foreign countries are in some respects behind us; but it is equally unquestionable that in other respects they are ahead of us. A number of our most useful regulations owe their inspiration to the regulations of foreign countries, and, if some of us had our way, the debt would be larger than it is.

[1] Mr. A. Lyttelton at Leamington, January 26, 1904.

Limitations of space forbid that I should submit my case in that degree of detail which my material affords, and illustrations interesting and important in themselves must for this governing reason be ignored. In like manner for like reason not a few instances where we are in advance of our neighbours will have to be passed over in silence.

What is our offence? That we complicate and increase the disadvantages of a competition already unfair in an almost prostrating degree by our folly in admitting goods unhampered in their manufacture by those suggested embarrassments of industry to which our own goods are subjected. Illustrations press upon one another in refutation of this amazing charge. Natural selection takes us first to those trades to which our attention is most impressively drawn.

First in order of offending countries comes Germany, and first in order of ruined trades come steel and iron. Let us compare burdens. Under the German system of State insurance manufacturers in a particular industry are grouped together, and certain definite and important functions are committed to these trade associations. Among others, they are empowered to draw up rules for the prevention of accidents, binding on all manufacturers under penalty of fines. As long ago as 1890 the Forge and Rolling Mills Association laid down rules for the security of workers engaged at or near processes in connection with Bessemer converters. It was five years later that a Committee was appointed here to inquire into and report upon the dangers of this industry, and, although the dangers were found to be beyond question, and certain binding regulations were recommended, none have as yet been imposed.

Next in this catalogue of ruined industries let us take the glass trade. The German employer may not employ women in the neighbourhood of the furnaces, or in rooms of an exceptionally high temperature. Boys under fourteen and girls under sixteen may not be employed in grinding, while boys under fourteen may not be employed in smelting or annealing. In this country, on the other hand, boys of thirteen, ranking

as young persons, may be so employed; there is no prohibition upon the employment of women; and girls of thirteen, ranking as young persons, may be employed in grinding. Incidentally Mr. Chamberlain may take comfort in the recollection that in 1895, should his memory serve him so far back, he atoned in some measure for the injustice to British industries by his share in securing to British boys the right to work night shifts of fourteen hours each in an unhealthy employment.

Again, the chemical trade has found many sympathisers who believe that it is only a question of time before it is wholly destroyed. We are not concerned here to inquire how much this depression may be due to hostile tariffs, or how much to the competition of new processes. Our concern alone is to show that it is not due to alleged legislative disabilities, from which the chief competing country is free. On this point Miss Adelaide Anderson in her valuable précis of factory regulations [1] in Germany and Austria, made at the request of the House of Commons in 1895, quotes Dr. Jurisch: "So high a degree of security against injuries has been attained in the German chemical factories, and the arrangements for aid in case of accident have been so highly developed, that the general factory hygiene in these industries has long surpassed that which still obtains in England."

Another trade to which attention has been drawn during the recess is the brush trade; and it offers another illustration of an industry strictly surrounded by special regulation in Germany, which here is conducted with none but the ordinary requirements of the Factory Act. A study of the last issued annual Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories will show how elaborate are the German regulations. It is pointed out that among the many requirements of the German special rules disinfection of all horsehair and bristles is demanded, and it is suggested that similar measures should be adopted here. Two alternative proposals, the exclusion of certain foreign hair and bristles, or the regulation of the industry as a dangerous trade,

[1] Annual Report H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories for 1895.

were made in 1897 by the Departmental Committee on trades in which anthrax is alleged to occur; but the fruit of this Committee is still to gather, and the foreign country "where those conditions of humanity do not prevail,"[1] to our shame, shows us the way.

Before leaving specific comparison with Germany, it may be well to give some further illustration of the comparative legislative advantages under which the German worker earns his living. For this purpose I propose to take in the first place a few trades which may have special interest, inasmuch as their dangers have been the subject of inquiry here: "The South-West German Iron Trade Association lays down minute regulations for the use of locomotives in factories,"[2] and the manufacture of basic slag is carefully regulated by special rules. Reports were made, it is true, upon the danger of these two occupations here, and special rules were recommended in 1896 and 1899 by the Dangerous Trades Committee, over which I had the honour to preside; but the occupations remain without special regulation. Again, the dangers incident in dry cleaning works and in works where rag-sorting is carried on are dealt with in Germany under the system of authorisation. Here we have inquired; we have reported; we have recommended special rules; but rules do not hang upon the factory walls. In Germany they do.

The space already allotted to detailed comparison leaves but little for that of a general kind. Enough, however, must be taken to allow mention, among other matters, of the greater protection afforded to children under German laws. The prohibition upon their employment in unwholesome industries is far wider than it is in this country, and their employment in ordinary factories may not begin until thirteen; here it may begin at twelve. Among the other matters which claim mention is the obligation universally laid

[1] Mr. Lyttelton at Leamington, January 26, 1904.

[2] Annual Report H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories for 1895, vol. i. p. 153.

upon employers "to take measures to secure the safety and moral and physical welfare of all classes of industrial workers." It is pointed out that "extensive State interference and regulation on grounds of health, morality, and safety" may be found even in a small workshop.[1] Another comprehensive requirement is laid in Prussia upon any one who wishes to engage in manufacturing enterprise, for he must submit to the industrial councillors and inspectors plans of a workplace he proposes to build or alter. The officials are agreed, without exception,

> Although this involves a notable increase of work, an important advance has hereby been made towards securing safe and healthy work-places. . . . The control is made effective in matters of lighting, ventilating and cubic capacity of the rooms, taking into consideration both the number of workers and the amount and nature of machinery, also in arrangements for dressing-rooms, lavatories and sanitary conveniences. The increase of work is amply repaid by the good results already to be seen. . . . The undeniable gain arising from a preliminary examination by an expert in industrial technicalities is recognised not only by the competent authorities but also by the employers.[2]

This far-reaching provision is unknown here for ordinary industrial undertakings, but we may hope that the testimony to its value given by experience in Germany will encourage our legislature to similar effort.

For letterpress printing works there is a large code of minute regulations, one of which prohibits underground workshops. Any one who remembers the outcry at the proposal to close underground bakehouses here may well marvel how a requirement, which raises all the passions of prejudice and reaction in our country, can be taken lying down in another. And this contrast becomes more poignant when it is remembered that the proposal which was so fiercely resisted in this country involved the production of an article of food, whereas the prohibition, which has been submissively accepted in Germany, applies but to the use of printers' ink.

[1] Annual Report H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories for 1895, vol. i. p. 138.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 147.

From Potsdam comes an interesting report of a spinning mill, in which washing troughs with a continuous flow of water were required; of a weaving shed, in which dust was troublesome, where separate lavatory and dressing-room accommodation was ordered; of a shoddy mill, where application was made for authorisation to extend the premises, and the opportunity was taken by the authorities to order dressing-rooms, lavatories, and dining-rooms, separate for the sexes; and, finally, of a sugar refinery, where the employer was ordered to provide shower-baths.[1] Our simple imagination palls at the conception.

Allusion has been made to the German system of State insurance against accident and sickness. From the workman's point of view it is difficult, save in one respect, to compare this system of compensation with ours; for though their system has a universal application while ours is limited, ours on the other hand demands no contribution as theirs does from the workpeople. From the employer's point of view comparison is simpler, for in his case the chief consideration must be that all accidents in all trades, unless deliberately self-inflicted, must be compensated. The 8 per cent. contribution[2] to the Accident Insurance Fund, which statistics show to be the workmen's share, must to the employer be almost negligible. The respect in which easy comparison suggests itself for both employer and workman is the provision under which injury to health has claim to compensation. Here the law provides but poorly for such injury. Only once since the Workmen's Compensation Act was passed in 1897 has compensation been granted for injury to health. In that case the injury was held to come within the definition of an accident. It is true that in our factory law we can claim a section which provides under certain circumstances for the

[1] Annual Report H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories for 1895, vol. i. p. 149.

[2] Gewerbe-Unfallversicherungsgesetz. Dr. E. v. Woedtke. Berlin, 1901, p. 125.

allotment of a fine to the injured worker or his dependants. But, again, owing largely to the action of Mr. Chamberlain, the section was impoverished by a limitation of the penalty to injuries caused by direct negligence on the part of the employer. In Germany, on the other hand, compensation is obtainable from the Sick Insurance Fund not only for injury caused solely by an undeniably unhealthy trade, but also for "gradual aggravation of any existing tendency to disease or the gradual loss of bodily strength."[1]

Austria has in common with Germany a long series of laws and administrative orders; and her law of preliminary authorisation and sanction and her accident insurance law are also similar. We find the same general provisions for the protection of life, health, and morality.[2] Subject to certain exceptions, a general limitation is placed upon the hours of male as well as female workers; eleven hours only out of the twenty-four may be worked. Where overtime is allowed it is on condition that it shall be specially paid for at an enhanced rate. In comparing this general statement with our own law the points of difference which are most striking are the limitation of adult male labour and the payment for overtime. The legislature here has never prescribed wages nor the period of employment for adult males.

In the United States of America the laws are both Federal and local to each State. The State of Massachusetts passed Factory Acts in 1877, "covering the general provisions of the British laws."[3] The law of 1877 includes provisions for general inspection, provisions relating to dangerous machinery, such as belting, shafting, gearing, &c., the dangers of hoists and elevators, matters relating to ventilation and cleanliness, and the provision of fire escapes. Similar legislation has been

[1] Gewerbe-Unfallversicherungsgesetz. Dr. E. v. Woedtke. Berlin, 1901, p. 107.

[2] Gewerbe Ordnung, section 74.

[3] Hon. Carroll D. Wright, "Encyclopædia Britannica," 1902. Labour Legislation.

passed by most of the other States except some in the South. The legislation of different States varies according to the nature of the industries carried on therein. By a law of 1868 the United States Government has laid down an eight hours' day for Government employees, and by another Act of 1892 this principle is extended to contractors.

Switzerland is not behind the other continental countries in her care of the workers, especially women and children. Here the law is both Federal and Cantonal. Most of the provisions of Federal Labour Law, including an eleven hours' day, apply to men as well as to women. No child may be employed under fourteen, and children under sixteen must attend continuation schools. In all cantons except one overtime, which may not exceed two hours, must be paid for at an enhanced wage. Women must not be employed for eight weeks before and after child-birth. Examination of the Truck law shows that Switzerland is considerably in advance of this country; for example, the law of Zurich forbids any deductions in respect of heating, lighting, cleaning or machinery, and by the Federal law fines may not exceed half a day's wage.

France, in addition to her laws for general sanitation, general and special ventilation, cleanliness, drainage, regulation of the hours of labour and certificates of health, requires the provision of lavatories, cloak-rooms, and good drinking water, requirements applied here only to a few special trades. The lighting of all work-places is also specifically regulated. Women, children, and young workers are excluded from many processes specified as unhealthy, while in others their employment is conditionally restricted. Women may not clean, oil or look after machinery in motion; girls under sixteen may not be employed at machines worked by treadles; and the lifting, pushing and carrying of weights by boys and girls under eighteen is carefully restricted: all regulations in which this country is still behind France.

Lastly, the statement is heedlessly hazarded that restric-

tions placed upon employers cannot but raise the cost of production.

I have imposed legislation on the employers to compensate workmen for . . . accidents. . . We have interfered with the employer in the Truck Acts, by the establishment of all those factory regulations . . . with a view to your security, your health and your comfort. . . Do you suppose it can be done for nothing? Are you aware that it adds 10 per cent. . . to the cost of the article which you . . . would allow the foreigners who are not subject to any of those regulations to send in . . . 10 per cent. cheaper in consequence? —Mr. Chamberlain at Leeds, December 16, 1903.

The conditions of industry in England which had been prescribed by the Legislature caused the output of commodities here to be dearer generally than the output of commodities abroad.—Mr. A. Lyttelton in the House of Commons, February 11, 1904.

While it is true that some of the requirements laid upon employers for the sake of their workpeople are unproductive of a direct return in money, it will be obvious to careful observers that even those demands which appear to be least productive do in fact yield to the employer a return in increased efficiency of work. It may be said, for example, that the provision of separate dressing-rooms and dining-rooms for men and women is a requirement entailing considerable expense without any corresponding recompense. But the workpeople who are not allowed to take meals in the factory will return to their work after the meal hour much better equipped both in inclination and capacity if they have taken their meal and relaxation in a comfortable room, than if their only choice had lain between the factory yard and a fatiguing walk to their home. In this manner have employers their reward.

Again, the provision of ventilation may be and often is costly, and its economical influence may seem obscure; but two cases cited by Miss Anderson, in the précis already referred to,[1] bear interesting testimony to its possibilities. The Inspector for Münster reports upon a cotton factory fitted with mechanical ventilators which had served as a useful

[1] Page 148.

model for many others. "The statistics as to sickness in this factory are said to show a most remarkable diminution in the number of sick persons and days of sick leave." And a firm of spinners in Ochtrupp, in whose mills a ventilating apparatus had been installed at a cost of about £300, reports "a decided improvement in the vigour of the workers and *an increase of about* 3 *per cent. in the output.*"

Mr. Osborn, who for many years administered the Cotton Cloth Factories Acts, brings supporting evidence of a similar kind on behalf of this country. He remarks:

> It is with great pleasure that I testify to the goodwill of the employers in readily carrying out suggestions, though in many cases with some natural apprehension as to results; . . . It is found that during this last summer, when the new arrangements were completed, the workpeople have not felt the same lassitude, and have suffered less from excessive heat . . . while work has been better and *production more satisfactory*.[1]

The limitation of the hours of labour is given a prominent place among the alleged disabilities of our manufacturers; it is urged that in protectionist countries longer hours may and are exacted. The charge of longer hours does not lie against the United States, but it lies truly enough against most continental countries, and therefore its force must be examined. Do the longer hours of continental workers imply a lower cost of production? An important factor in that cost is energy of labour, and it is frequently found that activities persistently maintained at their utmost stretch give no greater, give even a lower return than they would under conditions of lesser strain. Happily, though the subject remains a battlefield for the advocates of factory legislation and their opponents, much has been done by experiment to prove that an increase either in efficiency, or in output, or in both, may follow upon a reduction of hours. The true economic minimum of the period of employment is difficult of proof, but the interesting experiments which have been made for two generations by enterprising employers in different trades establish much.

[1] Annual Report H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories, 1892.

One such experiment is recounted by Mr. Kennedy, an Inspector of Factories in 1843. A dye and print factory was put on to its fullest output, and during a period of four months no stop was allowed even for meals. After a short time a decrease of production was observed and an increase in the proportion of spoiled work. "The amount of spoiled work increased to such an alarming degree that the parties felt themselves compelled to shorten the hours of labour to avoid loss; and as soon as the alteration was made the amount of spoiled work sunk to its former level." Inasmuch as the work-people were paid extra wages for extra exertions, there was clear incentive to careful effort. This is a good illustration of the physical impossibility for the human hand and eye and brain to act together with that degree of alertness and accuracy required to produce satisfactory work, even of a mechanical kind, after subjection to undue strain.

The Inspector of Docks and Wharves in Austria contributes another example in a report upon one of the ports under his inspection, where more work was now turned out in nine hours than formerly in ten.

Finally, the Royal Commission on Labour gives certain interesting facts bearing on this argument. Sir William Allan, M.P., whose death last year was much regretted, gave evidence before that Commission as to the results he had obtained in his boiler works, where he employed from 300 to 400 men, by reducing the working week from fifty-three hours to forty-eight. He accompanied the reduction in hours by a 5 per cent. reduction in wages, which he promised to withdraw if no loss in production resulted from the changed conditions. At the end of a six months' test he was able to restore wages to their former level, and after a considerable further test he found that *the advantage was on his side.*[1]

Another example is furnished by the same Royal Commission. At a large factory[2] in the North of Ireland "the

[1] Royal Commission on Labour. Question Number 6867.

[2] *Ibid.* Employment of Women, 1893, p. 325.

hours were 8 A.M. to 7 P.M., but the firm could not . . . obtain punctual attendance. . . . They then decided to start work at nine o'clock instead of eight o'clock. The pay list immediately went up an amount varying from £4 to £6 a fortnight, and this increase has been maintained. The firm find that together with the benefit to them of increased production, there is the saving of coal and gas in the winter months."

Again the Commissioners report: "Experience shows that in many industries reduction of hours is consistent with maintenance and even increase of output, and consequently that in those trades the same number of men working shorter hours can earn at least as much as when they worked longer hours."[1]

Before concluding this part of the case it is interesting to look back to the opinions expressed by Mr. Chamberlain on this important subject in bygone years. He was one of the most distinguished witnesses who appeared before the Royal Commission on the Factory Acts in 1875. When considering the growing competition of American and foreign workmen he said, "Our supremacy . . . will only be retained, I believe, by an increase in the intelligence of our workpeople." Then, dismissing the suggestion that this country was embarrassed in its competition by its higher wages and by legislative restrictions alleged to be more stringent than those of other countries, he concludes: "And finally, my own belief is that this competition arises entirely from the greater intelligence of the foreign workpeople as compared with our own."

After a lapse of years we find Mr. Chamberlain preaching a similar sermon from the same text. For on January 6, 1902, he said:

> In order to keep the trade we have got, in order that we may develop and increase it, employers and employed . . . must keep alive with the spirit of the times; employers will have to bring to bear more scientific intelligence

---

[1] Royal Commission on Labour Fifth and Final Report, Part I., § 175 (3) (a), p. 61.

in the management of their business. The old rule of thumb methods will not last for ever,

and then he goes on to advise employers to "develop their brains" and workmen to develop the product of their labour.

If these two conditions are fulfilled, I for one am perfectly confident that there is no fear for the future, no fear that we shall take an inferior position to that of our ancestors, no fear that we shall not meet competition from whatever quarter it comes, that we shall not meet the rivalries of all the world.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Birmingham.

I have endeavoured to deal with the three propositions with which we set out: (1) That there is no inconsistency in a defence of free imports and a belief in the wisdom and necessity of our industrial laws: (2) That foreign workmen are in many material respects as carefully sheltered from industrial abuses as British workmen, and in certain others more fully secured: and (3) That protective laws produce a higher standard of workmen and an increased efficiency of work, from which we may rather look for economic gain than increased cost of production. While continental nations are largely in debt to Great Britain for the pioneer work she did at the beginning of the last century, it will be seen that certain examples have since been set us by foreign countries which we should hasten to follow. If the fiscal controversy, though it rage and tear, should prove the unwitting instrument by which we are led to strengthen and extend the training of our manufacturers and our workmen, and to broaden and fortify our own industrial code, the tumult will not have raged in vain.

H. J. TENNANT.

BUSHIDO, THE JAPANESE ETHICAL CODE

IN the past, as in the present, the wise men of the East have been renowned for the deepness of their thought and the profundity of their vision, and times without number great reforms and great truths have arisen from the East for the enlightenment of the West, so that in this late day of the world it would be false modesty to have a prejudice against taking advantage of anything that the concentrated moral essence of the thoughts of the Buddhist priests and Chinese sages of countless generations may have to offer us. For Japan, though considered certainly a non-Christian country, is admittedly the receptacle of the finest thoughts and teachings of China and India, filtered into it through Korea. At a time when Japan is perhaps holding the balance of power in the hollow of her hand in the Far East, it is a relief and very interesting to discover upon what firm and admirable foundations her moral and ethical character—the actuating motive of all actions—lies. Japan possesses in *Bushido* a system of ethical training, the very existence of which during so many centuries should give one confidence in the present Japanese character.

The one real drawback that *Bushido* does present is the non-existence of suitable text-books to enable one to find out what it is; to see what it contains, and how it is taught. This objection may be met, however, to a very great extent by

reference to an excellent book on the subject from the pen of Professor Inazo Nitobe, a well-known Japanese scholar and writer. With the help of this a very clear idea may be gained of what is taught in the Japanese schools, and how the code of *Bushido* came into existence. Before dealing with this in detail, I cannot do better than quote here the full text of the famous speech on education by the Japanese Emperor, which is read regularly in all the schools of Japan. When the deep influence of the Emperor over his people is remembered, an influence which the whole system of ancestor-worship forces upon them, it will be more clearly understood how powerful is the advice contained therein, and what a sanction and force it gives to *Bushido*. The speech runs thus:

> The Founder of our Imperial House and our other Imperial Ancestors laid the foundations of our Empire on a grand and everlasting basis, and deeply implanted the virtues to be ever cherished.
>
> The goodness of our subjects, displayed generation after generation in loyalty and piety and in harmonious co-operation, constitutes the fundamental character of our country, and from this the principles of education for our subjects have been derived.
>
> Do you, our subjects, be filial to your parents, kind to your brothers, harmonious in your relations as husbands and wives, and faithful to your friends; let your conduct be courteous and frugal, and love others as yourselves, attend to your studies and practise your respective callings; cultivate your intellectual faculties and train your moral feelings; foster the public weal and promote the interests of society; ever render strict obedience to the Constitution and to all the laws of your Empire; display your public spirit and your courage on behalf of our country whenever required, and thereby give us your support in promoting and maintaining the honour and prosperity of our Empire, which is coeval with the heavens and the earth.
>
> Such conduct on your part will not only be what is fitting in our good and loyal subjects, but will also suffice to make manifest the customs and manners bequeathed to you by your Ancestors.
>
> These instructions, bequeathed to us by our Imperial Ancestors, to indicate the course of conduct which we and our subjects are bound to pursue, have been of unfailing validity in all ages past, as in the present, and in all countries whatever.
>
> Consequently we trust that neither we nor our subjects shall at any time fail to observe faithfully these sacred principles.

This speech covers a wide field, and, stripped perhaps of its appendages of ancestor-worship, would not come amiss from the King of England or his Government. The precepts contained in the Imperial speech are drawn from the moral code, spoken of before, which is known in Japan as *Bushido*. This means literally military—knight—ways, or, as we might interpret it, "Precepts of Knighthood," the "noblesse oblige" of chivalry. In short it was a collection of the precepts which the fighting nobles, or *samurai*, should observe in their daily life, as well as in their vocation as warriors. But it must not be imagined that *Bushido* means simply the old knightly code of European and Japanese chivalry. It is far more than this, and may be described as the Japanese term for what the Christian nations would call the Infinite Truth. It is the crystallisation of the moral precepts which are inculcated by all religious teachings. *Bushido* is the "Soul of Japan," productive of and animating all the forms and expressions of Japanese religions. Whatever be the diversity of sect, a common meeting-ground is found in *Bushido*, since it is simply the fundamental vitality, untrammelled by dogma, from which all the moral part of religion, as distinct from the belief in the divine, has sprung. It teaches the elements of all true virtue, how to be upright in every thought and action, ethically and morally. To turn now to Professor Nitobe's book for a definite description of *Bushido*. He says:

> *Bushido* is the code of moral principles which the knights were required or instructed to observe. It is not a written code; at best it consists of a few maxims handed down from mouth to mouth or coming from the pen of some well-known warrior or savant. More frequently it is a code unwritten and unuttered, possessing all the more the powerful sanction of veritable deed, and of a law written on the fleshly tablets of the heart. It was founded, not on the creation of one brain, however able, or on the life of a single personage, however renowned. It was an organic growth of decades and centuries of military career. It, perhaps, fills the same position in the history of ethics that the English Constitution does in political history; yet it has had nothing to compare with the Magna Charta or the Habeas Corpus Act. True, early in the seventeenth century Military Statutes (*Buke Hatto*) were promulgated; but their

thirteen short articles were taken up mostly with marriages, castles, leagues, etc., and didactic regulations were but meagrely touched upon. We cannot, therefore, point out any definite time and place, and say, "Here is its fountain-head." Only as it attains consciousness in the feudal age, its origin in respect to time, it may be identified with feudalism. But feudalism itself is woven of many threads, and *Bushido* shares its intimate nature.

With the feudal age was developed the fighting class, known as *samurai*, meaning literally, like the old English word *cuiht* (knecht, knight), guards or attendants. Originally of very rough breed, these *samurai* were a privileged class, and came gradually to great honour and privileges. Their increased responsibilities forced upon them the necessity of a common standard of behaviour, a need accentuated by the state of feud constantly to be found between the various clans. To quote Dr. Nitobe again:

> Fair play in fight! what fertile germs of morality lie in this primitive sense of savagery and childhood. Is it not the root of all civic and military virtues? We smile (as if we had outgrown it) at the boyish desire of the small Britisher, Tom Brown, "to leave behind him the name of a fellow who never bullied a little boy or turned his back on a big one." And yet who does not know that this desire is the corner-stone on which moral structures of mighty dimensions can be reared? May I not even go as far as to say that the gentlest and most peace-loving of religions endorses this aspiration? This desire of Tom's is the basis on which the greatness of England is largely built, and it will not take us long to discover that *Bushido* does not stand on a lower pedestal.

It may be as well before dealing with its chief points to glance more closely at the origins and sources of *Bushido*. Firstly there was *Buddhism*, which supplied a sentiment of calm trust in Fate, a quiet submission to the inevitable, a stoical composure in sight of danger and calamity, a disdain of life, and friendliness with death. Secondly, came *Shintoism*, which supplied many of the elements lacking in the Buddhist teaching. It was Shintoism which inculcated loyalty to the Sovereign, reverence for ancestral memory, and filial piety—to a greater degree than these are found in any other creed. It is interesting to note in this connection that in the Shinto

Temples the place of honour is given to a plain mirror, before which the worshippers kneel, seeing their own images reflected in the shining surface. The act of worship in these temples is tantamount to the old Delphic injunction "know thyself." To the warriors then, and to the Japanese people now, Shintoism is a call to regard their country as "more than land and soil from which to mine gold or to reap grain—it is the sacred abode of the gods, the spirits of our forefathers: to us the Emperor is the bodily representative of heaven on earth, blending in his person its power and its mercy."

Besides these two important sources of *Bushido* it must be remembered that the writings of Confucius and Mencius formed the principal text-books of the youths of Japan. These two thinkers supplied the chief part of the strictly ethical doctrines of *Bushido.* The five moral relations enunciated by Confucius were well suited to the *samurai.*

So much for the sources of the code; the essential principles which *Bushido* drew from them and from which it formed itself were few and simple. Foremost in the list comes Rectitude, or Justice, which was by far the most weighty precept in the *samurai's* code. Underhand dealings and crooked paths were abhorrent to his mind—he was essentially no diplomat, as diplomacy is now understood. The two following definitions by well-known *samurai* throw light upon what these knights understood by this precept:

> Rectitude is the power of deciding upon a certain course of conduct in accordance with reason, without wavering; to die when it is right to die, to strike when to strike is right.
>
> Rectitude is the bone that gives firmness and stature. As without bones the head cannot rest on the top of the spine, nor hands move, nor feet stand: so without Rectitude neither talent nor learning can make of a human frame a *samurai.* With it the lack of accomplishments is as nothing.

Even to the very last day of Feudalism the title of *Gishi* (a man of rectitude) was considered superior to any other title.

Differing slightly from Rectitude was *Giri,* literally Right Reason, which came to mean the duty one owes to parents,

superiors, to inferiors, to society at large, and so on. Filial piety was one of the most striking instances of *Giri*.

We come now to Courage, which however was scarcely considered worthy to rank as a virtue, unless it was employed in the cause of righteousness. Confucius defines Courage by explaining in his usual negative way what it is not. "Perceiving what is right, and doing it not, argues lack of courage." A strong distinction was made between mere physical and moral courage. A *samurai* Prince said once, "To rush into the thick of battle and be slain in it, is easy enough, and the merest churl is equal to the task; but it is true courage to live when it is right to live, and to die only when it is right to die." "Great Valour" in Japan meant moral courage, and the title of "The courage of a villein" was bestowed upon mere physical bravery. All the children of *samurai* were brought up in a most Spartan-like manner, and thus there was no need of a special teaching of physical courage and endurance.

Following Courage comes Benevolence and the feeling of Piety. Love, Magnanimity, Affection for others, Sympathy and Mercy were always recognised by the *samurai* as supreme virtues, the highest of all the attributes of the human soul. Even in the rough fighting days of Feudalism mercy was not too rare. *Bushi no nasake*—the tenderness of a warrior—was considered superior to ordinary tenderness or mercy, since it implied mercy where it recognised due regard to justice also. The young *samurai* were taught to practise music and to make poetry—not the music of trumpet or of drum, but the soft melody of stringed instruments, while the verses of the warriors dealt with the beauties of nature or the singing of birds, rather than of battle or of death. Professor Nitobe says of this:

> What Christianity has done in Europe towards arousing compassion in the midst of belligerent horrors, love of music and letters has done in Japan. The cultivation of tender feelings breeds considerate regard for the sufferings of others.

Politeness and respect for the feelings of others were insisted upon by all the followers of *Bushido,* although they were not

considered as being in the front rank of virtues. Dr. Nitobe says of them:

> Politeness is a poor virtue if it is actuated only by a fear of offending good taste, whereas it should be the outward manifestation of a sympathetic regard for the feelings of others. It also implies a due regard for the fitness of things, therefore due respect to social positions; for these latter express no plutocratic distinctions, but were originally distinctions for actual merit. In its highest form politeness almost approaches love.

This teaching of politeness caused a very elaborate system of ceremonial usage to spring up. Table manners have grown to be a science. Tea drinking and serving have been raised to a ceremony. To quote again:

> I have heard slighting remarks made by Europeans upon our elaborate discipline of politeness. It has been criticised as absorbing too much of our thought, and so a folly to observe strict obedience to it. I admit that there may be unnecessary niceties in ceremonious etiquette, but whether it partakes as much of folly as the adherence to ever changing fashions in the West is a question not very clear in my mind.

Politeness, as such, is a great acquisition, even although it should go no further than to impart grace to manners. But *Bushido* teaches that politeness and propriety mean much more than this. Springing from motives of benevolence and modesty, and actuated by tender feelings toward the sensibilities of others, it is ever a graceful expression of sympathy. It causes its believers to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice. But it was also recognised that politeness might be carried too far and become a farce. "Propriety," says Masamme, "carried beyond right bounds becomes a lie."

And so *Bushido* brought into great prominence the value of *Veracity* or Truthfulness. What teaching could be more fine than that of the old poet of Japan, who said: "To thyself be faithful; if in thy heart thou strayest not from truth, without prayer of thine, the gods will keep thee whole."

> Lying or equivocation were deemed equally cowardly. The *Bushi* held that his high social position demanded a loftier standard of veracity than that of the tradesman and peasant. *Bushi-no-ichigon*—the word of a *samurai*—was

sufficient guarantee of the truthfulness of an assertion. His word carried such weight with it that promises were generally made and fulfilled without a written pledge; which would have been considered quite beneath his dignity. The regard for veracity was so high that, unlike the generality of Christians who persistently violate the plain command of their teacher not to swear, the best *samurai* looked upon an oath as derogatory to their honour.

It is interesting to find that there was not any command against bearing false witness, neither was lying condemned as sin; it was simply denounced as dishonourable. And honour was one of the great virtues of a *samurai*, if not the very greatest.

A good name being assumed as a matter of course, any stain upon its integrity was felt as shame, and the sense of shame (*Ren chi shin*) was one of the earliest to be cherished in juvenile education. "You will be laughed at," "It will disgrace you," "Are you not ashamed?" were the last appeals to be made to correct the behaviour on the part of the youthful delinquent. Such an appeal to his honour touched the most sensitive spot in the child's heart, as though it had been nursed in honour in its mother's womb. Indeed, the sense of shame seems to be the earliest indication of moral consciousness.

That *samurai* was right who refused to compromise his character by a slight humiliation in his youth; "because," he said, "dishonour is like a scar on a tree, which time instead of effacing only helps to enlarge."

Even to-day in Tokyo it is easy to find poor shopkeepers or milkmen, who still retain all the instincts of the *samurai*, and to whom the refusal of a customer to pay his debts was more completely to be punished by the exposure of his shameful conduct in the public press than by recourse to law.

Centuries before the time of Carlyle, Mencius taught that "Shame is the soil of all virtues, of good manners and good morals."

But *Bushido*, besides establishing a delicate code of honour, prepared also safeguards against too morbid excess in this direction by teaching Magnaminity and Patience. As the popular saying runs, "To bear what you think you cannot bear, is really to bear." The following few sayings by great *samurai*, or teachers, show clearly enough that while *Bushido* was a code of morals for a warlike race, it in no wise urged them solely towards bloodshed and cruelty. The great Iyiyasu said

once, " The life of a man is like the going a long journey with a heavy load on the shoulders. Haste not. Reproach none, but be for ever watchful of thine own shortcomings. Forbearance is the basis of length of days." Mencius was a firm advocate of patience and long-suffering. " Though you denude yourself and insult me," he says, " what is that to me? You cannot defile my soul by your outrage." He also teaches that while indignation for a great cause is righteous wrath, anger at a petty offence is unworthy of a great man. " When others speak all manner of evil things against thee, return not evil for evil, but reflect rather that thou wast not more faithful in the discharge of thy duties." " When others blame thee, blame them not; when others are angry with thee, return not anger: Joy cometh only as a Passion and Desire part."

Brave words of brave men! For these last two quotations fell from the lips of two of the bravest of all the votaries of *Bushido*, men whose words and deeds are treasured and repeated throughout the length and breadth of Japan to this day. There is no end to the utterances, maxims, and examples which might be quoted here in proof of the fine effect of the teachings of *Bushido* on these once rough warriors and fighters.

Bushido had one point in its teaching for which no sacrifice was held too dear, no life too precious: this was the duty of Loyalty, which was as the keystone of the arch of feudal virtues. The feudal system has passed away from Japan as it has from England, and yet there is no less reverence to the duty of Loyalty in Japan to-day than long ago. As *Bushido* holds that the interests of the family and of its members are one and the same, so it should be with the entire nation. There should be no interests separately for the subjects, or the rulers; all should work for the whole, and merge his or her personal interest in the interests of the whole nation. Thus has *Bushido* made of the Japanese the most patriotic race in the world.

Although at first this code was for the *samurai* only, it

filtered down and acted as leaven among the masses, furnishing a moral standard for the whole people. The precepts of knighthood, beginning at first for the glory of the *élite*, became in time an inspiration and an aspiration to the nation at large; and though the populace cannot attain the height of these loftier souls, yet they can strive for that attainment, and *Yamato Damashi* (the Soul of Japan) ultimately came to express the Volkgeist of the Island Kingdom.

This *Yamato* spirit has for its emblem the wild cherry, the national flower. This cherry is not a cultivated tender plant, but a wild, natural tree, indigenous to the soil of Japan, and so is a fitting symbol of this Soul of Japan.

We must quote Professor Nitobe again to show the influence of *Bushido* in the wonderful growth of Japan in these last three decades.

> When we opened the whole country to foreign trade, when we introduced the latest improvements in every department of life, when we began to study Western politics and sciences, our guiding motive was not the development of our physical resources and the increase of wealth; much less was it a blind imitation of Western customs. The sense of honour which cannot bear being looked down upon as an inferior power—that was the strongest of motives. Pecuniary or industrial considerations were awakened later in the process of transformation.

To the would-be disciple of *Bushido* the knowledge of the training of the *samurai* would be indispensable.

> The first point to be observed in knightly pedagogics was to build up character, leaving in the shade the subtler faculties of Prudence, Intelligence and Dialectics. We have seen the important part æsthetic accomplishments played in his education. Indispensable as they were to a man of culture, they were accessories rather than essentials of the *samurai* training. Intellectual superiority was of course esteemed; but the word *Chi*, which was employed to denote intellectuality, meant wisdom in the first instance, and placed mere knowledge only in a very subordinate place. The tripod that supported *Bushido* was said to be *Chi, Jin, Yu;* respectively, Wisdom, Benevolence and Courage. A *samurai* was essentially a man of action. Science was out of the pale of his activity. He took advantage of it in so far as it concerned his profession of arms. Religion and Theology were relegated to the priests; he only concerned himself with them in so far as they helped to nourish courage. Like

an English poet the *samurai* believed "'tis not the creed that saves the man, but it is the man that justifies the creed." Philosophy and literature formed the chief part of his intellectual training; but even in the pursuit of these it was not objective truth that he strove after. Literature was pursued mainly as a pastime, and philosophy as a practical aid in the formation of character, if not for the exposition of some military or political problem.

From this brief explanation of the subject so lucidly and ably set forth in detail in Professor Nitobe's book, we see that *Bushido* taught Rectitude, Justice, Filial Piety and Duty, Courage, Benevolence and Pity, Politeness and Propriety, Truthfulness and Uprightness, Honour and the Disgrace of dishonourable actions, and the duty of Loyalty to oneself, to one's family and to the nation.

Is not a code to be emulated that, although designed for a warlike class, taught mercy and patience under insult, and drew a strong line between righteous and unrighteous anger? Have not the educational codes of religious morality of the West too often resulted in a teaching of hatred rather than of peace, of honesty because it pays to be honest, of hypocrisy rather than rectitude, of selfishness rather than justice? There are flaws to be found in *Bushido* doubtless, since there is nothing perfect; but the great strength that it has to the thinking mind is that it gets beneath the various creeds and dogmas to the fundamental truths necessary to the building up of fine character. Is it not reasonable to suggest that the nations of the world may look with more equanimity upon the present struggle, knowing that since one at least of the combatants has been reared in an atmosphere charged with the moral ideas of *Bushido*, the horrors of war will wherever possible be mitigated? Is such a nation so likely to abuse the power she possesses as another nation without the same privileges might be?

Alfred Stead.

THE JAPANESE WARRIOR

(OLD STYLE)

FROM "LE SAMOURAI" OF J. M. DE HÉRÉDIA

SWEEPING o'er full-voiced chords a careless hand,
Through strips of thin bamboo, her lattice slight,
Lord of her dreams she views her conquering knight
March swinging o'er the broad and dazzling strand.
'Tis he. Two-sworded, holding high a fan,
He comes. A scarlet girdle, red as war,
Glows upon jet-black armour, and from far
Gleams on his arm the blazon of a clan.
Bronze-mailed and lacquer-plated, in array
Of bravest silk,—is this a warrior gay,
Or sea crustacean, vermeil-tinged and dun?
Ah, he has seen! and smiling 'neath his mask,
With quickening pace makes glitter in the sun
Two gilt antennæ quivering o'er his casque.

W. P. Reeves.

CANON AINGER

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION

PERHAPS it is a merciful dispensation of Nature that we do not judge life by the light of death. And yet what a waste it is also! If we did, how many more diaries should we keep, how much more definite would be our remembrance of the presence that has enchanted us, of the words of wit and wisdom that have fallen from lips now silent, of the very looks that have become to us an outward and visible sign, the forcible expression of a human soul! This has seldom been truer than it is in the case of the man who has but now passed away from among us—who is still and ever will be in our midst—the Master of the Temple, known to most people as Canon Ainger. The world of letters has lost a choice spirit: a writer of fastidious charm, a distinguished critic, an intimate friend of good poetry. Of the author of "Lamb's Life" and the editor of his works, of the commentator on Tom Hood and the biographer of Crabbe, of the subtle essayist and the lecturer on Chaucer, there is much to be written. But in the first days of loss it is personality that we think of, personality that we sorely miss, and among Canon Ainger's many powers personality was surely the greatest. It is a rare enough endowment and can no more be explained than genius; for when we have said that it is an electric force, a force which communicates itself, which often incites others to be what they will never be again, we have hardly got nearer

to its essence. When Canon Ainger entered a room, that room was changed and every one knew it. There is no need to recall his appearance, and yet it is impossible not to do so. It may be that the shock of his death was the greater because one had hardly contemplated it. He appeared to possess no body, to have nothing to do with the ordinary limitations of mortality. The frail, sprite-like form, the pale sprite-like face; the snow-white hair, whose whiteness seemed to come not from age, but rather from some mystic quality of his wit; the eyes which darkened and glowed with the fun and fire of talk —elfin eyes that changed with every mood; the protruding under-lip, which looked as if it were shooting forth some whimsy; the stooping gait, the rather striding step—all this made up an appearance which was fantastic, almost incorporeal. Yet it was fraught with human dignity; and the impression was deepened when one heard the well-known voice, silver-toned, vibrating, whether he were reading some passage from a favourite poet, or the lessons in church, or that noble prayer for the Realm which precedes the sermon at the Temple—which whoso has heard him say will hardly henceforth dissociate from his quiet, thrilling tones.

He might be standing at a lecturer's desk, or sitting cross-kneed, half lost (yet dominant) in a big armchair: one felt all the time in the presence of some spirit out of Shakspeare whom Prospero had conjured to his island. For Canon Ainger was many things that do not usually come together. He was an Ariel, he was also a wise and sympathising human being conversant with sorrow and with suffering; he was a creative talker, a patient listener; an eloquent preacher, a born musician; he was very much a clergyman of the Church of England; he was a lover of freaks and a lover of sober sense; an accomplished actor, and a master of dignified decorum; a brilliant wit, and a serious moralist who disliked flippancy more than he disliked dulness. Indeed, his kindness and fidelity to dull and apparently uninteresting people were not his least remarkable qualities. Old friendship ever meant more to him

than good company, and the houses in which year in, year out, he was to be met were not always the most brilliant and often bore no inconsiderable testimony to his large and loyal charity.

For Canon Ainger presented the most uncommon of all combinations—he was both good and witty. The same can be said of few men, perhaps of none other so fully as of his beloved Charles Lamb, who though, of course, the greater genius, had so many affinities with him both of mind and character. Among the many sayings of Canon Ainger, we do not recall one which is unkind. He was not without a fine malice, a delicious, elusive malice; but when he used it, it was the silvery flash of the blade and not its sharpness that we remember; and the blade, as a rule, was not directed so much against individuals as against types, against persons, that is, who represented certain tendencies that were ridiculous in his eyes. He loved to convey a grave criticism by means of a paradoxical allusion. Some dinner-party talk had once gone on about a minor poet, whom he disliked because he thought him pretentious. In the middle of dinner Canon Ainger took one of his favourite salted almonds from a dish before him. "This reconciles me," he said, "to living in the same world as Mr. ——"; and there seemed no need for further judgment. On another occasion, long ago, a young pianiste at her first appearance had played a late sonata of Beethoven's. Her merits were being wordily canvassed. "If I ever become an M.P.," remarked Canon Ainger, "the first thing I shall do will be to pass a Bill forbidding young persons under twenty-five to perform posthumous works of Beethoven." The foibles of the player, her over-effectiveness and her crudity seemed all sufficiently summed up. Sometimes the verdict was more exuberant. I remember, and again it was at a dinner-party, a rather prolonged discussion about the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," which had but just come out. Canon Ainger was bored by the subject, but was too courteous and too witty to show it in the usual way. Some one at table

said they had heard it was by a lady who lived in Venice. "I wonder," he remarked, turning gravely to his neighbour, "whether it can possibly be by that other Venetian lady," and he gravely repeated straight off a nonsense-rhyme, evidently composed as he went along.

> There once was a lady of Venice,
> Who said, "How productive my hen is!"

it began, but the rest of the poem is, unfortunately, beyond recall. The tedious topic, however, was stopped by a laugh, not a snub, and the tactician's object was gained.

The witticisms of his that are mostly on men's lips are the more direct ones—the puns and the play on words in which he sometimes delighted. None had a more delicate knowledge of the ethics of punning, or could more finely distinguish between such puns as were well-born and their poor relations. He has discussed the matter in his preface to the "Humorous Poems" of Hood, the poet whose works he so dearly loved, with whose mirth and melancholy, with whose sufferings and courage, he so deeply sympathised.

> To hear [he says] of any ordinary man that he makes puns is properly a warning to avoid his society. For with the funny man the verbal coincidence is everything; there is nothing underlying it, or beyond it. In the hands of a Hood the pun becomes an element in his fancy, his humour, his ethical teaching, even his pathos. As ordinarily experienced, the pun is the irreconcilable enemy of these things. It could not dwell with them "in one house." Hood saw and was the first to show that the pun might become even their handmaid, and in this confidence dared to use it often in his serious poems, when he was conveying some moral truth or expressing some profound human emotion. . . The ordinary pun is, for the most part, profoundly depressing, being generally an impertinence; while Hood's at their best exhilarate and fill the reader with a glow of admiration and surprise. The "sudden glory" which Hobbes pronounced to be the secret of the pleasure derived from wit is true of Hood's. . . He never hesitated to make the pun minister to higher ends and vindicate its right to a share in quickening men's best sympathies.

All that he says here of puns certainly holds true of his own. They always had an atmospheric effect, and belonged as by right to the people or the circumstances that evoked

them. "What do you feel about this marriage?" asked some one at the wedding of a very short bride and bridegroom. "A fortuitous concurrence of atoms," was his swift reply. But most of his jokes need himself, his tone, his gesture, their original *mise en scène* to produce their irresistibly droll effect. Among such, perhaps, was his solution of a country-house difficulty—a difficulty as to how a large party of visitors at a place where he was staying, was to divide itself for the homeward journey between a hired barouche and a worn-out saddle-horse. "Mr. Smith," he said of a sudden, "will accompany the party on the Bones." And yet, as I write this, I realise that the sight of that woe-begone horse, of the unequestrian Mr. Smith and the flustered party in the carriage, could alone give the quip its context. It is difficult, too, to quote from his verses, which no less require their proper background. There are some who may remember the Cantata that he contributed long ago to *Punch* on the Monday Popular Concerts:

> To your chieftain long be loyal
> Children of the Chapell Royal.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Should you fail us but for one day
> Transit gloria of that Monday.

But to those who knew his voice, the written version seems the wrong one.

I have heard him maintain that if a man made a story his own he had the right to embroider it, for it had passed from the domain of truth into the domain of art. The subtle differences between fact and truth, between lesser and greater, were deftly grasped by him; and he has even been heard to recount a dream, an entrancing whimsical dream, about himself at Clapham Junction, then to have confessed later that he invented it to amuse his companion. And this was piquant because it came from the most truthful of men, with the nicest of moral perceptions. Indeed, in whatever Canon Ainger said or did, there was a strong moral tendency, quiet, unobtrusive, but always there, whether in his conduct or his *bons mots*. In this

his wit was very English, and it was ever at its best when it concerned men's character or the humours of society. We might almost venture to say that no Frenchman, even were he Sainte-Beuve, could possibly understand it; it is too freakish, too informal, too humorous. This moral tendency was no less evident, too, in his criticisms, and without detracting from his humility—one of his most lovable characteristics—it gave a twofold value to his judgments on poetry and literature. In a paper on Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca," which appeared in the *Pilot* some four years ago, Canon Ainger analyses two reasons why to him the play seems rather thin and unsatisfactory:

> The occurrence in "Paolo and Francesca" of a single parenthesis such as "One who loved not wisely but too well," or "A man more sinned against than sinning," would have at once lifted the catastrophe to a level of the true pathetic, which at present, in my judgment, it never attains. The play seems always aiming at the pathetic and never reaching it—and the lack of the ethical touch must surely be the reason for the failure. Nor, notwithstanding the deep human misery with which it deals, is it ever poignant. There is no such moment in the whole play, where the reader is struck dumb with pity, as in Dante's
>
> Se fosse amico il Re dell Universo,
> Noi pregheremmo lui per la tua pace,
>
> for the very soul of pathos is in Dante, just because he never stands aloof from the moral aspect of suffering—because he is never a disinterested spectator of human frailty.[1]

It may have been this moral power of his which helped to endow his sweet and reasonable nature with a few delightful prejudices—keen, robust, and often unexpected—prejudices against certain authors, certain qualities, certain modern tastes. He was put out by any affectation or vagueness, by any forced attitude of thought or feeling. Some of his dislikes cut deeper and became principles. The possession of mind without heart by no means found favour in his eyes, and one of the things that he most disapproved of was the cultivation of the intellect for its own sake. "Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,

[1] *The Pilot,* March 3, 1900.

not light them for themselves," summed up much of his daily philosophy; and any narrowness, any spiritual pedantry, any government of conduct by shibboleths, however choice they might seem, was distasteful to him. Living to him meant an art, and not a science. "Life is greater than light," he said last year from the Temple pulpit in a sermon on intellectual exclusiveness; and, though he had no notion that they were so, his words were an epigram on himself.

No account, however brief, of this unique, this most elusive of beings, could pretend to any resemblance without dwelling on the two gifts among his many which gave himself and others such enjoyment: his gifts as an actor, as a musician. And yet, in writing the word actor, the pen halts and sticks. We feel that it is the wrong term for his particular power—too definite, too professional. His acting, his inimitable mimicry, were really feats of *interpretation* and all of a piece with his general gift for living and for being. There was no actor he could not imitate, could not conjure into the room. How the imitator contrived to merge himself in another's personality, and yet keep his own entire, was his secret. Who that has heard it can ever forget his reproduction of the plays that Charles Dickens wrote for him and for his schoolmates, Dickens' sons, to act at Tavistock House at Christmas? There was one especially, a little unpublished farce called *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*,[1] which he loved to recall and in which Charles Dickens himself was sole actor, playing one *rôle* after another. If Canon Ainger were in the mood, and had two or three friends about him, he would bring this scene out quite casually, on some chance allusion—standing where he happened to be, with his back to the fire perhaps; nor did he stop for a minute till he had gone through the greater part of it. He would begin gravely, almost solemnly, with the speech of a nameless old lady of the true Dickens race, but as he went on his face changed and the look of the rambling gossip came into his

[1] Mark Lemon helped Dickens in the writing of this, but the speech quoted, as may be seen, is purely from the hand of the greater writer.

eyes ; his vitality changed—it became that of the old lady who cannot stop her tongue if she would ; his diction changed and, from being deliberate, swelled into a torrent of speech till it burst into the breathless peroration :

> Ah, affliction sore long time Maria Nightingale bore ; physicians *was* in vain. . . and dead she is and will be as the hosts of the Egyptian fairies ; and this I shall prove, directly minute on the evingdence of my brother the sexton whom I shall here produce to your confusion, young person, in the twinkling of a star or humin eye.

The words ceased, and the audience discovered that it had heard and realised three people—Charles Dickens, a garrulous woman, and Canon Ainger.

And then he would slip away from the play itself and wander off into a kind of spoken reverie about past times—about the household at Gadshill and Dickens' stage management and the wonderful programmes he invented for his children. There were nicknames for every actor, even for the youngest ; for Miss —— was to be performed " by the Baby (kept out of her bed at a vast expense)." There was no end to the mercurial speaker's memories or his powers of transmitting what he felt.

But what those who heard would most care to convey was his reading, his acting of Shakespeare. It helped one to grasp Charles Lamb's full meaning when he said that he disliked seeing Shakespeare on the stage. To hear Canon Ainger's reading of the storm scene in *King Lear* was to feel the full impressiveness of profound poetic imagination made visible, as it were, direct to the soul instead of first to the eye. His Fool was unforgettable—Shakespeare's own Fool—the subtlest compound of shrewd insight and innocence, pathos and frolic, servility and mpertinence, waywardness and dignity ; now a prince, then a child, and now a will-o'-the-wisp. And the realisation of the whole tragedy was on the same level. The piercing sorrow of King Lear was well-nigh unbearable ; and when " Poor Tom's a' cold " and a shiver ran through his frail form, the tempest burst suddenly upon us on the vast heath ;

the walls of the public hall fell away, and we were set face to face with the elements and with elemental human passions.

Yet effectual though his rendering was, he never made any effects. It was this power of quietness which helped his preaching to be what it was—an exquisite expression of thought and feeling, of spiritual and intellectual dignity, of sober, daily aspiration. His sermons, which might have meant art and literature, meant earnest religion first and foremost; and the delicate moral taste which made him shrink from italics and prefer the obvious to the emotional, gave him an influence over his hearers which may not so much have moved them at first, but which deepened with memory afterwards. Fastidiousness was the note of his character, the quality which lent his writings their subtle charm, yet prevented him from giving us more of them to enjoy. And perhaps this was one of the most interesting things about him, that he was both creative and critical, exuberant and self-repressive.

We have left the musician to the last, maybe because it is Canon Ainger's feeling for music over which we would fain linger lovingly and longest. It was almost the strongest thing in him. Music possessed him; he was impassioned of it—we can use no other word. Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, were the happiness, the refreshment of his life, and he listened to them as only one who understands can listen. He would sit buried in his chair, sometimes smiling to himself, sometimes beating time with head or hand, now and again humming softly, or whistling some passage that he wanted to recall or to have played to him. Or he would leap up suddenly, with a "This is *too* beautiful!" and the tears upon his cheek. Sometimes (of late very rarely) his pleasure would, as it were, compel him into song, and he would come to the piano and sing through some "Lied" of Schubert's in a sweet and slender tenor which expressed all that he intended.

For it was Schubert who touched him the most closely; in whose grace he found something that was almost as akin to

him in music as were the qualities of Charles Lamb in literature. It was not that he placed Schubert highest among musicians, but he had a feeling of personal intimacy with him. He used to describe how, as a country curate, he would cheer the monotony of his parochial tramps by whistling through all the songs that he knew by his well-loved composer. Later he completed his knowledge and became conversant with the whole ten volumes of them. And, indeed, "Our Schubert's magic Lyre" (to quote a poem of his own) never failed him to the end.

He once said that before he read to an audience he liked to have Schumann's "Romance" played to him; and, perhaps, after Schubert, it was Schumann to whom he felt the nearest.

> When the soul with sorrow laden
> Finds no answer to its moan
> In the jocund voice of Haydn
> Or Mozart's pellucid tone.
>
> . . . . .
>
> When the mists that bound things human
> We have sought to pierce in vain—
> Then we turn to thee, oh Schumann,
> Bid thee sing to us our pain.

So run some verses of his written long ago, in the days that he still liked to live in, the days of his early friendship with Sir George Grove, when Schumann was almost of the present, and Schubert's Unfinished Symphony was still to find. But, although he was fond of going back to the music-making of the past, he did not despise the music-making of the present. The happy friends who happened to be singing or playing to him had their reward, whether they were giving him Brahms' songs, or a Prelude of Bach's, or a Sonata of Beethoven's, or one of his favourite Schubert's—especially if it were "Im Frühling." One could almost see him, as it were, dip deep into the limpid waters, and come forth soothed and refreshed, with a store of new vitality.

It was at music that the writer of these most inadequate

pages last enjoyed Canon Ainger's presence: the music he loved best to hear, that which comes from the violin of Joachim. The concert ended with a composition by Brahms. "That has grown wonderfully clear to me," were almost his last words before parting. And they seem the fitting words to close with. To imagine the how or where is beyond the charter of our mortality. But it cannot be irreverent to believe that, in whatever place of harmony his spirit dwells, more things, and harder perhaps than Brahms, have now grown "wonderfully clear" to him.

EDITH SICHEL.

ITALIAN POLICY AND THE VATICAN

By COMMENDATORE FELICE SANTINI

Member for the Second Electoral District of Rome in the Italian Parliament, Member of the General Budget Committee, Leader of the Italian Liberal Party (Crispi section)

II

REFERRING above to a letter of Prince Napoleon, I gave the Emperor's proposals for the settlement of the outstanding difficulties with the Papacy. To these proposals, Cavour, dissatisfied though he certainly was with their tenor, was nevertheless compelled to give a reply; for in the treaty contracted at Paris with the Holy See the recognition of the new kingdom had been made conditional thereto. But whilst the Cabinet of the Tuileries resorted to cavilling as their *épée de combat*, an unconditional and formal recognition reached us from London, only five days after the Parliament had proclaimed Victor Emmanuel second King of Italy; an act which showed real disinterestedness on the British side.

Finally, on April 17, Count Cavour replied to the letter of the 13th, accepting "non per fas, non per nefas" the conditions thus imposed upon him. He annexed, however, two additional clauses, by which he hoped to safeguard the dignity of his Government:

Toutefois je me permettrai d'indiquer deux points qui me paraissent de la plus haute importance.

1. C'est que la reconnaissance du Royaume d'Italie ait lieu le jour même de la signature du traité. A cet effet nous munirons le personnage chargé de signer le traité de lettres de créance qu'il pourrait remettre sans délai à l'Empereur. Cette mission pourrait avoir un caractère d'autant plus solennel qu'elle aurait un but spécial et ne serait pas temporaire.

2. Sans s'engager à nous prêter un concours direct, la France pourrait nous promettre ses bons offices pour amener le Pape à consentir à un accord définitif avec l'Italie, en harmonie avec les principes que le Cardinal Santucci et la Père Passaglia ont soumis au Cardinal Antonelli. Cette clause aurait l'immense avantage de rendre la Cour de Rome plus sage, et le peuple romain plus patient.

Je ne doute pas que le secret ne soit aussi bien gardé à Paris qu'à Turin, mais il me parait essentiel de ne pas mettre dans la confidence Grammont, qui n'est pas toujours assez en garde vis-à-vis du Cardinal Antonelli, qui excelle dans l'art de pénétrer les véritables intentions des diplomates, avec lesquels il a à faire. [1]

Count Cavour disguised to himself neither the importance of the action he was about to take nor the deplorable impression which it could not fail to produce among the Italian people. On May 27—ten days before his death—he wrote to Pantaleoni, saying that the treaty he was concluding with France might prove a temporary misfortune for the State, but would not hamper it in the future. But, fearful of Garibaldi's indignation, he asked for the assistance of a Garibaldian general, to whom he said:

Je suis en train d'accomplir un acte qui me rendra le plus impopulaire de l'Italie pendant un certain temps. Cet acte, je l'accomplirai, car c'est la seule manière de résoudre une grande difficulté. Je conclurai avec la France une convention, par laquelle elle retirera ses troupes de Rome. De mon côté, je prends l'engagement de garder la frontierè papale et de ne pas permettre d'y porter la révolution. Tenez-vous prêt, je vous prie, car dans quelques jours, lorsque le traité sera conclu, je vous demanderai d'aller voir le Général Garibaldi. Vous aurez à lui faire comprendre l'impérieuse nécessité qui m'oblige à subir cette convention.

Death, which overtook him on June 6, 1861, perhaps

[1] Cavour: Correspondence, vol. vi. pp. 703–704.

[2] *Ibid.* vol. iv. p. 333; vol. vi. p. 702, see note.

spared Count Cavour the mortification of concluding a treaty to which he would have submitted only in the hope of arriving at a prompt solution of so grave a problem, without regarding such an act as final. The negotiations were reopened shortly afterwards by Baron Ricasoli, but nothing came of them. They were again interrupted, for sundry reasons, under the Rattazzi Ministry, who would certainly have been only too anxious to get rid of the Roman question, which brought about the Aspromonte catastrophe. The painful office devolved on the severely tried Minghetti Ministry, and it is well known that the Convention of September 1864, whilst securing Rome for the Pope, cost the latter many a hard time, by compelling him to listen to the bitter reproaches of his opponents, and to witness the defection of a large number of his political friends.

The Emperor, meanwhile, was unable to conceal his resentment against the Turin Cabinet; but, as Cavour had put it to Prince Napoleon, in the letter recorded above, a complete reconciliation between France and Italy was requisite, or the enemies of either Goverment might take advantage of the unsettled state of their official relations. Accordingly, on June 15, 1861, Minister Thouvenel wrote, by command of his Sovereign, a recognition of the new King; but this recognition, couched in very involved terms, was followed up by such strong protests against all the changes that had taken place in the previous year, and such numerous reservations in regard to the future, that the letter bore the appearance rather of an act of pure courtesy than of a substantial adhesion to the new Monarchy. Concerning the Roman question, it contained more explicit declarations, which ran thus:

> Le Cabinet de Turin se rendra compte des devoirs, que notre position nous crée envers le Saint-Siège, et je croirais superflu d'ajouter qu'en nouant des rapports officiels avec le gouvernement italien, nous n'entendons nullement affaiblir la valeur des protestations formulées par la Cour de Rome contre l'invasion de plusieurs provinces des Etats Pontificaux. Pas plus que nous, le gouvernement du Roi Victor Emmanuel ne saurait contester la puissance des considérations de toute nature qui se rattachent à la question romaine et dominent nécessairement nos déterminations, et il comprendra qu'en recon-

naissant le Roi d'Italie, nous devons continuer d'occuper Rome tant que des garanties suffisantes ne couvriront pas les intérêts qui nous y ont amenés.[1]

To this Baron Ricasoli replied, if not with the pride which was said to be peculiar to his character, at least with sufficient firmness to safeguard the national claims to Rome. Here are his words:

> Notre voeu est de rendre à l'Italie sa glorieuse capitale; mais notre intention est de ne rien ôter à la grandeur de l'Eglise, à l'indépendance du Chef Auguste de la Religion Catholique. Nous aimons, par conséquent, à espérer que l'Empereur pourra, dans quelques temps, rappeler ses troupes de Rome, sans que cette mesure fasse éprouver aux catholiques sincères des appréhensions que nous serions les premiers à regretter. Les intérêts mêmes de la France, nous en avons la conviction, décideront le gouvernement français à prendre cette détermination. Tout en laissant à la haute sagesse de l'Empereur d'apprècier le moment où Rome pourra être, sans danger, laissée à elle-même, nous nous ferons toujours un devoir de faciliter cette solution, et nous espérons que le gouvernement français ne nous refusera pas ses bons offices pour amener la Cour de Rome à accepter un accord qui serait fertile en conséquences heureuses pour l'avenir de la Religion aussi bien que pour le sort de l'Italie. [2]

From 1861 henceforth the Roman question became the nightmare of all Italian Ministers; and the opposition campaign in Paris aroused resentment against Napoleon III., the only sincere friend Italy had ever found in France, who had thus to pay the penalty for all the errors, ill-feeling and prejudice revealed by the whole French nation in their attitude towards us. The September convention, owing partly to the iniquitous conditions therein contained, partly to the energetic manner in which the transference of the capital from Turin to Florence had been carried out, had deeply embittered the public feeling. The French troops withdrew from the Eternal City, but re-entered it after Mentana.

The collisions which occurred in November 1867 between the Garibaldians and the French troops, the capital sentences extorted at Rome from the reluctant Pius IX. by his foreign mercenaries—almost exclusively composed of Frenchmen—

[1] *Archives diplomatiques*, 1861, vol. iii. p. 135.

[2] *Ibid.* pp. 144–145.

and the arrest of Garibaldi did nothing but increase the popular dislike for France, and further discredit the Temporal Power. One need only recall the enthusiasm with which Italy greeted the victories of Magenta and Solferino, and the chimerical hopes of 1859, to understand how unanimous and intense were the curses now heaped on France, whose bayonets had compelled the enslaved Papal Government to erect a new guillotine, and hindered the definite reconstitution of our national Unity.

For Italy, unity is the guarantee of her existence; and unity without Rome could never have been secure. The Pope-King, settled in the very heart of the Peninsula, was a permanent danger to the public peace. The English Minister Paget, writing to Lord Granville on August 3, 1870, declared that the Papal Court was the focus of the revolutionary party, who would seize upon the very first opportunity to take arms against the Italian Monarchy.[1] The situation had become intolerable.

When, in 1869, the Viennese Cabinet had asked, as the basis to an agreement, for the withdrawal of the French garrison from the States of the Church, the Tuileries had refused, thus rendering impossible the triple alliance of Austria, France, and Italy, as suggested by Count von Beust, And now the reckless war of 1870–71, to which France had forced Napoleon III. against his will, and which proved equally disastrous for himself and his country, opened the highway to Rome, and gave the Lanza Cabinet a unique opportunity for attempting to solve the contention between Italy and the Pope. Count Ponza di San Martino was hurriedly despatched to Pius IX. in order to urge him to an agreement, but the ambassador of Victor Emmanuel was not listened to. Just as in 1861 Cavour would have been satisfied with a Royal Vicariate *in perpetuo* over the States of the Church, so in 1870 the Italian Ministry did not demand a complete abdication of the Temporal Power, but requested that it be limited

[1] *Archives diplomatiques*, 1874, vol. ii. p. 3.

to the Leonine City. But Pius IX. was inflexible in his *non possumus:* "Neither Vicariate nor Leonine City." And General Cadorna, at the head of his troops, was constrained to solve the question by force of arms.

The note addressed on August 29, 1870, by the Marquis Visconti-Venosta to all the Powers remains as a political monument in the annals of our national life. After a general *exposé* of the negotiations pursued since 1860 towards an agreement with the Vatican, the Minister ends by summarising in the following articles the various concessions which Italy would have been prepared to grant the Holy See:

To the Pope the dignity, inviolability and all other prerogatives of Sovereignty, and, in addition, the precedence over all other Sovereigns, according to custom.

To the Cardinals of the Roman Church the title of Prince and the honours thereto attached.

To the Pope the sovereignty and plenary jurisdiction over the Leonine City.

Within its own territory the Italian Government also guaranteed:

(*a*) Full liberty for the Pope to communicate with the foreign States, clergy and people.

(*b*) Diplomatic immunity for the Nuncii and Papal representatives accredited to foreign governments and for the foreign Ministers accredited to the Holy See.

All institutions, offices and ecclesiastical bodies whose seat of administration was at Rome were maintained.

All ecclesiastical properties, whose revenue appertained to the charges, offices and corporations, or to ecclesiastical corporations and bodies whose headquarters were at Rome or in the Leonine City, would remain theirs, without being subject to any special taxation.

The Government would abstain from all interference with the internal discipline of the ecclesiastical bodies domiciled in Rome.

The Bishops and Vicars throughout the Kingdom, within their respective dioceses and parishes, would be free from all governmental interference in the exercise of their spiritual ministry.

The King would renounce in favour of the Church all the rights of Royal Patronage over the ecclesiastical livings, both major or minor, within the City of Rome.

For the Holy See and the Sacred College a fixed and intangible dotation

would be established, of a value at least equal to that formerly assigned on the Budget of the Papal States.

The rank, emoluments and seniority of the military and civil officers of the Papal States would be maintained in the case of all Italians.

The aforesaid articles would have constituted a bilateral public contract, and been made the subject of an international agreement with the Powers possessing Catholic subjects.

The Italian Ministry, before the material transfer of its seat to Rome, presented to Parliament a Bill establishing the prerogatives of the Pope and Holy See and regulating the relations between Church and State. The Temporal Power was to be entirely abolished, and the Leonine City was thus admitted to the benefits of the new law. The idea never occurred of raising to an international compact the concessions made to the Head of the Catholic Church, but, as regards all other dispositions, the note of August 29, 1870, to the foreign Powers was closely followed. These proposals, after a lengthy debate in both Houses, became public law on May 13, 1871, and for twenty years the successive Italian Ministers held its scrupulous observance for a debt of honour. The Pope refused to recognise it; and in his Encyclical of May 15, 1871, issued a formal protest, affirming the need of the Temporal Power for the exercise of his spiritual functions. [1]

The law of May 13, 1871, conceded to the Church of Rome prerogatives and liberties such as no other denomination has ever obtained within any civilised State. The Pope was confirmed in his spiritual stronghold, and rendered free from all material attack. Whilst he is enabled to chastise other Sovereigns, none of these has either the power or the means to lay hands upon him. In truth, when the Pope was a temporal prince the appearance of a cruiser at Civitavecchia, or the invasion of some part of his territory by an armed force, would compel him to submit to foreign exactions, a possibility which the Austrian veto at the recent Conclave has implicitly proclaimed anew. To-day such a course were impossible. And both Pius IX.

[1] *Archives diplomatiques*, 1874, vol. ii. p. 228.

and his successor, thanks to the invulnerability of the Holy See established by the Italian Parliament, clearly manifested their omnipotence in the struggle which for nine years they successfully sustained against the German Emperor.

The law of May 13, 1871, had taken it for granted that the Pope would in future confine himself to his spiritual mission, and forsake all earthly interests. The inviolability of his person, his territorial immunity, his liberty of speech and press, his absolute right to communicate with the Catholic world, and his privilege of convening councils, would not have presented the slightest danger had he restricted the scope of his influence to the realm of conscience.

I trust I shall be excused for having dwelt at such length on the documentary account of the negotiations between the Royal Government and the Papacy, two Powers which, in my opinion, should be able to live together in friendly intercourse in the capital, thanks to the political common sense of the Roman people. Such a digression affords a necessary and graphic illustration of the difficult problem I have attempted—a problem indeed worthy of a periodical so widely appreciated as is the MONTHLY REVIEW. Besides, in order to estimate appropriately the various factors that tend towards a reconciliation between the Vatican and Quirinal, and the influence which this consummation could not fail to exercise over the home and foreign policy of the Italian Kingdom, a retrospective summary seemed to me advisable, by virtue of the time-honoured principle, "from cause to effect."

I shall now proceed to analyse the personal bent of the new Pope, which, if as yet incompletely revealed and not directly opposed to his predecessor's attitude, will no doubt greatly modify it, as I like to think. One fact, at least, will go far to facilitate a *modus vivendi* between Church and State: throughout the whole course of his ecclesiastical career, whether in the exercise of his parochial or episcopal duties, Pius X. has invariably lived in undisturbed harmony with the public authorities; admirals, generals, prefects, and mayors have been

numbered alike among his friends. Nor should I omit to recall his crowning meeting with the Queen Mother and the late King Humbert I., whose cruel death drew from the venerable Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Sarto, an utterance both exquisitely Christian and patriotic in feeling, which was followed by a touching commemorative service on behalf of the noble and pious soul of the much-lamented monarch.

As I remarked above, if we except the vain attempt made by Visconti-Venosta in 1870, we must skip the long list of Italian Ministers from Cavour to Crispi to come to any substantial move on the part of the State towards the conclusion of an agreement. For Crispi, once in office, peace between the two Powers became his foremost and most cherished thought, the question to which he devoted the greatest study and care. And thus he set himself to the task of carrying out, if not officially, which was no longer possible, at least by indirect means, a project born of his lofty mind and statesmanlike purpose. There is also little doubt but that he alone was qualified for this difficult undertaking; indeed, his revolutionary antecedents would of themselves have sufficed to shield him against the accusation of being lukewarm in his liberalism. The subtlety of his political intuition, coupled with his mental vigour, had grasped the new strength which the Government would derive from a congenial and dignified concordance of the religious and patriotic ideals, for his personal faith in God was deep-rooted. This is made amply clear from his parliamentary declarations, but is even better known to those, including myself, who had the honour of an intimate communion of thought and feeling with the great patriot. I should add that his faith never induced him to relinquish for a moment the rights of the State *vis-à-vis* the Vatican. Were I not afraid of straining the patience of my readers, and the courteous hospitality extended to me by this scholarly Review, I might justify this contention by valuable documents from the private records of Crispi himself. But I may assert without the slightest fear of contradiction that the effort of that learned

and much-lamented Father Tosti, who died of a broken heart in his mystical seclusion at Monte Cassino, was due in the first instance to Crispi's impulse. This effort seemed so full of promise at its first appearance, that everywhere it was rumoured that the great Benedictine's famous treatise was a faithful reproduction of Leo XIII.'s original intentions concerning a *modus vivendi* with the Royal Government. No less notorious, however, is the fierce opposition which, most unfortunately for our kingdom if not for the Catholic religion itself, this impatiently awaited agreement encountered among the Ambassadors accredited to the Pope and King by the French Republic — an opposition so relentless that the French diplomatic representatives threatened to demand their passports if the Pope did not instantly break off all relations with the Royal Government. In her hostile attitude on this occasion, which did us incalculable injury, France may have been counselled by her own interests, and have felt wisely alarmed at the immense increase in power and influence which the realisation of this bold scheme would have implied for Italy; at the same time she aroused deep pain and resentment in Francesco Crispi. For I will not deny that he was henceforth actuated by ill-feeling towards her, in memory of those intrigues which had hampered his masterly conception, and deprived our kingdom, when on the very brink of a happy issue, of so great an addition in strength and prestige. The historian of to-morrow will possibly ascribe Crispi's disappointment as regards France to the failure of his ecclesiastical policy; at the same time he cannot fail to see in it one of the many demonstrations of France's rancour and hatred for the statesman who embodied with such loftiness and delicacy the most sublime aspirations of the Italian nation. Others, unendowed with Crispi's broad and magnanimous spirit, would no doubt have found in this failure a pretext for retaliating against the Vatican. He, unperturbed and imperturbable, only pursued further his policy, full of deference for the Head of Christendom. Several notable events bear testimony to my assertion, such

for instance, as the *exequatur* granted to the then Venetian Patriarch, now Pius X., and the establishment of an Apostolic Prefecture in Erythrea, coinciding with the expulsion from our colonies of the French Lazarist Brothers, whose intrigues against our influence were disclosed in grave documents found in the tent of Ras Mangascia, after the latter's flight consequent on our victories of Senafè and Coatit. With the Lazarists were allied other French, Russian, and Greek monks, whose infamous plots against Italy formed, if not the prime, at least an important cause of our cruel disasters in Africa.

But let us return to the personality of the new Pope. His allocution of November last furnished him with an opportunity for affirming anew the necessity for the Catholic Church of recovering her lost earthly dominions. It thereby annihilated the presumption of the more optimistically inclined that Pope Sarto would separate entirely matters of faith and politics. There are others, however, who, like myself, entertain no illusions as to a reconciliation in the full sense of the term, but who, in the joint interests of Italian and Catholic prestige, are nevertheless anxious for an *entente cordiale*, already initiated and in way of development, between the civil and religious Powers. We never expected the Pope to make a solemn abdication of the so-called Temporal claims. But what a difference between the stirring protests of Leo XIII. and the mild, humble and serene tone of Pope Sarto's allocution, so consonant with his truly evangelical unction!

It is perhaps worth while recalling a recent incident which occurred at the laying of the foundation-stone of the reconstructed historic campanile of St. Mark's, at Venice. The ceremony was performed in the presence of H.R.H. the Count of Turin, representing his Majesty the King, of all the civil and military authorities in the City, and of the then Minister of Public Instruction, M. Nasi, accompanied by his French colleague, M. Chaumié. M. Nasi, if we are to believe his critics, felt bound to pay the customary tribute to the Masonic Lodges, who might otherwise have viewed with disfavour the

part taken by the Venetian Patriarch and his clergy. He repeated accordingly, with an allusion condemned alike by orthodox and dispassionate observers, the old saying—whose authenticity is moreover very doubtful—"Venetians first, Christians afterwards." Such an utterance was not merely a blunder but sheer discourtesy towards the venerable Patriarch whose very presence by the side of an exalted Prince of the Savoy House and of the civil and military authorities, constituted a Christian, patriotic and pre-eminently tactful act. But Cardinal Sarto—I hope my distinguished friend and valued colleague, M. Nasi, will forgive me for saying so!—gave our then Minister of Public Instruction a lesson in wit; he made the best of a bad job, and a struggle in politeness ensued between him and the authorities, whence the reputation for good taste of his abashed opponent did not emerge untarnished.

Reverting now to the specific and difficult problem which I am asked to discuss, *i.e.*, to estimate the various factors which tend towards a reconciliation between the Vatican and Quirinal, I find myself immediately confronted by the question: Do such factors really exist, and, granting their existence, are they to be found on both sides, or on one side only? I reply without hesitation that such factors *do* exist, if unequally distributed as regards their weight and merits. No unprejudiced or honest mind will deny that the immense majority of Italians, nay, of Italian Liberals even, cherish deep religious convictions and love of the Catholic Church. In support of this contention I need but refer to the dismal and inglorious failure of the Divorce Bill brought forward by the late Zanardelli Cabinet, who appear to have acted most unwisely on this occasion, and betrayed profound ignorance of the main currents of public opinion—for the latter is not exclusively expressed in sectarian and microscopic conventicles! A more serious mistake, since it revealed a certain want of regard for the Majesty of the Crown, was committed by the same Cabinet when they allowed a bill so distasteful to the Italian national feeling to be announced in the course of the speech from the

Throne, and further aggravated the awkwardness of the situation thus created by submitting the Ministerial project to Parliament as embodying "the fulfilment of the exalted promise." This policy, based on none too constitutional lines, whilst laying the Crown open to public criticism, shifted on to the Royal shoulders all the odium and responsibility for the check sustained by a measure which threatened the very foundations of the family and of religion. We may thank God that, happily for our country, the Crown stands high above the pettinesses of cringing Ministries and the disgraceful pressure of sectarian organisations.

I said above that conciliatory factors are to be found on both sides, and, indeed, the greater portion of the Italian clergy, although poor and treated—or ill-treated!—with great stinginess by the Government, are staunch patriots at heart. The main obstacle to the much-desired *modus vivendi* arises from that group which I would fain term "the foreign Vatican," and is composed chiefly of French and Spanish prelates; and whoever wishes to judge fairly must take into account the enormous difficulties—due to the international character attaching to the Papal organism, though this organism draws its main fount of honour from the person of the Pope, generally an Italian—which the Pope has to face, however well disposed he may feel towards the Royal Government. The papal declarations, clothed in a very pure Latin, admit of no two interpretations. They were clear and deliberate, and may well defy the distortions of malcontent critics. It was after all but natural that sooner or later Pius X. should thus express himself in a definite manner to the Cardinals assembled for a consistory; nor could one reasonably expect the new Pope, however great his conciliatory tendencies and good faith, to reverse and condemn, from one day to another, the entire attitude of his predecessors, one of whom, Leo XIII., had consecrated him by the prestige of an authority that has left a most durable impress upon the evolution of the Church. Pius X. did all within his power, and will continue to do so,

to smooth the differences, in order that, in the long run, a new state of things may be evolved; and the new aspect will, no doubt, provide the necessary means for settling once for all the painful conflict between Italy and the Papacy. But, if the Pope can prepare an evolution, he cannot attempt a revolution.

At the death of Leo XIII., the Liberal press was unanimous in its verdict that the late Pope, far from creating for his country any internal or external embarrassment, had been content with a periodical reiteration, whether in a consistorial allocution or in an encyclical to the Bishops, of those sentimental and melancholy complaints which lacked invariably both logic and practical effect. Pius X. does not even go so far; at his accession to the Pontifical throne he refrained from notifying to the foreign Governments the ritual protest against the occupation of Rome, as formerly Leo. XIII. had done n strong-worded terms with the assistance of Cardinal Simeoni. True, at the death of Leo XIII. the Sacred College, as the Regent of the Church Government, renewed the protest, but in a very temperate form, thus showing clearly that the twenty-five years which had elapsed since the election of Cardinal Pecci —or thirty-three years since the seizure of Rome—had in reality thrown much water upon the flames.

The new Pope has resolutely let drop this formal diplomatic protest, the significance of which differed widely from that attaching to a speech or encyclical. He has thus consciously and voluntarily broken away from the tradition therein embodied, of a vain appeal to the foreign Powers to interfere with the affairs of our country. By so doing, Pius X. has earned no small merit as an Italian, and that at the very moment when he inherited the political estate of his proud predecessor. The personality of Pius X. differs so vastly from that of Leo XIII. that it seems on many points to form the very antipodes of the latter; for, although both were consecrated in the same articles of faith and cardinal principles of political action, each, thanks to individual impulse or to a

preconceived programme, succeeded in creating an atmosphere of his own amid surroundings and personages almost identical. Leo XIII., more suited in his papal capacity to bygone times than to the present day, strove to raise the prestige of the Papacy, by means of his unwearying, if not invariably successful diplomacy, and of the quasi-Castillian pomp wherein he encompassed the dignity of "Sommo Gerarca." He elected to live at inaccessible heights, and dreamed perhaps of equalling the omnipotence of Gregory VII., subjecting the Emperor to do penance for three days and three nights amid the snows of Canossa. Pius X. avails himself of diplomatic resources only so far as is indispensable to maintain for the Holy See all the appearances of an organised State. He shuns the escort of the "Guardie nobili," will make no use of the "Sedia Gestatoria," or of the Sedan-chair, allows his relatives and friends to sit at his own table, and, when by chance a visitor refuses to approach the degrees of his throne, he himself rises to come forward, without requiring either canopy or fans, and greets both the timid and reluctant with words of faith and friendship.

Under Leo XIII. it was extremely difficult to attend the audiences granted to visitors of high rank, and even the ordinary receptions. The entrance tickets, as distributed among the Ambassadors, Cardinals, and Roman princes, were either exclusively reserved for the use of persons of high social status or else were sold by members of the household to the highest bidders in the larger hotels. Thousands of people who did all within their power to catch a glimpse of Leo XIII. throughout his long reign never saw him. But Pius X. likes to see all and to be seen by all, whether rich or poor, sceptics or believers, and, by his command, the parochial clergy of Rome go from house to house to deposit as many entrance tickets as there are members in each family. All flock to the Court of San Damaso to listen to the Pope's voice, a voice that leaves politics alone, and knocks at the door of every heart and conscience. And not only has Pius X. abolished the kissing of feet—called the "Kiss of the Holy Slipper"—but he requests every one to be

seated. More significant still is the hearty welcome he extends to senators, deputies, and officials of the Italian Kingdom, whilst ladies and gentlemen of their Majesties' Court have met with an equally gracious reception. It would be misleading, however, to pretend that the new *rôle* assumed by the Pope has won universal approbation among the members of the Curia. The Papal Court, like all other Courts, places inveterate traditions, pageantry and ceremonial on a par with articles of faith, and cannot conceive the Pope otherwise than surrounded by outward pomp and solemnity, which, it may be added, serve to keep up certain vague and useless appointments and—especially!—the salaries attached thereto! We find, for instance, "camerieri segreti participanti" (assistant privy chamberlains), whose importance may be gauged from the relation of their duties. One helps to carry the Pope's hat when passing from one room to another; a second one has charge of the Pope's red cloak when he takes a walk in the gardens; and a third has to stand by with a glass of water when the Pope is making a speech. And the holders of these offices are admitted to the title of *Monsignor* and to wear the purple cassock, when their sinecures are not the stepping-stone to a nunciature, a bishopric or a cardinalate. Pius X. takes a walk by himself, carries his own hat and cloak, and rings for a servant if he requires a glass of water. It is obvious that his simple and unaffected ways are fast becoming a cause of profound alarm to the superfluous establishment of the Papal Court, inasmuch as the condition of the treasury, contrary to the general belief, is anything but flourishing and does not permit of any unnecessary expense.

I am not aware whether Pius X. has been informed of the petty and secret war which, hatched in the ante-chamber of a very famous Cardinal, has latterly invaded the corridors of the Vatican. Its promoter, at the recent Conclave, had declared until the very last ballot his opposition to the candidateship of Cardinal Sarto. Moreover, even among those "Eminences," who formerly put forward or supported the appointment of Mgr. Merry Del Val to the Pro-Secretaryship of State, some

now show a veiled hostility to Pius X. for having confirmed in his office this young, talented, and devoted prelate. It is well known that Mgr. Del Val remained practically alone with the Pope in the earliest and most trying days of his Pontificate, a considerable section of Cardinals having departed from Rome soon after the Conclave, whilst others absented themselves intentionally from the Vatican, and in several cases flatly declined to render assistance to the Pope and his Secretary of State.

I certainly cannot say, until he can be judged by results, that the choice of Merry Del Val calls for unlimited praise; but the influence exerted over Pius X. by the gifted and successful Spaniard is easily explained by the external requirements of etiquette. He will, no doubt, prove to be specially useful as a courteous introducer of Ambassadors, or as an intelligent and capable interpreter of foreign languages—with which Pope Sarto is little acquainted: in brief, he promises to be the "the Grand Master of the Ceremonies" rather than the principal adviser to the new Pontiff.

Yet, in spite of all such difficulties—wherewith Leo XIII. had also to contend at his accession—Pius X. continues to assert his personal bent, a pre-eminently conciliatory one, which before his election to the Throne had already earned for him warm and widespread sympathy. What! Conciliatory? my astonished readers will exclaim, if they recall his temporal-minded pronunciamento at the last Consistory.

Yes, conciliatory, I affirm and repeat. Words have but a relative value as compared to the actual modifications wrought in the Papal surroundings by the infusion of a broad spirit of tolerance and equanimity, whose absence gave us formerly much cause for regret. Indeed, a distinguished prelate to whom I was pointing out the other day the striking contrast betrayed by the Pope's declaration and his personal attitude, did not hesitate to reply:

> In future the Popes, regarding as they now do Italian Unity as unassailable, will consent to follow in the footsteps of the Spanish grandees, who at each

accession to the Throne of a new King, invariably renew the traditional claims to their ancient but perfunctory rights. It is but a matter of form which does not in the least affect the real state of things. Pope Pius X. in appearing to demand the restitution of Rome carefully abstains from using any strong expression or addressing any protest to the foreign Powers, and thereby he is implicitly preparing the way for a final reconciliation.

I had hoped to discuss the old and but recently revived question of the foreign veto, but find that such a discussion would carry us too far. In concluding, I must therefore confine myself to one main consideration, the real political independence which devolved on the universal and spiritual mission of the exalted Head of Catholicism thanks to the providential loss of the Temporal power. There is now, besides the loyalty due to international and internal compacts, and the absolute independence of the Conclave, the Italian Kingdom to safeguard, by force of arms if necessary. For our country would necessarily oppose the pretension of any foreign Power to support by action the nominal exercise of the right of veto. It has been stated that the Sacred College held a meeting presided over by the aged Cardinal Camerlengo Oreglia, in order to forestall any repetition of diplomatic interference—merely diplomatic, observe, owing to the energy of the Italian Government seated in Rome!—but this statement lacks documentary evidence. Yet, whatever opinion one may hold in this particular connection, no man endowed with a grain of common sense will for a moment entertain seriously or honestly the Papal claims to Rome. These claims are perhaps imprescriptible in the eyes of the Catholic world at large; they will remain as a sentimental and platonic protest —a means of honouring the Papal signature.

It is not long since an illustrious Prelate, who is also a direct descendant of the old Roman aristocracy, confessed to me in the course of a conversation that, in the improbable—nay, inconceivable!—event of his Majesty's Government ever offering to restore Rome to the Pope, the latter, for reasons too obvious to require any explanation, would feel bound to

decline the proposal. The Vatican is not blind to the fact that its institutions would be threatened with immediate destruction at the hands of a republican, not to say socialist or anarchist, revolution against the Italian kingdom.

I observed above that the Zanardelli Cabinet had allowed themselves to be dragged by sectaries and demagogues into the quagmire of an undignified and short-sighted ecclesiastical policy—as shown by that ill-starred Divorce Bill, so obnoxious and distasteful to our national aspirations, that, instead of dying a quiet death, it had to undergo the ordeal of a popular bonfire! M. Gioletti, the President of the present Cabinet, is assuredly no Cavour, but he, at least, can boast the rare merit of not thinking himself one. A man of practical sense and foresight, he should shape the policy he intends pursuing towards the Vatican on cautious and moderate, if clearly defined, lines, ever mindful of the wise axiom that "the best clerical policy is conspicuous by its absence."

At any rate, the most uncompromising "Temporalists" at the Vatican are compelled to admit that the policy of our kingdom with regard to church matters is infinitely more loyal, respectful, and free from persecution than that followed by the present government of the French Republic.

I shall, no doubt, be labelled an optimist. I do not object to the epithet. In my twofold capacity as an Italian Liberal and a Catholic, I hold that from a happy understanding between Church and State can result nothing but advantage to both. And I cherish the warmest hope that before long the glorious day will dawn which, by linking together the two ideals of patriotism and religion, will mark a radiant triumph for the Church of Christ and for my noble, beloved and idolised Italy.

FELICE SANTINI.

THE PRUSSIAN CO-OPERATION AT WATERLOO

THE German Emperor, presiding at a banquet held at Hanover on December 19, 1903, to commemorate the formation of the King's German Legion a century before, uttered these words: "With hearty thanks I raise my glass in contemplation of the past, to the health of the German Legion, in memory of the incomparable deeds which, in conjunction with Blücher and the Prussians, rescued the English army from destruction at Waterloo." No sensible man would be disposed to take these words very seriously. The whole speech was obviously designed to strengthen in Hanover that wider Imperial feeling which has so largely replaced the narrow Guelf "particularism" of former days; and the enthusiastic cheers that greeted the Kaiser as he left the hall showed that the Hanoverians did not resent the somewhat unfortunate reference to Waterloo. Doubtless, in the enthusiasm of the moment all who were present, perhaps even including the august speaker himself, forgot that the 5800 men of the German Legion were serving their sovereign, our George III., *in Wellington's army*, and were therefore among those who were "rescued from destruction" by the Prussians. The same remark applies, of course, to the 11,000 Hanoverian troops, mostly Landwehr, who formed part of Wellington's motley array.

A phrase that may have been due to the inspiration of the

moment should neither be judged pedantically, nor should it arouse any ill-feeling on this side of the German Ocean. Seeing, however, that it expressed a conviction that is widely prevalent in Germany and that finds expression in the well-known work on Napoleonic strategy by a former member of the General Staff, Count Yorck von Wartenburg, it seems desirable to clear up some of the popular misunderstandings which have unfortunately arisen between Britons and Germans on this topic. To do so fully would, of course, necessitate an examination of the whole campaign. This being out of the question here, we must limit ourselves to essentials. These comprise: (1) the understanding—if there was one—between Blücher and Wellington as to the general plan of campaign; (2) the (conditional) promise of Wellington to come to Blücher's assistance at Ligny on June 16; (3) Blücher's promise to help Wellington at the Waterloo position on June 18; (4) the effectiveness of the Prussian aid there given. Obviously, the first three questions are preliminary to the last, but they are essential to a due understanding of it, and must therefore be briefly considered.

The position of the allies in front of Napoleon after his return from Elba was as follows. By the beginning of June 1815, Blücher had assembled an army of 120,000 Prussians in the Belgic Netherlands between Charleroi, Namur and Liège; while Wellington's British, German, and Dutch-Belgian forces, together amounting to 94,000 men, were cantonned in the neighbourhood of Brussels, Nivelles, Ath and Mons. Both commanders were anxious to invade France as soon as possible in order to surprise Napoleon in the midst of his preparations and to support the royalist efforts that were being put forth in the South and West. In his despatches of April 10–12 Wellington urged the desirability of beginning, if possible, on May 1. The weakness of the French royalists and the delay in the approach of the Austrian and Russian armies destined for the invasion of Alsace-Lorraine disarranged this plan; but there is nothing to show that Blücher and

Wellington devised any scheme of *defensive* warfare. True, they had an interview at Tirlemont on May 3, at which the Prussian commander gave the Duke "the most satisfactory assurances of support" in case Napoleon should invade Belgium; but that was considered to be a highly improbable event. They obviously trusted to the decision of the Czar that offensive movements should begin on all sides on June 1. Wellington's voluminous correspondence contains scarcely a single reference to defensive operations. In his important letter of May 8 to Lord Stewart, the Duke says: "I say nothing about our defensive operations because I am inclined to believe we are so well united and so strong that the enemy cannot do us much mischief." He then discusses the best plans for the joint invasion of France, and sums up his ideas in the phrase, "Let us begin when we shall have 450,000 men," *i.e.*, on the front stretching from Mons to Langres.

In passing, we may commend this letter to the notice of German writers, who, while admitting, like Gneisenau's biographer, Delbrück, that the Duke was unequalled in defensive warfare, nevertheless assert that he limited his views during the Waterloo campaign to the defence of "positions" after the style of strategists of the old school.[1] It is, however, clear from the letter just referred to, and from others like it, that the Duke saw the essentials to a successful invasion of France, but gave far too little thought to the defence of positions. In point of fact, Blücher and he were guilty of the capital error of under-rating the enemy. Even on the morning of June 15, when the French were beginning to drive the Prussian outposts from the River Sambre, Wellington dictated a long despatch "to the Emperor of" [Russia], as to the best routes to be adopted in the forthcoming invasion of France, stating that his (Wellington's) army would have to lay siege to Maubeuge. Owing to unfortunate accidents, Wellington did not receive the news of the attack on the 1st Prussian

[1] "Leben des Feldmarschalls von Gneisenau," von Hans Delbrück (Berlin, 1880), iv. pp. 408-413.

corps (Ziethen's) until 6 P.M., a delay that led to most untoward results.[1]

Everything, then, tends to show that the allies had agreed on no plan of combined action in case they were attacked; and this is the conclusion of that able military writer, Mr. J. C. Ropes, as well as of the latest and most careful of German historians of the campaign, Professor von Pflugk-Harttung. Some Continental historians have stated that there was such a plan; but they have brought forward no proof; and the only *contemporary* assertion that favours any such conclusion is the following, from General von Müffling's "Passages from My Life": "The junction of the English and Prussian armies for a defensive battle . . . was so distinctly prescribed by circumstances and by the locality that no doubt whatever could be raised on the point." This vague statement, written *after* the event, is at variance with the known facts. Müffling, then Prussia's military representative at the British headquarters, was with Wellington on the evening of June 15 at Brussels just before the Duchess of Richmond's ball; but at that time the British troops were being directed *to Nivelles*, not to Quatre Bras, where they would be in touch with Blücher. The Prussians were then hurriedly concentrating at Sombref, near Ligny; but Blücher's orders, or rather those of Gneisenau, his Chief of Staff, were so far inexact that Bülow's corps, 32,000 strong, was still at Liège, and took no part in the great battle on the morrow.[2] The massing of Wellington's forces was equally unsatisfactory, mainly because he believed, up to a late hour of June 15, that the main advance of the French would be by way of Mons or Nivelles, on the side of Blücher.

In truth, no fixed plan can be made for defensive operations against an enterprising enemy who has the choice of three

[1] "Vorgeschichte der Schlacht bei Belle-Alliance," von J. von Pflugk-Harttung (Berlin, 1903), pp. 50–52. Ropes, "Waterloo Campaign," pp. 75–77.

[2] Reiche, "Memoiren," ii. p. 199; von Pflugk-Harttung, *op. cit.* pp. 252–267.

lines of advance. In such a case great commanders do not pin themselves to a hard and fast plan; they closely watch every development and act accordingly. It is inexact to say that Wellington and Blücher were surprised by Napoleon's attack. They thought it improbable, but were determined to keep in touch as closely as possible on or near the line of advance actually chosen by him. Before leaving this topic we may note that the delay in Wellington's concentration was largely due to the insufficient news sent by General Ziethen, commanding the 1st Prussian corps on the River Sambre, between Charleroi and Thuin. After sending a despatch to Müffling at the British headquarters early on June 15 to the effect that he was being attacked at the latter place, he forwarded no more news for twelve hours. The Duke, therefore, could not know how serious was the onset on that line. Thus, as generally happens in a complex situation, there were executive failings both on the Prussian and on the British side, the upshot being that Blücher had no help from Bülow's corps at Ligny, while the concentration of Wellington's forces was so tardy as to endanger the position of Quatre-Bras and to leave the Prussians without the succour on which they counted from their allies.

This brings us to the second question, whether Wellington offered help to Blücher at Ligny, and, if so, whether the offer was absolute or conditional. The only written contemporary evidence on this topic is contained in the letter sent by the Duke to Blücher from Quatre Bras at 10.30 A.M. on the 16th. First published by General von Ollech in 1876, it has since been quoted by Messrs. Ropes, Horsburgh, Sir Herbert Maxwell, and other English writers; we need, therefore, cite only the last two sentences: "I do not see much of the enemy in front of us, and I await news of your Highness and the arrival of troops in order to determine my operations for the day. Nothing has appeared on the side of Binche, or on our right." [1] The first part of the letter gave a general description

[1] Ollech, "Der Feldzug von 1815," p. 125.

of the positions of Wellington's divisions on the march for Quatre Bras; and it is undeniable that in most cases they were not so far advanced as the Duke believed them to be. It is clear, however, that he had been misled by the "Memorandum" of De Lancey, his Chief of Staff, and that that experienced officer was at fault owing to the lack of training of his subordinates. Wellington knew his Staff to be new to the work, witness his letter of May 8: "I have got an infamous army, very weak and ill equipped, and a very inexperienced Staff." Though matters had improved since then, he was perhaps too sanguine in counting on the accuracy of the news collected by his Staff as to the hurried movements then going on. In any case, however, his written promise of help was conditional on the arrival of his divisions; and only a hasty and illogical reading could interpret it as an absolute pledge.

But there is also the question of what went on at an interview which Wellington had with the Prussian leaders at Bry, a hamlet near Ligny, shortly before the fighting began. As the conversation went on in French, Blücher held aloof; but his executive chiefs, Generals Gneisenau and Grolmann, took part in it, as also Generals Müffling and Dörnberg, who accompanied Wellington. The only accounts extant are by the two last. They vary considerably. Müffling states that he refrained from pointing out to Gneisenau the inaccuracy of the Duke's statement as to the positions of his forces; also that when Gneisenau pressed Wellington to lead a part of his army to help the Prussians, he (Müffling) privately advised him not to urge a request that would contravene the British commander's well-known principle of keeping his army undivided and well in hand. According to Müffling, Wellington's last words were, "Well! I will come, provided that I myself am not attacked."

In Dörnberg's version, Gneisenau appears as approving the Duke's plan of driving the French from before Quatre Bras back down the Charleroi road; but the Prussian Chief of Staff

is then represented as suggesting that it would be even better if Wellington would hold the French in check on that side and march with the rest of his army to help the Prussians at Ligny. To this the Duke is said to have replied: "The reasoning is correct. I will see what is in front of me [at Quatre Bras] and how much of my army has arrived, and act accordingly."[1] Thus Dörnberg makes Wellington agree to the plan of dividing his army—the very plan to which Müffling states that he was firmly opposed. Evidently on the question of the suggested help to be given to the Prussians, the evidence of these two officers is worthless. We may add that the Prussian official report of the battle of Ligny is equally unsatisfactory on this point. It runs thus; ". . . Nevertheless, Field-Marshal Blücher resolved to give battle, Lord Wellington having already put in motion to support him a strong division of his army, as well as his whole reserve stationed in the environs of Brussels, and the fourth corps of the Prussian army [Bülow's] being also on the point of arriving." These statements are incorrect. The Duke's forces were all marching for Quatre Bras, a movement far different from that of Bülow towards Ligny, with which it is here equated.

Apart from a later remark of Wellington to Hardinge and Stanhope that, during the conversation at Bry, he warned the Prussian chiefs of their dangerously exposed position on the slope behind Ligny, this is all that we know about this very important conference.[2] And I submit that the evidence disproves the assertions made by several German writers—Ollech and Pflugk-Harttung are honourable exceptions—that the Duke encouraged the Prussians to fight in a dangerous position by offering them promises of help which he knew he could not make good.

Besides, if we place the matter on general grounds, is it in the least degree likely that Wellington would endanger his good relations with the Prussians at the beginning of a

[1] Ollech, *op. cit.* pp. 126–127.

[2] Stanhope, "Conversations with Wellington," p. 109.

great campaign by a display of shiftiness? To put it on the lowest ground, that of self-interest, he needed their co-operation far more than they needed his. The Prussian army was firm and homogeneous; while in that of the Duke four different languages were spoken, and the fidelity of the Belgians and Nassauers was open to question. Finally, if there be any doubt left on this topic, the reader may refer to the convincing arguments advanced by that able American writer, Mr. Ropes—a severe critic of Wellington on many points—showing that Blücher and Gneisenau had made all their dispositions to offer battle at Ligny on June 16, whether they had help from Wellington or not.[1]

I have examined the evidence on this point somewhat closely, firstly, because Gneisenau's resentment at what he chose to consider Wellington's breach of faith influenced the Prussian movements unfavourably on the morning of Waterloo, but also because his biographers and most subsequent German historians have approached the events of that great day with minds distinctly biased against Wellington, owing to his supposed double-dealing on the morning of June 16.

We now turn to the question of the Prussian co-operation on the 18th. It is, however, only fair to refer to the heroism which Gneisenau displayed at the close of the Battle of Ligny. Amidst the turmoil of defeat, when Blücher's severe fall caused the weight of responsibility to rest on his shoulders, he decided to give up his former base of supplies on the Namur-Liège road, and to direct the retreat northwards towards Wavre. The inference is inevitable that he did so in order to keep touch with Wellington for the defence of Brussels. Is it too much to assume that his distrust of Wellington was not an over-mastering motive?

As to the details of co-operation, the credit must be awarded to Blücher. That indomitable old man quickly recovered from his grievous shock, and at a conference held on the evening of June 17 declared strongly in favour of

[1] Ropes, "The Waterloo Campaign," chap. x.

a flank march to join Wellington. Gneisenau was now in favour of caution; and according to Hardinge, who was present, he opposed the flank march as an imprudent step.[1] Certainly it was a daring conception; it bespoke that staunchness of mind which led Scharnhorst some years before to describe Blücher as the only Prussian general who had not a particle of fear of Napoleon. Still, there was nothing Quixotic in the proposal. Bülow's powerful corps was then at hand, and its arrival more than repaired the losses sustained at Ligny. The reserve ammunition had also escaped Grouchy's horsemen; and—a detail that is generally forgotten in the discussion of this question—the Prussians then believed Grouchy to have been sent in pursuit of them with only 15,000 men.[2] That would have left Wellington face to face with an even greater force than was then actually mustering on the slope of La Belle Alliance. Thus, all the facts, as then known at Blücher's headquarters at Wavre, called for a secret but determined march against Napoleon's flank on the morrow.

As for Wellington, he too certainly expected help from the Prussians. At 9 A.M. on that day he had sent word to Blücher that he would accept battle from Napoleon at the position in front of Waterloo if a Prussian *corps d'armée* came to his aid. Up to nightfall he had no reply; and it is significant that his despatch of the evening of June 17 to Colville at Hal contains the phrase: "The army will probably continue in its position in front of Waterloo to-morrow." That is to say, if the Prussians disappointed him, he was ready to beat a hasty retreat on Brussels and the citadel of Antwerp; but if they sent him a corps he was ready to face the risks of a battle. It was not until close on 3 A.M. of the 18th that a letter from Blücher to Müffling was communicated to the Duke and put an end to his uncertainty. It was penned shortly before midnight and ran as follows:

---

[1] Stanhope, "Conversations with Wellington," p. 110 (written in 1837).

[2] Ollech, p. 169. Grouchy really had 33,319 men.

HEADQUARTERS, WAVRE, *June* 17, 1815.

I hereby inform you that, in consequence of the communication made to me to the effect that the Duke of Wellington will to-morrow accept battle in the position from Braine l'Alleud to La Haye, my troops will be put in motion in the following way: Bülow's corps will start very early at dawn from Dion-le-Mont and advance through Wavre by way of St. Lambert, in order to attack the enemy's right wing. The second corps will immediately follow the fourth [Bülow's] corps; and the first and third corps hold themselves ready likewise to follow thither. The exhaustion of the troops, which in part have not arrived (namely, the tail of the fourth corps) makes it impossible to advance earlier. In return, I beg you to inform me betimes when and how the Duke is attacked, so that I may be able to take measures accordingly.[1]

At midnight Blücher sent orders in the same sense to his four corps commanders. We know, however, that about 7 to 8 A.M. of the 18th, though no news came in as to Grouchy's approach, Gneisenau and Grolmann wished to hold back the first, second, and third corps until noon, ostensibly in order to see whether Grouchy would advance in unexpected force. But the real reason of Gneisenau's caution is to be seen in a postscript which he added to a despatch dictated by Blücher for Müffling at 9.30 A.M. The despatch itself renewed the promise of help to Wellington, and stated that Blücher would come in person. The postscript informed Müffling that Gneisenau agreed with the terms of the despatch, but begged him to

find out accurately whether the Duke has the fixed intention to fight in his present position, or whether possibly nothing but "demonstrations" are intended, as these can only be in the highest degree compromising to our army.[2]

Thus, while Blücher was doing his utmost to induce Wellington to withstand Napoleon's onset by sending a definite promise of speedy help with at least two army corps, Gneisenau and Grolmann took upon themselves to hold back the corps named above, and to allow the suspicion to take root at their headquarters that the advance towards Wellington might

[1] Ollech, p. 187. [2] *Ibid.* p. 189.

prove to be a piece of chivalrous folly. It is easy to see that, with this feeling in the air, the march even of Bülow's corps could not at first be very expeditious. It was delayed by positive difficulties, such as the march over the narrow bridge at Wavre, the outbreak of a fire there, as well as by the fatigue of the soldiers themselves; but it has been pointed out that time might have been saved if Bülow had skirted the town instead of passing through it. Between 10 and 11 A.M. it was resolved at headquarters, probably through Blücher's direct intervention, that the second corps, that of Pirch I., should begin to follow Bülow; also that the first corps, that of Ziethen, should set out at noon by a road more to the north, so as to come into touch with Wellington's left wing. The distance to be covered by the three Prussian corps was about ten English miles, or twelve for that of Bülow, which started from the east of Wavre. The roads were narrow, hilly, and deep in mud from the heavy downpour of rain. Yet, allowing for these difficulties, Wellington might confidently expect the approach of the Prussians by midday. The terms of Blücher's letter fully warranted that belief. Clausewitz, a severe critic of Wellington, allows that six to eight hours was the natural time for the march; but he censures the arrangements of the Prussian Staff whereby Pirch's and Ziethen's corps had to cross each other's path. He points out that the serious delay which this involved might have been avoided if Ziethen had followed Bülow, while Pirch marched straight towards Smohain on Wellington's left.[1] The reason for these tortuous arrangements has, I believe, never been revealed.

What is quite clear is that Wellington made all his dispositions with a view to the early arrival of the Prussians. This explains his comparative neglect of his left wing. Defended by the steep slope in front and the outlying hamlets of Papelotte, La Haye, and Smohain, it could shift for itself for an hour or two; the Duke's chief care was bestowed on his more accessible right wing. He even removed the sappers

[1] Clausewitz, "Der Feldzug von 1815," p. 110.

who were strengthening La Haye Sainte to Hougomont, with the view of making that *château* a formidable bulwark on his right. The evidence of British officers all tells the same tale. Sir Augustus Fraser says in his Letters: "We expected the help of the Prussians early in the day." Colonel Freemantle, aide-de-camp to Wellington, is even more explicit:

> Many officers were sent in the morning in search of the [Prussian] army. Towards six o'clock Sir Horace Seymour came and reported to the Duke of Wellington that he had seen the Prussian column.

A sentence in Sir Horace Seymour's letter on the same topic shows the grounds of Wellington's impatience at the delay of the Prussians:

> I was desired by the Duke of Wellington to tell General Bülow that the Duke wished him immediately to send him Prussian infantry to fill up the loss that had taken place in his lines.[1]

Now, Blücher had promised that Bülow should start at dawn to march against Napoleon's right flank. Wellington evidently believed that Bülow's objective would be the ground just to the south of Smohain, in front of his (Wellington's) left wing. As a matter of fact, Bülow was assigned a task of a far more drastic and difficult kind, namely, to attack Planchenoit, a village *to the rear* of the French right wing. This was sound strategy, but it had the grave tactical disadvantage of involving the attack of a naturally strong position, which, as the event proved, the French held with no difficulty for nearly five hours against the superior numbers brought up first by Bülow and thereafter by Pirch I.

Wellington, meanwhile, benefited only indirectly from this attack of the two Prussian corps which started first; for, as we have seen, the duty of supporting the British forces devolved on Ziethen's corps, which was the last to set out. Not only so, but this corps was by far the weakest of the Prussian

[1] Waterloo Letters, pp. 25–27, 170. These extracts refute Müffling's assertion that the Duke said he did not expect the Prussians till 2 or 3 o'clock. (Müffling, "Sketch of the Battle of Waterloo." English edit., p. 11, 1833.)

army. It alone had borne the French onset on the Sambre, and was sharply handled in the running fight that followed. At Ligny it suffered frightfully. Reiche, the Chief of Staff of that corps, gives its losses on those two days as 225 officers and 12,486 non-commissioned officers and men, or two-fifths of its whole strength. Sixteen cannon were also lost. Deducting this from his total for the 14th, namely, 30,831 combatants, we have 18,120 as the largest possible number of effectives for the 16th.[1] This, we repeat, was the force told off for the direct support of Wellington. Owing to the delays that happened to the two first corps, Ziethen's leading brigade did not start until 2 P.M.—a delay that might easily have led to fatal consequences.[2]

Now, can this be considered a satisfactory execution of the promise made by Blücher in his midnight despatch? Wellington was believed to be very seriously outnumbered—more so than he actually was; and, considering the unsteadiness of a large part of his army, the Prussian Staff certainly dallied with Fortune in assuming that he could hold his own till the afternoon. At any rate, it was very questionable conduct to lead the Duke to expect help by midday and to withhold the arrival of any direct succour until the evening *without warning him of that postponement.* If the Prussian despatches to Wellington's headquarters are compared with the details of their execution, it will be seen that Gneisenau's conduct is open to the same criticism which his biographers have so vehemently brought against Wellington for the events of the 16th. It is true, of course, that the Duke's failure to send any troops to Ligny has an ugly look until we remember the uncertainty that hung over the enemy's movements on the 15th and 16th. It is also true that the flank march of the Prussians from Wavre was, for their septuagenarian leader and for the troops themselves, an exhibition of persistence that is unsurpassed in the history of war. But, none the less, if we look at the promise held out to Wellington, the performance, as far as concerned the Prussian Staff, must be pronounced slow and half-hearted.

[1] Reiche, "Memoiren," ii. pp. 195–196. [2] Ollech, p. 193.

Finally, we must point out that the allied armies were in very different positions on the 16th and the 18th. At the earlier date their concentrations were incomplete; on the 18th the allies were completely massed, excepting the force at Hal. They had also fathomed the aims of Napoleon, the result being that the paralysing uncertainties of the first two days of the campaign now gave place to that assurance which enabled blows to be struck boldly. The only element of uncertainty for the Prussians on the 18th was as to the strength and aims of Grouchy's force; and the well-known preference of Napoleon for acting with great masses forbade the assumption that he had detached a large force from his main command. All the news to hand about Grouchy's column served to show that it was neither strong nor well led. Thielmann's corps, some 23,000 strong, holding the fairly good position in front of Wavre, was a reasonable defence against any moves that Grouchy might attempt against the other three corps during their flank march. It would be hypercritical, however, to blame Bülow, Pirch, and Ziethen for making a halt when they heard Grouchy's cannon south of Wavre. Ziethen especially deserves credit for deciding, on his own responsibility, to resume his advance, leaving only a part of his fourth brigade to act as a rearguard.[1]

We now come to the final question of the effectiveness of Prussian help in the battle. Obviously this divides itself into two parts, the indirect and the direct assistance. The indirect help was that which the pressure of Bülow's and Pirch's corps exerted, far away from the British left, on Napoleon's right wing and reserves, and on his conduct of the fight. The direct help was that given by Ziethen's corps on Wellington's right at the close of the battle. Obviously it is impossible to assess the former at all precisely; the latter may be gauged with some approach to definiteness.

Bülow's corps was not well enough together to advance from the wood of Frischermont against the French right

[1] Reiche, "Memoiren," ii. pp. 21–22.

wing until 4.30 P.M. It is true that Napoleon knew of the advance of that corps a little before 2 P.M., but he paid little heed to the news. General Foy's journal, first published in 1900, adds to the proofs already to hand that Napoleon, from the early morning and onwards, turned a deaf ear to the rumours of the advance of the Prussians, first, because he believed their army to be too badly shaken to attempt any serious attack for two days longer; and secondly, because he trusted in Grouchy's ability to take them *en flagrant délit* if they braved the perils of a flank march with that marshal hanging on their rear.[1] Such was Napoleon's fixed belief. It did not in the least correspond with the facts such as we have seen them to be; and his misconception, persevered in to the end, was the chief cause of his utter overthrow. But, for the present, that belief led him to trust the defence of his right to two divisions of Lobau's corps, 7800 strong, and two brigades of cavalry.[2] Such was the tenacity of these troops and of their leader that they held up against Bülow's two leading divisions for an hour and a half. But as the rest of Bülow's men joined in the fight, the French right wing (now swung round at right angles to their front) was gradually driven back, and about six o'clock lost part of the village of Planchenoit. At once Napoleon sent in his Young Guard, a trifle over 4000 strong, and these choice troops regained that all-important post, while Lobau prolonged his line to the north to strengthen the French line to the south of the angle pointing towards Smohain. The Emperor now thought all danger past on that side, for he was still ignorant that Pirch's corps was marching, under cover of the Frischermont Wood, to Bülow's aid. He therefore turned his attention once more to Wellington; and there followed the efforts which wrested La Haye Sainte from the King's German

[1] "Vie Militaire du Général Foy." Edited by M. Girod de l'Ain (Paris, 1900).

Ollech (usually very correct in details) on p. 241 wrongly gives Lobau's corps as 10,000 strong, but one of his divisions, that of Teste, was put under Grouchy on the 17th for the pursuit of the Prussians, thus reducing it to 7800.

Legion at 6.30 (M. Houssaye has proved that it cannot have fallen at an earlier time), and culminated in the attack of five (or perhaps six) battalions of the Imperial Guard on Wellington's right centre.

Now, what did the indirect aid afforded by Bülow's flank attack amount to? It diverted from the conflict with Wellington Lobau's small but excellent corps, the Young Guard, and two brigades of cavalry. According to Janin, who commanded one of the divisions under Lobau, that corps was about to be launched against Wellington's right when Bülow's advance altered the aspect of the battle on that side.[1] It is clear that things would have gone hard with Wellington had Lobau and the Young Guard added their weight to the French infantry attack at the close of the great cavalry charges. As it was, the onset of Bachelu's division and half of Foy's division (in all about 7000 men) was quickly repelled by the converging fire from Wellington's right centre. "C'était une grêle de mort," wrote Foy of this repulse, which Siborne and other historians have so little noticed.

This, then, was the value of Bülow's attack from Wellington's point of view. Between 4.30 and 6.30 it saved him the pressure of 14,000 excellent troops. But it did even more than this. Shortly before the final charge of the Old and Middle Guard against Wellington's right centre, the French had lost nearly the whole of the village of Planchenoit under the persistent vigour of the Prussian onsets. In order to retrieve matters on this side, Napoleon detached from his still formidable reserves two battalions of his guard; and these veterans cleared the village for a second time. He also left two more of these choice battalions in reserve facing Planchenoit, and three others on the plateau near La Belle Alliance. Thus, the renewed attacks of Bülow and Pirch had the effect of withdrawing seven battalions of the Guard from the final onset on Wellington. Granting that the Iron Duke made the utmost of his unexpectedly strong position and that the rank and file

[1] Janin, "La Campagne de Waterloo" (Paris, 1820), p. 34.

met every onset with superhuman fortitude, it is difficult to see how they could have withstood the attack of twelve or thirteen battalions of the Imperial Guard.

Further, we must remember that the Duke always faced the fact that he might possibly be driven from the ridge of Mt. St. Jean before the arrival of the Prussians. When questioned in later years as to his course of action in that case, he replied: "There was always the wood to retire into."[1] His despatch of June 19 also shows that he always counted on the Prussians either to clinch the triumph or to paralyse the French pursuit if Napoleon gained the day; and in the phrases at its close he pays a generous tribute to the Prussian flank attack: "The operation of General Bülow upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one." The accounts given by British officers in the "Waterloo Letters" contain few references to it. This is not suprising. They were wrapped up in the events passing immediately in front, and could scarcely see through the smoke-laden air the signs of fighting a mile and a half away at Planchenoit. In the same way the Prussian historians, Plotho and Damitz, following the narratives of their officers, dwelt almost exclusively on the Prussian side of the battle, and all but ignored the services of Wellington's troops. And thus among both peoples there have arisen impressions which have scarcely been dispelled by the fuller light of to-day. Only by a calculation such as has been attempted above can the effect of the indirect help afforded to Wellington by Bülow and Pirch be assessed at something like its true value.

Much uncertainty has rested on the subject of the aid directly afforded to Wellington's left wing by the arrival of Ziethen's corps late in the day. Unquestionably there has been a tendency on the part of some German historians to overrate its importance, by hazarding the assertion that the whole of that corps came up in time to take part in the battle. It should therefore be remembered that Ziethen's corps

[1] Sir W. Fraser, "Hic et ubique," p. 83.

numbered at most only 18,120 effectives on the morning of the 18th; that after setting out as late as 2 P.M. from Wavre, it left behind part of one brigade to observe Grouchy's movements; and that its vanguard did not appear at Ohain, near Wellington's left, until after 6 P.M. The recently published "Reminiscences of a Staff-Officer" (Basil Jackson) show that the advance of their skirmishers at that time appeared to be intolerably slow. In fact, Jackson ventured to point out to a Prussian officer the urgent need of a speedier advance.[1] The evidence supplied by Sir Horace Seymour and Colonel Freemantle in the "Waterloo Letters" (pp. 20–22) shows that the Duke sent to ask for 3000 Prussians to make good his losses on the left. But Ziethen declined to "make a detachment."

The slowness of Ziethen's advance has always caused perplexity alike to British officers and historians. The riddle is solved, however, by General von Reiche, Chief of Staff of that corps, in his memoirs, the importance of which was pointed out to the present writer by the late Lord Acton. Reiche was with the leading brigade, that of General Steinmetz, consisting of two regiments of the line and one of Landwehr, as it was about to pass the place where the roads to Frischermont and Smohain diverge, when an order came from Blücher, then with Bülow, ordering Ziethen to help in the attack on Planchenoit, "as things were beginning to go badly there." On Reiche pointing out the urgent need of reinforcing Wellington, Blücher's aide-de-camp cut him short with the remark that he would be held personally responsible if he disobeyed the present order. On the other hand, Müffling, who had ridden up from Wellington's headquarters, loudly asserted that the day would be lost unless the column moved on to help Wellington. Reiche was in cruel perplexity, but finally ordered the head of the brigade, which had meanwhile moved forward, back to the fork in the roads. Most fortunately Ziethen rode up at that moment, and immediately decided to disobey the Staff

[1] "Notes and Reminiscences of a Staff-Officer." Edited by R. C. Seaton (Murray, 1903), pp. 54–55.

order and move on to Wellington's assistance.[1] Reiche's narrative is so clear and circumstantial that I feel bound to accept this version of events. He had previously ridden forward to see how the battle was going; and on his return found that matters were worse than before. The Nassauers of Prince Bernard of Saxe Weimar had just been driven by the French from the hamlet of Smohain, but on the approach of Ziethen's vanguard the assailants speedily retreated, as also a little later from Papelotte and La Haye hamlets. The leading brigade was thereafter able to act as connecting-link between the other Prussian forces facing Lobau and Wellington's weak left wing—a matter of some importance, as it enabled the final advance to be made in a solid, effective manner.

Reiche also claims credit for having planted two of his leading batteries, each of eight field guns, on the high ground above Papelotte; and when the artillery officers declined to fire because they could scarcely distinguish friends from foes in the smoke, he took the whole responsibility for their firing at the French (Durutte's and Marcognet's divisions), still struggling hard in the angle between the allied armies. Reiche claims that the fire of his sixteen guns was decisive. This may be doubted. The conditions were unfavourable to effective fire; eight of the guns were only 8-pounders, and it is questionable whether they were worked for more than half an hour. Colonel Freemantle states that he ordered one of the batteries to cease fire as it was among the British lines, and, apparently, endangered our men in front.[2] It should also be noted that out of Ziethen's whole corps scarcely more than one brigade took an active part in the fighting, and great as its services were at that angle they cannot be said to have decided the fate of the day.

Yet that claim is made by Müffling and by the German historian Damitz, who in this matter have been somewhat incautiously followed by Mr. Ropes.[3] Müffling states that the

[1] Reiche, "Memoiren," ii. p. 218. Ollech, p. 244.

[2] "Waterloo Letters," p. 22.

[3] Ropes, pp. 340–341.

French centre held firm even after the repulse of the Imperial Guard further to their left, and that Ziethen's guns alone broke it up. On this point the French are the best judges; and their opinion has always been that the sight of the bearskins of the Old Guard streaming down the slope determined the retreat.

> Le cri "La Garde recule" retentit comme le glas de la Grande Armee. Chacun sent que tout est fini. Les soldats de Donzelot et d'Allix aux prises sur les crêtes au-dessus de la Haye-Sainte . . . voient la Garde plier. Ils cèdent aussi le terrain conquis et redescendent au pied du côteau, entrainant dans leur retraite la division Marcognet. . . . Le mouvement de retraite gagne toute la ligne de bataille de la gauche à la droite. En même temps, les fantassins de Durutte [on the extreme French right] sont attaqués dans Papelotte et dans La Haye par les têtes de colonnes prussiennes débouchant du chemin d'Ohain. On crie "Sauve qui peut! Nous sommes trahis."[1]

Such is the conclusion of M. Houssaye, after an examination of the evidence on the French side. The testimony of British officers, in the "Waterloo Letters," as also of Basil Jackson in his "Reminiscences," is all in the same direction. While, therefore, it is unwise to dogmatise as to the side on which the French retreat began, the evidence that it began with the repulse of the Old and Middle Guard is overwhelming.

Still more certain is it that the Prussians did not capture Planchenoit until some time after the break up of the French front. The resistance of the Old and Young Guard at that point was so fierce and prolonged that the heroic survivors, on being driven out by the weight of numbers, were cut up *by British cavalry*, probably by the brigades of Vivian, Vandeleur, and Grant.[2] These facts completely dispose of the assertions of German historians, even including Ollech, that Wellington's advance on La Belle Alliance was a matter of form, and contributed little or nothing to the rout of the French army.

The French have always attributed their final rout to the timely and spirited advance of Vivian's and Vandeleur's brigades of cavalry. Mounted on fresh horses, they were able

[1] Houssaye, "Waterloo," pp. 408–409.

[2] "Waterloo Letters," pp. 131, 138, 140, 149–150, 175–177.

to overthrow the wearied remains of the French cavalry; Vivian's men also cut down the artillerymen at their guns, so that "from this moment not another cannon shot was fired." Vivian also states that not until his brigade had cut down some Prussians in the twilight did he give up the pursuit to them.[1] As to the part played by the glorious 52nd Regiment (Colborne's) there is no need to speak; the recent "Life of John Colborne, Lord Seaton," places it beyond dispute. We may add, however, that at nightfall Basil Jackson found the regiment on the right of the road beyond La Belle Alliance, leaving the left free for the Prussian advance, "formed up in line, as quiet and orderly as if at the termination of a review." As it stood there a Prussian officer, while leading his column on for that strenuous pursuit, stepped up to the colour-bearer of the 52nd and pressed the flag to his breast.[2]

Müffling, too, though he exaggerates the importance of Ziethen's advance, admits that Bülow's capture of Planchenoit came too late to lead to the results that might have been attained on that side. After stating that part of Pirch's corps had come up to join in the final attack on the village, he continues: "The enemy was dislodged from Planchenoit; cannon and prisoners were taken, and the remainder got into the same confusion with the same mass, which, near La Maison du Roi, was just rolling along the high road. Had it been possible to take the village an hour sooner, the enemy could not have retreated on the high road to Genappe."[3] In that case Napoleon and the mass of his army would have been cut off and compelled to surrender; for General Petit, who was with the last two squares of the Old Guard that stood firm, states that they were outflanked both on the right and on the left by the allied advance from Mt. St. Jean. It is well known that had the

[1] "Waterloo Letters," pp. 150, 157.

[2] Basil Jackson, *op. cit.* p. 57. Leeke, "Supplement to the History of the 52nd Regiment," p. 63.

[3] "Der Feldzug von 1815," von C. von M[üffling]. English edit. (1816), pp. 36-37.

Prussians caught the Emperor, Blücher and Gneisenau were determined to shoot him as an outlaw. The loss of that hoped-for act of vengeance was the penalty which the Prussian Staff paid for its delays on the morning of that eventful day.

Materials are now to hand that will enable German historians to form a final judgment on the events of this momentous campaign; and if we may judge from the first instalment of Professor von Pflugk-Harttung's work, Germans will at last have an opportunity of learning the whole truth and nothing but the truth. While not altogether freeing Wellington from blame for the Prussian defeat at Ligny, he shows (p. 265) that Bülow's absence from the field of battle was far more blameworthy; and when he passes under review the details of the 18th, we may expect to see the popular German version greatly modified. The need of such a scholarly investigation is evident. Even after Ollech had done much to rectify the German version of Waterloo, a Prussian Staff-Officer, Count Yorck von Wartenburg, ventured to describe the close of the battle in the following terms:

> The stroke delivered by the [Imperial] Guards along the Brussels road to the left broke through the enemy's ranks as far as their last line; but here its strength was at an end, and they had to fall back. It was 8 o'clock. Already ruin stared the French right wing in the face. Simultaneously with the centre attack of the [Imperial] Guards, Reille and d'Erlon had also advanced; the latter had now taken Smohain and La Haye, when, about 7.30, a fresh Prussian corps [Ziethen's] appeared on the battlefield, threw itself at once upon d'Erlon's right wing and drove it back; Smohain, Papelotte and La Haye were regained. Taking advantage of this, Wellington, feeling himself relieved, ordered a general advance of his whole line.[1]

The same writer also repeated the charge of Wellington's breach of faith at Ligny—a charge already refuted by Ollech —and in every way sought to disparage the achievements of the Duke's army. The Kaiser's speech at Hanover shows that military circles in Germany are still imbued with the spirit that pervades the quasi-official work of Count Yorck of

[1] Count Yorck von Wartenburg, "Napoleon als Feldherr," Berlin, 1885-1886, 2 vols. (English edit. 1897), *ad fin.*

Wartenburg. Is it not time that this one-sided view of the campaign of 1815 should cease? The Battle of Waterloo was nothing if it was not a combined effort on the part of the allies. The terms of Blücher's promise and the eager searching for the Prussian army by British staff-officers in the morning alike prove that Wellington expected direct help by noonday. Possibly he would not have faced the terrible risks of the day had he known that no direct help would arrive until the end of the battle. In any case, to assert that Blücher saved Wellington's army from destruction is as wide of the mark as to say that in a pugilistic encounter the right hand saved the left from a thrashing. Blücher's army, alike in numbers and cohesion, was fitted for striking the great blows. Wellington's motley following was by its very nature condemned to more defensive tactics. It is surely time, then, that our kith and kin on the Continent should recognise the marvellous skill of the Iron Duke in defending a position which had only one element of strength—that of being far stronger than it seemed from the ridge of La Belle Alliance—and the indomitable pluck which prompted him to deal telling blows at the end of a most exhausting struggle.

Two legends of Waterloo have already been dispelled. We Britons were long at fault in believing that the Prussians came up only at the finish and merely garnered the fruits of Wellington's toil. That travesty of fact has vanished. Thanks also to the painstaking investigations of M. Houssaye, our neighbours across the Channel no longer believe that 70,000 Frenchmen for ten hours held at bay 80,000 Prussians and the 70,000 troops of Wellington, until treason caused an unaccountable stampede. It seems, however, that the German legend of Waterloo still awaits the solvent of historical research.

J. Holland Rose.

TWO UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF CRABBE

READERS of Edward Fitzgerald's correspondence may remember his description of Crabbe's eldest son and biographer as " very like the father in face," full of enthusiasm for the study of philosophy and theology, for the beauty of flowers and the architecture of old churches, but decidedly hostile to poetry, which he contemptuously called " verse " and professed " to detest." During the twenty years that followed the publication of Crabbe's " Life and Works " in 1834, it would seem that the son " never read his father through," till Fitzgerald called his attention back to the neglected volumes. He even allowed some of the poet's letters and miscellaneous MSS. to be sold in his lifetime ; others he gave away to friends, like Dawson Turner ; and, at his death, a further division of Crabbe's original papers took place among his heirs. Documents so dispersed, never collected by pious care in public libraries, are not easily accessible to the student. Some of them, fortunately, have fallen into generous hands, and from their contents a few valuable pages may still be gleaned. A long poem in blank verse, entitled " Midnight," formerly in the possession of Dawson Turner, now belongs to Professor Dowden, who published the most interesting passage of it in the *Illustrated London News* of June 20, 1891. Various notebooks, containing much unprinted matter of unequal merit, are perhaps still to be sold at Mr. Edwards's, of High Street,

Marylebone; and, above all, there are in the possession of Mr. John Murray five MS. volumes, bought in 1850, from one of which permission has been kindly given me to publish a tale in many stanzas, not unwelcome perhaps to the students of Crabbe.

I

From its place in the MS., close to the first draft of a complimentary effusion in honour of "Frederick, Marquis of Granby,[1] son of the Duke of Rutland," we may infer that the poem belongs to the year 1814. Crabbe was at that time Rector of Muston, a small village near Grantham, which he was very soon to exchange for Trowbridge in Wiltshire. He lived in the parsonage so carefully described by his son[2] and by Mr. Kebbel[3] as standing "a little to the north of the east end of the church" and overlooking a grave-yard adorned with "some fine elms," through whose leaves the narrow stream of the Devon could be seen slowly flowing towards a rustic stone bridge. A "gothic archway cut through a thick hedge" allowed the eye to wander over the flat landscape of the Vale of Belvoir, and to rest on the woods and massive structure of the Duke's Castle, statelier every year. When the setting sun shone on the blazing windows, the poet might forget, in the glory of that sight, the even tenour of his humbler themes, and think of a more romantic, more fanciful story. He might imagine such a character as the hero of this tale: a "jealous Squire," disappointed of his hopes by a more fortunate nephew now become "the proud Heir" of that castle, which "the unhappy man" would willingly see a prey to real flames. Remembering the scene of his own geological excursions, Crabbe would follow the steps of the gloomy wanderer through deserted quarries congenial to such a mood, through villages whose pleasant sounds increase the bitterness

[1] Born in 1813, died June 15, 1814. Crabbe's lines were intended for Lord Granby's baptism on January 4, 1814.

[2] "Life and Works," ed. 1861, p. 56. [3] "Life of Crabbe," p. 58.

of hatred and despair. Suddenly, one evening, the Squire found himself confronted by an unknown personage, his nephew in disguise, who, after telling at length the story of their past lives, offered himself as an ally against himself, against that "Heir" whose conduct towards him he pretended to resent. The compact was no sooner made than it was repented of, for the "ally," so the Squire's sister said, had proved a traitor, had revealed the whole plot to the "Heir," who threatened in his rage to institute legal proceedings against the schemers. There was, added she, no safety but in flight. And so the carriage was ordered, and a long ride begun, which in the clear and frosty night brought the bewildered Squire to a noble castle, unrecognised till the end, when his nephew appeared, anxious to be reconciled to his uncle and to obtain his young cousin's hand. Thus were envy and hatred turned into concord and love; thus was a possible story of human passion graced with the freer inventions of fancy.

Many of the rhyme-royal stanzas in which this tale is written have all the strength and ease characteristic of Crabbe's best passages; others present not a few of his less commendable peculiarities: his verbal antitheses and restrictions, his occasional harshness; some were even left imperfect. Here and there an indispensable correction had to be made, in which cases the original readings have been given in the foot-notes. It will be observed that the last line of the stanza is an iambic hexameter in the beginning of the poem, and generally decasyllabic after line 84.

'Twas in a country of so fair a kind,
The boast of all residing in the place—
Where an unhappy man essay'd to find
A dull and gloomy walk, where he might trace
Signs of rude nature that a land deface; 5
But waste nor sterile wild could he explore,
Brown heath or shaking bog, wild fen or rushy moor.

At length he saw, well-pleas'd that he could see,
A large forsaken quarry, deep and wide,
Where grew no lively herb, no shady tree, 10

But cold wet moss crept down the stony side.
Beneath were shallow shapeless pools, supplied
By many streams that from the rock ran slow,
And dropt with feeble sound, and join'd their track below.

He saw the ruins of a workman's shed, 15
That fill'd his mind with melancholy joy:
For ruin in his bosom comfort bred,
And all that seem'd man's labour to destroy.
Here found his melancholy thoughts employ.
T'escape from man's enquiring looks he tried, 20
And by himself to indulge his anger and his pride.

Here walk'd the moody man and comfort found;
But as he homeward took his silent way,
Without reflection he would gaze around
Where fell the sunbeams in the closing day, 25
A tall house gilding and its turrets grey:
The cheerful light on forty windows blaz'd
And sleeping envy wak'd, and kindling as he gaz'd:

"Oh! that this image of a fire I view
"Were fire indeed, pure, bright, destructive fire, 30
"That man's best efforts would in vain subdue,
"That from the base would to the roof aspire,
"That none within could from its force retire;
"But that proud Heir, that haughty, scornful slave,
"With all he loves, might yield his life that none could save."[1] 35

"There laughter echoes through the lofty room,
"Here Slander vouches her dull story true;
"There Whist her votaries wraps in welcome gloom,
"Here ivory globes obey the guiding cue,
"And day and night the same dull scenes renew. 40

---

[1] The text of these last two lines is proposed as a correction. The MS. has:

"But that proud Heir, and that disdainful Wife (Slave)
"With all they love, might yield what all would save, their life—

which last two words are erased. But "Wife," to whom "Slave" in the MS. evidently refers, is an impossible reading, as "the Heir" does not marry till the end of the tale.

"Now would the fire-stream, waving from the towers,
"Change for more life the scene, and urge their languid powers!"

The gust of passion died away, and then,
Vile as they were, he wish'd them not to burn.
No! he would treat them like degenerate men 45
And idle women, who should live and learn
His rights and claims, and their true worth discern;
Abash'd, abas'd, dejected they should kneel
And then some portion of his mercy feel.

Winter now came, and to his favourite nook 50
He could no longer from his study creep.
Fix'd by the gout, now wearied with his book,
Or themes abstruse and meditations deep,
He curs'd the Hall and growl'd himself to sleep:
On metaphysics he his thoughts employ'd, 55
And what the timid fear'd, his mighty mind enjoy'd.

Three months he liv'd in sullenness and pain,
And many a bitter oath his damsels bore:
Then would he visit his lov'd pit again,
And when oppos'd, he like a ruffian swore— 60
For opposition made him rage the more:
Let one kind wish be heard that meant him good,
And though he saw the truth, the kindness he withstood.

He went suspecting, but came certain back:
His shallow pools, small springs and mosses fled— 65
For there he saw, and felt as on the rack,
Well-drain'd the soil, and on their fruitful bed
Firs and young oaks through all the valley spread:
No rude projecting banks were longer seen,
But all in order fit, all level, cut and clean. 70

His favourite hollow where he lov'd to stand,
To see the dewdrops glitter on the stone,
He could not now the certain place command:
Shades, caverns and the mossy seats were gone.
Rage now in wild tempestuous force came on: 75
Up the young oaks he tore with vengeful toil,
Invaders of his seats, usurpers of his soil.

He saw not—seeing, he had scorn'd to stop—
A staring rustic on the hill above,
But wildly tugg'd at the assuming crop, 80
That his quick mind to sudden frenzy drove.
Then, doom'd the change of angry men to prove,
He ceas'd and look'd upon his trophies by,
Then turn'd with many a curse, and stifled many a sigh.

But now excluded from his favourite place, 85
He wander'd in a deep and spacious wood,
Where the tall timbers rose with too much grace,
And where, too gay a scene, a village stood,
For light and cheerful meditations food;
And all things seated in the view, design'd 90
To cherish friendly thoughts for all mankind.

Here walk'd the man dejected and forlorn,
Nursing corroding passions in his breast,
Scorning mankind, and thinking of their scorn,
Angry with some, indifferent to the best, 95
And feeling cold contempt for all the rest;
When with alarm, one evening, he espied
A tall companion stalking at his side.

"Who art thou, fellow?" he exclaim'd in haste—
"Thy friend," 'twas[1] answer'd, "if not tried, yet true"— 100
"Good friend, I pray, thy time no longer waste:
"I have no friendly work for thee to do,
"No man to cheat, no woman to pursue,
"And if my purse or person be thy aim,
"See! both are guarded from a robber's claim." 105

The Stranger smil'd like Cassius: "Come, forego,"
He cried, "this folly: know me for thy friend,
"Not loving thee, but being to thy foe
"A foe deep-sworn, whose vengeance cannot end.
"Assist my aim, and thee will I defend, 110
"And if each other we can boldly trust,
"We'll humble this usurper to the dust."—

[1] MS.: he answer'd.

"Proofs," said the moody man: "be well explain'd
"This enmity to him, that profits me.
"What foe usurps thy right? and who has gain'd 115
"Thy proper goods, or what pertain'd to thee?
"Between us how can such resemblance be?
"Feel'st thou like Satan when from bliss he fell:
"Without a crime thy fall, and yet within thy hell!"—

"Be silent then, my friend, while I relate 120
"What has been done and suffer'd, and what more
"To do remains or suffer, till thy fate
"The comforts of thy better days restore,
"And thou be[1] lov'd and worshipp'd as before,
"No more to feel from that blest day the sense 125
"Of proud contemptuous scorn and envious impotence.

"Wilt thou, all patience, of thy sufferings hear?"—
"Yes! this I promise: come, the tale pursue"—
"Nor fly in anger when I come too near
"Thy bosom's secrets, and thou seest how true 130
"I speak thy thought, and hold thyself in view?"—
"Nay, nay, begin: what pangs my bosom swell,
"Tell if thou canst: no, no! thou canst not tell."—

"Thy father was a Baron's younger son
"Of spirit bold, and Ferdinand his name: 135
"A hero-born, if ever there were one,
"But the true heir was timid, cool and tame:
"Yet was their love through all their lives the same,
"And ever while they held their earthly race,
"The elder gave unto the younger place. 140

"For he had lov'd and his beloved died:
"Therefore he sad and melancholy grew,
"And threw the business of the world aside,
"And pray'd his brother what was done to do,
"And him as lord both friends and strangers knew; 145
"To him friends, tenants, tradesmen, voters sought,
"Who entertain'd them, bargain'd, paid and bought.

---

[1] MS: are (? art).

"Thy father wept o'er thee his only son
"And thy fair sisters, when thy mother died:
"Though young thou wert, thy reign was then begun, 150
"Thine uncle's joy, thy father's boast and pride.
"All for thy love and for thy favour vied:
"Few among men had prospects half so fair,
"To love and pleasure born, of wealth and title heir.

"Proud as thou wert, and this must be confess'd,[1] 155
"Still thou wert generous, gentle, just, sincere,
"Most kindly looking on the man oppress'd,
"To pride and pertness lofty and severe.
"Thy arm for insolence, for grief thy tear
"Was ready, and thy father's latest breath 160
"Bless'd thee, and sunk in calm but sudden death.

"And now thou wert thine uncle's only joy,
"His pride and hope, his comfort and delight:
"All words were witty from his darling boy,
"All motions graceful, and all deeds polite, 165
"And all thou didst was done extremely right:
"Thy every day, till twenty years were past,
"Scarcely one cloud, the slightest, overcast.

"But now it seem'd the loving pair must part:
"Thou and thy tutor must from England run 170
"To see abroad the glorious works of art,
"And be by arts inglorious here undone.
"But few the snares of crafty men can shun,
"And thy strong passions with thine uncle's weak
"Were just the subjects knaves desir'd to seek. 175

"Thou hadst left England but a little space,
"Thy sisters then some idle visits paid,
"When a new people in the Hall had place,
"A watchful set, and wary plans they laid
"For him, for thee, whom nature half betray'd: 180
"'But eight and forty years thy race has run:
"'At ten years older, Abraham had a son.'

[1] MS.: and this we must confess.

"All this he heard repeated day by day,
"And childish he of children learn'd to prate:
"He lov'd to see the pretty lambs at play, 185
"Then sigh'd full simply at his quiet state:
"And from that time your fall from honours date.
"His friend the Doctor had a sister dear
"As his own life—'twas time she should appear.

"Nor was the wife unworthy of her fate— 190
"Let us be just—nor could her brother guide
"Her guarded[1] husband and his large estate.
"She would for him, a doctor, well provide,
"But never stoop'd she to his art or pride;
"And in due time she gave to prospects fair 195
"Thy foe and mine, this all-assuming Heir.

"Easy wert thou, and couldst with skill decide
"Which batch of claret had the relish true:
"Thou drank'st to love, and what could be denied
"To one whose prospects were so fair in view? 200
"A Northern squire possess'd of sisters two
"Gave one to thee and—wherefore, canst thou guess?—
"One to thy tutor—nay, thy wrath suppress—

"Needless thy wrath: thy wife was pure and chaste—
"What wouldst thou more?—and thou wert happy then: 205
"She sooth'd thy passions and thy carriage grac'd;
"With her well pleas'd, thou took'st thy daring pen,
"Like one the ruler, not the slave of men:
"'May all our pleasures with our years increase,
"'Give joy to me, to thee I give a niece!" 210

"This was the time the Doctor tied the knot
"Between the Baron and his virtuous spouse:
"Each had the pains and pleasures of this lot,
"And neither lov'd to hear the other's vows,
"Nor wanted insult angry thoughts to rouse: 215
"'Joy to my nephew I sincerely grant
"'And joy I claim: be happy in thine aunt.'

[1] *i.e.*, probably: her husband well guarded by her.

"I see impatience frowning in thy look,
"And hurry on.—Derisive and in pain,
"Thee to Madras a sudden voyage took,[1] 220
"Urg'd by a friend and hopes of needed gain:
"Nor died thy wife till thou didst this obtain.
"Then, left with comfort, competence and wealth,
"Thou thought'st on England, some fair seat and health.

"Home thou would'st come: thy agent bought thee land, 225
"And pitch'd, he thought, upon a happy spot;
"Thine and thy cousin's house asunder stand
"Some two short miles,—but the scene to blot
"From view, thy orders place a grove and cot
"To hide from him, till thou canst seek around, 230
"And some more distant comfort may be found.

"I need not tell whom Death has swept away:
"Uncle and aunt are moor'd within the grave.
"Thy cousin, this proud Baron, has his day:
"But who shall him from death or sorrow save? 235
"Let him his brief and troubled honours have:
"We will to noble act at once proceed;
"His the poor show and ours the daring deed.

"Thou wouldst not see him—that was right and just:
"Was he not born and nurtur'd as a foe? 240
"Can we his pride, his scorn, his temper trust:
"Canst thou thy claim to heritage forego?
"Can peace exist between such rivals? No!
"All must with one or with the other side:
"Born in division, ye must all divide. 245

"War is begun, by game—a fruitful source;
'Pheasants were sweeter from the Baron's ground;
"Among his coverts it was best to course,
"And though the keeper with his deadly wound
"Stretch'd thy good dog, yet dogs as hares abound. 250
War is begun, and every neighbouring squire
"Must take a part, as country laws require.

---

[1] MS.: Thou to Madras thy sudden voyage took.

" Bought at Bologna, for a lady kept
" My Lord a greyhound of the pigmy race.
" The high-priz'd beauty with him eat and slept, 255
" A favourite fondled, never in disgrace.
" Ah! poor Titania! straying from her place,
" Thy vengeance met her! Pity rose too late
" To check thy finger and delay her fate.

" But this is trifling.—Thou wouldst gain some land 260
" To thine contiguous: thine the land was made.
" But he who sold it now refused to stand
" To his own word, so much could gain persuade.
" And thy young rival more than value paid:
" Thine was no loss indeed, nor his a gain, 265
" But that his money could thy wish obtain.

" But soon occasion for revenge occurr'd.
" This simple Baron and a yeoman nigh
" Farms had exchang'd, but only pass'd their word,
" For a life-tenant cannot sell or buy. 270
" Aged was he, and when the man should die,
" The heir had promis'd he would part with all
" So great a man might choose his own to call.

" My Lord was young: he trusted to the word;
" But thou wert better studied in mankind, 275
" And went determin'd to forestall my Lord,
" Binding the fellow fast as law could bind.
" So with thy lawyer's skill, some flattering treat,
" Claret and cash, thou mad'st thy deed complete.[1]

" The yeoman died, and thy slow cousin sent 280
" To have his business by his agent done:
" 'Tis done,' the knave replied—and homeward went
" The steward vex'd to see thy works begun.
" Not one thing that the Baron wish'd, not one
" Did'st thou permit; but, far as thou couldst know, 285
" Grew all he wish'd to fall, fell[2] all he wished to grow.

---

[1] The fifth line of this stanza is wanting in the MS.

[2] MS.: fell'd.

"His gravel road, as far as went thy power,
"Up tore thy plough! th' experimental land,
"To him belonging, in a luckless hour,
"Felt the destruction of a spoiler's hand, 290
"And in few weeks was lost what years had plann'd;
"And what increas'd the torment of his pride,
"He every day the wondrous change espied!

"This was thy triumph, for my Lord declar'd
"That he had rather lost a thousand pounds. 295
"The knave repentant in the trouble shar'd,
"Whilst thou in comfort took'st[1] thy daily rounds
"To see thy plans on the debated grounds:
"This was thy day;—ah! what has caus'd a change
"At once so sad, so total and so strange?"— 300

"My curious friend," replied the moody Squire,
"Grant I am sad—I pray thee, who art thou?
"If I advice, relief, revenge require,
"How shall I gain them? canst thou show me how?
"And if my secret wishes I avow, 305
"Canst thou assist me?"——"That, by Heav'n, I can,
"And gladly will," replied th' embolden'd man

"Hear then, my mystic friend, the very truth:
"Sadness and envy I together feel;
"There is no stain in this detested youth, 310
"No blot in him that would my anguish heal.
"His fancied virtues men's affections steal;
"My sisters praise him and my darling child
"Who loves her father has his foe beguiled.[2]

"Yet must I scorn him—I had truly been 315
"What he appears, had fortune smil'd on me.
"But I have far too much of nature seen
"With the poor judgment of the world t'agree:
"Oh! could I find him what I think to be!
"But oh! to hear these sisters speak his praise, 320
"That daughter look it, must my vengeance raise."—

---

[1] MS.: took. [2] A bold inversion.

"And let it," said the stranger, "let it rise,
"For I thy foe a hypocrite will prove:
"Upon my own fair wife he cast his eyes,
"And dar'd to win her to unholy love; 325
"And let me now thy resolution prove:
"Wilt thou assist a husband to destroy
"This bane to all my bliss, this cool abandon'd boy?"—

"Yes, prove the assertion—then demand the price,
"Secure of my assistance, pay, applause."— 330
"Here then behold an evidence of vice,
"Read of this breach of hospitable laws:
"'Tis the fair statement of my righteous cause,
"And we will prove this monster of our time
"An arch-impostor stain'd with many a crime. 335

"But be thou secret: it must not be known
"That I am aided, though my cause is just.
"But read this record where at length are[1] shown
"My proofs, my shame, and see what thou canst trust.
"'Tis this will bring his honour to the dust. 340
"Give the supply my station bids me ask,
"And we shall soon the specious wretch unmask."

More was explain'd—again the parties met,
And bonds produc'd, by legal knowledge penn'd:
The friend shall call five hundred pounds a debt, 345
Or in the cause then specified should spend.[2]
Thus was[3] their credit stak'd by either friend,
And thoughtless vengeance has been led to run
Into that open snare that weakness' self would shun.

One evening pass'd our Squire in spirits high: 350
Another came when he began to dread
That his new friend might to his foe apply,
And call down legal thunders on his head.
How could he tell if true the injur'd bed

---

[1] MS.: is.

[2] *i.e.*, perhaps: The friend shall advance or be paid in advance £500 to be spent in the cause.

[3] MS.: were.

Or treacherous spouse? A statement seeming just . 358
From a strange party should have caus'd distrust.

Who was this stranger?—Not a being knew.
What was the story?—May be, as false as hell;
And he was bound to aid he wist not who,
Against a kinsman of whom none could tell 360
Aught to his shame, who wisely liv'd and well.
"Oh! I will fly," he cried, "my shame to save,
"Fly to the pole,—nay, madman! to the grave."

While thinking thus, his sister came and cried:
"Ah, brother, what this writing thou hast sign'd? 365
"My Lord has now two lawyers at his side
"Who have found lawless doing and will find
"Ways to distress thee—why wert thou so blind?
"Let me prevail, and for our credit's sake
"An instant journey from the village take." 370

The moody Squire was like a man condemn'd:
He saw himself the victim of a knave:
Piteous he look'd, he tried for speech, he hemm'd,
He cough'd, and cried at length: "Oh! curse the slave!
"No, I will stay and envious anger brave!"— 375
"If guiltless, do," she answer'd; "but if not,"
"Retire a while till the affair's forgot."—

"What have I done?"—"Say, hast thou not engag'd
"In a vile cause a villain to support?
"Thy kinsman read the bond, and was enrag'd, 380
"Swearing to shame thee in the open court,
"And make thy jealous gravity men's sport.
"Then by submission"——"Rather will I die!"—
"Take then thy flight, for thou must fight or fly."—

"Who was the villlain?"—"Not a creature knows; 385
"My Lord within his park the parchment saw:
"Some obscure wretch who by his conduct shows
"How easy 'tis an angry man to draw
"By his own will in jeopardy of law.
"But to my cottage! ere the midnight chime 390
"Mayst thou arrive, but let us lose no time."—

"Was it the devil?" said the doubtful Squire,
"For on the point unsettled is my creed"—
"'Tis very like," she said, "but now retire;
"Here comes the coach I order'd for our need: 395
"And now begone, and reach my house with speed.
"The man has orders,—backward will I take
"My way, and peace by soft persuasion make."—

"No peace!" said he. "Was not I born the heir
"Of his proud title, of his boasted hall? 400
"And shall I bow to him with feeble prayer,
"Or at the feet of a usurper fall?
"And for a pardon on his mercy call?
"No! rather let me seek the vilest den
"That ever hid the most disgrac'd of men!"— 405

"Peace!" said the Lady, "or I still must say
"Thou hast some demon in thy rambles found!"[1]
No more they said.—He enter'd on his way;
And the wheels rattle on the stony ground,
Till he was whirl'd away in thought profound. 410
The star of even rose, the night was cold,
To feel unpleasant, pleasant to behold.

The full-orb'd moon majestic rose above;
The thin white clouds pass'd rapidly below,
And on the deep green lane and side-way grove 415
Shines a soft yellow light with sober glow:
Small streams on either side were heard to flow,
And flying clouds, trees, lanes, and dropping springs
Gave birth to thoughts of immaterial things.

"Not yet arriv'd!" our traveller cried in haste— 420
"Not yet, by seven good miles," replied the man,
And lash'd his steeds along the level waste,
Till the sad passenger to fear began
That he was victim to some dreadful plan.
Upon the flying steeds his glance he threw, 425
And there were moments when he thought they flew.

---

[1] MS.: Thou hast some fiend in the rambles found.

With body harass'd and with mind oppress'd,
Our traveller sank into a troubled sleep,
And was awaken'd from imperfect rest
When slowly rising up an archway steep 430
Of a bold bridge extending o'er a deep
And rapid river:—certain was he now
They err'd, and "this the villain must allow."

"Villain!" he cried:—the driver turn'd about—
"I find no tokens of my well-known way"— 435
"Good Sir," he answer'd, "lay aside the doubt:
"There is no fear that I should go astray:
"I know my orders; these shall I obey:
"A little patience then, and you shall see
"A mansion fam'd for hospitality." 440

"See how the lights on yon far windows blaze:
"Now we are enter'd in a noble park."
The traveller look'd on all with timid gaze:
His eyes could see, his mind was in the dark;
Of all things known, not one could he remark. 445
'Twas all enchantment! and a fear would dwell
Within his heart which shame could not expel.

Now fly they past the tall and spiry fir,
Now by the wide-spread oak with foliage green,
That would not on the moon-light surface stir, 450
So soft the air, so still the shady scene,
So brilliant all above and all serene
Beneath,—all save the sorely [1] troubled soul
Of the sad Squire, whom dreams and doubts control.

Now o'er the lawn with rapid wheels they go, 455
Till they arrive before an ancient Hall.
Above, the lights yet shifted to and fro,
And the brisk footmen to each other call:
"It comes, it comes!"—alive, alert were all,
As if to some great feast a favourite guest 460
Had just arriv'd, more honour'd than the rest.

Through lofty rooms to one of smaller size
Our traveller went, but not with bosom light.
There soon a banquet pleas'd his outer eyes,

[1] MS.: all save the troubled soul.

But not a friend appear'd to bless his sight. 465
The cheerful glasses put his fear to flight,
But much he wonder'd at the still repast,
That seem'd as grave and sober as a fast.

He rang: a dwarf appear'd in livery neat;
He clean'd the board; then, turning to his guest, 470
Ask'd if it were his pleasure to retreat,
And he would guide him to his place to rest.
The recreant heart its instant dread confess'd:—
"Nay, bring me wine," he answer'd. Wine appear'd,
The lights augmented and the heart was cheer'd. 475

"Send me the driver," said aloud the Squire:—
"I know of none," he answer'd with a bow—
"Where is your master?"—"I must not inquire;
"He will of no such liberties allow."—
"Nay, haste and tell him I must see him now."— 480
"Sir, I have vow'd that I will not proclaim
"To living man his titles or his fame."—

"My hopeful lad, do, lay aside thy fears:
"Lo, here is silver—with this pencil write
"The name and title that your master bears, 485
"And add the guests expected here to-night.
"Now let me see—good Heav'n, have I my sight?
"How, 'Signor Don Diabolus,' and 'here
"Are only friends!'—You, villain, disappear!"

The dwarf is gone, the traveller sipp'd his wine; 490
He doz'd by fits, yet fearful, and his bed
His apprehension bade him still decline;
But wine to sleep dispos'd his weary head:
Dim grew the lamps, and o'er the room was spread,
Or he believed, a strong and strange perfume 495
That seem'd to suit his feelings and his gloom.

Whose was the vintage, I cannot explain:
The wine was pleasant—that he must confess;
Again he fill'd his glass, and yet again,
His sorrows' solace and his fears' redress. 500
And now he felt the friendly vapours press
The torpid brain, and now the eyelids close,
Till the whole man was lost in deep repose.

Soundly he slept, not long, and by a dream
From sleep was rous'd, for he was in debate 505
If spirits spake to mortals, and the theme
Vex'd him e'en sleeping; loth he felt to state
The new opinions he imbib'd of late:
"Reason," he cried, "no doubt denies the thing,
"But who shall proofs against experience bring?" 510

Imagin'd laughter wak'd him to a view
More wonderful than dreams themselves create;
That tall strange man, if man indeed, he knew
By whom so tempted and disgrac'd of late.
Hither he fled: unmov'd the stranger sate, 515
Unfeeling, unabash'd, prompt to engage
With his companion's kindness or his rage.

The waking dreamer to believe his eyes
Was slow;—"avaunt!" he was about to speak:
He look'd at once both terror and surprise, 520
Dread and disdain, and we may judge him weak.
But who that sought the peace he came to seek,
And was so troubled in so strange a place
Could look unmov'd in such ambiguous face?

As when in elder times an errant knight 525
Through some enchanted castle forc'd his way,
And was astonish'd by some uncouth sight
Of that Enchanter whom he meant to slay,
And so awhile stood unresolv'd at bay,
For that the vile magician chang'd his shape 530
To every dreadful beast's, that so he might escape:

With equal dread and courage so began
The [1] Squire, and thus his visitor address'd,
Doubtful in truth if he were fairly man,
Or from the realms below a wandering guest, 535
Whom he should scorn, whose arts he should detest,
Nay, whom he scorn'd, but whose designs appear'd
Threatening and rash, and such as wisdom fear'd:

---

[1] MS.: and.

" Art thou some fiend accurs'd or goblin damn'd,
" Com'st thou from hell? from heav'n thou could'st not come, 540
" Who hast my mind confus'd, my heart inflam'd
" By thought engender'd betwixt guilt and gloom,
" By visions wrought in fancy's darkest loom:
" Say, why didst thou my passive spirit draw
" To fight with justice and to sport with law?" 545

Calmly the Stranger said: " Did not we both
" In act unite? was not thy interest mine?
" Did we not pledge our credit and our oath
" That we to plague thy kinsman would combine,
" And for that purpose our agreement sign? 550
" True, I exchang'd our method,[1] that our strife
" Might end at once with his detested life."

" And think'st thou, wretch, my spirit to secure
" By threats of terror?" terrified he spoke;
" No longer, demon, I thy deeds endure, 555
" Compacts I spurn, agreements I revoke:
" No, my good kinsman, rather let the stroke
" Fall on my head, than I should form design
" Easy to make my life by sacrifice of thine."—

" Nay, let this folly," said the Stranger, " cease; 560
" Mine, I avow, shall be the dangerous deed:
" So let thy timid conscience rest in peace,
" And think to what fair titles you succeed."—
" No! rather may I dwell in deepest need,"
Replied our hero,—" stay me not! I go 565
" To warn a careless youth of his accursèd foe.

" How! wilt thou dare to stop me? wouldst thou lure
" My soul to peril? Not while sense remain![2]
" Ah! now I see what envious thoughts procure,
" And how the fiend will lay[3] his evil train: 570
" Henceforth, dear Lord, I am myself again,

---

[1] This probably means: " True, I have changed our first circuitous plan for a more expeditious one."

[2] This may perhaps pass as a subjunctive.

[3] MS.: " And how the fiend lays his evil train."

"And I must thank thee, devil as thou art,
"For thus exposing to my view my heart."

So spoke the traveller, but he spoke in dread,
A prisoner doom'd in his dismay to see 575
A smile triumphant in the foe, that bred
Doubts if he ever should again be free
Till he complied,—and that would never be:
Then on the man, indignant and amaz'd,
He fix'd his eyes, and wonder'd as he gaz'd. 580

A huge black cloak fell flowing to the ground;
Black wig and whiskers black were seen no more:
But in this place, a handsome youth he found,
Where the magician dark had stood before.
A comely coat of British cloth he wore, 585
And to his guest he spoke with accent bland:
"Give me thy love, dear Kinsman, give thine hand.

"I know thy heart, was early taught to know:
"Envy, no native, must short time abide;
"Grafted by chance, it soon would cease to grow. 590
"To show thee to thyself we therefore tried,
"I and my female friends to me allied.
"Pardon the means we took: they prove to thee
"The worth that thou alone couldst never see.

"How long wert thou to all that I possess 595
"Unquestion'd heir, and an usurper I!
"I know what must upon your spirit press,
"And thus was purpos'd, was resolv'd to try
"To win thy love, or from thy hate to fly;
"And I have paid thee true and just respect, 600
"Though chance has made it insult or neglect.

"Purchase I made before I knew thy will,
"Nor meant that will or wishes to oppose:
"Thy chosen walk, so cold, so damp, so still,
"Though folly planted, from respect arose 605
"The hated change; but now, my tale to close,
"Be sure my efforts are to please his mind
"From whose decree I hope my peace to find.

"Hark to our friends! with agile steps they move;
"See lights approach, and cheerful grows our view: 610
"This is my time, ah! let me now improve
"The important minute, now my wish pursue:
"Make me thy son! do more than kings could do:
"Show me thou canst my fate, my fault forgive
"And make it life to hope, and make it bliss to live!" 615

Our traveller thought—yet knew not what to think;
He sought for words, but knew not how to speak;
He seem'd to stand upon the dizzy brink
Of new existence, trembling, doubtful, weak,
For firmness seeking, when 'twas vain to seek; 620
For tears in spite of manhood and of pride
Display'd the softer feelings they [1] would vainly hide.

From the young Lord the traveller turn'd his head,
But to him gave an unreluctant hand.
Envy and all her train that instant fled, 625
That instant Love its native station gain'd. [2]
All pleasant thoughts were present, all that pain'd
To demons fled, and to the genial room
The laughing sisters with their niece are come.

"And where the wicked dwarf?" exclaimed the Squire: 630
His timid Julia for her pardon sued.—
"None join'd our plans, nor must our arts transpire;
"No menial mind we suffer'd to intrude"—
But here the story and the day conclude,
For all beside that to their fate belongs 635
Is all beside my part, nor subject for my songs. [3]

II

The second of these poems is to be found in one of the earliest MSS. of the "Posthumous Tales," composed about 1822. It therefore belongs to the Trowbridge period of

[1] *i.e.*, manhood and pride—"he" would have been clearer.
[2] The rhyme-scheme breaks here.
[3] MS.: For all beside that to their fate belong
Is all beside my part, nor subject for my song.

Crabbe's life, when he was residing in the old Rectory, still to be seen in that town, honoured by all as a clergyman and a magistrate, surrounded by his younger son's loving family, and much sought after by affectionate friends. The following lines, in the four stress-metre, breathe the same spirit of contentment and repose which pervades the "Elder Brother's Story" and the pleasant conclusion of the "Tales of the Hall." A mellowness as of autumn has spread over the poet's last years.

> O give me the hour that I love to spend,
> When the heart is quite warm and the words are all free,
> When I sit at my ease and converse with the friend
> Who sits at his ease and converses with me;
>
> When both yield attention that neither need crave,
> When restraint is unfelt and reserve is away,
> When our freedom is kind and our pleasure is grave,
> And we feel we are glad nor desire to be gay;
>
> When our words are unstudied and come from the heart,
> And our converse is truly the flow of the soul,
> When we need not the spirit that wine can impart,
> Nor ask to assist us the flow of the bowl;
>
> When the world for our subject we wander about,
> With a smile for its folly, a sigh for its sin,
> When all that imbitters our life is barr'd out,
> And all that enlivens and graces, shut in.

That a poet who in his youth had written "in the metre of Spenser" and imitated Sir Walter Raleigh's famous song, who in his mature age had brilliantly succeeded in "Sir Eustace Grey" and dexterously handled Chaucer's favourite stanza, should nevertheless have persisted in cutting almost all his verses on the uniform pattern of the couplet, is indeed surprising. There can be no doubt, from the poems now first published, that in the retirement of his study, Crabbe would sometimes give an expression to the "music in himself" and yield to his undeveloped lyrical inspiration. His MSS. show

that the first sketch of a tale was not unfrequently written by him in octosyllabic lines or in stanzas, and that in the course of the four or five successive re-writings characteristic of Crabbe's manner of composing, he would come back to the couplet form. It was not for want of power, nor because of his love for antithesis,[1] that he submitted to this monotony. He could pun and quibble in stanzas as well as in couplets. But he had a fatal indifference to the beauty of style; he had won his fame by poems written in the metre of Pope, the most polished form of verse according to Johnson and his contemporaries; he was naturally diffident, "always put," as Burke excellently said, "the worst face on his own qualifications." His timidity and want of artistic taste alone prevented him from doing full justice to poetical gifts richer than most of his readers suspect them to have been.

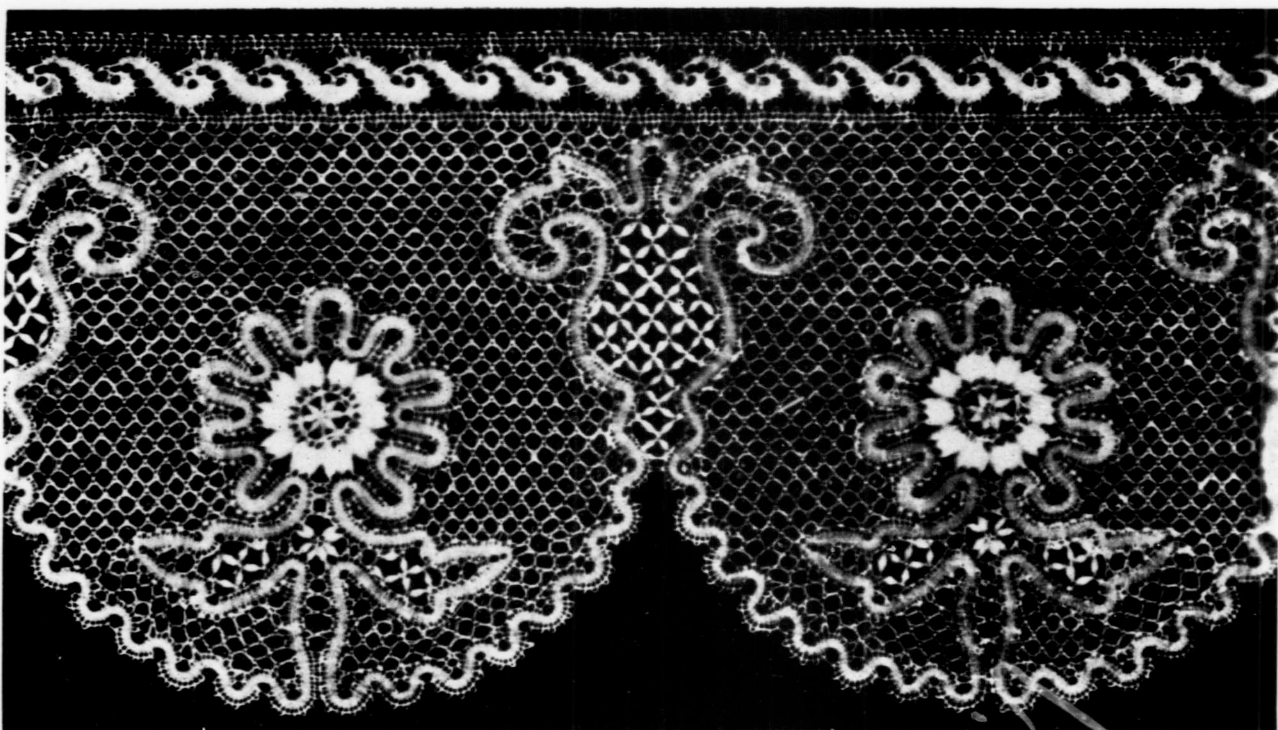
R. Huchon

(Maître de conférences à la Faculté des Lettres de Nancy).

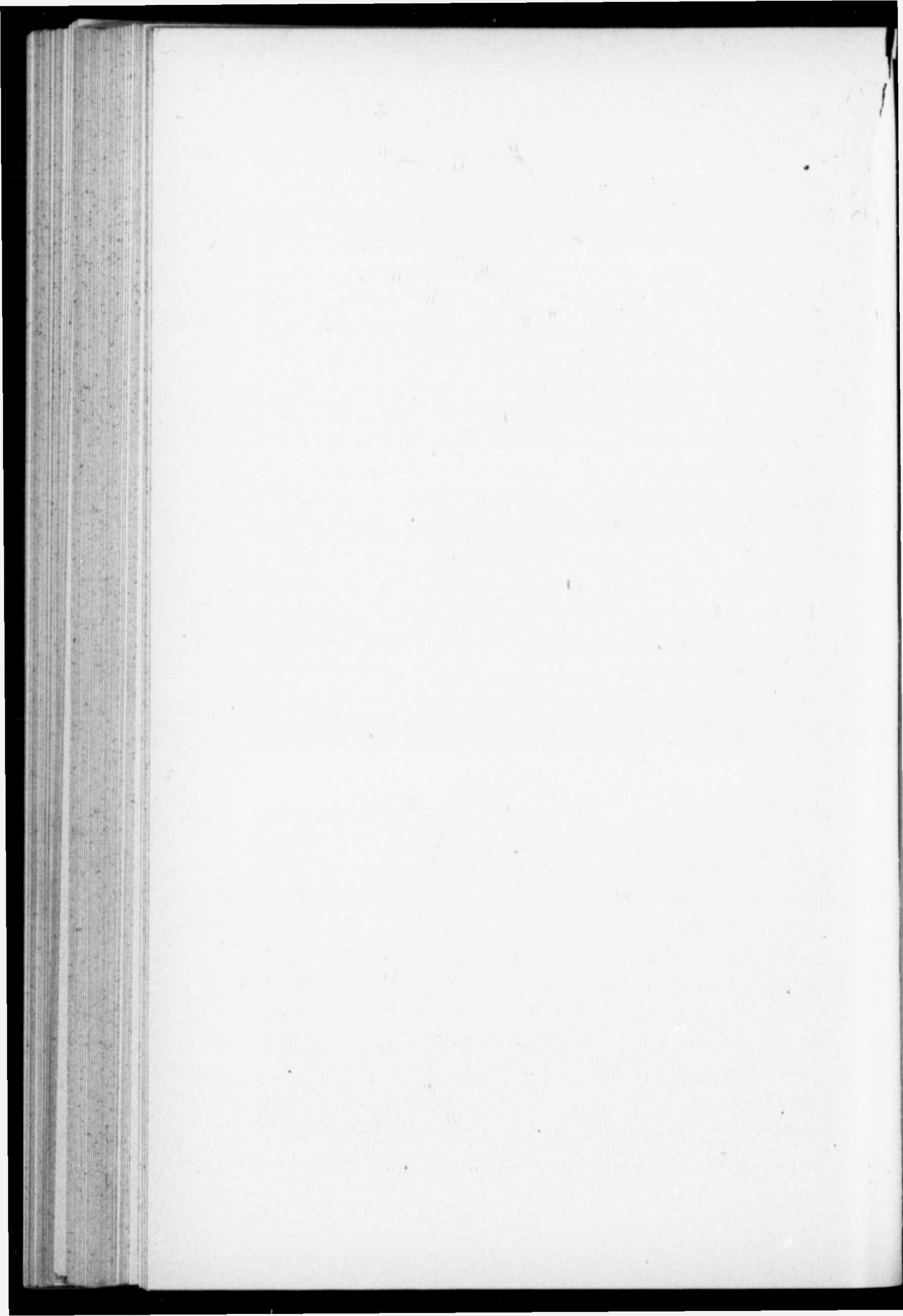
[1] Canon Ainger's "Life of Crabbe," 1903, p. 33.

PESCOCOSTANZO AND ITS LACE-MAKERS

IN the Italy of to-day the excursion to the Middle Ages is still an easy matter, and only those who wander far from the beaten highway know how full it is of charm, not only for the exuberance of artistic expression at every turn, but for the "sights and insights" into human nature that it brings. We need not go to Ruskin to learn that work, true *handiwork*, has qualities of sincerity and honesty, bears marks of temperament and character quite lacking in the mechanical activities, however much we may be indebted to these for that wider diffusion of certain standards of civilisation which is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. Few communities are more eloquent of the personal value of work for the work's sake than the small, industrious, out-of-the-way Italian town, with its old-world mellowness and simplicity; yet nowhere is one more struck by the apparent contradictions of civilisation. Speculation as to the relation between the standard of cleanliness and that of social morality is very apt to assail one among other impressions, but it leads to no very positive conclusion, though most of us are on the whole persuaded that the outer sign and the inner grace generally develop along parallel lines. But life is strewn with anomalies, and a very common one is the fine artistic sense and skill of the Italian peasant inured to the coarsest forms of toil. Is it perhaps that instinct counts for so much in the gift of artistic faculty, and that the tendency of



Pescocostanzo cushion-lace in the Exhibition of Women's Work, Rome 1902



a rise in the scale of intellectual and material equipment is away from the instinctive life? Such reflections pursue one as one crosses the streets of an Abruzzi town; the Abruzzesi are good masons and sculptors!

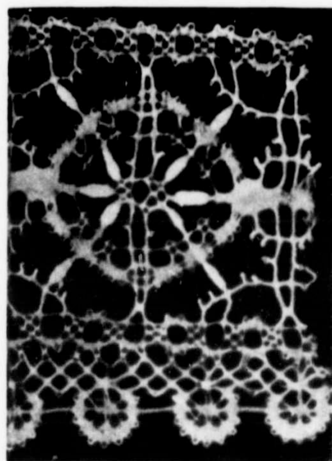
Pescocostanzo is a small town in the higher Abruzzi mountains—Provincia di Aquila—just emerging from the isolation of the Middle Ages, and with a keenly felt tradition of dignity and self-reliance. The picturesque town nestles against the eastern slopes of three mountains, spurs of the Maiella, which divide the plain of Pescocostanzo from the famous Piano delle Cinque Miglia, or Five-mile Plain, across which runs the high road built by Murat when King of Naples, and connecting Naples with Sulmona. The town is 1400 metres above tide level, and below it extend broad meadows, fragrant in spring with the sweet perfume of the narcissus. The origin of the town is uncertain, owing to lack of documents, but tombs belonging to remote antiquity have recently been discovered in its vicinity. Five hundred years ago, as a fief of the Marquisate of Pescara, Pescocostanzo enjoyed the protection of Vittoria Colonna, and in the church may still be seen the altar of coloured marble, which, together with many other existing monuments, testifies to the skill of the Pescolani artists trained in Rome to the love of Arts and Crafts, through the love of this wise and gentle lady. Vittoria Colonna's dominion was gladly accepted by the sturdy Pescolani, but they were naturally intolerant of the feudal or seigneurial yoke, and the fief having passed later into the hands of the Piccolomini, they pleaded so earnestly with Ferdinand IV., King of the Two Sicilies, that in 1774 he bought the barony and bestowed its freedom upon Pesco; an incident unique in the history of this monarch. So it came to pass that Pescocostanzo erased from its shield the device which denoted feudal servitude, and on the new seal, still preserved in the archives of the University, appeared the coronet, a circle surrounded by two balls and three strawberry-leaves; a shield azure, with three mountains, dominated by the monogram P.C., and the superscription:

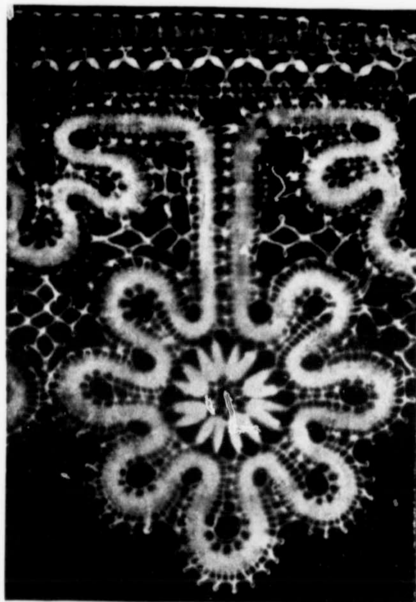
"Universitas fidelissima Peschi Costantii — Utilis. Suæ Dominæ." These arms are still used by the municipality.

Besides the numerous and learned Chapter of the College, which was the life and soul of the place in the olden days, its inhabitants might be divided into three classes—gentry, artisans, and peasants, the last either shepherds or tillers of the soil. The upper class derived its wealth from rent, and from the flocks and herds which grazed in summer on the uplands and in winter found free grazing land below on the "Gran Tavoliera" of Apulia. Although the number and importance of these flocks is greatly diminished, a characteristic sight is still in spring and autumn the long procession which winds over the "tratturo," or common, which has from time immemorial existed as the mountaineers' road from Sulmona to Brindisi.

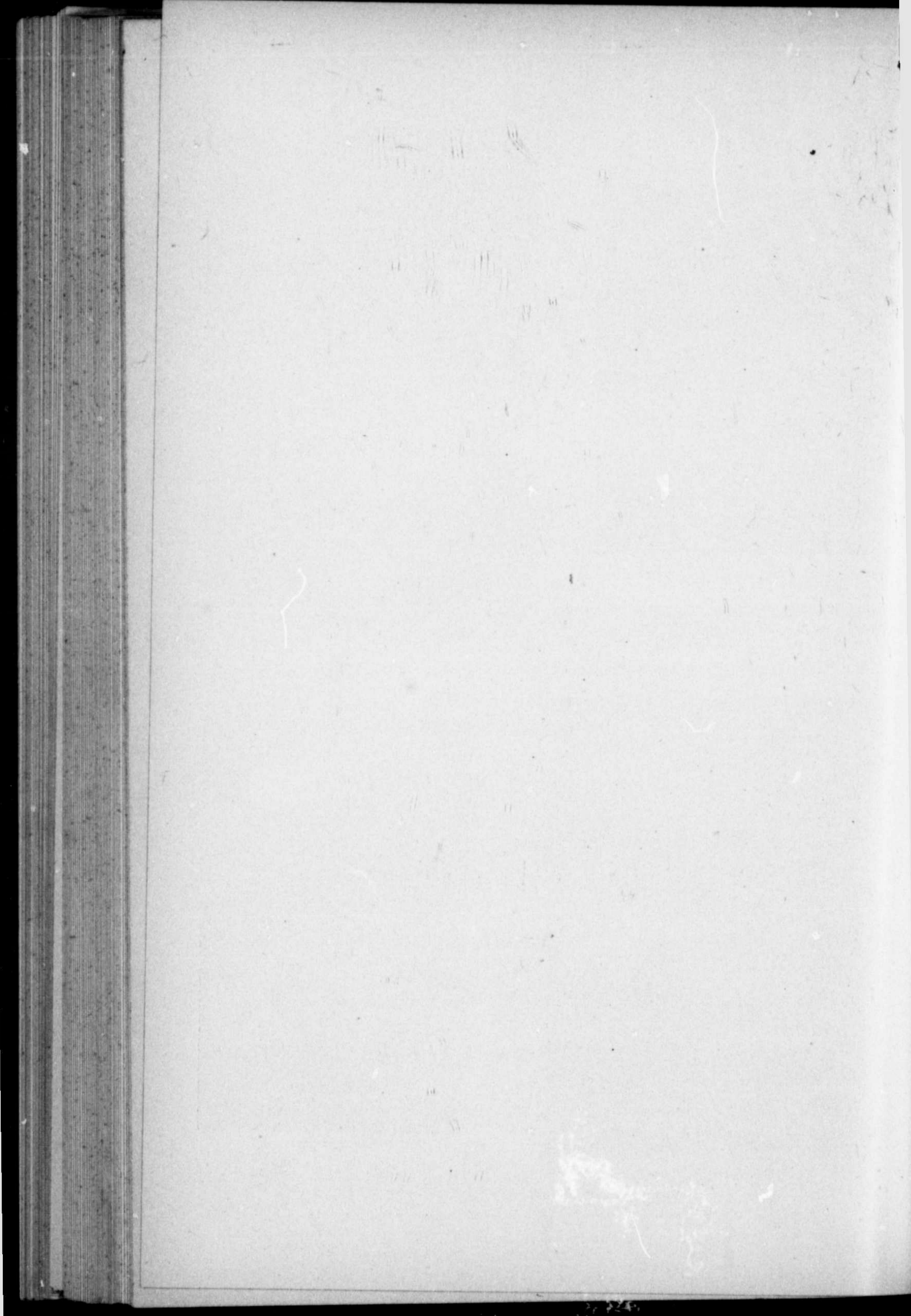
The artisans, not forgetful of the traditions which they owed to the Lady of the Land, Vittoria Colonna, beautified the principal towns of the Abruzzi as well as their native city with their handiwork. But to-day, artisans, as well as shepherds and ploughmen, are emigrating to America in search of an honest livelihood, and the burden and heat of the day fall upon the women left behind to guard the hearth, bring up the children, and wait for better times. Trained according to the Scriptures to the spinning and weaving of flax and wool, and to domestic economy ("quaesiverunt lanam et linum et apprehenderunt fusum"), they labour night and day to supply the urgent needs of their small families, and are often obliged to sell for a pittance the fruit of their long vigils, the local market being very limited.

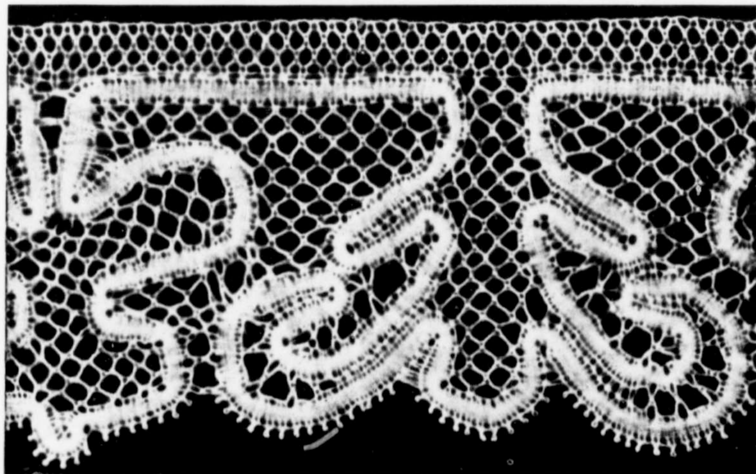
Within the last three years Pescocostanzo has found itself of more than local fame for the beautiful cushion laces which are the traditional "home industry" of its women. The training and skill in this charming art are common to all classes of Pescolane, from the great house to the cottage, from the grandmother who passes the summer days on her stone doorstep, her cushion before her, and her many bobbins flying as





Pescocostanzo cushion-lace in the Exhibition of Women's Work, Rome 1902





Pescocostanzo cushion-lace in the Exhibition of Women's Work, Rome 1902

she joins in the gossip of her neighbours, to the ten-year-old maiden attending the elementary school. No Pescolana peasant feels herself ready for her wedding-day till she has prepared the lace for the homespun sheet, the "guardaletto," or flounce hung about the lower part of the bed, and the trimming for her kerchief and chemise.

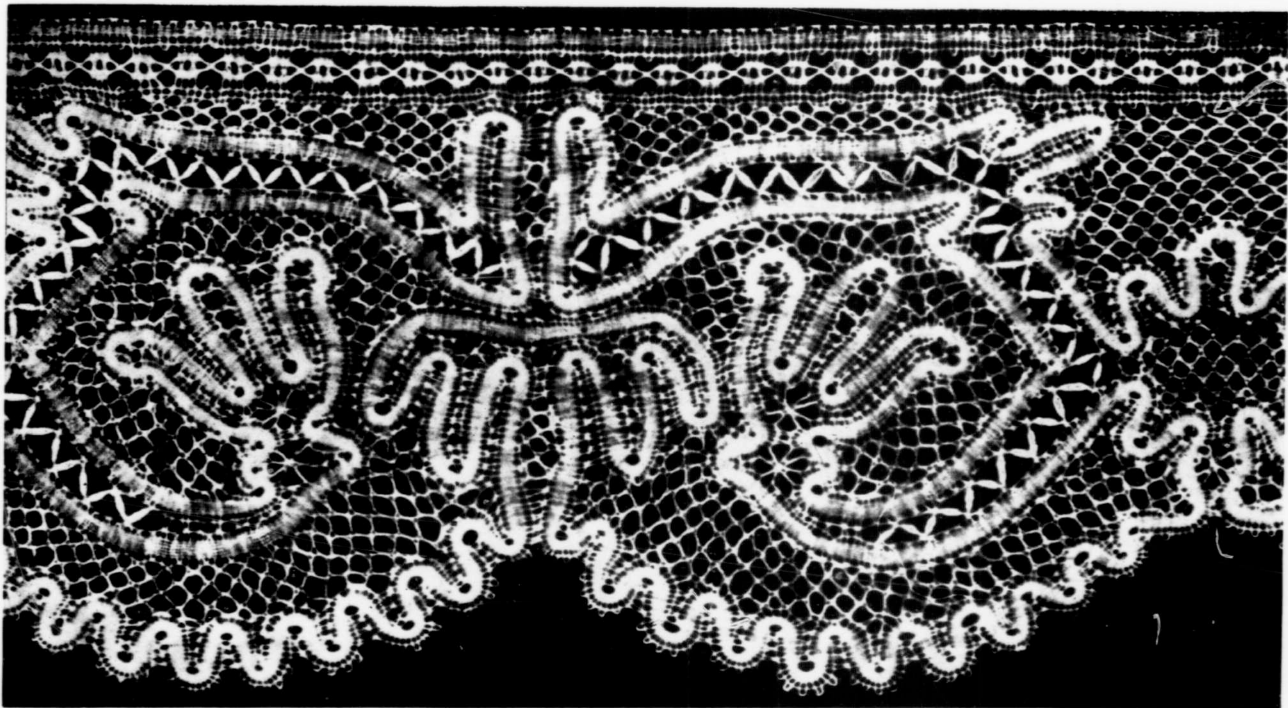
In May 1902 the first Exhibition and Sale of Women's Work was opened in Rome under the patronage of their Majesties the Queen of Italy and the Queen-Mother. The exhibit from Pescocostanzo at once attracted interest and admiration, and was awarded a diploma of the first class. Last winter additional interest was given to the exhibit from Pescocostanzo by the beautiful embroideries and rugs loaned for the exhibition, and showing skill and taste also in these branches of industry. Several orders for the reproduction of some of the most characteristic of the rugs, with their quaint, half-Oriental, half-heraldic birds and beasts, have set the old looms once more in motion. Pescocostanzo indeed is only one of many remote corners of Italy to whose people the invitation to make themselves known through the Exhibition at the Piazza delle Terme came as the breath of a new hope.

As each tiny Italian city has an individuality of its own which strikingly separates it from its neighbours, so the work of the women of each district bears its characteristic imprint, and shows an organic connection with the surrounding life from which it came. Pescocostanzo bears the social stamp of Southern Italy, with its generosities, its singular lack of method, and its ceremonial courtesies. But this Southern tradition is here modified by the extreme rigour of the mountain winter, during whose long, cold months the life within the enclosure of the fortress-like houses has almost a cloistered character; a character which it does not entirely lose during the brief summer. Here one may still find humble, industrious women who, rarely leaving their homes, live in a world apart, absorbed in lace-making and its technical problems; the finding of a new "point;" the working out of an old design

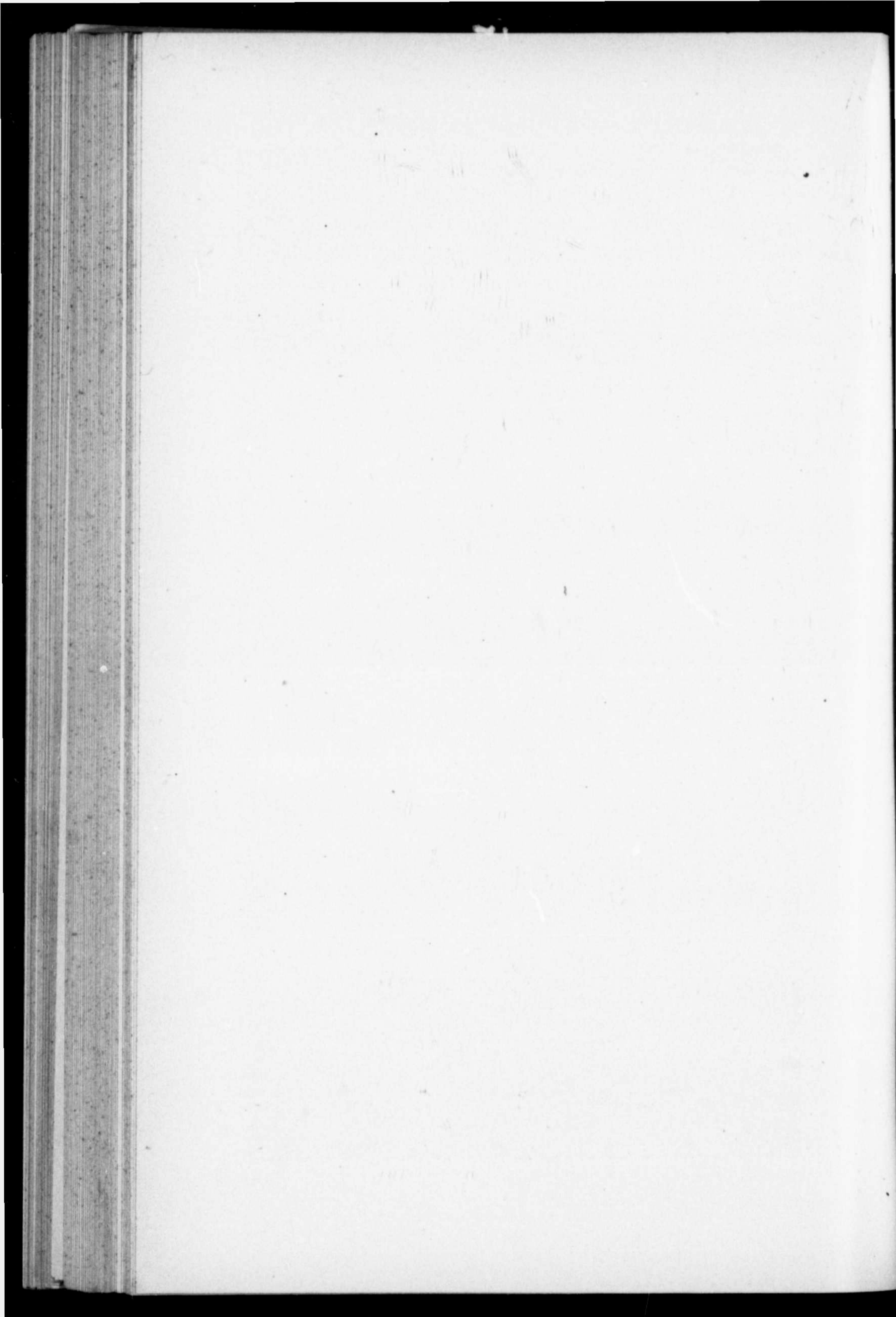
from fragments of paper carefully preserved in some old chest, and perpetuating the work of hands long since vanished. Life is largely made up of such interests.

To define these designs in which the idea is often barely suggested, implies an affinity of sentiment with the dreamer who first thought them out. And this feeling, together with the special manual facility of execution, seems almost an hereditary gift at Pescocostanzo. To these souls, enveloped in a mediæval silence, the lace-work offers almost the only outlet for the imagination, or for the inner religious feeling. How many are the dreams recorded in the lace! Here is the vision of the true and the beautiful; and in the work destined for the Church the loved symbols are traced with devout heart and pondered by spirits penetrated with mystic fervour. There rises to memory the demure vision of a maiden in peasant costume, her serious gaze looking out from beneath the folds of her white head-dress. It seems the face of a mediæval saint. She lives with two brothers, both members of the priesthood, and her life is divided between lace-making and the Church. The Orientals weave prayers into their carpets; but to these women their work is itself a form of prayer.

One should know the birthplace of a beautiful thing in order fully to realise all its poetry, so much of which has vanished, indeed, along the pathway of the centuries. Certainly these laces have an added charm for those to whom they evoke memories of that upland plain of the Abruzzi Apennines, with the great meadows surrounded by mountains, where one journeys easily afoot from one little village to another, with the exhilaration which, at 1400 metres above the sea, makes one insensible to distance or fatigue. Pausing here amid the treasures of the past, heirlooms brought forth one by one from their hiding-places in ancient houses, or from the treasure-chests of the sacristy, the hours fly by like moments in the excited sense of the nearness of bygone days in that old birthplace of feminine arts. And with what gentle harmony is the heart invaded on issuing forth from the calm and mystical twilight of the church, to find the



Pescocostanzo cushion-lace in the Exhibition of Women's Work, Rome 1902



mountains all resplendent in the magic glow of a glorious autumn sunset; a light whose caressing glow falls like a benediction upon the tiny mediæval city, shut in between its hills, proud and independent. For although the solitude of these plains was disturbed four years ago by the railroad, the local life has been but little affected by the invasion, and Vittoria Colonna would, no doubt, find herself quite at home there to-day.

Etta de Viti de Marco.

THE GIANT INFANT AND ITS GOLDEN SPOON

(A STUDY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA)

(Concluded)

WE stopped for a night at Palo Alto, our curiosity being excited by the fame of the "Leland Stanford Junior University."

Early in the exquisite morning our horses drew up on the grassy slope that rises to one side of the Stanford buildings. All around stood the Santa Cruz mountains, in the cool grey blue of the Californian distance. The rich grass of the ranch land in the valley was softened and shadowed by groves and single trees of the marvellous live oak, whose tortuous branches held above the grass the evergreen shade of many centuries. Before us, upon green levels, stood the University, singularly gorgeous in colouring and gracious in outline. It is well to see the buildings first from the slope above, as their somewhat remarkable plan is thus apparent. They consist of an inner and outer quadrangle. The inner court is six hundred feet long by almost half that width, and is surrounded by twelve lecture halls and a memorial church, joined by the continuous deep-arched cloister which forms the inner wall and by the continuous outline of the scarlet-tiled roof. These buildings are one story in height, and the quadrangle is entered by an arch

whose Moorish tower is about fifty feet high. This inner quadrangle is completely finished, and lies within the much larger quadrangle which is in process of completion. The north and south façades of this outer quad are also built. The north façade is entered by an arch whose massive tower is twice the height of the inner tower. The elaborate buildings on either side of it are two stories high, and contain the library, assembly hall and science buildings. The cloister runs round the outside. Magnificent engineering buildings, power-house and workshops occupy the south façade. The material used is biscuit-coloured sandstone, rough-hewn or richly carved; the roofs always of scarlet tile. This completes the university buildings proper. Outside, on no fixed plan, stand the official dormitories, dining-rooms and "fraternity houses."

We were driven in front of the great entrance arch, and were told by our guide that it was erected, as were all the outer buildings except the memorial church, "by Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford, in memory of Leland Stanford, junior."

"And in whose memory is the Memorial Church?" we naturally asked.

"You see," our guide explained, "old Leland Stanford and his wife built the university in honour of their only child, who died young; and when the old man died, the sorrowing widow built the church in honour of him."

Just inside the arch there is a large group in bronze, representing Senator Stanford in a frock-coat, young Leland in a boy's loose jacket, and Mrs. Stanford in a Court dress of the fashion of another century. The lady is kneeling while the others stand, although the group offers no explanation of this. The arch itself is very imposing. Round the top of it is the far-famed frieze designed by St. Gaudens.

Our guide, after the manner of Californian guides, gave us a little lecture.

"This perfectly proportioned structure is one hundred feet in height, eighty-five feet in width, and thirty-six feet in depth. It is the largest arch in the world with the exception of one—

the Arch of Triumph at Paris, France. The frieze, which runs all round it at a height of eighty feet, is the greatest sculptural masterpiece of its kind in the world, and is entirely original in design. It is composed of a procession of men and animals, double life-size; it represents the march of civilisation, beginning with Adam and Eve, and ending with Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford."

But, as far as we could discern, Adam and Eve have no place on the beautiful frieze of St. Gaudens, in which the "march of civilisation" only begins with the discovery of America and ends with the development of California.

To those accustomed to grey old-world architecture, undoubtedly the most notable thing in the Stanford buildings and their setting is the colour. The low shelving roofs, lifting to the blue fires of the sky such red as may be seen in banks of the reddest flowers, the soft unweathered yellows of the rough stone, and, in the inner quad, the verdure of the octave of palm gardens, where gay parterres of annuals lay beneath stately tropical foliage—all this, contrasting with the cool dark shadows of the deep cloisters, appeared very novel and attractive. Next to this is the real magnificence of costly exteriors and interiors, which, if it renders some glaring faults of taste the more conspicuous, must cast a glamour over the mind of the impartial beholder. The entrance hall of the museum, with its staircases and galleries, is composed of polished marbles and ironwork screens blended in really exquisite taste. With the exception of some oriental carving and inlaid work, and some Indian utensils, which may easily be seen elsewhere, the curiosities and works of art are for the most part paltry, the most striking among them being Mrs. Stanford's best gowns, which are exposed to view in glass cases.

Very gorgeous and elaborate is the interior of the Memorial Church. Our guide informed us that on every hand we should perceive a wealth of chaste ornamentation. It is true that we almost staggered on perceiving the wealth of ornamentation. The stained windows, modern in design and colour, in many

cases reproductions of Tissot's pictures, were, taken singly, fairly good; but their number and size, and the insistent character of each, would have robbed a much simpler and more severe building of the sense of rest. The decoration is Moorish, of the fifteenth century, with modifications and additions. The tiled pavement slopes down to the steps of the apse. The walls are decorated with mosaics, in which gold predominates. Coming to the apse it seemed to us impossible to regard it with anything but feelings of distress. Below three large coloured windows is a mosaic, a copy of the "Last Supper," from the Sistine Chapel at Rome. Above the window is a band of mosaics representing the praise of the angels, and, on either side, a row of prophets in brilliant raiment. Around, on the floor against the wall, stand the twelve Apostles, each depicted in well-known attitudes of typical activity. Whatever each may be doing—preaching, fishing, or waving the Cross—the general impression we derived was that the statues were trying to kick and cuff one another. In singular contrast of repose are three life-size statues in a row on the altar—the copy of Thorwaldsen's "Christ," with the Madonna and St. Joseph.

"I think," said the British Matron gently, her eye passing from one elaboration to another, "that the decorations of this building are nonconformist."

"Now," said our guide, "we turn our gaze upward into the dome."

As we did so we saw a truly beautiful dome; the lower part narrowed to a circle of about thirty feet in diameter, from which sprang a tower pierced with coloured lights; above this the dome was completed, both the upper and lower parts of it covered with rich mosaic, again representing the praise of the angels. The mosaic was good, reproducing the spirit and delicacy of fifteenth-century work; but, to our amazement, in the centre from the very top stared down upon us, in realistic painting, a huge human eye, shedding a luminous tear. The guide, who had been praising the mosaics, ended his peroration:

"In the centre of the dome of this glorious church you will observe a human eye shedding a tear for Leland Stanford."

Hudsonia, usually the pink of propriety, here giggled.

Afterwards, as we sat in the quad, the British Matron said contentedly that the spirit had all gone out of her. "Just fancy," said she, "having £20,000 a year to spend on books for the library—over and above the yearly income from £6,000,000 available for anything else they want."

"They say the investments are yielding over seven per cent., and are safe," said Canadiensis. "Of course, as some of the interest will accumulate, it is impossible to conceive what the thing will grow to if the trustees are honest."

We were here joined by a young lecturer who had been apprised of our presence by a letter of introduction. He had lately come from the East to take temporary work, and was in no mood to be greatly enthusiastic about Stanford. He groaned over the monuments of domestic affection and grief.

"But," cried we, "had they been mediæval donors they would have had the family painted in a corner of the altar-piece."

"We have advanced since then," said he, sulkily.

"In our opinion," said we, "that is where the mistake comes in. You imagine the advance to be much greater than it is. You think that you are evolving, if not a new heaven, a new earth; whereas human nature as here manifested displays precisely the same characteristics as in the Dark Ages."

He burst out involuntarily, "It is the 'junior' I hate. I have to have 'Leland Stanford, junior,' at the head of all my letters; it is carved on the corner-stone of every building, and makes us the laughing-stock of the world. The first chance I get of another appointment in the East I shall assuredly return."

"It is the more absurd," added Hudsonia, with pretty seriousness, "because one always thinks of the 'junior' as referring to the University rather than to young Leland. I would return to the East, if I were you."

But we who did not come from the "charmèd East," which

appears to be a locality on the coast of the Atlantic seaboard between Maryland and Maine, failed to see why these young people were not dazzled by the splendour of our present surroundings, and amused by the few crudities that marred the splendour.

Said the youthful don, "They had a service here in honour of the tenth anniversary of the opening of the place. One of their men wrote a poem. If you'll come to my house to lunch I'll read it to you, and then you'll know what University sentiment here is like."

After a very delightful lunch in a delightful villa, he read us dramatically the following poem, which had been recited at the anniversary function.

It began with a reference to the earlier buildings, the inner court completed before the schools were opened

> There is a loveliness more fair
> As it has softened to the air
> Of many summers. Age doth trace
> Such beauty with abiding grace.

("Age!" said Hudsonia.)

> Oh, first arcade, red roof, and spread
> Of consecrated court we tread.
> Fair is the thought and fair the stone
> The years have left their seal upon;
> Fair were they ever: they arose
> In symmetry and brown repose;
> In beauty they were set apart;
> To-day they lie at beauty's heart.

The poet then went on to refer to the earlier life of the place:

> Ten years! Sandstone as fair hath been,
> Sandstone as brown shall be again;
> Yet it is something to have pressed
> Through halls of honour, then a guest
> While honour was a name, and hope
> Flew from high halyards, and the slope
> Of hard emprise was still unwrought.
> Aye, something to have held this thought

When beauty wore a newer face
And love was younger in the place.
Ten years is not a lifetime, no:
But we who stand beneath the bow
Of promise, the first arch of faith,
Have somewhat measured beauty's path
Since then, and wonder seizes home
At what her measure hath become.

("That's a little abstruse," said we.)

Then came a suggestion of the inferior sacredness of the court still in process of erection:

New walls, new pavements, too, are dear;
New arches rising year by year;
Fair, fair as any, fair to please.
But, oh, they are not dear as these
First colonnades and walls of stone
With climbing ivy overgrown.

("There is only a little Japanese creeper," said Hudsonia, indignant.)

Ten years! O ready tongue to praise.
Oh eyes, upon whose crystal gaze
The years have gathered like hoar-frost:
O youth of things for ever lost.[1]

* * * *

But here the reader was checked by our laughter, and stopped by Hudsonia, who declared it to be "*too* ridiculous," and that she couldn't endure it.

"I assure you it was gravely read, like a prize poem." The scholar from the ancient University of Harvard was too distressed to laugh.

We wandered on towards San Francisco, our minds full of the big baby University. Being more ignorant than was fitting concerning the real distinction and learning of its President, we made inquiries, the answers to which betokened a mental horizon widely different from our own.

[1] *See* "Palo Alto Live Oak," October 1901.

"What is his subject?" we asked a Stanford prize-man, who journeyed with us.

"Our Principal is well posted on every subject," was the reply.

"But, of course, he can't have specialised in them all."

"There's not one in which you would catch him at a loss," replied the young man proudly.

Puzzled, we repeated these remarks to a school teacher in San Francisco, but, to our surprise, he was not amazed.

"That's about it," he said. "Jordan is an all-round man; that's what the President of a university ought to be. I guess there's very few things you'd find Jordan ignorant of."

However, after the schoolmaster discovered that we could not consider such versatility compatible with profound learning, he said:

"Of course, if you come to that, he has a speciality—I believe it's seals."

We knit our brows. "Do you mean historic seals, such as are appended to national documents?"

"No," said he, "I mean the fur-bearing aquatic."

Leaving the crowded streets of San Francisco we crossed the bay, and settled ourselves beside the State University of California, in the beautiful suburb of Berkeley.

This comparatively ancient university has at present about four thousand undergraduates. It was founded thirty-four years ago; Stanford, at the end of its first decade, has about fifteen hundred. It is easy to understand that there is much rivalry.

It was the end of the summer term, and the newly graduated students acted a farce in public, in a natural amphitheatre of the hills. We understood that the spectators numbered about ten thousand. It was in this farce that we heard about "one poor man" who once had three children; two of them were yet alive, but one had—"gone to Stanford!"

We had hitherto noticed that when any one had been indicated to us as holding a responsible position in any of the

learned professions, it had usually been added vaguely, "he is from the East." In this Berkeley farce an able-bodied man applied for a situation to sweep the University halls, and the highest recommendations as to skill and efficiency availed him nothing with the officials until they discovered, with a shout of relief, that he "came from the East." This humorous touch suggested that the young West, which has till recently meekly revered the "culture" of the Eastern States, is beginning to jeer at its own sentiment of dependence.

We looked round with a good deal of curiosity upon the immense audience. As it was yet early in the afternoon, and they were drawn from a mercantile population, the greater part were women. They were all fashionably dressed. What gold exists in the West is commonly beaten into leaf and spread over the surface. Fastidious neatness was everywhere, and much real taste, the fashions more Parisian than those we had left in London. Unlike a London gathering, few had an air of distinction, while very few indeed were dowdy. The latent force of this vast body of interested women, the mothers of the coming generation, can hardly be over-estimated. They had come from all the cities round—from wealthy drawing-room, from shop counter and busy workroom — every young woman who could take a half-holiday was there, to see realised the career to which she looked forward for her children. Here there was no distinction of "town and gown," for the mental discipline of the schools is considered the best preparation for every avocation.

The State system of education is far-reaching and well-organised, the University being closely linked with the high schools of the State. A hundred of the latter are yearly examined and reported on by university men, and the leaving examination at such schools as are reported efficient is allowed to excuse the entrance examination of the University. Thus the standard of Californian high schools has been raised, and the whole system of education co-ordinated. In the University

the standards for the arts and science degrees are not low, and the courses of applied science are very varied, including medicine, pharmacy, engineering, agriculture, dairying, and a College of Commerce modelled on the German plan.

In the course of the next day or two we saw the same vast and brilliant audience at the various functions which marked the close of the summer term. These closing functions in American language are called "commencement exercises." We can only state and cannot explain the name. When invited to be present we expected to see a performance with dumb-bells and the cross-bar; what we heard was extemporary prayer, oratory, and original poems.

On the Sunday, what was called a "bacchalaureate sermon" was preached in a neighbouring Presbyterian church. The select preacher had a broad outlook over the course of the world's history, as will appear from the following extracts from his sermon. He stood upon a platform amid a bank of flowers, and gave out his words with careful enunciation, putting an almost equal emphasis on each syllable, but speaking fast, not slow, and in a curiously businesslike way, without emotional expression. We quote from notes taken at the time.

The text was: "After the death of Moses, the servant of the Lord, it came to pass that the Lord spake unto Joshua."

The preacher began by stating that God uses no one man or system exclusively. "God," he said, earnestly, "has different words for different ages. God spake to Moses and then to Joshua; God spake to David and then to St. Paul; God spake to Luther and then He spoke to Jonathan Edwards; to Henry Ward Beecher, to Philip Brooks, and to Horatio Stebbings."

The lethargy often produced by an afternoon sermon left us. We sat with ears pricked.

"I will proceed to say in what I think the voice of religion differs in this age from other ages. People say, 'I wish I were

back in the ages of faith.' This is an age of faith, but it is not an age of credulity. This is an age of intellectual accuracy, and intellectual modesty. We have ceased to build vast dogmas upon stray passages in Hebrew literature taken out of their context."

Here followed a succinct account of the principles of the higher criticism. While he went over the familiar ground our attention wandered somewhat.

Again we listened. "We look back," said the preacher, "to the ages which formulated the Creeds, the Augsburg and Westminster Confessions, with exaggerated reverence. Look more clearly, my brethren, and see. These men who had so much to say for their belief, what did they do for the salvation of the world? Did they go out into the slums of their cities and raise the masses? Did they travel to China and India to convert the heathen? My brethren, they did nothing. They were content to sit at home and feel pious satisfaction in the fate of the lost. We are more careful in this age to say less, and to believe more vitally what we dare to say. There is in our bosoms a more or less distinct wish that many things which the religion of former ages has dared to say might be quietly laid aside without controversy, and forgotten. But it has been reserved for this questioning, critical, sceptical age to begin the conquest for Christianity, not only of all heathen lands, but of all the departments of civilised life. It has been reserved largely for this country of ours to work out the Christian principles of true brotherly love, equality and freedom, and to send forth more missionaries to the heathen than any other nation.

"This is an age when the emphasis of religion is laid upon process rather than upon crisis. In former times there was always the insistence upon some crisis by which a man must pass from death to life. It was the storm of emotion or the miracle of a sacrament. Now we look to the oftentimes slow formation of the character of Jesus Christ in a man, and call that 'salvation.' We do not underrate the occasional trans-

formation that a storm of emotion may work in a man's soul, but we look mainly to process. As to the sacraments, we are not credulous; but baptism is still in use, and it is a useful and convenient symbol.

"In this age we do not appeal to self-love by offering the rewards of the hereafter, or threatening its punishments. These motives have ceased to move men much. Tertullian, a worthy man of the third century, and one of those called 'the fathers of the Church,' has a passage in which he describes the heaven of the righteous. He sees them sauntering upon the battlements of the Holy City in the cool of the evening, and looking down upon the souls of the damned who are writhing in fire below; and as they gaze upon those wretches, agonised and tortured, they sing renewed praises to God for the perfection of their own salvation."

The preacher here eyed his audience in an oratorical pause.

"Does that picture take any grip of you as an incentive to serve God?" Then he went on with easy cheer, "If any company of Christians here were looking over the battlements of heaven at the tortures of the lost, would they not exclaim —'Let us organise an expedition of relief'?"

After this we drove away over the quiet hills in the mellow glory of the afternoon. Our minds were full of an expedition to the Inferno, with an American fire brigade and ambulance corps, "the worthy man of the third century" standing aside and looking askance.

"And is Horatio Stebbings a local deity?" asked Hudsonia.

"I think," said the British Matron, "that the preacher's review of the Christian ages must have expressed the perspective in which they are seen just now by the scholars of the West. No one in the congregation seemed amused. Humour depends on the sense of proportion, and theirs was not violated. They are building a tower," she added, "and would be hindered by laughter if they saw themselves in their true relation to

human history. Their blindness is their strength, and who can say that their tower will not please the Almighty and reach to heaven?"

"Do you think it will?" asked Hudsonia, with a dreamy light in her eyes.

"I should not like to prophesy, my dear. It may go on till it holds a lamp that lights the world." She added meditatively, "As a Christian I am glad that they still find baptism 'useful and convenient.'"

Lady Wheatfields asked, "What could the preacher have meant by saying to such a congregation that the promise of future rewards and punishments could not move them? No one here makes any secret of personal or partisan ambition; their eagerness to stand first is seen everywhere."

"I think," said Hudsonia, "that, knowing his congregation have ceased to believe in the material nature of future rewards and punishments, he has not discovered that the real reason why they are not moved by the promise of their spiritual counterparts is that they cannot conceive of the spiritual as real."

"Their failure and his mistake are not local," said we.

"At any rate," said Lady Wheatfields, whom we called Canadiensis, "I have learned something from the University sermon; I have found the fallacy which we came to seek."

She was a handsome and clever woman, who always took the whole British Empire under her wing. We applauded her following pronouncement:

"Our friend at San Diego said that they could buy all our greatest men; but they can't, for it will be hundreds of years before they know which men are the greatest."

Beautiful for situation is the University of California. It lies on a steep hillside, and overlooks the splendid bay into which the ships of all nations come. The outer circling walls of the bay are chains of noble hills. On one side of the far portal the city of St. Francis stands, its towers and spires sparkling in the sun. When the light has passed from the

city the white fishing sails of the purple ocean hasten and come in numbers out of the sunset in at the Golden Gate.

The buildings of this University are to be in keeping with the glory of its surroundings, the wonder of the world. The plans of these scholastic halls have already been chosen from a worldwide competition, and what is to hinder their building? For many a season this University has been turning out by the score the millionaires of the coming years, who will return and share their wealth with the mother of their minds. This they have been taught to do, and what is taught in the schools of the West is well taught and well worth teaching.

When we turned eastward we left behind us one of the loveliest lands in the world—a land where climate and education seem to combine to produce sweetness of temper, nimbleness of mind and limb, and earnestness of purpose. As we summed up our experiences we agreed that where we had come into social relation with the people we could feel only admiration, that in our business dealing we had found good heart, good faith, and good sense in every service rendered. We may have been unusually fortunate; but we were inclined to suppose that this youngest giant, in whose veins runs the old chivalry of Spain and the new chivalry of the great lone lands, is learning that subtle wisdom of the true economist that two who would make a bargain have but one interest.

L. DOUGALL.

FORT AMITY[1]

CHAPTER XX

THE RÉVEILLÉ

A BAND of five-and-twenty Ojibways came filing down through the woods to the shore of Lake Ontario, at the point where the City of Toronto now stands. Back beyond the Lake aux Claies they had passed many lodges inhabited by women and children only, and had heard everywhere the same story: the men were all gone southward to Fort Niagara to take counsel with the English. This, too, was the goal of the Ojibways' journey, and Menehwehna hurried them forward.

Fort Rouillé by the waterside stood deserted and half ruined. They had hoped to find canoes here to carry them across the lake to Niagara; but here, too, all the male population had stampeded a week ago for the south, and those who wanted canoes must make them. This meant two days' delay, but it could not be helped. They fell to work at once, cutting down elm-trees by the shore and stripping off their bark, while the children gathered from the lodges and stood at a little distance, watching.

It was by no desire of his own that John made one of the embassage. As rumour after rumour of British successes came westward to Michilimackinac, and the Indians held long and anxious councils, he had grown aware that Meneh-

[1] Copyright 1904 by A. T. Quiller-Couch in the United States of America.

wehna was watching him furtively, as if for a sign which could not be demanded in words.

"Menehwehna," said he at length, "what is all this talk of English vengeance? It is not the way of my countrymen to remember wrongs after they have won the battle."

"But who will assure my people of that?" asked Meneh wehna. "They have heard that certain things were done in the south for which heavy toll will be taken."

"What matters that to your people, even if it be true? They were not at Fort William Henry."

"But again, how shall they tell this to the English and hope to be believed?"

"You cannot hide your heart from me, Menehwehna. You wish two things of me, and the first is my leave to tell your people that I am English."

"Without it I will never tell them, my brother."

"Did I ever suppose that you would? Well, as soon as you have told them, they will clamour for me to go to Fort Niagara, and at need to entreat for them. Now I say that there will be no need; but they will compel me to go, and you too will wish it. Have I not guessed?"

Menehwehna was silent a while. "For my people I wish it," he said at length; "but for my own part I fear more than I wish."

"You fear it because I go into great danger. By my countrymen I shall be rightly held a deserter; and, among them, for an officer to desert is above all things shameful."

"But," answered Menehwehna with a cheerful readiness which proved that he had thought the matter out, "if, as you say, the Governor receive us kindly, we will hide that you are English; to that every man shall give his oath beforehand. And, if things go ill, we will hand you back as our prisoner and prove that we have kept you against your will."

John shook his head, but did not utter the firm resolve of his heart—that even from ignominy no such lies should save him while he had a gun to turn against himself. "Why

do you fear then, Menehwehna," he asked, "if not for me?"

"Do not ask, my brother!" Menehwehna's voice was troubled, constrained, and his eyes avoided John's.

"Ah, well," said John lightly, after regarding him for a moment, "to you at least I will pay some of my debt. Go and tell your people that I am English; and add—for it will save talk—that I am ready to go with them to Fort Niagara."

. . . .

By dawn on the third day at Fort Rouillé three canoes lay finished and ready, each capable of carrying eight or nine men; and, pushing off from the Toronto shore, the embassage paddled southward across the lake.

They came late that evening to a point of land four miles from Niagara on the north side of the river mouth. Approaching it, they discerned many clusters of Indian encampments, each sending up its thin column of smoke against the sunset-darkened woods: but night had fallen long before they beached their canoes, and for the last three miles they paddled wide of the shore to skirt a fleet of fishing-boats twinkling with flambeaux, from the rays of which voices challenged them. The Ojibways answered with their own call and were made welcome. A common fear, it seemed, lay over all the nations—Wyandots and Attiwandaronks from the west and north of Lake Erie, Nettaways and Tobacco Indians from around Nottawasaga Bay, Ottawas and Pottawatamies from the far west—who had not yet made their peace with the English. But Menehwehna, whose fear of arriving too late had kept him anxious throughout the voyage, grew cheerful again.

They landed and pitched their camp on a spit of land close beside their old friend the Ottawa chief from L'Arbre Croche, to whose lodge Menehwehna at once betook himself to learn the news. But John, weary with the day's toil, threw himself down and slept.

A touch on his shoulder awakened him at dawn, and he

opened his eyes to see Menehwehna standing above him, gun in hand and dressed for an expedition.

"Come," commanded Menehwehna, adding, as John's gaze travelled around upon the sleepers, "We two, alone."

John caught up his gun, and the pair stepped out into the dawn together. An Indian path led through the forest to the southward and Menehwehna took it, walking ahead and rapidly. Twice he turned about and looked John in the face with a searching gaze, but held on his way again without speaking. They walked in a dawn which as yet resembled night rather than day; a night grown diaphanous and ghost-like, a summer night surprised in its sleep and vanishing before their footfall. The flicker of fire-flies hurrying into deeper shades seemed, by a trick of eyesight, to pass into the glint of dew. The birds had not yet broken into singing, the shadows stirred with whispers, as though their broods of winged and creeping things held breath together in alarm. A thin mist drifted through the undergrowth, and at intervals the path led across a clearing where, between the pine-trunks to the left, the lake itself came into view, with clouds of mist heaving on its bosom.

These clearings grew more frequent until at length Menehwehna halted on the edge of one which sloped straight from his feet to a broad and rushing river; and, stepping aside, watched John's eyes as they fell on Fort Niagara.

It stood over the angle where the river swept into the lake; its stone walls terraced high upon earthworks rising from the waterside, its towers already bathed in sunlight, its foundations standing in cool shadow. Eyes no doubt were watching the dawn from its ramparts; but no sign of life appeared there. It seemed to sleep with the forests around it, its river gate shut close-lidded against the day, its empty flag-staff a needle of gold trembling upon the morning sky.

Menehwehna had seated himself, his gun across his knees, upon a fallen trunk; and John, turning, met his eyes.

"Do we cross over?"

"To-day, or perhaps to-morrow. I wished you to sée it first."

"But why?"

"Does my brother ask why? Well, then, I was afraid."

"Were you afraid that I might wish to go back? Answer me, Menehwehna—by whose wish am I here at all?"

"When I was a young man," answered Menehwehna, "in the days when I went wooing after Meshu-kwa, I would often be jealous, and this jealousy would seize me when we were alone together. 'She is loving enough now,' I said; 'but how will it be when other young men are around her?' This thought tormented me so that many times it drove me to prove her, pretending to be cold and purposely throwing her in the company of others, who were glad enough—for she had many suitors. Then I would watch with pain in my heart, but secretly, that my shame and rage might be hidden."

John stood for a moment eyeing him in wonder. "For what did you bring me this long way from Michilimackinac?" he asked. "Was it not to speak, if need were, for you and your nation?"

"For that, but not for that only. Brother, have you never loved a friend so that you felt his friendship worthless to you unless you owned it all? Have you never felt the need on you to test him, though the test lay a hundred leagues away. So far have I brought you, O Netawis, to show you your countrymen. In a while the fort yonder will wake, and you shall see them on the walls in their red coats, and if the longing come upon you to return to them, we will cross over together and I will tell my tale. They will believe it. Look! Will you be an Englishman again?"

"Let us turn back," answered John wearily. "That life is gone from me for ever."

"Say to me that you have no wish to go."

"I had a wish once," said John, letting the words fall slowly as his eyes travelled over the walls of the fort. "It seemed to me then that no wish on earth could be dearer.

Many things have helped to kill it, I think." He passed a hand over his eyes and let it drop by his side. "I have no wish to leave you, Menehwehna."

The Indian stood up with a short cry of joy and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"No, my friend," John continued in the same dull voice; "I will say to you only what is honest. If I return for you, it is not for your sake."

"So that you return, Netawis, I will have patience. There was a time when you set your face against me; and this I overcame. Again there was a time when you pleaded with me that I should let you escape, and still I waited, though with so small a hope that when my child Azoka began to listen for your step I scolded her out of her folly."

"In that you did wisely, Menehwehna. It is not everything that I have learned to forget."

"I told her," said Menehwehna simply, "that, as the snow melts and slides from the face of a rock, so one day all thought of us would slip from your heart and you would go from us, not once looking back. Even so I believed, but the spring came and the summer and I began to doubt; and, as I questioned you, a hope grew in my heart, and I played with it as a dog plays with her pups, trying its powers little by little, yet still in play, until a day came when I discovered it to be strong and the master of me. Then indeed, my brother, I could not rest until I had put it to this proof." He lit his pipe solemnly, drew a puff or two and handed it to John. "Let us smoke together before we turn back. He that has a friend as well as wife and children needs not fear to grow old."

John stretched out a hand and touched the earthen pipe-bowl. His fingers closed on it—but only to let it slip. It fell, struck against the edge of the tree-stump and was shivered in pieces.

Across the valley in Fort Niagara the British drums were sounding the *réveillé*.

He did not hear Menehwehna's voice lamenting the broken pipe. He stood staring across at the fort. He saw the river-gate open, the red-coats moving there, relieving guard. He saw the flag-staff halliards shake out the red cross of England in the morning sunlight. And still, like a running river rolled the music of British drums.

"Netawis!"

Menehwehna touched his arm. At first John did not seem to hear, then his hand went up and began to unfasten the silver armlets there.

"Netawis! O my brother!"

But the ice had slipped from the rock and lay around its base in ruin, and the music which had loosened it still sang across the valley. He took a step down the slope towards it.

"You shall not go!" cried Menehwehna, and lifting his gun pointed it full at John's back. And John, who had learnt something of the Indians' quick sense, knew that Menehwehna's finger was on the trigger. He walked on unregarding.

But Menehwehna did not fire. He cast down his gun with a cry and ran to clasp his friend's feet. What was he saying? Something about "two years."

"Two years?" Had they passed so quickly? God! how long the minutes were now! He must win across before the drums ceased . . .

He halted and began to talk to Menehwehna very patiently, this being the easiest way to get rid of him. "Yes, yes," he heard himself saying, "I go to them as an Indian and they will not know me. I shall be safe. Return now back to my brothers and tell them that, if need be, they will find me there and I will speak for them."

And his words must have prevailed, for he stood by the river's edge alone, and Menehwehna was striding back towards the wood. A boat lay chained by the farther shore and two soldiers came down from the fort and pushed across to him.

They wore the uniform of the Forty-Sixth, and one had been a private in his company, but they did not recognise him. And he spoke to them in the Ojibway speech, which they could not understand.

From the edge of the woods Menehwehna watched the three as they landed. They climbed the slope and passed into the fort.

CHAPTER XXI

FORT AMITIÉ LEARNS ITS FATE

THAT Spring, three British generals sat at the three gates of Canada, waiting for the signal to enter and end the last agony of New France. But the snows melted, the days lengthened, and still the signal did not come; for the general by the sea gate was himself besieged.

Through the winter he and his small army sat patiently in the city they had ruined. Conquerors in lands more southerly may bury their dead with speed, rebuild captured walls, set up a pillar and statue of Victory, and in a month or two, the green grass helping them, forget all but the glory of the battle. But here in the north the same hand arrests them and for six months petrifies the memorials of their rage. Until the Spring dissolves it, the image of war lives face to face with them, white, with frozen eyes, sparing them only the colour of its wounds.

General Murray, like many a soldier in his army, had dreams of emulating Wolfe's glory. But Wolfe had snatched victory out of the shadow of coming winter; and, almost before his army could cut wood for fuel, the cold was upon them. For two months Quebec had been pounded with shot and shell; her churches and hospitals stood roofless; hundreds of houses had been fired, vaults and storehouses pillaged, doors and windows riddled everywhere. There was no digging entrenchments in the frozen earth. Walls, six feet thick, had

been breached by artillery, and the loose stones, so cold they were, could hardly be handled.

Among these ruins, on the frozen cliff over the frozen river, Murray and his seven thousand men settled down to wear the winter through. They were short of food, short of fuel. Frost-bite maimed them at first; then scurvy, dysentery, fever, began to kill. They laid their dead out on the snow, to be buried when spring should return and thaw the earth; and by the end of April their dead numbered six hundred and fifty. Yet they kept up their spirits. Early in November there had been rumours that the French under Lévis meant to march on the city and retake it. In December deserters brought word that he was on his way—that he would storm the city on the twenty-second, and dine within the citadel on Christmas Day. In January news arrived that he was preparing scaling-ladders and training his men in the use of them. Still the days dragged by. The ice on the river began to break up and swirl past the ramparts on the tides. The end of April came, and with it a furious midnight storm, and out of the storm a feeble cry—the voice of a half-dead Frenchman clinging to a floe of ice far out on the river. He was rescued, placed in a hammock, and carried up Mountain Street to the general's quarters; and Murray, roused from sleep at three o'clock in the morning, listened to his story. He was an artillery-sergeant of Lévis' army; and that army, twelve thousand strong, was close to the gates of Quebec.

The storm had fallen to a cold drizzle of rain when at dawn Murray's troops issued from the St. Louis gate, and dragged their guns out through the slush of the St. Foy road. On the ground where Wolfe had given battle, or hard by, they unlimbered in face of the enemy and opened fire. Two hours later, outflanked by numbers, having lost a third of their three thousand in the short fight, they fell back on the battered walls they had mistrusted. For a few hours the fate of Quebec hung on a hair. But the garrison could build now; and, while Lévis dragged up his guns from the river, the

English worked like demons. They had guns, at any rate, in plenty; and, while the French dug and entrenched themselves on the ground they had won, daily the breaches closed and the English fire grew hotter.

April gave place to May, and the artillery fire continued on the heights; but as it grew noisier it grew also less important, for now the eyes of both commanders were fastened on the river. Two fleets were racing for Quebec, and she would belong to the first to drop anchor within her now navigable river.

Then came a day when, as Murray sat brooding by the fire in his quarters in St. Louis Street, an officer ran in with news of a ship of war in the Basin, beating up towards the city. "Whatever she is," said the general, "we will hoist our colours." Weather had frayed out the halliards on the flagstaff over Cape Diamond, but a sailor climbed the pole and lashed the flag of St. George beneath the truck. By this time men and officers in a mob had gathered on the ramparts of the Château St. Louis, all straining their eyes at a frigate fetching up close-hauled against the wind.

Her colours ran aloft; but they were bent, sailor-fashion, in a tight bundle, ready to be broken out when they reached the topgallant masthead.

An officer, looking through a glass, cried out nervously that the bundle was white. But this they knew without telling. Only—what would the flag carry on its white ground? The red cross? or the golden fleurs-de-lys?

The halliards shook; the folds flew broad to the wind; and, with a gasp, men leaped on the ramparts—flung their hats in the air and cheered—dropped, sobbing, on their knees.

It was the red cross of England.

They were cheering yet and shouting themselves hoarse when the *Lowestoffe* frigate dropped anchor and saluted with all her twenty-four guns. On the heights the French guns answered spitefully. Lévis would not believe. He had brought his artillery at length into position, and began to knock the

defences vigorously. He lingered until the battleship *Vanguard* and the frigate *Diane* came sailing up into harbour; until the *Vanguard*, pressing on with the *Lowestoffe*, took or burned the vessels which had brought his artillery down from Montreal. Then, in the night, he decamped, leaving his siege-train, baggage, and sick men behind him. News of his retreat reached Murray at nightfall, and soon the English guns were bowling round shot after him in the dusk across the Plains of Abraham; but by daybreak, when Murray pushed out after him, to fall on his rear, he had hurried his columns out of reach.

Three months had passed since the flying of the signal from the *Lowestoffe*, and now in the early days of August three British armies were moving slowly upon Montreal, where Lévis and Governor Vaudreuil had drawn the main French forces together for a last resistance.

Murray came up the river from Quebec with twenty-four hundred men in thirty-two vessels and a fleet of boats in company, followed by Lord Rollo with thirteen hundred men drawn off from dismantled Louisbourg. As the ships tacked up the river, with their floating batteries ranged in line to protect the advance, bodies of French troops followed them along the shore—white-coated regiments of infantry and horsemen in blue jackets faced with scarlet. Bourlamaque watched from the southern shore, Dumas from the northern. But neither dared to attack, and day after day through the lovely weather, past fields and settlements and woodlands, between banks which narrowed until from deck one could listen to the song of birds on either hand and catch the wafted scents of wild flowers, the British wound their way to Isle Sainte-Thérèse below Montreal, encamped, and waited for their comrades.

From the south came Haviland. He brought thirty-four hundred regulars, provincials, and Indians from Crown Point

on Lake Champlain, and moved down the Richelieu, driving Bougainville before him.

Last, descending from the west by the gate of the Great Lakes, came the commander-in-chief, the cautious Amherst, with eighteen hundred soldiers and Indians and over eight hundred bateaux and whale-boats. He had gathered them at Oswego in July, and now in the second week of August had crossed the lake to its outlet, threaded the channels of the Thousand Islands, and was bearing down on the broad river towards Fort Amitié.

And how did it stand with Fort Amitié ?

Well, to begin with, the Commandant was thoroughly perplexed. The British must be near ; by latest reports they had reached the Thousand Islands ; even hours were becoming precious, and yet most unaccountably the reinforcements had not arrived.

What could M. de Vaudreuil be dreaming of ? Already the great Indian leader, Saint Luc de la Corne, had reached Côteau du Lac with a strong force of militia. Dominique Guyon had been sent down with an urgent message of inquiry. But what had been La Corne's answer ? "I know not what M. de Vaudreuil intends. My business is to stay here and watch the rapids."

"Now what can be the meaning of that ?" the Commandant demanded of his brother.

M. Etienne shook his head pensively. "*Rusticus expectat* . . . I should have supposed the rapids to be in no danger.’

"Had the Governor sent word to abandon the fort, I might have understood. It would have been the bitterest blow of my life——"

"Yes, yes, brother," M. Etienne murmured in sympathy.

"But to leave us here without a word ! No ; it is impossible. They *must* be on their way !"

In the strength of this confidence Dominique and Bateese had been despatched down the river again to meet the reinforcements and hurry them forward.

Dominique and Bateese had been absent for a week now on this errand. Still no relief-boats hove in sight, and the British were coming down through the Thousand Islands.

Save in one respect the appearance of the fort had not changed since the evening of John à Cleeve's dismissal. The garrison cows still grazed along the river-bank, and in the clearing under the eastern wall the Indian corn was ripe for harvest (M. Etienne suggested reaping it; the labour, he urged, would soothe every one's nerves). Only in Sans Quartier's cabbage-patch the lunette now stood complete. All the *habitants* of Boisveyrac had been brought up to labour in its erection, building it to the height of ten feet, with an *abattis* of trees in front and a raised platform within for the riflemen. Day after day the garrison manned it and burned powder in defence against imaginary assaults, and by this time the Commandant and Sergeant Bédard between them had discussed and provided against every possible mode of attack.

Diane stood in the dawn on the *terre-plein* of the river-wall. The latest news of the British had arrived but a few hours since with a boat-load of fugitives from the upstream mission-house of La Galette, off which an armed brig lay moored with ten cannon and one hundred men to check the advance of the flotilla. It could do no more.

The fugitives included Father Launoy, and he had landed and begged Diane to take his place in the crowded boat. For himself (he said) he would stay and help to serve out ammunition to Fort Amitié—that was, if the Commandant meant to resist.

"Do you suppose, then, that I would retire?" the Commandant asked with indignation.

"It may be possible to do neither," suggested Father Launoy.

But this the Commandant could by no means understand. It seemed to him that either he must be losing his wits or the

whole of New France, from M. de Vaudreuil down, was banded in a league of folly. "Resist? Of course I shall resist! My men are few enough, Father, but I beg you to dismiss the notion that Fort Amitié is garrisoned by cowards."

"I will stay with you then," said the Jesuit. "I may be useful, in many ways. But Mademoiselle will take my place in the boat and escape to Montreal."

"I also stay," answered Diane simply.

"Excuse me, but there is like to be serious work. They bring the Iroquois with them, besides Indians from the West." Father Launoy spoke as one reasoning with a child.

Diane drew a small pistol from her bodice. "I have thought of that, you see."

"But M. de Noel——" He swung round upon the Commandant, expostulating.

"In a few hours," said the Commandant meeting his eyes with a smile, "New France will have ceased to be. I have no authority to force my child to endure what I cannot endure myself. She has claimed a promise of me, and I have given it."

The priest stepped back a pace, wondering. Swiftly before him passed a vision of the Intendant's palace at Quebec, with its women and riot and rottenness. His hand went up to his eyes, and under the shade of it he looked upon father and daughter—this pair of the old *noblesse*, clean, comely, ready for the sacrifice. What had New France done for these that they were cheerful to die for her? She had doled them out poverty, and now, in the end, betrayal; she had neglected her children for aliens, she had taken their revenues to feed extortioners and wantons, and now in the supreme act of treachery, herself falling with them, she turned too late to read in their eyes a divine and damning love. There all the while she had lived—the true New France, loyally trusted, innocently worshipped. "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." . . . Father Launoy lowered his gaze to the floor:

he had looked and learned why some nations fall and others worthily endure.

All that night the garrison had slept by their arms, until with the first streak of day the drums called them out to their alarm-post.

Diane stood on the *terre-plein* watching the sunrise. As yet the river lay indistinct, a broad wan-coloured band of light stretching away across the darkness. The outwork on the slope beneath her was a formless shadow astir with smaller shadows equally formless. She heard the tread of feet on the wooden platform, the clink of side-arms and accoutrements, the soft thud of ramrods, the voice of old Bédard, peevish and grumbling as usual.

Her face, turned to the revealing dawn, was like and yet curiously unlike the face into which John à Cleeve had looked and taken his dismissal; a woman's face now, serener than of old and thoughtfuller. These two years had lengthened it to a perfect oval, adding a touch of strength to the brow, a touch of decision to the chin; and, lest these should overweight it, had removed from the eyes their clouded trouble and left them clear to their depths. The elfin Diane, the small woodland-haunted Indian, no longer looked forth from those windows, no search might find her captive shadow behind them. She had died young, or had faded away perhaps and escaped back to her native forests.

But she is not all forgotten, this lost playmate. Some trick of gesture reappears as Diane lifts her face suddenly towards the flag-staff tower. The watchman there has spied something on the river, and is shouting the news from the summit.

His arm points down the river. What has he seen? "Canoes!"—the relief is at hand then! No: there is only one canoe. It comes swiftly and yet the day overtakes and passes it, spreading a causeway of light along which it shoots to the landing-quay.

Two men paddle it—Dominique and Bateese Guyon.

Their faces are haggard, their eyes glassy with want of sleep, their limbs so stiff that they have to be lifted ashore.

The Commandant steps forward. "What news, my children?" he asks. His voice is studiously cheerful.

Dominique shakes his head.

"There is no relief, Monsieur."

"You have met none, you mean?"

"None is coming, Monsieur. We have heard it in Montreal."

CHAPTER XXII

DOMINIQUE

"MONTREAL?"

While they stood wondering, a dull wave of sound broke on their ears from the westward, and another, and yet another —the booming of cannon far up the river.

"That will be at La Galette," said the Commandant, answering the question in Dominique's eyes. "Come up to your quarters, my children, and get some sleep. We have work before us." He motioned the others to fall back out of hearing while he and Dominique mounted the slope together. "You had audience, then, of the Governor?" he asked.

"He declined to see us, Monsieur, and I do not blame him, since he could not send us back telling you to fight. Doubtless it does not become one in M. de Vaudreuil's position to advise the other thing—aloud."

"I do not understand you. Why could not M. de Vaudreuil order me to fight?"

Dominique stared at his seigneur. "Why, Monsieur,—seeing that he sends no troops, it would be a queer message; he could not have the face."

"Yet he must be intending to strike at the English coming from Quebec, *hein?*"

"They are already arrived and encamped at Isle Sainte

Thérèse below the city, and another army has come down the Richelieu from the south and joined them."

"It is clear as daylight. M. de Vaudreuil must be meaning to attack them instantly, and therefore he cannot spare a detachment—you follow me?"

"It may be so, Monsieur," Dominique assented doubtfully.

"'May be so'! It must be so! But unhappily he does not know of this third army descending upon him, or, rather, he does not know how near it is. Yet to win time for him we must hold up this army at all costs."

"It is I, Monsieur, who am puzzled. You cannot be intending——"

"Eh? Speak it out, man!"

"You cannot be intending to await these English!"

"Name of thunder! What else do you suppose? Pray, my dear Dominique, use your wits; we have to gain time—I tell you—time for our friends below at Montreal."

"With twenty odd men against as many thousand! Oh, pardon me, Monsieur, but I cannot bring my mind to understand you."

"But since it gains time——"

"They will not stay to snap up such a mouthful. They will sail past your guns, laughing; unless—great God, Monsieur! If, in truth, you intend this folly, where is Mademoiselle Diane? I did not see her in any of the boats from La Galette. Whither have you sent her, and in whose charge?"

"She is yonder on the wall, looking down on us. She will stay; I have given her my promise."

Dominique came to a halt, white as a ghost. His tongue touched his dry lips. "Monsieur!"—the cry broke from him, and he put out a hand and caught his seigneur by the coat-sleeve.

"What is the matter with the man?" The Commandant plucked his arm away and stood back outraged by this breach of decorum.

But Dominique, having found his voice, continued heedless. "She must go! She *shall* go! It is a wickedness you are doing—do you hear me, Monsieur?—a wickedness, a wickedness. But you shall not keep her here; I will not allow it!"

"Are you stark mad, Dominique Guyon?"

"I will not allow it. I love her, I tell you—there, I have said it! Listen again, Monsieur, if you do not understand: I love her, I love her—oh, get that into your head! I love her, and will not allow it!"

"Certainly your brain is turned. Go to your quarters, sir; it must be sleep you want. Yes, yes, my poor fellow, you are pale as a corpse! Go, get some sleep, and when you wake we will forget all this."

"Before God, Monsieur, I am telling you the truth. I need no sleep but the sleep of death, and that is like to come soon enough. But since we were children I have loved your daughter, and in the strength of that love I forbid you to kill her."

The Commandant swung round on his heel.

"Follow me, if you please."

He led the way to his orderly room, seated himself at the table, and so confronted the young man, who stood humbly enough, though with his pale face twitching.

"Dominique Guyon, once in my life I made a great mistake; and that was when, to save my poor son's honour, I borrowed money of one of my *censitaires*. I perceive now what hopes you have nursed, feeding them on my embarrassments. You saw me impoverished, brought low, bereaved by God's will of my only son; you guessed that I lay awake of nights, troubled by the thought of my daughter, who must inherit poverty; and on these foundations you laid your schemes. You dreamed of becoming a *gentilhomme*, of marrying my daughter, of sitting in my chair at Boisveyrac and dealing justice among the villagers. And a fine dream it seemed to you, eh?" He paused.

"Monsieur," Dominique answered simply, "you say some things that are true; but you say them so that all seems false and vile. Yes, Monsieur, I have dreamed dreams—even dreams of becoming a *gentilhomme*, as you say; but my dreams were never wicked as you colour them, seeing that they all flowed from love of Mademoiselle Diane, and returned to her."

He glanced towards the window, through which the pair could see Diane pacing the *terre-plein* in the sunlight. The sight kindled the elder man to fresh anger.

"If," said he harshly, "I tried to explain to you exactly how you insult us, it would be wasting my time and yours; and, however much you deserve it, I have no wish to wound your feelings beyond need. Let us come to business." He unlocked a drawer and drew out three bundles of notes. "As my farmer you will know better than I the current discount on these. You come from Montreal. At what price was the Government redeeming its paper there?"

As he unfolded them, Dominique glanced at the notes, and then let his gaze wander out through the window.

"Is Monsieur proposing to pay me the interest on his bonds?"

"To be sure I am."

"I do not ask for it."

"Devil care I if you ask or not! Count the notes, if you please."

Dominique took a packet in his hands for a moment, still with his eyes bent absently on the window, fingered the notes, and laid them back on the table.

"Monsieur will do me the justice to own that, as his farmer, I have given him good advice in business. I beg him to keep these notes for a while. In a month or two their value will have trebled, whichever Government redeems them."

The Commandant struck the table. "In a few hours, sir, I shall be a dead man. My honour cannot wait so long; and.

since the question is now of honour, not of business, you will keep your advice to yourself. Be quick, please; for time presses, and I have some instructions to leave to my brother. At my death he will sell the seigniory. The Government will take its quint of the purchase-money, and out of the remainder you shall be paid. My daughter will then go penniless, but at least I shall have saved her from a creditor with such claims as you are like to press. And so, sir, I hope you have your answer."

"No, Monsieur, not my answer. That I will never take but from Mademoiselle Diane herself."

"By God, you shall have it here and now!" The Commandant stepped to the window and threw open the casement. "Diane!" he called.

She came. She stood in the doorway; and Dominique—a moment before so bold—lowered his eyes before hers. At sight of him her colour rose, but bravely. She was young, and had been making her account with death. She had never loved Dominique; she had feared him at times, and at times pitied him; but now fate had lifted her and set her feet on a height from which she looked down upon love and fear with a kind of wonder that they had ever seemed important, and even her pity for him lost itself in compassion for all men and women in trouble. In truth, Dominique looked but a miserable culprit before her.

The Commandant eyed him grimly a moment before turning to her.

"Diane," he said with grave irony, "you will be interested to learn that Monsieur Dominique Guyon here has done you the honour to request your hand in marriage."

She did not answer, but stood reading their faces.

"Moreover, on my declining that honour, he tells me that he will take his answer from you alone."

Still for a few seconds she kept silence.

"Why should I not answer him, papa?" she said at length, and softly. "It is not for us to choose what he should ask."

She paused. "All his life Dominique Guyon has been helping us; see how he has, even in these few days, worn himself in our service!"

Her father stared at her, puzzled, not following her thought. He had expected her to be shocked, affronted; he did not know that Dominique's passion was an old tale to her, and as little did he perceive that in her present mood she put herself aside and thought only of Dominique as in trouble and needing help.

But apparently something in her face reassured him, for he stepped toward the door.

"You prefer to give him his answer alone?"

She bent her head.

For awhile after the door had closed upon the Commandant, Dominique stood with eyes abashed. Then looking up and meeting the divine compassion in hers he fell on his knees and stretched out both hands to her.

"Is there no hope for me, Ma'amzelle?"

She shook her head. Looking down on him through tears she held out a hand, and he took it between his palms and clung to it, sobbing like a child.

Terrible, convulsive sobs they were at first, but grew quieter by degrees, and as the outburst spent itself a deep silence fell upon the room.

A tear had fallen upon his clasped knuckles. He put his lips to it and, imprisoning her fingers, kissed them once, reverently.

He was a man again. He stood up, yet not releasing her hand, and looked her in the face.

"Ma'amzelle, you will leave the Fort? You will let Bateese carry you out of danger? For me, of course, I stay with the Seigneur."

"No, Dominique. All New France is dying around us, and I stay with my father to see the end. Perhaps at the last I shall need you to help me." She smiled bravely. "You have been trying to persuade my father, I know."

"I have been trying to persuade him, and yet—yet—Oh, I will tell to you a wickedness in my heart that I could not tell even to Father Launoy! There was a moment when I thought to myself that even to have you die here and to die beside you were better than to let you go. Can you forgive me such a thought as that?"

"I forgive."

"And will you grant one thing more?"

"What is it, Dominique."

"A silly favour, Ma'amzelle—but why not? The English will be here soon, perhaps in a few hours. Let me call Bateese, and we three will be children again and go up to the edge of the forest and watch for our enemies. They will be real enemies, this time; but even that we may forget perhaps."

She stood back a pace and laughed—yes, laughed—and gaily, albeit with dewy eyes. Her hands went up as if she would have clapped them. "Why, to be sure!" she cried. "Let us fetch Bateese at once!"

They passed out into the sunlight together, and she waited in the courtyard while Dominique ran upstairs to fetch Bateese. In five minutes' time the two brothers appeared together, Bateese with his pockets enormously bulging—whereat Diane laughed again.

"So you have brought the larder, as ever! Bateese was always prudent, and never relied on the game he killed in hunting. You remember, Dominique?"

"He was always a poor shot, Ma'amzelle," answered Dominique gravely.

"But this is not the larder?" Bateese began to explain with a queer look at his brother.

"Eh?"

"Never mind explanations! Come along, all three." Dominique interposed and led the way. They passed out by the postern unobserved—for the garrison was assembled within the lunette under the river wall—and hurried towards the shade of the forest.

How well Diane remembered the old childish make-believe! How many scores of times had they played it together, these three, in the woods around Boisveyrac!—when Dominique and Bateese were bold huntsmen, and she kept house for them, cooking their imaginary spoils of the chase.

"We must have a fire!" she cried, and wandered off to gather sticks. But when she returned with the lap of her gown well filled, a fire was already lit and blazing.

"How have you managed it so quickly?" she asked, and with that her eyes fell on a scrap of ashes. "Where did you get this? You have been lighting with paper, Bateese!—and that's not playing fair."

Bateese, very red in the face, stooped in the smoke and crammed another handful upon the blaze.

"They were papers, Ma'amzelle, upon which Dominique and I for a long time could not agree. But now"—he turned to Dominique—"there is no longer any quarrel between us. Eh, brother?"

"None, Bateese; none, if you forgive."

"What did I tell you?" cried Bateese triumphantly. "Did I not always tell you that your heart would be lighter, with this shadow gone? And there was never any shadow but this, none—none!"

"That is all very well," whispered Diane; "but you two have no business to own a secret to-day, even though it makes you happier."

"We have burnt it for a propitiation, Ma'amzelle, it no longer exists." Bateese cast himself on his back at full length in the herbage and gazed up through the drifting smoke into the tree-tops and sky. "A-ah!" said he with a long sigh, "how good God has been to me! How beautiful he has made all my life!" He propped himself on one elbow and continued with shining eyes: "What things we were going to do, in those days! What wonders we looked forward to! And all the while we were doing the most wonderful thing in the world, for we loved one another." He stretched out a

hand and pointed. "There, by the bend, the English boats will come in sight. Suppose, Dominique, that as they come you launched out against them, and fought and sank the fleet single-handed, like the men in the old tales——"

"He would save New France, and live in song," Diane put in. "Would that not content any man, Bateese?" She threw back her head with a gesture which Dominique noted; a trick of her childhood, when in moments of excitement her long hair fell across her eyes and had to be shaken back.

"Ma'amzelle," he pleaded, "there is yet one favour."

"Can I grant it easily?"

"I hope so; it is that you will let down your hair for us."

Diana blushed, but put up a hand and began to uncoil the tresses. "Bateese has not answered me," she insisted. "I tell him that a man who should do such a feat as he named would live in song for ever and ever."

"But I say to you humbly, Ma'amzelle, that though he lived in song for ever and ever, the true sweetness of his life would be unknown to the singers; for he found it here under the branches, and, stepping forth to his great deed, he left the memory for a while, to meet him again and be his reward in Heaven."

"And I say to you 'no,' and 'no,' and again 'no'!" cried Diane, springing to her feet—the childish, impetuous Diane of old. "It is in the great deed that he lives—the deed, and the moment that makes him everlasting! If Dominique now, or I, as these English came round the bend——"

She paused, meeting Dominique's eyes. She had not said "or you," and could not say it. Why? Because Bateese was a cripple. "Bateese's is a cripple's talk," said their glances one to another, guiltily, avoiding him.

Dominique's gaze, flinching a little, passed down the splendid coils of her hair and rested on the grass at her feet. She lifted a tress on her fore-finger and smoothed it against the sunlight.

"There was a war once," said she, "between the Greeks

and the Persians, and the Persians over-ran the Greeks' country until they came to a pass in the mountains where a few men could stand against many. There three hundred of the Greeks had posted themselves, despising death, to oppose an army of tens and hundreds of thousands. The Persian king sent forward a horseman, and he came near and looked along the pass and saw but a few Greeks combing their hair and dressing it carefully, as I am dressing mine."

"But what happened, Ma'amzelle?"

"They died, and live in song for ever and ever!"

She faced them, her cheeks glowing, and lifted a hand as the note of a sweet-toned bell rose upon the morning air above the voices of the birds; of the chapel-bell ringing the garrison to Mass.

The two young men scrambled to their feet.

"Come!" said Diane, and they walked back to the Fort together.

(*To be continued*)

The Art of Cross Examination

By

Francis L. Wellman

of the New York Bar

WITH THE CROSS EXAMINATION OF IMPORTANT WITNESSES IN SOME CELEBRATED CASES

"A rare union of anecdotal interest and practical suggestion."—From Edwin L. Shuman's review in
RECORD-HERALD, Chicago.

"A book of significance to the experienced trial lawyer, of inspiring instruction to the youngster in the profession, and of consuming interest to anyone alive to the everlasting human drama."
CHICAGO EVENING POST.

"It is as interesting as a novel of adventure, and some of the chapters are veritable romances, which have the additional interest of being true."
BOSTON HERALD.

Bound in dark red cloth, with gilt tops, 8vo., $2.50 net.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

Morang & Co. Limited Publishers

90 Wellington Street West, Toronto