ENGLAND AND THE POWERS

THERE is a peculiarity about the present Government which has been responsible for a good deal of misconception. It is partly owing to certain traits in Lord Salisbury's character, and partly to certain considerations of policy which he has steadily kept in view, that it has become the fashion among the opponents of the Government, and also in the chauvinistic section of their supporters, to describe their foreign policy as vacillating and ineffective. We believe that this is a complete mistake. But it must be allowed that the mistake is not unnatural. In more than one transaction with a foreign Power it has been said that the Government have had all the worst of the bargain. Had Ministers chosen to explain in detail the advantages which this country had gained, and to point out the contrast between what the other Power had asked for and had obtained, we do not doubt that they might have greatly increased their popularity at home though they would also have much impeded the success of their diplomacy abroad. Whatever may have been the result to the political reputation of the Prime Minister, the present international position of this country is largely due to his moderation and self-restraint.

For what is the salient feature of the European situation? Is it not that during a war which has strained the resources of this country for more than two years no Power has for an instant attempted to take advantage of our difficulties? If Ministers were the set of squeezable weaklings their domestic critics profess to think them, surely some Continental Govern-

ment would by now have found this out and profited by the discovery. If, on the other hand, they had conducted our affairs with the arrogance which would have pleased their jingo friends, foreign Governments would have lacked the power, even if they had the will, to keep under the ever smouldering hostility felt by Continental populations for Great Britain. Even as it is, there have not been wanting signs that some foreign statesmen are not above turning to Parliamentary account the prevalent anti-British feeling.

Though we may fairly congratulate ourselves upon the success with which we have got through a rather difficult passage in our history, there is one aspect of the present situation which may well cause some anxiety. There is no doubt that the widespread hatred felt for England is disquieting. In Russia, Germany and Austria, in Italy, Spain and France, in Belgium, Holland, and even in Switzerland, there seems to be a considerable body of popular opinion vehemently hostile to this country. It is true, as we have pointed out, that on this occasion the friendliness of foreign Governments has sufficed to keep in check the Anglophobia of their subjects. But will it always be so? Can we be secure that our affairs will always be conducted with moderation and discretion? And even if they are, may not the excitable elements of foreign nations prove too strong to be restrained, and hurry some or all of the Governments of Europe into a war of extermination with the British Empire? Questions such as these seem to be exercising the minds of certain well-known public writers, and though we hold that the danger may be very easily exaggerated, it is certainly worth while to consider what are the causes of the hatred felt for us, and what measures, if any, should be taken to guard against its results.

The principal cause of our unpopularity is the general tendency to hate foreigners. The feeling exists in every people for every other people. But among Continental nations reserve is necessary. They live so close to one another that if they habitually spoke their thoughts about their neighbours with the same

freedom they use in discussing us, it might well happen that what began in a little harmless inkslinging might end in a bloody war. It is therefore much safer for the Continental nationalist to discharge his patriotic venom upon the inhabitants of these islands. Besides being safer it is also more natural. We are Islanders. We are stranger, more foreign than other foreigners. Our law and system of government are alike different from those of the rest of Europe. It is true that many countries have imitated the form of our parliamentary institutions. But the fundamental doctrines of equality of all before the law and its supremacy are understood nowhere outside the British Empire and the United States. Lastly, we alone in Europe have adopted free trade and resisted compulsory military service, and foreign nationalists, belonging as they do to the capitalist and official classes, feel bitterly how much our example adds to their difficulty in imposing on the proletariat the burdens of the blood tax and Protection.

In addition to these considerations it is commonly thought that envy of our prosperity operates to our disadvantage. This feeling undoubtedly exists. But we incline to think that its importance has been exaggerated. There are many countries such as Russia, Austria, Spain and the smaller Powers of Europe who are not seriously our commercial or colonial rivals, and in those cases envy of the British Empire if it exists can scarcely be a very active emotion. Even in France envy of us is largely mitigated by contempt. The patriotic ideal of Frenchmen has always been that their country should be glorious rather than wealthy, and they have genuinely despised our trading success as fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. In Germany no doubt we are envied. There is in that country a movement for colonial and commercial expansion, and those who are affected by it see in our widespread trade and possessions the principal obstacle to its success. But it seems unlikely that the German people if left to themselves would be seriously moved by the extravagances of their colonial party. We are sometimes told by British publicists that the

German nation as a whole, and in particular the Kaiser and his advisers are so far under the influence of this party as to be believers in a deep-laid scheme to seize from us the command of the seas and with it our Empire. To us this seems insanity. Political prophecy is dangerous, and deep-laid schemes of all kinds are to be avoided. But if German statesmen ever indulge in speculations about the future they must think more of securing their country against the issue of the apparently impending struggle between Slav and Teuton than of building castles in the air about World Empires founded on the ruin of the commerce and colonies of Great Britain.

In addition to these general causes, Continental dislike has been in many countries inflamed by special circumstances. In Germany, for instance, the hatred of England has been largely the creation of the German Government. A chief object of Prince Bismarck's policy was to protect his country against Russia. After 1871 it was of her alone that he was afraid. Hence it was that he encouraged her to go to war with Turkey in 1876, and later helped Austria and England to deprive her of the fruits of her victory. But he contrived throughout to remain on excellent terms with his eastern neighbour. It was always other countries that appeared as her adversaries, and even when he entered into an alliance against her with Austria there was a secret understanding which, in effect, left his ally in the lurch. Among other expedients he is thought to have fomented, as far as he could, Russian aggression on British interests. But here he was met with an unexpected difficulty. The late Empress Frederick was for many reasons a warm friend of this country, and when diplomatic questions involving the three Powers arose she used all her influence on our side. Apart from Bismarck's anger at her interference in his department, he was enraged by the risk of Russian resentment at this pro-British element in German policy and, as we know, expressed his feelings with great candour. To counteract the "Engländerin" he determined to educate his countrymen into hatred of Great Britain,

and to gain his end used every means, including the reptile press. When Bismarck fell there was a lull in the anti-British campaign. The erratic vehemence with which the Prince attacked his successors paralysed his followers. Moreover, attempts were at that time being made to lure this country into an alliance which would be a more permanent security against Russia than could ever be achieved by soothing that Power's susceptibilities. Civility was the order of the day, and except in a few ultra-Bismarckian organs, the German press was unobjectionable to us. During the last few years this has all been changed. Bismarckians have regained their power. Their master's death has removed a great obstacle to their influence. Drawn as they principally are from the landowners and soldiers they hate our free trade and military policy and it is to them a labour of love to preach an Anglophobia which is sanctioned by their devotion alike to the doctrines of the Iron Chancellor and to what they hold to be the interests of their country. The attitude of the Kaiser has also changed. From the time of the celebrated Kruger telegram he has allowed his Ministers, and in particular Von Bülow, to treat this country with something very like insolence. As to the reason for this change something shall be said directly. For the present purpose the important thing is that all the organs of public opinion have been given a free hand to attack Great Britain and the attacks have culminated in the organised campaign of abuse through which we have just passed. If anything could increase the British contempt for these "foul and filthy lies" it is the proof that throughout the hand of the German Government has been upon the throttle-valve of calumny, and that when it was seen that the people of this country were becoming dangerously angry the flow of falsehood was immediately shut off.

In other countries other causes have been at work. Wherever the Roman Catholic Church is powerful, we have had to reckon with her hostility. It would be unjust to complain of it. But for the English Church and its offshoots,

there would be no Protestant body at all capable of making head against her, and her chances of again bringing Western Europe into her organisation would be materially increased. The effects of the Roman attitude have been plainly visible in Spain, Italy, Austria, and most of all in France, where matters have been greatly aggravated by the unhappy Dreyfus case, and the intemperate, and in every way ill-judged, advocacy of that cause in England.

Roman Catholicism can necessarily have had no effect in Russia. In that country it is not perhaps accurate to speak of a public opinion antagonistic to us. As understood here, there is no public opinion in Russia. The newspapers are under the strict control of the Government, and in their habitual denunciation of Great Britain only utter the prevalent feeling of the military and official classes. In Russia, as elsewhere, these classes are hostile on general grounds, and their hostility has been increased by the repeated diplomatic incidents which have taken place between the two countries in recent years. Moreover, there is no reason to doubt that one school of the Czar's advisers look forward in the dim future to a Russian conquest of India.

If this diagnosis of European enmity to this country is correct, it follows that it is not likely in itself to be dangerous. Apart from dynastic considerations which are not now operating, nations have fought one another almost exclusively for one of two reasons. They have either disapproved of each other's religion, or one has sought to take some portion of the territory belonging to the other. In this century it sounds absurd to speak of a religious war, and indeed it is so under present conditions. But it cannot be regarded as certain that such a thing will never again occur, and if this country has ever alone to meet in arms a coalition of European Powers, the Roman Church will in all probability be the soul of such a combination. This is not, however, the danger that is commonly feared. Some, both on the Continent and in this country, have imagined a combination of all or some of the

Powers of Europe spurred by their common hatred of this country, and rewarded by a partition of the Empire. If we are right in what has been said, the hatred, though widespread, is in no other sense a common feeling. It is sprung from widely different causes, and its intensity has been exaggerated. Nor is it such a motive as leads to war. There is not now, nor is there likely to be, any definite desire on the part of any one Power to take from us any particular portion of our Empire. At the worst there is an undercurrent of envy of our general prosperity which is increased, but also rendered innocuous, by the knowledge that even if our Empire were shattered, comparatively little of it could ever be possessed by another Power. The conquest and occupation of our self-governing colonies by any Foreign Power is as nearly impossible as anything can be.

For these reasons an international plot to destroy England seems to us a chimera. But this is not to say that the general atmosphere of unpopularity is unimportant to us. On the contrary, it is under such conditions that a trifling dispute may grow into a serious quarrel, leading perhaps to war. It behoves all Englishmen, therefore, to consider what diplomatic precautions, if any, should be taken to shield us from the threatened danger. Two proposals are commonly made. One school recommends an alliance with Germany, another an understanding with Russia. We disapprove equally of both suggestions. It has long been known that in high quarters in Germany some form of defensive alliance with us is desired. Indeed, many think that this desire explains the curious course taken of late years by the German Government. We have been treated by our Teutonic cousins to rapid alternations of friendliness and insult. The Kruger telegram was followed by Imperial visits and civilities which in turn gave way to unmeasured attacks in the German press, succeeded by a markedly cordial reception of a royal guest. It is suggested that all this is designed to induce us by flattery or fright to throw in our lot with Germany. The tactics are certainly not unlike those of the dealer

who tries to make his bargain first by cajolery and then by bluster. And they have had a certain measure of success. At least it is difficult in any other way to account for the opinion of those who approve the German alliance.

That Germany should wish for our help is comprehensible enough. With our fleet to protect her colonies and divert the attention of France, the German armies could meet Russia on equal terms even if the political conditions in Austria made her co-operation impossible. Moreover, and this is the most important aspect of the case, with our alliance as a diplomatic asset, Germany could play a far bolder game of European and colonial expansion. It is less easy to see the advantage to us. We do not wish for further territory, and if we did the Germans neither could nor would help us to get it. Suppose, for instance, it became necessary for us to occupy a Chinese province. Is it conceivable—whatever the wording of our treaty with Germany—that she would help us? Even if she were disposed to do so, she would never dare to denude her French or Russian frontiers of troops or expose herself on our account to an attack from those two Powers.

We have purposely put a case that is very unlikely to arise. Our readers can easily imagine other occasions on which our relations with some Power other than Germany might become strained. But in every case the same observation applies. So long as we have command of the sea we do not need German help; and, further, if the supposed dispute arose between us and France or Russia, Germany would not dare to interfere.

For the suggestion of an understanding with Russia there seems at first sight more to be said. Our interests and those of Russia so often clash that a settlement of all our prospective differences is an attractive idea. But there are two difficulties in the way. In the first place understandings with Russia in the past have usually led to misunderstandings; and in the second we have really nothing to give Russia. In China, Central Asia, and Persia, any further advance by her is not to our interest. Whether it would be wise to treat such an

advance as a *casus belli* must depend on the circumstances in which it was made. But it would be at least premature to agree at present not to do so. We might, indeed, without any serious injury to our interests cease to object to her occupation of Constantinople. But she is not likely to attempt that until she has disposed of Austrian objections by force or by agreement, and when that has been done she would care little for our protests.

It is said or hinted apart from all these questions that our great enemy in the future will be Germany and that we ought to make a friend of Russia to help us against the Kaiser's machinations. We have already said that we do not believe in this theory. But if it be true that at some future time this country may have to fight for its existence with an overgrown German Empire, that is not likely to occur for many years to come. To prepare for contingencies of that sort by diplomatic means is futile. Indeed the value of understandings and alliances is never very great. At the best they merely express the present intentions of the parties. No potentate or minister can in such matters really bind his successors for any length of years, and international experience shows that in time of pressure the life of these paper bands has not been a long one. The true policy for this country is to avoid Continental complications as much as possible, to decline to take part in the racial antagonisms of central Europe and to take care that our powers of defence, especially on the sea, are adequate to meet any danger that is likely to come upon us.

It has indeed been for long the guiding principle of English statesmen in foreign affairs, to keep this country free from diplomatic engagements in Europe. And if the same conditions prevailed in Eastern Asia as in Europe an alliance with Japan would be as objectionable as an alliance with Germany or Russia. But this is not the case. Great Britain has in the Far East large commercial interests which are threatened by the political ambitions of some of the European nations. The colonial party in Germany and the military clique in Russia

openly advocate extensions of the German and Russian possessions in China. This would involve continued political disturbance, would be destructive to British prestige and injurious to British trade. The difficulty cannot be met, for many reasons, by this country joining in the partition of China. It is true that partition has been resorted to in Africa. But apart from other considerations Africa is in effect an island. All armed forces sent from Europe to Africa must cross the sea, and while we maintain our fleet we ought to be able to protect our African possessions from European attack. China is strategically a peninsula of which Russia is the mainland, and if we were to occupy any extent of territory in China we should sooner or later find our territory marching with that of a Western Power and unprotected by the natural barriers which have lessened the burden of that position in India.

The great object of British policy in China must, therefore, necessarily be the maintenance of the *status quo*, and it was with this purpose that negotiations were from time to time entered upon with Russia, and that the Anglo-German Convention was concluded. Neither of these undertakings was very fortunate. The Anglo-German Convention, nick-named in Germany the "Yangtzse Agreement," has been so construed by Count von Bülow, in defiance of its unambiguous language, as to deprive it of most of its value. The Russian negotiations have followed the usual course of negotiations with that Power. The Ministers of the Czar are always very friendly in words, but they seem to lack either the will or the power to carry their words into effect. It is enough to point out in proof of this assertion that the Russian flag still floats over the Custom House at Niuchwang, and it will only be withdrawn upon diplomatic compulsion. It became clear, therefore, that Great Britain must either support the *status quo* single-handed—a feat of considerable difficulty—or come to some agreement with Japan.

There was obviously much to recommend such an agreement. The interests of Japan, except perhaps as to Corea,

seemed identical with our own. She required peace for her commercial development, and she looked with apprehension on the establishment of any Western nation in China.

On the other hand a European coalition had already coerced her once. A similar combination might, if she stood alone, reduce her to impotence. Unless she could secure her position by diplomatic means, her very existence was in peril. Pressed by these considerations she might come to an agreement with Russia, a course which would have added one more to our many difficulties. Finally, the geographical position and material resources of Japan make her friendship of great importance in any Far Eastern conflict. It is not too much to say that the strength of the combined Anglo-Japanese forces would be in any such conflict overpowering.

Moved by such considerations as these the Government concluded the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It has been received with general but not universal approval. It is objected, for instance, that we may suffer from the ambitions—in themselves perfectly legitimate—of Japan. No doubt even in a defensive alliance each contracting Power depends, to some extent, on the discretion and honesty of its ally, and to that extent all alliances are objectionable. But there seems every reason to believe that our ally in this case will prove honest and discreet. Baron Hayashi urged in this REVIEW, so long ago as January of last year. that the steady progress in civilisation of his country entitled her to be considered a fit associate for any Western Power. That is perfectly true, and, indeed, our experience of her loyalty shows that she is far more to be trusted than many of her elders in the family of so-called World Powers. Moreover, her Ministers are far too wise to endanger her diplomatic character by careless or improper conduct in her first alliance with a European Power. We believe, therefore, that this alliance is likely to prove advantageous to us, not only in the Far East, but also, by lightening the duties of our fleet, in any European complication in which we may become engaged.

ON THE LINE

"THE Return of Ulysses," one of its author's finest plays, forms part by a happy coincidence of the fourth volume just issued of the complete **Poetical Works of Robert Bridges.** (Smith Elder. 6*s.*) The simultaneous appearance in book form of Mr. Stephen Phillips' **Ulysses**—(Lane. 4*s.* 6*d.* net)—gives to lovers of poetry an opportunity of a very rare kind, of comparing the work of two prominent living poets dealing with the same subject under the same form. When we speak of comparing the two plays we do not of course mean weighing them against one another as rivals for popularity, for apart from the impossibility of arguing on a matter of taste, we feel that both writers deserve our gratitude for their loyalty to the good old cause of the English poetical drama. Mr. Bridges' service is of long standing and gradual effect; Mr. Phillips comes with timely help at a critical moment; there is among the playgoing public a long-felt want and a readiness to listen which may soon be overpast, and which it is important to turn to account; what is most necessary is not so much a great play as a successful play, and one of the most real of Mr. Phillips' merits is that whether his strokes are good or bad, at least he is on the right side and he keeps his wicket up. And for this we are bold to praise him, in face of that booing here and there among the crowd, which in England so soon follows a first success in literature, and which in Mr. Phillips' case has been provoked, though it

is not justified, by the imprudent loyalty of some of his well-wishers and the ignorant extravagance of others There are many with a warm welcome ready for a poet, a new poet, a dramatic poet, who are less amused than chilled and disgusted at hearing their young hopeful spoken of as having in six months produced a masterpiece combining the best qualities of Milton, Sardou, Virgil, Congreve, Sophocles, and the younger Dumas. We are reminded that the worshippers of the real Herod were hardly more blasphemous, and we shudder at the possible consequences. From such cultured profanity it is almost a relief to turn to the brazen and hollow booming of the journalist. We select the following example from a prominent London morning paper:

The triumph of *Herod* at Her Majesty's marked Mr. Stephen Phillips out inevitably as the writer of the next new play for Mr. Tree.

The subject has been under consideration for many weeks, but in its surroundings Mr. Phillips has never really wavered from his original scheme. In *Herod* he threw off the bonds of Elizabethan form and reverted to the tragic simplicity of the Greeks; in his new play he carries the revolution still further, and challenges comparison with the greatest name in the world's literature—that of Homer.

A new Odyssey is the closest definition one can apply. Yet an Odyssey necessarily circumscribed and reduced to the requirements of the three-hours traffic of the stage. To achieve this, Mr. Phillips has had to select one great figure from the multitude and to concentrate his attention on one series of adventures in the great epic.

In selecting Ulysses as his hero he has been most happily inspired. This Greek warrior, with his plethora of adventures, was, before all things, a comedian of the subtlest order. And it is as comedian that Mr. Tree is at his finest.

The period covered by the play embraces the years of the warrior's wonderings, and includes such historical incidents as the escape from the Syrens and the well-nigh fatal encounter with Circe. The drama culminates in the return of the wanderer and the winning of his wife as the one suitor who can bend the bow of the missing warrior.

The play provides ample scope for beautiful setting, but will not, we understand, include any of the incidents associated with the siege of Troy.

That such things can be said and written about him, is

Mr. Phillips' misfortune, not his fault. On the contrary, it is his duty, as he loves his art, to go down from Parnassus, and walk half-disguised among the mob, until they learn to follow him out of the noise and garbage of the market-place back to serene or windy uplands. And in this his friends must help him, but with that quietness and confidence which distinguish sincere faith from commercial anxiety.

Mr. Bridges has beyond question the same cause at heart; and if he has not adopted the modern methods, it is because he believes he can attain more certain and more lasting results by the old ones. We are not sure that he is mistaken. His name, it is true, is not seen upon evening bills, nor has he been acclaimed as the conqueror of Congreve or the challenger of Homer. But among those who have praised him have been, at any rate, those whose voices will ring longest in the ears of men. His following, though it grows steadily, is still comparatively small in numbers; would not perhaps fill Her Majesty's for many nights—though even this is not altogether beyond their more patient hopes—but they at least know how to praise him. Mr. W. B. Yeats, for example, spoke for some besides himself when he published the following passage nearly five years ago. After setting forth an ideal for the writing of drama, he continues:

> And certainly the greater plays of the past ages have been built after such a fashion. If this fashion is about to become our fashion also, and there are signs that it is, plays like the plays of Mr. Robert Bridges will come suddenly out of that obscurity into which all poetry, that is not lyrical poetry, has fallen, and even popular criticism will begin to know something about them. Some day the few among us, who care for poetry more than any temporal thing, and who believe that its delights cannot be perfect when we read it alone in our rooms, and long for one to share its delights, but that they might be perfect in the theatre when we share them friend with friend, lover with beloved, will persuade a few idealists to seek out the lost art of speaking, and seek out ourselves the lost art, that is perhaps nearest of all arts to eternity, the subtle art of listening. When that day comes we will talk much of Mr. Bridges, for did he not write scrupulous, passionate poetry to be sung and to be spoken, when there were few to sing and as yet none to speak? There is one play especially, *The Return of Ulysses*, which we will praise for perfect after its

kind, the kind of our new drama of wisdom, for it moulds into dramatic shape, and with as much as possible of literal translation, those closing books of the Odyssey, which are perhaps the most perfect poetry of the world, and compels that great tide of song to flow through delicate dramatic verse, with little abatement of its own leaping and clamorous speed. As I read, the gathering passion overwhelms me, as it did when Homer himself was the singer; and when I read at last the lines in which the maid describes to Penelope the battle with the suitors, at which she looks through the open door, I tremble with excitement.

Mr. Bridges' ideal, then, is thought to be not only the ideal of the past, but still more completely and vitally the ideal of the future: Mr. Phillips is essentially the poet of the present, the dramatist of his generation. Not that he, too, is not on the side of development: he disregards all prejudices, rightly refuses to be trammelled in his metre by the critic-made "rules of blank verse," and will fearlessly modernise a subject from Dante, from Josephus, and from Homer in turn. It remains to be seen whether he has not achieved victory rather than conquest. There is something Napoleonic in his instinct for the decisive moment of public taste and the weak spot against which to advance, and in his power of massing and launching an army of heterogeneous elements. He recruits a prologue from the Pantomime, a scenic interlude from Virgil, a plot from Homer and Wagner; Rostand supplies him with rhetoric, Keats with blank verse, Pope with rhymed heroics and Poseidon's "moist province"; the costumes come from Crete and the music from further still: the general himself, at the critical moment, takes his place bareheaded in full view of the admiring columns. The effect is magical; the forces of Philistia are crushed and scattered; for this time at least the English poetical drama is saved, and we are all once more congratulating ourselves.

It may be always so; at any rate in Mr. Phillips' day. Perhaps only posterity will know whether it is Homer's story or the setting, the lights and dresses, the music and melodrama, that take the position by storm, or none of these so much as the stately march of Mr. Phillips' verse and the keen

edge of his pathos. We can only say for ourselves that the more we have in future of Mr. Phillips himself and the less of his equipment, the more dramatic insight and the less merely theatrical skill, the surer we shall feel of his lasting influence.

Types of Naval Officers. By Capt. A. T. Mahan, U.S.N. (Sampson Low. 24*s.* net).—When an admired writer has seemed to be slowly falling from the high level of his early reputation, there is no keener literary pleasure than to hear him again sounding the old note. It is this pleasure that is in store for those who take up Captain Mahan's new volume. Full of merits as his later works have been, we could not conceal from ourselves that they were not of the same calibre as his first three volumes. Resolutely as here in England we tried to fix our attention on all that was good in his "Nelson," we could not but feel the serious blemishes. For all our high expectation we had to set it down with a sigh and see our admiral looking a little shabby. Other volumes of less ambition were even more disappointing, but in the "Types of Naval Officers" we are back at the old invigoration. Here we at once recognise the old mastery, the old high purpose, the old penetrating breadth of view, and the old magic handling of stale and worn material. It is this same power of dealing with known material, so as to extract from it a new and convincing significance, that distinguishes as much as anything the historian from the archivist or chronicler. It is also Captain Mahan's great distinction, and nowhere has he displayed it more powerfully than in the present volume. The portraits are equally remarkable. They exhibit his faculty for colouring a broad and firm outline with rapid strokes of detail, so that while each lives and moves with its own distinction, they are never forced from their due subordination to the main design.

The success is the more remarkable, for the work appears not to have been originally conceived as a whole. It consists

of an introduction of absorbing interest in which the main theme is developed. This may broadly be described as an essay in naval pathology, an excursus on the diseases to which a highly organised navy is liable, and above all, the disease of formalism, which, at first designed to give mobility and elasticity, generates at length by excessive stimulation a dread of responsibility and initiative barely to be distinguished from cowardice. The six biographies that follow serve as examples of the kind of medicine this and kindred diseases call for. Four of them not being originally written for the work do not fit quite easily into the scheme, but nevertheless they are so fresh and informing that the rough edges, if noticed, are easily forgiven, and do little to mar the effect of a very notable work.

Betwixt the mirk and the morning is, as all lovers of Faërie know, the time when elves have power. If they have any control betwixt the winter and the spring, **Songs of Childhood** (Walter Ramal. Longmans. 3*s.* 6*d.* net) have come to birth in a lucky hour. Dwarfs, witches, hares, the birds, the beasts, the flowers, the very moons of magic pervade this tiny book.

Dark was the sea they gambolled in,
And thick with silver fish,
Dark as green glass blown clear and thin
To be a monarch's dish.

They sate to sup in a jasmine bower,
Lit pale with flies of fire
Their bowls the hue of the iris-flower,
And lemon their attire.

Sweet wine in little cups they sipped,
And golden honeycomb
Into their bowls of cream they dipped,
Whipt light and white as foam.

As the enchantment spreads, as page after page of black and white turns crimson, gold, and blue, the reader, aware

already that it is never what it seems to be, endures a sudden panic lest it should vanish altogether and he be left alone, bereft even of the fays under the dock leaves, drawn all unconsciously for frontispiece by the fingers of that dead King of the Fairies who was wont to sign himself *Dicky Doyle*. "You should just see how horrid his toes will be!" said a little child to his mother, as she sat drawing an ogre. It is not the toes of this "Ogre" that are so horrid, it is his thumb. His "disastrous thumb" stands commended to all lovers of the marvellous. Walter Ramal is himself a wizard, of the kindred of Thomas the Rhymer; not a doubt of it. He would be either very young or very rash who should venture to prophecy that his magic will please on that account. Wrap up love, war, religion, reason, even morality, in verse, and all the world will learn it by heart; let poetry be poetry alone—who cares to read? They have reversed Armado's opinion that the words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo; and Apollo has to pay for the reversal. Yet Apollo has always a few faithful followers. These will say that Walter Ramal should not spoil one of his finest fancies, "The Pilgrim," by a misquotation from Webster—that he should not steal locks of hair from Christina Rossetti, inasmuch as "Goblin Market" is a better poem than "The Pedlar"—that he must beware of too much coloured glass, and of Robert Louis Stevenson; but they will thank him from heart to heart because, through him, their ears have drunk in music.

Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget. Edited by Stephen Paget, one of his sons. (Longmans. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)—The memoirs and letters of a man so much honoured and beloved as Sir James Paget would in any case have made an interesting book, but this record of a "blameless life" is written not only in the spirit of filial piety, but with much literary skill and judgment. It is little more than a story of hard work, with little variety or picturesqueness. Paget did not care much for either. The characteristic note of modesty, and perhaps we

may say lack of imagination, is struck by the first words of the Memoirs: "I have only the most vague and useless recollections of my childhood . . . I vaguely remember the events of nursery life . . . but nothing useful to others or to myself." Men of genius are generally more interested in themselves than this; and in Paget's depreciation of his childhood—and indeed his manhood too—modesty is pushed almost too far. He was but moderately interested in himself. He did not think of himself, but of his work. He felt that he had work to do every day which must be done, and done by him, and that life was too short for it; and he grudged giving time to anything which did not directly bear upon it or make him more fitted for carrying it out. "Busy all day," as he describes his father, he was himself; more than all day, if a working day is anything less than twelve hours, often fourteen or sixteen. "Where should I be now," he writes, "if I had only worked eight hours a day?"

The thoroughness and unworldliness of his father's character were repeated in his son; and his mother, with her indefatigable industry, her strong will, her devotion to her children, her skill in drawing and interest in natural history and "collections of all kinds" helps to complete the picture. Paget might well say, "Such were my parents. I can boast of being, in the best sense, well-born."

From Yarmouth he went at twenty as a student to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, his connection with which, as curator, lecturer, warden and governor successively, was never broken for sixty-five years.

To a youth of his genius and application success was certain, but it came slowly. Between 1836 and 1842 the largest sum his private practice brought him in in any year was about twenty-two guineas. In later years the average sum received in fees was from £7000 to £10,000 a year. But his appreciation of success is so cold and measured that we are inclined to think it did not give him great pleasure. What gave him pleasure was reputation among the men of his

profession, "the best judges"—not popularity among patients, "the worst judges." He attained all the honours of success, a large income, a baronetcy, academical degrees, the membership of all the scientific and medical institutions in Europe and America, and of such societies of distinguished men as the Philosophical Society, Grillion's, the Nobodys, the Literary Society, and the Club.

Sir James Paget's simple method of life is well described by his son (p. 256):

> My father's work from breakfast to dinner was like that of all busy men, save that there was rather more of it. . . . Dinner was a very plain meal, soon over; a Spartan sort of dessert was put out upstairs; he fetched his books and papers from his study, unlocked his desk, and set to work at a narrow segment of the table that we all used. Two feet and a half were enough for his desk and his letters and his glass of wine; and always, year in year out, he sat at the same point of the table's compass, and made the least possible space do for everything.

He had good health and good spirits, and in his home life "a rare amount of happiness." All this continued till extreme old age, when he watched in his own person, as he had observed in others, the signs of decay in an aged body. His mind was clear and strong to the end.

His contribution to medical knowledge is a subject for specialists, and does not appear prominently in this book. Pathology was his subject: his work in Physiology, based upon constant work with the microscope, is estimated in an interesting notice by Sir Michael Foster (p. 209). He treated any subject which came under his hand with abundance of observation and experiment, careful comparison of facts and perfect lucidity in statement. Those who followed him were always certain that his work did not need to be done again.

Sir James Paget is one more instance of the thorough-going man of science, whose first duty is to doubt, leaving his doubts behind when he enters upon the region of religion. He remained all his life within the limits of strict old-fashioned

Church of England orthodoxy, keeping Sunday as his parents had kept it, with Sunday books and theological study. He was not disturbed by the religious movements of his time. His conviction of "the extreme danger of deductions" probably disinclined him to religious speculation; and he had his own line of thought and inquiry to pursue, and did not care to work on other lines as an amateur. Religion was one thing and science another, one no less real than the other, but to be studied separately. His view of materialism is strikingly given in the following passage from one of his lectures (p. 175):

> There is established between man and the brutes a great difference, not in degree alone, but in kind. The spirit differs from all the faculties in its independence of our organisation; for it is exercised best in complete abstraction from all that is sensible; it is wholly independent of the organisation of the brain; wholly independent also of the education of the understanding.

Paget "never played," except in his annual holiday, when he rambled, free from care, in his own country or the Alpine lands. But he loved and appreciated music, art and natural scenery. He also enjoyed and took his full part in good talk, wrote an admirable style, always clear, and often marked by grace and dignity, and, whether in lectures or on public occasions, was one of the best speakers of his day.

The outcome of so much labour and faithfulness was that quality which he prized most highly among human attainments, both for its worth and its rarity, the quality of wisdom, the result of many years spent in thinking and acting rightly.

Poverty: a Study of Town Life. By B. S. Rowntree. (Macmillan. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)—This is a valuable work and admirably carried out. Mr. Rowntree's book is a chart of the life of the working classes; a chart by which many mariners, civic and political, as well as philanthropic, would do well to steer their

course. What Mr. Charles Booth has done for the East-end of London Mr. Rowntree has done for York, and he takes York as fairly representative of the normal provincial town in England. He is so accurate, so thorough, so fair-minded and so sober that we cannot hesitate to accept the truth of his statements. This being so, it is an appalling picture that his plain statistics give us. He divides the working people into four classes: those earning under 18*s.*, those earning from 18*s.* to 21*s.*, those earning from 21*s.* to 30*s.*, and those earning above 30*s.*; and it is one cheering fact in his book that by far the greater proportion of the poor in York belong to the two latter divisions. The crux, as usual, lies in the condition of the two first-named classes. The author reckons "the minimum expenditure necessary to maintain in a state of physical efficiency a family of two adults and three children" as being 21*s.* 8*d.*, whilst "the average wage for a labourer in York is from 18*s.* to 21*s.*" Thus all persons below the artisan class, all "the labouring classes, upon whom the bulk of the muscular work falls," are practically doomed to sadly deficient nourishment, to debt and to ill-health. Mr. Rowntree's chapter on "Housing," giving an account of the cheap and unsanitary dwellings inhabited by this section of the community, leaves a terrible picture in our minds. When, in addition to this, we remember that the average expenditure of each working-man's family on drink is 6*s.* a week—that the minimum of 21*s.* 8*d.* only allows for three children, and leaves no margin for newspapers, tobacco, pleasure or provident clubs—it will easily be understood that a household living on any sum under 26*s.* is bound, even when respectable and sober, to live in extreme poverty. The writer points out that, pressed on by debts which have to be repaid in instalments, the better sort of poor are often forced down into slum life; while the worse sort, with their perennial deficit, are really compelled to exist in gloom and demoralisation. The skilled artisans, on the other hand, enjoy considerable comfort, though they often impair their prosperity by gambling and drinking. Perhaps the

most interesting chapter in a very interesting book is that on "Family Budgets," in which Mr. Rowntree gives the detailed household expenditure and the daily bills of fare of numerous families belonging to each of his four classes, together with an account of their respective circumstances. The budgets were kept for many consecutive weeks and tested by the most careful investigation of facts. He compares the actual diet of the poor with the diet given in workhouses and prisons; and, what is more important, he shows, in tables of analysed food how, for the same money, the poor might live on more nutritious rations—lentils, pease-pudding and other wholesome food-stuffs. The need of good cooking and a choice of utensils to make such diet digestible is, however, he tells us, a great initial difficulty.

Mr. Rowntree is not a pessimist; he sees improvement before us, but he thinks it will come gradually. He believes it will be obtained through stricter application of existing laws, especially those for public health; through the increase of efficient education and the bettering of social and economic conditions.

> The object of the writer [he says] has been to state facts rather than to suggest remedies. He desires, nevertheless, to express his belief that, however difficult the path of social progress may be, a way of advance will open out before patient and penetrating thought if inspired by a true human sympathy.

Owen Glyndwr and the Last Struggle for Welsh Independence. With a brief sketch of Welsh History. By Arthur Granville Bradley. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5*s.*)—The author labours under the disadvantage, frankly acknowledged, of extremely scanty materials for a personal history of his hero. We have the record of his deeds and can draw our inferences, but the man himself must always remain a shadowy figure. Still he is *par excellence* the national Welsh hero, and nobody will dispute that there is room for much fuller knowledge of his career and place in the history of the Principality than is

commonly possessed—in England at all events—so that the publication of this volume in the Heroes of the Nations series is justified.

Mr. Bradley has carefully examined the authorities and legends, and his narrative is clear and accurate, if somewhat lacking in force. Born of good lineage, with a claim to royal descent, there was nothing in Owen Glendower's early life to turn him into a foe of the English, but rather the contrary. He studied at the Inns of Court and became squire to Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., and his life-long enemy. He would probably have lived a loyal subject if he had not been driven into rebellion at the age of forty-one by the tyranny of his neighbour, Lord Grey of Ruthyn, Lord of the Marches, who misappropriated a slice of his land and tried to arrest him unjustly on a plea of evading military service. Failing to get redress in the King's Council, from that time to the end of his life Glendower stands out as the leader of a patriotic rising of the Welsh against the English. The ostensible pretext was their attachment to Richard II. and dislike of the usurping Lancastrian. Expedition after expedition is despatched against him without success; at the height of his power he assumes royal state; he sends ambassadors to France and makes a treaty with the French king; he offers to take Wales over to the allegiance of the Avignon Pope. After ten years continuous ruthless fighting his forces are crushed and his people subdued; but he continues to carry on guerilla warfare to the end of his days, and dies an outlaw, with his family under detention by the English Court. His personality must have been a statesmanlike and truly masterful one—witness his influence over Hotspur and Mortimer, to whom he married his daughter. It is unfortunate that the materials for a complete picture of such a man are wanting.

A brief summary of Welsh History before and after Glendower's times is a useful complement to the narrative.

Justice is done to the conciliatory policy of Henry VIII. under whose rule complete fusion with England took place. Mr. Bradley knows the country well and is able to throw in much local colour. The interest of his book is decidedly increased by the topographical descriptions, which will specially be appreciated by residents and tourists.

AN UNCONSIDERED PARTY QUESTION

IN the January number of this REVIEW England's finance was discussed as a system founded in the middle of the last century upon theories and expectations long since overthrown, and serviceable only in conditions which, however stable they may have seemed then, are now supplanted by their opposites. The whole scheme being raised on a presumption of peace, or, to speak a little more exactly, on an opinion of war as a remote and ever-dwindling likelihood, it is theoretically what it proves to be: inadequate and unfit when we have to build upon presumptions of war. As financier, the lesson which Mr. Gladstone drew from his view of the future appears to have been this: that indirect taxation should give place largely to direct taxation on economic grounds, and that it should do so further on moral grounds. Many trivial sources of indirect taxation should be closed altogether in any circumstances, and there he was undoubtedly right; others might be safely closed because of the small and dwindling need of them as a provision for the extraordinary expense of war; and others yet because it is one thing to enlarge taxation from a source which the people are accustomed to, and another to reopen any source when once closed. At that the people rebel, and rebellion, or the fear of it, is useful in checking the impetuous and immoral adventure of Tory Governments. Under such persuasions the Gladstonian system was framed, and very well

it worked as long as the conditions it was founded on held together. But they have all given way. The peace presumption is reversed, and with it the fiscal policy that was based upon the presumption. Actual war, the palpable necessity for unabating defensive preparation, and the ever-rising cost of the Civil Service, have brought us to a point where the supply from indirect taxation is unwisely and unfairly small, the demand upon direct taxation excessively partial as an impost and politically injudicious. For it is not only that the two are out of balance and unjust. Together they bedevil the first purpose of all wise taxation in time of stress, which is to draw the fullest possible supply with the least consciousness of being yielded, and therefore at the lowest cost of discontent.

In brief, such was the argument against England's antiquated finance, as viewed from her entirely changed position in a world astir in every quarter with conflict and the causes of conflict. It has since been supported (the argument, I mean) by the high and independent authority of Sir Robert Giffen, who enforces the same conclusions from the same grounds. As to that, however, it would be aspersion to doubt that most competent minds discovered for themselves, long ago, that we are involved at last in such complications as have turned the whole continent of Europe into an armed camp, and that defence against them cannot be maintained upon our narrowed financial position. But recognition of the facts is naturally followed by contemplation of the remedy, which by good fortune is equally obvious. But what happens then? Why, then these discerning minds turn to another matter of consideration infinitely inferior, by which, however, the right conduct of affairs is often retarded, deflected, or even ruined altogether. There can be no mistake about what is meant: the Party consideration.

For reasons that will presently appear, the Party consideration is in this case unusually weighty and unusually complicate. It would be so on account of three things alone, all of

which are obvious and familiar. The Gladstonian system of finance, which is what we still go upon, is inwrought with free-trade principle; that is one thing. Secondly, the free-trade principle, a sacred inheritance for Liberals, has been taken into the creed of the other governing party, which will not confess to an inferior respect for it. Thirdly, there is the popular view of free-trade principle as hostile to indirect taxation on righteous grounds, and the equal dread of the two great parties that to extend that means of raising money would condemn them in the eyes of the masses. Therefore, conscious as both parties may be of the need of extension, neither is willing to avow the conviction. Though the eleventh hour is well advanced, both parties keep silence; save when some voice is heard insinuating that, after all, the South African affair is but a passing interruption of peace, and that it would be foolish, because needless, to set up new machinery of supply to provide the war's expenses. That has been said even from the Ministerial side down to the present time of writing, which is the end of the second week of the second month of the year. No leading Liberal, therefore, could be expected to volunteer advice to the contrary, whatever his view of the changed demands of the time. But after this week it will be scarcely possible for any official Ministerialist to affect belief in a merely temporary excess upon "normal expenditure." The publication of the treaty with Japan announces more than is contained within the four corners of that instrument. It declares the consciousness of the Government that beyond the South African War there are prospects of contention and aggression clear enough to demand extraordinary providence, and near enough to justify proclamation of the same. The source of the danger is seen not to be trivial. Were it considered a remote danger, we must suppose that it would have been left at a distance, a prepared understanding with Japan awaiting secretly its nearer approach. And, again, this is no such isolated affair as the South African War. It has connections and possibilities in various quarters which, whatever the right opinion of them, must be considered

in any scheme of defensive preparation. Nor is there anything "temporary" in the Eastern outlook now presented to us on the highest authority and in the most impressive way. It is more reasonably taken as the formal opening of a long era of change, vast in the results it moves to, strange in its procedure, but a change that is little likely to work by the quiet evolutionary processes of the vegetable kingdom. Yet the Anglo-Japanese treaty may be no portent of immediate disturbance (here I am without opinions on that point) but a portent of peace, as some of the best judges say it is. But if of peace, it must be a peace well armed; peace which, on our side, since there are possibilities of reprisal, demands a ready defensive equipment much beyond the expenditure which was considered "normal" when income-tax did not rise beyond 8*d.* in the pound.

It would appear, therefore, that whereas Sir Michael Hicks-Beach lately gave indications of intending another budget framed on the "temporary expenditure" theory, he must now acknowledge what the Anglo-Japanese treaty acknowledges: to wit, grave uncertainties which are not all domiciled in China, nor bound to develop there only; dangers to the British Empire which the most thorough conquest in South Africa will not abate in the least, and consequently to be provided for independently of South African charges. Indeed, though as politician Sir Michael Hicks-Beach may be firmly and rightly persuaded of the wisdom of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, as financier he cannot expect it to hasten the Boer surrender or cheapen the means of pacification. One would think that these considerations must combine to press on him the necessity, the lasting necessity, of a reformed and enlarged system of finance, accommodated to a changed state of things which could hardly be more clearly marked or more openly recognised than by the new treaty. Yet one thing does more clearly signify the perilous restlessness of the time if it be true, as at the moment I do not doubt, that the bargain with Japan was presented as the alternative to a Japanese bargain with Russia, and as such to be taken or left at once.

We are almost forced to the conclusion, then, that if Sir Michael Hicks-Beach goes on upon an unreformed and unenlarged fiscal system it must be because Party considerations of the kind specified above withhold him from undertaking the authorship of the change. And if he expected another change as not far off—a change of Ministry—his hesitation would be unfortunate but quite intelligible. The effect of the new treaty itself, however, inasmuch as it bears on party politics, is not to advance but to throw back that expectation. Though injurious to the character of the Government, the contract scandals endangered its life but little. If there was a doubt that it would last to the next general election, it is now a diminished doubt. At any rate the calculation of "the lobbies" is that, while the Japanese treaty will do much to re-establish the Government in the eyes of the Imperialist majority, it is not unlikely to check the reunion of the Liberal sectaries.

To these we now turn, but without leaving the question of England's finance. The Liberal section of which Lord Rosebery must be taken as the head does not depart from the more Radical section upon grounds supplied by the South African War alone. It does not found a party on the genesis of the war, the management of the war, or the future administration of a fiftieth part of the British Empire. Though with less assertion of the feeling, Liberal Imperialists have shared the sensibility of Conservative minds to the altered relations of England in a world where it was not long ago the dominant Power, and have viewed the change with more intelligence than contentment. What they saw in the crowding dangers of the time was a continuing series of historic developments, not yet so violent in operation as such movements have been and should be expected to be, but apparently destined to end in an entirely new distribution of commercial ascendency, and of what, perhaps, we hear too much of under the challengeable name of "empire." But that view was not and is not the common view. It is not the view of

hundreds of thousands of earnestly patriotic souls who call themselves Imperialists, and certainly not of the great political party in which the Liberal Imperialists of to-day had a place. There, what we have described as the crowding dangers of the time are not at all so considered, but as a sort of transient ebullitions common to every time. What we have called a continuing series of developments, widely subversive and superseding, are regarded as incidental outgrowths or efforts of outgrowth, exaggerated by a foolish and even an unworthy alarm.

It must be presumed that these differences go farther than they are carried by purely political considerations. To some extent they must touch upon money matters and be influenced by them. The Liberal party has always prided itself on its watchfulness over the disbursements of the State, on a particular hatred of war expenditure as the worst kind of waste, and a strict regard to the taxation of the poorer classes. Liberals would say for themselves that these are among the most distinguishing characteristics of their party. Being recognised as highly respectable, they are jealously preserved and constantly asserted. To Liberalism itself they are tests of the right and wrong of everything to which they can be applied; and with all this it may be fairly suspected that they disturb vision and prejudice judgment. Facts are not seen in their right proportions; their consequences are magnified or shut off from sight. But are these defects, these errors, worse in the case of Liberal than Tory preconceptions? I do not say so. We are now looking to two sections of the same party, rooted in the same traditions, bred in the same principles, and inheriting the same characteristics, including those named above. And we see that, despite this sameness, wide differences have arisen between them on the South African War, and no doubt upon the whole general outlook. No doubt, I say, because it is pretty clear that the Liberal Imperialist's views of the general outlook were not determined by his sympathy with the South African War, but rather that his sympathy with

the war was heightened by the general outlook. The question then arises, by how much are the Radicals still governed by the hard old economic tradition, and by how much have the Liberal Imperialists been drawn from its influence by the consciousness of imperative obligations, the result of changed conditions?

It is impossible, of course, to say how much in either case. But, to all appearance, the question must be put to the test before long, though I have never yet encountered any public recognition of the likelihood. It would come to the test at once if by some accident unimaginable at the moment the Unionists were to go out of office. If, as is understood, the Liberal Imperialists see the future as one which calls for ever-ready preparation to meet an ever-growing and necessitous rivalry abroad, they must see it as a future that does not permit "return to normal expenditure." It is inconceivable that with their convictions, which are of no dilettante sort, they should take part in any Government likely to attempt such a return, unless by a process equivalent to domestic saving. But the Radicals may be also convinced that there can be no such return? Perhaps they are; and they may be further convinced that the times demand the constant upkeep of a great navy, and even an army stronger than the British "normal." But besides the likelihood of difference on matters of policy involving expenditure, there are the problems that trouble Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who has again to consider the inequality of his exactions on the one hand and the free-trade superstition on the other. How do the Liberal Imperialists face that dilemma? They have no belief in the present situation, political or financial, as temporary; apparently, the Radicals think otherwise; and if so, that would put them at odds as to the scale of expenditure, and probably as to the scope and methods of taxation. It is likely that the Radicals may contend that a permanently increased rate of expenditure should be met as it is now; that is to say, by not enlarging the basis of taxation, by opening no

door to Protection even for the protection of the country, but by raising the necessary revenue from a rising income-tax or similar impost. So far as the Radical feeling in the matter has been declared, it has been declared in this sense. The Liberal Imperialist feeling has not been declared at all.

And theirs seems the greater difficulty, by far, which I avow myself sorry for, believing (I speak now of the general outlook) that in affairs of instant and commanding importance they have the truer perceptions. Clearly, however, their future depends very much upon a question unanswered as yet. What is their financial creed? and does it, or does it not, include strict obedience to the free-trade superstition? If their views are correct, the ill time before us will be long: wherefore the finance of the country must approach more nearly to the ideal of the largest possible return with the least consciousness of being yielded. In other words, reduction of direct, increase of indirect taxation, including articles of general consumption. But if Sir Michael Hicks-Beach fears the adoption of these reforms, dreading the cry of "Protectionist," "Reactionary," and the like, how much more should a Liberal party do so which is already accused of straying from the true path of Liberalism? Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a good man of business, straightforward and courageous, still has reasons for putting off the inevitable change, although more than a year ago he could say that "we have come to a point when it is necessary to widen the basis upon which our taxation rests"; for Liberals of any denomination these cannot be reasons for wishing to take the business up. Yet for Liberal Imperialists not to do so were it thrust upon them would be avoidance of the needful means of carrying out their policy. At the same time they would lose the support of the middle classes, which (presumably) is their main reliance.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

EDUCATION IN THE NAVY

I

IT is an old and treasured saying that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. It is at least equally true that Colenso was lost in her class-rooms. There is an uneasy feeling, which we all have come to acquire, that the short-comings of our army are mainly due to a defective system of education and training. After shutting our eyes to the trouble year after year we have come to feel that something must be done, and that quickly. The public is alarmed and a little angry. It is difficult to picture their state of mind had something happened to open their eyes to the fact that the state of things in the navy is as bad. No doubt it is the very gravity of such an idea that keeps their backs to it. Yet any one in touch with the junior ranks of the service knows this to be fact. He seems to see the system of education in vogue deliberately sowing for us the seeds of a naval Colenso. It is useless to speak. The bare hint that a system, which somehow manages to turn out officers so good as it does, may be radically defective is treated as the hysteria of an alarmist. Those who know can only look on in hopeless impotence, and trust that when the naval Colenso comes it may be at a moment that is not vital.

Did we but listen to what those responsible for the system say of it, their very complacency would be enough to arouse our suspicions. Last session the First Lord of the Admiralty, when the subject was raised, declared from his place in the

House of Lords that no alteration in the present system of naval education was contemplated; and that it was the opinion —the unanimous opinion—of the many admirals and captains whom he had consulted straight from the sea, that it was as good as possible. When we see a great department of State thus sitting aloft like Buddha contemplating its own perfections, experience assures us there is something seriously wrong. An airy admission that you have reached your standard of perfection is a certain indication of decadence. We must grow or rot, and the navy, so far as education is concerned, is not growing. It has reached the top of its development, we are told, and we are expected to believe it and be at ease.

Such credulity would be impossible even if we had nothing but experience to shake it. Unfortunately, we know that there are other men in the navy, quite as competent to give an opinion as the admirals and captains whom Lord Selborne consulted, who hold a very different view. It is not the admirals and the captains who know. It is the junior officers who are in direct touch with the youngsters, who have to get the work done by them, and who are responsible if it is done ignorantly—these are the men that know. And these are the men who say that the system—if, indeed, they would ever dignify it with such a word—so far from being the best possible has reached the point where it is almost as bad as can be. Nor does the matter end here. The picture of a First Lord consulting a middy is not to be conceived, yet if Lord Selborne could talk to some of the youngsters—some of the thoughtful boys who want to learn—he might have heard something of the obstacles placed in their way at every step in their educational career; he might hear them clamouring to be taught what they are expected to know, and have no adequate means of learning; he might hear them sighing for some such system as disregarded countries like Chili and Portugal have had the sense and clear-sightedness to organise.

There cannot be a doubt that if the public only knew the tangle of irreconcilable odds and ends which at present con-

stitute our system of naval education they would be on the side of the youngsters and against the seniors. They would refuse to listen to the favourite *argumentum ad hominem*. "See what splendid officers the system turns out" is the stock answer of those who are responsible; "it cannot be bad." That splendid officers are turned out is undeniable; but this, to any one familiar with the system, is no proof of its quality. It only testifies to the extraordinary excellence of the material which it fails to spoil. Did the public but know, they would answer, if we give you material which can survive the blighting effects of your system, then you might and shall produce a far higher proportion of good officers than you do.

But the public do not know. All they hear, if anything reaches their ears at all, is the confused echo of a controversy, obviously intemperate and unscientific, about "masts and sails." In the old days we trusted for turning out officers to sending them straight to sea almost as children, and thrusting them at once into positions of trust and responsibility. So long as ships were fully rigged the system worked admirably. From childhood to manhood the young officer was continually exposed to the necessity of accurate watchfulness, precise action, and quick decision. He was at quarters every day, and had to follow some evolution aloft, and wherever the youngster's station was while it was going on he was subjected to the forming strain. If aloft, he was the responsible officer in the top, at the bunt of the yard, the cross-trees, or wherever the work lay. If anything fouled the fault was visited on his head as well as on the captain of the top. If on deck, he was busy seeing ropes handed out, getting men on them at the exact moment, and having them smartly coiled down, and all the time he had to have an ear alert for an order from poop or forecastle, and to be ready to see it carried out at the instant. Everywhere around him was the rush of men from one station to another, and through it all he must keep his head and get to know and be ready for every detail of the orderly confusion. No training in authority and responsibility

to equal this could possibly be devised. Nor was this all. At the same time that his spirit was being hammered up to a spring and toughness that no service ever surpassed, he was also learning the humdrum details of his profession. It was admirable, and so entirely successful that so long as our ships were fully rigged there was little need to worry about regular instruction.

With the disappearance of masts in warships all this came to an end. The routine of a modern battleship or cruiser offers few such opportunities for the youngster to feel the spur of authority or the sting of responsibility. The authorities had to provide a substitute for what was gone. For this purpose a training squadron of masted ships was instituted in which all cadets had to serve for a period which might vary from three to six months after leaving school. The project was thoroughly English and thoroughly unphilosophic. Hitherto masts and sails had done everything for making naval officers, and therefore masts and sails must be continued. No one suggested that the reason why masts and sails were so successful was mainly because they were the life work of a naval officer. Yet it would be thought that any one who knew boyhood would know that masts and sails in a training squadron must lose half their virtue at least. There the boy was not as before an officer, a conscious part of the great organism: he was still at school, playing at it, learning a lesson. To such feelings a boy is extremely sensitive. Treat him as a boy and he will remain a boy. Treat him as a man and he will heartily try to be a man. He at once becomes proud of his work instead of being teased by it. The idea of the training squadron ignored this cardinal sentiment. It was founded on the old error of mistaking the means for the end. The principle of the old mast-and-sail training was not masts and sails but the setting of the boy at once to the duties of his life. To try to get the effect out of a short spell in a training squadron was to miss the whole point, and worse. Not only did it fail in the old intention, but it kept the boys away from learning the difficult new duties they have to master before

they can be efficient officers. Happily this is now recognised, and the training squadron has been abolished. To navy men the step naturally seems so revolutionary that educational reform bids fair to end there for many a day. The most advanced authorities are content to defend the step against the fierce lamentations of men of the old school. There seems no sign of their asking themselves whether, in giving the death-blow to the old system, they ought not with equal boldness to adopt another. They are off with the old love before they are on with the new, and the lamentations of the old school no onlooker can hear without a deal of sympathy. But when they ask that the training squadron should be restored we can no longer listen. The controversy which appears to absorb all the energy of educational authority seems to us as dead as galleys. It is not a revival of the old system that we look for. What we want to see is the clearing away of the *débris* that still cumber the ground, and the careful building up of a new structure on a clean foundation and a homogeneous plan. For this we look in vain.

In the education of naval officers there are two main ends to keep in view. We have to make a man of him and a seaman, and we have to make him master of a bewildering mass of technical knowledge. In other words, we have to teach him to command, to be prompt, accurate, and light-hearted at his work, to be familiar with and alert for the sudden changes of the sea, and, above all, to foster his nerve. This side of the problem has always held the first place in the British navy, and it is to be hoped that it will never be deposed. But at the same time it must not be forgotten that with the advance of science the other side constantly increases in importance, and its teaching in difficulty. So elaborate and complex is the arm which the naval officer must learn to wield, that the old art of the frigate and the ship of the line seems child's play beside its modern development. Then it sufficed an officer if he were a seaman. Now he must be sailor, soldier, engineer, and man of science, too. The second part of his education makes so high a demand

upon his powers that it is impossible he should master it unless it can be combined with the first. In the old days of masts and sails, as we have seen, this was easily done. It is difficult to do it now, but doubly important that it should be done. Let us see then how the educational authority at the Admiralty attempts the task.

One of the very few reforms which have been made in recent years affects the outset of the cadet's career. A boy destined to be a naval officer first enters on board the *Britannia*, which is practically a floating school, and is now to be superseded by a school ashore. Till recently he entered at an age that varied from $12\frac{1}{2}$ to $13\frac{1}{2}$, but in 1885 this limit was advanced two years to between $14\frac{1}{2}$ and $15\frac{1}{2}$. The reason of the change is variously given. For those who view it with disfavour it was a blow aimed at the "crammers" by the public schools, or, in other words, it was due to the jealousy of men who fail to teach with an obsolete system for those who succeed in teaching with a new one. The admirers of the change, on the other hand, assert that under the old limit a boy was made to specialise too soon, and so long as he was forced to enter so young his mind and intellect obtained no true education in the broad sense. The idea, of course, is sound enough, but whether an average boy acquires much education of this character by two years under sixteen at a public school is open to grave doubt. Indeed, the advantage of any public school element being introduced into a service which demands high technical training requires demonstration. At the last meeting of the association of head-masters the president is reported to have said that the main purpose of education was to give a man some pure and salutary occupation for his leisure; and, further, he admitted that the present system in England resulted in a general lack of interest in acquiring knowledge. With these dicta before us we cannot be surprised at what happened in the *Britannia*. For whatever may be the real reason for the advance in the age limit, its effects were immediate and indisputable. One was a prodigious increase in the importance of

games, and the other compulsory Latin for entrance. How far Latin, made compulsory for every boy no matter the bent of his mind and then dropped at 15½, is an educational gain over a modern language or elementary science is very doubtful. The inoculation of the navy with what has now become the disease of public school life is an unmitigated calamity. So far, then, all that has been done is to postpone the commencement of the boy's technical training, and to expose him to distractions which, however harmless for the pure and salutary occupation of his leisure, are almost certain in a greater or less degree to prevent his profession being his first interest.

In the *Britannia* a boy remains about a year: that is, he has twelve months instruction and three months holiday. During this short period he is hunted through a course which includes seamanship, navigation, and what are called extra subjects: that is, French, physics, steam, and naval history. All of them appear to be taught in a manner which shall ensure the boy's taking the least possible interest in his work, and having no practical knowledge of the most elementary kind. In seamanship, for instance, it is quite possible for a boy to leave the *Britannia* without knowing how to splice wire or apparently without ever having seen a modern cable-holder, to say nothing of such work as laying out anchors in boats, and the like, work at which a boy might be taught at once authority and responsibility. In navigation, again, the first principles are taught in dry theory, but the boy gets no practical skill, and thus, as a rule, is quite unable to make an observation properly —an art in which early training of the eye and hand is of the highest importance. Elementary steam and physics are subjects which, of course, can be taught well enough in a class-room, but of French it can only be said that it is of real Britannia metal. As for naval history—on which the higher knowledge of the art ultimately depends—it barely gets so far as to be called elementary. It is taught on the lines of a penny reading lecture. It is not made a subject for examination, and thus, at the outset of their career, most boys are stained with the

heresy that the history of their art is a matter of no importance. Signalling appears to be the only subject of which the average boy knows anything when he leaves. It is highly significant that this subject happens also to be one that can only be taught practically. It is the only one that cannot be poisoned with the old taint of the schoolmaster, and thus the natural instinct for a boy to acquire new capabilities is left as free to grow as it is in his games. But over all the rest is the nauseous trail of the pedagogue—even it might be said of the scrappy curriculum of a young ladies' finishing academy fifty years ago. Every subject in turn is presented to a boy in the old repellent way, and he is given enough of it to dull the edge of his appetite for a new food without imparting to him an appreciable amount of nourishment. Boys, we repeat, are naturally keen to learn new things, and remain keen till the fare is made stale. It is even doubtful whether the greediest child would really enjoy a cake if he were kept a year or two learning recipes before he was allowed to taste one. It is neither instruction nor education that he gets in the *Britannia*, but rather a mere deadening of the appetite for what concerns his profession and a voracious interest in various things that do not.

With his intelligence thus broadly trained and his mind thus thoroughly grounded in the elements of his profession—such at least is the theory so far—the cadet at the age of about sixteen joins a ship, and a fresh start which, practically and perhaps fortunately, has little relation to what has gone before, is made in his instruction. If it be a battleship he may find from ten to twenty cadets and midshipmen for his fellows, and a naval instructor to continue his education. Every morning, except on "general drill" days or when "general quarters" are exercised, the instructor holds "school," at which he is expected to teach the boys navigation and mathematics from 9 or 9.30 to about mid-day. Mondays, which are generally drill days, are usually lost, and on Friday, which is the "general quarters" day, school cannot begin before 10.30. The school which boys get thus amounts to from two to three hours five days a week,

and this under reasonable conditions would be enough. But when we examine what actually occurs the arrangement wears quite a different aspect. To begin with, the boys are of various standards of knowledge and various degrees of intelligence, but they are all herded together into a small and noisy place where order and serious work are almost impossible. But even so the instructor has not got them to himself. At any moment his class may be decimated for duty. A boy may be wanted for Captain's A.D.C., or as boat or signal midshipman, or even to assist the officer of his division in mustering kits. Everything and anything takes precedence of instruction, and must necessarily do so, so long as it is attempted on board an active ship. Under these circumstances it is needless to say the instructor loses heart, and either gives it up altogether or confines himself to the brightest boys and those who want to learn. The rest are left to skylark or to disappear unnoticed into the gun-room. Any one who has had to do with the teaching of boys must know what a hopeless effort it must be under these conditions, and if instructors fail to show adequate results no one can blame them. It is the system, not the man, that is at fault.

"Instruction," that is technical instruction as opposed to "school," takes place in the afternoons, at least on such of them as are not otherwise occupied. Formerly Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays were the only afternoons available, but by a recent order Monday afternoons have been turned over from "school" to "instruction." This excellent order, for which the authorities should be given full credit, also provides that instead of the four "instruction" subjects being taught in scraps from day to day, continuous instruction in each is to be given for a fortnight at the time. Further, it is ordered that instead of herding the boys together they are to be divided into two classes, senior and junior, or intelligent and unintelligent. The subjects of "instruction" are seamanship, steam, gunnery, and torpedo. Thus, under the new order, there should be always two classes going, say one in gunnery

and one in torpedo, and in the ensuing fortnight one in seamanship and one in steam. So far the system looks fairly good, but here again its working is not up to its appearance. At most it represents but eight spells of two hours each every fortnight, and having done his sixteen hours in one subject, a boy must drop it for six weeks till its turn comes round again. What a six weeks gap in an ordinary boy's instruction means every schoolmaster knows. Even this litttle is not certain. Wednesday afternoons, at the discretion of the admiral in command, may be and usually are devoted to sailing, and the same liability to interruption as in the mornings continues, and unless instructing officers are keen on their work, and get their captains' support, boys may be continually called away for boat and signal duties, and the like.

Then as to the men who have to instruct there are further difficulties. It may sometimes happen in a cruiser, for instance, that the first lieutenant teaches seamanship, and that he is also gunnery or torpedo lieutenant. In this case he is expected to teach seamanship one fortnight and gunnery or torpedo the next. All this is, of course, in addition to his ordinary ship's work, which in a case where a lieutenant is "first," and also "gunnery" or "torpedo," takes a deal of time. Hence it happens that he finds himself constantly compelled to hand over his class to a petty officer. The result is that on these days the boys learn nothing, and worse than nothing. The man is unable to maintain order, and skylarking and inattention ensues; it is not his job, and even if he finds time or inclination to do it, and does not turn the class over to his mate, his heart is not in it. He does not know, and cannot know, how to teach. He runs through his task like a parrot, and all the boys acquire is a slovenly unintelligent habit of thought, and a vivid impression of the unimportance of themselves and their work. Here again the men are not to blame. They simply have not the time or the knowledge to do what is demanded of them, and the system is as cruel and demoralising to them as it is to the boys.

Then, again, boys often change their ships. A large proportion of those who come to the Channel Squadron from the *Britannia* remain about a year, and are then sent to a foreign station. Thus, just when they are beginning to feel their feet and know their ship, such little sequence as there is in their instruction is broken off, and they inevitably drop back from what small progress they may have made.

Even here the tale of difficulties does not end. In a subject, for instance, so vital as practical navigation, as opposed to the theory of navigation, midshipmen are attached in turns to the navigating officer. So far so good. The idea, again, is correct. But since, during any boy's spell, the ship may be all the time in harbour, there is nothing to ensure his getting a turn at real sea work. All he will learn of the subject will be the number of chronometers in the ship and how to write up the monthly copy of the log, and so inadequate is his grounding in the *Britannia* that it is often difficult to find a boy who can do this legibly and accurately. The navigating officer is also supposed to take the midshipmen once a month in the use of charts, once a month and no more! When practical navigation, the first qualification of a seaman, is thus taught, it is difficult to write of it with restraint, or express a sober opinion of the men who can say it is the best they can attain.

It is impossible for an honest citizen, if he knows what is going on, to pay his taxes in patience while such a system is allowed to continue. To say it is a failure is almost to compliment it. The results of it are the despair of every smart officer who has managed to pull through it with an adequate knowledge of his profession. Every examination displays the dangerous ignorance of most of the youngsters in what they are supposed to have learnt. Every manœuvre season, when, owing to the number of units mobilised, their services are obliged to be utilised, proclaims their utter unfitness for the smallest commands. Let any lieutenant in command of a torpedo squadron say how long it takes him to get all his boats

in order; how many of his acting sub-lieutenants in charge of them can help him to get the torpedoes and their gear in order; how many have any real notion of navigating their craft; how many can expect to make a hit with a torpedo under the most favourable conditions. The fact is, that such a system is impossible. It is not founded or worked upon any conception of education that experience has found feasible. It stands unstably upon the ruins of an old system, and because it does just manage to stand the authorities fondly believe that it adequately takes the old system's place. So great was the success of the old sea training that it had pardonably become a fetish. "Send a boy to sea," men said, "and all must come right." The fact that the means for the old training have disappeared from the modern ship is ignored. It is believed that by ordering officers to teach what in the old days a boy could not help teaching himself in the ordinary routine of his work, the deficiency is made good. Were every officer eager and capable for this work of instruction it is possible the substitute might act. But it is not every man who has either the love or the knack of teaching. Unless a man has both his pupils will profit little. Yet the whole of the new system, such as it is, depends on the interest displayed by some two hundred officers, taken at random, in the work of instruction. Is it even fair to expect that the majority of them will take such interest? They have nothing to gain by it, and if they cannot do it for the love of the thing, they have no incentive to do it at all. Most captains have naturally the average Englishman's infidelity in matters of education, and do little to support the instructors by doing their best to secure them the uninterrupted attention of the boys. In his heart every one concerned knows that the whole thing is a pretence, a make-believe, to mask the rent which the revolution in naval warfare has caused, and in asking officers to carry water in such a sieve we are in most cases doing little more than placing a new obstacle in the way of their perfecting themselves in the higher stages of their art. The youngster gets no real sea education, nor ever will till we

make up our minds to substitute some sound consistent method for one whose only recommendation is that it bears a colourable resemblance to the old one.

The final stage of an officer's education is of a piece with the rest. Having spent three years at his so-called sea training, and passed an easy examination in seamanship, which is probably the only subject of which the boy has picked up anything, being again the only subject that must be taught practically, he goes to what is dignified by the name of the Naval College at Greenwich as an acting sub-lieutenant. He is now presumably supposed to have passed through his primary and secondary stages of education, and passed on to what ashore is the university stage. Here he has to take a course of "navigation," consisting of elementary mathematics, trigonometry, physics, French, and steam, with two papers only on navigation and nautical astronomy. Thus so far from being a course of "navigation," it is a last despairing effort to teach boys what they are supposed to have been learning for three years at sea. The best of them have, of course, learned these simple matters, which are no more than any good college at the universities expects its freshmen to have passed in before they come up, and which make no real demand upon any average intellect at eighteen or nineteen years of age. For clever boys the course has no real meaning. The large majority, however, have not only made no progress in their three years, but may even be behind the point where the *Britannia* left them. The educational authority does not blink the fact. It is recognised frankly and without a blush. The course begins exactly where that of the *Britannia* leaves off, and some even of the *Britannia's* work is re-taught. To follow the naval officer through the rest of his higher education is equally painful. Suffice it to say, that from Greenwich he is sent on to Portsmouth for six months, where he is rushed through short courses of gunnery, torpedo, and pilotage, and with that the whole education of the ordinary officer is complete. Of naval history, tactics, strategy, or international law in

the critical period of his education he is never taught a word, and very little of construction. He thus very pardonably sets out upon his career with a fixed idea that such matters are of infinitely less importance than polo and cricket. As for modern languages, his knowledge of them, so far as his naval education has given him any, can only be described as a trace. French is or was until recently the only one attempted. In the *Britannia* the boys were made to translate certain articles every term, commit them to memory as well as they could, and at the end of term one was chosen for examination. This promising beginning might be carried on at sea, presumably on the same lines, if the instructor happened to know French, and it must be subsequently recommenced at Greenwich. Incredible as it may seem, this is roughly all the training an officer gets in the subject; yet on an officer's knowledge of modern languages may depend the loss or gain of intelligence vital to a whole campaign. It is true prizes are given to encourage the study of languages, but this amounts to nothing but a plausible way of avoiding the difficulty of teaching them. The prizes are always won by those who have learnt the language as children, or in some special way outside the navy. Moreover, for those who have no desire to learn, a deterrent is provided by the fact that the knowledge of a foreign language may often mean that a young officer is detailed for some extra duty when he might otherwise be playing cricket, and everything is done to convince him that cricket is the more important object. Many captains will not scruple to call away a boy from "school" or "instruction" for trivial duty, but it would be a bold man who required the services of a valuable bowler on a match-day. Who can be surprised if he hears a youngster say that proficiency in games gives just as good a chance of promotion as proficiency in his duties?

With Greenwich and Portsmouth the thing is complete, and excepting the small proportion of men who specialise in gunnery or torpedo, this is the officer as the Admiralty manufactures him. If at some coming time of stress and strain we

discover he is not quite what we thought he was we shall blame everybody but ourselves. Because the old system, which generations of experience had elaborated and polished, worked by itself, we fondly believe the new one goes as easily, forgetting that the old simple art is wiped clean away, and in its place is a science that is one vast web of mechanical and physical intricacy that nothing but the highest technical training can ever hope to master.

If a system of education is to be sought which will have a chance of achieving what the present system fails even to approach, we must look frankly to the end and the ordinary means used in other fields. There must be no longing looks over the shoulder at a system which was designed for a different end, no matter how successfully it worked. The difficulty of reconciling a thoroughly scientific technical training with the qualities of the old type of naval officer is enormous. No matter the cost the old qualities must be retained. If the rest cannot be had with them the rest must go. But it will never do to confess at once an impossibility. It is not the way of the navy. Whatever the difficulties, one thing is certain—the present system will not do. No doubt if there were time the navy would work out for itself an adequate system of training as it has done before; but there is not time. Rivals are growing, and unless a radical change is shortly brought about it is impossible that the British naval officer can much longer retain the position in the world which must be his. Admirals and captains fresh from sea may assure the willing ears of the First Lord that all is well, but every one else knows that it is far from well. Admirals and captains fresh from sea are too much absorbed in higher problems to concern themselves deeply with the spade work of education. They have managed to climb to the top, but they forget that others less gifted than themselves require an easier ladder.

To cry out upon defects without suggesting a remedy is a thankless office. But it must be left to another occasion to indicate the lines upon which the problem might possibly be

solved. For the present this picture of the thing as it is must suffice. It is probable that its correctness will be denied. On the one hand there may be exaggerations, on the other omissions. It is hardly possible that it does not contain errors of detail. The difficulties in the way of a civilian acquiring thoroughly accurate knowledge of the defects that exist in the service are almost insuperable. It is only with the greatest diffidence that he can write of them. But the lips of those who know are closed with the official seal, and unless a civilian speaks there must be silence. Still, difficult as it is to get at the exact truth, there can be no doubt that, broadly, the thing stands as it is here depicted. Even if it were but half as bad as it looks to outside eyes, we cannot wonder that amongst the more serious of those with whom the future of the navy lies there is a rising note of grave anxiety.[1]

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

[1] It should be stated that this article was written and in type before the issue of the First Lord's annual statement inviting criticism on the subject.

A PROSPEROUS BRITISH INDIA

IN the debate which took place on the Indian Budget during the closing hours of the last session of Parliament, an honourable member made some remarks which possessed a distinctly higher value than those which are usually associated with the speeches made on Indian affairs at the end of a protracted session. The general drift of those remarks was that, looking to the fact that a partial failure of the monsoon rains, causing widespread distress, was always liable to happen in India, would not Government do something to encourage the people to take up, in a larger degree than at present, means of livelihood other than agriculture pure and simple. Lord George Hamilton, in his reply on the whole debate, had apparently no time to deal with this query in the manner which its intrinsic importance deserved. He had, in fact, to reply to a multitude of questions, suggestions, and complaints, to deal adequately with which would have needed a speech of several hours' duration. As a result this most pertinent inquiry was practically lost sight of and ignored.

But in the suggestion thus made there lies the future salvation of millions in India. For, in spite of the loudly expressed opinions of faddists and doctrinaires, there is no doubt whatever that the periodical famines which occasion such distress and loss in India are entirely due to natural causes over which the rulers of the country have no control. The Congress agitator

will tell one that the over-assessment of the land, the burden of ever-increasing taxes, the economic evils resulting from the extension of the railway system, and a dozen other causes—all the result of the baneful exploitation of the country by alien and unsympathetic rulers—are really responsible for Indian famines. It is useless to reply to such arguments that the Indian cultivator is one of the most lightly taxed persons in the world; that, though the railways may have in some instances brought about a rise in the price of grain, the cultivators and agricultural community generally have enormously benefited thereby. It is seldom allowed by men of the Congress school that the failure of the rains is primarily responsible for the acute famines which occur from time to time. They will admit, perhaps, that such a failure in the good old days before we had entered the country would have been in the nature of a comparatively trifling inconvenience. But, they argue, in those days the people were rich and happy, their taxes were light, their reserve stores of grain were large. They were then well equipped for the purpose of meeting any temporary failure of the monsoon currents, whereas now they are so reduced in resources through the pernicious exactions of our Government that even in good years they with difficulty make both ends meet, while in bad ones famine and distress far more acute than anything of the sort known before our advent devastate the land.

The refutation of political arguments of this description does not fall within the scope of this paper. It would be easy to show that the golden age of the past, so frequently and so fondly quoted by Indian demagogues, was in reality a period of rapine, bloodshed, and disorder. The past history of India shows a succession of inroads by the barbarian hordes of ruthless conquerors. Devastating internecine wars were of frequent occurrence, brigandage flourished all over the country, life and property were insecure. All power and all wealth were concentrated in the hands of the fighting races and their chiefs, and the Bengalis and Parsees, some of whom are now amongst

the foremost in their denunciations of the evils of British rule, were then regarded merely as miserable serfs, the spoliation of whom was the acknowledged right of the ruling races. It would be tedious, as it is unnecessary, to recite at length all the benefits which the people of India have received under British rule. But that rule may be said to be in some senses responsible for some of the evils which exist to-day, evils which are tending towards the impoverishment of a large section of the population. The average native of India is a curious compound of thrift and prodigality. He will save and hoard for years, living in rags and subsisting on the poorest and least nourishing of food. Then there comes a day when the savings of half a life-time, and often much more, will be thrown away in a few hours of senseless extravagance. This habit of extravagance on occasions of domestic celebrations has undoubtedly increased since we took over the government of the country. In former times things were so unsettled, property was so insecure, that credit was difficult to obtain. If the money-lender attempted to put too much pressure on the debtor he was liable to have his throat cut, or at least his house burnt down some fine night. But in these days of law and order such outrages are sternly put down. Our law-courts provide a sure and certain means for the recovery of money lent. Credit is therefore much better and more extended under our rule than ever it was before. The Indian cultivator has not failed to avail himself of this extended credit, and hence the fact that his extravagance of late years has reached a pitch which a century ago was absolutely undreamt of. A large portion of the population, is, in fact, steadily drifting towards hopeless bankruptcy. Each recurring failure of the rains finds a larger proportion of cultivators worse equipped to meet the emergency. Living perpetually up to the extreme limit of their resources they have no reserve with which to tide over the bad times when they come.

Now what are the remedies for this state of things?

First and foremost we may place social reform, with which

may be associated education. The reckless extravagance of even the poorest is one of the crying evils of the day. Every domestic occurrence is made the occasion for an elaborate celebration and the expenditure of much borrowed money. It is nothing unusual for the head of a family to borrow at ruinous interest a sum equal to a year's income, and to spend this in a few days of feasting and dissipation. Such sums are frequently never repaid in cash. The interest alone is often more than the debtor can meet. As a result he becomes more and more involved, and ends by becoming a poverty-stricken daily labourer on land which was once the property of himself and his fathers before him. To those who desire further information regarding the enormous indebtedness of the rural populations the speech of the Honourable Mr. Lely on the occasion of the debate last year on the Bombay Land Revenue Bill may be commended. In it are quoted authentic figures which show more eloquently than words the extent of the evil of agricultural indebtedness. And that this is a most serious evil not even the bitterest opponent of British rule will attempt to deny. No statesman can view with equanimity the gradual displacement of the hereditary tillers of the soil by the *bannia* and money-lending classes. It was to check this evil that such measures as the Panjab Land Alienation Act and the Bombay Land Revenue Act have been drawn up and passed. But though such measures may act as restraints to the native money-lender and may limit the borrowing powers of the agricultural classes, the only real remedy for the improvidence of the people lies in social reform. Here the efforts of Government are perforce useless. The reform must come from within. The leaders of the people must themselves set the example, and by rigorously suppressing the senseless extravagance which obtains at weddings and similar social festivals demonstrate that it is possible to carry out such functions without necessarily incurring a load of debt. If the Congress agitators were to expend on a programme of social reform one-tenth of the energy now wasted on the

propagation of such ridiculous and untimely ideas as the introduction of representative government they would do more to bring about what is their loudly declared object—the amelioration of the lot of the masses of India—than has been achieved after sixteen years of noisy agitation.

The extension of irrigation is by some, chiefly those unacquainted or only superficially acquainted with the country, regarded as the one great panacea for all India's woes. Certainly there is this much to be said for this view, that when one has visited, say, the central portions of the Panjab and seen land which a few short years ago was one vast sterile desert now producing millions of tons of the finest grain, thanks to the gigantic schemes of irrigation carried through of late years, one is apt to conjure up visions of all the other waste tracts of India undergoing a similar metamorphosis. But such dreams are, unfortunately, impossible of realisation. There are difficulties in the way which even the most enthusiastic of amateur irrigationists would find it hard to remove. Rivers in the central and southern portions of India do not draw their supplies from the eternal snows, like those of the Himalaya. They thus frequently are running practically dry just at the period when there is the most urgent need for water for irrigation purposes. Then, again, there are vast high-lying tracts in central and western India which are quite out of reach of large gravity canals. In some parts of the country, too, the spring level of the water is so near the surface of the ground that a system of canals would assuredly cause the waterlogging of the soil, and thus do more harm than good. There are, indeed, districts, well known in India, where this has actually happened. The inhabitants suffer greatly from malaria, and the population tends to diminish as the women are frequently sterile and the men impotent. In other districts the character of the soil is such as to make irrigation impossible, while in yet others the damming up or tapping of streams for irrigation purposes will only mean that the country lower down is deprived of its natural

supply. Artesian wells, again, have been loudly advocated by some, regardless of the fact that the geological formation of the greater portion of India gives no promise of their trial being attended with success. Irrigation from wells by means of pumping with aeromotors has also been suggested and tried, but even under favourable circumstances the amount of water so raised is not sufficient for irrigation purposes in a dry and hot climate, and this system has the further drawback that the air is generally almost calm just at the time when water is most required for the crops.

Thus irrigation is at best only a partial remedy, the value of which, however, has been by no means lost sight of. From the manner in which it is spoken and written of by some of those unattached friends of India whose zeal is generally greater than their knowledge, it might be thought that irrigation had only been discovered, and by them, within the last few years. As a matter of fact nearly all the possible large schemes of irrigation have either been completed or are already in hand. The great rivers of the Panjab and Sind, the Ganges and Jumna in the North West Provinces, the Godaveri, Kistna, and Cauvery in southern India, have all been tapped and are irrigating millions of acres of land. The further possibilities of Indian irrigation are now receiving the fullest possible attention at the hands of a Commission recently appointed by Lord Curzon. This body, which is presided over by the eminent expert, Sir Colin Moncrieff, has instructions of the fullest possible kind, covering the whole field of Indian irrigation and its future, and its report will doubtless prove of the highest value. It must not be expected, however, that the Government of India will be able, on receipt of this report, to change the whole face of the country as by a wave of an enchanter's wand. Vast sums of money will be required for the further extension of Indian irrigation, sums which must be spread out over long years. Moreover, even when every feasible scheme of irrigation has been adopted and carried

through, there will still remain large areas which will always remain subject to scarcity and famine consequent on failure of the rains. For the population of such tracts, and for the surplus population of more favoured districts the only salvation lies in, firstly, emigration, and, secondly, the abandonment of the growth of cereals in favour of other pursuits.

As regards emigration, there are still portions of India greatly in need of agricultural development. Assam and Burma, especially the latter, are capable of finding work for millions of peasant proprietors. But the flow of such from the crowded-out or sterile districts of India can at best only be a slow process, to be quickened, perhaps, when direct railway communication exists between Bengal and Upper Burma. The great bulk of the uneducated millions of India still have an insuperable objection to crossing the sea. Hence the fact that Indian emigration to such places as the West Indies and British Guiana, though generally resulting in much profit to the emigrants, still remains on a very small scale. But, though emigration, to Upper Burma especially, offers very promising prospects to the redundant population of some of the older provinces of our Indian empire, it does not in itself provide a remedy for the famines resulting from periodical failures of the rains. True, it may help to alleviate the distress so caused by eventually placing on the market a larger quantity of food grain, and thus keep prices down. But it should be remembered that the famines of recent years have not been grain famines, but money famines. There is always, thanks to the much abused railways, plenty of grain to be had, even in the most afflicted tracts. But, when the rains fail, the wealth of the people dries up. With no crops to sell or to raise money on, with the cattle dying for want of fodder, there is no money or money's worth with which to buy the grain which is to be had in plenty in all the bazaars at only slightly enhanced rates. No, the only true remedy against famine in India lies in the direction pointed out in the opening sentences of this paper. We must endeavour to increase the material

wealth of the people by encouraging them to embark in industrial pursuits.

The chief existing organic products of India other than food grains are cotton, jute, opium, tea, coffee, indigo, and tobacco. The demand for Indian cotton must always remain somewhat limited on account of its short staple, and efforts to acclimatise other descriptions in India have not yet met with much success. The Indian cotton mills, especially those in Bombay, are at present greatly depressed, partly on account of the recent complications in China, partly because of low prices and competition. Moreover, the cotton crop is largely grown in the districts which suffer most from famine, and a failure of the rains would affect it just as much as the crops of food grains. The further extension of cotton growing is therefore no remedy. Jute is grown in deltaic lands, and is consequently practically unaffected by the vagaries of the monsoon. The industry, however, is probably as well looked after as any in India, and needs no special encouragement. Opium is a Government monopoly and need not be further considered. The tea industry has suffered considerably of late years from over production, the demand not having kept pace with the supply, chiefly on account of the neglect to open up new markets. But efforts are now being made to introduce the tea-drinking habit amongst the natives of India, and energetic measures for pushing the sale of Indian tea in countries such as Persia and the United States are already showing signs of promise. Coffee is a comparatively small and uncertain crop, only grown in the hills of southern India, and offering no solution to the problem before us. Indigo has been much depressed of late, owing to low prices and the competition of the synthetic substance made in Germany. There is every hope, however, that improved methods of cultivation and production will once more place the indigo industry on a satisfactory basis. Tobacco is largely grown throughout India to meet native requirements. It is only in southern India and in parts of Tirhoot that any effort is made

to cater for Anglo-Indian and European tastes. The time-honoured "Trichy," so beloved of the Anglo-Indian of a dead and gone generation, is now seldom seen. Since the manufacture at Dindigul and other southern centres has been largely taken up by English firms there has been a very great improvement in the quality of the out-turn. Indian cigars and cheroots are now held in wide esteem, considerable quantities being sold in England and elsewhere. But there is ample room for further improvements, and only capital is needed to make India a very formidable rival to the chief tobacco-growing countries of the world. The soil and climate of certain selected parts of India are admirably adapted for the growing of the best description of tobacco, and there is little doubt that if the cultivation of the varieties at present grown in Cuba, America, and Turkey was seriously undertaken the result would be most successful. Within quite recent years the native of India has taken largely to cigarette smoking. Most of these cigarettes are of American origin, but there is no good reason why India should not supply her own requirements in this respect.

But though there is considerable room for expansions and development in these existing industries, it is, perhaps, rather to the dormant possibilities of India that we should look for the true remedies for widespread famine and poverty. Take, for instance, the case of such a universally used commodity as sugar. The cane is largely grown in India, but the methods of extraction are costly and wasteful in the extreme. Practically speaking, there is no such thing as a really modern sugar plant in the whole country. India imports more than 200,000 tons of raw and refined sugar annually, of the value of some forty millions of rupees, and yet, were enterprise and the necessary capital forthcoming, the whole of this could be supplied by the country itself without resort to importation. With operations on a large scale, the cultivation, manufacturing and refining all being controlled by the same agency, it is calculated that sugar can be produced in India at a price which would

leave a considerable margin of profit. Hence the development of this industry offers every inducement to the capitalist. A capital of less than £100,000 would be amply sufficient to start a large sugar works in a suitable part of India, and it may be taken that favourable results would be certain. The cane would be grown on irrigated land, and thus any failure of the rains might be disregarded. Silk is another industry which offers chances to the capitalist in India. It is true that previous efforts to expand the silk industry have not been very successful, but that is mainly because they have not been very well directed. At present a Parsee capitalist, Mr. Tata, is carrying out extensive experiments in sericulture in Mysore, having engaged Japanese experts for the purpose. The results obtained will be watched with great interest, and there is every reason to hope that they will be successful. The coal industry in India has of recent years made considerable strides, but it is still handicapped by the inability of the railway companies to handle the possible output. Although not to be compared in quality and heating results with British coal there is no doubt that Indian coal has a great future before it. It has largely ousted English coal from Indian ports, and has found its way as far west as Suez. With coal so plentiful as it is in India, and with limestone abundant, it is curious that the iron industry in India is in so backward a state. One or two concerns in Lower Bengal produce a little iron, and steel is worked on a small scale in one Government factory, but, practically speaking, the whole of the iron and steel material used in India is imported. There can be little doubt that the establishment of a steel works on a large scale in, say, Lower Bengal, would prove a remunerative business. The demand for steel rails alone is very large, while an immense quantity of material is used for bridge work and other constructional purposes. Japan has recently started steel and iron works, which are said to be paying handsomely, and there seems no reason why India should not follow suit. With abundant coal and iron ore and plenty of cheap labour a large steel works ought to pay handsomely. There is

no doubt that the other mineral resources of India would well repay development. It is well known, for instance, that the Himalaya range contains immense deposits of copper, the price of which has risen so enormously of recent years. There are large quantities of other minerals in various parts of the country. The fact that endeavours have been made in the past to work these, as well as iron manufacture, and that these endeavours have generally failed, is not lost sight of. But in the past such endeavours have been greatly handicapped by a variety of circumstances. The want of proper means of communication, the ungenerous terms offered by, and the great delays experienced in negotiations with, Government have undoubtedly deterred capitalists in the past from embarking money on Indian enterprises. Then, too, the unstable character of rupee exchange has been a great stumbling-block. But now all these adverse circumstances have been greatly modified, even if they have not entirely disappeared. The railway communications of India have of late years enormously developed. Under the statesmanlike rule of Lord Curzon the policy of the Government is to attract rather than to repel capital. And the exchange has now settled down to a practically fixed figure. The conditions, therefore, are far more favourable at the present time than they have ever been in the past, and there is no doubt that there are plenty of schemes in India which would be capable of returning a sure 6 per cent.

There is one great asset of India as yet practically undeveloped, but which certainly offers great chances of success to the enterprising capitalist. The vast rivers which flow from the Himalaya Mountains represent millions of horse-power at present running absolutely to waste. If this power were tapped and utilised for industrial purposes, there is not the slightest doubt that very large profits might be made. For instance, it is calculated, after preliminary survey, that by tapping the Jumna river near Mussoorie, no less than 6000 horse-power might be made available at the important railway centre of Saharanpore, some fifty miles away, at a cost only one-third of

that necessitated by the use of Indian coal. Looking to the great item of expense the coal bill is in Indian concerns, there can be little doubt that if cotton, flour, or other mills were established at Saharanpore and equipped with the power derived from the Jumna they would return very handsome dividends. The cost of transmission of electrical power is, of course, a very heavy item. But, in the case of many industries, there is no necessity to carry the power for long distances. Such projects as aluminium reduction, or the manufacture of carbide of calcium, for instance, could be carried out close to the power station. The use of aluminium is rapidly extending in India, especially in Madras. Looking to the enormous population, there is practically unlimited scope for the further extension of the use of aluminium. With cheap power it could be produced in India at a much less cost than that of importation. As for calcium carbide, acetylene lighting seems to promise well in India. Except in the crowded Presidency towns it is unlikely that electric lighting will ever be employed on a large scale. The ordinary up-country station or cantonment is too scattered to make it economical, the cost of wiring would be so great. But acetylene is already used in many places in India, and were the cost of it reduced, as it might well be by manufacture at the foot of the Himalaya, the demand for carbide would be very large indeed. Take, again, the case of matches. India imports enormous numbers of matches. A population verging on 300,000,000, a very large number of whom habitually use matches, awaits the manufacturer on the spot. Years ago the bulk of these matches came from England, now it is the exception to see English matches in common use. The Scandinavian, and, later, the Japanese match has ousted the English article. But with cheap power and an almost inexhaustible supply of suitable timber at hand, there can be little doubt that India could well make her own matches. There are scores of other articles in common use which might also well be made in India at a less cost than imported articles, taking into consideration the cheapness and

abundance of both labour and power. But the crying need of India to-day is more capital. There is not sufficient money readily available in the country to undertake a tithe of the schemes which offer chances of excellent returns. For years investors have fought shy of Indian enterprises, partly, no doubt, on account of the unstable character of exchange. But that difficulty has now disappeared. Money is always forthcoming in London for the prosecution of wild-cat schemes in distant parts of the world, and millions are lost in mines which were never of any value. But for Indian ventures there are no offers. Yet here we have a country with enormous natural resources as yet scarcely touched, with immense quantities of cheap power running to waste, with practically the largest supply of cheap labour in the world, and with some three hundred millions of potential purchasers on the spot. If but the capitalist would turn his attention to India, not only would his profits be assured, but he would be the means of carrying out the dream of Indian statesmen, the raising up of industries other than agriculture, the consequent enrichment of the people, and the preservation of the country from those periodical famines which occasion such great and such widely extended distress.

W. Malleson.

OUR FOOD SUPPLY IN THE NAPOLEONIC WAR

THERE really is, so far as I can see, nothing to inquire into. Of course, we all know there will be a rise [in the price of corn] upon the outbreak of a war; but not, I think, such as will cause anything like real scarcity or panic prices. It is sufficient for the country if it has a navy adequate for its needs, and if we have not such a navy, it is not an inquiry that is needed, but rather an impeachment of a Government which has neglected an obvious and essential duty.

Such was the conclusion of the official reply, given in the House of Commons on January 28, to the motion for an amendment setting forth the need of an inquiry into the question of "Our Food Supply in Time of War." The reply seems to have satisfied the House, for the amendment was withdrawn. But it is doubtful whether the words quoted above will satisfy the country and will not rather tend to arouse the suspicion that our rulers are singularly heedless as to the importance of the issues at stake. The Right Honourable Gentleman, who closed his remarks with this soothing utterance, commented on the vagueness of the amendment and of the state of public opinion on the whole subject. In one sense he was correct. The subject is but dimly known. But to cite this as a reason for refusing an inquiry is a somewhat strange proceeding. A business firm is not wont to shirk investigation into a subject that may one day affect its very existence because the danger is but half understood. And it is not reassuring to see obscurantist methods adopted in

regard to a matter of grave national import because its issues are not at present clearly discerned, and the remedies proposed are not all of the same description.

But the charge of vagueness can be brought against others than the party that asks for inquiry. Those who pin their faith to the policy of *laisser aller* have hitherto failed to give any definite justification for the faith that is in them. All their utterances are pervaded by the tone of misty optimism that accords so well with John Bull's nature. "We've got along all right in war so far, and therefore there is no reason why we should not get on the same next time." That is his typical attitude on these and similar questions. It proves to be rather expensive when the day of testing comes; but until it is right upon him, he stolidly refuses to look far ahead and adopt precautionary measures. Herein lies the strength of the policy of "let be" on this question. It accords with the ingrained national habit of doing nothing until the need is upon us. But there are signs that the policy of "drift" has had its day. For one thing, the confidence inspired by official optimism has waned of late. No longer do ministerial assurances carry immediate conviction; but there is an uneasy feeling that our leaders refuse inquiry because they fear the exposure of the state of unpreparedness which would ensue. Least of all can historical students accept the very slight and misleading reference to the long war with France that was made in the whole course of the recent debate. It is indeed a general characteristic of discussions on this topic to ignore the very important evidence afforded by that war, or else to cite it as a reason why we should do nothing.

The latter course of argument is very often adopted. Exponents of the theory that corn will always come where it is wanted, even in time of war, if only you can afford to pay for it, appeal confidently to the Napoleonic War as proving that our mightiest foe, even when he had subdued the whole of Europe as far east as the River Niemen, never starved us into surrender; but that, on the contrary, we succeeded in

breaking through his continental system, and in procuring corn from the very lands from which he sought to cut off British commerce. "See there (say in effect the champions of *laisser aller*) the great Emperor by the year 1808 marshalled on his side in the great economic struggle Italy, Holland, Germany, Austria, and even Russia herself. And, as we were excluded from the ports of the United States, all the corn-producing lands of the world were closed to us. Yet grain never ceased to find its way into these islands. Does not that fact prove that, whenever people need a thing, they will get it, if they can pay a good price?"

Such is the argument. I think I have stated it fairly; and at first sight it looks quite comfortably convincing. If it be true, then a *primâ facie* case has been made out for trusting to private agencies to bring us through the far greater social crisis that the next naval war will bring. If, however, it can be shown that those agencies did not save us from acute distress, and further that *Napoleon never sought to cut off our corn supply*, the whole question will wear a very different complexion. Let us see, then, what is the evidence of history.

It may be well to begin our inquiry by asking where the optimists of to-day have gained their assurance as to the bearing of the events of 1800–1813 on the question at issue. It can be traced back to the writings of Cobden and his followers, through them to Porter's "Progress of the Nation," and to Tooke's "History of Prices and of the State of the Currency from 1793 to 1837." As this last work is the chief armoury of the optimists it may be as well briefly to test his statement of the case. Great as are the merits of his book, it is marred by a very obvious desire to minimise the influence of war on our industries, finance, and food supply. The reason for this bias is clear. Tooke published his work in 1838, when the Free Trade movement was being vigorously started in Manchester, and he aimed at stilling the fears of that numerous class, of whom Sir Robert Peel was for some years the spokesman, as to the danger of dependence on

foreign corn. The author refused to admit that the distress which quickly followed the declaration of war by the French Republic in 1793 was chiefly due to that event: as against the authority of Sir Francis Baring, he ascribed it "to an undue extension of the system of credit and paper circulation."[1] He further pointed triumphantly to the fact that after five years of war wheat was selling at Mark Lane at forty-eight shillings the quarter, and thence inferred that war alone did not affect the price of corn.

In one sense Tooke was right. War with France alone had no very direct influence on the price of bread; for she very rarely sent us corn. But he seems to have concluded that *no war* would have any material effect on the price. In making this sweeping assumption he erred in good company. During the debates of the House of Commons in November 1800, which turned mainly on the sudden rise in the price of bread, William Pitt laid stress on the fact that in 1796–1798 bread was no dearer than it had been in 1792 before the outbreak of hostilities; and he claimed, first, that *the war* had no effect on the price of bread, and secondly, that *war* (that is, war in general) had no such effect. The passage is worth quoting as showing how even a clear and able thinker like Pitt could slide into a fallacy which was to ensnare many speakers and writers after him:

> In 1794 and 1795 the price [of wheat] was high; but in the interval of nearly three years that succeeded, that is, from about Michaelmas 1796 to Midsummer 1799, the price sunk perhaps too low for the fair profit of the farmer. How then, if the war was the cause of the dearness, did it happen that the effect, which on the hypothesis should have been increasing, was suspended during an interval of nearly three years? . . . Thus it is clear from a deduction of facts that war of itself has no evident and necessary connection with the dearness of provisions.

But events were even then imminent which showed the unsoundness of this sweeping generalisation. The Armed Neutrality League of Russia, Prussia, Sweden and Denmark,

[1] Tooke, i., pp. 177, 188, 211.

was in process of formation, and the dawn of the nineteenth century saw us at war with the lands on which we then chiefly depended to make up any shortage in the home supply. The fallacy of Pitt's conclusions was at once exposed; and it became evident that, while France was a *quantité négligeable* in our food supply, the Baltic lands were most important in time of scarcity. As soon as that source was cut off, our position became most precarious. The facts were too patent to be ignored even by official optimists, and before the close of that year, the very ministers who had stated that war did not much affect the price of corn advised George III. to issue a proclamation urging "the greatest economy and frugality" in the use of bread. The farmer-king himself set the example by ordering that none but stale bread should be served on the royal table; distillation from grain was also entirely stopped;[1] and a lavish bounty was offered to secure the importation of foreign wheat. In spite of these heroic remedies the price of wheat rose sharply until in March 1801 it stood at 156 shillings the quarter. Fortunately the crisis was of brief duration. Nelson's victory at Copenhagen and the assassination of the Czar Paul broke up that formidable league, and in June wheat sold at 129 shillings and in December at 75 shillings.

Now what is the attitude of Tooke in face of these extraordinary facts? It is one of stolid indifference. He attributes this fall mainly to our harvest, which was one "of moderate abundance," and only admits, with evident reluctance, that the resumption of trade with the Baltic may have been a contributory cause. There is not a word to show that he realised the magnitude of the peril to which our nation was exposed, from which we were saved only by the sublime daring of Nelson and by the success of the palace conspiracy at St. Petersburg. Indeed, the mad Czar had hit upon a truth, which fortunately was veiled from the eyes of Napoleon, that England might be forced to submit by being absolutely cut off from her chief source of food supply; but, as we shall see, the

[1] Distillation from grain was also prohibited in 1795–6, 1800–1, 1808–12.

economic fallacies of Napoleon were as unknown to Tooke as were the dangers with which the savage autocrat of the north threatened England in 1801.

Pursuing his useless clue, the author again points out that the signature of peace with France did not lessen the price of bread, and that the resumption of war in 1803 did not raise it. Of course it did not. The hostility of France affected our imports of corn only when a privateer succeeded in slipping out from Dunkirk or Flushing and in carrying off a corn ship or two in the North Sea. And that happened very rarely. Our fleet then had complete mastery of the seas, and its aims were not distracted, as now would be the case, by telling off squadron after squadron for the protection of the nation's food; its action was therefore swift and decisive; it acted, as a fleet is meant to act, not in defending our own merchantmen, but in attacking the enemy's warships and cooping them up in their harbours. Thanks, therefore, to our naval supremacy and to the offensive tactics which could be overwhelming and immediately adopted, we drew with ease the small supplies of corn that we required from Danzig, Riga, and New York.

Nevertheless, the price of wheat tended to rise, as the following prices show for the closing months of each year:

	1802.	1803.	1804.	1805.	1806.	1807.	1808.
Price per quarter .	57*s.*	51*s.*	86*s.*	76*s.*	76*s.*	66*s.*	90*s.*

But any excessive rise was prevented, first, by the circumstances just described, and, secondly, by the advance of agricultural science and the enclosures of open or common fields, and of wastes and fens. That is to say, our undeveloped agricultural resources nearly sufficed for the nation's needs except in times of dearth at home and complications in the Baltic. But the year 1809 witnessed the return of lean years, also our exclusion from the grain lands of Eastern Europe consequent on Napoleon's success in bending Russia and Prussia to his will in the Treaty of Tilsit (1807). Sweden adopted the continental system in 1809, and the close of that year found wheat at 103*s.*

the quarter. That it did not sell at famine price was due to the strange fact, as to the reason of which Tooke was wholly in the dark, that in 1809, as also in the following year, Napoleon allowed, and even encouraged, the export of corn from France and Italy to our shores. The writer placidly assumes that, because corn was very scarce in England, while it chanced to be abundant in Napoleon's States, therefore it came here as a matter of course. I shall return to this topic presently, and merely call attention to the fact that, though in the year 1810 our great enemy placed two million quarters of wheat easily within our reach, yet the quartern loaf sold for fifteen pence and nearly half the traders of Britain made compositions with their creditors. The climax of misery came in the year 1812, when the harvests were bad all over Europe, so that Napoleon had to expend large sums of the public money to attract corn to France and keep his own people quiet while he was waging the Moscow Campaign. As a result of all these untoward causes, added to which was our war with the United States, the price of wheat at Mark Lane rose to 155*s.* the quarter, and the best Danzig wheat fetched the unheard-of figure of 180*s.* the quarter. But, again, as in 1801, the worst of the crisis was soon over. The close of the year 1812 saw Napoleon's Grand Army straggling back to the Niemen a mob of frost-bitten spectres, and the continued efforts which he put forth in 1813 served but to assure his downfall. The opening up of the granary of Eastern Europe to our ships, and the recurrence of a good harvest at home, brought wheat down to 112*s.* by the month of August 1813. And England was saved from all fear of civil war which had loomed so large amidst the Luddite riots and the wide-spread anarchy of 1811–12.

Here, again, we must notice that Tooke and other optimists of his school pay little heed to the gravity of the social crisis through which England fought her way; and only when we look into the monthly trade reports of those dark years, or dip into the letters or memoirs of Yorkshire families, like the Brontës, do we see how narrow was the margin between safety

and disaster. The mad rush of gaunt, hungry crowds against factories, which Charlotte Brontë so vividly describes in "Shirley," is to Tooke merely a question of dislike of machinery; and he sees not the spectre of famine in the home which helped to drive those workers to frenzy. He admits that the opening of the Baltic ports in 1813 may have had something to do with the fall in price of wheat. But in general his sense of causation in the handling of this momentous topic is lamentably weak. It is enough for him that the social crises of 1801 and 1812 ended happily, and that in 1809–1810 we bought corn from our enemy. His mental horizon is bounded by the laws of supply and demand, and because those laws sufficed to carry us through the time of trial, though at an awful risk, he and his many followers entertain no doubt as to the universality of their application. Viewing history from the standpoint of theory rather than of fact, the optimistic school is blind to the many signs of national exhaustion in 1801 and 1812, and still more so to the signal good fortune which swept aside the mad Czar at St. Petersburg and lured Napoleon to his ruin at Moscow. Do the optimists of to-day cherish the hope that, if ever again we are in a similar situation, with trade stagnant and the quartern loaf selling at a florin, the miraculous again will happen? History does not always repeat itself.

For, be it noted, the problem of food supply is now infinitely greater than it was about a century ago. Lord Hawkesbury, speaking in the House of Commons on February 18, 1800, stated that the average amount of corn imported was about one twentieth of the total consumption in these islands. That is to say, in ordinary years Great Britain could support herself for about forty-nine weeks out of the whole year. It is true that in bad years like 1800–1 and 1811–12 the home-grown supply might suddenly fall off by nearly one third; and then the country depended on foreign corn for fully twenty weeks. This amount of shortage increased very little, if at all, during the Napoleonic war: for, as the Committee on the Corn Law reported in 1814, the progress in agricultural

science, and the reclamation of large tracts of waste, or the change of inferior pasture into arable, had greatly increased the yield, and probably more than kept pace with the growth of population. Probably it was this exploitation of her hitherto unworked agricultural resources that enabled Great Britain to survive the strain.

But, after all, as compared with the present problem of food supply, that of a century ago was insignificant. The population of Great Britain in the year 1811 was, in round numbers, 11,970,000 souls: to-day it is about 37,000,000 souls. (The population of Ireland may be omitted as it is more nearly self-sufficing in regard to necessary food-stuffs.) The near approach to famine, then, in the years 1811 and 1812 was due to this fact, that we could not then draw from abroad the corn that was needed to feed twelve million persons for about twenty weeks of the year.

What is the case now? At present we are dependent on foreign corn for fully forty weeks of the year. The problem, therefore, is to draw from abroad enough corn to feed more than three times as many people for thirteen times as long a period per annum. In view of this undeniable fact, it is difficult to see how the Right Hon. Gerald Balfour, in the official reply of last January 28 above referred to, could use these words:

> It may be argued that the war risk at the present day is much greater than during the French war to which I have referred. I do not suppose that anything but experience will enable us to determine this question.

He then referred hopefully to the effect which the Declaration of Paris might have in facilitating the imports of corn by neutral vessels. But during the French War, neutral vessels were encouraged to bring us their corn—nay at the worst crises, they were *compelled* by our war-ships to come to our ports and sell their corn at the high prices then ruling. Yet, for all that, we were within measurable distance of famine and civil war.

In fact, the only features of the situation that favour us

more than they did our forefathers are to be found in the great extension of the corn-lands of the world, and the increase in the carrying power of modern ships. These are reassuring facts, without doubt. But, after all, the main question in time of war is how to get that corn safely to our ports. And here the problem is vastly more complicated than it was in the Great War. After Trafalgar our fleet ruled the waves to an extent that can, perhaps, never be hoped for again. Our naval historian, James, summarises the chronicles of our seamen in the years 1809–1810 in the statements that our fleet in 1809 was stronger than ever it had been, or perhaps ever could be again; while in the year 1810 Napoleon was unable to get a single squadron out to sea owing to the closeness of our blockade.[1] It is worth noting, *en passant*, that this immense naval superiority was to avail us little in the matter of our food supply in 1811–12 because in the very years when we ruled the sea he controlled the land; and therefore when it did not suit him to let wheat leave his ports for England, not a corn-ship weighed anchor. The futility of mere naval supremacy in such a case could not be more forcibly demonstrated; and the fact may be commended to the notice of those who bid us trust solely to our navy. A universal and sustained resolve on the part of the Napoleonic States to withhold their corn from us would have been speedily fatal to us, even when no fleet of theirs could get out of harbour. Naval superiority, without doubt, is an important factor in the problem of food supply in time of war; but to assert that it is everything is to ignore one of the most important lessons of the Napoleonic period. The last word on this question rests with the great corn-growing lands, and not solely with the Power that rules the waves.

This leads us to inquire whether Napoleon ever formed the project of starving England into surrender. The present writer after a prolonged study of the Napoleonic letters and of the memoirs of his chief Ministers, has failed to find any trace of such a notion. The evidence is too wide to be set forth here.

[1] James, vol. v (year 1801 *ad init.*).

But some characteristic passages from the Emperor's letters may be cited. In 1808, after sending Junot to overrun Portugal, he reproachfully bids him, time after time, to confiscate all British goods, as also American ships and cargoes, seeing that the latter were probably English.

> Seize all the colonial wares that have come into Portugal since the Continental Blockade began. . . . You are in ignorance, I see, as to the grand aim of these measures. Thus you render the conquest of Portugal useless, and it is only for that that I conquered it. (May 10, 1808.)

The experiment of ruining England by seizing all her exported goods did not bear good fruit in the Iberian Peninsula; and in the year 1809 we find fewer signs of Napoleon's resolve to ruin our export trade, save that Sweden was coerced into joining the continental system. But in August–December 1810 (that is, after the laxity of Napoleon's system allowed us to procure enough corn to tide over more than a year of dearth) the giant girds himself to the task of excluding all our goods from the Continent. A series of decrees was put in force, culminating in the ukase ordering all British merchandise to be burnt. Yet even at this time, when he was seeking to confiscate every bale of cloth that came from Yorkshire and every hogshead that hailed from our West Indies, he was anxious to *export* goods from certain favoured parts of France and Italy to England. Most instructive is his letter of August 6, 1810, to his step-son, Eugène, Viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy.

> I am going to send you two kinds of licences for Venice and Ancona; one is the ordinary licence, and ships furnished with these licences will be allowed to export corn, cheese, and other products of the country, to Malta, England, Switzerland, Turkey, in fact everywhere. In exchange they may import dyes and other objects needed for use in the Kingdom of Italy. These licences give them immunity from the formalities required by my laws relating to the blockade. They may import cotton from the Levant, but must make sure it is Levantine and not Colonial cotton.

He further states that he wishes Italy to dispose of the surplus of her corn, and hopes that that kingdom will thus gain twenty

to twenty-five million francs. That sum would be applied to reviving the marine of Venice.

Thus, at the time when Napoleon was about to order British and colonial goods (for he now assumed that all colonial goods were British) to be confiscated or burnt all over his vast Empire he seeks to stimulate exports to our shores. And why? Because such exports would benefit his States and enable public works to be carried out. We may go even further and say that Napoleon believed the effect of sending those exports to our shores would be to weaken us. His economic ideas were those of the crudest section of the old Mercantilist School. He believed that a nation's commercial wealth consisted essentially in its exports, while imports were to be jealously restricted because they drew bullion away. Destroy Britain's exports, and allow her to import whatever his own lands could well spare and she would bleed to death. Such, briefly stated, was his creed. At that time, wheat fetched more than £5 the quarter; and our great enemy, imagining the drain of our gold to be a greater loss to us than the incoming of new life was gain, pursued the very policy which enabled us to survive that year of scarcity without a serious strain. In 1811–1812 those precious exports of corn from the Napoleonic States ceased, but only because there was not enough for their own people.

In the latter year, especially, the bread-stuffs of Prussia and Poland were drawn into the devouring vortex of Napoleon's Russian expedition; and this purely military reason explains why the best Danzig sold at Mark Lane at £9 the quarter, and why England was on the brink of starvation. There is not a shred of evidence to prove that the autocrat himself ever framed that notion of cutting off our food supplies, which our Continental friends now frankly tell us would be their chief aim in case of a great war.

The aim of this paper is historical; and it is obviously impossible to review the far more complex circumstances that now constitute the problem of food supply. It may be well,

however, to indicate some of the questions which render an official inquiry desirable:

(1) Whether the teachings of history in regard to the Napoleonic War justify our reliance on the Royal Navy alone to safeguard our food supply?

(2) Whether such reliance would not impose on the navy an intolerable burden of responsibility, distract its aims, and hamper those offensive operations which alone can bring decisive triumph?

(3) Whether our Government has at its disposal a sufficient number of swift merchant-steamers, adapted to the carriage of large stores of grain, and of approximately the same speed, so as to facilitate the work of the convoying squadron that would accompany them across the Atlantic?

(4) Whether trust can be placed in the plan of neutral ships bringing corn to a neutral port near these shores, and of its being thence conveyed to our harbours on neutral or British vessels?

(5) Whether the effort to build an overpoweringly strong Royal Navy, in order to safeguard our corn supply, does not defeat its own end by inciting other Powers to make the same increase in their fleets?

(6) Whether the plan of national storage of corn would not be cheaper, because more final and more effective, than the present endless rivalry in the building of warships?

(7) Whether careful and exhaustive experiments as to the methods of storing corn would not reveal some means of keeping it so as to avert, or minimise, deterioration or decay?

(8) And, if this prove impossible, whether the stores of corn that would in course of time deteriorate, could not be used, before any deterioration set in, for the feeding of our soldiers and sailors?

(9) Whether a system of granting bounties on the growth of wheat would not also be beneficial to the country districts, and bring a feeling of added security to the nation at large?

(10) Lastly, whether the present wasteful use of the necessaries of life, the thriftlessness of our working classes, and the tendency of the sensation-mongering Press to magnify every incident, would not create an intolerable situation in time of a great naval war, unless some precautionary measures were taken beforehand?

J. Holland Rose.

THE WEEKLY PRESS IN ENGLAND

"POLITICS, politics—isn't that what one man at the club says to another man at the club?" So Mr. Bagehot is reported to have once remarked and, outside the Houses of Parliament, the definition still holds good. At all events it can be applied to the politics of magazines and newspapers; for the *on dits* of State affairs, the gossip of army and navy, the things that the Conservative says of the Radical, and the pro-Boer of the Imperialist, form the preponderating elements of modern journalism. This is all perfectly legitimate so long as journalism and literature are not confounded with one another. The daily newspapers satisfy an appetite of man which, if it is not natural, is at least a natural appetite of civilised life. For the citizen of every country wants his public news as much as he wants his breakfast, and he would be very deficient if he did not. As for us in England we are a practical nation, unhampered by many ideas, and we almost make a religion of journalism—every working man taking in one, and often two daily papers. It is the duty of these dailies to be as political as they can be; to be more political, indeed, than they are, more enlightening as to party and public questions. All that is required of them is to give lucid statements of facts and possibilities, unadorned by smart epigram or effective style; and, were they wise, they would discard the little articles on birds and fashions with which they often attempt to sweeten their morning loaf. In

fact the daily has no more to do with literature than the postman has and, if it is to be a power, it should devote its energies to becoming the political guide, no less than the political informer of the public.

Far different is it with the weeklies. When Addison and Steele first invented them it was purely as literary organs, as critics of life and of books, of men and of morals.

> None but a person of a finished character can be the proper patron of a work which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society.

These are the words of Addison in his dedication of the *Spectator* to John, Lord Somers. No editor of a weekly now alive and retaining a sense of truth could possibly use such expressions about his periodical. In the sensible days of Queen Anne and her successors, the fierce days of Whig and Tory, the weekly paper was looked on as a refuge from party politics, as the literary Mentor and the public Quiz, capable of a nice sense of humour. We have changed all that, and in some ways the change was necessary, even where it was not desirable. There is less leisure, more competition now than there was then, and a political summary of the week's affairs is a help to hard-pressed or lazy people. And though we may not be much better than our forbears, we certainly have more complicated moral aspirations, more extended philanthropies. Labour questions, social movements, which belong to an increased population and cannot be judged from day to day, now demand public consideration. And science, which had so long a childhood, has reached a stage and is producing changes which cannot be ignored. Summaries of events, scientific and sociological (terrible word that in itself shows how long Addison has been dead), are as needful as those of State affairs, and occasional articles upon them are valuable sources of interest and information. But these would only be additions in no wise interfering with the main purpose of the paper, and there is no valid reason why the *Spectator* and its fellows to-day should not occupy

the same important position as the *Spectator* and the *Tatler* of old.

Yet, if we speak the truth about them, what is it that they have become? Excepting the few that give themselves specially to reviews of current art (like the *Academy*), of current literature (like the *Athenæum*), of Church questions (like the *Guardian*), or of fashion (like the *World* and *Truth*), the whole army of them are mainly political—little more than protracted editions of daily newspapers. With an industry worthy of a better cause they repeat the party-controversies, the monotony of topics, the vehemence of manners of the dailies. There are, of course, exceptions to this, and the *Spectator* and the *Pilot* always remain gentlemen. The *Athenæum* also is a gentleman, but a gouty one, with occasional twinges which induce habitual irritability. What daily, however, can be more cross-grained than the *Saturday Review*, more violent than the *Speaker*, not to mention the asperities of the smaller fry? If any sceptic doubt this, he has but to take up either at haphazard and he will soon be satisfied.

"Lord Rosebery's latest excuse for uttering imaginary criticism of nothing in particular was his acceptance of the freedom of Stranraer." No person of decent taste, whether friend or foe, could like this sentence about Lord Rosebery. If it had been said in the nursery its writer would have been told that it was not funny, only rude; and yet he is not an ignorant school-boy, or even a "daily"-journalist, but a literary contributor to the *Saturday Review*.

Or take this from *Vanity Fair* on the occasion of Mr. Asquith's great speech in July:

> That is Radicalism all over. To work for one's country is the act of an imbecile; to catch the votes of one's countrymen is the highest wisdom. . . . By waiting till the war is over before separating themselves from the Labouchères and Lloyd Georges, Mr. Asquith and his friends have earned the hatred of their ex-associates and the contempt of the rest of the nation.

Or again this from the *Speaker*, for the sake of the last sentence:

The *Morning Leader* has been making a useful plea for a thorough inquiry into the character of the war expenditure. Here and there scandals have cropped up in the law-courts, but the number of those which are known is very small compared with those of which the officials of the War Office and the Admiralty are aware. The difficulty is that it would be almost impossible to select from the governing classes a Commission which would not wish to cover up the misdeeds of the contractors. Blood is so very much thicker than water. . . . It is very important to know over what part of the country the butter of the war is spread most thickly, then perhaps we may be able to appraise the patriotism of "the well-dressed young men" of Birmingham.

Even in articles apart from current politics the *Speaker* can only hit out. It has no objection, for instance (in a paper on King Alfred), to speak of "a preposterous bounder like George III."—or to begin a facetious record of nautical adventure with this unendearing address: "You gentlemen of England that sit at home in what you probably think to be a fine mood of valour, but which is really only a dyspeptic and irritable ease, are commonly Jingoes." This is certainly not wit of the subtle kind.

We have heard of kleptomania and of those who cannot keep their hands from picking and stealing. The *Speaker* seems to inaugurate a new form of malady; it cannot keep its hands from boxing and it smites even where it praises. This is the more to be deplored as it is often much cleverer than its compeers, more pithy and more convinced. It is perhaps the rudest and the most interesting of the weeklies—carried away by its conscience as well as by its spirits and possessed of most of the virtues and all the faults of youth. The Government is its governess and it adopts towards her the persistent attitude of the insubordinate pupil. As for the war, directly it touches the subject we feel as if a young reformer had forced his way into a sick-room, or that famous lady in Dickens who invariably said, "Rouse yourself, Fanny," to the dying Mrs. Dombey. But, with all this exuberance, the *Speaker* counts among the pessimists—devotes, indeed, an optimistic exuberance to its pessimism. For papers, like persons, are divided into optimists and pessimists and most

of them belong to the last-named category. It is easier to denounce than it is to find out the best side of things; far easier to destroy than to construct. But despondency, after all, is not prudence; it can be as much of a superstition as the credulity of the idealist and it is far more paralysing to action. The public mind needs cheering rather than depressing, and it certainly does not want more lessons in invective.

In these last deplorable years of warfare despair has been especially harmful. There has been a kind of havoc of attack and little to lighten the general gloom. For this reason alone we ought to be grateful to the *Spectator* which leads the scant forces of the optimists. It has not allowed itself to give way to low spirits and has done its best to quicken the pulse and the heart of the poor invalid nation. But (it is the critic's ungrateful duty to point out the inevitable "but") it carries its optimism over the border, into the domain of credulity. Like Charity it believeth all things—even in divination by the dreams of Paterfamilias. If its hilarity belonged to the *Speaker* all would be right and in the rôle of youth. It is the admixture of extreme sanguineness and elderly respectability that is incongruous, almost grotesque, as if a Judge were suddenly to rise and sing a love-ditty in court. We feel there can be no end to this boisterous faith; it seems capable of telling us in a sober article that the Irish question will disappear if we can only have a regiment with green uniforms in our army; it knows that all difficulties would be solved if Lord Rosebery's favourite submarine tunnel were made between Scotland and Ireland. And while Ireland is to be a modified Eden, England would enjoy a golden age if we would but start a tradition on which to educate young statesmen, a kind of political *Académie*, which would produce political geniuses. For the *Spectator* indulges in academic intemperance and believes that measures produce men, not men measures, and that if there were enough Dons in the world talent would abound. The over-belief in absolute principles—that noble, if fallacious conviction which rules the

debating societies of undergraduates and working men—is at the bottom of the *Spectator's* hopefulness; in politics, as in art, it judges too much from the purely moral standpoint and, fine though this standpoint is, the person who holds it needs a good deal of discernment. Such cheerfulness ceases to affect us. Take as a specimen this passage, almost peevish in its optimism, about the war in South Africa.

> We entirely and absolutely refuse to take a pessimistic view of the war. . . . Of the end we are as certain as ever we were. Nor are we any more pessimistic than formerly as to the settling down of the two races in South Africa. . . . The pressure of the natives on the one hand, and the great material prosperity which is bound to take place directly the war is over on the other, will bring the two peoples together. Those two forces will act as an amalgam—especially the latter.

"Is bound to" is a strong phrase, hardly admissible in people over twenty-five. We say this in all modesty, for we know that it is a hard task to discover the right mean between seeing things as they may be and seeing things as they are. We ought, perhaps, to try and think as pessimists and to live as optimists, though this sounds like a counsel of perfection unattainable by any newspaper. But in some measure, it can be realised and even now the *Pilot* does not leave us without hope of its fulfilment. For that paper tries to apply the gospel of common sense; to believe that men and politicians, be they Boers or English, are neither angels nor devils, but "a mixed yarn, good and ill together." Moderation is too often taken to mean a mere absence of conviction that offends nobody. But this is hardly the real thing. Moderation and tameness are not necessarily synonymous, and moderation may mean convictions as strong as those of fanaticism. To mean this, however, it must be tinged with enthusiasm—the enthusiasm for justice; it must represent an attitude of mind based on temperance, charity, and insight, rather than on party-passion and the need for action. The *Pilot* does its best to steer rightly between Scylla and Charybdis, and whether they resent this course or no, it deserves the thanks of fair-minded

persons. But common sense is not a marketable policy, nor will it ever form a party; it flatters no personal taste and does not flavour life with excitement.

It has seemed necessary to dwell thus long on politics in speaking of periodicals which give up from a third to a half of their contents to public affairs. But the other half, the part given up to Literature and to Life, is, as we believe, their main business, and it is to these subjects that the rest of our space will be devoted.

Taken as wholes, what strikes one most about the weeklies is their extraordinary uniformity. The same proportion of political articles; the same number of reviews of the same book, done often, it would seem, by the same hands; the same stray bits of metaphysics and heterogeneous matter—impetuous papers on birds sandwiched between wandering chapters of metaphysics, or pleasant little fireworks on friendship and happiness—sermons in holiday attire. Everything is there except consistency, and consistency and character are nowhere. Some of the papers are rather ruder than the rest, a few distinguish themselves by a higher tone and better judgment. All have a good deal of conscience, but whoever sits down to read many of them at a stretch will rise chilly and dispirited, an uncomfortable feeling at his heart that he has been living on cold hash for a week. Some of the reasons for this are not so far to seek, and it is the literary pages that supply them. For the literary is by far the most important element of weekly journalism. If the *Spectator* and the rest are to have any real power, they must hold the position of literary guides to the public, they must be directors of its judgment, they must act as discriminating initiators when the right moment comes. It is their business to sift the old and to hail the new. But can any of their more honest readers pretend that this is the mission they fulfil? What genius has ever been welcomed by them? What popular god destroyed? What author has been much the better for their mild praise and mild sarcasm?

It is best to speak the truth, and the truth is that the

English do not care for literature; they are far too practical. They care for politics, for business, for conquest, for morals, for anything that can be turned into deed. And so we have our countless articles on reforms and institutions, our daily problem-novels, our problem-plays that have so little to do with the drama; and when we discuss the serious questions with which these works of art deal, we think that we are writing literary criticism. But of art for art's sake, of knowing what is beautiful, we have no real notion. If only we could get the French to manage our art and literature for us, while we in return undertook, say, the government of France, the world might be a different place, and our Saturdays occasions for enjoyment. For the French—it is their weakness in State-affairs—are a nation of artists and of critics. To realise this you need only glance at their *Revue Hebdomadaire*, their weekly *Revue Bleue*, their *Semaine française*, or their *Annales Politiques et littéraires*. Each is distinct in character from the other, each is written by a man who has something he wishes to say and knows how to say it. He does not only perform a necessary duty "up to time"; he enjoys himself while he works; and the literary articles, though done by different hands, are pitched in the same key, so that each number of the Review possesses unity and coherence.

Where lies the secret which causes this gulf between us? Sainte-Beuve says that the art of criticism is the art of appreciation: the art of knowing first the good and then the bad in a book. "C'est pour cela [he writes] qu'il y ait dans le critique un poète; le poète a le sentiment plus vif des beautés, et il hésite moins à les maintenir." No one, indeed, who does not appreciate a work, who does not put the good in it foremost, should venture to write a review of it. But we more often than not confound detective work with criticism, rhapsody with appreciation, colourlessness with good taste; and we would rather dwell upon the unimportant error than on the fine passage. Yet appreciation, or our want of it, is not all; appreciation itself is the result of something that lies deeper,

which we are without. The French have a literary standard, and they have the literary enthusiasm which alone can produce one. Of both these possessions we are unhappily devoid and hence also of order and consistency. For a literary standard is a regulating conscience to judge by, an infallible Parnassian test to which the French submit all literary things; and the original enthusiasm which creates it is perhaps the only safeguard of art. At all events enthusiasm renders literature two great services—it abolishes caution, most inartistic and *bourgeois* of qualities; it furnishes a writer with something that he keenly desires to say, and so is likely to say well.

As a nation we shine in caution—if so impulsive an expression be allowed us. Instead of determining public opinion, our journalists wait for public opinion to determine them. From the famous reviews of Keats and Wordsworth downwards, our periodicals have always failed to welcome the new genius in proper fashion till all the world has hailed him. Now that genius is in vogue it is true that we no longer slash it, and the non-recognition of it seems the one literary crime that we dread. We generally resort to one of two alternatives. If we have good traditional taste, we take refuge in phrases that cannot commit us either one way or the other. If we have not, we find safety in recognising almost every one as a genius. But this extreme is quite as disrespectful to genius as the former one, and to place the true on the same level as the false is by no means the way to greet it. It is an error which, perhaps, has little to do with caution, but it has a great deal to do with the absence of any dominant taste to appeal to. We have only to take up the *Revue Bleue* or the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires* and compare any of their reviews with parallel articles in the *Spectator* or the *Saturday Review*, and we shall soon see the difference between them.

The French are good cooks in more ways than one and, like good cooks, they are economical. They know the worth of words and of material, and their criticism is always rational. We have just lighted in *Les Annales* on "Les livres

d'Etrennes," a set of short notices of Christmas books; but instead of being no more than a few isolated paragraphs, they are connected by the writer's leading thought—lightly enough expressed—that science seasons all modern literature, even children's story-books. He himself will never forget the emotions of the *Jour de l'An*:

quand mon parrain m'apporta les "Contes de Perrault" royalement habillés de rouge avec "fers spéciaux." Oh ces fers spéciaux! J'en rêvais en lisant les catalogues. Posséder des reliures avec fers spéciaux? Bonheur ineffable! Je crois que les enfants ne connaissent plus ces calmes ivresses. Leurs goûts les portent vers des plaisirs plus bruyants . . . ils amassent des sous en vue de s'acheter un automobile.

There follow some comments on a geographical volume, then upon a boy's tale of adventure:

"Cent millions" est d'une irréprochable moralité. Il contient l'odyssée de deux adolescents qui, sans le savoir, possèdent un énorme patrimoine. Des intrigants cherchent à les dépouiller, et pour y parvenir ils n'usent pas des moyens classiques . . . ils n'empoisonnent pas leurs victimes . . . ils les plongent dans un sommeil hypnotique et annihilent, par ce moyen, leur volonté. Vous le voyez! la science remplace le merveilleux. Elle produit les coups de théâtre. Vive la science!

There is nothing elaborate here, but there is, at least, an intention—an intention we can follow and understand. And so there is in criticism of more serious work. Look, for example, in the *Revue Bleue*, at this passage from the notice of a new poet, M. Paul Fort, by M. André Beaunier—a good specimen of the average writing in the paper:

Il ne fait partie d'aucune école; il ne se prête à aucune classification; il frappe d'abord par sa désinvolture, sa spontanéité; le sans-gêne singulier de sa manière, une sorte d'excessive abondance. Quand on se demande à qui l'apparenter, on lui trouve de la ressemblance surtout avec le dieu Pan, qui n'est pas mort, bien que le bruit en ait couru.

This is appetising. It gives us a notion of our dinner; whether the food, when we come to table, be to our liking or not, we know the sort of dish that will be set before us. But translate this into the average language of the English weekly, and it will sound something like this:

Mr. Smith's little volume of poems is not without merit. It deals chiefly with Nature in her various aspects and her changing moods—with forests, fields, and fountains, and the thoughts and fancies they evoke. If in some places the verses are a little crude, in others they show a polish which gives them a certain distinction. They are undeniably fresh and pleasing; many of them with a distinct Tennysonian ring about them. Mr. Smith is evidently young, and if he goes on as he has begun we have little hesitation in predicting work of considerable promise from his hand.

The phrase "not without merit" is indeed one pillar of the *Spectator*. "We have little hesitation" is another. And here is a sentence straight from its pages—from a short review of a novel: "On the whole, what she has given us is a pleasant and readable book, but it might have been better done."

This is a little masterpiece of prudent vacuity and especially valuable from its possibilities of universal application. It might even be purchased as the form of review for nearly every book that appears. But with our enlightenment about the volume in question it seems to have but little to do. When we turn to the other kind of notice—the flowing rhapsody—we are not much better off. To go back, for instance, to Mr. Smith's poems, the enthusiastic reviewer would probably pronounce himself about them somewhat after this fashion:

Not since our first reading of "Othello" have we had such a sensation as we experienced in perusing Mr. Smith's modest booklet of verse. The poems sing Nature—Nature as Mother, Nature as Sister, Nature as Child. There is a world of joy and sorrow in every line: a joy and sorrow that would be Olympian if they were not so deeply human. But it is, of course, in those that deal with man's nature that the tragic note is struck; and if at one moment they recall Shakespeare in their vivid force, at another their plastic calm and their marble acceptance of destiny remind us of the Greek drama. For strength of imagery and colour "Forest Sin" perhaps ranks first among the ballades, and its simple refrain of "Green, green, green," has a haunting pathos of its own which does not easily leave us. Here and there Mr. Smith shows a slight want of finish in his rhythm which proves that he is not yet quite an adept in metrical skill. But he is evidently a young poet, and one so surprisingly gifted that he will easily mend this defect. We look forward with confidence to more work from his hand.

There is a third type of review which grows more common

every year, and that is the smart review: the one which is the vent for all the good things that the reviewer has said in the week at the various dinner-tables he has attended. He becomes an expert at working them into his articles, whatever the subject under notice, and he would at once dispose of Mr. Smith with the utmost facility.

> Mr. Smith (he would say) should remember that Nature made Mr. Smith and not Mr. Smith Nature. In his little volume of "Natural Poems and Others," he seems rather to have forgotten this fact; he has not only put the cart, but the shafts and wheels before the horse. "Forest Sin" is full of metaphors, and Mr. Smith forgets that no pudding should be all plums (this had been originally said to a very young lady about life). He also forgets that humour is as necessary in poetry as elsewhere and, whereas wit gives form to words, humour lends them colour.

This last distinction was merely introduced to use up a rejected essay on wit and humour which the reviewer was loth to waste.

Again, it is the absence of a literary conscience which takes away all power from the smart reviewer. Where there is a standard, mere smartness—the effectiveness of each sentence for its own sake—disappears, and brilliance assumes the dignity of satire. Smartness certainly takes a good second as enemy to literature, but caution still holds the first place. Sometimes the two combine and bring us to a terrible pass. What, indeed, but prudence could have induced the *Spectator* to omit a review of so important a work as Tolstoï's "Résurrection," while it inserted a long eulogy of "Sir Richard Calmady"? We English have yet to learn that it is a mistake to mix up respectability and literature, the more so if we are affected by a conscientious anxiety to be in the swim.

All these drawbacks would be diminished were we in possession of the second benefit conferred by a literary conscience. If we really had something we wanted to say, caution and banality would go under. We should give out ideas instead of words, and a review of the most trumpery novel would consist of something more than the picking out of

one or two details to blame and a long summary of the plot, our ignorance of which is the only motive that could induce us to take up the book. Much more would some sort of enthusiasm tell in the serious reviews, the notices of works historical and philosophical, in which our weeklies abound. But here the general uniformity does not hold, and some papers are decidedly in front of others. The *Athenæum* and the *Speaker* distinguish themselves in this way, and it is evident they send out their books to students; not, like so many of their fellows, to the first cultivated young man from Oxford, or to some narrow specialist without the means of comparison, without that panoply of wide information in which every French reviewer seems to be clothed *cap-à-pie*. The absence of it often misleads the poor public, and it was only a few months ago that the *Saturday* noticed a book—"L'Impératrice Joséphine," by Ober—with no severer stricture than a slight allusion to its inadequacy and its too rare citation of authorities; while the better-read *Athenæum*, with a knowledge of contemporary correspondence, at once discovered it to be full of serious errors.

Then there is another type of historical review, perhaps the most common of all, in which the reviewer makes the book he writes about a peg on which to hang his ideas and gives us an essay on his own opinions. It is unfortunate that nearly every soul has his or her private theory about the French Revolution and the Renaissance, so that it is hardly possible for a work on either of these periods to get fairly noticed. We read such an article the other day and, except at the beginning and end, the volume in question was not mentioned. It was followed by another equally provoking—a long, bald recapitulation of one of the chapters in the history it was supposed to be judging—and this without a single comment, or any expression of praise or blame.

Of course the same failings are to be found in the reviews both of art and of music. Current criticisms of painting usually consist in nothing more than a catalogue of names and a few

purely technical remarks showing no power of fine discrimination, no intimacy with æsthetic ideals. Here, again, the *Athenæum* distinguishes itself and its art critic, whoever he may be, is a person of convictions. So is D. S. M. of the *Saturday Review*, which also boasts "Max," the one dramatic critic of character. As to music, the paragraphs about it are generally poor. Nor are they always free from prejudice. None are as personal, happily, as the *Saturday Review*, which possesses a kind of hoyden critic and indulges in actual romps of liking or disliking.

> Dr. Stanford has never yet made a success, despite the many struggles of the *Times* in his behalf; and he never will make a success until he realises that in the opera, as in the spoken drama, the play's the thing.

That is one of the serious verdicts of this authority. Here is another, on the playing of a Beethoven quartet by Joachim and his colleagues last spring:

> A smooth, pleasant, unaccented performance. . . . But I persist to refuse in recognising Joachim as a great artist and his quartet as a fine quartet. The composition (he goes on to say) "is not trifling, not scrappy, and Joachim and his confederates succeeded in making it both."

These sentences raise questions not of criticism but of manners. It is open to the gentleman who wrote them to admire neither Stanford nor Joachim; but it is vulgar to judge the former by a popular success and merely disrespectful to talk slightingly of the latter—a musician who has, at any rate, enjoyed a European reputation, since the days, fifty years ago, when Liszt pronounced him to be "an artist *hors ligne*." Such utterances cannot count as anything more weighty than the rather *gauche* exuberances of the rude school. The other papers are certainly better bred, and they generally give accurate reproductions of concert programmes; but, for their musical worth, as criterions for the public to go by, they have much the same importance as a casually written letter about concerts from one private person to another. The real obstacle to good judgment here is that which we have already found in literature.

The criticism of art is bound to be dull if it has no atmosphere, no context, no knowledge of other arts to compare with, no ideals after which the critic himself is striving.

We should probably fare better if the example of the French were more generally followed by newspapers, and if only signed reviews of books and of art were admitted by them. This would put writers on their mettle. It would also do away with another important abuse. For how can we complain of the monotony of our weeklies while we allow the same critics to review the same book in two or three periodicals? This illiterate custom has a great deal to do with the low level of our journalism and could only be tolerated by a public deficient in literary self-respect. As for more flagrant evils, they would vanish if the names of writers were printed. For our system of reviewing is not always even honest. Some time ago, for instance, there appeared in one of our leading weekly papers a slashing notice of a book by, let us say, Miss G. Brown. A., a friend of Miss Brown's, met the reviewer B., and, their talk falling on the book, A. said he thought the criticism unjust. "Oh," said B., "I did not read the book through; I saw it was by Geraldine Brown and that was quite enough for me." But the author happened to be Miss Gertrude Brown, by no means identical with her namesake, and the review which guided the public was based on a misconception. There may not be many examples as bad as this, but even were it one of its kind it is enough to cause a revolution about signatures.

Perhaps the "Middles," the miscellaneous literary and social articles, are the most literary part of our weeklies. If we chose the best of these papers from the *Pilot*, the *Spectator* and the *Speaker*, we might make up a very pleasant volume. In nearly any number of these papers—especially the two first and sometimes in the *Saturday* also—there is some article of the sort that gives us pleasure to read. We open a *Spectator* at random and find a charming little essay called a "Fit of Happiness," or an old *Pilot* and discover—better still—a real

bonne bouche in Canon Ainger's "Charm in Literature." Many words of wisdom and daily philosophy may be, and are, conveyed by this humble means, and the only thing to be desired is that there should be more of such compositions and less of the political leaders. Less too—may we plead?—of Correspondence. In the *Spectator*, at all events, the correspondence assumes phenomenal proportions, sometimes occupying five out of twenty-four pages. But perhaps we ought hardly to count it as belonging to the literary domain, it is too frivolous and heterogeneous for that. Here we have a note headed "Hints on Baldness" close to one on the "Wish for Immortality," and it has been well said that the letters that flow in on the last-named subject are the *Spectator's* equivalents for the *Daily Telegraph's* on "Ought our Daughters to Marry?" Indeed, the correspondence in a serious newspaper takes the place of fashionable gossip, and there is no scandal about dogs and cats—about any creature on four legs—that the *Spectator*, otherwise the most charitable of creatures, is not prepared to believe.

The topic of "Correspondence" naturally brings us to the social side of the best weekly papers. We began by humbly averring that the two chief functions of these periodicals were the criticism of literature and the criticism of life: of manners and morals, of all that is implied by the valuable French word *Mœurs*. The eighteenth-century journalists showed us how useful such criticism could be. It was often the ally of the stage in laughing fashionable absurdities to death and, since laughter can do what sermons cannot, it frequently attacked failings more harmful than folly. There was a gravity in its lightness, and a lightness in its gravity, alluring to any reader. No cushion-thumping for these critics; they had mastered the art of playful preaching and gentle malice was their only weapon. They used but little epigram and there are few single sentences one could quote from them. They were serious enough to keep their main purpose in view and to subordinate the way they said things to the things they had to say. Their

sarcasm is ever good-mannered and their fun has an engaging dignity all its own. What enchanting papers would Addison have written on Bridge or on Christmas bazaars! how deliciously funny Steele would have been over women novelists or the infatuated pursuers of modern hygiene! We of to-day can, as we said, boast of pleasant little sermons and essays on social subjects, and very good reading they are. But the art of satire has died for want of seriousness, and our moral articles fail to have much effect because they have so little play.

Addison and Steele are unfortunately not born every century, yet the average eighteenth-century article-writer, though he could not boast their genius, possessed some of their dignity and a little of their sober charm. And our average contributors on subjects such as they affected are often nearly very good and might be much better if it were not for the vices of journalism—heaviness on the one hand and smartness on the other. Many papers and much writing have done cruel work, and smartness has invaded our literature as it has invaded our shop windows. There is the same difference between an amusing article of 1760 and an amusing article of 1902 as there is between the hat of a Gainsborough and a smart hat of this year. English people (so at least it seems to us), humorous though they are, are not equipped for amusement. Their idea of being amusing is to make a point and laugh—to embody their fun in a definite form. This notion, unless the refined make use of it, is apt to grow cheap and vulgar; it leads to the confounding of finery with epigram. "London," said *Vanity Fair* last summer, "is now given over to the three C's—cats, curates, and caretakers." This gives us no picture of London out of season (a delightful subject for a writer of imagination), it does not make us laugh, in fact it does nothing at all, and for pure alliteration it is far behind the famous "Peter Piper picked"; but there is no doubt that the *faux air* of an epigram goes far to pervert the public taste. One sees the fatal tendency even in the names given to reviews. "Religious

snapshots" would hardly strike one as a witty substitute for "The Romance of Religion," yet this is the heading to the notice of that book in the *Outlook*. Even the fashionable intelligence — or fashionable want of intelligence — is now written in the same kind of style. "Little jokelets sparkle as usual on odd pages"—this is a sentence taken from "The Smart Set" in *Vanity Fair*, but it would be easy enough to find the like in other society papers.

Of all these (*Truth*, the *World*, *Vanity Fair*, the *Outlook*, and their smaller brethren), perhaps we may add of all weekly papers, *Truth* is, strange to say, the one that has the most individuality and occupies a niche of its own. It is by no means of the best; it is often vulgar and out of taste; but it is forcible because it fulfils a task which no other paper fulfils; a task at once generous and useful—the exposure of all kinds of frauds. Business swindlers, philanthropic swindlers, all the varieties of swindlers, have been courageously unmasked by *Truth;* and there must be a whole army of reduced and sanguine ladies whom it has saved from the advertisements of fraudulent companies that have promised them work and fortune. In the course of its slashings for the sake of honesty, *Truth* may now and then be precipitate and mistake the innocent for the guilty; but these blunders are far outweighed by the really useful work it accomplishes, and the diligent pursuit of cheats needs qualities by no means of the lowest.

Of the other society papers there is but little to say. *Vanity Fair* has a certain distinction because of its weekly caricature and the short biography attached to it, but its politics, its gossip, its *feuilletons*, its reviews (with some bright exceptions), are much like those of the rest. "Papers which are libellous by profession and sometimes truthful by inadvertence" is a definition that unfortunately fits too many of them. And it is certainly a pity that periodicals which claim to represent society should have such a limited conception of what society is. If you depend for sustenance upon anecdotes of the Royal Family and the aristocracy, no amount

of epigram will cover the void to which you must at last come. But the dispensers of these tit-bits are untiring. "Royalty and Birds" was a heading we came upon, it is true in nothing better than the *Week-End*. "The queen and several of her sisters-in-law are rather fond of birds"—such was the opening of the paragraph—a little triumph of tameness. Could any lady, even in the remotest suburb, thrill over this moderate statement? For all we can tell, it may be so, as we hear that the supply of such pieces of news, as well as of "Flora's" letters and "Poppy's" recipes, is caused by a feminine demand for them. But this is no justification of their existence, for shopping would give these ladies just the same pleasure as they do, and would save considerable expense both in printing and in paper.

And yet, when all is said and done, what makes the immense success of all these weekly newspapers—the success of fresh ones yet to be? Whether they are dull and pompous, or trifling and scandalous, they are read by thousands, and there must be some reason why this happens. "La médiocrité seule est à notre niveau et ne nous choque pas"—so runs the French translation of a Russian poet. This is, perhaps, putting the case rather too severely, but it is only the overstatement of a fact. The truth is that the weeklies suit the average mind of the average reader. They are never cleverer than he is, never too much below him. He can read them in his dullest mood and they do not make him realise that he is stupid. This, in itself, is enough to ensure the success of any periodical, and success is the chief reason for persistent mediocrity. Of course we need good writers, but we cannot plead their absence to excuse our evil-doing, for we have enough to make one first-rate and several second-rate weeklies. We should, were we more literary, have fewer papers than now, but that could only be an advantage.

And those that we had would be considerably better if we took a few hints from France. If (may the recapitulation be forgiven us?) we had one lengthy political summary,

and, if need be, a single political leader; if these were followed on occasion by an article on labour, philanthropy, or some other social question; and this, again, by about four leisurely literary papers: memoirs, essays on past writers, thoughts about life and its humours, fragments of learning or philosophy; and if the rest of the paper were devoted to full reviews of literature, science, art, music, and the drama, with, generally, only short notices of current fiction, there would, as we humbly believe, be a very fair framework for a good weekly newspaper. It is now nothing more than the newspaper of the Future, but the Future is full of possibilities.

ANON.

STATION STUDIES

II. IN EAST AFRICA

LUNCHEON is brought to me in the verandah by Hamis —sedulous to earn my favour—soup of gazelle-meat, guinea-fowl, sweet potatoes, and mangoes; all of which, being all that is for the moment within my reach, he expects me to eat without leaving a morsel behind. Much to his perplexity, however, nearly all are rejected, for I know that here in the tropic I must eat little meat if the afternoon's work is to prosper, and, in spite of his alternated grins and frowns at my waste of good opportunities—he himself would think it the act of a fool not to devour every atom of food available, at every meal however vast, and at any hour however unseemly—I bequeath my dishes almost untasted to my household, who, for all my threats and commands to the contrary, will send me an equally excessive meal on the morrow, and can never be persuaded to understand that, much as I envy them the low level of their ideals (Food! Food! and more Food), I have other objects to serve than those of the stomach.

Luncheon finished, I snatch a short half-hour for reading—it seems the mere ghost of an honest half-hour—and then Majaliwa once more stands before me, abominably punctual, importunately saluting, and murmuring "Fungua." *Fungua* is a Swahili verb by birth, meaning "to open"; but it has changed its sex and become a substantive since England came to Africa, and now means when occasion demands, "a key."

To Majaliwa it means the office-key. He salutes until I rise and hand it to him with a grunt of disgust at the interruption, and then carries it with extreme care to the door of the office, which he endeavours with heartrending efforts to open. But he fumbles vainly at his task, now as ever—a year's regular practice (ten minutes every day) has apparently rendered it no easier of accomplishment—and the happy faculty by which I am able to make such a complex artifice do my bidding in a moment of time remains to him as much as ever an insoluble mystery.

I allow him but little time to linger over the problem to-day, for the month's accounts have to be made up and balanced by the evening, in readiness for to-morrow's mail, and this is a task of inevitable tangles and incalculable length. A very heavy and dispiriting task too, for I am no master of the mathematic, and never know how many fresh starts I may have to make before I can hope to find the right road to success, much less the success itself. I do not, indeed, go to it without a show of confidence and cheerfulness, even with a jest on the subject to Manuel, who must presently stand beside me in the battle, and requires still more encouragement than I to plunge into such dangers; but I know in my heart that this gaiety is but a glamour drawn over the stern realities of the moment to keep my own apprehension and his at bay until we are so embedded in the turmoil that we have no time to feel fear; and my real feeling is that we shall be lucky indeed if we are quit of the struggle within two days. I set to work grimly and strive, first alone, then with the very doubtful benefit of Manuel's assistance, and strive—and strive.

The afternoon is far gone before we have attained even the promise of success, and by that time there is a body of other work waiting to be dealt with which cannot be postponed. I thrust the accounts aside with a sigh of at least temporary relief, and find that I have the choice, now that I am no longer a clerk, whether I will be an African judge, an Indian magistrate, a Bishop, or a Publican. The first two matters

before me are those of a Marai's theft and an Indian coolie's theft and assault respectively: the last concerns an Indian trader: the Bishop's function is to receive and answer a soldier of the Salvation Army who desires to hold camps, parades, and general alarums in my diocese. The last affair instantly strikes me as being first in order of interest, for I so seldom have to perform the duties of a bishop that I leap at once at the chance of wearing the cope and lawn sleeves. The soldier is hailed into the office (which now becomes a chapter-house), and given as good a welcome as I am able to offer. He is a tall gaunt man, black-bearded, broad-browed, great-voiced, clothed, to his obvious distress, in the thick dark and scarlet uniform of his calling, and fulfilling to the last detail my idea and ideal of the hot, the uncomfortable, the out-of-place; but he beats down every feeling but that of respect by the strong faith and enthusiasm blazing in his eyes, and I like the whole figure of the man excellently well, none the less because of its incongruity. He comes straight to business, h-less but throbbing with enthusiasm.

"Could you kindly give me some information as to the numbers and distribution of the Marai?"

"Certainly. I suppose you wish to propagate your teachings among them."

"Yes: we have left them too long. I suppose there is nothing to hinder us from beginning at once?"

"One moment. In the first place, you are no doubt aware that no missionary is allowed to travel about a district without the approval of the official in charge?"

"Er—no. I did not know that. I imagined that there could be no objection to our presence. Is there any here?"

Oh soldier, soldier! if only you could hear the unprintable objections which surge into my brain at this! If you could but peep in and see more than the colourless official formula with which I have to make answer!

"No, there is no objection in this particular instance ('unless you sing hymns near my house' I would like to add, but

mayn't). The Marai are perfectly quiet and friendly, and you can begin on them to-morrow if you can satisfy me that you are not likely to disturb the peace."

"Peace, sir, peace! It is one of our first duties, sir, as soldiers whose cause is peace, to keep it.'"

"Certainly, I quite appreciate your spirit; but somehow or other, you know, you missionaries don't always manage to put your motto into practice. You go out with the idea of evangelising at all risks, and rather make it a point that you care nothing for life; but you don't always remember what this means to the officer who is responsible for your safety. When he tells you not to visit a certain territory because it is quite unfit for you, you obey him readily enough; but when he tells you, for instance, that a certain territory is safe if you go so far and no farther, you forget in your zeal your obligations to him: you do go farther, and then there is the deuce to pay. Unconsciously and involuntarily perhaps you offend some tribe, you are threatened with danger, and then instead of taking the risk as you profess to do you send in an appeal to the Government officer for assistance, and he has, at the very least, the bother—often a serious matter—of sending it. If it comes too late you are killed, and he is held responsible; if it comes in time he has only just begun his work, for he will have all the trouble of settling the disturbance at the moment, and the pleasant experience of feeling anxiety about the tribe for months afterwards."

"But I assure you I have no thought of doing anything contrary to your advice and approval."

"Well, that is entirely satisfactory."

"And we pick our men with the utmost care."

"So I believe. I wish other organisations did. Now, what can I do for you? Information or advice?"

"Both, please."

"Very well. I think we had better begin with the advice. If you want to know my candid opinion about going out to teach among the Marai, it is simply this, 'Don't.'"

"Why do you say that?'

"Because if you go you will waste your time. Try to convert them by all means if you like; you will, at any rate, keep them amused; but if you value your time and money go where you have some chance of success. There are plenty of tribes farther up the country who will welcome you for what you bring them—your schools, technical training, and anything they can get out of you—but this particular tribe won't look at you even for that."

"You are not very encouraging."

"No. I believe in stating the facts as they stand. There are certain tribes in the Protectorate who value the 'mishni' because he can teach them to read and write, and make things; but I gather from all unprejudiced observers that, when once natives have gained this teaching, and seen that there is nothing more to be got out of the teacher, they leave him, and his schools, and services, and etceteras behind and retire into private life. They appear in the missionary's report as 'converts,' and thus help to make a splash at Exeter Hall; but they don't appear in his tabernacles again."

Soldier is furious; I have put myself beyond the pale of salvation by telling him the truth.

"You sit there as a Christian man and tell me that the whole of this spiritual work, this bearing of good tidings to our dark brothers, is all lost!"

"Yes; it isn't pleasant to contemplate, I know. But I am afraid that is the truth."

"I don't believe it, sir; I won't believe it!"

"As you please. I am open to conviction."

"They cannot have been properly taught. None of these missions can have approached them in the right way. I don't believe it. I won't!"

"Well, they haven't tried drums and hell-fire yet; the people are very fond of drums."

"Sir, you are not treating this question seriously."

"I am endeavouring to tell you what you seem disinclined to believe—the truth."

"But it is incredible; these tribes cannot have been properly handled. They are not lost. I cannot believe that they are all lost."

"I wish to heaven they were, for my part. But that is by the way. As to your side of the question, I can only tell you what the real results up to the present have been. You may alter them. Try for yourself."

"I will, I will. I am not convinced. I think you will see a difference within a few years."

"I hope so. I think not."

"Believe me, sir. Now, could you tell me some particulars about the Marai?"

"Anything in my power to help you."

"How do the numbers run?"

"From three to four thousand, in my district."

"Oh, I expected ten thousand at least. And the principal towns?"

"Towns?" (I am sorry to say that I wink to myself at this point.) "There aren't really any towns."

"No towns! The villages then, where shall I find them?"

"There aren't any villages."

"Are there no centres of population?"

"None whatever."

"Bless my soul! Where do the people live?"

"Nowhere in particular, they wander."

"Wander! Where?"

"Anywhere there happens to be good grazing."

"But have they no homes and gardens or enclosures?"

"Nothing more permanent than mud huts and a *bomah* of horn bushes."

"Then where do they raise their crops?"

"They don't."

"How do they live? They must eat."

"Precious little."

"Do they starve?"

"Not they. They have plenty of milk—and blood."

"Blood!"

"Yes; they are awfully fond of blood—raw blood, you know."

"You—you don't mean that they are cannibals?"

"Oh no; it's only beasts' blood. When they kill an animal they don't eat his meat, but make a hole in him and suck his blood. When they can't get any game they bleed their cattle."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, and seal them up again when they have finished. You'll soon find out if you travel among them."

Pause. Soldier seems to be taking breath, aghast at all these surprises, and not quite confident in my veracity. At last he continues, in a far more subdued tone:

"Where shall I find them then? What am I to do? Wander about looking for them in the woods?"

"No, no; it is not as bad as that," I reply with a laugh. Then our eyes meet, and suddenly the mad humour of the difficulties lying before him darts into his mind, and all zeal and seriousness thrown for the moment to the winds, he makes the office echo with his shouts of laughter. I reassure him as to the last difficulty when we are both once more in a state for conversation, and explain that he can find material for his labour as easily here as in England, if it is of any value. He asks for further direction, and I take him out to the corner of the *bomah*, where there are half a dozen kraals within sight upon which he may begin his attack to-day if it be his pleasure. He is all fanatic again at seeing these, and gazing hungrily at them and all around him with the hope of finding others, gasps out "Thank you. I see, I see. Thank you; poor souls, poor souls!"

"Well, there are the Marai. Now, is there anything else I can tell you?"

"No, thanks. That is quite enough, thank you."

I expect it is.

"Stop and have dinner. I'll put you up for the night."

"No, thanks. It is very good of you to ask me, and I am grateful to you for the advice; but——"

"You won't take it?"

"It is my duty not to. I must be getting on now. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and good luck." With which greeting he walks out of the *bomah* and "gets on." Poor soldier! I doubt if any new-comer ever had his home-made illusions so quickly disturbed as he in this short conversation, but it is no part of my function to preserve them. My episcopal duties, to my thinking, include the grasping and dissemination of hard facts about my flock, as well as the effort to dissuade the members of it from thrusting spears through each other when they disagree. A profound belief in my own omnipotence is the principal creed in my diocese, and though I am quite willing for others to add frills and furbelows to this (so long as they do not alter it), I know that their efforts are doomed to failure. I am not exactly worshipped as a god by my people, but I come, in their opinion, from a country quite close to that of Ngai (God), and have learnt from him to do wonders unintelligible by the lights given to common men; hence my power is looked upon as invincible.

My next function is, however, very far from being godlike or even episcopal. Two Marai are brought before me charged with continued and repeated theft of metal from the railway—their spears are made from bolts which bind the rails to a bridge close at hand, and they must suffer.

The evidence is clear; they have been caught in the act of robbery; they hardly attempt any defence; and the sentence, one month's hard labour and fifteen lashes, follows almost as a matter of course. The latter part of the penalty is carried out without delay. *Askaris* take the prisoners in turn, strip them, and lay them flat on the ground, two holding them at the head and two at the feet. I go out to watch that the

punishment is properly administered, and at my word Hosain raises the *kiboko* and strikes—eight from one side and seven from the other—with the aptitude gained by long practice and the zeal caused by a long search for the villains without success. The *kiboko* is a rounded strip of hippopotamus hide, three feet long, an inch tapering to half an inch thick, and in the hands of a master just fails to draw blood at each stroke; it is the duty of the officer to see that it does so fail. I watch the punishment with some indifference (though this may seem very shocking), knowing that though I, the white man, should faint before a fourth of it had passed, the two dark scoundrels who are suffering it have a callous hide and unflinching nerves, from going naked all their days, and are little disturbed by any such small number of stripes. They bear them without a sound or a sigh, except of relief when at the end they rise from the ground to make their way to prison, and I know that, though I have made them tolerably penitent for their sins, I have not done them real justice. Nevertheless, it is a matter for satisfaction, at any rate, that I can give them the feeling of penitence in the positive degree; for there is never any certainty that some ill-balanced humanitarian may not come to Africa and try with bland meddling ways to take from me and my fellow rulers the one means we have, not of ruling, but of creating that respect for the Criminal Code which it is impossible otherwise to instil among our subjects. I can hear the soft-minded whisper, "How shocking!" "How cruel!" "Why cannot you rule by kindness, by influence, by force of character?" But I beg most respectfully to submit that no person is fit to speak upon this question, much less to be listened to, who has not been to Africa, striven to avoid using the punishment, and come reluctantly to the conclusion that it is essential. Let any who desire to argue by all means argue among themselves in seclusion; but let those who have no first-hand experience in this matter keep silence, at any rate in the market-place.

The next case is one which I should like to treat in the same way. It is that of an Indian coolie who has also been caught stealing railway material, and has in addition fallen with a spade upon the Jemadar who found him at his theft, and made such chaos of his face as is likely to spoil his love affairs for some time to come. I long to chastise him as I chastised the Marai who went before him, for there is no other penalty, in my opinion, which will fit the offence of so base a man as he. But I may not do it. Half the virtue has gone out of me since I began to pronounce judgment no longer upon an African but upon an Indian. The chair in which I sit may appear to be the same, and the office may show no sign of change to the closest scrutiny, but both are in reality as different as the two sexes from their condition of five minutes ago. Then the chair was that of a magistrate under the African Order in Council, and the office the Judicial Court for the district of Eldala (Criminal Jurisdiction). Now both chair and office have passed under a great change and become the visible symbols of the Indian Penal Code. I who occupy them am an Indian magistrate administering Indian law; and if I do but tap the prisoner with the *kiboko* the Indian Government will howl like the winds in anger about my ears, and remind me in round terms that its subjects may not be struck or even touched with such an instrument. I am driven to ordering the man merely a poor six months "H.L.," as the nearest equivalent of what is due to him; and he goes out, always whining over his fate, to be put into the collar which will keep him safe in his chain-gang for the next half-year.

Next, I become a publican once more, taking dues of all sorts from a horde of Indian merchants who have been waiting (ever since I put on the mitre) to pay the penalty for their passion for commerce. They disburse and I receive, and they depart, all in perfect silence. Then as I sit wondering why Indians were ever created, much less brought into my dominions, my virtue (for the first time in my experience) brings me some reward; for the laggard up-mail, which

should come to me fortnightly, and is now more than a week overdue, is brought into the office, and I pounce upon the Eldala bag to seize and devour my own share of it. A dozen or more daily papers a month old but precious; invaluable letters; and, by all that is perfect, a book or two, all positively smelling of London, tumble out of its maw, and—to my shame be it said—I take a greedy sip of more than one item among these before attending to my duty as Postmaster-General, that of checking the mails of my master the Public by the way-bill and sending them once again on their journey to the north.

This done, a flood of business letters is poured on to my table, promising a whole sea of work to be done in reply, and as I open envelope after envelope to find a score of despatches, memos, queries and complaints, all of which must be answered promptly and with care, if I am to have peace, my heart sinks within me, and I curse the day when some misguided sprite invented that monstrous nuisance, the penny post.

It is too late, however, to attend to them to-night, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." This particular day is very far spent, and it does not seem to me proper or possible to transact any more of the country's business this evening. I give the order "Piga ngoma" once again; the time instantly becomes five o'clock, the right and very desirable end of office hours, and I begin to write the diary for the day.

The end of my working hours, however, and the departure of Hosain, clerk of the court, and Majaliwa, my bodyguard, from the precincts, do not mean the end of my worries. Just as I am locking the cash-box and safe for the night Manuel enters with faltering step and brings me news that our stock of paper is running low, and that the King's business cannot proceed for many more days without a further supply.

This has been a difficulty with us on previous occasions; for the Chief Storekeeper, with the loftiest designs, can owing to some dark reason never keep us adequately furnished with the means of conducting our affairs; and I personally who

have lately put him to rout in set battle, suspect him of endeavouring to do far lower than his best for me. His apology for "a subordinate's error" still lies on my table to remind me of my victory—I like to keep such little souvenirs of my successful battles always before me—and I am convinced that he might have served us better had he the will to do so. But, Chief Storekeeper or no, here is the naked problem staring us in the face, and we have to face it. Neither I nor Manuel have any doubt in our hearts with the help of what ally we shall ultimately solve the difficulty. We shall obtain a temporary loan of railway paper from the station-master, Sujan the Babu, and thereby ward off famine till the Chief Storekeeper cares to replenish our shelves. But this is not an alliance into which we can enter without care and delicacy; it is only by the use of a devious and secret path that I can circumvent the great gulf which lies between me and Sujan. For the truth is that while holding me in very proper respect, and living indeed in a wholesome and continuous terror of my powers, the latter has a check upon me in this matter which I cannot gainsay, and in his natural anxiety to obtain a vantage over me and thereby shine for ever in the opinion of his fellows, he might quite easily screw up his courage to the point of refusing my request—a thing not to be borne. So, as I cannot force him to obey me, and dare not risk such a danger as a direct application might bring, I have to go about the affair subtly and with the help of Manuel as mediator. He, to strip the matter at once of all decency, knows and loves Lachmi, the wife of Sujan, and Lachmi, loving Manuel and not Sujan, is yet able on occasion to set her snares for the latter with such effect that she can win from him favours of almost any value, even the gift of shining golden nibs—the property of his employers—or the loan of a few quires of foolscap. It is through Manuel and Lachmi alone that I can hope to approach Sujan with success. And even here I must walk with care, for Manuel may not at the moment be in favour with Lachmi, and if he is not there is need to be still

more circumspect than usual. I test him, throwing out inept suggestions as to the possibility of securing paper from other sources, such as our neighbouring station. Manuel leaps at this idea, making it very evident how he stands with Lachmi: but I destroy his hopes almost as soon as I have raised them by insisting that we must procure a supply elsewhere without delay.

He sinks at once into a deep study, and is uneasy and depressed, for he is beginning to scent inevitable danger ahead. But all is not lost yet. He shoots out a brilliant proposal on his side which, if it is old and quite unlikely to be adopted, will at any rate gain him time.

"Nawab Ali the merchant sells paper, sir."

"Yes, I know; but——"

"Shall I go down at once and order some?" In a flash Manuel has caught up his pith helmet and is halfway to the door. He does not reach it, however, for I am inexorable, and cry to him:

"No, no; that will not do, Manuel; he only sends us mere tissue paper, and the ink goes through it."

"Yet, perhaps he has a new kind. I will at once go and see."

"No," I reply. "You said that last time, but it was worse than the old."

"I think—perhaps—he might order some more."

"From India, I suppose?"

"Oh no, sir. From the coast-town."

"No; we cannot wait so long; and, besides that, there is no estimate for buying paper: we must have some immediately. What did we do last time we ran short of it?"

"I don't remember," says Manuel, lying flatly.

"Did we not borrow some from the railway?"

"Surely no, sir; it would not be according to rule."

"Rubbish. The paper I have been using to-day is railway paper."

"Indeed no, sir; we have none."

"But here is the mark—Lunda Railway. How else did it come here?"

"Who can tell?"

"You, I should think; you asked the station-master for it yourself, I believe."

"No, sir, really not."

"You did; I remember it clearly."

"I think no, sir."

"I tell you, you did."

"Oh, sir! My honour."

"Damn your honour! You did."

"If you please, sir, I—I—think really not; but I will try to remember." Manuel is almost in tears as he says this. I give him a moment's respite, which he employs in turning his eyes to the ceiling in feigned effort to call up the forgotten.

"Ah yes, sir; I believe I remember now. But he never liked to lend, and I fear will not again."

"Why not?"

"He says that we never paid back."

This is very probable, but cannot be held in any way to affect the main question; and I continue:

"I must have it from him and at once."

"But how shall he answer to his auditor?"

"As he has before."

"But the auditor may demand reasons. He may say that paper is an expensive thing."

"Oh, the mischief take him and his auditor. What do I care? The Railway is not strict."

"Perhaps no, sir. Yet not many things do not cost something."

Storms follow—I furious, Manuel terror-stricken and conciliatory but still evasive. Some time elapses before I manage by sheer power of voice to scare him into giving a definite answer.

"Yes, yes, sir; surely yes; the price of paper itself is not great; but—perhaps——"

"Oh," I answer at length, very slowly, "oh—I—see now. How much?"

"Only a very little, sir,' says Manuel eagerly. "Quite a very little would be enough; but—but—something."

Now at last we have come to the heart of the difficulty. Lachmi cannot be approached on this occasion with any hope of success unless the person approaching her bears something with him less abstract than love. This is a new development, and requires consideration; for the grant of a bribe to Lachmi is not without dangers, since it is certain to be used as a precedent. I look at Manuel in silence for some seconds, debating all the bearings of the case with myself. If Lachmi is really obdurate the bribe must obviously be offered, and by me, for it is not fair that the cost of it should fall on her lover, though he alone can make the offer. On the other hand, if she can be won without bribery and her lover is lying, I shall have wasted my money and lost status in the eyes of both as a gullible person and one who may easily be deceived again and again. He has the whip-hand of me, however, for I have no means at all of discovering the truth. I come to the conclusion that Manuel would not attempt so daring a fraud as this without good cause, and reluctantly accepting his implied statement as true, decide to give him some more concrete equipment than his mere personal charms. Putting three rupees on the table I come without any further parley to the point.

"Will that be enough?"

"Surely, yes, sir."

"She—I mean you, can get the paper to-morrow?"

"I think yes, sir."

"Good-night, Manuel."

"Good-night, sir."

My day's work is ended.

A British Official.

A DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN OF THE MEDICI

ONE of the most original figures in the brilliant court of Lorenzo de' Medici was Matteo Franco.[1] Born in Florence in 1447 of poor parents of the name of Della Badessa, he simply adopted his father's Christian name of Franco, as was often done in the fifteenth century, and called himself Matteo di Franco which soon became plain Matteo Franco. He entered the church as a lad and some of his first efforts in poetry are sonnets addressed to Cardinal di San Sisto, the Archbishop of Florence, begging in the name of St. Peter for a cloak. In others he states that his income is but three lire a month and that never a crumb of bread remains on the table after meals. His poverty was rendered more irksome when, after the death of his parents, he took his young sister Ginevra and an old maid to live with him. Ginevra however soon married a Doctor Leopardi, a converted Jew, known in Florence as "il medico della barba," or the bearded doctor, and Matteo made friends with Angelo Poliziano who probably introduced him to his patrons the Medici. The witty, clever, kind-hearted Matteo became indispensable to Lorenzo the Magnificent, with whom he was on such terms of intimacy as to write the following letter, rather a curious picture of the times as coming

[1] See *Archivio Storico Italiano.* Serie Terza. Tomo IX., Parte I., 1869; also Isidoro del Lungo. *Florentia.* Firenze, G. Barbèra, 1897.

from a penniless young priest of twenty-seven to the ruler of Florence.

Lorenzo mine, have mercy. God well knows how and in what attitude I write to you. A chopping-board on my bed whereon lies my paper, my arm bare with up-turned sleeve, I am as a dead man laden with bricks, with a head like a big onion on an arid mass of *cappelline*,[1] I seem to be all east wind. With trembling voice and hands I write, Signior mine, because the sacristan of Orto San Michele has just come to my bedside to tell me that the priest of my little church, which Your Magnificence promised me, is dead; it is at Empoli and worth 12 or 15 florins a month, and there are no duties. . . . Now being vacant Lorenzo, my life and hope, I throw myself into your arms. I know not what to say to you. I have nought but mine own mother-wit and my tongue. Do not judge, for the love of God, by my writing, but by my affection, my need and the straits in which I find myself. I commend myself to you as heartily as I can, and will not again molest you. No more: in haste: I am sweating as though I were harnessed to a waggon. God keep you in health and prosperity, and inspire you to do what is best for the salvation of my soul.

The "little church at Empoli" was but a foretaste of many fatter livings which fell to Matteo Franco and which he sub-let to others, as the Medici could not do without him. He taught all Lorenzo's children to read, and feelingly describes the trouble they gave him in one of his sonnets. Lorenzo speaks of him as "among the first and best loved creatures of my house" and delighted in his witty conversation. Poliziano and Franco were as brothers, and his friendship with Piero and Bernardo Dovizi, of Bibbiena, both of them chancellors of the Medici, lasted till death parted them. From Piero, whom he calls "marrow of my heart," Matteo had no secrets, and poured out all his hopes, sorrows and anxieties in long letters when in later years he was repaying Lorenzo's affection tenfold by his devotion to his daughter Magdalena in Rome. As generally happens a man who inspires ardent friendship also makes bitter enemies, and our Matteo was no exception to the rule. Bernardo Bellincione and Luigi Pulci both hated him intensely, and the three poets abused each other in sonnets written in the choicest Tuscan to the amusement of all Florence. Bellincione seems

[1] A very small kind of maccaroni.

to have dropped out of favour with the Medici, but Luigi Pulci, the friend and companion of childhood and youth, never lost his place in Lorenzo's heart. Indeed, until lately it was generally supposed that Franco and Pulci were in reality friends, and only wrote the ferocious and biting sonnets to each other to amuse Lorenzo the Magnificent. But Sigr. Guglielmo Velpi, in a brilliant article [1] conclusively proves, I think, that their animosity was very real, and that Matteo often had the best in this war of words.

Even Lorenzo's austere and unlettered wife, Clarice Orsini, always ill at ease among her husband's brilliant friends and at first most suspicious of Matteo's biting tongue, soon discovered his many excellent qualities and never stirred from Florence without him. He became her treasurer, her almoner and at length her attorney. A charming description is given in one of his letters of the meeting of mother and children on her return from the baths of Morba, near Volterra, where she had spent three weeks with Lorenzo in 1485. Her boys rode out to meet her near San Casciano, and Matteo says:

> . . . We met paradise full of young and festive angels, that is to say, Messers Giovanni, Piero, Giuliano, and Gulio, together with their attendants. As soon as they saw their mother they threw themselves off their horses, some by themselves, others with the aid of their people, and they ran forward and cast themselves into the arms of Madonna Clarice with such joy and kisses and delight that one hundred letters would not describe it. Even I could not refrain from getting off my horse, and before they could remount I embraced them all twice; once for myself and once for Lorenzo. Darling little Giulianino said, with a long O, O, O, "where is Lorenzo?" We answered, "He has gone to Poggio to meet you." Then he: "Oh no, never," almost in tears. You never beheld so touching a sight. He and Piero, who has become a beautiful boy, the finest thing, by God, you ever saw, somewhat grown, with a profile like an angel, and longer hair which stands out a little and is pretty to see. And Giuliano, red and fresh as a rose, smooth, clean and bright as a mirror, joyous, and with those contemplative eyes. Messer Giovanni also seems well, he has not much colour but is healthy and good-looking; and Gulio has a brown and wholesome skin [the two future Popes, Leo X. and Clement VII.]. In shor

[1] *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, vol. xvii., fasc. 50–51.

all are as happy as can be. And thus, with great content and happiness, a joyous party we went by Via Maggio, Ponte a Santa Trinita, San Michele Berteldi, Santa Maria Maggiore, Canto alla Paglia, Via de Martegli, and entered into our house, *per infinita asecula aseculorum eselibera nos a malo amen.* . . .

When in March 1488 Clarice, who was in very bad health and therefore more uncertain in temper than usual, went to Rome with her daughter Magdalena affianced to the Pope's son, Francesco Cibo, Matteo accompanied her. Lorenzo was loth to part with his daughter, "more dear to him than one of his eyes," and wrote to his trusted old friend and ambassador at Rome, Messer Giovanni Lanfredini:

I much desire that Magdalena should return with her mother, for she is but a child and the house of Signor Francesco is badly governed, and also she will be a consolation to Clarice; but I wish this to be managed delicately so as to cause no displeasure to His Holiness or to Signor Francesco; I should receive it as a grace done to me, but whatever you arrange will be well done. . . . It seems to me that His Holiness in this and in other matters moves very slowly, and till now is chary of giving what little he has; for besides the well-being of Signor Francesco, I am distressed lest a daughter of mine should be in straits, and am almost in despair about this and the other matters, seeing the slowness, the variability and the small attention bestowed on business there.

Piero de' Medici joined his mother in Rome where he married Alfonsina Orsini, and on May 20 the bride and bridegroom with Magdalena accompanied Clarice back to Florence. Much against her will Matteo Franco remained behind; Francesco Cibo had evidently discovered how active and honest the Florentine priest was and had sent him to Stigliano, a half-ruined castle built on the site of an imperial villa. It was about thirty miles from Rome, and the baths had once been famous and brought in a considerable income.

Matteo wrote the following long and delightful letter, of which I give some extracts, from what he calls "this cesspool of a bath," to his friend Ser Pietro Dovizi Chancellor to Lorenzo the Magnificent:

I cannot tell you how gracious and kind Madonna Clarice is to me, even saying two or three times that my Lord [Francesco Cibo] had shown small

discretion in taking me from her: "See how I am left: I will not permit any one but Franco to have the spending of my money and I will eat nothing but what has passed through his hands; and then we never intended to give him Franco in order that he should bury him in a wood; he would do far better for himself, for Madonna Magdalena and for his house to keep him here." This she repeated a hundred times. And twice she has sent for me since I have been at the baths and kept me two or three days with her, until my Lord had to drive me back to Stigliano. They tell me that before going to Florence with Alfonsina, Magdalena made out a list of what she wanted to ask of my Lord for her journey; and on this list was, among other things:

"A chaplain, and I wish for Franco."

"Then some one to write letters for me sometimes, and for that Franco will serve me well."

"And also your Lordship's necklace for the time I am in Florence."

"And such dresses, and such footmen, if it so pleases you, &c." This list she gave in the evening to my Lord, and after he had read it he replied: "I gladly give thee all, save only Franco and the necklace." And the maiden said: "Madonna Clarice desires above all things that he should come." "And I desire above all things that he should stay. They have nought to do with Franco once Lorenzo gave him to thee; and I wish him to be left here to see to thy interests, for the income of these baths I intend shall be for thee. Thou seest that I have no one here who does not rob me. He has done more good in the fifteen days he has been there than all my other people in the years that I have had the estate of Cervetri, &c."

All this was told me by my angel Mistress and Lady, who cried often about my coming here to stay, and I am told talks of me and wishes for me all day long; if it were not for this and for the recollection of Him in Florence my soul and my heart, of whom I think in all my tribulations, so that, by the true God Ser Piero, melancholy flies from me and my heart is so consoled that my soul is kept in my body. Otherwise I should have died a hundred times a day. . . .

I have been at the baths of Stigliano since the 12th of March, and have already built bridges, churches, and hospitals, for there was nothing, and the baths I have arranged *alla Toscana*. . . . My room is disgusting—Bagno a Morba is a Careggi in comparison; accursed air, inhabitants like Turks, everything as bad as can be; day and night I fight with *bravi*, with soldiers, with swindlers, with venomous dogs, with lepers, with Jews, with madmen, with thieves and with Romans. Now I go to the cook, now to the baker, then to the tavern, then to the clients in the inns; then I argue with the discontented and the sick at the hospital, then with the pedlar, then with the grocer, then with the chemist; then I go to the washerwoman, then to the grooms, then to the courier, then to the doctor, then to the priest. For I have brought all these people and all these things here; there were but bare walls and only half

of those standing; in short, I have had to transport into this forest from the smallest to the largest thing which may be needful for perhaps 10,000 people, who during these two months will visit these baths, so that every man may, for his money, have every convenience he may want. And I am alone to manage all this: during this month of May never a day has passed but there have been 100 or 150 persons, rooms, beds, and the courtyard are all full, and some days there have been over 300. Most of them stay three days and then go; and I have to receive them all, to see to their food, to provide what they want and have not brought with them, grass, oats, hay, in short, everything; for all they have to pay me, so I hope to glean over 400 ducats for Madonna Magdalena if God gives me health. I have here between cooks, inn-keepers, bakers and others, about twenty-five men in my pay; and if you could see your Franco in this tempest and purgatory and whirl, host of this great inn of the devil, by God you would pity him. They comfort me by saying that Christ must wish me well if I escape without a beating, a knife in my ribs, a quarrel or an illness, for no one has ever returned whole from here, God be praised for his mercies. Yet I am of good cheer, and have such faith in my fair dealing that I hope to do myself honour, if it pleases God. Till now I have pocketed about 100 ducats; and all sorts and conditions of men have come. If I have not gained with the bad ones, I have not lost; and most have gone away contented: from those of the better sort, courtiers, gentlemen and the like, I think I have gained affection and esteem, for since their return to Rome they have written to me and even sent me presents. Some day I hope to have some great joy, I would hope even in the—of Lucifer the Great, serving for love of God, of Lorenzo and what is His.

In vain Lorenzo wrote to his Ambassador Lanfredini at the end of May:

It would be most pleasing to me as Signor Francesco is coming here [to Florence] that he should send Franco on before him to prepare his house, for I am alone, and so much occupied that I cannot attend to so many things. If Signor Francesco decides to send Franco let him come as soon as possible.

But Matteo remained in Rome, either still occupied at Stigliano, or kept by Pope Innocent VIII., who had named him his "commensale perpetuo" (*i.e.*, free of his table) as the witty epigrams of Franco amused His Holiness, and did not, to his infinite regret, even accompany Francesco Cibo to Florence in June. For the first time since the Pazzi conspiracy in 1478 the usual festivities for San Giovanni (June 24) were again celebrated, the peasants flocked into the town to see the Pope's son,

husband of the gentle Madonna Magdalena, and the crowd saluted him with cries of "Cibo e Palle."

Serdonati gives, in connection with this marriage, an interesting account of the sobriety of Lorenzo in private life and his magnificent treatment of strangers.

Francesco, on going to Florence to consummate his marriage, took many cavaliers and noble personages with him, the flower of the Roman nobility. He was received with great splendour and lodged with all his people right royally. But soon Lorenzo, taking pleasure in seeing his son-in-law familiarly, or perchance thinking to gain yet more the benevolence of the Pope, invited him continually to dine at his house without ceremony, or as we say "alla casalinga." Now it appears that the Florentines are generally held to be chary of spending their money, so he thought that those gentlemen who had accompanied him to honour his marriage might be treated in like manner and was sorely troubled, fearing that afterwards in Rome the city of Florence and his relatives might be held up to ridicule; and fearing to hear what he would not wish he dared not ask how they fared. But one day a Roman gentleman, who was intimate with him, saw how full of thought he was and asked the reason; and he answered that although he knew Lorenzo, his father-in-law, to be a man of great reputation and worth, yet he felt mortified because, on account of the usage of the city or for some other reason, his friends were treated in too homely a fashion; this pained him for them, but should be remedied by a speedy departure and in Rome he would be there to indemnify them for whatever discomfort and annoyance they had undergone. Astonished at this speech the cavalier replied that had the Pope himself been lodged as they were he could not have been more splendidly or magnificently entertained, cared for, served and honoured, and that no one could desire more. So delighted was Francesco to hear this that he could not contain himself and recounted all to his father-in-law, who with great urbanity replied that children, among whom he now reckoned Francesco, and strangers and noble persons such as accompanied him were to be treated differently, the latter with all magnificence, partly for their own merits, partly out of respect for him and to do him honour; but that he had made no difference between him and his own children. This caused Francesco much satisfaction and pleasure and greatly pleased the Pope when he heard of it, and all admired the wisdom and prudence of Lorenzo in all things public and private.[1]

On July 30, 1488, Clarice died in the arms of her favourite daughter Magdalena, who soon after went to live at Rome when

[1] *Vita e fatti d'Innocenzo VIII.* Scritta per m. Francesco Serdonati fiorentino ec. Milano; Ferrario, 1829. Pp. 59-61.

Matteo Franco became not only her chaplain and secretary, but her steward, cook, sick-nurse and, at odd moments, poet. Many and long are the letters he writes about his "dear daughter." He analyses her frequent illnesses with the acumen of a skilled physician and the tenderness almost of a mother. Watching over her night and day, and hour by hour, only occasionally he lets us see how home-sick he is and how he longs to be once more in the palace in Via Larga with Lorenzo and his friends. Then, returning to his beloved patient he recalls whose daughter she is, and shows his antipathy for her husband and, indeed for all "these Genoese," from the Pope downwards. Not that Francesco is unkind to his wife, but she loves him too much. He gambles all night and Magdalena lies awake till dawn listening for his footstep. She ought to go out, breathe the fresh air and take some exercise, and she longs in vain for her dear hills of Poggio and of Fiesole. She has become "as thin as a lizard," and Matteo's anxiety is shown in a very long and rather querulous letter to his constant correspondent Ser Pietro Dovizi the Chancellor, of which I give some extracts:

Ser Piero, you know for how long I have been telling you about the disorder of this house, and how day by day it increases, so that I am worn out; and how here a Florentine is as a Cross among devils, and also I have told you about the various maladies of Madonna. And as I am in doubt that you read not my letters through, I suspect all this will be new to you; for this doubt and for my own satisfaction, and because I am bursting with anxiety and worry, without knowing where to turn for counsel or help, and see such coldness and so little care and love for creatures much more important than Franco, I take no thought about my own concerns, but cannot do the same about this. Never a man or a woman comes to this house, save perhaps once in a new moon, to know whether Madonna is alive or dead. Let be that she has no sort of authority here; but just to know whether she is alive, for since our return she has always been shut up in the house, save for two days when she went to Cervetri, twice that she visited His Holiness and one evening that she supped at the bank. She is always ailing and for her, poor child, no living soul seems to care. . . . Cursed be those cream cheeses, milk cheeses, pears, flasks of Trebbiano, bunches of fennel and those medlars which have never, never been sent to her by you or any one else. These Genoese are splendidly housed and

have every marvel of the world; but, not to speak of things of greater value, she being the daughter of such a father and so good and charming, is not to be despised; yet the daughter of an exile would receive more attention than this poor patient child . . .

and then after many pages about her various ailments and the remedies used and entreaties that Maestro Pier Leoni should be sent to visit her, he ends by urgent entreaties to be recalled as he can bear such a life no longer.

But Matteo was still in Rome in 1492, when Magdalena's brother, Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, took up his abode there. A sad year it was for her, as Lorenzo the Magnificent died in April, her only little girl soon afterwards, and her husband's father, the Pope, in July. Matteo Franco writes to his "Lord and most dear son Piero" a heart-broken letter on the death of his father:

God be thy consolation for nought else will serve. Consolation and comfort from any man alive will not suffice and, even could it be of use, one who has lost all his own consolation and comfort is a bad consoler and comforter . . . for 18 years I have eaten your bread and been nourished entirely by your house; soul, blood, flesh and bones obey you more than myself, because they have received more from you than from me. . . .

Innocent VIII. had never, in spite of Magdalena's prayers, done anything for Matteo, so when a canonry of the cathedral of Florence fell vacant she and Francesco wrote to Piero de' Medici:

Magnificent my brother Piero. From your ambassador and also from your most Revd. cardinal, to whom I wrote as much as my sorrow would permit, you will have heard of our fresh tears, shed for our dead little girl. I will say no more, not to recall other deaths, and only pray God that this may be the last and that he will console my afflicted Magdalena who cannot be comforted; so that her grief keeps me in constant fear, for her and for the child she carries in her bosom. God comfort and help us, and I pray of you when you write to comfort her, for there is much need of it. *Et de hoc satis.* It remains for me to say that you must be spokesman for Magdalena and for me with your Revd. Monsignore [Rinaldo Orsini, Archbishop of Florence, uncle of Piero and Magdalena] and induce him *ex corde* to grant what we have asked for a person belonging to us; and that is the canonry of Messer Carlo de' Medici for our and your slave and martyr Franco, who for love of us and of you is in Rome, aged,

broken in health and impoverished, to our great shame; one of the sorrows that Magdalena and I hold in our hearts is that we have never been able to do anything for him. For if you Piero, knew as we do, how he has striven always for the honour and good of our house, and what he has done during the illnesses of Magdalena and of myself, more especially in this last one of our dead child, I know you to be not so ungrateful as to refuse to do more for him than to obtain a canonry of XXX ducats. His Holiness and every one, as I have written to Monsignore, who knows him here are agreed. In short, persuade Monsignore to excuse himself with any man to whom he may have promised this canonry, even if it be a hundred times, by saying that he is more beholden to Magdalena (not to speak of myself) than to any one. We ask for this canonry as a gift and a grace to ourselves. Tell his Grace that we insist on having it; and that could he see Magdalena in her bed begging with such heartfelt entreaties for this thing, and on the other side the martyr Franco, ill from the many discomforts he has suffered in our service, he would be ashamed to give us only so small a thing as this canonry. And now, having also written to his Grace *ad longum*, I will add no more, only recapitulating to you that at any cost we must have this canonry; if not for the obligations you are under to Franco, for ours, which we know better than any one.

Magdalena and I send greetings to you all, and pray you may be kept in health, and above all our Innocent wishes to be remembered to you. Romae, last day of May, MCCCCLXXXXII.

FRATER FRANC. CIBO.

From my heart and with my own hand I adjure you, brother dear, to cause Monsignore to bestow this canonry on us; because I want it at all costs and I think I deserve it.

SOROR MAGDALENA CIBO DE MEDICI (*manu propria*).

On June 23 the canons of the cathedral of Florence assembled in chapter "receperunt in canonicum dominum Mathæum Franchi"; and Angelo Poliziano wrote to Piero de' Medici to express his delight at having his old friend as a colleague. His elegant Latin epistle gives a pleasant picture of Magdalena's "slave and martyr."

Let me thank thee, O my Piero, for having exerted authority and trouble to get Ser Matteo Franco made one of our canons. Thou knowest how great a friend he is to me, a man, of a truth, worthy of this and any other honour, in despite of certain jealous persons. He gained the good graces of thy most learned father by his pleasant and urbane accomplishments, writing those Burchielesque poems in the vulgar tongue, which are to-day praised all over Italy. Well do I remember that thy father taught thee, as a small child, just

for fun, some of the most facetious of these rhymes; and in conversation thou wouldst lisp them, ornamenting them with thy infantile graces and affectations. Of a truth the conversation and society of Franco is no less agreeable; for proverbs, stories, and curious knowledge he is worth untold gold, acute yet discreet, as becomes one who is neither scurrilous nor licentious, who is never tiresome, but always speaks to the point, never talking at random or without reflection. Thy father, Lorenzo, therefore always took him with him in his *villegiature* and when he went to any baths, as being so pleasant a companion. And when Magdalena, thy sister, married and settled at Rome he placed him with her as counsellor, so that she, being an unexpert girl who had never quitted her mother's side, should have a friend by her in case of need. Customs were new and strange there, but Franco, at once quick and patient, gained universal esteem, and to Magdalena it was as though she had all the comfort of her paternal home. I hear he is a great favourite with His Holiness and with several cardinals and that the administrators of thy bank are devoted to him. In so short a time he has even mastered the intricacies of law and of the Roman courts, so that he is now looked up to as an authority. He is in short, our Franco, one of those versatile spirits who are themselves at home everywhere and with every one. But where he is a master is in domestic economy, knowing, not only how to tell the servants what to do but how to do it. I must add another singular virtue of his: in making friends and keeping them when made, he has no rival. The affection between us is well known and we pass, thank God, for a rare couple of friends. So much so that it appears to me that thou hast made me canon a second time, by adding him, my second self, to our chapter; in his person I seem to receive not less honour than I did in mine own.

In July Matteo accompanied Piero de' Medici as chaplain to Rome, when he went to do homage to Pope Alexander VI. after the death of Innocent VIII., chosen, no doubt, for his intimate knowledge of the intrigues at the Roman Court. Soon after his return he was named "spedalingo," *i.e.*, rector and head of the hospital at Pisa, probably because his "dear heart" Magdalena and her husband, Francesco Cibo, had taken up their residence there. In August 1494, Giovanni Cambi, writing to Piero about Pisan matters adds, "but I must not forget to give you news of Franco, he has so many sick that all the beds are full."

This is the last mention of the genial, kindly, witty priest, who died on September 6, a victim probably, to one of the epidemics so frequent in olden times.

JANET ROSS.

THE EVOLUTION OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND

WE cannot understand the course which the art of painting has followed in England, and the influences which have affected that course, unless we understand the main lines along which the art has proceeded in Europe generally. Broadly speaking, there are two primary centres of painting in Europe, differing widely as regards both the races that have constituted them and the conditions that have affected their development. The first of these centres is that of the Mediterranean, that which arose in the lands primitively peopled, it is probable, by what Sergi would call the Pelasgian branch of the great Mediterranean stock, more especially Greece and Etruria, the latter being chiefly of importance on account of its position in the development of modern art. The other centre is that of the Rhine, more especially the Lower Rhine and the regions extending from its estuary, now known as Holland and Belgium. It is from these two centres that the European art of painting has spread. There are no other primary centres of painting in Europe, and, unless we go back to palæolithic times, it cannot be said that there are any other primary centres of the arts of design generally. There are, however, two secondary centres, of very considerable importance—that of Venice, which, geographically speaking, merges into that of Etruria, and that of Spain, which is mainly

significant through the supreme achievement of a single artist, Velasquez, at his finest point of inspiration in half a dozen pictures. These two secondary centres owe their very great interest and charm to the fact that they represent a successful combination of the methods of the North and of the South. Otherwise these two primary centres remain distinct, even although it may be that, if we could go far enough back into the neolithic age, we should find a link of connection between them, for in pre-historic times, as Montelius and others have shown, there were very important commercial routes between the Mediterranean and North-western Europe.

The course of each of the art currents arising in these two centres has been long, in the case of the older of them demonstrably extending over thousands of years, though this southern art-impulse has now been exhausted for several centuries, leaving the northern centre still vigorous and widely diffused. Both continue to exert the influence of their traditions wherever the methods of European painting are practised.

The general characters of the southern and the northern centres are, however, widely different. The southern way of painting expressed the instincts of a people who had not always a close and vivid perception of reality, but who were artists to the finger-tips. The northern way of painting expressed the instincts of a people who were not apt to create beauty of form or line, but who were infinitely patient in detecting and representing the details of beauty, in colour and light, of the world that was familiar to them. These differences were fostered, if they were not even to some extent caused, by the varying conditions under which the people of these two races lived. In the dry and bright air of the south it was possible to paint external wall spaces. Thus arose a decorative method in which details were subordinated or suppressed for the creation of flowing harmonies; this method found its full expression in fresco painting. In the cold and damp and dark air of the north such a method was impossible; here arose oil painting,

and by this method were produced small cabinet works in which were sought the highly elaborated brilliance and colour of great jewels wherewith to decorate the interior of houses. The varying climate of the north and the south influenced the characteristics of these two art-centres in another way. In the south, where the light is nearly always equally brilliant, the problem of light less easily presents itself to the painter. It is merely a datum which, until his art reaches a high degree of development, he accepts and ignores. Light indeed, in the south, is a blessing so bountifully bestowed on man that he is constantly seeking to minimise it; so it is that while we find the architects of northern France always striving to make their church windows larger and larger, in the south of France and in Spain they were always striving either to reduce their windows or so to dispose them that they let in as little light as possible. In the north, light is not only comparatively rare and precious, its manifestations are more varied, and therefore more conspicuous than in the south. The painter is thus irresistibly attracted to the manifold and difficult problems of light, and as his work is small and meant to be seen indoors, instead of seeking the flat and broadly flowing harmonies of the southern artist, he strives to elaborate into one jewel, deeply glowing with light and colour, some single aspect of the visible world floating in its own atmosphere. Thus the southern painter is predominantly a decorative artist who attenuates, traditionalises, or, as we conventionally term it, "idealises" the actual world; the northern artist is predominantly what we are accustomed to call a "realist" who seeks to concentrate some corner of the actual world in a dazzling and highly elaborated focus of light and colour. The southern artist has always tended to restrain nature within forms demanded by his own traditional conceptions; the northern artist has always worshipped nature, and has always found it easy to modify his traditions, and to model his own conceptions, to the forms of the natural world. It is dangerous to attempt to set up any all-embracing formula, but it remains true that we cannot

understand the fundamental characteristics of the southern and the northern centres of painting unless we remember that the most typical and significant artists of the one have always set up the canon of tradition, whatever personal modification their own temperaments may have brought to tradition, while the others have at the decisive moment always set up the canon of nature.

I

Great Britain, separated from the Continent, has in painting, as in other matters, been exposed to different influences. It has been affected by the influx alike of races and of traditions from the south and from the north. As regards painting, however, racial impulses remained latent, and traditions non-existent, for very many centuries after the composition of the population had been definitely determined. Mural paintings were no doubt common in English churches, but they are of an extremely primitive, crude, and conventional character. There appears to have been no interest in foreign painting, and no desire to imitate or rival it. At last, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, Holbein was induced by Erasmus to visit England. In all respects an admirable and significant representative of the northern school of painting, he was the greatest painter who had up to that time visited this country. He painted much in England, drew many portrait sketches, left some of his finest work behind him. But it remains doubtful whether he found here more than a very limited appreciation of his work, and of influence he had absolutely none. So far as the development of painting in England is concerned, Holbein might never have visited our shores at all. He seems to have been forgotten, and some of the most important pictures he left behind, like the portrait group of More's family, have disappeared, while to other pictures his name was affixed at random, as a synonym for "unknown early master." A few years later, when Shakespeare tries to think of some great artist, it is not the Rhine master nor indeed any northerner whose name occurs to his mind, but Julio Romano, Raphael's

weak follower of ambiguous reputation, is the name that comes to him in a halo of remote Italian romance.

The decisively initiative moment in the evolution of English painting came indeed from the north, but it was the north at a time when the last southern Renaissance wave had finally reached this region and was now about to spend itself, last of all, on England.

In 1625 there came to the throne a monarch who, whatever his defects as a constitutional ruler, certainly showed a finer taste in painting and a greater enthusiasm in collecting works of art than any English monarch before or since. In this, indeed, he was but representing a spirit widely spread in the courts he had visited in youth, but he represented that spirit with great judgment and energy. His collections were dispersed to form the nuclei of some of the most famous foreign galleries; had they been preserved, England would now possess the most magnificent collection of pictures in Europe. Charles I. was not content merely to collect pictures; he desired to have great artists around him, and though he was not successful in securing the not very eminent masters whose presence he sought, chance favoured him by bringing to London the most princely and magnificent figure that has perhaps ever reached the highest eminence in painting, the man who still shares with Velasquez the pinnacle of art in that age. Rubens came to London as an ambassador, but at Charles's invitation he stayed to paint. He was thus the second great painter who worked in England. But although Rubens doubtless found among the few cultured English nobles a far more appreciative public than Holbein could find, he was not destined to initiate English painting; his own art was too original and audacious to be understood in a country where the only paintings at all well known were the stiff and angular portraits of the early Flemish and French schools. It was the influence of a pupil of Rubens who shortly followed him to England, as a promising place to achieve fortune, that the taste for painting and the aptitude to paint in accordance with recognised European

methods first appeared in England. Vandyke arrived in London in 1632 at the age of thirty-two, and remained in England many years. He speedily became the fashion; he not only painted the king and the queen and their family repeatedly, but a great number of persons of quality. He was the first of the long series of fashionable portrait-painters, and unlike his successors he practically had the whole field to himself.

There was good reason why Vandyke rather than either of the two greater painters who preceded him should have exercised this decisive influence on the development and direction of English taste in painting. His unquestionably great and facile talents, his quick impressionability, his accomplished eclecticism, even his monotonous mannerisms, won admiration and applause, when more profound and original artists would only have met with indifference and contempt. A public just beginning to awake to æsthetic perception found here exactly what it needed and could understand. To an aristocracy painfully conscious of its unpolished roughness and the barbarism from which it had only just emerged, the particular mannerism of Vandyke and the air of elegant and refined distinction which he shed over his sitters, without too absurdly disguising these robust models, must indeed have been enchanting.[1] So it is that Vandyke has had the good fortune to leave his mark for ever on the English men and women of that age; and the people who were shortly after found vigorous enough to cut each other's throats in the name of king or

[1] Very significant indeed of Vandyke and of Vandyke's art is the contrast between his own portrait as painted by himself and as painted by a careful but undistinguished fellow artist—I forget his name—whose picture now hangs in the great gallery at Vienna, which contains so many of the most beautiful and interesting pictures in the world. On himself Vandyke bestowed the same careless air of distinction that he found it so easy to bestow on his sitters, together with an even greater degree of refinement. For his fellow artist the glamour is non-existent, and Vandyke appears before us with an unforgettably veracious face, small-mouthed, sensual, assertive, the face of a clever and ambitious *parvenu*.

country will always appear to us with the idle attenuated hands and the lackadaisical affectations which Vandyke has endowed them with.

Vandyke not only exercised a decisive influence on moulding English taste in painting; it was under his influence that the first genuinely English portrait-painters, Dobson and Walker, arose. Dobson, both in date and importance, came first; although he owed much to Vandyke he was an artist of virile temperament and slow deliberate perceptions, very honest and solid in his methods, with a horror of trickery. So at least he appears in the excellent pictures by which he is represented in our National and National Portrait Galleries. He worthily occupies the place of the first genuinely English painter. Dobson attached himself to the King's party; Walker belonged to the Parliamentary party; it was a seemingly paradoxical division, for whereas Dobson was something of a Puritan in his methods, Walker had the instincts of the Cavalier; he was a follower of Vandyke and nothing more, an artist of feminine sensitive temperament, whose portraits remain pleasing and as portraits interesting, though they can never command the respect and admiration which Dobson still wins from us.

We thus see that the English native school of painting arose under a stimulus that came from the north European centre, though in a form profoundly modified by influences from the secondary centre of Venice. This mixed character has marked most of the art influences that have reached England; they have been predominantly northern, but to some extent southern. When the Civil Wars cut short for the time the native development in painting, the England of Restoration days, like the England of Elizabethan days, fell back on artists more or less of the northern school. For nearly a century after the death of Dobson the art of painting was almost extinct; there were no English artists of merit or of reputation, and the foreign artists who took the place of Vandyke—Lely and Kneller—possessed more reputation than merit.

When English painting arose again it was along new lines. Hogarth, indeed, stands apart; he showed how an artist, while distinctly of the northern school, could yet be genuinely English; but though our first absolutely English artist, he was somewhat out of the main line of evolution. The painters who carried on this main line of development were still under the inspiration of the northern school as affected by southern influences. Richard Wilson had seen the pictures of the French landscape artists and had lived in Rome; those two facts chiefly moulded his work. While, however, he remained convinced throughout that the typical landscape is a classical landscape with Roman architecture as an essential item, and while he generally assumed that it should be seen as the French landscape painters saw it, he yet went somewhat beyond these canons. He began to perceive the beauty of English landscape and he was fascinated by the problems of atmosphere. His very powerful personality is clearly revealed in his work, which has the sobriety, calm, and thoroughness of an artist who had clearly realised what it was he wanted to do and knew how to do it. Wilson is the Dobson of English landscape, and these two figures are the chief initiators in English painting.

Wilson's work was almost unnoticed in his time, it was eclipsed by the much more brilliant work of a much more brilliant man. Reynolds, indeed, knew and cared very little about landscape; he claimed for himself supremacy in portrait-painting, and compounded for that position by declaring that in landscape Gainsborough was supreme. It is impossible to over-rate the influence of Reynolds on the evolution of English painting. Every English artist before him, even Hogarth with all his originality and aggressive independence, had been but as it were a patient and laborious craftsman. Reynolds took both himself and his art proudly; he desired to show that an English artist can assume something of the princely stateliness of a Titian or a Rubens. The same feeling went into his work; he dealt in traditions, but freely, almost recklessly, and with an accomplished command of his methods which enabled him to

infuse his work easily with the sentiment of his own personality. He thus became a sort of English Vandyke, that is to say, a less severely trained Vandyke.

It is no doubt because of the immense services to painting which were directly and indirectly rendered by Reynolds's brilliant and accomplished personality, that his work has always been very indulgently treated in England. The seductive qualities which it must have possessed in the highest degree when fresh from his hand intoxicated his contemporaries, and in more recent times there has never been any inclination to judge harshly a figure in our art history at once so imposing and so amiable. It must, however, be said that the part played by Reynolds in the development of English painting—with which we are alone here concerned —was indirect rather than direct. His seductive brilliancy was not, and could not be, accompanied by any penetrating and earnest vision of the world, or any desire to see things truly. The judgments on painting contained in his discourses and other writings, and—notwithstanding his professed worship of Michelangelo, Raphael and the "grand style"—his real admiration for the late Bolognese school and all that was most decadent in Italian art, reveal a taste little superior to that of his age, and confirm the impression produced by his paintings. He was fascinated by the epidermis of things, and his desire was to render the fascination of that epidermis, the sheen and bloom of the world. His preoccupation with these aspects rendered it easy for him to adopt the incongruous affectations of a pseudo-classicality which led him into very vapid absurdities, as well as much restless experimentalism in the use of pigments which has brought its own revenge. Delightful and admirable as much of his works still remains, there could scarcely be any progress along those lines.

The line of progress was more truly represented by a less brilliant and accomplished artist. Although Gainsborough doubtless owed much to a very sympathetic personality, he lacked the commanding and somewhat superficial personal

qualities which contributed so greatly both to the work and the position of Reynolds. A man of sensitively acute æsthetic perceptions and, like so many of the other great painters, a passionate lover of music, he was saved from committing the pseudo-classicalities and specious superficialities which commended themselves so often and so easily to Reynolds.[1] He was neither so indiscriminate an admirer of tradition as Reynolds, nor so bold an innovator in technical methods; his penetrating and sensitive love of nature seems indeed usually to have been under a certain restraint due partly to the limitations of a temperament which was not marked by its daring impulses or its ability to withstand the tendencies of the day, but showed a very sound and sober judgment in following the most genuinely English or at all events northern traditions (including that of Vandyke) and in making real progress possible along these lines. Gainsborough was much more English than Reynolds, and even apart from his actual achievements he is a very important figure in the development of English art. In his hands portrait-painting reached a sensitive delicacy combined with intellectual distinction which no Englishman had achieved before; while in landscape he leads directly to the exquisite art of Morland, the first English landscape painter who had a kind of international reputation, and, indeed, one cannot help thinking, directly influenced the development of French landscape art.

It may be doubted, however, whether the truly original note was reached in the development of English landscape art

[1] A comparison of Reynolds's "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" (in the Dulwich Gallery and the Duke of Westminster's Collection) with Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Siddons (in the National Gallery) may alone serve to indicate this profound difference of personal temperament, and—as may be clearer in the sequel—something even deeper than personal temperament. Reynolds instinctively sought to convey the genius of the actress by the external aid of clouds, a throne, allegorical figures, and a theatrical attitude. It was equally natural to Gainsborough to seek the same end, with no external aids but colour and light, by simply concentrating his vision on the woman herself.

until we come to the water-colour painters of the end of the eighteenth century. Here we find an art of very simple and humble origin still unencumbered by traditions. This freedom from traditions, the nature of the media employed, the small and unpretentious scale on which the art was carried out, made it easy for water-colour work to obtain a freshness and naturalness, a swift and delicate reproduction of natural effects, which were to become a little later the characteristics of English painting at its highest point of culmination.

Turner, who is one of these culminating points of English painting, is a very interesting figure from the present point of view, because he represents the fusion of the aboriginal English water-colour manner with the more traditional oil-colour manner. On the one hand, he was a more or less successful disciple of the school of Poussin and Claude, painting the old-fashioned classical scenes, and seeing them in the old-fashioned way, introducing at the same time impossible human figures which were all his own; on the other hand, taking up the art of water-colour at its highest point of development, he made it the happiest of mediums for expressing his own highly individual vision of the world. He continually tended to leave behind the traditional method and to weld oil-painting more and more into a medium for expressing what he had first learnt to express in water-colour. It may seem an illegitimate impulse, but in Turner's hands it was fully justified by its success, and it certainly achieved the immense service of finally emancipating English painting, rendering it at once the most personal and the most realistic representation of the natural world. Turner is thus the most significant figure in the development of English art.

It may well have been the emancipating influences of Turner which rendered Constable possible, though we have to remember that Constable really represents the climax of a great and fruitful though local movement in landscape art, and is most intimately linked on to Crome. In Constable we have the most absolutely and purely English manifestation of the

art of landscape painting at its highest point. The exotic and traditional elements that are still clearly traceable in Turner have in Constable disappeared; he painted distinctively English things under truly English aspects, in a characteristically English spirit. And, as ever happens, by force of being national he became international. He was not only the first great English landscape painter who was completely national, but the first to have really international significance. Whatever pioneering part may be assigned to Huet, it was largely under Constable's influence that the French school of romantic landscape arose.[1]

After Constable the current of English evolution in painting was transferred to France, and proceeded there on more or less English lines, some of which have flowed back and are still with us. Perhaps the chief purely British initiator in English painting since Constable has been Ford Madox Brown. A singularly forceful temperament, with a very personal vision of the world, Madox Brown possessed a genius that was essentially simple and homogeneous, though very versatile in its manifestations. Whether he turned his hand to landscape, or to dreams of past life, or to scenes of present day life, his touch remained hard, firm, brilliant, personal, a little fantastic, but essentially realistic. It was once the fashion to belittle Madox Brown's influence, and to question his initiatory impulse on the so-called Pre-Raphaelite movement. The fashion had its excuse in the somewhat unsympathetic character of Brown's genius. Although Rossetti brought an eager receptivity, the sensitive temperament of the poet, the sensuous attitude of the lover of physical beauty (which in turn influenced Brown), much of the force and fibre of his work exists already in Brown before 1848. The term "Pre-Raphaelite" may have been happily chosen in so far as its inventors sought to fling a slight at the popular

[1] Constable's international significance is shared by his contemporary Bonington, a painter of versatile and accomplished genius who began to do many things which have often been repeated since. Bonington's early association with Delacroix makes it a little difficult to define his originality, and he has never yet, and least of all in his own country, received the honour that he deserves.

ideals of their day, but otherwise it was a misnomer; the movement was indeed not so much Pre-Raphaelite as Flemish. Madox Brown's training was Flemish, his traditions were fundamentally northern, though transformed in his perfervid Scottish temperament; Holbein was the artist who most decisively influenced him and sent him to nature, and though he studied in Rome the visit left no permanent impress on his art. Rossetti, again, remained true to the same northern tradition; he visited no foreign centre of art except Belgium, which ever after left its mark on his work, and though on this basis it is true that his Italian temperament led him to developments which seem sometimes to recall the work of the North Italian masters (those most closely in touch with the Flemish masters), the Italian by blood was still a northerner by artistic training and tradition. Millais and Holman Hunt also remained essentially northerners; the one true Pre-Raphaelite was Burne-Jones, and the profound fascination which the Tuscan or Etruscan spirit exerted on him swiftly drew him away from those northern influences under which his genius had begun to develop.

II

It has seemed necessary to trace this rapid sketch of the development of painting in England and the chief traditions and forces that have influenced it, even although it may have recalled many facts that are familiar. When, however, we proceed to study the geographical distribution of the great painters who have played the chief part in this evolution, we reach ground that is comparatively untrodden, and we attain results that are so precise and definite that they furnish peculiarly brilliant evidence of the intimate connection between race and even the subtlest manifestations of the human spirit.

In the course of that study of British genius to which I have before had occasion to allude in these pages,[1] I found that on making "The Dictionary of National Biography" the basis of inquiry it appeared that the British painters and

[1] See "The Distribution of British Ability," *Monthly Review*, April 1901.

designers (I here leave out of account sculptors and architects) of sufficiently high rank to come within the limits of eminence I had set, and concerning whose place of origin adequate information was forthcoming, were forty-five in number, only those who were no longer living at the date of the issue of the "Dictionary" being included. If now, bearing in mind the characteristics of the great English artists, and remembering that they may be roughly divided into the two classes of those who have been mainly influenced by nature, and those who have been mainly influenced by tradition, we proceed to inquire into their origins,[1] we find that the geographical distribution runs as nearly as possible parallel with the distribution by characteristics. In other words, while the painters who have chiefly followed nature came from one part of the British Islands, the painters who have chiefly followed tradition came from another part. Speaking roughly, it may be said that of the two great foci of genius which (as I pointed out in the paper already mentioned) may be found in England, the East Anglian focus is the headquarters of the painters of nature and the south-western focus, more especially Devonshire, the headquarters of the painters of tradition. The East Anglian district is the centre of an influence which extends along the whole east coast of England and Scotland and to some distance inland, while Devonshire is, so far as painting is concerned, the centre of a district which may be said to include the whole of the rest of the country including Ireland.

There may be some query as to the propriety of dividing painters into two classes accordingly as they are mainly affected by nature or by tradition. It may be said that no painter is cut off from tradition, and that the worship of nature may itself become a tradition. Although this is true, the distinction between the painter who is mainly influenced by what other

[1] As I have elsewhere pointed out, the origins of eminent persons are by no means necessarily discovered by determining their birthplaces, but depend on the parts of the country with which the parents or grandparents were ancestrally connected.

painters have done, or by his own imagination, and the painter who is mainly influenced by what his eye actually sees, is fairly clear, both to those who are and those who are not painters, and it may well be retained. A few examples may illustrate both the distinction itself and the accuracy with which it coincides with geographical distribution. Reynolds belonged so far as is known entirely to Devonshire, the centre of the south-western focus of British genius; he is likewise the king of the English painters of tradition; his ideals of art were Italian; in theory he was an ardent admirer of Michelangelo, in practice he was a strayed disciple of the later Venetians. A painter, he was accustomed to say, should form his rules not from books or precepts, but (from nature? oh no!) "from pictures." "Rules," he would add, "were first made from pictures." Very different indeed were the maxims and the practice of Constable. Like Gainsborough, Constable belonged to Suffolk; he was absolutely untouched by Italian tradition, and certainly never formed his rules by the study of pictures. "Truth only will count," he said, and he loathed every attempt at *bravura*, the striving to go beyond nature. As a more complex illustration we may take Turner. It may seem a little difficult to say whether Turner belongs pre-eminently to the school of tradition or the school of nature. His early work was distinctly in large measure traditional; through the greater part of his life he carefully preserved a predilection for pseudo-classical conventions. Yet at the same time he revealed a passionate devotion to nature which in his latest work has altogether survived the classical traditions. The key to this complexity in Turner's genius is, however, at once apparent when we turn to consider his ancestry. His father, like Reynolds, belonged to Devon, coming in early life to London, where he married; the mother's place of origin does not appear to be definitely known, but as her relations were scattered in the eastern counties, we are probably correct in supposing that her family belonged to the east coast. There are no greater names in English painting than Reynolds, Constable and Turner,

and we thus see that all three furnish evidence—at nearly every point definite evidence—of the intimate connection between a painter's method of painting and his racial heredity.

It would be somewhat tedious to go through the whole group of the forty-five artists in the same manner to show how they illustrate this distribution, even if my own knowledge of second-rate British artists were sufficiently extensive to enable me to do this with complete assurance. In order that the reader may judge for himself, I print the list here:

Barry	Cork.	Keane	Suffolk.
Bewick	Northumberland and Cumberland.	Landseer	Lincoln.
Blake	Irish.	Lawrence	Worcester.
Bonington	Nottingham.	Leech	Irish.
H. K. Brown	Norfolk.	Maclise	Elgin and Cork.
Cattermole	Norfolk.	Morland	Berkshire (mother apparently French).
Constable	Suffolk.	Mulready	Clare.
Cotman	Norfolk.	Northcote	Devon.
Copley	Limerick and Clare, but originating in Yorkshire and Lancashire.	Opie	Cornwall.
		Phillip	Aberdeen.
		Raeburn	Edinburgh and Annandale.
Cox	Birmingham.	Reynolds	Devon.
Crome	Norfolk.	Romney	Westmoreland and Cumberland.
Cruikshank	Leith.		
Danby	Wexford.	Sandby	Nottingham and Lincoln.
Dawson	Nottingham.		
Dobson	Hertfordshire.	Scott (D.)	Lanark.
Doyle	Dublin.	Stothard	Yorkshire and Shropshire.
Dyce	Aberdeen.		
Eastlake	Devon.	Turner	Devon and Nottingham (?).
Etty	Yorkshire.		
Flaxman	Norfolk.	Varley	Nottingham.
Gainsborough	Suffolk.	Wilkie	Fife.
Gillray	Lanark.	Wilson	Montgomery.
Haydon	Devon.	Wright	Derby.
Hogarth	Westmoreland.		

It will, I believe, be found that if a line is drawn from London (for the south-eastern corner of England is singularly bare of painters) to Liverpool, the naturalistic painters will be

found mainly to the east of that line and the traditionalistic and idealistic painters to the west. There are of course a few dubious and complex cases. Flaxman, for instance, scarcely appears to show the special characteristics of the east country. The case of Wilson, again, seems to resemble that of Turner; he was at once a conserver of traditions and an ardent lover of nature; on his mother's side he was undoubtedly Welsh; his father was a clergyman,[1] and bears a Teutonic or Scandinavian name, which, though widespread, belongs mainly to the east coast. It may be noted that, while the two divisions are nearly equal in size, the whole of Scotland falls into the eastern division; this is due to the fact that the west of Scotland has produced so few painters; if painters were forthcoming here I should expect them to fall mainly into the western group.

If we turn to more recent painters—not included in the list because still living when the body of the "Dictionary of National Biography" was issued—we shall scarcely find any marked exceptions to the tendency already found to prevail. The chief movement in British painting during the latter half of the nineteenth century was that associated with the "Pre-Raphaelites." Leaving Rossetti, as mainly of Italian race, out of account,[2] we find that the leaders and precursors of the movement, like Ford Madox Brown and Millais, belonged in character mainly to the followers of nature, and in race mainly to the east country group. But Burne-Jones, notwithstanding all the influences around him, is strictly distinguished from the others by his love of tradition and his affection for early Italian art. In the light of our present knowledge concerning race it is impossible not to connect this fact with his Welsh ancestry. He is one of the seeming exceptions which really prove the rule.

[1] In investigating the racial heredity of British men of genius the very numerous section whose fathers were clergymen have constantly offered difficulties, for clergymen are frequently found in districts with which they have no ancestral connection.

[2] It is not known (Mr. W. M. Rossetti tells me) where the Peirces, to whom the Rossettis belong on the English side, came from, and the name itself is not very distinctive.

It is probably unnecessary to elaborate a point which when once indicated is seen to be very clear and simple. Our islands, roughly speaking, may be said to be divided between two races: one, more ancient, predominantly dark in complexion and commonly called "Celtic," but in reality, while containing what may fairly be called Celtic elements, doubtless more correctly denominated Mediterranean. The other element, fairer than the first, lying in its most concentrated form along the east coast of England and Scotland, is Teutonic in its affinities, closely related to the Flemish, Dutch and Scandinavians, as well as to the people of Northern France. It is clear that the instincts of one of these two great sections of our population urge them to adopt a traditional or idealistic vision of the world in painting, while the people of the other section are impelled to the direct study of nature, their tradition, when they have one, being the naturalistic tradition of the north European centre of painting to which the other men are insensitive. The first are concerned with what, as it seems to them, ought to be; the others with what is. The first are moved by great ideals or follow lofty traditions; the second are, however, more closely in sympathy with the impulses of the important art-centre, that of north Europe, with which Great Britain is in such close contact; they have produced twice as many notable artists as the men of the western district.[1] And it is from them, rather than from the others, that the decisively progressive movements in the evolution of British painting have come.[2] As I have previously

[1] That it should be so is not surprising when we recall that even in mediæval times this part of the country was the chief English art-centre. I am inclined to think that more remains of mural painting are found here than elsewhere; it is certain that East Anglia is the chief district for brasses; while the same region, as is recognised, almost alone in our country, has produced an original and attractive architectural style.

[2] The French school of Romantic landscape, which received its impetus from the east coast of England, spread almost exclusively among painters of fair race belonging to northern and north-western France, the regions of France most closely allied to eastern England in race.

pointed out, the east country and the fair element in our population have shown a special predilection for the scientific study of nature, though they have no such special pre-eminence in the field of poetry. Now we see the same fundamental racial distinction even in so subtle a matter as methods of painting and modes of æsthetic feeling. Nearly all English painters have been subjected to similar environmental and traditional influences, and have been educated in the same large art-centres. Yet the racial factor, while not all-powerful, still persists. A man's æsthetic feelings are the most delicate, seemingly the most capricious, of his mental possessions. Yet they are, we see, among his most radical and unchangeable possessions; and through a long series of ancestors born to till the soil or to consume its fruits, he may yet retain a spiritual kinship, only waiting for circumstances to make it clear, with the greatest artists of his race, even in foreign lands.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE ODYSSEY ON THE STAGE

THE play, now being presented at Her Majesty's Theatre, would be of singular interest to the students of drama, even if far less subtly composed and far less magnificently produced than it is. For Mr. Stephen Phillips with his *Ulysses* has made the first serious essay in our language to dramatise a classical epic as a whole. Choosing the Odyssey, he has taken representative episodes from all parts of the poem, compressed them, and offered the result as the single drama which Aristotle said this epic contained. Predecessors less ambitious have been content to work upon the seven cantos only in which Homer tells the story of Odysseus from the moment that he has been put ashore on Ithaca. These, with their process of mystification, gradual revelation, and final ἀναγνώρισις, have tempted more than one of our poets of the stage. The earliest version played in England was the *Ulysses Redux* of William Gager, writ in Latin for production on February 6, 1591, in the hall of Christchurch, at Oxford, before the Chancellor, Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and a brilliant company. The Elizabethan, like the living author of the *Return of Ulysses*, was too much of a scholar to depart from the letter of Homer: but he was also too little of a dramatist to make a really interesting play out of these seven Ithacan cantos. He seems, indeed, to have had a saving sense of inadequacy all round, if we may judge by the lines in which

he offered previous apology after the pedantic manner of his time:

> Zoile, parce precor! Non est hic graius Homerus,
> Non est hic totus, sed neque dimidius.

Thereafter Rowe tried his hand at an Odyssean drama early in the eighteenth century, and Mr. Bridges has followed his lead late in the nineteenth.

These dramatists, however, omitted that which probably has most to do with the perennial and universal appeal of the Odyssey. As a Saga of human deeds, without its large element of myth, the poem might have been, if not less universally known, not more universally felt, than the Lay of the Niblungs. It has been rendered independent of age and clime by its presentation of that which every great myth contains, an allegory of the human soul in pilgrimage through pain to joy. And here we touch the very heart of the difficulty which has deterred many timid dramatists and baffled the few bold. Whether or no, when recited by the rhapsodists of a thousand years B.C., the Odyssey was but a series of episodes, not invested with more significance than children nowadays attach to them, told as fairy tales, dramatists have to face the fact that it has come in its literary form to be a great Morality of universal application. Odysseus, under the spells of Calypso, the Lotus-eaters and Circe, in peril from the cannibal Laestrygonians and the cannibal Cyclops, lured by the Sirens, threatened by Charybdis and Scylla, buffeted by Poseidon, is not a man but Man, looming vast in an elemental atmosphere. In relation to him all creation moves. To him the Powers of Evil pay exclusive attention, and for him is manifested the supreme solicitude of the Powers of Good. His is, in short, the type of human life for the time being. Had he failed to accomplish the Pilgrimage, man, we feel, had lain in bondage a further term, and in his triumph all his race triumphs.

Doubtless we thus read much into the Odyssey which is not actually in Homer's verse. We read into it, for example, a good deal that is due to mediæval imagination.

But in conceding that to criticism we do not alter the fact as to the appeal which the supernatural in the poem actually makes to our imagination at this day, but only proclaim that the Odyssey is of the small but supreme number of myths, whose allegory is consistent with the permanent elements of human nature. There can be no better proof that it is so than that its appeal is not affected by the fact that, critically examined, its ethics are not ours. Its moral impressiveness is not more seriously impaired by the adulteries and murders of the hero than is that of the Old Testament by similar episodes. We are not, indeed, of a race which holds that, while woman must be chaste and monogamous, man may, nay must, follow his natural instinct for polygamy; that he who can beget a hundred healthy sons should not be limited by her who can bear but twenty, and that there is no obligation to restrain passions which hurt not, but rather help, the community; but such views the writers of the Odyssey did hold. Nor in our eyes is it justifiable that a man slay his fellow men by the score, who neither have threatened his life nor insulted his honour (for in Homer the wooers do neither of these things, but comport themselves much more moderately than Mr. Phillips' bacchanals). But in primitive Greece a man might do this and more also, since he owned no moral obligations beyond the narrow circle of his own kin, were it his family or his tribe.

The largeness of Odysseus' humanity helps us indulgently to pass these features as accidents of a particular age and race. Whatever his actions, under the stress of elemental forces too great for our estimation, we feel that the hero's heart was in the right place, and what he did we should have done, and worse, if similarly compelled. Probably he appeals to us all the more for his lapses, for his dalliance with Calypso, and his year long climbing into the golden bed of Circe. To fall so were a small sin compared to the greatness of such a repentance and deliverance. And we are comforted that he who triumphed at the last had so much in him of our own flesh. Neither a Galahad nor

an Arthur, a mystic nor a "blameless prig," can hold our sympathy like a Lancelot. The spotless hero leaves us cold, nay more, persuaded that never a great fool, he was always fool a little.

Put, however, the episodes of such allegory into the concrete embodiment of the stage, with what scenic accessories you will, and the allegory can hardly survive. Imagination withers before the visible. Scene and persons, falling from heaven to earth, shrink to a merely human scale. Such shrinkage could be counteracted only by some influence capable of producing by suggestion an emotional exaltation, which no mere scenic illusions nor spoken lines of poetic beauty, however great, have probably ever produced on a general audience, least of all on an audience of our race. At Oberammergau, perhaps, some such spell indeed is cast by mere theatrical presentation upon those who are watching scenes and hearing words upon which they and their fathers' fathers before them have habitually exercised imagination and thrown a veil of awful sanctity. Homer might so have worked upon a Greek audience had it known what we mean by reverence, which it did not; but for us he cannot do it, nor can any interpreter of him, without some mighty aid. Whether music, treated as it is treated to a like end in the "Ring," could stimulate in a selected audience such exaltation as would swell the visible Odysseus to a type of Man, his sorrows to the *Weltschmerz*, and his scenic environment to a vista of the primæval world, will only be known when a Wagner, or a greater than Wagner, chooses the Odyssey for a libretto of grand opera. Mr. Tree has not failed to seek this aid in his production of *Ulysses*. But the music, to which he assigns a prominent place, is far from adequate to such magic work.

It would be futile to consider how far, having no such assistance, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Tree have gone towards the achievement of the impossible in this direction; for in presenting, for the first time on the British stage, scenes from the mythical part of the Odyssey they had probably no thought of convey-

ing allegory at all. Mr. Phillips' Ulysses is in no sense intended to be a type of man, but just a heroic man, and the episodes from his Pilgrimage are introduced for the better understanding of a human character. The dramatist, we may take it, was fully conscious how much his Ulysses must lose in scale compared to the Odysseus of the epic—he accepted so much loss when he set out to dramatise the epic at all—but he believed, and, in our opinion, was justified in believing, that his Ulysses would gain in scale compared to the Ulysses of earlier dramatic convention, who is seen only in a human environment, the Ulysses, that is, of the Return to Ithaca.

If there be gratitude in the Elysian Fields, Mr. Phillips should find it in one shade at least, when his time comes to pass the Styx. Literature, since the Odyssey, has sorely belittled Odysseus. The great-hearted, much-enduring hero has had a certain feature of his many-sided character insisted upon till he has become a sufficiently unheroic figure. The Iliad and its cyclic sequels are responsible in the first instance for his undoing. In the great Saga of Achilles the Ithacan king perforce remained on the second plane. That the Peleid hero might stand forth unrivalled, the occasions permitted to the magnanimous courage of others were few, while many were those found for the display of characteristics not shared by Achilles. Thus Odysseus who, like Agamemnon, was terrible fighter enough on occasion, is labelled with pre-eminence in a crafty diplomacy, such as great souls seldom use. The tradition, thus originated, was strengthened by the Cyclic sequel, which described the sinister diplomatic victory of the Ithacan over Ajax, a type of blunt manhood, in a contest whose rancour the Odyssey itself echoes in Hades. In effect, the heroic strength and patience of Odysseus have come to be obscured by his craftiness. He is always πολύμητις, who was also πολυτλήμων, and a more sinister meaning has been read into the first standing epithet than it really possessed in Homer's use. To Shakespeare he is the devious flatterer, whose tongue draws Agamemnon's rebuke:

> Be 't of less expect
> That matter needless, of importless burden
> Divide thy lips.

And to Sophocles the cold irritating calculator, about whom the Briton feels, as the author of "Ionica" felt on closing the "Ajax":

> The world may like, for all I care,
> The gentler voice, the cooler head,
> That bows a rival to despair,
> And cheaply compliments the dead;
> That smiles at all that's coarse and rash,
> Yet wins the trophies of the fight,
> Unscathed in honour's wreck and crash,
> Heartless, but always in the right!

Not quite heartless, nevertheless. Personally fearless, and no shirker, worthy to speak one of the finest passages of Shakespeare, and what is perhaps the most immortal line in English drama. But not on the heroic scale with Achilles, or even Agamemnon.

Mr. Phillips saw that this conception of the Ithacan has been not impaired but rather confirmed by the dramatic versions of the Odyssey hitherto composed. When the king is landed on his own isle, not only is almost every adventure past, which best illustrates his great endurance of soul, but, except in the incident with Irus and the final slaughter, his craft is to play a much greater part than his downright courage. Indeed, his behaviour, as the crisis approaches, is marked more than ever by the unrestrained emotional moods of a southerner, which, as in the case of Æneas, are apt to leave an unheroic impression on northern minds. It is necessary to establish the hero's character, as Homer does, before these episodes are narrated at all. Then, and then only, will they not depreciate it. And, perhaps, if not the audience for which the Odyssey was written, but an audience of national characteristics so different as our own, be in question, it were better not to insist, as much as Homer insists, on the hesitations, the lies, and the tears of the hero. On this point we think even

Mr. Phillips errs in his final act, squandering some of the sympathy which he has striven with success, in the two acts before, to enlist for his persecuted Ulysses.

The Homeric myth takes the hero into two kinds of peril of soul, peril by the seduction of evil and peril by the terror of evil. Though not concerned with him as an allegorical personage, but as an individual, Mr. Phillips has elected, for the better presentation of his character, to retain the two kinds of ordeal, but is compelled by obvious dramatic exigencies so to select and compress, that each kind may be represented by a single episode.

The seductive influences that assail Odysseus with any effect in the epic are three—those of the Lotus-land, and of the two island nymphs. The Lotus-eating is too slight an incident to stand alone; the two nymphs have much in common, and in any attempt to stage those features, in which the Circe episode is differentiated from the Calypso episode, practical difficulties would arise of the pantomime order. Mr. Phillips' poetic and dramatic sense has guided him to a middle course. He takes the Calypso episode, but paints its setting with some hues of the Tennysonian Lotus-land,

> Set in the glassy ocean's azure swoon,

and the nymph herself with certain stronger tints of Circe. The whole episode, as conceived by Mr. Phillips, is very fine. He has, no doubt, been influenced in his treatment by the Tannhäuser myth, but his Calypso is a more lovable as well as a more ethereal witch than the Venus of the Harz. And with a just instinct he has kept what chiefly makes for the fascination of both Calypso and Circe in the epic, and wins eternal sympathy not only for them but for the man they detain, namely, that both come to be enthralled by their thrall, and so far to be purified by this mortal love, that when the fated moment of separation arrives they have no longer a thought of evil towards him. The subtlety and beauty of the dramatist's treatment here is such that this scene inevitably

reads better than it plays. For one thing it is hard to lose sight of the pantomime associations of this kind of fairy scenery; for another only a great actress could embody Mr. Phillips' idea of Calypso. But by way of compensation, Mr. Tree's part suits him better here than in any other scene of the play.

The selection, however, of an episode from the Odyssey to represent the Ordeal by Terror, presents difficulties to a modern dramatist which are perhaps insuperable. What can be made of the Brobdignagian cannibals, who smash the ships, of the Cyclops in his cave, of Scylla with her belt of baying hounds, of Charybdis sucking and vomiting, of the storms and shipwrecks with which Poseidon afflicts the hero? What, that is to say, short of lapse into sheer Drurylania? But if these episodes be excluded by fear of their becoming grotesque under stage conditions, and the seductive perils are already accounted for, there remains nothing else in the Pilgrimage of any moment except one famous episode, not presented in the Odyssey, as an ordeal at all, and that is the visit to Hades.

Mr. Phillips has had to make what he can of this; and to invest what in Homer is a purely epic digression with such dramatic horrors as Virgil, Dante, and the popular imagination of the Middle Ages placed in Hell. Instead, therefore, of the wistful "strengthless heads" of the Odyssey, flitting like sere leaves before the wind and rousing pity not terror, we have malignant spectres, hostile Furies, an outraged Charon, and a suggestion of fearful peril encompassing the man of flesh, and ready to overwhelm him if he lose heart or even falter a moment. Of this peril there is no hint in the Odyssey. Odysseus experiences no more than a vague uneasiness and creeping of the flesh, and that only after a long spell of ghostly visions. The horrors are, indeed, described by Virgil, but they do not greatly trouble his hero, nor has he any perilous escape to make at the end.

It would be pedantic to quarrel with Mr. Phillips for introducing so much into a Homeric story. The more so since his

purpose is perfectly in accord with the spirit of the Odyssey, and he does but change the location and character of the terrors by which the hero's soul shall be tried. But one may ask if the dramatist, having dealt so with the Νέκυια, has really produced the effect desired? Is it Ulysses' constancy, courage, and purity of purpose that are really illustrated by this scene? Both when reading Mr. Phillips' play, and while seeing it on the stage, we confess that we were not convinced. The rub lies in the denial of all freedom of will to the hero. The prologue, conceived apparently to the express end of showing cause for the introduction of a Hades scene later on, sets Ulysses in the light of a puppet, willed without reason to descend into Hell. Zeus says merely that he "must learn from ghosts the tidings of his doom" (knowledge which, by the way, makes no difference ultimately to the plot, and we may fairly ask what doom?), and further that "Fate" has decreed that he shall abide fiercer toils than other men. Nor does Ulysses himself show any understanding. In the event, arrived at Hell mouth, the hero does what he can to avoid his fate, and is at last half driven by Athena, half led by Hermes, into the pit, with no purpose of his own in going, acting merely under compulsion. Within Hades he makes more than one attempt to turn back, and at last escapes upwards under the impulse of tidings, to obtain which was not apparently an original reason of his descent. Both entrance and exit seem gratuitous.

So far, then, from quarrelling with Mr. Phillips for departing from Homer in this scene, we quarrel with him for not departing to a greater distance. In Homer's Νέκυια there is no particular purpose in Odysseus' visit to Hades. On that the home-coming does not hang. The episode is merely accidental, an epic digression. But epic digressions need other treatment in drama. If the Descent into Hell is to be an essential part of a drama of Ulysses' Return, a reason must be supplied for it which is not in the epic. To picture the hero as moving irresponsibly under an arbitrary fate in this scene is

to make him a puppet all through the play, to take away value from his actions and to alienate our sympathy from his struggle.

It might be pleaded that this blind subordination to arbitrary fate is at least a Greek, if not a Homeric idea. But a Greek Μοῖρα was not wholly arbitrary. She worked in mysterious ways, but under such well-defined rules as govern a blood feud at the present day. If there was a doom on a house, resultant on some foul or impious action, the members of that house could not avoid it except by tremendous expiatory measures. But without such an ἄτη, fate did not toss them blind hither and thither. The only ἄτη, incurred by Ulysses, was the wrath of Poseidon. But that did not force him to Hades in the Odyssey, nor does it in Mr. Phillips' drama. We venture, however, to think that in the latter case it had been better if it did—if, in fact, the Descent to Hell had been represented as undertaken to expiate such a guilt of blood, and the issue had not been confused by Ulysses' afterthought of obtaining news of his home, news which in no way conditions his purpose to return thither as quickly as might be; for he had that purpose when he left Ogygia. Thus this striking spectacular episode might have had a real meaning in the development of the heroic drama; and we should not have felt that what plot there is in this play is left on one side and the action stayed, while we are invited to consider a purely epic digression, which is, indeed, a little drama in itself.

Nay more, not only this scene, but the whole of Acts I. and II., seem to us, in a sense, no better than a kind of episodic Prologue, a series of tableaux without true dramatic connection, designed to put the spectator in possession of the situation ere the true drama shall be presented, and to win his sympathy for the action that is to be taken by the hero therein. In a word, Mr. Phillips has adhered too closely to the Odyssey to escape its dramatic limitations. Where the original poem is purely epic in character, Mr. Phillips' poem is not other than epic; when the former inclines to the dramatic, then, and then

only, does the latter become dramatic also. The latest dramatiser has prefixed to the Odyssean play, as presented by his predecessors, much that intensifies its interest, but his drama is substantially the same as theirs, if confined within one Act, not five.

That said, all homage should be paid to the masterly skill with which seven cantos of the Odyssey have been dramatised in a single Act, without the omission of anything essential to the plot which those cantos contain. Mr. Phillips' experience of the stage has stood him here in great stead. His coherent, rapid, and practical treatment of events differs from the unpractical version of Mr. Robert Bridges as drama differs from epic. It "acts" to perfection, while conveying to the full the purification by pity and fear which is its legitimate end. Of the changes and cuts which Mr. Phillips has made in the epic text, there is hardly one that, *ex post facto*, we do not recognise was amply justified by dramatic necessities. Even in his treatment of the climax we reluctantly allow that he is right. A Μνηστηροφονία, without a gradual revelation of the terror to come, as the beggar "gets his hand in" with the bow, without the locking of the doors and a "slaughter grim and great," like Hereward's in the death-pen, is sadly shorn of its epic impressiveness. Supernatural weapons do more in Mr. Phillips' version than the shafts of Ulysses or the spears of his son and herd, and the guilty crowd escapes by several doors to die out of sight of the people. But so it had to be. To transfix ranked axeheads with unerring shafts is beyond the resources of stage-craft, and the Horatian rule, coupled with fear of the grotesque, forbade a protracted and wholesale slaughter before the footlights. The episode of the fight with Irus is barred by the inexpediency of a visible man appearing at one moment a broken dotard, at the next a giant in his strength, and once more a dotard. These quick changes are admissible in epic where whoso sees and whoso is blind the gods will. On the stage they would disturb the conviction of the spectators. Mr. Phillips has been careful,

however, to convey to his audience, through the struggle before the swineherd's hut, the hint which the episode of Irus conveys to the reader of the epic. With the acceleration and condensation of the rest no one will quarrel, nor with the instant conviction of Penelope in the moment of crisis, substituted for the reluctant, timid ἀναγνώρισις, in which the epic queen shows all the nature of the half-eastern woman she was.

Nor, though about to point out two important features of Mr. Phillips' treatment of the Ithacan scenes, which are not only foreign to the epic but discordant with its spirit, do we do so in a mood of criticism. The Odyssey was composed for an audience differing radically on certain points of ethics from the audience to be considered in Her Majesty's Theatre; and on no points did it differ so much as the position of woman, and the scope of man's duty to his neighbour. To enlist the sympathetic sentiment of the modern spectator, Mr. Phillips has had to set Penelope in a position and a light in which woman did not stand before the Age of Chivalry. Her beauty is miraculously preserved through her lord's twenty years of absence; for her personally is the chief longing of Ulysses throughout his Pilgrimage; with lust for her the suitors burn; in homage to her beauty they consent to delays and trials; in comparison of her the palace, the land, and the wealth of Ulysses are nothing: hers, and not Telemachus', is the honour and the power in Ithaca. Now all this is not in the least Homeric. The Penelope of the Odyssey is not blessed with eternal youth; Ulysses longs with all the nostalgia of a tribesman for his own again, that is, for all that goes with his tribal life, and outside of which he has neither position nor obligation. Wife, child, father, mother, house, slaves, cattle, fields, are all equally objects of his desire. Penelope is wooed as able to admit the successful suitor into the circle of a powerful family or tribe. Telemachus, as he grows up, is to be lord in his father's palace, and would remain so whoever won his mother. The personal glory which Mr. Phillips sheds on Penelope was not even Helen's. The Greek lords helped

Menelaus to regain part of his property; and as property, still of inestimable value, Helen was resumed after the fall of Ilion. The responsibility for her action rested on those who stole and received her. They suffered just retribution. She was taken back, as a matter of course, without shame or reproach, moral blame hardly attaching more to her than to a recovered heifer of price.

Again, the fact that his audience is no longer in the tribal state of society has compelled Mr. Phillips to exaggerate the iniquity of the suitors. If the final slaughter of these men by the hero is to be sympathised with to-day, their crime must be more than simply an intrusion on the reserve and property (including the women) of another family or tribe. This, however, is practically all their crime in the Odyssey. But one who listened to the rhapsodists knew that death would be as inevitably their meed should the lord of that reserve return, as if they had committed every moral excess, and that there was hardly any question of moral right involved in their slaughter, these men being outside Odysseus' circle of obligation. There was, indeed, the weak limitation of superstitious fear. But the impurity of blood on the house, and the possible retaliation of ghosts, could be obviated, as in the Odyssey, by a ceremonial purification, the σπόνδαι after the slaughter. Having made his suitors comport themselves so as to alienate all modern sympathy and cause the spectator to rejoice in their ultimate slaughter, Mr. Phillips, as many critics have already observed, lands himself in a new difficulty. Their relation to Penelope, marked in the Odyssey by no worse than dignified persistency, becomes almost impossible to credit on their behaviour in his play. Penelope's position is impossible. Treated so by her handmaidens, all but assaulted by the men whenever she appeared, she would never have left her quarters for a moment.

We confess we see no way out of this dilemma; and presumably Mr. Phillips saw none. It is apparently an unavoidable drawback to dramatising the Odyssey in modern times.

And it is doubly unfortunate that these two un-Homeric features have to be thrown into prominence so early in the play. The second scene is devoted to emphasising them; and withal it follows an opening which, with all its fidelity to Homer and to epic traditions, is equally un-Homeric in effect. In the imaginative mist of epic, the high gods may do many human things without losing Olympus. Zeus made fond and foolish by the trick of Hera, Aphrodite caught in flagrant fault by the golden net, remain gods unblamed, and unabashed. But a concrete visible Zeus of mortal stature gloating over past passages with Danäe, Leda, and Leto is all too human. It is owed to the sincerity and power with which this Prologue is acted, and especially to the magnificent presence and enunciation of Athena and the resonant dignity of Zeus, that *non solvitur risu fabula!*

If, finally, we may look at the play for a moment from the point of view of its historical value, we would say that it presents very adequately the life and the *realien* of the primitive age in which its action lies. Except in respect of the two, perhaps unavoidable, modifications with which we have just dealt, the dramatist has preserved excellently the Homeric unities. Of the players, Ulysses makes a striking study of the inexhaustible subtlety and irresistible force that distinguish the hero of the Odyssey. If he cannot look the godlike hero as Miss Collier can look the goddess, no other actor can that we know. We wish for no better Eumaeus, nor for a better Antinous (conceived as the dramatist conceives him) than are to be seen at Her Majesty's; but Ctesippus is a sixteenth-century Silenus looking for his wine-skin. Telemachus is the most "Mycenæan" figure on the stage, and Penelope is presumably what the dramatist meant her to be, a gracious and dignified delight to eye and ear, if more St. Monica than the Queen of Ithaca. Calypso in her exquisite attire might belong to any age that has believed in fairies and sea-maidens.

The setting and accessories of the two palace scenes

succeed in conveying to a remarkable degree an impression of the Mycenæan period without being over accurate or consistent in details. We were quite unprepared for the admirable harmony which the archaic Greek dresses make with the Mycenæan dresses as designed from Knossian frescoes, and with the Mycenæan architecture. The general effect of the varied colour laid on intricate decorative schemes both in the textile and the architectural work, singularly recalls the impression which a spectator receives from the Cretan wall pictures. We speak of the general impression only, and for the stage that is enough. Its pictures must not have the microscopic fidelity of a pre-Raphaelite Brother.

D. G. Hogarth.

TO ROBERT BURNS

AN EPISTLE ON INSTINCT

1

THOU art a poet, Robbie Burns,
Master of words and witty turns,
Of lilting songs and merry yarns,
Drinking and kissing:
There's much in all thy small concerns,
But more that's missing.

2

The wisdom of thy common sense,
Thy honest hate of vain pretence,
Thy love and wide benevolence
Full often lead thee
Where feeling is its own defence;
Yet while I read thee,

3

It seems but chance that all our race
Trod not the path of thy disgrace,
And, living freely to embrace
  The moment's pleasure,
Snatch'd not a kiss of Nature's face
  For all her treasure :

4

The feelings soft, the spirits gay
Entice on such a flowery way,
And sovran youth in high heyday
  Hath such a fashion
To glorify the bragging sway
  Of sensual passion.

5

But rakel Chance and Fortune blind
Had not the power :—Eternal Mind
Led man upon a way design'd,
  By strait selection
Of pleasurable ways, to find
  Severe perfection.

6

For Nature did not idly spend
Pleasure: she ruled it should attend
On every act that doth amend
  Our life's condition:
'Tis therefore not well-being's end,
  But its fruition.

7

Beasts that inherited delight
In what promoted health or might,
Survived their cousins in the fight:
  If some—like Adam—
Preferr'd the wrong tree to the right,
  The devil had 'em.

8

So when man's Reason took the reins,
She found that she was saved her pains;
She had but to approve the gains
  Of agelong inscience,
And spin it fresh into her brains
  As moral conscience,

9

But Instinct in the beasts that live
Is of three kinds; (Nature did give
To man three shakings in her sieve)—
  The first is Racial,
The second Self-preservative,
  The third is Social.

10

Without the first no race could be,
So 'tis the strongest of the three;
Nay, of such forceful tyranny
  'Tis hard to attune it,
Because 'twas never made to agree
  To serve the unit:

11

Art will not picture it, its name
In common talk is utter shame:
And yet hath Reason learn'd to tame
  Its conflagration
Into a sacramental flame
  Of consecration.

12

Those hundred thousand years, Ah me!
Of budding soul! What slow degree,
With aim so dim, so true! We see,
  Now that we know them,
Our swamp- and cave-folk ancestry,
  How much we owe them:

13

While with the savage beasts around
They fought at odds, yet underground
Their miserable life was sound;
  Their loves and quarrels
Did well th' ideal bases found
  Of art and morals:

14

One prime distinction, Good and Ill,
Was all their notion, all their skill;—
But Unity stands next to Nil;—
  Want of analysis
Saved them from doubts that wreck the Will
  With pale paralysis.

15

In vain philosophers dispute
"Is Good or Pleasure our pursuit?"—
The fruit likes man, not man the fruit;
The good that likes him,
The good man's pleasure 'tis to do 't;
That's how it strikes him.

16

Tho' Science hide beneath her feet
The point where moral reasonings meet,
The vicious circle is complete;
There is no lodgment
Save Aristotle's own retreat,
The just man's judgment.

17

And if thou wert not that just man,
Wild Robin, born to crown his plan,
We shall not for that matter ban
Thy petty treason.
Nor closely thy defection scan
From highest Reason.

18

Thou might'st have lived like Robin Hood
Waylaying Abbots in the wood,
Doing whate'er thee-seemèd good,
The law defying,
And 'mong the people's heroes stood
Living and dying:

19

Yet better bow than his thou bendest,
And well the poor man thou befriendest,
And oftentime an ill amendest;
When, if truth touch thee,
Sharply the arrow home thou sendest;
There's none can match thee.

20

So pity it is thou knew'st the teen
Of sad remorse: the Might-have-been
Shall not o'ercloud thy merry scene
With vain repentance,
Nor forfeit from thy spirit keen
My friendly sentence.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

DANNY

I

LAIRD AND LADY

THERE came a knock at the Laird's door, very shy.

"Who's there?" he growled.

"It's me, Massa," said a timid voice.

"Come in, Me," said the Laird, grimly, and swung in his chair.

There entered the Laird's lady, who might have been his daughter.

"I'm not disturbing you?" she asked, and stood against the door, slim and shy and maidenly, and with alarmed child's eyes.

"You are," said the Laird.

"O," said the lady, "sh-shall I go?"

"It's done now," said the Laird.

"I'm awfully sorry," said the lady.

The Laird grunted.

"What is it?" he asked.

"O, it's nothing," said the lady; and whispered, "Hush! *do* hush!" to a noise of snuffling without.

"Why disturb me then?" said the Laird.

"Because it's—well—*rather* nice," said the lady.

"O, show it in!" said the Laird.

"May I?" said she with leaping eyes, and opened the door delicately.

"Danny!" she called, bent, and enticed with maidenly long fingers. "Hss! hss! Danny, wee man!"

Busily through the crack there came a knightly babe in tabard of clouded silver; saw the grey man at the writing-table; halted on a lion's skin, sea-grey babe, long and low and battle-jawed; and stood there with uplifted head and the shy delightful dignity of one gentleman doubtful of his welcome at the hands of another.

The grey man eyed him with grim unwelcoming stare; so he cuddled back into the skirts of his love, and sat down there between her ankles, lifting a long muzzle to adore her with his eyes.

"Well?" said the lady anxiously.

"Well?" said the Laird.

"What d'you say?" asked the lady.

"What have I got to say?" asked the Laird.

"Isn't he a duck?"

"I've seen uglier," allowed the Laird.

"May I then?" asked the lady, with quick, anxious eyes.

"What?"

"Why, keep him?"

"Why should ye?" asked the Laird.

"O, didn't I tell you?" said the lady quickly. "He's a present. Andie Campbell sent him. I thought I'd said."

"What's young Campbell want sending you presents?" growled the Laird.

"It wasn't a *present*," said the lady quickly.

"Then why d'ye say it was?" asked the Laird.

"I didn't," panted the lady. "I said it wasn't. And don't be such a grump. . . . Not like a present to *call* a present," she added.

"What then?" said the Laird.

"It's a charity," said the lady; "sort of."

"O," said the Laird.

"Like a duty," said the lady; "sort of."

"Indeed," said the Laird.

"You see, I'm bound to have him," said the lady; "sort of."

"If you're bound to have him," said the Laird, "why ask me?"

"I don't," said the lady; "I only want to know if you mind."

"I do," said the Laird.

"But you won't when you know," said the lady.

"I will," said the Laird.

The lady looked at him with filling eyes. "Then you're horrid," said she.

"I can't help myself," said the Laird, unmoved.

"I know," said the lady, with cruel sympathy; "that's why I'm *so* sorry for you."

"Why?" said the Laird.

"Well, it must be horrid for you to be so horrid."

"Ye see I'm used to it," said the grim Laird.

"But I'm not," said the lady with a gulp.

The Laird swung slowly back to his writing.

The lady stood by the door and chewed the end of a baby handkerchief.

"You see," she said, lifting eyes of woe, "if I don't—he's got—to go——" She paused.

The Laird ceased from his writing.

"Where?"

"You know," said the lady and nodded ominously.

"I guess," said the Laird, and resumed his writing.

"In a bucket," said the lady.

"As good a way as any," said the Laird, writing on.

She looked at the grim back with wounded eyes.

"Don't you care?" she asked.

"Not a finger-flip," said the Laird.

"O," said the lady, and chewed her handkerchief. Mournfully bending, she gathered her grey babe and tucked him away beneath her arm.

"Anything else?" said the Laird and drummed on the table.

"No-o," she murmured and stood at the door with bowed mouth, wet eyes, and her babe beneath her arm.

"Then shut the door when you go out;" said he, and turned to his writing.

The door did not shut.

"It'll be very expensive sending him back all the way to Ardlochet, Massa," said the voice at the door.

"No need to send him back," said the Laird.

A ray of hope shot across the face of her chewing her handkerchief.

"Ye can get Robin to shoot him," continued the Laird.

The light died out of the girl's face.

"Robin can't shoot," she said resentfully.

"He must try," said the Laird.

"He couldn't hit him," said the lady.

"He must go on till he does," said the Laird.

"Beast!" said the lady, low; looked dreadfully frightened, and bit home on her handkerchief.

The Laird sat, great of shoulder, grim of back, unmoved, and wrote on.

The lady thrust her hand into her belt desperately and plucked forth a letter.

"This is what Andie says, Massa," she said with scared eyes.

The Laird swung round, grim and slow as fate.

"He has written, has he?" said he.

"Not written," panted the lady, roses blowing in cheeks of snow.

"What then?" asked the Laird.

"Only scrambled a line," said the lady.

The Laird sat home in his chair.

"I would wish to see what Mr. Campbell says," said he, and folded great arms.

"I'll read it to you," panted the lady.

"I can read myself," said the Laird.

She marched across the room, all pale, hitching her babe beneath her arm; and offered him the letter.

Grimly he thrust forth his man-paw and took—not the letter but the hand that held it.

"I was only daffing, child," he said, and pulled her down on to the arm of the chair.

"I—I know," she gasped.

"Then why did you——"

"I didn't," said the lady.

"You were just going to," said the Laird.

"I wasn't," said the lady; "and I don't," said the lady; and did.

He put his arm about her, grim, tender man; nursing her as a bear might nurse a broken lily of the field.

"You're h-h-hateful!" sobbed the lady.

"Now, now," said the Laird.

"Yes, you a-a-are," sobbed the lady.

"There, there," said the Laird, comforting her.

"Why's Master Andie going to bucket him?" asked the Laird at length.

"It's because of his eyes," said the lady, her own still downcast.

"I see nothing amiss with his eyes," said the Laird, looking.

"It's only his nonsense," said the lady, still with downcast eyes.

"Let's hear it," said the Laird. "I'm partial to nonsense."

"He's only a boy," said the lady.

"Old enough to be your elder brother, miss," said the Laird.

"Boys are different," said the lady. "Boys don't grow old till they're elderly." She unfolded the letter reluctantly. "He says:

"'*My dear Marjory, I—I never saw*——'"

"Stop!" said the Laird. "You're skipping."

"This is all that matters," said poor lady.

"All or none," said the grim Laird.

The lady, pale as lilies, folded the letter. The strong arm about her fell away.

"Tell Robin," said the grim Laird, "I would speak with him."

A moment she sat on the arm of the chair like a shamed child with downcast eyes; then she looked up, and her eyes were as those of that same child, pleading to be let off, and full of rain.

"O Massa!" she begged.

"I mean it," said the ogre Laird.

She sat on the arm of the chair, poor stripling lady, shame-faced as a rain-whipped rose. Then she put the letter in his hand.

"Very well," she gulped, "but I'd rather not."

"Is it amorous?" asked the Laird, not taking it.

"Certainly not," said poor lady, choking.

"Is it revilings," asked the ogre Laird, "of me?"

Poor lady sat dumbly with bowed neck, and plucked threads out of the arm of the chair.

"It's only some rather stupid nonsense," she gasped. "Andie's only silly. He doesn't mean any harm, but——"

"If it's laughable," said the grim Laird, "I would hear it."

"No, please," pleaded poor lady.

"Does he call names?" asked the Laird.

Poor lady drooped upon her stalk in misery of woe.

"He'd not be the first," said the Laird. "Let me hear."

"O *please!*" pleaded poor lady.

"I wait," said the Laird.

"He says," gasped poor lady, "O Massa, you *might* not!" she cried. "I can't! I really can't!"

"Try," said the Laird. "He says——"

"'*How is his Dottyship?*'" with a rush and a sob it came at last.

"Indeed," said the grim Laird, "How—is—his—Dotty-ship? And what might 'His Dottyship' mean?"

"It's sort of slang," said poor red-rosy lady. "It means—sort of—I don't know—sort of—you know."

"I don't," said the Laird.

Poor lady gulped.

"You might try," she said, catching up a sob.

The Laird's arm stole about her, not untenderly.

"I jalouse," said the grim Laird.

Lady dabbed her nose. Then she looked up. There was rain in her eyes, rain on her eyelashes, and her mouth a rainbow; and she began to talk in April showers.

"You see, he really did like me quite a lot—at least, he thought he did; though, of course, that's no reason—and he was rather bitter about it—and he doesn't understand—and he was sort of—sort of sorry for one—and he thinks I must be lonely."

"So you're like to be," said the Laird suddenly. "What sort of company are the Woman and Robin and me, with our two hundred years between us, for you and your twenty?"

She put her hands upon his shoulders, and looked at him with quick eyes, very tender for him.

"I'm not," she cried. "I'm *really* not. I *wish* you'd believe that, Massa. I have a *lovely* time; and you're all so sweet."

"Am I sweet?" asked the ogre Laird. "Is the Woman sweet?" he asked—"Sweet and sixty."

"Deb's a duck,' said the lady.

"And Robin?" asked the Laird.

"Robin tries," said the lady, and began to gurgle.

The lady sat on the arm of the chair, rain-clouded still; and the Laird looked at her with grim eyes very tender.

"And so," he said, "Master Andie thought ye needed a playmate, and sent ye the little doag—eh?"

"Partly," said the lady, low.

"And what about his eyes?" asked the Laird.

"That's nothing," said the lady rosily, yet laughing.

"Then let's hear it," said the Laird.

"Would you like to?" said the lady shyly, and unfolded the letter. "It's only fiddle, of course," she said.

"Fiddle away," said the grim Laird.

"Well, he says, '*I never saw such eyes outside the head of an angel and one other, whom I mustn't think of any more. I can't keep the little beggar because of his eyes. They remind me too sadly of the past*' (there never was a past," murmured the lady). "'*I can't give him away except to you for the same reason. So you must either take pity on him or he must go where I sometimes think of going myself.*' Fiddle!" said the lady; "that's all," she said quickly, and folded the letter.

"Seems to end rather abruptly," said the Laird.

"That's all the letter," said the lady firmly.

"What about the postscript?" said the Laird.

"The postscript doesn't count," said the lady.

The Laird folded his arms.

"The postscript!" said the Laird.

"No," said the lady, palely; tore the letter into dainty fragments and strewed it on the floor.

"Child!" said the Laird.

"Well!" said his wife.

"Look this way."

She turned on him two eyes of sunburnt gold, tender, clouded, shy.

Long he looked into them, then into a twin pair set in a sea of pearls, and girdled round by a maidenly long arm; and he said to himself, and dreamily:

"He has discernment then, young Campbell?"

She laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Need he, then, Massa?" she begged—shy, pleading eyes close to his own.

"What?" asked the Laird.

"Go to—you know," and nodded.

"It would seem a pity," said the Laird.

"It would be a shame," cried the lady.

"That he shouldn't," continued the Laird, "while he's still innocent."

"He'll never be anything else," said the lady, and bowed over her babe; "will you, my precious?" she said, and kissed him. "And he does love his new mum so, don't 'oo, my own?" and she fell away into tender mother-drivel.

"How old is he?" asked the Laird.

"Only three months," said the lady.

"Just a match for ye," said the Laird.

She began to jig upon the arm of the chair.

"I may keep him then?" she cried with leaping eyes. "Yes, Massa. There's a lovely Massa."

The Laird reflected.

"It'll save me buying ye a ball," he said.

Radiant she rose—

"O you dear Massa!" she said, and patted his rough head. "Danny say 'ta.' Danny says 'I will love my Massa next in all the world to my mum!' Tousand tas, Massa."

"Get ye gone!" said the Laird, and returned to his writing.

"Come, then, Danny," she cried, and put him down. "Let's leave old Grump! Hss! hss! Danny, wee man!" and away she skipped, alluring him with her skirts; and he not slowly fell upon them and hung like death.

The door shut and opened again.

Two eyes of sunburnt gold with long shy lids peered round the door; and six inches from the floor, such another pair, set in a sea of pearls.

"*Quite* sure you don't mind, Massa?" asked an anxious voice.

"Be off to your mischief," said the Laird.

"Andie's a dear boy and that," said the voice shyly; "and of course I like him like anything; but he's not a Massa."

The door shut quickly; the two pairs of eyes were gone;

and without was a turmoil of worryings and little laughter, and hushed screams of "Now look here!" and "You'll tear me!" and "O you little horror!"

And this was the postscript:

"How is his Dottyship? I enclose you a cutting from the *Whitehall Gazette* on him—'The Kirk Militant of Hepburn: a Survival.'

"Is it true that you've had to do the Longer Penance for not keeping your kirks? You stand on one leg or something, don't you, and you can put down the other leg when you like, but only on a red-hot brick or something?

"Is it true his 'souls' fall down on their flat faces when he passes; and if they don't he breaks them on the wheel?

"Is it true that there's one she-hag and one he-hag to run the place, and you do the washing?

"I know it is true that he once killed a man, and wears his skin as a fancy waistcoat.

"Is it true you have to sew the buttons on this?

"There's a lot more I want to know, but I'll write again soon.—Yours as of old,

"ANDIE."

II

DANNY, KNIGHT-ERRANT

IT was a year later.

Marjory stood on the grass before the house—slim wisp of black with swan-neck and naked hair of russet gold, and looked up steadfastly towards the birch-woods hanging like a grey bloom on the dark bosom of the moor.

All day there had been rain. Now the evening drooped about her with folded wings; thrilled with the song of birds from the wet woods. The sky was now of the pale, shining purity of rain-washed pearls; and above dark-shouldered

Lammer-more a single star shone like a diamond in the forehead of the approaching night.

The rain had passed, but the dews were falling all about her; and still she waited, pure, cold, pale, as the evening; and in her hand a riding-whip.

The door of the house behind her opened. A lean woman, hungry-eyed and very tall, came down the steps of the house and stalked across the gravel to her.

"You are to don this cloak," she said harshly.

"Who says so?" said the lady, not turning.

"Deborah Awe," said the Woman, gaunt and grim; and added—"and his Honour."

"O, bother you both!" said the lady crossly.

"I carena a boddle for your bothers," said the Woman, and threw the cloak tenderly about the evening shoulders of the other.

Then she turned vindictive eyes to scan the hillside.

"Still bloodying," she said. "No sign of him."

"Then you'd better go in," said the lady.

"While you bide," said the Woman doggedly, "I will bide. If you will catch your death, so will Deborah Awe."

"Bide then," said the lady, "and don't babble."

Silently they waited, the gaunt time-worn woman and lily-fleshed cold lady with the maiden eyes side by side.

"Never content but when he's killing," muttered the Woman. "In my time I have known many males, and most of them bloody, but I've never known the like of him for it. Herod was a wean to him; Robin's hardly his match."

"We all have our failings," snapped the lady, "and you particularly, Deb."

"And have I been away three times since the Sabbath massacreeing God's creatures!" cried the Woman.

"You would have been," said the other, "if God had made you that way. It's not your fault He didn't."

The Woman stared up at the hillside.

"I am praying God has seen good to take him," said she, and licked her lips. "He is long away."

The other turned on her.

"You want to see him dead?" she cried.

"If it's the Lord's will," said the grim Woman. "I will make shift to bear it."

"Then you want to see me dead, too!" cried the lady, cold as death.

"He will be the death of you any gate," said the Woman.

"He would die for me!" cried the lady, hot as flame.

"I'd be blythe to see him," said the grim Woman.

"Yes, I know you don't care," said the lady, gulping.

"It is little I care for his likes indeed!" retorted the Woman.

"Then it is little you care for me," said the lady. "I knew you didn't," she added. "I knew it was only put on."

The Woman turned.

"And why then am I asking you to come in?" she asked.

"Just to worry," snapped the lady. "And I just won't. And as you don't care for Danny, you don't care for me; so I d rather be without you, so you can hook it."

"Keep me!" cried the Woman. "He might be son to you, the gate ye go on."

"So he is," said the lady.

"With a soul to save!" cried the Woman.

"So he has," said the lady.

"Who says so?" asked the Woman, turning to her.

"I do," said the lady.

"Are you his Honour that you should know that?" cried the other.

"His Honour doesn't know everything," retorted the lady.

"His Honour knows that or nothing," said the Woman. "And I will inquire of him."

"Go and inquire!" said the lady. "Good riddance of bad rubbish."

The Woman turned away, and turned again.

"Not but what I would fain that he had a soul," said she. "I would be blythe to think of him in hell."

The lady flashed round on her.

"You horror!" she cried. *How* I hate you!" and added, "If Danny's not good enough for heaven, neither am I."

"Whisht! whisht, Missie!" whispered the other, awed. "If his Honour was to hear you——"

The lady interrupted her.

"Here he is!" she cried joyfully.

"His Honour?" asked the Woman, with starting eyes.

"Danny," said the lady.

"Where?" said the Woman, returning.

"Just coming," said the lady.

"He has been just coming this great while," sneered the Woman.

She looked up the hillside and beheld a little busy shadow bustling through the dimness towards them.

"I am thinking it will be other vermin," she said.

"It is no vermin," said the lady; "it is my Danny."

Daniel, son of Ivor, Warden of the Marches, had come to his full-blown beauty now; and he was beautiful as Absalom.

Broad of chest, broad of brow, with coat of tarnished silver and eyes of love set in a sea of pearls, he looked what he was, the warrior and lover in one.

Since Lancelot there had never been such a gallant with fair eyes and ways of chivalry; since Lancelot never such a battle-fighter.

He lived indeed for battle, murder, and delight of kisses. To be loved by his lady, and to find a worthy foeman, these were the two passions of the knight in grey. And something of either passion entered into the other. He went forth to war as to the arms of his mistress—flaming, passionate, fond; and an honourable enemy he loved next only to his lady and his own white honour. And the heathen host—foumart, sweet-

mart, otter, and tod, and all the lesser outlaws of the wilderness —he cherished like a fond father, and waged war upon them everlastingly.

Yet while he smote the heathen, true knight that he was, he succoured the distressed—the tame things of the farm, whose Warden he was, and his lady's one-legged partridge with whom he dealt honourably upon the lawn, for so had she taught him, she of the high soul and aspiring chivalry.

Yet even so, his bloodiness not seldom brought upon him tribulation and stripes. That very forenoon he had slain in battle the one-horned fallow-buck, him his lady called King Cole because he was such a merry old soul. Now the fight was a fair fight, but the deed was sacrilege; for it was done in the shadow of the house, on the borders of the birch-wood, and his lady had ordained that there should be sanctuary for any wild things of the wilderness.

So, beside the dappled corpse of the fallen king, her collar about her ears, the rain dripping from her hair, she had beaten him; and kindled to great anger had bidden him go home, for she would speak no more with him that day.

So he had gone, trailing miserably through the rain, and she had followed. Nor when she reached home had found him there; but going forth to hearken had heard his battle-cry in the mist far away in Lammer-more, and knew then that he was slaying among the heathen in a passion of remorse.

That was hours since. Now the rain was over, and in the hallowed evening he was coming back to her.

Steadfastly down the hill through the heather he ploughed with the earnestness of purpose and massive swagger of gait peculiar to him; off the hill, on to the lawn, breaking now into a canter, all in a tender hurry to be with his lady once again; and she awaited him with cold cheeks and riding-whip.

"O the innocent!" jeered the Woman, as he came, cantering still, in grey glad bustle of love. "O the bloody murderer!"

"Come here!" said the lady coldly; but there was no need

to call. He came to her feet, gay and grinning, with eyes of love, and frankly unafraid.

She bent and clutched her lover by the scruff of his neck.

The Woman shifted her position the better to see.

"Hold!" she cried suddenly. "He has a peace-offering for you."

She stooped.

"Keep me!" she screamed. "It's a corp!"

The lady looked.

"He has laid it at your feet!" jeered the Woman. "O the cannie laddie! he bears ye in mind while he's at his bloodying."

The lady bent and picked up the bloody sop. She looked at it; she looked into her lover's eyes; and he smiled up at her, there in the fair face of heaven, because he had made his amend; but she was pale.

"This is different," she said. "Follow me." And Danny's soul died out of him, and he followed her.

The Woman, disappointed of her feast, stared.

"Will ye no lay into him then?" she called.

"No," said Missie, marching away.

"Then will I for you?" asked the Woman greedily.

"No," said Missie, marching away.

"She is afraid I will deal with him ower faithfully!" jeered the Woman, pursuing.

"I am taking him to the Laird," said Missie, "that *he* may deal with him."

The tone of her reply struck the other's ear. She caught up with her.

"Dear sakes, Missie!" she cried aghast. "What's come to ye?"

The lady held up the bloody sop without a word.

"And what's that?" asked the Woman.

"It is murder," said Missie, pale-lipped.

"It is no more murder than usual," retorted the Woman.

"It is," said the lady. "Danny has killed a chicken."

Pale and miserable she marched on her way, and Danny draggled at her heels.

The woman followed, flat-footed and grim.

A sound of one running and cursing as he ran came to them.

The Woman turned.

An aged beldam of a man, unbonneted, and with dim ringlets dripping about his face, was stumbling down the hill towards them.

"It's t'other shedder of blood," said the Woman, and turned in sour disgust.

The old man caught up with them.

"Where away, Woman?" he panted.

"To his Honour," said the grim Woman, marching at Missie's heels. "The other murderer has killed once ower often. He has killed that you see in Missie's hand."

"That?" cried the old man in grim scorn. "Think you *that* is all?"

"What," screamed the Woman, "is there more?"

"Leuk!" said the grim man, and thrust forth a horrible hand.

The Woman stopped.

"Murder! It's a massacree!" she screamed. "A massacree of Incense."

"Ye may say that," said the old man. "O it was fine to see!"

"Hear him, Missie!" screamed the Woman. "O the bloody Belial!"

Missie had turned.

"You saw him at it?" she asked, cold as death.

"I did so," said the gleeful old man. "I was in my luck's way."

"And you let him?" with stinging eyes.

"Who am I that I should hinder him?" asked the meek old man.

"Hear him!" shrilled the Woman. "When it was him like as not set him on."

"You will come with me," said the lady, and turned on her way.

"Will I?" said the other, not stirring. "Where to?"

"To his Honour," said the Woman grimly.

"Why for?"

"To help hang Danny," said the grim Woman.

The old man stared and started in pursuit.

"You're no going to deliver him into the Laird's hands, Missie?" he asked aghast, and at her heels.

"I am," said Missie.

"Just for a bit massacree?" cried the old man.

"For murder," said Missie. "It was a promise."

The old man drew a deep breath.

"Then," said he, "the Lord pity my man, for the Laird will not. He will hang him."

"He will so," said the woman. "He is sore on murder is his Honour."

"He was not that sore on it," said the other bitterly, "when he murdered one himself."

Missie marched on.

"I tell you he will hang him, Missie," cried the old man at her heels, "hang him by his neck—so," and acted it, gurgling horribly.

"It would be just," said Missie, pale as lilies.

"It would be just murder!" cried the other. "More by token it is not murder he has done."

"Na," said the Woman, "it's a massacree."

"He has killed a chicken," said Missie, not to be cajoled; "and that is murder; and Danny knows it."

She looked at Danny; and he was miserable at her feet, and not for the murder's sake.

"Cheekhen!" cried the old man, with sudden heat. "Cheekhen yourself. She is none of your cheekhens at all."

Missie looked at him.

"What then?" she asked.

"A young pheasant for sure!" cried he.

Missie stopped.

"The rear-mother of that you hold, and of these in my hand," continued the old man, "was the grey hen; and she was bringing up half her own and half young pheasants. A-well, as Danny was coming down the brae by way of the wood, the canker'd old carlin flustered out at him from under a bit bushie, and her brood after her. And so," said the old man, "Danny just took and sent the half of them," said he, rolling his eyes, "home."

He paused and wiped a weeping eye.

"I don't see——" began Missie slowly.

"Ye will if ye'll wait," said the other. "The half he put to rest," he went on, "was the pheasant half."

"And where's the difference?" asked the lady, cold as ice.

"Where, indeed?" asked the Woman.

"The differ!" scoffed the old man. "Is she daft? Why, in the reek of them. The one reeks gamey, t'other tamey. How would Danny ken they was like, as ye may say, liars, reekin' gamey yet bein' tamey. If they werena gamey they'd no cause to reek gamey. 'All that reeks gamey is fair game,' that is how he talked, did Danny. And if you reeked gamey, Missie," ended the courteous old man, "he'd serve you th' same gate."

Missie looked at the sop in her hand, and saw that it was speckled; she looked at Danny miserable at her feet.

A breath of roses blew upon her cheek.

"Thank you, Robin," she said, and sighed like a relieved child.

"Will I run fetch his Honour?" asked the Woman, eager at her ear.

"No," said Missie. "It's not murder; it's only man-slaughter again."

"What will you do then?" asked the Woman.

"I will do my duty," said Missie. "Danny, you old bother, come here."

He came and lay at her feet, meek knight; nor stirred, while she dealt with him faithfully because she loved him much.

The old man turned away; but the Woman watched with glee.

"It is a fine little mother you make to him, Missie," she said complacently when it was over.

Missie panted; but Danny, gay at heart again, shook himself and sallied furiously at the yellow cat licking thin lips upon the path as she watched.

"Would ye murder my Jael?" screamed the Woman, and caught up her treasure in her arms. "O," she cried, rocking her darling, "is there no bounds to his bloodiness?"

But Danny was back at the feet of his lady, begging with adoring eyes for her whip, that he might bear it home for her.

So they set off for the house: first Danny, whip in mouth and proud at heart; then his lady, pale still, yet laughing tenderly as she watched her lover swaggering before her bearing proudly the trophy of his shame; and last the Woman, Jael, malignant-eyed, beneath her arm.

"His Honour will be waiting you in the hall," said the Woman grimly, as they came to the steps; "you and your bloody one."

Missie turned to her with large child's eyes.

"Don't tell on us, Deb?" she begged.

III

THAT DOAG

SHE flitted through the hall like a frightened shadow, and Danny paddled at her heels.

As she reached the foot of the stairs, a harsh voice stayed her.

One hand on the bannister, she turned.

In the door of the morning-room stood the Laird, great and grim and grey, his short cloak about his shoulder.

"You're late," he said.

"Only a little minute, Massa," she said.

"It's that doag!" said the Laird with gathering brow.

"We won't be a sec, Massa," said poor Missie, and prepared to fly.

The harsh voice stayed her.

"Dinner's in," it said.

"I know," said Missie, hovering on the lowest step. "I won't be long, Massa."

"Why be any time?" said the Laird. "I have waited long enough."

Poor Missie looked at the lover at her feet; then looked across at the Laird with frightened eyes.

"I only just want to wash his mouth, Massa," she said. "He's—it's—it's—not very nice for him—before his dinner."

The Laird looked with thunder-brow.

"So," he said, "he has been bloodying again."

"Only a little tiresome, Massa," said poor Missie with frightened eyes.

"I weary of this bloodiness," said the Laird.

Missie, hovering on the lowermost step, looked across at the grim man with appealing eyes.

"Don't be cross with us, Massa," she pleaded. "We can't help it; we're only human," and added, dropping fond eyes to the little man at her feet, "It's the naughty ones we mothers love."

The Laird turned.

"Mind," he said, "I will have no murder. If murder is done, I will deal with it."

"Yes, Massa," said poor Missie, "I've promised."

"Killing is killing," said the grim Laird, "and murder is murder, and——"

"And Danny knows the difference," said Missy quickly.

"And well for him," said the grim Laird. "His first murder is his last."

In her room she made him sweet with tender hands, scolding him motherly all the while.

When he was once again himself, sweet-smelling as the dawn and fresh as dew, he led her down the stairs by the hand, as it were, arming her in to the great hall, grey, tender gentleman in shining silver apparel and with eyes of love.

At dinner he lay at her feet, adoring her with faithful eyes.

Once the Laird spoke.

"Child," he said, "you are not eating."

"All gone," said Missie, showing a clean-swept plate.

"So I see," said the Laird; "to that doag under the table."

"Not very wolfy to-night, Massa," said tired Missie.

The Laird looked at her.

"It's that doag!" he said.

Afterwards when he came into the drawing-room she was standing over the fire, shivering, pale, a flush of red in either cheek; and Danny sat beside her with lifted muzzle warming his throat and warrior bosom at the blaze.

"A fire in July!" said the Laird.

"I'm a little sort of shivery, Massa," said she. "Deb lit it without asking me."

He put forth great hands and took hers, and they were hot and dry, and lay in his own like fevered lilies in a bear's paws.

"Child," he said, "you best get to bed."

"I think I will," she said, "if you don't mind, Massa."

"Tired?" he asked.

"No, thanks," she said, smiling at him. "A little all-overish—sort of—that's all, Massa."

"It's that doag!" snarled the Laird, and looked thunder at the grey man at her feet.

(*To be continued.*)