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MR. BALFOUR'S ECONOMIC NOTES[1]

THE simple fact of the publicity given by Mr. Balfour to his *Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade* destroys one of the arguments there set forth. To justify the suppression of Free Trade he cites the fact that the example of England has failed to convert the greater part of the other nations of the world. But have these other nations been converted to the English Government's method of wide publicity? Have they adopted the freedom of English procedure? Have even those among them which have tried to imitate the English parliamentary system carried it out under all its essential conditions? Do not the majority of governments still maintain the principle that the electorate ought not to know everything, and that no government ought to be without some methods of secrecy?

Is England then, because other nations have not all risen to the same height in the sphere of politics, to abandon her system of publicity? Mr. Balfour, at any rate, is so far from thinking so that he has taken a fresh step in the old direction; he has communicated to the public the explanations which he found it desirable to offer to his colleagues. He thus shows clearly that he considers the system of government in England

[1] The French original of M. Guyot's paper, of which a translation is here given, will be found on p. 9, and a postscript on p. 16.

to be based on discussion, and he calls upon the whole country to take part in it.

Cobden was under the same illusion as the philosophers of the eighteenth century, and the members of the French National Assembly of 1789. They thought that to make the truth known was the only step necessary for ensuring the conversion of mankind. They imagined that the mere proclamation of the Rights of Man would secure the triumph of their doctrine everywhere. The majority of the nations of the world have not even yet accepted it in its entirety; but is that any reason why France should now renounce it? Is she to abandon her republican constitution because she alone among the great nations of the old world possesses that form of government?

It is not open to Mr. Balfour's partisans to reply that the two cases are not equally singular. Those bred in the school of Metternich have always held that diplomacy must be secret, that a Minister for Foreign Affairs compelled to answer indiscreet questions in public must find himself at a disadvantage compared with one who has the power of silence; yet the English Government deals with these questions openly in Parliament, and makes public such documents as the Report of the War Commission. Similarly the French Republic is undoubtedly at a disadvantage compared with other nations in this respect, that her representative Head belongs neither by birth nor by social intercourse to the circle of the European Sovereigns.

But to proceed. What is it that Mr. Balfour actually proposes? Because other nations have shown themselves more or less refractory to the lesson of Free Trade, he proposes to his fellow countrymen that they should inflict a fine upon themselves every time they make a purchase—an odd method surely of fostering their powers of production and expansion! Because other nations have burdened themselves with duties which add to the labour of every piece of work they attempt, Mr. Balfour invites his countrymen to give up a policy whose object is the economy of labour. Because other

nations have adopted a fiscal system which runs counter to the whole progress of science, industry, commerce, and finance—for these all tend to lower prices, to facilitate the circulation of commodities, money, and labour, and have, in fact, by lowering prices, as, for instance, in the case of chemical products, succeeded in penetrating frontiers and nullifying tariffs—because, in short, of the unscientific folly of others England is to renounce her own economical system, calculated as it is to promote the industrial evolution of the world!

It is the more curious that such a proposal should come from Mr. Balfour, because, in the earlier paragraphs of his pamphlet, he has himself stated correctly one of the difficulties of the subject. The contents of the economical world, he says, do not at once adjust their level as water does in properly connected vessels, because that world happens to be divided by partitions. Capital is "viscous" to an extent which prevents it from flowing easily to the place of profitable employment. The law of demand and supply does not set a current in motion so spontaneously as the law of gravity does in the case of liquids.

Very true. But all the progress of the last half-century has gone to increase this fluidity. It is the function of Exchanges to make capital less viscous; and labour is no longer bound to the soil as in the good old days. The transportation of commodities, of money, and of men is accomplished to-day with a speed and facility which could never have been dreamt of even in 1830. For a Government to oppose a system of tariff walls to this continuous and ever-growing movement would be to lay up for itself an unending series of disappointments; it would be to undertake a struggle as hopeless as that of the old-world theology against modern science. To find against Cobden at this time of day would be simply to repeat the condemnation of Galileo.

II

Does Mr. Balfour seriously wish to increase the "viscosity" of trade, capital, and labour? It is open to M. Méline and other logical protectionists to take the slug as their ideal; but knowing as Mr. Balfour does that England can never be self-sufficing, that she must always import at any rate corn and meat, that her industrial classes cannot live on internal trade alone, however brisk, it is impossible for him to believe that the future can belong to the more stagnant forms of civilisation. No; it belongs to the more fluid forms, those in which the human molecules roll unceasingly over one another. Caste has disappeared; it is no exaggeration to say that England herself is a democracy.

Stripped of its rather pedantic dogmatism Mr. Balfour's proposition amounts to this: "Other nations close their doors; let us close ours, so that the others may have to knock if they want to bring their goods in." It is the policy of the closed door, the converse of the policy of "the open door." I could understand this argument from a man who sees only one side of the question, but I cannot understand it from one who sets up to be a philosopher, that is, to be able in considering questions to take points of view which are beyond the sight of others.

No doubt, when a trader is in need of a market, it makes him angry to find his wares confronted by duties which in the case of Russia are as high as 130 per cent., in the United States 72 per cent., in Austria-Hungary 32 per cent., in France 30 per cent., in Italy 27 per cent., in Germany 25 per cent., in Canada 16 per cent., and in Belgium 13 per cent. I can understand his saying, "Oh! they refuse to let me in, do they! Let us treat them in the same way." This is "hitting back when I am hit"—the policy of the pavement.

But consider: before this trader is in a position to sell any of his products he has already been a consumer; a consumer

of tools and raw material, a consumer, through his work-people, of all necessaries of life; and the larger his business, the more he has consumed. Now every restrictive duty at the port of entry raises the price of a certain number of commodities of which the trader is directly or indirectly in need; consequently he finds the cost of his own production increased, and since dearness restricts a market even if it does not close it altogether, it comes to this, that in order to punish other countries for not opening their doors to his products, he begins by being himself the cause of a diminution of his export business.

Of course the tariff duties imposed by other nations, largely for the purpose of defending themselves against English products, have not facilitated the export of those products; but Mr. Balfour has not shown that if England renounced Free Trade she would thereby increase her power of production and develop her foreign markets.

Suppose she were to try this policy, say against the United States. What class of commodities could she attack? The cotton, of which she absorbed $117,000,000 worth in 1902? Or the $86,000,000 worth of American corn and flour which she consumed in the same year? Or the cattle, which, alive and dead, reached the total of $120,000,000? Or the petroleum —$22,000,000? The copper—$11,000,000? Or the leather—$16,000,000?

But Mr. Chamberlain has resigned. It has been found advisable to abandon his policy of taxing first food and eventually raw materials. Mr. Balfour's proposal then would be to attack manufactures in order to obtain from the countries which produce them a general reduction of duties. In the case of the United States he would select, for instance, the shoes imported by England to the value of $2,088,000!

His meaning and Lord Lansdowne's are the same, though he speaks the language of a pedagogue where his colleague prefers one of those bellicose metaphors which we are accustomed to hear from protectionists. He wants to have a

revolver levelled at all nations who do not in future open their doors wide to trade. This weapon may turn out to be not exactly the right one for the occasion.

Mr. Balfour, however, does not take it in hand or threaten any one; he says: "What is necessary is that the countries to which we wish to send our goods should have something to ask of us. At present no nation, except the one or two who want a reduction in the wine duty, has any thing for which they need ask us. We have nothing to offer them in exchange for a reduction of their duties. They can raise their tariff as they please and say to themselves that England is powerless against them."

Mr. Balfour accordingly calls for a tariff, that he may be in a position to make concessions. He is like the fishwife in the story, who over-charges at first in order that she may afterwards come down in price and seem to be treating her customer handsomely. His proposition is just on a par with the ideas of the continental protectionists. Their respect for other nations is exactly proportioned to the retaliatory tariffs which the latter bring to bear against them. But tariff wars are dangerous—dangerous above all to those nations whose commerce and shipping are most fully developed.

The best way for England to ensure "that the produce of the wheat-growing areas available for exportation should be kept at the highest possible level" (*Economic Notes*, § 46) is to leave her own door open. A closed door is just as much of an impediment to out-going as it is to in-coming; the open door gives passage not for imports only but for exports too. Locks, bolts, and other apparatus of the gaol cannot be applied to commerce with any hope of developing its activity.

Mr. Balfour is under a singular delusion as to the felicity of the manufacturer in a protectionist country (§ 52). He pictures him sleeping peacefully behind the tariff wall, not only secure against foreign competition, but delivered from all fears of over-production. If he had but studied the facts, instead of confining himself to *à priori* deductions, he would have had to

tell us that protectionism actually begets over-production. People in these countries who, like Mr. Balfour, see only one side of the question, calculate that a duty of so much per cent. will secure to them an advantage of that amount over the products of the competing foreigner; but this same little sum is done and acted upon by tens, hundreds, and thousands of manufacturers simultaneously, and the consequence is an amount of over-production far more serious than that which results from the short-sightedness of producers who do look at the practical possibilities of their market instead of basing their calculations on the bounty offered by their tariff.

Mr. Balfour takes us to three imaginary islands, beginning with St. Vincent and ending with the British Isles. He himself recognises that Great Britain does not actually suffer from all the hypothetical ills to which, according to his argument, she ought to be a prey. His logic, in short, does not here work out to anything like the facts. If to-morrow he puts protective duties on food, to enable him to bargain with the foreigner, is it any more reasonable to infer that his fellow countrymen will be better fed in consequence?

He goes on to tell us that England, with her colonial possessions, has now reached the limit of her territorial expansion. His fear is that certain other countries in Africa and Asia may be occupied by protectionist nations and compelled to adopt the policy of the closed door. Possibly; but the door can never be so closely shut as it was in the days before Europeans had explored Africa and succeeded in breaching the Great Wall of China.

Again he apparently finds it regrettable that English capital goes oversea. He seems to think that for the inhabitants of any country "it is better that the capital they own should be earning a profit at home" than abroad, "for its expatriation is *pro tanto* a loss to the labourer and the nation." He says, truly enough, that "this expatriation is encouraged by foreign protective tariffs." But he forgets to mention here (though he admits it a little further on) that the profits earned,

for instance, by English capital employed in French cotton-mills or Italian metal-works go to increase the wealth of individuals in England. He also considers that the export of coal, machinery, and ships should be deducted from the English trade returns, because these things contribute to the productivity of other nations. Would he propose to go back to the system in force before 1842, under which the export of machinery was forbidden? To be logical, he would have to forbid equally any export of capital, for this is a far more powerful element in the economical development of other countries than coal, ships, or machinery.

Mr. Balfour, however, with a singular want of logical sense, remarks (§ 29) that "We may, however, reasonably hope that the great bulk of our investments abroad are not of this character; but have been on the whole of advantage both to foreigners and to ourselves." He adds (in § 57) "I can find no evidence that we are living on our capital." No, indeed! thanks largely to the fact that not a day passes without Lombard Street sending capital oversea, to come home again in the form of fat dividends!

In reading these *Economic Notes* I have been moved to admiration by the art with which their author has placed his deductions in a sequence which has every appearance of being logical. In reality they have no binding force whatever. They are a mere house of cards and prove nothing but the powers of illusion possessed by the builder. If he believes this a solid structure, perhaps he also believes that ever since the 15th of May he has been at the head of a substantial Cabinet, while all the time he has been in a state of sophistical isolation, with Mr. Chamberlain on one side, Mr. Ritchie on the other, and the ruins of the Unionist party around him.

Mr. Balfour once championed bi-metallism with arguments of the same kind as those by which he now seeks to advocate protection. The recollection of his last economic campaign is not calculated to add much weight to the authority of his *Notes on Insular Free Trade.*

YVES GUYOT.

LA THÈSE DE M. BALFOUR

LE seul fait de la publicité donnée aux *Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade*, par M. Balfour, détruit un des arguments de sa thèse.

Il invoque pour la suppression du *free trade* le fait que l'exemple de l'Angleterre n'y a pas converti la plupart des autres peuples. Mais est-ce que tous les autres peuples sont convertis aux habitudes de large publicité du gouvernement anglais ? Est-ce que tous les autres peuples ont adopté ses mœurs de liberté ? Est-ce que même ceux qui ont essayé d'imiter son régime parlementaire en ont pris toutes les conditions ? Est-ce que la plupart des gouvernements n'ont pas encore pour principe que les électeurs ne doivent pas tout savoir et que tout gouvernement doit avoir des pratiques ésotériques ?

M. Balfour, loin de croire que parce que toutes les nations ne se sont pas élevées au niveau politique de l'Angleterre, elle doive renoncer à ses mœurs publiques, fait une nouvelle innovation : il saisit le public des explications qu'il a données à ses collègues. Il montre ainsi qu'il considère que le gouvernement anglais est fondé sur la discussion, et il appelle tout le monde à y prendre part.

Cobden a eu l'illusion qu'avaient les philosophes du XVIII^e^ siècle et que partagèrent les hommes de l'Assemblée Nationale de 1789. Ils croyaient qu'il suffisait de faire connaître la vérité pour que tous y fussent convertis. Ils s'imaginaient que la

proclamation des Droits de l'Homme en assurerait le triomphe chez tous les peuples. Parce que la plupart des peuples ne les ont pas admis encore complètement, est-ce une raison pour la France d'y renoncer ; et parce qu'il n'y a sur le vieux continent qu'une seule grande nation en république, la France doit-elle renoncer à cette forme de gouvernement ?

Que les partisans de M. Balfour ne disent pas que le cas est différent, car tous les hommes de l'école de Metternich ont considéré que la diplomatie devait être silencieuse, qu'un ministre des affaires étrangères obligé de répondre en public à des questions indiscrètes se trouvait dans une position inférieure à celui qui était maître de son silence ; et cependant la gouvernement anglais traite ces questions en plein parlement ; il publie le rapport sur la guerre du Transvaal ; et, à coup sûr, la république française a cette infériorité à l'égard des autres nations que son chef n'appartient ni à la famille ni au monde privilégié des autres souverains.

Que propose M. Balfour ? Parce que les autres peuples se sont montrés plus ou moins réfractaires au libre échange, M. Balfour propose à ses compatriotes de se mettre à l'amende quand ils achèteront quelque chose. Croit-il donc ainsi faciliter leur puissance de production et d'expansion ?

Parce que les autres peuples se sont surchargés de droits qui augmentent leur effort, chaque fois qu'ils font quelque chose, M. Balfour engage ses compatriotes à renoncer la politique de l'économie de l'effort.

Parce que les autres peuples ont mis leur politique douanière en opposition avec tous les progrès de la science, de l'industrie, du commerce et de la banque, qui n'ont cessé de diminuer le prix des marchandises, de faciliter la circulation des choses, des valeurs et des personnes, qui ont percé les frontières et écrasé les tarifs de douanes par des abaissements de prix, tels que ceux des produits chimiques, pour ne citer qu'un exemple, l'Angleterre devrait renoncer à sa politique économique, adéquate à l'évolution industrielle du monde !

Il est d'autant plus curieux que M. Balfour fasse cette

proposition que, dans les premiers paragraphes de sa brochure, il a parfaitement déterminé une des difficultés de la question. Le niveau économique ne s'établit pas comme le niveau de l'eau dans des vases communicants, parce qu'il y a des cloisons qui séparent les divers cours économiques. Le capital a une viscosité qui l'empêche de couler là où il est utile. La loi de l'offre et de la demande ne provoque pas des courants aussi spontanés que la loi de la pesanteur en provoque pour les liquides.

C'est exact. Mais tous les progrès réalisés depuis un demi-siècle ont augmenté cette fluidité. Les Bourses de valeurs dégagent la viscosité du capital, et l'homme n'est plus attaché à la glèbe comme dans le bon vieux temps. Le déplacement des choses, des valeurs et des personnes se fait aujourd'hui avec une aisance et une vitesse que n'auraient pu soupçonner les hommes qui vivaient seulement en 1830.

Opposer à ce mouvement continu, et de plus en plus réitéré des tarifs de douanes, c'est se condamner à de perpétuelles déceptions; car c'est engager une lutte semblable à celle que la vieille théologie engagea contre la science. Condamner Cobden aujourd'hui, c'est recommencer le procès de Galilée.

II

M. Balfour veut-il augmenter la " viscosité " des capitaux, des marchandises et des personnes? M. Méline et les protectionnistes logiques pourraient prendre la limace pour idéal; mais M. Balfour, qui se proclame libre échangiste, qui sait fort bien que l'Angleterre ne peut se suffire à elle-même, ne serait-ce qu'en blé et en bétail, que ses industriels ne peuvent se contenter de son marché intérieur, si actif qu'il soit, ne peut croire que l'avenir appartienne aux civilisations stagnantes. Il appartient aux civilisations fluides dans lesquelles les molécules humaines roulent sans cesse les unes sur les autres. La

caste a disparu, et on peut même dire de l'Angleterre qu'elle est une démocratie.

Dépouillée de son dogmatisme un peu pédant, la thèse de M. Balfour revient à ceci: Les autres peuples ferment leur porte. Fermons la nôtre, afin que les autres peuples soient forcés d'y frapper, s'ils veulent y faire entrer leurs marchandises.

C'est la politique de la porte fermée opposée à la politique de l' " open door."

Je comprends très bien cet argument de la part d'un homme qui ne voit qu'un côté de la question; mais je ne le comprends pas de la part de M. Balfour, qui a la prétention d'être un philosophe, sachant découvrir dans les questions des côtés que les autres n'y voient pas.

Sans doute, un industriel qui a besoin de vendre doit voir avec une certaine colère ses produits refoulés par des droits s'élevant à 130 % en Russie, à 72 % dans les Etats-Unis, à 32 % en Autriche-Hongrie, à 30 % en France, à 27 % en Italie, à 25 % en Allemagne, à 16 % dans le Canada, à 13 % en Belgique. Je comprends qu'il dise: " Ah! il nous refuse d'entrer; qu'on rende la pareille à ses produits."

C'est la politique da la rue, du coup pour coup.

Mais avant que cet industriel puisse vendre un de ses produits, il a d'abord été un consommateur; il a été consommateur d'outillage, de matières premières; il a été consommateur, par l'intermédiaire de ses ouvriers, d'objets de consommation, et plus son usine est importante, plus il a consommé.

Or, tout tourniquet établi à la frontière rehausse le prix d'un certain nombre des marchandises dont il a besoin, soit directement, soit indirectement; par conséquent ses frais de production sont augmentés; et comme la cherté restreint les débouchés, quand elle ne les ferme pas, il en résulte que, pour punir les autres pays, de ne pas ouvrir la porte à ses produits, il commence par en diminuer lui-même l'écoulement.

Il est évident que les droits de douanes, imposés par les autres nations, en grande partie pour se défendre contre les

produits anglais, n'en ont pas facilité l'écoulement. Mais M. Balfour n'a pas montré que la renonciation au libre échange de la part des Anglais augmenterait leur puissance de production et développerait leurs débouchés.

Que les Anglais essaient cette politique à l'égard des Etats-Unis ? Quels objets peuvent-ils frapper ? Est-ce le coton en laine dont l'Angleterre a absorbé pour 117 millions de dollars en 1902 ? Est-ce les 86 millions de dollars de blés et de farines qu'elle a consommés en 1902 ? Est-ce les 120 millions de dollars qui représentent les bœufs, envoyés en Angleterre par les Etats-Unis ? Est-ce les 22 millions de dollars qu'elle prend comme pétrole ? Est-ce les 11 millions de dollars qu'elle reçoit en cuivre ? Est-ce les 16 millions de dollars qu'elle reçoit en cuirs ?

Mais M. Chamberlain a donné sa démission. On a dû abandonner sa politique de taxer les objets d'alimentation et éventuellement les matières premières. Alors le projet de M. Balfour consisterait à frapper les objets fabriqués afin d'obtenir des abaissements de droits de la part des nations qui les produisent. Il frapperait les 2,088,000 dollars que l'Angleterre reçoit en chaussures des Etats-Unis !

M. Balfour dit doctoralement ce que Lord Lansdowne avait dit en prenant une de ces métaphores belliqueuses à l'usage des protectionnistes. Il veut avoir un revolver braqué sur toutes les nations qui n'ouvriront pas largement leurs portes. Cet instrument est peut-être assez mal adapté à cet usage.

Sans le prendre en main et sans en menacer personne, M. Balfour dit : " Il faut que les nations chez lesquelles nous voulons envoyer des marchandises aient quelque chose à nous demander. Sauf les nations qui ont une réduction à nous demander sur les vins, toutes les autres n'ont rien à réclamer de nous. Nous n'avons rien à leur offrir en échange d'abaissements de leurs droits. Elles peuvent donc élever leurs tarifs en se disant que l'Angleterre ne peut rien contre elles."

M. Balfour demande des tarifs de douanes pour avoir des

concessions à faire. Il est comme la poissonnière classique qui surfait sa marchandise pour avoir occasion d'en abaisser le prix afin le paraître de faire une gracieuseté à son acheteur.

La thèse est tout à fait à la hauteur des conceptions des protectionnistes du Continent.

Les protectionnistes du Continent ont d'autant plus de respect pour les autres nations qu'elles leur imposent des tarifs de représailles. Mais les guerres de tarifs sont dangereuses surtout pour celles des nations dont le commerce et la marine sont le plus développés.

La meilleure manière pour l'Angleterre de "garder le produit des aires valables pour l'exportation" (paragraphe 46) est de laisser sa porte ouverte. Une porte fermée empêche aussi bien de sortir que d'entrer; et si une porte ouverte permet d'entrer, elle permet aussi de sortir. Des cadenas, des verroux, l'appareil des geôles appliqués au commerce n'en développent point l'activité.

M. Balfour se fait de singulières illusions sur le bonheur du manufacturier dans un pays de protection (paragraphe 52). Il se figure que, somnolent, tranquille à l'abri des droits de douanes, il est non seulement à l'abri de la concurrence étrangère, mais encore qu'il est dégagé de la préoccupation de la surproduction.

Si M. Balfour avait étudié les faits, au lieu de se borner à des déductions logiques, il aurait constaté que le protectionnisme engendre la surproduction. Des gens qui ne voient qu'un côté de la question, comme M. Balfour, calculent qu'un droit de douanes d'un chiffre x leur assure un bénéfice égal sur les produits de l'étranger; mais ils sont dix, cent, mille qui font cette simple opération mathématique, et il en résulte une surproduction autrement grave que celle qui résulte de l'imprévoyance d'industriels qui envisagent leurs débouchés possibles au lieu de baser leurs calculs sur des avantages douaniers.

M. Balfour a fait l'hypothèse de trois îles; depuis Saint-Vincent jusqu'aux îles Britanniques. Il reconnait lui-même que la Grande-Bretagne ne souffre pas de toutes les maladies hypothétiques dont, suivant sa logique, elle devrait être atteinte.

Donc son hypothèse est en contradiction avec la réalité. Que M. Balfour mette demain des tarifs protecteurs sur les objets d'alimentation, pour lui permettre de marchander avec les nations étrangères, les Anglais en seront-ils mieux nourris ?

M. Balfour dit que l'Angleterre a atteint avec ses colonies les limites territoriales auxquelles elle doit se restreindre. Soit. M. Balfour craint que les autres pays de l'Afrique, de l'Asie, occupés par d'autres nations, ne pratiquent la politique de la porte fermée. Soit ; mais la porte ne sera jamais aussi fermée qu'elle l'était avant que les Européens n'eussent traversé l'Afrique et qu'ils n'eussent fait brèche à la Muraille de la Chine.

M. Balfour semble regretter que les capitaux anglais traversent le Canal. Il paraît croire que " les placements en Angleterre sont meilleurs qu'à l'étranger, car leur expatriation est une perte pour l'ouvrier." Il dit avec raison que le régime protectionniste en fait employer une partie à l'étranger. Mais il oublie de dire ici, ce qu'il admet un peu plus tard, que les bénéfices que recueillent les capitaux anglais engagés dans des filatures en France ou dans des industries métallurgiques en Italie augmentent la richesse privée des Anglais. Il considère aussi que l'exportation de la houille, des machines, des navires, doit être déduite des exportations anglaises, parce qu'ils contribuent à la productivité des autres nations. M. Balfour veut-il en revenir au régime antérieur à 1842, qui interdisait l'exportation des machines ? Logiquement, il faudrait interdire également l'exportation des capitaux, autrement puissante pour le développement économique des autres peuples que celle de la houille, des navires et des machines.

Et cependant M. Balfour, avec un singulier illogisme, dit (paragraphe 29) : " Nous devons espérer que la grande masse de nos placements à l'étranger ont bénéficié à la fois à l'étranger et à nous-mêmes." Il ajoute (paragraphe 57) : " Je ne puis trouver la preuve que nous vivons sur notre capital." Eh ! non, grâce en grande partie à ce que chaque

matin Lombard Street embarque des capitaux à l'étranger qui reviennent sous la forme de bons revenus!

En lisant ces *Economic Notes*, j'admirais l'art avec lequel M. Balfour juxtaposait les unes aux autres des déductions à apparence logique. En réalité, elles ne se tiennent pas. C'est un château de cartes qui montre la puissance d'illusion de son bâtisseur. S'il le croit solide, croyait-il donc, depuis le 15 mai, qu'il était président d'un conseil des ministres existant? Il était isolé dans son sophisme, entre M. Chamberlain d'un côté, M. Ritchie de l'autre, tandis que le parti unioniste s'effondrait.

M. Balfour a soutenu le bimétallisme par des arguments du genre de ceux dont il soutient aujourd'hui le protectionnisme. Cette première campagne économique n'augmente pas l'autorité des *Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade.*

YVES GUYOT.

NOTE.—We have received from M. Guyot, too late for incorporation in his article, the following significant comment on the tariff figures quoted (on pp. 4 and 12) from Mr. Balfour's pamphlet. "These figures are not the actual ones. English exports to France in 1902 were valued by the English Customs at £15,587,000, and by the French at 567 million francs. The duty paid was 36,349,000 francs—*i.e.*, 9 per cent. on the English valuation and less than 6½ per cent. on the French, instead of 30 per cent. as Mr. Balfour says. This discrepancy arises from the fact that England, thanks to her 'open door' policy, enjoys the most-favoured-nation treatment. Mr. Balfour, in his haste, has taken for the actual tariff the *maximum* tariff to which England *would be* exposed if she were to adopt his retaliatory plan of campaign!"—EDITOR.

SHEFFIELD AND ITS SHADOW

I

WHEN the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the course of the discussion on the Finance Bill, read out to an astonished House of Commons the declaration which the Cabinet had allowed him to make of his unswerving support of Free Trade principles, a distinguished member of the Conservative party, old and experienced in parliamentary usage, exclaimed in my hearing: "I shall go home and write my election address."

Few, indeed, would have believed on that hot summer afternoon that, under the pretext of "Inquiry," a Cabinet so fiercely divided on a vital issue could have endured week after week refusing to pronounce, to explain, or to deny, and with nothing but the inconvenience of procedure between them and a ruinous debate. It must nevertheless be admitted that "Inquiry" staved off disaster for a time. Whether it would have succeeded if Mr. Gladstone or even Mr. Chamberlain had faced the Prime Minister across the table; whether its success added to the reputation of the House of Commons; whether the dexterity which Mr. Balfour displayed be considered admirable in after days, are questions at once interesting and futile. The fact of success remains, and Mr. Balfour was justly entitled to view his achievements with satisfaction, if not with pride. No one could have done it but he. Scarcely

any of the distinguished statesmen of the past would ever have attempted to do it at all.

How great is the authority and prescription centred in these modern days in the First Minister of the Crown! Sorely battered and harassed with criticism and query, with no clear answer to make, with no decisive line of policy to propose, admitting a lack of conviction upon a vast and imminent subject of paramount importance, abandoned by his principal colleagues and counsellors, with his Cabinet divided, his Government distracted and his party marching all ways at once, Mr. Balfour still remained master of the situation. His control of the party machinery was unweakened, the loyalty of his agents knew neither sense nor fear; and when he stepped forward to the handrail which guarded the platform at Sheffield, and surveyed the immense concourse who waited on his word, the supreme issues of English politics were still within his grasp. The speech proceeded amid the growing disappointment of all sections of his audience. The Protectionist multitude before him hailed language with which they were familiar, but waited in vain for the conclusions which should logically follow. The Free Trade members grouped on the platform and the Free Trade delegates scattered throughout the Hall listened to arguments and expressions to them profoundly distasteful, and vainly hoped against hope for some declaration which should assign definite limits to the new departure. Party politicians eagerly waiting to champion one cause or the other grew gloomy as they learned that they had to champion both; and the ordinary citizen, puzzled and bewildered, departed no wiser than he came. The Prime Minister was perhaps the only person whose satisfaction was complete.

What is this policy of "Retaliation?" It may mean everything, it may mean nothing. It may mean an uncompromising policy of "tit-for-tat"—a fiscal eye for a fiscal eye and a tariff tooth for a tariff tooth. It may mean merely the occasional readjustment of Customs duties for bargaining purposes with foreign nations, or the right which every Govern-

ment possesses of resorting to unusual remedies to cure unusual evils. But, however vague and indefinite the policy of retaliation, Mr. Balfour's motives in proclaiming it are plain. As "inquiry" was to keep the Cabinet together, so "retaliation" is to keep the party together. As the first device was for a while successful, so the second may be for a while successful, and as the first came in the end to utter collapse and confusion so—except for great good fortune—will it be with the second. Let us, however, examine it with patience.

II

In theory and upon its merits there is much to be said for "Retaliation." Foreign nations do not consider us in their tariff arrangements—not because they wish to hurt us, but because we are not accustomed to rap their knuckles when we are offended or jog their elbows when duties are being rearranged. And although they freely extend to us the benefits of the most favoured nation we do not obtain that special consideration adapted to our own peculiar circumstances for which we might fairly ask. Too often Jack Sprat looks in vain for a piece of lean, where nothing but the fat he cannot eat is offered: and no consistent Free Trader could object to such leverage as the necessary Customs duties afford being employed to secure more advantageous treatment. We have in these already an instrument which might easily be used as Mr. Cobden used it. The duty upon sugar gives us counters to play with the German. The tobacco tax touches the American. The tariff against wines and spirits is a matter of importance to the French. There is something to be said for an occasional policy of commercial pin-pricks.

But we must not imagine we shall get very much, for we have already secured almost all that foreign countries are ready to give. They are not going to expose their protected industries to our hardy out-of-door competition. Their vested interests will fight like tigers to retain the monopoly of their

home market. Here and there a little more courteous attention may be procured, but the idea that we shall succeed in persuading them to abandon that system of Protection we propose to pay them the compliment of imitating, is a chimera wild and vain. Nor is it in most cases in the power of foreign Governments to make substantial concessions. In France, for instance, the logical genius of the French mind has developed perhaps the most perfect instrument of Protection in the world. There is a shockingly high fighting tariff for fiscal foes and a lower but still sufficiently high protective tariff for fiscal friends. So long as the minimum tariff necessary to protect the home producer is not infringed, the Government may at discretion bargain with other Powers. But nothing further may be conceded without appeal to the Chambers—and once the matter is there the vested interests will see that it comes to no great harm. All the advantages of the minimum tariff France already freely gives us. Nothing but prolonged and ruinous tariff warfare is likely to secure more. The case of the United States is different but not dissimilar. A reciprocity clause in the Dingley Tariff Act authorises the President to negotiate commercial treaties within certain limits. The President has accordingly negotiated no fewer than eleven. But hitherto the Senate has not found it convenient to consider one. The truth must be swallowed that the main object of foreign Protection is to protect. The Protectionist countries are agreeably tickled by the growth of their export trade, even when it is unprofitable; but what they really love is the monopoly of their home market. Retaliation upon their export trade, which is all that we can reach, may possibly gain small concessions, will more probably provoke reprisals, but will not in any case break down that minimum tariff which their statesmen approve and their capitalists demand.

There is another set of considerations not to be overlooked. "Retaliation" under the limitations aforesaid may be attractive in principle. How is it going to be put into practice?

Mr. Balfour has declared against a general tariff from which reductions may be made according to favours received. It would, he declares, be too great a disturbance of our industries and commerce. So that each separate case is to be dealt with on its merits. By whom? Is Parliament seriously to be asked to surrender the power to tax or untax to a party Cabinet? It is not possible to conceive a greater constitutional change. On the other hand, imagine a succession of Sugar Convention bills fought out on the floor of the House of Commons amid the clamour of conflicting interests! Conceive, moreover, the quadruple uncertainty of the trades involved, first, at the threat of Retaliation; secondly, if the threat proves ineffective, at the actual Retaliation; thirdly, if the actual Retaliation proves effective at the expectation that the new duties will be removed; and fourthly, at the actual removal of the duties. Remembering, on the one hand, the small advantages to be gained, and on the other the risks and difficulties to be encountered, it does not appear that the Sheffield policy of Retaliation is likely to be very popular or very dangerous. But what stands behind it?

III

And now a word or two on what I will call "The Retaliations of Free Trade." Are we really so defenceless? Is there no retribution for fiscal aggression on a Free Trade neighbour? Do we always lose and do our rivals always gain? Let us examine the whole operation. The German manufacturer, having obtained high tariff protection, enters into a syndicate and secures the monopoly of the German market. Nothing can injure him but a fall in prices in that market; and where the article he makes is a necessity hardly anything but its abundance can lower prices. Therefore he has only to make scarcity constant to prosper. Therefore, when he produces more than the German market can swallow without a fall in prices, he respects his preserved area and "dumps" his excess product

elsewhere for what it will fetch. Sometimes he is aided by a State bounty on the export; sometimes his fellow manufacturers subscribe among themselves to get the stuff out of the country. The manufacturer enjoys himself all round, and every German in the land is placed under levy through the taxes out of which the Government pays the bounty, and much more through the enhanced price of commodities. Individuals make fortunes; syndicates flourish; trade is distorted; and the home market starved. And all these conditions tend progressively to aggravate.

We are the recipients of the dumped commodity; and those who make it over here often suffer. I agree with Mr. Balfour's pamphlet that they suffer injustice. Other industries gain and gain—as can be proved—more than the sufferers lose. But that is not an answer. There is truth in the doctrine that true economic advantage cannot be founded on injustice. I admit the dislocation of particular trades. I admit that the injury of the affected trade is real, though often exaggerated. Some Englishmen face unnatural loss; others gain unnatural profits. And though the profit may, and usually does, exceed the loss, the injury and the injustice remain. What is our answer? Swiftly and surely, directed and impelled not by a muddled Government and a harassed Legislature, through the agency of stupid and expensive Customs officials, but by the steady workings of inexorable laws come the Retaliations of Free Trade. Consider bountied sugar. Sugar becomes cheap in England and dear in Germany. Manufactures in England requiring sugar thrive; manufactures in Germany requiring sugar starve. The raw material is thrust upon us below cost price; we retort by sending back the finished article. The German dumps sugar at a loss. We return higher-grade manufactures of sugar at a profit. Our reply to the sugar-dumper is "Jam and pickles"; despised, profitable "jam and pickles," and much else besides. The German dumps ship-plates at a price which cannot remunerate him; we retort him ships at a price with which he cannot compete. He "dumps" his steel, and

we answer him with machinery. At every step our business is a paying transaction ; at every step his business is a losing transaction. At every step our industries move forward into those higher grades where labour is more skilled, more varied, more generously rewarded, and by proficiency in which an old country can alone maintain that "leadership" in respect to quality, vital to her industrial strength.

So much for the injury and its reprisals. What of the injustice? We do not live in a perfect world of abstract equity. It is not sensible or practical to condemn our systems and conditions because they do not attain to our ideals. But when we contrast our system with our neighbours', on whose population does the balance of injustice fall? In Germany the injustice is to the many, the gain to the few; in England the few suffer and the many gain. The greater German injustice arises from the deliberate action of the German Government, the smaller English injustice arises from circumstances beyond our control; and the English injustice, however it may be regretted, leaves us substantially the better off, while the German injustice causes to Germany nothing but ruin and waste. Our profit in the matter is not founded on the injustice, such as it is, caused to our own people, but to the fact that, in spite of that injustice, the conditions prevailing in England are comparatively so much more equitable. I do not assert that our chance of maintaining "commercial leadership" depends on foreign dumping. Compared to the total volume of our wealth and trade, the quantity of goods deposited below cost price or at unremunerative rates in our country is inconsiderable. Yet, in so far as the practice prevails, it undoubtedly stimulates the movement of British labour to the higher grades of employment and industry, and to a much greater extent retards that movement in rival countries. Upon the whole—and it is upon the whole that these things must be considered—dumping does us more good than harm, and retaliation would do us more harm than good.

IV

I have tried to consider Mr. Balfour's Sheffield proposal as if it stood by itself, as if it were a policy reluctantly assented to by a government of Free Traders, as if there had been no Protectionist multitude before him, as if there were no "raging, tearing propaganda," no Birmingham Tariff Committee, and on Mr. Chamberlain. Yet these are the deciding factors. Powers of retaliation which would be comparatively innocuous and sometimes positively beneficial in the hands of a Free Trade Government might easily become, in the face of existing circumstances, a mere stalking-horse for Protection. The very strength and enthusiasm of the Tariff Reform Movement, far more than the scruples of Unionist Free Traders, will be fatal to the half-hearted Tariff reformers; and the controversy so wantonly provoked must go forward to an issue. If the Protectionists win the victory, Mr. Balfour will either have to toe their line or stand aside, and when he resumed his seat at Sheffield the main conduct of the battle had passed from his hands.

The truth is that these great dividing questions cannot be settled by clever manipulation of men and phrases. The differences of Free Trader and Protectionist strike down to the roots of thought. Their controversy is abiding, and while the question is alive they must always fight. Not all the arts, amiable or adroit, with which Mr. Balfour has so often smoothed over difficulties in the past can separate the combatants, still less make them dwell together in peace. The dividing-line is not one of intellect only, but of sentiment and aspiration. Every march affords a field of decisive battle. Behind the skirmish lines of dialecticians advance the dense columns of antagonistic interests; and if the first dispute is about the multiplication table, the last is upon the destiny of man.

The victory of the Free Traders in the 'forties was so complete, so crowned with triumph and smiling days, that the

strength of the Protectionist army had been forgotten. The last sullen commandos were never subdued. They survived in holes and corners. Faithful sentinels watched from mountain caves the long heyday of prosperity in the valleys below them. They never bowed the knee to new ideas. The Duke of Rutland, the Lowthers, the Chaplins, the Howard Vincents, each in their own way and at their own time, kept the old flag flying; and all waited patiently for their hour to come.

And not only had we forgotten the strength of the beaten army, but the strength of the beaten argument. For at least a generation Protection has been ridiculed rather than repudiated. Elaborate propositions of Fair Trade, backed with thought and courage, were brushed aside easily and serenely among educated people. So decisive had been the battle that for fifty years the simple terror of the old war-cries was enough to scatter the insurgent bands. And yet there was one considerable movement which made its impression on those who encountered it. No one acquainted with the influence exerted upon the Lancashire electorate during the trade depression of 1885 by Mr. Farrar Ecroyd should have failed to understand how strongly the sophisms of Protection appeal to working men. But, while we must not underrate our enemy, there is no need to fear him.

V

We are at the outset confronted with a remarkable proposition. "All Free Trade arguments," it is said, "have been used before. They are old-fashioned; they are the theories of doctrinaires. It is absurd to apply them to twentieth century conditions. Therefore we wipe them all out." Now Free Traders are perfectly ready to admit that the lapse of years has modified old conditions. The battle of 1903 cannot be won with the weapons of 1846. In so far as conditions have

changed new arguments must be used, and new formations adopted to meet new attacks. But Mr. Chamberlain's policy is not new, and still less is it original. The principles on which it rests were tried in the world in all the ages from Adam to Adam Smith. The arguments by which it is advocated are to be found with their refutations in every library. The proposals themselves are substantially and almost exactly the same as those of the Fair Trade League of the eighties. Mr. Chamberlain has adopted with scarcely any alteration the programme of Mr. Farrar Ecroyd. Is it not remarkable that he and his supporters should think themselves entitled to use all the arguments of the Fair Trade League, and at the same time should try to rule out of court all the arguments by which the Fair Trade League were refuted and discredited. Any one who chooses to read Lord Farrer's book, "Free Trade *v.* Fair Trade," can see every single argument used by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour to-day—that we are being excluded from neutral markets; that Mr. Cobden's theories were adapted only to a Free Trade world; that retaliation is a paying game; that colonial custom would compensate for foreign custom; that we are paying America out of our accumulated capital; and that a stream of securities is flowing from our shores across the Atlantic—every single argument was dealt with in the controversy of that day, and we are calmly told that the answers to these old assertions are not worth considering because the circumstances of the world have changed. It is quite true that the circumstances of the world have changed, but if they still justify the assertion, they still justify the reply; and in so far as they have changed since 1885, they have changed very much to the disadvantage of Fair Traders. It is quite true that Mr. Farrar Ecroyd could not then appeal to Anti-German prejudice, nor could he point to the purchase by Mr. Pierpont Morgan of a number of old ships at twice their market value; nor had he the powerful support of Mr. Chamberlain; but he had one tremendous argument on his side. In days of light taxation and thrifty finance, after many

years of peace, a wave of severe commercial depression was passing over the country. Factories were closed, hands were idle, capitalists and manufacturers were everywhere losing money. And it must have taken no little faith and courage on the part of political economists to stand by their theories in the face of what seemed such a contrary and contradictory result. The contrast was effective: on the one hand, pedants and philosophers pursuing abstract argument; on the other practical men dealing with the realities of commerce. Of all this the Fair Traders took the utmost advantage. We have on record the gloomy prophecies they made. We were going from bad to worse. We were living on our capital. We should be soon ruined. Our working classes would be forced to emigrate or starve. Our colonies would most certainly abandon us—unless we abandoned our quixotic fiscal practice and adopted the platform of the Fair Trade League.

What happened? Argument triumphed; reason was vindicated. Although the Conservative party which contained the Fair Traders obtained supreme power, England remained a Free Trade country.

And what is the position to-day?

The Free Traders possess the economic arguments which in 1846 were effective to overthrow the most enlightened, most powerful, most honourable set of monopolists ever known in this country; and which again in 1885 withstood the apparent teachings of hard facts and all the excitement based thereon. We have them still. Is it likely we are going to deprive ourselves of them because the Prime Minister calls them moth-eaten and the *Times* calls them musty? Discussion! We welcome it.

But we have something more. We have the evidence of undoubted commercial prosperity. We have as proved facts the absurd predictions of the Fair Traders of 1885. It is a matter of experience that while they were preaching the swift and imminent ruin of the land, its brightest and most generous years were approaching. We progressed from bad trade intc

good trade; and from good trade into better. Our Customs returns mounted steadily, though the hours of labour were reduced; pauperism and crime diminished, though charity was more bountiful and justice less exacting. Wages went steadily forward. The price of food came steadily down. The marvellous progression of the Income Tax unfolded like an Arabian tale. And in the stern hour of war those colonies —whose support and affection we were to lose for ever—were found by no means wanting.

And yet these false prophets are croaking again to-day the same old croaking tune. Like the Bourbons they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing; and unabashed by their own exposure they presume to mock and magnify such miscalculations as the scrutiny of sixty years has revealed in the teachings of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright.

VI

The position which many moderate reasonable people occupy to-day is one of great difficulty. They lie between the party organisations. They take a sincere pride and pleasure in the development and consolidation of the Empire, but they are not prepared to see Imperialism exploited as a mere electioneering dodge. They would not support a Government prepared only to deal with delicate and momentous questions of Colonial and inter-Colonial administration on the narrow principles and extensive prejudices of Exeter Hall. But they recoil from that preaching which reduces all the noblest sentiments of the British race to planks in the platform of a party leader. They do not admit that the war emotions and disturbances may rightly be used to alter the systems of government and finance under which England has prospered so long. They do not understand why advantage should have been taken of these unusual circumstances to incur charges and propose departures which would never have been contemplated in the piping times of

peace. They honour the Imperialism of the camp. They loathe the Imperialism of the caucus. Mafeking is splendid. "Mafficking" is mean. Are they visionary, are they dishonest, are they illogical to recoil from both extremes? Is there no middle course. Is the only alternative, "Let 'em all come," or "Let it all go"? I am not so sure.

The great question is—are political organisations made for men or men for political organisations? Do we not submit too readily to a process of reciprocal coercion? Are politics in England to-day to be ruled by men or by machinery? The Press is a mighty engine of discipline and authority. Whosoever holds the handles of power him they succour and sustain. Old Liberal speculators of the past used to say in their dreams: "Give us a free Press and a wide franchise, and there will be no more wars or tyrannies." How vain and shortsighted are the wisest prophets! The Liberals entertained high hopes of newspapers and of large electorates. The Tories feared and resisted both. Yet both have helped the Tories and hurt the Liberals. Great newspapers are owned by wealthy men. Wealthy men are decidedly on the side of the "Haves" and decidedly against the "Have-nots." Thus, a vast electorate receives its information. How is it brought to the poll? The ten-pounder had to be persuaded. Nowadays it is organisation that counts; and organisation is a matter of money.

This growth of the importance of machinery squashes individuals alike in politics and journalism. Fifty years ago there were a score of private members in the House of Commons whose word weighed in the councils of the nation not less than the word of distinguished Ministers. Now the private member is an antic. If he is silent he is a fool. If he lifts his voice he is a knave—disappointed because his pretensions are ignored. A hundred years ago the Press was weak, but its writers were strong. Individual pamphleteers shaped the policies and shook the stability of powerful Governments Nowadays the letters of Junius would sell for a penny-a-line. The politician jumps at a bone. The journalist becomes a

cynic. Never was there an age when man was so small and social machinery so large.

If on all this be superimposed a vast incubus of protected interests, shall we ever stand erect in health and honesty again?

The first set of tariffs may indeed be framed to serve the trade of the country. The second set will be arranged to suit the fortunes of a party. This to catch the iron vote, that to collar the cotton; this other, again, to rope in the woollens. Every dirty little monopolist in the island will have his own "society" to push his special trade; and for each and all the watchword will be, "Scratch my back," and the countersign, "I'll scratch yours." Every election will turn on Tariff. Something for Newcastle! Something for Birmingham! Something for Glasgow! See already how Mr. Chamberlain has advanced. Protection for the English miller. Offal for the Irish pig. Here we conciliate the country party. There we appeal to the artisan. All who will organise effectively shall share the spoils. All who cannot organise will pay the costs. Every Member of Parliament will be a dockyard member. Apart from all the bribery—direct and indirect—which cannot fail to creep in, who will dare to set himself above the needs of his own constituency? Others are having their share. Why should any stand out? "Favours for all in front, and the devil take the hindmost."

Let those who think this overdrawn look to the experience of high protected countries where there exists a vigorous commercial life. Let them study the proceedings in Germany, in the United States—nay, our own colony of Canada—when a tariff revision is impending. Let them inquire what has poisoned the early days of the Australian commonwealth. Let them think—from their own experience—what would happen here if the House of Commons—hitherto chaste because unsolicited—were to have the fate of every industry periodically placed in the hollow of its hand. Mr. Austen Chamberlain would not allow it to decide the wages of the Post Office

servants—because that would be an "invidious" task. Mr. Balfour did not think it fit to arbitrate upon the claims of Trade Unions—because of the "pressure" which would be applied. And yet these very Ministers who have urged these arguments now are eager to expose it to temptations and perils beside which these duties cannot even be considered. Why is our Legislature the purest in the world? Is it because we are the only incorruptible race?

Out of all these changed conditions and unmeasured forces the new party will emerge. Not the old historic Conservatism, with its traditions, its beliefs, and its dreams, but a blatant thing of "caucuses" and "platforms," acting through a tributary House of Commons, sustained by a strong confederation of capitalists and combinations, and founded on special classes of organised and privileged labour. The slave of great interests. The master of a great people. Over all, like a red robe flung about the shoulders of a sturdy beggar, an extravagant and aggressive militarism; and at the top, installed in splendour, a party leader, half German Chancellor, half American boss.

It is no wonder that Free Traders are cautious in accepting the modest proposals of Mr. Balfour.

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

BRITISH POLICY AND THE BALKANS

II

THE Sultan does not seem disposed to accept the proposals of Austria and Russia, the countries now adopted as leaders by his Majesty's Government, who have thereby forsaken the engagements that this country undertook in the Treaties of Paris and Berlin.

By Article 7 of the Treaty of Paris the Powers of Europe "declared the Sublime Porte to be admitted to participate in the advantages of the Public Law and System of Europe." Their Sovereigns "engaged each on his part to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire, guaranteeing in common the strict observance of that engagement, and will, in consequence, consider any act tending to its violation as a question of general interest."

This Treaty was followed by the tripartite Treaty between Great Britain, Austria and France, dated April 15, of the same year, 1856. By this Treaty the three Powers guaranteed, jointly and severally, the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and declared that "any infraction of the stipulations of the said Treaty will be considered by the Powers signing the said Treaty as a *casus belli*." It was not then contemplated that England would become a retainer of Austria and Russia.

By the Treaty of Berlin, Article 63, the Treaty of Paris, as well as the Treaty of London, of March 13, 1871, were declared to be maintained. Such was the policy in the first place of Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon, and, after an interval of twenty-two years, of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, four statesmen not less capable than our present governors.

It may be urged that circumstances have altered. This is not so. Circumstances can never alter in Turkey; and whenever the Palace perceives that the European Powers are not absolutely united, it takes the opportunity of playing one off against the other. If England is contented with merely the right of suggestion, the Palace knows that other Powers may or may not be satisfied with the same obscure function, and contrives accordingly.

A Sultan once declared that Constantinople would always be safe, protected in the same way as a beautiful woman in the hands of brigands all contending for her. The continuous policy of Turkey is a playing off of certain Powers against others; and whether the councillors of the Sultan be Turks, Afghans, Arabs, Greeks or Armenians, all fighting against each other, his diplomacy is always limited to the possibility of procuring dissensions amongst his ill-assorted allies. As the case is now, so it was in 1878. This will be seen from the following information given to me at that period by certain persons who had peculiar means of obtaining solid information.

Suleiman Pasha—best and most unjustly abused man in Europe. His history gives the best insight into the history of Turkey for the last year. He was early marked out for destruction by the Palace. Sent off to Montenegro; brought back only at a critical moment; kept at Schipka to lose his army and his popularity; sent off to Rustchuk when too late to do any good, time having been given for Russian reinforcements; ordered to go from Rustchuk to Adrianople overland, and when he disobeyed and came by sea to Constantinople, alleging that the routes were impassable, met by *aides-de-camp* of the Palace, and conducted to the railway station; hardly a week at Adrianople when ordered to go to Kamarli in command of Shakir's army; cut off from Adrianople by the treacherous surrender of the Schipka Pass; obliged to

retreat across Rhodope Mountains, and arriving at Enos with a broken army and a broken reputation, the policy of the Palace was at last successful, and Suleiman Pasha became a discredited general. The moment this was accomplished he was arrested and thrown into a fortress in the Dardanelles, and will now probably be shot. The reason for all this is twofold :

(1) Suleiman is by far the ablest man in the Turkish Empire as a soldier and a statesman, and a supporter of Midhat's[1] constitution.

(2) Still more, it was he, even more than Hussein Avni, whose unbending determination and actual hand executed the deposal of Abdul Aziz.

"It is nae so easy flitting kings." Every man connected with this deposition has had to pay the penalty, not to speak of the murder of Hussein Avni, possibly accidental. Midhat was exiled by an unprecedentedly despotic act; old Abdul Kerim is a prisoner at Lemnos; Suleiman has been the object of an absolute policy of destruction. At Schipka, after his victory at Kezanlik he wished to join either Osman or Mahmoud Ali, and he was ordered by a telegram in his possession to attack the Schipka Pass. He then sent a sketch of Fort St. Nicholas to the Palace, showing the impregnability of Fort St. Nicholas. The Sultan looked at the sketch, said he saw nothing impregnable in it, and that Suleiman must obey orders. To give an indication of how he was always viewed in the Palace, when Midhat Pasha asked for the bâton of maréchal for him from the Sultan it was refused, but the next day Mahmoud Damed told Midhat that the Sultan would accord the rank on the condition that Suleiman left Constantinople the next day. The destruction of Suleiman was always the principal object at the Palace, the destruction of the Russian armies being quite subsidiary. There is probably not a Turk in the whole Turkish Empire, with the exception of the Palace clique of fawning and corrupt courtiers, who is not convinced of Suleiman's incorruptibility and patriotism. The history of Suleiman is the key of all that has taken place within the last year in Turkey.

Baker Pasha says Suleiman's movements were inexplicable, except from treason.

The movement to which he refers was a forty-eight hours' halt at Otlokeui, on retreat from Kamarli to Enos. This halt was in consequence of a despatch, now in Suleiman's possession, ordering him to halt on the ground that an armistice had been signed. The whole misunderstanding, concerning the armistice in which the Porte alleged itself to be deceived by Russia and England (as to principle and conditions) was a deliberate plan and policy of the Palace.

Negotiations between Russia and the Palace had been going on for

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[1] See *The Life of Midhat Pasha : a record of his services, political reforms, banishment and judicial murder.* By his son Ali Haydar Midhat Bey. Murray, 1903.

months through a person whose name I know. The *basis* of a secret arrangement had then been agreed upon.

The Palace knew, while the Porte was ignorant of this basis. The key of all is fear of Suleiman and Deputies, just as the basis of arrangement is protective of the Palace by Russian troops against Deputies.

The secret history of late events has been this: When Plevna fell and Kars had also fallen, and Erzeroum was daily expected to fall, the discontent and anger of Constantinople assumed dangerous proportions, and threatened the throne of the Sultan. The particular form and expression which this discontent took were interpellations in the Parliament, where Midhat's party was in a majority in intelligence and numbers, backed and supported by the universal feeling of the army, of which Suleiman Pasha was the chief symbol. This was notorious. But the following is what actually took place in the councils of the Palace. Further resistance to the Russians after Plevna was deemed impossible. Every step forward of the Russians increased the domestic danger. The resolution was then taken at the Palace to confine the greater domestic danger which threatened the throne and the dynasty by compounding with the external enemy. Mahmoud Damad was sent on a mysterious journey, on a pretext of visiting the defences of the Balkans, though for three weeks none knew his exact whereabouts, and the first exact indication of the object of his visit was the surrender of the army in the Schipka Pass.

He went to the Russian camp and negotiated the secret treaty with the Russians, the fruits of which were immediately apparent. An armistice was asked for, and on the pretence of a misunderstanding about the armistice, orders from Constantinople were telegraphed to the Turkish commanders to suspend military operations. This armistice never having been agreed to by the Russians except in principle, the Russian commanders on their side marched forward more decidedly than ever, and the whole Turkish army at Schipka was taken prisoner. Suleiman and his army were cut off from Adrianople, and driven for bare life across the Rhodope Mountains with the loss of baggage and artillery. Not only this, but Adrianople, which ought to have stopped the Russians for months, was evacuated without a shot fired; and the lines of Boyouk-Tchehmedje, where the Turks might have made a final stand for months, were evacuated with the neutral zone. To cover and make possible these arrangements, sham negotiations were entered upon at Kezanlik and Adrianople by Server and Safvet Pashas, who were absolutely ordered by Izzed Bey, the Sultan's *aide-de-camp*, sent to Adrianople for that purpose, to sign any conditions which the Grand Duke might impose; the memorandum of these conditions being already in the hands of the Sultan, brought to him by Mahmoud Damad.

The consideration for which the Russian occupation was bought was the protection of the Sultan and his dynasty against the domestic rebellion which

was imminent, and the presence of a Russian army in the immediate vicinity of Constantinople was the best and perhaps only means of over-awing and defeating this rebellion. Server Pasha and Namyk Pasha (who was at Beyrout when the massacres took place) are in the secret of these transactions—Safvet Pasha to a very much smaller extent, and Achmet Vefyk not at all.

Anybody who trusts to the fact of a Philo-English Prime Minister being in power at the present moment is destined to be wofully disappointed. The very fact of such a one being in power at the present moment, when Russian influence is necessarily in the ascendant, ought to awaken every jealousy and suspicion. If he is there now, it can only be to throw dust in the eyes of England and of the Turkish people, and cover the deliberate plot of the Palace, of safeguarding its own dynastic interests at the expense of all the permanent interests of the country. The very moment he has answered this purpose he will be discarded like an old pair of gloves. Mahmoud Nedim or Server Pasha will become the ostensible as well as the real councillors of the Sultan. It cannot be too categorically and absolutely stated as a canon for practical guidance in the present state of affairs, that the Palace is, and will remain, as absolutely Russian as Faust belonged to Mephistopheles. That the sharpest and most patriotic spirits among the Turks see through all this, and that the plot is capable of being exposed and defeated and the whole Palace conspiracy, and the Palace itself overturned, I positively assert—but intelligent and practical means to that end must be resolutely adopted with a clear and definite purpose in view.

England was not at that time satisfied with the functions of suggestion. Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield came forward as the representatives of public law, and insisted that the Treaty of San Stefano, signed by two parties only, should be subjected to the control of Europe. One point on which stress was laid by Lord Salisbury as being a fruit of the Berlin Treaty was "that all Russian influence has been removed to a distance from the shores of the Ægean Sea." Our Government is now satisfied to follow the two Powers now attempting to obtain the partition of Macedonia to the exclusion of England.

I referred in my last article to the constitution established for Eastern Roumelia. Something of this kind is now evidently the desire of the Macedonian Committee. They have declared that their aim is to obtain the local autonomies laid down by Article 23 of the Treaty of Berlin, and that these autonomies should be drawn up by mixed European Commissions.

The Organic Statute of Eastern Roumelia was divided into fifteen chapters. It is only necessary to refer to the first, which lays down "le droit public de la province," and which contains the general principles of the whole organisation. It will hence be seen that, while full individual liberties were guaranteed to the inhabitants of the province, the rights of the Sultan were securely reserved.

Article 1 of the chapter declares the province to be placed under the direct political and military authority of the Sultan under conditions of administrative autonomy.

Article 2 defines the frontiers as laid down by the Treaty of Berlin. The Sultan, under the limitations of the Treaty, provides for the defence of the frontiers by land and sea. Ottoman troops will not enter the province, but in the cases there provided for.

Article 4.—Neither for the defence of the frontiers nor for the maintenance of interior order shall irregular troops be employed, such as Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians.

Article 5.—No colony of Circassians can be established in the province.

By Article 6 the militia is established, but no native of Eastern Roumelia can be forced to enlist in the Ottoman Army. The tax of exoneration from service—the Bedel-i-Askerie—is abolished for the province.

Article 7.—The Sultan names a Christian Governor-General, with the assent of the Powers who signed at Berlin. The Governor-General names the different functionaries for the province with the consent of the Sultan. The Sultan names the general officers and the chiefs of the militia and gendarmerie, according to the principles laid down by Article 15 of the Treaty. He delegates to the Governor the right to name officers up to the rank of captain.

Article 8.—Justice is administered in the name of the Sultan.

Article 9.—The Sultan has the right of pardon and amnesty.

Article 10 establishes a provincial army, and passes laws subject to the sanction, and promulgated in the name, of the Sultan by the Governor-General. If the sanction is not refused in two months, the law is considered sanctioned.

Article 11.—The Legislative Chambers have the right to introduce qualifications in the laws of the Empire.

Article 12.—The province participates in the representative institutions of the Empire by naming, through the provincial Assembly, the number of deputies allocated to the Province by the constitution, which had not then been abrogated. The legislative body of the province was exclusively competent to pass laws: (*a*) destined to regulate the conduct and the administrative organisations, judicial and financial, then created; (*b*) laws to modify or transform existing taxes; (*c*) laws creating new taxes; (*d*) the laws of the Budget and the publication of accounts; (*e*) laws of octrois and mines, the regulation of waters and forests; (*f*) highway laws; (*g*) agricultural, commercial, and industrial laws; (*h*) laws concerning institutions of credit; (*i*) laws regulating the management of the provincial domain; (*j*) laws concerning the judicial organisation, criminal and civil.

Article 14.—Provincial law could only be altered or modified or changed by the Provincial Legislature.

Article 15.—Forests, mines, and generally all real property belonging to the State in Eastern Roumelia to belong to the province.

Article 16.—Eastern Roumelia participates in the general expenses of the Empire in the proportion of three-tenths of its revenues, excepting those reserved to the Empire.

Article 17.—The revenues of the custom houses, posts, and telegraphs, are reserved to the Empire, but paid by the Local Financial Administration.

Article 18.—The legal money of the province is the gold money of the Empire.

Article 19.—Custom houses, post-offices, telegraphs, light-houses, and railways concerned in the system of communica-

tions of the different provinces of the Empire, and of the Empire with Europe, as also the fabrication and sale of arms of war and of powder, are reserved to the Empire. The officials employed for this purpose are subject to the Governor-General as representing the central power.

Article 20.—The treaties, conventions, and international arrangements of all kinds already concluded or to be concluded between the Porte and foreign Powers are to be applied to Eastern Roumelia. The rights and privileges belonging to foreigners, whatever their condition, were to be respected in the province.

Article 21.—A just distribution to be made of public offices in regard to the majority of the inhabitants of the different districts.

Article 22.—The principal languages of the country—Turkish, Bulgarian, and Greek—to be employed in the province by the authorities and by private individuals in their relation with the authorities according to the following rules: The language of the district was to be employed. The administrative and judicial authorities, both central and departmental, in their correspondence with subordinate authorities to use the language spoken by the majority of the population in the districts of the said subordinate authorities. Turkish to be the official language for correspondence with the Sublime Porte and the authorities in other parts of the Empire. Laws and other public documents to be drawn up in Turkish, Bulgarian, and Greek. Before the tribunals, private individuals to have the right of using one of the three principal languages at their choice. Every decree or judgment to be officially translated into that of the three languages indicated by the interested party who may demand the translation.

Such is the statute which appears applicable to the case of Macedonia. Two Committees have been appointed to interest European Powers in the affairs of the Christian provinces of Turkey and to obtain the fulfilment of promises which have been neglected for five and twenty years. One Committee i

formed at Sofia and projects the union of all the provinces into a Greater Bulgaria; the other is restricted to Macedonia alone.

My correspondents are of opinion that for Macedonia and the other Balkan States to become subjects of either Russia, Austria or Germany would be practical annihilation. A Greater Bulgaria would be even a greater mistake. For these reasons the scheme, already published, and desired by the second or National Macedonian Committee, proposes the formation of four autonomous provinces under Christian governors with an international gendarmerie.

The following facts are among the data of the problem not generally known in England.

Austria concluded in 1897 an arrangement with Russia—renewed in 1902—which cuts the Balkan Peninsula into two spheres of influence—Salonika and Servia going into the Austrian sphere and Constantinople and Bulgaria into the Russian.

Austria concluded in 1902 an understanding with Italy concerning Albania.

Austria has an arrangement with Germany concerning the Balkans. This understanding seems especially directed against English interests.

It deals with three points. The first point relates to internal Austrian questions, especially as to the succession; the second point is a promise of support by Germany of Austrian interest in the Balkans, as defined in the Austro-Russian agreement of 1897, and renewed in 1902, settling the partition of the Balkans between Austria and Russia.

The third point in the Austro-German understanding stipulates for a Zollverein between Austria and Germany.

By these arrangements Salonika will become a German port.

By an arrangement with Russia, made in 1901 and ratified in 1902, Bulgaria becomes virtually a Russian province. The Minister of War is to be approved by Russia, as is the

nomination of all the superior officers of the Bulgarian Army.

Montenegro has similar arrangements with Russia.

Servia, until the assassination of King Alexander, had no Treaty binding her to Russia or Austria. But there is said to be now a secret understanding with Russia, which places Servia on the same footing as Bulgaria and Montenegro.

The whole policy of Russia and also of Germany concerning the Balkans is similar to their policy in 1876. The armed intervention of Austria and Russia, backed by Germany, is decided upon.

Austria is to occupy Servia and advance to Salonika; Russia is to occupy Bulgaria and to go to Constantinople; Italy to co-operate in Albania and perhaps in Tripoli. This may now have been modified.

Once Austria in Salonika, the Zollverein with Germany will be in full force. Great Britain is the only Power which has a vital interest in delaying the progress eastward of Austria, Germany and Russia. That result can be obtained without war if England takes the initiative in settling once for all the Turkish question in Europe. This result can be obtained by the creation of four autonomous provinces—Macedonia, Thracia, Kossovo, and Albania. These would later form a Balkan Federation under the supervision of Europe.

I, of course, cannot guarantee the accuracy of this information, but I am convinced that my informants are speaking *bonâ fide*, and that their statements are based on reasonable grounds. A great deal more has been communicated to me which, whether true or not, it does not appear to be advisable to make public. But the fact that such reports have obtained much credence, both in the Christian provinces of Turkey, in Austria, and in other countries interested in the Slavonic question, proves the serious character of the agitation which is now going on, and which will not be tranquillised by partial remedies. There is no doubt that we may soon hear of further outbreaks in Servia. The disaffection in Hungary is said to be

fostered by a powerful European State, and it would be advisable for the Government to show to the country that they are cognisant of the real position of politics in the Near East, and that they will be prepared with something more efficacious than a timorous policy of suggestion.

Within the last few days intelligence has reached England confirming much of the above. Austria and Russia have rejected Lord Lansdowne's proposal "that the Powers should agree to depute the military attachés of their respective embassies at Constantinople to accompany the Turkish forces." Further, it is telegraphed from Berlin that the proposal I have made for a conference is objected to by Germany "because there is a tacit agreement between the Powers to leave the regulation of Balkan affairs in the hands of Russia and Austria-Hungary for the present."

These circumstances absolutely indicate the intention of the three Powers—Austria, Germany and Russia—if possible, to hamper England in the Mediterranean. To this course Lord Lansdowne applies no alternative.

HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF.

EUROPEAN POLICY AND THE BALKANS

"LA question macédonienne, quelle salade!" observed the Paris diplomatic agent of a Balkan State to me in September last. "Salade russe, petits fours viennois!" humorously interposed, with a touch of bitter melancholy, the military attaché of a great Power. And to-day as yesterday, to-day more so than yesterday, despite the recent conference of the Czar and Emperor-King, and the slightly modified turn which the new Protocol, issued from the joint labours of their Foreign Ministers, would seem to have brought about in the affairs of the unfortunate peninsula—his biting epigram sums up with equal penetration and picturesqueness the situation in the Near East. This situation has called forth an unprecedented amount of literature; its "outward signs" have been sifted and made use of in every sense; but few have endeavoured to subordinate suitably to the general procession of events and course of European evolution the inextricable plethora of detail, ever vague or distorted. Fewer still have been successful, since, in the absence of any but the most suspicious censorship, such details lend themselves too readily to the many-coloured adaptations of party spirit. Hence the difficulty and reluctance to unravel, by means of well-grounded, if inevitably hypothetic, reasoning, the "inward grace," or, if you will, disgrace of the crisis.

In the October number of this Review Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, with no mean wealth of documentary evidence in support of his contentions, most skilfully emphasised the innumerable analogies existing between the Balkan outlook of 1877–78 and the present aspect. He thereby implicitly demonstrated that the main obstacle, one rather created than begotten, to a solution I will not say final—in politics, as in medicine, empiricism is gradually receding before rational treatment—but even to a temporary settlement, which would permit of the progressive elaboration of a definite scheme likely to conciliate both the requirements of the balance of power and the specific necessities of the affected regions, that such an obstacle was due to external circumstances, not internal conditions. Far be from me any desire to deny the existence of local factors of unrest, or to underestimate their importance; only I believe them to be widely misrepresented in their manifestations and significance. Some, through ignorance or prejudice, others through personal, nay, altruistic interest—the immense majority—travel from doubtful premises to still hastier conclusions. I propose neither to impeach nor to condone the secular conduct of the Turk; I am content to observe that the politico-religious creed wherein his mental attitude was originally cast imbues him at his birth with the idea of the universal superiority of his sect, appointed by Divine right to rule and dominate the world. The intellectual Turk himself—Inspector-General Hilmi Pasha is an example—in whom perpetual contact with the Western civilisation and the modern notion of progress has, as it were, awakened the sceptical chord, will not abdicate the inherited and œcumenical ambitions of his kin. He cannot do so without forfeiting alike his rank and prestige; and in this fidelity to his emblem of "Throne and Altar" he is incomparably more tenacious, if less avowedly pugnacious, than the emasculated descendant of the French Crusader. Moreover, when, throwing a retrospective glance, his eye encounters the flourishing provinces which this notion of Western progress

has cost the dominion of Islam, his humiliation must needs seek comfort in a sullen hatred and obstinate inactivity, which constitute an insuperable moral barrier to any reform Europe means to impose upon him by persuasive methods. Indeed, her benevolence resembles only too vividly that of a master who, under the pretence of relieving the pain occasioned his dog by a diseased paw, would cut it off piecemeal. A radical amputation, or, in other words, the enforced severance of all the European provinces from Turkish suzerainty, might possibly prove to the Ottoman Government a valuable source of relief. The loss of Cuba and the Philippines was certainly effective in the case of Spain; but, as the Spaniard, so the Turk has his point of honour; surrender he cannot, save *in extremis*, when he would have to face the armed and overwhelming force of a coalition which he now knows he need not fear for a long time to come. Besides, should he be tempted to indulge the ironical generosity of anticipating the European demands of the distant future by a premature offer, no doubt he would be earnestly requested to withhold for a while his "voluntary contributions." Further, the Turkish people, irremediably blind to the decadence of their Empire, have never ceased to consider as a "temporary grace" conceded by their Sovereign Lord to the infidels the famous "Capitulations" extorted from him by the Powers, whereof they are barely cognisant, and can still less grasp the real trend. To the Moslem, the Christian represents nothing more than the "rayah," *i.e.*, a slave in bondage or a "ticket-of-leave" man. And thus it happens that the much-boasted tolerance exhibited throughout that portion of Turkish territory which falls under the direct surveillance of Europe is never extended to the more remote provinces, and that concerning other provincial reforms which the Moslems would be the first to claim if, like the Christian population, they could shield their complaints behind consular intercession, nothing can be expected from Ottoman goodwill. Were this goodwill itself a reality, the strained condition of the Treasury, a condition

daily aggravated by the necessity of maintaining on a war footing the huge army of occupation in Macedonia, would materially nullify its possible effects, by reason of an unpaid, malcontent, and venal administration. The acknowledged failure of the Austro-Russian programme of reforms framed in February last invests this twofold argument with all the sweeping force of a postulate of Euclid.

The Macedonian has at least this in common with the Turk, that his behaviour in these latter days has offered much material for discussion, but, unwilling to assume the office of an inspector of moral weights and measures, I will refrain from all comment on the much-abused "balance of criminality." Varied opinions prevail in this country as to the ethnic "make up" of a Macedonian. In the view of many, to begin with, Macedonia contains no such element. There are Bulgars, Servians, Greeks and Wallachs—I was almost about to omit the Moslem and the ubiquitous Jew—or again there are Exarchists and Patriarchists, the more fashionable distinction at the present moment.

On the strength of these artificial distributions, countless and contradictory, and entirely *ex parte* statistics are compiled which all strive hard to vindicate the numerical superiority of this or that race or denomination. The preference shown depends on the race or denomination *for the time being* of the compiler, if a native, or, if he be a British traveller, on the eloquence (they all possess the gift of oratory in that country) of the last Macedonian with whom he has breakfasted. If our countryman's personal inclinations are to sport, he will uphold the Bulgar; when, on the contrary, of a business turn of mind, he will back the Greek. Official statistics there are none; the most approximative calculation is obtained by consulting the military recruiting-books, where are entered, more or less accurately, the respective names and nationalities of the Christians who submit to the payment of a substitute's tax. It is not unintentionally that a few lines back I italicised the words "for the time being." Nationality and denomination,

in the intemperate climate wherewith I deal, are of a remarkably coquettish character. One day, a village will declare itself Exarchist or Bulgarophil in presence of the "Komitadjis," on the morrow before the Ottoman troops in pursuit of the insurgents it will be Patriarchist or Greek. The Turkish rule accords comparative protection to Greeks and Patriarchists, not merely in order to earn the opportune sympathy of a considerable fraction of the population, but to intensify further the ever-latent inter-racial rivalry; and in this respect its achievements cannot be questioned. Certain facts, nevertheless, have been made clear; the Servians, for instance, can boast no conglomerate colonies beyond Old Servia and Monastir; the Greeks include in their returns a large proportion of Wallachs, of whom many are acquainted with none other but the Rouman tongue, and, far from betraying Hellenistic tendencies, take much pride in their national characteristics and culture; but, far and above all, the Bulgars, by virtue of their splendid physique and mental application, and the law of the survival of the fittest, have every chance of attaining to hegemony in an autonomous Macedonia. This ever-growing conviction has given rise to the alliance against the Bulgar of all the weaker races within the province, a quite unnecessary and harmful step, if we consider that European control would remove all danger of Bulgar hegemony ever transgressing the limits of its due prerogatives.

These differences are kept alive by the petty neighbouring States, who, engrossed in their chimerical expectation of an impending dismemberment, are each trying to protect and reinforce their Macedonian kinsmen, with a view to claiming ultimately as their respective due the largest share in the plunder, and more especially the seaboard districts and ports that tickle their inordinate craving for maritime expansion. On the other hand, within the country itself, the party who take their cue from the Gladstonian formula of "Macedonia for the Macedonians," anxious to secure for the region, at whatever cost, pacification and subsequently the unfettered development of

its natural resources, form assuredly no racial entity. But their programme having issued from and being daily strengthened by practical and durable considerations, their influence shows a marked and steady increase. The more enlightened politicians of the adjoining States are perfectly aware of the struggles which an attempt at partition would inevitably entail, with the intervention and permanent occupation of the disturbed areas by the Imperial armies of Russia and Austria as the immediate consequence. And some of the most fervent advocates of a "Greater Bulgaria" in earlier times have been gradually and in all sincerity converted by the force of logic and events to the idea of maintaining the territorial integrity of Macedonia, whose physiography, it should be added, is hardly as favourable to annexation by Bulgaria as was that of Eastern Roumelia. Face to face with a Macedonia confirmed alike in her indivisibility and prosperity by erection into a self-administered province, paying tribute to the Sultan, under the control of a Christian Governor-General of neutral nationality or an European Commission representative of all the Powers, the covetousness of particularist speculators would be greatly curtailed, if not completely checked. Apart from this, whoever has had an opportunity of conversing with the leaders of Balkan opinion must confess to the fact that the idea of "Confederation," which would be the surest promise for each individual border-State of its independence in the future, and of corresponding progress in the economic and educational spheres, has not only survived their most bitter rivalries, but is gaining strength as the selfishness of the neighbouring Empires is made more obvious to all. The alliance of two of their number once a *fait accompli* would be an excellent stepping-stone to the realisation of this "dream of grandeur." Let us consider for a moment the possibilities of such an agreement between Roumania and Bulgaria. It is not at random that I select this instance. These two States, with a joint population of some eight millions, could, on a war footing, put into the field over 400,000 trained men, figures which might even give

pause to the grasping policy of a great Power, and to this strength would be added the admirable physical defences of their frontiers. It is well known that the Bulgarian Headquarters Staff has borrowed what is best in the military organisations and armaments of Russia and Germany. The Roumanians on their side have taken full advantage of their cordial relations with France to perfect on the Gallic pattern their field artillery and engineering corps; whilst, if we are to rely on expert opinion, the stronghold of Bucharest, defended by an up-to-date system of detached steel forts, designed by and constructed under the personal supervision of the celebrated Belgian General Brialmont, is one of the best in Europe. But there are other than purely technical reasons. In political, as in domestic unions, the most fruitful results are obtained when the two partners, thanks to their specific qualities, supplement each other's deficiencies. In the union I suggest Roumania would supply *en dot* to her ally—whose main feature is that of an almost exclusively rural population—the long-felt want of a class of wealthy landowners and manufacturers, together with the polish of her Western customs and culture. In return, closer contact with the rugged and energetic Jugo-Slav mountaineer could not fail to instil new vigour into the sprightly, clever, but somewhat enervated temperament of the Danubian Latin. And thus the blend of these two hetero geneous elements might become a source of increased vitality for both. On the other hand, were the initiative of such a move to proceed from two peoples belonging to the same racial stock, like Bulgaria and Servia, the chances of its ultimate success would be singularly lessened; it would tend to create unpleasant feelings among the Roumanians, ever fearful lest their ethnic individuality be swamped in the tide of Pan-Slavism. A first venture towards the establishment of a Roumano-Bulgar dualism was contrived in 1883, when the Bulgars offered their crown to King Charles; but the Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman Governments having immediately come forward to signify their formal veto, these and all subse-

quent official negotiations were rendered materially impossible. The fact remains, nevertheless, that private conferences on the subject have more than once been held by prominent statesmen of both countries. Unfortunately, in more recent days, the collateral efforts made to isolate Bulgaria and Roumania respectively as the eventual heralds and vanguards of Russian, or Austrian, interests and encroachments, and to prevent in this way the formation of a nucleus of resistance which would be likely to prove a serious hindrance to outside aggressors, have succeeded to some extent in bringing about a certain tension and estrangement between Sofia and Bucharest. The moral, *i.e.*, diplomatic props in favour of a buffer-State sufficiently powerful to act as a breakwater against both Pan-Russist and Pan-Germanic ambitions, have been further weakened by the careless indifference of our Foreign Office and the timidity of France *vis-à-vis* her Imperial "friend and ally." The dangerous consequences of this Western apathy are especially revealed in the complete monopoly by St. Petersburg, Vienna—and Berlin!—of the directing influences in the peninsula, to counteract which Lord Lansdowne has most commendably, but tardily, and without, I fear, much pointedness or practical result, advocated some restrictive measures, to the undisguised annoyance of the two—or three!—Imperial Cabinets. Indeed, whether the Austro-Russian *entente* for the temporary maintenance of the *status quo* end in a hopeless split or in a more definite and permanent agreement, its issue in either case will be fraught with nothing but danger, or at least great inconvenience, for our British interests. To me it seems as if the two rivals, having simultaneously estimated, together with the common target, their respective ranges, and discovered the momentary even balance of the forces at the disposal of their contending ambitions, are groping towards a perhaps Utopian compromise, which might promise some specific and tangible advantage to each, and the guarantee of a durable peace to both. The main and almost insurmountable difficulty to an amicable settlement lies in the fact that the key to the solution is to be

sought for neither at St. Petersburg nor at Vienna, but at Berlin.

Meanwhile, the two Governments are in no hurry to cater for the interests committed to their charge. The remarkable insistence wherewith they claim the exclusive right to deal with the problem and their no less remarkable opposition to any endeavour by the parties interested to arrive at an independent understanding, and likewise to the despatch of special European military attachés to the field of operations in Macedonia, all this can but tend to cast a slur on the honesty of their intentions. I shall endeavour to determine the springs and bearings of their respective attitudes as disclosed by the transformations which the political equilibrium is ostensibly undergoing at the present moment.

Francis Joseph I., whose personal influence over the foreign policy of the Dual Monarchy is paramount, has never renounced the hereditary ambitions of the House of Hapsburg. The Treaty of Prague, which dealt the fatal blow to his ever latent hope of reinstating Austria at the head of the Germanic Confederation, compelled him to turn eastwards for the fulfilment of his desire for territorial aggrandisement. The occupation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the one success which his Foreign Office can boast throughout the whole record of his long reign, could but induce him to persevere in this direction, as also the whole-hearted support of his Slav subjects.

The latter, sympathetically inclined towards their Balkan kinsman, viewed with no little favour the prospect of a numerical increase which would go far to strengthen their constitutional position in the Empire. The initial reluctance of the Austro-Germans to follow suit was speedily overcome after the conclusion of the defensive Treaty by Bismarck and Andrássy. To this change of front the brilliant industrial dawn which the Welt-politik had caused to rise upon their cousins of the Reichsland, contributed in the case of many; others had fallen a voluntary prey to the Pan-Germanic plans of the

Hohenzollerns, whilst all patriots responded to the call for extension of the country's commerce and naval power.

Now, Salonica as a naval basis and commercial outlet on the western coast of the Peninsula, would have satisfied Austria's more urgent requirements. To her Constantinople was by no means indispensable as it was to Russia. Had the matter been one confined to the interests and jurisdiction of these two Powers an amicable settlement would undoubtedly have been reached. But when the insuperable barrier of the British veto was withdrawn or rather relaxed after the occupation of Egypt, other factors of opposition came to the fore.

The dislike entertained by the Magyars, whose hereditary feud received fresh stimulus by the prick of the Russian bayonets of 1848–49, is equalled only by their mistrust of the Muscovite. Russia, on her part, though bearing them no personal grudge, distrusts the illegitimate but undeniable influence they exercise over the general sway of Austro-Hungarian policy. Nor are the Magyars, in face of the threatening growth, both numerical and mental, of the Slavs and Roumanians within their borders, particularly desirous to add to the latter's strength. On these grounds they champion the territorial integrity of the Turkish Empire, thus constituting what I would fain term Austria's internal check—a very secondary one, however, compared to that imposed upon her by her allies.

Italy has never been able thoroughly to digest her defeat at Lissa. Her policy in the Balkan question is as yet a purely negative one—hence all the more obdurate—she will not allow the Adriatic to be turned into an Austrian lake, overrun by the several Austro-Hungarian squadrons spurting forth from and receding with equal swiftness behind the jettyhead of Salonica. She is beginning to resent the financial strain exacted by the military and naval requirements of the Triple Alliance, the more so because all reference to her services having been gradually eliminated from the toasts of Berlin and

Vienna, this Alliance assumes somewhat visibly the character of a purely Austro-German concern. The Kaiser's flirtation with the Catholic centre in the Reichstag and the obtrusive pageant which was witnessed on the occasion of his memorable visit to the Vatican have deeply wounded the national Italian feeling.

Germany would see without displeasure the Hapsburg ensign towering above the harbour of Salonica, especially if in return for her condescension she were granted the "friendly loan" of the port of Trieste to form *her* naval basis in the Mediterranean. But the promotion of her ally's interest being subordinate in every case to her own, not for a moment would she countenance the cession of Salonica to Austria if dependent on the simultaneous abandonment of Constantinople to Russia. And this would, it may be remarked, afford the indispensable preliminary and only plausible route to a pacific and final solution.

For Germany to consent to a Russian occupation of Stamboul would be to deprive herself if not exactly of her groundwork, at least of the influence which she has acquired there, by means of her adulation and *entretien* of Abdul Hamid, and which has fostered the political and industrial development of her budding Empire in Asia Minor. The fatherland, cut off by the Russian Black Sea fleet from all communication with its pet colony, would find itself in a position very analogous to that with which we were at one time menaced. Here I will emphasise a subtle but significant distinction. The German rulers, as formerly our own, mean to impede with all celerity and all available means the Russian advance towards Constantinople. But an *arrière pensée* is theirs; that of progressively working their own way to the coveted goal with the assistance of an extended Austro-Hungarian Empire of their making. Meanwhile Germany feels her ground, alternately tightening or loosening her hold over the neighbouring and allied Power. It is necessary above all things for the three Empires to arrive if possible at an

agreement. We see here the renascence of the Bismarckian ideal—anxious to avoid or at least postpone indefinitely any move likely to give rise to a conflict whose issue cannot be clearly defined. I will add that the alleged secret treaty between Russia and Germany ensuring the latter's neutrality in the impending event of hostilities in the Far East, must needs have been accompanied by some compensation for Germany, this, if so, being probably in the shape of greater freedom of action in Asia Minor.

But the question of the Straits remains insoluble. The Germans may well think "after all if we cannot seize them we can dissuade others from doing so." It remains to be seen how far and how long Russian policy will accommodate the pretensions of Berlin. That we are spectators to a diplomatic struggle of the most vital importance is obvious. No one, however, can foretell the final result; although an agreement has hitherto never been looked upon as falling within the range of practical politics.

The Russian official policy, less complicated perhaps in its essence, is more opaque in its manifestations. Apparently it would not be wrong to say that it is full of contradictions and works spasmodically. The reason is that the pivot of its action at any one moment is not single and stable, and its manipulation is not uniform. So much is certain, that Russia, no less than Germany, is apprehensive as to any effective European intervention in Macedonia; and that the idea of an understanding between the three Empires, at the moment when the progress of socialism is becoming more and more threatening to the three representatives in Europe of the spirit of autocratic and bureaucratic reaction, is not displeasing to either. Russia's internal state, disturbed by incessant labour troubles and agitations which have even reached the army, is one of the lesser motives for the attitude of complete reserve, that is to say, of prudent watchfulness, which she has adopted towards the Balkan problem. Indeed, if Russian distrust has not yet vanished, which is, of course, probable in view of the *unforeseen* which may at any

moment proceed from the Magyar or Pan-German quarter, its ancient animosity towards Austria is gradually disappearing as the Slav subjects of the house of Hapsburg are growing in numbers and influence. The sympathy between the great feudal nobles of Bohemia and Muscovy is one of long standing. Possibly Russia foresees that a Slavophil Austria would be the final blow to the European side of the Pan-Germanic programme, and is waiting for this not unlikely consummation to arrive before taking action. The responsibilities besides which attach to the organisation of her new Empire in the Far East are calling for all her energies and resources in view of an eventual conflict in these regions. All who have noticed the extraordinary disproportion between the small total of her external debt, in spite of all her well-puffed periodical loans, and her enormous internal expenses, will have no doubt of her want of credit, a want which will weigh pretty heavily on the Empire in the hour of a foreign crisis. The domestic crisis is already in existence. Perforce, then, for the moment the first place in the imperial programme of expansion is held by the Far East, and the creation of a special Ministry entrusted with the administration of the new conquests diminishes the attributes and the importance of the Department of Foreign Affairs, if it does not actually relegate it to a subordinate position. There were strange rumours afloat lately about Count Lamsdorff, the Foreign Minister. Such phrases even as resignation and disgrace were heard until Mürzsteg appeared to restore his credit somewhat. It is not impossible that his conciliatory tone towards Germany, alleged to be due to his German extraction and leanings, has alienated from him a considerable section of the Court and even the Heir-Apparent himself. It was on the initiative of the latter, unknown to the Minister and the Czar himself, that the inopportune naval demonstration off the coast of Macedonia two months ago was ordered. Such at least are the whispers in the drawing-rooms of the aristocratic opposition in St. Petersburg. It is, at least, not open to doubt that the policy inaugurated by Lobanoff

and faithfully followed by his successor is directly opposed, I will not say to public opinion, which in Russia is non-existent, but to the hereditary instincts of the nation. To the majority the Foreign Minister is merely a Germanophil "Lammskopf" (lamb's head). The nation have remained as Pan-Slavist in their views as they were in 1877, and would rise in indignation against the inactivity of the Ministry, if the censorship gave them a chance to read the unexpurgated story of the Macedonian atrocities.

The Russian Government, on the other hand, has long abandoned the programme of San Stefano as not only impracticable but eminently dangerous. Ignatiev, in spite of all the evil said of him, was capable of unselfishness; if he was too optimistic in imagining that the recognition of a "Greater Bulgaria" of his own creation would facilitate the leisurely march of Russia to Constantinople, and that the *protégée* would never rise against her benefactor, he would never have thought of any brutal annexation which would merge Bulgarian individuality in the Muscovite Empire. That, on the other hand, is the last word of the *official* policy of to-day. The old Pan-Slavism, largely composed of racial and humanitarian sympathies, is giving way before the narrow and selfish conception of a Pan-Russism, all grasping and all destroying. This would be despotism and not protection. Such a policy for its active and open propagation requires the co-operation of the people as a whole, and they are so far unconverted. No doubt their conversion will come on the day when they realise that this is the single means by which to carry out the programme of Peter the Great, which will always be their gospel. Meantime the important point is to enfeeble not only Turkey but also the States, which have discerned the trap, and are showing signs of open rebellion. This object is effected by fostering the particularist rivalries which hinder the formation of formidable alliances and by assisting Russophil governments and parties. The thinly veiled hostility of Roumania, who has never been able to pardon the ingratitude with which her services during

the war of 1876-8 were repaid by the filching of Bessarabia, is known at St. Petersburg to be beyond pacification. There is nothing to look for in that direction. In Bulgaria, too, the nationalist party, founded by Stambuloff's prescient genius and consecrated by his death, is rising more powerful than ever; and in most cases the Russophilism of the Zankoffiste party is due to cowardice or venality, rather than to real sympathy. Bulgaria has tasted the liberty of a parliamentary and constitutional system; and the intellectual men who are numbered among her sons are not disposed to hand over this legitimate fount of influence and honours to the tender mercies of the despot. They see the treatment inflicted on Finland. I do not mention Poland. The Russian Government will go to any lengths to prevent an armed conflict between Turkey and Bulgaria; it knows that the latter if victorious would gain in prestige and confidence; and that, were she defeated, it is still too early for the Russian nation, which would not fail to intervene in her favour, to attempt the incorporation of her territory as the generous intervener. It would not do at present to introduce new elements of disorder into the Empire which might possibly give formidable impetus to the constitutional movement which is beginning to take shape. Thus Pan-Slavism and Pan-Russism are mutually exclusive terms, and will continue so for a long while to come. The specific danger for Europe and for ourselves would arise—the day is yet distant—when Russia abandoned absolutism and the Slav peoples outside its borders were dissatisfied with their lot. That is why I have always urged that the Slav majority in Austria-Hungary should be granted all their preponderance entitles them to, as against the combined minorities of Germar and Magyars who strongly oppose any such concession. On this point I can cite important and impartial testimony. German colonial expansion was as yet undreamed of at the time when Bismarck, in a letter dated July 25, 1854, wrote to the Minister-President of Prussia, Otto von Manteuffel: "The danger of Pan-Slavism disappears when *two* powerful Slav

States exist with a different religion and nationality." On the same showing I support the idea of a Balkan confederation, whose chances of realisation diminish daily owing to the inconceivable negligence of the Western Powers, whose interests are really largely engaged in such a project. They were content to make over to the Austro-Germans and Russians a monopoly of protection; that is of intrigue. They have now left everything at the mercy of Austrian and Russian intrigues.

Germany stands unmasked, having intimated her disapproval of the European control and the reforms suggested by the advisers of the two countries and placed at the head of the Lamsdorff-Goluchowski paper, which Abdul Hamid pretended to oppose, acting, no doubt, under advice from Berlin. Germany understands that this proposal is merely a lever which will allow Russia to work the country of Macedonia in her own interests by increasing the number of her consuls. Sofia, too, has grasped the true inwardness of this sudden access of humanitarian feeling. Unfortunately, the Russian Government is excellently served by its agents. Prince Ferdinand may not be all Russia could desire in the way of a dutiful prefect. If this living enigma does not work for exclusively personal ends he certainly does not work for Russia more than for himself; and the abrupt disgrace of the Catholic Archbishop Menini, the Austrian Court-missionary at Sofia, after the death of the princess and the orthodox baptism of Prince Boris, has always failed to convince me that the prince had sincerely abandoned his old-time attachments. As a set off, the marvellously opportune accession of Peter Karageorgevitch to the throne of Servia secures to Russia all the advantages possible in this quarter. Among these is the vision, should King Peter be brought to abdicate willingly or otherwise, of a minor king entrusted to her care, for whom a regent would have to be found, a regent easy of access.

On the subject of the Court tragedy at the Konak in June last, I may be permitted in a slight digression to refer to the account

which was given me by a politician in close relation with the unfortunate Cabinet of Zinzar Markovitch. The story has been confirmed from Roumanian sources, so its truth will hardly be called in question. It will be remembered that the marriage of King Alexander and Madame Draga Maschin was the work of the Russian Minister at Belgrade, Mansouroff. He got wind of the earlier connection, and thought that, by securing for Madame Maschin the position of wife and queen, he would succeed indirectly, thanks to his knowledge and influence, in guiding the policy of the King and of Servia in the tracks of the Cabinet at St. Petersburg. It was at a moment when Russia feared the return of Milan, always popular with the army, and with him of Austrian influence. It happened that Draga, once queen, became queen in reality; and Russia from the time when, on Milan's death, the chief danger to her disappeared, nettled also by certain scandalous and calumnious reports which had been spread some little while before on the subject of the queen and her indocility, abandoned Alexander to a dissatisfied army and to those extreme political parties whose interested concessions he had soon exhausted. Feeling his isolation he turned to Austria, who, angry with his marriage and his Russian flirtation, inflicted on him and his consort the humiliation of a social snub. It was then, I am told, that he lost his head and offered a treaty of alliance against all external aggression to King Charles of Roumania. The latter, knowing the abrupt and capricious turn of Alexander's temperament, and anxious to offend neither Russia nor Austria, thanked him, and shrewdly observed that if Roumanian and Servian interests were as identical as Alexander asserted, there was no need of a formal agreement. The wise ruler thought it well, however, to warn Vienna, through the intermediary of one of his most trustworthy advisers, of the dangers which the snub above-mentioned was bringing about for the Obrenovitch dynasty and Austrian influence in the Balkans. Count Goluchowski seems to have shown himself politely sceptical, but in the course of the

conversation which he had with the Roumanian statesman, he let slip the remark that it was well known at St. Petersburg that Austria would not make the accession of Karageorgevitch a *casus belli*, but only that of the Montenegrin claimant. It would thus appear that information had been previously requested by, and delivered at St. Petersburg, where the speedy fall of Alexander had been foreseen. The warnings of King Charles had not, however, been without some effect on the Austro-Hungarian Chancellor, if we reflect that Queen Draga and a ministerial escort were expected at Franzensbad, where Francis Joseph was to arrive, for rest so called, on his return from the great summer manœuvres. There he would by accident meet the Servian visitors; and an opportunity would arise of reconciling the exigencies of high politics and the rigid etiquette of the Court of Vienna. The project, unfortunately, miscarried, owing to the unexpected haste of the conspirators of the Konak. "Salade russe, petits fours viennois!"

And the moral of all this, do you ask? It is much the same as stated last month by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. That the maintenance of the power of Turkey in sore straits requires our armed intervention, and an appeal to war has become a debatable question now that we hold Egypt and Cyprus—though the latter island is very insufficiently equipped for the part she would have to play in any conflict. No one, however, will deny that, in the event of any coalition against Britain in the Mediterranean, the addition of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea would in itself be so formidable a menace to the balance of naval forces and our own supremacy that no appeal to moral interest, no effort of diplomacy should be spared to avert such a contingency. Up to a certain point we can count on the antagonism of German and Russian ambitions, while regarding their ultimate agreement as, though highly improbable, not beyond the bounds of possibility.

Meanwhile it would not be out of place, with the consent of our friends—I was about to say our allies—France and Italy, to resume the *rôle* of peacemaker, which ought, as it

seems, naturally to fall to the Western Powers, who are less directly interested in the problem.

An independent Macedonia, modelled on the lines of Crete or Lebanon, can offer no harm to us ; on the contrary, it is the first quasi-indispensable condition of the Balkan confederation, the establishment of which, if we encouraged it, would put an end to our apprehensions.

One word of apology to the humanitarians for my cynical tone at the outset. I will now add that, the interests of patriotism being safeguarded, it would surely be with the sincerest pleasure that the most cynical would see the present devastation of the unhappy province come to an end, and the unspeakably terrible carnage forestalled which would follow a collision between Pan-Germanism and Pan-Russism. The wish is one for which I shall have no thanks from the "humanitarians" of Germany and Russia.

MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL.

THE RUSSIAN PROGRAMME AND THE TWO-POWER STANDARD

THERE has been during the last few months, and there still continues, a tendency in certain quarters interested in naval matters to raise a scare over the programme of new construction which the Russian Admiralty are now putting in hand. More than one question on the subject was asked in the House during the last Session, and the Admiralty have been somewhat severely taken to task, because the First Lord did not follow the example set by Mr. Goschen in 1898, and present a Supplementary Estimate authorising the enlargement of our building programme for the year, as a reply to the new ships which Russia is preparing to lay down.

There does not appear, however, to be any solid grounds for much of the alarmist writing which has appeared, if the present state of the last Russian programme is compared fairly with our own of the same date, and with the conditions obtaining in both fleets at the present time; nor is there any foundation for the assertion that we have dropped below the two-Power standard.

It may be as well to point out, that it is not always easy to arrive at the truth about new Russian ships, as they pass through three distinct stages, often covering a period running into many months—viz., when they are projected, when the order is given for them to be taken in hand, and finally when

they are actually commenced; and ships are very often announced to be actually in the last stage when later information shows that they have not got beyond the first.

Before considering the new Russian programme it is necessary to refer to the last one, generally known as the 1898 programme, and about which some strangely inaccurate and misleading statements have appeared in the press.

Over and over again, during the last few months, has it been stated that the "Russian 1898 programme being now completed, a new and still more formidable one is to be at once commenced, &c. &c."—the fact of the matter being that not only is the 1898 programme not completed, but there is no chance of its being so for another two years; the *Slava*, the last ship of the programme, having only been launched from the Baltic yard at St. Petersburg on August 29 last.

Coming more to details, the battleship programme in question provided for the construction of seven first-class ships[1]—viz., the *Retvisan*, *Tsarevitch*, *Borodino*, *Imperator Alexander III.*, *Orel*, *Kniaz Suvaroff*, and *Slava*. Of these seven ships, only two—the *Retvisan* and *Tsarevitch*—have as yet been completed, both having been constructed in foreign yards. The *Retvisan* was built by the celebrated firm of Cramp of Philadelphia; she was laid down in December 1898, launched in October 1900, and completed about the middle of last year; while the *Tsarevitch*, built at the La Seyne yard at Toulon, was laid down in April 1899, launched in February 1901, and completed this last August. The remaining five ships are building in Russian yards; of these the *Imperator Alexander III.* was laid down in September 1899, at the Baltic works, St. Petersburg, and launched in August 1901; the *Borodino*, building at the New Admiralty

[1] Some writers have included the *Pobieda* in the 1898 programme, but this is an error. The *Pobieda*, which was laid down at the Baltic works in August 1898, is a sister-ship to the *Ossliabya* and *Peresviet*, the three ships forming a distinct type of their own. If they can hardly be classed as first-class battleships, they are at least extremely formidable armoured cr uisers.

yard, St. Petersburg, was laid down in May 1900, and launched in September 1901, both these ships are approaching completion, but it is doubtful if they will be ready for service before next year. The *Orel* was laid down at Galernii Island, St. Petersburg, in June 1900, and was launched in July 1902, while the *Kniaz Suvaroff* was laid down at the Baltic works in May 1901, launched in September 1902, and with the *Orel* will also, as far as present information goes, be completed some time next year. The *Slava*, however, laid down at the New Admiralty yard in November 1902, and only launched on August 29 last, can hardly be ready before 1905.

It should be noted, therefore, that the building programme of 1898, of which so much has been made, in reality resolved itself into a programme of new construction, which was spread over a period of four years, no more than two ships having been laid down in any one year.

If we turn now to our own programme for 1898–99 we are confronted with a somewhat different state of affairs. The Naval Estimates for the year, as originally submitted to Parliament, provided for the laying down of only three battleships; but on the report of the new proposed Russian programme being confirmed, the First Lord obtained the sanction of the House for the construction of four additional battleships, thus bringing the number for the year up to seven, which was the number proposed in the new Russian programme. Of these, one, the *London*, was laid down at Portsmouth in December 1898, while the other six were all commenced during the first eight months of 1899. The *London*, *Bulwark*, and *Venerable* were completed and commissioned last year; while the *Duncan*, *Exmouth*, and *Russell* of the Supplementary Programme, have been completed and commissioned during the present year; the fourth ship, the *Cornwallis*, has been somewhat delayed, but is now approaching completion, but as a set-off to this delay, however, a sister-ship, the *Montagu*, one of the 1899–1900 programme, built at Devonport, where for some years ships have been more rapidly constructed than at other yards,

was completed and commissioned last July. Substituting the *Montagu* for the *Cornwallis*, we find that the whole of the seven ships of the 1898–99 programme have been completed and are actually commissioned, while the Russians have only completed two of theirs; moreover, excluding this year's programme, we have in addition laid down seven more ships, five of which are of the extremely powerful *King Edward VII.* type; the Russians, on the other hand, up to the beginning of this year, not having advanced beyond the ships of their original programme, although it was stated, with some show of authority, that a new ship, a sister vessel to the *Kniaz Potemkin Tavritchesky*, had been commenced last autumn at Nicolaieff, in the Black Sea, a statement which later information has since shown to be incorrect.

With regard to the new Russian programme, the reports about which have been so exercising the minds of a certain number of naval writers, nothing is as yet known definitely as to what ships it is proposed to build under it. It has been freely stated that seven 16,500-ton battleships of somewhat the same type as our own *King Edward VII.* class were to be taken in hand this year, and completed in 1906; it is safe to say, however, that as it has been officially announced that all the ships are to be built in Russia, by Russian workmen, and of Russian material, they will certainly not be completed at the early date mentioned, in fact 1909 will probably be found to be much nearer the mark before they are all ready for commissioning. The "Marine-Almanach"—the valuable little naval year-book published by the Austrian Hydrographical Department at Pola, which is brought out regularly with the new year—while making no reference to any new ship having been laid down in the Black Sea yards since the launch of the *Kniaz Potemkin*, stated that two more 12,500-ton ships of that class were to be laid down in the Black Sea yards this year, and the information has since proved to be correct. In February the *Kronstädtski Viéstnik*, which is generally accurate in its naval news, stated that orders had been given for work with them

to be proceeded with, and both vessels have now been commenced, one at Nicolaieff and the other at Sebastopol. Probably the knowledge of the intentions of the authorities to build these two ships led to the erroneous report, already referred to, that one had actually been commenced last year. A recent issue of the *Kronstädtski Viéstnik* contains the information that the Tsar has sanctioned the construction of two 16,600-ton battleships to be named the *Imperator Pavel I.* and the *Andrei Pervozvannui*, which are to be laid down at the Baltic works and Galernii Island respectively. Whatever the extent of the new programme may be when it is fully developed, it does not appear likely that any other ships besides those named will be commenced this year.

Our own battleship programme for the year originally consisted of three ships, which are to be commenced as soon as the plans are ready, while three more, according to the statement made in the House by the Secretary to the Admiralty, are apparently to be taken in hand at the beginning of the next financial year. As we certainly build on the whole faster than the Russians, it would seem as if there was no pressing necessity for the Admiralty to advance the time for the commencement of the construction of the last-named ships.

Our position has, however, to be considered not only from the point as to whether we are keeping pace with the Russian new construction, but as to how we stand generally as regards any possible hostile combination against us, on the part of other naval Powers, and this necessitates the consideration of the question of the so-called "Two-Power Standard." The Admiralty have been freely charged with having allowed us to drop below this standard, but the charge is one that can hardly be seriously maintained. Excluding all our ships launched before 1890, and including all ships building or whose construction is arranged for, the number of English, French, German and Russian first-class battleships stands as follows:

England	51
as against:	
France	20[1]
Russia	20[2]
	40
—or as against:	
Russia	20
Germany	20
	40

Counting units as a measure of relative strength is not always satisfactory, but in making the above comparison we have the satisfaction of knowing that, for the present at least, our fleets are far more homogeneous, and the ships composing them on the whole more powerful than those of the other three Powers mentioned.

Whatever the value of the two-Power standard, however, may have been ten or twelve years ago, when we only had for practical purposes France and Russia to consider, that standard is now out of date and can no longer be considered as a satisfactory margin of safety, in view of the new situation created by the steadily growing strength of the German Navy. In 1890, when the two-Power standard with a margin first came to be accepted as a satisfactory measure of our strength, the German fleet was "une quantité négligeable"; to-day that same fleet is rapidly attaining a position which may soon enable Germany to hold the balance of naval power in her hands.

It is significant that the German battle-fleet in home waters is now being reorganised on the basis contemplated by the Navy Act passed in 1898. This fleet has been hitherto known as the "First Squadron," a "Second Squadron" being each year constituted for the manœuvres from the reserve divisions. This fleet is now to be designated as the "Active Battle-fleet," and is to consist of two squadrons. Admiral von

[1] Includes the *Marceau* and *Neptune* launched in 1887.

[2] Includes the *Pobieda* and her two sisters.

Koester, the Inspector-General of the Navy, who has for some years been Commander-in-Chief of the Baltic station, and has also for the last four years commanded the annual manœuvre fleet, has recently been relieved of his command at Kiel, and appointed to the command of the new fleet, the first squadron of which is now complete and composed of the eight newest battleships. Rear-Admiral Fritze has been appointed to the command of the second squadron, which, however, for the present consists of only four of the recently reconstructed coast defence ships of the *Hagen* class, but these will gradually be replaced by the new battleships now building and yet to be built under the Act of 1898; but at the present rate of progress, by 1908 the second squadron should also be completely constituted of new ships, and we shall be face to face with the fact that Germany will have in her home waters a formidable squadron of seventeen modern battleships, in permanent commission, which by means of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal can be concentrated at will in a few hours, ready for immediate action, in either the Baltic or the North Sea. It is evidently the intention of the German authorities at present to keep this fleet fully commissioned, for the second squadron is no longer the reserve squadron, but the second squadron of the "Active Battle-fleet." Attached to it will be a cruiser division, recently constituted under a rear-admiral, of four large and twelve small cruisers, of which two large and eight small are already in commission.

A few words as to French naval progress may not be out of place. During the last ten years nobody can accuse France of having pursued an aggressive naval policy, although in some quarters it is still the fashion to speak of the formidable growth of the French fleet. The real truth is, that France, from different causes, has been dropping behind in the race. Between 1896 and September of last year, when the *Démocratie*, the first of the six powerful battleships of the 1900 programme, was launched, only two first-class battleships, the *Jéna* and *Suffren*, were put afloat. The authorities are now pushing on with these six ships, and they can hardly be blamed if they think that they

have some lost ground to make up, but there are no signs at present that they are contemplating any immediate considerable additions to their fleet. In November 1899, the Superior Council of the Navy, under the presidency of M. de Lanessan, then Minister of Marine, fixed twenty-eight as the *minimum* number of first-class battleships France required, and recommended the immediate laying down of six powerful ships; this last recommendation, however, is only now being carried out. The idea was to have four squadrons of six ships each, with a spare ship for each division. M. de Lanessan proposes that, as each division of six ships is completed, a new division should be immediately commenced and pushed on with, to replace older vessels, until the full number of twenty-eight new ships is made up, which should be by 1916, thus keeping pace with the German programme, which is also to be completed by that date.

It is the growing naval power of Germany, therefore, which is changing the balance of naval power, a change which is clearly to our disadvantage, for undoubtedly we do not occupy so strong a position to-day as we did five years ago. Whether the two-Power standard should be raised to a three-Power standard is a moot point, but it is certainly becoming a matter for serious consideration whether the time is not near for some material increase in our building programmes, which, as far as battleships are concerned, have certainly since 1899 been cut down to a point hardly compatible with a due margin of safety, if we are to be in a position to hold our own against possible coalitions against us. It will hardly be for our advantage, if in any future struggle Germany should be in a position to turn the scale against us, should she so will. There is no need for alarmist writing, but we have already lost ground, and if we continue to do so we may not be in a position to make it up. Therein lies the danger in the future.

H. GARBETT.

MR. GLADSTONE AS FOREIGN MINISTER

OF the many vexed questions raised by Mr. Gladstone's infinite variety, one, at least, is now finally settled. Who, it was asked in many conclaves, could possibly be fit to write his life? Comprehensive, yet concise; sympathetic, but not unduly partisan; mainly political, as it was bound to be, yet lightened with many sage reflections on human life, and suffused with a certain grave literary charm, Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" will be consulted for many generations to come by all who wish to read the history of a memorable epoch as reflected in the career of one of its most famous men.

Another set of questions, suggested by Mr. Gladstone's many-sidedness, has often been discussed in places where good Gladstonians gather together. Was he essentially English or Scotch? Did he belong to his own era, or was he a mediæval doctor reincarnated in the nineteenth century? or a Herr Professor (as Bismarck, if Busch may be trusted, used to call him) strayed into the field of politics? The saying attributed to the late Lord Salisbury gives, perhaps, the happiest answer: Mr. Gladstone was "an Italian in custody of a Scotsman." Again: If Mr. Gladstone had not been a politician, might he not have been a great archbishop? or, if he had followed some of his friends into the Roman communion, a consummate cardinal? A great advocate he obviously could have

been, for he was. To another distinguished man is attributed the saying that he could think of Mr. Gladstone as supreme in every walk of life, except as in command on the field of battle. Even this limitation seems to require support, for he was, at any rate, a good tactician and a first-class fighting man. Certainly on other fields he disputed the ground inch by inch. (Ruskin, by the way, has an interesting *aperçu* in this connection. He is recalling his talks with Palmerston. "He disputed no principle with me, but only feasibilities; whereas, in every talk permitted me more recently by Mr. Gladstone, *he* disputes *all* the principles before their application, and the application of all that get past the dispute.") But the perusal of Mr. Morley's book suggests to me a different exercise in this sort: if Mr. Gladstone had not been the greatest Home Minister of our time, might he not have been a great Foreign Minister?

It is worth remembering, to start with, how widespread was Gladstone's reputation on the Continent. The fact may perhaps best be illustrated by one or two casual instances. I remember to have read in some book of travels of a visit to the remote island of Samothrace. The visitor was taken to see the leading inhabitant, who proudly produced as his most treasured possession a post-card from Mr. Gladstone. Characteristically enough the post-card referred to some question of Greek accents; but its value to the possessor was as coming from Gladstone, the Phil-Hellene. Another incident of the kind was nearer home. An English lad, who was travelling with his father in the Italian Alps, fell ill and was attended by the village doctor. He refused to accept any fee. "The debt," he said, "has long ago been paid," "How so?" he was asked. "We Italians," replied the doctor, "can never forget what your nation has done for ours." As he spoke, he took a small locket from his waistcoat, opened it and disclosed a portrait of Mr. Gladstone. Tributes, these, to the English Minister not less

striking, I think, than the messages of condolence which, as Mr. Morley records, came from foreign Parliaments and Thrones, "to the great Gladstone, one of the glories of mankind."

Then, again, consider how large a part of Gladstone's activities were concerned with colonial and foreign affairs. His maiden speech in the House was on the West India slavery question (against immediate emancipation: a speech the illiberalism of which he afterwards deplored). He was Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1835, and Secretary in 1845. It was on a question of foreign policy—going deep down, as Mr. Morley says, to "the principles on which nations in our modern era should conduct their dealings with one another"—that he first crossed swords with Palmerston. In this speech on the case of Don Pacifico, Gladstone brought international questions to the test of Christianity: "let us do," he said, "as we would be done by," and he exalted the law of nations as a "firm foundation on which we must build if we wish to promote the peace and welfare of the world." His *Letters to Lord Aberdeen* on the Neapolitan prisons (1851) made his name famous throughout Europe. He was a member of the Cabinet that entered into the Crimean War, and he left it because he could not "bring his mind to acquiesce in the proposition for an inquiry" into the conduct of the war. He strongly opposed the China war (1857). His speech in favour of the Suez Canal Scheme (1858) lent valuable aid, as M. de Lesseps testified, to its adoption. Then came his mission to the Ionian Islands; his intercourse with Cavour and strong espousal of the Italian cause. Against the French scare in 1860 he resolutely set himself. He fought the French Commercial Treaty through the Cabinet. To other foreign incidents in his earlier career we shall refer presently. Enough has been said to recall to our minds that up to this time Gladstone was known hardly less as a Minister with decided views on foreign affairs than as a great Finance Minister. What essential connection there was between these two sides of his political conceptions we shall also see.

When he became Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone was primarily absorbed in large schemes of domestic reform, but it was an essential part of the duties of that office, as he conceived and interpreted them, to take an active share in the direction of foreign affairs. He was very strongly opposed to the combination of the two offices in one Minister. In public and in private he used to speak of it as "one of the worst of the many Constitutional innovations made by the so-called Constitutional Party." Lord Clarendon and Lord Granville, he used to say, invariably consulted with the Prime Minister, and he attached the utmost importance to the double opinion. It was his object, as he said in a note cited by Mr. Morley, "to work the institutions of the country," and he wanted to see them all playing their part. He thus attached considerable importance to the Court, which he regarded (so he once said) as a most valuable check in foreign policy. In his later years as Minister he found the Court a spur rather than a check, and he did not always respond to it. But he never questioned the right of the Sovereign to be consulted and to give advice, and he was sometimes glad to use the influence of the Court. Thus in the critical week before the declaration of the Franco-German War he approved of Lord Granville asking the Queen "whether there is any one to whom she could write confidentially with a view to persuade Hohenzollern to refuse." But this is by the way. The main point that will strike everybody in reading the inner history of the Government of 1869–1874 is that the foreign policy was in large measure the policy of Mr. Gladstone. The same thing is true, with some important reserves presently to be made, of the Government of 1880–5. The fame of Mr. Gladstone may ultimately rest upon his home policy; but many of his interests and activities were in the field of foreign affairs.

Nor was this the result of accident. It was not merely that foreign questions happened to crop up with which the Minister was bound to deal as part of the day's work. He had broad views of his own, and dominant ideals. Mr. Morley has a striking passage in this connection:

He was one of the three statesmen in the House of Commons of his own generation who had the gift of a large and spacious conception of the place and power of England in the world, and of the policies by which she could maintain it. Cobden and Disraeli were the other two. Wide as the poles asunder in genius, in character, and in the mark they made upon the nation, yet each of these three was capable of wide surveys from high eminence.

The collocation of these three names may excite some surprise, but the inclusion of Gladstone can be supported. In the first place, Mr. Gladstone had a firm grasp of one of the ideas which have governed modern history—the idea of nationality. It is a principle which may in some degree have run its course and be destined to merge into a larger ideal; but in the last century it was, and still in many cases it is, an ideal of progress and liberty. Mr. Gladstone's views on this subject, as on others, were matter of growth, rather than flashes of prescient inspiration. As Mr. Morley shows, he went to Naples with prepossessions in favour of established Governments, and not then nor for many years to come did he grasp the idea of Italian unity. So, again, in 1859 he "was no more touched by the nationalist aspirations of the Ionians than he had been by nationalism and unification in Italy in 1851.' But, as Mr. Morley adds, when once the idea of nationality penetrated, "it penetrated to the heart's core." This, then, was one of the ideas which made him "capable of wide surveys from high eminence." It made him Italian. It made him Greek. It made him, in spite of his French sympathies, partly German. It urged him forward, in conjunction with other motives, in the Balkan States. Carried, as some think, to an excess, it made him a Home Ruler. But, right or wrong, the idea was "creative and had vista."

There was a second idea in Mr. Gladstone's mind like unto it. Of recent years, we have all heard much from Lord Salisbury about the Concert of Europe—sometimes in gentle mockery, but more often in solemn tones, bidding us look to that instrument as the best hope of the world's progress. In this matter Lord Salisbury was a late learner in the Gladstonian

school. We have heard Mr. Gladstone already in one of his earliest speeches extolling the law of nations. To find a sanction for such law in the concerted action of Europe was one of his ideals in foreign policy. It was an ideal which alternately moved him to action, and gave him reasons for inaction. The great instance in the first case is, of course, the Crimean War, which Mr. Gladstone never ceased to justify as a vindication of the public law of Europe. The same principle governed his action upon the Black Sea question in 1871. It furnished the gravamen of some of his heaviest indictments against the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield. The Tory Government had broken up the Concert of Europe in 1876 by rejecting the Berlin Memorandum, and at the Berlin Conference had gone behind it by means of secret treaties. At other times, the principle of concerted action was put forward by Mr. Gladstone to justify inaction—as, for instance, in the case of Denmark in 1863. It was characteristic that in a general defence of his foreign policy written in 1878 he justified the Alabama arbitration by reference to "the solemn declaration of the European Powers at Paris in 1856." That great act of statesmanship contributed not a little to Mr. Gladstone's unpopularity at the time. It was to be endorsed a quarter of a century later by his rival. In the Venezuela crisis Lord Salisbury followed in the Gladstone tradition.

But was Mr. Gladstone's view of England's foreign policy limited to work within the Concert of Europe? Far from it. No one applauded more than he Lord Russell's famous despatch of October 27, 1860, which sent a thrill of horror through the Chancelleries of Europe, and a corresponding thrill of joyful hope into the breasts of all peoples "rightly struggling to be free." Nor in later years did he lay down any rule of absolute non-intervention, except in concert with the other Powers. He had lofty ideas of the mission of England. He often expressed them in rhetorical language, but nowhere are they stated so deliberately as in a letter which he wrote to the Queen's Private Secretary in 1869:

I do not believe that England ever will or can be unfaithful to her great tradition or can forswear her interest in the common transactions and the general interests of Europe. But her credit and her power form a fund which, in order that they may be made the most of, should be thriftily used. . . If there be a fear abroad that England has for ever abjured a resort to force other than moral force, is that fear justified by facts? In 1853, joining with France. we made ourselves the vindicators of the peace of Europe; and ten years later, be it remembered, in the case of Denmark we offered to perform the same office, but we could get no one to join us. Is it desirable that we should go further? Is England so uplifted in strength above every other nation that she can with prudence advertise herself as ready to undertake the general redress of wrongs? . . . But do not, on the other hand, allow it to be believed that England will never interfere. For the eccentricities of other men's belief no one can answer; but for any reasonable belief in such an abnegation on the part of England there is no ground whatever.

In what kind of cause, it may be asked, did Mr. Gladstone contemplate intervention? For what interests did he seek to use the moral force of England? Mainly, as he answered in many a speech, the vindication of public law and of national liberties. He always referred, for instance, with some pride and satisfaction to the prompt action which he and Lord Granville took in 1870, in forming in a few days a double treaty with France and Germany for the defence of Belgium.

The Black Sea Conference in the following year was another vindication of public law—in form, at any rate, if not in substance. His successful pressure upon Turkey in 1880 was at once a vindication of treaty rights and an extension of the area of free governments. Lord Beaconsfield, in a letter written to the Marchioness of Ely and intended for Queen Victoria, stated his ideal. "I wish," he said, "to see the Queen Dictatress of Europe."[1] Mr. Gladstone also had "a large and spacious conception of the place and power of England in the world." It was to see his country become, as it were, Chief Justice of Christendom.

"Ideals," says Mr. Gladstone in a memorandum cited by Mr.

[1] A facsimile of the letter is given in Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's "unconventional," and very readable, "biography" of Disraeli.

Morley, "are never realised"—least of all, perhaps, in politics. If Mr. Gladstone failed on one side, so did Mr. Disraeli on the other. Mr. Gladstone had some successes, and he set some great precedents, as we have seen; but it can hardly be said that his foreign and colonial policy, as Prime Minister, was as a whole brilliantly successful in itself or worthy of the great *rôle* sketched out in his ideal of England's mission. What were the causes, as we may read them in Mr. Morley's "Life," of Mr. Gladstone's failures in this respect? They may, I think, be discerned under three heads. First, he attached to moral force, and to the power of words, an importance to which in this rough world they have not yet attained. Secondly, he was pre-occupied with other subjects; and, thirdly, he was not well alive to certain tendencies of the time in their relation to foreign and colonial affairs. We have seen that Mr. Gladstone, in a letter for the Queen's perusal in 1869, deprecated the idea that he represented a policy of abnegation. There are two or three letters of Mr. Gladstone's published for the first time by Mr. Morley which are very interesting under this head. Mr. Gladstone, who was by no means of meekness all compact, chafed very much at the obstacles imposed by some of the Powers in the way of regulating Egyptian finance. "I sometimes fear," he candidly wrote to Lord Granville, "that some of the foreign Governments have the same notion of me that Nicholas was supposed to have of Lord Aberdeen. But there is no one in the Cabinet less disposed than I am to knuckle down to them in this Egyptian matter" (iii. 121). It is worth noting that in two matters for which Mr. Gladstone justly claimed credit, the success of British policy was due to the fact that he was believed to mean more than moral suasion. He was in favour of "mild and measured" terms; but when his words succeeded, it was because there was supposed to be force behind them. The story of the coercion in Turkey in 1880 as now told by Mr. Morley (iii. 9) is very interesting. The British Cabinet had in fact only resolved upon coercion in

concert with Europe. Austria and Germany had refused to join, and France was uncertain. Whether the Cabinet would have gone on without them, nobody can say. But, as good luck would have it, the Sultan had heard of the British proposal to seize the port of Smyrna, but had not heard of the two refusals. What Lord Salisbury had failed to obtain by remonstrances, Mr. Gladstone obtained by the belief that he was prepared to use force. Dulcigno was ceded by the Porte to Montenegro, and the Greek frontier was rectified in accordance with the Treaty of Berlin. That Mr. Gladstone did not persevere and obtain the fulfilment of stipulations with regard to the Christian provinces must be ascribed to his preoccupations and to the Egyptian embroglio; both parties must share the blame for the neglect which has created the Macedonian crisis of to-day.

Another matter which Mr. Gladstone regarded as an important success is equally instructive. He considered Prince Gortchakoff's Circular on the Black Sea question to be an outrage on the public law of Europe, and was resolved not to let it pass. Once more he was afraid that he would not be taken seriously. "I have had half an idea," he wrote to Lord Granville, "that it might be well I should see Brunnow (the Russian Ambassador), either with you or alone. All know the mischief done by the Russian idea of Lord Aberdeen, and the Opposition are in the habit of studiously representing me as his double, or his heir in pacific traditions. This I do not conceive to be true, and possibly I might undeceive Brunnow a little" (ii. 351). What came of the interview we are not told. The process of undeceiving Bismarck was performed by Mr. Odo Russell on his own responsibility. He was sent on a mission to Versailles, and he boldly told Bismarck that "unless he could get Russia to withdraw the circular we should be compelled with or without allies to go to war." Bismarck was in the end persuaded, and the Conference of London was the result. Mr. Odo Russell had, as a matter of fact, no direct authority for his declaration, and Lord Granville seems to have

had misgivings lest Mr. Gladstone should give away his envoy:

> I am afraid (he wrote to the Prime Minister) our whole success has been owing to the belief that we would go to war; and, to tell the truth, I think tha war in some shape or other, sooner or later, was a possible risk after our note. In any case, I would reassure nobody now. Promising peace is as unwise as tc threaten war. A sort of instinct that the bumps of combativeness and destructiveness are to be found somewhere in your head, has helped us much during the last five months (ii. 355).

Lord Granville's hint is illuminating, I think.

Why was it that Mr. Gladstone had come to be regarded, as he puts it, as Lord Aberdeen's double? In large measure, no doubt, the reason was his constant effort to reduce naval and military expenditure. This, as Mr. Morley says, was one of the main and constant struggles of Mr. Gladstone's life.

"The battle" that he waged in Cabinets on this question "was incessant." It began in 1860 against Palmerston; it did not end till his final retirement in 1894. That his resignation in that year was partly due to the Cabinet's refusal to cut down Lord Spencer's naval estimates was already known; it will be new to most readers that the dissolution of 1874 was precipitated by a similar cause. Mr. Gladstone stated the facts in a memorandum written in the last year of his life and cited by Mr. Morley (ii. 483). He had requested Lord Cardwell at the War Office, and Mr. Goschen at the Admiralty, to reduce their estimates. He failed to persuade them, and decided to cut the knot by an immediate dissolution. Opinions may differ as to the wisdom of Mr. Gladstone's persistent resolve to keep down the estimates of the army and navy; but we may at least remember how much of the country's prosperity, enabling it to bear so easily the burden of great emergencies, has been due to his long years of careful husbandry and fiscal reform.

Mr. Gladstone's effort to keep down the expenditure on the army and navy was in part both an effect and a cause of his desire to prevent any extension of the Empire. Here it

was that he seemed to be most out of touch with the drift of the actual forces which were moving the world. Those forces took their revenge, according to their wont, in a grimly ironic way. Mr. Morley quotes a remarkable prophecy which Mr. Gladstone penned in 1877:

> We cannot enjoy the luxury of taking Eyptian soil by pinches. We may seize an Aden or a Perim, where there is no already formed community or inhabitants, and circumscribe a tract at will. But our first site in Egypt, be it by larceny or be it by emption, will be the almost certain egg of a North African Empire, that will grow and grow until another Victoria and another Albert, titles of the Lake sources of the White Nile, come within our borders; and till we finally join hands across the Equator with Natal and Cape Town, to say nothing of the Transvaal and the Orange River on the south, or of Abyssinia or Zanzibar to be swallowed by way of *viaticum* on our journey (iii. 72).

Mr. Gladstone wrote, it will be seen, by way of warning or *reductio ad absurdum*. It is an instructive piece of irony that he should have been fated to take the first step on the journey that he dreaded, and to inaugurate, by a successful campaign, the British occupation of Egypt. There are few passages in history which suggest more strongly than the chronicles of the English in Egypt the existence of an overmastering necessity, shaping and governing persons, policies, and states. Mr. Morley brings out very clearly, as Mr. Dicey has already done in his "Story of the Khedivate," how the English Protectorate has come about, not by the deliberate machinations of English statesmen, but by sheer force of events, in the teeth of their efforts to prevent it. Foreign observers do not always believe this; the unwillingness of our politicians to look ahead or take more than one step at a time—even their desire to find at each stage some clear justification for their action—is apt to be put down as only another instance of the craft of perfidious Albion. As a matter of fact, the shifts of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville to avoid the least responsibility are almost pathetic in their persistency and their futility They "strove against the stream, but all in vain."

Nor is this the only instance in point. Mr. Gladstone was for ever inveighing against extensions of the Empire, and not infrequently extending it. He took over the Somali Coast; he annexed the Oil Rivers; he chartered the British North Borneo Company and the Royal Niger Company, and he established British rule in Bechuanaland. I fancy that a map of the British Empire coloured according to its extensions under Liberal and Conservative Governments respectively would show very little room for party recriminations. Perhaps the only difference is that the one party does its aggrandisement vaingloriously and the other shamefacedly.

The reluctance of Mr. Gladstone to face the inevitable involved, however, some serious lapses. In Egypt, at moments when England had all the cards in her hands, her Government deliberately declined to win the game. In South-West Africa, the supineness of Mr. Gladstone's Government allowed the Germans to forestall us. In South Africa there was a lamentable lack of foresight and decision. The best that can be said, even by a sympathetic critic, of the proceedings compendiously referred to by Mr. Morley as "Majuba," is that the right thing was done in the wrong way. Mr. Morley himself can say no more for it. If the annexation of the Transvaal was to have been reversed, it should have been done at once. If it was not to be reversed, Sir Bartle Frere should not have been recalled. As to "Majuba" itself, the "galling" argument (as Mr. Morley calls it) remains that the Government "had conceded to three defeats what they had refused to ten times as many petitions, memorials, remonstrances." The consequence was what might have been expected. "The Boers," as Mr. Bryce has said, "saw in the conduct of the British Government neither generosity nor humanity, but only fear," and "fancied themselves entitled to add some measure of contempt to the dislike they already cherished to the English." The feeling was not, perhaps, diminished by the facility with which, three years later, they obtained further concessions from Mr. Gladstone's

Government. But all this is an old story. What gives some piquancy to Mr. Morley's telling of it is the emphasis he gives to the fact that Mr. Chamberlain was an advocate of restoring the independence of the Boers at once, and subsequently of entering into negotiations with them. Indeed, Mr. Morley appears to suggest (iii. 35) that Mr. Chamberlain would have resigned had the latter course not been adopted. Two men only seem to have had real prescience at that time. One was Sir Bartle Frere, who, in a passage that has often been quoted (not by Mr. Morley), described, in words which have been fulfilled to the letter, what would be the consequences of the retrocession of the Transvaal. The other was Lord Wolseley, who, in 1879, predicted the discovery of the goldfields and the inrush of a British population, and continued: "Would it not therefore be a very near-sighted policy to recede now from the position we have taken up here, simply because for some years to come the retention of 2000 or 3000 troops may be necessary to reconsolidate our power?" This warning, which Mr. Morley truly calls "pregnant and far-sighted," was, he adds, "little considered by English statesmen of either party at this critical time or afterwards." The fact is that the policy of both parties in South Africa had for many years been one of alternate advance and withdrawal, of advance under stress of circumstances, of withdrawal in desire to limit responsibilities. Can we be perfectly sure, I wonder, even now, that a cold fit will not some day supervene upon the hot fit in South Africa?

Reluctance to realise the whole extent of a responsibility was at the bottom of the most regrettable incident in all Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy—namely, the failure to save Gordon. On this subject Mr. Morley has much that is interesting; much also that is disputable. He brings out the fact, to begin with, that Mr. Gladstone was not personally responsible for Gordon's mission. He was at Hawarden, and concurred, not without misgivings, in the policy which Mr.

Stead, from the office of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, dictated to the Government. There is something ominous of the coming tragedy in a story which Mr. Morley tells us. The Ministers who saw Gordon and despatched him on his errand were Lord Hartington, Lord Granville, Lord Northbrook, and Sir Charles Dilke. The next day one of the four said unto another: "We were proud of ourselves yesterday—are you sure we did not commit a gigantic folly?" (iii. 151). Doubting Castle is not a good headquarters from which to survey such an enterprise as that upon which Gordon was despatched. Later, the Cabinet room became a cave of anything but harmony. The curse of divided counsels was upon the Government, and sealed Gordon's doom. Mr. Gladstone at one stage was most unfortunately overruled. Gordon had telegraphed for the immediate despatch of Zebehr Pasha to take over the government of Khartoum. Colonel Stewart strongly concurred in the recommendation. Sir Evelyn Baring (Lord Cromer) warmly endorsed it. Mr. Gladstone fought hard for it, but he was absent owing to illness. A majority of his colleagues were afraid to face the outcry which Zebehr's antecedents—as a slave trader—would have called forth, and Gordon's request was refused. To the sending of a relief expedition Mr. Gladstone was opposed. Here, in the end, he was overruled, but the decision came too late. He remained, however, of the same opinion still. Mr. Morley gives a remarkable letter of a later date, in which Mr. Gladstone, writing to one of his then colleagues, blames himself for having done, not too little, but too much in the matter:

> In the Gordon case we all, and I rather prominently, must continue to suffer in silence. Gordon was a hero, and a hero of heroes; but we ought to have known that a hero of heroes is not the proper person to give an effect at a distant point, and in most difficult circumstances, to the views of ordinary men. It was unfortunate that he should claim the hero's privilege by turning upside down and inside out every idea and intention with which he had left England, and for which he had obtained our approval. Had my views about Zobeir prevailed it would not have removed our difficulties, as Forster would certainly have moved, and with the Tories and Irish have carried, a condemnatory address.

My own opinion is that it is harder to justify our doing so much to rescue him than our not doing more. Had the party reached Khartoum in time he would not have come away (as I suppose), and the dilemma would have arisen in another form.

Mr. Morley appears to concur in this apology. General Gordon was but "a wizard with his magic," and his politics were "many and very mutable." But this does not touch the real point. Grant, if you will, that Gordon exceeded his instructions (though there is more to be said to the contrary than Mr. Morley admits): Mr. Gladstone was strongly of that opinion, and was for recalling him (iii. 156). But the Cabinet did not recall him; they continued to accept responsibility for his actions, while refusing to concur in his recommendations. In these circumstances they were bound, in honour and in policy, to take steps to save him. The duty of a principal to an agent does not cease because the agent happens to be "a hero of heroes." Mr. Morley pronounces no explicit opinion on the point of honour, but concedes the point of policy. "The nation was in one of its high idealising humours." Mr. Gladstone, he says, could never understand why the fate of Gordon stirred the world so much. The reason is given by Mr. Morley: "Gordon seized the imagination of England, and seized it on its higher side." Gordon became "a popular ideal, to the immense inconvenience of the statesmen, otherwise so sensible and wary, who had now improvidently let the genie forth from the jar." To some it may seem, I think, that "a hero of heroes," who can seize the imagination of his countrymen on its higher side," is something better than an inconvenience. That the statesmen found him so was due to their supineness, internal dissensions, and reluctance to realise their responsibilities.

In this page of history, which Mr. Morley truly calls "tragic and unedifying," Mr. Gladstone was largely responsible, and he was impenitent. Nevertheless, if I may return to the region of what-might-have-been rom which we started,

there is no reason why one should not hold, if one chooses, that things might have gone very differently if Mr. Gladstone's initial responsibility in the matter had been personal and direct, and if, free from the pre-occupation of domestic policy, he had concentrated his mind on the Soudan question. Might he not have been a great Foreign Minister if the current of his thoughts and interests had set more decisively in the direction of foreign and colonial affairs? He was subtle enough for any diplomatist. He seems to have felt some call to that trade. Mr. Morley gives us two curious instances. In 1844 he proposed himself to Peel in the capacity of Envoy to the Vatican (i. 272), and in 1858 to Lord Malmesbury as Envoy Extraordinary to Naples (i. 595). Perhaps he would have been too subtle. He and some of his colleagues had audiences of Pius IX. in 1867, and "Mr. Gladstone used to tell with much glee in what diverse fashion they impressed the Pontiff. 'I like but I do not understand Mr. Gladstone,' the Pope said; 'Mr. Cardwell I understand, but I do not like; I both like and understand Lord Clarendon; the Duke of Argyll I neither understand nor like.'" As few people, perhaps, could altogether understand Mr. Gladstone, or could fail to like him. Then, he was full of resource; he had great pertinacity, and an indomitable spirit. He had lofty aims, and a high sense, on occasion, of the might and mission of England. His speeches, extending over so many years and reflecting so many moods, are a quarry from which politicians of diverse schools may extract material for their several purposes of edification. We also may claim some share in the Gladstonian tradition who would fain follow the spirit of such words as these:

> I believe that we are all united—it would be most unnatural if we were not—in a fond attachment, perhaps in something of a proud attachment, to this great Empire which has committed to it a trust and a function given from Providence as special and as remarkable as ever was intrusted to any portion of the family of man. Gentlemen, when I speak of that trust and that function I feel that words fail me; I cannot tell you what I think of the nobleness of the

inheritance that has descended upon us, of the sacredness of the duty of maintaining it. I will not condescend to make it a part of controversial politics. It is a part of my being, of my flesh and blood, of my heart and soul. For these ends I have laboured through my youth and manhood till my hairs are grey. In that faith and practice I have lived; in that faith and practice I will die.

Or this passage, full no less than the one just quoted of instruction for to-day, telling us how a Free Empire may best be preserved:

Depend upon it, the colonies covet a share in the great name of England. You will find in that feeling of theirs the greatest security for the connection. Make the name of England yet more and more an object of desire to the colonies. Their natural disposition is to love and revere the name of England, and this reverence is by far the best security you can have for their continuing, not only to be subjects of the Crown, not only to render it allegiance, but to render it that allegiance which is the most precious of all—the allegiance which proceeds from the depths of the heart of man.

So is the statesman linked with his friend the patriot-poet, "And the great name of England, round and round."

E. T. Cook.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S NOVELS

BY Westminster Abbey, and by the Houses of Parliament there is a statue which for the space of time required for infancy to grow into manhood has eclipsed all other statues in interest. What this statue represents no man can define, but few men deny that it represents something that now is, and before was not; something that signifies a great past, a greater present, and a future to which no bounds can be set. Strange musings doubtless pass through many minds when Lord Beaconsfield's career is the theme for consideration, but one wonders how often the reflection occurs that his public life opened and closed with a novel. It is stranger still that his last work shows that the immortal statesman who wrote "Endymion" was in truth just the same person as the audacious lad who flung before a wondering world the wild machinations of Vivian Grey. Fifty years had passed, spent for the most part in fighting in the foremost places of political battles, youth had become age, but all the striking characteristics remained.

For one thing boy and man used the same peculiar style with the full-bodied diction that tells directly of the gorgeous East, varied by passages which for direct swiftness rival Sterne himself. For examples let me first take the description of Tancred:

> On his right there stood a youth above the middle height and of a frame completely and gracefully formed. His dark brown hair, in those

hyacinthine curls which Grecian poets have celebrated, and which Grecian sculptors have immortalised, clustered over his brow, which, however, they only partially concealed. It was pale, as was his whole countenance, but the liquid richness of the dark brown eye and the colour of the lip denoted anything but a languid circulation. The features were regular, and inclined rather to a refinement which might have imparted to the countenance a character of too much delicacy, had it not been for the deep meditation of the brow, and for the lower part of the visage, which intimated indomitable will and an iron resolution.

The colouring is rich, even for a youthful marquis on the day of his majority; as a contrast let me quote from "Coningsby":

There, surrounded by his busts and books, he wrote his lampoons an articles; massacred a she liberal (it was thought that no one could lash a woman like Rigby).

Was ever a critic so severely lashed himself? Or:

The friends of Coningsby were now hourly arriving. It seemed when he met them again that they had all suddenly become men since they had separated; Buckhurst especially. He had been at Paris, and returned with his mind very much opened, and trousers made quite in a new style.

But, of course, the continued similarity in modes of expression does not carry us very far. The question remains: Why did Lord Beaconsfield's views of life apparently alter so little? Was it that certain qualities were too deeply engrained in his nature to yield even to his own unique experiences? Was it a case to which we must apply some lines that I think were written by the late Lord Lytton, and which I quote from memory only:

Talk not of genius hampered,
Genius is master of man,
Genius does what it must,
And talent does what it can.

Why, for instance, did Lord Beaconsfield preserve an abiding belief that the world is for the young? His heroes are always young, and with rare exceptions they are always either

permanently or temporarily conquerors in their struggles. The triumphs of Coningsby, Charles Egremont, and Endymion are lasting, those of Vivian Grey, Contarini Fleming, and Alroy are fugitive, but conspicuous.

Neither "Tancred" nor "Lothair" enter the arena of public life, but for boys who have just come of age they are marvellously equipped with ideas on subjects from which ordinary boyhood shrinks. They could have held their own in any company of their elders, whatever the topic might be that they were called upon to discuss.

But in real life did Lord Beaconsfield see even one young man attain to the highest prizes? Napoleon, Pitt, and Byron had passed away before the appearance of "Vivian Grey." Since their deaths, how many youthful heroes have leaped into fame? Lord Beaconsfield's own great success came to him slowly, and can hardly be said to have reached the high-tide mark till 1874. Nevertheless, he clung to his belief with tenacity, and tenacity can be a great source of strength and victory, as Lord Beaconsfield himself has often proved. It may be that the coming years will justify him in this thing also, as time has already done in many other sayings which he spoke to incredulous hearers.

Why, again, did Lord Beaconsfield so steadily maintain that history depends upon secret springs? In "Sybil" we are told that Major Wildman was the soul of English politics in the most eventful period of this kingdom, from 1640 to 1688 and that he seemed more than once to hold the balance which was to decide the permanent forms of our Government.

Ignorant of his signal achievements, most people will ask who Major Wildman may have been. As Lord Beaconsfield himself says, not one man in a thousand ever heard of him. Well, Clarendon has given us some information which may be here repeated. John Wildman was "bred a scholar at the University of Cambridge, and being young and of a pregnant wit in the beginning of the rebellion, meant to make his fortune in the war." He attached himself to Cromwell, and

by his dexterity in exciting or composing quarrels, his gifts for praying and preaching on occasions, with other such arts, by the time that King Charles was removed from Holmby House in 1647, Major Wildman had become a leading personage. "Having a smooth pen he drew many of the papers which first kindled the fire between Parliament and the Army." As time went on he deserted Cromwell and began to intrigue against him with great activity, until he was arrested while he was writing a declaration "containing the reasons and motives which oblige us to take up arms against Oliver Cromwell." He was then "straitly imprisoned and preparations made for his trial and towards his execution, which all men expected." But he was subsequently released, perhaps on again turning his coat and engaging to serve Cromwell as a spy. At all events he "resorted with the same success and reputation to his former course of life, in which he thrived very notably." In 1658 he was looking forward to the Restoration, and was one of the subscribers to the remarkable address sent by the Anabaptists to Charles II.

It is clear enough, therefore, that Major Wildman was one of those stormy petrels whose wont it is to hover above political oceans, but it is scarcely credible to our humdrum minds that he really wielded the power assigned to him by Lord Beaconsfield. It may, however, be alleged with perfect truth that there is many a dark place in the history of the Great Rebellion, and that ample scope exists for the theories of an historian to whom the gift of imagination has not been denied, even if we reluctantly withhold our assent to the narrative of General Monk's conversion to Royalty, with which the mighty Dumas has delighted the world.

In "Lothair" again there is the curious statement that the French Revolution originated in Tuscan Reform, but here the words are put into the mouth of Theodora, and may perhaps be attributed to her enthusiasm. In "Endymion" the wise Baron Sergius declares that three of the greatest potentates in Europe are governed respectively by a doctor, a mistress, and

an obscure individual. But certainly Lord Beaconsfield himself bowed to no hidden influences. Did he know of other Ministers who did so?

It would be quite useless to endeavour to appreciate Lord Beaconsfield's novels without at the same time endeavouring to form some idea of the character of their author, and it is possible to pursue this latter study since no man can write without some revelation of self. Lord Beaconsfield has happily revealed himself largely, in "Contarini Fleming," possibly, more than in any other of his works. As a boy Contarini is sensitive to an extraordinary degree; he is pugnacious almost to the point of ferocity, and he has in him much more than a touch of the rebel. He grows up with a disposition eagerly bent upon poetry; he is almost, but not, I think, ever quite a poet. Like his father in the novel—(may we say like his other father also?)—there is much of the man of affairs in his character, and he cannot leave his shadow behind him. Contarini describes himself in a remarkable passage when he takes advice from his father about his reading:

> I drew out "Zadig." Never shall I forget the effect this work produced on me. What I had been long seeking offered itself. The strange mixture of brilliant fantasy and poignant truth, this unrivalled blending of ideal creation and worldly wisdom—it all seemed to speak to my two natures.

Perhaps some of us may find in Lord Beaconsfield's writings what Contarini Fleming found in Voltaire.

Lord Beaconsfield was probably as shrewd a statesman as ever lived, but unquestionably he had a second nature. It may be fanciful, but I can never help thinking that he was a true descendant of the prophets whose wisdom and imagination have rendered such priceless services to the world. It is certainly no exaggeration to assert that Lord Beaconsfield was endowed with astonishing powers of forecast. To him alone of the statesmen who were active in the first half of the nineteenth century would it have been possible to dream of the vast exercise of power which the country has recently displayed

during the war in South Africa. His deep appreciation of the national character, combined with his quick recognition of the advances of science in every field of life, would have enabled him perhaps to have foreseen that in the years that were to come it would be scarcely possible to name a task which would be too arduous for the Empire. No one who reads what he wrote in the dark days that were too numerous between 1835 and 1845 can help being impressed by the extraordinary confidence with which he relied upon the capacity of the British race to surmount all troubles and difficulties by right of their own grand qualities. How thoroughly his confidence has been justified needs no saying. It is true that not all of his visions have been realised. The Crown, the Church and the House of Lords stand much where they did when "Sybil" was written, but there is another prophecy in another novel about the House of Commons which may conceivably make some of us uneasy:

> "Your House of Commons," said Sidonia to Coningsby, "that has absorbed all other powers in the State, will, in all probability, fall more rapidly than it rose."

Then Sidonia went on to expatiate on the rise of a new sovereign, the Press, with which modern communities would have to count. Lord Beaconsfield certainly knew his world.

Would that he were with us at the present moment to enforce the golden words which he spoke at Aylesbury, in September 1851:

> My conscience does not accuse me that when the protective system was attacked I did not do my best to uphold it; but to uphold a system that exists and to bring back a system that has been abrogated are two different things, and I am convinced myself that the system generally known by the name of the protective system can never be brought back unless it is the interest of all classes—at least, of all classes of importance—that this should be the principle which should regulate the national industry; and unless the nation speaks out upon the question in an unmistakable manner.

Throughout the novels are scattered political utterances on contemporary subjects, some of which are of high value.

There are observations on the administration of the Duke of Wellington, and explanations why the high hopes entertained of it were not realised. The Duke is stated to have

ever been a votary of circumstances. He cares little for causes. He watches events rather than seeks to produce them. It is a characteristic of the military mind. Rapid combinations, the result of a quick, vigilant and comprehensive glance, are generally triumphant in the field; but in civil affairs, where results are not immediate—in diplomacy and in the management of deliberative assemblies, where there is much intervening time, and many counteracting causes—this velocity of decision, this fitful and precipitate action, are often productive of considerable embarrassment, and sometimes of terrible discomfiture. It is remarkable that men celebrated for military prudence are often found to be headstrong statesmen.

Lord Beaconsfield also declares

that the future historian will be perplexed to ascertain what was the distinct object which the Duke of Wellington proposed to himself in the political manœuvres of May 1832.

And the declaration goes to show how very widely the Duke was blamed for what we now know to have been a simple act of chivalrous loyalty. The King appealed to his most illustrious subject to form a Government; and the subject, regardless of his reputation for wisdom, did what he could to carry out his Sovereign's wishes.

We have also criticisms on the conduct of Sir Robert Peel upon several momentous occasions. His refusal to co-operate with the Duke of Wellington in 1832 is approved, by implication at all events, and it is suggested that if Sir Robert had been in England in the autumn of 1834 the Whig Ministry would not have been dismissed. But fault is found with Peel's conduct in 1839 when he declined to take office on the ground of what we call the Bedchamber Plot.

"It was unfortunate," says Lord Beaconsfield, "that one who, if any, should have occupied the proud and national position of the leader of the Tory party, the chief of the people and the champion of the throne, should have commenced his career as Minister under Victoria by an unseemly contrariety to the personal wishes of the Queen."

Then there is a striking and eloquent tribute to Lord John Russell, winding up with the words: "It is difficult to ascertain at what period or under what circumstances the Whig party have ever possessed, or could obtain, a more efficient leader."

For Lord John's most famous work, however, the Reform Bill of 1832, Lord Beaconsfield had no admiration. He regarded the limitation of the £10 franchise as a device for keeping the Whigs in office, and he destroyed it in 1867.

Passages such as I have quoted add a very uncommon interest to the writings before us, and, indeed, I think we are likely to agree that Lord Beaconsfield is always happy and always instructive when he has provided himself with a background of affairs. Is it going too far to say that some of his books, and notably "Sybil," the finest of them all, should be read by every one who studies, or who cares for, the history of his country?

I have called "Sybil" the finest of the novels, and I will even venture to say that it is one of the most marvellous productions ever written by an inspired pen. I doubt if any one has ever represented so catholic a picture of society in all its grades. There are old peers and new peers, peeresses well informed and ill informed, the golden youth of both sexes, serious as well as careless, the good masters and the bad masters, the ambitious baronet, the deep lawyer, the moral force man, the physical force man, and workmen and workwomen all painted in colours which are surely indelible. Lastly, there is Sybil herself—a heroine who should satisfy any critic. Pure, holy and beautiful, she always reminds me of Queen Esther.

"Sybil" is not a book to be read in a hurry. Lord Beaconsfield's lines are fine and swiftly drawn, and, indeed, had it been otherwise he could never have dealt with so vast a subject in so small a compass. But they are easily overlooked on a hasty perusal. Devilsdust and Dandy Mick, for instance, are two very distinct characters, differing from one another by

the breadth of the world; but very few words are allotted to them, and a careless reader might easily set them down as nothing but a couple of agitators. The same power of discriminating by a touch is shown in the cases of Caroline, Julia and Harriet among the working classes, and with Alfred Mountchesney and some of his fellows in the world of fashion and ease. More plainly still is the hand of the master shown when the more important personages come to be depicted. Lord Marney is as vivid as he can be; he is a Puck whose jesting is always malicious; he is profoundly selfish, but he is nevertheless an aristocrat of the old order, and as brave as a game-cock.

"There is nobody so violent against railroads as George," said Lady Marney. "I cannot tell you what he does not do. He organised the whole of our division against the Marham line."

"I rather counted on him," said Lord de Mowbray, "to assist me in resisting this joint branch here; but I was surprised to learn that he had consented."

"Not until the compensation was settled," innocently remarked Lady Marney.

Quite in keeping with his life is Lord Marney's death—slain at the head of his troop of Yeomanry by the stones of a body of men whom he had chosen to regard as rioters, and whom he had unjustifiably attacked.

Turn now to a portrait on the other side, the Liberator in the midst of his Hell-cats. Can anything be more lurid than the history of their march, which Lord Beaconsfield asserts to have been "perhaps the most striking popular movement since the Pilgrimage of Grace"? At any rate, the account of it, with the burning of the "tommy shop" and the death of the hateful Master Joseph, are well worthy of the attention of any reader.

"Sybil," indeed, abounds with dark colours, but we have in its preface Lord Beaconsfield's own assurances that the colours are correct. He observes that those persons who were ignorant of the real "condition of the people might suspect that the writer had been tempted to some exaggeration." He adds that

he thinks it therefore due to himself to state that the descriptions generally are written from his own observation; but, while he hopes he has alleged nothing which is not true, he has found the absolute necessity of suppressing much that is genuine. For so little do we know of the state of our own country, that the air of improbability which the whole truth would inevitably hrow over these pages might deter some from their perusal.

It is in the force of its descriptions that the prime merit of "Sybil" lies. You cannot read the accounts of the suffering among the working classes without feeling that you now realise something that you never realised before. Lord Beaconsfield does not, like Sir Walter Scott, galvanise the past into actual glowing life, but he delineates the present with the vigour and perspicacity that genius alone can command. In its own line "Sybil," is a book that will never find a rival.

I do not pretend that there are not many faults to be found with the mere story. There is an utter lack of likelihood in the claims of Gerard to an old family property, and indeed Gerard himself must be admitted to be a leading character who is more attractive than convincing. But his daughter, Sybil herself, is convincing and attractive too. From the moment that her voice is heard in the evening hymn that rises from the ruined Lady's Chapel of Marney Abbey, followed by her instant appearance under the sunlit arch, she takes our spirit captive and claims the adoration that is her due.

I cannot attempt to discuss each of the other novels at the length with which I have spoken of "Sybil," and most of them must be passed by with only a few cursory remarks. Of "Ixion in Heaven" and "The Infernal Marriage" I may declare that I most sincerely envy those readers whose happy lot it may become to make their acquaintance for the first time. The delicious impudence of Ixion and the polished wit of Tiresias are joys that we do not often meet with in this melancholy world.

"So! this is heaven," exclaimed the husband of Dia, flinging himself upon one of the couches, "and a very pleasant place too. These worthy Immortals required their minds to be opened, and I trust I have effectually

performed the necessary operation. . . . To make your way in Heaven you must command. These exclusives sink under the audacious invention of an aspiring mind."

Or take the conversation with Juno about the peacock of the Queen of Mesopotamia, and its conclusion after Cupid has effected his mischief.

"I am sure you cannot now refuse to tell me what the Queen of Mesopotamia's peacock's tail was made of."

"It is impossible now," said Ixion. "Know then, beautiful Goddess, that the tail of the Queen of Mesopotamia's peacock was made of some of the plumage she had stolen from the wings of Cupid."

"And what was the reason that prevented you from telling me before?"

"Because, beautiful Juno, I am the most discreet of men, and respect the secret of a lady, however trifling."

Better still perhaps is the account of Tiresias at his whist.

"The trick and two by honours," said Proserpine. "Pray, my dear Tiresias, you, who are such a fine player, how came you to trump my best card?"

"Because I wanted the lead. And those who want to lead, please your Majesty, must never hesitate about sacrificing their friends."

. . . . . .

"You should not have forced me, Lady Manto," said the Captain of the Yacht, in a grumbling tone, to his partner.

"You should not have been forced," said Tiresias. "If she made a mistake, who was unacquainted with your plans, what a terrible blunder you committed to share her error without her ignorance!"

"What, then, was I to lose a trick?"

"Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity," replied Tiresias, "the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage."

. . . . . .

"In the last hand your Majesty unfortunately forgot to lead through your adversary's ace. I have often observed that nothing ever perplexes an adversary so much as an appeal to his honour."

"I will not forget to follow your advice," said the Captain of the Yacht, playing accordingly.

"By which you have lost the game," quietly remarked Tiresias. "There are exceptions to all rules, but it seldom answers to follow the advice of an opponent."

"Ixion in Heaven" and "The Infernal Marriage" were, of

course, intended for political "skits," but quite independently of their object they are most amusing to read.

"Alroy" and "Iskander" are perhaps to be regarded as "curiosities of literature," to use the title of a once famous book written by Lord Beaconsfield's learned father. Their interest is too remote from us to be generally appreciated.

"Henrietta Temple," which is avowedly a tale of love, seems to me chiefly meritorious for the representation which it contains of Count Alfred D'Orsay, to whom the work is dedicated. The gay Mirabel, with his "You see I was right; I am always right. But I will confess to you a secret. I never was so right as I have been in the present case," is a character with much fascination. "Venetia" is famous for its attempt "to shadow forth, though 'as in a glass darkly,' two of the most renowned and refined spirits that have adorned these our latter days." The theme is a lofty one, and the treatment is bold and sympathetic. Lord Beaconsfield did not fail to realise the difficulties with which both Shelley and Byron were beset, but I cannot imagine that we shall ever come to place the novel among his most valuable works.

An advertisement to a late edition of "The Young Duke" claims indulgence for a juvenile production, and concludes with a sentence truly characteristic of its author, "but the affectation of youth should be viewed leniently, and every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful." The book contains a singularly animated and picturesque account of a scene of heavy gambling, but of course "The Young Duke" is above all other considerations remarkable for the marvellous passage:

> One thing is clear, that a man may speak very well in the House of Commons, and fail very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite: I intend, in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both. In the Lower House Don Juan may, perhaps, be our model: in the Upper House, Paradise Lost.

Lord Beaconsfield wrote these words before he had reached the House of Commons. Has such another prophecy ever come to pass?

"The Young Duke" was an early novel, but the earliest of them all was "Vivian Grey," which, if it could be crushed at all, ought to have perished after its denunciation by its own author in 1853:

> Books written by boys which pretend to give a picture of manners and to deal in knowledge of human nature must necessarily be founded upon affectation. . . . Nor is it necessary to remark that a total want of art must be observed in their pages. . . . When the writers of such books are not again heard of, the works, even if ever noticed, are soon forgotten, and so there is no great harm done. But when their authors subsequently become eminent, such works often obtain a peculiar interest, and are sought for from causes irrespective of their merits. Such productions should be exempt from criticism, and should be looked upon as a kind of literary lusus.

This is severe enough, and I daresay a good deal of it is just, but I own that the splendid audacity of Vivian Grey's political intrigues in England has always delighted me, and the concluding part of the novel is actually the forerunner of a whole school of admirable fiction. It was in "Vivian Grey," too, that Lord Beaconsfield gave to the world, for the first time, examples of the sarcasm of which he was so consummate a master. Can we not all sympathise with the hapless student who, studying according to philosophy's latest modes, unluckily entangled the origin of slavery with that of the feudal system? And Lord Beaconsfield wrote this book before he came of age. A miracle truly, and when that is said all is said!

That such a miracle should attract universal attention is only fitting, and the discovery that Vivian Grey incurred the criticism, not only of one but of both the Parliamentary heroes of their day, need excite no wonder. Mr. Gladstone, we learn from the most notable biography just published by Mr. Morley, wrote in his diary: "1874, March 20. Finished 'Vivian Grey.' The first quarter extremely clever, the rest trash." At least he is not so unkind to the book as his rival, whose unfatherly remarks I have quoted.

I must make the honest confession that "Coningsby" does not appeal to me as strongly as I could wish. Neither Lord

Monmouth nor Sidonia himself seem to me very lifelike, and a band of young men, bent upon setting an old world to rights, has existed so often. Rigby is, perhaps, the most striking character, founded, it is supposed, on Mr. Croker. Poor Mr. Croker! of all men surely the most miserable in that he has drawn down upon his head the thunderbolts not of one, but of two Jupiters, Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Macaulay. I believe that no less a person than Mr. Gladstone once made an effort in the *Quarterly Review* to restore his reputation; but the dead cannot come back to life, and Mr. Croker had been killed in too complete a fashion. We must not, however, forget that "Coningsby" contains one chapter (the 15th chapter of the 4th Book) which should never die, for within it is written Lord Beaconsfield's celebrated and most spirited description of the grandeur of the Jewish race.

"Endymion" is not, I imagine, held to deserve a place in the highest rank, but "Tancred" and "Lothair" are both wonderful books, and a close comparison between them brings out some curious facts. "Tancred" is the last work that Lord Beaconsfield published before he attained the position of a leader in Parliament. It came out in 1847, at a time when its author had not made acquaintance with the responsibilities of office, and when he was little more than forty years old. Its successor, "Lothair," followed in 1869, while during that long interval Lord Beaconsfield had been not only a Prime Minister, but an exceedingly great Prime Minister of his country. It may be of some interest to others as well as to myself to run over the numerous points which these two novels have in common, though they were produced under such totally different circumstances.

At the commencement of each story the hero, who belongs to the highest nobility, is just about to come of age, and there are descriptions in each of them of the magnificent ceremonies that take place on these august occasions. It is amusing to note that the fireworks are specially and sympathetically mentioned in both cases. There are admirable pictures of

surrounding relatives and friends, and most excellent comedy in "Tancred" with Lord Eskdale and the artist cooks; in "Lothair" with Lord St. Aldegonde and his humours. It is soon—very soon—made apparent that, in spite of the many favours that have been showered upon them by fortune, the two youths are profoundly dissatisfied with life, and equally profoundly impressed with the unsatisfactory character of the prevailing religious thought. Both are subjected to feminine influences, and both are affected by them. Both resort to the Holy Land, though a short tour in Holland is prescribed to Tancred by his kind but unimaginative parents as a proper amount of travel, and Lothair only reaches Jerusalem after he has fought with Garibaldi, and been wounded in Italy. Lord Beaconsfield never changed in his view that Palestine is the home of religion, and Lothair is taught by Paraclete, even as Tancred is taught by the apparition upon Sinai. But although Hebrew supremacy is never to be doubted, it is remarkable that in the two novels of which I am speaking the charm, force and beauty of Hellenism are markedly recognised. Astarte, the lovely Queen of the Ansarey, adored Apollo, and would have liked to convert Tancred to her creed, while Mr. Phœbus, his wife and her sister Euphrosyne, preached the worship of nature to Lothair. There is, of course, a great difference in the adventures that cluster round the central streams of the narratives. Tancred passes most of his time in Asia, and is left with a declaration of love on his lips addressed to the Syrian Eva. His fate is uncertain, as the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont, unable to endure the prolonged absence of their son, have arrived at Jerusalem, and are likely to regard his proposed marriage with unfavourable eyes. Lothair, on the other hand, is chiefly occupied in Europe, and, after escaping the attentions of the Roman Catholics, and the dangers of war, marries Lady Corisande amidst general approbation.

But the keynotes, with their touch of sadness, are identical in both books. They express the inmost thoughts of a man

penetrated to the very depths of his being by the sense of religion. Perhaps if we look at the two visions—that of Tancred at Sinai and Lothair at the Coliseum—we should say of a mystic religion. But be this as it may, it is a religion which teaches that it is not upon the affairs of this world only that the highest natures expend their highest energies. I have been informed, on what I conceive to be good authority, that it was Lord Beaconsfield's daily custom to devote some of the early hours of the morning, through which most of us sleep, to the study of the Bible and the literature of the Bible.

IDDESLEIGH.

GARDEN CITIES

WITHOUT in the least underrating the importance of the fiscal questions now engrossing public attention, it would be tolerably safe to predict that, whether the conclusion ultimately arrived at be wise or foolish, the consequences will not be altogether irretrievable nor the national efficiency permanently reduced. There are, however, questions affecting the well-being of the home population of which the same cannot be said. They strike at the very root and foundation of national prosperity, and cannot with safety be ignored or the consideration of them deferred to a more convenient season. The first and most urgent of these, concerns the health and physique of the mass of the people.

That physical degeneration is in wide operation amongst the inhabitants of our great towns will hardly be denied by any one who has studied the question. That it may have escaped the notice of those whose observation is practically confined to the members of the well-to-do classes and their immediate dependants is likely enough; but it is none the less a fact, and if proof is wanted it can be had in abundance. In one great industrial centre, we are told, out of 11,000 applicants for Military Service 8000 fell short of a physical standard so low that one positively blushes to hear of its application to the descendants of the finest race in Europe. In considering the significance of these figures it must be borne in mind that the consciously defective would not submit them-

selves to medical examination. An abundance of evidence pointing in the same direction could be adduced if necessary. The physical condition of the population of our great towns is in fact so unsatisfactory that it could only be disregarded by a nation smitten with the blindness which precedes destruction.

It is not pretended that the matter has altogether escaped attention. Efforts undoubtedly have been and are being made to improve the hygienic conditions of our great towns. At the same time no serious attempt has been made to grapple with the root of the evil, nor indeed is there any indication that the necessity for taking effective steps to maintain the national physique is at all adequately recognised. If the subject is to be dealt with scientifically it is necessary in the first place to ascertain the causes underlying the evil, to separate those which are practically fixed from those which are open to alteration, and then to consider how the latter may be modified so as to give a reasonable prospect of permanent improvement.

The first step presents little difficulty. The main causes of physical degeneration are by common consent to be found, in the change which in a few generations has transformed the English from a race of agriculturalists to a race of artisans, from a race of countrymen to a race of townsmen. The Englishman of to-day is essentially a townsman. He no longer rejoices as the pioneer of civilisation to struggle with the forces of nature in unsettled lands. If he emigrates it is to the towns he goes. At home he crowds into the towns to such an extent, that in many parts of the country only the aged, the feeble, and the very young, remain. Now the difference between country life and town life, in its effect upon physique, is marked and well known. The man who lives in the country can, all the world over, give points in physique to the man who lives in a town. The man who works in the open air can give points to the man who works within doors. The man, therefore, who lives in a town and works within doors, is at a dis-

advantage compared with the man who lives in the country and works within doors, and at a still greater disadvantage with the agriculturist. Moreover there is every reason to suppose that the disadvantage is not confined to stature, thews and sinews, but that it extends to brain-power. Even in so young a nation as the United States the saying already obtains that all the brains come from the country, and our own experience confirms its truth.

If the advantages of country life therefore are essential to good physique, unless we are content to see our race degenerate, we must either turn the artisan back into the agriculturist, or we must find means to extend these advantages to the occupations which the former follows. The first of these alternatives is clearly impossible. The industrial tendencies of the nation are due to economic causes. A nation tends to the production of those commodities which it can produce to the greatest advantage. Capital and labour cannot permanently be prevented from following their true interests. That the interests of a nation, which imports three-fourths of its food-supply and some 80 per cent. of whose imports consist of raw material, lie in increasing manufacture and not in reversion to agriculture, cannot seriously be contested. Moreover, so long as the markets of the world lie open to this country for the purchase of food, the English farmer, under existing circumstances, will always be at a disadvantage, handicapped as he is by soil and climate. It seems clear, therefore, that the transfer of labour from agriculture to manufacturing industry, in a continuously increasing ratio, must be accepted as inevitable.

Abandoning, therefore, the first alternative, our only hope lies in the second, namely, in enabling the artisan to share with the agriculturist the advantages of country life. But there is another point to be considered. If it be true that country-bred brains are the best, it is equally true that the best country-bred brains gravitate to the towns; and if the countryman beats the townsman in brain-power, he is inferior to him

in intellectual agility, and in, at all events, superficial mental development. The problem to be solved therefore is not only how to extend the advantages of country life to the artisan, but also how to enable the agriculturist to share the advantages of town life. But what are the advantages of country life which we desire to extend to the artisan? and what are the advantages of town life which we wish the agriculturist to share? So far as our present purpose is concerned, the former may be summed up in two words—"fresh air"—and the latter in as many more—"social intercourse."

The importance of fresh air as a factor in human development is being tardily recognised, but as yet it is by no means adequately appreciated. An abundant supply of fresh air is more necessary to healthy human existence even than an abundant supply of food. The bare sufficiency of air to support life is a more certain precursor of disease and death than a bare sufficiency of food; yet the relative importance of the two things is wholly misunderstood. If the newspapers report a case of death from starvation the whole community is shocked; while the public at large are either ignorant of the fact, or little moved by the knowledge, that for every victim of insufficient food a thousand suffer through insufficient air. In dealing with this point it cannot be too often or too strongly urged, that comfort and health are not convertible terms, and that substantial buildings, and contrivances, however admirable, for saving time and trouble, do not fill the lungs with air, but often, indeed, indirectly hinder the process. The philanthropist working in the slums finds two or three families herded together in, let us say, the ground-floor room of a squalid house. The different families sleep in separate corners of the room; in the day-time the children are turned out to play in the gutter; consumption is almost certain to be present in their midst. Our philanthropist is very properly shocked. But what strikes him most forcibly is not, in all probability, the hygienic aspect of the case, but the fact that the people are living like pigs—the absence of decency and comfort. If

he can secure their removal to separate rooms on, say, the fifth floor of a tenement building (erected by another philanthropist) where the doors and windows fit well enough to exclude the air, where the women have everything at hand and need but seldom leave their rooms, and the children play either on the staircase or in the room itself, the philanthropist will depart, filled with the comfortable conviction of substantial good effected. Yet from the hygienic point of view, I venture to assert that the last state of these families, particularly as regards the children, would be worse than the first, and that the philanthropist would have done better if he had left the people where he found them, having previously pulled out the window of their hovel, and trusted to their want of means or energy to replace it. The gutter was at least open to the sky and in some degree to the four winds of heaven, and was a better place for the children to play in than the tenement staircase. It is not to be tolerated, I agree, that people should continue to live like pigs, but your pig, after all, is usually a healthy animal, and the conditions of his life are in that respect superior to those of a large proportion of our fellow citizens. The essentials of health enjoyed by the former at least must be extended to the latter, if any permanent good is to be done them.

If the importance of fresh air is once recognised, and the conditions of life in our great industrial centres examined, experience only serves to confirm the conclusion to which *à priori* reasoning must lead, that under such conditions it is impossible to maintain the physical efficiency of the race. It is, of course, one thing to recognise and deplore the evil, another to find a remedy; but to distract our attention from the sorry spectacle of the condition of our people at home, by external schemes which that very condition, if unamended, must render futile, is surely the policy of the ostrich rather than that of a great nation. To enforce and reiterate this argument is no proof of indifference to Imperial concerns. No one is more convinced than myself that for the full

development of national character, the larger view of national duty is of the highest importance; but the recovery of the physical standard is the necessary preliminary to the development of an Imperial race. If this be neglected the Imperial structure rests upon a foundation of sand.

It follows from what has already been said, that the remedy for the state of things we have been considering must be found, either in a radical alteration of our existing towns, or in some fresh method of distributing the population upon the land. Without minimising the result of the efforts which have been made during the last few years to deal with the question of overcrowding, and to improve the hygienic conditions of life in industrial centres, such conditions remain essentially unsatisfactory and, to my mind, must ever so remain, in default of radical measures to check and ultimately reduce the pressure of population. Where a great town already exists improvements must be piecemeal. Demolition in one quarter tends to aggravate overcrowding in another. The cost is enormous. It would often be cheaper to pension off the occupants for life than to substitute accommodation in reasonably accessible positions. If the working man is compelled to find lodging further afield, the bulk of his leisure is consumed in travelling, often under conditions even less healthy than those of the workshop; while the growth and extension of the suburbs still further vitiates the air in the central districts, and renders the country still more and more inaccessible to the citizen. Reform is made difficult by the unwisdom of our predecessors, and the haphazard, disconnected way in which the town has grown. The past hampers the present at every turn. If we could imagine the occurrence of a devastating conflagration which should sweep all the buildings in London off the face of the earth (Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's being, let us hope, miraculously preserved), and could suppose that, moved by conscientious scruples on the subject of unearned increment, the ground landlords simultaneously laid their rents at the feet of the London County Council,

retaining only what represented the unimproved value of the land, no doubt much might be done. In facilities of transit, in unity of construction, in careful distribution of the population in accordance with their several requirements, in low rental value, the new city might be expected to excel any in existence. But, even then, the County Council would be compelled either to send a large proportion of the former citizens about their business, or to resort to the present device of piling family upon family at so many thousand per acre; while the suburban difficulty would remain as acute as ever. In addition to a clear site of land at its natural value, the County Council would require a great increase of building area and, in addition, the control of all the land around their city, before they could establish a town fit to form the cradle of an Imperial race.

But although our imagination fails to conceive the satisfactory evolution of London itself, the country could furnish an abundance of sites where all the conditions which we have seen to be necessary exist—land at agricultural value, a clear site, and command at will of the surrounding country.

Making a still more vigorous effort of imagination, let us suppose that, at some future time, there arose a Government the Ministers of which realised that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the vital principle of our social organisation was industrial democracy; and that, consequently, the first and chief concern of the State was the health and well-being of the industrial population. Let us further suppose, though here the most powerful imagination may fail, that they were prepared to provide for the furtherance of the well-being of the toiling millions of Englishmen, a fraction of what was spent upon the South African War, or of what is to be devoted, with the approval of all, to buying out Irish landlords, on the off chance of putting an end to Irish agitation. In such a case, what could be simpler than to provide sites for industrial towns, upon which the required conditions might be realised; namely, due proportion of area to population, and reservation of an agricultural belt of

adequate size round each town? Increase of population in such a case would be provided for, not by increased crowding, but by overflow to contiguous towns established under similar conditions. For instance, land might be provided for a central town of 100,000 inhabitants surrounded by several overflow towns of 50,000 inhabitants, forming, by well-planned means of communication, but one community for social and business purposes. Such a scheme might, of course, either succeed or fail. If it succeeded, the problem we have been discussing would be solved. Artisans would ply their avocations in towns specially devised for the convenience of themselves and their employers, and in immediate touch with the country, with which they would be surrounded. The possibilities before the founders of such a town, in the way of width of streets, parks, gardens, recreation-grounds, allotments, and so forth, can be estimated if we imagine the London County Council with a practically unlimited area of land at their disposal, at a cost of £40 or £50 an acre. Nor would the benefit to the artisan be the only gain; the proximity of a large town would bring a market to the doors of the occupiers of the agricultural belt of land surrounding it, who would naturally devote themselves to the minor agricultural industries, such as dairies, poultry farms, market gardens, &c., most of which involve the employment of a greater number of hands than ordinary farming. The conditions laid down for adequate development would thus be realised. The artisan would be in enjoyment of the fresh air of the country, while the agriculturist would obtain the advantage of social intercourse by the immediate proximity of a large town. The development of the sites need not be undertaken directly by the State, but might be left to the enterprise of private undertakers under suitable conditions approved by the Board of Trade and embodied in provisional orders. If the scheme were successful, it is obvious that the improved value of the land would largely exceed what was required for the reasonable remuneration of the capital expended. If the scheme failed, the loss would be measured by the difference

between the price given for the land and its real selling value; so that the enterprising Government of our imagination would not seriously jeopardise the national resources.

But, in addition to a site to form a town, a population is required. Are there sufficient grounds for supposing that such a population would be forthcoming? This depends mainly upon the attitude of the manufacturers. At the present time they show a marked tendency to leave the great towns, particularly London. Would they avail themselves of a site—which, for the convenience of reference, we will call a "Garden City"—if it were offered them?

That there are advantages at the outset which manufacturers gain by bringing their works together is proved by the fact that they have hitherto crowded into the great centres. What is driving them out is high rent, contracted area, oppressive building regulations, and high wages. In other words, the consequences of the very contiguity which they originally sought, uncontrolled and unrestricted.

Now the advantages which a Garden City could offer would be cheaper land, greater room for extension, lower rates, better (because more vigorous) and possibly cheaper labour, and the numerous facilities for cheap production, which forethought can provide, where a town is specially planned for that purpose. In the case of a municipality supplying its members with water, gas, &c., which would otherwise form the subject of private monopoly, it is not, I think, denied that the consumer gains. Objection is taken on another ground, namely, that he obtains an advantage at the expense of his neighbours, who are not equally benefited. In a Garden City, the central authority being the landlord, the increment in the value of the land would form a fund applicable to such purposes without resort to the rates. On the whole, therefore, it may reasonably be anticipated that those manufacturers who are not by choice or necessity wedded to a great town, would be attracted by the advantages offered by a Garden City.

With regard to labour, it cannot go if manufacturers abstain, nor can it abstain if manufacturers elect to go. Labour must follow employment. The scheme, therefore, though primarily intended for the benefit of the working class, is not dependent on their voluntary co-operation. And this is important; for although there are many working men who would understand and appreciate the boon, the scheme may very likely fail at the outset to interest the working class generally. To tell the average working man that his lethargy and craving for drink are largely the result of unhealthy conditions of life and labour would probably only excite his resentment and ridicule. It is only by experience that he will learn to appreciate the advantages offered him.

Apart from the question of health, however, they are indisputable; for if he gets the same wages as before, he will be better off by the difference in his rent, *plus* the benefit he will derive from the application of the unearned increment for the benefit of the community. If his wages are reduced by the difference in his rent, he will still enjoy the latter benefit.

The producers once planted on the site, the subsidiary classes, professional and trading, will of necessity follow.

If, therefore, the State were minded to apply itself seriously to the question, there is little doubt that a redistribution of the people upon the land might be commenced, which would gradually check both the overcrowding in the towns and the exodus from the country, to the benefit alike of the landowner, the farmer, and the manufacturer. At present, however, there is little hope of State assistance. That individual effort should anticipate the action of the State is however in conformity with all precedent, and the Garden City Association have for some time past been actively engaged in the endeavour to make a practical experiment upon the lines above indicated. The matter is at present so far advanced that a site of some 4000 acres, about 35 miles from London, has been purchased by a company registered under the name

of the First Garden City Limited.[1] Upon this site it is proposed to found a Garden City. The interest of the shareholders is limited to a dividend of 5 per cent. All further profit will be devoted to the benefit of the residents on the estate.

Will the enterprise succeed? I think it will. The readers of this article must judge what weight, if any, attaches to my opinion on the subject. I will only say that I have long studied the question, and that thirty years at the Bar and nine in the House of Commons are calculated to dispel any tendency to extravagant idealism. To me it seems a practical and practicable scheme, the success of which is mainly a question of management and money. A reference to the Garden City Association will satisfy the inquirer that the enterprise is in the hands of business men. With regard to money, some £75,000 has been found by those immediately concerned in the movement, and I cannot believe that the public will allow the scheme to fail for want of funds when the impending appeal is made to them.

For it holds the field as the only practical suggestion for dealing comprehensively with the questions of overcrowding and agricultural depression, and bears within it the promise of ultimate success. And *something* must be done. The loss of initiative is the most unsatisfactory symptom our country exhibits at the present time. Yet, since we are in a later stage of industrial development than other nations, we are confronted by problems which do not as yet affect them. Waiting for a lead in this regard will be fatal. The greatest of Englishmen (judged by the importance of his message to mankind) has come and gone; yet the influence of his teaching upon the social life of his countrymen is still to seek. It is surely time that the altered view of life to which the doctrines of evolution constrain us should be evidenced by practical conduct. While the conditions of life affecting the majority of the people are inconsistent with sound physical development the best laid schemes for social progress are in vain. The

[1] 348 to 351 Birkbeck Bank Chambers, Holborn, E.C.

distribution of the people upon the land in the manner suggested is not put forward as a panacea for all ills, but as a necessary preliminary to future advance. It is but the first step in a task, which will tax all the energy and all the intelligence of the country during the twentieth century.

RALPH NEVILLE.

THE RADIO-ACTIVITY OF MATTER

THE striking researches and brilliant discoveries, notably of French physicists, during the last few years, have done much to remove from the scientific mind of a certain type one of its most cherished conceptions. And recent developments in the study of fluorescent and phosphorescent radiations have led to results which may perhaps be described as more than startling, whilst they have given the scientific investigator the most promising fields for research. Such discoveries, from their very nature, make these subjects doubly fascinating, for, by their fruitful consequences on the one hand, they are forcing us to reconsider our fundamental conceptions of the constitution of matter, and, on the other, inducing us to realise, more fully than many perhaps have been ready to perceive, the possibilities of great achievements which in the light of accepted theories seemed so very improbable.

Preconceived notions, however useful as a brake to the fugitive imagination, quite apart from their suggestiveness and utility as guiding principles, have yet perhaps more than once acted as powerful drawbacks to great and revolutionary movements, not merely in the world of affairs, but in that of pure science as well. Notably amongst these predilections, if we may so call them, is the idea that the chemical atom is a sacred structure, and can no more admit of being broken up or subdivided than an ultimate unit can be said to be made up of

parts. Physicists and chemists, with a few exceptions, do not quite agree, in the face of almost overwhelming evidence against the latter.

The radio-activity of matter, a discovery which has revolutionised our conception of the structure of the atom, is due to Henri Becquerel, the distinguished French savant, a member of the Académie des Sciences, and of that remarkable family which for three generations has been illustrious in the world of science, a name that commands the respect in this country which it does in the land of Lavoisier and of Fourcroy.

(1) For many years he has been investigating the phenomena of phosphorescence, and in the course of these inquiries detected, by means of a delicate electroscope, that the air in the neighbourhood of certain phosphorescent substances—such as the double sulphide of uranium and potassium, or the sulphides of zinc and calcium—loses its insulating property and becomes a conductor of electricity. One would not imagine that there was so much in this single simple fact; but let us continue.

A photographic plate, wrapped in black paper, when exposed for some time to these phosphorescent substances, exhibited the same effects as if it had been exposed to the influence of Röntgen rays. Still more remarkable, and perhaps a still more mysterious, inexplicable fact.

This property of matter, or spontaneous radiation, if we may now call it, he detected in various compounds of uranium, not long after Röntgen had observed the now familiar radiation from a vacuum bulb; and at the time investigators were looking for all types of rays from all kinds of things.

The radiation (of Becquerel) resembled that of Röntgen, for it passed through thin sheets of metal, acted on a photographic plate, also on fluorescent screens, and produced electrical conductivity in a gas which it traversed. At first, indeed, it was thought that this radiation was light of very short wavelength, in fact of much shorter wave-length than that of the visible spectrum, and that it admitted like ordinary light of being polarised by transmission through crystals of tourmaline,

which absorb the vibrations of light in a plane parallel to their axes and transmit those at right angles to them. Subsequently, however, it was found that this effect, which, if it existed, would have been extremely difficult to ascertain, did not really take place; thus giving a further analogy between those rays and the Röntgen rays which are also not polarised by this means.

For some time after, it was considered extremely probable that the Becquerel rays were nevertheless ultra-ultra-violet rays, of wave-length so very short as not to be impeded to any marked extent by the molecules of matter—(as sound passes through groves of trees)—a property which would account for their great penetrating power. The difference, however, was soon found, which distinguished in an unmistakable manner between the radiation from phosphorescent substances and that from vacuum bulbs. They both travel in straight lines like ordinary light, but not when they traverse a magnetic field in a direction other than that of the lines of magnetic force. The effect of a magnet is to deviate the Becquerel rays from their straight path, whilst the Röntgen rays are not affected in the slightest degree, even in the most powerful magnetic fields. Thus a great distinction was at once drawn between the two kinds of radiation. The deflectibility of the rays in a magnetic field at once disproves the hypothesis that they consist of vibrations like those of ordinary light, however great their frequency; for a magnetic field does not affect the direction of propagation of light. Subsequent investigation of other substances which emit this radiation shows also that it is often accompanied by another kind of radiation, even more penetrating, but, like light, not at all deflected by a magnet. With this we shall presently have more to do, as also with the Röntgen rays, which are likewise not deflected and of the nature of light. The Becquerel rays—properly so called—that is, the deflectible ones, do not involve an undulatory motion, or anything similar to it, but rather appear to consist essentially of a radiation of very minute particles or corpuscles; the

very type of radiation which Newton imagined light to consist of in his corpuscular theory. They are now known as the β rays.

(2) The behaviour of the Becquerel rays is precisely as if they consisted of particles moving with a great velocity, and carrying a charge of resinous or negative electricity. Their velocity has been calculated to be about two-thirds of the velocity of light, that is, about 20,000,000,000 centimetres per second. They possess all the properties of the rays projected from the negative electrode when an electric discharge passes through a vacuum tube, and are generally known as cathode rays, or the radiant matter which Crookes investigated in his elegant researches published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, 1879.

The cathode rays were originally discovered by Varley in 1871, but Crookes inferred from their general properties, which he investigated and illustrated in those classical experiments long since so familiar to many, the existence of a fourth state of matter, which, until quite recently, was regarded by not a few as a somewhat broad generalisation, and extending far beyond the facts of his observations. But the experienced, careful observer often acquires an insight into the secrets of Nature, amounting almost to an instinct, by which he knows whither his facts are leading him, although they do not in themselves supply in full the premises for his conclusions; by which they may be logically proved to others less initiated and less experienced than himself in his own familiar ground where he has romped and roamed, perhaps for months, perhaps for years. The idea of a state of matter differing from either the solid, the liquid, or the gaseous state, as we are acquainted with them, was first originated by Crookes, and, though it was not finally established by him, yet, as a matter of history, his name must rank high amongst those who have cleared the way towards its discovery.

(3) The deflectibility of the cathode rays by a magnet, observed by Crookes, a property which, as we have seen, the Becquerel rays and the cathode rays possess in common,

indicated (the reason for this shall presently be explained) that these rays carry a charge of electricity.

It is to the late Professor Rowland we owe our knowledge of the fact that an electrified body in motion exerts a force upon a magnet in its neighbourhood; and conversely, from the principle of the equality of action and reaction, a magnetic field exerts a force upon an electrified body in motion. So it was argued that if the cathode rays were electrified particles moving with a considerable velocity, they would necessarily be deflected in a magnetic field, and, *vice versâ*, that if deflected in a magnetic field they carried a charge of electricity.

Perhaps the most elegant, at any rate the most convenient, method of illustrating the result of Rowland's famous experiment is that devised by R. W. Wood—Rowland's successor in the chair of Physics at the Johns Hopkins University. He used a stream of charged particles of solid carbonic acid, as they issued from an orifice in a cylinder highly charged electrically, containing this gas at a great pressure. The velocity with which the particles of carbonic acid moved was about 60,000 centimetres, or 2,000 feet, per second, after they had condensed into the solid state from the issuing gas. The effect of the moving charge or current of electricity on a magnetic needle two or three centimetres above the stream was observed to be quite marked. We have here a clear illustration, if not a proof, that an electrified body in motion, or a stream of electrified bodies in motion, and a magnet react on one another. From the path which an electrified particle would in this manner describe in a magnetic field it is possible to determine its velocity. This was first applied by Schuster. The velocity of the cathode rays is about 14,000,000 centimetres, or about 630 miles per second.[1] The limits, however, are very

[1] The impartial judge must admit that Schuster in his series of Bakerian Lectures to the Royal Society, 1884, 1887, 1890, has laid the foundation and indicated the true path of subsequent investigation on the discharge of electricity through gases.

wide indeed and in very high vacua; under a large electromotive force they move with a much greater speed, and can reach a velocity approaching one-tenth of that of light, that is, about 3,000,000,000 centimetres, or 19,000 miles per second. At the lower velocities the cathode rays are easily absorbed by matter, but as they approach this great velocity they also acquire the power of penetrating thin sheets of metals quite opaque to light, as Lenard has proved to us by his beautiful experiments (Wiedmann's *Annalen*, 1894).

Perrin (*Comptes Rendus*, 1896) showed conclusively that the cathode rays carried a charge of negative or resinous electricity, whilst Thomson determined the ratio of the charge carried by each of these individual particles to its mass, and subsequently ascertained the magnitude of the charge, and from the known ratio of these two quantities that of the mass of each particle—or corpuscle, as he has called it. From this it appears that each particle or corpuscle has a mass of about the one-thousandth of the mass of an atom of hydrogen. The method by which this remarkable result was arrived at is perhaps too technical, too complicated, to be described here, but the result will itself be sufficiently clear to be understood and to be appreciated at a glance, whilst the full investigation and its result will ever be admitted to be a classical production.

(4) We may now pass to the bearing of this upon the phenomena of radio-activity. Calculations similar to the above have been applied to the Becquerel rays, and they have been found to carry a negative charge of electricity. The ratio of this charge to the mass of each corpuscle has been ascertained to be the same as that for the cathode rays. Their velocity is very much greater, and approximates very closely to that of light, so that the amount of energy which each corpuscle possesses is enormous, and its power of penetrating objects correspondingly very much greater. We thus appear to have obtained from ordinary matter in ordinary circumstances something of even less mass than the atom itself, so much so that its inertia is only the one-thousandth part of the inertia of an atom

of hydrogen. The present view is that the atom is made up of a number of such corpuscles, and that occasionally one is shot off and after a while another takes its place. The heavier the atom the more complex is its structure and the greater the number of corpuscles that compose it. The mercury molecule, for instance, contains about two hundred thousand corpuscles, and the molecule of uranium something like two hundred and forty thousand, whilst the molecules of many phosphorescent substances are extremely complicated in structure, so complicated that they probably contain many millions of such corpuscles. The corpuscle appears to be identical with what Dr. Johnstone Stoney many years ago called an *electron*, or unit charge of electricity. It is to Professor Larmor we owe the suggestion that matter is made up of such electrons, and he made it before these electrons had actually been isolated. Marvellous, revolutionary conception that marks a period in the annals of science and gives its author an assured place as a pioneer in the history, not alone of English, but of European thought. It reduces matter to an electrical phenomenon. These electrons have since been shown to be capable of existing independently of the atom itself in the form of the corpuscle we have described. Some of the strongest evidence in favour of the view that matter is so made up of electrons is that the absorption of corpuscles or electrons follows the law that absorption is proportional to the density of the substance, whatever its chemical nature or composition; a fact which was discovered by Lenard for very fast-moving cathode rays. Matter made up as it is of such electrons is gradually radiating itself into space, and must ultimately, unless a counteracting process is at work, be disintegrated and scattered away in the form of electrons throughout the universe. It has been suggested by Rutherford that an actual transmutation of the elements is taking place. And Ramsay and Soddy tell us that radium is being converted into helium. This will almost be the crowning work of all these labours when it is proved. Now it may be taken as an ingenious and most original hypothesis. As the molecule is composed of chemical

atoms, so is the chemical atom itself but an agglomeration of electrons. The electron appears to be the primordial atom of which all nature is composed, and so far as we can make out it is the atom of electricity itself; nay, it would now appear that all matter is electricity and electricity, matter.

Thus have we shifted the whole responsibility of the universe upon the properties of the electrons instead of the seventy-seven elements, which not long since formed the foundation-stones of Nature. Radium, one of the heaviest and most complicated of these, is continually shooting out electrons, and is gradually losing its substance, so that if the process continues long enough it must ultimately be dissipated away and scattered in the form of electrons throughout all space.

Æons of time are after all great or small only relatively to our own experience; the resolution of matter into its constituent element—electricity—is now slowly taking place around us, and time will witness the ultimate disintegration.

(5) Not improbable is it that all bodies are thus continually being disintegrated into their constituent element — electricity—even if they do not exhibit this property of radio-activity, for we have no means at present of detecting it, in consequence of the very great velocity which such electrons would possess. Although the radiation which has been observed is extremely penetrating, its detection depends upon the fact that it is *absorbed* to some extent by matter; for photographic effects, fluorescent effects, and that still more delicate test, the ionisation of gases (that is, the conductivity of gases) produced by the radiation, all necessarily imply absorption of energy. It seems not unreasonable to ask, Do not radiations still more penetrating exist, so that electrons are continually being shot off still faster than those which have been so far detected, and so fast that they are not absorbed at all, or that the absorption is too small to be detected by the experimental methods at our disposal? It seems likely enough.

The absorption of the radiation of electrons depends upon

their velocity, so that if the velocity is increased the absorption is reduced, and at very high velocities a slight change in the velocity of an electron when it approaches that of light makes an enormous difference in the penetrating power of the radiation.

It has been shown, however, by Heaviside that the inertia of an electrified body in motion is made up of two parts. First, the inertia due to what is ordinarily called the mass of the body; that is, its gravitational mass; and secondly, that which must be added to the inertia of the electric charge when in motion, due to the energy of the latter in the surrounding medium. This increases very rapidly as its velocity increases, becoming almost infinite when it approximates to that of light. Like an asymptotic curve which approaches more and more closely to its asymptote and yet never touches it, so the velocity of an electrified body can be made to approach that of light and yet be never made to reach it.[1]

The energy increases very rapidly as the velocity approaches that of light, so[2] that it is quite conceivable that an electron may possess a velocity very nearly equal to that of light, and its energy, though not infinite, may nevertheless be very great

Thus radio-activity, consisting of electrons moving with velocity approximating to that of light, may be continually given out by a body, but the absorption would be so small that we should have no means at present of detecting it. Electrons with so much inertia would not be much deflected by a magnet, and quite recently, as we have said, Becquerel has detected the emission of rays, from thorium, that are extremely penetrating and not deflectible by a magnet. These have been styled the γ rays. Whether these are of the same nature as the Röntgen rays, or whether they are electrons moving with almost the same velocity as light—in which case they would not be sensibly deflected in a magnetic field—is a

[1] Unless the mass of the particle diminishes accordingly, in which case the energy would remain finite.

[2] Assuming that the mass does not diminish indefinitely.

matter that has yet to be decided. They may be rays of very short wave-length of the nature of ultra-ultra-violet light of very high frequencies, the properties of which would be the same as those of the Röntgen rays. For when such frequencies are attained, the wave-lengths are so small that all matter is more or less transparent to the radiation.

It seems to be an open question as to whether the very penetrating radiation from thorium is the result of pulses set up by collisions of the electrons with the atoms or by disruption from the molecules of the substance, or regular ultra-ultra-violet vibrations from the molecules themselves.

(6) In addition to these two classes of radiation, both of which are more or less penetrating, their difference in this respect being merely a matter of degree, a third class of radio-activity has been observed by Rutherford, which has been called the α rays. These travel with a velocity about one-tenth of the velocity of light, and consist of particles having a mass of about twice that of the atom of hydrogen, and carry a *vitreous* or *positive* charge of electricity. They are easily absorbed. A fourth class of radiation, perhaps the most important of all, was also discovered by Rutherford from thorium oxide—an "emanation," as he has called it—which appears to be a gas, its molecules not being deflected by a magnet, nor do they appear to carry a free charge of electricity; the velocity of its particles is that of ordinary molecules, that is, about one-third of a mile per second. This radiation ionises a gas—namely, renders it a conductor of electricity—and induces radio-activity in bodies when it falls upon them. All bodies on which the radiation falls become radio-active and acquire the power of exciting photographic, fluorescent and electrical effects; even the fingers of the hand thus become radio-active. The large phosphorescent molecules to which the afterglow in a rarefied gas is due also possess the power of ionising gas, and, as the author has suggested, are of the nature of the "emanation" or radio-active gas (*Philosophical Magazine*, 1901).

(7) The importance of these discoveries is not merely

theoretical. They have proved of real practical value, as conducive to a new method of research more powerful than any we have yet attained to; thousands of times more sensitive than the spectroscope, as a means of detecting the presence of substances in slight quantities; and millions of times more scrutinising than that hitherto at the disposal of the chemist. This has already led to the discovery of *three new elements*, of the existence of which neither the most minute chemical analysis nor the most delicate spectroscopic examination had given the slightest intimation.

The three new substances are *polinium*, *radium* and *actinium*. None of these have yet been actually isolated, but the atomic weight of radium has been calculated to be 225. It was determined from its chloride by the repeated fractional crystallisation of this from 0·1 grammes of barium chloride. Its spectrum has also been studied by Demarçay and by Runge, and consists of three distinct lines which cannot be identified with those of any other element. Monsieur and Madame Curie found that a number of rare earths, notably pitchblende, were very much more radio-active than uranium; but that the artificial synthesis of this body always yielded a substance which was not radio-active; at any rate, relatively to uranium. It was thus inferred that probably some unknown substance was present in pitchblende, although its existence was in no way revealed by the spectroscope. They found by the process analogous to that by which Crookes discovered the origin of the citron band—which he traced to the presence of the rare earth yttria in combination with sulphuric acid—that these new elements, already named and hitherto unknown, exist. The first substance separated out from pitchblende they called polinium. It was separated out with bismuth. The second, which they called radium, by far the most radio-active, was separated out with barium, and possesses many of the characteristics of that element. And the third, which they called actinium, bears pretty much the same relation to thorium that radium does to barium, or polinium to bismuth.

The ultra-violet rays, the radio-active rays α, β, and γ, the cathode rays and the Röntgen rays all possess the power of ionising a gas, a process suggested by Schuster (*loc. cit.*) which amounts to the breaking up of the molecules into others called *ions* carrying a free charge of electricity. According to him the ion when it is acted upon by an electric force acquires in the course of its *free path* sufficient kinetic energy to smash up a molecule into other ions when it collides with it. Townsend independently has shown the importance of this conception when applied to the effect of corpuscles in breaking down the insulating property of a gas, and has explained in this way why a thin layer of gas is a better insulator than a thick one. Other workers have also claimed this view. By means of the electrometer the presence of these ions can be detected in very minute quantities, and Mr. C. T. R. Wilson has calculated that about 15 ions per cubic centimetre per second in air combine at ordinary pressures and temperature. He concluded that the walls of a glass vessel become radio-active. The Hon. R. J. Strutt has found that this spontaneous ionisation depends upon the nature of the walls. See *Nature*, February, 1903.

(8) The results of the researches of Rutherford and Soddy, an account of which is given in the *Philosophical Magazine*, during the last two or three years, are of an extremely remarkable character, and throw considerable light on the nature of the phenomena of radio-activity. As we have said, thorium compounds give out an "emanation" which seems to be of the nature of a gas; so also does radium-bromide. The gas is itself radio-active, but its properties in this respect last for only one or two minutes. It has also the power of exciting radio-activity in bodies on which it falls, and the induced radio-activity in other bodies may last for one or two days.

The radio-activity is thus infectious, but the infected body recovers in the course of time. The power of inducing radio-activity does not depend upon the "emanation" alone, but apparently all radio-active substances can communicate radio-activity of greater or of less intensity in bodies close to them.

A negatively electrified body can be rendered very radio-active by the emanation which is attracted towards it; and it seems probable that the air contains some such radio-active constituent, for a negatively electrified body becomes radio-active in the course of time when exposed to the air.

The "emanation" which thorium and radium emit is probably this radio-active material. But what that substance is remains unknown.

(9) C. T. R. Wilson has observed that snow and also the residue left from evaporating rain-water is radio-active.[1] Strutt (*Philosophical Magazine*, 1903) has observed that air which has been bubbled through mercury is likewise radio-active. There appears to be a radio-active substance in the atmosphere, of that there can be little doubt. It is a striking circumstance that helium is to be found in so many substances which are radio-active, so likewise is it to be *found in a great variety of fluorescent and phosphorescent substances*, and it remains a matter for speculation whether it is not the agent to which radio-activity is due. The author has for the last two years, as his friends are aware, speculated upon and investigated the part played by helium in phosphorescence. The emanation from thorium must be a very much heavier gas than helium, but there is no evidence that the emanation is a simple gas. Like phosphorescence, radio-activity may be the result of slight impurities; that impurity, even if it could be isolated, may not be either phosphorescent or radio-active, but only by virtue of its interactions with other substances might it exhibit these properties.

Helium is very phosphorescent, and whether in slight quantities it is that impurity upon which phosphorescence in gases depends is a matter which only further inquiry of a very delicate and difficult nature will decide. Of the helium, argon, neon, krypton, and xenon group there still remain to be

[1] According to some observers air which has been bubbled through water is radio-active; water from springs; air sucked from the ground and caves; the earth itself is radio-active.

discovered two other elements of very high atomic weights, and we should not be surprised if they were, like many heavy metals, radio-active. Curie has found that the temperature of radium is about one and a half degrees above that of surrounding objects. Whence comes all this vast store of energy? This is a question that had better be reserved; our own opinion is that it is stored up in the atom. But many men have many minds upon this subject, and it is as well to pause awhile until they agree or nearly do so.[1]

(10) There is considerable evidence that the sun is continually giving out these minute corpuscles or electrons; and that the light of the corona, which has been observed to be polarised, is that scattered by these particles. It also gives most conspicuously the helium D_3 line. Arrhenius has given a very elegant explanation of the phenomena of the Aurora Borealis based upon the theory of corpuscles. The particles which are shot off by the sun are constrained to move in spiral paths along the lines of magnetic force when they approach the earth's surface.

As they move along these paths downwards from the upper regions of the atmosphere towards the poles, they pass through layers in which the density is such that luminosity can be easily excited. Hence the streaks of light all pointing towards the poles, but never quite reaching them, as the density of the atmosphere becomes too great close to the surface of the earth to luminesce. Is the temperature of the sun maintained by that process which goes on in radium? Most probably.

It is worthy of being noticed here, on account of the insight which it reveals, a quality so characteristic of him, that Fitzgerald, so far back as 1882, inferred the existence of particles much smaller than atoms in comets' tails. Fitzgerald's speculation was a most remarkable one, considering the date of its publication.

(11) Sir William Crookes has recently made a most

[1] Lord Kelvin has suggested that the energy may be absorbed from waves in the surrounding medium.

interesting observation on the phosphorescence of screens of barium platino-cyanide or zinc sulphide when these are exposed to the influence of the radiation from radium. When viewed through a magnifying glass the screen is seen to be the object of a bombardment by invisible particles, which produce numerous flashes of light, as they strike against it, exhibiting a mass of scintillations which to the naked eye appear as a continuous glow of the screen. The luminous effect spreads to a distance great compared with the diameter of the molecules struck.

The luminosity results doubtless from the rapid change in the field surrounding the molecule which is struck, by the passage of the fast-moving electron, since phosphorescence of the screen is also excited by the Röntgen rays, which, as we have seen, consist of a complex of thin pulses, or what, according to Lord Rayleigh, FitzGerald and others, amounts to the same thing, ultra-ultra-violet waves, whilst any afterglow which may exist results from the disturbances which are set up in a group of molecules, in which the vibration continues for some time without much obstruction. There is strong evidence that the phosphorescence or luminosity results from the formation of complex molecular groups, which last only during the period of emission of light. This conception is of importance in the theory of luminosity in reconciling the complex structure and spectrum of an element with the kinetic theory of gases. See *Reps. Brit. Assoc.* 1900–2.

(12) Rutherford and Soddy have succeeded in separating out what seemed to be the radio-active substances in thorium compounds; they called it thorium X. It was found, however, that although the thorium compound lost all its radio-activity after the separation, it afterwards gradually recovered itself, whilst the thorium X gradually lost its activity, and finally, the thorium regained its full power and the thorium X completely lost its radio-active property. There appears to be a double process going on; a continual formation of radio-active stuff on the one hand, and a gradual destruction

of that stuff on the other. One cannot fail to perceive the striking analogy which appears to exist between such a process and that of *metabolism*, although the two phenomena, so far as our knowledge at present goes, are distinct. There is, as we perceive, a continual growth or formation of thorium X, and simultaneously with it a continual and gradual destruction, or, if we may so call it, decay of this substance, its existence being quite ephemeral. We know that the complex molecules of albumen behave in a similar manner, exhibiting a continuous process of formation and destruction, of integration and disintegration, of growth and decay.

But here once more we must be careful lest our imagination should carry us away, and lead us into regions of pure fancy, to a height beyond the support of experimental facts.

Still the atoms and molecules of matter are no doubt in a state of perpetual change; now an electron is separated and now another takes its place. Thus the process of the actual change of the substance of the atom is continuous, whilst the atom itself as an individual retains its properties and so far remains the same. It changes its substance—in a limited sense lives—and yet it is ever the same.[1] Is it not so with the cell? Is the atom an elementary cell, a living thing? Our own view is that the atom preserves its identity in the same manner that a cell does, and bears the same relation to the latter that this does to a living organism. The distinction, apparently insuperable, that the biologist holds to exist between living and so-called dead matter, should thus pass away as a false distinction, and all Nature appear a manifestation of Life; this the play of *units* of we know not what, save that it is what we call *electricity*. Atoms and molecules would be elementary living cells, possessing some of the properties, but not all, of the more highly organised cell, the unit with which the biologist has to deal. These are not idle thoughts. Heterodox or orthodox they

[1] In the same sense as the cell, although it may admit of being broken up into its constituent parts by exceptional means.

are to us the logical outcome of all that we have had to say. All matter is alive—that is my thesis.

It is towards the effect of molecular and atomic grouping and the groupings of electrons that thought ere long will doubtless move, for although the facts already obtained are few, yet new fields of investigation have been opened up, as promising to the man of science as the discovery of a new continent, nay, of a new world, is to the explorer. To what results they may lead us, he would be rash indeed who should venture to predict. They will no doubt in time bring with them results of practical value, and they will most assuredly expand in no small a degree our ideas of this world around us. And it now seems as though such investigations were at least to give us a clue as to the ultimate constitution, perhaps also as to the ultimate destiny, not only of Life as we know it, but of a simpler Life, that of matter too.

JOHN BUTLER BURKE.

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XXIII

THE exciting intelligence reached the house at luncheon-time that Mr. Seaton had caught a fifteen-pound salmon, and begged that some sandwiches and a flask of whisky might be sent to him, as he would, if the sport lasted, not return till the evening. That a philosopher who considered the highest of human acts to consist in a union of the individual mind with the Absolute, achieved by an alliance between pious emotions and metaphysics, should thus be beguiled into absenting himself from the Conference now impending by the relative and immediate pleasure of pulling a fish out of a puddle, seemed to Mr. Brompton, who was burning to renew the fray, an example of inconsistency which was curious, sad, and provoking; for he not only looked to Seaton for help in his attack upon Mr. Brock, but he feared also that in Seaton's absence the Conference might be perhaps postponed. He was, therefore, delighted when, at Mrs. Vernon's suggestion, it was settled that the whole party should join the fisherman in the afternoon, and enjoy their tea and their philosophy in a summer-house which overlooked the stream.

The spot, when the party reached it, proved delightful to everybody. The stream, which here was a series of cascades and pools, flowed between shoulders of moorland, and sky-lines of yellow gorse-blossoms; and the smell of the gorse and a sense of water and solitude came to the nerves in each puff of

the balmy air. The summer-house which, with its wide verandah, had almost the dimensions of a cottage, was already occupied by servants laying a tempting tea-table; and some twenty feet below, resting at last from his labours, was the disciple of Hegel, whose face, almost as red as his hair, was smiling with triumph through a new-born swarm of freckles. Four fine fish lay on the grass near him; and even Hegel had not convinced him that their being and their not being were the same.

"Now, Mr. Seaton," said Mr. Hancock, when the conversational lull was over which accompanied the first attack on the tea, the scones, and the muffins, "we hope your sport has given you a mental as well as a physical appetite; for since the sage would not come to the Conference, the Conference has come into the desert in order to meet the sage. Now, what does every one say? Shall we begin to unmask our batteries? Our host, Mr. Glanville, is to be our Mercurius on the present occasion. If some one would find a place for this plate of strawberry jam, I'd spread out my notes before me, and read our little opening statement. In our last Conference but one Mr. Brompton gave us his system. Mr. Brompton is a successor—a most eloquent and active successor—of Comte, and the worshippers of Humanity. The enthusiasm of Humanity for him takes the place of Christian devotion; and he set himself to convince us that a conscious devotion to Humanity, guided by sociological science, reproduces all the loftiest virtues, struggles, and heroisms its fostering of which has made Christianity valuable. Well, then, as you know, in our Conference of next day, the apostle of ethical religion was followed by a philosopher who has made science the study of his lifetime. This illustrious thinker, Mr. Cosmo Brock, though he began his address to us in words which were much like Mr. Brompton's own, ended by wiping out, in the name of science, every virtue which, in the name of science likewise, Mr. Brompton had previously engaged to secure for us as our permanent heritage. Mr. Brompton has naturally been made indignant by Mr. Brock's attack—though not meant as an attack——"

"Indignant!" said Mr. Brompton. "Not indignant—contemptuous."

"Well," continued Mr. Hancock, "anyhow, there the matter stands. We have seen how science pulls our religious beliefs down. We are now asking if, or how, it can build them up. Two answers have been given us by representative thinkers, and these seem to contradict one another. Mr. Glanville is now going to give us a little review of both; and I am sure he will give Mr. Brompton and Mr. Seaton, if they desire it, every opportunity of reinforcing their own views. And now," said Mr. Hancock, "if everybody's quite comfortable—I hope, Lady Snowdon, you're not sitting in a draught—I'll call upon Mr. Glanville to begin."

"I am," said Glanville, "going to begin, at all events, with a sense of confidence which is very far from habitual with me. For I know that I've one hearer who will agree with me in what I am going to say. That hearer is Mr. Brompton; and my first subject will be Mr. Brock. Well, Mr. Brompton cannot feel more strongly than I do that Mr. Brock's whole ethical scheme results in the complete deletion from life, not only of all moral meaning, but of all mental civilisation."

"Precisely," said Mr. Brompton, "precisely. Everything splendid and noble he wipes out with a piece of india-rubber, or—should I not rather say?—with a dirty, damp napkin. And he calls that science, forsooth!"

"And so," said Glanville, "to tell you the truth, do I. Now, my dear Mr. Brompton, bear with me while I try to explain my meaning. We all of us agree that Mr. Brock has disposed of the notion that what we commonly call moral conduct depends on a supernatural law-giver. He has shown us that the Hebrew Commandments, with the exception of the purely theological ones, are merely the articles of association to which members of a society must subscribe if their society is to exist at all; and he has shown us further that the Christian duty towards our neighbour is merely a submission to these articles, which has become more or less instinctive in

proportion as the evolution of sympathy has superseded the sense of obligation. Again, he has shown us further that the evolution of sympathy is still progressing, owing not to the efforts of individuals, but to the operation of social causes; that the sense of obligation is thus being steadily though slowly eliminated, and a pleasurable instinct to act in accordance with the requirements of the community is taking the place of the old moral struggle. Now, so far, I believe Mr. Brock's argument to be absolutely correct."

"You do, do you?" said Mr. Brompton, with a frown of annoyance.

"Yes," said Glanville; "and for this reason I think it the most valuable criticism possible on the tendencies of science, so far as it relates to life. Now, up to the present," continued Glanville, looking round the company, "Mr. Brock's conclusions, as the elder Mr. Weller would have said, 'seem all wery capital.' What can be more charming than the idea that evolution is carrying us onwards to a kind of millennial condition in which we shall all be quite good naturally? But when we come to look at the matter more closely we certainly do realise, as Mr. Brompton realised at once, that in proportion as Mr. Brock's ethical programme fulfils itself, as society becomes perfect, and the members of society become moralised, every one of these ethical qualities disappear, which Mr. Brompton and his friends look upon as the very flowers and fruits of human nature."

"Precisely," said Mr. Brompton, "precisely. You couldn't have put the case better."

"Now I maintain," continued Glanville, "that Mr. Brock's reasoning is correct—that is to say, if we confine ourselves to Mr. Brock's scientific position. What becomes of mercy, when social wrong-doing has disappeared? What becomes of pity, or the devotion of the strong and prosperous to the cause of the poor and the suffering, when the lot of even the poorest has been made healthy and prosperous? What becomes of purity as a social virtue, when the balance of functions in the

individual is so nicely adjusted that no one has any tendency to any anti-social excesses? Every moral quality, in short, in Mr. Brock's scientific Utopia dies and disappears for one or other of two reasons—either because it becomes an instinct, or because it becomes a superfluity."

Mr. Brompton impatiently pushed a plate of buttered tea-cake away from him. "Surely, Mr. Glanville," he said, "you don't yourself believe that true science threatens us with such a contemptible consummation as this?"

"Before I answer that question," replied Glanville, "let me illustrate what I have just said by an analogy drawn from science, which has never, I think, been used in this connection yet. You are, of course, Mr. Brompton, familiar with what is called the Theory of Eutropy?"

Mr. Brompton became very red. "I am not sure," he said, "that I know it under that name."

"My position," said Lady Snowdon, "is somewhat different from Mr. Brock's. The only thing I know about it is the only thing, I am sure, that Mr. Brompton does not know. I mean its name. I often heard my father talk about it with some of his scientific friends."

Mr. Brompton became redder than ever, and fortified himself by taking a bite at a fragment of the tea-cake, unconscious of the fact that it had been left by somebody else.

"Well," said Glanville, "let me try to explain the matter to you. We all know that water can turn a mill-wheel only when it flows from a higher level to a lower. If you had two ponds, the water-level of one of which was twenty feet higher than the water-level of the other, a wheel could be turned by placing it in any cascade which connected them; but as soon as the upper pond had so far emptied itself into the lower that the water-level in both ponds was the same, all the practical energy or work which you could get out of your water would be exhausted, and your wheel would come to a standstill, never to be twirled round more. Now the energy of this Universe, so far as science at present knows it, is like a

vast number of ponds, at a number of different levels, all pouring their waters from a higher level to a lower, and making the wheels of things twirl round as they do so. None of these waters are lost, but they all meet in a lake from whose level expanse no more work can be got; and when all the ponds have run dry, and the lake has absorbed them all, the energy of the Universe finds itself in a *cul-de-sac*, and its processes, as we know them, come completely to an end."

"To be sure," said Lady Snowdon. "I remember it all now. My father used to say that the Universe was like a great clock running down."

"Scientifically," continued Glanville, "the right way of putting it would be to say that the work of the Universe depends on differences of temperature, and that all things—the intensely hot, the very hot, and the warm—are gradually running down to one dead level of coolness. Well, the ethical process which Mr. Brock has sketched out for us is neither more nor less than the mental counterpart of this. It is an example of natural law in the spiritual world. It is a process of ethical eutropy. As the social organism becomes perfect, as social evils disappear, and individual desires become so adapted and balanced that the altruistic pleasures and the egoistic pleasures coincide, the difference in level between bad conduct and good which generates the ethical struggle now so generally admired, is lost in a common level of different social instincts; and if a conscious effort in choosing a right course of conduct, and a conscious rejection of a wrong course, be what we mean by morality, all morality will have come finally to an end."

"You mean, I suppose," said Lady Snowdon, "that societies will rise at last to the moral condition of bee-hives."

"Such," said Glanville, "is the meaning of Mr. Brock's scientific prophecy; and I want to say again, and with all the emphasis I can master, that scientifically Mr. Brock is right. He has accurately indicated the consummation towards which moral progress tends. Now Mr. Brompton, as we know, and I daresay the rest of you also, think that this consummation

would be very shocking and degrading. If you do, I shall shock you myself still further, for I want to show you that if we're to have any moral progress at all, in the ordinary sense of the word, it must end, or tend to end, precisely in this manner. The whole process of moralisation has, logically, no other end than that of rendering what we now call morality unnecessary. The St. Georges of the world are worshipped because they kill dragons; but their object in killing them is to leave no dragons alive which might give other people a chance of becoming St. Georges also."

"Then you'd say, would you," asked Mrs. Vernon, "that the whole religious idea was nonsense? I didn't think that of you."

Mrs. Vernon spoke as though her feelings were really hurt. Glanville looked at her and laughed; but his laugh was not wanting in sympathy. "If," he said, "by virtue, or goodness, or ethical conduct, or morality, you merely mean conduct so adapted to the needs of society that it ministers to the happiness of our neighbour no less than to our own, I do believe that such conduct in the very act of becoming perfect would lose all the value which religion is apt to attach to it. But I maintain that Mr. Brock, and all the moral doctors of science when they talk of morality and virtue, are depriving their words of one half of the meaning which they have for you and me, and, indeed, for the world generally. Morality, as we understand it, is conduct of three dimensions. Mr. Brock and his friends regard it as having only two. For them it has length and breadth. It is a kind of spiral flat-land, admitting of no relations except such as are lateral. Height or depth is wanting."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Mr. Brompton.

"In Mr. Brock's Utopia," continued Glanville, "in his perfectly balanced social organism, he expressly admits, as you may see if you study his writings, that whilst many of the egoistic impulses will be counteracted by those of altruism, and though all egoistic excesses will in this way be restrained and eliminated, there still will remain a number of egoistic qualifi-

cations with regard to which the individual will have a perfectly free choice. For example, a man might be just as good citizen if, his social duties being accomplished, his principal private pleasure consisted in the enjoyment of a delicate but healthy dinner, as he would be if his principal pleasure lay in art, or intellectual speculation. Now the ordinary sense of mankind, though it does not condemn good dinners, does, without doubt, rank the propensities of the philosopher as essentially higher in kind than those of the most temperate gourmet. It measures the two by a kind of vertical scale; but in Mr. Brock's Utopia this vertical scale is absent. He has moral efficiencies, but he has no moral elevations. Now, as long as what I call the virtues of elevation are left to us, the virtues of efficiency may die away into instincts; and the idea of virtue, as such, will still remain intact and command, as it does now, the admiration of religious people. But of these virtues of elevation Mr. Brock has nothing to say. The citizens of his Utopia look knowingly at each other. Thanks to Mr. Brock, everything they see is intelligible. They look up at the sky, and everything is an unmeaning blank. As Mr. Brock tells them in his own encouraging language, it is unknowable. He prophesies the evolution of society into a perfect organism—a perfect social animal; but, for all he can tell us to the contrary, the animal may be a healthy pig. That, Mr. Brompton, to my mind, is the weakness of Mr. Brock's scheme. Instead of showing that science can give us any substitute for religion, or in any shape restore to us the old aspirations it has destroyed, he has been showing us its utter incompetence to do anything of the kind. Well, Mr. Brompton, do your views agree with mine?"

"Absolutely," said Mr. Brompton, "absolutely—so far as your views go. But—ah, Mr. Glanville—you've left out one thing. You've left out the one point on which I myself insist—the one vital truth which saves the whole situation. Mr. Hancock, shall I be in order if I catch the eye of the speaker? If Mr. Glanville has finished for the moment, may I be allowed to address the house?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Hancock, again consulting his notes. "Mr. Glanville has undertaken to discuss both Mr. Brock's views and your own; but before coming to your own, he has been anxious to give you the opportunity of stating them over again, and contrasting them with those of Mr. Brock; and his own criticism of Mr. Brock was intended by him as a preface to yours."

"Well," said Mr. Brompton eagerly, "I thank you, Mr. Glanville, for your help. You've cleared the ground, and enabled me to hit the right nail on the head. You say, and you are perfectly right, that Mr. Brock's perfect social organism—his perfect social animal—may, for anything he can show us to the contrary, be a mere corporate pig. But, Mr. Glanville, you concede to Mr. Brock too much. You assume that if such a society is sufficient to content our imaginations, we may have the satisfaction of believing that the natural course of evolution automatically tends to produce it in the way which Mr. Brock describes. But it doesn't tend to do so—not a bit of it. That's where Mr. Brock's wrong. He's left out the motive power which is wanted to push to a conclusion even such a wretched business as this. That's what I supply."

"And what," said Lady Snowdon, "may your motive power be?"

"Let me," said Mr. Brompton, "first explain to you the necessity for it. Mr. Brock assumes that society is undergoing a gradual moralisation. Let us grant him that this is true; but he fails to explain the process. According to him it depends on the development of two instincts—a distaste for unethical acts, which arises from our associating them with the idea of punishment; and a taste for ethical acts, which arises from a feeling that it's nice for everybody to be happy all round. Now if we take that answer as it stands, it's nonsense—absolute nonsense; and I'll tell you why. To make any such moral progress as that which Mr. Brock describes, we want more than an enlarged good-nature, and a growing

disinclination to crime. We want enthusiasm—that's what we want. We want an urging and lifting determination: and unless we have this to sustain us in our constant struggle, our altruism won't become greater, and our egoism won't become less."

"Bravo, Mr. Brompton!" exclaimed Mrs. Vernon. "You're speaking to the point now."

Such applause from a lady like Mrs. Vernon was precisely the spiritual nutriment that Mr. Brompton needed. "Yes," he resumed with renewed vigour, "it's enthusiasm we want. It's enthusiasm that makes religion; and now, Mr. Glanville, to show you that I am—what I think that you don't think I am—as rigid an adherent of science as your great Mr. Brock himself, I am going on to insist that this enthusiasm must have a cause. It must have an object. It must have an idea to stimulate it. And what is this cause—this object? It's not any invention of my own—no. It's the great object—the great idea—which has revealed itself spontaneously to all the great ethical thinkers, who, seeing that theism as a system of religion and morals is dead, see that religion and morality are still—are eternally—alive; and are demanding only just this one thing, that they be interpreted anew in a form that shall be logically credible to themselves. And this object—this idea—is it necessary that I should describe it elaborately? It's Humanity, considered in its grand ideal totality, as an object both of emotion and of devotion. In this way it is seen to possess one of the attributes ascribed to Deity. The Divine—that is to say the Human—whole is present in every part."

"I'm sorry to interrupt you," said Lady Snowdon; "but, my dear Mr. Brompton, doesn't Mr. Brock say very much the same thing, though he hasn't your gift for putting it in ornamental language?"

"He says much the same thing," said Mr. Brompton, "but he doesn't say quite the same thing; and I may answer you in Browning's words—

> 'The little more and how much it is,
> And the little less, and what world's away!'

Conscience and sympathy—this is what Mr. Brock tells us—will go on winning victories till they both become instinctive. But Mr. Brock forgets to examine the powers by which each individual victory, which he speaks about so lightly, is won. He does not see that it is the result of a conflict of motives, and that if the ethical motives are to overbear the non-ethical, they must be strengthened and vitalised by the processes of some high enthusiasm. You would not, I am sure, if I spoke of the Christian martyrs, accuse me of undue partiality for the tenets for which they died; but we see in their deaths types of ethical victory. Now, the martyrs would never have died for the sake of a few propositions, if these had not been associated with some ideal which mastered their imaginations—which lifted, which touched their hearts."

"Yes," said Mrs. Vernon softly, "that's perfectly true."

"Well, then," continued Mr. Brompton, "each of these ethical acts which in the course of a few thousand years will, according to Mr. Brock, have become instinctive by repetition, has, meanwhile, the nature of a diluted martyrdom—it represents an overcoming of resistance; and—each in its own degree—it requires, like an act of martyrdom, in order to make it possible, some certain equivalent to the martyr's love of his mas——" Mr. Brompton was going to have said "the martyr's love of his master"; but thinking that the phrase might savour of the clericalism which he had cast aside, "I mean," he continued, correcting himself, "the martyr's longing for the New Jerusalem. And the ethical equivalent to this is the all-pervading love of Humanity—which, like a spark of spiritual electricity, is particularly present in every exertion of the will; and which is the aim of our ethical religion to make present and operative in every such exertion actually. But," said Mr. Brompton, pausing, looking round him, and panting a little as though with suppressed feeling, "if I launched out further into this subject now, I should weary you. I should also fail to do my own meaning justice. May I then ask our host, our chairman, and all of you, to grant me one favour?

May I? You're quite sure? Well, then—the favour is this. Let me finish what I've got to say about this great subject by reading to you, after dinner, a page from a late sermon of mine, which was most successful and impressive. And if Mr. Glanville is, as I understand that he is, going to criticise me—me and the Ethical Church—I should thus be giving him something definite and solid to go upon."

"By all means," said Glanville; "and now, with Mr. Hancock's concurrence, we'll suppose that he, Mr. Hancock, has prorogued our Conference till this evening."

XXIV

The moon was again brilliant. Again, under the shadow of the portico, a reading lamp with a green shade shone on one of the tables; and close to this was Mr. Brompton, with a page of manuscript in his hand.

"I see," he said, with a mixture of modesty and confidence, as soon as Mr. Hancock had announced the resumption of the suspended Conference, "that I shall have to repeat myself a little. Some of the phrases which I used the night before last I see I had used in the address of which I propose to read you a part. But what I'm going to read to you now I shall read because it expresses directly—expresses with emphasis—I may even say with passion, that part of our ethical, our scientific religion, which, when I first put my case before you, I assumed indeed, but didn't perhaps insist on. I refer of course to Humanity, conceived of as an object of emotion. Well—shall I read? I shall not keep you long. Our hymn, when I delivered this address, was a noble one—a grand marching-song, if I may call it so—taken from George Eliot. You most of you know the lines:

> 'Oh, may I join the choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In lives made better by their presence!'

What a bracing contrast to the jingle of the 'Dies Iræ!' Well—I needn't read from the beginning of what I said. I just rapidly described the sociological basis of ethics, as both I and Mr. Brock have already done here; and then I went on in this way: The Christian needed his ideal—he needed his bread from heaven to sustain him in his human struggle with the powers of evil; and he needed an ideal—not occult or abstract, but congruous to his own nature. We too have the same need. We have our ideal also; and ours in like manner is congruous to our own nature. In like manner, did I say? Nay, in a manner far deeper. For our ideal is no imaginary non-natural man—half demiurge, half Palestinian peasant. It is no matter of imagination, but this great, this overwhelming reality, whose body, whose sufferings, whose history, and the principles of whose life, became clearer and nearer, instead of becoming more nebulous, as science in general, and as all the sciences, examine theirs. The reality I speak of is Humanity—the supreme organism; which is not indeed a vague world-soul, but is the soul of our own world; and is thus practically for ourselves the Cosmos made flesh and dwelling with us. I say dwelling with us: but that phrase is inadequate. This reality is dwelling not only with but in us; and we are dwelling in it. That we are dwelling in it is a biological and social truism: but that it is dwelling in us—this is a truth, a religio-scientific revelation, which it is the mission of the Ethical Church to vivify in the consciences of you all. Represent to yourselves, with the aid of science, the unity of Humanity as an organism, and each of you, as a member of it, will be enlarged into its corporate life. You will look back on its early days—on its bursting from the husk of animalism. You will feel as though science had created a new memory for you—your nostrils will taste the freshness of the early morning of the world. You will thrill with thoughts of your race as it was in its eager adolescence, when, step by step, subduing this stubborn world to its uses. Your consciousness of its life will grow still more crowded and beautiful, as your social memory

brings you near to our own times. Thoughts, affections, aspirations, the creative effects of art, intellectual and political movements, will make a movement in your own being like the shuttle of Goethe's Erd-Geist, or a dance of electric sparks, or the flowing of your own blood. And then—turn to the future. Quicker and ever quicker the shining shuttle glances; more thrillingly, more rapidly, more perfectly, are the feelings and lives of others, distant or not yet born, made by sympathy parts of your own being. Our individual existence is thus trebly expanded——Here, Mr. Glanville," said Mr. Brompton, looking up from his manuscript, "here comes a bit which just meets your objections of this afternoon. Our individual existence is thus trebly expanded. It reaches back to the beginning of things, with gratitude to those that have gone before us. It reaches forward to those in the future whose lives shall be more full than ours, and makes us taste their happiness as if it had been our own. It reaches out round us, till it embraces the least and most distant of our contemporaries; and our own sense of life and struggle is multiplied by, and lost in, theirs. That is one process. But there's another, which is its converse; and this converse process is the one which to us is of most immediate importance. Just as the individual mind expands itself till it is lost in Humanity, so also does it draw the whole of Humanity unto itself; and this sense of Humanity becomes the life of the transfigured conscience. In every act of will, in every moment of pleasure, on every occasion when life gives an opening to us for the use of our talents, Humanity says to us, Let your will be one with my will; let your pleasure be in harmony with my pleasure; let your efforts be made for me; and in ministering to my life you shall most truly find your own. You won't have this experience, you won't hear this voice all at once: but it is centred in you; and it is this inner sense of hearing that the Ethical religion develops, and to its developments there are practically no limits. Let us hope that the enlargement of our own lives till they become the lives of others will, Sunday

after Sunday as we meet together in this place—— That," said Mr. Brompton, checking himself, "was addressed to my congregation in London. I needn't read that bit. I wind up, I see, with one of those sentences from Emerson which I quoted when I first addressed you—'I confront the sun and stars, and feel them to be but fair accidents and effects which fade and pass'—accidents, that is to say, for us when compared with Humanity. Well, Mr. Glanville"——Mr. Brompton was here interrupted by a servant's voice at his elbow, saying "Telegram for you, sir."

"Will you allow me?" said Mr. Brompton to the company, with an almost condescending politeness. "You're highly civilised, Mr. Glanville, in these parts, getting telegrams at this hour."

"They are sent by telephone," said Glanville, "if they come after eight o'clock, from a house of one of my agents, ten or twelve miles away."

But Mr. Brompton apparently heard nothing. His face was as white as a sheet, and his hand shook which held the missive he was staring at. Glanville, who was near him, saw that something was wrong; and, in order to screen him from the observation of the company, rose, and standing close to him, asked with a careless air if he wished to send an answer; "because," he said, "the people go to bed at eleven. I hope," he added, lowering his voice, "you haven't had bad news."

Mr. Brompton was too much overcome even to affect the virtue of reticence. "It's nothing," he said, "except that I and my wife have lost, if this news is true, every single penny we possess. You can read—yes, read. It's the Clyde Banking Company—smashed."

Mr. Brompton spoke so loud that his news was soon public property: and a decorous burst of sincere, though, perhaps, of amazed sympathy, spread itself over the party generally. Glanville, meanwhile, had been reading the fatal telegram. "Failure," he read, half aloud, "Clyde Banking Company—hundreds of families ruined—bonds missing—if

that is the concern in which you held shares once, hope you have parted with them."

"Would you mind," said Mr. Hancock, abruptly, "letting me see the telegram?" and he almost snatched it out of Glanville's hands as he spoke. Mr. Brompton eyed him apathetically, too miserable to be surprised or curious. He started, however, a moment later, and some life returned to his face, when Mr. Hancock exclaimed, with a ringing laugh, 'I'll tell you what it all is. It's the Clyde Bank, not the Clyde Banking, Company. Mr. Brompton, you've read it wrong. The Clyde Bank Company—yes—I know a little something about the Clyde Bank Company myself. It is a building society, whose operations have been on the banks of the river near Glasgow. It's been shaky for the last two years. If it's gone, I know this; half the small investors in the West of Scotland will be ruined. Yes—yes," he continued, eyeing the telegram more carefully, "I'm right—I knew I was right. It's not 'bonds missing'; it's 'Bond missing.' It's all as plain as a pike-staff. Bond was the managing director. My dear Mr. Brompton, I'm sorry you've had this alarm. Allow me to congratulate you on the discovery that it is quite groundless."

Whilst Mr. Hancock spoke Mr. Brompton had been rapidly recovering himself. He read the telegram again. He leant back in his chair; he drew a deep breath; and presently sat up again, with a smile that was very near a laugh.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for this unlucky mistake. Only a minute ago I thought that I was practically ruined. A bit of news like that—well, naturally, is not pleasant. It was all a blunder of a cousin of mine; a kind, but rather officious, cousin. Well—please forgive me; and please forget the incident. Well; where were we? Had I finished? I can't remember. Mr. Glanville, what was I saying?"

"You had just pointed out," said Glanville, "that the ethical religion substituted in the hearts of each of us the

welfare of other people for our own; so that the gains or losses of other people ——"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Brompton hastily. "I remember. I had practically finished." Mr. Brompton's face, which a moment ago had been white, had become by this time an equally unnatural red. The words "small investors" had begun to drum in his ears; and his mind was inaugurating a series of most disturbing comments on the strangely unethical satisfaction which in spite of all comments filled him, at the thought that these financial calamities, instead of falling on himself, had attacked another portion of the sublime body of Humanity. "On the whole," he continued, "I think I won't say more. The thread of my thought's a little broken; and my statement is really complete. I'll ask Mr. Glanville to go on; and I leave my case in his hands. You see," he exclaimed, as a sudden inspiration came to him, "I can't help thinking about all those other poor people. I'd far sooner that the ruin had been mine than theirs."

"In that case," said Glanville to Lady Snowdon, "our friend, when the time comes, can sell all that he has to help them."

"I feel," said Mr. Brompton, picturesquely eyeing the moon, "as if I, somehow, had been saved at their expense. I must have a collection for them when I go back to London."

"Well," said Mr. Hancock, "after this little interruption, which has turned out so happily, Mr. Glanville will take up the thread of what he was saying to us this afternoon. He, as you remember, discussed Mr. Brock's attempt to reconstruct our sociological and evolutionary principles, the moral, and I suppose we may say the spiritual, order, which, in its old form, our science has swept away; and Mr. Brompton agrees, and I think you agree also, that Mr. Glanville is right in condemning Mr. Brock's attempt as a failure—a complete failure. Mr. Glanville is now going to deal with the scheme—the theory—the idea—which Mr. Brompton has just now expounded with so much richness of language, and by means of which he undertakes to supply us with that spiritual bread of which Mr. Brock

cannot give us even a crumb. Now, Mr. Glanville, our ears are at your disposal."

"We were all," said Glanville, "dissatisfied with Mr. Brock, and for two different reasons. Mr. Brompton was dissatisfied with him partly because he taught us to look forward to the extinction of all those strugglings, and strivings, and agonisings, and moral heroisms, which to Mr. Brompton seem to possess some intrinsic value. He was partly dissatisfied with him because he gave us no motive, no stimulus which could sustain us in our struggles and agonies, so long as struggles and agonies are necessary. Now, as to the extinction of morality in the sense of its ceasing to be a struggle to do what is socially beneficial, not to do what is socially injurious—I don't think we should lose much if morality—lateral morality—morality in two dimensions—really were extinguished. *Magis est non posse peccare, quam non peccare.* It is a higher thing to be unable to sin than to abstain from sinning. That is the opinion of the great St. Thomas Aquinas. Here, therefore, St. Thomas and I agree with Mr. Brock, rather than with Mr. Brompton. But I agree with Mr. Brompton in believing that even this negative consummation could never be reached without the constant stimulus of some belief and emotion, the immediate effects of which are, as I put it just now, upward, and not lateral. I should add, myself—and I think Mr. Brompton would agree with me—that it is only the presence of this upward influence which, if human society were even sociologically perfect, would distinguish a society of men from a society of ants and bees."

"Perfectly true," said Mrs. Vernon in an approving murmur.

"Christians," said Seaton, "express this view in the doctrine that it is faith that saves, not works."

"Well," continued Glanville, "since we're all agreed as to this, what is to give us the emotion and belief that we require? Mr. Brompton maintains it will be given to us by the contemplation of ideal Humanity—of Humanity unified by memory,

sympathy, and hope. Now, my dear Mr. Brompton, if you'll allow me to speak plainly—I hope you will—and not take what I say in bad part——" Glanville paused, but Mr. Brompton returned no answer. "He's not here," said Mr. Hancock. "He's gone indoors. He's still a bit upset by several little things—by several."

"In that case," Glanville continued, "I may speak without any apologies. Of all the nonsensical notions that ever entered into the head of anybody, this notion that the idea of Humanity can ever form the nucleus of a religion that is more than a toy, is one of the most nonsensical; and it is so for two reasons. No one could have shown us what these two reasons are with more clearness than our friend Mr. Brompton himself. You remember how he said—and he said it very truly—that the chief function of religion, as a practical force, was to strengthen the right or the unselfish impulse of mankind to such an extent that they might overbear the selfish. Now, so long as a man is—as doubtless many men are—fired with an ambition to confer some great benefits on his race, he may derive very great satisfaction from justifying and dignifying his ambition by affiliating it to some grandiose conception of the race as a vast whole. Of the race, as a whole, he may make any number of poetical pictures, in which he himself appears in a very flattering light, as ministering to the felicity of the countless coming generations whose ever-increasing glories are lost in the haze of distance. That's all very well; but now let us take the opposite case, which is really the case contemplated by Mr. Brompton and by all of us. Let us take the case of a man who, instead of being in want of a conception which shall hallow his unselfish desires, and glorify him because he is trying to fulfil them, is in want of a conception which shall do the precise opposite—which shall run counter to his selfish ones, and crush them down into helplessness. In this case the mind, at the bidding of the desires that are strongest, instead of doing all it can to heighten the conception of Humanity, as a something whose claims are to override the

claims of our private appetites, will naturally submit this conception to the most trenchant criticism possible—will cross-examine it, look for its weak parts, and throw on it from every possible position the searchlight of a hostile logic. And when this is done, as I hope you'll let me explain to you, the whole magnificent conception dissolves or goes to pieces. It becomes useless in proportion as we require to use it. It's a sort of phantom which will applaud a conquering army, it is not an ally that will reinforce a wavering one."

"I don't think much," said Mrs. Vernon, "of the idea of Humanity myself; but what are the special faults which you say we can so instantly find out in it?"

"Well," said Glanville, "here's one. Let us take the idea of the future of the human race—of its continuous progress—of its succession of improving generations—and of ourselves, as the invisible choir, who, because we have ministered to this prolonged life, shall partake of it. If you like this picture you can fancy that it represents some sort of reality; but if you don't like it, you will see that it is a fancy, and nothing more. You will reflect that the human race has no common consciousness; that a multitude of short lives don't make up one long life; and instead of seeing the path of Humanity as a long road with some glorious goal at the end of it—a road reaching to light which Humanity has to traverse, you will look on it as a road which Humanity has to cross, and which leads us, in a few years, from one darkness into another. It is a turnstile through which we squeeze painfully from nothingness into nothingness. There is no progression, no corporate meaning in it. It is merely an endless tautology of petty individual experiences. Why should I embitter my own little meaningless moment for the sake of other moments that have no more meaning than mine? That's one of the criticisms with which the mind may at once attack the conception of Humanity as an object of enthusiasm and duty, as soon as this conception begins to stand in its way. And if it should not find this criticism sufficiently destructive, stands another, which accepts

Mr. Brompton's picture in the exact form in which he gives it to us, and wipes the meaning out of it by a different train of reasoning."

"I suppose," said Miss Leighton, "you mean Mr. Brompton's picture of the human race as a sort of magnified individual always advancing and climbing, for heaven knows how long, towards some vague state of perfection."

"Yes," said Glanville; "and the criticism that will finish off this conception, the moment any one of us feels it stand in his way, is the obvious criticism that, if we compare Humanity with the Universe, its happiness or its unhappiness from now till its final extinction is of no more appreciable importance than the happiness and the unhappiness of the individual."

"Wasn't that," said Miss Leighton, "the very criticism that Mr. Brompton himself anticipated and tried to refute, when he first set out to evangelise us?"

"It was," replied Glanville. "And how did he suggest that we should refute it? He had one suggestion only, and this was that we should not think about it. We should put it aside as a piece of unmanly musing. We should not ask questions, or think, about the rest of the Universe. We should look at the sun and stars as accidents that fade and pass. We should pull down our blinds, and light our own tallow candles, and pretend that nothing exists outside the walls of our own parlour."

"After all," said Lady Snowdon, "there's some sense in the advice. We shall never do our own business if we don't concentrate our attention on it, and forget for the time other people's business, to say nothing of the business of other stars."

"Precisely," said Glanville; "and if you're speaking about our own personal business—the business to which our selfish instincts incline us, this is just what we naturally do, whenever the occasion requires it. But the conception of Humanity is a conception to which we can rise only by an effort of the quasi-religious imagination; and the object of the effort is to lift us above what is personal—to carry us outside our parlours—

to send us up, as it were, in a kind of spiritual balloon—so that we may see our own business as a very small thing, and the business of others as a very big one. Well, the fault of this procedure consists in the simple fact that when once we have started in our balloons, it is quite impossible for us to keep them just at that special and convenient altitude seen from which Humanity, or the business of others, will seem big. Our balloons having reached that point will unfortunately persist in passing it. They will carry us up and up, till Humanity, instead of seeming big, seems almost invisible in its pettiness; and nothing is big except unless in a relative way, because, whether we wish it or no, we have carried up ourselves along with us."

"Do you remember," said Lord Restormel, "a fine passage in Nietzsche, about our growing sense of the transitoriness of human things and our prevision of the time when the last man left on earth shall say, 'Humani nihil a me alienum puto?' Nietzsche knew more about human nature than all the Comtes, the Emersons, the Carlyles, the Tolstoys, the Mr. Bromptons —than all the ethical religionists in the world."

"I was reading the other day," said Mr. Hancock, "a memoir by Mr. Frederick Harrison, in which he offers us a subjective immortality in the memory of those who will survive us; but, he says, whether this desirable immortality shall be ours depends not on our own merits, but on the gratitude of our friends who come after us. Of all forms of immortality this seems to me to be not only the least tempting, but the most precarious."

"When we think," said Lord Restormel, "of how little subjective immortality the best-beloved husband has in the memory of his marriageable widow—when we think of how the annoyance their lover's return to them would, for many people, exceed the unjust pain of losing them, the sure hope of the Christian, which Mr. Harrison scoffs at, becomes, in comparison with his substitute for it, a sober and reasonable probability."

"My dear Lord Restormel," said Lady Snowdon, "you're a little bit too cynical."

"I've been forgotten," said Lord Restormel, "by so many women before I am dead, that I don't expect to be remembered by many men afterwards."

"At all events," said Glanville, "whether we call him cynical or no, he's at all events nearer the truth than our good friend Mr. Brompton. But as to Mr. Brompton's view, I haven't quite finished yet. I've another comment to make on it, which is shorter than any of these, and is much more to the point. It is this—that whether the preachers of the ethical religion of Humanity would be sensible or silly in holding the creed they preach, nobody holds it really—not even they themselves. As Mr. Brompton is in retreat, I am able to speak freely. We all of us saw this creed put to the test by the telegram which our apostle received a few minutes ago. There is truth in surprise, just as there is truth in wine. Our apostle's real nature leapt at once into light, and a very healthy specimen of average human nature it was. What struck him all of a heap was the thought of his own ruin. The ruin of hundreds, perhaps thousands of others, affected his mind as a beatific relief. He will be vaguely sorry for it when he thinks of it, as no doubt we shall all be; but for him, just as for us, the sorrows and the joys of life become less acute in proportion as they are referable to Humanity, and fail to be referable to ourselves, or to individual men connected with us."

"Well," said Lady Snowdon presently, "it seems that we're in a bad way. We began our Conferences with the obsequies of Christian orthodoxy, which were certainly conducted without the benefit of clergy. We then turned to Nature and Science, and we found—I think we found, Mr. Glanville, didn't we?—that science deprives us not only of our souls, but of ourselves. Then to our surprise we were told that it offered to give back to us both our morals and religion in new and superior forms. There was some satis-

faction in that; but now it appears that these offers have only been made in order to be snatched away from us—that our new progressive morality is a progress towards the instinct of bees; and that our new religion is merely a painted toy, which tumbles to pieces the moment we begin to play with it. Well, Mr. Glanville, having led us into this *cul de sac*, can you yourself show us any way out of it? To be sure there was the way which Mr. Seaton suggested—I'd forgotten that way. It was, I think, the way of ecstasy: and ecstasy, Mr. Seaton, if I managed to understand you rightly, might be reached by three methods—by reading Hegel's philosophy; by listening to a methodist cobbler threatening you with hell-fire; or by inhaling some gas which your chemist or your dentist could administer to you. You, Mr. Glanville, perhaps will prescribe one of these as our remedy."

"You're nearer the truth," said Glanville, "than you most probably think you are. The facts to which you now refer, and on which Mr. Seaton has insisted, are one of the sources to which I should look for help. Another source, I find, is in Mr. Hancock's favourite doctrine—his doctrine of the working hypothesis. I should draw from it, my dear Hancock, a conclusion not quite your own. But we can hardly begin this comprehensive question to-night. If you'll listen to me to-morrow, I'll try to make my meaning plain; so Mr. Hancock may as well declare our present Conference ended."

At this moment there came through the drawing-room window the noise of a door slammed, and a ripple of human notes, which sounded like "Tra la la." Several pairs of eyes were directed towards the lit interior; and Mr. Brompton, who seemed to be carolling from pure gladness of heart, was visible, finding his way through a medley of chairs and sofas. As he advanced, however, his carol abruptly ceased, "like a guilty thing surprised"; and his face assumed an expression of lofty and preoccupied seriousness.

"I was sorry to leave you," he said, as he came out of the portico; "but that little personal loss which I thought I might

have suffered myself had more or less upset me by the way in which it brought home to my mind the far greater loss which I fear has fallen on others. However, I can do nothing for the moment. I'd no right to show what I felt. It was a weakness. And now, Mr. Glanville, how far have you got in my absence?"

"I was explaining," said Glanville, "that your texts from Arnold and Emerson don't seem to me to get rid of the objections to which your religion is open; and I hope myself to preach a sermon of my own to-morrow the text of which shall be taken from Emerson also. I don't mind telling you now what that sacred text shall be. It is a passage in which he compares his thoughts to a flowing river, which pours its stream into him out of a region which he does not see. 'When I do this,' he says—I'll quote it properly to-morrow—'I see,' he says, 'that I am a pensioner; not a cause, but a surprised spectator of this eternal water.' Miss Leighton will recognise in that, perhaps, something like what she and I were saying this morning in the garden. Anyhow, Mr. Brompton, that passage will be my text."

(*To be continued.*)

A THEME: WITH VARIATIONS

THERE seems to be nothing that a small mind more eagerly delights in than the detection of the petty resemblances which are likely to be discoverable when the works of different authors are rigorously compared; and there are assuredly few things that a large mind regards with a more languid interest than the foolish and futile accusations of plagiarism now and again bandied about in the public prints. The man of large mind is both tolerant and careless. He knows that it is not rare for the same thought to occur independently and almost simultaneously to two original thinkers—just as the suggestion of natural selection came to Darwin and Wallace almost at the same time. Moreover, he is well aware that all workers have a right to avail themselves of whatsoever has been accomplished by their predecessors, so long as they do not make false pretences or seek to gain credit under false colours.

If proof were needed that Poe was not a man of large mind, it might be found in the fact that he was guilty of an article on "Mr. Longfellow and Other Plagiarists"; and no one was surprised to learn that Poe himself could be a plagiarist upon occasion, and that he borrowed for his "Marginalia" Sheridan's joke about the phœnix and Whitbread's describing it as a poulterer would. Of course, it is possible that Poe invented this witticism for himself, although this is not at all likely, since the American lyrist was one of those who joked with

difficulty. The jest, indeed, is very characteristic of the author of the "School for Scandal," and very unlike the other humorous attempts of the author of the "Raven."

Tennyson once wrote to a critic who had pointed out certain parallelisms in the "Princess"—

> Why not? Are not human eyes all over the world looking at the same objects, and must there not consequently be coincidences of thought and impressions and expressions? It is scarcely possible for any one to say or write anything in this late time of the world to which in all the rest of the literature of the world a parallel could not somewhere be found.

Lowell declared that it was now impossible to sink a spade in the soil of Parnassus without disturbing the bones of some dead poet. And Shelley went so far as to assert that

> All knowledge is reminiscence; the doctrine is far more ancient than the times of Plato, and as old as the venerable allegory that the Muses are the daughters of Memory; not one of the nine was ever said to be the child of Invention.

Just as Poe probably borrowed his merry jest from Sheridan so very likely the remark of one of the characters in "Lady Windermere's Fan"—"I can resist everything—except temptation," is, perhaps, a reminiscence of the saying of the medieval Franc-Archer de Bagnolet, quoted by Rabelais, "I am not afraid of anything—except danger." But it was apparently quite independently, but almost simultaneously, that a similar thought occurred to a Frenchman, an Englishman, and an American. The late Thomas B. Reed, sometime Speaker of the House of Representatives, once defined a statesman as "a successful politician—who is dead." Mr. Pinero having in mind the rather boisterous humour of the "Rivals" and of "She Stoops to Conquer," has asserted that "a comedy is often only a farce—by a deceased dramatist." And in the journal of the Goncourts we can read the kindred remark that "genius is the talent of a dead man."

When M. Rostand brought out "L'Aiglon" its likeness in theme to "Hamlet" was promptly pointed out; now the likeness of "Hamlet" to the "Oresteia" is a commonplace of

scholarship; but there is no resemblance whatsoever between the French play and the Greek tragedy, although they have each of them a certain superficial similarity to the English drama. Here we see that two pieces, each of which resembles a third, are not necessarily like each other. Up to the present time no literary detective has accused Mark Twain of overt plagiarism because he—probably unconsciously—transplanted certain incidents of "Romeo and Juliet" to the banks of the Mississippi, when Huckleberry Finn was setting before us boldly and simply the outcome of the long standing Shepherdson-Grangerford feud. And as yet Mr. Kipling has not been held up to public contempt because he utilised in his story of the "King's Ankus" certain devices which Chaucer had already employed in one of the "Canterbury Tales."

Mr. Kipling's "Brushwood Boy" is one of the most beautiful of his stories; and it is also one of the most original, both in conception and execution. But at the core of it is the possibility of two persons meeting in their dreams; and this idea was already to be found in Mr. Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson." The same idea has since been developed by Mr. Marion Crawford in "Cecilia." Did Mr. Crawford get the suggestion of it from Mr. Kipling or from Mr. Du Maurier? Did Mr. Kipling even get it from Mr. Du Maurier? Or did each of the three independently happen upon the tempting impossibility? It was FitzJames O'Brien who wrote "What Was It?"—a thrilling tale of a strange creature, which could not be seen but could be felt; and Guy de Maupassant in "Le Horla" introduces us to just such another uncanny and impossible monster, palpable but invisible. Did the Frenchman borrow this weird impossibility from the Irish-American who had invented it thirty years earlier? Or did he re-invent for himself? No wonder is it that Mr. Austin Dobson asks:

> Ah, World of ours, are you so gray
> And weary, World, of spinning,
> That you repeat the tales to-day
> You told at the beginning?

For lo! the same old myths that made
The early stage-successes,
Still hold the boards and still are played
"With new effects and dresses."

Students of folk-lore seem to be agreed—if indeed they are in accord about anything at all—that certain kinds of stories are likely to spring up spontaneously whenever and wherever the conditions are favourable, while tales of a different type are apparently transmitted swiftly and mysteriously from one country and one language to another land and another tongue. It was Whewell who asserted that all the Irish bulls had been calves in Greece; and it was Professor Tyrrel who neatly explained that the Irish bull differed from the bull of all other islands in that "it was always pregnant."

To trace these similarities, accidental as they are mostly, or intentional as they may be sometimes, is gratifying to the detective instinct, and it is an amusement harmless enough if we do not exaggerate the importance of our chance finds, and if we recognise fully the right of every man to profit by all that has been accomplished by his predecessors. Every generation has the privilege of standing on the shoulders of the generation that went before; but it has no right to pick the pockets of the firstcomer. In an earlier paper on the "Ethics of Plagiarism" the present writer suggested that the man who finds a new idea deserves the full credit of fresh invention; that the second user of this idea may possibly be considered a plagiarist; that the third person to utilise it is only lacking in originality; and that the fourth is merely drawing from the common stock. "And when the fifth man takes it, that's research!" was the apt comment of a philosophic friend.

The preceding paragraphs may perhaps appear to provide a portico somewhat too pretentious for the modest inquiry which is to follow. Their purpose was but to make it clear that this modest inquiry was not undertaken with any intent to denounce the crime of plagiarism. Its object is rather to show how many forms a pleasant conceit may assume as it travels down the

centuries, and as it migrates from one language to another. Some diligent readers of modern verse may chance to be acquainted with a triolet of Mr. W. E. Henley's, which turns upon the ease with which a triolet can be written:

Easy is the triolet,
If you really learn to make it!
Once a neat refrain you get,
Easy is the triolet.
As you see!—I pay my debt
With another rhyme. Deuce take it,
Easy is the triolet,
If you really learn to make it!

Probably more than one of those who may have glanced at this pleasantly phrased trifle recalled a rondeau of Mr. Austin Dobson's, which also found its subject-matter in the conditions of the form itself:

You bid me try, Blue Eyes, to write
A Rondeau. What!—forthwith?—To-night?
Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true;—
But thirteen lines!—and rhymed on two!
"I must," you say. Ah, hapless plight!
Still, there are five lines,—ranged aright.
These Gallic bonds, I feared, would fright
My easy Muse. They did till you—
You bid me try!
That makes them nine. The port's in sight;—
'Tis all because your eyes are bright!
Now just a pair to end with "oo,"—
When maids command, what can't we do?
Behold!—the Rondeau, tasteful, light,
You bid me try!

But Mr. Dobson, as is his wont, was scrupulously careful to put forth his rondeau in English as a free imitation of a rondeau in French by Voiture:

Ma foy; c'est fait de moy. Car Isabeau
M'a conjuré de luy faire un Rondeau.
Cela me met en une peine extrême.
Quoy? treize vers, huit en *eau*, cinq en *ème*!

Je luy ferois aussi-tôt un batteau.
En voilà cinq pourtant en un monceau ;
Faisons-en huict, en invoquant Brodeau,
Et puis mettons, par quelque stratagème,
Ma foy, c'est fait.
Si ie pouvois encore de mon cerveau
Tirer cinq vers, l'ouvrage seroit beau.
Mais cependant, je suis dedans l'onzième,
Et si je croy que je fais le douzième,
En voilà treize ajustez au niveau.
Ma foy, c'est fait !

And this raises the question whether in Voiture we have found the first versifier who filled a fixed form by an airy discussion of the difficulties to be overcome by all who adventure upon that form; and here the answer is easy. Voiture was apparently only the first lyrist to rhyme a rondeau of this sort; for he had as a predecessor, Desmarets, who had used this device to help him in the composition of a sonnet. And it is asserted that the Frenchman had borrowed the conceit from an Italian, Marini, a most voluminous sonneteer. Unfortunately the present writer has not been able to lay hands on Marini's sonnet or on that of Desmarets, despite a diligent search. But the finding of the French lyric, and of the Italian that suggested it, is of less importance since there is no doubt that both of them were derived from a Spanish original by Lope de Vega.

In his "New Art of Making Plays" Lope advised the dramaturgic novice that the sonnet-form was well-fitted for soliloquies; but although this particular sonnet is to be found in one of his plays, *La Nina de Plata*, it is not a soliloquy, being recited by the *gracioso* or comedian frankly as a poetic composition.

SONETO A VIOLANTE

Un soneto me manda hacer violante ;
Que en me vida me he visto en tanto aprieto ;
Catorce versos dicen que es soneto ;

Burla burlando van los tres delante;
Yo pensé que no hallára consonante,
Y estoy a la mitad de otro cuarteto;
Mas si me veo en el primer terceto;
No hay cosa en los cuartetos que me espante
En el primer terceto voy entrando,
Y aun parece que entré con pié derecho,
Pues fin con este verso le voy dando;
Ya estoy en el segundo, y aun sospecho
Que voy los trece versos acabando;
Contad si son catorce: ya está hecho.

In his study of the life and works of the great Spanish playwright, Lord Holland quoted an English adaptation of Lope's Spanish original, written by a certain Thomas Edwards, the author of a carefully forgotten discussion of the "Canons of Criticism," these canons being weapons of offence primed and aimed to blow Warburton off the face of the earth. This lawyer-critic refused to bind himself down to the strict Guittonian form of the sonnet; and his wit was not over nimble; but he managed to get his fourteen rhymes in presentable shape:

Capricious Wary a sonnet needs must have;
I ne'er was so put to't before—a sonnet?
Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it.
'Tis good, however, I've conquered the first stave.
Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I, and found myself in the midst of the second:
If twice four verses were fairly reckon'd
I should turn back on the hardest part, and laugh.
Thus far with good success I think I've scribbled,
And of twice seven lines have clear got o'er ten.
Courage! Another 'll finish the first triplet;
Thanks to the Muse, my work begins to shorten,
There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by driblet,
'Tis done! count how you will, I warrant there's fourteen.

There is a conscientious rigidity about this sturdy British sonneteer, and an eighteenth century stiffness about his sacrifice to the Muse, which contrast sharply with the Gallic vivacity and the nineteenth century expertness to be found in

a sonnet by the late Henri Meilhac, the collaborator of M. Ludovic Halévy, in the composition of the "Belle Hélène," of the "Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein," and of the "Périchole." No one can now declare with certainty whether Meilhac borrowed the suggestion from Desmarets or Voiture, his predecessors in his own tongue, or whether he took it over from the Italian of Marini or the Spanish of Lope de Vega. In fact, Meilhac was quite ingenious enough to have invented the device for his own use; and his sonnet has the brilliancy and the buoyancy which we expect to find in the best "vers de société":

UN ONNET

Un Sonnet, dites-vous; savez-vous bien, Madame,
Qu'il me faudra trouver trois rimes à *sonnet*?
Madame, heureusement, rime avec âme et flamme,
Et le premier quatrain me semble assez complet.

J'entame le second, le second je l'entame,
Et prends en l'entamant un air tout guilleret,
Car ne m'étant encor point servi du mot *âme*,
Je compte m'en servir, et m'en sers, en effet.

Vous m'accorderez bien, maintenant, j'imagine,
Qu'un sonnet sans amour ferait fort triste mine,
Qu'il aurait l'air boiteux, contrefait, mal tourné.

Il nous faut de l'amour, il nous en faut quand même;
J'écris donc en tremblant: je vous aime, ou je t'aime,
Et voilà, pour le coup, mon sonnet terminé.

It was Meilhac's sonnet which the late Henry Cuyler Bunner paraphrased, carrying over into English, so far as might be possible, not only the fundamental conceit, but also the most of the minor felicities of the French lyrist. Bunner's "Sonnet to Order" was avowedly an imitation; and when it was first published in an American magazine it was accompanied by its French original:

A sonnet would you have? Know you, my pet,
For sonnets fourteen lines are necessary?
Ah, *necessary* rhymes, by luck, to *fairy*—
I'll call you one, and the first quatrain get.
This meets half-way the second: half-way met,
One meets an obstacle in a manner airy.
But here, though it is not your name, as Mary
I'll set you down, settling the second set.

Now, you'll admit, a sonnet without love,
Without the savor of a woman in't,
Were profanation of poetic art.
Love, above all things! So 'tis writ above.
Nor there alone. Your sonneteer, I'd hint,
Gives you this sonnet here with all his heart.

One of the scholarly contributors to Petit de Julleville's history of the French language and literature remarked that "nothing is longer than a sonnet—when there is nothing in it"; and here we have had some half-dozen sonnets with only one thought in the lot of them. Yet another is called "A Difficult Sonnet"; and it was found amid the flotsam and jetsam of a scrapbook, credited vaguely to the *University Magazine* and seemingly clipped out some twenty or thirty years ago. It does not quite continue the tradition that has here been traced down through the modern languages; indeed, the obvious desire of the poet to moralise points to an English lyrist who believed in his own originality:

With an idea I set to write a sonnet:
The subject was so difficult and terse,
I could not quite bring right the tiresome verse,
Much labour though I spent, and pens, upon it:
Still I plod on, and line by line I con it,
Each time with better words to add, or worse,
Till it comes right; and, as I last rehearse
The settled stanza, make fair copy on it.
This done, I take my blotted rough endeavour,
Covering some sheets with every kind of scrawl
Of my first failures, some of them quite clever;
Into a little pack I bring them all,

—Tear up—(Life is the Poem—where's the taper?
How shall I burn my blotted bits of paper?)

The triolet, the rondeau, and the sonnet have each in turn been taken by lyrists who wished thus to exploit their own playfulness; and the ballad is the only other fixed form of verse likely to prove equally tempting. But a conscientious search has failed to find any ballade turning on the difficulty of making a ballade, with its three octaves, its envoy, its refrain, and its three rhymes, repeated and interlaced. In "Cyrano de Bergerac," M. Rostand makes his hero improvise a ballade while he is fighting a duel—a gorgeous example of bravado and bravura; and the verses, purporting to be put together in the very moment of deadly combat, abound in allusions to the structure of the ballade itself. And yet the basis of M. Rostand's ballade, with its refrain "à la fin de l'envoi, je touche," does not differ much from that of Lope de Vega, although the superstructure of the latter lyric achieves a certain originality. There are at least two English translations of M. Rostand's play; but any rendering of the flashing lines of the flamboyant original cannot but seem a little pale. Who was it first asserted that a translated poem was like a boiled strawberry?

Of all the Teutonic tongues our own English is the only one which has taken part in these international borrowings. Students of German poetry, of Dutch, and of Scandinavian have been unable to answer the appeal for lyrics from these languages suggested by Lope de Vega's sonnet. Apparently, the Northern tongues have not taken so kindly to the fixed forms as the Southern languages did. And yet no example of a lyric containing this conceit has been forthcoming from Portuguese or from Provençal. This last deficiency is the more remarkable, since the origin of all the fixed forms has been traced to that home of minstrelsy. The sonnet was invented by a Provençal lyrist, just as the rondeau seems to have been, and the ballade also.

The sonnet established itself first, and gained the widest acceptance; and it is only of late that the rondeau and the ballade have achieved a certain popularity, far inferior to that of the sonnet. Indeed, of all the fixed forms the sonnet is at once the best known and the most noble. It has been used to convey the loftiest of messages; it has done this successfully without calling undue attention to the necessary artifice of its construction. The rondeau, on the other hand, and the ballade also, have seemed best fitted for lighter themes of minor importance. They carry more appropriately the ingenious prettiness of *vers de société;* whereas the sonnet has proved itself to be worthy of the most elevated themes.

In seeking to discover what poet it was who first devised a lyric in a fixed form, turning to the arbitrary difficulty of the form itself, there is no need to go further back than the Renascence, since the fixed form was a product of the Renascence, impossible until after rhyme had been elaborated in the Middle Ages. In the lyrics of Rome and Greece, with all their exquisite modulations of meter, there was no rhyme; and therefore no fixed form was possible, built upon an artful adjustment of repeated and contrasted rhymes.

In Hebrew versification, it ought to be noted here, the acrostic was held in high esteem; and it may be possible that there exists in Hebrew an acrostic, setting forth the difficulty to be vanquished by every bard who seeks to write an acrostic.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

TWO CHILDHOODS

LUMINOUS passions reign
High in the soul of man; and they are twain.
Of these he hath made the poetry of earth,
Hath made his nobler tears, his magic mirth.

Fair Love is one of these,
The visiting vision of eight centuries;
And one is love of Nature—love to tears—
The modern passion of this hundred years.

Oh, never to such height,
Oh, never to such spiritual light—
The light of lonely visions, and the gleams
Of secret, splendid, sombre suns in dreams—

Oh, never to such long
Glory in life, supremacy in song,
Had either of those loves attained in joy,
But for the ministration of a boy.

Dante was one who bare
Love in his deep heart, apprehended there
When he was yet a child; and from that day
The radiant Love has never passed away.

And one was Wordsworth; he
Conceived the love of Nature childishly,
As no adult heart might; for poets sing
That exaltation, by remembering.

For no divine
Intelligence, or art, or fire, or wine
Is high-delirious as that rising lark,
The child's soul and its daybreak in the dark.

And Letters keep these two
Heavenly treasures safe the ages through—
Safe from ignoble benison or ban—
These two high childhoods in the heart of Man.

ALICE MEYNELL.

FORT AMITY

CHAPTER IX

MENEHWEHNA SETTLES ACCOUNTS

WEARY as they were, there could be no thought of halting. The river and the plain lay far below them yet, and they must push on through the darkness.

Hitherto the forest had awed John by its loneliness; its night-voices, falling at rare intervals on his ear and awaking him from dreams beside the camp-fire, had seemed to cry and challenge across immense distances as though the very beasts were astray. But now, as he crouched behind Menehwehna, he felt it to be no less awfully inhabited. A thousand creeping things stirred or slunk away through the undergrowth; roosting birds edged towards each other in the branches, ever on the point of flapping off in panic; the thickets were warm from the flanks of moose and deer. And all this wild life, withdrawing, watched the four fugitives with a thousand eyes.

These imaginary terrors did him one service. They kept him awake. By-and-by his brain began to work clearly, as it often will when the body has passed a certain point of fatigue. "If these Indians on the ridge are Iroquois, why should I run? The Iroquois are friends of England, and would recognise my red coat. The man they killed was a Canadian, a *coureur de bois;* they will kill Barboux if they

catch him, and also these two Ojibways. But to me capture will bring release."

He understood now why Menehwehna had called him a fool. Nevertheless, as he went, the screams on the cliff rang in his ears again, closing the argument.

Muskingon still led. He had struck a small mountain stream and was tracking it down towards the river—keeping wide of it to avoid the swampy ground, relying on his ears and the lie of the slope. Menehwehna followed close, ready to give counsel if needed; but the young Indian held on in silence, never once hesitating.

The debate in John's brain started afresh. "These Iroquois mean me no harm. I am sure enough of that, at any rate, to face the risk of it. Barboux is my enemy—my country's enemy—and I dislike in him the little I don't despise. As for Menehwehna and Muskingon—they, I suppose, are my enemies, and the Iroquois my friends." Somehow John felt that when civilised nations employ uncivilised allies, the simplest questions of ethics may become complicated. He remembered a hundred small acts of kindness, or of good fellowship; and he recalled, all too vividly, the murdered man and his gory head.

But might he not escape back and show himself without lessening his comrades' chances? It was a nuisance that he must always be thinking of them as "comrades." Was he not their prisoner? Would their comradeship help him at the end of the journey? . . .

The moon had risen over the mountain when Muskingon's piloting brought them out once more under open sky, at a point where the mountain stream met and poured itself into a larger one hurrying down from the north-east. A few yards below their confluence the river-bed narrowed, and the waters, gathering speed, were swept down through a rocky chasm towards a cataract, the noise of which had been sounding in John's ears while he debated.

Hitherto he had weighed the question as one between

himself and his three companions. For the moment he saw no chance of giving them the slip; and, if a chance occurred, the odds must be terribly unequal. Still, supposing that one occurred, ought he to take it? Putting aside the insane risk, ought he to bring death—and such a death—down upon these three men, two of whom he looked upon as friends? Did his country, indeed, require this of him? He wished he had his cousin Dick beside him for counsellor, or could borrow Dick's practical mind. Dick always saw clearly.

And behold, as he stepped out upon the river bank, his wish was given him. He remembered suddenly that this Barboux carried a message—of what importance he could not tell, nor was it for him to consider. Important or not, it must be to England's detriment, and as a soldier, he had no other duty than to baulk it. Why had he not thought of this before? It ruled out all private questions, even that of escape or of saving his own life. The report of a gun would certainly be heard on the ridge above; and if, by forcing Barboux to shoot, he could draw down the Iroquois, why then—live or die—the signal must be given.

He scanned the chasm. It could not measure less than twenty feet across, and the current whirled through it far below—thirty feet perhaps. He eyed his companions. Barboux leaned on his gun a few paces from the brink, where the two Indians stood peering down at the dim waters. John dropped on one knee, pretending to fasten a button of his gaiters, and drew a long breath while he watched for his chance.

Presently Muskingon straightened himself up, and, as if satisfied with his inspection, began to lead the way again, slanting his course away from the bank and back towards the selvage of the woods. Menehwehna followed close, and Barboux shouldered his musket and fell into third place, grunting to John to hurry after.

And so John did—for a dozen paces back from the river. Then, swinging quickly on his heel, he dashed for the brink, and leapt.

So sudden was the manœuvre that not until his feet left the rock—it seemed, at that very instant—did he hear the Sergeant's oath of dismay. Even as he flew across the whirling darkness, his ear was listening for the shot to follow.

The take-off—a flat slab of rock—was good, and the leap well timed. But he had allowed too little, perhaps, for his weariness and his recent wound; and in the darkness he had not seen that of the two brinks the far one stood the higher by many inches. In mid-air he saw it, and flung his arms forward as he pitched against it little more than breast high. His fingers clutched vainly for hold, while his toes scraped the face of the rock, but found no crevice to support them.

Had his body dropped a couple of inches lower before striking the bank, or had the ledge shelved a degree or two more steeply, or had it been smooth or slippery with rain, he must have fallen backward into the chasm. As it was, his weight rested so far forward upon his arms that, pressing his elbows down upon the rock, he heaved himself over on the right side of the balance, fell on his face and chest, and so wriggled forward until he could lift a knee.

The roar of the waters drowned all other noise. Only that faint cry of Barboux had followed him across. But now, as he scrambled to his feet, he heard a sudden thud on the ledge behind him. A hand clutched at his heel, out of the night. At once he knew that his stratagem had failed, that Barboux would not fire, that Muskingon was upon him. He turned to get at grips; but, in the act of turning, felt his brain open and close again with a flame and a crash, stretched out both arms, and pitched forward into darkness.

. . . . . .

It seemed—for he knew no break in his sensations—that the ground, as he touched it, became strangely soft and elastic For a while he wondered at this idly, then opened his eyes—but only to blink and close them again, for they were met by broad daylight.

He was lying on the grass; he was resting in Muskingon's

arms amid a roaring of many waters; he was being carried between Muskingon and Menehwehna beneath a dark roof of pines—and yet their boughs were transparent, and he looked straight through them into blue sky. Was he dead? Had he passed into a world where time was not, that all these things were happening together? If so, how came the two Indians here? And Barboux? He could hear Barboux muttering: no, shouting aloud. Why was the man making such a noise? And who was that firing? . . . Oh, tell him to stop! The breastwork will never be carried in this way—haven't the troops charged it again and again? Look at Sagramore, there: pull him off somebody and let him die quiet. For pity's sake fetch the General, to make an end of this folly! Forty-sixth! Where are the Forty-sixth? . . .

He was lying in a boat now—a canoe. But how could this be, when the boat was left behind on the other side of the mountain? Yet here it was, plain as daylight, and he was lying in it; also he could remember having been lifted and placed here by Muskingon—not by Menehwehna. To be sure Menehwehna crouched here above him, musket in hand. Between the shouting and firing he heard the noise of water tumbling over rapids. The noise never ceased; it was all about him; and yet the boat did not move. It lay close under a low bank, with a patch of swamp between it and the forest: and across this swamp towards the forest Muskingon was running. John saw him halt and lift his piece as Barboux came bursting through the trees with an Indian in pursuit. The two ran in line, the Indian lifting a tomahawk and gaining at every stride; and Muskingon had to step aside and let them come abreast of him before he fired at close quarters. The Indian fell in a heap; Barboux struggled through the swamp and leapt into the canoe as Muskingon turned to follow. But now three—four—five Indians were running out of the woods upon him; four with tomahawks only, but the fifth carried a gun; and, while the others pursued, this man, having gained the open, dropped swiftly on one knee and took aim. At that

instant Menehwehna's musket roared out close above John's head; but as the marksman rolled over, dead, on his smoking gun, Muskingon gave one leap like a wounded stag's, and toppled prone on the edge of the bank close above the canoe.

And with that, and even as Menehwehna sprang to his feet to reach and rescue him, Barboux let fly an oath and, planting the butt of his musket against the bank, thrust the canoe off. It was done in a second. In another, the canoe had lurched afloat, the edge of the rapid whirled her bow round, and she was spinning down-stream.

All this John saw distinctly, and afterwards recalled it all in order, as it befell. But sometimes, as he recalled it, he seemed to be watching the scene with an excruciating ache in his brain; at others, in a delicious languor of weakness. He remembered too how the banks suddenly gathered speed and slid past while the boat plunged and was whirled off in the heart of the rapid. Muskingon had uttered no cry: but back—far back—on the shore sounded the whoops of the Iroquois.

Then—almost at once—the canoe was floating on smooth water and Menehwehna talking with Barboux.

"It had better be done so," Menehwehna was saying. "You are younger than I, and stronger, and it will give you a better chance."

"Don't be a fool," growled Barboux. "The man was dead, I tell you. They are always dead when they jump like that. *Que diable!* I have seen enough fighting to know."

But Menehwehna replied, "You need much sleep and you cannot watch against me. I have reloaded my gun, and the lock of yours is wet. Indeed, therefore, it must be as I say."

After this, Barboux said very little: but the canoe was paddled to shore and the two men walked aside into the woods. The sun was setting and they cast long shadows upon the bank as they stepped out.

John lay still and dozed fitfully, waking up now and then

to brush away the mosquitoes that came with the first falling shadows to plague him.

By-and-by in the twilight Menehwehna returned and stood above the bank. He tossed a bundle into the canoe, stepped after it, and pushed off without hurry.

John laughed, as a child might laugh, guessing some foolish riddle.

"You have killed him!"

"He did wickedly," answered Menehwehna. "He was a fool and past bearing."

John laughed again; and, being satisfied, dropped asleep.

CHAPTER X

BOISVEYRAC

Along the river-front of Boisveyrac, on the slopes between the stone walls of the Seigniory and the broad St. Lawrence, Dominique Guyon, the Seigneur's farmer, strode to and fro encouraging the harvesters.

"Work, my children! Work!"

He said it over and over again, using the words his father had always used at this season. But the harvesters—old Damase Juneau and his wife La Marmite, Jo Lagassé, the brothers Pierre and Telesphore Courteau, with Telesphore's half-breed wife Leelinau (Lélie, in French)—all knew the difference in tone. It had been worth while in former times to hear old Bonhomme Guyon say the words, putting his heart into them, while the Seigneur himself would follow behind, echoing, "Yes, that is so. Work, my children: work is the great cure!" But Bonhomme Guyon was dead these two months—rest his soul; and the Seigneur gone up the river to command a fortress for the King of France; and no one left at Boisveyrac but themselves and half a dozen militiamen and this young Dominique Guyon, who would not smile and was a skinflint.

It was as if the caterpillars had eaten the mirth as well

as the profits out of this harvest which (if folks said true) the Seigneur needed so badly. Even the children had ceased to find it amusing, and had trooped after the priest, Father Launoy, up the hill and into the courtyard of the Château.

"Work, my friends!" said Dominique. He knew well that they detested him and would have vastly preferred his brother Bateese for overseer. For his part, he took life seriously: but no one was better aware of the bar between him and others' love or liking.

They respected him because he was the best *Canotier* on the river; a better even than his malformed brother Bateese, now with the army. When he drew near they put more spirit into their pitch-forking.

"But all the same it breaks the back, this suspense," declared La Marmite. "I never could work with more than one thing in my mind. Tell us, Dominique Guyon: the good Father will be coming out soon, will he not?—that is, if he means to shoot the falls before sunset."

"What can it matter to you, mother?"

"Matter? Why if he doesn't come soon, I shall burst myself with curiosity, that is all!"

"But you know all that can be told. There has been a great victory, for certain."

"Eh? Eh? You are clever enough, doubtless; but you don't think you can question and cross-question a man the way that Father Launoy does it? Why the last time I confessed to him he turned me upside down and emptied me like a sack."

"There has been a great victory: that is all we need to know. Work, my friends, work with a good heart!"

But when his back was turned they drew together and talked, glancing now towards the Seigniory above the slope, now towards the river bank where a couple of tall Etchemin Indians stood guard beside a canoe, and across the broad flood to the woods on the farther shore stretching away southward in a haze of blue. Down in the south there, far beyond the

blue horizon, a battle had been fought and a great victory won.

Jo Lagassé edged away towards Corporal Chrétien, who kept watch, musket in hand, on the western fringe of the clearing. Harvests at Boisveyrac had been gathered under arms since time out of mind, with sentries posted far up the shore and in the windmill behind the Seigniory, to give warning of the Iroquois. To-day the Corporal and his men were specially alert, and at an alarm the workers would have plenty of time to take shelter within the gateway of the Château.

"Well, it seems that we may all lift up our hearts. The English are done for, and next season there is to be a big stamping out of the Iroquois."

"Who told you that, Jo Lagassé?"

"Every one is saying it. Pierre Courteau has even some tale that two thousand of them were slaughtered after the battle yonder—Onnontagué's and Agniers for the most part. At this rate you idlers will soon be using your bayonets to turn the corn with the rest of us."

"Yes; that's right—call us idlers! And the Iroquois known to be within a dozen miles! You would sing to another tune, my friend, if we idlers offered to march off and leave you just now." The Corporal swung round on his thin legs and peered into the belt of trees.

Jo Lagassé grinned.

"No, no, Corporal; I was jesting only. To think of me undervaluing the military! Why often and often, as a single man with no ties, I have fancied myself enlisting. But now it will be too late."

"If M. de Montcalm has really swallowed the English," answered the other drily, "it will be too late, as you say."

"But these English, now—I have always had a curiosity to see them. Is it true, Corporal, that they have faces like devils, and that he who has the misfortune to be killed by one will assuredly rise the third day? The priests say so."

Corporal Chrétien had never actually confronted his

country's foes. "Much would depend," he answered cautiously, "upon circumstances, and upon what you mean by a devil."

While Jo Lagassé scratched his head over this, the wicket opened in the great gate of the Seigniory, and Father Launoy came forth with a troop of children at his heels. The harvesters crowded about him at once.

He lifted a hand. He was a tall man and square-shouldered, with the broad brow and set square chin of a fighting man.

"My children," he announced in a voice clear as a bell, "it is certain there has been a great battle at Fort Carillon. The English came on, four to one, gnashing their teeth like devils of the pit. But the host of the faithful stood firm and overcame them, and now they are flying southward whence they came. Let thanks be given to God who giveth us the victory!"

The men bared their heads.

"When I met 'Polyte Latulippe and young Damase on my way down the river, I could scarcely believe their tale. But the Ojibway puts it beyond doubt; and the few answers I could win from the wounded Sergeant all confirm the story."

"His name, Father?" asked La Marmite. "We can get nothing out of Dominique Guyon, who keeps his tongue as close as his fist."

"His name is à Clive, and he is of the regiment of Béarn. He has come near to death's door, poor fellow, and still lies too near to it for talking. But I think he is strong enough to bear carrying up to Fort Amitié, where the Seigneur—who, by the way, sends greeting to you all——"

"And our salutations go back to him. Would he were here to-day to see the harvest carried?"

"The Seigneur, having heard what 'Polyte and Damase have to tell, will desire to hear more of this glorious fight. For myself, I must hasten down to Montreal, where I have a message to deliver, and perhaps I may reach there with these

tidings also before the boats, which are coming up by of way the Richelieu. Therefore I am going to borrow Dominique Guyon of you, to pilot me down through the Roches Fendues. And talking of Dominique"—here the Jesuit laid a hand on the shoulder of the young man, who bent his eyes to the ground—"you complain that he is close, eh? How often, my children, must I ask you to judge a brother by his virtues? To which of you did it occur, when these men came, to send 'Polyte and Damase up to Fort Amitié with their news? No one has told me: but I will wager it was Dominique Guyon. Who sat up, the night through, with this wounded stranger? Dominique Guyon. Who has been about the field all day, as though to have missed a night's sleep was no excuse for shirking the daily task? Dominique Guyon. Again, to whom do I turn now to steer me down the worst fall in the river? Dominique Guyon. He will arrive back here to-night tired as a dog, but once more at daybreak it will be Dominique who sets forth to carry the wounded man up to Fort Amitié. And why? Because, when a thing needs to be done well, he is to be trusted; you would turn to him then and trust him rather than any of yourselves, and you know it. Do you grumble, then, that the Seigneur knows it? I say to you that a man is born thus, or thus; responsible or not responsible; and a man that is born responsible, though he add pound to pound and field to field, is a man to be thankful for. Moreover, if he keep his own counsel, you may go to him at a pinch with the more certainty that he will keep yours."

"What did I tell you?" whispered La Marmite to Jo Lagassé, who had joined the little crowd. "The Father's eye turns you inside out: he knows how we have been grumbling all day. But all the same," she added aloud, "he is young and ought to laugh."

"I have told you," said Father Launoy, "that you should judge a man by his virtues: but, where that is hard, at least you should judge him by your own pity. All this day Dominique has been copying his dead father; and the same

remembrance that has been to him a sorrowful incitement, has been to you but food for uncharitable thoughts. If I am not saying the truth, correct me."

They were silent. The priest had a great gift of personal talk, straight and simple; and treated them as brothers and sisters of a family, holding up the virtues of this one, or the faults of that, to the common gaze. They might not agree with this laudation of Dominique: but no one cared to challenge it at the risk of finding himself pilloried for public laughter. Father Launoy knew all the peccadilloes of this small flock, and had a tongue which stripped your clothes off —to use an expression of La Marmite's.

They followed him down to the shore where the Echemins held the canoe ready. There they knelt and he blessed them before embarking. Dominique stepped on board after him, and the two Indians took up their paddles.

Long after the boat was pushed off and speeding down the broad waterway the harvesters stood and watched it. The sunset followed it, gleaming along its wake and on its polished quarter, flashing as the paddles rose and dipped: until it rounded the corner by Bout de l'Isle, where the rapids began.

The distant voice of these rapids filled the air with its humming; but their ears were accustomed to it and had ceased to heed. Nor did they mark the evening croak of the frogs alongshore among the reed beds, until Jo Lagassé imitated it to perfection.

"To work, my children!" he croaked. "Work is the only cure!"

They burst out laughing, and hurried back to gather the last load before nightfall.

CHAPTER XI

FATHER LAUNOY HAS HIS DOUBTS

For a little while after leaving the shore the priest kept silence.

"Dominique," said he at length, "there is something in your guests that puzzles me; and something too that puzzles me in the manner of their coming to Boisveyrac. Tell me now precisely how you found them."

"It was not I who found them, Father. Telesphore Courteau came running to me, a little before sunset, with news that a man—an Indian—was standing on the shore opposite and signalling with his arms as if for help. Well at first I thought it might be some trick of the Iroquois—not that I had dreamed of any in the neighbourhood: and Chrétien got his men ready and under arms. But the glass seemed to show that this was not an Iroquois: and next I saw a bundle, which might be a wounded man, lying on the bank beside him. So we launched a boat and pushed across very carefully until we came within hail: and then we parleyed for some while, the soldiers standing ready to fire, until the Indian's look and speech convinced me—for it happens that I have been as far west as Michilimackinac and know something of the Ojibway talk. So when he called out his nation to me, I called back to him to leave speaking in French and use his own tongue."

"Yes, yes—he is an Ojibway beyond doubt."

"Well, Father, while I was making sure of this, we had pushed forward little by little and I saw the wounded man clearly. He was half-naked, but lay with his tunic over him as the Indian had wrapped him against the chill. Indeed he was half-dead too, and past speaking, when at length we took him off."

"And they had lost their boat in the Cedars?"

"So the Ojibway said. The wonder is that they ever came to shore."

"The wonder to my thinking is rather that, coming through the wilderness from the Richelieu River they should have possessed a canoe to launch on the Great River here."

"Their tale is that they were four, and happened on a small party of Iroquois by surprise: and that two perished while this pair possessed themselves of the Iroquois' canoe and so escaped."

"Yes," mused the priest, "so again the Ojibway told me. A strange story: and when I began to put questions he grew more and more stupid—but I know well enough by this time, I should hope, when an Indian pretends to be duller than he is. The sick man I could not well cross-examine. He told me something of the fight at Fort Carillon, where he, it appears, saw the main fighting upon the ridge, while the Indians were spread as sharpshooters along the swamps below. For the rest he refers me to his comrade." Father Launoy fell to musing again. "What puzzles me is that he carries no message, or will not own to carrying one. But what then brings him across the Wilderness? The other boats with the wounded and prisoners went down the Richelieu to its mouth, and will be travelling up the Great River to Montreal—that is, if they have not already arrived. Now why should this one boat have turned aside? That I could understand, if the man were upon special service: the way he came would be a short cut either down the river to Montreal, or up-stream to Fort Amitié or Fort Frontenac. But, as I say, this man apparently carries no message. Also he started from Fort Carillon with two wounds; and who would entrust special service to a wounded man?"

"Of a certainty, Father, he was wounded, as I myself saw when we drew off his shirt. The hurt in his ribs is scarcely skinned over, and he has a fresh scar on his wrist. But the blow on the head, from which he suffers, is later, and was given him (he says) by an Indian."

"A bad blow—and yet he escaped."

"A bad blow. Either from that or from the drenching, towards morning his head wandered and he talked at full speed for an hour."

"Of what did he talk?" asked the priest quickly.

"That I cannot tell, since he chattered in English."

"English? How do you know that it was English?"

"Why, since it was not French, nor like any kind of Indian! Moreover, I have heard the English talk. They were prisoners brought down from Oswego, twelve batteaux in all, and I took them through the falls. When they talked, it was just as this man chattered last night."

"Then you, too, Dominque, find your guest a strange fellow?"

"Oh, as for that! He is a sergeant, and of the regiment of Béarn. Your reverence saw his coat hanging by the bed."

"Even in that there is something strange. For Béarn lies in the Midi, close to the Pyrenees; and, as I understand, the regiment of Béarn was recruited and officered almost entirely from its own province. But this Sergeant à Clive comes from the North; his speech has no taste of the South in it, and, indeed, he owns to me that he is a northener. He says further that he comes from my own seminary of Douai. And this again is correct; for I cross-questioned him on the seminary, and he knows it as a hand knows its glove—the customs of the place, the lectures, the books in use there. He has told me, moreover, why he left it. . . . Dominique, you do right in misliking your guest."

"I do not say, father, that I mislike him. I fear him a little—I cannot tell why."

"You do right, then, to fear him; and I will tell you why. He is an atheist."

"An atheist? O—oh!"

"He has been of the true Faith. But he rejected me; he would make no confession, but turned himself to the wall when I exhorted him. *Voyons*—here is a Frenchman who

talks English in his delirium; a northerner serving in a regiment of the south; an infidel, from Douai. Dominique, I do not like your guest."

"Nor I, Father, since you tell me that he is an atheist."

While they talked they had been lifting their voices insensibly to the roar of the nearing rapids; and were now come to Bout de l'Isle and the edge of peril. Below Bout de l'Isle the river divided to plunge through the Roches Fendues, where to choose the wrong channel meant destruction. Yet a mile below the Roches Fendues lay the Cascades, with a long straight plunge over smooth shelves of rock and two miles of furious water beyond. Yet further down came the terrible rapids of Lachine, not to be attempted. There the *voyageurs* would leave the canoe and reach Montreal on foot.

Father Launoy was a brave man. Thrice before he had let Dominique lead him through the awful dance ahead, and always at the end of it had felt his soul purged of earthly terrors and left clean as a child's.

Dominique reached out a hand in silence and took the paddle from the Echemin, who crawled aft and seated himself with an expressionless face. Then with a single swift glance astern to assure himself that the other Indian was prepared, the young man knelt and crouched, with his eyes on the V-shaped ripple ahead, for the angle of which they were heading.

On this, too, the priest's eyes were bent. He gripped the gunwale as the current lifted and swept the canoe down at a pace past control; as it sped straight for the point of the smooth water, and so, seeming to answer the roar it met, balanced it itself fore-and-aft for one swift instant and plunged with a swoop that caught away the breath.

The bows shot under the white water below the fall, lifted to the first wave, knocking up foam out of foam, and so dived to the next, quivering like a reed shaken in the hand. Dominique straightened himself on his knees. In a moment he was working his paddle like a madman, striking broad off

with it on this side and that, forcing the canoe into its course, zigzagging within a hand's breadth of rocks which, at a touch, would have broken her like glass, and across the edge of whirlpools waiting to drown a man and chase his body round for hours within a few inches of the surface; and all at a speed of eighteen miles an hour, with never an instant's pause between sight and stroke. The Indian in the stern took his cue from Dominique; now paddling for dear life, now flinging his body back as with a turn of the wrist he checked the steerage.

The priest sat with a white drenched face; a brave man terrified. He felt the floor of the world collapsing, saw its forests reeling by in the spray. It cracked like a bubble and was dissolved in rainbows—wisps caught in the rocks and fluttering in the wind of boat's flight. Then as the pressure on heart and chest grew intolerable the speed began to slacken and he drew a shuddering breath; but his brain still kept the whirl of the wild minutes past and his hand scarcely relaxed its grip on the gunwale. As a runaway horse, still galloping, drops back to control, so the canoe seemed to find her senses and leapt at the waves with a cunning change of motion, no longer shearing through their crests, but riding them with a long and easy swoop. Still Father Launoy did not speak. He sat as one for whom a door has been held half-open, and closed again, upon a vision.

Yet when he found his tongue—which was not until they reached the end of the white water, and Dominique, after panting a while, headed the canoe for shore—his voice did not shake.

"It was a bold thought of these men, or a foolhardy, to strike across the Wilderness," he said meditatively, in the tone of one picking up a talk which chance has interrupted.

"There are many ways through those woods," Dominique answered. "Between here and Fort Niagara you may hear tell of a dozen perhaps; and the Iroquois have their own."

"Let us hope that none of theirs crosses the one you and Bateese taught to Monsieur Armand. The Seigneur will be

uneasy about his son when he hears what 'Polyte and Damase report; and Monsieur Etienne and Mademoiselle Diane will be uneasy also."

"But this Ojibway saw nothing of M. Armand or his party."

"No news is good news. As you owe the Seigneur your duty, take your guests up to Fort Amitié to-morrow and let them be interrogated."

"My Father, must I go?" There was anguish in Dominique's voice. "Surely Jo Lagassé or Pierre Courteau will do as well?—and there is much work at Boisveyrac which cannot be neglected."

They had come to shore, and the priest had stepped out upon the bank after Dominique for a few parting words.

"But that is not your true reason." He laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and looked him in the eyes.

Dominique's fell. "Father," he entreated in a choking voice, "you know my secret: do not be hard on me! 'Lead us not into temptation'——"

"It will not serve you to run from yours. You must do battle with it. Bethink you that, as through the Wilderness, there are more ways than one in love, and the best is that of self-denial. Mademoiselle Diane is not for you, Dominique, her father's *censitaire:* yet you may love her your life through, and do her life-long service. To-morrow, by taking these men to Fort Amitié, you may ease her heart of its fears: and will you fail in so simple a devoir? There is too much of self in your passion, Dominique—for I will not call it love. Love finds itself in giving: but passion is always a beggar."

"My Father, you do not understand——"

"Who told you that I do not understand?" the priest interrupted harshly. "I too have known passion, and learnt that it is full of self and comes of Satan. Nay, is that not evident to you, seeing what mischief it has already worked in your life? Think of Bateese."

"Do I ever cease thinking of Bateese? Do I ever cease

fighting with myself?" Dominique's voice rose almost to a cry of pain. He stared across the water with gloomy eyes and added—it seemed quite inconsequently, but Father Launoy followed his thought—"The Cascades is a bad fall, but I think it will be the Roches Fendues that gets me in the end."

He said it calmly, wistfully: and, pausing for a moment, met the priest's eyes.

"Your blessing, Father. I will go."

He knelt

Generations of *voyageurs*, upward bound, and porting their canoes to avoid the falls, had worn a track beside the river bank. Dominique made such speed along it that he came in sight of Boisveyrac as the bell in the little chapel of the Seigniory began to ring the Angelus. Its note came floating down the river distinct above the sound of the falls. He bared his head, and repeated his *Aves* duly.

"But all the same," he added, working out the train of his thoughts as he gazed across the deserted harvest-fields, impoverished by tree-stumps, to the dense forest behind the Château, "let God confound the English, and New France shall belong to a new noblesse that have learned, as the old will not, to lay their hands on her wealth."

CHAPTER XII

THE WHITE TUNIC

JOHN À CLEEVE lay on his bed in the guest-room of the Seigniory, listening to the sound of the distant falls.

That song was his anodyne. All day he had let it lull his conscience, rousing himself irritably as from a drugged sleep to answer the questions put to him by Dominique or the priest. Dominique's questions had been few and easily answered, the most of them relating to the battle.

"A brother of mine was there beyond doubt," he had

wound up wistfully. "He is a batteau-man, by name Baptiste Guyon. But of course you will not know him?"

"Ils m'ont tiré pour la battue, moi," John had fenced him off with a feeble joke and a feeble laugh. (Why should he feel ashamed? Was it not war, and he prisoner tricking his captors?)

But the priest had been a nuisance. Heaven be praised for his going!

And now the shadows were closing upon the room and in the hush of sunset the voice of the waters had lifted its pitch and was humming insistently with but a semitone's fall and rise. During the priest's exhortations he had turned his face to the wall; but now for an hour he had lain on his other side, studying the rafters, the furniture, the ray of sunlight creeping along the floor-boards and up the dark, veneered face of an *armoire*, built into the wall. Behind the doors of it hung Sergeant Barboux's white tunic; and sometimes it seemed to him that the doors were transparent and he saw it dangling like a grey ghost within.

It was to avoid this sight that he had turned to the wall when the priest began to interrogate him. Heavens, how incurably, after all, he hated these priests!

Menehwehna had answered most of the questions, standing by the bed's foot: and Menehwehna was seated there still in the dusk.

How many lies had Menehwehna told? John himself had told none, unless it were a lie to pronounce his name French-fashion—"John à Cleeve," "Jean à Clive." And, once more, was not this war?

For the rest and for his own part, it was astonishing how easily, the central truth being hidden—that the tunic in the *armoire* was not his—the deception had run on its own wheels. Why, after all, should that tunic frighten him? He, John à Cleeve, had not killed its wearer. He had never buttoned it about him nor slipped an arm into one of its sleeves. Menehwehna had offered to help him into it and had shown

much astonishment on being refused. John's own soiled regimentals they had weighed with a stone and sunk in the river, and he had been lying all but naked, with the accursed garment over his legs, when the rescue-party found them on the bank.

How many lies had Menehwehna told? John could remember the sound of two voices, the priest's and the Indian's, questioning and explaining; but the sound only. As soon as he shut his eyes and tried to recall the words the priest's voice faded down the song of the falls, and only the Indian and himself were left, dropping—dropping—to the sound, over watery ledges and beneath pendant boughs. Then, as the walls of the room dissolved and the priest's figure vanished with them, Menehwehna's voice grew distinct. At one time it said: "What is done is done. Come with me, and we will go up through the Great Lakes, beyond Michilimackinac, to the Beaver Islands which are in the mouth of Lake Michigan. There we will find the people of my tribe, and when the snow comes and they separate you shall go with me to the wintering-grounds and learn to be a hunter."

In another dream the voice said: "You will not come because you weary of me and wish to leave me. We have voyaged together, and little by little my heart has been opened to you; but yours will not open in return. I would have made you to me all that Muskingon was; but you would not. When I killed that man, it was for your sake no less than Muskingon's. I told him so when he died. Of what avail is my friendship, brother, when you will give me none in exchange?" . . .

In yet a third dream the canoe floated on a mirror, between a forest and the image of a forest. . . . His eyes followed the silver wake of a musk-rat swimming from shore to shore, and in his ear Menehwehna was saying, "Your head is weak yet; when it grows stronger you will wish to come. Muskingon struck you too hard—so—with the flat of his tomahawk. He did not mean it, but his heart was jealous that already so much

of my love had passed over to you. Yet he was a good lad. The white-coat called across the stream to him, to kill you; but he would not, nor would he bring you over the ford until we had made the white-coat promise that you should not be killed for trying to run away. The man could do nothing against us two; but he bore ill-will to Muskingon afterwards, and left him to die when we could have saved him."

So, while John had lain senseless, fate had been binding him with cords—cords of guilt and cords of gratitude—and twining them inextricably. Therefore he feared sleep, because these dreams awoke him to pluck again at the knot of conscience. Ease came only with the brain's exhaustion, when in sheer weakness he could let slip the tangle and let the song of the rapids drug his senses once more.

He turned on his side and watched the sunbeam as it crept up the face of the *armoire*. "Menehwehna!" he called weakly.

From his seat in the corner among the shadows the Indian came and stood behind him.

"Menehwehna, this lying cannot go on! Make you for this fort they talk of; tell your tale there and push on to join your tribe. Let us fix a length of time, enough for your travel beyond reach, and at the end of it I will speak."

"And what will my brother tell them?"

"The truth—that I am no Frenchman but an English prisoner."

"It is weakness makes you lose patience," answered Menehwehna, as one might soothe a child. "Let the weak listen to the strong. All things I have contrived, and will contrive; there is no danger and will be none."

John groaned. How could he explain that he abhorred this lying? Worse—how could he explain that he loathed Menehwehna's company and could not be friends with him as of old; that something in his blood, something deep and ineradicable as the difference between white man and red man, cried out upon the Sergeant's murder? How could he make

this clear? Menehwehna—who had preserved his life, nursed him, toiled for him cheerfully, borne with him patiently—would understand only that all these pains had been spent upon an ingrate. John tugged away from the bond of guilt only to tighten this other yet more hateful bond of gratitude. He must sever them, and in one way only could this be done. He and Menehwehna must part. "I do not fear to be a prisoner. Moreover, it will not be for long: the river leads, after all, to Quebec, and the English, if they take Louisbourg, will not delay to push up that way."

"The white-coat used to speak wisdom once in a while," answered Menehwehna gravely. "'It is a great battle,' he said, 'that battle of If; only it has the misfortune never to be fought.' Take heart, brother, and come with me to the Isles du Castor. When your countrymen take Quebec you shall return to them, if you still have the mind, and I will swear that we held you captive. But to tell this needless tale is a sick man's folly."

John could not meet the Indian's eyes, full as they were of a wondering simplicity. He feared they might read the truth—that his desire to escape was dead. During Father Launoy's exhortations he had lain, as it were, with his ear against its cold heart; had lain secretly whispering it to awake. But it would not. The questions and cross-questions about Douai he had answered almost inattentively. What did it all matter?

The priest had been merely tedious. Back on Lake Champlain and on the Richelieu, when the world of his ken, though lost, lay not far behind him, his hope had been to escape and seek back to it; his comfort against failure the thought that here in the north one restful, familiar face awaited him—the face of the Church Catholic. Now the hope and the consolation were gone together. Perhaps under the lengthening strain some vital spring had snapped in him, or the forests had slowly choked it, or it had died with a nerve of the brain under Muskingon's tomahawk.

He was not Sergeant à Clive of the regiment of Béarn; but almost as little was he that Ensign John à Cleeve of the Forty-sixth who had entered the far side of the Wilderness.

He wanted only to be quit of Menehwehna and guilt. It would be a blessed relief to lie lost, alone, as a ball tossed into a large country. As he had fallen, so he prayed to lie; empty in the midst of a great emptiness. The Communion of all the Saints could not comfort him now, since he had passed all need of comfort.

"You must go, Menehwehna. I will not speak until you are beyond reach."

"It is my brother that talks so. Else would I call it the twitter of a Wren that has flown over. Is Menehwehna a coward, that he spoke with thought of saving himself?"

"I know that you did not," answered John, and cursed the knowledge. But the voice of the falls had begun to lull him. "We will talk of it to-morrow," he said drowsily.

"Yes, indeed; for this is a thought of sickness, that a man should choose to be a prisoner when by any means he may be free."

He found a tinder-box and lit the night-lamp—a wick floating in a saucer of oil: then, having shaken up John's pillow and given him to drink from a pannikin, went noiselessly back to his corner.

The light wavered on the dark panels of the *armoire*. While John watched, it fell into tune with the music of the distant falls. . . .

He awoke, with the rhythm of dance-music in his head. In his dream the dawn was about him, and he stood on the lawn outside the Schuylers' great house above Albany. From the ball-room came the faint sound of violins, while he lingered to say good-bye to three night-gowned little girls in the window over the porch; and some way down the hill stood young Sagramore, of the Twenty-seventh, who was saying, "It is a long way to go. Do you think he is strong enough?"

Still in his dream John turned on him indignantly. And

behold! it was not young Sagramore, but Dominique, standing by the bed and talking with Menehwehna.

"We are to start for the Fort, it appears," said Menehwehna to John.

"Let us first make sure," said Dominique, "that he is strong enough to dress." He thrust his hand within the *armoire* and unhitched the white tunic from its peg.

John shrank back into his corner.

"Not that?" he stammered.

Across the lamp smoking in the dawn, Dominique stared at him.

(*To be continued.*)