

**THE MONTHLY
REVIEW**

EDITED BY
HENRY NEWBOLT

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

JOHN INGLESANT

THE author of "John Inglesant" lived long enough to know that his book is not among the books that perish. Since its first appearance a whole generation has passed away, with all that distinguished it; a whole generation has sprung up, with thoughts as far removed as they could be from those of their predecessors. How short a remove after all that is in many ways, may be seen by any one who re-reads the book after twenty years: not only can the story, placed in an age already long past, never be further from the reader by any lapse of time, but the persons in it are among those who "living not can ne'er be dead," and the real drama is a drama not of persons but of forces that do not pass with the generations.

A novel without a hero, a drama without a plot. Such the author proclaims his book to be in the preface, which does not, however, tell the whole intention of what is to follow. A "Philosophical Romance" he calls it: though the story, as we shall see, is by no means a simple combination of Philosophy and Romance. But the description is true as far as it goes. Certainly John Inglesant is no hero. Not that he is never heroic—Lord Biron knew better than that, and so did the Parliament officer who stood by him on the scaffold—but he who is to be the hero of a romance must embody, potentially at least, either the writer or the reader: and John Inglesant does neither. He is not even a puppet, as we ordinarily use the

phrase of a lifeless character in fiction. The Vicomte de Bragelonne, in the romance which bears his name for title, is a kind of wooden lay figure made up as a gallant gentleman, but moved stiffly and unnaturally by the force not of his own but his creator's will. John Inglesant is better dressed and far more graceful, but he is a degree further from life, in that the strings which work him are pulled not by the author but by the other characters and forces in the book. It is in this sense that we accept Mr. Shorthouse's own jest, that at times John was beyond his control. He "had decided that his hero was to spend the second volume in Italy, but John Inglesant would have none of it; and they two, creator and created, fought it out stubbornly for a week." No, no; if John hesitated about the Italian journey it was only because the influence of Serenus de Cressy was balancing that of Father St. Clare; and even then "from the moment the Jesuit began to speak he knew that he should go." As for the stubbornness, certainly he was stubborn enough at times, but only when his line had been marked out for him. We are once tempted to hope for better things, when Father Hall tries to persuade him to keep out of the battle at Edgehill, "saying he had different and more useful work for him to do," and John rides with Rupert notwithstanding. But this he must have done to remain an Englishman at all, and it is the puppet's first and last natural kick. Later, when the adept terrifies him with a vision in a crystal ball, he takes the weird commotion roused by his protest for an allegory of his own spirit, "perverse and headstrong under the pressure of the Divine Hand." This was pure self-deception; disobedient he might be, but only from weakness: he had not head enough to be headstrong, and his creator sees it clearly. "We call ourselves free agents;—was this slight, delicate boy a free agent, with a mind and spirit so susceptible that the least breath affected them?" The Jesuit had him entirely in his power, and Inglesant knew it. "I am not my own. I am but the agent of a mighty will, of a system which commands unhesitating obedience—obedience which is part of

my very being. I cannot even form the thought of violating it." He was simply in a state of continuous hypnotism. Kneeling in church where he could see Mary Collet, and thinking more of her than of the prayers, he sees suddenly the Jesuit's messenger. "He got up quietly and went out. From his marriage feast, nay, from the table of the Lord, he would have got up all the same had that summons come to him." Generally, at a crisis, "his brain was full of confusion and strange noises." He hopes to meet and kill the Italian, his brother's murderer: but he takes no active steps to do so, and it is he that is dogged both in imagination and in fact by the assassin. When Malvolti does attempt his life "the state of his victim's brain" saves him; Inglesant, "strangely frightened and distressed," falls backwards into the coach, and the fatal blow is warded off by Agostino Chigi. Everything that he can be said to *do* he does unconsciously, unintentionally, or by mistake. In the affair of the Duke of Umbria's cession to the Papal See his conscience tells him that he is on a doubtful errand; he goes dreamily on, to find at last that "for some reason or other he himself was considered by the clerical party to have been instrumental in obtaining this result." Irresolute as ever he accepted the reward "with all the grace of manner of which he was capable." Shortly after, even when his hand is on his weapon, he foregoes his long-sought vengeance; and when the old priest to whom he surrenders his sword takes him for the blessed St. George, he is so confused and dreamy that he fails to understand, and confirms the error by totally forgetting in his excitement to name his brother, for whose repose he had spoken of offering daily masses.

There is then no hero to this drama, and, speaking strictly, no plot. But there is an intention, and the more it is buried with seeming carelessness beneath a tangle of history, magic, and byplay of all kinds, the more surely it makes itself felt and remembered. Here we encounter in Mr. Shorthouse some of that subtlety with which he so liberally endows his Jesuits. He will risk nothing by a direct claim, a direct statement, that

might challenge a contradiction or a consideration too summary for his purpose. The premises of his great argument are brought forward one by one in haphazard order, and always in a half light as it were: they are passed in as harmless, quiet ploughshares, and it is only when the end is reached that they are seen as a line of flashing swords. To many a reader indeed it is only after a second or third reading; but the effect so slowly attained is the more lasting.

Man's desire, says this teacher, is for the mystic birth, for "that divine fact that alone can stay the longing which, since men walked the earth, they have uttered in every tongue, that the Deity would come down and dwell with man." The vicar of Ashley told John Inglesant in his boyhood "there is nothing in the world of any value but the Divine Light—follow it"; but he added, "what it is no man can tell you . . . it will reveal itself when the time shall come." Man's life then is to be a search, or rather a perpetual hope, that this Light may be with him during the journey on which he can do so little to direct himself. His first difficulty is that he is both flesh and spirit; his second, that he needs both freedom and guidance. The former of these two, the conflict between the Pagan and the more ascetic Christian view, is put with great skill. Serenus de Cressy, with his intense eagerness and pathos, entreats Inglesant to cast aside the delights of reason and of intellect—"the beauty of that wonderful creation which God made, yet did not keep," for the life of self-sacrifice, the teaching of children, the visiting of the poor, the duties of the household; the daily walk with Jesus, to end with "the deathbed of a saint." This renunciation "not of pleasure nor even of the world, but of himself, of his intellect, of his very life," he could not make, for he remembered that by the old vicar in England no such thing as this was required of him, and yet the heavenly light was offered as freely as by this man. In Italy the problem is put from the other side. That philosophic pagan, the Cardinal Rinuccini, sends Inglesant to Rome. "There is no solution," he says, "believe me, no solution of

life's enigma worth reading. But suppose there be, you are more likely to find it at Rome." Not in religion of course. "Christianity is not of much use apparently to many of the nations of the earth. . . . What astonishes me is the interest you take in those old myths and dreary services."

Inglesant protests, but goes ; and the life of Rome, with its Protean society, artistic, philosophic, antiquarian, devout, and pleasure-seeking all at once, works its effect upon him. The conflict becomes acute ; he sees even the altars of Christ blazing with jewels and marble, while the poor starve around them in misery indescribable. Before the Apollo in the Belvedere Gardens he takes from beneath his vest a crucifix in ivory and holds it beside the statue of the god : the worn, helpless and dying head beside "the noblest product of buoyant life." His friend smiles : "The benign god has doubtless many votaries, even now." The Cardinal goes further, and maintains that

the renouncing of all bound and limit is in itself a truth, when any particular good, though only sensual, is freed and perfected. . . . Surely it is more philosophical to take in the whole of life, in every possible form. . . . This is the worship of Priapus, of human life . . . of life ruddy, delicious, full of fruits, basking in sunshine and plenty, dyed with the juice of grapes, of life in valleys cooled by snowy peaks, amid vineyards and shady fountains, among which, however, "*Sæpe Faunorum voces exauditæ, sæpe visæ formæ Deorum.*"

Inglesant remembers de Cressy, and rouses himself from his delicious Alban wine to state the other teaching which he does not follow.

"Your doctrine is delightful to the man of culture, who has his nature under the curb and his glance firmly fixed upon the goal ; but to the vulgar it is death ; and indeed it was death until the voice of another God was heard and the form of another God was seen, not in vineyards and rosy bowers, but in deserts and stony places, in dens and caves of the earth, and in prisons and on crosses of wood."

"It is treason to the idea of cultured life," said the Cardinal, "to evoke such gloomy images. My theory is at least free from such faults of taste."

"Why do they not burn you, Cardinal?" said one of the Oratorians.

"They do not know whom to begin with in Rome," he replied.

The introduction of the Spaniard Molinos enables the author to suggest very effectively and in exact accord with his wish, the solution both of this difficulty and of the other to which we have referred. Molinos assures Inglesant that renunciation is not demanded of all: there are some men whom God is determined to win by love, not by trials.

Wherever you may find yourself, in Courts or pleasure-houses or gardens of delight, still serve Him, and you will bid defiance to imaginations and powers of evil, that strive to work upon a sensitive and excited nature, and to urge it to despair. Many of these thoughts which we look upon as temptations of God are but the accidents of our bodily temperaments. How can you, nursed in Courts, delicately reared and bred, trained in pleasure, your ear and eye and sense habituated to music and soft sounds, to colour and to beauty of form, your brain developed by intellectual effort and made sensitive to the slightest touch—how can religious questions bear the same aspect to you as to a man brought up in want of the necessaries of life, hardened by toil and exposure, unenlightened by learning and the arts, unconscious of the existence even of what is agony or delight to you? Yet God is equally with both of these.

After this burden had been lifted from his spirit, Inglesant saw much of Molinos and conferred with him upon "the greatest of all problems, that of granting religious freedom, and at the same time maintaining religious truth." The Molinists or Quietists are generally compared to our Quakers, but it cannot be doubted that it is the position and teaching of the Church of England which the writer is presenting in this last and most original section of his work. "It appeared for a moment," he says, in describing the growth of the new doctrine, "as if Christendom were about to throw off its shackles, its infant swaddling-clothes, in which it had been so long wrapped, and, acknowledging that the childhood of the Church was past, stand forth before God with her children around her, no longer distrusted and enslaved, but each individually complete, fellow citizens with their mother of the household of God." By the swaddling-clothes he means the practice of confession, by the shackles the rule of the priests. The Count Vespriani, a native and a Roman Catholic,

is characteristically chosen to express the darker view of the contrast. "It requires," he says,

"to be an Italian, and to have grown to manhood in Italy, to estimate justly the pernicious influence of the clergy upon all ranks of society. . . . The hold which the priests have upon the civil government is maintained solely by the tyranny which they exercise over the spiritual life of men. It is the opinion of Molinos that this function is misdirected, and that in the place of a tyrant there should appear a guide. . . . Now the importance of Molinos doctrine lies in this, that he presses the point of frequent communion, and asserts that freedom from mortal sin is the only necessary qualification. . . . I cannot tell you what a blessing I anticipate for mankind should this method be once allowed; what a freedom, what a force, what a reality religion would obtain! The time is ripe for it, and the world is prepared."

The movement for a time carried all before it: it was approved by a Jesuit father, the Pope was known to countenance it, the bishops were mostly in favour of it: directors and confessors preached it. Rome came near to being in reality the seat of a Catholic Church. "It would indeed be difficult," says our author, "to estimate the change that would have passed over Europe if this one rule of necessary confession before every communion had been relaxed." But the Jesuits and Benedictines became alarmed, the Inquisition stepped in, and the bright vision faded away. When two hundred arrests had been made, the Englishman made a bold speech in public; but "a sense of hopelessness and of contention with an irresistible power," says the writer with acute perception, "probably oppressed Inglesant as he spoke." Long afterwards, in his own country, we hear him sum up the case to a chance visitor, towards the close of a life spent in the service of the Roman Church.

"This is the supreme quarrel of all," he said. "This is not a dispute between sects and kingdoms; it is a conflict within man's own nature—nay, between the noblest parts of man's own nature arrayed against each other. On the one side obedience and faith; on the other, freedom and the reason. . . . This is what the Church of Rome has ever done. She has traded upon the highest instincts of humanity, upon its faith and love, its passionate remorse, its self-abnegation and denial, its imagination and yearning after the unseen.

It has based its system upon the profoundest truths, and upon this platform it has raised a power which has, whether foreseen by its authors or not, played the part of human tyranny, greed and cruelty. To support this system it has habitually set itself to suppress knowledge and freedom of thought. . . . You will do wrong—mankind will do wrong—if it allows to drop out of existence, merely because the position on which it stands seems to be illogical, an agency by which the devotional instincts of human nature are enabled to exist side by side with the rational."

At last then, in the final pages of this long and changing pilgrimage, followed with a constant sense of a tremendous conflict of forces carried on unseen or half seen by the wanderer himself, we come plainly upon the conclusion of the whole matter. The Roman Church and the English stand forward, bidding against one another for the life of man. To this craving of his, the world's desire for the Divine presence on earth, the one offers the Sacrifice of the Mass: the other too "offers the supernatural to all who come; upon the altars of the Church the Divine Presence hovers as surely, to those who believe it, as it does upon the splendid altars of Rome." But there is a difference. "Thanks to circumstances which the founders of our Church did not contemplate, the way is open; it is barred by no confession, no human priest. Shall we throw this aside?" More lies behind; for he who can give or withhold the Divine Presence has mankind at his mercy: "it is not a question of religious freedom only; it is a question of learning and culture in every form." Paganism the English Church may know, but it will be without excuse: and lawlessness, but it will be a violation not of the letter merely but of the spirit: there will be no sin without sinfulness, no devotion without reward. "As a Church," the long argument concludes, "it is unique: if suffered to drop out of existence, nothing like it can ever take its place."

It would have been easy to write at equal length upon this book in other aspects; to have spent our time upon the romance, the history, the study of magic and the supernatural, the picture of society in the England and Italy of the seventeenth century. These are all true parts of the work, but they

are not the vital part. The treatment of these would not have created the style for which the book is memorable, would not have left upon the mind of the reader that irresistible impression that the author's heart is in his work to a very rare and significant degree. He is said to have spent upon it some twenty years of labour: rather it was the outcome of all the years of his life until the moment when he finished it: for it contains, as we have tried to show, the persuasive utterance of his personal creed: the utterance of a profound desire for that life which is the imitation of the life of Christ, for the life which in the Sacrament feeds upon the Divine by faith with thanksgiving, for the life which unites itself in freedom with the Church that is of all yet known to the generations of men the most truly Catholic at heart.

ON THE LINE

THE custom of reprinting in a volume a series of essays or a miscellaneous collection of studies which have already appeared separately in one or more of the magazines is no new one, though it is now pursued to an extent formerly unknown. It is not, perhaps, altogether an ideal method of writing a book, as we have before now pointed out, but whatever loss of breadth or of concentration may be risked by it, it is so convenient, and, in a niggardly world, so much more remunerative to the poor author that it would be useless to protest continually against it. Let us remember, too, that all depends on how the thing is done: a cluster of huts makes a poor palace, but the towers of Windsor or of Warwick are none the less stately for having been erected one by one at wide distances of time. Or, again, it may be rather a city than a palace that is building, where the houses are to exhibit not so much unity as harmony of style, and the final effect owes something to the unforeseen. Certainly there is, to a loyal reader, a distinct pleasure in finding again in a permanent form a piece of work some time ago admired and half-forgotten; and his pleasure is often doubled by re-discovering it in company with other buildings, if not of the same elevation, at any rate of the same stone and style.

To the editor this satisfaction comes in a slightly different form: it carries with it something of the parental or tutorial, something, we had almost said, of the sportive allegiance of

the training-ground. These were pages once, now they are full-grown books; this is the real race, the real examination they must face, and we can do no more for them, except to applaud. And this we are entitled to do, for they have already secured our unbiased approval, when they entered with us in their youth. So far, indeed, as THE MONTHLY REVIEW is concerned, it is still a new school, and has not yet had time to turn out many fully trained candidates: but Tristram of Blent, the first of these, established a fine record, and has already had some notable successors. This month we are for the first time welcoming a team of no less than seven volumes recently published, all of which spent some part of their juvenile career under our tutelage. The first of these, we are happy to say, is all our own; Mr. T. A. Cook's *Spirals in Nature and Art* (Murray, 7s. 6d. net) spent no time at any establishment but ours. It was known to our readers as *The Shell of Leonardo*, but has taken its present name in consequence of a considerable accession of property, chiefly of the nature of scientific collections and art treasures. These additions and the re-arrangement of the whole have made the essay not only more convincing, but, what was not so easy to imagine, more delightful than before. Architecture, conchology, folk-lore, botany, mechanics, natural history, mathematics, and decorative art—these are some of the points at which this strong, fine-spun web touches the world of beauty and of thought. Or, rather, Mr. Cook's argument is itself a spiral—a double spiral, like that in one of his own shells. The main stem of his fabric is to be the search for the source of the design of the open staircase in the wing of François I. at the Château de Blois: to complete this the inquiry winds round in two equally beautiful parallel curves; one tending to show that the staircase is consciously copied from the natural form of a left-handed shell, the other tending to show that it was built from the plans of no less an artist than Leonardo, who was living near Blois at the time, and was a friend of François I. Either of these two propositions might be true or false inde-

pendently of the other, but the probability of the truth of both is enormously strengthened by the fact that the two lines of argument are, as Mr. Cook most ingeniously shows, closely intertwined. Leonardo, the one man known to us who satisfies the historical and artistic equation, is also the only one in whom were united the scientific knowledge, the special interest in spirals, and even the left-handedness, which are necessary for the other member of the inquiry. It remains only to add that the argument throughout is not only brilliantly suggestive, but on the scientific side soundly based; for Professor Ray Lankester, who contributes an interesting preface, assures us that he himself is "not aware that Mr. Cook has indicated anything that is in itself improbable, or that may not be eventually rendered possible when the scope of our experience and knowledge is enlarged by further study." The sixty illustrations include a fine series of shells on wood and seven reproductions of drawings and MSS. by Leonardo, from the Royal Collection at Windsor.

In Mr. Edward Hutton's *Italy and the Italians* (Blackwood, 6s.) we find Leonardo again, but a significant point about the book is that the author gives less than three pages to Leonardo, twenty-three to Gabriele d'Annunzio. "The Cities of Italy" are but secondary here to "Impressions of Italy of To-day." There is no attempt to recreate the past, to make the dead bones live again; the journey is from first to last avowedly sentimental, a modern pilgrimage, a personal view in which it is always the present that is looked at, under the enchantment of an imagined past that is as unnatural as moonlight and as unreal as its shadows. Mr. Hutton loves Monarchy, Papacy, and the beautiful so far as it is perishing; he hates wealth, industrialism, and contemporary life in general, personified as "the Great Beast," and regarded, oddly enough, as the guilty cause of the fall of the Campanile and the gradual subsidence of Venice. His political notes are inadequate, his itineraries and time-tables for sightseers absurdly

naïve and out of place. In short, the plain man, the robust lover of a good healthy book with no nonsense about it, will find here only an opening for wit or unintelligent solemnity. But he will be in the wrong, for Mr. Hutton has one supreme merit. His sense of style, though imitative and uncertain at times, is so strong that it gives him a really creative power, and enables him successfully to achieve the personal transfusion at which he aims: to enthrall the reader, willingly or unwillingly, so long as he reads at all. This is a rare gift, and we can only hope that Mr. Hutton will cultivate it with judgment. We entreat him to go on writing his impressions, but to forget Mr. Hare and to remember Walter Pater.

The part which we can claim as our own in *Studies of a Biographer* (Second Series. Duckworth, 12s.) is not so large as we could wish, but it is the best part of all. Without the pages "In Praise of Walking," which first appeared in this REVIEW in August 1901, no autobiography or biography of Sir Leslie Stephen can ever be complete; and delightful as his two new volumes are throughout, they contain nothing else quite so personal or so characteristic. "Nowhere," he says, "have I found talk flow so freely and pleasantly as in a march through pleasant country." We are with him at once. Again, "my favourite passage in *Pilgrim's Progress*—an allegory which could have occurred, by the way, to no one who was not both a good man and a good walker—was always that in which Christian and Hopeful leave the high road to cross a stile into 'Bypath Meadow.' I should certainly have approved the plan." We do approve it, literally and figuratively. We follow with joy into every bypath to which it pleases this pilgrim to guide us. Now and then we venture to disagree with him—*marchant toujours*—over Donne for instance, who always has been and always will be the subject of much cross-voting. Sir Leslie has Francis Palgrave and Dr. Jessopp on his side, but he candidly names on the other Coleridge, Lamb, Browning, Lowell, Mr. Gosse and Canon Beeching—a

pretty formidable nucleus for a jury. Standing at the back of the court we can only wish we might give a little evidence of our own in Donne's favour. But when Sir Leslie is treating of a later age, most of whose prophets he knew in person, we are almost entirely content to "leave it to him." Ruskin, Bagehot, Huxley, Froude, he discusses with a genial but ironical humour which verges at times on cynicism. He would not trouble to dispute the word. Of Bagehot he says "the letters show the real value of good, sweeping, outrageous cynicism." He has "no quarrel with" Froude's method of history, founded, as he shows, on "a thoroughgoing historical scepticism." "Any philosophy of history can be proved: we may show with equal ease that the world is, or that it is not, under a moral government; that mankind has always been progressive, or always stationary, or steadily degenerating." Thus all historical theories "vitate the observation of facts." But, *per contra*, observation of facts invariably leads to a misunderstanding of the motives of the actors. The position seems difficult. Froude's consolation is that "Two kinds of truth form the warp and woof, the coloured web which we call history"—truth of fact and truth of poetry. So we arrive at a theory of "dramatic history"; Shakespeare is almost perfect as an historian, Froude perhaps quite so. Anyway the subject exactly suits the humorous casuistry, the delightful battledore and shuttlecock of Sir Leslie's method. He is equally happy with Ruskin, whom he "handles" as Sir Frank Lockwood might have handled him in another place. "You say that the merit of a work of art is measurable by its 'truth.' Does not the employment of the word 'truth,' when what is really meant is 'likeness,' lead to as many fallacies as any known misuse of language?" And again, "After all, is the 'love of nature' so clearly a religious or moral sentiment?" He then generously admits that "Whatever may be the true way of stating the relation between art and morals, there is a close connection between good art and sound social conditions. . . . I cannot doubt that Ruskin's vehement assertions were at least approxi

mations to a most important truth," but most characteristically passes on to "He was thus in face of a dilemma"! It is the finding oneself, under such guidance, continually in face of such dilemmas that is one of the chief pleasures of a walking tour with the "Biographer."

The Minor Moralist (Arnold, 4s. 6d. net) is in one way the antithesis of Sir Leslie Stephen; if the latter pleases by dealing lightly with the great, Mrs. Hugh Bell excels in the serious treatment of the comparatively small. How to live is her problem, not "Is life worth living?" Whether it be or not, as she wittily says, it is the only way we know of spending the time. And the conduct of it is, therefore, worth more trouble than is often spent upon it. We get so little help from outside. There is only "the criticism incidental to daily family life, where, however, the wear and tear of circumstance, and the fact that such criticism is usually engendered in moments of collision, deprive it of some of its permanent value." They do indeed, and Mrs. Bell might have added—she does, in fact, hint—that about even those qualities or habits which are "highly expedient"—in the eyes of our neighbours, there may justly be a difference of opinion. Is a certain way of taking things to be praised as "leisurely" or branded as "idle"? When we spend money are we open-handed or extravagant? When we save it are we thrifty or hoarding? So the Minor Moralist becomes a casuist too, but rather under her breath: aloud she tells us only what keen observation and a very happy experience have shown her to be useful. Some of her precepts are more true than new. When we are told that "if we would keep ourselves up to the level of our best possibilities, impulse, intention and effort require to be renewed day by day," we hear wise and penetrating words, but we hear them as a translation. *Omni die renovare debemus propositum nostrum, et ad fervorem nos excitare.* But though a good deal of what the Minor Moralist has to tell us would have seemed elementary Christianity to the author of the *De Imitatione*, this

implies, she would say, no fair criticism of her book; she is concerned with particulars, not principles, with a method, not a sanction, and even among particulars "not with the seven deadly sins, but with the hundred and fifty peccadilloes."

The wisdom of the ages is our inheritance, the cardinal virtues our daily companions, or at least we believe they would be, if we found any cardinal occasion. Justice, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude—Faith, Hope, Charity—with their attendant train of generosity, unselfishness, sympathy, and all the rest—these are the attributes which we imagine quite honestly to be part of our available equipment: our consciences may slumber securely under the guardianship of so stately a host. We should stare with amazement if our belief in them were questioned; we acclaim them with admiration as the mainsprings not only of the ideal conduct, but of our own. But in the form in which the ordinary mortal has to deal with them they present a strangely less attractive aspect. It does not seem easy to get a firm hold of the tiny fragment of eternal Justice necessary to recognise one has been mistaken in some small household matter—of Prudence to be silent in season—of Temperance to refrain from fretting about food—of Fortitude to endure uncongenial companions. It may seem hardly worth while to bring the loftier teaching to bear upon such minor results as these. But it does bear upon them nevertheless, whether we will or no; and we shall do far better frankly, wisely, and unheroically to recognise the fact that the peace and harmony—and therefore the welfare—of the world depend to an incomparable degree upon the minor moralities of every day.

It is a common belief that just in proportion as our fellow countrymen have "the best qualities of the Englishman," so they are dull and abandoned to solemnity. It is also commonly said—and hoped—by our rivals in both hemispheres, that the old English breed is played out. Mr. Lionel Portman, the author of *Station Studies* (Longmans, 5s. net), is an instance contradictory of both these fond theories. His account of the British official's daily life and day's work in Central Africa is brimful of the humour and the vivid enjoyment of youth; the youth not of an individual only but of a race. No decadence ever heard this gay brave ripple of laughter, breaking continuously over the rock-bed of duty in wild and lonely deserts. And if the writer laughs till the reader laughs with him, it is not because he does not realise

the terror of the claws that prowl velvet-padded in his wilderness. To-day he is merry and superhumanly supreme—"Honoured Enormity" his men call him—to-morrow he may be as the hero of "A Coward and his Courage"; and outside Kipling's India we know of no more terrible story than that. We shall be eager to meet Mr. Portman again, for he has qualities which make up a combination of rare promise: powers of vision, of imagination, of description, touched not only with humour but with a sense of the poetry of Empire worthy of a West Countryman. We need only cite for proof of this the fine poem, reprinted from the *Spectator*, to serve as *Envoi* to this volume. It is headed "A Toast: The Civil Servant—India, Africa, the Colonies," and these two stanzas are not the best but merely the best for quotation.

Never a word of his great work cometh
 Out to the world where the fame-wind blows;
 Never a whisper winged with courage
 Into his desert prison goes.
 Lonely and burned, in temper tameless,
 Recking of nought so his work be blameless
 Bravely he fares
 Worn with cares,
 Linked to a life and death of prose.

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Honour him, honour him then, that hear me;
 Honour of yours is in his hands.
 Think of him where 'mid change and tempest
 Hazard and plague, alone he stands.
 Spirit of England, cheer him, guard him;
 Proudly with pride of work reward him—
 Sentinel, judge,
 Sovereign, drudge,
 Sower of right in your broad brown lands.

It is a poem after Lord Cromer's own heart.

Is Man alone in creation? Does he differ not in degree but in kind from any other living thing on earth? Or is his mind merely the longest branch upon the tree, the one which has

shot up highest towards the light, the only one which has yet flowered in speech and reason? The doctors of science and of religion have long been debating this question, and the time has come for it to take its place also among the riddles of the poet. It could hardly be better put in poetic—that is in concrete—form than it is by Miss Richmond in her recent volume of *Poems* (Mathews, 3s. 6d. net). In her "Irish Terrier," she sums up the resemblances which have so often driven lovers of dogs to fond unorthodoxy.

Poor little mortal! In that wiry frame
Reason and energy are well expressed,
And memory and faithful love confessed;
Thou hast a central will, a special name,
A moral nature, shown by sense of shame
When, different motives battling in thy breast,
Thou hast preferred the worst and left the best,
Knowing full well the act that merits blame.

How easy to see Man's image here, too easy perhaps; "il est dangereux," says Pascal, "de trop faire voir à l'homme combien il est égal aux bêtes." Better to keep to the dog's side of the question, as Miss Richmond does.

If all thy hopes are in this earthly span
Of fleeting life, thou art a charge indeed;
Thy all depends upon thy master, man.
But if in thee is strong immortal seed,
If thy feet press the course we lately ran,
Then let us help a brother at his need.

This is in its own sphere a masterly statement of the problem, at once lucid and suggestive: it leaves to others the fuller exploration of a wide artistic field. Into this territory Mr. Alfred Ollivant, the author of "Owd Bob," made a long expedition some two or three years ago. He dared so far as to write an epic, of which the hero was a dog as blameless as Hector, and the villain, a dog too, so gigantically wicked and so tragically defeated that, like Milton's Satan, he stormed the hearts of all readers, in spite of his

creator. In that wonderful story the men are frequently the mere satellites of the dogs: women there are practically none. Obviously there was still left the region of the affections to explore: the land of love and lost love. Mr. Ollivant has annexed this too, and has come home in triumph. In *Danny* (Murray, 6s.) he has made a dog the centre, not of an epic but of a romance, and he has gone more boldly to the heart of the matter by treating the dog not as superhuman or sub-human but simply as human. It would be easy to slip on such difficult ground as this: the grotesque yawns on one side, the sentimental on the other, but of these the first is infinitely the more dangerous. In the serial version of the story Mr. Ollivant leaned rather to the other side, and he was right: he took a high pitch and, though he may have strained his voice a little now and then, he kept the note true. In the revised and shortened form in which the tale now appears not only does he never approach a bathos, but he tells his story with more certain touch and without the sense of effort. His portraits are all vivid and memorable: the fierce, gnarled old servants, the grim, cowed villagers, like iron bound by iron, the tender, fragile girl-mistress, adored by the gaunt old Laird and her grey knight *Danny*; and these two lovers themselves, both fast in the net of the same tragedy. After *Missy* died, they were strangely one: the village came to Robin at dead of night to ask "*Is His Honour whiles himself and whiles Danny? Is there one soul to the two of them?*" and they might well doubt, for at the end when Robin sobbed over *Danny* stiff and stark "He was my son to me," the stern Laird echoed with "'He was my soul to me,' and pushed by them as they babbled." It is a fine piece of work, unique of its kind, and in a day of much neurotic fiction as refreshing as the Highland air itself.

The inspiration of *History* is a popular theme; and we are all fond of the caitiff who, when once the great deeds of his forefathers are brought home to him, will arise and do even as they.

How many English fights were won at Agincourt, how many at Trafalgar, who will ever know?

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interrèd with their bones,

may be true of individuals, but it is not true of generations. They are, rightly and gloriously, taken *en masse* by a nation that counts the battle of Inkermann a victory, and has remembered to forget the French invasion of Ireland. As in the world of action, so with the intellectual world. We reckon our discoveries, our achievements; the periods of stagnant thought, the retrogressive movements, are ignored. Why study these, when a lifetime of study cannot exhaust the fruitful conquests, the triumphs of the race? And this is the correct attitude. We shall learn more of success than we could ever learn from failure. Yet History, if she inspires, warns also. When, here and there, a wise man holds a mirror up and shows, reflected in it, the consequence to other nations of certain behaviour in certain circumstances to some extent resembling our own, it becomes us to ask ourselves in earnest and unfeigned humility, why these things have not, as yet, happened to us, and if they never will.

Such a mirror is *The Reaction in France*, by George Brandes (Heinemann, 9s. net). It is the third, and so far the most interesting volume of a fine series, "Main Currents in XIXth Century Literature"; and it has found an excellent translator. Chateaubriand, De Maistre, Bonald, are the chief characters of the earlier part. Chateaubriand took great credit to himself for what he called the restoration of Christianity.¹ De Maistre restored the Jesuits. Bonald restored the inviolability of marriage. And every one—Napoleon first and foremost—restored the Pope. *Order* was the favourite word everywhere. They became almost as fond

¹ There is an odd slip with regard to Chateaubriand. It seems to be thought that he invented the metaphor of the elders who washed their robes and made them *white* in the blood of the Lamb. Further on a Marquis appears as a Marquise, and Fénelon with two accents.

of order as the ancient Greeks, though for a different reason. They were weary of restlessness, confusion, the sound of the drum. A world governed by police, legal and spiritual—there was a world indeed. *Authority*—this is the sword of Alexander that cuts the Gordian knot of existence. Away with freedom from the face of the earth; she has been weighed and found wanting. Give us again our miracles and our Madonna! And at that prayer the miracles and the Madonna came back. The kingly sense of wonder, drugged heavily before, awoke from its long sleep; but it awoke to gaze on childish dreams, on old and feeble superstitions. The tale of its mighty deliverance will be told later on. As yet we see but the gray glimmer of dawn in the revulsion of feeling that came upon Lamennais after his visit to Rome; in the pure, pantheistic faith of Lamartine; in the quick changes of the Chameleon-like genius of Hugo. Power, at the moment of its deadly conflict with thought, must have a victim; and the victim of the Roman Curia was Lamennais. There is all the fine stuff of tragedy in his acceptance of the priesthood, while he defied the cries of his own heart, in his magnificent championship of orthodoxy, until he found out what orthodoxy meant. Some parts of the book are painful reading. The excesses of unbelief are sketched with a light hand; yet—ever so lightly sketched—they are, and must be, terrible. The excesses of the reactionary belief that followed are, to the thinking mind, more dreadful still. Religion stifled and gagged is worse than religion insulted. Let us take the warning of History while we may! *Authority* and *Order* are two strong words; and we have need of both. England hath need of them at this moment. Her Church and her Government know it. Her people know it also. But woe to us, if we forget as France forgot, words that are stronger yet—*Liberty, Truth.*

A most depressing book is *Youth* (Conrad. Blackwood, 6s.), full of power, of life, of terrible adventure, of a kind of grim

poetry. It seems to be etched rather than written ; the relentless cruelty of nature to man, of man to natural man, is bitten in with an acid. The magic is all black magic—a sense of weird unholiness poisons the air. Strength and endurance are put to the torture ; they emerge conquering, but with little joy of their conquest. Of the three heroes of these three stories, the first, as if in mockery of the title, is a man of sixty, and the last has seen sixty-five. The spirit of youth is in them yet ; there lies the tragedy. Wonderful is the figure of the fine old captain who was always sailing for, and never sailed to, Bangkok ; but the figure of Captain Whalley looms finer still. “The End of the Tether” is a masterpiece. We have no words in which to express our admiration. Books that are more superficially pathetic may provoke us to cry ; this leaves the reader dumb and tearless. There is in the author that sympathy with the very elements of emotion which distinguishes a mind of true, original force. The sacredness of a man’s love for his daughter is not a common theme, it needs a delicacy of handling that is rarely even attempted. Mothers are more common in fiction ; or the father devoted to a son, as Colonel Newcome to Clive ; or the father devoted to, and annoyed by, a son whom he cannot understand, like the Squire in “Wives and Daughters.” One pang Mr. Conrad spares us. The glorious old captain does not suffer as Lear and Père Goriot did. His daughter is not unworthy of him. She is described, with perfect cunning, in a few words. We scarcely see her, but what we see we never can forget. We know that in the end, in spite of the unlucky husband, she made that boarding-house pay ; and in the end her sons were not unworthy of her father, and sailed the seas like him. *In the end.* Strange words with which we pay ourselves for the undeserved, causeless misery of the good and the true. The author has not written that end. He is too much of an artist, he dared not come so near painting a moral. But there are certain stories, the last page of which is not, and cannot be, *Finis*. End them ourselves we must, if we are any way to endure them.

State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand.
By W. P. Reeves. (Grant Richards, 24s. net.)—In these two volumes Mr. Reeves has given an exhaustive account of some phases of the political progress during the last twenty years, and especially during the last ten years, of what may fairly be described as the most progressive communities in the world. The Australians have made up their minds decisively how to deal with many vexed questions that in the mother country are hanging fire, and never seem likely to emerge from the stage of discussion by Royal Commissions, the press, and Conferences. While legislation has been pending for years in our House of Commons on the subject of alien immigration, the seven Australian colonies have tackled the far more difficult cognate question affecting themselves, and have declared that Australasia is to be kept for potential Australian citizens, to the exclusion of coloured aliens and white undesirables. In tropical Queensland the bold experiment is being made of acclimatising the European race and excluding Kanakas, who are ready to flood the labour field. Neither Chinese nor pedlars nor coolies from India are to be allowed to gain a footing on the soil. In the last ten years we have had two Royal Commissions and one Treasury Committee on the subject of Old Age Pensions without legislative result. In November 1898, Mr. Seddon passed his Old Age Pensions Bill in New Zealand, and it has worked with success. In 1901, 12,405 men and women over sixty-five years of age, whose yearly income was less than £34, drew State pensions (of which the maximum is £18 a year) to an aggregate value of £197,292. The lead of New Zealand has been followed by New South Wales and Victoria. Labour bureaus and labour departments in all the Colonies render impossible processions of unemployed. In strong contrast with our Conciliation Act of 1896, the Compulsory Arbitration Act of 1894 in New Zealand, followed by Acts on the same lines in New South Wales and Western Australia, has been effectual in putting an end to the almost incalculable waste involved in strikes and lock-outs. Victoria

and South Australia have gone so far as to enable minimum wages and piece-work rates to be fixed in factories on the recommendation of a Special Board representing employers and employés.

On these topics, on the conditions of life and the causes that have led to legislation in each case, on the details of the measures passed and their working in actual practice, Mr Reeves writes with unrivalled authority. In addition, he discusses the federation scheme of the Commonwealth, peculiarities in the franchise, and the important land questions. He has the art of making intensely interesting and attractive subjects which are too often wrapped up in such a blue-book atmosphere as to repel non-professional readers. His opening chapter, called "A Continent and Some Islands," is a masterpiece of concise and picturesque description of physical features and social and political life. In every page Mr. Reeves gives strong reasons for the faith that is in him that State interference carried to its furthest lengths is conducive to the maintenance of a high standard of well-being in Australia. There is a refreshing note of strength and confidence about his writing which is in strong contrast to the despondent tone of recent publications in England on the same subjects. If under the pressure of State regulations the seamy side of industrial life is disappearing in these little States, are not our methods condemned as slow and tentative? We know of no book better calculated to assist social and industrial reformers to a solution of this question than this suggestive work by Mr. Reeves.

Sons of Francis. By Anne Macdonnell. (Dent, 12s. 6d. net.)—Among the numerous artists that haunt the Refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan one painter may sometimes be found who does not attempt to copy the whole of the divine Cenacolo, that once was Leonardo's, but who treats each figure as a separate study. The design of the whole group is lost, but a clearer conception of each individual Apostle is gained.

Somewhat similar to this is the task that Miss Anne Macdonnell undertakes in the volume of studies to which she has given the rather ambiguous title, "Sons of Francis."

With strong, graphic touches she draws the lineament, both of the earliest disciples of the Saint, *Nos qui cum eo fuimus*, and of some of his later followers. "Sons" she calls them all indiscriminately, including under this title, to the reader's no little amazement, some figures of very doubtful spiritual descent from the "Poverello," and also two holy dames: Giacoma dei Settisolè, and the mystical bride of Francis, Madonna Poverty herself.

This plan of detaching individual figures from a well-known group has its obvious disadvantages. Repetition is inevitable, and there is no unity of design. Yet those readers who best know the "Fioretti," the "Mirror" and the "Three Companions" are those who will most warmly welcome Miss Macdonnell's studies. Her methods may not always be artistic, the construction of her sentences is sometimes loose but her portraits are unmistakable. They have, moreover, this essential quality of good portraiture: the likeness interprets the original, and reveals its hitherto unnoticed characteristics: "I have known the man for years. Why did I never notice that before?"

Francis himself, "the great adventurer, not of religious thought, but of religious life," with skilful reserve Miss Macdonnell does not draw. Instead, she shows us his personality through the eyes of the men who loved him.

He and his first followers were like boys daring each other to feats, he himself the most impulsive, headlong and audacious. There was nothing reasonable or sensible about him. He never learned to grow old, or even middle-aged. . . .

The sign mark of true vocation in his company was *joie de vivre*. The foundation of this in Francis was his own lusty nature; but if a man had to be persuaded to rejoice, there were excellent reasons to be given.

He had a genius for coming near men's souls.

Later on, there is a wonderful glimpse of "the pale, aching

yet radiant shadow," the frail man whom even Brother Elias, who led every one else, could never lead.

Francis, after his death, lives on in Leo, the "Peccorelli," the "little sheep of God," "the faithful shadow of Francis while Francis lived, his faithful echo ever after."

To Leo, Francis was not dead and to make manifest his living spirit was henceforth all his own life. . . . He was that rare and inconvenient person, the Idealist in Action, the only idealist worth considering.

Leo tells the tale of no saint in a niche, but of a man with whom he had walked the roads in gay humour and sad, with whom he had kept vigil for nights together, whom he had known in the common intimate things of daily life, and watched with awe on Mount Alverna. But of Alverna he does not speak. . . .

Leo tells of no miracles, save the miracle of his master's marvellous love. But with every step of love pain keeps pace, such is the inexorable law.

An excellent foil to Leo is Maseo, "a big, handsome fellow, well-endowed, ready of speech, with a personality written on his face, and since later he had an overpowering desire to be humble he must at one time have thought a good deal of himself." We feel we should know Maseo if we met him. Perhaps we do know him already.

Then there are the three saintly mystics, Giles the Ecstatic, "Knight of my Round Table," Francis called him, who in his visions "reached where there are no such things as creeds," but who was nevertheless considered by his contemporaries "a very simple man"; and Blessed John of Parma, about whom the "essential fact" is that he "drank the whole chalice of life. The draught is very bitter. He called it sweet"; and Pope Celestine V., in his happy hermit days, when

An awe-struck guest saw him hang his cowl on a sunbeam. Every morning the bell of no visible church, echoing among the hills, called him to a new day and its prayers. But a pious woman gave him a cock. She said it would wake him in the morning, and be cheerful company. It waked him, but he heard no more that mysterious bell echoing in the mountains.

Very different from these mystic "Sons of Francis" is the figure of Salimbene of Parma. If a son at all, surely a prodigal he, for the spirit of the master was not in him. Rather he

seems like a modern journalist playing truant in the Thirteenth Century.

Running up and down the roads of Italy and France, with eyes and ears wide open, the rumour of awakening Europe is on his tongue. The insatiable curiosity, the impartial observation that became the Renaissance, speak through him. . . .

In his repertory there is equal room for holy hymns and drinking songs. He is alert and alive to his time and its chances, rather than beyond it—a man of the Middle Ages, but a contemporary of Roger Bacon; and Giotto and Dante were over twenty when he died. Something of the strange incalculableness of his age is in him—an age that had begun a cold, dispassionate examination of the world; that was framing ideals of ineffable sweetness and was living them; that was racked and torn by brutal selfish strife; that was rearing the great basilicas, yet scorning all the structures of men's hands, and fleeing for refuge and joy to the City of God eternal in men's souls; an age of unnamable ferocity and of childlike freshness, of blind credulity, of dark shuddering Pagan terror, and of outspoken criticism; an age that perfected ecstasy and invented gunpowder; an age of troubadours and of torturers; the age of the *Opus Majus* and of the *Golden Legend*; the age of Francis and of Ezzelino. My Salimbene did not embody all these; but in the mirror of his chronicle something from each is reflected; and his mind was large enough and keen enough for him to be a conscious observer of a goodly number of the contradictory features of his time, and muddled enough to house quite comfortably not a few. . . . Let us welcome him, too, as witness of a most consoling human fact: in an age whose history, in spite of all its interest, sends most students shuddering back to the smuggest self-gratulation on their own, Salimbene enjoyed himself magnificently.

These are memorable portraits, and in such the book abounds. Yet, in more ways than one, it lacks unity. Miss Macdonnell does not seem clear in her own mind what class of readers she is addressing, or rather she addresses very different classes at different times. The story of St. Francis preaching to the birds at Bevagna, for example, can never be told too often; but the reader to whom it needs telling will find himself considerably out of his depth when he comes to "Madonna Poverty" later on in the volume. This is not really an essay at all, but a scholarly note on the authorship of the interesting Treatise "Holy Commerce" which follows it.

The text might also with advantage have been relieved of

many other criticisms of MSS. codices and editions. Valuable as these are in themselves, they would have been more in place as foot-notes or in an appendix, than when, as on p. 260, they follow in the next sentence to that describing the "great mortality in men and hens" whereby one good lady "lost forty-eight chickens," and "God seemed angry with the gardeners." But though Miss Macdonnell's sense of form is not faultless, she has the true artist's love for half-tones. Very subtle are some of the shades she distinguishes upon her palette, the "chilly peace" of the reign of Bonaventura and the "disdainful peace" of the closing years of Dante's life; the "quiet patient obstinacy" of Pope Celestine. And, in the worried hurry of modern life it is good to be reminded once more of the "glad haste" that was the "note of all the early Brothers Minor."

RESETTLEMENT IN THE TRANSVAAL

NOW that the burgher camps are closed, the Boers back on the land, and the mealies growing tall, it is possible to look back on and appraise the methods adopted by the Transvaal Government to effect that part of their work known here as "repatriation."

Article 10 of the terms of surrender is our contract with the Boers: "As soon as conditions permit, a commission, on which the local inhabitants will be represented, will be appointed in each district of the Transvaal under the presidency of a magistrate, for the purpose of assisting the restoration of the people to their homes, and supplying those who, owing to war losses, are unable to provide for themselves, with food, shelter, and the necessary amount of seed, stock, implements, &c., indispensable to the resumption of their normal occupations. H.M. Government will place at the disposal of these commissions £3,000,000 for the above purposes, and will allow all notes, issued under Law I. of 1900 of the Z. A. R. and all receipts given by officers in the field of the late Republics, to be presented to a judicial commission, which will be appointed by the Government, and if such notes and receipts are found to have been duly issued in return for valuable consideration, they will be received by the first-named commissions as evidence of war-losses suffered by the persons to whom they were originally given. In addition to the above-named free

grant of £3,000,000, H.M. Government will be prepared to make advances as loans for the same purpose, free of interest for two years, and afterwards repayable over a period of years with 3 per cent. interest. No foreigner or rebel will be entitled to the benefit of this clause."

Before looking at the question of how this somewhat curious contract affected the administration and the Boers, some account must be given of the conditions of the country and people after the general surrender.

The "guerillas" who then surrendered numbered 22,000. Many had their families with them in the field—families that had been playing hide-and-seek with the columns, in Kaffir huts, the long grass, or a waggon. These were then sitting on their farms and begging food from the nearest military post.

Thirty thousand prisoners of war were away across the seas. Their families were in the burgher camps, together with those of the voluntarily surrendered burghers and joiners—some 80,000 in all. The surrendered burghers themselves in these camps numbered 5000. The "joiners," as national scouts, guides, and intelligence agents are dubbed by those who fought to the end, were, of course, with the troops, but the majority drifted soon afterwards into the camps. I should mention incidentally that the scouts have been very effectively looked after by their own commanding officer. They have had stock at cheap rates, and were transported to their homes long before other ex-burghers. In cases where they were afraid to return home, they have been provided with holdings in congenial settlements.

There were other discordant notes to harmonise. The old official—the foreigner, whether German, Jew, or Gentile—the old British resident. Of the old officials, some, perhaps half, have been absorbed into the new *régime*—placed in subordinate posts. While they would undoubtedly be a source of danger politically, if entirely neglected, yet as officials they are far more unpopular with the farmers than men fresh from home. Being inhabitants of this country, they have taken a definite

side, and are therefore detested by one half of the population. It is amusing to hear the sigh of relief with which a Boer learns that an official cannot speak his language, and the distrust with which he is regarded if he can. All these old landrosts and other officials not provided with Government berths are now flourishing as lawyers or general agents—professions for which their experience well suits them.

The foreigner has found some difficulties—not always of nature's making—in coming back ; but nothing of course could stop the foreign ex-burgher, that is, the foreigner who had long since accepted burgher rights. He is to be found more especially in all garrison towns, flourishing in small stores, "waving the Union Jack" in all the bars and crying out for compensation. He has resettled himself ; the place was too good to lose. The British subject resident here before the war has, like the foreigner, worked his way back, up from Natal, and he too makes compensation his principal interest. A man who has seen the army he has had to pay for wantonly looting his store and burning his household gods, might well be excused a certain bitterness against his own country. On the whole they take it well. "We settled here knowing the war would come ; we wanted war ; we got it ; and if we have lost, at least others have lost more." That is their attitude, and they can contrast their lot with that of the Britisher who by lapse of years had become a burgher. This man is indeed unfortunate. Reckoned by the Boers as a Briton, by the Britons as a Boer, pillaged and insulted by both parties, his loyalty has wonderfully stood the test. Half the Britishers in the country districts come under this category—the better half, and it is sheer pleasure to learn now, at the eleventh hour, that their treatment is to be on all-fours with that of British citizens. Genuine British Uitlanders can get an advance of 25 per cent. of the assessed value of their claims. The chief obstacle is their ignorance of how to apply for the loan and inability to get to that particular magistrate who has to examine them on their claim. It is only recently that their

claims have begun to be examined, because for many months they were under the consideration of military boards. It was only in December that the military decided to repudiate their liabilities, and enabled the unfortunate claimant to put in his claim in the right quarter.

As for the country into which all these heterogeneous elements had to be repatriated, two years of guerilla warfare had reduced a great part to a desert. Along the railway lines, indeed, flourishing towns surrounded various military camps, and a few off the railway, such as Lydenburg, Rustenberg, Zeerust and Wakkerstrom, had been continually garrisoned, and were in fairly good order. Elsewhere not more than 5 per cent. of the buildings had escaped the attentions of the troops. Once prosperous towns, such as Ermelo, Bethal, Bloemhof, Wolmaranstad, Carolina, were uninhabited ruins. The destruction did not extend to the great bush veld. North of a line drawn from Mafeking to Lydenburg little damage had been done; but this is not a white man's country, and there was little to be damaged. It was out of this bush-veld that many of the burghers, who fought (?) to the end, brought back cattle from hiding; but this stock did not amount to much. One particular district of 3000 square miles started business with 500 head of stock, besides their commando ponies; and this was probably a fair average of the high-veld.

If the guerilla had little stock, the surrendered burgher had less. What stock he had managed to get in with to the British lines the military had taken, and what was left behind the Boers had confiscated and sold. The surrendered burgher—"handsopper" to give him his usual name—had, however, his receipts, signed by the British officers; and his claim pigeon-holed with the military compensation boards for all property destroyed, and for such stock as had been taken from him after his surrender without a receipt having been given. It is unfortunate that the receipts of these people have not yet been paid in full, while the military have declined so far to make any

award on their other claims. This, however, has little to do with resettlement, except as explaining why the surrendered burghers have not been able to get under weigh, even so well as the guerillas.

The season of the year was another important factor in considering the condition of the country. When the Boers surrendered, they surrendered because winter was come. It was not the cold they were afraid of, but starvation. By the end of May there is no longer grazing on the high-veld for horse, mule or ox. Till the end of September they must be fed. The mealie crop is gathered in April. The fortuitous crop of 1902 was already exhausted by the end of May. When therefore the country is called a desert after the war, that is true not only so far as man, but also so far as Nature was concerned. For the first four months of resettlement, an uninviting country gave no helping hand to man or beast. Few farming operations are possible during the first three of these months—months which the farmer usually spends picnicing in the low, or bush-veld, in winter quarters with his sheep or cattle.

Lastly, the Boer people, who had to settle down together, who rented each other's ground, intermarried, and borrowed each other's money, were divided into two parties. The guerilla—especially the guerilla's wife—refused to recognise the handsopper; no conversation was possible between them, they would not sit at the same table. Fortunately for himself, the handsopper was often the man of greater local standing, and soon the guerilla left at home his black and white badge of superiority, and greeted his enemy effusively—especially if no one was looking. It needs a sturdy conscience in a time of general shipwreck to keep one from clutching at an enemy's spar.

The only things definite in the above-quoted article of surrender were, that three millions were in some way to be spent in helping the Boers to start afresh; that Z. A. R. notes and commandeering receipts were to be taken as evidences of losses

suffered; and that such losses were to be examined into by the local commissions in each district; which commissions were also charged with the duty of repatriating the former inhabitants.

There are 16 districts in the Transvaal, varying from 2000 to 30,000 square miles in area. In each of these districts a local repatriation commission was nominated—presided over by the resident magistrate for the district. It was to be a representative commission—both handsoppers and guerillas were to sit on it. Nothing but careful diplomacy and the pay attached to the work could induce the influential guerilla to join. However, in most cases they did join, and thereby set an example which they were not long in enforcing on their subordinates.

To these commissions was somehow left the duty, subject to the approval of a central judicial commission, of estimating the total losses of every ex-burgher in the district. In the words of their instructions: “as all losses are to £3,000,000, so are A.’s losses to the amount he will receive from the Government.” It will be seen that this method of disposing of the £3,000,000, though mathematical, is not precisely that foreshadowed in Article 10, but then that is not the only article in these terms that lacks precision. To the local commission too was left the decision as to who should be fed, who have stock, and how he should pay. An enormous amount of work for a commission composed of such untrained constituents, and which they—as was possibly intended—neglected to perform, leaving the greater part in the hands of the Chairman and Secretary.

At Pretoria meanwhile, and immediately after the close of hostilities, a repatriation department was established. At the head was Mr. Patrick Duncan, Colonial Treasurer, with Mr. A. M. Hughes as Secretary. On this department rested the actual business of getting the families out from camp, as well as providing and selling the necessaries for their new start in life. Depots, averaging two to each district, were started all

over the country—not only on the railway lines. An enormous staff was engaged, horses, mules, oxen, food, seed, ploughs, and building material ordered. It was a brand new department, doing brand new work, with a staff who had never seen each other, and had no idea of what the work was that they had to do. Food was being clamoured for all over the country before they had got into harness. Imbued with the commercial spirit of Lord Kitchener, the military—from whom they were forced to buy at first—drove hard bargains. Two-thirds of the available truckage from the coast ports were taken up with the military supplies. The repatriation took their chance of the other third in company with the ordinary citizen. Only those who have lived in this country for the last nine months know what a poor chance that is, when six months elapse between the giving of an order in Durban and the delivery of the goods in the Transvaal.

It was winter, and every animal for sale or draught had to be fed. A convoy going sixty miles from the railway had to be loaded to half its capacity with forage to take itself out and back. Neither transport nor forage were parted with willingly by the military. The worst mules, the worst waggons, the worst brand of bully beef were good enough for a civilian department. It is not difficult to raise a capable staff after a long war in which irregulars have been employed, but black labour also was wanted and in large quantities. Every waggon requires two boys. They could not be got. The boys who had worked with the army had already worked over their contract time at wages three times higher than they had ever known in their lives. They were rich, and insisted on going home for a holiday.

Looking dispassionately at all these difficulties, it is not to be wondered at that August had come to an end before all the depots were out in the country, and September before food could be supplied with regularity. All these months the guerilla boers had to be fed. This was done principally by the soldiers and S. A. C., after very strict examination into each

case, and the warranty of the ex-Veld-Cornet that the family in question was actually in great want.

The case of the natives in districts far from the line was even worse, except that they had plenty of money to buy food. The year's mealies were all done. The farmer—the master on whose land they lived—had less money and as little chance to buy this staple food. The result was that the little stock of sheep and goats that farmers were able to import was stolen—the native, if caught, preferring a well-fed six months in prison to starvation. The natives required mealies for seed as well as for food; but before this became really serious a special native refugee department took the matter in hand, and, buying up large stores of grain, sent them quickly into the back country and there retailed them to the Kaffir.

Such food and seed as they had at the depots the local commissioners generally ordered to be supplied to the farmers on credit. The debt so run up was small compared to the debts for stock. The following is the scale of rations per month for a family of five:

	£	s.	d.
Flour, 140 lbs.	1	0	5
"Bully" beef, 80 lbs.	2	13	4
Sugar, 20 lbs.	0	4	2
Coffee, 12 lbs.	0	5	0
Salt, 4 lbs.	0	0	1
Milk, 28 tins	0	14	0
Butter, 3 lbs.	0	5	3
Soap, $\frac{1}{2}$ box	0	13	6
Total	£5	15	9

The seeds supplied to each head of a family consisted of 400 lbs. of mealies, 480 lbs. oats and about £2 worth of garden seeds, potatoes, &c. He could therefore raise about thirty acres of mealies and four of oats, besides a garden—if he had animals and a plough.

It should be mentioned that one of the chief difficulties to contend with in the distribution of food, &c., was the lack of

local transport and intercommunication. The farmers at first could not get into the depots to get their food away, while it was equally difficult for the officials to distribute information as to what was obtainable. This led to the appointment of some well-known Boer as travelling inspector in each district, whose mission it was to seek out any families who could not get food, to get it out to them, and to disseminate information as to what food and stock there was at the depot, as also to report on the stock that the farmers already had, and their ability to do without further rations.

But things moved very slowly at first. The seed ordered in June could not get up the railway, much less be transported for days over the veld. Ploughs from America lay in Port Elizabeth and Durban. No families came out of camp. Broken-down traction engines were tried and became more broken down long before they reached their journey's end. No ploughing could be done, even by guerillas, for want of ploughs, animals and seed—such a clean sweep does war make—and it was the end of October. If mealies—the common food of man and beast—are not sown before the middle of December, it is too late for them to ripen. If the mealie crop is not got in, then for one whole year more must we feed this people. April 1904, instead of April 1903.

At this time Lord Milner visited some of the worst districts. So impressed was he by the urgent necessity of ploughing that a scheme was immediately started to plough for the people. Ten conductors, each with six ploughs and teams of oxen, were sent out with seed into each district. Everything else gave way. They ploughed up five acres on every holding, whether the family had got back or not, throughout the whole district. The charge was 5*s.* an acre for old lands, and 7*s.* 6*d.* an acre for new ground. But immediate payment was not insisted on. It was the ploughing that was compulsory. It was pushed so vigorously from headquarters that between November 15 and December 15 the high-veld was ploughed up. They say there is more ploughed now than before the

war. This was done too in spite of a drought which finally broke nearly all the ploughs.

It was a bold and desperate measure. Work that had hung fire for five months was done in one, and that by a Government department: the result of a great leader and a few energetic subordinates. Captain Madge, of the Repatriation Department, should be specially mentioned, for with him the idea originated, and well he saw it through. If the costly depots can be closed in April 1903, this result will principally be due to this effort. Principally; but, at the same time, the other difficulties in the way of repatriation had suddenly grown less. The army, reduced in numbers, required fewer supplies and railway trucks. The animals ordered from Madagascar, Australia, America, and the Argentine arrived and got up country. The officials had learnt how to pull together. Loans of money, dealt out with a generous hand, enabled the Boers to buy what they wanted, and not only what the depots had to sell. Sheep, the mainstay of the high-veld, arrived in great numbers from Cape Colony and Natal, though they cost when delivered 30s. a head, instead of the 15s. they averaged before the war.

An enhancement of price is, however, universal. All stock and forage has advanced at least 5 per cent. as compared with prices before the war. The Boers think the prices of repatriation stock high—but they are really lower than in the open market.

These are the prices :

Horses	£17
Mules	£24
Trek oxen	£20 10s.
Madagascar oxen	£12
Cows and young breeding stock .	£10 10s. to £24 10s.

Second-hand waggons, carts, and harness are also sold at special prices, which the Boers do not think unreasonable. In most cases payment is deferred for two years.

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The arrival of the animals and the reduction in transport requirements enabled the Government not only to sell animals to the farmers, but also to take back to their farms all who wished to leave burgher camp. By the middle of November all who desired had started homewards with their tent and month's rations. But the camps were by no means empty. These camps had always been a ready subject of complaint, but the burghers dwelling in them were by no means always anxious to leave an idle life of free rations in order to rough it on the veld. Nor would it be in human nature that camp superintendents, who had made their camps and themselves comfortable, should be particularly drastic in their efforts to bring their existence to an end.

Again the situation was grasped by Lord Milner. Major E. M. Leggett, who had so successfully repatriated his National Scouts, was made both Director of Burgher Camps and of a certain bywohner settlement scheme. New superintendents appeared in various camps. Camps, which it was reported could not be cleared for six months, were empty in three weeks. I will take one as an example. The new superintendent found the numbers on rations one hundred in excess of the actual inhabitants. That was altered. He found eighty native servants. They left. He found one hundred inmates who happened to be Cape or Natal rebels. They returned to their friends. If the husbands were out on their farms, the families promptly joined them. The orphans were planted in orphanages. The balance—there were many men besides the widows—were given the option of finding work and a home within a week, or going on to the bywohner settlements. Then the camp was closed. They have been closed months earlier than the most sanguine ventured to anticipate.

It is too early to judge of the ultimate success of the bywohner settlements, but they have played an important part in ending the camps, and are of themselves worthy of notice. Essentially they are private syndicates of adjoining landowners raising capital, assisted therein pound for pound

by the Government. They lease some of their own lands to the syndicate of which they are members, and bywohner families are put on this leased land in small allotments of 150 acres or so. The bywohner gets also grazing rights over the whole farm. The syndicate supply him with stock and material just sufficient to plough and sow and build. They expect to make a profit by taking half the produce of the bywohner.

The advantage to the farmer landowner is clear rent, improvement and closer cultivation of the ground, and thicker population, perhaps developing into a township. The advantage to the Government is no less marked. The bywohner would *have* to be fitted out with necessaries on credit. By using the syndicate as intermediary, they avoid bad debts and get a possible 4 per cent. on the money they advance. The profits themselves are, however, more problematical, for the bywohner is not generally regarded as a paying investment.

There are three of these settlements now working. 2500 bywohner families are now living on them. They are placed near Potchefstroom, Belfast, and Standerton. Major Leggett inspired them, controls their agreements, and supplies them with unlimited bywohners.

All this by no means completes the work done. The Boers have not only to be put on the land and fed. The local commissions do not confine themselves to checking interminable lists of lost stock and exaggerated claims for gutted houses.

Food, seed and transport out cost comparatively little, and were an absolutely necessary expense. As has been indicated, the far more responsible step was taken of supplying the farmer with stock and with money. To such an extent has this been done that many families now owe the Government £600. Some owe £800: and it is quite possible for them to be responsible indirectly for more.

This, for instance, is a very common list:

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	£
Food for eight months	60
Waggon, cart, harness, plough, seed, blockhouse, &c.	44
Eight mules at £24	192
Eight oxen at £20 10s. backed for son or bywohner	164
Loan of money	200
Loan backed for bywohner	100
	£760 debt.

From this debt is to be deducted such moneys as they are awarded on their so-called claims. The average assessed value of these claims is £900 on the high-veld. Moreover, the terms of repayment are easy. Still the total debt runs to millions and is uncovered by anything but promissory notes. (I should except here a certain scheme for lending up to £1000 to farmers on first mortgage at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest. The competition of cheaper though smaller loans, the delays incident upon the passing of bonds in a country where the postal service is elementary and valuation of property a lengthy matter, the frequent loss of title-deeds during the war—all have combined to injure the success of this scheme).

Obviously great care has to be taken in making unsecured advances. The terms on which they have been made by the local commissions bring us to the "poor white" problem, Only "to those who have shall be given." But perhaps there is this consolation. As the landowner has hitherto always supported his bywohners, so he may continue to do—even if in smaller numbers—so that indirectly, by improving the position of the landowner, we improve also that of the hanger-on.

The animals supplied to the farmers have been enumerated. Not more than eight could be obtained by any farmer on credit of a promissory note, and no promissory note was to be passed unless signed or backed by a landowner. These notes were due in two years. Eight more animals could be bought for cash.

The loans of £200 or less have been made on the same

terms, except that the capital is not recoverable for five years—interest at 3 per cent. being chargeable on the last three years. The usual rate of interest paid by the farmer to the banks on first mortgage is 8 per cent.

In the districts I know best, about one half of the Boers are landowners of from 300 to 50,000 acres (2000 acres is a good average freehold farm), and of the balance, perhaps half are so nearly related to landowners that they can get their promissory notes backed. The rest find great difficulty in getting anything at all. Economically, they are the class which one would most like to help. So far as ploughing and sowing for them is concerned, help they have had. Anything more than that is a free gift, and an unsatisfactory one. They are a nomadic population, with no ties, with generic surnames, and no permanent address. They possessed little before the war, but had comfortable quarters on other men's farms. The value of land has gone up. While the land is constantly appreciating, the owners' holdings are continually being reduced in size by division among children. Even the large landowner sees now, since the war, a demand for his land such as he has never known before, fortified by good rents. Consequently the demand for what might be called the "co-operative bywohner" has gone down. The pinch of hard times has given the pretext, and the evicted bywohner's loss from the war is not to be measured merely by the little stock that has vanished.

All credit advances will some day be called in. The responsibility resting on the commissions and the amount of work that they have had to do is enormous. In cash and kind £1,500,000 at least has been advanced already. It has been impossible to check against the value of his land the advances made to a landowner as principal or backer. Nor is there opportunity for discovering how far the land is mortgaged, nor anything to prevent the debtor selling his land and disposing of the proceeds to others. It is true that he cannot legally dispose of stock, &c., that he has got on credit; but the

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stock can, and unfortunately often does, die. The amount of bad debts will depend entirely on the next two seasons. Given bad crops and much stock disease, and they will be very numerous. To a certain area of 3000 square miles of high-veld containing 4000 white inhabitants the following stock and loans have been supplied :

Oxen, cows, &c.	2000
Mules	800
Horses	860
Waggons and carts with harness	120
Loans (secured)	£8,000
Loans (unsecured)	£31,000

That some such advances were necessary there can be no doubt, apart altogether from our contract under Article 10.

The actual money loans are perhaps more doubtful. Though advances are mentioned in the terms of surrender, yet advances of stock might very well have been taken as fulfilling the letter of the contract.

It should be remembered, however, that sheep and building material have not yet been supplied on any terms by the Repatriation depots, while wool has always been the staple export of the high-veld, and building material is unfortunately the most necessary import. So that for these things the cash equivalent was badly needed.

One thing must never be supposed for a moment. No liberality will ever win gratitude from the Boers. They accept everything as their right, without surprise or gratification. Refusal they take with equal equanimity. They are very open to painstaking explanation in a country where time is apparently no object. If they feel no gratitude, at least they make no complaints. Their educated mouthpieces do that to perfection and are partly justified, but the Boer farmer is too shy or too much of a gentleman to do so personally.

The resettlement has been criticised as a muddle by the Boer delegates who saw Mr. Chamberlain at Pretoria. They

had, perhaps, the initial delays in mind—the apathetic attitude of the army. It was difficult to understand the absence of the provision convoy, when mountains of forage and fat oxen could be seen any day at the railway stations. Then again, where advances are dealt with, a great deal of red tape is necessary; but it is none the less galling.

The word “claim” has unfortunately been started for the burgher’s share in the three millions. The very distant and uncertain prospect of payment and the miserable dividend—estimated at 10 per cent.—are annoying to the man who wants money and doesn’t understand that it is charity. The complaint as to the non-payment of Z.A.R. notes is also a general one. These were “to be taken as evidence of losses,” but nothing was said in the terms of surrender as to payment. The payment will, therefore, be 10 per cent. at the best. The Government note has no advantage whatever, for a mere statement on oath by a claimant justifies the commissions in assessing the loss of stock, just as well as does such a statement backed up by the note or receipt. Moreover all Government notes received as salary—even civil salary—are absolutely dishonoured. The burghers say that these notes were secured on the landed property of the Government, and that we have taken over the assets but not the liabilities of the late Z.A.R. As a matter of fact, these notes (called bluebacks) had a sadly depreciated value long before the conclusion of hostilities. They were briskly bought up by Jews in the burgher camps at purely nominal prices.

The very distribution of so much stock also has given rise to many unfortunate accidents. The mules at some depots contracted glanders—of a slow insidious type—and spread the disease far and wide. The imported horses sickened and often died owing to the change of climate and diet after the farmer had bought. If a man pays for an animal which dies after payment has been made he is annoyed; but not half so much annoyed as the man who has still to pay for an animal which died two years before. It is understood that the animals dying

of glanders may be struck off the burgher's debt. It would certainly seem a just measure.

Seed too was not always good. Acres of kiln-dried mealies are buried under still brown fields.¹

Whatever the faults in the method and execution, the end attained has been good. The Boer is back on his farm, and is working hard to recover his financial position. The general tone is cheerful. Higher prices—cheaper money—the development of the country by railways and prospecting parties—these form the staple subject of a conversation which must necessarily be cheerful.

The position of the Britisher in all this is of course enviable. Between the two Boer parties he is the amused confidant of both. Those who were here before the war can best appreciate the difference. Treated no longer as a helot, he now finds the Boers very possible friends; and the two races have now far more mutual intercourse than formerly. Both races have suffered equally. Envy of material wealth does not come in to cloud their personal relations. Even the most irreconcilable will emphasise his objections to the "joiner" by averring that against the English, who won an open fight, he has nothing to say.

The local church councils are the first field on which the Boer parties find themselves pitted against each other. The irreconcilables—an educated Hollander band of conscientious stalwarts—are all for excluding the "handsoppers" from communion and burial, and for depriving them of any seats on the church council. To promote concord is presumably the duty of the British Government, though Macchiavelli might suggest various ways of widening the breach. If matters do actually go badly with the "handsopper," he with his money and the Government behind him may very well split the Dutch church and thereby destroy the Dutch vote. But Botha and the Bond are quite aware of this. They claim to represent both

¹ Imported grain is often kiln-dried to preserve it on the voyage. Such grain is useless for seed. It takes an expert to recognise the difference.

parties—they deprecate abuse of anybody speaking Dutch. It is impossible not to be pessimistic as to the result. The educated irreconcilable with a conscience is singularly unimportant. The Bond, avoiding extremes, will set up a refined distinction between the mere handsopper and the joiner—between the voluntary surrender and the man who followed up his surrender by fighting on the other side. The bait—the open arms of peace, the re-established character—will probably be too much for the mere handsopper, and the joiner will be left in the lurch. It behoves us to see that he gets his compensation, and that he is enabled to hit back. One excellent result of Mr. Chamberlain's visit has a distinct bearing on this point. All voluntarily surrendered burghers had sent in claims to the Military Compensation Boards. These claims the army suddenly disallowed. To those who know the history of these claims the repudiation could only appear as a breach of faith. Great was the joy of the guerilla who had not succumbed to the temptation to surrender—lured by this chance of compensation. One, however, of Mr. Chamberlain's first remarks was that a receipt signed by a British officer was as good as a Bank of England note. (It had at that time in reality approached nearer to the value of a Venezuelan bond.) This was followed by his statement that burghers who had surrendered under Lord Roberts' proclamation and kept their allegiance after surrender would be treated as British subjects in matters of compensation: an excellent solution, which combines justice with great policy. Such a decision helps like Paardeberg, and the people are worth winning as well as the country.¹

JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

¹ Since this article was written, the Government have begun to sell galvanised iron and wood to rebuild the houses. They supply sufficient to build a house 30' x 20', and credit is given where necessary. The supplies coming forward, and the prices, are satisfactory.

BRITISH POLICY IN SOUTH AFRICA

I came to South Africa as an optimist, and I shall leave it more convinced than ever that the natural forces which draw men together are potent as a remedy for those evils which tend to separate them. Your material interests are in favour of union. South Africa wants more capital, more population, and better communications. She needs the best capacity of all her children. You must decide upon your relation towards the various [native] races of South Africa, and you must speak as one people, not as a house divided against itself.—

Rt. Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN (at Cape Town).

THE main features of the immediate situation in South Africa have been rendered familiar by the full accounts of Mr. Chamberlain's proceedings in that country which have been published in the newspapers. Indeed, the educational value of Mr. Chamberlain's mission can scarcely be overestimated. He has taught South Africa, he has taught himself, and he has taught England. It is unnecessary, therefore, to explain this situation, or the general conditions which lie beneath it and make South Africa what it is.

The central objects of British policy in South Africa are definitely fixed. We are all agreed that we must remove the antipathy now existing between the two European races and secure the co-operation of the native population in the material development of the sub-continent. We are further agreed that the fusion of the two sections of the European popula-

tion must be so effected as to leave British ideals of life and conduct predominant in the conjoint European community; and that the second object must be accomplished upon such terms and by such methods that industrial co-operation may form a bridge to span the social gulf that now divides the dark-skinned majority from the white minority. We are agreed, too, that when the three separate and discordant elements of the tripartite population have thus been reduced to some sort of social cohesion, the political units into which South Africa is now divided must be combined under a single administrative system.

It is something, indeed, to have the goal thus clearly in view. But experience shows us that this clear view is not in itself sufficient to enable us to reach it. We have also to determine the particular agencies by which these central objects are to be secured.

The question is not superfluous. On the contrary, the issue of success or failure depends upon the spirit in which we answer it. Take the first of these central objects, the reconciliation of the Dutch population. The sort of answer which is embodied in the utterances of our public men, and in those of the chief organs of the press, will not help us very much. It amounts to this. We are to let the Dutch alone, and they will gradually "settle down." Liberal institutions, industrial development and education will bring about the required result.

Unfortunately the past history of South Africa points to an exactly opposite conclusion. Education has developed the natural astuteness of the South African Dutch—or, more correctly, Franco-Dutch—population, and changed what was at first an unreasoning resistance to the authority of Government as such, into a definite assertion of racial superiority. Industrial development has widened instead of narrowing the line of cleavage between the Dutch and British settlers. The grant of self-government in the Cape Colony has been perverted into an opportunity for a determined and admirably

organised political propoganda in support of the Dutch nationality.

Take the second object, the civilisation of the Bantu. In one sense we have been more successful in dealing with the natives than with the Dutch. We have at least brought it about that the superiority of the European is established, and the whole of the native population of South Africa has been placed under the control of European magistrates and officials. The nature and extent of this control vary very considerably; but the fact remains that, among all the numerous tribes between the Zambesi and Cape Town, there is none that is not ultimately subject to the white man's will. Nevertheless, here, too, our real work—the work of civilisation, that is, of making these dark-skinned people capable of becoming citizens—remains to be accomplished. And the question of the agencies by which this object of British policy is to be secured is as imperative as the question of the agencies by which the Dutch are to be reconciled to the British. The experience of the past is equally definite here. It tells us that it is no use trusting to the action of the civilising agencies already in operation. In point of fact, although we have made the civilising of the natives the second of the two main objects of our policy for a century, we have relatively lost ground. Our efforts and achievements in the direction of civilisation, considerable as they have been in themselves, have failed to keep our power level with the increasing forces of barbarism with which it has to deal. The explanation is to be found in the fact that in introducing our rule we destroyed, or limited, the action of natural forces that up to this time had been on our side, and we have not yet introduced the appropriate economic forces to take their place. We stopped the tribal wars, periodic famines and epidemics, which limited the growth of the native population, and kept the forces of barbarism which it wielded divided, and therefore weak for action against the Europeans. As the result of the removal of these checks the

Bantu population is increasing by leaps and bounds. We have assumed responsibility for the government of the natives, we have increased the numbers of this population, but we have done nothing, or very little, to make the native more capable of governing himself or even of contributing services to the white man sufficient to compensate the European communities for the cost and responsibilities of native administration.

The plain fact is that in South Africa the tide of time sets against us and not with us. We cannot trust to the operation of the natural forces that are at present at work. We have to stem the tide of time, or rather to change its flow by diverting the action of forces already existing, and by enlisting the services of new forces, now quiescent or non-existent, on our behalf. The objects which I have set out are objects which have formed the basis of British policy in South Africa for a century. From the temporary occupation of the Cape in 1795 onwards we find the attainment of these objects laid down with wearisome reiteration as the governing principle of our policy. Nearly twenty years ago we find them embodied in a statement which is as precise and significant as Mr. Chamberlain's last utterance in South Africa. The speaker was Lord Rosmead (then Sir Hercules Robinson). In 1884, when he was on the eve of returning to Cape Town after the negotiations for the London Convention had been completed, he was entertained at a farewell banquet in London, and on that occasion he defined the aims of England in South Africa in these words :

To bring about between the variously governed European communities something approaching to uniformity of system and action upon matters of common concern ; to allay and eventually extinguish race animosities between the two European sections ; to provide for the protection and gradual elevation in the scale of civilisation of the natives, while arranging for that expansion of the white race which is inevitable, and which, if properly regulated, will prove of great advantage to all concerned.

And again, with reference to the reconciliation of the Dutch,

we find Mr. Chamberlain himself enunciating a declaration of policy in 1896 which is identical in spirit with the policy of reconciliation that he has now personally inaugurated in the Cape Colony. At that time the Imperial Government believed that they could win Dutch opinion to their side, and by this means compel Mr. Krüger to redress the admitted grievances of the Uitlanders. Mr. Chamberlain's words were these :

We have a confident hope that we shall be able, in the course of no lengthened time, to restore the situation as it was before the invasion of the Transvaal ; to have at our backs the sympathy and support of the majority of the Dutch population in South Africa ; and if we have that, the opinion—the united opinion—which that will constitute will be an opinion which no power in Africa can resist.

The reconciliation of the Dutch to our rule is, therefore, an object which we have consciously and deliberately pursued during a century of British administration. Yet the pursuit of it left us in 1899 no weapon but the naked sword with which to maintain the sovereignty that had been obtained by the double right of conquest and of cession. In the face of this failure it is obvious that the selection of the precise means and agencies by which we are now to accomplish the reconciliation of the Dutch, and not the adoption of this policy, is the only matter left for consideration.

Surely the time has come when we can find the courage to look the facts in the face. Mr. Chamberlain has insisted upon the duty of racial reconciliation. So did Mr. Krüger in the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain meant one thing ; Mr. Krüger another. The agencies upon which Mr. Krüger relied for securing the supremacy of the Dutch—which was what he meant by reconciliation—are many of them still at work in South Africa. On what agencies does Mr. Chamberlain now rely for our sort of reconciliation, which is the supremacy of English ideas if not of the English race ? If they are the same as those upon which we have relied to give effect to similar appeals throughout the last century, the conclusion is irresistibly forced upon us that this latest appeal for

reconciliation is no more likely to be realised in the future than similar appeals have been realised in the past. It is quite true that the flag flies over the territories of the late Republics; but, unless we are prepared to keep 30,000 troops permanently in South Africa, and to depend upon force for the maintenance of peace, this new conquest will not in itself help to bring about the racial reconciliation which we desire. On the contrary, the war has furnished us with abundant evidence that the force of resistance which we have to overcome is stronger than we ever believed it to be before. The real work of reconciliation, therefore, remains to be done; and the practical question which we have to decide is whether, in trying to bring it about, we are going to use the same wrong methods over again, or whether we are willing at last to learn the lessons of experience, and adopt a new plan based upon them.

What applies to the reconciliation of the Dutch and British applies equally to our relations with the native tribes. The forces which make the task of civilising the natives more difficult with each succeeding year are more efficient than the agencies which we are employing to accomplish it. The root cause of our inability to civilise the Bantu masses is the numerical inferiority of the Europeans. The only colony in which any appreciable progress has been made in the work of native education, and in the employment of natives on such terms that this employment is a means of adapting the native for a partnership in industry with the European, is the Cape Colony. The progress made here was due to the circumstance that there was a far larger European population than elsewhere.¹ In the Cape Colony alone the method of native administration is one in which the civilisation of the individual native is directly aimed at. It is the system inaugurated by Sir George Grey, and its *modus operandi* is to break up the power of the chiefs with the tribal organisation in general,

¹ In recent years the Cape has annexed populous native territories on its eastern borders, but these native territories are administered separately, and do not form part of the Cape Colony from an economic point of view.

substituting for it European government on equal terms with the Europeans, with individual ownership of property and individual responsibility to the law. Now this system could not be adopted in Natal, because in Natal, and, indeed, in the whole of South Africa east of the Drakenberg, the European population is a mere handful. Here, then, the opposite, or non-civilising principle, is applied. The tribal organisation and the authority of the chief are maintained, subject to the control of the European magistrates. And the Natal system, *mutatis mutandis*, has been applied elsewhere in South Africa. In one of the late Republics, the Orange River Colony, where the native population was proportionately small, being in the ratio of three to two to the European population, an attempt to civilise the natives might have been made. But any such endeavour was, of course, entirely foreign to the Dutch conception of the relationship between the white and coloured races. In short, the European, in establishing his control over the native population, has failed to replace the economic conditions proper to a state of barbarism by the economic conditions necessary to the acquisition of civilisation.

We know that British policy has failed in the past. History tells us what were the agencies which we employed to give effect to it, and why those agencies were insufficient. Here, then, in the comparison of this experience of the past with our knowledge of the present we have the key by which the problem of South African unity can be solved. Happily our knowledge of South Africa is to-day more full and precise than it has ever been before. For three long years the mind of England was kept fixed upon South Africa, and as the war dragged on a general stocktaking of the economic, political and social conditions was effected. The results of this process have made it plain that our failure was due to the action of certain economic forces which we had wholly overlooked, or at any rate failed to estimate at their true significance. We have been trying throughout the century to overcome by political agencies a resistance which was produced by economic forces,

and which could therefore be overcome only by agencies of the same character. In other words, the conditions of the sub-continent have long been, and still are, such that the most powerful of the economic forces at work retard instead of advancing the aims we have in view.

Chief among these conditions are: The undeveloped condition of the agricultural land occupied by the Europeans to the west of the Drakenberg; the rapid development of the minerals; the high cost to Europeans in the towns of the necessaries of life; the inadequacy of communications and means of transport; and the presence of a native population, which, multiplying instead of diminishing in contact with the Europeans, excludes the unskilled British labourer, while it fails to provide an adequate labour supply for the industrial development of South Africa.

To the first of these conditions is to be attributed mainly the now notorious fact, that the British population has gravitated to the towns, whilst the Dutch remain widely scattered over the country districts. The British element in South Africa is, therefore, speaking broadly, an urban population engaged in mining and commercial pursuits, and the Dutch a rural population engaged in agriculture and stock-raising. The two races have thus remained apart, and the original antipathy arising from a difference of race has been deepened by this difference in their pursuits and material interests. Not only so, but the Dutch farmer has maintained a firmer grip of the country, both from the point of view of the rifle and the ballot-box than the English clerk or mechanic. The high cost of living is caused in part by the poverty of the agricultural resources of South Africa itself, and in part by the inadequacy of the means of transport. These causes and the presence of the native have united to exclude the unskilled British labourer from South Africa; while the insufficiency of the supply of native labour—insufficient because when we forbade him to fight we never taught him to work—has tended to limit further the volume of British immigration by increasing the

difficulties and diminishing the profits of the rural industries. This last cause, together with the fact that so large a proportion of the land of South Africa has passed permanently into the hands of the Dutch population, has not only repelled the better class of British agricultural emigrants from seeking an investment for their capital and enterprise in South Africa, but it has practically confined the stream of British immigration, as thus narrowed by these successive limitations, to the ports and mining centres. In short, South Africa, under its existing economic conditions, could only support a very small British population; and this small population, kept apart from the Dutch by the same economic forces which limited it, and devoted to pursuits other than those followed by the great majority of the Dutch inhabitants, could be used in no sense as an ineffective instrument for racial amalgamation. Not only so, but the tendency for a race to multiply the more easily in proportion as its physical wants are simple and its social aspirations limited is fully realised under these conditions; and the Dutch countryman increases more rapidly than the English townsman, while the primitive Bantu surpasses in fertility the European of either stock.

Our administrative efforts, hitherto sporadic and intermittent—sporadic because we refused to deal with South Africa as one country; intermittent because our party system prevented continuity of policy and purpose—have been easily defeated by these forces in the past. To the action of these forces, perhaps unseen, certainly disregarded, it is due more than to any other determinable cause that a century of wars, missionary effort, British expansion, industrial development, of lofty administrative ideals and great men sacrificed, left the two European races with political ambitions so antagonistic, and social differences so bitter, that nothing but the arbitrament of war could decide which should prevail. It left us, too, with so little of progress in civilising the natives accomplished, that in a crisis such as the present, when the active co-operation of the natives in the work of material development is required, we have to set

about devising new means of securing a supply of labour for the one great industry of the country. For the same reason the conclusion of three years of successful war finds us to-day confronted by the same problems whose solution we undertook in 1806; finds us, in fact, laying the foundations of a commonwealth when we should have been crowning its superstructure.

British policy in South Africa, if it is to be effective, must be based from the outset upon the recognition of these truths. First, that the opposing forces which we have to overcome are economic as well as political; and, secondly, that it is against the economic forces that our earliest administrative efforts must be directed, since these forces provide the source from which the political aspirations of the Boer and Bondsman derive their permanence and vitality, and the native question its apparent insolubility. Or, to put it in another way, we have a twofold task in South Africa. The work of regeneration which we have undertaken is physical as well as political; and, of the two, physical regeneration must be accomplished first.

When once this cardinal fact is recognised, it is comparatively easy to see the movements and events which are going on in South Africa in their true relationships to the past and the future, and to assign to each its proper significance as an element of the situation with which we have to deal. In a picture of South Africa thus drawn in true perspective the two main lines by which British policy must advance to its goal stand out with startling distinctness. Of these main lines of advance the first and most important is the modification of the physical and economic conditions which have hitherto limited the capacity of South Africa to support a British population. In order to advance in this direction the cultivable area of South Africa west of the Drakenberg must be extended. Large areas, naturally capable of cultivation, but now barren and uninhabited, or undeveloped and neglected under Boer proprietorship, must be converted into agricultural lands by irrigation, water storage, roads and railways. There is no

reason why this extension of the cultivable area of South Africa should not prove as successful from an economic and financial point of view as the like processes have proved in Egypt and in India. The natural aptitude of the soil and climate of South Africa is evidenced by the fact that almost every variety of temperate and sub-tropical plants can be grown in the sub-continent. The range of produce extends from the vineyards of the Western Province of the Cape Colony to the sugar and tea plantations of Natal and the tobacco and coffee plantations of the Transvaal; while in respect of the pastoral industries the South African farmer can add the raising of ostriches and angora goats to that of the familiar horses, cattle and sheep.

The extension of the cultivable area of South Africa will produce two results, both of which are of the highest importance. In the first place it will enable us to establish British agricultural settlers on the land without displacing the Boers or Dutch country population; and in the second it will remove the notorious deficiency of South Africa in the primary industries of agriculture and stock-raising, and thereby materially diminish the cost of living in the towns.

The importance of the first of these results is so well understood that it is superfluous to enlarge upon it. It is sufficient to say that the creation of a British farming class in the new colonies, and in the Dutch districts of the Cape Colony, will provide us for the first time in the history of South Africa with an effective instrument for racial reconciliation; since experience shows us that anything short of actual racial amalgamation is powerless to effect this object. The most weighty sentence in the report of the "Lands Settlement Commission, South Africa," is directed to this point:

"We desire to express our firm conviction that a well-considered scheme of settlement in South Africa by men of British origin is of the most vital importance to the future prosperity of British South Africa. We find among those who wish to see British rule in South Africa maintained and

its influence for good extended, but one opinion upon this subject. There even seems reason to fear lest the vast expenditure of blood and treasure which has marked the war should be absolutely wasted, unless some strenuous effort be made to establish in the country at the close of the war a thoroughly British population large enough to make a recurrence of division and disorder impossible."

The second result of the extension of the cultivable area is less important than the first, but it is nevertheless an essential factor in increasing the British population in South Africa. An ample local supply of food will, in conjunction with increased facilities of transport, reduce the cost of provisions in the towns and thereby remove what is at present a serious economic check upon the growth of the British urban population in South Africa.

The main agency for the physical regeneration of South Africa is irrigation with water storage. Mr. Willcocks, in the report which he has addressed to Lord Milner on this subject,¹ has not only laid down the broad outlines of a system of irrigation for South Africa west of the Drakenberg, but given in precise detail the methods by which this powerful agency can be applied in the three colonies, and the results which it may be expected to produce. It is neither necessary nor possible to enter into any discussion of these details. They concern Lord Milner and the special authorities who will ere long be charged with the task of putting into effect the proposals thus boldly outlined. But it is important that we should understand both how great is the present necessity for this agency and how vast are the possibilities of economic progress which it affords. I therefore give the following passage from the report, in which Mr. Willcocks, probably the greatest living authority on the subject, explains the physical and economic deficiencies which make water almost

¹ Report on Irrigation in South Africa. By Mr. W. Willcocks, C.M.G., M.I.C.E., Managing Director Daira Sania Company, Egypt. Printed by authority. Johannesburg: November 6, 1901.

as necessary to agricultural South Africa as it is to Egypt :

Apart from the development of its gold, diamond, and coal mines, South Africa has remained strangely stationary. Fifty years ago it was a pastoral country importing cereals and dairy produce, and even hay, from foreign countries. It is the same to-day. Half a century ago it needed a farm of 5000 acres to keep a family in decent comfort ; to-day it needs the same farm of 5000 acres to keep a single family in comfort. Except in the extreme south-western corner of Cape Colony, agriculture has scarcely been attempted, except on the most primitive lines and on the most insignificant areas. Farmers to-day trek from the high veldt to the low veldt and back again with the seasons, just as the wandering Arabs of the desert have done for centuries. The reason for this want of development of the agricultural wealth of the country, and the consequent acute stage of the poor white question, lies in the fact that the rainfall of the three colonies, with the exception of the extreme south-western corner, is not only erratic and uncertain at the times most opportune for sowing, but is constant and heavy in autumn. Autumn again is quickly followed by a very severe and frosty winter without a particle of moisture in the air. When rain is wanted it is generally not there, when it is not wanted it is invariably present. For countries so situated the only possible means of development lie in the storage of water when it is present and not needed, and its utilisation by irrigation when it is needed. Agriculture without irrigation is generally impossible in the new colonies.

Together with the employment of this prime factor in the physical regeneration of South Africa, the construction of roads and the extension of the existing railway system are required. These and other ancillary agencies must be employed in order that the harsh conditions of life on the veldt may be mitigated, and the career offered in South Africa to the British agricultural emigrant may afford at least as good a prospect for the profitable employment of his capital and energy as the like careers in Australia or Canada.

But a successful advance upon this line will not only solve the nationality difficulty: it will permanently secure an element of the highest economic importance for the future commonwealth of South Africa. In Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and even in the United States, there is a tendency for the population to desert the country districts and to crowd into

the towns. This tendency, common enough in England, is a peculiarly unwelcome feature in the social life of a new Anglo-Saxon country. South Africa is, therefore, especially fortunate in the possession of so large an element of its European population—the Boer and Afrikander farmer—which loves the land and has no aspiration for the peculiar attractions of town life. To convert this element to loyalty and at the same time to increase its economic usefulness by an admixture of British farmers is an object, therefore, worthy of the highest statesmanship.

The second main line of advance is the introduction of such economic conditions among the native population as will compel them to perform the duties which they owe to the European community of South Africa. When once the control of the European was established¹ over the native population, the two elements—the black and white populations of South Africa—were placed in a new relationship to each other. Whereas before, all that the Europeans were called upon to do was to prevent the natives from injuring them, now they had undertaken to provide for the well-being of their dark-skinned subjects. At the same time a corresponding duty to the Europeans was laid upon the natives. Up to the present time this duty has never been adequately claimed by the Europeans nor fulfilled by the natives. The natives have continued to enjoy all the advantages which European rule has brought them—from their point of view, an increased abundance of food and complete security of life and property—without attempting to make themselves capable of discharging the corresponding obligations towards the Europeans which these advantages entail. What is required, therefore, is that the conditions of life and the pursuits proper to the military *régime* under which they formerly existed should now be replaced by the conditions of life and pursuits

¹ The process was, of course, a very gradual one. I speak of it here as an event which can be referred to a definite point of time, only, of course, for the sake of clearness.

proper to the industrial *régime* to which they have been advanced by the establishment of European control.

The forecast which I presented more than three years ago has now been actually realised. I then said¹:

“If the Europeans are not to say to the natives, ‘Very well, we have prevented you from doing injury to us; we will now leave you alone,’ the natives must be ready to show that they are prepared to do something themselves for their industrial development; otherwise the European communities will be justified in refusing to undertake the very heavy responsibilities of native administration and native education.”

At the present time the inability to secure a sufficient supply of Bantu labour has compelled the responsible heads of the gold industry in the Transvaal to contemplate the importation of Chinese labour. This may or may not be a correct solution of the immediate difficulty, but it is one which should not be taken without a full knowledge of the consequences which it involves. It means that the Europeans have determined to withdraw from the task of civilising the native population in South Africa. This, from a South African point of view, is an anti-national and disintegrating policy. It is recognised as such in South Africa, and the only possible justification for its adoption would be the refusal of the Imperial Government to allow the colonial governments concerned to adopt the administrative measures necessary to bring about the fulfilment by the Bantu population of its economic obligations to the European community. The general process by which this object can be secured is to replace the disciplinary influences formerly exercised by the harsh agencies of war, famine and disease by a pressure of taxation which will compel an industrial effort sufficient to meet the obligations of civilised government. The precise methods by which this principle of compelling the Bantu to equip himself for civilisation is to be applied must be

¹ Imperial Institute, December 14, 1899. (“The Problem of South African Unity,” George Allen.)

decided by the collective ability of the only men who have any claim to be heard on such a question. These men are the missionaries, traders, schoolmasters, and magistrates, who have learnt the conditions of the Bantu by actual residence among them; the administrators of the native territories, the heads of the departments of South African affairs in the five South African colonies; and the industrial leaders charged with the management and control of the thousands of successive Bantu labourers who have been employed at Kimberley and Johannesburg—and not the Members of the House of Commons, nor even such brilliant professors of the art of expounding other people's affairs as Sir William Harcourt and Mr. James Bryce. Whatever these precise methods may be—they will have to be adjusted to meet the varying conditions of progress attained by the different tribes—the central purpose of the new native policy must be the gradual provision of a simple but effective machinery for raising the Bantu population in the scale of civilisation, out of funds provided by the sole asset which this population possesses, its labour. At the same time arrangements must be made, by means of Government labour bureaux and improved facilities of transport, to enable the native to sell his labour to the European employer under conditions as advantageous as possible to both parties.

I am well aware that the introduction of the ordinary conditions of industrial life among the Bantu by these administrative methods will be denounced as a system of forced labour. In so far as the expression is applicable to the circumstances of South Africa, the objection which it implies admits of a very simple answer. In the sense in which the Bantu would be forced to labour by the pressure of a taxation necessary for his social and economic development, all labour is forced. The only question that admits of discussion is whether the particular means by which a particular class or individual is compelled to work are such as are best adapted to his moral and physical endowments. Nature enforced labour upon primitive man by

the rudest natural discipline; that is how she raised him to civilisation. First the parent, and now the State, compels the child to learn. The education of the young is nothing but a system of enforced labour. Of the two prime objects of education—the direct acquisition of useful knowledge and the training of the mental powers—the former is of less importance, if, indeed, they can be separated, than the latter; since it is the formation of the habit of work, the capacity, that is, to employ the mind easily and continuously in any given field of human activity, that brings success in the business of life. We compel our children to go to school in England because it is the one way in which we can secure the social and industrial progress of the nation. What right have we, then, to refuse to allow Englishmen in South Africa to employ the same process for the purpose of making the Bantu fit for a partnership in industry and citizenship with the Europeans?

At the present moment it is the gold industry on the Rand, with its ancillary coal industry, that is immediately and disastrously affected by the reluctance of the Bantu to do their part in the development of the resources of the sub-continent. But the question of providing a sufficient supply of native labour for the Transvaal mines is not a matter of merely local concern. What Mr. Willcocks has written of the pre-eminent claim of the Rand in respect of the water-supply of South Africa applies equally to native labour:

The prosperity and well-being of every interest, not only in the Transvaal but in South Africa generally, will depend on the prosperity of the Rand, certainly for the next fifty years. Though my life has been spent in the execution of irrigation projects and the furtherance of agricultural prosperity, I feel that, under the special conditions prevailing in South Africa, the suggestion of any course other than the obvious one of first putting the Rand mines on a sound footing as far as their water-supply is concerned, would have constituted me a bigot. Ten acres of irrigable land in the Mooi or Klip River valleys with Johannesburg in the full tide of prosperity will yield as good a rent as forty acres with Johannesburg in decay.

But the need for the provision and organisation of Bantu labour does not end when the Rand industries are supplied.

The enlargement of the cultivable area of South Africa, and the development of the productive capacity of the land already cultivated, are processes without which the paramount object of British policy, the fusion of the Dutch and English, cannot be attained. Alike for the execution of the initial works—irrigation, roads, railways—needed to make the country capable of receiving British immigrants in sufficient numbers, and for the maintenance of the agricultural and pastoral industries as thus developed, a large increase in the existing supply of native labour will be required. In fact, there is scarcely any form of industrial enterprise throughout the whole sub-continent in which the brain of the white man can be used to full advantage without the muscles of the Bantu in support.

The training of the Bantu for industrial life is, therefore, a matter which cannot safely be delayed. It is not only that the industrial development of South Africa depends upon it; the question whether the future relationship of the European and the dark-skinned population is to be one of violence and mutual injury, or one of peace and mutual benefit, will be answered by our acceptance or refusal of the task.

With these lines of British policy before us it is easy to realise the significance of what Mr. Chamberlain has done in South Africa. His personal converse with the Boers, the temper of perfect statesmanship—a temper which refuses to give or take offence—in which he met the unreasonable demands of their leaders, and the sincerity and promptness with which he offered or gave redress for any real injustice, will blunt the edge of that blind resentment against an impalpable and impersonal enemy which has for a century past goaded the Boer to resistance against the British Government. Mr. Hofmeyr's circular, the fruit of Mr. Chamberlain's intercourse with the Dutch Afrikanders in the Cape Colony, is a document which will furnish a large section of the Dutch majority with an excuse for shaking hands, not indeed with their British neighbours, but with the material prosperity that these unwelcome neighbours have brought. The splendid

presentation of the privileges and responsibilities of membership in the Empire, which Mr. Chamberlain gave in his speeches in the great centres of British population, was admirable as an appeal for a wider colonial patriotism, while as a practical assertion of the unity of the Empire it formed a useful complement to his addresses to the Dutch. But this record, considerable as it is, omits the most valuable of Mr. Chamberlain's services to South Africa and the Empire. The prompt and equitable adjustment of the amount of the Transvaal contribution to the cost of the war, the promise of £35,000,000 for the industrial development of the new colonies, and the assertion of the principle that native administration is a matter that must be decided by South African, and not by English, experience, are all transactions calculated to contribute directly to those economic changes upon which, as we have seen, British policy in South Africa depends for its success. As such they belong to a different and higher order of statesmanship.

To impose a contribution of £30,000,000 upon the British population in the Transvaal is one thing. To do this without any violation of the principle of "no taxation without representation" is another. In itself, and under the existing relationship between the oversea English and the Parliament of the United Kingdom, it is an act of precisely the same class as that by which Lord North lost the Atlantic colonies—now the United States of America. Knowing this, Mr. Chamberlain boldly abandoned the claim of Parliament and made the question of the contribution a point of honour as between the mother country and her sons.

"We want nothing from you," he said at Pretoria, "which, if you were a self-governing colony to-day, you would not give as the willing expression of your loyalty and patriotism and appreciation of your duty to share the burden as well as the privileges of the Empire. I say to you once for all, I would rather go back to England empty-handed than bear with me arrangements extorted from an unwilling people."

And to the men of Johannesburg, for whose wantonness

the fine patriotism of the Harcourts, Laboucheres and Bryces had blushed :

Still another calumny. It has been said that you are prepared to repudiate your share of the expenditure which has been incurred in the war. There are people who say that you, whose interests came first, while not only the motherland but the sister colonies made sacrifices to maintain them, that you alone in the British Empire will fail in your duty. I will wait and see. I do not believe that men who faced personal danger and suffering with so much bravery will now show that they care more for their purses than they did for their lives.

The wisdom of providing the loan of £35,000,000 to be raised upon the joint revenues of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, with an Imperial guarantee, is obvious. In South Africa, *bis dat, qui cito dat*. The immediate command of funds sufficient not only to discharge the existing debts of the Transvaal Government and to buy the existing railways, but also to provide for the public works essential to the establishment of British agricultural settlements in the two colonies is to permit Lord Milner to put into operation without delay the most effective agency at his command for the regeneration of South Africa.¹

Mr. Chamberlain's handling of the labour question at Johannesburg was marked by the same complete mastery of South African conditions. He at once connected the labour difficulty with the wider question of the relationship of the European to the native population :

"At the present moment," he said, "there is not labour enough for the natural development of the industries of the country, and it is said, though it is also denied, that there is sufficient for all needs in South Africa provided that the Kaffir could be made to work. This is the crux of the situation. While every civilised nation recognises the duty of labour, the African alone has been taught by centuries [of idleness] that the only honourable employment for man is fighting, and that to labour is the work of slaves. . . . The only hope for the improvement of the coloured man is in continuous work."

¹ Of this £35,000,000 it is estimated that £15,000,000 will be available for fresh public works ; and of this sum £5,000,000 has already been allocated to railway extension in the two colonies.

This pronouncement has been followed by the arrangement of the conference at Bloemfontein, in which the representatives of the several colonies have met to formulate proposals for concerted action. In this conference we have the first step towards the adoption of a uniform system of native administration throughout South Africa. The importance of a general agreement on matters of native policy can hardly be over-estimated. Uniformity will not only produce mutual co-operation and increased efficiency, but it will also diminish the danger of the interference of a mistaken philanthropy. The South African colonies will do well, therefore, to follow the advice which Mr. Chamberlain gave them in his last speech at Cape Town, and "decide upon their relation towards the various races of South Africa, and speak as one people, not as a house divided against itself."

To all who know how much of our past failure in South Africa is to be attributed to those constant "divergences of opinion" between the Home Government and the "man on the spot," of which the Blue-books are eloquent, Mr. Chamberlain's emphatic assertion of confidence in Lord Milner, and his promise of a new and more complete co-operation between the Imperial Government and its representative in South Africa, come as a necessary complement to these acts of high statesmanship. In Pretoria he said :

"You have confidence in Lord Milner ; so have we."

And in Johannesburg :

"I have come here in the hope that I may be able to strengthen the hands of Lord Milner in the gigantic task to which he has devoted such conspicuous ability and patriotism. . . . When I go back I hope to be better able to co-operate with him in the work which he is carrying on."

I have indicated the main lines by which British policy must advance in South Africa, and the degree in which Mr. Chamberlain has contributed to its progress.

It is for Lord Milner and those who serve under him to

direct the various agencies by which the objects of this policy can be secured in South Africa. The co-operation of Downing Street has been pledged. But there is one matter in which the active co-operation of the British people themselves is necessary. It is useless to prepare land for the reception of British settlers unless there are men and women of the right kind to go out and occupy it. England, or rather the United Kingdom, must provide these men and women.¹

One word more. In this account of the aims of British policy in South Africa I have not hesitated to exhibit what I take to be the real difficulties which must be overcome. My excuse lies in the fact, unhappily only too well established by experience, that there is no province of the Empire in which the penalty for the evasion or postponement of Imperial responsibilities is more heavy or more inevitable. Nor is the determination to see things as they really are inconsistent with Mr. Chamberlain's optimism. For if such an examination exhibits the operation of antagonistic forces, it also reveals with equal clearness the agencies by which those forces can be converted from antagonists into the allies and assessors of the British name.

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

¹ Among the many agencies that are at work for this purpose it may be useful to draw attention to a carefully elaborated scheme for the establishment of training farms for colonists to South Africa which has been prepared by the Marquis of Graham. The essence of Lord Graham's plan consists in the proposal that the municipal authorities of the great towns throughout the United Kingdom should be invited to undertake the establishment and control of farms in which prospective settlers could receive instruction in all matters essential to success in colonial life. I am permitted to add that Lord Graham would be pleased to communicate the details of his scheme to any one interested in the subject.

THE UNREST IN THE BALKANS¹

I

BY M. TAKE JONESCU

(Roumanian ex-Minister of Public Instruction and Conservative Leader)

THE incessant agitation in the Balkan peninsula is denied by no one, nor could it be denied. The Christian peoples subjected to the Ottoman rule have invariably suffered under it. So long as the Turkish power was at its height, these sufferings could not find expression; they were possibly ignored or regarded as a normal state. But, as the Turkish power declined, the Christian subjects began to realise the truth of their condition, and sought to alter it, a phenomenon which has been observed at all times and everywhere. *For revolt is bred of relaxed tyranny.*

The initial cause of this state of things is to be found in the fact that the Turks, whether from contempt or toleration, have scarcely attempted to denationalise or dechristianise—to use an expressive if barbarous term—the peoples they had conquered, but have contented themselves with settling by their side and above them. Neither form of absorption—the absorption of the conquerors by the conquered, such as was the case with the Germans who overthrew the Roman Empire and with the Normans in England, nor that of the conquered by

¹ These Articles have been translated by Mr. M. A. Gerothwohl.

the conquerors, as in the case of the Arab invasion of North Africa and of the Roman conquest of Dacia under Trajan, has taken place in the Balkans.

That is why in the European Turkey of to-day we find a ruling minority, almost negligible in numbers, severed both by race and religion from the majority it overrules; the administration, on the other hand, being simply deplorable, we need hardly wonder at the prevalent unrest. This unrest would be far greater and more violent if the conquered peoples belonged to the same nationality, just as they nearly all belong to the same religious denomination.

But such is not the case, the Turkish conquest having merely congealed the sundry peoples in their respective and original positions, and, since no single nationality has predominated, we are face to face in certain parts of the Balkans with a racial mosaic far more complicated than that of either Austria or Hungary.

For instance, we have at the extremities the Greeks who occupy the shores of the Archipelago and part of Epirus; Servians and Albanians in Old Servia; Albanians again, and Macedo-Roumanians along the shores of the Adriatic; and in the centre, in the province named Macedonia, a medley of Bulgarians, Macedo-Roumanians, Greeks, Servians—irrespective of Turks and Albanians, who together constitute at least one-third of the population.

We must beware of supposing that the various nationalities have strictly defined territories and that it would be an easy task to assign limits to their respective spheres. Such an undertaking would be nowadays impossible, especially if we consider the claim of each national unit to the exclusive possession of the whole province. Besides, as regards Macedonia, I see no means whatever of carrying out the idea. Here the Bulgarians are, comparatively speaking, the more numerous in the open country, but the towns and boroughs contain a Macedo-Roumanian majority, at least as far as race is concerned, or rather a Greek one, when we consider the

wishes of the inhabitants; for a considerable section of the Turkish Roumanians betray Hellenistic rather than Roumanophil tendencies.

There was a time when the religious idea predominated among these populations to so great an extent that all would gladly have accepted the erection of a Christian state, whatever language might have been selected for official purposes. At that period it would certainly have been easier to solve the Balkans riddle. But to-day all is changed.

A Westerner cannot imagine what the language question means to these disinherited nations who have known no more than *the dream of grandeur*. How many times have I myself vainly tried to make a Frenchman or an Englishman understand the feeling that leads one to prefer the most miserable and hateful of kindred governments to the most angelic of foreign masters. The Westerners have realised their national unification centuries ago; they have been accustomed to govern alien and inferior races with the sincere conviction that they are thereby acting in the very best interests of the latter; they have never known the poignant misfortune of seeing their brethren subjected to a foreign power. They are consequently unable to appreciate to its full value that singularly important factor of the human *θῦμος* the feeling of nationality. That feeling is all-powerful in the Balkans, the raising of fragments of the sundry nations into independent or quasi-independent states having swelled their pride and given new life to their hopes. The violence of these national movements furnishes both the strongest safeguard for the Turkish domination and the greatest obstacle to a radical solution. It would be at present impossible to divide Turkey between the rival races without breeding constantly renewed wars between the several Balkan States.

To satisfy all of them is out of the question, and no single one is as yet sufficiently powerful and influential to force the others into submissive acquiescence. Greece, her recent disasters notwithstanding, is still contemplating the largest share

in the plunder, despite the fact that the Greeks of Turkey are very few in numbers. The Bulgarians likewise covet everything, and will not entertain the idea of a partner. They are bent on reaching Pinda and the Archipelago, and regard Constantinople as their indisputable lot. I shall never forget the day when a Bulgarian statesman and patriot sought to involve me in combined action in Macedonia, assuring me that his countrymen would welcome for that province a kind of Roumano-Bulgarian dualism. The greater his efforts to convince me, the clearer appeared to me his innermost thought that, after all, the Bulgarian race was entitled to claim the ultimate monopoly.

The Servians ought in reason to busy themselves with Old Servia, and nothing more: but, compressed and checked on all sides by the Austrian Empire, they will not give up the idea of reaching the Ægean Sea before they have tried the fortune of war. If Bosnia and Herzegovina had fallen to their lot, the problem would no doubt have been greatly simplified. But seeing that any attempt at expansion in that direction is doomed to failure, and anxious to breathe at whatever cost, Servia is inevitably driven southward.

I omit the Macedo-Roumanians, of whom I shall speak presently, and the Albanians, whom a great future would doubtless await were it not for their scission into three hostile religions, a scission that must needs delay for a long time to come any Albanian endeavour towards active concentration.

The points I have put forward clearly imply that a "Balkan Confederation" is at the present moment unsusceptible of realisation.

Of course, federation or something of the kind would be the ideal solution; for federation alone could endow each state, to which isolation means weakness, with enough strength to exist *per se*, instead of living from hand to mouth as the obsequious and more or less dependent follower of one or the other great Power.

I do not doubt that, in spite of manifold differences in race,

temperament, language, and custom, a most potent tie for the eventual federation might be found in community of religion, past life, and material interests; and that one day federation will be an accomplished fact. But the time has not yet come. The respective claims of each party on the as yet unopened succession are still too contradictory to admit of the federative idea.

There are two further considerations which one cannot afford to overlook. If Greece and Bulgaria have no interests outside Turkey, the case is quite different as regards Servia and Roumania. The immense majority of Servians are to be found elsewhere than within the Servian and Turkish borders, whilst of the ten and a half millions of Roumanians some three millions are settled in Austria-Hungary and about one million in Russia. These are not unimportant data when we think of what might be the political attitude of the future federation under certain circumstances; moreover, it is by no means certain that the two great neighbouring empires, Austria and Russia, would view with a favourable eye a federation of the kind mentioned, which could not fail to weaken the influence they at present possess in this corner of the world. Indeed, the uncertainty wherein both empires would find themselves concerning that attitude may well explain their lack of enthusiasm. We cannot expect either to encourage the framing of a federation—at least, not as matters stand to-day. We should also remember that in 1888, when the Bulgarians offered their crown to King Charles of Roumania—whose acceptance would have been the first step towards federation—not only Turkey, but Austria too expressed formal opposition to the project.

But, whilst acknowledging the absolute impossibility within any short distance of time of a federation in whatsoever form—personal union vested in the Crown would prove the least distasteful to all, in spite of the many difficulties to which it would give rise—I have not the slightest doubt that therein lies the future.

To assert and repeat this is a preparation in itself. There is no need of an "union douanière" to hasten the consummation. Trade between the various Balkan States is naturally limited. Our products are very similar, and, as far as imports are concerned, we all require the same commodities. The barter between ourselves can therefore never grow much in importance, and still less diminish our traffic with the outside world.

What, then, remains to be done? *To preserve the Turk whilst "pruning" him little by little*; that is, we must follow the example already given, repeat history, and ask for no more. Servia, Greece, Bulgaria, Crete have been created in turn, and Roumelia united with Bulgaria. This was the right course, and on similar grounds we shall soon see Crete united with Greece.

For Macedonia, where the intermixture of races is most striking, the best reform will ever be a capable governor, but, as in the case of the Lebanon, a governor appointed for a specific period with the approval of the Powers, and, preferably, *a Christian from the West*.

Under the suggested *régime*, it would be necessary, from a national standpoint, to make Macedonia into a kind of Switzerland. There would be uni-lingual, bi-lingual and even tri-lingual parishes. Freedom of propagandism being allowed, the most powerful nation could not fail gradually to impress its stamp upon any particular part of the country.

It will be asked whether the Turk will consent to such a reform. He will have to, for the all-sufficient reason that sooner or later his reluctance would be bound to produce a catastrophe which he could not possibly survive. Apart from this, we must put our trust in Time, which smoothes and unravels so many situations apparently inextricable.

I shall now discuss the question from a purely Roumanian standpoint. Roumania is neither geographically nor socially, so to speak, a Balkan State. The Danube severs her from the

Balkans, and if, politically speaking, the Carpathians sever our kingdom from Central Europe, one should not forget that the Roumanian race overlaps both slopes of the Carpathians and that over three millions of its children are settled on the northern slope and extend westward from the last ramparts of that range to the beginning of the vast plains watered by the Theiss.

If, too, Roumanian history has many traits in common with that of the Greeks, Bulgarians or Servians, there is nevertheless a most striking distinction to be drawn. Greeks, Bulgarians and Servians have been *rayas*—*i.e.*, subjected by the Moslem conquest, which practically suppressed their forms of national existence—so that between their distant past and their comparatively recent resurrection we find a great break of continuity. The Roumanian race has escaped this misfortune. Both Moldavia and Wallachia ever maintained their complete autonomy until the eighteenth century, when it suffered some reduction, though not to such an extent that their national public life could ever have been regarded as extinct. Hence a very great difference in social organisation. Bulgaria and Servia are purely rural districts. The Greek colonies of the East and West have, it is true, given Greece a nucleus—but only a nucleus—of ruling classes. In Roumania, where the ruling classes dispose of great power, things are altogether different. It is clear, therefore, that our national life, which is very much akin to that of Hungary and more especially of Poland, differs much from that of Servia or Bulgaria. But, although not a Balkan State properly so-called, Roumania cannot remain indifferent to what is going on in the Balkan regions; and that, for three main reasons.

Of these reasons the first is a sentiment alone. Roumania, being precisely the only Christian state of the East which, after the Ottoman conquest, has preserved uninterrupted a national existence, has for centuries served as a shelter to the Christians of the Peninsula who sought the hospitality of her soil, there to maintain the memory of their ancient Fatherland

and eventually prepare its revival. Here it is that the Greeks of Ypsilante founded their first political associations and the Bulgarians exercised their first legions. Roumania accordingly feels a kind of moral right to claim a voice in every reorganisation of the Christian life of the Balkans, a life which is greatly her own work. This purely sentimental interest is backed by a national one.

The Roumanian inhabitants of Turkey—I estimate their number at a minimum of 500,000, but they pretend to be more numerous—are a very small quantity, not a twentieth part, in regard to the total of 4,800,000 Roumanians to be found outside the Roumanian kingdom (3,000,000 in Hungary, 1,000,000 in Russia, 200,000 in Servia, 100,000 in Bulgaria and 500,000 in Turkey), and of 10,400,000 including the kingdom. They nevertheless constitute for the future destiny of the Roumanian race a factor which it cannot afford to disregard. They are all the dearer to the Roumanians of the kingdom, because, if one considers their geographical remoteness and the manifold reasons they might put forward for preferring any other to a purely Roumanian propaganda, their Roumanophil attitude is almost a prodigy. I need hardly say that no Roumanian statesman has ever aspired to annex Macedonia or even to found there a second Roumanian State. But we Roumanians are desirous that our brethren in Macedonia should preserve their nationality, and that every new *régime* should confirm them in the one privilege they do possess, that of cultivating in full liberty their mother tongue. It is no mean comfort for us to know that our language is spoken, our literature read, and our mode of life adopted on the very shores of the Archipelago and Adriatic. Roumania will never give up this heritage unless compelled.

True, it would be easy enough to mistake the intentions of Roumania, judging from her material action. This action, started in 1864, and, reinforced after the war of 1878, has since shown itself so weak and intermittent, that at times—for instance, during the last two years—its complete cessation

seemed nothing improbable. But we may shortly expect a revival of national interest and action; the policy abandoned some two years ago will be reverted to, and all will be done to make up for lost time; much has not yet been wasted.

In concluding, we should not forget that the loss of Bessarabia—*i.e.*, of the land situated between the Dniester and the Pruth—a result largely brought about in 1812, and finally achieved in 1878, has caused Roumania to extend southward beyond the Danube, thus gaining access to the Black Sea. Owing to her acquisition of the Dobroudjé, Roumania is henceforth directly interested in all territorial changes which may eventually be wrought South of the Danube.

The men who conducted Roumanian policy in 1878 committed an unpardonable fault when they omitted to obtain from Russia, during the negotiations about Bessarabia, a well-defined Southern frontier, the Rouschiouk-Varna line. Failing this, we cannot, unless compelled by force of arms, accept without some compensation any territorial changes in the Balkan peninsula which might tend to strengthen others in a notable proportion and thereby destroy at our expense the actual balance of power.

Roumania is entitled to a voice in the matter, and she will most certainly claim it. This is an undisputed opinion for most of our politicians, whatever the friendly feelings we may entertain for our Bulgarian and Servian neighbours.

That is why Roumanian interests point to the preservation of the Turk and to a progressive amelioration of the present status, and not to a radical solution which must inevitably breed a conflict from which Roumania could not stand aloof.

As for the eventual federation, Roumania would be the very first to welcome it, seeing that to her would fall the part of *prima inter pares*.

II

BY GENERAL TZONTCHEFF¹

*(Vice-President and Military Commandant of the Central Macedonian Committee,
Sofia)*

AS you know, my friends and I are at the head of the Macedo-Andrinopolitan organisation, whose sole object is to improve the condition of the Christian population in Macedonia and in the Vilayet of Andrinople. We have weighed the various considerations which can influence our line of conduct and shall formulate our appreciation from that particular standpoint.

You ask us to state the main cause of the prevalent unrest in the Balkan peninsula. We reply without hesitation: The Ottoman administration in the European provinces of the Turkish Empire. This Turkish system of administration stirs up dissatisfaction among the Sultan's subjects, and its effects are also felt in the neighbouring regions.

Both provinces, Macedonia and the Vilayet of Andrinople, are peopled by a majority of Christians, who are related in language and religion to the Border States. The Christian population of Macedonia—that centre of discord!—embraces segments of several nations, but the preponderance of the Bulgarian element cannot be denied; indeed, that element is numerically stronger than all the others put together. Hence the warm-hearted sympathy of the Balkan peoples for their fellow countrymen who suffer under the Turkish yoke.

The Sultan's Government knows but one road to pacification (?): an increase of cruelty. The natural outcome is

¹ General Tzontcheff has been arrested and imprisoned by the Bulgarian Government since February 15 of this year.

intensified dissatisfaction among his Christian subjects and intensified sympathy among their free brethren.

Therein lies the whole secret of the prevalent unrest in the Balkan peninsula.

This unrest, however, is further aggravated by the territorial covetousness of the neighbouring States. These are all equally persuaded that Turkey is doomed to gradual dismemberment and partition, with the result that each hopes to extend its frontiers at the expense of the European provinces of Turkey, and more especially of Macedonia, which thus becomes a source of violent competition.

In order to strengthen their respective claims to inheritance, the sundry Balkan States seek support among their fellow countrymen in Macedonia, and strive to augment their influence by this agency. Even Roumania, which lies far away from the Macedonian frontiers, and can only boast in the province an insignificant number of Roumanians, is doing all within her power to maintain some kind of influence, for fear of losing her share of the eventual "plunder."

The Turkish rulers have understood what use to make of this rivalry between the various nationalities; and, relying on it rather than on their own strength, they not only leave a free hand to agitation in Macedonia, but are constantly provoking and creating them. That is why in these later days Macedonia has become the incentive to and scene of a desperate struggle between the diverse Balkan States.

The Macedonians are quite justified when they assert that, if their country is still to-day under Turkish rule, the misfortune is entirely due to their free brethren, who seek to divide instead of to assist them in obtaining their liberty.

This consideration apart, the two Powers directly interested in the Balkans take advantage of the existing rivalry between the petty States, and thereby exercise an obnoxious influence on the security of this region.

But we must not forget that to destroy the evils we must first of all eradicate the cause—the *Turkish system of adminis-*

tration. This change of administration once effected, the dissatisfaction of the Christian population of European Turkey would cease, and the Border States would see the disappearance of any incentive to territorial covetousness and rivalry. The consequence would be closer union between all the Balkan States.

Our firmest conviction, therefore, is that peace will be restored in the Balkan peninsula as soon as Macedonia, the Vilayet of Andrinople, Old Serbia and Albania have been raised into autonomous provinces under the suzerainty of the Sultan and the Protection of the Great Powers. The latter should, however, impose well-defined ethnographical and political boundaries.

Before concluding, I should like to add a word. The idea of a partition is daily gaining ground, in face of the almost insuperable difficulty which any single State would encounter in an attempt to acquire the whole of the Macedonian territory. Such a partition could but add to the disorder. Of this we are firmly persuaded, and we are accordingly working for the maintenance of Macedonian integrity. Should the need for action ever arise, you would see us fighting against the partitioners as ardently as we are now fighting against Turkish misrule.

III

BY M. P. SKATISTIVIS

(President of the Cretan Chamber of Deputies)

FROM every standpoint, whether geographical, historical, political or racial, the Island of Crete finds itself in a peculiar position, very distinct from all other Eastern lands. The cradle of the earliest Greek civilisation, it has ever been occupied by a purely Greek population. The Mussulman inhabitants of Crete, who, judging from the census conducted some two years since by eminent officials of the Italian Statistical Department, number hardly one-tenth of the entire population, are, with but few exceptions, descended from the Greeks, and in complete ignorance of the Turkish language. In fact they differ from the Christians in religious matters only, and in the practice of polygamy, that characteristic trait of the social life of the Turk.

The Cretans, who took an active share in the seven years war of Hellenic Independence (1821-28), have constantly manifested their desire for reunion with Greece by a series of insurrections; and if they have not as yet thereby fulfilled their wish, they have at least earned certain privileges which have gone far to create in Crete a state of affairs very different from that of any other province of the Ottoman Empire. A special legislative body, a special legal organisation, exemptions from certain taxes, and the recognition of Greek as the only official language, these various privileges contributed to secure for the island a sort of semi-autonomy, wherein the Turkish suzerainty asserted itself in one connection only—by the presence of a Turkish garrison. Throughout these insurrections the support of all Cretans, who, owing to age or sex, were

unable to carry arms, fell to the lot of Greece, whilst the military preparations which that country felt compelled to make in order to face any eventuality are regarded as one of the main causes of its financial deficiencies.

This it was, perhaps, that prompted Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, to abdicate in 1830 the Hellenic Crown. To explain his action he argued the neglect shown towards Crete by the Powers which had decided the creation of the kingdom.

The most recent outbreak in Crete, that of 1896, brought about the intervention of Greece, with the result that a Greek corps under Colonel Vassos was despatched to occupy the island. The outcome of this intervention was the Greco-Turkish War of 1897, during which Greek action in the island was prohibited by the Powers, anxious to separate entirely the Cretan and continental questions, and settle the former quite apart from the latter. The autonomy promised after Colonel Vassos' expedition was ultimately realised by the choice of Prince George of Greece to act for a period of three years as the High Commissioner of England, France, Russia and Italy, and by the departure of the Turkish troops.

Since that time all connection between Crete and Turkey has been severed. The Cretan organisation is carried out on the Greek pattern by Greeks or Cretans who have been instructed at Athens in the various administrative branches, and this, added to the recognition of Greek as the official language, lends to our country the aspect of a Greek province.

But the present state of things—*i.e.*, a protectorate under the four Powers and the maintenance of an international garrison in the island—are only temporary measures. What will be the definite arrangement which should remove from Europe's shoulders the care of this Eastern land? Is Crete to form a distinct principality under Turkish suzerainty, as in the case of certain Balkan regions? The first Parliament convoked after the accession of Prince George gave solemn consecration to the unanimous wish of the Cretan population

in the shape of an unanimous decree expressing to the Powers the desire for annexation by Greece. And this appears to me the only practical solution. A population of barely 300,000 like that of Crete cannot meet the outlay necessitated by the organisation of an independent State. For this assertion there is excellent proof. It is generally conceded that under the wise rule of Prince George order has been restored and justice administered with impartiality, irrespective of religious denomination. Yet, although several administrative departments are flourishing, the public revenue, which has averaged some 3,000,000 francs per annum, does not provide a centime for the construction of new ways of communication or for the improvement of natural produce; besides, when the foreign troops have left, a new burden will arise for us in the maintenance of a militia force.

I have recently been assured that annexation is generally admitted by European experts to be a necessity, but that one must needs await a favourable opportunity. This opinion is perhaps responsible for the renewal of Prince George's mandate for an indefinite period at the expiration of his tenure of three years. It seems as if the Powers feared lest difficulties similar to those raised by the Balkan States in regard to the reform projects in Macedonia would arise in the case of Crete. I shall point out, first, that the political situation of Crete, since 1898 more especially, is quite different from that of Macedonia; secondly, that the highly advantageous reforms which Turkey is about to adopt in favour of her Slav population should furnish the Powers with precisely the required opportunity.

As for adapting to Macedonia the present Cretan administration, I cannot give any technical opinion in the matter, the country not being personally known to me. But I hardly think it would be an easy task to frame a province which the Powers do not wish to separate from Turkey on the Cretan pattern. For ours is a State whose constitutional autonomy has been sanctioned in Rome by the representa-

tives of four great Powers. Apart from this consideration, I may repeat that our island is almost entirely peopled by Greeks, and the Mussulman minority, with very rare exceptions, speak the same tongue. In Macedonia, on the other hand, the Greeks number but one million out of a population of 2,500,500. The remainder are Turks, Bulgarians, Servians, Albanians, Wallachians, &c. Thus we find numerous tribes, each unacquainted with any but its own language, and between whom any true understanding is regarded as very difficult. All that can actually be hoped for is the formation of a *gendarmerie*, as in Crete, commanded by European officers foreign to any country interested in the problem. From such a corps much may be expected as regards the maintenance of order and the security of the population actually threatened by Bulgarian bands.

THE OBSTINACY OF THE ROMANOFFS

THE recent Manifesto of the Tsar of Russia, heralding reforms in home administration, has provoked a number of comments and suppositions in the daily papers, of which the general tenour is that the Tsar's belated country is going to mend its ways and make a beginning of conforming to the Western system of social life known as "Civilisation." Nicholas II. is pictured as yielding at last to the humanising influence of the "Anglo-German Tsaritsa," shaking off the baleful spell of that "grim fanatic," M. Pobedonostseff, dealing a death-blow to the Orthodox Church, and, not without fear of the consequences, "gingerly pouring new wine" into bottles that were hardly worth the formality of preservation: it is inferred that now the Doukhobors will have an easy time, and Count Tolstoi will be able to speak his mind.

This is the Western form of compliment. Not one word, however, of the manifesto itself seems to justify the belief that Nicholas is going to Westernise his country. Quite the contrary. He recalls his vow "sacredly to preserve the century-old pillars of the Russian power," and declares his intention of still following "the way indicated by the memorable deeds" of his predecessors, especially of his "never-to-be-forgotten father." Like every other public utterance and action of the Tsar, this manifesto once more makes clear that he means to give Western forms of policy no foothold in his Empire.

The new manifesto is a counterpart in home politics to what the Peace Conference manifesto was in foreign politics ; both are expressions of the Slavophil scheme of national life.

The most important historical achievement of the Russians during the nineteenth century was the awakening of the national consciousness to the fact that they were the inheritors of a civilisation different in character from that of any other nation in Europe. The thought was first put into definite shape by the Slavophiles, who generalised the history of their country in forms provided by the speculations of Schelling and Hegel. The civilisations of the West, basing their government, their political economy, and even their religion, on the conflict of individual opinions and interests, were, they held, the work of the devil. The rule of majorities was immoral, the only Christian agreement was unanimity, and the only way to achieve unanimity was by autocracy. The millennium would come when the best of all nations had perfected its civilisation and could peacefully impose it on the rest.

Alexander III. was a product of this school of thought, an intimate friend of Katkoff, Ivan Aksakoff and the younger generation of Slavophiles. His policy was of course largely shaped by the necessity of restraining the unquiet spirits which had broken loose in the last years of Alexander II. : but in every way it was consistent with the ideas of Slavophily. Alexander III. steadily unified his country—not without injustice to Finland—and assured it such a position in foreign politics that its ruler's word practically became law in Europe : while M. Pobedonostseff, in his sphere, laboured to effect such unanimity of religious thought as could be achieved by restraining the propaganda of the sectarians.

Nicholas II.'s two manifestoes might have been written by his father. The summons to the Peace Conference was a natural corollary to Alexander's foreign policy ; the present manifesto is a natural corollary to his domestic policy, the

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removal of grievances by sheer exercise of autocratic power, once the rebellious element of demand has been eliminated.

In each separate article of his manifesto Nicholas makes clear his rejection of Western methods. He means to better the condition of the artisans: but he explicitly refuses to yield an inch to the agitations organised by foreign and Jewish Socialists in the manufacturing towns. They are "designs hostile to the State, and partly engendered by doctrines foreign to Russian life," which "hinder the general work of ameliorating the well-being of the people."

The priesthood, the noblesse and the peasantry—the three pillars of the Russian system—are to be rescued from the decay into which they are falling. He is going to "improve the material position of the Orthodox clergy, while enabling them to take a larger share in intellectual and public life." The Banks are to "direct their efforts to strengthening and developing the welfare . . . of the local nobility and peasantry."

Making it easier for the peasants to rid themselves of the claim of their village on their liberty, and making the villagers individually instead of collectively responsible for the taxes, does not imply any departure from the old village community system; and, indeed, the Emperor expressly declares that "the fundamental principle of property in common is to be held inviolable." Evidently he does not mean to facilitate the drifting of the villagers into the formation of a town proletariat, but only to remove an engine of oppression from the hands of those iniquitous *mir's* which blackmail those of their members who make fortunes in the towns.

It was rumoured some ten months ago that Nicholas was meditating the introduction of a constitution modelled upon Loris Melikoff's scheme. Loris Melikoff's constitution is the one approved by Alexander II., and set aside when he was assassinated. By that scheme the Senate was to be empowered to send exploring parties into the provinces to ascertain the needs of the population; the results of their inquiries were to be digested by committees in St. Petersburg. Having seen

the reports of the committees, the Emperor was to outline laws, which were to be submitted to a House consisting of Government nominees and deputies elected by the Zemstvos. The Minister whose department was chiefly affected was to report, through the Council of Ministers, to the Emperor on the results arrived at by the House; and the Emperor was then to legislate in the light of the accumulated wisdom of all these bodies.

The new manifesto sets last year's rumour at rest. The Emperor has partly adopted and partly rejected the Loris Melikoff system. It is nearly all here, except the House, which was a poor attempt to translate Western institutions into terms of Russian life.

"We command our Ministers and the chief officials concerned in this matter," says Nicholas, "to submit to us their views as to the execution of our intentions." We now hear that a commission of representative men is sitting in St. Petersburg under the presidency of Von Plehve to elaborate the Emperor's schemes. But he has no intention of letting his subjects advise him until their advice is asked for. Two or three years ago he administered a sharp rebuke to one of the provincial Zemstvos which offered its advice on the affairs of the country; and now he reminds them once more of the limitation of their sphere, expressing his confidence that "all will loyally discharge their *local* duties." "The work marked out *by us* for the revision of the laws of the rural population is, *when carried out*, to be referred to the Provincial Councils, to be adapted to the special conditions of the localities concerned."

It is a Romanoff policy pure and simple; progress, but progress on Russian lines; a scheme of Alexander II.'s time adapted to the spirit of Alexander III.'s.

It is natural enough to thank heaven that we are Britishers; but it is wholesome at times to try and realise that there are other civilisations in the world, and that in their poor way, and for the poor folk that are born into them, they have a *raison*

d'être. It is unjust to picture the Tsar as a benighted Oriental potentate, scion of a house of tyrants, waking at last from Asiatic sloth, as he listens to his German Scheherazade telling him what is being done in the Western world. The Romanoffs have seen and rejected our civilisation since Romanoffs were. They have borrowed our mechanical arts, but never our social order.

Our civilisation is endeared to us by its history; is it not possible that the civilisation of the Russians is endeared to some few of them in the same way?

For romance, their tales of the old Cossacks and the wars with Poles and Swedes and Turks may worthily compare, I think, with anything that can be told about Magna Charta and the Reform Bills.

The *Daily News* looks hopefully forward to the day when Russia shall "add one more to the great progressive nations of the world." This cannot fail to be encouraging to a beginner. But are the Russians not progressive? To have sprung from obscurity in two or three generations and reached a high place in commerce, manufacture, literature and music—is that not a sign of progress?

At home we never tire of abusing the faults of our civilisation: the evils of our political system, the power of "the Trade" in "the House," slums, public-houses, advertisements, irreligion, trusts, the depravity of literature, the licence of the press—all these are the stock-in-trade of our popular preachers and our satirists. These things are not civilisation, but they are undoubtedly the usual accompaniments of *our* form of civilisation.

Yet when we are brought face to face with another form of civilisation deliberately framed to avoid these evils, we maintain that these evils are Progress itself; that Russia has prevented the accumulation of a slum-proletariat through "backwardness," that the endeavour to maintain a national Church is "intolerance," that the bridling of the press is "tyranny."

English opinion of Russia is educated chiefly by exiled revolutionaries, yet it might be surmised that many Russians actually approve of the system under which they live.

Is our Parliamentary system so perfect a reflection of justice that no better system could be conceived? It is not even representative: in each constituency there is a large minority, the unsuccessful party, which has no representative in Parliament at all. The idea is abhorrent to the Russian creed of justice. It is the fundamental idea of autocracy that the Emperor sits for minority as well as majority, and for the Country as well, a constituent not represented in our Parliament.

Neither system is perfect in its working; but theoretically there is much to be said for the autocratic system. Granted autocracy, the censorship of the press, religious "intolerance," and many other things follow as a matter of course. If the public is not to decide the questions which concern it, they must not be discussed *coram publico*. If the policy of the State rests upon a religious basis it cannot allow its subjects to be drawn away from the religion on which it is based.

Tolerance is a good virtue in Pagans and in Protestants: individual judgment is the essence of Protestantism. Tolerance in a religion based on tradition and authority is a crime allied to heresy: we must not expect it of Moslems, Roman Catholics, or Orthodox, except in so far as intolerance is evidently useless. The Russians have always been tolerant to Polish Catholics and Tartar Mohammedans. Now they are going to extend their lenience to others: but hardly to the Doukhobors. The law enjoins military service, and they refuse to obey the law: in all probability the Doukhobors will continue to be "persecuted for their religion," just as the Peculiar People are "persecuted for their religion" in England.

Russia and the West aim at the same end in their evolution: they approach it from different directions. We proceed from chaos by the way of elimination: the Russians proceed from rigour by the way of gradual relaxation. The Russians

THE OBSTINACY OF THE ROMANOFFS 91

love liberty as much as ourselves—serfdom was an Anglo-Saxon institution imposed upon Russia by a usurper, and abolished a few years before the Anglo-Saxons gave up keeping slaves—but one cannot have everything.

The faults and failures of the Russian system are patent and distressing; its liabilities to abuse are infinite; all the heroism of the country is against it; all our personal sympathies are against it; our sense of personal dignity revolts from it. This is less a plea for admiration of the system than an endeavour to explain how it may justify itself to its upholders: partly it is a protest against a habit of gauging every foreign civilisation by an inapplicable British scale of "progress."

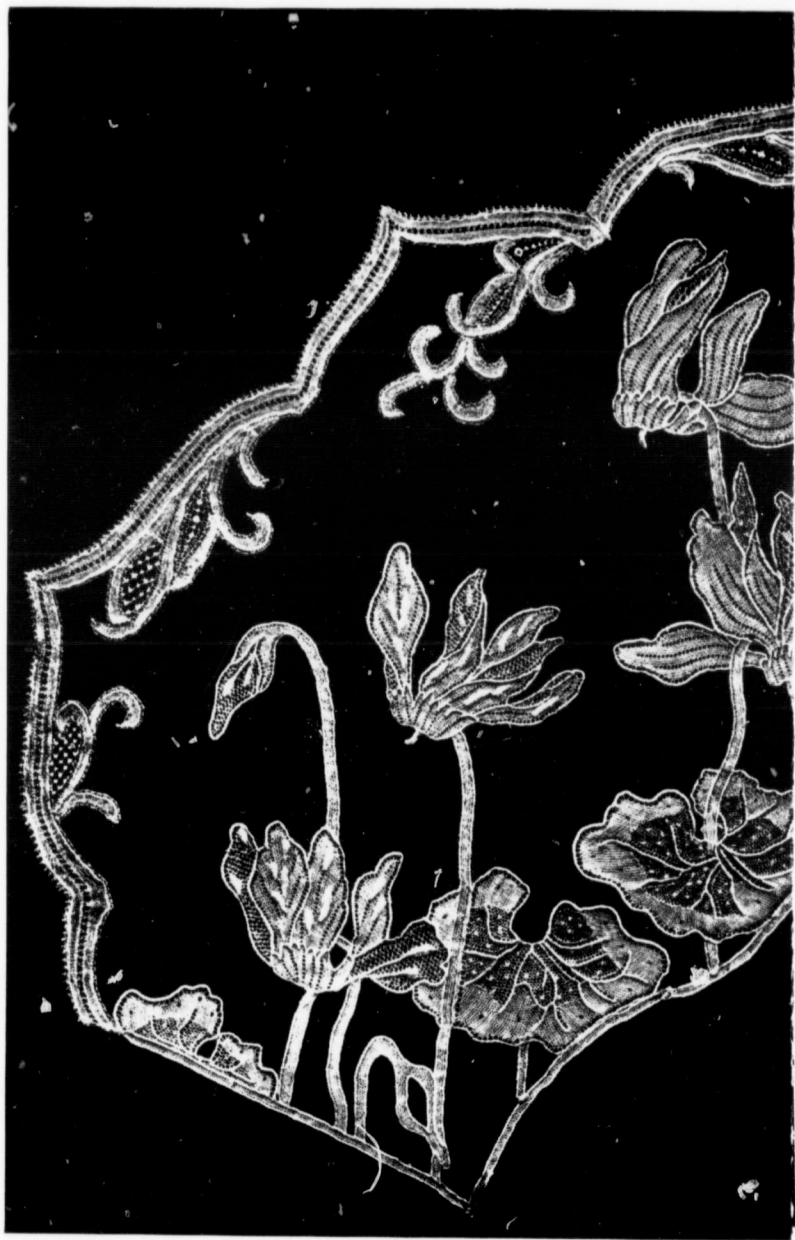
GEORGE CALDERON.

THE LACE INDUSTRY

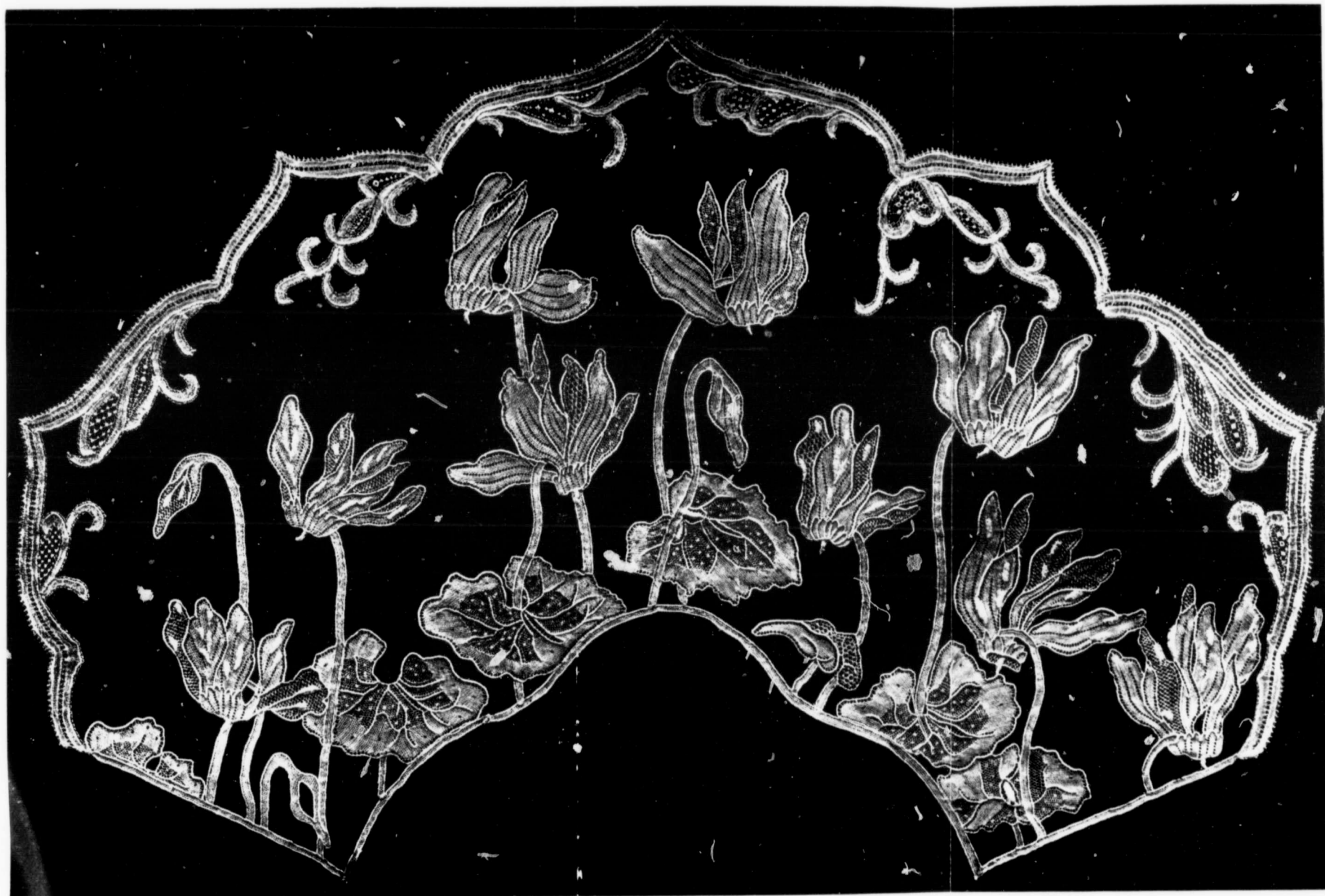
THE Belgian Ministry of Industry and Labour has, for some time past, been issuing a series of Reports upon home work in that country. The fourth of these, prepared by Dr. Pierre Verhaegen, deals with lace-making, and is particularly interesting. It is copiously and beautifully illustrated, contains much curious detail, and gives a picture of industrial conditions not only interesting in themselves but full of instruction and of warning.

As to the antiquity of lace—a subject upon which the paucity of positive evidence leaves room for the widest diversity of opinion—Dr. Verhaegen prudently confines himself to observing that no documents dating from before the fifteenth century are known which conclusively prove the existence of lace. In England the word appears for the first time in the Coronation expenses of Richard III. in 1483. Within a century from that date, lace had become a customary part of the dress of royal and noble persons. Henry III. of France, if tradition may be believed, was so anxious about the perfection of his lace ruffs that he himself, upon occasion, “got them up” with crimping irons.

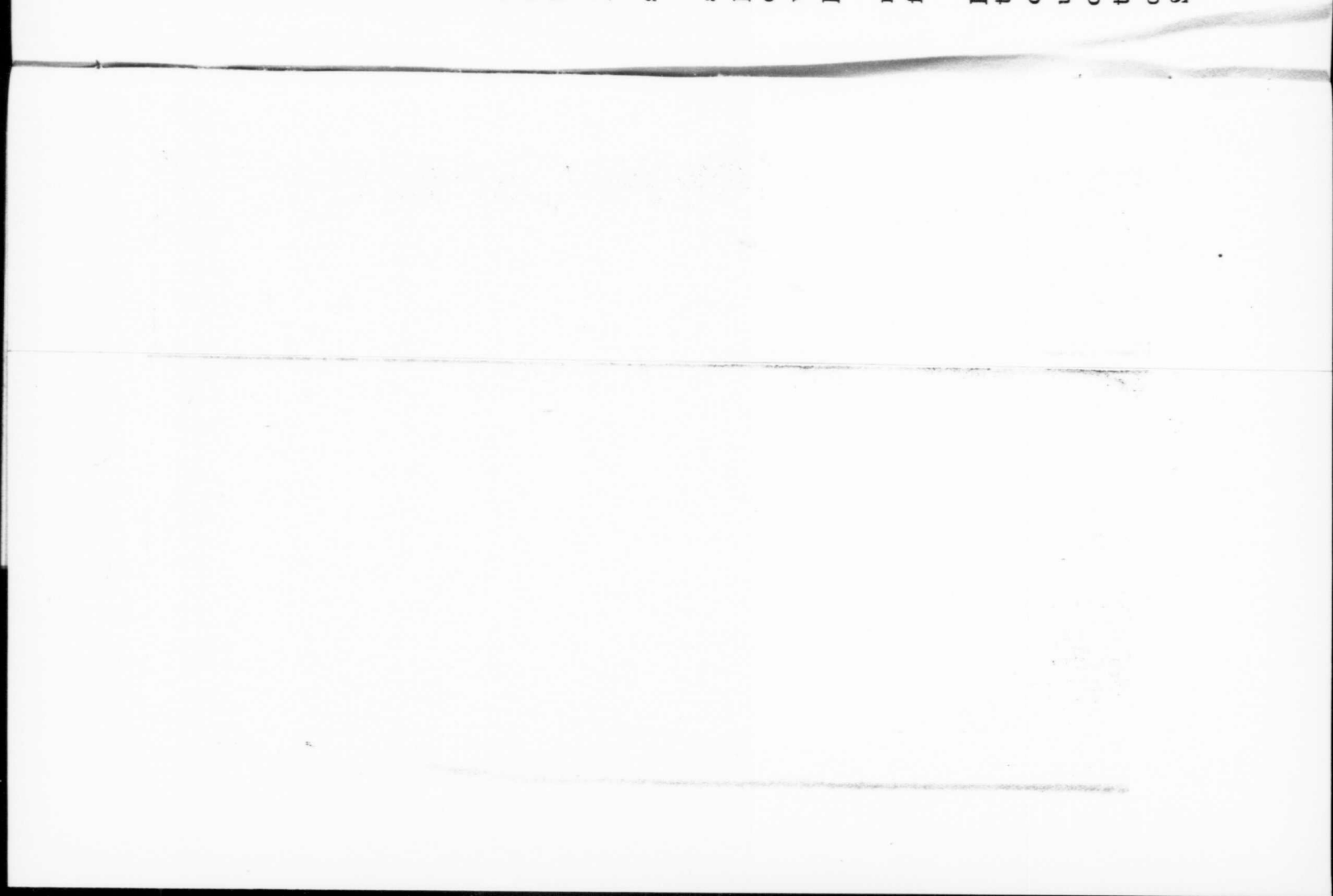
By the close of the fifteenth century lace-making was practised, probably to a considerable extent, in the Netherlands, and the Emperor Charles V. ordered it to be taught in schools and convents. His son, Philip II., however, took a different view, and, on account of the difficulty of getting



Fan in Brussels Application ; needle made (;



Fan in Brussels Application : needle made ($\frac{2}{3}$ of real size), designed by Dr. Verlaegen ; made by Messrs. Minne-Dansaert



THE LACE INDUSTRY

domestic servants, forbade the "making or causing to be made of any works with bobbins," except by little girls under twelve. Happily the decree seems to have been ineffectual, and the industry remained, on the whole, a prosperous one until the French Revolution disturbed, among many greater things, the market for laces. With the Napoleonic period lace began to revive, but received a great blow in 1819, when machine-made net was invented. By-and-by, however, the lace trade allied itself with this new enemy, and machine-net was employed as a groundwork for some laces of which the grounds had previously been laboriously woven with the needle or with bobbins. The rate of manufacture of such laces was, of course, greatly quickened, and the price correspondingly reduced, while, machine-net having been brought to great perfection, the beauty and durability of the lace is but little diminished. In 1837 the Jacquard loom rendered possible the imitation of Valenciennes and some other kinds, and the trade in real lace suffered enormously.

About 1840 a wave of extreme poverty passed over East and West Flanders. Then, as a means of help, charitable people began to think of reviving the lace industry; many convents established lace schools in which the best traditions were maintained, and Belgium was brought by degrees to its present position as the first lace-making country of the world.

Lace-making has always been divided into two branches: needle-lace and bobbin-lace, and both kinds are largely manufactured in Belgium.

In the manufacture of needle-lace, the first step is the preparation of a pattern representing some small separate portion of the whole design. The outline is marked in white dots on a blue paper, and the worker begins by tacking this paper upon a backing of linen or calico. Next, taking together four or five threads, and treating them as a single thread, she tacks this down with fine stitches all along the outline. This process concluded, she proceeds to the real making of the lace. Since only a tiny portion can be done at a time, and since the

most delicate cleanness is demanded, the pattern is generally protected at this stage by a bit of *toile cirée*, having only a small hole through which the part in hand is left exposed. Stitches of extraordinary fineness now fill in the outlines; the solidity of the thicker parts (called *mat*) varies, and the delicate openwork (the *jours*) is generally put in by a special worker (a *foneuse*). The *mat* being all finished, a coarser thread is very finely and closely button-holed over the outlines, the original tackings that held the first tracing of thread to the pattern are cut, and the piece is ready to receive its *jours*, and then to be either "applied" or joined to other pieces.

Among needle-laces Brussels point, or *point de gaze*, is perhaps the most widely known, and is one of the most expensive. Its special characteristic is a fine net ground, made by the needle. Its beauty depends partly upon the regularity of this net, partly upon the delicacy of the *jours*, and very much upon the goodness of the design. Some modern Brussels point is as good as the very best old work; but much of it is poor in design and in execution, the net coarse and ill-joined to the flowers, the flowers irregular, and the outlining thread carelessly oversewn. Brussels point is, roughly speaking, no longer made in Brussels, but is almost invariably produced in various country districts, especially in East Flanders, by home workers or by workers in convent schools. Only in the tourist season are lace-makers put to work by way of advertisement in temporary workrooms belonging generally to retail shops and open to the inspection of visitors.

Brussels application consists of similar flowers "applied" upon net, and the net now used is always machine-made; the applied pieces themselves being either needle-made or bobbin-made. This lace has been greatly improved of late years, and some of the designs reproduced in this Report are equally beautiful and original. The process of sewing the pieces upon the net is called *stricage*, and is performed, upon a large frame of the whole width of the net, by a worker called a *striqueuse*.

Venice point and rose point, those most beautiful and



Point de Barano; made in the School at Barano

costly of heavier laces, are also made in Belgium, and are there brought to a higher degree of perfection than in any part of their original country. In *point de Burano*, however, a finer lace made, like Venice point and rose point, of linen thread, but having a net ground very much like that of Brussels, the Belgian manufacture remains inferior to that of the school of Burano.

The maker of bobbin-lace, unlike the needle-worker, needs a certain outfit. A cushion or pillow, well stuffed and generally mounted on a stand, is the first requisite. Within or behind the cushion is a drawer to contain the completed portion of the lace. The bobbins are little wooden implements of which the upper part forms an elongated reel, the lower part a handle. Those generally used are made of deal or of oak and cost from 16 to 24 centimes a dozen. In boxwood they cost 2.40 fr. a dozen, and in rosewood 3 fr., but bobbins of this sort are employed only by the many ladies who, in Belgium, make lace for their own pleasure. The number of bobbins required for different laces varies, according to the width and the complexity of the pattern, from four to 1200 and even more. The central principle, in all cases, is the use of pins around which the threads are passed, and by which they are held in place until they have been firmly woven together in the required design. A pattern on green parchment or blue paper, pricked at the point where each pin is to be inserted, is provided, and if the lace is complicated, or if the worker is making it for the first time, a piece of lace is given her as a model.

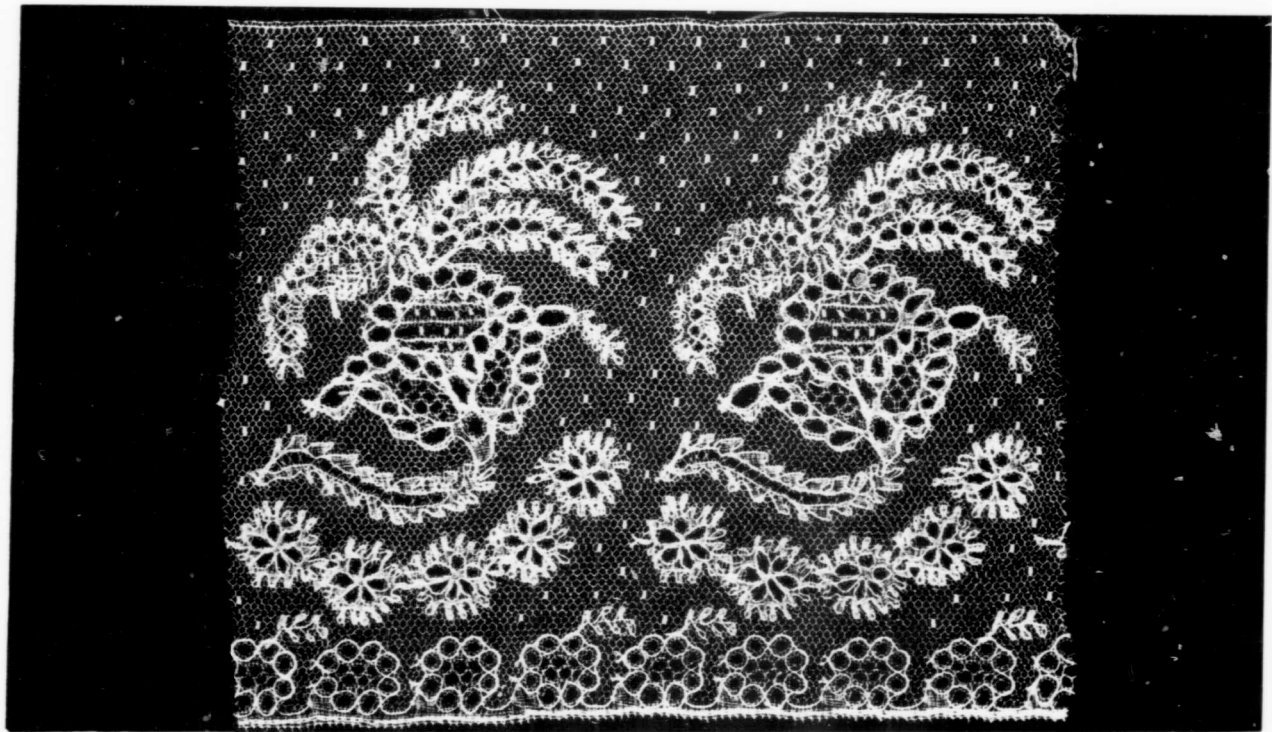
Bobbin-laces are of two kinds: (1) Those which are made in comparatively small separate pieces, afterwards sewn together (as in the coarser Bruges laces); applied on net (as Brussels application); or connected by a needle-worked ground (as *point d'Angleterre*). (2) Those which have a ground of net woven at the same time as the figures of the pattern and with the same threads (for example, Valenciennes, Chantilly and Mechlin laces). These are generally edgings, insertions or

flouncings, are made by the same worker throughout, and have the same threads running through their whole length.

Laces of the first class require comparatively few bobbins—generally 12 to 14; those of the second, if wide and complicated, require so large a number that long pins are employed to divide the bobbins into groups, and keep them out of the worker's way, so many only being left free at a time as are needed for some particular part of the work. The pins again are differently used; in laces of the first kind, they mark the outlines, and the outlines only, are pressed well home, and remain in place until the piece is finished; in such laces the movements of the threads between are few and simple. In the net-ground laces, on the other hand, pins have to be placed at many interior points, from which they are removed to be set further on as the lace advances; and the movements of the threads between these lightly planted pins are excessively varied and complicated.

Bobbin-laces are naturally more exposed than needle-laces to imitation, and the demand for imitations has seriously injured the manufacture of Valenciennes and Chantilly. The French imitation Chantilly, indeed, comes very near, both in appearance and durability, to the real lace. Torchon, too, a lace of a poor sort, at best, can be made by machinery practically as well as by hand. That it should continue to be made by hand is therefore neither desirable nor profitable. Yet no bobbin-lace is more widely manufactured—or worse paid.

The demand for real Valenciennes has greatly diminished since about 1860, and though it is still largely made, the workers are so ill paid that many have given up the work. In these days Valenciennes is chiefly employed for trimming under-linen, French ladies, in particular, preferring a little edging of real to a more elaborate decoration of imitation lace. This use naturally leads to the manufacture rather of narrow than of wide laces, and the handsome wide Valenciennes would perhaps hardly be made at all were it not for the existence of a special market among the peasant women of Normandy and



Point de Lille; made for the caps of Dutch peasant women

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of Arles, who use such lace for their caps. Fashion, however, is slowly but surely superseding this charming form of head-gear, and the younger lace-makers seldom or never learn the wider and better designs, but content themselves with producing narrow insertions and edgings, poor both in pattern and in workmanship.

The old *point de Flandre* or *trolle-kant*, and its delicate variety, *dentelle de Binche*, have almost fallen out of use, the *trolle-kant* living on in a coarser kind used for furnishing purposes, and Binche lace having been superseded in its native place by Brussels application and by shoemaking and clothing industries.

Mechlin lace, that most costly, most delicate and most characteristic of bobbin-laces, seems to be on the eve of extinction. It has not, for many years past, been very fashionable; the apprenticeship required is long, and the dealers sadly lacking in enterprise. School after school has ceased to teach it. In Malines itself, where 150 years ago every woman made lace, only 15 old women remain, and these are engaged upon narrow ill-made laces, for which they receive but a few centimes. At Turnhout, about 800 women still make Mechlin lace, but fine pieces are seldom produced and only three workers are left who are capable of making out new patterns. The appendix of the Report tells us that a school has just been founded for the teaching of this lace at Malines, its original home. Perhaps there may still be time to save this beautiful manufacture from disappearing entirely, but a few years hence it will be too late.

Point de Lille is at its best, so similar to Mechlin that it is sold as such in France. The essential difference lies in the net ground, which in Mechlin is produced without the help of pins, by the mere play of the bobbins, and in Lille, as in most other laces, by the twisting of the threads round pins; and the two can be distinguished by the fact that, in Mechlin, the meshes run parallel with the selvedge and, in Lille, the other way. Lille lace, though not so seriously threatened as Mechlin,

will lose its best customers when the Dutch peasant women give up wearing their pretty national caps. Some of the designs in wide lace for this purpose are remarkably good.

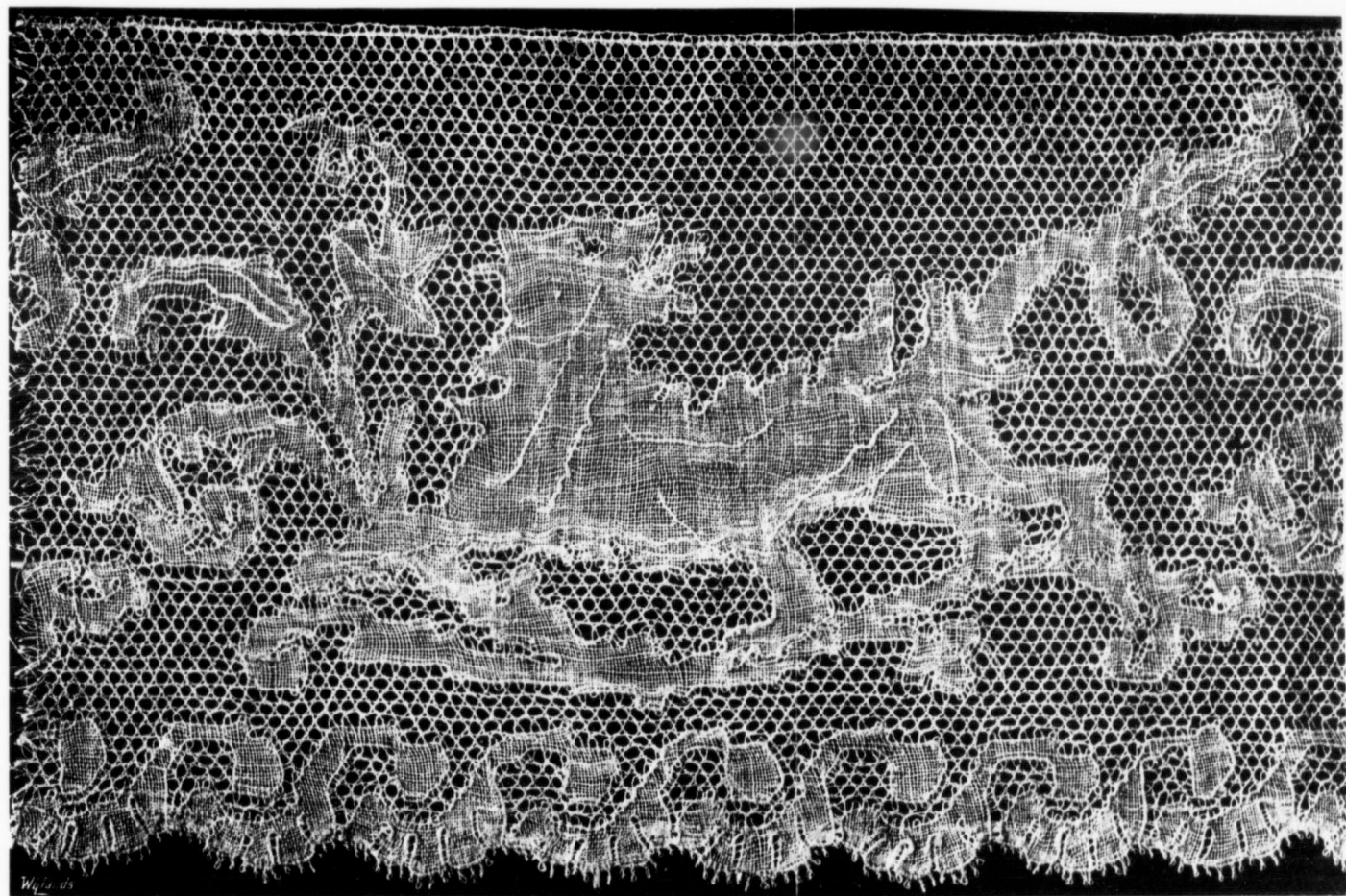
Chantilly, originally a French lace, was first made about 1740 in the town from which it takes its name; but the Revolution, regarding it as an aristocratic product, condemned merchants and makers alike to the guillotine, and although the manufacture was resumed when the storm had passed, the trade was by-and-by removed to Caen and Bayeux in France, and to Grammont in Belgium, and in these new homes attained to greater perfection than before. About 1870, however, a change of fashion caused this lace to fall out of demand, and although of late years the fashion for Chantilly has revived a little, the trade has never really recovered, and the singular excellence of the imitations now made in France seems to render unlikely any very great development of real Chantilly in the future.

Point de Paris, with its peculiar net ground, easy to recognise but not very easy to describe, is still made in considerable quantities, though seldom of very good quality. M. Antoine Carlier, however, has caused some excellent designs to be worked for him in this lace, both in white cotton and in black silk. One of his laces is here reproduced.

Point d'Angleterre and bobbin-made Brussels application, laces which differ only in their grounds, still command a certain sale and the latter, like the needle-made application, has been enormously improved of late years. Some admirable designs made in the convent of Lierdekerke appear in the Report, one of which is reprinted here. Poorer specimens, however, are much manufactured, and machine-made pieces are often put into cheap laces sold as "real Brussels lace."

Point d'Angleterre, in spite of its name, would seem never to have been really an English lace. The English Government in 1662 prohibited the importation of foreign laces, but the manufacturers of this country, not succeeding in producing a substitute of sufficiently good quality, took to smuggling





Point de Paris; made for M. A. Carlier

in Belgian laces under the name of English point. The extent of this smuggling may be guessed from the cargo of a vessel taken by the French on its way to England, and containing nearly 745 ells of lace, besides collars, kerchiefs, aprons, fans, petticoats and gloves trimmed with *point d'Angleterre*.

The name of *guipure* is applied to two very different sorts of lace, one much akin to torchon (the laces known as Cluny and Maltese, for example) and the other made in separate pieces and resembling a coarse Brussels application. This second class includes *guipure de Flandre*, Milan point, Bruges lace and Duchess lace. The English language has never recognised the imaginary distinction between guipures and other laces, and generally accepts "guipure" in what was probably its oldest meaning, *i.e.*, a trimming of braid made into a pattern before being sewn on. A *guipure de Flandre* used to be made both with the needle and with bobbins. The former has died out entirely, but the latter was recovered in 1848 by Mlle. Marie van Outryve d'Ydewalle, who having obtained permission to copy the old lace upon an alb, tried and tried until she succeeded in reproducing it. She taught a clever worker who, in turn, taught the nuns of Ruddervoorde. Mlle. d'Ydewalle superintended the new undertaking, prepared designs and pricked out patterns. The lace was brought before the public at the great exhibition in London in 1851, became fashionable, and is now largely made in Eastern Flanders. This is the lace which, under the names of Flemish lace, Flanders lace or *point de Flandre*, has been of late, and indeed is still, so excessively fashionable in this country. It is comparatively cheap, very effective, easily made, and not trying to the eyesight of the workers. Unfortunately, manufacturers are apt to insert machine-made pieces; sometimes all the thicker portions will be made of machine-made lacet. Renaissance and Luxeuil laces (so largely sold in England at the present moment) are entirely made of such lacet, with or without intervening patterns in needle work, and Dr. Verhaegen does

not admit their right to rank as laces at all. These, indeed, would seem to be guipures in the English sense of the word.

Duchess lace was originally a delicate variety of *guipure de Flandre*, and has gradually been brought to high perfection; a coarser kind, known as *duchesse de Bruges* is largely made and in great demand. Bruges lace, properly so called, is distinguished from "Bruges duchess" by an almost entire absence of straps, the ornaments in Bruges lace touching each other at various points and being sewn together. This lace, again, which is by no means expensive, has been enormously sold of late in England.

Besides what may be called pure-bred laces, there exist mixed laces; duchess, for instance, often has needle-made open-work; and a bobbin-made edging often borders a needle-made Brussels application. New varieties, too, which cannot be exactly ranged under any existing heading are made from time to time. Some manufacturers introduce gold or silver threads into duchess laces, and others, going further still, have made laces in coloured silks. The frontispiece of the Report shows a fan made in threads of gold, of red, white and two shades of green silk. At Courselle-sur-Mer in the north of France the manufacture of coloured laces has been seriously undertaken and M. Fernand Engerand, writing in the *Musée social*, describes these laces with enthusiasm, points out the difficulty of imitating them by machinery and hopes great things from their development. Dr. Verhaegen takes a less sanguine view. The fashion for such fancy laces, he says, is almost certain to be ephemeral, the women who have taken up their manufacture find a difficulty in returning to the more stable kinds and the passing mode for the fancy lace results in a diminution of the manufacture of lace altogether.

Embroidered net, which is of course a very different product from lace, though English purchasers seldom observe the distinction, has of late years become an important article of commerce and occupies many hands in Belgium. There

are three main kinds, made respectively with the needle, the crochet-hook and the machine.

Needle-embroidered net is made only in small pieces, is but little manufactured, and is employed for hardly anything except the caps of Dutch peasant-women.

Crochet embroidery is done upon a frame, the design being first traced in colour upon the net; the thread is held along the lines of the pattern with the left hand and worked into the net by means of the hook held in the right. This embroidery is easily learned, quickly executed and not fatiguing to the eyes. Its appearance is good, it lasts well and is not expensive. A large proportion of what English buyers and sellers call "lace ties" are made of it and are decidedly preferable both in appearance and durability to machine imitations of lace. Embroidery with spangles, or as fashion chooses in these days to call them, sequins, has, for some years now, employed a good many hands who were formerly engaged in bead embroidery. The threading of the little shining disks is chiefly done by boys. In this country sequin-patterned dresses are already falling in the scale of fashion and the demand has probably already begun to decline.

Embroidery with a machine looks very much like crochet embroidery and is sometimes sold as such, but is far inferior in durability, and does not, to quote Dr. Verhaegen, "survive three washings." It pours from the machine with incredible rapidity and is correspondingly cheap.

By far the greater number of women engaged in the manufacture of these various kinds of lace-work in their own homes. Some unmarried women and a great many learners follow their trade in the workrooms of convents and a certain proportion of specialised workers—*patronneuses* (who weave the first piece of lace from a new design and prepare a pattern from which other women can work), *piqueuses* (who prick out the patterns), *striqueuses* (who apply laces upon net), *monteuses* (who put together laces not applied), and *foneuses* (who put in the *jours* or open-work parts of needle-lace) work upon the premises of

the lace-merchant. Embroidery on net, indeed, is often carried on in workrooms, and these are said to be very unhealthy, partly because they are overcrowded, and partly because they are heated by charcoal foot-warmers and by a bad kind of closed stove.

A kind of workroom to be found in large towns during the tourist season is a part rather of advertisement than of manufacture. To these workrooms, which are generally adjuncts of a retail shop, the tourist is attracted by various devices; "touts" hang about their doors, and a notice in the shop window offers free admission. Within the workroom to which he is introduced by a voluble saleswoman, he beholds four or five women in wide-winged Flemish caps, working at as many different kinds of lace. Astounding information is poured into his ignorant ears as to the cost of material and the great length of time employed and he is led back to the shop, there to purchase at an exorbitant price a piece of lace which is apt to be very ordinary and of which he fondly believes that he has seen the maker at work. In the "off-season" these workrooms cease to exist and the women return to their homes.

At home, the lace-maker sits under her one window, either alone or with a similarly employed daughter or sister. In the evening, she works by lamplight, a round bottle filled with water being placed before the lamp in order to throw the light upon her work. Sometimes a few drops of sulphuric acid are added, to give a blue tone to the water and render the light less dazzling to the eyes. If two or three neighbours assemble to work together of an evening, each brings her water-bottle, and they sit in a circle round the lamp. The lace-maker is generally clean and seldom ragged, her sedentary occupation not wearing out her clothes. The occupation is not considered by doctors to be unhealthy, provided that the hours worked are not too long, particularly during the years of early youth, and that some exercise is taken. Where the dwelling-place is healthy and the light good, the sight does not appear to suffer very

much. The usual working day is about twelve hours, but many women work thirteen or fourteen, pausing merely to snatch a hasty meal. They freshen themselves by two stimulants, snuff, and the "traditional cup of coffee taken at the close of daylight, and pretty frequently accompanied by a quarter of an hour's rest." While in some towns the housing is fairly good, in others it is terrible. At St. Trond, for example, the lace-makers inhabit a separate quarter called by the significant name of *Enfer*, and containing all the horrors of the worst city slums. At Bruges some of the old streets are full of lace-makers and in warm weather the click of bobbins sounds continually from open doors and windows. Many lace-makers, too, inhabit the *Godshuizen*. These almshouses for old people date back to the close of the seventeenth century, were founded by rich citizens of Bruges, and consist of separate dwellings with a common court. Some of them belonged to corporations or to guilds. Some admit old couples; some, old men; and some, old women, and many of the inhabitants continue to follow light trades. The photograph, belonging to M. Joseph Casier, which is here reproduced, shows a *Godshuiz* with two women sitting at work, according to the very frequent custom of lace-makers, in the open air.

In former times lace-makers in Belgium—and very probably elsewhere—used to sing together at their work. The Duke in "Twelfth Night" says of a song that:

the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it.

The bones were sheep's feet used as bobbins.

In a few places the custom of singing still lingers and old songs dating back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are still to be heard. Their lines and stanzas have been lengthened or shortened, often with little regard to the sense, in order to make them mark the different processes of the work. A pin is placed with the word "one," and by the time the first verse is ended, the work is ready for this pin, or another, to be

planted in the next place at the word "two." The songs pass from generation to generation and are supposed never to have been written down. One of them, in twenty-two verses, is given as a specimen in this Report, together with its air and a French translation. It begins with a pleonasm of a singularly English kind :

There once was a child, and a little child,
A child of seven years,

and goes on to tell a grisly tale of how this little child, entered the king's rabbit-warren, shot the finest of the king's rabbits with his little bow and arrow, and was imprisoned by "the lords of the town" in an iron tower, where he was fettered hand and foot. The father offers to "Messire du gentil chateau" the lives of "my seven young brothers" in exchange.

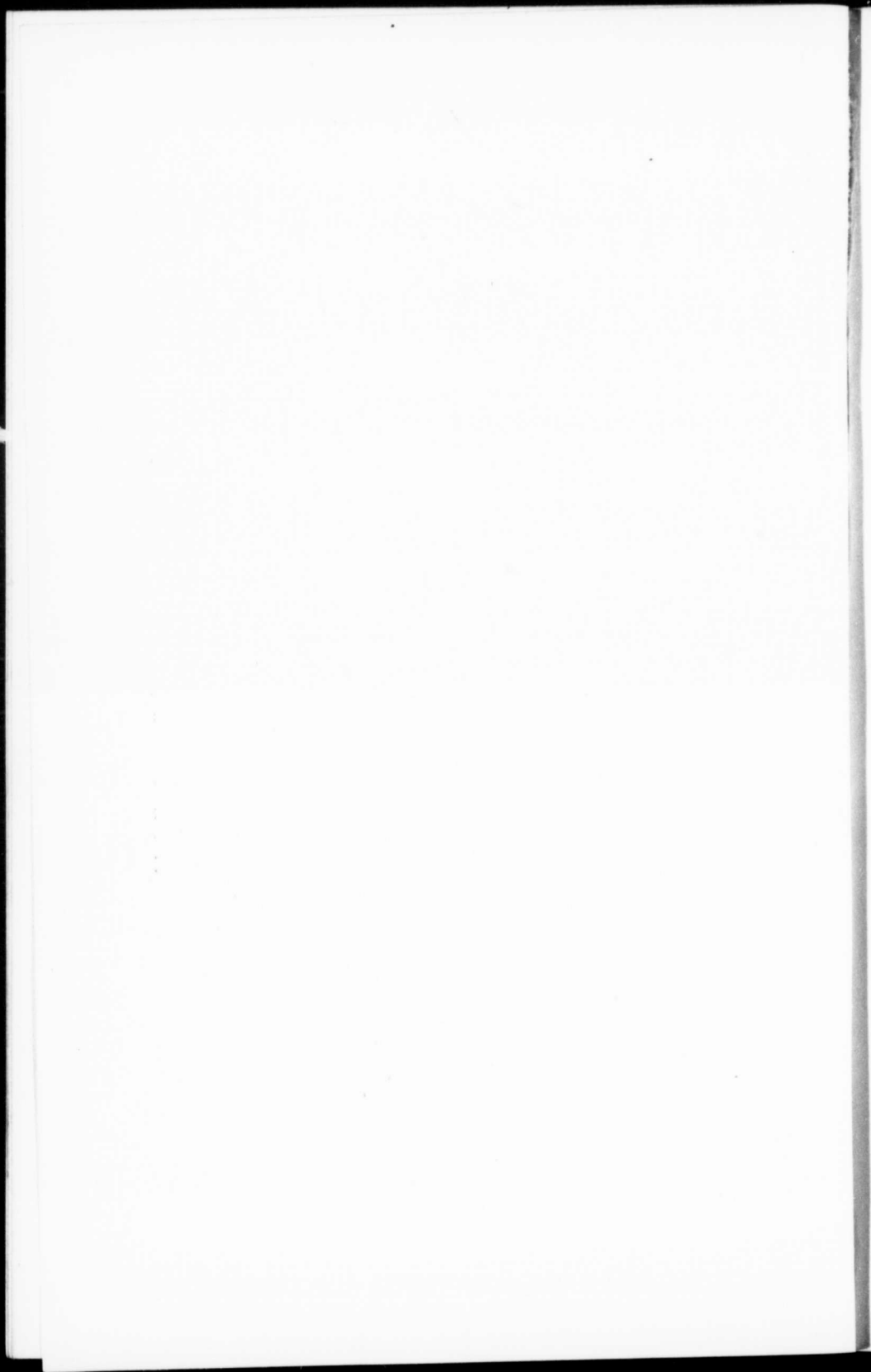
Thy seven young brothers I desire not
The first three are but monks,
And the four others are fine young men
Who bear the arms of the king
Yes, the arms of the king.

Seven young sisters having been refused on similar grounds gold "red and fine" is proffered. The gold is accepted, but the child is not given up in return; he is taken out to be hanged from the highest tree in the warren. His ascension of the ladder, his successive addresses to his father, his mother, his brother, his sister, and the Virgin, and his final decapitation are told in the most harrowing detail. The next verse—the 19th—is a warning to "Messire" to keep his door close shut; the 20th, 21st and 22nd narrate how Messire was found next morning with his head cleft in twain, how two "duivels" came to carry away his soul, and two "engels" that of the murdered child. The very theme of this feudal tragedy seems to mark its antiquity and one can but hope that M. Bleyau, who obtained it from an old woman of Ypres, will endeavour to preserve more of these songs before they completely die out.

Few lace-makers are in direct communication with wholesale



The "Godshuis Meulenaere" at Bruges (*Photograph by M. Joseph Casier*)



houses. With the exception of those who work in convents, they almost always supply their handiwork to, and receive their payment from, an agent, who either himself takes orders and designs from one or more wholesale houses, or buys a stock on his own account, and sells to merchants, shops, or retail customers. This middleman (or more often, middlewoman) distributes the work, the women coming to him, tells them what they will be paid, and supplies them with thread, for which he will deduct from their wages a price generally considerably higher than that which he has paid. Payment is by the piece; but advances are frequently given. The work being finished, is brought in to the agent, who, if he is satisfied, pays for it. If he considers it ill made, if it is greyish or yellowish in colour he will refuse it, or more probably take it at a reduced price, well knowing that he can dispose of it. Some agents fine the worker for delay, after having deliberately set her too short a time; but generally no time is fixed for delivery, the need of the women spurring them on to work as quickly as they possibly can. Some agents are shopkeepers and practically compel the workers to take payment in kind. Of course the usual abuses of the truck system arise and the women are charged at exorbitant rates for inferior goods. In one particularly oppressive case the workers complained anonymously to the "procureur du roi" at Termonde; the agents were prosecuted and convicted; but the law continues to be broken in spirit if not in the letter; the women receive their money, but dare not spend it elsewhere than in the shops of the agents. One agent actually pays a convent in credit notes upon his own grocery shop.

Those agents who work for several wholesale houses will sometimes sell to one house the designs of a rival, which they obtain by entering for a time into the service of the latter, or by getting into touch with its agents, who, too often, lend themselves willingly to this sort of fraud.

Some agents, again, do not stay at home, but make regular rounds, receiving and giving out work at an inn; and yet

others, who approximate to the status of pedlars, and who deal generally in the poorer sorts of bobbin-lace, go round to the houses of the women, cut off the work done, pay for it, and go their way. Sometimes an agent of this class finds his harvest snatched away by a competing dealer who bids a trifle higher; and the whole village of Harlebeke was once thrown into agitation by the appearance of an agent who offered sixty-two instead of sixty centimes for an ell of Valenciennes.

The influence of the agents upon the trade and upon the condition of the workers is almost entirely detrimental; and cannot better be summed up than in the words of the Report: "We believe that in the lace trade as at present organised, the agent is an indispensable part of the machinery. The apathy of the manufacturers, the lack of initiative among the workers and the requirements of the manufacture combine to render him a necessity. And yet his elimination, or at the very least, the weakening of his part in the business ought to be the aim towards which all persons should direct their efforts who have at heart the interests of the industry. The agent injures the manufacturer by taking his designs and his customers. He oppresses the worker in every possible way and pays her a starvation wage, in consequence of which the working hands in the trade tend to diminish, while he and his kind increase and multiply. Finally he injures the standard of manufacture by promoting the manufacture of common articles, and doing almost nothing to encourage the technical skill of those who work for him."

The expression "a starvation wage" is but too justly applied. Of the 386 workers whose cases are enumerated, with some degree of detail, in the second volume of the Report only ninety receive as much as one franc a day; and, of these ninety, one alone earns three francs. Among the others, twenty-five are paid 1 franc; thirty-two, from 1.0 to 1.50; twenty-five, from 1.0 to 2.0; and only seven 2 francs. The agents, on the other hand, almost always become rich.

There is perhaps no other industry in which so great a pro-



A Lacemaker of Turnhout, making a Mantilla in Black Silk Blonde.



portion of the total value is imparted by labour. The plant is inexpensive, the raw material disproportionately cheap, the cost of storage and transit singularly small, and the finished product not liable to deterioration. The whole value of real lace lies in the design and in the workmanship, and this latter demands in the higher branches great skill and long training. In all equity, therefore, the worker should receive a large share of the profits that do undoubtedly accrue. The retail price is not low, and the demand, though limited, seems, for the best kinds of lace, to be steady and permanent. Here, even more conspicuously than in most cases, the problem is evidently one of organisation and distribution; and the part played by the convents, by one or two enlightened manufacturers and various ladies would seem to point out the lines of reform.

The first and great virtue of the convents is that they give good training under good conditions. The rooms are large and airy, and the nuns are careful to avoid long hours for very young workers, though parents too often rebel against this care, and threaten to remove their daughters unless they are allowed to earn more money. The convents nearly always aim at maintaining a high standard of work; some of the finest illustrations in the Report are of convent-made lace. That figured over-leaf for instance, comes from the convent of Liedekerke. As a trader, the convent fulfils the same function as the agent, but with differences. The convent is, in the first place, permanent, and, in the second, not rapacious. The primary aim of the nuns is the employment of the women; that of the agent the enrichment of himself. Thus the convents generally give rather better pay than the agents, though in some cases—Liedekerke for one—the convent pay is a little lower than that of local middlemen. The reason is that the convent workers make very fine application, which is not so quickly sold, while the others make common, easily disposed of articles in Brussels duchess. The Superior of the convent, however, refuses to set her workers making the poorer lace, and is probably right, for their vogue will pass away, and the

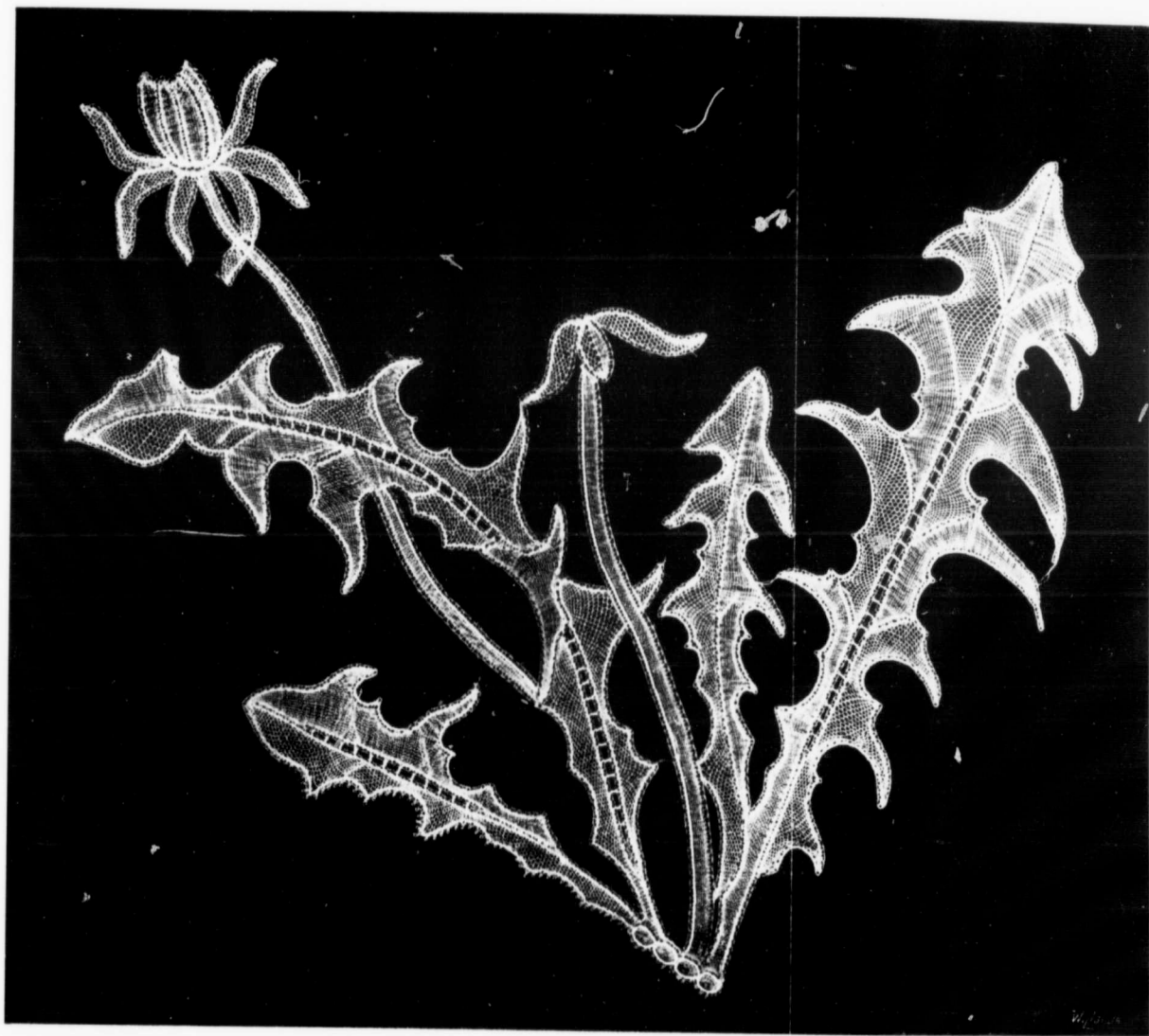
women who have grown accustomed to inferior work will not be able to take up better sorts. Meanwhile, the merchants pay a preposterously low price to the convent for its beautiful productions, and the convent is unable to insist on better terms. It seems as though it should be possible for the various convents to combine and employ an able manager to transact their sales. The Superiors of convents can hardly in the nature of things be conversant with commercial conditions, or able to meet a sharp man of business on equal terms.

While most merchants are sadly supine, and do not attempt to improve either designs or styles, a few do seriously aim at maintaining and bettering the trade. Some, anxious to bring into Belgium the profits now received by French designers, have trained youths and girls with excellent results. Dr. Verhaegen mentions a young peasant girl in the employ of Mlle. Minne-Dansaert who had been studying for four years and whom he saw making an excellent design for a fan.

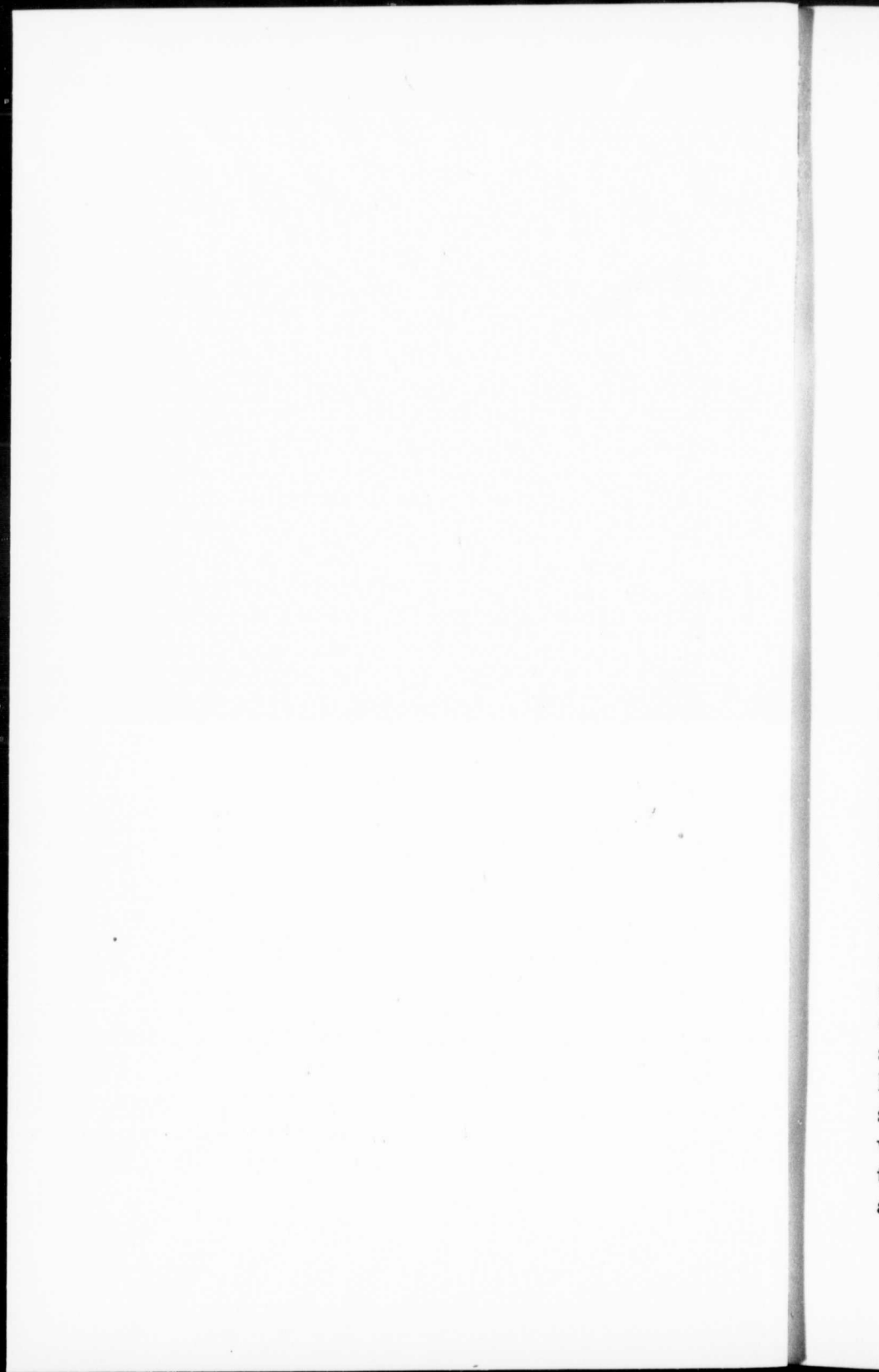
Many ladies have done much, in different countries, to preserve and improve lace-making. It was a lady who recovered the lost *guipure de Flandre*; a lady who is opening the new school at Malines; ladies who established and fostered the excellent school and workroom at Burano, where some of the finest lace produced in modern times is executed. In our own country Queen Victoria founded a lace-school at Honiton; and a society of ladies, with the Princess of Wales at their head, undertakes that each member shall give an order to the school every year. The Irish Industries Association, established in 1886 and now presided over by Lady Cadogan, performs, among other functions, the part of an agent for the sale of Irish laces and, in the year 1900, sales to the value of £28,000 were effected by the London branch alone.

At present the conditions of the lace trade in Belgium, as shown by this admirable Report, are far indeed from being satisfactory. The women who do the work are horribly ill paid and are consequently abandoning lace-work and going into factories. Many of the more intelligent among them





Brussels Application ; bobbin made ; *made in the Convent of Liedekerke*



give up working and become agents and in that character amass profits for themselves without serving the interests of the trade. The number of agents, who are more or less parasitic, increases; the number of producers diminishes, and the condition of those who remain grows progressively worse. The manufacturers grumble, but do not combine to suppress the evils from which they suffer. If the trade is to be preserved at all, some steps must be taken to ameliorate the pay of the workers and to direct their labours into the most profitable channels—that is to say, to the best and finest laces. Poor lace must inevitably sooner or later be driven out of the field by mechanical imitations, but the best lace will always possess qualities not to be approached by machine work.

Dr. Verhaegen would recommend the establishment of a society composed of influential persons on the model of those ladies' societies which have worked so well in other countries. A highly skilled paid manager should be employed to superintend technical details; a school founded in which the making of every sort of lace manufactured in Belgium should be taught, including those kinds which, like Chantilly, Mechlin and Valenciennes, seem to be on the point of extinction. Of such kinds the manufacture should not be at present encouraged, but the art should not be suffered to perish, since fashion, which has deserted them, may return to them and make them once more a source of profit. Local schools would be formed which would teach, each the special lace of its own district, and would be watched over by a local committee; and the teachers in all the schools would be drawn from the ranks of the most successful pupils. Every process connected with her own kind of lace would be taught to every learner, and a school of design would form part of the establishment. The ladies of the society, like those of the English and Irish societies, would undertake to be customers; and sale-rooms would be opened, at first in Brussels and afterwards in other towns. Finally the society would supply lace to merchants and take orders from them. Since so many intermediaries

between the worker and the customer—at present there are sometimes as many as four or even five—would be eliminated, the workers could be better paid without any increase of selling price. Lace-makers would no longer be tempted to seek other callings, and learners would press for admission into the society's schools; the parasitic agent would by-and-by cease to exist; and the lace trade of Belgium would be saved from that danger of total decay which at present undoubtedly threatens it.

CLEMENTINE BLACK.

HENRY VAUGHAN: SILURIST

THAT vulgar being, the majority, which judges so badly for the present, is generally a sound judge for the past. In literary matters, at all events, it distributes honours pretty fairly. Contemporaries, unless they have the true gift of criticism, must always find it hard to appreciate innovation, because innovation involves a certain element of strangeness and strangeness is easily confounded with extravagance. But after death, men—and poets among them—are judged by the success of their appeal to men, not to fellow poets. The common needs and instincts of ordinary humanity make the real tribunal which decides the differing degrees of reputation, and, since art is to help the world at large, the criterion is on the whole a fair one. Perhaps it partly accounts for what look like freaks of fame, for the occasional preponderance of the more obvious spirits over the choice ones and the preference of what is simple to what is exquisite. It will always seem a mystery that certain poets—whom we generally discover for ourselves—have not so great a name as certain others; why Sir Walter Raleigh is better known than Drummond of Hawthornden, Sir John Suckling than John Donne, or George Herbert than Henry Vaughan, the Silurist.¹

Vaughan himself would, no doubt, have been confounded at the notion that any one could regard him as greater than his

¹ The term comes from "Silures," a name which was given to the district comprising Brecknockshire, Herefordshire, &c.

master—than the man whose verse converted both him and his Muse. But the thought is likely to occur to any reader of Vaughan's best poems—of the two in the "Golden Treasury" and of about half a dozen more. He is more intellectual, more highly strung than Herbert; where the latter is pious, Vaughan is mystical; where the one is content to stand at the altar, the other dips his wings in its flame and soars above it. Vaughan's mind is subtler, loftier, more imaginative than Herbert's, and therefore often more far-fetched. At his best, when emotion has worked him up to white heat, none can be simpler than he, and he moves our depths in a way that George Herbert can never do. But when he is not fully inspired he is apt to grow elaborate; and where Herbert's homely simplicity goes straight to the heart and gives a loving welcome to the soul, Vaughan may have nothing to offer but an abstruse thought magnificently embroidered. Abstruse thoughts, however, can only appeal to intellectual people, or to people of a mystical turn of mind. The difficulty is not of a past day alone; it will always arise where there is what may be called an intellectual school of poets—the poets who see things as if "in mind's clear glass"—to borrow Drummond's own expression—who send them back to the dazzled world a thousand times refracted. Donne, Crashaw, Drummond, Vaughan have their descendants. For the ten who read Clough, where are the three who read George Meredith, or Coventry Patmore? Clough had the merit of touching doubt with emotion—and it was the doubt common to his contemporaries. The other two answer no general demand, appease no common instinct, and it is fair that they should but be read by the few for whom they were made. Browning, whose obscurity might have otherwise relegated him to the oligarchy of the intellectual poets, escaped and transcended them just because he did vividly occupy himself with the common drama of humanity, because he satisfied a universal need.

There is another reason why the fame of certain poets appears to be below the level of their deserts, and it is a reason

which Vaughan and Herbert again aptly illustrate. Herbert, as a recent writer has pointed out, keeps a steadier level than Vaughan; a much larger number of his pieces are on an equality. Vaughan—apart from perhaps a dozen of his poems—is an unequal and often a faulty writer. He is a poet of single lines and verses. He reminds us of those magic old Italian painters, Umbrian or Tuscan, with names or without them, who paint one perfect picture or even but one perfect figure in a picture, and yet that picture and that figure haunt the fancy more powerfully than greater masterpieces. There is no reason why these men should not belong to the first rank except that they could not keep up to their own best level. But painters have this advantage—inferior pictures frequently disappear, while inferior poems are not so easy to destroy. If only the best poems of Drummond, Donne and Vaughan were read, they would probably take rank among our first poets. Unfortunately all three wrote too much, gave us two volumes where one would suffice, and it is their misfortune that their position as poets should be determined by the imperfect many, not by the perfect few among their poems.

These "bright particular stars" remain, however, to illumine the skies of the star-gazers who choose them for their own, and he who sets his affections upon Henry Vaughan makes no poor choice. There was little in the man's private life of which to make poetry. The son of cultivated parents, he led the ordinary existence of a country doctor in Brecknockshire; he had no tragic love like Drummond, whose bride died just before the wedding-day; no stormy courtship like Donne, who had hard work to win his wife. He had not even a romantic friendship, such as Drummond had with Drayton whom he never saw; or a calm Egeria like Donne's Duchess of Bedford, unless we reckon Mrs. Katherine Phillips, the poetess, to whom he wrote mild letters in rhyme. But he lived in stirring times. The Civil War inclined most men to poetry, whether they transmuted it into deed or verse; and so did the struggles between Anglican and Puritan, which

set fire to religious feeling till it kindled the hearts of men.

When we put down his poems and muse upon his quiet, friendly, practical, poetic life, lighted and warmed by an inward flame, we see before us a man such as Vandyck would have loved to paint when he painted outside the Court—grave and romantic, deep and gentle, dressed in a serious black cloak, his lace collar fastened by little silvery tassels—the sort of man who would spend hours with a classic beneath a mulberry-tree, or beside a russet brick wall on which the peaches were ripening—one, too, who would not be above putting out his hand now and again for a peach; especially if he could accompany it with a cool flagon of wine, and discuss both that and all other things under heaven and earth with a friend. For the man was a right good friend, sunny and sweet to the core, like summer fruit—one who loved his joke, even though it was rather a laboured one. There could not be much amiss with a person who was always penning verses “To his Retired friend, an Invitation to Brecknock”; “To the best and most accomplished Couple”; “To my learned Friend Mr. T. Powell”; “To my worthy Friend Master T. Lewes.” Is there aught sounder in comradeship than the lines he wrote to his “Ingenuous friend, R. W.”

When all these mulcts are paid, and I
From thee, dear wit, must part and die :
We'll beg the world would be so kind
To give's one grave as we'd one mind ;
There as the wiser few suspect
That spirits after death affect,
Our souls shall meet, and thence will they,
Freed from the tyranny of clay,
With equal wings and ancient love
Into the Elysian fields remove,
Where in those blessed walks they'll find
More of thy genius and my mind.

He “was esteemed by Scholars an ingenuous person, but proud and humourous.” This is as it should be with a Welsh-

man, and Brecknock surely never could have wanted for guests. It is thus, in his less converted mood, talking, walking, reading, enjoying, that we like to picture him.

In the eighteenth century Vaughan fell into oblivion, and it was Wordsworth who happened upon a volume of his and revived him. The kinship between those two spirits is not hard to discover, as Mr. Palgrave has already pointed out. Whoever will turn to his note in "the Golden Treasury" and read first the "Intimations," and then Vaughan's "Retreat," with its "white celestial thought"—

When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face,

will not find much difficulty in associating them. Both men adored the glorious morning innocence of children; both loved brooding on Immortality. Less known than the "Retreat," and, perhaps, less steadily maintained in excellence all through, is Vaughan's lovely poem of "Childhood":

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it as at eternity.
Were now that chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content, too, in my power,
Quickly would I make my path ev'n
And by mere playing go to heaven . . .
How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than e'er I studied man
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
Oh for thy centre and midday!
For sure that is the narrow way.

Of Vaughan's thoughts on Immortality, whole golden pages might be quoted. The spiritual side of life was always present to him. Like Drummond of Hawthornden, like Donne, he loved high musings about Death—the "groom, that brings a taper to the outward room"; he liked to dwell

upon, almost to play about, the subject and to illumine it with health-giving hopes. This kind of noble companionship with Death gave Vaughan's poems on Sorrow an intense, a comforting note of their own. "They are all gone into the world of light" needs no quoting here, but it would not be easy to have grief more sweetly sung than in the following lines. They come from one of Vaughan's most perfect lyrics, evidently written in the freshness of grief soon after his brother's death.

Joy of my life while left me here
 And still my Love.
 How in thy absence thou dost steer
 Me from above.
 A life well led
 This truth commends
 With quick or dead
 It never ends.

2

Stars are of mighty use ; the night
 Is dark and long,
 The road foul ; and where one goes right
 Six may go wrong.
 One twinkling ray
 Shot o'er some cloud,
 May clear much way,
 And guide a crowd.

3

God's saints are shining lights ; who stays
 Here long must pass
 O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
 As smooth as glass ;
 But these all night
 Like candles shed
 Their beams and light
 Us into bed.

4

They are indeed our pillar fires
 Seen as we go,
 They are that city's shining spires
 We travel to :

A swordlike gleam
Kept man for sin
First *out* ; this beam
Will guide him *in*.

About the whole of this there is a glorified homeliness—as if a wingèd angel had come to sit upon our hearth—which is very characteristic of Vaughan.

Souls need not time ; the early forward things
Are always fledged and gladly use their wings

So he wrote of one who died in youth, but he might have said the same about himself, for none used his wings more gladly.

Vaughan was really more influenced by George Herbert in his moral life than in his poetry, except as regards its form and sometimes the studied plainness of his images. In mind and in matter he belongs entirely to the little group of intellectual poets which includes the lesser light, Crashaw,¹ and is dominated by Donne and Drummond of Hawthornden ; Donne, who died when Vaughan was nine years old and the longer-lived Drummond, who, though near forty years his senior, was for a considerable time his contemporary. From this group George Herbert's spirit was, in fact, very far removed. They were all essentially men of the later Renaissance, not quite so naïf or so indiscriminate as in earlier days, but still strong and emotional, inspired by all the freshness, the seriousness, the curious enterprise of youth. Vaughan comes somewhere between the other two and is not quite so great as either. He is not so passionate, so daring, or so mysterious as Donne, nor has he the serene philosophy, the fervent romance of Drummond. All Vaughan's romance, indeed, lay in his intellect. Thought was with him an emotion and, when it wedded religion, he was at his highest. Love in his poems fills but a meagre place ; is no more than a sweet, faithful, sometimes almost finical creature, whom he always addresses

¹ The exact dates of Crashaw's birth and death are uncertain, but he probably lived from 1613-1648.

as Amoret and looks on from a more or less abstract point of view, as independent of any outward sign. Perhaps he was too much of a mystic to do otherwise. Passion was to him profane and far away from God. If he had known what Love was, he would have dealt with it more reverently. Donne, who had a much harder battle with Nature, Donne, the emotional artist, notwithstanding or rather because of that, made Love into a holier and larger thing, a part of his religion and a moving spring of Life. If you read Vaughan's

. . . . My absent soul . . .
 Careless to miss
 A glance or kiss
 Can with those elements of lust and sense
 Freely dispense
 And court the mind ;

and compare it with Donne's

But, O alas ! so long so far
 Our bodies why do we forbear ?
 They are ours, though not we ; we are
 The intelligences, they the spheres
 So must pure lovers' souls descend
 To affections and to faculties
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,
 Else a great prince in prison lies.
 To our bodies turn we then, that so
 Weak men on love revealed may look ;
 Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
 But yet the body is his book ;¹

you will be able to measure the difference in intensity and in the conception of love which existed in these two men. It is curious that Vaughan, who was a doctor and a man of science, should have been the one to regard the body ascetically, as the enemy of the soul, while Donne, who was a cleric, looked upon it as the soul's exponent, as the soul's abode, glorified by its

¹ From "The Ecstasy." (Vol. II. of Donne's Poems in the Muses' Library Edition.)

tenant. It is not only in Donne's obscurity that he is like Robert Browning, who so much admired him. The old poet sang that reconciliation of soul and body which was part of Browning's rich message to the world; sang, too, that soul prevails, strong in the strength of Love. He does not weary of dwelling upon this truth. About his feelings there is a fine recklessness which Vaughan's *heart* could never know. But his *brain* knew it well and was tense enough in expressing it. He could not have cried with the magnificent emotion of Donne:

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who died before the God of love was born.

But he could match it with his splendour of thought. It would be hard not to feel stirred by Vaughan's opening lines in "The World":

I saw eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm as it was bright,
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
 Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world
 And all her train were hurled.

Directly we come to religious poems, the positions of these two are reversed and Vaughan is by far the superior. Donne's mind was by nature too bold, almost too defiant to be holy.

I sing the progress of a deathless soul,
Whom fate which God made, but doth not control,
 Placed in most shapes. . . .

These words of his are the words of a born heretic and they express his real tendency, which was rather fervent than religious.

Vaughan was more dazzled and more satisfied by the glories of heaven.

Now my auspicious flight
Hath brought me to the empyrean light.
I am a separate essence and can see
The emanations of the Deity,

And how they pass the seraphims, and run
 Through every throne and domination. . .
 With angels now and spirits I do dwell
 And here it is my nature to do well.

Angels and spirits were certainly his kinsfolk. Yet, outwardly, his spiritual history rather resembled that of Donne. Both men learned to disapprove of their love-poems as too mundane; both in their religious poetry sound a personal and, as it were, an evangelical note. But the religion of Vaughan is an ecstasy which makes him forget himself, while that of Donne makes him more self-conscious. His conversion is the result of the struggle between his temperament and his soul, but Vaughan's conversion is the crown of his temperament, the fruit of his mystic philosophy. On this side he resembles Drummond much more closely than he does Donne. For Drummond (who, in his love-poems, is rather intense than passionate) was also a mystic philosopher, with this difference—that with him the philosopher was stronger than the mystic, with Vaughan the mystic prevailed. Drummond's love—for his lady died before their marriage—was, indeed, synonymous with sorrow, and it turned into a high and spiritual Muse, refining life and deepening his thoughts of the divine. Both Drummond and Vaughan had much the same conception of God.

Here is Vaughan :

There is in God—some say—
 A deep but dazzling darkness ; as men here
 Say it is late and dusky, because they
 See not all clear.

And here is Drummond :

O Sun invisible, that doth abide
 Within thy bright abyss, most fair, most dark,
 Where with thy proper rays thou dost thee hide !
 O ever-shining, never full-seen mark !
 To guide me in life's night thy light me show,
 The more I search of thee the less I know.

These men have looked with the same eye upon the Invisible ;
have stood with the same humility before the impenetrable
veil.

Or take their attitude to knowledge. Drummond loved
to inquire :

How that vast heaven entitled First is roll'd,
If any other worlds beyond it lie,
And people living in eternity,
Or essence pure that doth this All uphold. . .
How sun posts heaven about, how night's pale queen
With borrowed beams looks on this hanging round,
What cause fair Iris hath, and monsters seen
In air's large fields of light and seas profound.

Nor did Vaughan's desires lag behind. Let us listen to his
"Vanity of Spirit" :

Quite spent with thoughts, I left my cell and lay
Where a shrill spring tuned to the early day.
I begged here long and groaned to know
Who gave the clouds so brave a bow,
Who bent the spheres and circled in
Corruption with this glorious ring.
What is His Name, and how I might
Desery some part of His great light.
I summoned Nature ; pierced through all her store ;
Broke up some seals, which none had touched before,
. and having past
Through all the creatures, came at last
To search myself, where I did find
Traces and sounds of a strange kind.
Here of this mighty spring I found some drills,
With echoes beaten from th' eternal hills.

This has Wordsworth in it as well as the seventeenth century ;
but the seventeenth century is strong here too, and Words-
worth could not have written "broke up some seals which
none had touched before" with the same mingled feelings of
intellectual pride and limpid piety which were Vaughan's
natural heritage.

We said that Vaughan was a poet of single lines and verses.

Perhaps the best way of getting some impression of his thoughts and the luminous flashes of his profound intellect will be, without further comment, to quote some of these passages, each from a different poem. He shall speak for himself, and some lines from a lyric in his "Silex Scintillans" shall head the collection.

The world is full of voices ; man is called and hurled
By each ; he answers all
Knows every note and call.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
. . . Man is the shuttle to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

Or take this (and compare it with Tennyson's "Higher Pantheism") :

Only this veil which Thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veil, I say, is all the cloak,
And cloud which shadows Thee from me.

And this description of Prayer :

Thus all is hurled
In sacred hymns and order ; the great chime
And symphony of Nature. Prayer is
The world in tune
A spirit voice.

Or this :

For each enclosed spirit is a star
Enlight'ning his own little sphere,
Whose light, though fetched and borrowed from far,
Both mornings makes and evenings there.

Or—to conclude with a fragment from a poem which just falls short of his best :

As Time one day by me did pass
Through a large dusky glass
He held, I chanced to look,
And spied his curious book

Of past days, where sad Heaven did shed
 A mourning light upon the dead. . . .
 Oh bright and happy Kalendar
 Where Youth shines like a star
 All pearled with tears, and may
 Teach age the holy way ;
 Where through thick pangs, high agonies,
 Faith into life breaks and death dies.

Sometimes it may be only a phrase that arrests us, such as : " Where are you, shoreless thoughts, vast tented hope ? " Or : " Mists make but triumphs for the day." Or : " Poets, like angels, where they once appear, hallow the place." Sometimes we are held by the mere sound and pageantry of his language, as in this from " The Eagle " :

He soars
 'Bove wind and fire ; gets to the moon and pores
 With scorn upon her duller face ; for she
 Gives him but shadows and obscurity . . .
 To the day's royal planet he doth pass
 With daring eyes, and makes the sun his glass.
 Here doth he plume and dress himself, the beams
 Rushing upon him like so many streams ;
 While with direct looks he doth entertain
 The thronging flames and shoots them back again,
 And thus from star to star he doth repair,
 And wantons in that pure and peaceful air.

Or such a passage as : " The unthrift Sun shot vital gold," or this again, from " Thalia Rediviva " :

The marigold in feasts of dew
 And early sunbeams, though but thin and few,
 Unfolds itself.

The dew is not only upon the marigolds ; it still lies upon his words—as Lowell says of the Elizabethans—and we feel while we read them how short a time Shakespeare had been dead when they were written. Vaughan's power over words is surprising and—apart from the beauty of their sound—none can give more vivid impressions with them than he does. What could be greyer or more shadowy than this :

A nest of nights, a gloomy sphere,
 Where shadows thicken, and the cloud
 Sits on the sun's brow all the year,
 And nothing moves without a shroud.

Or more breathless than his dawn :

The whole creation shakes off night,
 And for thy shadow looks, the light ;
 Stars now vanish without number,
 Sleepy planets set and slumber,
 The pury clouds disband and scatter,
 All expect some sudden matter.

And what can be a simpler word-picture than "The Bird"

Hither thou com'st : the busy wind all night
 Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
 Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
 For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
 Rained on thy bed
 And harmless head.

And now as fresh and cheerful as the light
 Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
 Unto that Providence, whose unseen arm
 Curbed them, and clothed thee well and warm.

It would be well if Vaughan could always have been as lucid as in this poem. But it must be confessed that such is not the case, for he is of a metaphysical turn. At his best, his metaphysics are comparatively easy.

. . . . Nothing can to nothing fall, but still
 Incorporates by skill
 For a preserving spirit still doth pass
 Untainted through this mass,
 Which doth resolve, produce and ripen all
 That to it fall ;
 Nor are those births which we
 Thus suffering see,
 Destroyed at all.

This is almost as clear as Tennyson's "For not a worm is cloven in vain." But the land of metaphysics is full of pitfalls, and Vaughan does not always escape them. He is

occasionally guilty of elaborate obscurity. It takes some time, for instance, to grasp what follows:

. . . Friendship is nought else
 But a joint kind propension, and excess
 In none but such whose equal, easy hearts
 Comply and meet both in their whole and parts.

And these lines are not alone of their kind. He is generally simple by poetic instinct, and too much inspired to be self-conscious. But, like most poets of his day, when the fire of his thought grows a little cooler and he stops to consider how he is expressing it, he grows afraid of being commonplace and can at any instant fall into surprising blunders of taste, or deal in conceits so far-fetched that they sometimes land him in grotesqueness. It seems absurd that so real a poet as he is, in summing up the temptations that wealth (had he possessed it) might have brought him, should have been able to write such a couplet as:

I should perhaps eat orphans and suck up
 A dozen distressed widows in one cup.

Or that he should have used such phrases as "Softly rest all thy virgin crumbs" (in "The Burial of an Infant"); or "green curls" for foliage; or "the milky way chalked out with suns" and "God's parle with dust," as descriptions of Sunday. In poetry, at least, the love of ingenuity is the root of all evil, and that is the only explanation of Vaughan's lapses. There is even something rather strained in his constant repetition of his favourite adjective "white," which he uses to such perfection in "white celestial thought," or, indeed, wherever he applies it to children. But "old white prophets," and "first white pilgrims," and "Heaven's white decoys" (his metaphor for books) are not such happy expressions; and fascinating though this foible of his may be, it is perilously like a conceit. None, however, disliked any form of extravagance more than he did. "Excess hath no religion or wit"—such was his verdict; and a writer, he says, should so handle his craft

That not a line to the most critic he
Offends with flashes or obscurity.

He is not singular in being sometimes unable to apply his standard to himself.

Vaughan had too rich a nature to be free from faults, or to have faults that really mattered. His was the mind of a many-sided man. If he was a mystic he was not in the least a Puritan, and though he despised the body he treasured the higher joys it brought him. He loved Nature :

Fresh fields and woods ! The Earth's fair face !
God's footstool ! and man's dwelling-place !
If Eden be on Earth at all,
'Tis that which we the country call.

He loved books.

Bright books ! the perspectives to our weak sights,
The clear projections of discerning lights
The dead alive and busy ; the still voice
Of enlarged spirits.

He loved Ben Jonson, and Beaumont, and the Bodleian Library.

Most noble Bodley ! we are bound to thee
For no small part of our eternity.

So he addressed its Founder, and we can fancy what treasure-trove it was to him. There was, indeed, nothing of good report which Vaughan did not enjoy. He was a poet through and through. What is more—and what was more curious than than it would be now—he was a conscious poet, aware of all the pain involved in that word. Listen to these verses which he addressed to Poets :

At how dear a rate
Are we made up ! All hope of thrift and state
Lost for a verse. When I by thoughts look back
Into the womb of time, and see the rack
Stand useless there, until we are produced
Unto the torture, and our souls infused
To learn inflictions, I begin to doubt
That as some tyrants use from their chain'd rout

Of slaves to pick out one whom for their sport
 They keep afflicted by their lingering art ;
 So we are merely thrown upon the stage. . . .

No Coleridge, no Shelley, could formulate more acutely the torments of the poetic temperament. But there is no touch of morbidness about Vaughan; with the vigour of his day he ends his verses with high hope.

It matters not, we shall one day obtain
 Our native and celestial scope again.

The words sound a fitting note with which to end an account of Henry Vaughan, especially if we join them to these others, which are, as it were, a summary of his aims :

Oh 'tis an easy thing
 To write and sing ;
 But to write true unfeigned verse
 Is very hard.

It was thus that he wrote, and that hard thing he accomplished. The difficulty with Vaughan is to stop quoting him. It is a difficulty common to all the lovers of the poet whom they have made their own possession; for, like other lovers, they are apt to think every trinket that their Love wears is a jewel. But in Vaughan's case they run less risk of blinding their vision, because he has given us so many real gems of great price. He will not be forgotten, for he has left behind him that "large, kind light" which, according to himself, rescues men from oblivion. It will still serve to read him by, and to guide those who seek him into the high green meadows of poesy.

EDITH SICHEL.

THE EAST AND THE WEST

IN an interesting and suggestive article, published in *THE MONTHLY REVIEW* for February, Mr. Edwyn Bevan delivered a vigorous assault upon the position taken up by Mr. Meredith Townsend in his "Asia and Europe," and upon the holders of what he describes as the "popular theory" that the East is separated from the West "by a chasm that nothing can bridge," and is altogether impervious to influences from without. It is Mr. Bevan's contention that the civilisation of Europe to-day is Hellenic rather than Christian; that the practical morality of white men, more especially in Asia, draws its inspiration primarily from the spirit of ancient Greece, and only in a much less degree from that of the Gospels; that, far from being insusceptible to impressions from without, the civilisations of Asia have, as a matter of fact, been influenced to a remarkable extent by Hellenism; and, finally, that the widely accepted belief in certain essential and innate differences of character, temperament and mind which separate the Oriental from ourselves is altogether fallacious. It is true that Mr. Bevan seeks support for his conclusions in the works of learned German theorists rather than in the vast, actual experience of his countrymen, some of whom have not only lived in the East but have succeeded in living *into* the lives of Orientals—that his argument, in fact, is throughout academic rather than practical. None the less, those of us who know our Asia can for the most part subscribe largely to such of

his opinions as refer to Europeans, and though we may incline to the belief that his enthusiasm betrays him into a tendency to over-estimate the influence exerted by Hellenism upon the civilisations of the East, we may even accept his view upon this point and yet discover that the whole truth does not lie with him.

On the other hand, the theory which, according to Mr. Bevan, is held by that beast of many burdens, "The man in the street," as to the magnificent isolation, the aloofness, the impenetrability of the East, while in its more exaggerated forms it is impossible of acceptance, yet contains a larger element of truth than those who scoff at it appear to suspect. The whole core of the matter will really be found to lie in the answer given to the single question: Is the genius of Asia essentially different to that of Europe? To this Mr. Bevan and those who think with him return a decided negative, on no better grounds, so far as I am able to gather from Mr. Bevan's article, than may be supposed to be furnished by the fact that traces of Greek influence are to be detected, it is contended, from the confines of Europe to Japan. The reply of Mr. Meredith Townsend, of every European who knows the East intimately and at first hand, and of the few who have been admitted to the *coulisses* of Oriental life and thought, must, on the contrary, be a still more uncompromising affirmative. Quote your German theorists never so wisely, find Hellenism in stones and Greece in everything if you will, but the conviction bred of a weary personal experience remains unshaken. Fact, rigid and unbending—the everyday fact of Asia seen, not through the smoke of the student's lamp, but through its native sun-glare—rises up to shatter the whole fabric of theory. To the arm-chair philosopher it may wear the appearance of error. He may deny strenuously that the foundations of this belief are sound; but to "the man who has been there" the faith itself, standing four-square upon an accretion of experience, is none the less justified and proved.

This does not necessarily entail an acceptance of the opinions, crudely stated by Mr. Bevan as a preliminary to their destruction, that the chasm between the East and the West cannot be bridged, or that the peoples of Asia are impervious to European influences. It does, however, imply most emphatically a recognition of the existence of the great gulf, and it admits that few are found possessed of the imagination, the sympathy, the tact, the perseverance and the energy which alone enable it to be crossed. It recognises further that the East can be, has been, is being, influenced from without, but it sees too that the operation of that influence, and the impressions thereby wrought, are quite unlike the conceptions generally entertained concerning them in Europe, and it accounts for this phenomenon by the essential and fundamental difference, which it believes is to be detected, between the genius of the East and of the West.

Let us first examine, as briefly as may be possible, the general effect of European influence in the lands of Asia. The question is a very large one, and in the space at my disposal I can only pretend to touch upon it in the broadest outline. Let us therefore grant to Mr. Bevan all for which he contends concerning the deep impression wrought in the East by Hellenism, and pass on at once to the first real conquest of Asia by the nations of Europe.

To begin with, it is commonly overlooked that no true analogy is capable of being established between the Asia and the Europe of our own time. Circumstances have rendered the institution of any fair comparison impossible, for, though the fact is too frequently ignored by us, those who care to study the history of the question with any thoroughness are forced to recognise to how great an extent the coming of the white filibusters in the sixteenth century served to arrest the natural development of native civilisations. From that moment these were placed in a state of siege, and all their energies were needed for the bare preservation of their existence. If the distinctive civilisations of Europe and Asia,

therefore, are to be compared at all—and I for one am by no means prepared to admit that those of the East are to be judged by European standards—we must, in order to put them upon even the semblance of an equal footing, step back out of the twentieth century to a period prior to the Renaissance; remembering that while, during the past four hundred years, the peoples of Asia have either been battling for the life, or at the best have been threatened constantly by the imminent danger of destruction from enemies besetting them from without, the white nations have, for the greater part, been suffered to work out their destinies upon lines most completely suited to their individual genius.

If, then, we take as our criterion the civilisations of Europe as they were before the Renaissance, and compare with them the civilisations which existed in Asia at the end of the fifteenth century, the latter will be found to labour under no such crushing burden of inferiority as that with which it has become customary to credit them. It is true that the greater part of Malaya, for example, was at this time in a condition hardly distinguishable from savagery, but the same may be said for the steppes of Russia and much of Northern Europe at the period which I have named. In India, in China, even in Burma, in Pegu, Siam and Indo-China, on the other hand, great empires had come into being that compared favourably with the kingdoms which in Europe had risen out of the ashes of the Roman Empire. In literature, in architecture, in some sciences, in many of the plastic arts, in philosophy and in mental culture, high standards of excellence had been attained, and the results achieved in these directions—*pace* Mr. Bevan and the theory of Hellenic influence—were in the vast majority of cases strongly individual—native, not foreign, growths. Even in the wilds of Malaya the ingenuity of the Oriental mind had been equal to the task of inventing some half-dozen distinct and independent methods of reducing speech to a written form, and there are innumerable other indications to lead us to the inference that the *average* standard of civilisation prevailing

among the peoples of Asia at the end of the fifteenth century was, on the whole, superior to that of the commonalty in most European countries before the dawn of the Renaissance.

But is it by intellectual or artistic achievement that the essential civilisation of a people is to be judged? I think not. Is it not rather in the moral standards and ideals, whereof the consequent mental refinement evidences itself in science, in literature and in art, that the real criterions for comparison are to be sought? If this be so, no man who has been at the least pains to acquaint himself with the woeful story of the earliest European conquests in the East can doubt that, in many essentials, the white men, even at a period subsequent to the Renaissance, had emerged less completely from the shadow of barbarism than had many of the peoples whose kingdoms they overthrew. Read, with the sick access of pity and of horror which must accompany the task, the tales of the doings of their countrymen told with so brutal a frankness by the approving chroniclers of Portugal, and then let Europe prate of her superior civilisation—if she dare! According to the standards which we bring to judgment in our own time, Asiatics and Europeans alike were savages in the sixteenth century; but the barbarism of the white man was the more hateful, because, like everything else connected with him, it was more efficient; more thorough and more methodical, because it was more consequent and more calculated; more difficult of endurance, because it was inspired by a more tremendous energy. Our latter-day sentimentality is revolted, is moved to cry out in horrified protest, when the rumours reach us now and again of some hideous act of cruelty such as on occasion is still practised by the natives of the East; we forget, however, that these things are quite in place in the picture—that they are survivals of conditions which were common to Europe in the Middle Ages. Also our self-complacence blinds us to the fact that, if Asia has continued to be steeped in darkness, while we have emerged into the light, the

responsibility—the heavy responsibility—must, at any rate to a great extent, rest upon the shoulders of the European aggressors.

And this brings me to the point upon which I desire most strenuously to insist—the precise fashion in which the influence of the white men has reacted upon the great unwieldy entity which, both rightly and wrongly, is so often called the “unchanging” East. Rightly, I say, because I hold that the essential genius of the East cannot be changed in the sense of being transformed into something quite foreign to it—into the genius of the West; wrongly, because that there is nothing constant in this world may be taken as an axiom. All things suffer change, be it in the direction of progress or of retrogression: nothing stands absolutely still, and the East can lay claim to no exemption from this law of universal application. China, which for the purposes of illustration may be taken as the very embodiment of the “unchanging” East—as the representative of the conservative spirit of Asia in its most uncompromising expression—is often quoted as a triumphant example of the immutability of the Orient. We are invited to gaze upon the twin miracle, which she is said to present, of an extraordinarily precocious development, and of an advanced civilisation inexplicably arrested. It is customary to speak of her as having stood still for centuries; and, viewed from the narrow standpoint of European prejudice, this would at the first glance seem to bear the impress of truth. But look more closely and beneath the surface. Then you will find that China developed upon her own individual lines from age to age up to the time of the coming of the Europeans, and that since then she has slowly but surely retrograded, because the external influence brought to bear upon her has been one essentially antagonistic to her whole spirit and genius, and has served to make development of a kind which was natural to her, and which was something wholly unlike, and far more subtle than the *progress* of modern Europe, an impossibility. Take a single instance in illustration of what I mean when I state that

the essential civilisation of China has retrograded. The Celestial Empire, as we know it to-day, is a byword for her hatred of strangers, her antagonism to everything that is foreign, her persecution of alien faiths, her unwillingness to share her commerce with the rest of the world; but this is not the China of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the China of which Marco Polo and the friar Odoric, the papal legate John de' Marignolli, and the Arab wanderer Ibn Batuta had to tell. The China of their day, on the contrary, was remarkable among all the nations for the extraordinary care which was taken by high and low to secure the safety of the persons and property of strangers, travellers and foreign merchants. She was a land famed for her organised order and for the justice of her administration; a China so free that the Muhammadan communities settled in her midst were ruled by their own Kazis with the sanction of the Emperor, so tolerant that the doctrines of Nestorian Christianity were preached publicly, with the permission and approval of the authorities, as early as the seventh century of our era! What has wrought this complete change in China, the reputedly unchanging and unchangeable? The answer, let us blind ourselves to it if we can, does not admit of a doubt. It is due solely and entirely to the influence of Europe, to the aggressive spirit which animated, and to a certain extent still animates, the white men in Asia; the spirit which, coming into rude contact with that of the East, threw the latter violently back upon itself, stayed the tide of its *natural* development, and, since the civilisations of Asia were thus prevented from advancing in their own fashion, and the law of Nature forbade that they should stand still, compelled them to retrogression.

Let us take another instance illustrative of the manner in which the influence of Europe has reacted on the genius of the East to the detriment of the latter. Mr. Bevan, arguing upon lines along which I must confess my inability to follow him, contends that the spirit of Asia does not necessarily make for absolutism. "All the great monarchies, it is true, except

the Egyptian, were in Asia," he writes, "but to speak of monarchy and the qualities it engendered, as if they belonged to Asia as a whole, is misleading. The system had never extended over the whole of Asia; it was limited to the neighbourhood of the rivers; in steppe and mountain the primitive system of tribes went on as before. Nay, even to this day, monarchy has not interpenetrated Asia; in mountain and steppe the free tribes are there still." But here, it seems to me, Mr. Bevan suffers some confusion of thought. Are tribal and monarchical government in Asia as essentially different as he appears to believe? Is the tribal system of the East republican or monarchical? A cursory knowledge of a tribe might lead the observer from without to draw the conclusion that it was a democracy in miniature, but a more intimate acquaintance with its members and the practical system under which they live will reveal, so far as my personal experience of such communities goes, the existence of a tiny monarchy, of a king in fact, if not in name. Of the steppes of Asia I cannot speak, as possibly Mr. Bevan is able to do, from first-hand knowledge: among many hill-tribes of numerous races, however, I count a considerable number of intimate friends, and every one of these is, whether he knows it or not, either a king or the subject of a king. The "free tribe" of Asia is dominated by a personality, one who exerts authority whether it belong to him or no, one to whose will his fellows bow unresistingly, obeying the instinct of the Oriental which—so far as I am entitled to judge from the opportunities afforded to me in the lands which I know intimately, and from the information which has come to me from other observers in whom I incline to place reliance—emphatically does make for absolutism.

As regards the science of government, the natives of the East, and especially those of China, early attained to a standard of efficiency and organisation with which the administrations of few countries in Europe could at the same period compare. Yet even in this direction the peculiar genius of the Asiatic,

which—I cannot state my belief with a too great insistency—is different from that of Europe in kind as well as in degree, makes the institution of any comparison between Eastern and Western methods exceedingly difficult. In ancient Europe oligarchy had yielded after a long resistance to the forces of democracy, which in their turn had given ground before the absolutism of the Cæsars. After the fall of the Roman Empire there succeeded a period during which absolute monarchy held the field, but by the end of the sixteenth century in England, for example, not only had the nobles wrested a Magna Charta from an unwilling king, but the representatives of the people were on the eve of a great uprising against the power of the sovereign and the aristocracy. No similar tendency is to be detected in the history of the East. Here, though the popular will had made itself felt, not once but many times, and in many places, and had brought innumerable tyrants to ignominy and death, it had never imposed itself upon the ruling classes further than by substituting one despot for another whom it had overthrown. Mr. Bevan and his “free” tribes of the steppes and mountains notwithstanding, the genius of the East, so far as its workings are to be traced in the records of Oriental history, has seemingly made for absolutism. The inert bulk of the people, lacking the inspiration which can alone be communicated to it by the individual leader, is now, and has always been, at once impotent and inarticulate. In the East the people have ever waited patiently the coming of the Man; when he has arisen they have followed him blindly, and in the end have taken him for their king untrammelled by constitutional fetters. No accumulation of bitter experiences has served to diminish the force of the aristocratic tendencies of the Oriental peasant. No one in Europe who is acquainted only with the society of his fellow Europeans has any conception of the ease with which a man can impose his own valuation of himself upon an Asiatic community. Asia of old was essentially the arena of *individual* successes; and in the East, speaking broadly, each man has always played for his own hand, provided that he had a hand to

play. The ability to combine permanently for the attainment of a common good is seemingly denied to the peoples of Asia; and lacking this, it is probable that, even if the East had been suffered to go her own way untouched by the influences of Europe, autocracy would have succeeded autocracy to the end of the chapter. Before the coming of the white men, however, the inspiration derived from personal ambition supplied the Orientals with the one incentive to energetic action to which their genius can respond. Each man among them under the old *régimes* knew that, if the seeds of greatness or of success were in him, time and opportunity might raise him to a giddy pinnacle of power; but the European invasion has deprived the children of Asia of those golden strokes of fortune which of old could make of Balaban, the ragged slave-boy of Bokhara, an Emperor of Delhi. Thus the coming of white men, or, in other words, the influence of Europe, has robbed the gifted individual of his initiative, while the bulk of the people continue, now as always, to be powerless to act in unison for the attainment of a common end. If this were not so, how long would it continue to be possible for a handful of white men to hold the East in thrall? And so it comes to pass that in our time the genius of Asia lies bound in chains, stunned and stricken, because, as I have already indicated, the influence of the West has arrested her *natural development* upon the lines which alone are suited to her requirements and capabilities.

We Europeans are for the most part content to live in a little world of our own, to view matters exclusively from our own standpoint, and to hold that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, or that what is good for us is good, or at any rate good enough, for other people. Nowadays too, since there has been so much talk concerning the altruism of those who "take up the White Man's Burden," we feel, and have reason to feel, pride in much of the work which Europeans are doing in the East. Therefore, I conceive the statement that the influence of the West has been prejudicial

to the East will be regarded as a hard saying, and will meet in many quarters with an indignant denial. There is another side to the question, of course, and upon that I shall have to touch presently, but indications which support my main contention are to be discovered in every direction. During the past four hundred years the East, speaking in general terms, has ceased to produce and to create. She can point to few men of commanding ability who have grown up under the white nation's domination, to no great genius such as the hour of stress might be expected to bring to the front. She has given no literature to the world. The very arts and crafts, in which aforetime she was wont to excel, have either been wholly lost or have so degenerated that they are to-day mere vulgar imitations of her ancient work. Similarly we owe to the East no one of our many modern inventions; the old free commercial intercourse between her various people has ceased or declined; she has suffered the bulk of maritime inter-Asiatic trade to pass into the hands of aliens, and her children have allowed themselves to be left far behind in the race of progress, not only without a protest, but without evincing so much as a desire even to compete. This, again, is no more the East of olden times than the China of to-day is the China of the fourteenth century. Asia the "unchanging" has suffered change, but it is a change comparable to that wrought in the human body when nourished on uncongenial and unsuitable foods which stunt the natural growth and cause the victim to pine and dwindle.

There is, as I have already hinted, another and a more pleasant view of the question. If the white men have injured Asia morally, they have benefited her materially. We have brought law and order and a measure of prosperity in our train. We have drawn the fangs of many a power which of old had the will and the ability to cause much human suffering. We have given justice to the peasant who formerly was often the prey of prince and noble. We have kept the peace and have forced others to keep it. We have

done half a hundred things of which, from our own point of view, we have ample reason to be proud, and these in this imperialistic age are too well known, are proclaimed so loudly, are insisted upon with such reiteration in the press, in the pulpit and on the hustings, that it would be a work of super-erogation were I to recapitulate them here in detail. No one who knows his Asia can find room for doubt as to the greater personal liberty, the increased prosperity, and the larger measure of mere animal happiness which, in recent times at any rate, have been secured to the bulk of the native populations by the rule of Great Britain at least. All this must be fully and cordially admitted; and I, who have spent the best years of my life in the labour which has these things for its object, should indeed be a sadder man did I believe that the broad facts are in any sense open to question. None the less, a conviction of this truth does not affect the view which I have put forward as to the crippling fashion in which the influence of Europe has reacted upon the *morale* of the East. We are engaged in Asia in an attempt to crowd the revolutions in fact and in idea, which in Europe have been the slow growth of centuries, into as many decades, without even halting to assure ourselves that things which owe their initiative to the genius of Europe, and are the ripening fruits of her maturity, are equally suited to the genius of the East.

As Mr. Bevan very justly remarks, the present conditions in Asia are unprecedented :

“The force now brought to bear upon the East,” he writes, “is a new thing : nothing quite like it has been brought to bear upon it before. Even, therefore, if it were true that all previous attempts to make an impression upon the East had failed, one could no more argue from such failures as to the result of the present experiment than one could infer that a fortress which had proved impregnable to scaling-ladders and battering-rams was therefore impregnable to long-range guns and lyddite shells.”

All of which is utterly true, always supposing that any one is prepared seriously to contend that the East has really remained impervious to European influence, in the sense of not

being affected by it. This, however, as I have been at some pains to show, is not a view for which I am ready to do battle. The question is not whether an impression has been made at all, but rather what is the nature of that impression. "The force brought to bear upon the East," says Mr. Bevan, "is a new thing." Admitted: but it is not so new but that, in one form or another, it has been in active operation since the beginning of the sixteenth century, and four hundred years is a period of sufficient length in the history of a country or of a continent to warrant us in drawing inferences from the tendencies which, during that space of time, have been developed. Has the East drawn nearer to the West since 1500, or has it been thrust farther from it; has it been attracted or repelled; have the majority of Orientals become closer akin and more nearly alike Europeans than of old they were? If these questions can be answered in the affirmative, well and good. There is, then, sufficient grounds on which to build the hope that the influence of Europe will spell, in the end, the moral as well as the material salvation of the Asiatic peoples. To me, however, the only possible answer appears to be a sorrowful but decided negative. After living in the East for twenty years, a round dozen of which were passed either entirely alone among Orientals or in almost complete isolation from my fellow Europeans, and after long, careful, and I would add loving study of Asiatics of more than one race, I am profoundly convinced not only that the great gulf, whose existence Mr. Bevan denies, is a fact, but that the cleavage between the white and the brown peoples is deeper and wider than it was in the sixteenth century.

Space forbids that I should deal with this part of the question in as much detail as I could have desired, but it seems to me not to be open to question that the European of the sixteenth century was much nearer to the Oriental than is his modern prototype. He was more superstitious, and his scepticism was therefore less apt to offend native susceptibilities; his sense of humour was somewhat less acute, and did not

tempt him to indulge in the "chaff" which to the Asiatic is not only meaningless, but appears an inexplicable coarseness and brutality; concerning matters of religion he was a fanatic, and here was a quality that was intelligible to the Oriental mind, not at once shocking and incomprehensible as is the modern toleration which is hardly to be distinguished from indifference. Again, the social relations of the two races have suffered a great change. The innate superiority of the white man over the rest of humanity, which to-day is regarded as axiomatic by most Europeans, was not a tenet of the early filibusters. The proud and fierce sea-rovers of Portugal thought it no shame to make obeisance to native kings in the abject fashion prescribed by Oriental custom. Colour prejudice itself, and the arrogant pretensions which are based upon it, had their origin in the wonderful success which attended European aggression in the East, but before this feeling was generated white men and brown met upon a footing of equality, as only in rare and individual cases can they meet in the present age. None the less, the insolent assumptions bred of it are neither acquiesced in nor accepted by Asiatics. Get at really close quarters with an Oriental, no matter whether he be a Chinese, a Sikh, a Tamil or a Malay, win his shy confidence, and then discover the opinion which he cherishes, hides in his heart, concerning the relative values of himself and the white man. In every case—I say it without fear of refutation—you will find that deep down in the soul of him there lurks an unshaken conviction of the essential, innate, and almost ludicrously obvious inferiority of the alien. "Those accursed Dogs from the other end of the World, who for our sins, and by our negligence, have made themselves Lords of Malacca," were the terms in which the King of Acheh spoke of the Portuguese early in the sixteenth century; and what the unconquered East then *said*, the East, gagged, shackled, and in durance though she be, still *thinks*. Conquest has served to embitter, not to weaken the conviction; and thus, while the white man has drawn proudly away from the Asiatic on the

one side, the Oriental, on his part, has drawn away too no whit less proudly. Can any sober-minded observer really doubt either that the great gulf exists, or that it is far wider than of old ?

Remember that four hundred years of closest contact have emphasised, not effaced, the points of difference between the men of the East and the men of the West ; remember that there were great and advanced civilisations in Asia at a time when the peoples of Gaul and Britain were barbarians ; remember that, if we are to believe Mr. Bevan, the Hellenic influence, far from being confined in its operations to Europe, has made itself felt as far eastward as Japan ; remember too that, in spite of this, during the ages in which the East was left to follow her own devices without let or hindrance, there came no Renaissance, no tremendous intellectual revival, no great awakening, such as was brought about in Europe by means of the natural development, moral and mental, of her people. Remember these things, and then ask yourself whether they do not point to the conclusion that even primitive Europe differed profoundly from Asia—whether primitive or modern—because the children of the former had in them the seeds of a development which is to them peculiar ; because they possessed from the beginning this one thing which Orientals most singularly lacked—the yeast which has leavened the whole ; because, in a word, the genius of the East and of the West are distinctive, differ from one another in kind, work upon individual lines, and tend in widely different directions towards quite dissimilar ideals.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

CONNAUGHT HOMES

CONNAUGHT homes have an individuality of their own, not shared in, or only very slightly shared in, by any others. To define precisely wherein that individuality lies is not particularly easy in words, though it is clear enough and obvious enough to that more intelligent portion of ourselves which is not the word-producing one. Contrast no doubt accounts for a good deal of it. The homes in that region may not in themselves be very unlike other homes in other regions, but their environments, their settings as it were, are for the most part extraordinarily different. Let the immediate foreground upon which your eyes rest be never so tame, matter-of-fact, commonplace, you have only to lift those eyes in order to set them wandering over a region grim and austere to the very verge of desolation. Grimness, austerity, now and then an indefinable grace, a sort of haggard beauty, the beauty as of Ishmael and Hagar, these are the notes of all, or nearly all, such backgrounds.

To the vast majority of minds there is, I am perfectly well aware, something discordant, something even distasteful and repellent in scenery of such a type. This tearful, heavy-laden sky, this sombre earth, this unnecessary superabundance of water; these big weedy pastures, stone-littered, ill-drained, ill-cultivated, even—where it occurs, which is not often—yonder seemingly illimitable spread of ocean, destitute of as much as a sail by way of indication that upon it also man has set his

impress—it all affects them unpleasantly. Instinctively they turn away from it, and will have none of it. Like some unrecognisable wildling amongst their domestic flocks or flowers, it seems to them an intruder; at best undesirable, at worst a blot upon the face of creation, a monstrosity. Nor, far as one may be from holding it oneself, is it difficult to accept respectfully such a point of view. The earth after all was made for man, or so we have always been given to understand, and a region which has deliberately set itself against that theory—one in which man through all the years of history has counted for remarkably little—is apt to affect the properly constituted mind with a sense of discomfort, which may fairly be said to go the length of disapproval.

There are, however, minds set in other moulds for whom the very disabilities of such scenery count rather in the scale of virtues than of vices. For them, apart altogether from early associations or racial prejudice, there seems to be a sort of inward support, a mental provision, in the mere fact of scenery of this untampered type existing so close at hand, within the circuit of our own narrow home seas, yet safe, and likely for a generation at least to continue safe, from the light-hearted shout, the triumphant tread of the omnipresent tripper. That longing for solitude—the real not the sham variety—which once upon a time drove myriads of Roman citizens to brakes and wildernesses, to beast-haunted forests and the hot sands of the Thebaid, is alive amongst us still, though it takes other forms, and is directed towards less naïve methods of fortifying the soul. For such minds this bald austere landscape seems to possess a “sullen sweetness” all its own. It responds to something within, as water responds to the needs of the water plant, or an echo to the voice that awakens it. The very absence of all the cheaper and more obvious attractions seems to be but a guarantee the more that here at last the refuge they have been seeking is to be found; that here they may immure themselves if they will in a natural cloister, untampered with, unexploited, secure.

Turning to the particular counties which collectively make up this undecorated region, the foremost place amongst them must in all propriety be assigned, I think, to Galway, at once as the largest and the most typical of them all. For practical purposes Galway is cut into two somewhat unequal portions; a western portion, forming the south of the district, known to tourists as Connemara, and an eastern one, of which the town of Tuam to the north, that of Galway itself to the southwest, form the natural centres. It is in this last, the plainer and less accentuated, not in the more picturesque of the two portions, that those contradictions I have glanced at run to their most extreme, most exaggerated height. Galway country houses—and it possesses, as every one knows, many, and proverbially hospitable ones—are, as a rule, as matter-of-fact and unimaginative as are other country houses elsewhere. Like those they are set for the most part in the midst of their own wooded grounds, shaded lawns, trim paddocks, shrubberies, parks, and so forth, of a type severely familiar. Nevertheless, you, the visitor to any one of them, have but to take one step beyond all this familiar, prosaic prosperity to find yourself looking out upon a region, probably nakeder, certainly stonier, than any other part of North Europe presents to your observation. Go where you will, visit whatever portion of the district you choose, you have only to stroll to the nearest gate, to look across the first bit of park paling, nay, to glance down from your bedroom window, in order to see, stretching away from you in every direction like some ocean grown hard, the grey-green, desolate plain of Galway, an expanse made up partly of bogs, mainly of wild and shaggy-looking pastures, divided from one another by low mortarless wells, overhung here by a stunted thorn, there by a wind-blown elder, but throughout the greater part of its extent treeless, featureless, shadowless—bald and naked, in fact, to the very verge of indecency.

It is an odd, and to some of us rather a provoking fact, that few of the better known homes of this part of Ireland are able to boast of being situated upon the actual edge of the

Atlantic. True its atmosphere pervades nearly all of them. You feel it, you know that it is there; you smell it. Those clouds overhead have come from it; those others are going to it; its infinite variety, its turbulence, is always about you, stamps with its own character what might otherwise seem a bald and featureless scrap of earth's surface, yet for all this intimate feeling of association, few of the more familiarly known homes of Connaught can boast of really dipping the edge of their woods or the last furrow of their pastures in its actual brine.

One or two indeed do so, to the infinite joy alike of their owners and of those who have the luck to visit them. Not many sensations are, I think, to be compared for pure, childish, unreasonable rapture to that of setting out alone upon a path—a commonplace garden path to all appearance—which you know will land you sooner or later face to face with the Illimitable. How your heart beats, how the panting breathlessness of childhood rushes back upon you as you skim along it! Every fresh turn, every new opening is a fresh excitement. Now, surely now, you have reached the limits of proprietorship? This must be your friend's last tree, his very last bush? Now for it! Now! Now! And in a trice, in the twinkling of an eyelid, it bursts upon you. You seem to be suddenly in the very midst of it. Its tones are in your ears; its salt is upon your palate. The very birds overhead are no longer the thrushes or finches of any garden-path, but the wild-eyed, daring rovers of the sea. The gull in its varying myriads, the gannet with its predatory glance; possibly even the red-toed puffin, with its parrot face and odd, uncanny familiarity. The whole victorious sense of freedom, the whole boundless prodigality of life, the vastness, strength, spaciousness of the Atlantic is upon you, and your pulses, even if little prone to such vagaries, leap, throb, and thrill responsively to the invitation.

It seems a poor choice, but after mature consideration I have come to the conclusion that personally I prefer my

Atlantic when on a level with it, rather than when peering down at it from some beetling crag four, even five, hundred feet above its waves. The details of the drama seem to me to be then, and only then, properly attainable and recognisable. One can take it in, not merely as a whole, but in each and all of its component parts. For preference let me suggest the well-sheltered corner of some sandhill, where, prone amongst the dry bents, fenced off from the wind by the next little ridge, you may lie, and with all the serenity of a spectator, watch the chaos, the confusion, the wild turmoil going on beyond you. After a storm, or during a ground swell, it is not at all unlike assisting lazily at some battle. The movement of the advance, the steady rhythmic tread of those footless soldiers, tramping across their sand-strewn arena. The sudden doubling of the advance which occurs when some particular point has to be gained. A hasty word of command—"March!" "March!" "Steady, men, steady!" with which the point in question is successfully carried. A fresh pause; a new and more cautious advance; and suddenly the white-bearded legionaries rush pell-mell upon the foe, hurry scurry, who shall get foremost; a race in which all individual sound and movement, at other times so distinct, becomes lost, swept away and confounded in a single united roar of satisfaction or of triumph.

The music of the retreat is to the full as dramatic, though of course absolutely different. No triumph here, only the sullen sound of the same host, beaten back and baffled, it knows not how or by whom. The sliding roll of the multitude creeping reluctantly over the ground carried a few hours before so successfully. "This point to be yielded? Very well, the next we will hold against all comers!" "What, *this* one also has to be given up?" The clamour rises. There seems to be a division in the councils of war. More than a division—a revolt, almost a mutiny, The irresponsible bystander, lying idly by on the sand, begins to join in, to take his share in the general excitement and indignation.

There is one odd effect which I have often noticed, but I

have never quite been able to make up my mind as to its exact cause. In the middle of the turmoil, when it is at its loudest—all at once—Silence! Just when your ears are fullest of it; when your brain seems to have settled down to it; suddenly to have none! To be left in a sort of vacuum! It is an effect curiously bewildering to the mind, almost as much so as the pause in the engines of some big ship in mid-ocean. "What has happened?" one feels inclined to ask. "Has anything gone wrong?" "Any cause for this delay?" Then after that momentary pause, on the tireless legions rush again to their task! And with what a noise, how tumultuously, and with what a snorting fury, as if to make up for lost time!

This genuinely wave-encrusted aspect is not, as I have said, to be claimed for many Connaught homes. That a dim oceanic presence haunts, pervades and surrounds even the tamest and most inland of them few who are acquainted with them will, however, deny. You may forget it, but it is there, and no reiteration of stone-strewn pastures so dull and flat, no garden plot or carriage drive so orderly and respectable, but you may be surprised while beside them into a sudden sense of that elemental presence. A hill-top, naturally, is the fittest scene for its invocation, and though hill-tops in this limestone district are scarce, still here and there they are to be met with. Here is one, for instance, high, or having the effect of height from its position, six or seven hundred feet above the plain at its feet. Wooded to within some fifty feet of the summit, then breaking suddenly into those reef-like ledges of horizontal rock, which more perhaps than any other variation of scenery brings the Atlantic, and all that the Atlantic means, before eyes which know it well. Westward the chessboard-like squares of pasture stretch away, till they are met by the two long lakes, Mask and Corrib, streaming across the entire landscape; while beyond these extends a dim, cloud-infested mountain region, and beyond that again our ocean itself, lost from sight on dull days, lost sometimes from sheer refulgence upon sunny ones; in all weathers more or less of a dream-

ocean, fenced about by dream-mountains; a region that seems to belong rather to the sky and to-morrow than to-day, and to this everyday earth we walk over.

Hardly less suggestive than an actual hill-top are those long wind-worn slopes of wood, which in many Connaught properties form a sort of outlying territory between the more sophisticated inner regions and the mere bleak desolation of the plains. Beginning usually in fair height and leafy dignity, such woods are apt to grow shorter and shorter, denser and denser with every rood you descend west. Shorter and shorter, denser and denser still, till you probably find that you are walking about amid a crisp growth of wind-clipped junipers, which hardly reach above the knee; trees upon which you may lie luxuriously, if you are so minded, as upon a bed, yet which are none the less part of a wood still, as may be seen by the scores, perhaps hundreds, of stunted oaks, which rise, or rather squat, beside you.

Turning to the actual houses themselves, the art of the domestic architect is not one that has ever been reputed to flourish with any marked distinction in Ireland, whether to the east or west of the Shannon. Admitting this to be the case, and it were a bold advocate who denied it absolutely, it is none the less true that these Connaught houses—the larger ones, that is, to which alone these remarks apply—have an indefinable idiosyncrasy, a saving charm of their own, even the ugliest of them, which, if it defies analysis, is none the less real and recognisable. Nowhere in the world is what has been called the “aura” of a house—that impalpable essence which seems part of its very walls—more perceptible, perhaps, than here. It pervades all such houses subtly, like their faint reek of peat smoke, nay, might, by the matter-of-fact investigator, be said to be the mere imaginary equivalent of the latter. Possibly it is so, and yet I incline to think that something more essential, something more elemental, has also a share in it. At this moment, and while I am actually writing, a landing-place, nothing more romantic than an upstairs landing-place in one

such house, rises like some bodily presence before my eyes—a large, low landing-place—enormously large, according to the infantile standard by which it was first measured—a wonderful place, or so it seemed then, its smooth brown polished floor all a-gleam with cold blue and white reflections; a mysterious polished Indian toy, also a-gleam with the same reflections, and moving, for no visible or ascertainable cause, to an accompaniment of deep inward rattlings and jinglings of its own. Broad brown polished stairs led upward to this realm of mystery, and equally broad and polished stairs away from it to an invisible region overhead. Through its big, deep-set windows tree-tops might be seen tossing, always tossing, in the restless sea-borne breeze. Underneath, a high stone wall, every chink of it filled with ferns and yellow fumitory; a wide, empty paved courtyard, and a tame fox, snapping its teeth lazily at the mouth of its kennel. Crows flying low, brushing seemingly against the tree-tops; every now and then their black line crossed by a sea-gull, sweeping past on dazzling victorious wing, or a cormorant with long, lean, outstretched neck; a sinister, slightly terrifying object to newly arrived eyes, one to be followed with some awe and trepidation as long as it remained in sight!

Dim enough reminiscences, plucked with a casual hand from the void, and not probably suggestive even to any mind that cannot from its own resources fill up the blanks! One thing at least may safely be asserted of all similar Connaught homes, whether large or small, sea-swept or inland, and that is that there can be no half-measures in your regard for them. You may dislike them frankly; I have known some of their own inhabitants—legitimate sons or daughters of the West—who did so heartily; may rejoice to turn your back on them; may hail the western bank of the Shannon as a deliverer, its eastern one as a gaoler, but a tepid liking, a mere ladylike or gentlemanlike toleration, is utterly out of the question. It is neck or nothing with you, kill or cure, love or hate till the last death-ruckle. Moreover, if once that particular sentiment

gets a hold on you, for the rest of your life it is your master. Go where you will, stand beside whatever other shore you may, it draws, woos, beckons to you, and there is always something within yourself which seems to respond to that beckoning.

To taste the particular sensation it is not in the least necessary, I think, that you should be an actual Connaught proprietor. I have known it assail the most improbable persons, worthy Philistines of the sporting persuasion, and that, too, apart even from the vicissitudes of sport. London club-men, again, not a few may be reckoned, who have succumbed helplessly before that fascination, and may be observed henceforward for the greater part of the rest of their lives tramping the bogs delightedly, in boots quite unrecognisable of Piccadilly. Perhaps the most unexpected conquest I ever remember was that of an English woman-servant, of the sort labelled "upper," a respectable, respectful London-bred nurse, well dressed, rather starchy, even a little chilly and repressive in her ordinary demeanour. Yet the first time I made her acquaintance she and her charges—three remarkably pretty little girls—were all walking with much satisfaction over a bog, all four of them shoeless and stockingless! In the distance the line of paddling figures—one large and three small—presented to my eyes somewhat the effect, I remember, of a row of brilliant wading-birds, flamingoes possibly, and I stood still in some surprise so as to obtain a nearer view of the phenomenon. When it developed itself I was unable to refrain from some little inward amusement, though I hope that I concealed any outward demonstration of it. I think that I must have done so, for I was accosted by my new acquaintance in a tone of the most perfectly unruffled dignity. "Yes, m'm, beautiful walking," she assured me—a statement which the cakes of black peat-slime upon all eight feet and ankles would hardly have made immediately obvious—"a very fine country indeed, as you say, m'm, very fine; ladies seem to keep their 'ealth 'ere wonderful."

Such instances as these may be set down by the sceptical

as mere vagaries, results possibly of an over-sensitive or poetical temperament, aberrations which defy and set at naught sober calculations. Whether this be the case or not, it is at any rate certain that no true son or daughter of Connaught has any need to fall back upon similar elaborations. For such a one, especially if in addition to the mere involuntary fact of birth or habitation, he or she have made it their very own: home of their hearts, and love of their lives: for them the difficulties of the problem seem to lie all the other way. How are they to learn to keep themselves away from it? how are they to endure with any show of fortitude the packed life, the ever dwindling spaces, the unescapeable noise, fuss, and hurry of other regions? These are the points to which they have to reconcile themselves, each as they best can. For this reason I hold it to be somewhat rash for one who belongs to the West, but whom the accidents of life have settled elsewhere, to venture without some little precaution to return to it. That most beguiling of all Circes who has her dwelling in a cave of the Atlantic is certain in that case to lay her finger upon you, and once she does so you are undone. Her witchery is so potent that the very moment it is readmitted into the system it becomes overwhelming, and the need to return to the scene of her enchantments at shorter and shorter intervals becomes correspondingly acute. Struggle as you may, fight against that desire as you will, the battle is pretty certain to be a losing one. Even if your feet are retained by circumstances, by propriety, elsewhere, the mind and the will are much less accommodating, and will be found setting forth instinctively, as it were of their own accord, along the old Western road.

Yet if you *have* yielded—you whom I am at this moment thinking of—to the wiles of the enchantress; if, setting difficulties at defiance, you have set your face resolutely towards the sunset—then, ah me, what satisfactions are yours! See, the Shannon is reached at last; is past; you are in no parti-coloured Ireland now, an Ireland of shreds and patches, a

hybrid creature, bred within the Pale, at once the victim of a dozen incompatible theories and experiments of government. This is the real Ireland ; the original one ; the still more or less Irish-speaking one ; an Ireland as it was from the beginning, or as little altered by the lapse of time as any country under the vagrant stars has yet contrived to be. This is what you have panted for, have almost fallen sick for the lack of, not alone in less, but in admittedly far more attractive scenes. Already its atmosphere surrounds you ; seems to be part of you ; to have entered into the cockles of your heart and the marrow of your bones, or whatever other region of the body it is that is stirred, and not in man only, but in every sentient beast, by the touch of its mother-earth. You are nearing your destination fast now ; you have almost arrived. Voices come flying out to meet you, eager, familiar, beloved voices ; other voices too, hardly less real, hardly less beloved, seem to be in the air ; voices which have sung a queer wordless song about your cradle, and which you would not be unwilling to believe would be the last that would reach you on earth. You walk about, you talk and laugh, yet all the while that same odd tune seems to be ringing in your ears.

Then, perhaps the day begins to fade ; light thickens ; evening has come, and you saunter out, perhaps alone, perhaps in better company. The wind has fallen, and the trees by the riverside are standing up, grave and aloof. The distant lines of grey stones look like so many thick-set ghosts in the twilight. The ripple of an invisible waterfall breaks upon your ear with an eager, cantering patter. Moths are flying low over the herbage, and there is a smell of elder-flower, and a yet stronger one of water-sage, rising from the edges of the pools. Sauntering on you begin to mount the slope of a low green hill, low that is in itself, but high in the extent of plain which it reveals. The grass is tangled, and your feet, trailing in it, catch as they pass. The bowed thorn-trees seem to have settled down to rest for the night, worn out with their interminable combat with the enemy from the West. Soon the

top of the little hill, with its rath, comes into sight. You clamber hastily up the few remaining steps, and stand upon it.

Something very remote, and ancient; something at the same time very soft, and kind, and pitiful, seems to have been waiting to receive you upon the top of that little hill. The grey rath with its lichen-drawn, runic-like characters, is familiar already; so also are the bent thorn-trees, but this greeting, this kindly look, this air of intimate friendly inquiry, seems to be coming to you from everything within reach, down to the very grasses and furze bushes, down to each little straggling pimpernel and milkwort which clusters about your feet.

The silence is intense; the solitude absolute. Below, the grey-green plain stretches away, level as a sea, dim as man's hope, wide as the heart's capacity for pain. Sounds that are hardly sounds; sounds that appear to belong to some central soul of silence, grow and swell, and die away again to nothingness before they can be recognised. The ancient heart of Connaught seems to be beating up towards you through the stillness; a heart that has had its full share, more than its full share, of troubles and trials, yet is a sound and a gallant one still. Even—or so, as you listen, you fancy—something more ancient than Old Connaught; a presence so immeasurably ancient that you hesitate to put a name to it, seems to be trying to communicate with you through the twilight. What is it trying to communicate? It is not easy to say; still, by listening attentively you may catch, or fancy that you catch, a word or two here and there of that message. "Life, the life of each one of you down below there, is after all but a very small affair," it seems to be muttering. "You cannot lengthen that life if you would, nor would it be by any means good for you if you were able to do so. Your griefs, wrongs, sorrows, whatever they are, nay even—what I admit is a larger matter—the griefs, wrongs, sorrows of this same storm-torn island spread out below you, are not perhaps really quite so desperate, quite so unutterably deplorable and incurable as you sometimes imagine. Other people—nay, believe me, for I am very old,

other *peoples*—have passed through similar ones before, and other people—other peoples—will have to pass through very similar ones again and again, long after you and yours are comfortably asleep. Sleep is good, my children, very good; Sleep and time; hardly have I found any two things better in the whole of that realm I am acquainted with. Do not fret, do not rage, do not repine, do not beat yourselves against the inevitable. Try, if you can, to live in charity with all things, even with this thing which you call ‘Fate.’” It is not perhaps a particularly definite message, certainly it is not a very fortifying or a very heroic one. For all that, or possibly for those very reasons, there are moments when it may chance to seem a curiously consolatory one.

EMILY LAWLESS.

REVIEWS OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS

IV. LIONARDO DA VINCI'S "NOTES ON MODERN ENGINEERING"

THEY were admirable people, those men of the Renaissance in Italy. They could paint, of course: we all know that. But we are apt to forget what numberless other things they could do too. They could build houses, and play at politics, and carve marble and wood, and write literature, and cast bronze, and profoundly speculate on social and philosophical questions. And their morality was multitudinous. And all these things they did apparently without an effort, as though by instinct. But there is no man who summed up the endless potentialities of the Renaissance more fully in his own person than Lionardo da Vinci. Yet it is almost with a gasp of surprise that we read his "Notes on Modern Engineering"; and find how complete was his technical knowledge of the achievements of our Barrys and our Airs.

His "Notes" are not easy reading. He was always bizarre in the making of MS. Here he has given the student an initial complexity of delight by the way he has put pen to paper. The MS., which Messrs. Donato Ricardi have had the good taste to publish in facsimile, without the garbling usually deemed necessary to suit the fancied taste of the Library Public, begins at the bottom of the right-hand corner of each page, and runs always from right to left, all the letters being

always upside-down. However, it is not so difficult to arrive at his meaning as this might lead us to suppose. The "Notes" deal with a vast variety of subjects, ranging from the nature of the curves in the Forth Bridge, and the general formation of cycloidal curves as produced by the cantilever system of bridge-building, down to the architecture of the Paris Exposition of 1900. It is clearly impossible to mention here all the examples which he criticises. But throughout the "Notes" it is to be observed that he treats each subject from two points of view. He first considers it with reference to the technical difficulties of construction, giving praise or blame to the way in which these have been met. Then he criticises the result from the æsthetic point of view. It is this latter part of each "Note" which has the greater value and also the greater interest for us, because Lionardo's practical knowledge of painting has enabled him to speak with more authority on questions of beauty than has been granted to our modern engineers.

Take, for instance, his treatment of the Annexe to Westminster Abbey built for the Coronation of Edward VII. He has nothing to tell us which could not be learned elsewhere on the actual construction of the annexe from slight material having the semblance of solidity; but on its æsthetic value he has much to say worth hearing. After a passing reference to the pillars of St. Peter's at Rome, and an analogy drawn from his own use of chiaroscuro in painting, he says that the value of a work of art, which appeals to the eye through the mind, must in fairness be judged by its effect upon the eye. To condemn it because it is a sham is to import an ethical distinction with which art is not concerned. There is no inherent reason why lath and plaster should be inferior to stone: the result is all that need be considered. The temporary nature of the construction was sufficient excuse for the choice of materials. If we want a whole abbey somewhere for a few hours only we are æsthetically justified in building it of paper, if we can make paper look as beautiful as stone.

Although we may have a horror of sham, it is difficult to quarrel with Lionardo's logic.

Lionardo's æsthetic remarks on the St. Gothard Railway are not a little curious. It may be safely asserted that no one, before his time, ever noted the beauty of the curvature of the line on the Italian side of the tunnel. He compares it to the marks made by a bee in a low temperature, walking upon a sheet of plate glass thinly sprinkled with fine sand and having an electro-magnet under the glass distant two inches from the centre of gravity of the bee. He points out the similitude of the curve thus obtained to the outline of the great nebula in Orion. It would be interesting to know whether he implied any physical connection between these two curves and that of the St. Gothard Railway on the Italian side. Perhaps the point is prudently left to future investigators. But the said curves presumably are not keratoids; at any rate the two lines of rail hardly could have been constructed so with safety. Lionardo takes great interest in beauty of curve. Reference has already been made to his remarks on cycloids about the Forth Bridge. He has an amusing suggestion that a keystone bridge might be built on the lines of a previously constructed cantilever bridge; and that a single cycloidal curve or series of single cycloidal curves might be obtained, which would have even greater beauty than a true cantilever construction. But this method would not be economical.

By far the longest "Note"—indeed it might have been reviewed as a separate work—deals with the Nile Barrage at Assouan. We may leave the technical questions intreated of by Lionardo to the official account of Messrs. Airds' work, which, no doubt, we shall have some day. The economic question is discussed in the usual manner, and the usual laudatory mention is made of Kitchener and Cromer. Then Lionardo indulges in a delightful rhapsody on Egypt. It has all the charm of a book of travel written by one who has not visited the country. Egypt! For us, the mere

difficulty of writing a word with three concurrent letters extending below the line adds an air of mystery. Egypt, where those dull-red old Pharaohs tied their god-like chin-tufts on, and fed the sacred cats, far back in the dawn of things! When our own life took form in Greece, she still was the land of mystery, as China is to us to-day, the mother of fantastic faiths, of weird immobile arts, whose changeless philosophy is a sorcery enchanting heart and soul and leading back to the barbaric roots of things. There was something recondite and unwholesome in her air, some adumbration of huge occult potencies which might sweep away all that Hellas had retrieved of light and life and human sanity. Yes, surely it was just that, just the link of human kinship which the Greek sought and failed to find in her. Herodotus put into words all that which his countrymen felt about the land whose great river so mysteriously flowed from arid southern deserts. Came Cleopatra, incarnate Egypt, to sway with love the future of the world. Came Hadrian, drifting in earthen barge a-down the Nile, adding another exotic tale which still stands clear among the hot fantastic annals of the land. Then the Dark Age. Where was it more dark than here? What untold histories of unnamed men have drifted to the mirage, and slipped away into oblivion? And now the Airs are damming the Nile.

So Lionardo awakens to reality. Is romance, he asks (quoting the lovely animistic anapaests in which Eklytos of Notiathalassa invokes her,¹) to lie for ever buried beneath its solidity? It seems hard to find romance in so very vast a dam. We may well join with our author in sighing that things must be as they are. Perhaps there was no romance left, even in an undammed Nile. Or perhaps there still is romance there in spite of the dam. We cannot but believe

¹ Θεος, ὁ φωνῆ θειαζόμενος
ἐν Ἄρει παιδῶν ἀρετῆν αἰέν,
παρεμβήσας τῆς δυστυχίας
τουσδε θανόντας χαιρήσων.

that some day the dam will be a romantic ruin. It may be that Egypt of the endless years has a soul which is more valid than a dam, that men with not such useful heads and hands will come to fight and love as we believe men fought and loved of old betwixt the desert and the tidal stream. Lionardo drifts in and out between admiration and regret. His love of engineering compels him to admire the grandeur of the work. His love of men teaches him to rejoice in the blessings of prosperity through fertility, which the barrage is to bring to many folk. Then he remembers the past; and we may join him in a sigh which, however, will hardly be able to raise even a ripple on the waters above the dam.

V.—THUCYDIDES' REPORT OF PERICLES'
ORATION AT THE CORONATION OF
KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH

AN analogy has often been noted between the speeches, which are so prominent in Thucydides' history of the "Peloponnesian War," and the choric odes of Greek tragedy. Just as a chorus sums up the acts of the previous scene, and furnishes a commentary on the position of the actors in the drama, so the speeches sum up the results of the preceding history, and give the historian's comment to his readers upon the condition of affairs. We cannot isolate a chorus or a speech without losing its intrinsic meaning. It is well to bear this prominently in mind in reviewing Pericles' "Oration at the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh," for here we have an isolated *semnology*, which will lose much of its significance unless we postulate before and behind it the still unwritten Thucydidean history of the period. There should be no difficulty about that, since there is no need to postulate the history as written. Given the "Oration," we must have the "History," psychically at least, both precedent and subsequent; or more simply we may say that, just in so far as the supposition is hypothetical, so also the hypothesis is suppositious. This would seem to be the solution of any preliminary difficulties which may not have arisen.

The matter is also simplified by the parallel drawn, by Pericles himself, between this "Oration" and the "Funeral Oration" in Book II. of the "Peloponnesian War." In the latter Pericles made use of an inopportune occasion to sum up the position of Athens, and to forecast the future of the Athenian Empire. There can be no doubt but that he, at that time, believed the Hellenic civilisation of the world to

necessitate the confirmation of the Athenian Empire in the Ægean, and its subsequent extension to include, under one central authority, the Greek cities of the Euxine, of Southern Italy, and of Sicily. What a sumptuous scheme it was! Its realisation would have produced a power to check the growth of Rome, to alter the history of the world. But, as we know, Pericles, the one born *skoparch* who might have guided Athens along the Imperial pathway, died; and Sparta emerged triumphant from the great war. Our England of to-day, says Pericles now, is in a very similar position to that of Athens just before the outbreak of her contest with Lacedaemon. Our Empire is analogous in form to that of Athens, although the state of things is magnified immeasurably. Our Empire of England must dominate the world—or fall to pieces. He bids us to put aside all merely patriotic prejudice, and view affairs from the larger synthesis of the welfare of the human race :

*μετὰ μεγάλων δὲ σημείων καὶ οὐ δὴ τοι ἀμάρτυρόν γε τὴν
δύναμιν παρασχόμενοι τοῖς τε νῦν καὶ τοῖς ἔπειτα θαυμασθησόμεθα,
καὶ οὐδὲν προσδεόμενοι οὔτε Δυσκόλου Κιπλίγγου οὔτε Δαφ-
νηφόρου Ἀυστίνου ἱπαινέτου οὔτε ὅστις ἔπεισι μὲν τὸ αὐτίκα
τέρψει.¹*

He uses this argument with all the more force, because he knows that he is leading us to a conclusion which will not offend our patriotism, for the English temperament is more akin to Athenian ideals than any national temperament which has appeared during the last two thousand years. But his analogy continues. The enemy of Athens, he says, was not Persia, nor Egypt, nor even Macedonia; her real rival was that state which was her nearest next-of-kin, Sparta, the second glory of Hellas. So we, at the beginning of the twentieth century, must see our rival, not in those who are

¹ And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Crusty Kipling or Laureate Austin, or of any other panegyrist whose poetry may be popular for the moment.

racially distinct from us, but in that great nation which shares with us the kinship and the glory which Sparta shared with Athens:

μόνη γὰρ τῶν νῦν ἀκοῆς κρείσσων ἐς πείραν ἔρχεται.¹

And the lesson? Well, the long duel between Athens and Sparta was the ruin of the dream which had inspired Pericles in old days, not merely because Sparta was victorious, but because in a contest between brothers, and brothers of such boundless potency, both cannot entirely win and both are bound to lose. Sparta, of then and now, had and has much to learn from Athens, of then and now; also she had and has much to teach. United, they of old might have given the world all things. They failed. Cannot the Athens and Sparta of to-day profit by the lesson of that failure, and give to the future those blessings which the Hellenism of long ago so splendidly failed to give? Cannot the Athens and Sparta of to-day, spurning that *αἰδῶς οὐκ ἀγαθή*² which distinguishes mediocrity from genius, merge their minor differences, and unite to face the envious, venomous decrepitude of the European combination, their common foe?

τὸ δὲ μισεῖσθαι καὶ λυπηρὸς εἶναι ἐν τῷ παρόντι πᾶσι μὲν ὑπῆρξε δὴ ὅσοι ἕτεροι ἐτέρων ἠξίωσαν ἄρχειν· ὅστις δ' ἐπὶ μεγίστοις τὸ ἐπιφθονὸν λαμβάνει, ὀρθῶς βουλεύεται. μῖσος μὲν γὰρ οὐκ ἐπὶ πολὺ ἀντέχει, ἡ δὲ παραντίκα τε λαμπρότης καὶ ἐς τὸ ἔπειτα δόξα αἰμίμηστος καταλείπεται.³

It is grand rhetoric—in the original.

But there is a great deal more in this long oration than mere rhetoric. Pericles displays a fine sense of the imperialistic

¹ For in the hour of trial she alone among our contemporaries is superior to the report of her.

² False modesty (Hesiod). Pudor malus (Horace).

³ To be hateful and offensive has ever been at the time the fate of those who have aspired to Empire. But he judges well who accepts unpopularity in a great cause. Hatred does not last long, and, besides the immediate splendour of great actions, the renown of them endures for ever in men's memories,

fervour which at present animates us. His discussion upon the new style and dignity to be assumed by King Edward the Seventh is an admirable piece of constructive argument. Noting the statements of a well-known Canadian diplomatist of the Conservative party, lately printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to the effect that, first, the King's Majesty ought to be crowned "Emperor of England, West England (Canada), South England (Australia), and East England (India):" secondly, that the name "England" alone should survive, and that the one people under one sentiment and one flag should be divided by no suggestion of different identities, Pericles says, that although this is all pretty well in a way, yet nevertheless it is open to at least two fatal objections. First, the territorial designation is lamentably inadequate, because it omits to include numerous loyal and important dependencies of the English Crown, such as be the vast demesnes of Africa, New Zealand, the West Indies, Tasmania, Hongkong, Newfoundland, British Columbia, Malta, Cyprus, Gibraltar, and the myriad island-gems which coruscate in Edward the Seventh's diadem. Secondly, the style "Emperor" appears to be regarded as a higher and grander style than "King"; when, as a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind. It signifies no more than "general" or "commander-in-chief." It was common to many officials in the army of Republican Rome. It was assumed by the Cæsars (after the army had discovered that it had the power of investing a favourite general with the purple), to indicate their headship over the legions. Moreover, it was prefixed to its holder's name, never to the name of the people, never to the name of the territory, beneath his rule. Therefore, argues Pericles, there is no philological precedent for an Emperor of England, nor for an Emperor of the English, seeing that there never was an Emperor of Rome, nor an Emperor of the Romans, purely speaking. But, as there was, *e.g.*, an Imperator Cæsar Hadrianus Augustus, solely as supreme war-lord, so again there might be, solely as supreme war-lord, an Emperor King Edward the Excellent.

With the ground thus cleared Pericles proceeds to erect his syllogism. The King of England, says he, is also King of Wales, of Ireland, of Scotland, by right of conquest. After the Roman evacuation Britain was conquered by the English, who drove the Britons, naked howling savages painted blue, as their very name Bryth (painted) testifies, into Wales and Cornwall. King Edward I. reduced these Britons, Welch, or Cymru, to the position of vassals of the English Crown. Jenny Jones never has been all she ought to be; and it is unlikely that any strain of untainted British blood has survived to the twentieth century. Ireland was granted to the English by the English Paparch Nicholas Breakespeare (Hadrian IV.) acting in his capacity of *ὁ οἰκουμηνικός ἐπιστάτης* (*cf.* the Roman Pontifical, "Rector Orbis"), and was conquered by King Henry II. Scotland also was conquered and its king killed at Flodden by the English. It is the English race which is, and for more than a thousand years has been, the conquering race; and which is to be the dominant race. We do not know of any fresher, or more vigorous, or more ruthless statement of historic events than this. Its audaciously categorical conciseness will naturally fail to recommend it to Fenians, Druids, and unspeakable Scots, whose sentiments are otherwise. But we must always remember that Pericles of all orators is the master in the matter of reducing fallacy to the nudity of fact. He points out, in continuation of his thesis, that England at the present time increases her boundaries more by the power of love than by the arbitrament of arms. Canada, Australia, and the rest, he says, are English because they love England; and if they desire specially to be named in the titles of England's king, they have a right to offer him a title of their own choosing. Would they choose a style of Romaic origin, "Princeps," "Prince of All the English," is an immense and noble style. Would they choose a style of Hellenic origin, "Pontokrator" (Ruler of the Sea) and "Pananglican Pamprotos" (The Very First of All the English), possess magniloquent sonority and significance. Would they choose a style of Byzantine origin,

"Lamprotes," "Splendour of the English," has its recommendations. But, circumlocution aside, all the styles in the world, Thakubs, Emperors, Basilees, Gaikwars, Presidents, Princes, amount to no more than First, Head, Chief, of more or less extensive demesnes, of more or less glorious a race of mortal men: whence Pericles ingeniously deduces the axiom that the importance of a style inheres chiefly in its territorial qualification. The King of England, he says, in his relation to other monarchs is as the Head of the Sixth Form is to the heads of the gulf, fifth, shell, fourth, not forgetting the lower-third; and his Majesty's predecessor King Henry V. was called "England" all stark, five hundred years ago. For sheer sumptuous sonority, Pericles can find no stronger combination of sounds than the English "King of England." He says that even the enormous Italian word "donde" (said by a Tuscan) cannot be named in comparison with the clanging splendour of that reiterate N, *ng*, *ng*, *nd*. He reminds us that the Venerable Servant of God Alfred the Great, Saint Edward Confessor, William the Conqueror, Henry the Fifth, Charles the Martyr, were Kings of England, as Edward the Excellent is King of England. And from this point he proceeds to the climax. "King" is the style for the English Sovereign. His Majesty is already a four-fold King, of England and Wales and Ireland and Scotland. How many other demesnes acknowledge him as king, although as yet no territorial qualification indicates the magnitude of his sovereign sway? Seven? Or nine? Or nineteen? If the loyal subjects in his Majesty's colonies are moved to offer for his acceptance new additions to his regal style, obviously such additions should be territorial additions, *e.g.*, "of Canada," "of Australia," "of New Zealand," "of the Islands," &c. &c., each colony of importance being designated separately and particularly, and appended to the title of "king"; which, by accumulation, will result in the collective, tremendous, and unapproachable style of "The Seven-fold King," or "The Nine-fold King," or "The Nineteen-fold King," as the case may be.

The elaboration, the allusiveness, the opulent fancy, which Pericles has brought to bear upon this section of his demegogy, by no means fail him when he deals with the more practical and perhaps less decorative portions of the subject. He shows a thorough grasp of both the general and the particular problems which affect King Edward's empire. Nothing, for example, could be more convincing than his luminous appreciation of Lord Selborne's "Memorandum," as displayed in the masterly epigram:

τὸ δὲ ναυτικὸν τέχνης ἐστὶν ὡσπερ καὶ ἄλλο τι καὶ οὐκ ἐνδέχεται
ὅταν τύχη ἐκ παρέργου μελετᾶσθαι.¹

It would be impossible, in the limits of this review, to follow him through all the details of his treatment of these problems from the point of view of each colony. We may, however, instance his remarks on Canada. After a brief but pregnant summary of early Canadian history, he draws a vivid picture of the growing estrangement between the Upper and Lower Provinces in the reign of King William IV. The rebellion of 1837 seemed at the time to preclude, once and for all, any possibility of a peaceful arrangement; but the constitution of the two Canadian Houses of Parliament solved the difficulty, and the federation of British North American Colonies into "The Dominion," made Canada what she is to-day. Pericles points out that the successful application of the federative principle should lead us to consider the possibilities of Imperial federation. He believes that the two great obstacles will be found in the question of Protection, and the question of the position of India. He deems the former of these to be, in point of fact, far less formidable than is usually supposed; for federation would make England so very dominant throughout the world that commercial prosperity, enhanced by power, could afford to yield here a little and there a little until a *modus operandi* should have evolved itself. But, on the

¹ The naval, like other sciences, is the effect of art. It cannot be learned by the way or at chance times.

other hand, he pragmatically asserts that we are bound to deal with India firmly, even high-handedly, and without any approach to truckling to the hysterics of half-penny unennobled morning sentimentality. There can be no doubt whatever, he declares, but that in a federative assembly, the quantitative superiority of India must be reduced to the level of her qualitative inferiority. Imperial Federation points the way to the realisation of that great scheme which Pericles here tries to bring home to us. Little idea, unfortunately, can be given in the space at our disposal of the mature oratorical power which he has expended upon this subject. He is a rhetor, trained by the experience of something under seven and twenty centuries. Also he is one of us, for he is human, and he is sympathetic; and we may listen not unprofitably to such an one :

ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραίφασίς ἐστὶν ἑταίρου.¹

¹ The admonition of a companion is good (of its kind). (*Iliad*, xi. 492.)

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

VII

SEATON, on realising that some of the guests had arrived, retired for refuge to the conventual seclusion of his bedroom, and did not appear again till the gong sounded for dinner. He was giving his white necktie one last disconsolate pull, when Glanville knocked, looked in at the door, and exclaimed with a laugh, "Capital! I see you are quite ready for the theologians in disguise downstairs."

With a sinking heart Seaton entered the drawing-room and found himself alone with a man who was standing before the empty fireplace. The aspect of this personage was certainly not theological. His age might have been about sixty. His carefully trimmed moustache was slightly waxed at the tips; a turquoise, surrounded with diamonds, shone on his shirt-front; and his collar, as though it were a bearing-rein, so upheld his chin, that he jerked his head at intervals with an air of jaunty restiveness. Seaton, with his grey-blue eyes, which were dreamy though half humorous, with his shock of ruddy hair, and with the shy uncertainty of his pose, formed a curious contrast to the stranger. The two men bowed and looked at each other like dogs of two different species.

At last the gentleman of the magnificent turquoise stud gave a nervous pull to a pair of jewelled cuffs, and said, "Have you come here for the fishing?"

Seaton replied in accents of courteous and soft aloofness, "I am not certain if there's any river to fish in."

The other glanced at him, made a slight grimace at the window, and then continued reflectively: "I wonder if our host has any grouse here? Ireland, if properly managed, might be the best sporting country in the world. But it's never been the fashion. God knows why—but it hasn't. Ah," he exclaimed, his face suddenly lightening, "there she is! That woman," he went on confidentially, "has the finest figure in London. If you'd known her, as I did, in the school-room—by Gad!—you'd never have expected it. It's astonishing how they fill out—some of them."

The object of this eulogy had hardly caught sight of the speaker when Glanville made his appearance, with another lady preceding him. She was dressed in deep mourning. Her handsome face was thoughtful; and Seaton, the moment he saw her, experienced a sensation of relief. "My dear Mr. Glanville," he heard her say to her host, with a quick glance at the gentleman of the turquoise stud, "I'd no idea I was to meet such very smart company as this."

"Never mind," replied Glanville in a soothing voice, "he's only here for a night. To-morrow he joins his yacht—he and several others." Then, coming up to Seaton and laying a hand on his arm, "I see," he said, "you've already made acquaintance with Sir Roderick Harborough. Here is Mrs. Vernon, who tells me she's an old friend of yours."

Seaton started; he looked at the lady in black; and then was aware that his hand was being grasped by hers, whilst her cordial voice was recalling the pleasant fact to him that seven years ago she had met him at his uncle's house in Lanarkshire. Their incipient conversation, however, was promptly interrupted by Sir Roderick, who, feeling that the times were out of joint when anybody of importance overlooked him, claimed Mrs. Vernon's attention as something properly belonging to himself.

Mrs. Vernon responded with a graciousness that had some-

thing of frost in it, and at once went on to the question, "How is Lady Honoria?"

Sir Roderick was a man whom any allusion to his wife was apt to affect like cold water dropped into a boiling saucepan. "Lady Honoria," he said drily, "is enjoying the best of health, which she wouldn't be doing if she came yachting with me.—And tell me, my dear sweet child, how is your delightful mother?"

These last words were addressed not to Mrs. Vernon, but to the lady whose figure he had just now been commending, and to whom he had by this time attached himself by taking possession of her hand, and turning her round to the light, in order to examine her necklace.

Meanwhile the room had been slowly filling. Seaton could not make out much with regard to the composition of the company; but he found, when dinner was announced, that Mrs. Vernon was assigned to him as a partner, whilst Glanville led the way with a lady of stately aspect, to whose hair, like white floss-silk slightly sprinkled with diamonds, some black lace was attached, which gave her the air of an abbess. When the dimness of the drawing-room was exchanged for the sparkling lights of the dining-room, some dozen people found themselves confronting each other at a round table; and Mrs. Vernon's attention having been engrossed by her other neighbour, Seaton had nothing to do but look about him and listen. At first everything seemed to him hardly more real than a dream. Then gradually out of the confused murmur of voices he heard certain conversations emerge which, to some degree, were intelligible. They bore a singular resemblance to those which had, at the ball in London, sent Mr. Brock to his bed with such a sense of his own superiority. Indeed, one of the subjects was the same—namely, the doings of the fair Mrs. Majendie, who was, it appeared, on the eve of achieving renown in the Divorce Court, and already was far more celebrated than most Cabinet Ministers. Another subject which seemed to be equally popular, was some one

bearing the surname or the christian-name of Marcus, who had been caught cheating at cards, and whose reputation had exploded like a shell. A certain Lady Cicely Morland was frequently mentioned also, with a blame that was akin to pity, as having once again been her own worst enemy, by what seemed her besetting weakness—a public lapse from sobriety; whilst another lady, with whose name Seaton himself was familiar, she being now on her trial for maltreating one of her children, was much in request as a victim of indignant conversational justice. Opposite to Seaton was a dignitary with a starched face, whose garb proclaimed him a bishop. He alone, with a soft-voiced lady next him, seemed lost to the world in the privacy of some superior intercourse; and he trifled meanwhile with a curious antique spoon, which he eyed superciliously as though it were a Roman doctrine.

Seaton at last, however, began to feel somewhat happier, when Mrs. Vernon, freeing herself from his rival, turned to him with an air of intimacy; and having soon ascertained that all the guests were strangers to him, she discreetly lowered her voice and set herself to give him an account of them. One was Lord Restormel, an ex-Viceroy of India. Another was Mr. Brompton, once a Roman Catholic priest, who had married a wife and invented a new religion. There was also a girl—a certain Miss Agatha Hagley—with frank protruding eyes and something like a splutter in her utterance. “And that,” Mrs. Vernon continued, “is the Bishop of Glastonbury facing you. The lady,” she said in a whisper, “who has been talking to him about sermons and services is the wife of Captain Jeffries, my neighbour. She’s the largest-hearted woman in the world. She never says ‘No’ to man, and she never abuses a woman; and the odd thing is that the saintliest clergy adore her as much as secular sinners, though we hope in a different way. The man with the sparkling eyes and eager gesticulating hands is Mr. Hancock, the editor of ‘The Dictionary of Contemporary Life.’ There’s no one he doesn’t know, and there’s nothing he won’t talk about. The white-haired lady by Mr. Glanville is

Lady Snowdon, my aunt. Happily she's as clever as she thinks she is, else she would not be endurable. The man who is trying to make love to the dark-haired woman next him is that odious Sir Roderick Harborough. His wife is an admirable woman, and yet he has three establishments. I'll tell you some more afterwards. Let us listen to what the Bishop is saying."

It seemed that by this time the general circulation of topics had brought to the Bishop the story of the lady who had lapsed from sobriety, and that he was wrapping her reputation in the mantle of episcopal charity. "In a case like hers," he was saying to the whole table, "one should be very cautious in judging. Her father, her grandfather, three of her four uncles—all had the same failing. One may venture to call it in her case not a fault but a physical malady."

"Quite right," said Sir Roderick. "I knew them all—every one of 'em—capital fellows, except—well—except for this":—and he delicately emphasised his meaning by raising a glass of champagne a trifle higher than was necessary before he proceeded to drink it. "It's not her fault—not her fault at all. Eh, what?" he exclaimed, suddenly leaning forward. "What's that you're saying, Rupert? Do I hear you saying you'd have Marcus down here to stay with you? Why, I tell you, Jack Hereford saw the cards in his hand. God bless my soul! you'll be having Mrs. Masters next—is that the she-devil's name?—who crippled her child by beating it."

"I think," replied Glanville, "we are probably much too hard on her. For all we know, the child was exceedingly irritating; and I'm sure, from her pictures, that the mother must naturally have a bad temper."

In spite of the deference due from guests to a host, this utterance of Glanville's was received with a murmur of surprised remonstrance; whilst Sir Roderick pulled his moustache by one of its waxen ends and dragged a fold of his throat through the points of his collar in indignation.

"How do you know," said Mrs. Jeffries, her cheeks growing

pink with emotion, "how do you know that the poor little thing was irritating? A woman, with Mrs. Masters's mouth, would be cruel to a perfect angel."

"By the way," said Mr. Hancock, eagerly leaning forward, "I can tell you about Mrs. Masters a very curious thing. I was talking to Dr. Hudson, the celebrated criminal pathologist, and he assures me that the skull of this lady is just the same in shape as that of Marie Godin—you must all remember the case—who murdered two of her children six years ago at Lyons."

"I can quite believe it," said Captain Jeffries solemnly. "I saw Mrs. Masters in court, and I can tell you, Rupert, if she wasn't and didn't look like a lady, she's the sort of woman a policeman would run in in the street, without waiting a moment to ask if she'd done anything. And her being a lady only makes it worse."

"And tell me, Dick," said Glanville, "do you think that a British jury, when they look, as they probably will look, into the fascinating eyes of Mrs. Majendie, will decide on pronouncing against her in the same summary manner?"

"Mrs. Majendie," interrupted Sir Roderick doggedly, "is a very dear little, nice little, amiable little lady. She never did an unkind thing in her life. She couldn't. It's not in her. I only wish I could have taken her yachting with me until all her troubles are over."

"That, Sir Roderick," said Lady Snowdon, "would have established her reputation at once." Lady Snowdon spoke in a tone of condescending sarcasm, but her words came to Sir Roderick as the choicest of all possible compliments, and he smiled at himself in his silver plate, rejoicing that he looked so young.

"Listen, Roderick," said Glanville. "Let us make up a yachting party together, you and me. You shall bring Lady Cicely and Mrs. Majendie. I'll bring Mrs. Masters and Marcus. These two could help themselves no more than the others. You tell us that Mrs. Majendie can't help being kind. The

Bishop tells us that Lady Cicely can't help being tipsy. Dr. Hudson says Mrs. Masters can't help being cruel; and Marcus—why should we leave him out in the cold?—he, no doubt, is unable to help cheating. They are none of them guilty of faults. They are all the victims of malformations—or maladies, for that is the word which, I think, the Bishop recommends to us."

The Bishop looked at Glanville with an expression of extreme annoyance.

"If you argue like that," said Lady Snowdon, to whom such discussions were familiar, "where will you draw the line?"

"Precisely," said Glanville. "That is the problem—where? Who is the theologian, who is the philosopher that will tell us?"

This sceptical question, however, was hardly out of his mouth when it seemed as though a prophet had been specially raised up to answer it. The Bishop's lips were tightly closed like a vice; but Sir Roderick Harborough, who had been fuming for the last five minutes, now saw his opportunity, and pushing his wine-glasses away from him, spoke under an inspiration so urgent and copious that it hardly allowed his message to arrange itself in logical order. His style, moreover, fiery as it was, was hardly that of an Isaiah.

"Hang it, Rupert," he began, "it's very unbecoming in me, who sit here drinking your champagne—and very fine champagne it is—if I'm not mistaken, it's Pol Roger, of 'eighty—it's very unbecoming in me to tell you you're talking nonsense. But do you mean seriously to say that a man like Marcus—born a gentleman—a cool man, with all his wits about him—I never saw anybody cooler under fire than he was—could no more help cheating at cards than he could help having measles or a cough—for that's what your talk about bumps and maladies comes to? Do you mean to say that we—the Committee of the Turf Club—should have kept the fellow on, in order to have our pockets picked by him, on the

ground that he picked them because he couldn't possibly help it?"

"My dear Roderick," said Glanville, "you might have kept him out of the card-room. That would have been quite sufficient. Nowhere else would he have robbed you of a single sixpence. You might have safely smoked and dined with him, or have walked with him in the Park, as I've very often seen you doing."

"Walk with him in the Park!" exclaimed Sir Roderick with increasing vehemence. "Walk in the Park in the morning with a man who, whether he could help it or not, would, as all London knows, be picking my pocket at night—or if not mine, yours! But it's not that, Rupert. You're quite on the wrong tack. The fellow *could* help it—let his head be what shape it will. He needn't have done it, and he did it; and I'd say the same, and I'd never be in the same room with him, if I knew he would never touch a card again till doomsday. God bless my soul!" he continued with a fresh access of ardour, "what would become of us all—the Bishop will bear me out—what would become of religion—what would become of morality—what would become of the turf, if we could none of us run straight when we were tempted to run crooked? And Marcus wasn't tempted—that's another point. What was a ten-pound note—what was a monkey—to him? He cheated because he was determined to cheat; and if the Committee hadn't done what they did—not that there was any question of that—I for one should have resigned, and I'll tell you on what grounds. I don't want," he said, "to usurp the Bishop's place—but I'm quite sure he'll agree with me—I should have resigned on the grounds that to condone a fault is to be guilty of it."

This new summing up of the Christian code of morality produced a silence which was tempered by a few slight smiles. It was however immediately broken by a quite unexpected speaker.

This was Miss Agatha Hagley, the young lady with the

spluttering utterance, who suddenly plunged after Sir Roderick into the deep waters of philosophy, and her thoughts wandering to certain South African warriors, abruptly exclaimed, "Yes—and if cowards can't help being cowardly, brave men can't help being brave; so why should we praise heroism?"

"Very well put, Miss Hagley," said Mr. Hancock. "We can't have one logic for our virtues and another logic for our vices, any more than we can have one law for the rich and another law for the poor. And now, if you'll let me, I'll ask Mr. Glanville something. When a dinner was given last autumn to General Grandison, Mr. Glanville made a most eloquent speech in honour of him. But my friend Dr. Hudson tells me that General Grandison's head is the typical head of a soldier, just as the head of Mrs. Masters is the typical head of a criminal; and we all of us know besides that he comes of a fighting family. If, then, we are right in exonerating monsters like Mrs. Masters—if the shape of their heads or their parentage is really any excuse for them—what sense is there in honouring magnificent men like General Grandison?"

"And look," said Miss Hagley, "just look at Charley Langford, and the way in which he stuck to the girl he was engaged to marry, when everybody tried to make out that she'd forged a cheque—which she hadn't done! If he couldn't have helped sticking to her——"

"Let us wait a moment," said Lady Snowdon, who had been on the point of rising, "and hear what would have happened. My dear, finish your sentence."

"I was only just saying," continued Miss Hagley in a slightly masculine voice, "that if anybody stuck to me when I was in a tight place, simply because he couldn't help sticking—here, Sir Roderick, be a brick and pick up my rather dirty glove—I'd as soon think of saying 'Thank you' to a bit of old cobbler's-wax."

VIII

"THAT'S a damned good sort of girl," said Sir Roderick, settling himself down by Captain Jeffries. "She gave it them straight that time. I'm glad she's coming on the yacht with me. Never sick; and, when swimming, she's almost pretty. What's this? Rupert's old Madeira? It's been in the cellar, he tells me, seventy-five years. Nobody touches Madeira excepting our two selves. We'd better stick to the bottle."

The rest of the gentlemen had meanwhile rearranged themselves also; and, leaving Sir Roderick, who regarded his moral mission as accomplished, to discuss with Captain Jeffries the merits of a new Hungarian jockey, they prepared, as they filled their glasses, to resume the suspended fray.

"Hancock," said Glanville, "look here. You were asking me a question when the Muse of philosophy interrupted you. If I believe myself justified in not blaming a born blackguard——"

"My dear Glanville," interposed the Bishop, like a schoolmaster correcting an exercise, "you're running away with assumptions. No man is born a blackguard."

"Very well, then," said Glanville, "let us say a born dipsomaniac. You can't object to that. If I believe myself justified in not blaming a born dipsomaniac, how am I justified—this is what Mr. Hancock asks me—in consenting to spout in public the praises of a born hero? And I'm bound to tell him that, in making the speech he refers to, though I should, no doubt, repeat the proceeding, I can make no reasonable defence of it. The whole of our higher impulses are equally opposed to reason. All that we feel is in conflict with all that we know. There is my position. Now let us have yours."

The Bishop's face, as he heard this portentous avowal, looked as though sulphur were beginning to burn in his dessert plate.

Mr. Hancock's reply, however, did something to soothe him. "I'm sure, Bishop," he said, with the confident familiarity of a successful man of the world, "you won't mind my speaking plainly. You're much too wide-minded for that. Well," Mr. Hancock continued, in tones of intellectual briskness, "I confess that, so far as mere evidence goes, I consider Mr. Glanville right. I can't see, as a man of science, or as a strict logician, at what point freedom, responsibility, moral praise or blame, find their way into the mechanism of human life. But they may come in—mind you, I add this—they may come in, in some way of which we know nothing. Scientifically—theoretically—I'm an absolute Agnostic about the matter. That seems to me the only position possible. But, practically," Mr. Hancock continued, gesticulating with an emphatic hand, and upsetting a pyramid of French bon-bons as he did so, "practically, I say, whether our wills be free or no, we are bound to assume that they are free, as a kind of working hypothesis. We had to-night a remarkable proof of this. Everybody at this table, except Mr. Glanville himself, has shown that what I call this 'working hypothesis of freedom' is practically instinctive in his mind or in hers; and Mr. Glanville himself, as I very shrewdly suspect, is pulling our legs when he affects to think differently."

"I don't doubt it," said the Bishop drily. "Glanville, I must confess that I utterly fail to see what all this discussion is driving at. You agree with me that we, as practical men, cannot palter with the fact that we are free and responsible agents. Any child might have told you the same thing; and to play at turning the most sacred beliefs into doubts merely for the sake of reviving them under the name of 'working hypotheses' seems to me not only a useless but also a dangerous game."

"You must remember," said Glanville, laughing, "that to-night it was you who started it, by saying that an hereditary drunkard cannot morally be blamed for drinking. Some of us may be born drunkards, but nobody is a born blackguard. This is what you have told us. I don't say myself that both state-

ments are not true. I only say that, myself, I am unable by reason to reconcile them. I would ask you if *you* could," he added with friendly deference; "only I know that it takes generally longer to defend a belief than to attack it; and we can't call on you, like highwaymen, to stand and deliver here."

"I have not the smallest objection," said the Bishop, mollified by Glanville's manner, but speaking nevertheless in a tone of almost contemptuous concession, "I have not the smallest objection to giving you a short answer. It is one which is not new, but which will also never be old. The operation of free-will suggests numerous difficulties to the mind. The degree to which circumstances and inherited tendencies interfere with it is one of these. But the fact of our freedom is no whit more doubtful on account of them than the fact of our consciousness being temporarily associated with matter is made doubtful by the fact that it is not only difficult, but impossible, to understand what the nature of this strange association is. Consciousness of self, as we all know, is logically our first certainty—consciousness of self as a single and indissoluble entity; but our consciousness of freedom is really no less fundamental. *I think, therefore I am*, may be equally well rendered by *I will, therefore I am*. Yes, Glanville, wait—for I am going a step farther—" And the Bishop spoke as if he were warming at last to his work. "With equal distinctness we are conscious of one thing more—not only that we exist, not only that we will freely, but that being, of two courses, able to will either, we are under an obligation to a lawgiver higher than ourselves freely to choose one and freely to renounce the other. There you have what the Americans call bed-rock—the individual indissoluble self with its three primary attributes—existence, freedom, obligation. In these three data of consciousness you have natural theology in a nutshell. No science," said the Bishop, contemptuously brushing away a few profane crumbs which had ventured to settle on his apron, "no science can touch them."

"Well," said Mr. Hancock, anxious to make things pleasant, "I congratulate the Bishop on an admirably lucid statement. Even if we can't all of us quite go with him theoretically, we all go with him practically. Without what I call this 'working hypothesis of freedom,' what would become of morality? What would become of religion? What, I will even venture to say, would become of business enterprise?"

"And you may ask also," said Lord Restormel in a low musical voice, laying a finely-shaped hand on Mr. Hancock's gratified shoulder, "what would become of love, of romance, of poetry? We all of us remember a certain poem by Sappho—I've no doubt the Bishop has birched many a boy for not being able to construe it—in which she describes by its signs the love that has made her deathless. We remember the fire, the cold, that ran through her shuddering body, the dimmed eyes, the confused murmuring in her ears. To quote Swinburne's echo of her, we can still see the face '*White as dead snow, paler than grass in summer, ravaged with kisses!*'" The face of the Bishop at these words underwent a curious change. "Well," Lord Restormel continued, quite unconscious of the fact, "I can only say that if Sappho had no will of her own—if her soul was nothing but the sum of her nerves and tissues—then a headache means no more than a stomach-ache; and that not only Sappho's poetry, but all the love-poetry in the world, is not poetry at all, but a doctor's diagnosis in metre."

It would have been so difficult to imagine Sappho, in even her most abandoned moments, feeling either fire or cold on account of the Bishop of Glastonbury, that the very mention of her ravaged complexion within a four-mile radius of his presence constituted an incongruity of which nobody was more conscious than himself.

"Don't you think," he said to Glanville, "that this room is getting very hot? Sir Roderick and Captain Jeffries, I see, have both gone to the window. Don't let me disturb you; but, with your permission, I will join them."

"By all means," replied Glanville. "Have your coffee

outside. You'll find coffee, Roderick, and everything else, on the terrace."

"Our host," said the Bishop to Sir Roderick, as he went with him through the open window, "is endowed with a fine intellect—but an intellect gone astray. Were it only as healthy as yours, he is a man of whom I could make anything."

Sir Roderick was pleased by this compliment, but he did not entirely comprehend it; and seeing that Captain Jeffries overheard it, he could not resist winking at him.

As soon as the last dark flutter of the Bishop's coat-tails had vanished the party at the dinner-table assumed slightly easier attitudes.

"I think," said Mr. Hancock, indulging himself in a smile which he had been long suppressing, "our right reverend friend was not very happy in his apologetics. If modern psychology shows us anything at all, it shows us that our supposed immediate consciousness of freedom is a delusion—pure delusion—an absolute inversion of facts. If the doctrines of evolution and heredity have any truth in them whatever—and even Bishops to-day don't any longer reject them—man has not a single faculty the natural origin of which is more easily traceable than the natural origin of conscience is. Conscience no more represents the direct voice of a deity than the human body represents his direct creation—that is to say, so far as positive science can inform us."

"And tell me, Mr. Hancock," interposed Seaton, joining in the discussion for the first time, "does science dissolve our consciousness of our own existence as completely as it dissolves our consciousness of obligation and freedom? Or is it good enough to spare that?"

"It all depends," said Mr. Hancock good-humouredly, "what you mean by the word '*us*,' or by *self*, and *we*, and *I*. If you mean by *we* and *I* some simple and indissoluble entity—which is what the Bishop means—science dissolves our existence like sugar in a cup of tea. *I* is merely an expression

for the unity of a co-ordinated organism, just as the term *a daisy* is. That's how the matter is put in a book I was reading yesterday—and very well put, too. The *I*, instead of being simple and indissoluble, is the result of a gradual aggregation. It is often divided in life, and we can often note the stages by which it goes to pieces in death.”

“It is an astonishing—an astounding thing,” said Lord Restormel presently, “that a shrewd man like the Bishop should be content to base the convictions of which he is the special exponent, on arguments which would rouse the laughter of any clever boy in a Board school.”

“He merely shares the fate,” said Glanville, “of all our clergy. It is not their fault. It is the fault of their inevitable circumstances. They are like the cashiers of a bank which has lost its assets; and their sole task is so to cook the accounts that the wretched depositors may fancy it still solvent. You would not, perhaps, take me for a great reader of sermons. I am though—at all events, of sermons addressed to doubters. And what do I find even in the most thoughtful and best of them? Never a reasonable attempt to meet doubting thought by believing thought. The preachers are content with administering little doses of Soothing Syrup, which lulls doubt, but does not meet it—which may momentarily relieve the cough, but which never even touches the malady.”

“The only objection,” said Mr. Hancock, “which I make against all these criticisms is that they don't go far enough. It is not the Church, or the Churches, as such, that produce this intellectual swindling; but any desire, whatever form it takes, to defend any kind of supernatural belief against naturalism. I'll give you an instance of this. The other day I was at Cambridge, and there I was shown a book called ‘Naturalism and Agnosticism,’ by Professor James Ward—a learned man—a subtle man—a man fully familiar with the scope of scientific discovery. But he's got this bee in his bonnet—he must prove, against science, that he has an immortal soul. And here's one of his arguments. No fresh arrange-

ment of lifeless particles can endow them with a quality—such as life—in which separately they are all deficient; and he goes on to deal with an illustration used—I think by Spencer—to refute this view. The illustration is this—that if we take three straight lines, and join them together in a triangle, the triangle has qualities which the separate lines have not. And how do you think Professor Ward answers this? ‘Yes,’ he says, with a solemnity which is really amusing, ‘but these new qualities develop themselves only when we add to the three straight lines a fourth thing; and that fourth thing is a plane superficies for them to rest upon!’ He actually does not see that, even if Spencer himself has not specifically assumed the plane superficies at the beginning, we can assume it ourselves at the beginning just as well as at the end; and the force of the argument is absolutely unchanged. Can you imagine a more contemptible quibble—contemptible in precise proportion to the shrewdness of the man that has used it! That’s what makes it so instructive. If he had not thought it an argument in favour of his precious religion, no one would have seen its childish, its helpless dishonesty more quickly than he. We may well say, when we think of cases like this:

“Tantum religio portuit suadere malorum.”

“Did you ever,” said Lord Restormel, leaning back in his chair, and speaking with the air of a man who was about to change the subject, “did you ever hear the story of the magistrate who, when sentencing a wretched little *gamin* for stealing an old gentleman’s handkerchief, sought to add to the chastisement of the law the more searching discipline of religion? ‘Boy,’ he said, ‘if you go on acting in this way, where do you expect to go?’ The little boy screwed up his eye and answered: ‘I don’t know, nor you neither.’ There you have a perfect illustration of the condition of the world to-day, and of the manner in which this differs from its condition in other ages. To mediæval ears the

boy's words would have been blasphemy. Now they merely express what nine-tenths of every class are thinking."

"Do you remember, Restormel," said Glanville, "that, when you and I were at Rome together, you used often to dip into the folios of the scholastic philosophers? People who have never read them laugh at these men to-day: but all the knowledge that was then within human reach found its highest and most logical expression in their doctrines of God and man. Knowledge then overarched life like a firmament, which reverberated the humblest word of faith which the peasant faltered. But now matters are turned upside down. The firmament now reverberates, not faith but denial. The most ignorant blasphemer in the street, or the youngest little infidel in the dock, however unable to defend his doubts himself, knows that he need merely shout them in the first words that come to him, and all the heaven of knowledge will murmur his words back again."

"You're still at it, I see," said a rich lazy voice which seemed to drag heavily under a load of sluggish good-nature. The speaker was Captain Jeffries. "I've come," he said, "to ask for a cigar. I don't want to interrupt you. But, all the same," he continued, sinking into a chair, "I thought about something just now which reminded me of what was said at dinner. It's to do with dogs and horses. You know, Rupert, I can't say that I go with you—not altogether anyhow—in what you said about Marcus. Whatever else a man can't help doing, I maintain that a gentleman *can* help cheating at cards. But," continued Captain Jeffries, having enunciated this new psychological doctrine, "I've had hounds that were born wrong 'uns—it's the oddest thing in the world—surly brutes from the very day they were littered. The rest of the pack hated them. And then mares too—I daresay you all of you know this—you have mares sometimes that won't look at a horse. I suppose my wife," said Captain Jeffries, exhibiting an opinion of her not shared by his intimates, "I suppose, if they were women, my wife would regard them as saints, and have a

service in honour of them. I don't think she'd get many breeders to go to it. Well—life's a rum thing. Men are like animals, and animals just like men. After all—Rupert, just chuck us the cigar-cutter—after all, I suppose we're all of us in the same box. If the Bishop could prove that we were not—by the way, I daresay he's proving it to my wife now—if he could prove that we were not, to me or any sensible man, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd bring in a Bill in the House of Commons to increase his salary by five thousand a year."

When the *séance* at the dinner-table broke up, as it did presently, and those who had assisted at it made their way to the terrace, Lord Restormel put his arm within Glanville's, and began to loiter with him by the orange-trees whilst the others sought the portico, where lamps from the drawing-room mixed their rays with moonlight, and women's voices murmured from a flower-bed of skirts and draperies.

"I remember," he said, "once trying a very curious experiment—not designedly, but by accident. I tried to make love to a woman after I'd been reading a modern book on psychology, and when I was steeped in the idea that what we call our will is merely a passive consciousness of the activity of the physical organism—an activity which we can no more control than we can that of the planets. Well, I found that under these conditions to make love was impossible. Whatever course I took I was brought up against a stone wall. When the lady talked of some passages in her own past life, which she wanted me to wonder at, to condemn, to deplore, to pardon, I had nothing to tell her except that she did what she did because it was quite impossible that she should have done anything else. You never heard anything so flat in your whole life. I made some notes of this conversation, but, unfortunately, I lost them at Simla. God bless my soul; look there!"

This pious ejaculation was elicited by the spectacle of two figures—a male figure and a female—who were slowly walking past them, not, indeed, arm-in-arm, but still in pleasing

propinquity. The male figure was tall, and his hands were clasped behind him. The female figure, which glimmered in white satin, was listening to its companion with an air of confidential reverence, and seemed to be attached to it by some invisible ligament. Mrs. Jeffries—for this figure was none other than hers—had, with all her benevolence, not been able to discover any male member of the company with whom she might manage to sit hand in hand after dinner, except Sir Roderick, of whose abilities in that direction, though they were copious, she was somewhat tired. Lord Restormel had looked preoccupied; Seaton she did not think promising; and her host she knew to be impracticable—though why he should be, when his past life was considered, was a question which perplexed her intellect without wounding her vanity. She had therefore resolved to put up with what her spirit knew to be the best, in spite of her heart, which told her that somehow it was the second best only, and to sacrifice the obscurity of the beautiful summer night to a spiritual communion with the Bishop, which would have been equally suitable in the daytime. Her spiritual propensities were, however, perfectly genuine; the Bishop, besides being a Bishop, was a specimen of the eternal masculine; and she was far from being wholly discontented with the turn that matters had taken. The Bishop's voice was clear, his enunciation slow and incisive; and Glanville and Lord Restormel, as he approached and passed them, could not help catching the tenour and some of the words of his conversation.

“We have,” he was saying, “a mind to guide us, greater than our own—and that is the mind of the Church. Individually, no doubt, all Churches have erred—the schismatical Church of Rome, as we all of us know, amongst the rest. But the Church is more than the Churches, and the mind of the Church of England—” Here, to the unintentional listeners, his accents became inaudible. It appeared that he had had, however, a third listener also. This was Mr. Brompton, who, having failed to capture the ears of any of

the ladies in the portico, approached Lord Restormel and Glanville in a state of considerable excitement.

"Do you see that?" he said. "It's the old, old story—clericalism—clericalism—clericalism. Everything would be so clear—everything so grand—so glorious—if only the world would free itself from this nightmare of dogma and discipline."

"Well, my dear fellow," said Glanville, "you must let us have your own views by-and-by. Come," he continued, "let us join our friends in the portico. We won't even countenance the Bishop's rites by observing them."

"Well, Mr. Glanville," said Lady Snowdon as they approached, speaking, as she generally did, with a spacious and commanding suavity, "we don't think it at all fair that all our intellectual leaders, having excited our interest at dinner, should with one accord desert us, especially as Mrs. Jeffries has monopolised the guidance of the Church. Only Mr. Hancock has been faithful to us. Come, sit down here. He, Mrs. Vernon and I have been hatching a little plot, which we're very anxious to propose to you. But first—come closer all of you. I must ask Mr. Glanville something."

Glanville, Lord Restormel, and Mr. Brompton found seats as they were bidden, and completed an intimate circle of which Lady Snowdon was the centre.

"And now tell me," said Lady Snowdon, in a tone discreetly modified, "the Bishop is going on—isn't that so?—in Sir Roderick's yacht. And she, too, Mrs. Jeffries—and her husband? Is Captain Jeffries anywhere near?"

"He's there," said Glanville, nodding towards a spot where Captain Jeffries, seated on a step, was lost in solitary meditation. "But he won't hear. By the shape of his back I know he's thinking of Newmarket. Yes—they are going, all three, and one or two of the others. The Bishop wants to visit the scene of some late evictions. That's why I asked him to come here."

"Well, then," said Lady Snowdon, "as soon as the orthodox

party have left the rest of us to ourselves, we were thinking— Here, Mr. Hancock, you explain what our plan was.”

“It’s this way,” said Mr. Hancock. “Lady Snowdon was telling us about some gatherings which used to be called Conferences, given by some friends of hers at a well-known house in Hampshire. To these Conferences guests of all kinds were invited, whose sole bond of union was a common interest in religion. Converted crossing-sweepers testified against the errors of the higher criticism. Baptists and archbishops exchanged views as to episcopacy. There was naturally a Babel of doctrines; and the building of the tower of faith failed to proceed in the manner which the host and hostess anticipated. But why couldn’t we here—this is what Lady Snowdon asks—do something of the same kind in a more methodical manner? Why couldn’t we arrange to consider in some sort of order the subjects of which everybody this evening has been just touching the fringe?”

“Yes,” said Lady Snowdon. “Let us make out a list of questions, and deal with them one by one. Why, for instance, do we believe—or do we really believe?—certain bits of the Bible, when we none of us believe, or even pretend to believe, the rest?”

“The Bible!” echoed the voice of Captain Jeffries sleepily, as, roused from his reverie, he turned himself partly round. “We’re told now that it was written by Ezra or Esdras; anyhow, it wasn’t Moses. By the way, Rupert, you’ve provided us with a card-table in the drawing-room. I think I’ll see if I can’t get up a rubber.”

“Who,” said Lady Snowdon, as Captain Jeffries moved away, “will be able to doubt the spread of education after that? But to go on with what we were saying—let us take the various influences, of whose practical results Captain Jeffries is so bright an example—the influence of science and Biblical scholarship, and so on; and let Mr. Glanville, or let somebody else, deal with them, as I say, one by one, and give us some slight account, in language which even women can

understand, of what these influences are, and what they really amount to.

"Do," said Mrs. Vernon. "Nothing would be more interesting."

"Well," said Glanville, "to-morrow, let us try to arrange a programme. To-morrow is Saturday. We can't well begin till Monday; for the Bishop won't go till to-morrow evening; and on Sunday two clergymen are going to solace us with divine service."

(To be continued.)