THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

VOL. XVIII.

JANUARY—MARCH 1905

TORONTO

MORANG & CO., LTD.

90 WELLINGTON STREET WEST

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

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GOING, GOING, GONE

THERE is no creature so little self-conscious, or perhaps sub-conscious, as the Anglo-Saxon. Essentially social, habitually "a child of the established fact," he takes for granted not only that he is what he and his imagine themselves to be, but that that he is what he has always been. Like the traveller who fancies the landscape racing with him as he whirls along, he hugs the illusion that if things undeniably move, he, at least, remains unchanged. John Bull is drawn unaltered in political cartoons. He still wears his early nineteenth-century guise. He continues a dignified and sturdy farmer, with what Dickens once expressed as "no bigod nonsense" about him. And yet John Bull is not quite the same as he supposes, still less has he kept all the characteristics which our candid friends across the water have from time to time described for us with such graphic and lively candour; nor, on the other hand, has their caricature of "Jacques Rosbif" remained unqualified.

One such—M. Simond—who penned two most interesting English volumes describing us during the earlier years of the last century, seems to reveal another world than our twentieth-century Britain.[1] Eighty years before, Voltaire, in his English Notes, praised our independent liberty and laughed at the *sang froid* of the nobleman who was too grand to condescend to help in extricating his overturned coach from the ditch

[1] "Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain during the Years 1810 and 1811." By Louis Simond. Edinburgh: J. Ballantyne & Co. 1817.

which he surveyed stolid and unmoved, yet so hospitable as to invite a stranger to his mansion, and so indifferent to his wife as to let him flirt with her. And, without counting innumerable recent books, M. Taine gave to the world in the early seventies his fastidious, discriminating, and hypercritical "Notes on England." The portrait of character presented by these intelligent foreigners from the seventeen-twenties to the eighteen-seventies has many points in common. The outlines and expression agree, and agree in features, some enduring but many now vanished; while the costumes and environment, the fashions and foibles have mostly, for worse or better, passed away altogether. It may help comparison to linger awhile over these matters, before glancing at what manner of men we actually are to-day.

Of all these accounts M. Simond's is the most perceptive. He had a gift of clear insight unblurred by over refinement. From 1810 to 1812 he spent two years in our midst. There are many points of difference between his observation and M. Taine's some sixty years afterwards. M. Taine was disgusted with the gloom of the London Sunday. He said that it resembled "an immense and well-ordered cemetery." M. Simond observed only groups of staid, well-dressed and cheerful people. What would both of them have said to the London Sunday of our moment, with its laxity of church attendance, its restaurant-dinners, its renouncement of discipline! Neither of our spectators, however, remarked upon the lack of rational provision for the people on their one day of absolute leisure. Now this is all changed, and Museums and Galleries, infinitely richer than they have ever been, stand open in stated hours and may, at least, compete with the public-houses. The twentieth-century Sunday in London is a democratic Sunday, and the stony weight of *bourgeois* Sabbatarianism has been rolled away. "Universal darkness" no longer "buries all." Take again another test by which the idiosyncrasies of a nation may be judged—its amusements. M. Simond and M. Taine both agree in holding our athleticism driven to

excess; but the former admired what the latter deprecates! After watching the skaters on the "Serpentine River," the former remarks:

> Ladies crowd round to contemplate the human form divine—strength, grace and manly beauty. There is certainly much to admire in this respect in the class of gentlemen in England which is not only handsomer, but stronger than the labouring class both of town and country. It appears to me that it was the reverse in France, and that gentlemen in general were rather inferior in bodily faculties to countrymen and town labourers. This difference may be ascribed to the practice of athletic amusement being much more general in England—much more a part of education; and to the circumstance of the young men being introduced later to the society of women in England than in France.

But what in those years might have appeared a fondness for violent exercise has now turned into a mania for looking and betting on it. Athletics have become a show and athleticism a gambling counter. Professional athletes abound. Football wholly, and cricket constantly, are "run" on "gate-money" principles. Our "democracy" crowds to witness a play of muscle or of skill which it does not share. Somebody achieving his century and a half in Australia precedes on the street placards all the convulsions of warfare or of nature. As for the Turf, the newsboy rests not day nor night, crying "Hall the winners!", and even the milkman, who knows no more about horses than about cows, has his petty wager. Races, multiplied by scores, are watched not by sight nor from interest but through "tapes" and for excitement; and here, as in so many other social departments, faith has been replaced by credit. In old days the great merchant would, twice a year, drive his four-in-hand from a mansion in Billiter Square to Epsom or Ascot with proud humility. Now the gold and diamond "kings" of Park Lane, who are better judges of the odds than of the points, and more skilled in horse-power than in horses, run racers of their own, pamper jockeys and feast trainers. Only in the hunting-field is sport still sociable and a means of uniting classes. The old simplicity

of walking after and shooting game has yielded to the luxuries of the "battue" with elaborate luncheons to armies of beaters, and selfish disdain of everything but "rocketers" and "high-flyers." In these respects the old Horatian tag now applies to us:

> Nos nequiores mox daturos
> Progeniem vitiosiorem.

And women are now Amazons. It would, indeed, have startled M. Simond to have seen ladies matched in cricket and hockey. Some fifty years ago Mrs. Grote with her bat was considered an eccentric exception. So far from ladies crowding round "to contemplate the human form divine" the tendency inclines to the converse. But apart from its extravagances, the healthy physical development of women and the free-trade of girls vying with boys in games of the present day must be regarded as a great improvement on the false prudery and delicate coddling of previous generations. Duelling has disappeared and there is, at least, one noxious form of spectacular athletics which is practically obsolete. It is a good thing surely that pugilism, brutal and brutalising, has gone out of fashion. And yet even this coarse exhibition of strength—intensified by the engravings of favourites in the shop-windows—had its better side. "No precipitation," says M. Simond, "no unnecessary motion, and, above all, no anger. One of the first requisites is impassibility under the severest bodily pain. . . . There is a sort of courtesy and law of combat here as well as in more deadly encounters. . . . The sword or pistol equalise strength, and secure politeness and circumspection between individuals in the higher ranks of society; the fist answers the same purpose between the high and the low. A gentleman well taught can by that means repress and punish vulgar insult when supported by mere bodily strength."

Our theatres, which M. Taine about thirty years ago criticised as a fashionable, but decorous, if not very artistic,

amusement, were very different when M. Simond was here—the time when Mrs. Siddons was nearing her retirement. There were only four of them, and their audiences were not *à la mode*. In the box seats, which could be bought singly, a lady sat by her milliner. Except for the Garricks and Kembles the actors "were everywhere exposed to contumely and insult: treated with disrespect, they cannot be respectable." In the side galleries "certain ladies" carried on "their trade quite openly . . . and with a degree of shamelessness for which the inhabitants of Otaheite alone can furnish any precedent." The "gods" hurled down nutshells, apple cores, or orange-peel on both performers and spectators. There were brawls when prices were raised, and "the crime of *lèse parterre* at Covent Garden produced the riotous factions of the 'O. P.s' (old prices) and N. P.s, which rivalled those of the Guelfs and the Ghibellines. Gallophobia was at its height, and if a Frenchman was represented it was as a sneak, a rascal, or a *petit maître*. As for the plays, M. Simond did not think much of British humour; he calls it "farcical gravity," and opposes it to the French trifling with decorum. Diderot, indeed (though the cherisher of the *Comédie Larmoyante* was no great judge), denied that we had comedies at all; ours were mere "satires, full of gaiety and strength, but without moral and without delicacy." Here M. Simond disagreed with him:

> . . . I must confess [he writes] that I have hitherto seen no very bad morals on the stage,—but a great deal of very bad taste. There is, on the contrary, in most modern plays, fine speeches about virtue and patriotism brought in head and shoulders and always vigorously applauded. This does credit to the moral sense of the public; but I own I should like to see, on the stage, something of these satires . . . of which Diderot speaks, and to be introduced to that reprobate Congreve. "The bad taste which precedes good taste," said Horace Walpole, "is preferable to that which follows." The dramatic genius of the English *franchit les distances*; from the first bad taste it came at once to the last, without intermediate degrees.

It seems strange that M. Simond should here omit Sheridan—the English Beaumarchais. He proceeds to criticise the

proportions of the theatres themselves, which he considers very unfavourable to perceiving fine shades of transient expression and to hearing what is not vociferated. "With the dimensions of the theatres of antiquity, they should adopt likewise the mask and the contrivances to augment the voice."

At Christy's, where the mineral collection of Greville (Lady Hamilton's Charles Greville) had just been sold, our author saw nothing so notable as the auctioneer himself:

> It is a received thing here that a person of that profession is to play the buffoon, and amuse his customers with exaggerated and fantastical descriptions of the things he offers for sale, odd digressions and burlesque earnestness, particularly when he deals in objects of taste. . . What he says does not persuade anybody; it is not meant to be believed, but merely to amuse the crowd of rich idlers who go there to kill time. . . .

How surprised would M. Simond have been to witness the authoritative assumption of connoisseurship now prevalent in the famous market of art, to peruse in the newspaper puffs of great auctions all the slang of the duel, to read that "at this point Mr. Bildheimer took up the challenge, and a keen, exciting contest ensued; a sharp thrust was given when Messrs. Bragnue topped the bid by another £500, which was instantly parried by the offer of a cool thousand more on the part of Mr. Martini (believed to be acting for a foreign potentate), until the climax was reached when the first bidder floored all antagonists by the unprecedented offer of £25,000!" None the less one may regret that the old satire from the rostrum has well-nigh vanished; for M. Simond's description of collectors remains true as ever:

> It must be owned that the anxious solicitude of amateurs about trifles, the importance they attach to certain conventional beauties and merits of their own creation . . . the little tricks they practise against each other in the pursuit of their common game, and manœuvres of various sorts, afford ample field to ridicule and materials to amuse the amateurs at their own expense.

A more serious contrast is afforded when M. Simond gives

an impression of our hospitals which reads like a fresh page from Fielding, or a new grotesque horror by Hogarth:

. . . I shall relate what I saw. The physician seated at a table . . . with a register before him, ordered the door to be open; a crowd of miserable objects, women, pushed in and ranged themselves along the wall; he looked in his book and called to them successively. . . The poor wretch, leaving her wall, crawled to the table. "How is your catarrh?" "Please your honour, no offence I hope, it is the asthma. I have no rest night nor day, and"——"Ah, it is an asthma. . . Well, you have been ordered to take, etc."——"Yes, sir, but I grow worse and worse, and"——"That is nothing, you must go on with it."——"But, sir, indeed I cannot."——"Enough, enough good woman, I cannot listen to you any more." . . . The catarrh woman made way for a long train of victims of . . . disorders detailed without any ceremony before young students. Then suddenly followed a surgeon, followed by several young men, carrying a piece of bloody flesh on a dish. "A curious case," they explained, placing the dish on the table, "an ossification of the lungs! Such a one who died yesterday—just opened." . . . The women being despatched, twenty or thirty male spectres came in and underwent the same sort of summary examination. The only case I recollect was that of a man attacked by violent palpitations, accompanied with great pain in the shoulder. . . . His heart had moved from its right place! The unhappy man, thrown back on an arm-chair—his heart uncovered—pale as death—fixed his fearful eyes on the physicians. . . . The case excited much attention—but no great appearance of compassion. They reasoned long on the cause without adverting to the remedy till after the patient had departed—when he was called back from the door, and cupping prescribed! . . .

English independence and eccentric originality have always formed a pet theme of French observers, though it may be questioned at this hour of international communication whether this native characteristic is not being fatally mitigated.

This originality is said [remarked M. Simond even in 1810] to wear off in England, and it would be a matter of regret. . . . Europe runs some risk of becoming Chinese, and retaining no other distinction of character than those of rank and situation, or no other moral qualities than seemliness and decorum.

How much truer is this now when the whole of Europe is fast becoming a cosmopolitan hotel!

But at this time the English were still a peculiar people. Divided into "nob," "snob," and "mob," classes still found

means of humouring each other; and the rich took care to have their blinds drawn up on great party-nights for the delectation of the poor, who gathered in crowds to stare at the grandeur of festivity very much as a beggar regales himself by kitchen-whiffs over his crust of bread. What those festivities could be is shown by the picture given of the Prince Regent's, when an artificial landscape was raised on the banqueting table, with a meandering stream reflecting the light of five hundred flambeaux. Gold and silver fishes frisked in this mimic river until "they were seen with astonishment and dismay to turn on their backs . . . and expire, without any one being able to guess at the cause."

Where are now the rebellious distress and awful misery caused by machinery, the self-respect disdaining to solicit alms? Where are the middle-class habits, the glaring drunkenness in highways and high places, the life of the road, the lack of education, the insults offered to Parliamentary reporters? Where are the black-gowned clergy with sermons an hour long? Where is the clerk with his unctuous "eightmen" and his "Our Sal, our Sal?" They have vanished with the raised pavement in Piccadilly, the green fields of Paddington, with the old Ranelagh and Vauxhall, with the "night-houses" and tea-gardens; with the mother-in-law of fiction and "the infidel" of tracts. The regency banquets can now be procured by any long purse in glittering restaurants. Diffusion is the order of our day: converse no longer an art; we have more small change than ever, but fewer five-pound notes.

Old social boundaries are gone with ancient landmarks; barriers have everywhere been destroyed. Formality, ceremony, even chivalry, are on the wane. We are becoming Americanised. Perhaps nowhere is the contrast more startling than in the nursery. The emancipation of the child has indeed advanced by strides, and the twentieth century is happily a children's Eden. What would our grandparents have given for "Alice in Wonderland"? Children are no longer cooped and gagged. Childhood owns now a literature of its own;

exquisite toys and amusements abound to satiety. Children live with their elders, echo, and sometimes patronise, them. No more do they catch the tone and accents of servants. They are catered for in every department. There will probably soon be a child-drama. If the little Franks and Lucys of Miss Edgeworth could return, what remnants would they find of their prim and unnatural precincts? The Fairchild Family—whose unconscious humour so delighted our youth—have now no scope for their grim and awe-striking avocations. If "Little Henry" were now to compass the conversion of his "Bearer, Boozey," the bearer would retort that "Little Henry" must first himself be "converted." Children are no longer spoiled—by the rod; the ferule in the sideboard drawer never reappears, even at Christy's. "Little Miss" no longer "kisses her papa's hands." The child-horizon is cloudless and unlimited. All this is, in many ways, a vast improvement; but undeniably there is a reverse of the medal. Children are overtreated, and sometimes *blasés;* the monotony of excitement bores, and even endangers, more than the monotony of discipline. And the perpetual association with grown-up people lends itself to abuse. "What do you want to be?" asked a little boy of a little girl not long ago. "When I grow up," was Bridget's proud reply, "I mean to be a Bridge-player like mamma." What "Assistants" can "Parents" want in forming characters like these? Still another modern child inquired of his uncle if he "read many novels," and whether they were not full of "love-making rot." The obedient uncle confessed to his inquisitor, and was then met by the staggering question, "Do you go in for it much yourself?" Even Zola might have been puzzled. Our children soon train us up in the way we should not go, and in the language we should not use. "Papa," shouted a schoolboy not long ago, "you've got to play in the match this morning: Jones [the twelve-year-old captain] says *any old crock will do.*"

But these, after all, are only finer varieties of Leech's *enfants terribles*, and in the sixties "the coming east wind"

(as Mr. Matthew Arnold termed it) was already palpable. Years have brought with them more complicated developments. There are the enormities of wisdom and freaks of knowledge, "infant phenomenons," with parents whose drawing-rooms are Kindergartens, and who collect curiosities of childhood.

There is, too, the luckless child who is a mere appanage of the restless lady of fashion panting to be "smart" and quenching all ideals in the chill stream of prosy pleasure. She, too, "collects" children, but more as china than books. She drags the over-dressed darlings about with her like dolls when she pays visits in her motor-landaulette. The cheap magazines reproduce her children's portraits for the benefit of the suburbs, and publicity's limelight is focused even on babyhood. Again, children are now apt to be pert, and occasionally condescending to their parents. Reverence is not the vogue, and a crêche for fathers and mothers may one day become imperative. Nor, curiously, are children themselves now regarded with the same respect. I, for one, do not care to hear them spoken of as "the kids," but that, of course, is a mere matter of taste. What should, however, be remembered, is that the modern child, frank and omniscient, runs a risk of losing what is at once the prerogative and the lesson of childhood—simplicity. In the older days a distinguished man was walking in the Botanical Gardens with his two little daughters. One played at being Asia and Europe, the other at being America. The child-possessor of America was jealous of her sister, and a little quarrel ensued. The father settled the dispute by "throwing in" the Botanical Gardens with America, somewhat to the chagrin of Asia and Europe, who thus missed the brightest jewel in her imaginary crown. The modern child would probably be too wise for such foolish fancies. It mocks at fairyland, and cares little for romance. It is a well-balanced child, that usually knows for how many counters it is playing, and would certainly not weigh the Botanical Gardens in the scales against Europe and Asia. On the other hand, the modern child is

healthy. Morbidity has ebbed away as well as "Prunes and Prism"; and if there are few Miss Prues, there are still fewer Paul Dombeys. Indeed, parents are much more likely at present to be "misunderstood" than children. It would be a fine theme for a novel—the misunderstood mother. The "child of the future" will surely be a portent. Like America, he will buy us up, and the climax will be reached in a child-king.

Another modern trait is the tyranny of Bridge, which will one day provoke a revolution. So serious a subject shall not be enlarged upon now. I will only call attention to the type which it has evoked. The Bridge countenance every one must recognise, that visage with its tight solemnity; it confronts one everywhere, an incarnation of the "Bridge at midnight," a spectral mask of infectious boredom. It is all part of the modern rage for quick sensation, for sharpness, rather than for variety in pleasure, for quick sips at the same phial, for "penny a peeps." Can anything be more monotonous than the gamut of modern frivolity, the forced week-end visits, the inhospitable hospitalities of the same old folks, the dreary patter of the same old jokes, the want of real intercourse and interchange of people and of ideas. The reigning informality of fashion has not brought real gaiety into play. The early Victorian, who will soon claim a corner in the Natural (or will it be the Unnatural?) History Museum, with his heavy set dinners, solid épergnes, stout ugliness, ungenial self-complacence, and false propriety, provoked the secret insurrection of Bohemianism. But in Bohemia (which has now dissolved into Alsatia) there was real fun. Is there fun now in the burlesque-green-room and music-hall pranks of the "smart"? Now that women are quite "emancipated" and live in the smoking-room, now that our theatres enable Brixton "to see life," have the amenities of feminine existence improved? Is it not now constantly a case of "Will any lady go outside to oblige a gentleman?" But if chivalry is on the wane among the well-to-do, it must be confessed that an

improvement is apparent in the respect paid to women among what are commonly called "the lower classes," though perhaps this is owing to the great room for improvement in the brutal conditions from which they are fast emerging.

But "Society" is not confined to the "smart": the "blues" still wield a little sway in the hushed shrines of "culture," where vehemence hides abashed and coterie-idols are faintly worshipped. Yet there is also one strain of real and welcome novelty common to all, whether of Bayswater, Belgravia, Bloomsbury, or the Cromwell Road—and this last district is a supreme test, for there it is always Sunday afternoon. I mean our extraordinary youthfulness, the renaissance of the antique. No old ladies seem to be left except in the country, where wreaths of ever-withered Tabithas crown the tombstones of village scandal like immortelles. Look down in any theatre from the dress circle on to the stalls. All the women seem of one age, and most of the men of one baldness. The elderly pace the whole treadmill of amusement with greater zest than the young, who think thrice now before they marry each other. In one of the Greek tragedies a chorus of old men excuse their dances because "dance we must." No such excuse is wanted now. Swift spoke of folks beginning to grow old at forty: at that age we are just beginning to enjoy life. Middle age now is like the "sorbet" of the long dinner, it gives a new zest to the appetite. Age fosters much more freshness of manifold interests than heretofore. If it frolics and gambols, it also travels in many bypaths and ventures on continual phases of experience and feeling. The weak point of all this "renouvellement de la jeunesse" is, of course, that growing old gracefully is fast ceasing to be the mode. The frisky matron and the risky patriarch are still less edifying spectacles than the girl of the period who decides what plays are fit for mamma to behold, or the *rusé* youth who offers his acute counsels to "the governor."

Many things, however, are changeless; among them our public schools, which, despite their adoption of every modern in-

convenience, still teach little else than public spirit. The British tourist also has not changed his spots. True, cheap fares and rapid journeys have brought all classes to the Continent. But the Englishman abroad, of whatever class, still patronises the Continent, whose existence he only deigns to notice as a theatre for his superiority. He is still "much pleased with Mont Blanc," and he still sets an example to "those beastly foreigners."

England, too, has never ceased to love a lord; and what Pope sang over a century and a half ago is truer than ever:

> And oh! the sweetest of all earthly things
> To speak with Princes and to talk of Kings.

I for one have never thought Thackeray's brilliant "Book of Snobs" a wholly well-directed shaft. Snobbery is, after all, only a sort of spurious hero-worship. In every class there is an aristocracy, and a liking for the best is natural and inevitable in a country of classes and traditions. What deserves mockery is the adulation of the base pretending to be the best. If the peerage has lost leadership and personality since the Georgian days, it has undeniably set a far better example. But a curious feature of contemporary society is the gradual disappearance of this respect to rank, at any rate, in the country. Three generations ago, there was no nonsense about it. Every squire and parson was his lordship's humble and obedient servant, while to Diggory or to Hodge he was almost an emblem of divinity. Two causes have contributed to this decline and fall, the millionaire and the parish council. Plutocracy and Democracy have met together. Should they ever make permanent alliance the old English liberty may stand in real danger; the old English "quality" begin to hide its head.

The bad symptoms of "society" now are an itch for publicity, a desire to be rich without work, a love of short, superficial doses in literature and art, caprice without lightness or enchantment, ponderous frivolity, haste without heroism or adventure. But, as a matter of fact, there is no real "society"

at all. It is a menagerie. The sense of home, with its accompaniments of dignity and repose, is vanishing from our midst, and this is manifest in fiction as on the stage; even comfort in its most material forms is sought anywhere, everywhere. "Society" bears every mark of transition. Its vulgarity, which causes each class to ape the one above it at the expense of self-respect, pocket, and digestion, is the makeshift for imagination, its ambitions seem aimless and astray. Better far the frank period of avowed worldliness for higher issues.

No doubt this is born of diffusion, speed of communication apart from ease of communicability, increase of comfort without enlargement of ideas, the march of science in aid of mammon —in a word, of "Progress." Doubtless, too, the "Smarts" (as they were called so early as Queen Anne) have always nourished similar faults; doubtless, also, in this sense we may repeat Sir Francis Burnand's retort to the objector that *Punch* was not so good as of old, "It never was."

But another "society" is gradually being prepared. Nothing has been more remarkable during the last thirty years than the revival of unselfish enthusiasm. Philanthropy is now not only a science but a religion; and while the intellectual side of existence unfortunately withers, and spontaneity, even in coarseness, is being dried up, it is refreshing to realise that the giver as well as the gift is becoming daily more devoted to the cause of suffering accentuated by civilisation.

WALTER SICHEL.

NAVAL LESSONS OF THE WAR

THOUGH the war in the Far East has now been in progress for the best part of a year, there has as yet been no attempt, so far as the writer is aware, in any English work accessible to the general public to sum up its naval lessons and to apply their teaching to the peculiar conditions of the British Empire. The British Admiralty has been in the closest touch with all that has happened, but the results which it has ascertained have naturally not been communicated to the world, though the influence of the war is plainly to be seen in various new departures of British naval policy. Yet the naval operations have been of unusual importance and interest even to the unprofessional reader, as they may be said to have thoroughly tested the implements and strategy of modern naval war, upon success in which the very existence of England depends.

The test has been on a considerable scale, whence the difference between this war and the conflicts between Japan and China in 1894–5 and between the United States and Spain in 1898, where one side was far inferior to the other in material strength as well as in skill, and where actions between hostile fleets of battleships did not occur, because in either case one navy was without battleships. In this war the material employed has been of the very newest and best; the Japanese fleet was ahead of most of its European competitors in obtaining the most perfect appliances, while the Russian ships, notwithstanding unfavourable reports which have been circu-

lated in England, were excellent. The force of the two combatants at the opening of the struggle was as follows:

	Japan.		Russia.
First-class battleships	6	...	7
Armoured cruisers (modern) . . .	8	...	2
Other cruisers	16	...	9
Destroyers	19	...	23

The Russian force was indisputably weaker, but not so much so as to render its position hopeless, while Japan was hampered by the fact that Russia had a considerable fleet in Europe, which sooner or later was certain to attempt to intervene in the war. Hence Japan had to nurse her strength to the utmost, and her admirals were ordered in the most imperative terms to refrain from risking their heavy ships. To these orders the inconclusive issue of several of the actions must be ascribed.

On the eve of war the general impression on the Continent was that the Russian fleet in the Far East would easily be able to hold its own. *Le Yacht* published an interesting article in which the Japanese *personnel* was declared to want just the very qualities it has displayed—vigorous initiative, technical skill in gunnery and the handling of fleets, unity of purpose, and, in a word, all that States endeavour to obtain by maintaining organised navies. Though the English public had formed a juster estimate of the Japanese navy, competent writers in the British press thought that the struggle for the command of the sea would be a desperate one, and that in obtaining so great a prize, the Japanese must lose heavily in ships and men. The Russian navy was known to have paid great attention to gunnery, and there was good German authority for the high quality of its shooting. It had not, like the Spanish or Chinese navies, neglected target practice; indeed, on the eve of war the continual firing carried out by the fleet at Port Arthur was one of the reasons which led intelligent neutrals to for bode war.

The first lesson of this war, in which it confirms previous experience, is the advantage of a prompt offensive. The Russian fleet at Port Arthur had been warned of the immi-

nence of hostilities, but does not appear to have taken the warning seriously. There were some precautions on the eve of the Japanese attacks of February 8 and 9, but the ships did not protect themselves by getting out nets, constructing booms and keeping their crews at quarters. The Japanese torpedo boats appeared about midnight, and fired twenty-three torpedoes, of which a very small number took effect. But though the damage done was far less than we should have expected, on that fatal night Russia lost her chance of commanding the sea with her fleet in the Far East. Two battleships and one cruiser were badly injured, and probably it was only the skill and presence of mind of the junior officers on board them that saved them from total destruction. The blow struck was stunning, and had it been instantly followed up by the Japanese, Port Arthur would have fallen within the first three weeks of war.

The unreadiness of the Russians does not appear to have been altogether understood at Tokio, or else there were conditions, of which we know nothing, that intervened to prevent the seizure of Dalny—an event expected after the first blow at Port Arthur—since the opportunity was allowed to pass. On the morning after the torpedo attack, Admiral Togo appeared off Port Arthur and shelled the Russian fleet, but only inflicted upon it slight additional damage. His attack was not pressed, clearly because he was not allowed to risk his ships, though many of his junior officers would have preferred more resolute tactics. From this point on for several weeks there was no serious fighting between the fleets. The Russians made no more grave mistakes, though they displayed a great want of initiative, and failed to use their torpedo craft with energy. The Japanese maintained a mild blockade of Port Arthur, and the two fleets virtually neutralised each other. But the Russians had abandoned all claim to the command of the sea.

The value of a perfect co-ordination of political and naval action is a second lesson of this war. When matters were

growing serious, in the winter of 1903–4, the Japanese navy underwent a special battle-training—constant firing at long range with heavy guns, under war conditions, torpedo work at night, in bad weather, using live torpedoes, manœuvring at night without lights, night-firing, and the rehearsal of operations that were actually to form part of the war when it began. Hence the immense self-confidence which the Japanese displayed, and the complete preparedness of their fleet when the hour for action came. Plans were practically worked out immediately before war, and not pigeon-holed at the Japanese admiralty. In fact, the Japanese navy took a "flying start."

This power of intelligent preparation, so that the maximum of force may be exerted in the minimum of time, is what we mean by the word organisation, and the study of all modern wars shows it to be the chief factor in giving success. Here, happily, there are signs that the British Admiralty is taking action, and that in the future useless exercises, of no military value, will be eliminated from the training of our fleet, so that its whole energy will be concentrated upon readiness for war. Yet the danger always remains that the military section of the Admiralty may be obstructed in its efforts by the civil section or by the Cabinet, which may refuse to vote the funds required, not understanding the vital importance of the measures proposed.

A third lesson of the war in the Far East has been the importance of the Napoleonic principle of concentration of force. The Russian Admiralty did not place in the Far East a fleet equal to the Japanese, though without any great difficulty it could have done so, since there were a number of older battleships and cruisers in the Baltic that might have been very serviceable had they been stationed at Port Arthur or Vladivostock. Possibly the want of docking and repairing facilities was the explanation of this mistake. But even accepting this explanation, it does not account for the fact that when war was imminent isolated ships were not recalled and placed in safety. Thus three vessels, the *Variag*, *Korietz*, and *Mandjur*, were lost to the Russian flag with their crews for the whole of

the war, and the Japanese were given an easy victory at Chemulpo. The present British Admiralty is taking steps to do what the Russians left undone, and to withdraw weak and old ships from exposed positions. Yet not till the advent of Sir J. Fisher to Whitehall was this policy of concentration adopted, so easy is it for the obvious to escape the attention of those whose main energy is absorbed in routine work.

In the first twenty-four hours the Japanese navy had asserted its temporary command of the sea (temporary because the arrival of the Baltic fleet was always to be feared, and might transform the conditions), yet it is instructive to note that the greatest difficulty has been experienced in blockading the Russian ports. Up to May, indeed, Port Arthur was only watched while Vladivostock was practically left unmolested to the date of writing. The peculiar geographical conditions of the Far East enabled the Japanese to adopt this policy, since the Vladivostock ships could not well escape from the Japan Sea without being sighted from the Japanese coast, and thus could not suddenly fall upon the communications of the Japanese fleet at the Elliot Islands or the Japanese army in Korea. The Straits of Korea were held by Kamimura with four armoured cruisers, a force slightly superior to the Vladivostock ships, but this disposition left the Russians free to cruise within the Japan Sea, or even, as they actually did in July, to pass out through the Tsugaru Straits and blockade Yokohama. It was dangerous for the Japanese squadron to leave its post and go in pursuit, as the Japan Sea is famous for its fogs, and under cover of fog the Russian ships might easily have slipped southward past Kamimura, and caused great damage to the Japanese transports and colliers. At the same time, with the Japanese force available it was impossible to blockade Vladivostock, because the port has two entrances, a considerable distance apart, because of the frequency of fogs there, and because of the want of a good naval base near at hand. At the very outset the Japanese naval force proved too weak for the work which was demanded of it, and notwithstanding its high

efficiency was unable to perform that work with perfect success. Yet it had a greater margin of superiority as against the Russian fleet than the British navy possesses against one existing and possible naval combination.

At Port Arthur a strict blockade was attempted towards the close of May, but the Japanese have never been able to prevent isolated ships from running in and out. The long range guns mounted in the Russian works keep the powerful Japanese ships at a distance and do not allow them to close in as Admiral Sampson did at Santiago. Thus the *Lieutenant Burakoff* ran in and out; the *Reshitelny* and *Raztoropny* escaped; and numerous merchantmen and junks laden with supplies and ammunition have made their way through the blockading line. This is in entire accordance with British manœuvre experience and it shows the practical impossibility of sealing a hostile port by any blockade, however close. We must be prepared in war to see hostile ships escape singly, if not in squadrons, should we attempt a blockade, though whether we can blockade is more than doubtful, as there are no good bases near the ports which we should have to watch, whereas the Japanese were able to seize and use first the Elliot Islands, only seventy miles from Port Arthur and well placed from the strategic point of view, and then Dalny as their flying bases. Their battleships could remain at these points in perfect security, and receive from their cruisers off Port Arthur information of the enemy's movements. Hence the conditions must be pronounced far more favourable to them than they would be to ourselves in any probable conflict.

Turning now from the strategical lessons of the war to the tactical lessons, the first and most striking is the comparative inefficiency of the torpedo. From this weapon much had been expected, and it was employed upon a large scale. But except in the initial attack at Port Arthur it has gained no successes,[1] and even at Port Arthur it did not sink a single

[1] Since this was written, after six attacks the *Sevastopol* has been seriously injured outside Port Arthur by the Japanese torpedo flotilla.

ship. It failed to put any Russian ship permanently out of action. That the *Retvisan*, *Tzarevitch*, and *Pallada* would have sunk if they had been torpedoed far from shore is probable, but not certain. As it was, contrary to all anticipations, they were again at sea in five months, and very little the worse for their experience. The torpedoes used upon them were the large and powerful 18-in. of latest pattern, which, after the British experiments upon the *Belleisle*, might have been expected to shatter completely the part of the ship struck and to cause a terrible shock to the boilers and machinery. The actual damage was as follows: a large hole was blown in the *Retvisan's* side, her engines were thrown slightly out of alignment and her boilers developed leaky tubes. She was easily repaired, but her speed was much reduced. The *Tzarevitch* had her rudder blown off and her steering-gear damaged, but the injury was completely repaired. The *Pallada* was struck amidships; the torpedo exploded in a coal bunker, blowing a large hole and damaging the Belleville boilers. The injury was easily and swiftly repaired. An even more astounding failure of the torpedo occurred in the case of the *Sado Maru*. This liner, without any kind of protection, first of all had 150 shells fired at her by the Vladivostock fleet, and then was torpedoed twice with the 18-in. Whitehead by the *Rossia*. The torpedoes blew enormous holes in her and did great damage to her engine-room, but she did not sink, and was towed into Sasebo looking outwardly little the worse.

A second fact which appears with regard to the torpedo is the infrequency of hits, even when attacking ships which are not in motion. In the first and most successful Port Arthur attack the Japanese destroyers slowed to five or six knots and closed to within a short distance of their enemy, but of their twenty-three torpedoes only three made hits. In the other attacks on the Port Arthur ships they do not appear to have scored any successes, for though there were reports at the time that several Russian ships had been hit, these do not seem to

have been true. On the night of June 23–4, when the whole Russian fleet was outside the harbour, a long series of attacks was delivered by the Japanese torpedo craft, with no result whatever, but on this occasion the Russians are said to have had nets out and to have been covered by a boom. The greatest gallantry and coolness were displayed by the Japanese, so that the failure of the torpedo was not due to any want of courage or skill on their part, and it remains an almost inexplicable feature of the operations.

Against ships in motion, the generalisation still holds good that the torpedo is useless. No hits have been effected during the war, though attacks are said to have been made repeatedly upon the Russian fleet during the battle of August 10; and, after that battle, the Russians report attacks on the *Askold* and *Tzarevitch*. The Vladivostock squadron was also attacked by the Japanese flotilla in June, but again without any result. It looks, then, as though the efficacy of the torpedo had been greatly exaggerated, though the weapon is being so rapidly improved that predictions with regard to its future are dangerous. Its accuracy, range and size are being steadily increased, and in the near future we shall have to reckon with 21-in. and 24-in. torpedoes—21-in. tubes are already being designed for the newest American battleships—the explosion of which in contact with a battleship's hull ought to be deadly. But the bigger and heavier the torpedo grows, the larger the vessels that are specially built to use it must be, and the smaller their number, so that the danger to be apprehended from destroyers and submarines appears to be much less than had been supposed.

If torpedoes have proved comparatively inefficient, far otherwise is it with mines. Before the war mechanical mines were despised by a large school of British naval officers and neglected in the British service, so that it was possible for a British officer to write in 1904 in a Service periodical:

> Most foreign nations appear to be ahead of us. . . . I am not aware that we even yet possess a mechanical blockade mine which has got beyond the experi-

mental stage, though I know we have been carrying out spasmodic experiments with them for the last ten years.

As a matter of fact, the British navy had Captain Ottley's mine, which is of a type similar to those used by the Japanese, but the use of these mines in war does not appear to have been thoroughly worked out as it was in Japan. Yet mines in the Far East have done what torpedoes have failed to do, and there is an enormous list of casualties to their credit. On the Russian side, the battleship *Petropavlosk*, the cruiser *Boyarin*, the mine-laying ship *Yenesei*, the gunboats *Bobr*, *Gilyak*, and *Gremiastchi*, and several torpedo boats or destroyers were sunk by Japanese or Russian mines, while the battleships *Pobieda* and *Sevastopol* and the armoured cruiser *Bayan* were considerably damaged. On the Japanese side the battleship *Hatsuse*, the coast-defence ship *Hei Yen*, the cruisers *Sai Yen* and *Miyako*, the gunboat *Kaimon*, and the torpedo-boat No. 48, were injured or destroyed by mines, most of them sinking almost instantaneously, while the *Yashima* is reported to have been sunk or damaged. In the case of the *Petropavlosk* and *Hatsuse* the mines which caused the ships' destruction exploded right under the magazines and fired them, whence the terrible consequences of the explosion. The ships were rent in two, and almost every one below perished. The detailed accounts of these two great disasters at once recall the *Maine* catastrophe in 1898, when that American battleship was blown up in Havana harbour, and an American Court of Inquiry found that she had been destroyed by a Spanish mine. It was contended, however, at the time by many expert officers that there was no instance of flame passing upwards through water and steel into the interior of a vessel, and therefore it was declared impossible that she could have been destroyed in this way. But in the light of the *Hatsuse* and *Petropavlosk* affairs, it is now reasonably certain that the Court of Inquiry was right, and that a mine had been laid under her by some enemy either of Spain or the United States.

As to the reported loss of the *Yashima*, there are no trustworthy particulars, and the very fact that she was lost cannot

be said to have been definitely ascertained. But, even if she is ruled out of the list of casualties, the surprising fact remains that more than one-seventh of the battleship force on either side has been destroyed by mines. The mine thus appears to be one of the most serious perils of the future, and its use is certain to spread unless restrained by the laws of war. It is an inhuman weapon, the more so as it is terribly dangerous to neutral shipping, and there are three instances in this war of neutral vessels, plying their lawful trade, having been damaged or sunk by it. In a European struggle the risk to neutrals would be very great indeed, as the volume of traffic passing through the waters which may be sown with mines will be far greater than it was in the Far East. Here it would seem that some international agreement is required, limiting the use of mines to territorial waters, in the interest of all Powers alike. The weak state cannot be allowed, like Russia, to presume upon its weakness, and because it is unable in fair fight to injure its enemy, to attack that enemy in a manner which imperils neutral lives and property.

If the torpedo has been relatively ineffective, it has yet produced a very curious effect on naval actions. All the fighting between large ships in the Far East has been conducted at extreme ranges. The *Asama* destroyed the *Variag* at a distance of 4000 to 7000 yards; in the great action of August the two fleets were never less than 3800 yards apart, and generally 5000 to 8000 yards. As one result of this long-range fighting the 6-in. guns with which most battleships and cruisers are largely armed have been proved to be almost useless. The heavy guns, 12-in., 10-in., and 8-in., have done all the work. In the light of this fact, it is distressing to reflect that the British Admiralty clung longer than any Power to the 6-in. gun, the demise of which had been foreseen by every intelligent critic, and that England has still eight battleships and eight large armoured cruisers completing in which a large number of these guns are mounted. In our very newest battleships and cruisers, however, an immense step forward has been taken which for

the first time within living memory gives England ships indisputably superior to anything building for any foreign Power. Her two new battleships will carry nothing smaller than the heavy 9·2-in. gun, and her new cruisers nothing smaller than the 7·5-in. weapon. These two guns are well suited for long-range fighting, and every Power in the world will be compelled to follow in England's steps.

The war has demonstrated conclusively the value of the modern large-size battleship and armoured cruiser. The Japanese battleships and cruisers have been continuously employed on difficult service and have taken part in four severe actions, yet in not one single case has disabling injury been inflicted upon any ship by gun-fire in encounters at sea.[1] The same is true of the Russian battleships. The *Tzarevitch*, in the battle of August, was the target of the whole Japanese fleet, and was hit fifteen times in every part of the ship by 12-in. and 8-in. shells, which might *à priori* have been expected to put her out of action and to wreck her completely. As a matter of fact she lost only four officers and eight men killed and fifty officers and men wounded out of a crew of about 750, so that her armour gave her men good protection. Of her larger guns, sixteen in all, only two were put out of action. It had been supposed that a single hit below the water-line would destroy even the largest ship; the *Tzarevitch*, however, was struck by a 12-in. shell below her armour, which inflicted very little injury. Her funnels were wrecked and her foremast almost shot away, while the officers and men in her conning-tower were placed *hors de combat* by Japanese shells, one of which killed the Russian admiral. But at the end of the battle the *Tzarevitch* was quite able to defend herself and could steam fourteen knots, though only at a fearful expenditure of coal.

There are no published details of the injuries to the other

[1] The destruction of the Russian ships at Port Arthur was effected by high-angle fire, not by normal fire. High-angle fire attacks battleships where they are weakest, on their thinly-armoured decks, and no vessel can resist it.

Russian battleships, but these are not likely to have been more serious than those of the *Tzarevitch*, and not one of the battleships sank. The fighting quality of the large armoured ship has thus been decisively proved. Of course, if the Japanese had employed Nelson tactics, they would, after gaining an advantage at long range, have closed in to complete their victory, when the results of their target practice would have been very different. But just when the moment for such action had arrived night came down, and the risks of night action in these days of mines and torpedoes are very great indeed. Hence Admiral Togo, perhaps wisely, drew off, though an English critic may feel that he would have done better, in view of the immense moral effect of the complete destruction of the Russian fleet, to have pressed his advantage to the utmost. It is in the last hour of battle that the fruits of victory are gathered in, and the great leader at sea must be of that temper which "counts nothing done while aught remains to do." Had he struck hard and heavily in August the Baltic Fleet would never have sailed, and though he might have lost a ship, it is probable that he would have taken at least one of the enemy's in exchange. The spectacle of this indecisive action makes Nelson's courage and genius in always forcing a close encounter, where he must either have won a complete victory or suffered a complete defeat, ten times more admirable, for Nelson fought, as did Togo, with the certainty that if he were beaten it was the end of his country. But he took risks, and took them with a bold heart, knowing that "nothing great can be achieved without risk."

At the same time, Togo had many difficulties to face. He could not open his attack impetuously, as a fighter would love to do, because the Russians had to be coaxed out and away from Port Arthur. Any premature attack would have led the tortoise to withdraw its head behind the shelter of its cuirass of forts. In the second phase of the battle he may have been prevented from closing as he would have wished by the necessity of keeping his fleet interposed between the Russians and

Kiaochau and Vladivostock. In the brilliant action which Admiral Kamimura fought with the Vladivostock cruisers, ulterior purposes once more intervened to prevent the destruction of the Russian squadron. The Admiral was charged with the duty of covering the Straits of Korea, through which it was imperative that none of the Port Arthur fleet should pass. He met the Vladivostock ships, evidently attempting to effect a junction with the Port Arthur fleet, attacked them with the utmost energy, and destroyed their weakest unit, the *Rurik*, inflicting tremendous damage on the *Gromoboi* and *Rossia*, each of which ships is stated by Russian authorities to have lost about 300 men. The Japanese fought with the more fury because of the extreme severity shown by the Vladivostock ships to Japanese and neutral shipping, but when Kamimura may be said to have had the shattered *Gromoboi* and *Rossia* at his mercy he let them go, and broke off the pursuit instead of following them at all costs and sinking them. The undoubted explanation was that he feared to uncover the Straits of Korea, and turned back to meet the Port Arthur fleet. Yet this seems to have been another error, for a pursuit of the battered ships would have placed him in a position to meet any Russian refugees off Vladivostock. The more the history of this war is studied, the more clearly does it appear that it is the first duty of the commander to press the immediate advantage to the utmost, and that the ulterior results are, as a rule, best secured by such a course. "Not victory, but annihilation," is the true aim of naval war.

A fact shown by the fighting has been the necessity of providing protection for all guns. At Chemulpo the *Variag* lost one-third of her crew because her guns were without shields. No one, on the other hand, was injured below the armoured deck. In the battle of August 10, the *Askold*, a cruiser of very similar design to the *Variag*, was struck by fourteen shells, mostly of large calibre. She leaked heavily after the battle, but her loss of life was small, as her guns were protected by shields. Her funnels were damaged, one of them having

been shot away, and another badly injured; two heavy shells struck her below the water-line, making large holes in her side, but they did not pierce the armour deck or cause very serious damage, beyond admitting a considerable quantity of water. Her speed fell to twelve knots from a nominal twenty-three, but externally the amount of water in her hull did not change her appearance or perceptibly alter her trim. A French critic believes that there was some defect in the Japanese shells, since, as he says, "they did not open enormous holes or destroy the decks, as do melinite shells." Certainly, if the Japanese projectiles were a fair specimen of the shells used by European artillerists—and it is probable, notwithstanding the French criticism, that they were—the destructive power of modern ordnance has been greatly exaggerated.

One cause of the Japanese successes in the earlier period of the war was the excellence of the telescopic sights provided. The Russian fleet at Port Arthur is stated, rightly or wrongly, to have been equipped with very inferior sights; indeed, some authorities have declared that there were no telescopic sights at all. Remembering certain incidents which have occurred in the British navy, this is not incredible. Our own sights in many of our ships are inaccurate or fitted with telescopes of too low power to be thoroughly satisfactory, and it is not very pleasant to read in a Service journal that within the past few weeks the gun-sights of most of the Home Fleet battleships have been found to be defective. In the battle of August the Port Arthur fleet made better shooting, hitting the *Mikasa* repeatedly, and this is probably to be ascribed to the fact that the guns had then been fitted with the latest and best sights, which had been thoroughly tested in actions with the Japanese siege artillery before Port Arthur.

Generally speaking, the lessons of the war confirm predictions, except with regard to the deadliness of the torpedo and mine and the efficacy of modern artillery. The immense value of the large battleship and armoured cruiser has been again and again demonstrated. Small craft can effect nothing

without their support, and are further liable to lose their speed in continuous service. The wear and tear of warships has been proved to be very serious, and to increase as the size of the vessel decreases. A large margin must be allowed in any fleet which means to take the offensive for mishaps due to mines and collisions. The effect of the war on the navies of the world will inevitably be to stimulate the construction of battleships and large armoured cruisers, and to increase the attention already given to organisation. Success has been proved to depend on three things: being ready first, the possession of a *personnel* trained for war and not merely practised in inane peace evolutions, and a good material. Pushing the analysis a point further, it is clear that the *personnel*, or the quality of the general staff, is the final determinant of victory. A good general staff will provide good ships and be ready in time; the best ships will be useless weapons if the men who have to work and fight them are unready or ill-trained when the day of battle comes.

H. W. Wilson.

AN EMPIRE IN THE MAKING[1]

I

MUCH water has flowed under the bridge since Mr. Chamberlain delivered his epoch-making speech at Birmingham on May 15, 1903. The objects of the scheme of Tariff Reform which he then foreshadowed, and which he has since upheld with an energy, an ability, and an eloquence which have commanded the admiration not only of his supporters, but also of his opponents, may be best epitomised in his own words :[2]

> The Tariff Reformers, on the other hand, believe that by recovering our freedom of action, and by re-arming ourselves with the weapon of a moderate tariff, we may still defend our home manufactures against unfair competition, and may, at the same time, secure a modification of foreign tariffs which would open the way to a fairer exchange of our respective products than we have hitherto been able to obtain. But they attach even greater importance to the possibility of securing by preferential and reciprocal arrangements with our Colonies a great development of trade within the Empire and a nearer approach to a commercial union which, in some shape or another, must precede or accompany closer political relations, and without which, as all history shows, no permanent co-operation is possible.

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[1] I wish to acknowledge the invaluable aasistance and suggestions of Mr. S. Rosenbaum, both in the general scheme of the present article and of that which is to follow it, and in the preparation of the statistical tables embodied in them. It should be observed that all the figures given are for 1902, the latest year for which Colonial returns are available.

[2] Introduction to "Imperial Union and Tariff Reform," by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. (Grant Richards. 1903.)

It is not my intention to attempt to deal with the many forms of opposition which have been brought to bear upon the two propositions here laid down. I propose, indeed, in regard to those propositions themselves, to discuss only one part of the second, namely, that which alludes to "a great development of trade within the Empire." Upon this result of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals his opponents have lavished much wealth of scorn, without, however, so far as I am aware, making any attempt to inquire whether or no it is really attainable, and, if so, what effect it would have upon our commercial prosperity. They have assumed, unsupported by any reasoned argument, that it would be disastrous, that we should be "risking three-fourths of our trade for the sake of the other fourth," and have implied that it would be more reasonable to let the one-fourth go in order to preserve what part we may of the three-fourths. They have vouchsafed no reply to the contention that the development of the one-fourth would far more than compensate us for any possible decrease of the three-fourths that might ensue therefrom. Yet this contention, apart from political considerations, really lies at the root of the whole matter. I wish then, so far as space will permit, to examine how far, and to what advantage to the Empire as a whole, those Imperial requirements which are now met by foreign nations could be supplied from within the Empire itself. In so doing the great political advantage which must necessarily ensue from closer commercial union, from the continually stronger bond of common interest in the affairs of daily life, must necessarily be left on one side: I here bestow this passing allusion upon it in order that it may not be forgotten.

In order that the inquiry may be pursued with a clearness which may carry conviction, it appears best to divide it generally into two distinct sections: First, what are the requirements of the Empire which it does not itself already supply? Secondly, how far can it supply those requirements from within itself?

It will be conceded that the requirements of the Empire as here defined must be measured by its imports from countries

other than those which form any portion of it. Broadly stated, these, in 1902, amounted in value, inclusive of bullion and specie, to £513,000,000, the total imports amounting to £743,000,000, and the various portions of the Empire supplying themselves to the extent of £230,000,000 from one another. It would be impracticable to examine in detail the course of the import trade in every part of the Empire, interesting, no doubt, as such an examination would be; but the Imperial mosaic is composed of many parts, some of them quite minute, and to attempt an examination of each would entail an occupation of space which no editor of a review would for an instant permit. It has been thought, therefore, sufficient to deal with five principal portions of the Empire only, namely, the Dominion of Canada, the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand, British South Africa (viz., Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal, no returns being yet available for the Orange Colony), India, and the United Kingdom. It should be observed that the classification of the groups of articles imported has caused no little trouble and care; every different part of the Empire having its own classification, it has been necessary to reduce these classifications to one common basis, in order that serious error—error which, in various forms, has not been uncommonly committed during the present fiscal controversy—may not be involved. After careful consideration it has been thought that the most suitable classification for the present purpose is that adopted in the official trade statistics of the Canadian Government, according to which exports are divided under the six following general heads: Minerals, meaning all that is dug out of the earth; Agricultural Produce, meaning all that is obtained from the cultivation of the earth's surface (including, therefore, fruit, vegetables, &c.), except products of the forest; Products of the Forest, meaning all that is obtained from woods and forests; Animals, meaning all animal produce (including poultry, dairy produce, wool, animal manures, &c.); Fisheries, meaning all that comes out of the sea (including furs, skins, &c.); and

Manufactures, meaning anything that is worked up from the materials which fall under the five previous classes.

Lastly, in order that the ground may be thoroughly cleared before proceeding to discuss these various classes of imports into the five different portions of the Empire named, it would be useful to set forth the actual numbers of the population whose requirements need to be satisfied, in comparison with that of the three next most populous Empires of the world, not including China. Stated for the years 1881, 1891, 1901, and 1904 the respective populations are as follows:

POPULATION (IN MILLIONS)

	1881	1891	1901	1904	Increase per cent. between 1881 and 1904.
United Kingdom . .	35	38	41	43	22·8
British Possessions . . .	268	306	317	321	19·8
British Empire	*303*	*344*	*358*	*364*	*20·1*
Russian Empire	103	118	137	143	41·7
United States	51	64	78	82	60·8
German Empire[1] . . .	45	50	57	59	31·1

[1] Not including Colonies.

These figures present more than one point of interest. In the first place, it seems curious that, in spite of vast additions of territory, the population of the British Empire should actually have grown at a slower relative rate than that of any one of the other three, the respective percentage rates of increase having been for the British Empire 20, for the Russian Empire 42, for the United States 61, and for the German Empire 31. It seems to be a reasonable deduction that if with countries under our flag such, to mention one instance only, as Canada,

in which there is an urgent call for hands to develop almost illimitable tracts of fertile territory, yet, for the whole period under review, our population should have increased at a slower relative rate, and during the last thirteen years at scarcely a swifter absolute rate—indeed at a slower absolute rate than the Russian—there must be something wrong with us. The disparity grows doubtless less when the considerable acquisitions of Russia in Central Asia are allowed for; but our acquisitions have been great also, and in many cases this does not account for the figures shown for the United States and the German Empire. It is not possible to discuss this point here; but, generally speaking, it would appear that the *laissez-faire* policy of the Mother Country compares unfavourably in its results with the policy of organised national development of other peoples, and that the exclusiveness of one great group of British colonies is bearing its natural consequence.

In the next place, it must not be forgotten that the great mass of the population of the British Empire is not of British race, but that quite five-sixths of it consist of peoples of various races enjoying widely differing degrees of civilisation. This to a considerable extent is also the case with Russia, but it is much less so with the United States, in spite of the large negro population, not at all with the German Empire. In mere numbers we vastly exceed every one of the other three; in fact, we exceed all three of them put together by some eighty million souls. But while the requirements of our total population must also vastly exceed those of theirs, it must not be supposed that they do so in the same proportion. On the other hand, this very fact argues greatly in our favour in regard to future possibilities. Not only is there almost boundless room for the expansion of our white population, and in that case requirements may without exaggeration be held to increase in direct ratio with population, but also the less civilised elements of our fellow subjects will surely be "levelled up," and as the levelling process progresses, so will their requirements also progress. Let the error not be indulged in, then, of assuming our present

Imperial requirements to be a constant quantity, unchangeable through all time; they are bound to increase, and, if our national energies are rightly directed, to increase rapidly. All the more important does it become that we should act as careful husbandmen of the great estates which have fallen to our lot, and to consider whether we may not, by their development, be able largely to supply those requirements ourselves to the abiding benefit of all parts of the Empire.

Let us now return from these considerations of future possibilities to the actualities of the present. The following tables show the total requirements of Canada in 1902, as expressed by values of imports under the six general heads already explained, and the percentages which the imports from the various sources bear to the total. It should be observed that, although at first sight it would appear more pertinent and instructive to give the quantities rather than the value of imports, the great number and variety of articles comprised under each general head renders such a course impossible.

IMPORTS INTO CANADA (IN THOUSAND DOLLARS).

	Imperial.			Foreign.			
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.	United States.	Foreign Countries.	Total Foreign.	Total Imports.[1]
Minerals	1,760	22	1,782	16,476	887	17,363	19,145
Agricultural Produce	2,123	4,276	6,399	16,607	4,700	21,307	27,706
Forest Produce	3	3	6	4,906	38	4,944	4,950
Animals and Produce	2,326	186	2,512	9,314	871	10,185	12,697
Fisheries	3	550	553	323	57	380	933
Manufactures	46,410	2,754	49,164	64,803	18,907	83,710	132,874
Total	52,625	7,791	60,416	112,429	25,460	137,889	198,305

[1] It must be carefully noted that the totals given in this and the other tables embodied in this present article may differ to a slight extent from those published in official statistics. The difference is due to some small items which it has been found impossible to include in the classification adopted.

PERCENTAGE OF IMPORTS INTO CANADA FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

	Imperial.			Foreign.			Total Imports.[1]
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.	United States.	Other Foreign.	Total Foreign.	
Minerals . . .	9·2	·1	9·3	86·1	4·6	90·7	9·7
Agricultural Produce .	7·7	15·4	23·1	59·9	17·0	76·9	14·0
Forest Produce . .	·1	·1	·1	99·1	·6	99·7	2·5
Animals and Produce	18·3	1·5	19·8	75·3	4·9	80·2	6·4
Fisheries . . .	·3	58·9	59·2	34·6	6·2	40·8	·5
Manufactures . .	34·9	2·1	37·0	48·8	14·2	63·0	66·9
Total . .	26·5	3·7	30·2	56·7	13·1	69·8	100·0

[1] The figures in this column represent the proportion of the total imports in each group.

The first point which most forcibly strikes the attention in these figures is the immense disproportion which exists between the requirements of Canada supplied from within the Empire and from outside it. Whereas the total requirements amount, in value, to nearly 200 million dollars' worth, the Empire provides only about 60 million dollars' worth, and the rest of the world some 138 millions. Or, put in another way, the Empire supplies Canada with only 30·2 per cent. of those commodities which she either cannot or does not produce herself, while the rest of the world supplies her with 69·8 per cent., not far from two and a half times as much. The next most striking characteristic to be remarked in regard to the sources from which Canadian imports are drawn, is the great preponderance of the United States, which supplies considerably more than all the rest of the world put together, about 112½ millions dollars' worth as against about 86 millions, or 56·7 per cent. against 43·3 per cent. With the single exception of "Fisheries"—an insignificant item, however, in Canadian import trade—there is not one class of supply in which the United States do not easily out-distance the British Empire—

only one, Manufactures, in which they do not out-distance the British Empire and all other countries combined, and even in this class they make a very good showing, 48·8 per cent. as against 51·2 per cent., and maintain a long lead of the British Empire, which supplies only 37 per cent. It should be observed, too, that, as would naturally be supposed, the last class is by far the most important, nearly 67 per cent. of the requirements of Canada falling under the head of manufactures. Some further analysis and examination of the figures shown in these tables reveal the following facts :

Of the 19·1 million dollars' worth of minerals required by Canada, 15 millions represent coals, and of these 15 millions 14·9, or practically the whole, are purchased from the United States. The 27·7 million dollars' worth of agricultural produce comprise 6·95 millions for tea, of which 4·8 millions are purchased from the British Empire, and 3 millions for tobacco, of which 2½ millions are supplied by the United States. Rather less than one-half (5·7 millions) of animal produce consists of "skins," 2·6 millions being taken from the United States, 1·3 millions from the United Kingdom. The principal items under the head "Manufactures" are the following :

Iron and Steel.—$22,000,000 of which $11,000,000 from the United States, $10,000,000 from the United Kingdom.

Machinery.—$11,000,000 of which nearly the whole amount, $10,200,000, is provided by the United Kingdom.

Cotton Goods.—$14,600,000 of which $8,100,000 from the United States, $5,600,000 from the United Kingdom.

Woollen Goods.—$11,800,000 of which $9,700,000 from the United Kingdom.

Silk Goods.—$4,200,000
Carpets.—$2,000,000 } mainly from the United Kingdom.

These items represent almost exactly one-half (65·6 millions) the total manufactures required by Canada, and in them the United Kingdom—in this case naturally the sole representative of the Empire—preserves a preponderating position, with the single exception of "Iron and Steel," in which the preponderance is slightly on the side of the United

States. The general position, however, in regard to the sources from which Canada supplies her requirements may be stated to be that, instead of her being dependent upon the British Empire for those sources as I suppose it will be contested by none that it is desirable from every point of view that she should be, provided that this involved no noticeable economic disadvantage, she depends to the extent of 56·7 per cent. upon the United States, for about 70 per cent. on all countries outside the Empire. Thus Canada presents an instance of large economic independence from the Empire under existing conditions. It would be, as has already been indicated, foreign to the purpose of the present article to discuss what might be the ultimate effect on the Imperial comity if these conditions became intensified, or even if they continued as they are. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that, under the preferential treatment afforded to British goods, they are gradually becoming modified, while if the export figures were examined—an examination which would be redundant with reference to the principal subject under consideration—they would be found to tell a very different tale, the United Kingdom taking 58·4 per cent. of Canadian exports and the United States 31·6 per cent. So far as the actual supply of Canadian requirements goes, the facts are as stated. In a succeeding article an attempt will be made to show how far those requirements, as well as the requirements of all other parts of the Empire, could be met by the productive capacity of the Empire itself.

Turning now to the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand, the following tables show, in the same way as for Canada, the needs of this great group of Colonies as expressed by imports.

IMPORTS INTO AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND (IN THOUSAND POUNDS)

——	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.		
Minerals . . .	150	2,331	2,481	17	2,498
Agricultural Produce	356	6,739	7,095	1,528	8,623
Forest Produce .	22	817	839	780	1,619
Animals and Produce	378	5,364	5,742	525	6,267
Fisheries . . .	128	124	252	187	439
Manufactures . .	25,673	12,233	37,906	9,115	47,021
Total . .	26,707	27,608	54,315	12,152	66,467

PERCENTAGE OF IMPORTS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

——	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.		
Minerals . . .	6·0	93·3	99·3	·7	3·8
Agricultural Produce	4·1	78·1	82·2	17·8	13·0
Forest Produce .	1·4	50·5	51·9	48·1	2·4
Animals and Produce	6·0	85·6	91·6	8·4	9·4
Fisheries . . .	29·2	28·2	57·4	42·6	·7
Manufactures . .	54·6	26·0	80·6	19·4	70·7
Total . .	40·2	41·5	81·7	18·3	100·0

In the figures here given we find the position a good deal more than reversed; moreover, the supplies afforded by the United States (about £6,300,000) are relatively so insignificant that no useful object would have been served by separating them out from those obtained from other foreign sources in which, therefore, they are included. These foreign supplies amounted to a little over 12 million pounds out of a total of about 66½ million pounds, the British Empire providing the remainder—namely, 54·3 million pounds: in other words, the requirements of the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand were met to the extent of 81·7 per cent. from within the Empire, and of 18·3 per cent. from outside it. Other differences, almost as remarkable, start into view on effecting a comparison between the two sets of tables. Whereas in the case of Canada the supplies drawn from the Mother Country were more than seven times the amount drawn from the rest of the Empire, the Commonwealth and New Zealand take almost equal amounts from both, and of the two the slight difference (£900,000) stands in favour of the latter. Then, while Canada supplied herself with almost 35 per cent. of the manufactures she needed from the United Kingdom, and with only just over 2 per cent. from British Possessions, the latter supply the Commonwealth and New Zealand with 26 per cent. of their requirements of a similar kind (the value being about 12½ million pounds), while the former supplies 54·6 per cent., only a little more than double (25·7 million pounds). Practically the whole of the mineral products required by the Australian Colonies are provided from within the Empire (93·3 per cent. from British Possessions), whereas Canada supplied herself with these products chiefly from foreign countries (86·1 per cent. from the United States alone). Again, agricultural produce, which formed 14 per cent. of the total imports of Canada and 13 per cent. of those of Australia and New Zealand, was drawn by the former to the extent of 77 per cent. from foreign countries (60 per cent. from the United States), and of 23 per cent. from the British Empire,

whereas it was drawn by the second group of Colonies to the extent of 82·2 per cent. from the British Empire (78·1 per cent. from "British Possessions"), and of 17·8 per cent. only from the rest of the world. Indeed, while there are striking similarities between the two great self-governing groups in the matter of the percentages which the various classes of imports bear to the respective totals, the dissimilarities existing in regard to the percentages derived from various sources are no less remarkable and suggestive. Thus, the amounts of agricultural produce imported into Canada and the Australasian Colonies were 14 and 13 per cent. of the total imports respectively[1]; of produce of the forest, 2·5 and 2·4 per cent.; of fisheries, ·5 and ·7 per cent.; and of manufactures, 66·9 per cent. and 70·7 per cent.—no bad indication of the similarity of civilisation, and therefore of the requirements, of the populations of these two component parts of the Empire. The percentages of the supplies drawn from various sources to meet requirements differ, however, very greatly, as has been shown above; this is particularly apparent in the trade of the United States and of "British Possessions," the latter taking, to a large extent, in the Australasian trade system the place occupied by the former in that of Canada. To bring this point out quite clearly, it may be imagined for a moment that the United States form part of the "British Possessions": a fresh table of percentages, constructed on that hypothesis for Canada, would then assume the following shape (see Table I. on p. 42.)

If the principal classes of imports (drawn from "Imperial" sources and "Foreign Countries") by the two Colonial systems be now set side by side—namely, minerals, agricultural produce, animals, and manufactures, a curiously similar set of figures is obtained for each. (See Table II. on p. 42).

It is probable that some correction must be made for goods

[1] The agricultural produce imported into both Canada and Australasia consists almost entirely of tea, coffee, and tobacco, a fact which explains the agreement of the percentages.

TABLE I

PERCENTAGE OF IMPORTS INTO CANADA FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

——	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions (including the U.S.A.)	Total Imperial.		
Minerals . . .	9·2	86·2	95·4	4·6	9·7
Agricultural Produce	7·7	75·3	83·0	17·0	14·0
Forest . . .	·1	99·2	99·3	6	2·5
Animals . . .	18·3	76·8	95·1	4·9	6·4
Fisheries . . .	·3	93·5	93·8	6·2	·5
Manufactures . .	34·9	50·9	85·8	14·2	66·9
Total . .	26·5	60·4	86·9	13·1	100·0

TABLE II

——	Total Imperial.		Foreign Countries.	
	Canada.	Australia and New Zealand.	Canada.	Australia and New Zealand.
Minerals	95·4	99·3	4·6	0·7
Agricultural Produce . .	83	82·2	17	17·8
Animals	95·1	91·6	4·9	8·4
Manufactures . . .	85·8	80·6	14·2	19·4
Total Imports of all kinds	86·9	81·7	13·1	18·3

imported from the United States and entered as for domestic consumption in Canada which are nevertheless exported abroad; but even allowing for this, the adjustment of figures on the highly imaginative basis adopted shows prettly clearly that the Australian Colonies, in their inter-Colonial trade, hold much the same place towards each other [1] as the Dominion of Canada and the United States—the considerable difference in the part played by the Mother Country being, of course, due to the fact that the industrial development of the United States is far more advanced than that of the States of Australasia, that the latter are therefore unable to take full advantage of their geographical situation in regard to each other, and that the requirements thus left unsupplied are met chiefly by the Mother Country. Geographical situation, then, still counts for a good deal, in spite of all improvements of communication, but it is not advisable, nevertheless, to attach undue importance to it. There are a great many other important factors to be taken into account, such as the course of export trade, the balance of inward and outward freights, and the direction in which inter-Imperial trade must set under the influence of preferential treatment and of every further step which can be made towards free trade within the Empire. Indeed, from the broadly Imperial point of view, the comparison drawn is distinctly encouraging, as showing the similarity of conditions obtaining in these two widely situate portions of the Empire; and the chief point to be held in view, seeing the change of direction which the trade of our North American dominions must inevitably follow as a consequence of the change in the character of the export trade of the United States, which is now taking place before our eyes, must still be to what extent the Empire can supply its own needs from within itself.

The third great self-governing system of Colonies, British

[1] This will, doubtless, be modified in the future, since there is now free trade between the States forming the Commonwealth. The interstate trade of these resembled, under previous conditions, the Canada-United States trade; now it will approximate to, say, the interstate trade of the United States.

South Africa (Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal), exists under different conditions from either of the other two. Its requirements, expressed in the same manner in terms of imports, are as set forth in the Tables on p. 45.

The total requirements, then, exceed those of Canada by about seven million pounds, and are some twenty millions less than those of the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand. The proportions which the different classes of imports bear to the total follow pretty closely those exhibited in the other two cases, the general similarity of the needs of the consumers being thus once more indicated; but, although the imports from the United States (4·5 million pounds) were again relatively too insignificant to be worth separating out, there are noteworthy differences from both the other cases in regard to the various sources from which the supplies are drawn. Thus in the matter of minerals (nearly 60 per cent. coal), the United Kingdom heads the list, whereas it had been left in the shade where Canada was concerned by the United States, and in the case of Australasia by "British Possessions"; for this change the large quantities of coal imported from the Mother Country are chiefly responsible. Again, in "Agricultural Produce" considerable amounts of tea and grain are taken from the United Kingdom; there is a large trade in tobacco, grain, and mealies among the South African Colonies themselves: and Argentina comes prominently to the front among foreign countries. The import trade in "Animals and Produce" is drawn from much the same sources, the principal difference in the proportions, namely, the increase in the case of "British Possessions," and the decrease in that of "Foreign Countries," being due to the enormous quantity of live-stock and of meat taken from Australia. For the supply of the needs of the South African Colonies in the matter of manufactures, the Mother Country is drawn upon to the extent of over three-quarters of the whole amount required, manufacturing industries being but little developed in the Colonies themselves, and no other manufacturing country having any geographical

IMPORTS INTO SOUTH AFRICA [CAPE COLONY, NATAL AND TRANSVAAL]
(IN THOUSAND POUNDS)

	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.		
Minerals . . .	835	69	904	351	1,255
Agricultural Produce	1,117	1,947	3,064	2,051	5,115
Forest Produce .	108	256	364	1,156	1,520
Animals and Produce	996	2,526	3,522	1,626	5,148
Fisheries . . .	150	86	236	39	275
Manufactures . .	25,957	3,141	29,098	4,483	33,581
Total . . .	29,163	8,025	37,188	9,706	46,894

PERCENTAGE OF IMPORTS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.[1]
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.		
Minerals . . .	66·5	5·5	7·2	2·8	2·6
Agricultural Produce	21·8	38·1	59·9	40·1	10·9
Forest Produce .	7·1	16·8	23·9	76·1	3·2
Animals and Produce	19·3	49·1	68·4	31·6	11·0
Fisheries . . .	54·5	31·5	85·8	14·2	·6
Manufactures . .	77·3	9·4	86·7	13·3	71·7
Total . . .	62·2	17·1	79·3	20·7	100·0

[1] The figures in the last column represent the percentage which each of the groups of imported articles bears to the total.

advantage over her. She thus to a large extent occupies the combined position held by herself and the United States in the case of Canada, and by herself and "British Possessions" in the case of Australasia.

Leaving now the requirements of the self-governing Colonial systems, and turning to those of the first Dependency of British India, we shall again find that both the requirements of the latter and the sources from which they are drawn differ considerably from what has been shown in regard to the former. The Tables on p. 47 give the figures with respect to India in the same form as that adopted in the three other cases, the produce of fisheries being, however, so insignificant an item in the general total that it is not considered worthy of mention.

In all the cases examined, manufactures have formed by far the largest class of requirements to be satisfied. This is so pre-eminently the case with British India, that it may fairly be said that no other class except manufactures calls for attention for the purposes of the present discussion. Out of a total import trade of upwards of 50 million sterling, 47¼ millions (or 93·8 per cent.) represent the imports of manufactures; in respect of all her other requirements India may be stated virtually to supply herself. The proportions in which her needs for manufactured articles are satisfied from various sources will be seen to approximate pretty closely to those which obtained in the case of South Africa, Foreign Countries being drawn upon to a rather greater extent, and the United Kingdom and British Possessions correspondingly less. If the total imports be considered, the approximation is surprisingly close, the Imperial supplies to India being 78·3 per cent. of the total and to South Africa 79·3 per cent., while Foreign Countries supplied 21·7 per cent. to the former and 20·7 per cent. to the latter. In fact, the trade conditions, geographically speaking, being almost precisely similar, the general proportions of imports from various sources are almost the same, variations downwards in one class being compen-

IMPORTS INTO INDIA (IN THOUSAND POUNDS).

	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.		
Minerals, &c. . .	436	60	496	165	661
Forest Products .	17	73	90	214	304
Animals and Produce	276	506	782	356	1,138
Agricultural Produce	59	763	822	223	1,045
Manufactures . .	34,110	3,198	37,308	9,966	47,274
Total . .	34,898	4,600	39,498	10,924	50,422

PERCENTAGE OF IMPORTS INTO INDIA FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.[1]
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.		
Minerals . . .	65·9	9·1	75·0	25·0	1·3
Forest Products .	5·6	24·0	30·6	69·4	·6
Animals and Produce	24·2	44·5	68·7	31·3	2·3
Agricultural Produce	5·6	72·9	78·5	21·5	2·0
Manufactures . .	72·2	6·7	78·9	21·1	93·8
Total . .	69·2	9·1	78·3	21·7	100

[1] The figures in the last column represent the percentage which each of the groups of imported articles bears to the total

sated by variations upwards in another—an eloquent indication of the almost boundless variety of production of which the Empire is capable. Further, some notion can now already be gathered of the extent to which the Empire can satisfy its own requirements by its own capacity of production. Where there is no special geographical condition influencing the course of trade from some country without the Empire, as in the case of the United States and Canada, Imperial supplies in each of the other instances discussed satisfy well over three-quarters of Imperial requirements. Moreover, it is a noteworthy fact that India, with its 294 million inhabitants, demands only a little over 50 millions worth of imports from the rest of the world, only some four millions more than South Africa, ten million more than Canada, and actually sixteen millions less than Australasia. While I hope that I may not be supposed to contend that this fact, by itself, is an indication of prosperity, it may, on the other hand, be taken to show that the various Indian States, in their commercial intercourse with one another, play to a large extent the part of the United States towards Canada and of the various Australasian States towards one another, and that the Indian Empire within its own borders contributes largely to Imperial needs from Imperial resources.

The last, and most emphatically not the least, portion of the Empire to be considered is the Mother Country herself. (See Tables p. 49.)

It will be seen immediately how enormously the requirements of the United Kingdom exceed those of any other portion of the Empire; indeed, they exceed the requirements of the four main portions of the Empire discussed above by over 130 per cent. (473 millions as against 204 millions). In order that there may be no misapprehension, it should here be repeated that the word "requirements" is not intended to mean that which is necessary to the population of the United Kingdom or of any part of the Empire for their own domestic consumption. It includes also all that they need by which to live and prosper, as, for instance, raw materials

VALUE OF IMPORTS OF MERCHANDISE INTO UNITED KINGDOM FOR CONSUMPTION (IN THOUSAND POUNDS).

——	British Possessions.	Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.
Mineral Produce . .	1,643	9,847	11,490
Forest Produce . . .	5,915	25,993	31,908
Agricultural Produce . .	39,680	142,993	182,673
Animals and Produce .	36,775	70,572	107,347
Fisheries	864	2,120	2,984
Manufactures . . .	7,498	129,380	136,878
Total	102,375	380,905	473,280

PERCENTAGES OF IMPORTS FOR CONSUMPTION INTO UNITED KINGDOM FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

——	British Possessions.	Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.[1]
Mineral Produce . .	14·4	85·6	2·4
Forest Produce . . .	18·5	81·5	6·8
Agricultural Produce .	21·8	78·2	38·6
Animals and Produce .	34·9	65·1	22·7
Fisheries	36·3	63·7	·6
Manufactures . . .	9·5	90·5	28·9
Total	21·6	78·4	100·0

[1] The figures in the last column represent the percentage which each of the groups of imported articles bears to the total.

which they work up into manufactures for exchange with foreign countries or with other parts of the Empire. This consideration, the far greater white population of the United Kingdom—a population virtually the whole of which has attained a high degree of civilisation—and the fact that the British islands cannot produce more than a fraction, smaller or greater, of the articles comprised under the various heads under which the imports are classified, excepting only minerals (the exception relating chiefly to coal and iron) and manufactures, account for the enormous requirements of the Mother Country; but no explanation is thereby afforded of the immense preponderance of Foreign Countries over British Possessions in supplying her requirements. Geographical situation is again an element to be taken into account; but broadly it may be stated that there can be only two reasons for that preponderance: (1) Either the possible productive capacity of the British Possessions is insufficient to satisfy the needs of the United Kingdom, or (2) the productive capacity is sufficient, but it has been allowed to remain latent. The most important question—Which of these two explanations is correct?—requires more careful consideration than space would allow in the present paper, and will be dealt with in as much detail as is feasible in a succeeding article.

The figures shown under the head "Manufactures" call, however, at once for some further observation. The preponderance of Foreign Countries over British Possessions is more marked in this class than in any other, the former supplying us with nearly ten times as much as British Possessions (144·9 million pounds worth against 15·1 millions). In the case of the two other most important classes, namely, Agricultural Produce and Animals and Produce, the corresponding proportions are less than four to one and less than two to one respectively, and it should be remarked that these two classes comprise a considerable proportion of raw material (*e.g.*, wool, cotton, hides, &c.) which is worked up into "Manufactures" in the United Kingdom. Now the kind of trade

which is, from every point of view, the most advantageous and the most profitable to the population of these islands is that which causes it to maintain or increase the national output. Mr. Richard B. Haldane, M.P., with whom it is pleasant to agree, has stated this proposition succinctly and forcibly in his work "Education and Empire":

> Great Britain [he wrote, p. 7] regards herself as the leading industrial nation. She has been so for long, and until recent times her place has not been seriously disputed. She *must* continue to increase her commercial output. For it is the foundation on which rest her financial resources, her fleet, her hold on her colonies and dependencies. . . . Great Britain must not only maintain the volume of her trade, but increase it, as the demand for expenditure goes on increasing.

Nothing could be truer or better put. Following the reasoning out to its logical conclusion, it is clear that the ideal over-sea trade for the United Kingdom would be that by which it receives food and raw material and in exchange for them gives manufactures—an ideal which is realised neither by our colonial nor by our foreign trade. But the former approximates to it more closely than does the latter. This forms, I think, one weighty answer among many to those who regard with apprehension any displacement of foreign in favour of colonial trades. On the grounds only of the consequent increase of our national output which such a displacement must entail, it is most sincerely to be welcomed. Again, this country has not reached a point near its maximum output; otherwise no "problem of the unemployed" would be with us, nor should we have ever in our minds those dismal "thirteen millions who are on the verge of hunger." But the import of manufactures into a country almost perfectly equipped for nearly every kind of manufacturing industry *must* be a cause of decrease in output. If it were true, as is frequently stated by those who confound free imports with free trade, that in payment for every manufactured article imported a manufactured article must be exported, the case would be different. Our trade returns, however, prove the untruth of this theory to demon-

stration; indeed, were it true, the argument as to the balance of trade being preserved by "invisible exports" would have no meaning. On the other hand, even if it be true that our trade does find its balance over a series of years by means of invisible exports, the latter increase our national output only through that portion, the carrying trade, which increases the number of ships built—which, large as it is as compared with the shipbuilding industries of foreign nations, is a relatively insignificant item in the output of the United Kingdom. Moreover, as the history of Holland conclusively proves, a great carrying trade is a broken reed to lean upon as a mainstay of national prosperity. The only sound foundation of this is national output, and the only output upon which we as a nation can rely is the output of our manufacturing industries. Thus to direct our national energies to the organisation of Imperial trade so that it should increase to the greatest possible extent, which by no means implies that we need inflict wanton injury upon our foreign trade, is the best and the sanest policy that we could pursue.

It will be interesting now, by combining the figures given in the foregoing Tables to take a general survey of the import trade of the Empire, and to observe how far its requirements are met from its own resources. (See Tables p. 53.)

It is seen from these tables that of the total requirements of the Empire[1] (685·5 million pounds worth) rather more than one-third is supplied by itself, rather less than two-thirds by foreign countries (235 millions against 450 millions). Fisheries in this enormous total count for relatively so little that, in a paper of this length, they may be left aside. Minerals (chiefly coal, iron, and copper) also form an insignificant percentage, although in absolute figures the total imports reach a considerable amount, of which the Empire furnishes about 30 per cent. and foreign countries about 70 per cent. In the matter of forest produce foreign countries, principally Russia

[1] That is, those main portions of the Empire included in the scope of the present article.

TABLES H.

IMPORTS OF MERCHANDISE INTO UNITED KINGDOM, INDIA, CANADA, SOUTH AFRICA, AND AUSTRALASIA (IN MILLION POUNDS).

——	Imperial.	Foreign.	Total.
Mineral Produce	5·9	13·8	19·7
Agricultural Produce	51·9	151·1	203·0
Forest Produce	7·2	38·0	45·2
Animals and Produce	47·3	75·1	122·4
Fisheries	1·5	2·4	3·9
Manufactures	121·6	169·7	291·3
Total	235·4	450·1	685·5

PERCENTAGES OF IMPORTS FROM IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN SOURCES.

——	Imperial.	Foreign.	Total.[1]
Mineral Produce	30·0	70·0	2·9
Agricultural Produce	25·6	74·4	29·6
Forest Produce	15·9	84·1	6·5
Animals and Produce	38·5	61·5	17·9
Fisheries	38·5	61·5	·6
Manufactures	42·0	58·0	42·5
Total	34·4	65·6	100·0

[1] The figures in the last column represent the percentage which each of the groups of imported articles bears to the total.

and Scandinavia, are drawn upon to a much greater extent, the Empire providing about 16 per cent. and foreign countries 84 per cent., or upwards of five times as much.

We then pass to the three principal items, namely, agricultural produce, animals and produce, and manufactures, which together reach the huge amount of nearly 617 million pounds worth, or 90 per cent. of total Imperial requirements, as indeed would naturally be expected since the two first cover a large proportion of food-stuffs and no inconsiderable amount of raw material. Foreign countries supply the Empire with nearly three times as much agricultural produce as that furnished from within its own confines (151 million pounds worth against 52 millions), with about 60 per cent. more animals and produce, and with rather less than 40 per cent. more manufactures. There is a certain general similarity between these proportions and those which occurred in regard to Canada—very close in the case of agricultural produce (23 per cent. supplied to Canada and 25·6 per cent. to the Empire generally from Imperial resources), less close in the case of manufactures (42 per cent. and 37 per cent.), and closer again in the grand totals (30 per cent. and 34 per cent.). Although in the Tables now under discussion no imaginary correction can be made, as in the case of Canada, since we are at present dealing with all the principal parts of the Empire on the one hand and the whole of the rest of the world on the other, still there are certain facts which should be taken into consideration. Thus, Egypt is now in so anomalous a position that, while international obligations compel us to admit that she does not form part of the Empire, to state that she does not is rather a statement of fiction than of fact. Again, there are other countries, such, for instance, as Argentina, and to a somewhat less degree Chile and Uruguay, which, while, politically speaking, totally independent, have nevertheless been financed by the United Kingdom to such an extent as to be, from that point of view, British Possessions. The imports into the Empire from these countries alone would increase

the figure of Imperial supplies of Imperial needs from 30 to 40 per cent. Apart from Egypt, it may seem somewhat far-fetched to assimilate countries which are politically independent from, but financially dependent on, the United Kingdom to British Possessions. But if the idea be followed out, the suggestion is natural enough. The fact that the Empire even now supplies itself with one-third of its requirements is truly surprising in view of the indifference with which the Mother Country has in the past regarded the development of her colonial children—an indifference preached by Cobden and his lieutenants, and practised until recent years by British statesmen of both parties. There has been no organisation, no concentration of—in the largest sense of the term—national energies in a national direction. On the contrary, they have been as a matter of policy, so called, or rather miscalled, deliberately dissipated in any haphazard direction which may have seemed to present a momentary advantage. It is not the lack of any natural resources or geographical advantage, but of development, which has placed us in a position of greater dependence on foreign countries for the supply of our Imperial needs than on our own Imperial estates. The figures in regard to Imperial and foreign supplies shown in the last tables might have been reversed had we acted *en bons pères de famille*, given our own family interests (as we should have) the first place, and invested our capital in British Possessions instead of foreign countries. They may still be reversed if we will so act henceforth. That this is no exaggeration, but a plain statement of fact, I hope to be able to show in a succeeding article.

VINCENT CAILLARD.

(*To be continued*)

THE DESTINY OF BRITAIN IN CENTRAL ASIA

A THEORY BASED UPON PRINCIPLES OF THE ECONOMICS OF IMPERIAL EXPANSION

I

THE acute phase of the recent crisis in Thibet is past. Until the British Government officially declares the terms of the treaty signed at Lhassa, it is not possible to ascertain the exact relations established between the two countries or to appreciate accurately their more immediate effect. But, as the crisis recedes into the distance of time, the atmosphere of perspective tends to eliminate those cruder lines of detail which the passing prejudice and passions of men exaggerate and render disproportionate, and the whole incident assumes a distinctness of outline which gives the mind an impression of permanent effect. Simply stated, this impression seems improbable and startling. For it foreshadows the destiny of Britain as a future sovereign power of Central Asia.

That this is no romance of the imagination, but a sober thesis, is clearly capable of proof through certain clearly defined laws of the constitution of corporate humanity, and also through the continuity of action in human history. Great Britain, by her act of trespass into the forbidden land of Central Asia, has set the seal of permanent consequence—through her contact with them—upon its ancient isolated people. It is inevitable,

through the compelling force of natural laws, that her paramountcy shall, in the distant future, follow her civilising influence far into the heart of Asia. For the real meaning of the recent Anglo-Thibetan incident lies far beneath the troubled surface of conflicting interests and immediate crises, which is the face of the human sea to the depths of which the thoughts of men so seldom penetrate. In the depths of that sea—in the ceaseless sweep of the great force-currents of humanity which circulate the elements of virility, progress and civilisation throughout mankind by remorseless activities—lies the explanation and true signficance of the subjugation of Thibet by Britain. This fact is no more than a natural phase of an age-long process which rids mankind of the incubus of human waste and emancipates the potentialities of earth through laws of compensation in the gravity of civilisation, which tends always to find its level above the surface of stagnant and retrograde humanity. In obedience to this natural law, the rising tide of a later civilisation, which has slowly swept across the vast expanse of India at its base, has at length broken through the huge Himalayan barrier, and a first advancing wave has flowed into the midst of Central Asia. It is true that the wave recedes. But the rhythm of ebb and flow controls the tides of human activity as it does the sweep of the great salt ocean. And the advance of the British into Central Asia will prove to be an act of momentous and permanent consequence in the continuity of the history of man.

Before proceeding to consider exactly what are these factors of natural force which cause the currents of later civilisation to set, to-day, so strongly towards Asia, and to ascertain from their direction that the destiny of Thibet is inevitably linked with that of Britain; it is necessary to compare the past conceptions of the country and its people with the realities regarding them which have been recently revealed. Because an exactitude as to human conditions is the first essential of any consideration as to the consequences of human inter-relation. In the first place, it is clear that the Thibetans

come naturally into contact with civilisation through the influence of Britain. The segregation of this people from civilised races behind the rock barrier of their frontiers was an artificial, not a natural, condition. Sooner or later it was bound to give place to the normal conditions which govern human inter-relation. But while it lasted their strange seclusion brought the Thibetans into high romantic relief. A suggestion of indefinite idealism pervaded the common conception of their life. The mystery of the unattainable invested their land with the glamour of desire. The veiled city of Lhassa with her shrine, where rose the incense of prayer from countless souls of men, shone like a beautiful mirage on the horizon of imagination. Then, in the fulness of time, these phantasies gave place to facts. The barrier of artificial isolation was swept aside by the force of natural laws, and the currents of civilisation flowed to find their inevitable level above the waste waters of human stagnation. The fateful eight-mile train of a British expedition clambered from the sun-steeped plains of India, through the hot damp jungles of the Teesta valley, miles into air and up to the shoulders of blinding snow which funnel the roaring wind that blows through the passes to Thibet. And the British passed—the pioneers of destiny—into Central Asia. These men of the little Atlantic isles went down forbidden paths into an unknown land. They descended from snow-fields stained with blood to valleys of wheat and barley which were bright with English flowers. They stormed precipitous cliffs in a country where ink-black rivers roared through cañons of red rock, and they fought horridly in the darkness of caves cut into the crest of heights beneath the level stretches of an ice-field. They traversed plateaux adrift with cloud which swept the feet of towering peaks aglint with glacier; they gazed upon the glory of the turquoise lake, and forded the great river of the world, the source of which is yet unknown. And, at last, they entered Lhassa, with its home of the Asian Vicar of God in his giant palace roofed with gold, and the mile-wide belt of

nature which separates it from mankind in an outer girdle of gutters choked with filth, and human scum, and herds of corpse-fed swine.

But long before Great Britain had raised the veil from the shrine of Buddha and found it desolate of all idealism or sanctity, she had woken the world from its dream of romance regarding Thibet. In the rays of the sunrise of civilisation it proves a sordid secret which has lain hidden in the heart of Asia for so long. For Thibet is held in the bondage of very ancient days. Her ruling power is the old tyranny of superstition. Her people are slaves in chains of ignorance. Even her isolation is not due to natural causes in that instinct of self-preservation which causes inferior communities of men, through dread of subjection, to shrink from contact with superior races. The policy of the seclusion of Thibet is solely inspired by the meanest principle of class-interest.[1] The Thibetan hierarchy keeps its country strictly isolated from civilising forces so that it may exploit the population and potentialities of a sub-continent for its own enjoyment. In consequence, the condition of the Thibetan peasantry is one of hopeless squalor, neglect, and degradation. These people are entirely devoid of the bonds of sentient nationality; a common ignorance and superstition alone gives force to their domestic polity, ensures their submission to the central authority and helps to perpetuate their servitude and debasement. In the light of these facts, it seems incredible that Britain, as representing progressive human force, should come in contact with the forces of tyranny and retrogression, in the Thibetan hierarchy, and recoil before them. Yet, apparently, this is a fact. Britain, the great civilising power of the world, undertakes to respect strictly the barbarous tyranny of class rule and to perpetuate the slavery to superstition which is implied

[1] This policy is explained by a Lamaic prophecy which declares that "*if the English enter Thibet our bowl is broken*"—the bowl, once symbolical of the asceticism of Buddha, now typifies the sources of revenue of the priesthood and Church of Buddha.

by the "internal independence" of Thibet—in return for certain favours. So long as they will consent no longer to render their country sterile as regards the commerce of the world, its rulers may continue to segregate its population from civilising influences, and continue in peace to exploit their ignorance and serfdom.

If such a condition of affairs could, in the nature of things, assume permanence, it would deprive humanity of hope. But it is contrary to every natural law which controls human destiny. This false counterpoise of barbarity and civilisation is an artificial, not a natural, condition. It is a phase in the developments of nervous statesmanship under the exigencies of political pressure. What Russia has done to establish her influence in Mongolia the shadow of Russia has frightened Great Britain from attempting to do in Thibet.[1] Yet, though the blind uncertain acts of statesmen may sometimes cheat the destiny of an individual people, they cannot alter or stay the action of universal laws which control the course of human progress. A treaty cannot dam from any place that irresistible tide of civilisation which sweeps across the world, ever making superior people the wardens of its wealth and the masters of all savage or decayed communities. The action of this natural law has already resulted in the demolition of the barriers round Thibet by Britain. By its force, Thibet, in the future, is inevitably destined to come under the influence and ultimate dominion of Britain. This development is clear as a

[1] In January 1861, a Treaty was ratified at St. Petersburgh by which a Russian Resident with a military escort was established in the sacred city of Urga. The Taranath Lama—the incarnate pontiff of the North-Asian Buddhists—became a vassal of the Russian Czar. But Russian jealousy forbids a similar establishment of British influence at Lhassa, which would *openly* convert Thibet into a sphere of British suzerainty. And the fate of Cavagnari, with the curse of Cabul, seem to timid counsellors of Britain to invest this true Thibetan policy with the presage of doom. Consequently, Britain retires from her trespass upon Thibetan seclusion, and limits her policy to a commercial contract, and a nominal control of Thibetan foreign policy—without any supervision to enforce it.

natural consequence of that particular phase of the general expansion of superior races throughout the world, by which two European empires tend to converge—the one through conquest, and the other through commercial absorption—upon the table-lands of Central Asia. It is, therefore, logical to consider the future inter-relation of Britain and Thibet apart from the present policy altogether, and with regard to that natural force which has brought these two distant countries into close connection, and which controls their destiny beyond the scope and power of any policy regarding it.

II

Among the great dynamic forces which regulate the constitution of humanity, by circulating the life-currents of civilisation through the migratory movements of superior peoples, there are two, the action of which is most pronounced. The former is a primal physical force—*the purely political force*—which reacts, through the desires or passions of men, in the violent and spasmodic process of war and conquest. The latter is rather a moral force, one which implies the faculties of restraint and acquired power—*the human force economic*—which reacts, where possible, through the impulse of industry in the peaceful world-conquests of commercial absorption. That is, *by the expansion of civilising influences through inter-relations of trade, as distinct from expansion by military aggression in pursuit of purely political aims.* At the present time, the great expanding Empires of Russia and Great Britain, in both the national characteristics of the two peoples and the methods of their advance in Asia, respectively exemplify these forces in a strangely accurate manner. As these two forces—distinct in their origin and functional activities—are both servants of the same process of civilisation, namely, race expansion—their identity is constantly confused. It is further confused because the conflict of material interests, incidental to the economic force of civilisation and warlike

opposition to its natural developments, frequently result in the passions of men overwhelming their powers of restraint. Then the peaceful developments of commerce give place to war with its insanities of human slaughter and mutilation, and men, in contemplating the consequence, confuse the cause and wrongly indict the original impulse of industry together with the dictates of later licence. The recent Anglo-Dutch conflict in Africa is an example of such a confusion of ideas through interruption of the economic by the purely physical civilising force. In the case of Thibet the process has been reversed, and the economic will succeed the physical process, as it has already done across the entire continent of India and throughout the British Empire. Indeed, if further proof were needed that the impulse of industry rather than the conquest of territory is the vital force of British Imperial expansion at the present time, it is to be found in the fact that Thibet, having been conquered by Britain, retains, under the professed convention of Lhassa, complete internal independence, with British suzerainty only in regard to relations with other foreign powers. The aim of British policy is concentrated upon facilities for commerce between Thibet and India. It is, therefore, by the force of the economic agency of civilisation—*through the peaceful process of commercial absorption*—that Britain will, in the future, establish her influence and consolidate her position among the peoples in certain parts of Central Asia; and through which Thibet, in particular, is ultimately destined to merge in the universally extending sphere of Anglo-Saxon civilisation.

At first sight this seems to be a statement which needs no logic to support it. The history of British Imperial dominion is practically one of the spread of civilisation through economic expansion. It is natural to suppose that this same process will, in time, bind Thibet to Britain by the power of the tentacles of trade. Because, unless the vital force and vigour of the British race suddenly fails, their national constitution of empire will neither stagnate nor decay, but will continue to develop, like other healthy living organisms, so long as develop-

ment is natural and possible. But before proceeding to prove that such development of British Imperial dominion in Asia is, in certain directions, both natural and possible; it is first necessary to pause and consider shortly the exact nature and influence of a civilised world-empire *as a functional process of the constitution of humanity.* This is especially important to the subject under discussion, because there exists among the British people an element of strong prejudice against the further extension of their Empire at all; and particularly against the spread of its civilising influence, as in the case of Thibet, through the conquest of savage and backward peoples, for the commercial development of countries which they hold in loss to the rest of mankind. This is a curious phase of idea for a people who owe their influence upon history, and their present prosperity and power to this identical and salutary natural process. The prejudice itself, of course, is born of ignorance. But its propagation is due to the dogma of a political sect whose peevish imbecility and obstruction in regard to the responsibilities, security and destiny of Empire, is a shameful characteristic of Imperial Parliament. The militant fallacy of the anti-Imperialists is based, in the first place, upon a misconception regarding what is, in truth, an elemental force of civilisation—though it is also the secret of the world-supremacy of Britain. The whole impulse of industry—the soul of commerce—is confused by these people with the base instincts of cupidity and cunning. These instincts, through the lusts of slaughter and conquest, are said to cause strong nations to "despoil" weak ones. It follows from this reasoning that, throughout the entire past civilisation of the world, the ceaseless reclamation of Earth's natural resources to intelligent utility—from the neglect of them by merely animal humanity, has been a process of crime born of the brute instincts of rapacity and murder. The spread of civilisation through the agency of economic activity, at the present day, is a continuation of this process, and signifies the demoralisation of those sections of mankind who

still retain their virgin innocence in the virtues of apathy, indolence or primeval barbarity. In application to the British Empire these theories infect the anti-Imperialist with a peculiar spite. Its world-wide civilisation and peaceful economic activity are characterised, by him, as inspired by the lusts of aggression, land-hunger and spoliation, the incidents of which are a curse on man and a drag upon his destiny. At all costs, therefore, let Britain cease for ever to extend her influence by any process whatever. But that her civilisation should intrude into the world-spheres of material waste and human retrogression, sweeping aside by force the resistance of force which barbarity offers to its advance, is indeed a crowning horror of cruelty, abandonment and sin. In particular application to the Thibetan crisis this fallacious reasoning is clearly betrayed by the following logical conclusions in relation to the facts. That the invasion of Thibet, either in vindication of the national rights, or for precaution against national peril, was unwarrantable. That it would be immoral for Britain to establish her authority in the land, although it would ameliorate the moral degradation of its people, because that would disturb the tyranny of the "independence" from which they suffer. This would also be unwise and provocative, because it would injure the susceptibilities of a rival inimical foreign Power by checkmating its dangerous intrigue. It is morally right, however, for Britain to abandon the Thibetan people to the misrule of the dark ages, and wise to leave them to Russian influence. It is right for civilisation to retire from the land without contaminating its rotten social structure by a single touch of wholesome civilising influence. But it is barbarous and nothing less than robbery with violence to insist, by force, that the natural wealth of Thibet shall no longer be withheld from the workmen of the world.

Now this is an age which is characterised by the practical application of scientific reason to every problem of human existence. There is certainly no other problem which involves human welfare and destiny in a greater degree than the

organism of the British Empire, which contains within its individual life one-quarter of mankind. It is, therefore, germane as well as essential to a theory which forecasts a further and vast extension of this Empire, to meet the grounds on which its extension is commonly opposed by clearing this vital factor of civilisation and human progress together with the forces which animate and control its action, from all fallacy regarding them. The men who deprecate the spread of civilisation through the world-migrations of superior races, either upon a basis of principle or in relation to political exigency—forget, in the first place, that they deal with the action of a natural force of the human economy which is as far beyond the control of man as are the natural forces of wind and sea. At the most, man may try to comprehend the action of this force as a functional process of the human constitution. He may thus arrive at a definite conception of its influence and effect upon mankind, much as he can recognise and understand the physical processes of his own body. But behind it all—beyond the groping of his intellect about the fingers of compelling force which confine his natural universe—there stands an infinite Power and Intelligence which holds both him, the atom, and conglomerate humanity in the grasp of guiding laws through certain all-pervading currents of force. The source of these, and the ultimate end they serve, remain, together with the Power that gave them life, incomprehensible by man, even when his imagination strives to enshrine this Power as his God. But the natural laws themselves do lie within the limit of his intelligence, as yet half recognised and, in their nature, not wholly understood by reason of a certain conflict or confusion in them of benign and inimical forces. The reason of this element of conflict, however, is gradually becoming clear as a certain mechanical function of natural progression. The inroads of disease and the moral conflicts in regard to the individual constitution, the frequent wars, barbarities and set-backs to civilisation which afflict the health and moral constitution of corporate humanity, are in the nature

of tests, which constantly eliminate the elements of weakness and attenuation from man and from mankind. This antiseptic process has been defined, broadly, as *the struggle for existence*, and its clearly defined and inevitable result has been termed *the survival of the fittest*. Now the fact of Imperial expansion—that is, of world-dominion—is the clearest possible proof of both survival and superiority in regard to any single race or nation. But taking the question of the influence of economic activity upon mankind—because, whether it be termed rapacity by anti-Imperialists or natural energy by Imperialists, *economic activity is, in fact, the vital force of the Imperial expansion of the British race*—the true test regarding it lies plainly in its effect in relation to the human struggle for existence. If its influence, on the whole, is morally bad, its effect must be enervating, and the commercial communities cannot long survive in the struggle for existence. On the other hand, if its influence, on the whole, is morally elevating, its effect must be invigorating to the communal constitution. *Then commercial communities would tend not only to survive, but they would constitute the foremost and most powerful among the nations of the world, and dominate all other peoples in a degree as they were less and less industrious and adaptive.*

III

It is, of course, evident that the latter of these conditions prevails all over the world to-day. As a matter of fact, it never has ceased to prevail throughout the whole of the history of civilisation. No clearer practical proof than this can be adduced that economic activity is of itself a moral force of human development. This fact in itself should give pause to those political theorists of Britain who maintain a prejudice against this cardinal human activity, in so far as it is a functional force of the process of British Imperial expansion. But when the evidence of general history is examined as to the exact manner in which this natural and beneficent force

exerts its civilising influence upon humanity, it leads to a discovery which is profoundly interesting. This discovery is no less than that of what may be termed *the mechanical action of human progress* through the survival of superior races and their constant superimposition in dominion over all inferior races. The part that economic power—together with other elements of human progress—plays in this mechanical action of human development is clear. It results in the ceaseless pressure of superior races possessed of its virtue upon all the weaker and inferior peoples throughout the habitable spaces of the globe. But it is at once evident that this process of civilisation and human progress is identical with the process of the Imperial expansion of dominant races all through the history of the world. *Therefore, if it is clear that economic activity is a moral force of human progress and a dynamic force of the spread of civilisation, it is equally clear that empire—through the dominion and economic activity of superior races—is also a moral force of human development, and the natural and ceaseless functional process of the spread of civilisation throughout the ages of humanity.*

A single example must suffice to illustrate exactly the influence of, as it has here been termed, the mechanical action of economic force in human history. Many centuries ago, upon a very ancient page of history—in connection with a Biblical race-migration—was once written the lesson of the land of Canaan. This lesson contains the most abiding moral for mankind in connection with all the subsequent and ceaseless movements of civilisation. It declares for all time, that whether it be milk and honey, or corn and wool and wine, *it is the natural wealth of a country which proves the magnet to civilisation, through the attraction of superior peoples to the land, in the desire of conquest or the hope of gain in commercial adventure.* It shows that the seeds of civilisation may be sown in bitterness and wrath—that better things are born of sorrow, death and desolation, when men invade and take possession of rich lands by force. But it also teaches that, in this,

man is but the servant of destiny—which he disobeys to his own undoing. He acts in obedience to a great guiding force which strictly ordains the manner of his going. The laws of human progress will not suffer the weaker kind to retain either power or material wealth—be it milk and honey, or iron, coal and gold—which the strong alone can utilise for the service of man. This ancient lesson, finally, establishes one remorseless and universal law which has held throughout the generations of mankind, and which, long ago, raised the human struggle for existence from the brawling of physical force to a conflict of moral excellence which, through individual self-discipline, results in the attainment of certain national or racial traits, the perfection of which becomes the essential condition for human survival. This law lays down *that man may not develop nor enjoy the strength necessary to independence or dominion, unless he first attain, and then excel in morality of life and the habit of industry through the practice of long and ceaseless self-discipline.* Ages have passed since their servitude, and forty years of disciplined freedom made the Jews superior to the peaceful unprovocative inhabitants of Canaan, whom they slaughtered and despoiled under the ægis of a divine sanction plainly symbolical of the spirit of human progress. In this lapse of time the Jews, long since, have themselves been subjugated, and effaced from constitutional nationality: but the laws of their ancient example to mankind apply, with undiminished force, to the incidents of contemporary civilisation, and the past judgments of these laws upon the peoples of the world lie written over all the face of the earth to-day.

To apply these laws or main principles of the action of economic force—as disclosed by the Jewish invasion and conquest of Canaan—in detail, to the incidents of general history, is a task at once stupendous and unnecessary. People possessed of common knowledge will realise at once how ceaseless and universal has been the action of their compelling force upon mankind. Like some gigantic shuttle, this power has con-

tinually drawn the finer across the coarser human threads and rendered the woof of human character ever a fairer and stronger scheme. And in all history there is no clearer example of the beneficent action of civilising forces, through the dominion and economic activity of a superior race, than that of the Empire of Britain. In that far time when the little British Isles lay lonely on the limit of the world, wrapped in the mists of its outer sea and covered thick with jungle, in the gloom of which a race of savages contested their sovereignty of the land with the forest beasts, *it was the natural resources of the country which proved the magnet that drew civilisation to it* in the early commerce which laid the foundation of its greatness, power and economic wealth at the present day. In the desire of conquest or the hope of gain, superior peoples in little daring ships descended, in turn, upon the coasts of Britain. At length, from Rome, the heart of the world, came also the adventurous pioneers of its civilisation—the wardens of earth's wild peoples in that age. And slave raids and Cornish tin laid the first foundation of Imperial Britain through the intervention of Imperial Rome. Then, by the force of the same age-long process by which Rome long ago helped to civilise Britain; Britain, since, has helped to civilise the world. In the course of time, there has grown that wonder of human effort by which the people of two little islands govern one quarter of the globe. There is no single sea which is not of their water-ways of trade—none which their power does not guard to-day. There is no continent of earth where they do not dwell—home-set or in dominion. It is true that other forces, besides the attraction of the natural wealth of their lands of empire, drew the British in their universal migration. War, religious hate, ambition and necessity, have also helped to scatter them world-wide. But, to whatever accident the British owe their descent upon the various continents of the world, this fact is clear—*that they have remained established upon them; that they continue, to-day, to spread over the face of them, by the force and virtue of economic activity.*

At this point there arise naturally two questions, the answers to which, in the minds of intelligent men—apart from political bias or polemical spite—shall, with infallible justice and truth, pass final judgment for or against the fact of the world-expansion of the British race in empire; and for or against the further expansion of its limits in the future. *Has the imperial expansion of the British reclaimed vast spaces of the world from waste and the licence of barbarity to the civilisation of moral restraint and disciplined utility?—Is its influence upon mankind that of a progressive or retrogressive force?* Does any disciple of anti-Imperialism—however prejudiced or small of understanding—truly doubt the beneficence of the natural force that has established and still spreads this sea of civilisation over the world, who considers of what it has already rid vast regions of the earth? Before it spread to the northern half of half the world, that tract was virgin forest and the battle-ground of mutual slaughter by men and beasts. Since Britain gave birth to the great twin nations of North America, civilisation has transformed the face of the land, and the peaceful development of its natural wealth has already rendered one of them, through economic power, a great and dominant people. Away in the southern quarter of the globe, upon the great Pacific continent of Australasia; across immense and still mysterious Africa; in islands scattered over all the sea—the wilderness of waste and its brute humanity—with his blood sacrifice, incessant slaughter, slavery, ignorance, cruelty and cannibalism—have been rolled back by the strenuous effort of centuries, giving place to a civilisation through which Britain has universally liberated the natural resources of the earth for the use of man, and has given birth to the great new nations of the world whose peoples dwell to-day, peaceful and industrious, in the spacious shires of Greater Britain. And while the waves of this vast flood of civilisation have set potent European nations upon the continents of America, Africa and Australasia; they have also swept across great regions of the earth where the white men may not thrive in

health. In these regions Britain reigns, in supreme responsibility, as the warden of the destiny of a fifth of humanity—the mistress of the world's wild and ancient peoples. These, she subdues to discipline, to peace and to labour; suppressing the habits of indolence, slaughter and raid, and giving both man and nature to the intelligent service of civilisation by making them factors of economic force. Indeed, by virtue of those iron laws of industry which hold universally through the varied lands of her dominion, Britain has transformed the world into a workshop. From the ice-held gold of sub-arctic Canada to the fragrant apple-orchards of Tasmania, far beyond the southern limit of the palms—from the huge sub-continents of crop and cattle-lands that span America, Africa and Australia, to the cotton, spice, and sugar planted in tiny islands of the tropical seas—from the fair and fruitful valleys of plain-lands which encompass earth, to the rubber, oil and ivory which deadly swamps of Africa and Asia forfeit in exchange for human life —from the wealth of vine upon the hill-sides of three younger continents, and the timber, tea and turquoise found high upon the mountains of ancient Asia, to the coal and the iron, the diamonds and gold, the stones and metals deep hidden in far-distant soils across the world: and from the waters—the perilous harvests of ocean—where pearls lie in the warm and clear Pacific depths; where the herded seal yields up his fur on the frozen seas of the northern pole; where the cod and whale die in the mist and storm to serve the markets of the world; and all across the face of the uncertain ocean where mariners toil unceasingly so that the waters may no more divide the earth: from the mountain crests to mines in the bowels of earth, and from the surface to the floors of ocean, the world—chiefly through the economic activity and universal dominion of Britain—is one vast hive of industry. And everywhere upon it the laws of labour, through the discipline of concentrated aim, ceaseless effort and sacrifice of self, hold all mankind in a noble and common brotherhood of work. Throughout the varied and far-separated sections of the

human race there gradually grows an universal bond of peace—by mutuality of interest and by common aims and understanding—through the virtue of economic activity. In this single aspect of the British Empire, as an agency of civilisation, there are infinite possibilities and illimitable hope for the future of mankind—in the ultimate triumph of reason, of restraint and of universal peace.

For Imperial Britain has ordained among a quarter of earth's peoples *that man shall cease from war and live by industry; that he shall cease to slay at instinct and come into the council house of reason; that he shall no more destroy nor waste the earth, but always garner and preserve her gifts.* By virtue of these far-reaching laws, a further and vital truth concerning the function of empire is declared. Not only has it helped, in the past, to discipline and civilise mankind; not only does it, in the present, continue to civilise man and tend to the preservation and survival of the finer species; but it exercises, through those dominant nations which are the living agents of its activity and influence, a clear and strong control upon the destiny and future progress of the whole human race. *For it tends, through the influence of civilisation upon the character of living men, to graft the habits of industry, restraint, and the quest of knowledge upon entire humanity; and so to develop the faculties of intelligence and control in the character of yet unborn and future generations of mankind.* In all the history of the world there has never rested upon the people of a single country—in respect of these grave issues—a responsibility the like of that which rests to-day upon Great Britain, both in regard to that motherhood of new civilised nations, and that virtue of civilising force among the millions of her alien and subject peoples, wherein lies the worth and true significance of her national life in imperial expansion. Yet it is in respect of this very national responsibility, and of the splendid destiny of Britain as a great civilising force throughout humanity, that the anti-imperialists, through ignorance, fear, self-interest, or polemical spite, incessantly promote a

mischievous, unpatriotic and senseless opposition, which, during the recent crisis, afforded both encouragement and sympathy to the barbarous Thibetan hierarchy in support of a policy that attempts to exclude civilisation and true liberty from Central Asia—even at the cost of war with Britain.

IV

In the preceding passages—even by the scant consideration possible—it has been proved with sufficient certainty that the physical constitution of mankind is regulated by a certain natural functional process, the mechanical action of the forces of which is represented by the migratory movements of superior races throughout the world. It has further been proved that these movements, to which certain material factors give direction, truly constitute a ceaseless process of the civilisation and progress of humanity and also of the better development of earth's natural resources to the use of man. It now remains, finally, to apply these principles of scientific fact to the present political crises of Asia generally; and, in particular, to that problem which involves the Central-Asian territory of Thibet.

It was stated at the commencement of this paper that this land and its people—far in the heart of an immense continent—are destined by the force of natural laws to own the dominion of a distant island, and to become, in the future, an integral part of that vast world-empire of Britain. It may seem at the present time improbable that the heart of Asia—ancient, mysterious, inviolate—shall ever become not only easily accessible to, but actually the possession of any of the strange white races from that small western portion of it which is known as Europe. But formerly, the entire hinterlands of the other great continents of the world were also mysterious and inviolate regions, inaccessible to the races of Europe until their contact with the weaker or primeval inhabitant peoples gradually gave rise to the inevitable action of civilising forces, and resulted either in

conflicts that led to the conquest of territory, or *in trade that gave evidence of the natural wealth of the hinterlands and led to their invasion and ultimate absorption through commmercial development.* And to-day, the natural features of these huge, once hidden and inhospitable regions are as familiar to men as the face of a friend. They are the homes of civilised nations with whom subject races dwell in common citizenship, amity and peace—they are the store-houses and workshops of the world's wide mart. Through the universal action of the forces of human progress, the civilisation of Europe has swept across the Americas from sea to sea. It is in the process of rapid development upon the continent of Africa from south to north. In Australia it is confined to the sea-board only because natural causes render the hinterland sterile and uninhabitable. And these facts naturally give rise to questions of interest and vital import with respect to the future of Asia. Is there anything connected with the conditions which at present prevail in Asia, that will break the continuity of action in these developments of general history *with respect to that continent alone*? Is there anything in these conditions to stultify the force of the natural laws of the spread of civilisation, through the expansion of superior races, *in one direction only*—namely, across the central hinterland of Asia?

A complete answer to these questions lies in the fact that the great world-wave of European dominion, which has swept in civilisation over other continents, has already flowed far across Asia in vast empires of western races. In point of fact, the natural wealth of the countries of Asia has proved from early times a magnet to the migrant races of Europe. The currents of human force, however, are subject to the same laws which control the action of all other currents of natural force. That is to say, these currents flow, as far as possible, in the line of least resistance to their strength and direction. And certain material factors—which there is not space to discuss—tended, for centuries, to divert the race-migrations of Europe from populous and distant Asia to the easier and more natural

direction of the virgin continents of the new hemisphere. At the present time, however, the conditions which control the direction of these race movements have completely altered. The continents of Asia and Africa now alone possess those "empty" spaces of the world's potential wealth—which either lie to waste or serve as the death-beds of old civilisations—and towards which progressive peoples gravitate by the force of natural laws. Consequently, the tide-wave of European dominion has swung from west to east, and the hinterlands of Asia and Africa are now the natural directions of its conflicting currents. These great and half mysterious regions of the earth are, in fact, the "new worlds" of the present age. The countries of the Orient, especially, are the principal factors which give rise to the mechanical action of the forces of civilisation. This alone is sufficient to explain the facts that there is an increasing pressure of the dominant peoples of the world upon the continent of Asia at the present time—and that this pressure is the direct cause of the many anxious problems of the East.

The future of Central Asia, however, is not concerned with the action of any of the minor currents of invasion. It is directly involved in the flux of two main tides of empire. The fate of this veiled region, from which all change departed centuries ago, lies in an awakening to new and entirely antagonistic world-forces. It is destined either for the conquest of Russia or the civilisation of Britain. Because encroachment into this hinterland, as well as its development and inevitable domination in the future by superior races, is only possible from two natural directions beyond its confines, far inland, which even now but imperfectly isolate it from European influence. Russia and Britain, whose frontiers bound this region to the north and south of it, bar all other powers from access to it except through China. And China proper—the eastern sea-gate of Asia—is likely to remain as fast locked in the future to the Powers, with respect to the conquest and invasion of the Asian hinterlands; as its western

land-gate—of Turkey—has been in the past, and from the identical cause of their mutual jealousy and suspicion. It is not relevant here to inquire why these two peoples of the western islands and the land-locked eastern state of Europe, alone among her nations, have succeeded in founding great oriental empires.[1] But the fact that they confront each other as rival continental powers in the heart of Asia gives rise to a momentous Anglo-Russian problem in regard to the future of this region. It is the long-continued convergence of the frontiers of these two Powers, which has recently brought a part of Central Asia into the realm of practical politics as the object of an Anglo-Russian issue—through the Thibetan crisis. And all the grave significance of this development, in regard to the future, is summed up in a single question—will these two expanding empires continue to converge in the common direction of Central Asia?

A short consideration of the factors which must tend towards this result leaves no doubt whatever of its inevitability. The expansion of Britain and Russia into Central Asia is not a theory—it is a partly accomplished fact. It is not a new or fortuitous development—it is the later phase of natural activities which first drew these peoples to Asia, and then spread them in dominion across the north and south of that continent. The facts of history disclose the actual extent of these developments. Centuries ago, the eastern outpost of

[1] The reason is clear in the light of the laws which govern race-migrations—Russia, through her natural position, gains free access to the only land-route open for the invasion of Asia from Europe. A trans-continental migration eastward is, moreover, the natural direction and the line of least resistance to the expansion of her people in dominion over weaker races. The reason for the Asiatic paramountcy of Britain is equally simple. The natural direction and line of least resistance for the migrations of the sea-board nations of Europe lies across the open sea, not across land frontiers guarded by the armed force of powerful neighbours. Therefore, when the British swept the ocean of their enemies and rivals, and established their ascendency at sea, they held the outer gates of Europe; and, in undisputed possession of the world's main highway, were able to lay the foundations of their empire secure in all its continents.

Russia stood in Europe, upon the Ural Mountains, facing the western frontier of Asia; while the British were tolerated as traders in a factory upon the Coromandel coast of India. To-day, the military outpost of Russia stands on the Pacific coast of Asia; and the walls of the British factory enclose all Hindustan—with its gateways in the west at Quetta, in the north at the Khyber Pass and the Chumbi Valley, and eastwards at Singapore. While the Russians have made their long trans-Siberian march due east to the Pacific Ocean, the British have advanced north-west towards the Himalayan snows. And the clue to the future direction of these race-movements lies in those identical factors of necessity and of natural force which have hitherto, respectively, given them strength and direction. These factors of necessity, or, more accurately, the conscious or unconscious national policy of these respective peoples, which, in pursuit of the national desires and ambitions, have sent them in far migrations across Asia, are, in the case of Britain, economic—namely, the development of her commerce; and, in the case of Russia, political—namely, the quest of an ice-free ocean for her world-communications. In obedience to natural laws, these peoples have expanded in their separate quests along lines of least resistance to their advance. Britain has reclaimed the ancient plains of India from immemorial war to peaceful industry, her civilisation sweeping northward across the weak Indian peoples, and westward away from the jealousies of China towards the rich and hitherto unoccupied commercial field of Persia. Russia, meanwhile, has added the entire north of Asia to her empire, her conquest sweeping across the weak Tartar and Mongol peoples, and setting away from the jealousies of Europe and Hindustan, eastward to the hitherto unguarded Yellow Sea. But, of late, the lines of least resistance to these developments have completely altered. A new nation of economic wealth and sea-power has arisen in Asiatic Japan, and, whatever may be the issue of the present conflict in Manchuria, Russia, for a considerable time if not

for ever, is shut from the Pacific Ocean. In the south, French Indo-China also bars the British from expansion eastward. While, in the west, Persia has lately become the object, for obvious reasons, of Anglo-Russian jealousy; and the situation in this sphere is further complicated by the intrusion of a new western nation of economic wealth and sea-power, in Germany, which has entered the struggle for commercial ascendency in the west as well as in the east of Asia. Therefore, owing to obstructive factors in the east and west of that continent, Central Asia has become the natural direction and the line of least resistance for the expansion of the oriental empires of Russia and Britain. And if signs are needed that these human currents have already commenced to flow in this direction, they are to be found, in the case of Russia, in her occupation of Mongolia, in the evidence of Russian influence at Bokhara and throughout Turkestan, and in the significant direction of her Central Asian military railways. In the case of Britain, the indicative factors are her present political activity in regard to the hermit border states of Afghanistan, Kashmir, Nepal and Bhutan; in the massing of her military force along the northern frontiers of India—in recognition of the fact that the dangers of her Asiatic dominions are no longer domestic but international; and, finally, in the significant fact of the recent invasion of Thibet and its conversion into a sphere of British influence and economic activity.[1]

It is not possible to doubt that the natural causes which commenced, centuries ago, to draw Russia and Britain towards one another from separate and distant ends of Asia continue, to-day, to draw these powers together now that they are in close proximity. But there is one factor of supreme importance which is evident upon the face of this development. It is that these convergent tides of European empire tend, at

[1] Russia officially disclaimed all interest in Thibet before the recent invasion by Britain, which has practically converted it into a British Central-Asian protectorate—as regards her rival.

present, to flow naturally along lines of least resistance, *in distinct directions*, into Central Asia. Russia reaches southward over the lands north-east of an angle formed by the Himalayas with the Kuen Lun and Altun Tagh ranges; while Britain extends her influence northward into regions south-east of this great barrier. Nature, through this rough inverted cross of rock, becomes a factor of profound influence on human fate. She gives mankind a precious hope for the future peace of Asia. For this cross divides the heart of Asia into separate and ample spheres for the respective expansions of Britain and Russia; and, at the present time, it tends to preserve peace and prevent a conflict between these races, by keeping the early and indefinite stage of their further expansions distinct. It is clear at any rate, by the force of this natural circumstance, that Thibet is destined for the ripe civilisation of Britain—not for the crude conquest of Russia; and also that new fires may be kindled among the ashes upon her ancient altars of civilisation without the fear of a conflagration which shall endanger international peace. And peace is the essential condition for the free action of those vitalising forces of human progress which, through the economic activity of Britain, shall ultimately merge Thibet in the wave of world-civilisation that is advancing northward from Hindustan.

The material factors that shall give rise to the action of these ancient and compelling forces are clearly evident. Adjacent to the imperial frontiers of a dominant and industrial people, lies a region of vast potentialities in natural wealth, possessed by a weak and nerveless nation. The sluggish currents of its undeveloped trade hint of the rich harvests of its fruitful valleys and the mineral treasures of its tremendous hills. The produce of this highland is complementary to that of the Indian plains, and ancient channels of trade connect these lands through the mountain passes of Nepal and Bhutan. Silver and gold, wheat and wool, borax and beasts of burden have long passed in exchange for textiles, grain, tobacco, dye

and manufactures between the respective traders of Thibet and Hindustan. And now that the Trader-Conquerors of India are no longer blind or insensible to their opportunities in regard to this ancient commerce, Thibet has become the objective of civilised industry, and a vast new market opens for the workmen of the world. But, besides the right of adventure, there are many reasons for which Britain shall claim this argosy as her own. The British throughout the world are the great discoverers and workers of mineral wealth in which, primarily, lie the possibilities of Thibet. Moreover, their neighbouring territories most easily supply Thibet with the first necessities of food-stuffs and labour; while the Saxon workmen in her distant islands find, through the facilities of ocean transport, a wide new market for their hardware, textiles [1] and varied manufactures, far in the hinterland of Asia. Finally, nature herself conspires to draw the trade of Thibet through British hands and British ships into the circulating currents of the world's wealth. For the natural sea-port of Thibet—is Calcutta. Not only is the Bay of Bengal the nearest ocean to Thibet, but Thibet is naturally connected with it by the navigable waterway of the Brahmaputra river. And Britain has supplemented this natural trade-channel by the railway system of Assam which, when the projected road from its terminus straight to Gyangste is completed, will carry merchandise with bulk unbroken from the heart of Asia to the open sea. Who can doubt, therefore, that the natural wealth of Thibet, together with these facilities of nature and of human effort for its free circulation, constitute that region a future field for the commerce of all civilised nations and for the commerce of Britain in particular? Or that Commerce—which has cast

[1] *Vide* report of political officer, p. 70, "Blue Book relating to Thibet": "I went into the bazaar at Gantok and examined all the woollen goods. . . . *The whole was made either in Germany, Holland, or France. No English-made goods come into the market.* 10,000 yards of woollen goods passed Yatung, and *this trade is lost to England.* I . . . point out that this trade is at present *entirely in foreign hands.*"

the paramountcy of Britain like a mantle, over the world—will also draw the mantle of that paramountcy over Thibet?

To those, however, who, despite proof to the contrary, still conceive Thibet as an empty waste of snow-storm and sterility, and to those who fear that international jealousy or other obstacles born of nature or of man shall check the natural developments of civilisation in Central Asia—to those men the history of the rest of the world stands out in contradiction. Has heat or cold, pestilence or any natural barrier kept dominant races from any habitable region of the globe which has held for them the argosies of trade? Has winter withheld the gold of Yukon or the wheat of Manitoba from the world—has drought kept flocks from the levels of Australia—has pestilence saved Ind from European conquest? Did the Andes long ago shield the Incas from invasion—did the desert recently hold the Soudan from emancipation, did the jealousy of France keep Egypt from the wardenship of Britain, or the primitive oligarchy of a peasant race dam the tide of a superior civilisation from the new commercial fields of Africa? What man can deny, with confidence, that civilisation and industrial development are possible in connection with the future of the Himalayan plateau, who remembers what the veldt of Africa, the hills of California and half the jungles of the earth have yielded at the touch of civilised man, in natural wealth, in commerce, in populous cities, in powerful nations? Indeed, if there is prophetic virtue in the continuity of history, then the once civilised and inhabited hinterlands of Asia shall, in the future, bear the universal European yoke in all respects as the once savage and desolate hinterlands of other continents already bear it. Then the railway systems which already span the north and south of Asia, shall meet across the heart of her and bind her with the manacles of industry from end to end. Calcutta shall connect with St. Petersburg and Calais; and Bombay with Pekin and Port Arthur—just as New York is already linked across America with San Francisco, and as Cape Colony is to be linked across all Africa with Egypt. And, as industry

annihilates distance between the dominant peoples of Asia and enthrones civilisation to safeguard peace among them, it may be that European peoples shall return to dwell once more, home-set in those cool upland valleys of Asia which were once the cradle of their race in a distant long-forgotten age; and that, by the force of human progress and the acquired habit of their long exile, they shall slowly transform the face of all the land till, in some future time, the din of great industrial cities shall banish stillness from the Central-Asian hills.

There is no doubt that the great world-wave of European conquest which has swept from end to end of the other continents of the world now gathers volume, in the tides of Slav and Saxon empire, to flow in ultimate civilisation across all Asia—from its tropic to its polar seas. And it is also certain that, through a single phase in the continuity and sequence of this fateful development, Great Britain shall, in the future, claim Thibet as another among her wards from the changeless past, and hold the sceptre of dominion in Central Asia. This contingency is clearly indicated through the continuity of the action of history. It is clearly inevitable through the magnetic force of certain material factors, through the force of laws of the human constitution in the survival and supremacy of superior races, and, finally, through the irresistible force of the natural law by which civilisation must ever rise above the level of barbarity. The true significance of this development, however, involves considerations far loftier and of deeper import and more permanent consequence to humanity than matters of material gain or of new marches to be added to the British Empire. It manifests the universal action of the natural forces of human progress—in a further phase of the spread of civilisation throughout the world. It heralds the dawn of democratic rule in Central Asia. And Britain, through this mission, which brings advancement and liberty to yet another section of humanity, is simply an impersonal factor of human destiny—a servant of Civilisation, whose decree she must not disobey. For Civilisation is no respecter

of race or nation. The yellow, brown, and white peoples of the world, in turn, have served the ends of her ultimate purpose; and her judgments upon them, throughout history, show that nations, like men, do not exist wholly unto themselves. They are truly elements of force in the human economy—either of progress or retrogression. And directly a dominant people, through timidity, sentiment or sloth, shirk responsibility or effort and fail to exert themselves for progressive influence and practical utilities throughout inferior peoples in spheres proper to their activities—they dupe the destiny of all mankind. Then they become subject to the natural action of the destructive forces of the human economy; they fail in vigour of national constitution; they fall from power, place and influence, and are ultimately overwhelmed by some later current of progressive human force. It is this heavy judgment which those whose energy is spent in constant hindrance of all her destinal activities, strive to call down upon Great Britain. The anti-Imperialists do not realise that the movements which constitute the drama of history are due to the action of natural forces—that conquests are currents of superior human force and empires are tides of the sea of human progress which sweeps in civilisation throughout the world. They do not understand that nationality is an organic life which is born, develops, decays and dies. It is lost on them that *the British Empire is a vigorous and youthful organism, still in the process of its growth and development*, so that the currents of its civilising force must naturally overflow into those deserts of barbarity, and rise above the stale and stagnant seas of older civilisation which touch upon its confines. The anti-Imperialists vulgarise and hate the idea of empire. They constantly endanger its existence through their brutish obstruction and senseless false sentiment in regard to those vital forces of empire—industry and conquest.[1] And so long as their foolish and impracticable theories pass unrefuted by scientific truth and are merely

[1] See NOTE on following page.

met in a spirit of party polemics, so long will they continue to endanger the destiny of Britain, through possible derangements of her national constitution of empire, together with the peace of the world which so largely depends upon the polity of Britain. Yet, if this noble heritage of empire—which was founded by the forefathers of the British race through infinite sacrifice, and which stands to-day universally established, not through the destructive activities of physical force but through the constructive activities of peaceful industry—is to be preserved for future generations, it is above all essential that the British people shall truly conceive the meaning and significance of Empire, and that they shall remain faithful to their responsibilities—in peace or war—with respect to every phase of those civilising movements of which they are, not only in Asia but throughout the world, the chief and truest agency of force—and with which the whole destiny of their race is inseparably bound.

E. John Solano.

Note.—Any defence of war seems odious, and is subject to the bias of a strong and natural prejudice. But war is, in fact, rather a law of natural order than of the choice of civilised man. The confusion of benign and inimical forces, as a factor of natural progression, is universal. There is no form of natural life, from a simple cell to a solar system, the economy of which does not contain destructive as well as constructive elements of force. The human economy is no exception to this rule. War, although destructive, is, in fact, a vitalising antiseptic process of the human economy which, through the survival of superior races in the life struggle, pitilessly scours the human constitution of waste and deleterious elements. And while war remains a condition of human survival, while it is a servant of civilisation and a factor of human progress, there is no choice for men but a recourse to it when it is inevitable—or ultimate extinction as an alternative.

WHICH OF THE WOMEN?

FRANK CHARNTON made up his mind to do the thing at once and have done with it, for that was one of his courages. This quick fly-at-your-danger courage is a good and useful one when backed up by the colder varieties, but apt at times to be nothing but another form of fear, the fear of deliberation. Charnton had never been so near to being afraid. It was an ugly business to go through with, nothing less than to get off with the old love having already got on with the new. He filled his pipe and lit it, being a great believer in what he called "taking it with smoke." Then he turned out of the shrubbery and walked quickly across the lawn. In the shade of a copper-beech tree, immediately behind which was a high box hedge, a woman was lying in a long cane lounge. The man leant his back against the tree, planted his heels firmly together, and surrounded himself in a halo of smoke without speaking.

Now that he had come he had nothing ready to say, and he began to wish he had waited till after lunch; so inextricably are the romantic and grossly material webs of life interwoven. Though they had not met for a month, there was no greeting between them.

"Where's Marjorie?" said the woman.

"She's gone off down to the gates. . . . I've been talking to her."

"What have you been saying to her, Frank?" There was

a seeking in the voice, not after knowledge, for she knew; it was just that, as women do, she wanted the worst to be confirmed. Very clear, though scarcely above a whisper, her words were a live hopelessness, let loose incongruously into the beautiful garden. Sunshine and bird song, twilight or blackest night, it is all one to life's little tragedies; when they are ready they push themselves on to the stage regardless of the scenery.

"I have asked her to marry me. . . . I'm . . . I'm very fond of her." The man threw up his head to send out the last words with something of finality in them. It was an attempt at defiance, an assertion of the liberty of the unindentured subject to serve what queen he chose. The attempt and the assertion clattered into ruins at sight of the misery that fronted him. His eyes slowly left hers, passed along her body and came to her feet; he remembered that a month ago he had knelt at them. The stalwart virility and calm survey he gave to all the other affairs of life dropped its keynote in his dealings with women, dropped right down to passionate impulse, and with it all he was not bad-hearted. So, with passionate impulse he had in the last month swung round to a fresh face to be conquered into willing kisses, a fresh young body to be held in his mighty arms.

There is always the paying of the bill for such men; when they are not bad-hearted. He had not known that Alice, who lay stricken in front of him, had been coming to stay; it had been "sprung on him," as he called it, at breakfast that morning, and impulsively again he had said to himself, "I will not see her till I've had it out with Marjorie." Now that he saw her it was terrible to him, for he hated to hurt anything or anybody; it was worst of all to hurt a woman.

The past lotus-eating month, with its subtly sweet pleasure of watching Marjorie gradually fall under his sway, stood up in front of him, one tremendous accusation of faithlessness. He was bitterly humbled before himself, truly sorry for what he had done; it was the first instalment of paying the bill.

He looked down at her again. The tiny hands were hanging listlessly over the arms of the chair: they looked to him as though her very life was somehow invisibly trickling out from the tips of her fingers. Their eyes met, and hers were the eyes of a wounded animal that, were it able to do so, would stretch out the wounded part to be bound up. He knelt on one knee by her chair; there was not much comfort to be given by that alone, so he touched the little hand near to him, then held it. She left it there, and turned to him.

"There was nobody in the world but me you said a month ago. . . . Do men never lie awake at night and think about what it all means to us? . . . Have you forgotten, Frank?"

"I've not forgotten, Alice. . . . I've been mad . . . I've always been mad, I think."

The warmth of her hand, her tiny helpless body lying there, the glistening in her grey eyes of the all but undisciplined tears, were conspiring to make a fool of him; he could feel them irresistibly breaking him down. She was so small, such a child, she was hurt and must be comforted; such a child indeed it seemed that "to kiss the place and make it well" must answer here. With old tender licence his hand stole under her neck. He suddenly remembered how she used to stand on a chair to help him on with his coat. Some old lines or the gist of them came out of the long ago and whirled their questioning backwards and forward in his head:

> Which of the women I have loved
> Shall I picture when I'm dying.

Centuries back and he had laughed that a man should have to wonder; he'd been so certain then, and it was neither Alice nor Marjorie.

He drew the frail little form closer to him the while he wished that women like men could curse and strike when wounded to the heart like this. Then he said the worst word in the world for the crisis.

"Pixie."

At the sound of his pet name for her the little body quivered from head to foot, and she burst into sobbing like that of a lost child broken down by the desolation of loneliness, cried to him not to leave her . . . she loved him so . . . he couldn't leave her . . . no, no, he couldn't leave her.

He was only Frank Charnton with the utterly dauntless heart for any game but this; so he held her closer and still closer to him, dropped two huge tears into the rain of hers, gave her the comfort of his great strength, and swore madly that—well, swore all of the old things—kissed and kissed her, called her all the old pet names—there were so many of them, but mostly it was Pixie, kissed her till the sobs grew quieter and died away slowly into great sighs . . . and . . . there was Marjorie looking at them.

Marjorie was the other sort of woman: she was tall, fair, and sumptuously fashioned, made to be the mother of strong Englishmen. In her very righteous wrath she was truly magnificent, and Charnton stood in front of her utterly dazed with his own smallness.

"You need not have troubled to get up, Mr. Charnton . . . *such* a pretty picture! The devout lover up to date, kneeling at the feet of his Small Queen. Wasn't that the last name I heard? . . . No, really that was almost the only one I heard distinctly." Then she looked him squarely in the face, compelling him for very shame to answer the look, and she said with slow incisiveness, "What a brute you are! . . . half an hour ago I kissed you. I'd give my life never to have done such a thing."

She took a step towards him with clenched hands. Here was something that Charnton could face and not break down. He threw up his head and waited for the blow that was his well-deserved due. There was the finest scorn then in her relaxed fingers, the movement of one hand with which she put him away for always, and the words that followed.

"I'm afraid I'm not being quite conventional, Mr. Charnton . . . do you know, I was on the point of striking you, very

foolish, wasn't it? . . . But then, you see, you led the way rather in, let us call them, 'methods of barbarism,' didn't you?" As she went on steadily lashing him with word after word her voice neither rose nor fell, it was as though she were reading out of a book printed on his face, from which she never took her eyes. "You said a while ago you would serve me all your life: if you can still keep your word in anything, here is your chance to do so; you can serve me all your life by never letting me see you again, for whatever length of time that may happen to be. . . . Will you be so good as to enter into your servitude at once?" There was a pause.

Quite simply and quietly he said her name, "Marjorie" and then, "I will serve you in the way you wish all my life." . . . He put his hand up to his forehead. . . . "Perhaps some day we shall all understand," he added.

Somehow the last words of weakness seemed to throw the strength back to his side. As the puzzle came into his eyes Marjorie shuddered and looked down. When she looked up again he was gone. She never saw him again.

Before he went he turned once to little Alice, who had seen the blaze of admiration in his eyes as he faced the fury and then the scorn of Marjorie.

"You must go, Frank . . . go at once," she said brokenly. He stepped towards her bending down; but she turned away from him and said again, "Go! . . . go!"

"I'm going, little Pixie," he said. . . . "Good-bye."

As he went out from between them walking steadily away out of their lives, the old lines came to him again. They were almost like a living presence peering into his face, questioning him,

> Which of the women I have loved
> Shall I picture when I'm dying?

"I don't know," he said aloud.

CYRENAICA

NO ruin is so ghostly as that of a great road. The shades that haunt a palace or a house escape by the broken roofs and walls; but on a forgotten highway which has kept its banks and pavement, fancy can always see the most varied company flitting by to trade and war. And where should wayfaring ghosts be thicker than on the Cyrene road? During four hours' journey through a tangle of forest and across a broad plain which, so far as the eye could see, showed not a hut or a tent, much less a man, we hardly lost sight of that ancient highway for five minutes. Not built like a Roman road, but chiselled squarely in the living rock, with its side-walks on either hand, as you draw near the city, and here and there deep tracks of wheels, it stands to the glory of the Greek for all time. And well it does; for without it we might scarcely have ridden at all up the last shelf of the Green Mountain, whose limestones are weathered to knife-edges, and honeycombed with half-hidden pot-holes; in any case, but for the stirring sight of it our ride had been wearisome enough. On that April morning the sky was whitening to scirocco weather, and the beasts were weak, nor was there by the way a drop of water for them or the marching escort of Syrian soldiers. But here the spectacle of a ruined fort, guarding a pass between the heads of coastal gorges, there a group of sarcophagi or the broken façades of rock-tombs, and everywhere the engineering of the road, made the hours short, till a turn

Cyrene. West end of the City with Mined Tower and Rock Tombs

of the way on the breast-like slopes of the higher plateau showed us the cemetery of Cyrene.

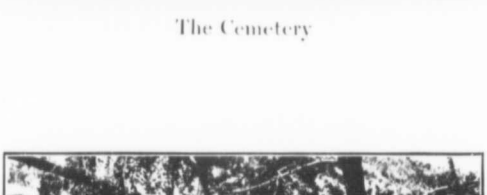
There was yet a good mile to go through the suburb of the dead, and with every step of it the wonder grew. Fresh as we were from the carved cliffs of Lycia, we were not prepared for this. Terraced from top to bottom of the mountain buttresses and in the hollows between, rise the pillared rock graves of Doric, Ionic, and hybrid orders. But perhaps it was less these splendid fronts than the endless tiers of the commoner sort of grave, the mere rock-pit, with gabled lid, that moved us. For these are cut out by thousands on the hill side, with hardly a foot's breadth between them. How many Cyrenians were laid in such a cemetery, who can say? When, later on, we entered a tomb here and there, we often found behind one narrow façade a catacomb parcelled out for a hundred dead, or more, and the niches had been used again and again. In these days, fearing the corpse as a vampire, we set our cemeteries apart within walls and in the most unlovely spots, and only in rare cases, as a cathedral church, make the houses of the dead an embellishment of our cities. The Greek, and the Roman after him, thought serried files of graves the noblest avenues of approach, and lavished on the last homes of hero-spirits all the art of the builder and the carver. Therefore, the classic cemeteries were and are among the chief glories of southern towns; and death must have lost half its sting for those who knew they were to lie by the great road in tombs seen of all wayfaring men, and set in a noble view which strangers would celebrate in distant lands.

In these myriad mansions of the dead we found, as it chanced, the first signs of life. A few voices cried from tombs, cut high on a hill-side under a thin crest of pines; but two or three Bedawi troglodytes, who came out into view, went back at sight of the soldiers. Unmet and unsaluted, we followed the splendid curves and counter-curves of the road, up which men have always gone from Apollonia to Cyrene, and at last came rather suddenly to a level stretch and the sight of a single hut of

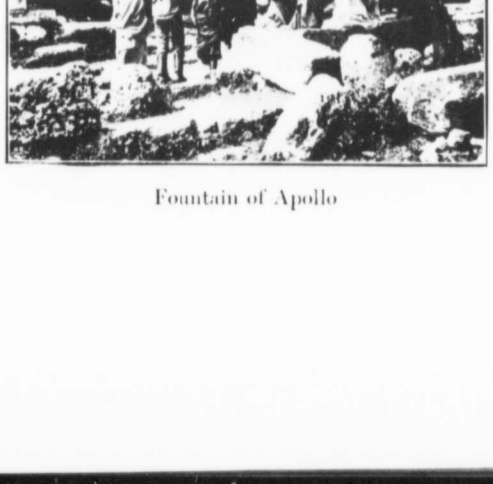
rough stone, where, under the bloody flag of Turkey, the booted *mudir* himself was in council with four spear-bearing chiefs of the Haasa. He was astonished, for few and far between are Christian visitors to Cyrene, and evidently somewhat troubled into the bargain. But the breeding of a Turk, the custom of Islam, and a glance at our *Iradé*, made him bid us welcome, and call us to his bullet-proof room, built over a tomb of Roman time.

There we sat awhile sipping coffee and telling one another that, come what might, we were in Cyrene. We had been so sure we must fail in this, the main object of our cruise, that had not the party on the *Utowana* been all Americans but one, we had perhaps not put it to the test at all. But since the Youngest Race sees no reason why it should not go anywhere on earth, the yacht's course was laid after all from Cyprus for Derna ; and late on a misty afternoon she made Rasel-Tin, and anchored off the mouth of the Gulf of Bomba. Seen below a red bar of sunset, Cyrenaica looked a forbidding land. Piled up to west, desert shelf above shelf, treeless, houseless, tentless even, it recalled less the past glories of Cyrene than present dangers from the Bedawi landlopers and Senussi fanatics, who had troubled our forerunners. Our latest news of the inner country was some years old. It was reported closed to Europeans by the Ottoman Government, conscious of inability to guarantee them against the Senussi Order, and unwilling to affront it. That mysterious brotherhood was a bugbear to us, too. We knew little of it—for who knows much? Widely spread and greatly respected through all North Africa, powerful in Mecca, and at one time, at any rate, not less powerful in Stambul, it has long been credited with a fanatic hatred of Christians and of all things that Christianity contaminates, even the government of the Caliph. Two generations ago it made Jebel Akhdar in Cyrenaica its chief seat, attracted by the isolation of the well watered highland ; and although, since 1876, its leaders have been withdrawing by stages into the heart of Africa, two score Senussi convents

The Great Reservoir. Roman Time



The Cemetery



Fountain of Apollo

flourish still about Cyrene, and have drawn all the local Bedawis to them. In the early eighties, when Abdul Hamid was hoping to push the idea of pan-Islam by means of this Brotherhood, the real power in Tripolitan Turkey was given into its hands; and Duveyrier, who set himself to study its aims and work in the oases behind French Africa, charged it with a constant endeavour to stay the Frank advance by robbery and murder. Others have taken up his cry, and pointed for witness to the killing of the Marquis de Morés by men of Ghadames, as he was feeling his way towards Kufra, some ten years ago. In 1895, Mr. Blundell, the latest explorer of Cyrene, had found the convent, which occupies the ground below the fountain of Apollo, still as hostile to his presence as Murdoch Smith and James Hamilton found it to theirs; and nothing, to our knowledge, had occurred since then to make our outlook more hopeful.

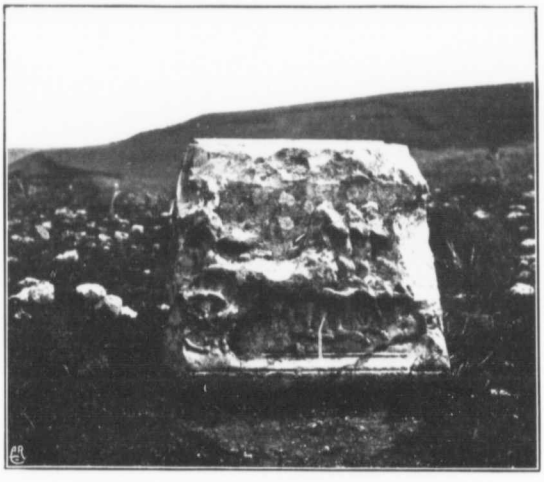
That, nevertheless, a change of good augury had taken place we were to learn next day in Derna. Well received in that pleasant Arab town, whose coral beach and deep palm groves recall tropical Africa, and its clean alleys, fair gardens, and grave, well-seeming Arabs, an oasis town of Nejd, we first heard of the new Cretan colonies in Cyrenaica. A hundred refugee families, it was said, had settled at Marsa Susa and sixty about Ain Shahat, the Apollo fountain at Cyrene, and beside each colony a handful of Ottoman troops was encamped. True, it was still formally forbidden to travel in the inner country; but with credentials from Derna, said Signor Farugia, the capable Agent of Great Britain, we might drop anchor at Marsa Susa, and count on an escort to Ain Shahat. He himself had lately been there with a friend, M. Barge of Vienne, and the *mudir*, most liberal of Turks, who had entertained him, would rejoice to see us. The *mudir?* Yes, there was a civil official there now, and he was gripping the Bedawis tighter every day. And Senussis, what of them? With the *mudir* and the escort to show the Government was for us, there would be no trouble. Indeed in these days, the Consul added,

the convents showed no ill-will to Europeans. The Agent took us to the Governor of Derna, a fat little Candiote of inordinate garrulity and a tremulous anxiety to please, who gave us one needful letter on the spot, then, after his kind, repented him bitterly, but was cajoled at last into giving the other; and, as we rowed out again to the yacht in the too warm night, over waters which doubled every star and the full globe of the moon, our minds were easy. For there is no telegraph in Cyrenaica, and the *Utowana* could be at Marsa Susa five hours after dawn.

Within the five hours she was anchored there; and, in two more, half her party, with an escort of seven *nizams* and Signor Farugia's *kavass* for guide, were mounted on two spavined white mares, two donkeys and a camel. The yacht was left rocking on a treacherous roadstead outside the reefs, and the Owner, as he turned his back on his beautiful ship, put up a prayer for southerly winds. He seemed sure of them, for, after the fair and fickle easterly breeze of the day before, everything boded a spell of the wind, which in Egypt they call *Khamsin*, because it blows hot and dry off the desert for fifty hours. In Cyrenaica, however, this will most often veer to the dread *Gharbis*, a gale veering between south-west and north, during which there is no safe lying at Marsa Susa, or indeed anywhere else on the Cyrenaic shore. But of this we were in blissful ignorance. So we kicked up the sorry beasts and went out past plots of red tillage, and huddled flocks, and Cretan shepherds leaning on old Belgian rifles, towards the foot of the scarp up which the rock-road of the ancients leads to Cyrene.

Now, after four hours, come to the city itself, we would not sit long over the *mudir's* coffee, and presently went forth to see something of the city before dark fell. The scirocco had not yet veiled the distant view, as it would on the morrow, and we could understand, if not echo, the raptures of more lucky travellers, who had looked in clear weather across the cemeteries to the cornlands of the lower plateau. The sea lay grey on the

Deona. A Street



Cyrene. The only Sculpture now visible

horizon, melting into the dun northward sky; but in the nearer view the broad shelf-like plain of ruddy soil, not half ploughed in these latter days, showed us some of the wealth of old Cyrene. A green ribbon, spreading fanwise, marked the course of the Apollo waters, seized and distributed by the Senussis, and a sinuous line of scarps and tree-tops, winding westward, was the vaunted Wadybil-Ghadir, the Happy Valley, where are other tombs as splendid as any we had seen. From this patchwork carpet of green and red three breast-like buttresses of the upper plateau swell steeply, striped and spotted for the most part with countless rock-graves, but up the course of the Apollo stream, bearing greater monuments than these, such as the Theatre and the Apollo shrine itself, of which last little is visible but the platform on which the main building once stood. Terraced as these slopes are with tiers of grey monuments, they put one in mind of some vast theatral *cavea* distorted by earthquake into three convexities. The southward view from the crest of the plateau is only less amazing, not for the details of the ruined city, whereof little enough stands up now out of the corn, but for the immensity of it. Cyrene was built on the line of the water parting, at the summit of gently falling lands, which melt into steppes at the limit of vision, and for miles and miles are dotted with fragments of grey ruin. The Bedawis say that it takes them six camel-hours to pass from one end to another of "Grenné," the name to which Kyrene has been softened in their mouths. No site of antiquity has ever put me so much in mind of how a large modern city will seem at the last when deserted by man.

All that we saw in that fast fading light we were to see better on the morrow, and, in fact, had not then time to do much more than climb the height above the Apollo Fountain, which was as surely the earlier as the later acropolis of the city. A Cretan came out of a tomb and showed us this and that bit of moulding or sculpture, unwittingly betraying the Greek below his turban; but such Bedawis as we crossed in the way saluted the *mudir* only. The latter was careful on

the return to guide us into a bypath out of sight of the Senussi convent; but, within his windowless room became more at ease, showing the keepsakes and trinkets with which he kept Stambuline life in mind in this wild place. He was a young Cypriote, Greek in type, mild-eyed, naturally, I should judge, of good parts and disposition, and full of wistful envy of the *giaur* culture, which he had tasted in boyhood at Nicosia, and in later youth at the French *Lycée* in Galata. This kind of Turk makes rather a melancholy figure. Latin Europe does little that is positive for him beyond bringing *cafés chantants* and improper photographs within his ken; while, having weakened for him the law and custom of Islam, it throws him upon his own individuality, ill-supported by the social system to which he was born. Put in some solitary seat of petty power, how shall he be clean? He may endure a little while; but, with no pride of self and no faith, why should he keep his hands from picking and stealing and grinding the face of the poor? Hoping and approving the best, he must follow the worst; and probably from his kind come the most evil of all Ottoman governors, those who are cruel for no other reason than that they feel weak and alone.

That evil day, however, has not come yet to the little *mudir* of Ain Shahat. May I be a lying prophet, and it come never! He was very kind to us, putting all and sundry at our service, even his iron bedstead. But, as the Owner, the Professor and myself would have filled the Great Bed of Ware, we settled precedence by stretching ourselves cheek by jowl on the floor, and so passed a night of little ease, fevered by the toil of the day and the heaviness of the air in that barred room. When I slipped the bolts in the small hours of morning and looked out over Cyrene, the moon was a pale spot within an iridescent ring, and mirk and scud was blowing fast and faster from the west. If there were still some southerly in the gale by the morrow, we might count ourselves in luck. But whether or no, the morning must be given to Cyrene.

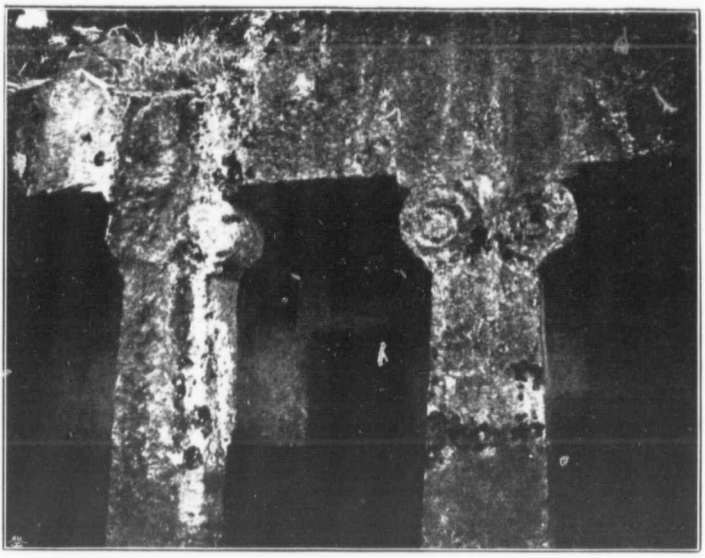
We began with the eastern cemetery, and were guided to the best of the few painted tombs which earlier explorers have

Cyrene. The Road from Apollonia chiselled in the Rock with Sidewalks and Sarcophagi

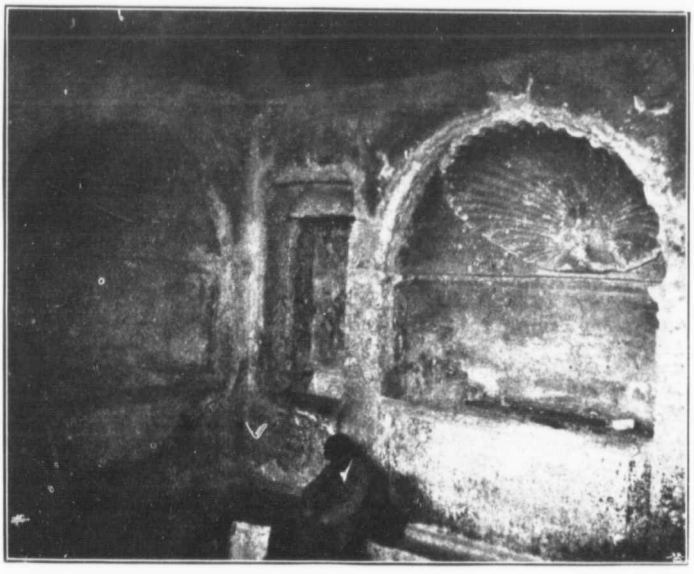
left unspoiled. Choked with earth as the outer hall is, its curious frieze of agonistic pictures lies on a level with one's eyes, but in a very dim light. The funeral feasts, the funeral games, foot races, chariot races, wrestling, and so forth, are rudely done in a late and coarse style, but they have a singular point of interest; for many, indeed most, of the participants are painted of black complexion, while clad in gay Athenian garments. There you have hybrid Cyrene — that colony which earliest made a practice of mixing Hellenic and barbarian blood, and had a history more Libyan than Greek. For the rest, we could do little more than visit a few larger tombs, and photograph the more curious of the pillared façades which show themselves above the barley on the terraces. There was little light in that dun sky, but we were able, nevertheless, to get more than one striking picture of the carved hillsides. Three hours slow rambling over the plateau above—three hours which the poor *mudir* found slow-footed indeed—showed us how little of the great city is left above ground, and how much the excavators in 1861 left to be done. Smith and Porcher, with the five blacks that they employed in their first season, and the thirty whom they considered a full gang in their second, did no more than scratch the uppermost skin of Cyrene. All that is most precious there, the spoil of the true Hellenic age, is still to seek. But the coming digger, while enjoying greater security, will not have the free hand of the pioneers, for the Cretans are ploughing what the Senussi Arabs left fallow, and almost the whole site, when we saw it, stood thick with corn. So masked is it, at least in the spring-time, that the long stripped outline of the Stadium, the low line of the southern wall, heaped up columns, and other architectonic members of Byzantine churches, and the vast vaulted reservoirs of late Roman date, are about all the ruin, of whose character one can be well assured, in the eastern half of the city. Two formless heaps mark the spot where Smith and Porcher placed Temples of Venus and Bacchus, but in neither case was there good cause for their naming.

The western half of the site beyond the hollow, up which

came the main road from the Great Theatre and the Temple of Apollo, has the Odeum or Smaller Theatre to show, and a fine wreck of a Hellenic tower, placed on the brink of the deep Wady Buhayat, at the point where the inner wall of the acropolis dips to join the outer wall of the city. The Roman castle stood at the north-western angle of Cyrene, which is the only point within the walls where the ground swells from the general level of the plateau into something like a hill. West, north, and east this angle breaks away in low cliffs, from whose foot the three main fountains of Cyrene spring, among them that of Apollo high up on the north-eastward face. With running streams on three sides, this commanding knoll seems alone to answer to that promised "place among waters" which the Theraean colonists mistook at first for the barren isle of Bomba. If ever it be my fortune to search for the earliest Cyrene, I shall dig on that knoll, and not in the eastern city, where slopes are easy, and the spoil-heaps of former diggers alone break the level. But here, as elsewhere, we scanned in vain the few bare spaces for pot-sherds of early style. Thick Hellenistic, Roman, and Byzantine layers lie upon them, and the three-foot corn stalks stand above all. Only one noteworthy marble appears on the surface, the pedestal with four chariot reliefs, described by James Hamilton and other travellers. It is of fair workmanship, and inscribed with a dedication in lettering greatly perished, but not of earlier date than the age of the first Ptolemies. In the hollow between the two halves of the city, and over a wide area outside the walls, both south and north, innumerable dressed blocks stand upright, one behind another. With a field-glass one may see these puzzling files radiating from the city far out on the lower plain, ranged seemingly at random, as a baby might set toy bricks on end. I guessed at first they might be unwritten head-stones of poor graves; but, seeing they occurred within the walls, and mostly in the lower lying prices—for instance, about the upper part of the central hollow, below the vaulted reservoirs—I came to suspect they had once



Cyrene. Pseudo-Ionic Capitals



Cyrene. Interior of a Tomb

carried wooden pipes, which distributed the Apollo waters over the lower plain, and the contents of the reservoirs to a part of the upper city; and I can find no better reading of the riddle.

Our walk brought us round at last to the Apollo fountain, the cause and centre of Cyrenian life. The cliff, from whose foot its stream flows out to the air, has been cut back and scarped, and a gable-mark some twenty feet up its face bears witness that a portico once shadowed the basin. A rock-inscription on the short returning face records a restoration in the early Imperial age. The stream can be followed upwards for some distance into the rock if one cares to crawl among stalactites; but the channel has become choked since former days, and the flow of water, it seems, less. The Bedawis say it diminishes still. We drank of it and bathed tired feet. The flow is cool, not cold, and on an April morning in scirocco weather seemed but a few degrees below the air. Two or three Bedawis, washing their cotton garments, withdrew when we came to the spring, but no women were visible; and it is possible the Arab troglodyte families have been ousted from the nearest tombs by the Cretans. Bedawis, armed with long guns or spears and driving laden beasts, went to and fro on the path of the Senussi Convent, plainly the focus of modern Cyrene, whose prosperity is attested by the broad ribbon of garden ground, frayed out over the lower plain.

Whatever be dark regarding this brotherhood, one thing at least is clear, that it has made waste places bloom again, and fostered ideas of trade and settled life among the Bedawis. The Senussis "spare no effort," said James Hamilton in 1851, "to turn the property they have acquired (partly by purchase but more largely by donation) to good account." Their convents are as much hostels as retreats—mansions, where the Moslem wayfarer finds safety for his person and wares during at least three days. If the Arabs, whom we met in Cyrene, were dour and silent, so are almost all nomads at first sight of a doubtful stranger; and these made no sign of active hostility.

We, for our part, were careful to keep outside the fence of the convent, and could see that the *mudir* hoped we would not pass it; but in his frankest moments he spoke of Senussis not only without fear, but without any obvious sense that they mattered greatly. They were pious men, he said, the best of the local *Muslamin*, learned and peaceful. This particular convent of Ain Shahat got an evil name from the writings of Hamilton and Murdoch Smith, both of whom found the notorious long-living fanatic, Sidi Mustafa, in command. But when the Italian commercial mission reached Cyrene in 1884, it was franked by his successor courteously enough. On the whole, when one has taken due stock both of what European travellers and educated Arabs have said about the Senussi Order, and also of the known facts of its history since the founder, Sidi Muhammad, settled in Cyrenaica, one cannot but think that perhaps Senussism has been taken somewhat too seriously in the West. The order is not a sect of Islam, much less does it profess a religion of its own, for its members are of the Malekite school of Sunni believers. Only one confraternity among many in the world of Islam, it is sworn to practise a certain strictness of life—as an Arab understands strictness—in conformity with the letter of the Earliest Law, and, like most confraternities, it has assumed and paraded a certain secrecy. The founder had, however, this distinguishing idea, that the perfect life can best be led in temporal independence; and, therefore, he chose the deserted Cyrenaica for the first home of his Order. Pursuing the same idea, his successor withdrew from the district, as the Ottoman's grip tightened on the coast, and his braided officers became ubiquitous, first to the oasis of Jarabub in the southern waste, and yet farther, some ten years ago, to Kufra. There he and his Order would lead a free and quiet life in the practice of pious exercises and the enjoyment of all pleasures, not banned by the gospel of Gabriel—a life not too ascetic. Wine, tobacco, and coffee Senussis may not taste, but tea—where does the Word forbid it? That blessed drink, sings a poet of the Sheikh's

Apollonia. The Ruins of a Church

Cyrene. Doric Tomb

family, makes food sweet in the belly and retards the moment of amorous passion ; and what good things should a man ensue more than these ? It is likely enough, that whether bidden from headquarters or inspired by local zeal, the Order has kicked now and then against the pricks, and done what it could to stay the inroad of Christians into its preserves, especially setting its face against the French in the Tunisian *hinterland*, and the Anglo-Egyptians in the Libyan oases and the western Sudan. But the painful withdrawals of the Senussi chiefs from the fair uplands of the coast, farther and yet farther into torrid Africa, have apparently been made in the spirit of men who seek only a quiet Arabian life where Turks and Franks are not ; and who shall blame them for that desire ?

The local saints held themselves aloof, but a group of some forty armed Bedawis gathered to see us go. Squatting, eagle-beaked and narrow-eyed, like so many vultures on a rock ledge, they set us thinking if haply they would have found a use for their long guns and spears in some gully of the downward road had we given them a little longer time for thought. As it was, we felt no fear, and gave back their stare. The Beni Haasa must be very pure Arab. I have seen no finer type, even among Bedawis who have come, within short historic memory, from Nejd itself. A few of their gipsy-like wives we saw, not then, but next day, in the plain of Apollonia. Scorched and unclean, their unveiled faces yet showed much fineness of race. The *mudir* added himself and his orderly to our cavalcade, and led us back briskly down the rock-road towards the sea, the Syrian soldiers swinging beside us a dozen miles without any sign of tiring. A fighting captain might ask anything of such men. Near the brink of the lower shelf we got glimpses right and left into the great gorges which indent it, and have been for any number of ages a haunt of cave-dwelling men. But their grandeur seemed to us somewhat below the enthusiasm of the earlier travellers. Perhaps the thick sunless air of that afternoon robbed them of due proportion ; perhaps we had come too lately from the splendid Lycian valleys and

peaks. To sing the Cyrenaica as an Alpine Paradise, one should reach it blistered and blinded by the sands of the Syrtis.

The only fear now was for the yacht. As we left the shelter of the forest and drew rein on the edge of the steep, we knew how fierce a gale was driving across our path. White wrinkles of surf alone betrayed the sea, for the mirk of the scirocco lay heavily on the plain, and half an hour later, when we came to the Cretan huts, we could see no farther than the reefs, and had to be assured by the soldiers in the tents by the beach that the yacht was really gone. She had put out to sea the night before, they said, and stood in with the sun; but since noon she had sheered off again, and Allah knew where she might be now. If He willed, she had found peace behind Ras Hilal. That was Wednesday at four of the afternoon; it was not till Saturday, a little after midday, that we saw the *Utowana* again.

If it had not been for a doubt of her safety, which could not but weigh most heavily on the Owner, and a certainty, to which we were all alive, that, if the gale should haul to north and east of north, she must run from the Cyrenaic shore altogether, leaving us marooned for many long days, we found ourselves in no such evil plight. True, we had slender baggage for the needs of one night, not five; but very soon one forgets to change raiment even for sleep, and finds that happiness can be had far from a bath. The captain of the little post made over his guest-room, a roofed recess in a quarry, and thither his *harem* sent cushions and quilts, and trays of meat and rice and sticky pastry and curdled milk and herbs from the garden, which our host and the *mudir* helped us clear with finger and thumb. There was good water; for the source, a few miles inland, which used to keep Apollonia alive, has been led into an aqueduct again for the Cretans; and we found tobacco, which would at least burn, and *rahat*, peace, all the day long. What more, said the genial old soldier, does the heart of man desire?

The Mudir's House

The Old Order and the New

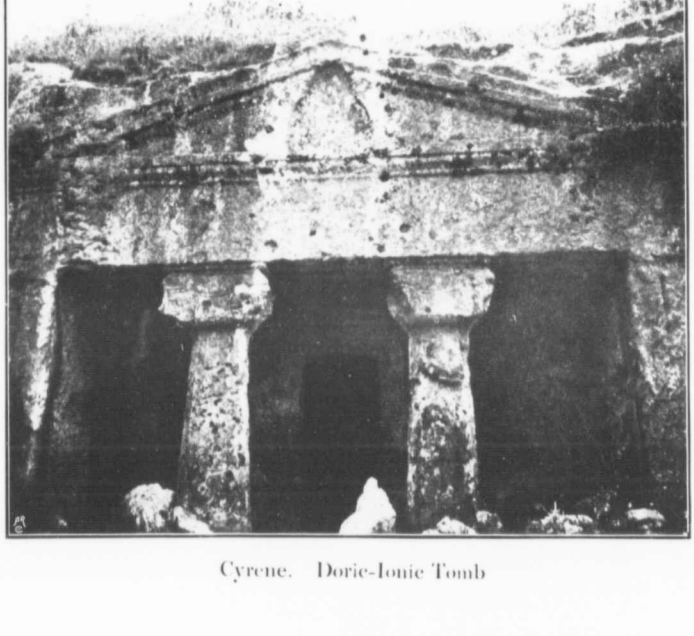
The Watching Bedouins

More, however, our hearts did desire. We were Western men, with an itch to be doing, and in the end found we could fill a little of our lack among the fallen churches and rock-tombs of Apollonia. But, with all our leisure, we made there no great discovery, though there were a dozen Greek legends on tomb-doors to be read. And I doubt if the best thing we found were not the wild watercress growing thickly in the conduit, an unknown relish to the Cretans and the Turks. What is left of Apollonia is but a long landward slice of the city, which in Christian times outstripped dying Cyrene. All the seaward face of it, with the harbour-walls and gate and port, has been eaten by the waves. There is no doubt the coast has sunk here since Roman times, and it is probably sinking still. The shallow bay, all rocks and shoals, in which we had made a most sorry landing, is not any part of the harbour of Apollonia, but was dry land, when that harbour was sought by shipping; and the reefs and islets, out at sea, over which the surf was breaking wildly, remain perhaps from the old foreshore. Further westward we found tombs into whose doors the waves flowed freely, and, had it been fairer weather, might have espied others altogether awash, like the foundations of the buildings in the deep water before the city. For the calm sea on this coast is of a wonderful clearness, as the sponge divers from the Greek isles know, who make it their chief fishing-ground. When we were trying for an anchorage on the first evening off Ras-el-Tin the leadsman saw a bottom of rock and sand, which, nevertheless, he could not touch with his plummet. On the shores of the Syrtis this same sinking has been observed, and also in the Nile Delta; and it is likely, though not sure, that all the eastern half of the North African coast is gone, and going, down.

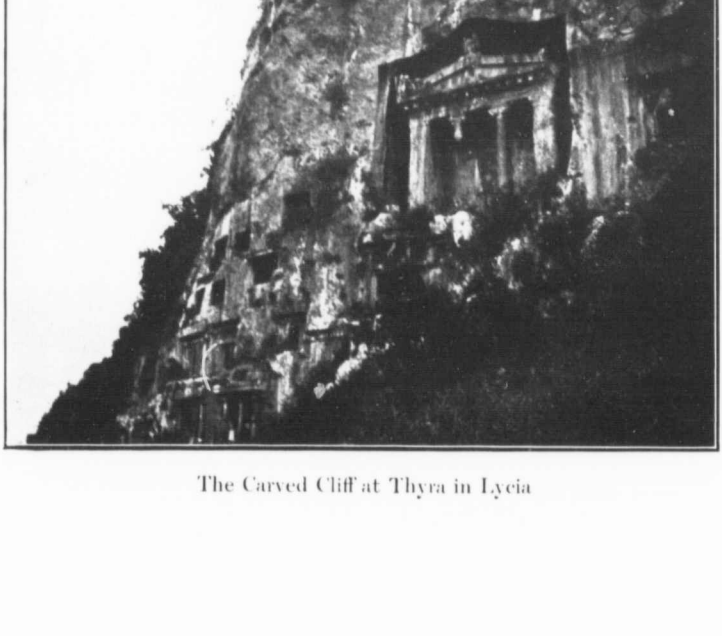
The ruins of two fine Apollonian churches are marked by magnificent monoliths of *cipollino*, which it would pay some marble merchant to ship away; but the lack of moulded fragments and inscriptions shows that everything on the surface, except bits of black glazed pottery and stamped Samian ware,

is of a late age. Without very powerful tackle one could not hope to get below that cumber of fallen blocks, honeycombed by the blown sea salts. The landward wall, however, is in great part of the Greek time, remaining probably from the first foundation of the city; and, seen from the hollow plain, it stands up finely: while somewhat, but not much, later are the remains of an Ionic temple and a theatre facing seawards without the wall. Here the work of the waves may be well judged, for the stage buildings are now awash and the surf runs up into the horseshoe of the seats.

Much of our time we spent watching sea and sky, prodigal of hopeful prophecies which were slow to be fulfilled. All the scirocco died out of the weather by the first midnight, and a hard north-wester blew the air clear, but brought up rain and thunder and an ever rising sea. By the third morning a surf was running both within and without the reefs, in which only a well manned lifeboat could have lived; and, unwillingly resigning the hope that the yacht would return and take us off, we did, what should have been done at least a day earlier—found a trusty Bedawi and sent him eastward fifteen miles down the shore to Ras Hilal. He came back at evening with a scrawl from the skipper, and the Owner ate a heartier meal than he had made yet in Marsa Susa. With the fourth sun the wind was falling, but the sea still running mountains high. The old Turk spoke of *rahat* till another dawn, but we would have no more of it; and, yielding to our entreaty, he called out an escort, and led us eastward to find the ship. There proved to be a fair path, a track used by the Cretans who go to Derna. One of these refugees went ahead of us on a huge bull-camel, which could pick a way among rocks, and stride up the sides of a gorge, like a dromedary of Anatolia. When the path entered a wood the rider swung himself off by the first overhanging bough, and back to the saddle again from the last; but his great beast never paused, feeling the burden of him hardly so much as to know if he were off or on. Much of the path leads over red soil and under charubs and coniferous trees, but thrice it is cut by



Cyrene. Doric-Ionic Tomb



The Carved Cliff at Thyra in Lycia

sheer gullies, whose glassy limestone sides are bossed as if glaciers had passed over them. Two Bedawi tents were all the habitations we saw, and neither man nor woman was met; but once the path turned sharply to avoid a cluster of many graves, of which one was of fresh mould. The tenting folk seem to bury in one spot, and not anywhere at hazard, as one might expect; and, in fact, they will carry their dead long days' journey to such wayside cemeteries as this. Do they think to spare the Awakening Angel's labour at the Last Day, or that the dead Bedawi loves council and coffee-fellowship as much as the living?

Fair "heel and toe," under an African sun on the eve of May-day, we marched those fifteen miles, with one brief halt, in four hours and a half—a better time than any one of us had made five days before. We had been sharing something very like the life according to nature, with a captain, a doctor, and some thirty rank and file of his Imperial Ottoman Majesty's forces. The commanding officer, a veteran of half a dozen campaigns, and five wounds got from Montenegrins, Serbs, and Muscovites, is turned farmer. Having the water-conduit in his charge and thirty of the sturdiest knaves in the Levant at his orders, he makes more out of the red plain than any Cretan. The full private hoes his garden: the corporal drives up his ewes at nightfall; and under the moon the old man himself tucks his braided cuffs, ties half a dozen milky mothers, head to tail, and tugs at their teats. The soldiers, born to such a life, are happy to go back to it. The field-work fills their time and thoughts, and keeps them in the rude health of shepherds. Except the day we landed I saw no drill, and I daresay that exception was made, in the belief a warship was standing in. But sentries kept guard about the camp night and day in such postures as pleased them best, and they never failed to challenge. Off this duty, and for that matter upon it, they talked, so far as I could hear, chiefly about soldiering; while their captain asked nothing better of an evening than to fight his battles o'er

again, to tell us how his regiment was surprised at Shipka or cut up in the plain of Philippopoli, and to pass, by the way, instructive and little looked-for criticisms on certain Ottoman generals who made them great names in the Russian war; but as he has service yet to do, and I may not always have rightly understood his Barbary speech, these shall not be written here. The camp had bread, plentiful and good (how good, we, who lived on it, knew), leeks and onions for relish, and the water of a pure spring: and for the supply of these simple things it blessed the Padishah every day. The Cretans went and came freely among the soldiers, and the Arabs not less; and men of all the races bowed in unison under the stars behind the bugler, who played imam.

It was with some shamefacedness that we bade good-bye on the cliffs of Ras Hilal to the half-dozen of these clean-living fellows, who had escorted us; for we had offered them money, which had been quietly refused. Gladly had the Owner done for them the honours of his ship, but this, too, their old captain would not allow. In the latter's debt, too, we had still to be, for after taking him aboard the swinging yacht at risk of breaking a leg or cracking his skull, we had to let him go again almost at once; for the easterly current, which sweeps the iron-bound Cyrenaic coast, was holding the ship broadside to the seas. This open bay of Marsa Hilal is not one to lie in long when wind and wave are coming hour by hour more directly from north. No sooner, therefore, was steam up than the anchors came aboard; and by sunset Cyrenaica, from Derna to Tolmeita, lay on the horizon like a low cloud.

D. G. HOGARTH.

BRITISH RAILWAY RATES *v.* FOREIGN

THAT British railway rates and charges are altogether excessive, as compared with those in force in foreign countries, is a fixed idea which not only provokes from time to time considerable hostile criticism against our own railways, but—what is a much more serious matter—is regarded among certain classes of traders as alike representing a prominent factor in economic depression, and offering a reasonable justification for their not showing a greater degree of energy and enterprise in fighting foreign competitors.

The confession may frankly be made that there would, in effect, be no cause for surprise if comparisons between British and foreign railway rates should be to the disadvantage of the former. No element has been lacking to render British railways among the most expensive to construct and maintain of any in the world. The companies had to pay the most exorbitant sums for the land on which their lines were constructed; they have been forced to organise their systems from almost the first with a perfection to which the American railways especially are now only just attaining; they have been subjected to a control more severe, and more costly, than the railways of any other country; they have to bear the burden of local taxation to such an extent that they are now paying four and a half millions sterling per annum under this head individual companies having to contribute 60, 70, or 80 per

cent. of the local rates in many parishes where they have not even a railway station; they have been compelled, when building new termini, or widening their lines in order to meet the public convenience, to provide—ostensibly for the persons unhoused, in reality for an altogether superior type of people—dwellings of which the rental has been fixed by the Home Office at sums that did not even cover expenses; and they have had to assume the *rôle* of philanthropic institutions in running workmen's trains at fares leaving little or no margin for profit.

In the case of railways owned, as those in Great Britain are, by private companies, the various costs and expenses here specified—without counting others besides—must necessarily be met out of the rates, tolls, and charges imposed on those who make use of the railways, either as passengers or as traders. Yet British railways, having to meet all these demands, are subjected to bitter denunciation if the said rates, tolls, and charges exceed—or are supposed to exceed—those that prevail in countries where one of two entirely different sets of conditions prevail—that is to say: (1) countries where the railways are State-owned or State-aided, and the whole policy of the State is directed to fostering home industries by organising—at the expense of the taxpayer, if necessary—a series of low export rates framed for the express purpose of facilitating the dumping of produce or commodities on the British markets; or (2) a country like the United States, where the railways have cost far less to construct and operate, while they carry huge loads for great distances to which there can be no possible parallel in Great Britain.

In these circumstances any one looking at the matter from a strictly commercial standpoint might well expect to learn that the rates and charges necessary in this country to cover interest on capital and working expenditure, and leave a reasonable margin of profit, were higher than in foreign countries. But what one further finds is that many of the criticisms raised are unjust, either because they give figures that are themselves

erroneous, or because, in regard to foreign rates, they omit considerations which would show that there is no real basis of fair comparison. Sweeping assertions are made on the strength of figures that will not bear the test of examination (that is to say, when they are capable of being tested, which is not too often the case), and the public are invited to accept conclusions that are altogether unfair and misleading.

As a case in point I need not go further than to an article published in the MONTHLY REVIEW for October 1904, entitled "How Englishmen are Destroying England." The author, Mr. F. S. Tatham, Member of the Natal Parliament, has given to his paper a title which, in itself, constitutes a most serious indictment, and though Englishmen are invariably ready enough to accept the friendly criticism of their colonial cousins in a friendly spirit, I would suggest that, in the framing of such an indictment as the one in question, care should be taken to see that the evidence by which it is to be supported is of the most conclusive character in regard to each particular count therein.

With Mr. Tatham's references to the "Shipping Ring" I have no immediate concern, and I leave that aspect of the question to be dealt with by others, if they think fit. But he goes on to assert that the British manufacturer is "compelled, within the United Kingdom itself, to pay railway charges which are rapidly destroying his chance of successfully competing with foreign rivals," and he illustrates this view by giving the following table :

		For same distance.		
	British.	German.	Belgian.	Dutch.
Hardware—				
Birmingham to London	23*s.* 6*d.*	11*s.* 4*d.*	13*s.* 11*d.*	11*s.* 3*d.*
Cotton Goods—				
Manchester to London	36*s.* 0*d.*	20*s.* to 23*s.*	18*s.* 1*d.*	14*s.* 4*d.*
General Machinery—				
Leeds to Hull . .	25*s.* 0*d.*	4*s.* 6*d.*	8*s.* 0*d.*	5*s.* 6*d.*

A little later on in his paper Mr. Tatham further says:

> Whereas the cost of carrying wool from Liverpool to Manchester is 9*s.* 2*d.*, for the same distance in Germany the manufacturer pays only 4*s.* 2*d.*, or less than one-half.

Taking, first, the figures which Mr. Tatham gives in regard to British rates, I find that his quotation for hardware goods from Birmingham to London is not so high as it should be, so that, to this extent, he does his own case injustice, the actual rates in force being: Owner's risk, 25*s.* per ton; company's risk, 27*s.* 6*d.* On the other hand, for cotton goods, Manchester to London—the rate for which he gives as 36*s.*—there has been in operation for many years an export rate of 25*s.* per ton, to enable the port of London to compete with the port of Liverpool. Thousands of tons of cotton goods have been thus brought to London from Manchester for despatch to other countries, and this particular rate is the one Mr. Tatham should have given, in view of the remark following his table, that

> these illustrations have been selected as having reference to the main export trade routes which the British manufacturer is obliged to adopt in regard to his foreign and colonial trade.

In the same way the exporter who is consigning general machinery from Leeds to Hull would pay, not 25*s.* per ton, as Mr. Tatham states, but 12*s.* 6*d.* With respect to the rate for wool from Liverpool to Manchester, there is, as a matter of fact, no traffic at all in that commodity between the places in question, so that the only rate in force is the ordinary class rate. If such a traffic were offered, and promised to assume any approach to substantial proportions, the railways would at once quote a special rate.

As regards Mr. Tatham's quotations in respect to foreign rates, it is impossible to subject these to any close scrutiny. The phrase "for same distance" is entirely inadequate. To check the figures (and Mr. Tatham must forgive the suggestion that one can hardly accept them unreservedly) it is especially desirable we should have the names of the specific places to which the rates in question apply. Between German, Belgian, and Dutch ports there is the keenest possible rivalry, so that

not only does each country seek to encourage its own traders by giving them rates which are practically bounties on commodities for export, but international rivalry will lead one country to concede exceptionally low rates for the express purpose of diverting traffic from another country which would represent its natural outlet. The lowest depth of all, in the matter of Continental rates, is reached when, in addition to the various factors here mentioned, it is a matter of handling certain commodities in much greater bulk than is the case in Great Britain. How far such considerations as these may have affected the particular rates quoted by Mr. Tatham it is impossible to say in the absence of more explicit details.

Another most important point one must bear in mind is that the British rates given by Mr. Tatham include both collection and delivery, whereas the Continental rates would not include either. In the case of cotton goods, Manchester to London, the railway company would send horse, van, and men to fetch the consignments from the warehouses in Manchester, and they would load the goods into a truck at the Manchester depôt. In London they would unload the railway truck, and, in the case of all consignments weighing over 300 lbs., deliver the goods alongside the ship in which they were to be taken abroad. On the Continent, if the usual practice were followed, the railway would simply provide a truck and haul it from one point to another. The consignor (whether manufacturer, merchant, or forwarding agent) would convey the goods to the station and load them into the truck at the point of departure, and arrangements would have to be made for unloading and taking them alongside the ship on arrival at the port. If the railway performed these services it would charge extra. Even as it is, and accepting Mr. Tatham's figures, the charge imposed in Germany for hire of truck and haulage comes to 20*s.* to 23*s.*, as compared with the English charge of 25*s.* for performing every service necessary in connection with the transport of the cotton goods from warehouse to ship. Again, in the case of general machinery, Leeds to Hull, the

cost of cartage works out at 1*s.* 6*d.* or 2*s.* per ton (according to packing) at Leeds, and the same at Hull, so that collection and delivery form an important item in the English rate of 12*s.* 6*d.*, which thus compares favourably with, at least, the Belgian rate, the latter being, presumably, exclusive of cartage.

It may, therefore, fairly be submitted that the particular figures which Mr. Tatham brings forward do not in any way support his accusation that "Englishmen"—so far, at least, as they are represented by British railway companies—are "destroying England" by reason of excessive charges on the transit of goods for export.

Mr. Tatham is probably not aware that one of the greatest problems of a British railway manager is how he can get sufficient freight for the trains of railway waggons that go more or less empty from inland towns to the ports in order to bring back the large consignments of produce or merchandise arriving from foreign countries, our exports being so very much less in bulk than our imports. In these circumstances the railway manager would have a special reason for giving every possible encouragement to the consignment of goods abroad, since all that he carries in waggons that must, in any case, go to the ports, is clear gain. On the other hand, a railway manager is not a free agent in the matter of rates, and though it might often pay to carry goods for a lower charge to a port than from a port, because of there being this lack of freight in the one case as against an abundance in the other, any such special encouragement could only be given at the risk of a protest from the traders who had to pay a higher rate under conditions that were altogether different.

Then, again, while it is a clearly recognised practice on the Continent that the railways should have specially low *port de mer* tariffs for merchandise for export, as compared with their rates to the same ports for similar commodities for local consumption, the adoption of a like policy by British railways is apt to be regarded by British traders as an unpardonable

anomaly, although it is too often these foreign *port de mer* rates that are compared with our own domestic rates, to the disadvantage of the latter. The Continental practice is evidently in strict accord with Mr. Tatham's views, since it means the giving of special encouragement to exports; but what may happen when it is adopted by a British railway is shown by the specially instructive case of Spillers and Bakers, Ltd. *v.* The Taff Vale Railway Company, decided by the Railway and Canal Commission in December 1903. The Taff Vale Railway Company convey to Cardiff about 9,000,000 tons of coal a year for shipment as against 1,400,000 tons for local consumption, 40 per cent. of the latter being for domestic use in the town of Cardiff, and 60 per cent. for use in factories. The rate which the railway company charge on the coal for export is less than that which they charge on the coal that goes no further than Cardiff, and Messrs. Spillers and Bakers, a firm of local millers, contended before the Railway Commissioners that this represented an undue preference. But the railway company maintained that the export traffic would not stand more than they were charging, and that the rate on the coal for local consumption was in itself perfectly reasonable, and one the railway company could not afford to reduce, while the local consumers themselves were in no way prejudiced by the lower rate on the export consignments. The Railway Commissioners supported this view; but the fact that the case had to be fought out before them will show to Mr. Tatham the thorns which may spring up in the path of British railways when they seek to do what, in effect, he accuses them of not doing.

Finally, I would point out that the transit of British goods along our "main export trade routes" is greatly facilitated by the further practice adopted by British railway companies not only of charging the same rates from an inland manufacturing town to a series of ports in the same district, but also of "grouping" the different districts in turn, charging again practically the same rate to all of these, on the basis of the

shortest route, without any regard to the difference in mileage. How the system operates may be illustrated by the case of Bradford woollen goods:

From Bradford to	Mileage or shortest mileage.	Rate charged.
Hull group of ports . . .	60 miles ...	15*s.*
Liverpool	70 „ ...	16*s.* 8*d.*
Hartlepool group . . .	79 „ ...	15*s.*
Newcastle „ . . .	104 „ ...	15*s.*

The difference of 1*s.* 8*d.* as against Liverpool is counterbalanced by the greater advantages offered in respect to shipping. Practically, therefore, all these ports are on an equal footing, and if it should suit a Bradford manufacturer better to forward his goods (say) *viâ* Newcastle instead of *viâ* Hull he is not prevented from so doing by any difference in the railway charges, although the one port is forty-four miles further from Bradford than the other.

EDWIN A. PRATT.

THE BIRTH OF TELEGRAPHY

ONE summer, when, as a youth, the writer was living on the banks of the Tees, that ancient river repeated a time-worn tragedy. There had been signs of rain in the west, and a fisherman, neglecting the warning, had taken his stand far out in the half-empty bed with his face down stream. The plash of a small waterfall close by prevented his catching any unwonted sound, and thus the inevitable flood presently coming down—after the manner of north-country streams in a wall of water—swept him away, and he was quickly lost sight of among the tumbling billows. Night shortly settled down, so that no search could be followed up, and the morrow bringing no tidings of the unfortunate man it was regarded by every one as a certainty that the body had been swept out to sea in that wild race of waters. The sequel to the story the writer received at first hand. A fortnight had passed, and the misadventure had ceased to be talked about, but early one morning the wife of a cottager, dwelling by the waterside, was disturbed by her husband rising at an unusual hour and leaving the house hurriedly without assigning any reason for so doing. In plain fact, the man was reluctant to confess what urged him, but he had had a vivid dream, indicating that the missing body lay under a shelf of rock on the river's bank, well remembered as a favourite spot whereat to "tickle trout." The man proceeded to put out alone in a little boat, and presently returned with the body, which he had found precisely where it had appeared to his waking fancy.

This story, for which the writer can vouch entirely, is only offered for what it is worth, as supplying an argument in favour of a faculty supposed by some to be possessed in greater or less degree by certain individuals, and particularly perhaps among races living under natural conditions and apart from civilisation. Here, it may be claimed, is plausible evidence of a man described by his wife, almost with pride, as "no scholar," who, having his mind at rest and without any effort of reasoning, suddenly and with overmastering conviction receives and grasps a truth, being, so to speak, conscious of an intuition which he can in no way explain.

If this occurrence has any significance it must be taken as one more shred of evidence in favour of the reality of a form of presentiment, of which it might seem that isolated but noteworthy examples are constantly recurring. Mr. F. H. Grundy, in "Pictures of the Past," tells us of his having lost his hat, which had been carried down in a swollen stream in Australia, and of a blind black servant who, hearing of the occurrence, at once started off and feeling his way down to a distant bend of the river forthwith recovered it, regarding the while his discovery as in no way wonderful, owing to the fact that some conviction had assured him that it was there. In all instances of a similar nature which come to hand there is at least one point of agreement—namely, the agent can give no account of the way in which the divinations have come about, save that it is independent of ordinary channels of communication.

There is a tradition that the coming of the French to the country of the St. Lawrence was revealed to one of their medicine men in a vision, and that a deputation of several canoes set forth; and after a voyage of many weeks, during which time they passed through the territories of numerous friendly tribes who had heard nothing of the coming of the white people, they actually met the French pioneers, and found everything as the seer had described. A writer in the *Spectator*, commenting on this, suggests that

thought reading may sometimes account for presentiments, but hardly for such

a case as this, unless we assume that impressions in the universal ether may make themselves felt at any distance by persons who are capable of perceiving them, even when there seems to be no connecting link whatever. We talk of ideas being "in the air," and occasionally inventions are made and even books written so similar that it would have been supposed that one person copied directly from another, if this had not been shown to be impossible under the circumstances.

As an example of an apprehension being "in the air" we may cite the case relating to Sir John Franklin, concerning whom it is stated that before there was any justification for alarm, and indeed before any tidings could have reached England, certain people at home became so firmly convinced that something was amiss that they determined on attempting to fit out a relief party. Not till long years after was it known that disaster and death had actually already overtaken the ill-fated expedition. Are then ice and sea no barriers? Again and again we hear testimony to the same effect, as, for instance, ships on reaching port find tidings have already outstripped them of some striking incident that has happened on board on the high seas.

To quote another well-authenticated example, the death of General Gordon was talked of in the streets of Cairo as a known fact on the day of its occurrence, though Cairo is a thousand miles away across the desert from Khartoum. Again, Mr. R. Kerr gives the evidence of British officers engaged in the late war in Afghanistan, who stated that "whenever they conveyed to their subordinates particulars as to their intentions to operate at a certain point fifty or a hundred miles away, the natives there shortly afterwards knew all about their plans." And in like manner it has been constantly reported during the present Russo-Japanese War that the Chinese have appeared to be in possession of intelligence which could have been conveyed through no obvious channel. Similar and noteworthy testimony is forthcoming in abundance, more particularly in times of impending danger. At such crises signs and portents are often imagined to be discerned, and the fear engendered may become a potent factor in the

case. Hunters and naturalists will tell of a cognate prescience noticeable in the animal world, so that hunted creatures, as it is said, scent the danger afar. It might then become a question whether some mode of obtaining intelligence from a distance may not have been acquired by certain creatures in a state of nature, as also by native races, from the very exigencies of their condition, and some survival of this be yet found here and there among civilised people.

It is well established that under abnormal conditions individuals may become endowed with exalted perceptions. Dr. Alex. Bain states that "in the delirium of fever the sense of hearing sometimes becomes extraordinarily acute, and that among the premonitory symptoms of brain disease has been noticed an unusual delicacy of the sense of sight." May we not also bring forward certain well-attested examples of that species of second sight which refers to passing but distant events? The great mass of such evidence may doubtless be with advantage rejected, but even so it is hard to assure ourselves that no residuum of truth remains. It may well be that there are many more or less occult avenues by which intelligence is capable of being conveyed. Is it possible to arrive at a conception of the nature of any of them? Where a multitude is gathered together, an inner consciousness or conviction, a thrill of pleasure or of pain, of exultation or of fear, will sometimes irresistibly permeate the minds of all. It is so in a marked degree in a large audience, when a fervent speaker or a singer holds every being spellbound, and by sympathy is perfectly conscious that he does so.

A well-marked example of this once arose most obviously on Lord's Ground in the year 1870, when the writer, then a Cambridge undergraduate, was one of a large multitude watching the final struggle of the University Match. There was a feeling that any excitement over the game was at an end, for Oxford was winning all too easily. In fact, their side needed only four runs to secure victory, while they had still three wickets to fall. Moreover, one batsman, Hill, was well

set; and as Cobden, the Cambridge bowler, commenced a fresh "over," justified the general anticipation by making a fine boundary hit to finish the match. Somehow, however, the ball never reached the boundary, for Bourne, fielding for Cambridge, managed with one hand to partially check the ball, so that only one run was made, and the next ball the same fielder caught Hill's partner. At this the interest of the onlookers, which had grown languid, at once revived, and when Cobden with his next and third ball clean bowled the fresh man in, the multitude drew one deep breath. One wicket to fall and three runs to make. If Hill could only take the next ball! That would be the feeling of every partisan of Oxford; but Hill was at the other wicket, and as the last batsman went to his wicket there came on each and all an overmastering conviction of what was about to happen. Of course the wicket went down with that next ball, every one *knew* it would!

This would be spoken of as a case of so-called panic, or nervous tension, which irresistibly spread from end to end of the whole concourse. But it would seem that in like manner intelligence of actual fact, though unspoken, can pass from unit to unit of a throng and so traverse many miles with marvellous speed. A case of this seems to have occurred on the occasion of the fatal accident to Mr. Huskisson at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Mr. Grundy, already referred to, was a witness of the fact, and describes it thus. The whole thirty miles of railroad was "lined double and treble deep with carriages, to say nothing of the standing multitudes. The accident occurred midway between the two towns. A little crowd collected by the side of the line, and there was a murmur 'Huskisson is run over.' Then the story spread, travelling along the thousands with electric speed. Another instant, and the engine, released from its load, dashes madly past at a speed of forty-five miles per hour. It took only twenty minutes for that engine to reach Liverpool in search of surgical help, and yet the rumour of the accident was there before it."

Now it is inconceivable that any intelligible message could have been transmitted along the line by word of mouth in anything like such a short period, so as to proceed ahead of the advancing engine. A moment's consideration will prove this. The engine was going at twice the top speed of an expert runner. Now watch a hundred yards' race at any athletic game, and as the racers start think what chance would there be of conveying a message along the line of bystanders in anything like the short period—only ten seconds—in which the course is covered. The feat would be clearly impossible, moreover it is questionable if any precise message would ever be passed along in this way. The experiment has been tried times out of number in a game in which we have all taken part. A ring of persons is formed and one of the number whispers a definite remark into the ear of the individual on his left, who, still in a whisper, passes it on. Then it is found that by the time the message is poured into the right ear of the first speaker it is strangely different from that which he himself issued.

Leaving here the discussion of such modes of telegraphy as are alike recondite in their operation, and perhaps only vague in their result, we may pass on to more intelligible methods which have been adopted by primitive races and which may be found forestalling and fairly vying with perfected methods of our own to-day.

That the heliograph is no new machine should need no telling, but it may not be known how efficient the rudest instrument of the kind may prove among those whose brains are subtle, and hand and eye are rendered cunning by constant practice. Possibly the word *heliotrope* no longer suggests an optical instrument; but under this name Gauss, nearly a hundred years ago, introduced an apparatus designed to aid in long-range surveying, and adopted largely in America. The principle involved was that of directing a small beam of sunlight truly to a distant station occupied by an assistant observer; and it was found that a flash from off a plane mirror, measuring only a square inch, could be seen across seven miles, while

larger but still extremely portable mirrors could flash across greatly extended ranges; and thus it was evident that long-distance signalling was a possibility with a no more elaborate instrument, given only the necessary sunshine and sufficient dexterity in manipulation. It would follow then, as a matter of course, that such a simple and efficient mode of communication would come to be adopted by native races who would benefit by such a means, and who dwell in lands whose heritage is unbroken sunshine. Thus we learn from Galton and others that flashing signals of this nature are commonly adopted by the bushmen in the North American prairies, and by Indian warriors of the wild West. It is said again that the fleet of Alexander the Great, when sailing for India, was piloted along the Persian Gulf by heliograph signals flashed from the shore. We may surmise that it is to this or a similar mode of telegraphy that Henry Cornelius Agrippa refers in a learned treatise published in Antwerp early in the sixteenth century. An earnest examiner into all branches of occult philosophy, we find him describing in vague though not unintelligible terms an optical contrivance for transmitting long-distance messages. "Which art," he says, "of declaring secrets is indeed very profitable for towns and cities that are besieged, being a thing which Pythagoras long since did often do, and which is not unknown to some in these days, I will not except myself." Be this as it may, we find, as we might expect, that the natives of Arabia, earliest among practised observers, and availing themselves of their open country and cloudless skies, had learned at least nine hundred years ago to heliograph intelligence from one city to another.

In higher altitudes and in lands where from physical causes the agency of sunshine would be less available, other ancient but highly efficient methods are found to be practised. Following tradition, if not actual history, let us go back three thousand years. The last days of the Siege of Troy are come, and the commander-in-chief of the conquering hosts undertakes to tell, or rather telegraph, the first tidings of the fall of the city to

his lady away at Mycenæ, a direct distance truly of only two hundred and fifty miles; but the breadth of the Ægean lay between, thus rendering the task one of extreme difficulty and labour. Yet we are to regard it as having been accomplished, and, moreover, in the space of a single night. Let us see how the feat, finely conceived throughout, works out in the tale of "Æschylus." The moment having arrived, the first signalman retires back on the mountain height of Ida, adding to distance, but gaining greatly in elevation, and thence sends his gleam across seventy miles to a hill top in Lemnos, a possible task enough, irrespective of the fact that Vulcan had his own workshop there, and was supposed to have lent a hand. But now the next nearest practicable point towards the mainland is Eubœa, across a gap of ninety nautical miles, which would render any earth-born flame, if raised on no great eminence, invisible by reason of the mere convexity of the globe. It is here then that the scheme is grandly engineered and rendered strictly feasible, some of our classical critics notwithstanding.

Away on the seaboard of Macedonia, forty miles to the north-east, and so more remote, the far peak of Mount Athos rears itself near seven thousand feet into so-called cloud-land, only no clouds are there, and ready to hand is the very material to create the fastest and fiercest flame—the pine logs of the mountain slopes. Justly might the dramatist describe such a furious blaze as it climbed far into the sky as a "golden light like a sun." All difficulties of a physical nature would now vanish. The distance from Mount Athos to the heart of Eubœa is about a hundred geographical miles—a giant stretch truly—but from an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet there is across sea a known visible horizon of some eighty-five miles; and if an eminence of only about one thousand two hundred feet could be found in Eubœa, then there would be established direct vision from height to height across the whole distance; and such a moderate height is surely attainable on Mount Makistos, the tallest peak of a hilly land. From this point the selection of heights, completing eight in all, was a

simple matter, and, as the story tells, suitable fuel was found abundantly in the scrub of the hillside.

Southward of Mount Ida, but on the same mainland, we come to the hilly country of Judæa; and here, five hundred years later, troublous times are imminent, and we find the Jews alert to "set up a sign of fire" on the approach of the expected foe.

Only two hundred miles westward, however, of the line of Grecian beacon heights, in a wilder and more broken land, we find a totally different mode of native signalling in vogue. We are now in Albania, and the country has become too mountainous to admit of the use of beacons, whose light could find no ready path through mere forests of lofty peaks. But here the steep mountain slopes lend themselves to another and more efficient transmission of messages, namely, by actual speech; for the human voice, trained by practice and pitched in suitable tones, will bridge the deep ravines and travel far down resounding valleys, so as to be not only distinctly heard, but readily interpreted by the hill dwellers, whose ears are no less well trained than their voice.

Herein may lie more than half the mystery of the mode whereby the Kaffirs and others in the late war seemed to have conveyed information. These were credited with being able to shout intelligibly to their fellows from kopje to kopje in a manner which others could scarcely grasp, and still less imitate. It seems to have been partly, but by no means entirely, a trick of the voice. Here through all time they had needed, and thus had acquired, a language which could be framed in mere shouts. It would be far otherwise with our own tongue. A British drill sergeant might make his voice, as a shout, penetrate as far as a Kaffir stripling, but the intelligible words which he could thus convey over, say, a mile of distance would be strictly confined to the limited technical vocabulary of the barrack yard. The natives, on the contrary, we must suppose, could converse volubly in their own wild yells at the same range. In this case, however, the ear

unquestionably becomes as practised as the voice, a fact which may be well noted at home. In agricultural districts, where fellow labourers often have to converse with or direct one another at a distance, it will be found that the ear of the countryman will, as a rule, interpret far shouting very much more readily than those who, though they may be intellectually superiors, are not accustomed to discipline their attention in the same special manner. The same remark applies where noise or other disturbance interferes with easy hearing. An example of this was forced on the notice of the writer lately during a somewhat lengthy period of enforced leisure at the Great Central Station at Nottingham. Busy trains were constantly arriving and departing, and the general turmoil, added to the hissing, panting, and shrieking of the locomotives all confined within the span roof, often rendered it exceedingly hard to exchange conversation with a companion, even when mouth and ear were in the closest proximity. Yet the officials of the station could apparently, with no extraordinary effort, make themselves understood at half the length of the platform.

Obviously the last-mentioned modes of telegraphy are not well adapted for secrecy. A flashing signal of the nature of the heliograph could be equally well detected by an outsider stationed anywhere along the track of the tell-tale beam. The beacon light could be seen the whole country round. The long shout could become the property of any trained listener within range; but circumstances will arise where it would be imperative that distant communication should be conveyed not only with despatch, but with perfect secrecy; and even here native ingenuity has proved fully equal to the task.

In the wilds of the Amazon valley the savage tribes of the Catuquinaru Indians have through centuries lived and died on their native soil, but within ever narrowing limits, harassed eternally by one ceaseless cause of alarm—the dread of the white man's approach. Generation after generation they have had to be on the alert to strike their habitations and pitch

them again on some fresh ground where, however, they must needs through every hour of the day literally keep an ear open for any hostile advance. Under pressure of this necessity they have devised and handed down a mode of communicating from settlement to settlement by a species of rude but efficient telephone, of which some account supplied by Dr. Bach has been published in the *Geographical Journal*. It appears that the particular group of Indians visited were divided into four sections, located about a mile asunder, and all in a true line north and south. In each section there was a signalling apparatus carefully constructed, and of such peculiar nature as to give the idea that a savage belief in charms and enchantments is here blended with the elaboration of a strictly mechanical contrivance, involving true scientific principles. A hard palm wood stem, about sixteen inches across and some three feet long, was hollowed out, and its lower half filled with layers, which, beginning with the lowest, consist of fine sand, wood fragments, bone fragments, and powdered mica respectively. Above this the stem is left hollow for a space of ten inches, above which again are placed in succession layers of hide, wood, and hard rubber, the last of these closing the aperture. A hole is now opened in the ground about three feet deep and four feet across, and filled in again to a height of eighteen inches with coarse sand well tamped. On this the stem is planted, and made firm round the sides with fragments of wood, raw hide, and resins of various woods, all finished off with a covering of hard rubber. It will be seen that the stem, with its appurtenances, thus stands up some fifteen inches above the ground level, and all that is now needed to complete the instrument is a wooden club or striker covered with hard rubber and raw hide. There is one of these instruments hidden in each *malocca* or habitation. "It appears that the instruments are *en rapport* with each other, and when struck with the club the neighbouring ones to the north and south, if not above a mile distant, respond to or echo the blow. To this an Indian answers by striking the instrument in the

malocca with which it is desired to communicate; which blow in turn is echoed by the instruments originally struck. Each *malocca* has its own series of signals. So enclosed is each instrument in the *malocca* that when standing outside and near the building it is difficult to hear a blow, but nevertheless this is heard distinctly in the next *malocca*, a mile distant, in the manner indicated. The chief gave me an example of signalling. With a prolonged interval he struck the instrument twice with a club, which, as I understood, was to indicate attention, or that a conference was desired. This was responded to by the same instrument as a result of a single blow given by some one on the next apparatus nearly a mile distant. Then commenced a long conversation which I could not comprehend."

It has been suggested that the transmission of sounds may be due to some rock stratum serving to convey the vibrations of the blows, which, being shut in, are not transported through the air. Prompted by this suggestion the writer, in conjunction with Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, carried out some simple but instructive trials. Ordinary sound and well-planted field gate-posts were made use of, and were well suited for an initial experiment. These consisted of solid and seasoned oak timber, sunk some feet in the ground, which had been well tamped both beneath and around. One of these was selected and struck in various ways with instruments of various weights and substances, while a number of observers stationed at other adjacent posts listened attentively, closing one ear and applying the other to different parts of their respective posts. The experiment was varied and repeated many times, but in all cases results were wholly negative, no vibrations being perceptible; and the conclusion arrived at was that, at any rate in deep loamy soil, signalling of the nature of that described above was impracticable.

Let us compare with the native methods already described the best devices in vogue in civilised England of not many generations ago. It would seem that for despatch over long and difficult routes the powers of a man were preferred to that

of a horse, and trained runners or running footmen were employed by the wealthier classes as a means of speedy conveyance. The achievements of these athletes were indeed of no mean order, though falling far short of the feats with which report has credited messengers among certain native races. It is said that a good runner could maintain an average of seven miles an hour, and accomplish as much as sixty or seventy miles in a day; indeed, there is an account to the effect that Earl Home having occasion to send his footman on an urgent message one night to Edinburgh from his residence at Hume Castle thirty-five miles distant, his servant accomplished his errand by the time his master had risen in the morning. That Scotland could supply good runners is proved by the record of the passing of the "Fiery Cross." Scott tells how once in civil war this signal was borne through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours.

Intelligible communication between stations in view of each other by mechanical signals was suggested, and to some extent carried into effect, by Robert Hook, a contemporary of Newton, and others, but it was not till the end of the eighteenth century that this became a really practicable method by the introduction of the semaphore. With a form of this instrument a word message was telegraphed in one hour to Paris from Lisle, announcing the recapture of that town in 1792; and a yet better record was achieved in England about the same date, when by an arrangement of shutter boards a message was conveyed between Dover and London in seven minutes. This was almost on the eve of the grand discoveries which have led up to the modern telegraph and telephone, but it is curious to note how preconceptions of these very inventions had been grasped by philosophers more than two hundred years ago. In 1667, Hook, mentioned above, refers to how by the help of a tightly drawn wire bent in many angles, he could propagate sound to a very considerable distance. About the same year Joseph Glanvil wrote, "to confer at the distance of

the Indies by sympathetic conveyances may be as usual to future times as to us is literary correspondence." And in truth telegraphy in its initial stage became an accomplished fact little more than sixty years later, when Stephen Gray let down a thread from the top window of his house to near the ground, and wrapping the other end round a glass rod found that whenever he briskly rubbed the tube the electrical influence set up travelled the whole length of the thread, and attracted light particles at its further end.

Is it unreasonable to imagine that we may be even now on the threshold of other fresh advances in modes of transmitting intelligence? We are at least learning again by new methods to convey messages to vast distances without the intervention of wires. Shall we stop here? If it be possible that civilised man possesses the rudiments of faculties which are as yet in abeyance, or the traces of faculties which have fallen into disuse, then is it not at least conceivable that the development of such faculties, in some ways indicated by modern knowledge, may result in achievements beyond our present dreams? In the mode of wireless telegraphy at present being pursued one chief and essential aid is towards the perfecting of instruments which shall respond to one another in obedience to a perfect syntony existing between them. In this direction lies the one hope of practical improvement and success. For instruments write mental faculties, and conceive individuals whose minds can presently be so disciplined and tuned to each other as to act in concert at will and at a distance. Under such circumstances we might contemplate a future mode of telegraphy to which there would seem no assignable limit.

JOHN M. BACON.

Coldash, Newbury.

UMBRIAN ART

IN Umbria, that true *Italia Mystica* among the hills, which in the profound silence of the sunshine of early summer under a calm and soft sky are really like vast precious stones, Painting for the most part was content to be just a religious vowed to God. She sometimes comes to us as in Bonfigli, whose work is perhaps the greatest treasure of the Pinacoteca at Perugia, with something of the sweetness of the nun, the oversweetness of which men have always been so suspicious; finding therein something not quite sane or amiable; troubled, in spite of a deep outward serenity, by a subtle ugliness that has really only just missed a profound beauty. Or again, as in the magnificent work of Piero della Francesca, she appears with all the vitality and energy of life, and yet with a kind of horror on her countenance as in the face of the Risen Christ at Borgo San Sepolcro. And at last in Perugino himself we seem to find a real duplicity in the cloying and exquisite sorrow that does not really affect the soul, in his Crucifixions; the insincerity and too delightful innocence of his warriors and captains in the *Cambio;* the affectation of his *Nativity* at Perugia; the awful facility of much of his work.

Divided in the earliest times into two schools which had their centres in Gubbio and Perugia, Umbrian painting is really provincial in the true sense of the word, the handmaid of the Church, touching life only very rarely, intent for the most part on the service of the sanctuary, having indeed no

life at all, no possible life apart from religion. Unlike Florence and Siena, Umbria had no Giotto nor Duccio to point out the road she should follow in her art. For whereas Giotto made it for ever impossible for Florence to ignore painting as such, its problems and difficulties, while Duccio assured Siena of her great pictorial future, Umbria in these early years produced no great leader; how should she, out of touch with life as she was, busied rather with action, frittering away her life in infinitely tiny and cruel quarrels, or dreaming of the lives of the saints that she possessed in so great an abundance, weeping with St. Francis over her sins or listening to the voice of Christ with St. Angela of Foligno, ready to burn the world under the passionate eloquence of S. Bernardino, or praying night and day with S. Columba of Rieti. In these first years of the fourteenth century, when Giotto and Duccio and the sculptors were busy re-creating the art of the world, Umbria was for the most part silent, her soul imprisoned in the mystery of her soft hills, very scornful of man, seeing that her ways so often ran with his blood, the which seemed to her less precious than the meanest of her dreams. And yet Umbria was not isolated from the world as Siena was, only she was so much nearer Rome, that eternal city, which, busied always with action, government, dominion, has produced no really great artist, has, indeed, never cared overmuch for art for its own sake, but has used it rather as a means of expressing her own glory in glorious days, impatient of it always under the Popes, and ready at the first whisper of scandal to cast it from her for ever.

All the art of Italy is really an alien in Rome. She in her tragic and actual life, perhaps the most tremendous force in the world, ruined every beautiful thing she touched, harnessing it to her chariot, or dragging it a splendid captive through her highways. So, having found Raphael, that scholarly and serene soul, she drugged him with her enchantments, and compelled him to paint some of the most beautiful pictures in the world on the awkward cramped walls of the Vatican, thinking of them chiefly as a decoration, but spoiling them as

just that, by her desire for reality, for the expression of life where it was most out of place. It is only the splendid genius of Raphael that has prevented our feeling the difficulty of the spaces he had to fill. And it was the same with Michelangelo. That destroying genius, terrible in his isolation, who seems to be ever brooding over some immense sorrow, is only not overcome by her, because he has already been overwhelmed by his own personality, a more exacting master. Even his strong will, however, she bends, and desires that he shall forsake his true vocation, sculpture, and decorate with his unsatisfied genius the private chapel of her master, the Pope. In that place, where for centuries the vicegerent of God, not always observant of that peace with mankind proclaimed in the dawn so long ago, has been chosen, Michelangelo has created a terrible and immense crowd of sorrowful figures, each one of which seems to accuse the Papacy and God Himself of some tragic crime committed upon mankind — Adam, who so languidly, so reluctantly, touches the outstretched hand of the Creator; pitiful humanity and our beautiful world drowned in that bitter unforgiveable flood; the mighty Sibyls pregnant with thoughts they dare only express in mysteries; the tortured Prophets, the sacrificed messengers of God, the Athletes and the Slaves. And above all, dwarfing everything, ignoring everything, stands the huge fresco of the *Last Judgment*, in which man in all his beauty condemns God, and, as it might seem, rises from the ease and peace of the grave only to pronounce sentence on life for ever.

This profound and wonderful vision of life by no means decorates the chapel of the Popes; it dwarfs it. The air is so full of figures that we can see nothing. It is a torture to gaze upon that roof, physical as well as spiritual. We are overwhelmed by a crowd of passionate and insistent figures, so that it is impossible to look at anything, seeing that they all so eagerly claim our attention. To compare this chapel with the upper church at Assisi is to understand the extraordinary difference between the fourteenth and the sixteenth centuries,

between Rome and any other city, between what Florence conceived decoration to be, and what Rome had forced it to become. In that quiet empty church in the city of S. Francis how perfectly Giotto has understood the limitations of reality; nothing is thrust upon us, nor is there any overwhelming passion. Our real emotion will come not from the quiet persons on the walls, but from the miracle of the Mass itself, said there so rarely and with so simple an earnestness.

But Rome has ever been the insatiable mistress of the greatest men, luring them to every sort of destruction, encouraging them in their mightiest follies. For her what valour has not been spent, what heroic love has not been given always in vain, what terrible dreams have not ravaged and spoiled the world that she might go more proud! The greatest geniuses she has slain like slaves, the most priceless love she has spent like dross, washed in the blood of the martyrs, of innumerable creatures with whom, after all, we share the world; she, the most beautiful, the most splendid Adulteress, has taken heaven captive, and in all her troubles proclaimed that visionary city as her true Capitol. She, the head and front of our earth, the true capital to whom the mightiest towns are but provincial cities, is sufficient for herself. Nor has she ever touched an alien beauty without spoiling it. First it was the art of that Greece whom she had humbled, which she strove to learn always as one might learn a trick, always in vain. Then the Religion of Jesus, whom she led to victory while she destroyed Him. And at last the art of the Renaissance; for after Michelangelo and Raphael comes the Baroque.

It was in religion, that latest passion of the capital of the world, that Umbria achieved much; her saints are not the least famous upon earth. And even in painting, that great ornament of religion, she later accomplished not a little. Raphael was born in Urbino, and learned the art of Perugino in Perugia; and although it was not until after he had been to Florence that he became of any real importance as an artist, something of the serenity of his native country lingers about

his work always, something not proud but humble, not unsatisfied but contented. Nor is Michelangelo without his debt to Umbria, though it be in less direct fashion. How much he learned from Luca Signorelli is perhaps in the case of so overwhelming a personality a matter of little importance. It could not have been so much that we should ever feel the debt. Yet no one can look at Signorelli's frescoes in the Capella Nuova in the Cathedral at Orvieto and not feel something of the new genius that was about to burst on the world. It is not, however, as an Umbrian that we consider Raphael to-day, but rather as a Roman, as a classic painter of the high Renaissance, in whom already we begin to see suggestions of decadence. A Roman, and therefore influenced by men from all provinces and cities and countries. Nor of course can we claim any real part in Michelangelo's work for Umbria. His ideas, the expression of which may have been in part suggested by Signorelli, are his own. No one of his own day understood them. Those who were his disciples succeeded merely in carrying the ideal of the great sculptor, for even as a painter he is a sculptor, to the ridiculous and the brutal.

Seeing then that Rome, to whom she looked so naturally down her long valleys, was unable to satisfy her in her desire for Art, Umbria looked first into her own heart, and finding there little but dreams turned towards Siena, a city as mystical as herself, a city of great saints, and learned much from her.

Umbrian painting begins with a certain Oderisi or Oderigi of Gubbio, whom Dante has placed in his *Purgatorio* (Canto XI.) as a man so earnest in the study of his art that he had little time for anything beside. Vasari in his life of Giotto says that Oderigi lived in Rome, and that he was an excellent miniature painter, living on terms of close friendship with Giotto. He tells us further that he had "some few remains from the hand of this artist, who was certainly a clever man." Dennistoun says he died in 1299, but indeed we know really nothing concerning him; no work of his with any certainty has come down to us, though it is said that some miniatures

in the missals in the archives of S. Peter's in Rome are from his hand. A certain pupil of his, Guido Palmerucci, has left us some wall pictures in the chapel of the Palazzo del Commune, together with a S. Antonio—all that is left of a large painting which covered the exterior of S. Maria dei Laici. Whether indeed they be really his or no would seem to matter little. At the least they are interesting examples of Umbrian painting at the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Martino Nelli, the first of that famous family, appears to have been contemporary with Palmerucci; poor painter as he was, only very little is left of his work in Gubbio to-day. A ruined fresco over a fountain in the Via Dante, and one or two other fragments, are all that remain to us of the work of a man whose very name would have perished but for the work of his son Ottaviano. With this man Umbrian painting really begins; the greatest of the Gubbian painters, his work possesses no little beauty. Like splendid miniatures his works are gay with colour, they seem to be composed of curiously cut antique jewels. Too large to fit into the covers of the great missals these pictures of Ottaviano Nelli's doubtless served somewhat the same purpose as the tiny pictures that greet you as you turn over those ivory leaves. They too were painted in the service of Religion, and even as the miniatures in the missals reminded the priest not without a certain serene joy of the facts of Christianity, so these larger miniatures over the altar or upon the wall brought to the mind of the worshipper how much more vividly than words, the story of Christ and the Madonna, beings really to be worshipped, seeing that they were seated upon so magnificent a throne, dressed in such gorgeous apparel, gazing so unconcernedly upon humanity. It is perhaps in these huge miniatures that we find the living influence of that great miniaturist mentioned by Dante—Oderigi.

Ottaviano had many pupils, but not one came to any fame. It is in Fabriano that Umbrian art finds her true expression, in the person of Gentile da Fabriano, the pupil of a certain

Allegretto Nuzi, who was painting in Florence in 1346, in which year he appeared in the register of the painters of that city. Two pictures by him, at any rate, have come down to us, a *Virgin and Child*, now in the Lateran and an altar-piece in the Sacristy of the Duomo at Macerata, the one dated 1365, the other 1369. It is here doubtless that we find the influence of the school of Oderigi, so soon to be forgotten in the work of Gentile da Fabriano. Scattered up and down Italy, in Florence, in Rome, in Milan, in Perugia, in Pisa, in Orvieto, you find Gentile's work to-day, always with something of the delight in beauty and in exquisite things that is so characteristic of the school of Siena, with something too perhaps of the glowing, glistening colour of Ottaviano Nelli and the Gubbian school. A new kind of happiness comes to us from his pictures. He, of all men, has looked on Umbria for the first time, and found her so fair that he dare hardly tell us of his delight. "In such a dawn it was," he seems to say, in his great picture in Florence, "as I myself have seen over the clear soft hills, that Mary and Joseph and Our Lord fled into Egypt. I know the very flowers by the way, they were so many and so fair, since by that road went the Prince of Life." For the first time in Umbrian painting, a painter has ventured to tell us that the world is fair. Long and long ago Umbria had dreamed of heaven, and listened to the very voice of Christ, that voice as of many waters confusing the simple minds of the world, till suddenly she seems to awaken in Gentile da Fabriano into a kind of apprehension of her own lowliness. It was but for a moment that life was able to disturb her in her contemplation. When Gentile died he left no successors. Into the enchanting, distracting music of the world, again sweeps that voice of many waters drowning everything in its own perfection and sweetness. Gentile died in 1427, in him the Umbrian school pure and simple found its greatest painter ; with him it came to an end. With the appearance of Piero della Francesca, influences from without, Florentine, Sienese, even, it may well be, Paduan, come into Umbrian painting. There were, however, numerous

isolated schools of painting up and down Umbria, which were almost entirely local in their development. Of these, the earliest would seem to have been that of San Severino, where Giacomo and Lorenzo his brother painted about 1400. It is in their work, and more especially in that at Urbino, where in the oratory of St. John Baptist they have painted the story of that saint, that Morelli has thought that we first meet with portraits of men and women "full of life and expression."

A namesake of these painters, whose work is in the National Gallery, signed "Laurentius II.," was painting so late as 1481.

But it is in another of these little cities that we find the founder of the school, if school it can be called, which later attained to such fame under Perugino. Foligno, that little town in the valley, not far from Assisi, produced a painter in the middle of the fifteenth century in Niccolo da Foligno, called by Vasari Niccolo Alunno. Almost certainly the pupil of Benozzo Gozzoli, who between Rome and Florence painted much in Umbria, he, mystical poet as he is, thrusts upon us his sincere grief or joy in *The Life of Christ* or the *Blessed Virgin* in so irresistible a fashion that we are captured almost at the first glance. "The result is," as Mr. Berenson has well said, "that with precisely the identical purpose of the later Bolognese, he holds our attention, even gives us a certain pungent dolorous pleasure, while we turn away from Guido Reni with disgust unspeakable." And it is not only of a painter so enamoured of the flesh as Guido Reni that Niccolo makes us feel disgust, but even of Perugino, whose affectations and insincerity are intolerable beside the simple beauty, the sincere religion of the founder of the Perugian school. Nor is Niccolo without claim upon our notice as a painter pure and simple. Pictorial though he be, as indeed is all the school, his line and colour are full of emotion, his figures move with the true impulse of life. Benozzo Gozzoli, the Florentine, himself but a poor exponent of the true Florentine tradition, had other pupils among these hills beside Niccolo. After coming to Perugia he

probably taught Benedetto Bonfigli something of his art, that art which is so pretty, so charming, a treasure of the Pinacoteca in that city to-day. Here at last, in this so timid intelligence, we find the roots of that charm, that sentimental beauty, which has so captured the world; the roots of what afterwards flowered so luxuriously in Perugino and Pinturicchio—a particular effect of light, a suggestion of gold in the air, something of that serenity which Perugino knew so well how to express. These angels, crowned so fantastically with roses, are as delightful and almost as affected as anything in Perugino's work.

Meantime another master, greater than any living Umbrian, had appeared in Piero della Francesca. Born at Borgo San Sepolcro in 1416, his work was certainly one of the most astonishing achievements of the age. He appears to have painted in Perugia, as well as at Urbino, Arezzo and Loretto, and in Rome his work was destroyed to make way for that of Raphael. Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, the Perugian, a pupil it may well be of Benozzo Gozzoli, or even of Bonfigli, seems to have met this curiously thoughtful painter early in life. How different is his work ever after! But Fiorenzo yielded himself to many masters, even to his own pupils, among them Pinturicchio. The work of the Florentine masters, of Antonio Pollaiuolo, was also known to him, and possibly something of the first achievements of Luca Signorelli and Melozzo da Forli, the pupils of Piero della Francesca.

Fiorenzo's work lends a spirit of antique cheerfulness to the Pinacoteca at Perugia beyond anything of the sort to be found in the somewhat cloying sweetness of Perugino. He seems to have seen the very spirit of the fifteenth century objectively—almost as Piero della Francesca sees his subjects—as though she were a stranger in Florence or Perugia, in whose fierce and rugged streets she trips, a vision of new beauty. In that series of eight pictures of scenes in the life of San Bernardino of Siena a new elegance transfusing the old religion, almost certainly aiding it profoundly in its encounter

with the new spirit, seems to have come into the Piazza and the streets of the old warrior city—something infinitely more subtle and perhaps more sincere than the sentiment of Perugino. His two pupils, Perugino and Pinturicchio, made the school famous; painted in the Sistine Chapel; in Siena, in Perugia, in Florence, and in their day were as famous as any painters in Italy. Perugino, indeed, probably turned out, for there is no other expression to explain his methods, more religious pictures than any other painter in Italy. He managed a kind of workshop of pious paintings, employing many pupils and workmen in their production, and allowing their feeble, sentimental work, often quite unworthy of him, to appear as his own. But in spite of every disadvantage inherent in such a brutal commercialism, his achievement is secure, and as, what has been called by Mr. Berenson, a "space-composer," he has few equals in all the history of his art. If his pupil Raphael surpassed him, it was rather by reason of his teaching than by any original comprehension of space that Raphael possessed. The achievement of Pinturicchio was different. His touch is much heavier than that of Perugino, as we may see to-day in comparing their work in the Sistine Chapel. In him we see really the goal of the Sienese School achieved—a perfect "illustration," a lovely and ornamental explanation of the subject. Not that the subject is everything, but that movement, life, painting are nothing, and the most important thing in his work, certain delightful ornamental thoughts—poetical, charming—which he has given us on certain subjects, such as the *Nativity*, or *St. Catherine Disputing with the Doctors*, or the *Life of Pius II.*

The Umbrian School, so unimportant in comparison with the Schools of Florence or Venice, less even than the School of Siena, in the history of painting, yet brings us "the most famous and the most beloved name in modern art"—Raphael Sanzio. But it is not as an Umbrian that I shall consider Raphael, but rather as a Roman painter. He learned from so many and so various teachers—Leonardo, Michelangelo, and

Fra Bartolomeo, no less than from Giovanni Sanzio, Perugino, and Pinturicchio. And yet even in his latest work—*The Transfiguration*—after he has encountered all the greatest intelligences of his day, how he brings back to us the soft distances, the spacious golden air of Umbria! In his youth his work had been so like to Perugino's that in Florence he had been encouraged to persevere in it, in the hope of one day achieving or even surpassing the charm, the soft and lovely excellence of that master. How perfectly he has learned every lesson, how humbly he has listened to every master! It is easy to see that his youth was spent in Umbria. His personality, never very strongly marked, seems to have absorbed all, or almost all, that was best in his contemporaries, and added something of the serenity, the quiet delight in beautiful things for their own sake, the loyalty to the old great masters, that was so conspicuously his own. It is as scholar among masters that we see him, content even to the end of his life to learn and to absorb everything that was fair with which he came in contact, not the art of painting only, but scholarship, philosophy, history, poetry, the classics also, transforming them into his own terms, and finding in them the serenity and beauty of his own nature, to which we have scarcely attained in the centuries since his death. Without the great nervous strength of so profound, so subtle a personality as Leonardo, or the immense physical virtue of Michelangelo, he died at thirty-seven years of age. And he is like a relic from the classical age, some perfect serene god, blithe and beautiful, discovered, as it were, by some happy fortune, in a time so in love with pagan culture as the sixteenth century. And even as his work has something of the indestructible perfection of the antique, its precise virtue, its ideality, so in his own body he was beautiful and delicate. His nature was so transparent that everything that was really life-giving shone through it as the sun. The disorder, the tragic rebellion of Michelangelo, was impossible for him. He could never have been sufficiently lawless in his imagination

or passions to violate the instinct of reverence. And so we find in him a kind of impotence, that after all overwhelms at last even a nature so strong and so impetuous as Michelangelo.

Of all that imperious and splendid age, glittering with many cruelties, gleaming with subtleties that in the end made Art impossible, Raphael is the saviour. The presence of his nature is like a fair soft light over everything, or like a perfect flower in the midst of a battle-field. Rather than any saint or soldier, or man of genius, or philosopher, he serves as the type of the Renaissance at its highest; and his impotence, if we may so call it, is nothing more than the failure of all art to express, to do more than shadow forth, that perfect state which Plato has seen lying in the heavens, which St. Paul has assured us is eternal there.

EDWARD HUTTON.

THE STATE REGISTRATION OF NURSES

AS much has already been written in favour of this subject, an endeavour should be made to show the dangers and defects of State registration for nurses, should such ever become law, and how the points raised by its supporters may be effectually dealt with by surer and more successful methods, where the interests of the public, the medical profession and nurses themselves are concerned.

Registration is not, and never can be, applicable to nurses, nursing being a vocation or calling, and not, truly speaking, a profession; a nurse is only one of the instruments used by skilled surgeons and physicians to carry out their work, and her *rôle* should be that of handmaid; she must be a part of their work and subservient to their orders. As the medical profession alone is responsible to the sick for the skill and efficiency of the nurses it employs, the nurse is not self-acting or independent like her sister the midwife, who, inasmuch as her work is of a more technical character, can and does act independently of a doctor; and for this reason one is registrable, the other is not.

To prove that those who are now opposing the registration of general nurses have no prejudice against registration itself, there is the fact that many who signed in favour of the registration of midwives are now strenuously opposing the registration of *general* nurses.

The general nurse may neither diagnose, treat, nor prescribe; in fact, she can do no more than carry out, loyally and faithfully, but with intelligence and skill, the orders she receives. That being so, what can there be to register where the general nurse is concerned? Absolutely nothing! Nursing-work does not admit of State control or education, as nurses are not a separate or independent profession, but merely an adjunct to the medical profession.

The register for the *general* nurse at its best would be nothing more than an ordinary official list or directory, useless as the paper upon which it was written; it would, moreover, be a shelter for the undesirable nurse, who could claim protection from it and become *dangerous* as well as worthless to the medical profession, the public, and to nurses themselves. The public would be lulled into a false sense of security and the doctors misled by believing that this register would protect them from the incompetent and undesirable nurse, which it could not do on account of the obvious difficulty of removing a name from the list when once registered without danger of litigation. This could not but prove disastrous to the sick and to the medical profession, as well as most unjust to nurses as a body, and would undoubtedly prevent good and suitable women from entering the work of nursing.

Registration of nurses, though veneered with the word *State*, would be utterly powerless to achieve the purpose for which it was instituted, as it would fail to eliminate the undesirable women from the work.

We have been told at some length by those who are agitating for State registration that, under the present chaotic condition of things in the nursing world, the public is unprotected, and that all nurses being classed together, wearing the same dress, obtaining the same fees, whatever be the length, the system, or source of their training, the general public has no means whatever of finding out whether these women have the right to nurse or be employed as nurses, or of separating the really trained from the imperfectly trained.

Let us consider what circumstances have brought about this much-to-be-regretted condition of things. First, undoubtedly the growing demand for nurses, a demand which far exceeds the supply, as great and heavy calls have been made, and continue to be made, upon nursing resources, such as supplying the hospitals of various sizes with trained women. The Government also claims a large number of nurses for work in the military and naval hospitals, the Indian Nursing Service, the Colonial Nursing Service, and the Queen Victoria's Jubilee District Nursing Service, besides which there are vacancies to be filled in many hospitals and private nursing institutes abroad; and, lastly, there is the heavy burden of the gigantic undertaking of the individual or private nursing of the general public, with which the existing training-schools find themselves unable to cope. Consequently, the temptation has been to fill up the vacancies by the importation of the partly trained woman or discarded material of the nurse training-schools.

The second cause is that the public and medical profession alike have shown too great willingness to employ the partially trained or untrained nurse. The nursing world thus finds itself confronted to-day with a problem difficult indeed to solve—namely, how to improve the conditions of its own affairs, and yet at the same time to safeguard the principles of true nursing and the proper care of the sick.

No one will dispute that the public has the right to demand some guarantee that the women whom it employs as nurses are nurses in reality, not merely in name; and it is the duty of all thinking men and women to endeavour to arrive at some means by which this object can be attained. It is much to be regretted that the public and medical profession have not more freely exercised the right which is legitimately theirs of asking each nurse to produce her certificate of training, and if that be not forthcoming at once to expose the association that supplied her for providing an untrained nurse when a trained one was expected.

It is argued by those in favour of State registration that the only method of preventing this imposition upon the public is to establish a central board or outside authority which would also be a body of appeal; but it is certain that the training-schools, from the opportunities afforded to them by daily observation and practical experience of their pupils, are in the position of being a safer guarantee for reference than any central board or outside authority could be. And further, no power or central board could possibly regulate nursing education *effectually*, for the simple reason that it would necessarily entail a uniform standard of teaching. Now, is this uniform standard desirable or not? Experience shows that every training-school should establish a thoroughly organised system of education in practical nursing and in theoretical knowledge; yet a too-defined standard would be greatly to be deplored, as it would tend to reduce the training to a mere technical efficiency, and thus limit further development, as is clearly seen in the hospitals of other countries which are under State control. The question as to whether this standard might be more definitely regulated so as to become universally adopted, especially by the smaller hospitals, may be a point for consideration so long as the individuality of teaching in each school is maintained; but uniformity in teaching is one thing and State registration is another: the one deals with educational detail, the other with the fundamental principles of nursing; these, as has already been said, are unregistrable.

No mere form of State registration, or what has been described as "Hall Mark," can ever guarantee to the sick or the medical profession that they have the right nurse—*i.e.*, one not only technically capable, but also able to take her proper place in the household of her patient, where she should naturally be a comfort and a help; this most necessary assurance should be obtained by the medical man from those who supply the nurse, and from whom he should be able to rely upon receiving at a moment's notice what he requires for his patient.

It is also argued by the supporters of State registration that though nursing is one of the leading professions for educated women, and is unique in being the only profession exclusively assigned to them, yet it is the one calling without a recognised standard of capacity. What *is* the standard of capacity? Under the old school the principle of training was short, sharp and quick, it being held that a nurse, like a doctor, must always be ready to face emergency. The period of training was in keeping with this principle, its shortness giving the impetus to final results, each woman realising that, the time being short wherein this enormous experience was to be gained, no detail or opportunity must be lost, observation must never flag, and energy must never slacken. The result of this system was a sharpening of the intellect and a spur to the activity of the woman in training; thus the foundation of a real standard of capacity was laid. But while this was the basis of a magnificent structure of work and womanhood, it was, humanly speaking, impossible to keep up such a strain for any length of time; the foundation-stone, however, being laid, the future fabric was secure. Now, which is better? This shorter training with rapid promotion where the powers are strongly tested and no time is allowed for self-concentration, and which has produced in the nursing world some of the finest and most capable women, many of whom are still living and most prominent in their profession, or the longer, slower-developing training now so generally accepted and strongly advocated, but in which this special impetus is wanting? The latter principle produces an altogether more average quality of woman, and may prevent many able and capable workers from developing into powerful and efficient leaders, teachers and organisers in nursing work.

Now let us look at it from the other point of view. The longer period of training of the nurse offers to the sick and the medical staff in our hospitals the undoubted advantage of a less frequent change of nurse, for a nurse cannot be considered as efficient who has not passed through the medical and surgical

wards, the wards for special work, and the various departments of a hospital. Under the old school this end was accomplished by a more rapid changing of nurses from ward to ward and from department to department; now this is achieved more slowly, so that the question must still revolve itself in the minds of thoughtful men and women and of those who train nurses, *Which is the better system?* and, *Which gives the better results?* That training which has been proved to produce the more capable and active nurse 'for the sick—a nurse with all that forcible action which is fast becoming a mere memory of the pioneers of nursing work—or that which gives the sick in hospital wards a less frequent change of nurse but a more average ability? In a word, Which is the kinder and better system for the sick themselves and for those women who are being educated to wait on the sick? Due consideration must be given to the fact that those who offer themselves for any class of work in the present day, either men or women, do not appear to possess the physical stamina of the past, a fact which tends to prove that it is quality that is at fault rather than the conditions of training. It may be argued, in explanation, that, as many other fields of work are open to women, the capable are more widely distributed; but against this it must be borne in mind that in former days the opposition to educated women becoming nurses was very great, and the difficulties in their way almost insurmountable; consequently by far the greater part of the nurses of the past were illiterate women; yet, as regards their vocation, their love for and their practical knowledge of their work, their equal is not now to be found, in spite of the magnificent practical, theoretical and systematic teaching which is to be obtained in the present day. What nursing work requires, and what it now has, is the well-educated, refined and gentle woman of unquestioned birth, and the middle-class woman of good education and refinement. *For nursing is a vocation*, and the qualities and powers that produce that vocation are to be found in all classes from the peeress to the peasant.

This work, differing entirely from any other calling or profession, naturally requires distinctive treatment. If technical skill and efficiency—important, most important as they are—were encouraged to predominate in the view taken of a nurse's qualifications, the result would be to weaken what is of the greatest consequence—the cultivation of character. It is also said by those in favour of State registration that the scheme, the most prominent feature of which is uniformity of education, will raise the status of the entire nursing profession; this may be so from a purely scientific and commercial view, and it may be attractive to a larger number of the highly educated class including the university graduate, but it will to a great extent eliminate those upon whom nursing work mainly depends—namely, the women who possess the true vocation of nursing but who may or may not be possessed of high scientific attainments; for what is it that the sick require from their nurses? That characteristic fitness which bespeaks the nursing vocation, and which lends itself to the patient, so that he unconsciously derives, even from her presence—if she be the right woman in her work—all that is conducive to his recovery; this is the class of nurse who is a help to the doctor, and whom he values on account of her ability in furthering his object by her skilful management of his patient, and for her womanly, sympathetic, and gentle nature.

Having considered the principal points urged in favour of State registration, what scheme can be suggested as an alternative?

First, the licensing and registration of all surgical and medical homes and private nursing associations. Some official control of this character would safeguard the interests both of the public and the medical profession, for it would give opportunity for the full investigation of the standard of those employed therein. Such a scheme would make the employment of the untrained nurse practically impossible; also every hospital, small as well as large, should be compelled to keep a register of those trained in its school, and

thus a supply of efficient, fully trained nurses could always be guaranteed to the public. In a word, it is not the registration of *the individual nurse that is desirable*, but the registration of the institutions, homes and agencies from which she is supplied. There are in existence at this present time several institutions which receive no nurse on their staff unless she holds a certificate of three years' consecutive training in her hospital. All honour to them for so faithfully adhering to the principle of true nursing and loyal service to the public.

The second means suggested is the adoption of a uniform certificate by *all* hospitals, large and small, of a perfectly different character to that at present used—a certificate showing the period of consecutive training received in the wards of a hospital, with the plan of practical and technical education given, and instruction in sick cookery, &c. It should show the percentage of marks gained and possible to be gained in a fixed scale, which scale should be accepted by all training-schools; there should also be set forth the comparative value of the nurse's work and capability and moral qualities. It might be found advisable to specify the size of the hospital in which the training was received by stating the number of beds, thus showing the opportunities for gaining experience which were afforded to the nurses.

Such a scheme as this would be far superior to one which would involve an examination before any central examining board, as the unavoidable "cramming" for such an examination would prove highly detrimental to a nurse's practical training by taking her attention from her ordinary work and studies and causing her unnecessary anxiety as to its results.

This scheme would render it impossible for women who have received only maternity training, or the partially trained and cottage-hospital nurses (hospitals with only from six to twelve beds), to undertake cases for which they were not qualified, unless they were employed by the medical man or others who had full knowledge of their capabilities. Yet it must be remembered that these nurses are at times most

useful, and that our smaller hospitals throughout the country have produced some very excellent nurses.

There is yet one thing more to be said on this most important subject of State registration, and it is this: It surely behoves all who have the interests of nurses and nursing work at heart, and who are striving so earnestly for their improvement, to endeavour to come to some unanimous decision that would once and for all place them in their true position and guard them from all future misconception and disrepute, a decision that would restore the nurse and her work in the eyes of the world to the noble position they held "when the refined and beloved Florence Nightingale was still strong enough to be their leader, when nurses were held to be the pick of their sex, and were supposed to be above feminine jealousies and petty party politics. There is no sacrifice which could be too great to bring back this happy state of affairs, and to reinstate them once more in the eyes of the world, their patients and their friends."

In the cause of the sick, the suffering and the dying nurses have a nobler and a higher aim than that set forth as "an honourable profession for honourable women." For, by gentleness and patient charity, by faithfulness and sympathy, they may and do serve God in His afflicted, for in the ministry of love "he that is chief is he that doth serve." *Servæ Dei Excelsi.* Nurses need aspire to no higher title than this.

KATHARINE HENRIETTA MONK

(Matron and Superintendent of the Nurse-training School of King's College Hospital).

VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI

(DUCHESS OF BRACCIANO)

IN the study of the Renaissance, so full of stately magnificence, of charm and beauty, we may not close our eyes to such interludes of passion and violence as those on which the story of Vittoria Accoramboni casts a lurid light.

A certain notary of Rome, Messer Claudio Accoramboni, had property in the Marches of Ancona, and a dwelling-house, which is still pointed out in the picturesque little town of Gubbio. Here there was born to him a little daughter; and in her peaceful home, amid the fresh life-giving breezes from the Apennines, she grew into marvellous beauty, a very wonder. Slim and lithe of figure, with a dazzling complexion of milk and roses, features perfectly moulded, and great sleepy eyes looking out from beneath their long lashes, with alluring "Come hither!" in their glance; it only needed the rippling mass of golden hair to make her an ideal type of beauty in her day.

Such a paragon was not to be wasted in a dull country town, and her ambitious mother carried her off to Rome before she was sixteen to arrange some great marriage for her. This would be the more easy to achieve, as her father was a man of good means and excellent reputation. It was not long before a suitable match presented itself. Vittoria hid her own vanity and ambition under a demure veil of modesty, and her rare beauty soon attracted the greatest admiration. Amongst the

clients of her father was the Cardinal of Montalto, Felice Peretti, who had brought his favourite nephew to make his fortune in the great city, and who was anxious to forward his views by an advantageous marriage.

The young Francesco was presented to Vittoria and fell desperately in love with her; the fathers settled money matters between them to their mutual satisfaction, and the two were married with much ceremony. The Cardinal was so pleased with the match that besides rich presents, he gave his nephew the Villa Negroni, which he had built near the Baths of Diocletian. The exquisite gardens of this Villa, with their cypress avenues and orange-trees and ancient sarcophagi, were one of the glories of Rome. Having once secured her position, the bride took no pains to hide her real qualities. The gorgeous magnificence of her dress, her extravagance, and passionate love of pleasure, soon made her a byword in Rome, where the levity of her conduct gave as much cause for gossip as her marvellous beauty.

Cardinal Peretti, who was devoted to his nephew, was not long in finding how grievously he had been deceived in the character of the young wife, and was extremely indignant; but Vittoria, who little knew that he would one day be Pope, seems to have treated him with light-hearted insolence, which he never forgave. Besides the unwise influence of her mother, the girl had a brother who had been outlawed for murder, but was now under the protection of Paolo Giordano Orsini, the powerful Duke of Bracciano.

It occurred to this disreputable youth that it would be an excellent way to advance the fortunes of the family, if he could contrive to marry this beautiful sister of his to the Duke. He was not appalled at the difficulties in the way of carrying out such a scheme, for she had a husband, and the Duke had a wife. The first thing was to arrange a meeting, and such was her extraordinary power of attraction that Paolo Giordano fell in love with her at first sight. He was a man of fifty, of great stature, immensely fat, and afflicted with an incurable

disease. But the fierce passions of his race had been roused, and in his position as a sovereign lord in his own dominions he resolved to satisfy them. As for Vittoria, she was tired of her somewhat dull middle-class life and respectable husband, weary of constant fault-finding from his uncle the Cardinal, and her ambition was roused by the hope of taking her place as one of the highest duchesses of the land. Nothing short of that would content her. She met the Duke frequently, received his splendid gifts, and at last promised to marry him, "as soon as they were both free."

These were her ominous words, and she left the way of accomplishing it to him. His wife was Isabella dei Medici, a woman of evil character, with favourites of her own to whom he had hitherto paid little attention. Now he was suddenly aroused, and found that she was constantly attended by her lover, Troilo Orsini, who managed to make his escape in time. But Isabella was at once taken by her husband to the solitary castle of Galera, which stands grimly on a rock above the River Arrone, in a district near Rome so malarious that even the shepherd forsakes it in summer with his flock. Here the ill-fated lady was told to prepare for death and repent of her sins, and was strangled by her lord and master, at once her judge and her executioner.[1] Then he sent Marcello and some bravoes to murder Francesco Peretti.

This was fatally easy, for the Cardinal's nephew had no suspicions. A messenger came to him in urgent haste, late one night, with a letter from his brother-in-law, asking for immediate assistance, as he was in great trouble, and was waiting for him on the Quirinal. Here the various accounts differ; some say that his wife jeered at him and called him dastard when he hesitated; while others tell us that, although she wished for his death, yet she hesitated at the last moment, and begged him with tears not to risk himself. However this may be, Peretti's generous nature would not suffer him to

[1] Some historians say that she was murdered at the Villa del Poggio Imperiale, near Florence.

refuse help to a friend, and he accompanied the messenger, who had with him attendants bearing lights and daggers. They went out into the night, passing the great open space near the Baths of Diocletian and on by San Bernardo till they reached the outskirts of the Sforza garden, now belonging to the Palazzo Rospigliosi. Here he must have been taken by surprise and stabbed, for his body was found on this spot in the morning.

When the terrible news reached his uncle, the Cardinal Montalto, he doubtless had his dark suspicions, for he made no outcry for vengeance, but buried his loved nephew in sorrow and silence. Pope Gregory XIII. seems always to have suspected the truth, for when the Duke of Bracciano would have married the widow of his victim, the banns were forbidden and the marriage interdicted. But of this Paolo took no notice, and as no priest could be found to perform the ceremony, he went through a form of plighting his troth to Vittoria with a ring in the presence of his servants, and induced her to take up her abode in his palace with her mother. Whereupon the proud family of the Orsini protested against the marriage, for there was a social gulf between the great and noble Orsini and the Accoramboni, who were of the people. Then the Pope set about to discover the murderers of Francesco Peretti, and sent his guards to the Orsini palace, requiring that the criminals should be given up to him. A message was sent out to them that the Duke was taking his siesta, and the men-at-arms who were standing about in the courtyard picked a quarrel with the Papal guards, killing one and wounding others, and finally driving them away. Pope Gregory was furious at this, and again sent a solemn embassy forbidding any meeting between Paolo and the lady under a fine of ten thousand gold ducats.

Vittoria was too cautious to anger the Pope still further, and she left the Orsini palace to take refuge with her brother Marcello, notwithstanding all her lover's entreaties. Still she constantly met him, and at last the Pope had Vittoria arrested

and imprisoned in the dungeon of Sant' Angelo. Still after a while she was released, and went through another marriage ceremony at Bracciano, which, although only two hours' ride from Rome, was outside the jurisdiction of the Church. Gregory again declared it invalid, but he died soon after. While the Holy See is vacant all interdictions are void, and Vittoria, knowing this, persuaded the Duke to come to Rome at once for another marriage, in order that she might be safe in her position. They were staying at the Orsini palace, in Pompey's Theatre, thinking the Conclave would last some time, when private news reached them that the Cardinal of Montalto, Felice Peretti, had secured a large number of votes, and would in all probability be elected.

This was indeed startling intelligence, and for a moment the Duke paused at the thought of the ruin which threatened him, but Vittoria fell sobbing at his feet, and her influence won the day. She sent an imperious command to the chaplain that he should make ready for the marriage to take place at once. It so chanced that the messenger found the priest already engaged with a burial service in the chapel, for one of Bracciano's retainers had been slain in a street brawl, and his body was even now lying on a bier before the altar. Struck with terror by this evil omen, the priest and his assistant had barely time to hide away the corpse in an empty vault, before the door was thrown open for the entrance of the bridal party.

The poor man, still trembling with agitation and dark forebodings, had no choice but to obey his orders and perform the marriage service under these gloomy auspices. But when all was over, he thought to make amends and ease his conscience, by carefully writing down the whole story in the parchment register, which may still be seen in the Church of Santa Maria in Grotta Pinta, so called from the painted decoration of a vault in Pompey's Theatre.

Meantime the bride and bridegroom returned to their stately palace to await events with what courage they could

summon, for they were met with the announcement that the uncle of Vittoria's murdered husband was elected Pope, under the name of Sixtus V. Yet the Duke of Bracciano did not lose all hope, and, trusting in the well-known meekness and gentleness of the last successor of Saint Peter, he lost no time in paying lowly homage at the Vatican. But, like all the rest of the world, he had mistaken his man. From the moment he became Pope a complete change had passed over the peaceful Cardinal. He set himself to rule with a rod of iron, and made it plain that no evil-doers would escape his vengeance.

So masterful and resolute in will did he show himself, that when our Queen Elizabeth was urged to choose a husband she is said to have replied: "I know of but one man who is worthy of my hand, and that man is Sixtus V."

This was the prelate whose fierce anger had been roused by the treacherous murder of his nephew, and we cannot wonder that Vittoria and her second husband fled in haste from his wrath. They dared not remain even in the ducal estate of Bracciano, for that was within reach of vengeance, and they lost no time in making their way across Italy to take refuge in the States of Venice, where one of their kindred was general of the forces. The unfortunate Duke did not live many months after his exile and disgrace; he is said to have died suddenly and mysteriously at Salo on the Lago di Garda, leaving the greater portion of his vast property to Vittoria.

The will was apparently declared valid by the Venetian authorities; and now a widow for the second time, the Duchess went to live in her beautiful Palazzo dei Orsini at Padua. But even here there was no peace for her; her husband's next-of-kin, Prince Ludovico Orsini, followed her, and tried to induce her by threats to yield the property to him. He was a man of fierce, vindictive temper, and on her indignant refusal, he resolved that she should not long stand in his way. She was practically unprotected, for she seems to have been living in quiet retirement with only a small retinue of servants. A

young brother, Flaminio, had recently joined her, and was her sole companion.

It was not two months after the death of Duke Paolo, and the young widow was at her devotions one evening, on the point of retiring to rest. From the chamber below rose the sound of her brother's voice, singing a canzone to his viol, when of a sudden his music was drowned by an assault at the door, heavy steps on the marble floor, and loud boisterous cries. Then came a shriek of agony from the boy, and almost before the unhappy woman realised her danger, the bravoes of Ludovico had forced their way into her presence. With savage ferocity she was seized, and while two of the ruffians held her in their grasp, another tore open her robe and pressed the dagger to her heart, with cruel words of insult.

So ended the eventful life of the unfortunate beauty. But her murder was avenged, for the Paduans, who had given her refuge in their midst, rose in arms against Ludovico and took him prisoner. He was sent to Venice, and a week later was strangled with the red silk cord, which a noble had the privilege of demanding. Then his body was carried in state with a great procession and many torches to find a last resting-place in the Basilica of San Marco. A terrible vengeance overtook the minions who had served his will. Some were put to death with torture and the rest were sent to the galleys. As for the wicked brother Marcello, whose evil suggestions had brought forth so terrible a harvest, he met the fate which he so richly deserved at the hand of the inflexible Pope Sixtus V.

As we read this tragic and pitiful story, in which all the actors come to an untimely end and none are left to make lamentation for them, we seem to trace the source from whence so many Elizabethan dramatists drew their inspiration.

CHRISTOPHER HARE.

GRYLLUS[1]

RUDDY with sunset gold her palace stood—
Circe's,—and from the porch, through glades of wood,
One saw the great gold circlet of the sea;
And standing there, by Circe's side, was He—
Odysseus!—he whose spear full oft had rung,
Death-dealing, through the hosts of Troy—whose tongue,
With witchery of honey'd words, had swayed
The Grecian councils—and who, undismayed,
Breasting fate's fellest waves, nor fearing odds
Of men or monsters, nor the wrath of gods,
Had tossed all perils into sparkling spray.
And, on the marble steps beneath them, lay,
Toughened by toil, and bronzed by sun and brine,
Those mariners of his that late were swine,
Now men once more.
Then, like a mighty tide,
Surged in the hero's heart the glory and pride
Of manhood; and he said, "Ah! loveliest witch,
Me, all unworthy, hast thou made most rich
With largess of thy gifts: my men restored,
My barks refitted, and myself made lord
Of thy too perilous beauty; yet, I pray,
Add to thy gifts: if there be here to-day,

[1] The reader need scarcely be reminded that these verses are founded on the fragment of a dialogue by Plutarch.

Among those porkers grovelling in their styes,
Some son of Greece, do thou debestialise,
And grant him me to sail the seas again."

As the gods smile when human prayers are vain,
So did she smile on him, and said, "Aye, aye,
Here be of Greeks enow in every stye;
But is it thou, the world-wise and astute,
Who makest sure they will forswear the brute
Gladly ?—nor seest, purblind lover mine,
In what a happy twilit world, divine
And void of care, they have their lives, and doat
On me, their loved enchantress,—with full throat
Grunting in adoration ? Let me call
One from the herd, that he may speak for all,
And show thee for how vain a thing they hold
Thy vaunted manhood."
With her voice of gold,
That like rich music took the ear, she cried,
"Gryllus, O Gryllus!"
From the coppice side
Rose at her call a boar of mightiest brawn,
Who slowly sniffed his way across the lawn.

"That boar, Odysseus, was a Greek erewhile,
Gryllus his name; and from Eubœa's isle,
Where the grapes cluster, and the myrtle groves
With bees are murmurous, and incessant doves
Coo their love-litanies—from thence he came
To Troy; and when, in a great flare of flame
And rack of smoke, Troy-town had passed away,
Left the Greek host, traffick'd from bay to bay,
Touched at these shores, drank my transforming wine—
Ah, not unwillingly! and here, in fine,
Awaits our questioning."
For as she ceased,

Up the last step came the unwieldy beast,
And fawned on her white feet.
A moment's space
She looked on him, and then began to trace
A viewless web with her black wand, and croon
A low sweet mystic song, that seemed some rune
From days forgotten when the world was young
And song still held its magic. As she sung,
And lightly touched him, in the untroubled eyes
First reason woke, fast followed by surprise,
Then horror; and as one who in a dream
Wrestles against impending dooms that seem
To crush him, life and speech, so haggard, mute,
With every nerve a-quiver, stood the brute
With the man's look.
Answering it, she said, "Yes,
Whether it be to ban, or else to bless,
So far, O Gryllus, do my spells avail
That thou canst weigh in no unequal scale
Thy old and new estates, since thou art now
Twi-natured. Lo, I touch thee on the brow,
There on the topmost bristles within reach,
And by that added touch I give thee speech."

"Why dost thou torture me?"
As when in spring
The freshets break from winter's hand, and fling
Adown their beds a spilth of icy blocks
That crash, and grind, and wrangle with the rocks,—
So through the gaunt tusks burst the speech uncouth:

"Why dost thou torture me? Hast thou no ruth,
Nor pity for the pig who loved thee well,
That with malific verse, and hateful spell,
Shattering his world, thou hurlest him distraught
Once more into the gulf of human thought,

Where madness lurks with mouths agape for prey?
Back Circe, back, back to the beast I say,
Plague me no longer!"
Like a sword-flash came
The hero's sharp retort: "Hast thou no shame
To mould thy soul to that vile form? Awake
Sluggard, awake! Let sovereign Reason take
Her throne, and rule thy life to noble ends
Of deed and daring; follow these my friends,
Who, fixed of purpose, over land and sea
Go where I lead them. Dost thou not know me?
I am Odysseus!"
"Aye, I know thee well.
Once, in the forepast years, as it befell,
Being at Crete, I saw thee in thy pride,
Peacocking. From thy ample shoulders wide
A scarlet mantle fell in fold on fold;
Thy tunic was milk-white purfled with gold
In rare device, and at each clasp there burned
A fiery-hearted gem. Then as I turned
To watch thee, and bethought me how thy name
Rang through the world in trumpet-notes of fame,
I envied thee. But now no great deed done
Or in the bud of hope; no triumphs won
Or yet to win;—not all thy virile power,
Would tempt me to be thee for one short hour,
Still less thy henchman! Deeds, ah, what are deeds,
However bright with promise, but blind seeds
Hither and thither blown by Fates perverse
Or careless at the best;—seeds of the worse
Rather than of the better; seeds whence spring
Strange parasitic growths that creep and cling,
Stifling!—Shall triumphs born of these,
Or power that gives them festering to the breeze,
Shall these at all allure? Better by far
The brute's quiescence, than to make and mar

In endless barren sequence. Better too,
Better a thousand times, to only do
As Instinct prompts, following her simple rule,
The growth of silent ages, than befool
Life and its issues in the mesh of lies
That Reason spins apace, and sophistries
She tangles garrulous. Reason, forsooth,
Hear how she vaunts herself! she holds the truth,
She only, she the leader, she the guide
Over the grim gray wastes where man has tried,
Since first time's record runs, to find a track,
With feet how faltering! And now, looking back,
Where has she led him? Has he 'scaped the mire,
The rocks blood-dabbled, and the lands afire
With rapine? Has she yet had power to give
Rest to his soul—some spot where it may live,
As live the gods, self-centred and secure?
Why she, for all her boasting, is she sure
That what she holds to-day to-morrow's morn
Shall not prove vapour—since she holds in scorn
What yesterday she honoured? Reason's spark
A light to guide! Rather thereby the dark
That in its calm enfolds all life, is made
Into a horror of uncertain shade
Thronged by strange spectral shapes, that come and go
In gleam and gloom, and jibber, and mop, and mow,
For ever and for ever! Ah there lurks
Madness! It holds me. The old poison works
Delirium through my being. Yet once more
I feel as I were lying on the floor
Of some rock tomb, so dead among the dead
As not to hear the trampling overhead
Of the incessant years, or sound at all,
Being at peace. When lo! a cry, a call,
Awakes me, and a torch's sudden flare,
Yes, Reason's call and torch! and rising there,

With charnel litter at my feet, I stand
Beneath the crushing vault, and stretch my hand,
And grope for issue—grope and grope and grope,
Where issue there is none;—and with lost hope
Grown frantic, beat the stones, and craze and craze,
As now I do!—Back Circe, back, erase,
Blot out this manhood, that no longer vile
I be a beast once more!"

With the old smile
The witch reversed her spells, and crooned a song
Of simpler stiller mood, that lingered long
And restful on the ear; and as she wrought
And sang her runes, slowly the light of thought
Died in the great brute's eyes; who with his snout
Caress'd her feet, and, turning round about,
Went down the steps, and, grunting, gave a whisk
Voluptuous to his tail,—then trotted brisk
To join his fellows wallowing in their styes.

Meantime the night had filched from out the skies
Their wealth of glory, turning all the gold
To dullest lead that now pressed gray and cold
Upon a sullen world; while sad and chill
A wind moaned from the shore and then was still;
And round the isle went droning, like a dirge,
The plash and plaint of the insatiate surge.

Frank T. Marzials.

ON THE LINE

THE late Sir John Robinson, whose recollections are contained in the volume, **Fifty Years of Fleet Street,** edited by Frederick Moy Thomas (Macmillan, 14*s.* net.), was a genial and gifted journalist, self-made and self-sufficing. He was also a thorough-paced Liberal, who was useful to his party. He does not seem to have been an original spirit, but rather a vigorous specimen of second-rate talent, with many of both the virtues and the defects of his Nonconformist upbringing. He was also a keen judge of Fleet Street efficiency, a good chooser of war correspondents, and a quick discerner of promising "copy." Fleet Street, however, powerful as it has become, is not the world, nor are its habits calculated for delicate portrayal or dispassionate discrimination. It is, therefore, rather unfortunate that his biographer should treat him as if he were a great man, and it is still more unfortunate that he should have handled his material in a manner that would entitle much of it to be called "The general impressions of Mr. Frederick Moy Thomas."

We say "unfortunate" advisedly. Mr. Thomas's endowments, though often pleasant and always free and easy, do not comprise great perception of politics or of character, and he is occasionally as inaccurate as Fleet Street ought to be. In a quite unnecessary vignette of Lord John Russell, for instance, he says:

"So long had been his tenure of power at one time that he

was encouraged in the delusion that his premiership was necessary to the country . . ." Every one knows that Lord John's united premierships only amounted to some six and a half years. Then, again, it must amaze (and perhaps amuse) the present and venerable Duke of Rutland to light on these words with regard to his youthful convictions: "Dear old Lord John, who clung to the last to his early beliefs in the Church and cricket, with the maypole on the village green as the cure for all his country's ills!" The familiarity of the "dear old," and the gentle irony of the exclamation-mark bear on them the unmistakable brand of the Fleet Street vintage; they are "bottled at the Château"; and indeed the literary style in more than one passage is keenly reminiscent of the cheap wine circulars whose triumphs of generous recommendation are so refreshing at this barren season of the year.

The son of an Essex Congregational minister, Sir John Robinson began, after a spell of journalism at Devizes and commercial contributions to the *Daily News* in exchange for free copies of the paper, with work for the *Inquirer*. This incident gives an opening, of course, for "Newspapers half a century ago," "Glimpses of Parliament," "Anecdotes of Members," and the like, including "Peers and their dress." For some chapters we lose sight of Sir John altogether, until the American Civil War and "A Crisis in Bouverie Street" recall him to a gaze surfeited with the maze of Mr. Thomas's kaleidoscopic ruminations on life in general, Fleet Street in particular, the baseness of Disraeli, and the glorious uprightness of Gladstone, which is evidenced by some very prejudiced remarks and commonplace incidents. His first meeting with Sir John, "on June 20, 1887, at a dinner at Lord Wolverton's house in Stratton Street," is recorded with something of the memorial pomp and circumstance that characterised Mr. Stead's account of his own first attendance at the theatre. It was Jubilee year, a year of vintage:

> In spite of this the old man came punctually to his time. As he drove up in an open carriage with Mrs. Gladstone, there was a loud shout from the

surging crowd, who had made way for the vehicle to pass, that for a moment alarmed the host and a solitary guest who had arrived early. "It has been a difficult journey," said Gladstone, as he entered the room; "if it had not been for the police I could never have got through." Lord Wolverton made the introduction. "I know you very well by reputation, Mr. Robinson," said the hero of a hundred Parliamentary battles, and then he said something complimentary about his hearer [Can this be Fleet Street for hero?] having recently accepted fresh journalistic responsibilities.

And so forth and so forth, to the full of bathos. One wonders who the "solitary guest who had arrived early" may have been "Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow," he must indeed have been rewarded for all exertions by the treat of such immortal words as these. The mention of America, however, starts Mr. Thomas off once more on another of his unsentimental journeys:

Mark Twain's books (his friends, of course, always call him by his proper name, Clemens) give the notion of man who is always joking. As a matter of fact he is, or was some ten years ago, a sad, slow, somewhat ponderous man. He spoke with a deliberation that was almost irritating. . . . Of humour there was none in his conversation. . . .

His friends, calling him by his proper name, Clemens, is a delightful touch, only to be matched much later on by "Sullivan was a little man who always had an eyeglass screwed in one eye." One of the few really humorous stories, however, in the book is a saying of the author whose books "give the notion of a man who is always joking."

Sir John went from strength to strength—from the *Daily News* heyday of 1870 to its crowning success over the Bulgarian atrocities, and from time to time we get a glimpse of the organising mind; but for the most part, like Dr. Johnson, we are walking down Fleet Street to the tune of a thousand more or less trite topics and reflections. It would be unfair, however, to omit the fact that there are in this volume some really interesting pictures; that, for example, of Sir John's early conditions and surroundings, and of the Nonconformist feeling against the Corn Laws. The "Unitarian Omnibus," too, from the suburb to the City, in which the

young Sir John was neighbour daily to Mr. Chamberlain, is a vehicle that deserves to be painted and remembered. There are several really good stories also, especially one of Sala's pretending to speak bad French at a dinner of foreign journalists; and another especially amusing about Mr. Matthew Arnold (p. 257); but the Lord Coleridge anecdote (on p. 262) is mistold; it was the *Daily Telegraph*, not the *Times*, that was the object of his affected abhorrence. Of what Mr. Thomas himself considers funny there are two striking instances—one the story of the reporter answering the peer who had drunk a glass of wine and challenged him to "put that down in your note-book" by "I would if I saw your Lordship drink a glass of water," which Mr. Thomas explains as a "repartee" which, "it need hardly be said, was a mere piece of good-humoured banter spoken for effect, and not intended to be taken seriously." The other, Mr. Livesey's "witty reply" to one who "in March 1885" observed that it was "a cruel east wind"—"Yes, I expect it will be Easter before it is over"; though the supplement of the Scotchman who took it seriously is effective. And there are a few really excellent *mots*, notably two of Mr. James Payn's.

It is rarely that we have perused looser talk about, and ignorant bias against, Lord Beaconsfield than in this well-meant volume. The finishing stroke, perhaps, is the rumour that he sent for a rabbi on his death-bed. Why, at this rate, should not Mr Gladstone have sent for the Archbishop of Westminster, or Lord John Russell for the Lama of Thibet?

We lay the book down with a firm conviction that "Fifty Years of Fleet Street" are *not* "better" "than a cycle of Cathay."

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER I

KING CHARLES II. CHRISTENS HIS DOGS

MY Lord Sunderland halted behind the hedge and, invisible, surveyed his King. It was a morning of St. Martin's summer, and the sun silvered the big bare elms and made the lawn gleam and glisten before his Majesty's purple shoes. King Charles II. leant upon the shoulder of the Vicomte de Vallorbes and spoke softly, swiftly, earnestly. So my Lord (Sunderland) remained invisible and strained his ears and shivered. For the dew was chill, and he feared vastly for his health.

But my lord with Roman virtue endured. Great matters were at stake, and he dared a cold in his head. In two hours the House of Lords would vote (it was my lord's conviction) that James, Duke of York, being a Papist, might never come to the English throne. And behold, in the Dean's garden King Charles II. held private parley with M. de Vallorbes, who was of the suite of the French Ambassador, who was to leave Oxford that morning for Versailles and Louis le Grand. My lord's educated nose scented base dealings with France to thwart the Protestant cause. My lord suspected his King "of treachery untoward his people," of a villanous desire to preserve the throne for his brother and heir, and was virtuously wroth behind the hedge.

For my Lord Sunderland was at the moment a furious Whig. Titus Oates and his Popish plot yet loomed large over the land, and to be anything less than ardently Whig was rash. There in Oxford the Whig nobles and gentlemen walked the streets with retainers in martial array, and his Majesty's Horse Guards Blue would only go out from their quarters in pairs. That last had profoundly impressed my Lord Sunderland. By great majorities the Commons had voted that the Duke of York should not be the heir. The people for certain were mightily stirred. King Charles II. must bow to their will or go on his travels again. Yet my Lord Sunderland had marked for two days that the King bore his troubles lightly. The King, with a smile, declined to fear the imminent deluge. From behind the hedge my Lord Sunderland descried the reason. The King was building an ark for the Protestant deluge, and Louis of France was supplying the timber.

Hence the King's gaiety; hence this early, lonely talk with M. de Vallorbes. My Lord Sunderland, standing on one leg in the dew, strained his ears vainly to catch the words, for the King and Vallorbes kept far away, and only the spaniels favoured my Lord Sunderland's hedge. It was surely matter of great moment, so close King Charles bent over Vallorbes, so little heed he took of the sportive spaniels. My lord, peering anxiously through the wet yew, saw something pass from the King's long thin fingers to Vallorbes' chubby palm. That was hidden quickly. But then came a packet, white with a black seal, and Vallorbes kissed the seal and put the packet reverently in his bosom. Then with a laugh, "*Au revoir*, Raoul," said the King, and M. de Vallorbes kissed his fingers and was backing away.

My Lord Sunderland also backed away. But a spaniel discovered his toes and bit them, and my lord, hopping, revealed himself. The spaniel enjoyed his hopping vastly, and gave thanks in soprano barks.

"Do you dance, my lord?" cried the King laughing, and

then the black brows drooped, the red under-lip shot out. "You are abroad early, Sunderland?"

"I follow you, sir."

"No thanks for that, my lord."

"Your Majesty is displeased?" said Sunderland blandly. "Pardon, I did not know you had need to be alone."

"'Slife, nor my spaniel that you had, neither. My lord, you hop marvellous well."

"I shall hope to earn your Majesty's praise of all my motions."

"Then to begin, my lord—depart! Sure, they need your honest vote in the Lords. Come, Moll!" The King turned and beckoned a spaniel. She came, but dared him to lift her. King Charles laughed, and, "Sunderland, I have christened her a new name," he cried.

"Your Majesty's fruitfulness," quoth Sunderland.

"Faith, yes, I call her Exclusion."

"Why, sir?"

"Because she will not be carried." Sunderland turned up his nose and sniffed.

"Then, sir—*à demain*," said he in his thinnest voice.

"Oh, with all pleasure, till to-morrow, my lord." Sunderland retired to the strains of laughter and barks, reflecting that the King was a fool.

It was very difficult for him to guess that all the mystery was of nought more terrific than a parcel of brocades required from Paris by Mistress Eleanor Gwynn.

My Lord Sunderland, who was more subtle than any beast of the field, did not guess it. He saw battle and murder and sudden death in that packet with the black seal, and so he hurried off through the cloisters to the corn-market and his very dear friend, Sir Matthew Dane.

Sir Matthew sat over his breakfast, plump and swarthy, a contrast to the lean pallor of my Lord Sunderland; but the sight of Sunderland turned him to a light yellow, and he sprang up crying:

"Is all well, my lord? Is all well?" for the nerves of King Charles II.'s subjects were sorely strained. Sunderland shrugged up his lean shoulders.

"When all is well I will believe in a God," said he. Sir Matthew laughed in the manner of one who is not quite sure that he ought; and Sunderland, helping himself to wine, "I suppose, Sir Matthew, I suppose you were never a highwayman? Eh?"

"Oh lud, my lord! I?" cried that respectable knight of the shire.

"Ah, I was afraid not. Nor have I been neither. Do you know a highwayman, then?"

"If I did, my lord, I must needs hang him."

"That were wasteful. In the hour that ye think not—you need your highwayman. So we now—faith, and I doubt you have helped many to a hanging. Sure, you take no thought for the morrow, Sir Matthew." Sir Matthew stared at the humourless face and the little dull eyes, and said slowly:

"Do I take you, my lord? You need a man of courage——"

"'Tis why I come to you," Sunderland murmured.

"—and address and——"

"And other highwaymanly qualities. Did you suggest yourself, Sir Matthew?"

"No, my lord. But my nephew." Sunderland's eyes narrowed.

"Whig? Wholly trusty?"

"I answer for him as myself, my lord."

"Eh! I find an exemplar of virtue. *Allons*, Sir Matthew, produce your replica, your nephew."

"But to what end?" said Sir Matthew, turning with his hand on the door. Sunderland looked down at the ground, played with his signet ring, and spoke after his manner into his breast.

"Certain privy letters from England to France reside in the bosom of M. de Vallorbes."

"The King?" Sir Matthew gasped. Sunderland smiled faintly.

"Did I say the King? Neither now nor to your expected nephew." Sir Matthew stared at him a moment as a small sinner might stare at the devil, then opened the door and cried:

"Tom! Tom!" Through the open door came the joyful strains of song:

> Once in our lives
> Let us drink to our wives!
> (Though the number of them is but small).
> God take the best,
> And the devil take the rest
> (And so we shall be quit of them all).

"Tom!" cried Sir Matthew, impatient.

"In good time, sir, in good time," cried the singer, and they heard flint and steel. Then his feet sounded on the oaken stair as he chanted:

> Now whether we smoke or whether we sing
> Let us be loyal and remember the King——

Tall, loose-limbed, he lounged easily into the room, beating time with his pipe. He bowed to Sunderland with the pipe held to his heart, concluding the catch:

> To the King! And may his foes vanish
> Puff! puff! puff! like a pipe of Spanish.

"Your appearance suggested the sentiment, my lord," he explained, and let himself drop to a chair and drew great fragrant draughts of his pipe. My Lord Sunderland eyed him with no affection. A true Whig had no concern with loyalty. Moreover, he was too magnificent. Green velvet and Mechlin lace, red-brown curls growing from the head and not from a wig, rings, and a pair of golden chains were disagreeable to the modest taste of my lord, whose clothes, like his eyes, hesitated between grey and brown, who, without a wig, must have gone bare. "My lord having now admired me long enough——" the splendid singer murmured over his pipe—"uncle, what is it?"

"My lord hath been pleased to choose you for service of import, Thomas," said his solemn uncle; and Thomas politely yawned behind his pipe.

"Mr. Dane," said Sunderland, "you are a good Englishman?"

"My lord, I have been sinful according to my modest abilities."

"And you can look with no favour on the plots of the King of France?"

"Zounds, being good nor to eat nor to drink nor to kiss, I do not look on them at all, my lord."

"You have a pleasant wit. But 'tis not wit I seek now."

"Therefore I gave it you, my lord."

"Mr. Dane, I need a man!" cried Sunderland.

"Lud, it might be my Lady Sunderland speaking."

"Thomas!" cried his respectable uncle.

"Enough jests, Mr. Dane. The State needs a man——"

"But the State possesses my Lord Sunderland."

"A man of courage and address to achieve a service from which—I am frank with you, Mr. Dane—cowards would shrink." Tom flung back his curls. His hawk face grew sharper. And he signed to my lord to continue. "There is one going to France whom we suspect to bear papers of treason to the peace of the realm. It is urgent that those papers should never come to France."

"But to my Lord Sunderland?" Sunderland nodded.

"These papers, they come from Englishmen?"

"Yes, and to what purpose?"

"Your mind is keen. Such minds go far, Mr. Dane. We suspect some compact against the Protestant faith."

"And who," said Tom carelessly, "are we?"

"We?"

"We who thus suspect. And, moreover, whom do we suspect?"

"Wise men are scant of names. Those who act with me, Mr. Dane, suspect—and heaven forbid I should say how high our suspicions reach."

"Then God being out of the question, I take it you suspect the King. Well, my lord, so the King is plotting against the Protestant faith. Sure, an enterprising Majesty. But what have I to do in all this, my lord?"

"It rests with you, Mr. Dane, to bring this plot to naught."

"Thomas Dane, *deus ex machinâ* to the Protestant faith on the election of my Lord Sunderland. Zounds! I faint beneath the honour. Please you, my lord, how does Mr. Dane machinate?"

"M. de Vallorbes sets out for France to-day." Tom's pale blue eyes gleamed a little.

"And Mr. Dane is to cry to monsieur, 'Stand and deliver.' Thomas Dane, private highwayman to my Lord Sunderland. Faith, you *comble* me with honours." He stood up and stretched himself and looked smiling from one to the other. "Me, unworthy, alas, my lord, unworthy. My lord, I wish you a happy issue out of all your afflictions," and he bowed and turned. Sunderland sprang up.

"You will do this, Mr. Dane!" he cried in a tone of command. Tom made a little gesture of contempt at the lean sombre figure, laughed and went out. After a moment of amazed silence his uncle sprang after him crying:

"Tom! Tom!" He was answered harmoniously.

Here's a health unto his Majesty,
With a fa la la la la la.
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fa la la la la la.

"Like a fool you bring me a fool, Sir Matthew," said Sunderland tartly. "Here is your trusty Whig!"

"Odso, my lord, I am mazed. Why he should take you so I cannot tell. But sure he is trusty!"

"Humph. As he is Whig," and Sunderland pulled his lip. The clocks of Oxford began to strike eleven. "Eh, it must go. Best pray he be trusty, Sir Matthew, for your neck's

sake." Sunderland hurried away, for the House of Lords met at eleven to carry the Exclusion Bill.

So for lack of a discreet highwayman Mistress Eleanor Gwynn's brocade patterns came quite safely to Paris. And we, by good fortune, have nought to do with them more.

A few years before Mr. Dryden had remarked that life was all a cheat. My Lord Sunderland "fooled by hope" (Mr. Dryden again) went out to carry the Exclusion Bill. My Lord Shaftesbury and my Lord Essex strove valiantly to that end. But my Lord Halifax was very sarcastic in sixteen speeches; and after ten hours of talk three votes consigned the Exclusion Bill to the home of lost causes. The Whigs had sought battle and found it. King Charles had triumphed. His brother was still the heir.

Consternation and doubt possessed the Whigs. My Lord Shaftesbury held a council of them that night in his lodging. But my Lord Sunderland was not there. After the first moment of stupor at the issue my lord had collected his wits and they bade him go immediately to the King. Into the King's presence he broke crying out:

"Sir, sir, the Bill is dead!" At the commotion the King's spaniels rushed about him barking. His Majesty was striving to distil the essential oil of yew berries from a retort of Bohemian glass.

"Did you say something, my lord?" he asked.

"Sir, I thank God the Bill has been beat."

"Ah," said his Majesty and looked up. The light fell on his big under-lip and the pouch of the full sallow cheeks above the jaw.

"I am happy to be the first to bring your Majesty the news," said Sunderland bowing.

His Majesty continued the process of distilling the essential oil of yew berries. The spaniels continued to yelp at my Lord Sunderland. My lord shifted from one leg to the other.

"Sunderland," said his Majesty passing the spirit lamp about the retort, "Sunderland, I have called the dogs new

names. I call them" (and they yelped gloriously at Sunderland's legs), "I call them 'My Lord and my Lady Loyalty.'"

My Lord Sunderland did not wait to ask why.

CHAPTER II

SIR MATTHEW DANE RECEIVES AN IDEA

When the morning broke ruddy through the mist it found many fewer Whigs in Oxford. Some had fled the town and some their opinions. My Lord Sunderland and Sir Matthew Dane remained in the town. Sir Matthew was summoned betimes to my lord's lodging in Pembroke, and found my lord without his wig busily burning papers.

"Ah! What of him?" said my lord sharply; and as Sir Matthew merely stared. "Your witty nephew."

"I—I think him trusty, my lord."

"Think!" Sunderland stirred a packet of letters in the fire. "Think! You ambition the block, Sir Matthew? You desire to be divided? A leg of yours on Temple Bar, an arm in your Guildford High Street? 'Tis kindly thought on. A plump leg is very grateful to the popular eye." Sir Matthew's dignity was outraged at the thought of himself in quarters.

"You are pleased to jest, my lord," he said stiffly.

"I am neither pleased nor jest," Sunderland snapped, and flashed a sudden glance from his pale eyes. "Oh, silly, your nephew will sell his tale to the King."

"My nephew is true as myself."

"And so will surely sell you," Sunderland sneered.

"What have I done, my lord?"

"You have been a Whig. Bah! what had the Tories done? But we have hanged them in scores. And now the wheel goes round. Sure, we swore they had a Papist plot. Will there be lack of honest men to swear there was a Whig plot? Nay. And your gallant nephew has admirable matter to tell. Who suborned him to rob the King's messenger?

Those damnable disloyal Whigs, my Lord Sunderland and Sir Matthew Dane."

"Who will dare assail our party?" Sunderland laughed, tapped his own breast, and pointed to Sir Matthew's. Sir Matthew sat down and stared at him, and still my Lord Sunderland laughed.

"Those that fear most being assailed. In this world who would not be hanged must hang. Apply that to yourself and your witty nephew."

"My lord—you mean——?" Sir Matthew gasped. My Lord Sunderland took snuff.

"My dear Sir Matthew, it is my habit to mean."

"Zounds! my lord, you are overwrought. You are too fearful. You talk wildly. The Whigs will stand firm. The Whigs are too strong to attack." Sunderland shrugged his shoulders.

"Your nephew—your nephew."

"And I answer for him as for myself."

"And so do I. And therefore desire to see him safe——"

"Safe?"

"In heaven, my dear Sir Matthew."

"God forbid, my lord! My brother's child! My nephew!"

"The kinship gives no confidence, believe me."

"It is monstrous, my lord. The boy is honest. And what has he done?"

"Nothing, as I hope. I am much concerned that he should do nothing, and would be at pains to ensure it."

"In a word, my lord, I will be no party to aught against him." My lord took snuff.

"Your resolve," he remarked, "is moral. I am vastly edified. He is, however, as you said, the son of your brother. Your elder brother. The heir of your elder brother. I think I have heard that Bourne is a noble estate. Your resolve is the more moral. But, knowing your morality, I must still say that your nephew has your neck (which you, nobly, do not

value) and mine (for which I have a deep regard) to sell. You tell me that he is like you. My good Sir Matthew, if you were him, would you sell them?" Sir Matthew looked down, looked up hastily at Sunderland's lean face, but avoided the pale eyes, and looked down again.

"You deem our lives in peril, my lord?" he muttered.

"Our twain lives are in the hand of a man like yourself. And worth a price."

"What would you do?" Sunderland shrugged his shoulders.

"The old, excellent way. A plot. A Whig plot. 'Twill shortly be the fashion. Treason and——"

"Not death, my lord?"

"Lud, here be qualms!"

"Sure, my lord, he need not die! Transported——"

"He would still be barred from inheritance. Dear sir, you have a comfortable conscience. Well, you may buy his life after sentence." My lord chuckled. "Sure, I will let you buy his life. 'Twill be duly avuncular." Sir Matthew shot a hasty, fearful glance at him. The crowns for a pardon would pass to my Lord Sunderland's purse. Sir Matthew's spirit was rebuked by the magnificence of my lord's strategy. "He may tell what tales he likes in the Barbadoes," said my Lord Sunderland thoughtfully.

"But how will you work, my lord?"

"We, Sir Matthew, always we. Arrest, trial, sentence. Sure, you know the way with the Papists."

"But what witnesses?"

"Oh, silly, I shall find two score. Is there ever lack of knaves?" Sir Matthew looked at my lord and shook his head. "We shall not need you," said my lord tartly. "Now take him hastily back to Surrey before he blab here. I will send Bragdon to you. The Parliament is dissolved to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" gasped Sir Matthew.

"Ay, the King has been wiser than we. The country is sated with Papist blood, and thirsts now for the Whig liquor. Sir Matthew, let us ever serve our country."

Sir Matthew went slowly out; his education had much advanced in a little space.

"There goes a pretty knave!" said my Lord Sunderland, and turned to indite a letter to James, Duke of York, wherein he humbly gave his Royal Highness joy of his victory over the traitorous attempt to filch from him the crown. That is a very skilful letter.

CHAPTER III

"OUR LOVES HAVE MINGLED WITH TOO MUCH OF FATE"

DWELLING two miles apart they must needs write letters to each other. This to show how deep they were in love. Nor would they deliver the letters, but left them within a hollow tree to be explored by the wood-flies and afterward kissed by the exultant lover. This because they loved in the heroical manner.

A westerly gale was whistling in the woods, and the pale December sun made the wet meadows a pavement of stars. She came swiftly through the clear rain-washed air, a dark figure of grace, lithe, light of foot, and laughed for joy of the morning and herself. So she came to the gnarled oak and took from her bosom a letter and set a kiss on it and hid it and ran away.

Thus the romantic maid. And soon came her hero, galloping home to dinner, and checked his fiery steed with due heroical violence and snatched her letter from its hiding.

"Dear child!" said her hero, with something of condescension and a smile, and broke the seal.

"MR. DANE,—Indeed, Sir, you are a very great Person. And many mighty Matters have eat up all y^r^ Time. And I think you have not given me a Thought for fore Days. And indeed, Mr. Dane, I'd not call you to come to y^e^ Red Barne Inn ever more (because of y^r^ great Greatness, noble Sir). But a Gentleman in y^e^ vastest Hurrie hath brought me Papers y^e^ which I did promiss to give in mine own Hand to y^e^ right

worshipful Mr. Dane. And indeed I will not come to you, being very well contented. My Cousins Bedfords, y^e^ great Players, stay with us and do make good Entertanements. So I have no Leesure to think on y^e^ great Mr. Dane. And he must come if he would put me in mind of himself. Indeed I have forgot whether he be *Dark* or *Fair*. And I am to be a Player myself. For my Cousin Bedford wants me. So fare well, Mr. Dane.—From y^r^ humble servant,

"ROSE.

"*Do* come."

At the admirable conclusion the great Mr. Dane laughed and galloped on to his dinner.

Before his father, Squire Silas, a Puritan of the straitest sect, Mr. Dane did not speak of the letter. Already his father disapproved of so much in him that it was supererogation to give further cause for blame. But as Mr. Dane combed his ruddy locks after dinner entered his uncle, Sir Matthew, and approached the matter jovially:

"Always adorning yourself, Tom! Ah rogue, rogue!" Tom turned from the glass and looked his uncle up and down. Now Sir Matthew was of frugal mind, and his riding-coat in the country testified thereto.

"Gad, sir, let us have one in the family who looks a gentleman!" said Tom, with the gracious arrogance of youth. But his good uncle bore no malice.

"A hit, lad, a clean hit!" he chuckled and looked down at his weather-beaten garb without shame. "Odso, my gay days are past. No fine ladies wait for me in the lane, eh, rogue?"

"Why, sir," says Tom, getting into his boots, "why, sir, they would be very sore in need of a gallant."

"Well, lad, well! There is no answering you. And zounds, I came to ask not answer. Will you bide with us at Send for a week?"

"I thank you, sir. But I believe my father needs me." Sir Matthew looked at him and began to laugh.

"Father, eh? Not two bright eyes at the Red Barn? Oh rogue!" and again he laughed.

"My dear uncle, believe me, you are not witty," said Tom, picking up cloak and hat.

"No? No? Good lack! Zounds, I'll swear you are off to her now."

"You may swear, sir, as much as your conscience allows," said Tom and went out. On his departure Sir Matthew ceased suddenly to laugh and stood at the door listening to the footsteps. Then as they died, he moved across the room, tried a cabinet, found it open, dropped in a bundle of papers, closed it, and then with a jaunty air went out. From the door he watched his nephew riding towards the village, then mounted himself and made for the London road at speed. Where the trees grow thick about the cross roads beyond Cobham a man waited, leaning against the gibbet.

"Smithers?" The man stepped out and touched his hat. "At the inn, after all—the inn or thereby. But presently search his room at the manor. Be sure of that above all."

"I be minded to be sure of all, m'lud," said Smithers, jerking his big shoulders.

"No violence!" Sir Matthew cried hastily. "No rashness! At your peril, do not harm him."

"I, m'lud? I dandles my bully-boys, m'lud. Leave it all to Tony Smithers." Mr. Smithers, who was broad and bandy, waddled off down the hill to Cobham. Sir Matthew watched him a while, then rode for Send and home. To be just, his aspect may not be called gay.

Of grey chalk flint and rubble, with thatch drooping over the little casements, the Red Barn Inn spread itself long and low in face of the road to Byfleet Mill. Set back in the meadow the great barn, with red tiled roof and ruddled doors, and walls of mellow brick, made a splash of bright colour on the dank dark grass.

Thither came Mr. Dane in a hurry, and dismounting in the stable-yard was greeted with a grin from the ostler's boy and

melodious strains from the barn, strains of an indifferent guitar and an admirable woman's voice.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

"Brava! Fine, I protest!" cried another woman's voice; and Mr. Dane opening the door,

"Fine, I agree!" He beheld a pastoral scene. A swain in purple velvet reclined on oat straw and strummed the shrill guitar: a lady in yellow silk beside him clapped thin jewel-laden hands: before them, where the light fell through the open door of the loft on the gravel, a girl was dancing. Her dress of russet brown clung close, and swaying to the music, she showed her maiden beauty quick with life and eager. The kind light played on her bare white neck, and gave to desiring eyes the shell-pink and rose-red of cheek and parted lips, the heavy black cloud of her hair. She put a curtsey into her dance, and Mr. Dane bowed with a whirl of his plumed hat, extravagantly.

"Oh, brave!" cried the lady in yellow. He was approaching the dancer, when "La, sir, 'tis not your cue!" said she.

"Madame, be my call-boy," said Mr. Dane, with a more exaggerated bow.

"Oh, gallant!" the lady simpered, and swept her yellow skirt from the straw to make a place for him beside her.

"Shall I profane the hallowed sheaves?" says he, with another bow. "Nay, faith! My Ceres, reign alone!" The yellow lady giggled, and again Rose sang:

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

"Brava! brava!" cried the lady shrilly. "I protest, Mr. Bedford, she would carry the town." Mr. Bedford laid aside his guitar, and rose.

"A song rude and rustical," he declared. "Would we could hear something more polite! I yearn, I protest I yearn, for Mr. Shadwell's graceful passion—that Apolline verse:

> 'Though darts and flames from her eye fly, sir,
> And her breast is warm and spicy——'"

He hummed those immortal words, then made a tragic gesture of despair. "But our rustic Rosa hath not heard Mr. Shadwell's name, I apprehend?"

"No, indeed, cousin." Mr. Bedford repeated his gesture with a hollow laugh of scorn. "But you do not know Mr. Dane." Mr. Dane was straightway presented to Mr. and Mistress Bedford, twin stars in the firmamemt of the King's Playhouse.

"Madame, your most devoted—Sir, your humble obedient—" said Mr. Dane, with dramatic reverences.

"La, sir," the lady simpered.

"I am proud, sir, proud," cried Mr. Bedford.

"Sir, I am prouder," said Mr. Dane, with a lower bow, and the lady made eyes at him.

"Sir, you are very polite——" Mr. Dane put up a deprecating hand. "Nay, I repeat. Of urban grace! We are vastly honoured——"

"Vastly, faith," the lady sighed and languished.

"Dear lady!" murmured Mr. Dane.

"We had not hoped for such an audience." Mr. Dane started. "To pleasure our rustic Rosa here we had sworn ourselves to give somewhat of the majesty and melody of——"

"By your leave, nay, by your leave! I must needs deny myself your majestic and melodic splendour. Mistress Charlbury desired to speak with me. And a lady, sir, a lady—you

take me?" Mr. Bedford bowed stiffly and walked away, baulked of a victim, and wroth.

"Mistress Charlbury will not speak to you ever if you are so rude, sir," said Rose to Mr. Dane's ear.

"Mistress Charlbury could never refrain." Mr. Dane laughed at her earnest brown eyes. Whereat Rose made him a little curtsey, and cried:

"Pray come, cousin. Mr. Dane begs!" At which Mr. Bedford turned and returned with alacrity. "Now, sir, dare to be rude again!" Rose whispered, and her eyes flashed royally. Mr. Dane pinched her cheek. Mr. Bedford lifted up his voice.

"From Mr. Dryden's most admired 'Conquest of Granada.' The false Lyndaraxa," he bowed to his wife, "is judged by her Abdelmelech": he bowed to his audience.

"Now are we doomed," groaned Mr. Dane, and took Rose by the arm. "Thou rogue, what of this mystery of a letter for me?" Rose laughed. "Zounds, I believe there never was a letter!" Rose laughed again. "Oh rogue! Flee from the wrath to come."

"'No, you shall stay and see a sacrifice,'" Mr. Bedford roared, grasping the yellow lady by the hands and whirling her round in the sunlight. Mr. Bedford set forth in his chest voice the treachery of his love, Lyndaraxa. Lyndaraxa wept, grievous to behold and yellow.

"Is he not grand?" Rose whispered.

"As the village bull, love."

Lyndaraxa dried her eyes, turned and smiled upon Abdelmelech (Mr. Bedford), who at that awful sight started back aghast. Lyndaraxa cast her arms about his neck. He appeared in agony. "Sure he has my true sympathy," muttered Tom. Lyndaraxa explained that she had always loved Abdelmelech, and betrayed him out of her affection: had, moreover, betrayed his foes to keep the balance even. The stern Abdelmelech puts her from him:

No Lyndaraxa (says he hoarsely) : 'tis at last too late ;
Our loves have mingled with too much of fate ;
I would but cannot now myself deceive ;
O that you still could cheat and I believe !

And after an exhortation in the style of the pulpit Lyndaraxa was repulsed, and went off breathing threats and slaughter into the straw.

Tom applauded tumultuously.

"Sure, madam, I had not believed one face could show so much passion — nor one voice call forth such terrors, Mr. Bedford."

"La, sir!" and the lady simpered.

"Sir, we are pleased to please you," quoth Mr. Bedford majestically.

"'Twas noble, cousin," said Rose simply. Mr. Bedford laughed and nodded knowingly to Tom.

"Ah, sir, the rustic mind cannot feel the polite thrill as we."

"Sir, I deplore it." Tom shook his head sadly at Rose. "Mistress Charlbury, grieve for your rusticity." Her cheeks flamed.

"Cousin, you will pardon me? I have something for Mr. Dane's ear." With bows and curtseys they parted, and Rose and Tom went out to the red sunset. "I am angry, sir. You were gibing in each word." Tom laughed.

"Why, the coxcomb could not feel it."

"The coxcomb is my cousin, Mr. Dane."

"And 'tis the worst thing I know of you."

"You were not gentlemanlike."

"To that?" Tom laughed, with a jerk of his head towards the barn.

"Sure, Mr. Dane, if you are too fine for my kin, you are too fine for me." It appeared to Tom a moment for tenderness.

"Dear, none is that last," said he, and slipped his arm about her, and drew her into the shadows of the lane, and bent over the white beauty of her neck.

"No,"—she moved away from him—"no; you have fine

words in plenty for me—but for my friends sneers. And if that is your kindness, I want none."

"Why, I profess the good man is well pleased. And if I was huffing, it was because I wanted you alone. Sure, we want no audience, dear. Why must you keep me waiting?" She came closer, and looked up a moment. They passed to a meadow path.

"Were you indeed impatient, sir?" she asked; and at that she was caught to him and kissed, and she laughed at him. "Sure, 'twas pleasant to make you wait."

"Oh, rogue. But you, too, were waiting. Coveting kisses, I protest."

"I will not be kissed any more."

"So she said rashly. And desired to be proved a false prophet. So. Why, I was but waiting for the letter. Egad, I had never stayed else."

"And what if there be no letter at all, sir?"

"Why then we will go into the copse, and on my knees shall the traitress ask my gracious pardon. On my knees, mistress."

"But indeed we will not go into the copse. We will go back into the lane. For there Mr. Dane must go in fear of who comes by. And, alack! he need be in fear of something, or I fear him. And indeed there was a letter, for here it is." He kissed it, for it came warm from her bosom, and he kissed the hand that gave it. She blushed a little, and they came out to the lane. He broke the seal, and peering in the faint light read this:

"*To greet Charles Stuart.*

"In Bushey Park by y^e^ hollow chestnut. The 20^th^ December an hour before noon. Musquetoons to carry eight balls. Fail not.—BRUTUS."

She saw him frown as he read, saw the glint of his pale blue eyes as he looked up.

"Whence came this?" he said sharply.

"Why, a fat man in grey bade me give it to your own hand, Tom."

"What like was he?"

The white brow wrinkled. "Indeed I cannot tell," she said at last. Tom's keen cold eyes searched her.

"He said that only?" She nodded. "When?"

"Yester morning."

"On your honour—you know nought of him?" The hard voice, the suspicious eyes, made her stammer:

"Tom—why?—I—I——"

And then a half-dozen men came riding down the lane. Tom flashed one glance, crushed the paper, and dropped it behind him in the ditch. But:

"Mark that!" cried the first. "Stand, sir, in the King's name!"

"Will it serve if I sit?" said Tom, and sat down on the bank. "So, then, Mistress Charlbury!" he said with a sneer. Rose clasped the tossing wave of her breast, and gazed wide-eyed.

"Stick me, this is what I do like!" The first rider dismounted. "Mr. Dane? I be Antony Smithers, with a warrant for 'e." He made a dive for the letter in the ditch.

"The charge, Mr. Smithers?" Mr. Smithers spread out the letter, and read it with a chuckle.

"Odso, Mr. Dane," says he, looking up, "why ask me? Be there ever anything but a plot? Stick me, but I do not take it very handsome in 'e to have this writings here by, waiting for me." At that, and his knowing grin, Tom looked at Rose, and gave a little hard laugh. He beheld a traitress, nay, a Delila. For he could be no less than a Samson. But your hero is never more heroical than in his hour of defeat and betrayal; so,

"Your plan is most admirable, Mr. Smithers," said the hero, bowing.

"Ods blood, and as it be!" He began in a swift manner to read the warrant—"plot and conspiracy—life of our liege

Lord and King—'" rolling forth copious phrases with unction. "There now! And here you be, Thomas Dane, Esquire, and I will say mistress here, have done our business mighty well." He gave a guffaw in the direction of Rose, who was gasping and white.

"I am quite of your mind, Mr. Smithers." Mr. Smithers still guffawed.

"To keep 'e here quiet and lone and all—stick me! And to get the musquetoonous letters in your hand, so to put it—stick me, stick me! She be a King's maid, she be!" Mr. Smithers' underlings were vastly delighted with Mr. Smithers' wit: also Mr. Smithers, who must guffaw heartily to Mr. Dane's set smile and Rose's white lips before he could suggest, "Well, will 'e walk, Mr. Dane?"

"To a horse, if you please."

"For sure. The Prisoners' Hackney be a waiting,"

Mr. Dane rose, and, with Mr. Smithers' fat hand on his shoulder, swept a bow. "Mistress Charlbury, I can never hope to tell you all my admiration." But she ran to him and flung her arms about him, tearful, distraught, sobbing:

"Dear—dear—forgive me—I'd no guess—no——"

Mr. Dane laughed.

"O Lyndaraxa! 'Would that you still could cheat and I believe!' O admirable Lyndaraxa! Mistress Charlbury, you are well suited in cousins, but sure, you surpass them both!" He put her away from him, and the girl, trembling and dazed, would have fallen but for a tipstaff's arm. "Nay, consider. You are but playing! Real tears? Nay, this is noble! I applaud humbly—and so—Delila, good night!"

Off swung the hero, betrayed but debonair, cocking his hat; and his false love was left holding tight to the lichened fence, looking after him into the mist of night. They loved in the heroical manner.

CHAPTER IV

MR. ANTONY SMITHERS FOLLOWS A HAT

Mr. Smithers and his company splashed slowly down the sodden lane. Around them spake the voice of many waters, for the floods were out far and wide. White mist hid land and water beneath a common pall. So Mr. Smithers and his party, a little damp and a little cold, jogged on towards the bridge at the mill, Mr. Smithers having no mind to ford the Wey in flood-time and by night. They could ride no better than slowly, for the Prisoners' Hackney was a steed worse than all others, to be overtaken easily by any creature with two sound legs. Mr. Dane, jolting on this lame beast, considered his situation. A tipstaff, well mounted, held his bridle on either side, tipstaffs in front, tipstaffs behind shut him in. So, since 'twas no use to think of escape, he thought of his capture.

Some one was anxious to entangle him in a plot. So much was clear at the first sight of that theatrical epistle. He wasted no time in reflection that he was, after all, innocent. There was no profit in being innocent. When all juries ran mad at the mere whisper "plot!" the one safety was not to be accused.

"Humph!" says Mr. Dane to his wits, "and who has a profit in hanging me?" and received at once an answer. Clearly his dear uncle, who would become the heir of Bourne. And, egad, clearly my Lord Sunderland, who would be rid of a man that knew too much. Sunderland and dear Uncle Matthew! Faith, the whole idea smacked of Sunderland. It might have been Sunderland's self in the jade's brown dress. To lure him from Bourne Manor where the serving-men would have struck for him, to hold him in dalliance till the tipstaffs came, to give him the damning letter just so that he could not hide it—'twas worthy nothing less than the admirable brain of my Lord Sunderland. And faith, Sunderland's self it was beyond all doubt that made the plan. Dear Uncle Matthew's wits had never wrought thus well—dear Uncle Matthew had been no more than the ambassador from my

lord to his worthy ally, Mistress Charlbury. Uncle Matthew had not brain enough to be more—yes, Mr. Dane desired to be just even to Uncle Matthew, and must confess to a dry humour in that good kinsman. Sure,' twas a happy thought to come rallying him on his love for Mistress Charlbury when she had been bought to betray him. A damnable happy thought!

Mr. Dane surprised his captors by laughing aloud.

For he was not angry. Sure, no, he was not angry with her. He bowed to superior craft. Oh, admirable Delila! To scold him, to take offence at his manners—sure, this was the refinement of the decoy's art. Great was Delila of Byfleet, great past all whooping.

Once more, since it sounded bravely, he laughed aloud.

Faith, Sunderland owed her a heavy fee. It were well if she saw herself paid. Nay, trust Delila to guard her own interest. For her a prosperous future waited. Never decoy had brighter eyes (poor fool, he had said as much in her deceitful ear), never one a cheek more delicate, a wit more subtle. Nor, by heaven, a falser heart! But better laugh—laugh always. A splendid lure she was. Gad, he admired her vastly. Vastly! Zounds, never so much as now.

On which admirable conclusion he was jerked forward as they halted all in a bunch.

Mr. Smithers had come to his bridge and, holding a lantern aloft, peered to see if it were safe. Wherein he showed no cowardly caution, for the roar of the weir was thunderous and the river swirled in foam and fretted at the oaken beams. Mr. Smithers was satisfied, and two by two (since the bridge had no room for more) they began sedately to cross. Two by two: on his near flank the Prisoners' Hackney had no restraining tipstaff, and, behold, the infatuate steed must needs try to rear and gesticulate at the river.

"Have a care, man, have a care!" cries Mr. Dane to the one swearing tipstaff who jerks the bridle. "Death and hell! Have a care!" and drives his spur into the tipstaff's steed. That also begins a dance, and the two slipping, bumping,

staggering on the wet wood, launch Mr. Dane sideways. With a lusty oath and a splash he vanished.

"Stick me! Stap me! Here be to do!" Mr. Smithers muttered, who from the bank beheld the war. "Jerry, you be a fool. Down to ground, boys, and watch the banks! Odso, be ye all jack-ass-babes? Will he float up stream? Get down, down, ye boobies!" Down the boggy banks they ran, puffing and cursing, and Mr. Smithers gave tongue: "There a be, boys, there a be!" Dark amid the foam of mid-stream something rushed by. "Ods bones, there a be!" Mr. Smithers roared and splashed on over land and water till he was suddenly restrained by a frenzied yell:

"Oh, Master Smithers! Master Smithers, Oh!" and a subsequent splash.

For Samuel Bell was a lazy man. So Samuel stayed with the horses while his friends ran down the banks. Samuel remained with the horses and there was seen by Mr. Dane as he trod water beneath the mill dam. Detaching his cloak to follow his hat for the amusement of Mr. Smithers, Mr. Dane paddled gently to the bank and crawled out unseen of Samuel Bell, who watched the fortunes of his energetic friends. In sportsmanlike fashion, stealthily, Mr. Dane approached Samuel Bell, clutched him by neck and leg, and hove him into the stream. Whence his pitiful cry.

Mr. Smithers turning, saw dimly through the mist a commotion of steeds, heard a great scrambling and splashing, and ran back roaring, "In the King's name! Od rot ye, sir, stand!" There was borne back to him the thud of galloping hoofs. Mr. Smithers came back to the bridge, and found the Prisoners' Hackney trying to make a meal of sodden grass. "Stap me! Here be to do!" Mr. Smithers muttered, and scratched his head.

In a while they brought to him Samuel Bell, who, shivering, offered him the bedraggled hat of Mr. Dane. At that last straw Mr. Smithers spoke his emotions.

(*To be continued*)