THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THEIR CRITICS

SEEING that our Public Schools are by their numbers, their moral power, and the splendour of their traditions undeniably to be reckoned among the strongest and most vital elements of English national life, it was only to be expected that they should be speedily called upon in the new age of reform to answer the challenge of the critic. And the critic—honest, fussy, peevish, or ignorant—worthy or ignobly unworthy to touch so famous a shield even with the blunted spear-point—may be sure that he will be met whenever and wherever he will, and effectually "delivered of his vows." No considerations of pride—no contempt for the most churlish manner of fighting—must keep us in our tents: for upon this point we must satisfy ourselves that we possess the truth. The training of character, however attempted, is coming to be in the belief of Englishmen the noblest art in use among us, and the most invaluable of all our industries: and either the history of England is a history of degeneration, or her Public Schools are the guardians of her highest work-day traditions and the best hope of the coming race.

More than one attack has been nevertheless made upon them lately; and among others it has pleased a writer, whom we see no reason for naming, upon an occasion to which we need not further refer, to say of "the Public School product" with reference to "the character that is still its boast," these words:

It has no sense of fair-play whatever; it is spiteful and prejudiced; it is saturated with class-conceit—and it hates the thought of work. When it says "character" it means, in plain English, side, shirking and jobbery. It is a fact that the costly rich Public School boy, with every advantage upon his side, is systematically unfair towards, and jealous of, the lowest class of our population that gets any education at all. I believe myself he is afraid of it.

Then, after the statement that there is not a particle of evidence to support the "wild assertion" that character is not formed in the public elementary schools "at least as well as it is in the great Public Schools," there follows this plain and disgraceful charge:

Barring Mr. Chamberlain, who is not, I believe, a Public School product, the present Government is certainly not a demonstration of this fine ignorant nobility of soul we are always hearing about. Lord Milner owes nothing to Public School claptrap, and Lord Kitchener does not own to any such origin. Quite apart from the indisputable ignorance and incapacity that has distinguished the Public School-made War Office, there has been, I hold, the most miserable want of nerve throughout the last war on the part of the stuff our Public Schools have made. General Buller, who acted so dismally after Colenso, for example, was an Eton boy, and the true history of the campaign, when it comes to be written, will be studded with the record of wretched little intrigues, failures of will, and indecisions on the part of Public School-bred men. Had we had no leaders but Public School men, we should certainly have lost South Africa.

The champion who lays about him in this wild and panting style is evidently stung by some irritation not really caused by the object of his attack. So far we may and do sympathise with him. We look with admiration upon the teachers working in the public elementary schools of this country, and with strong hope upon the generations which are to be in our time their spiritual offspring. We may seek to better our national education on the technical side, to enlarge its scope on the religious side, but we do not wish to hear, still less to take part in, any attack on the devotion of those who train the bulk of our working class, or on the brave and kindly English spirit which they daily rekindle on the hearth where twenty generations of freemen have stored it. But all this talk of "the Board School product" is beside the point: if

every Board School in England pullulated with Napoleons and Pierpont Morgans, that happy fact would give no foothold for a swashbuckling onslaught on the character of an older and not entirely similar institution. That the Board Schools may be shown to produce a type of character equal to that which is turned out by the older institution is a desire which we share with our critic, and our hope of its ultimate realisation is not less sincere than his: but if this is to come about it can be by no other method of rivalry than that of imitation; and in such a contest to be surpassed is no great grief, if only the cause goes forward: Peter or Paul, we are all apostles.

We put aside, then, the random and merely abusive assertion that the typical Public School man is unfair towards, or jealous of, his less fortunate fellow Englishman. "Afraid of him" he probably is: not in the base meaning of the word as our critic seems to fling it, but as perhaps a proud and anxious elder brother may be "afraid" lest in a time of stress the family honour might suffer in the hands of the younger and less trained members of the house; natures as bold and generous as his own, but hardly yet, he thinks, so closely girded with those chains of service and self-sacrifice which are powerless to bind any but the nobler and more disciplined part of us. Over-anxious he is, no doubt, but his fear is not to his dishonour: and those who could accuse him of either jealousy or timidity in the true sense, set themselves too far below for even the wind of their strokes to reach him.

And now for the rest of this series of confident generalisations. Fairly stated, the arguments are as follows: The Government, in the critic's opinion, are not a good "demonstration" of nobility of soul: therefore the Public Schools do not teach nobility of soul. The Public Schools "made" the War Office: it is ignorant and incapable; therefore the Public Schools made the War Office ignorant and incapable. These are syllogisms of easy manufacture: you postulate what you please and draw any conclusion you wish. Literature "made" a certain critic: he is ignorant and incapable: therefore litera-

ture made him so! Hear again what we are offered on the war. General Buller was an Eton boy; he acted (says the critic) dismally after Colenso; therefore all the failures and indecisions of the campaign are due to Public School training. Are we to conclude, whenever we see a "Board School product" intoxicated, that the Board Schools are responsible for all the drunkenness in the country? It is just this kind of confused and incompetent thinking, this addiction to smart or sonorous twaddle, that is the real source of ignorance and incompetence, wherever it is found among us. It is time that Englishmen grew up; science has nothing to do with inductions based on single instances; truth has no concern with the narrow prejudices of any class, even of "the lowest class of our population that gets any education at all." And our critic is not only completely off the rails of logic, he has not even taken the trouble to find out the facts about his starting-point; for if there are any two soldiers of whom we may say that but for them "we should certainly have lost South Africa," those two are Lord Roberts, who is an Etonian, and Lord Kitchener, who was at Woolwich, where the Public School spirit may be found plentifully by those who know what they are looking for; to him who calls it "claptrap" it will on the other hand seem, very naturally, to be non-existent.

This tendency to angry and slipshod reasoning, from premises obviously false, is indeed a poor character for any "product"; we might well say that "it has no sense of fair-play whatever; it is spiteful and prejudiced; it is saturated with class-conceit—and it hates the thought of work." Let us, who are perhaps more interested and certainly not so angry, do for ourselves a little of the work for which the critic could not spare time before he rushed into the street to deliver his half-baked wares. Is there any trustworthy material, or any sound method, by using which it would be possible to test the efficacy of our Public School system in producing a "character" or "spirit" of intellectual and moral value; such as to render, for instance, marked and indispensable service to the country in

time of war? Is it practicable by taking, not single instances, but some large and typical group or groups of men, to trace a connection between the source and nature of their education and their conduct and efficiency in the field?

We believe that this may be done, and probably in many ways. We shall not attempt, as our opponent has done, to foretell the future, to prescribe the verdict of history in tones of exasperated omniscience: but we may suggest one or two lines upon which inquiry may run more safely than upon the loose unlaid track of prejudice. There are two obvious ways in which the officers of our South African army may be grouped: by the arm of the service to which they belong, or by their seniority in rank and command. If we adopt the first of these methods we are at once struck by the fact that under the strain of novel circumstances the artillery alone preserved its original character and functions unchanged almost to the end; it was found necessary at times to turn cavalry into infantry, and to make mounted infantry out of regiments of the line; so that it is a matter of less ease and certainty to pronounce upon the conduct or efficiency of these two arms as a whole, than upon the artillery. This, however, reminds us again that by the common consent of all the experts and correspondents it is the artillery as a whole which has borne away the honours of the war. The nature of their services too is worth remembering: for they have not only as gunners out-fought and out-shot their enemy, but they have never once failed in discipline, nerve, or endurance; further than this, they have again and again done more than could fairly be required of them by any rule of tactics, and have, as at Ladysmith and Magersfontein, fought in the open unsupported, covering the retirement of those who should have formed their screen or escort. Second perhaps, but second only to theirs, comes the undiminished reputation of the Royal Engineers.

Who are the men who have built up this splendid and unshaken record? In what soil are rooted those memories from which they still drew their patient courage, their skill,

and their devotion? Have such men been gathered from highways and hedges indiscriminately, or have they in common some honourable breeding, some unforgotten fellowship? Lest this too should be outside the range of our critic's vision, let us tell him that in the judgment of those who have some claim to speak, the "character" of Woolwich is the "character" of Wellington, of Cheltenham, of Clifton—in short, of the Public Schools. The typical virtue of the playing field is the habit or trained faculty of putting the game first and self last, of refusing under all temptation, whether of pain or ambition, to do that which is harmful to the player's own side or unchivalrous to his opponents. By their treatment of the weak or wounded enemy, and of his women and children, all British officers have been equally conspicuous; but it was a gunner who, when wounded and captured in the fight at Vlakfontein, chose to die rather than make it possible for his guns to be worked against his own comrades. When the news came home to the Close where he was bred, it was received with joy but without surprise. And, on the other hand, we venture to think that the failure of Colenso was nowhere felt with more grief and astonishment than at the school which had seen her courage exemplified by Sir Redvers Buller in his youth.

By a natural sequence of thought we pass to our second method of analysis. If we divide the list of officers in South Africa into two or more groups according to seniority, we shall find that nearly everything that could fairly be reckoned in the list of "wretched little intrigues, failures of will, and indecisions," must be laid to the charge of the group which includes the older men and those holding the highest commands. We are not making any invidious or unfair comparison; obviously the more conspicuous and more frequent failures must occur where the greater responsibilities continually press. But the charge is made that the faults are directly caused by Public School education, and we are entitled to reply that it is at least remarkable that their occurrence is more marked as the influence of that education is left further behind, and the

stream of habit is more exposed to contamination by tributaries flowing in from many sources less bright and wholesome. The "side, shirking, and jobbery" which our critic hates we, too, hate, as we were taught at school to hate them; but we are not so blinded by our indignation as to find in the sweet the *vera causa* of bitterness; to ascribe to the original builders the weakness of a character shaken and obliterated by thirty years' exposure to the influences of a luxurious, idle, and frivolous society.

The admiration of wealth, however acquired, and of rank, however gained or inherited; the fatty degeneration caused by indolence and self-indulgence—these are the diseases which threaten the Empire, whether in war or peace. They may possibly be found—we do not profess to know—not only in English society, but, to a certain extent, in one or two English Public Schools. The typical Public School character and the traditional Public School spirit remain, however, the antithesis of these vices and their strongest antidote, and the reformer who reviles that spirit as "claptrap," is in his panic striking at his best ally; ranking himself among those well-meaning futile counsellors

> Who are to judge of danger which they fear
> And honour which they do not understand.

ON THE LINE

Cromwell's Army. By C. H. Firth. (Methuen. 7*s*.6*d*.)—Mr. Firth is the highest living authority for the history of the Civil War and the Protectorate; and a reviewer can only follow him and indicate the result of his work, without attempting to criticise. The present volume is packed full of facts. Much of the detail is technical, but much also is interesting and will be new to most readers. Mr. Firth, indeed, is too busy in digging out and securing his treasure to have time for laying it out on the counter to the best advantage, and a cursory reader may find his attention fatigued. But no intelligent person can read this work without interest and profit: those who like conclusions better than facts may compound by reading *Woodstock* again.

At the beginning of the war both sides had everything to learn. They wanted arms, commissariat, drill, and discipline. The king had to "borrow" the arms of the counties: both armies, having no ready money, paid their way in promises, and there were many complaints of pillage and rough usage.

Many of the officers had learnt the art of war as adventurers on the Continent, and were quite willing to give their superiors the benefit of their experience; and the rough material furnished by the trained bands and the press-gang was gradually licked into shape. The local bodies of troops were scattered and without organisation, wasted in garrisons, and employed on county duty without any central plan of campaign. The commanders had no power to make use of success, and perhaps

did not care to do so; their victories were "put into a bag with holes," a fact never more clearly shown than when Charles was allowed to gather strength after his defeat at Marston Moor.

The leaders of the thorough-going party, and Cromwell at their head, saw that nothing effective would be done till executive power in the war was in a single hand, controlled by Parliament, as they expected it would be. Few, if any, remembered the lesson of history, that in time of revolution the successful soldier rules all. Probably Cromwell himself, the true author of the Self-Denying Ordinance, did not foresee that the new army would "give the law both to King and Parliament," though it so turned out. The idea of the "New Model" army was his; and his, no doubt, though it did not always appear on the surface of things, much of the organisation conducted by Fairfax. The object of Cromwell, "setting well at a mark" as he always did, was to create an army out of excellent material spoilt by bad handling; to get rid of incompetent or half-hearted generals, with little care for his own immediate position—he could see to that when the time should come—to appoint the best commander-in-chief that could be found, honest, a good organiser, a matchless soldier in the field, and no politician; and incidentally to give the war into the hands of the independent party, men who would not "boggle" at breaches of precedent, and who meant business with the king.

The New Model army was at first only one of several armies in the service of Parliament; but gradually these separate armies either disappeared entirely or were absorbed in it—and from 1647, till his resignation in 1650, Fairfax was in command of all the Parliament's forces, and Cromwell after him.

We cannot here describe the details of military organisation. Whilst the appointment, placing, and dismissal of officers was left entirely to the general, the rule of promotion by merit gave officers so advanced a right to be heard in council. Councils of officers were one of the most important features of

this army, and exercised a wide influence on the conduct of campaigns and battles. The non-commissioned officers and soldiers held their own meetings, and as Republican notions were in the air and diffused throughout the army, the popular voice, expressed by meetings of Agitators, prevailed over the officers, carried Cromwell along with it, and at last pulled down the constitution, brought the king to justice, and set up a military despotism under the name of a Commonwealth.

The experience of the German wars slowly superseded English tradition and custom. Thus the use of artillery was greatly developed as the war proceeded; infantry tactics were modified in the direction of greater mobility; pikes gave place to muskets, and matchlocks to firelocks or "snaphanses." The cavalry bore a larger proportion to the infantry than in later wars. Dragoons, or mounted infantry, were much employed on outpost duty, and in enclosed country, to hold or clear hedges, woods, and ditches, as at Edgehill, Marston, and Naseby, and to occupy other places where foot-soldiers were suddenly wanted.

Old customs in war as in peace die hard, and the shock of the heavy-armed lancer of the Middle Ages was still looked upon as the ideal of cavalry. But when the cavalry were armed with firelock pistols charges were made more slowly, to give time for the fire at short range of five or six ranks charging successively. Gustavus Adolphus made his men ride three deep in very close order, and charge home, thus combining small-arms fire with impact. Rupert followed a like plan, making his horse reserve their fire till they closed, and Cromwell did the same. Between Rupert's and Cromwell's cavalry there was little difference, except that Rupert's charge was more rapid, while Cromwell kept his troopers more in hand, and was able to rally them for a second charge, as Clarendon testifies.

The New Model army was well supplied with field artillery, but does not appear to have made the most of it. The guns were useful in covering a retreat, pushing an attack, or

holding a position; but their employment seems to have been more a matter of the particular occasion than a principal branch of tactics. The like may be said of siege operations. Unlike my Uncle Toby, the English commanders preferred a storm to "sitting down before a place" for a regular siege. In this preference of storm to siege, besides the natural temper of the nation, Fairfax and Cromwell were scholars of Gustavus. Fairfax's success "hath run through a line cross to that of old soldiers, of long sieges and slow approaches, and he hath done all so soon *because he was ever doing*." To be ever doing is no small part of the whole duty of a soldier.

An interesting point is that of uniform. At first, the gentlemen who raised regiments or companies dressed them in their own colours. Lord Brooke's had purple coats, Lord Saye's blue, Colonel Hampden's green, Lord Newcastle's white, and so on. But by degrees red became the prevailing colour, being that of the Eastern Association; and the new model army "was from the first dressed in red." So our famous scarlet has Oliver Cromwell for its founder.

From the outset, the enemy's sick and wounded were cared for with their own by the surgeons on both sides. No feature of the Civil War does more credit to the national temper than their care of the disabled. Field hospitals date from this war; and the great London hospitals were forward in the merciful work. The Long Parliament "recognised the moral obligation of the State to those who suffered in its service, and it was the first English Government to do so."

Though Fairfax was the right hand of action, the whole of Mr. Firth's book, without laying stress upon it, deepens the impression that Cromwell's counsel guided all. His character has at length been disentangled by Mr. Gardiner from the web of policy and statecraft in which his own dark counsels and sibylline words had involved it, and the cloud of romance by which it was obscured by Carlyle. Henceforward he will be looked upon as the man who bore patiently on his shoulders the whole burden of a jarring world, and only failed to "heal

and settle" because the problem set before him was insoluble, and the sense of the nation was against him. And amongst all English worthies no man has a whiter name than Fairfax, the high-minded captain and gentleman, to whom, next to Cromwell, belongs the glory of the New Model Army.

A Foreign View of England in the Reigns of George I. and George II. The letters of M. César de Saussure to his family. Translated by Madame van Muyden. (Murray. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)—M. César de Saussure, whose "letters," it appears, were rather edited by himself than written to his friends, seems to have been a somewhat frivolous and uneducated young gentleman, with an observant eye, a fluent pen, and a kindly human spirit. He did not set the Thames on fire in his visit to London, and he allowed his native Mont Blanc to remain unascended, for him, till his more ambitious relative immortalised the name of de Saussure. In fact, these letters were hardly worth preserving at the time when they were written, though, having been preserved, they have now a historical value as authentic documents coming into the general record.

M. de Saussure's evidence is so fair and unexaggerated, where we have other contemporary sources of information, that we can trust his account of new facts. Swift, Gay, Voltaire, the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and the rest tell us more and with more authority; but de Saussure's picture is drawn in the same lines and corresponds with the generalisations of Mahon, Lecky, the authors of the *Family History*, Mr. Sichel, and other modern writers. After all, what can we know of two hundred years ago, beyond an imperfect generalisation, true so far as it goes?

A traveller may journey to Khartoum nowadays with less trouble and risk and without much more expense than was incurred in the reign of George I. in getting from Lausanne to London. Our author, with his travelling companions, besides enduring "uncomfortable" nights in bad inns where there was

no bedding but straw, was several times in danger of being upset in rapids, was shot at by an ill-tempered sentinel, "baptisé" with a bucket of cold water at St. Goar (where a silver collar was put round strangers' necks and only removed by a heavy fine of Rhine wine), mobbed and taken before magistrates for laughing in church, and fleeced by innkeepers. He was twice run into by sleepy and unskilful crews of ships, nearly wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, searched and insulted by customs officers, benighted and lost in London, called "French dog" by the rude populace, robbed in the streets, and in a more civil way by scullers and lackeys, spattered by the mud from noblemen's coaches, hustled by sedan-chairs, and a third time in danger of becoming "food for fishes" in an open boat. We are really relieved when our hero, on board the *Torrington*, after nearly dying of sea-sickness ends his English journal in sight of Lisbon, though still outside the bar.

We learn from his letters that he derived innocent pleasure from the waxworks at the Abbey, the tapestry in the House of Lords, the heads of criminals on Temple Bar, the whispering gallery, Og's bedstead at Ware, and that he was "amused" by the sight of the lion-cubs and the "tiger-man" at the Tower, the poor creatures on show at Bedlam and Bridewell, the quarrels between surgeons' messengers and relations for the possession of corpses at Tyburn. He saw a cricket match, Newmarket races, combats of "gladiators," male and female, who slashed each other with sharp swords—he regrets, he says, the half-crown paid for the pleasure of this spectacle—a prize-fight, and a cock-fight. He also saw Jonathan Wild hanged and George II. crowned. His account of the coronation has a special interest at this moment. We notice among other details that the Knights of the Garter and Bath walked in the habit of their respective orders; the peeresses bareheaded, wearing "kirtles" of red velvet and green silk under their state robes. Among them he saw old Sarah Marlborough sitting on a drum to rest herself outside St. Margaret's Church, undisturbed either by cheers or laughter. The Archbishops carried in their hands

mitres of cloth of gold, the Bishops, mitres of cloth of silver. He noticed the magnificence of the jewels worn, many of them hired from Paris and Holland. He heard "admirable symphonies, conducted by the celebrated Mr. Handel," and saw (the best sight of all) Sir Robert Walpole in his Garter robes of blue velvet and flame-coloured satin, with a great plume of feathers in his cap, scattering largesse from two bags of red morocco leather.

The general impression is of a merrier England than that of to-day, staggering under the burden of wealth and Empire, pauperism and trade slavery. The life of London was led out of doors. Lords in gold lace and blue, red, or green ribands jostled with porters and carriers. Great respect for rank and its outward distinctions went hand in hand with freedom of speech and licence of horse-play. Court displays were more frequent if less elaborate. People seem to have had time to look at each other, instead of, as now, setting their faces hard to business along the Strand and Cheapside, thinking only of the job in hand and how they can cheat time of ten minutes by 'bus, tube, train, or cab. You might happen to be knocked down or rolled in the gutter, but you had more fun for your money. Then, too, though the streets were dirty, the air was pure, and the fields not far off. De Saussure describes the lovely villages of Chelsea, Kensington, and Hampstead, the river with its picturesque barges and watermen, silver and full of fish; the tea gardens, coffee houses, and theatres, all of a simple character and resembling those of a modest German Residenz-Stadt.

He praises the "good nature" of the English, their freedom from ostentatious hypocrisy and servility, the innocent lives of the country people and the gaiety of the town. Do not, however, let us suppose that we have not gained more than we have lost. It is a mistake to suppose that grossness is a substitute for vice. Grossness and vice can and do keep company, and M. de Saussure is not under any delusion here. What we have lost is summed up in the word individuality.

A foreign visitor writing of England nowadays would not remark on the absence of servility to fashion, nor say "in this country people are above caring what is thought of them."

But we do not wish to go back to the days of George I. and George II., and we conclude here, lest we should seem to be sighing for the unseen.

Studies in the Lives of the Saints. By Edward Hutton. (Constable. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)—You will do this book wrong if you come to it for an exhibition of dialectical power. The author's means are style and suggestion; his subject is that old antagonism between life, which is certainly death, and death, which may be life, if the saints are to be believed. Hard indeed they are to meet on their ancient bone-strewn battlefield, these militant saints, "terrible as an army with banners," from that first grim *condottiere* Augustine, bought over to be "the great intellectual captain of the Christian Church . . . that spirit in which all Hell and Hades and Heaven dwelt, but not one bit of Earth nor a single sunbeam of the world," down to the almost grimmer beauty of Isabel de Flores—St. Rose of Lima—who burnt her own hands lest their fairness should be to any one an occasion of temptation. Their triumph, while it lasted, seemed to be complete; it ended only with the end of the Middle Ages. Through those centuries—so near to us in time, in everything else so far away behind the dawn of Greece—the supreme excellence of their mystical religion "is really not a beautiful thing at all, in that almost its first requirement is a denial of life, a dislike and contempt for the beauty of the world . . . and so that union between the body and the soul, which the ancients were so anxious to maintain, is destroyed, and the soul is at enmity with the body that in the end it utterly destroys." For it is, in their conception of life, this body which alone "hinders them so sweetly in their flight towards immortality." And in their relentless logic, not only must they hate and despise that

world which makes appeal to all the senses, and especially those forms of beauty which woo the soul even more passionately than the body, but they must give to death that love for which life pleads so strongly with youth, and adore the very image of corruption itself. The *Danse Macabre*, the skeleton *Memento Mori* lying beneath the canopy of the pious church man's tomb, are not always the examples they appear to us of a somewhat grim and tasteless humour; be sure that to the true follower of these terrible ones, they were the shapes that lie about the doors of life itself, and partake of the loveliness of that to which they lead the warrior and the sibyl.

Our author does not seek to controvert the saints; but he leaves us in no doubt as to his own feelings. It is his aim so perfectly to state their case as to destroy it; to create by icy cold a vacuum into which the mind of the reader shall be irresistibly drawn. "St. John of the Cross," he says, "is especially valuable to us, in that he heard with so little emotion that implacable voice. . . ."

> It seems never to have occurred to him that his endeavour to make the world believe him viler than he is, was indeed to be viler than he thought himself to be. For while some have studied to deceive the world as to their sins, he magnifies his petty failures till they who hear him see the wide fields of irreparable defeats smouldering in his soul, in which he, who in reality had but seen the scouting legions of Satan on the furthest hills has, after fighting a desperate battle, been vanquished for ever. How profoundly he desires men to think untruly! And so at last, covered with innumerable petty self-deceptions, that shine on him like the silver scales upon a leper, he bears his soul, stripped and almost lifeless, having lost in imaginary encounters not the least precious part of her loveliness and strength, into the divine shadow, and annihilation in God.

That, at any rate, is his view of these saints, and he confesses, "not without shame," that they have appeared to him ungrateful and terrible. "I am continually reminded that God made the world even as He made heaven. I am content he made it so well." Yet the time is coming, he cannot doubt, to him as to every man, when suddenly this night, or it may be through many lingering days, his soul shall be required of him, and the

great renunciation must perforce be made. Will it be easy? "Ah! I can never willingly forego the sun, or take my last look on the sea, and say farewell to the beautiful cities, and for ever forsake the mountains and the hills." Mimnermus in church was not more eloquent, or more certain of our sympathy: the surer the decay the deeper the love: the more passion the greater agony at parting. Then the saints were right? "To give up the world, to throw life from us . . ." Surely it would be easier in the end.

Yet I cannot decide to-day. I am too happy. It is necessary to become a little quiet ere one can nerve oneself for the great renouncement. Can a man ever really decide? Not in one day, nor in many days, nor in a whole life. Meantime my garden waits.

Not perhaps a very strong conclusion; but what matter, when every man must answer for himself. Perhaps too there lies beneath this half confession the subtlest suggestion of the book, that an easy death is not the true aim of that activity of the soul which is to deserve the name of life.

The intellectual passion and fervent asceticism of the Saints are beyond the reach of common human nature; and it is interesting to turn from Mr. Hutton to the plain parable of life and death provided by the Church, in England at any rate, for the mediæval man in the street. **Everyman**—(Bullen 1*s.* net)—is a morality play, apparently of Dutch origin, but adapted and adopted for use in this country.

The summoning of Everyman called it is,
That of our lives and ending shows
  How transitory we be all day.
The story saith: Man, in the beginning
Look well, and take good heed to the ending,
  Be you never so gay:
Ye think sin in the beginning full sweet,
Which in the end causeth thy soul to weep,
  When the body lieth in clay.
Here shall you see how Fellowship and Jollity,
Both Strength, Pleasure, and Beauty,
  Will vade from thee as flower in May;

For ye shall hear, how our Heaven King
Calleth Everyman to a general reckoning.

Yes; to a general reckoning. Here is no longer the agony of that spiritual strife between the "cold implacable voice" calling to immortality, and the "frail and delicate beauty" of the body and the body's world; here is the plain leather-bound ledger, with the account rendered, Credit—By Good Deeds, so much; Debit—By Living beastly, so much; By Folly without Fear, so much; By loving Worldly Riches, so much; which, in answer to the summons of Death, must be brought before the High Judge Adonai, and judgment thereon given as by Statute provided. Who will help Everyman, who will go with him on this journey of more than doubtful issue, from which, in any case, there is no return? Fellowship, Cousin, Kindred, Goods, all fail him now, some in terror or selfishness, the last-named with cruel satisfaction.

Nay, Everyman, I say no;
As for a while I was lent thee,
A season thou hast had me in prosperity;
My condition is, man's soul to kill;
If I serve one, a thousand I do spill;
Weenest thou that I will follow thee
From this world? Nay, verily!

Even Strength, Discretion, Beauty, and Five-wits must leave him at the graveside. Only through Good Deeds, with pious Knowledge and Confession, can he be saved; and that by giving up his goods to the poor, and by using the scourge of Penance.

Take this, body, for the sin of the flesh;
Also thou delightest to go gay and fresh,
And in way of damnation you did me bring;
Therefore suffer now strokes and punishing.

And so in his garment of Sorrow, poor little Everyman goes down fainting into that sepulchral darkness whose vivid horror pressed almost beyond endurance upon those who lately saw this play upon the London stage. Nothing more terrible in its perfect art, more poignant in its presentation of a

universal dread has been seen in England in our time. The dull and common obviousness of the moralising, the *naïveté* of the sacerdotalism, even the beauty of the Flemish-picture-grouping in every scene were forgotten in that purgation of the soul by pity and terror. Once more the question is there: Are the saints then right? Must we scourge Life and slay Beauty, or perish everlastingly? The answer of authority was plain in the fifteenth century; it is less plain in the twentieth.

Wind Along the Waste. (Daniel. Oxford. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)—It is difficult to disengage the special quality, or express the precise characters of the collection of poems gathered together in this anonymous[1] little book, one of the latest productions of Mr. Daniel's Oxford Press. It has the atmosphere of choiceness which we associate with these publications, and the pleasure it gives is rather the pleasure of contact with a mind which one would wish to tell us more than it tells us here, than of satisfaction in work accomplished with completely mastered style. In a time where there is so much of null accomplishment, this tentativeness is a sign of grace and promise. If a single piece were to be chosen from the volume as the thing best done in it, it might be this rondel:

Through russet banks the waters glide,
  Tall grow the beeches by the way;
  And there upon an autumn day
I laid the joy of life aside.
I entered glad with hope and pride,
  With drooping head I came away:
Through russet banks the waters glide,
  Dark grow the beeches by the way.
The hammer rings, the saw is plied
  In meadows where we used to stray;
  But still my heart lies where it lay,
Its buried hope the beeches hide:
Through russet banks the waters glide.

[1] One of the poems included in this volume first appeared in the MONTHLY REVIEW for April 1901, above the signature of the Hon. Mrs. Wedgwood.

How far removed is this from the oppressive empty neatness of this usually tiresome form of verse! Excellent too is this, that rare thing, a real song:

> I looked on the earth, it was wintry and old:
> I looked in my heart, it was wearied and cold:
> I looked in the eyes of the child I bare,
> And the soul of the world lived laughing there.

But if one were to choose the poems in which the author seems to find her natural manner, one should take rather a lyric and a sonnet written in avowed imitation of Lovelace and of Sidney. The choice of model is instinctive and the right one. English poetry has all too few examples of those clean-wrought ringing lyrics, reflecting the clear high spirit of chivalrous natures, especially now when the modern lyric inclines to rank luxuriance and dishevelled languor. The author of "Wind Along the Waste" seems not truly at ease in those ballads and lyrics which demand rich fancy, or imaginative invention; the "Coming of Boabdil" has fine touches, but neither the difficult metre nor the difficult subject is successfully managed; and the "Spring Sonnet" opening with such broad and easy movement—

> This is the month when in the world's young day . . .

descends to that fond habit of a merely sonorous ending which has been the weakness of so many sonnets. But the pieces in the Elizabethan or Caroline vein which have been mentioned—poems of direct and generous feeling—and still more perhaps the beautiful dedicatory verses, indicate a line of natural felicity which their author might pursue to fine effect, and it may be recapture the grace of those invigorating strains which Englishmen as famous in action as in song discovered and made perfect.

The Great Alternative: A Plea for a National Policy, by Spenser Wilkinson (Constable. 6*s*.), deserves reprinting: and the new edition comes at a singularly opportune moment. It is impossible to forget as we read once more this earnest and

convincing argument in the light of our late South African troubles and the still more urgent dangers we have yet to face at sea, that if the two Services upon which our safety depends had numbered but ten such thinkers in their higher ranks, if they had contained even two or three—nay, if we had had but one — we should be now looking both back and forward with very different feelings. We make no invidious comparisons: we do not propose a layman, however expert, for command, or a critic, however masterly, for office; but we cannot help recording our conviction that of all the voices now crying aloud that blessed word "efficiency," this is the one from which we have most to gain in all that belongs to the organisation of war. To a thinking mind, indeed, the matter is one which goes far deeper than that: the organisation of all national resources and national activity is a development which will come as a whole, or not at all, for it is a vital change, and the alternative is not merely that we may be beaten and plundered by land and sea, but that we shall in any case fall to the position, which we have before now so carelessly and contemptuously looked down upon, of one of "the dying nations."

Reviewers, apparently learned, have told us within the last few weeks that the attempted assassination of our greatest admiral, which forms the climax of Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson's tale **A Friend of Nelson** (Longman, 6*s.*), never existed in any imagination but that of the story teller himself, and that, consequently, we have here an unwarrantable libel upon the memory of Napoleon. The criticism, like a deep sea lead, shows to what an abysm of watery barrenness the art of reviewing has sunk. We confess to thinking the libel a not improbably true one, and the objection in any case a quite impossibly futile one. You might as well—better—take Dumas to task for his legend of Monk's box, or the conversation of the Comte de la Fère with Charles I. upon the scaffold, In reading stories the most agreeable form of faith is often "believing in things that

you know are not true," and in the case of Bonaparte *v.* Hutchinson this fact would be fatal to the plaintiff. Any ordinary jury would probably add, as a rider, that if the defendant will continue to libel other historical characters in a manner equally exciting, they will continue to acquit him in court, and take him home to dinner afterwards.

BELOW THE MILL DAM[1]

"BOOK—book—Domesday Book." They were letting in the water for the evening stint at Robert's Mill, and the wooden Wheel where lived the Spirit of the Mill settled to its nine-hundred-year-old song: "Here Azor, a freeman, held one rod, but it never paid geld. *Nun—nun—nunquam geldavit.* Here Reinbert has one villein and four cottars with one plough—and wood for six hogs and two fisheries of sixpence and a mill of ten shillings—*unum molinum*—one mill. Reinbert's mill—Robert's Mill. Then and afterwards and now—*tunc et post et modo*—Robert's Mill. Book—book—Domesday Book!"

"I confess," said the Black Rat on the cross-beam luxuriously trimming his whiskers. "I confess I am not above appreciating my position and all it means." He was a genuine old English black rat, a breed which, the books say, is rapidly diminishing before the incursions of the brown variety.

"Appreciation is the surest sign of inadequacy," said the Grey Cat coiled up on a piece of sacking.

"But I know what you mean," she added. "To sit by right at the heart of things—eh?"

"Yes," said the Black Rat, as the old mill shook and the heavy stones burred on the grist. "To possess—er—all this environment as an integral part of one's daily life, must insensibly, of course . . . You see?"

"I feel," said the Grey Cat. "Indeed, if *we* are not saturated with the spirit of the Mill, who should be?"

"Book—book—Domesday Book!" the Wheel, set to his work, was running off the tenure of the whole rape, for he knew Domesday Book backwards and forwards: "*In Firle tenuit Abbatia de Wiltuna unam hidam et unam virgam et dimidiam. Nunquam geldavit.* And Agemond, a freeman, has half a hide and one rod. I remember Agemond well. Charmin' fellow—friend of mine. He married a Norman girl in the days when we rather looked down on the Normans as upstarts. An' Agemond's dead? So he is. Eh, dearie me! Dearie me! I remember the wolves howling outside his door in the big frost of Ten Fifty-Nine. . . . *Esseswelde hundredum nunquam geldum reddidit.* . . . Book! Book! Domesday Book!"

"After all," the Grey Cat continued, "atmosphere is life. It is the influences under which we live that count in the long run. Now, outside"—she cocked one ear towards the half-opened door—"there is some sort of inane convention that rats and cats are, I won't go so far as to say natural enemies, but balancing forces. Some such ruling may be crudely effective—I don't for a minute presume to set up my standards as final—among the ditches; but from the larger point of view that one gains living at the heart of things it seems a little over-strained as a rule of life. Why, because some of your associates have, shall I say, liberal views on the ultimate destination of a sack of—er—middlings don't they call them——?"

"Something of that sort," said the Black Rat, a most sharp and sweet-toothed judge of everything ground in the mill for the last eight years.

"Thanks—middlings be it. *Why*, as I was saying, must I disarrange my fur and my digestion to chase you round the dusty arena whenever we happen to meet?"

"As little reason," said the Black Rat, "as there is for me, who, I trust, am a person of ordinarily decent instincts, to wait till you have gone on a round of calls, and then to assassinate your very charming children."

"Exactly! It has its humorous side though." The Grey Cat yawned. "The Miller seems afflicted by it. He shouted large and vague threats to my address, last night at tea, that he wasn't going to keep cats who 'caught no mice.' Those were his words. I remember the grammar sticking in my throat like a herring-bone."

"And what did you do?"

"What does one do when a barbarian utters? One ceases to utter and removes. I removed—towards his pantry. It was a form of argument he might appreciate."

"Really these people grow absolutely insufferable," said the Black Rat. "There is a local ruffian who answers to the name of Mangles—a builder—who has taken possession of the outhouses on the far side of the Wheel for the last fortnight. He has constructed cubical horrors in red brick where those picturesque pigstyes used to stand. Have you noticed?"

"There has been much misdirected activity of late among the humans. They jabber inordinately. I haven't yet been able to arrive at their reason for existence."

"A couple of them came in here last week with wires—and fixed them all about the walls. Wires protected by some abominable composition, ending in iron brackets with glass bulbs. Utterly useless for any purpose and artistically absolutely hideous. What do they mean?"

"Aaah! I have known *four*-and-twenty leaders of revolt in Faenza," said the Cat who kept good company with the boarders at the Mill Farm. "It means nothing except that humans occasionally bring their dogs with them. I object to dogs in all forms."

"Shouldn't object to dogs," said the Wheel sleepily. . . . "The Abbot of Wilton kept the best pack in the county. He enclosed all the Harryngton Woods to Sturt Common. Aluric, a freeman, was dispossessed of his holding. They tried the case at Lewes and he got no change out of William De Warrenne on the bench. William De Warrenne fined Aluric eight and fourpence for treason, and the Abbot of Wilton excom-

municated him for blasphemy. Aluric was no sportsman. Then the Abbot's brother married. . . . I've forgotten her name, but she was a charmin' little woman. The Lady Philippa was her daughter. That was after the barony was conferred. She rode devilish straight to hounds. They were a bit throatier than we breed now but a good pack: one of the best. The Abbot kept 'em in splendid shape. Now, who was the woman the Abbot kept? Book—book! I shall have to go right back to Domesday and work up the centuries: '*Modo per omnia reddit burgum tunc—tunc—tunc!* Was it *burgum* or *hundredum?*' I shall remember in a minute. There's no hurry." He paused as he turned over silvered with showering drops.

"This won't do," said the Waters in the sluice. "Keep moving."

The Wheel swung forward; the Waters roared on the buckets and dropped down to the darkness below.

"Noisier than usual," said the Black Rat. "It must have been raining up the valley."

"Floods may be," said the Wheel dreamily. "It isn't the proper season but they can come without warning. I shall never forget the big one—when the Miller went to sleep and forgot to open the hatches. More than two hundred years ago it was, but I can recall it distinctly. Most unsettling."

"We lifted him off his bearings," cried the Waters. "We said, 'Take away that bauble!' And in the morning he was five mile down the valley—hung up in a tree."

"Vulgar!" said the Cat. "But I am sure he never lost his dignity."

"We don't know. He looked like the ace of diamonds when we had finished with him. . . . Move on there! Keep on moving. Over! Get over!"

"And why this day more than any other," said the Wheel statelily. "I am not aware that my department requires the stimulus of external pressure to keep it up to its duties. I trust I have the elementary instincts of a gentleman."

"May be," the Waters answered together leaping down on the buckets. "We only know that you are very stiff on your bearings. Over, get over!"

The Wheel creaked and groaned. There was certainly greater pressure upon him than he had ever felt, and his revolutions had increased from six and three quarters to eight and a third per minute. But the uproar between the narrow, weed-hung walls annoyed the Grey Cat.

"Isn't it almost time," she said plaintively, "that the person who is paid to understand these things shuts off those vehement globules with that screw-thing on the top of that box-thing."

"They'll be shut off at eight o'clock, as usual," said the Rat; "then we can go to dinner."

"But we shan't be shut off till ever so late," said the Waters gaily. "We shall keep it up all night."

"The ineradicable offensiveness of youth is partially compensated for by its eternal hopefulness," said the Cat. "Our dam would not stoop to furnish water for more than four hours at a time."

"Thank goodness!" said the Black Rat. "Then they can return to their native ditches."

"Ditches!" cried the Waters; "Raven's Gill brook is no ditch. It is almost navigable, and *we* come from there away." They slid over solid and compact till the Wheel thudded under their weight.

"Raven's Gill brook," said the Rat. "*I* never heard of Raven's Gill."

"*We* are the waters of Harpenden Brook—down from under Callton Rise. Phew! how the race stinks compared with the heather country." Another five foot of water flung itself against the Wheel, broke, roared, gurgled, and was gone.

"Indeed," said the Grey Cat, "I am sorry to tell you that Raven's Gill brook is cut off from this valley by an absolutely impassable range of mountains, and Callton Rise is more than nine miles away. It belongs to another system entirely."

"Ah, yes," said the Rat, grinning, "but we forget that, for the young, water always runs up hill."

"Oh, hopeless! hopeless! hopeless!" cried the Waters, descending open-palmed upon the Wheel. "There is nothing between here and Raven's Gill brook that a hundred yards of channelling and a few square feet of concrete could not remove; and hasn't removed!"

"And Harpenden brook is north of Raven's Gill and runs into Raven's Gill at the foot of Callton Rise, where the big ilex trees are, and *we* come from there!" These were the glassy, clear Waters of the high chalk.

"And Batten's Ponds, that are fed by springs, have been led through Trott's Wood, taking the spare water from the old Witches' Spring under Beltane Haw, and we—*we*—we are the combined waters!" Those were the Waters from the upland bogs and moors—a porter-coloured, dusky, and foam-flecked flood.

"It's all tremendously interesting," purred the Cat to the sliding waters, "and I have no doubt that Trott's Woods and Bott's Woods are tremendously important places; but if you could manage to do your work—whose value I don't in the least dispute—a little more soberly, I, for one, should be grateful."

"Book—book—book—book—book—Domesday Book," the Wheel was fairly clattering now: "'In Burglestaltone a monk holds of Earl Godwin one hide and a half with eight villeins. There is a church—I remember that monk. Blessed if he could rattle his rosary off any quicker than I am doing now . . . and wood for seven hogs. I must be running twelve to the minute . . . almost as fast as Steam. Damnable invention, Steam . . . Surely, it's time we went to dinner or prayers—or something. 'Can't keep up this pressure, day in and day out and not feel it——.' I don't mind for myself, of course. *Noblesse oblige*, you know. I'm only thinking of the Upper and the Nether Millstones. They came out of the common rock. They can't be expected to——"

"Don't worry on our account, please," said the Millstones huskily. "So long as you supply the power we'll supply the weight and the bite."

"Isn't it a trifle blasphemous, though, to work you in this way?" grunted the Wheel. "I seem to remember something about the Mills of God grinding 'slowly.' *Slowly* was the word!"

"But we aren't the Mills of God. We're only the Upper and the Nether Millstone. We have received no instructions to be anything else. We are actuated by power transmitted from you."

"Ah, but let us be merciful as we are strong. Think of all the beautiful little plants that grow on my woodwork. There are five varieties of rare moss within less than one square yard—and all these delicate jewels of nature are being grievously knocked about by the rush of the water."

"Umph!" growled the Millstones. "What with your religious scruples and your taste for botany we'd hardly know you for the Wheel that put the carter's son under last autumn. You never worried about *him!*"

"He ought to have known better."

"So ought your jewels of nature. Tell 'em to grow where it's safe."

"How a purely mercantile life debases and brutalises!" said the Cat to the Rat.

"They were such beautiful little plants, too," said the Rat tenderly. "Maiden's tongue and hart's hair fern trellising all over the wall just as they do on the sides of churches in the Downs. Think what a joy the sight of them must be to our sturdy peasants pulling hay!"

"Golly!" said the Millstones. "There's nothing like coming to the heart of things for information;" and they returned to the song that all English water-mills have sung from time beyond telling:

There was a jovial miller once
Lived on the river Dee
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be.

Then, as fresh grist poured in and dulled the note:

I care for nobody—no not I
And nobody cares for me.

"Even these stones have absorbed something of our atmosphere," said the Grey Cat. "Nine tenths of the trouble in this world comes from lack of detachment."

"One of your people died from forgetting that, didn't she?" said the Rat.

"One only. The example has sufficed us for generations."

"Ah! but what happened to Don't Care?" the Waters demanded.

"Brutal riding to death of a casual analogy is another mark of provincialism!" The Grey Cat raised her tufted chin. "I am going to sleep. With my social obligations I must snatch rest when I can, but, as our old friend here says: *Noblesse oblige*. . . . Pity me! Three functions to-night in the village, and a barn-dance across the valley!"

"There's no chance, I suppose, of your looking in on the loft about 2 A.M. Some of our young people are going to amuse themselves with a new sacque-dance—best white flour only," said the Black Rat.

"I believe I am officially supposed not to countenance that sort of thing, but youth is youth. . . . By the way, the humans set my milk-bowl in the loft these days; I hope your youngsters respect it."

"My dear lady," said the Black Rat, bowing, "you grieve me. You hurt me inexpressibly. After all these years, too!"

"A general crush is so mixed—highways and hedges—all that sort of thing—and no one can answer for one's best friends. *I* never try. So long as mine are amusin' and in full voice, and can hold their own at a tile-party, I'm as catholic as these most mixed waters in the dam here."

"We aren't mixed. We *have* mixed. We are one now," said the Waters sulkily.

"Still uttering?" said the Cat. "Never mind, here's the

Miller coming to shut you off. Ye-es, I have known—*four*—or five is it?—and twenty leaders of revolts in Faenza . . . A little more babble in the dam, a little more noise in the sluice, a little extra splashing on the wheel and then——"

"They will find that nothing has occurred," said the Black Rat. "The old things persist and survive and are recognised—our old friend here first of all. By-the-way," he turned toward the Wheel, "I believe we have to congratulate you on your latest honour."

"Profoundly well deserved—even if he had never—as he has—laboured strenuously through a long life for the amelioration of millkind," said the Cat, who belonged to many tile and oast house committees. "Doubly deserved, I may say, for the silent and dignified rebuke his existence offers to the clattering, fidgety-footed demands of—er—some people. What form did the honour take?"

"It was," said the Wheel bashfully, "a machine-moulded pinion."

"Pinions! Oh, how heavenly!" the Black Rat sighed. "I never see a bat without wishing for wings."

"Not exactly that sort of pinion," said the Wheel, "but a really ornate circle of toothed iron wheels. Absurd of course, but gratifying. Mr. Mangles and an associate invested me with it personally—on my left rim—the side that you can't see from the mill. I hadn't meant to say anything about it—or the new steel straps round my axles—bright red you know—to be worn on all occasions—but, without false modesty, I assure you that the recognition cheered me not a little."

"How intensely gratifying!" said the Black Rat. "I must really steal an hour between lights some day and see what they are doing on your left side."

"Have you any light on this recent activity of Mr. Mangles?" the Grey Cat asked. "He seems to be building small houses on the far side of the tail-race. Believe me, I don't ask from any vulgar curiosity."

"It affects our Order," said the Black Rat simply but firmly.

"Thank you," said the Wheel, "Let me see if I can tabulate it properly. Nothing like system in accounts of all kinds. Book! Book! Book!—On the side of the wheel towards the hundred of Burglestaltone, where till now was a stye of three hogs, Mangles, a freeman, with four villeins and two carts of two thousand bricks, has a new small house of five yards and a half, and one roof of iron and a floor of cement. Then now and afterwards beer in large tankards. And Felden, a stranger, with three villeins and one very great cart, deposits on it one engine of iron and brass and a small iron mill of four feet, and a broad strap of leather. And Mangles, the builder, with two villeins, constructs the floor for the same, and for one big box half filled with iron and glass and water and a floor of new brick for the small mill. The whole is valued at one hundred and seventy four pounds with the new small house of Mangles. . . . I'm sorry I can't make myself clearer but you can see for yourself."

"Amazingly lucid," said the Cat. She was the more to be admired because the language of Domesday Book is not, perhaps, the clearest medium wherein to describe a small but complete electric-light installation, deriving its power from a water-wheel by means of cogs and gearing.

"See for yourself—by all means, see for yourself," said the Waters spluttering and choking with mirth.

"Upon my word," said the Black Rat furiously. "I may be at fault but I wholly fail to perceive where these offensive eavesdroppers—er—come in. We were discussing a matter that solely affected our Order."

Suddenly they heard as they had heard many times before the Miller shutting off the water. To the rattle and rumble of the labouring stones, followed thick silence punctuated with little drops from the stayed wheel. Then some water-bird in the dam fluttered her wings as she slid to her rest, and the plop of a water-rat sounded like the fall of a log in the water.

"It is all over—it always is all over at just this time.

Listen, the Miller is going to bed—as usual. Nothing has occurred," said the Cat.

Something creaked in the house where the pig-styes had stood, as metal engaged on metal with a clink and a burr.

"Shall I turn her on?" cried the Miller.

"Ay," said the voice from the house.

"A human in Mangles' new house," the Rat squeaked.

"What of it?" said the Grey Cat. "Even supposing Mr. Mangles' cats-meat-coloured hovel pullulated with humans, can't you see for yourself—that——?"

There was a solid crash of released waters leaping upon the Wheel more furiously than ever: a grinding of cogs: a drone like the hum of a hornet and then the unvisited darkness of the old mill was scattered by intolerable white light. It threw up every cobweb, every burl and knot in the beams and the floor; and the shadows behind the flakes of rough plaster on the wall lay clear-cut as shadows of mountains on a photographed moon.

"See! See! See!" hissed the Waters in full flood. "Yes, see for yourselves. Nothing has occurred. Can't you see?"

The Rat amazed had fallen sheer from his foothold and lay half stunned on the floor. The Cat following her instinct leaped nigh to the ceiling, and with flattened ears and bared teeth backed in a corner ready to fight whatever terror might be loosed on her. But nothing happened. Through the long aching minutes nothing whatever happened; and her bottle-brush tail returned slowly to its proper shape.

"Whatever it is," she said at last. "It's excessive. They can never keep it up, you know."

"Much you know," said the Waters. "Over you go, old man. You can take the full head of us now. Those new steel axle-straps of yours can stand anything. Come along, Raven's Gill, Harpenden, Callton Rise, Batten's ponds, Witches' spring, all together! Let's show these gentlemen how to work!"

"But—but—I thought it was a decoration. Why—why—why—it only means more work for *me!*"

"Exactly. You're to supply about sixty eight-candle lights when required. But they won't be all in use at once——"

"Ah! I thought as much," said the Cat. "The reaction is bound to come."

"*And*," said the Waters, "you will do the ordinary work of the mill."

"Impossible!" the old Wheel quivered as it drove. "Aluric never did it—nor Azor, nor Reinbert. Not even William de Warrenne or the Papal Legate. There's no precedent for it. I tell you there's no precedent for working a wheel like this."

"Wait a while! We're making one as fast as we can. Aluric and Co. are dead. So's the Papal Legate. You've no notion how dead they are, but we're here—the Waters of Five Separate Systems. We're just as interesting as Domesday Book. Would you like to hear about the land tenure in Trott's Wood? It's squat-right chiefly." The mocking Waters leaped one over the other, chuckling and chattering profanely.

"In that hundred Jenkins, a tinker, with one dog—*unus canis*—holds, by the grace of God and a habit he has of working hard, *unam hidam*—a large potato patch. Charmin' fellow, Jenkins. Friend of ours. Now, who the dooce did Jenkins keep? . . . In the hundred of Callton is one charcoal-burner *irreligiosissimus homo*—a bit of a rip—but a thorough sportsman. *Ibi est ecclesia. Non multum.* Not much of a church, *quia* because, *episcopus* the Vicar irritated the Nonconformists *tunc et post et modo*—then and afterwards and now—until they built a cut-stone Congregational chapel with red brick facings that returned itself— *defendebat se*—at four thousand pounds."

"Charcoal-burners, vicars, schismatics, and red brick facings," groaned the Wheel. "But this is sheer blasphemy. What waters have they let in upon me?"

"Floods from the back ditches. Faugh, this light is positively sickening!" said the Cat, re-arranging her fur.

"We come down from the clouds or up from the springs, exactly like all other waters everywhere. Is that what's surprising you?"

"Of course not. I know my work if you don't. What I complain of is your lack of reverence and repose. You've no instinct of deference towards your betters—your heartless parody of the sacred volume (he meant Domesday Book) proves it."

"Our betters?" said the Waters most solemnly. "What is there in all this dammed race that hasn't come down from the clouds, or——"

"Spare me that talk, please," the Wheel persisted. "You'd *never* understand. It's the tone—your tone that we object to."

"Yes. It's your tone," said the Black Rat, picking himself up limb by limb.

"If you thought a trifle more about the work you're supposed to do, and a trifle less about your precious feelings, you'd render a little more duty in return for the power vested in you—we mean wasted on you," the Waters replied.

"I have been some hundreds of years laboriously acquiring the knowledge which you see fit to challenge so light-heartedly," the Wheel jarred.

"Challenge him! Challenge him!" clamoured the little waves riddling down through the tail-race. "As well now as later. Take him up!"

The main mass of the Waters plunging on the wheel shocked that well-bolted structure almost into box-lids by saying: "Very good. Tell us what you suppose yourself to be doing at the present moment."

"Waiving the offensive form of your question, I answer purely as a matter of courtesy, that I am engaged in the trituration of farinaceous substances whose ultimate destination it would be a breach of the trust reposed in me to reveal."

"Fiddle!" said the Waters. "We knew it all along! The first direct question shows his awful ignorance of his own job. Listen, old man. Thanks to us, you are now actuating a machine of whose construction you know nothing, that that machine may, over wires of whose ramifications you are, by your very position, absolutely ignorant, deliver a power which you can never realise to localities beyond the extremest limits

of your mental horizon, with the object of producing phenomena which in your wildest dreams (if you ever dream) you could never comprehend. Is that clear, or would you like it all in words of four syllables?"

"Your assumptions are deliciously sweeping, but may I point out that a decent and—the dear old Abbot of Wilton would have put it in his resonant monkish Latin much better than I can—a scholarly reserve, does not necessarily connote blank vacuity of mind on all subjects."

"Ah, the dear old Abbot of Wilton," said the Rat sympathetically as one nursed in that bosom. "Charmin' fellow—thorough scholar and gentleman. Such a pity!"

"Oh Sacred Fountains!" the Waters were fairly boiling. "He goes out of his way to expose his ignorance by triple bucketfuls! He creaks to high heaven that he is hopelessly behind the new order of things! He invites the streams of Five Watersheds to witness his su—su—su—pernal incompetence, and then he talks as though there were untold reserves of knowledge behind him that he is too modest to bring forward. For a bland, circular, absolutely sincere impostor, you're a miracle, O Wheel!"

"I do not pretend to be anything more than an integral portion of an accepted and not altogether mushroom institution."

"Quite so," said the Waters. "Then go round—hard——"

"To what end?" asked the Wheel.

"Till a big box of tanks in your house begins to fizz and fume—gassing is the proper word."

"It would be," said the Cat, sniffing.

"That will show that your accumulators are full. When the accumulators are exhausted, and the lights burn badly, you will find us whacking you round and round again."

"The end of life as decreed by Mangles and his creatures is to go whacking round and round for ever," said the Cat.

"In order," the Rat said, "that you may throw raw and unnecessary illumination upon all the unloveliness in the

world. Unloveliness which we shall, er—have always with us. At the same time you will riotously neglect the so-called little but vital minor graces that make up life."

"Yes, Life," said the cat, "with its dim delicious half-tones and veiled indeterminate distances. Its surprisals, escapes, encounters and dizzying leaps—its full-throated choruses in honour of the morning star and its melting reveries beneath the sun-warmed wall."

"Oh, you can go on the tiles, Fatima, just the same as usual," said the laughing Waters. "*We* won't interfere with you."

"On the tiles, forsooth!" hissed the Cat.

"Well, that's what it amounts to," persisted the Waters. "We see a good deal of the minor graces of life on our way down to our job."

"And—but I fear I speak to deaf ears—do they never impress you?" said the Wheel.

"Enormously," said the Waters. "We have already learned six hundred synonyms for loafing."

"But (here again I feel as though preaching in the wilderness) it never occurs to you that there may exist some small difference between the wholly animal—er—rumination of bovine minds and the discerning, well-apportioned leisure of the finer type of intellect?"

"Oh, yes. The bovine mind goes to sleep under a hedge and makes no bones about it when it's shouted at. We've seen *that*—in haying-time—all along the meadows. The finer type is wide-awake enough to fudge up excuses for shirking, and mean enough to get stuffy when its excuses aren't accepted. Turn over!"

"But, my good people, no gentleman gets stuffy as you call it. A certain proper pride, to put it no higher, forbids——"

"Nothing that he wants to do if he really wants to do it. Get along! What are you giving us? D'you suppose we've scoured half heaven in the clouds, and half earth in the mists to be taken in at this time of the day by a bone-idle, old hand-quern of your type?"

"It is not for me to bandy personalities with you. I can only say that I simply decline to accept the situation."

"Decline away. It doesn't make any odds. They'll probably put in a turbine if you decline too much."

"What's a turbine?" said the Wheel.

"A little thing, you don't see, that performs surprising revolutions. But *you* won't decline. You'll hang on to your two nice red-strapped axles and your new machine-moulded pinions like—a—like a leech on a lily stem. There's centuries of work in your old bones if you'd only apply yourself to it; and mechanically an overshot wheel with this head of water, is about as efficient as a turbine."

"So in future I am to be considered mechanically? I have been painted by at least five Royal Academicians."

"Oh, you can be painted by five hundred when you aren't at work, of course. But while you are at work you'll work. You won't half-stop and think and talk about rare plants and dicky-birds and farinaceous flap-doodle. You'll continue to revolve, and this new head of water will see that you do so continue."

"It is a matter on which it would be exceedingly ill-advised to form a hasty or a premature conclusion. I will give it my most careful consideration," said the Wheel.

"Please do," said the Waters gravely. "Hullo! Here's the Miller again."

The cat coiled herself in a picturesque attitude on the softest corner of a sack, and the Rat without haste yet certainly without rest, slipped behind the sacking as though an idea had just occurred to him.

In the doorway, with the young Engineer, stood the Miller grinning amazedly.

"Well—well—well! 'tis true-ly won'erful. An' what a power o' dirt! It come over me now looking at these lights, that I've never rightly seen my own mill before. She needs a lot bein' done to her."

"Ah! I suppose one must make oneself moderately

agreeable to the baser sort. They have their uses. This thing controls the dairy." The cat pincing on her toes came forward and rubbed her head against the Miller's knee.

"Ay you pretty puss," he said stooping. "You're as big a cheat as the rest of 'em that catch no mice about me. A won'erful smooth-skinned rough-tongued cheat you be. I've more than half a mind——"

"She does her work well," said the Engineer, pointing to where the rat's beady eyes showed behind the sacking. "Cats and rats living together—see?"

"Too much they do—too long they've done. I'm sick and tired of it. Go and take a swim and larn to find your own vittles honest when you come out, pussy."

"My word!" said the Waters, as a sprawling cat landed all unannounced in the centre of the tail-race. "Is that you, Fatima? You seem to have been quarrelling with your best friend. Get over to the left. It's shallowest there. Up on that alder-root with all four paws. Good night!"

"You'll never get any they rats," said the Miller, as the young Engineer struck wrathfully with his stick at the sacking. "They're not the common sort. They're the old black English sort."

"Are they, by Jove? I must catch one to stuff, some day."

. . . . .

Six months later, in the chill of a January afternoon, they were letting in the Waters as usual.

"Come along! It's both gears this evening," said the Wheel, kicking joyously in the first rush of the icy stream. "There's a heavy load of grist just in from Lamber's Wood. Eleven miles it came in an hour and a half in our new motor-lorry, and the Miller's rigged five new five-candle lights in his cow-stables. I'm feeding 'em to-night. There's a cow due to calve. Oh, while I think of it, what's the news from Callton Rise?"

"The waters are finding their level, as usual—but why do you ask?" said the deep outpouring Waters.

"Because Mangles and Felden and the Miller are talking of increasing the plant here and running a saw-mill by electricity. I was wondering whether we——"

"I beg your pardon," said the Waters, chuckling. "*What* did you say?"

"Whether *we*, of course, had power enough for the job. It will be a biggish contract. There's all Harpenden Brook to be considered and Batten's Ponds as well, and Witches' Fountain."

"We've power enough for anything in the world," said the Waters. "The only question is whether you could stand the strain if we came down on you full head—up to, say, forty horse-power."

"Of course I can," said the Wheel. "Mangles is going to turn me into a set of turbines—beauties."

"Oh—er—I suppose it's the frost that has made us a little thick-headed, but to whom are we talking?" asked the amazed Waters.

"To me—the Spirit of the Mill, of course."

"Not to the old Wheel, then?"

"I happen to be living in the old Wheel just at present. When the turbines are installed I shall go and live in them. What earthly difference does it make?"

"Absolutely none," said the Waters, "in the earth or in the waters under the earth. But we thought turbines didn't appeal to you."

"Not like turbines? Me? My dear fellows, turbines are good for fifteen hundred revolutions a minute—and with our power we can drive 'em at full speed. Why there's nothing we couldn't grind or saw or illuminate or heat with a set of turbines! That's to say if all the Five Watersheds are agreeable."

"Oh, we've been agreeable for ever so long."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"'Don't know. Suppose it slipped our memory." The Waters were holding themselves in for fear of bursting with mirth.

"How careless of you! You should keep abreast of the age, my dear fellows. We might have settled it long ago, if you'd only spoken. Yes, four good turbines and a neat brick penstock—eh? This old Wheel's absurdly out of date."

"Well," said the Cat, who after a little decent seclusion had returned to her place impenitent as ever. "Praised be Pasht and the Old Gods that whatever may have happened, *I*, at least, have preserved the Spirit of the Mill."

She looked round as expecting her faithful ally, the Black Rat; but that very week the engineer had caught and stuffed him and had put him in a glass case, he being a genuine old English black rat; and that breed, the books say, is rapidly diminishing before the incursions of the brown variety.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

EDUCATION IN THE NAVY

III

IN view of the dissatisfaction with our system of naval education which is felt with ever-increasing anxiety in the Service, and to which an over-worked Admiralty has once again begun to listen, it may be of interest to recall the previous attempts to place it on an adequate footing. All these attempts have been made from within, through departmental committees. Strange as it may now seem to us, who are beginning to have a serious belief in the value of education, no Royal or Parliamentary Commission has ever considered the subject. Though the whole efficiency of the Fleet rests ultimately on the training of cadets, the question has never been lifted higher in the counsels of the nation than that of anti-fouling compositions or the pattern of a cable-holder.

It is not only from the point of view of naval education that the history of the matter is worth realising. It affords also a striking study of those methods of administration which our services and institutions still manage to survive, and that too in reasonable health and vigour. The system of procedure appears to have been from time to time to call together the best authorities, listen patiently to their advice, embody it in a lucid and careful report, and then do something more or less different from what was advised. Nor is this all. In the past thirty years or so four Departmental Committees have sat on the Education of Naval Officers. After each report, something

different from what it recommended was done, and finally a system was adopted which was essentially the exact opposite of what they all recommended. That system is the one which now holds the field to the despair of the whole Service.

Such a condition of things, when accidentally brought to light, is usually the signal for alarmist cries and much vituperation of the persons responsible. It is not, perhaps, unpardonable that it should be so. The taxpayer may at least be forgiven a trace of impatience with his rulers. He will call them evil names; he will accuse them of indifference, stupidity or worse. And yet, if he stops to think, he will know this cannot be the cause of the bewildering administration that staggers his loyalty. He will see that the explanation must lie elsewhere. The bulk of the men who become charged with the national administration he knows quite well are above the average of intelligence and capacity. For the most part they have shown some aptitude for the business, some ability for hard work, some unselfish devotion to the public good, some earnest desire to leave things better than they found them. Take, for instance, the man who as First Lord of the Admiralty instituted the existing system in defiance of all the Committees which had patiently considered the subject. He was the taxpayer's ideal Minister—a man of business, of wide experience and success, of unusual capacity and love for hard work, of unblemished integrity, and undoubted devotion. The country can never hope to recruit its administrators from men of a higher type or with better qualifications than those of Lord Goschen at his best, and yet it was Lord Goschen at his best who is responsible for the staggering step backwards that was taken when the Service was crying for the long-delayed step in advance.

It is idle in such a case to set the trouble down to want of business capacity or stupidity or inertness or corruption, or to any of the catchwords that fill exasperated leading articles and thunder from "efficiency" platforms. No; the trouble must lie somewhere else, and better than cries of alarm and vituperation would be a sympathetic effort to find out what it is that,

in spite of high desire and ungrudging toil, prevents these admirable men from doing what is admirable. We know perfectly well they would never conduct their own affairs in such a way. We know perfectly well they enter the Administration determined to do for the public what they do for themselves, and yet in a little while the chill of Whitehall settles down upon them; the miasma from that graveyard of endeavour enwraps them; their hands shake, their eyes grow dim, their purpose falters, and they seem to hasty judgment no longer sane or honest men. Yet are they still both sane and honest, and struggling to do their best with conditions under which no private man would ever dream of conducting his business successfully, and under which he would condone the failure of his largest creditor.

Let us turn now from the general to the concrete and take the history of the particular matter in hand. The first attempt to educate cadets for the Navy was made as long ago as 1729 by the establishment of a Naval Academy at Portsmouth Dockyard. It was during the period of profound peace which marked Walpole's second Administration, and the forty students for whose reception it provided were presumably regarded as sufficient to meet the needs of the Fleet. During the long wars that followed, the demand for officers was so great that the effect of the small number issuing from the Academy can hardly have been felt, and midshipmen as a rule got all they knew from what they picked up in the course of their duties afloat. After two attempts to reform the school, in 1806 and 1816, the Admiralty in 1837 finally abandoned the attempt to teach naval cadets ashore. In that year the Portsmouth School was closed, and two years later reopened as a higher naval college which is the parent of Greenwich as it exists to-day. From that time began the disastrous attempt to teach cadets afloat. The Admiralty confined its efforts at secondary education to the improvement of Naval Instructors —schoolmasters, that is, who go to sea in active ships—and the midshipman became what he has remained ever since, a

"half-timer," partly officer and partly schoolboy, neither long and neither adequately. For twenty years this hopeless system continued, till in the normal way an ill-waged war gave the shock that with us is the necessary preliminary to administrative reform. In the spasm of reconstructive energy that followed the humiliating experiences of the Crimean War, the old school of George II.'s time was restarted. It took the form of a stationary training-ship and became the direct parent of the *Britannia*. The course, which was originally nine months, was quickly increased to fifteen, and the age of entry fixed at between thirteen and fifteen. These are very much the same conditions that now exist, but no sooner was the undertaking started than it was found it would not do. The evils against which every one is now declaiming soon declared themselves. Fifteen months proved wholly inadequate to prepare a boy for joining an active ship. Consequently the age of entry was reduced by successive changes till it was fixed at between twelve and thirteen and a half, and in 1868 a sea-going training-ship was added in which the cadets had to pass a year after the completion of their stationary course. The following year a still further improvement was made by extending the stationary course to two years and providing another hulk for the increased accommodation required; and thus with the year in the sea-going training-ship a three-years course was ultimately reached.

It is at this point, when public attention was absorbed in Mr. Gladstone's attempt to solve the problem of national education, that our Committees come upon the stage. Up to this time, as the latest of these Committees pointed out, the tendency of the numerous changes had all been in the same direction. "The course of training," they say, "has been constantly increasing in length whilst the original training-ship has been modified by degrees, becoming at each stage less like a ship than like a school." The first of the Committees, known as Admiral Shadwell's, reported in 1870 in

the midst of the education ferment. The situation was seized with a wide grasp, and the pith of its recommendations was that the tendency it recognised should be carried to its logical conclusion by the total abolition of the "half-timer" in active ships and the completion of the cadet's education before he went to sea as an officer. To this end they advised the suppression of the Naval Instructor afloat and the complete abandonment of the discredited attempt to teach boys at sea. The main reason for this which they gave was, in their own words, "the general incompatibility, on which many of the most experienced witnesses strongly insist, between the position of an officer and a schoolboy which it is attempted to combine under our present system." To complete the boy's primary and secondary education before he goes to sea as an officer they regarded as the only way. They, therefore, asked for three years in the stationary ship, with a summer cruise in training-brigs the last year, followed by a year's course in a sea-going training-ship, or four years in all.

Now mark what followed. Certain recommendations as to higher education led to the establishment of the present Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and after an interval of fourteen years to certain facilities being given for officers learning languages abroad. But as for the recommendations regarding earlier education they were entirely ignored—and worse; for not only was the three-years course in the stationary ship not granted, but the sea-going training-ship was abolished. Thus, in the face of the Committee's strongly held conclusion that the existing three-years course should be extended to four years, the Admiralty quietly reduced it to two!

Needless to say the system proved a failure. It is, indeed, difficult to believe that any one expected success. In less than five years' time another Departmental Committee had to be called for. This was that of Admiral Rice, which reported in 1875. With all the emphasis that a Departmental Committee can permit itself, it endorsed the rejected ideas of the Shadwell report and condemned the "half-timer." The points, as they

said, to which they attached the greatest importance were "the relief of the midshipman from the necessity of devoting his main thoughts and time to mere school studies," and the means by which this relief might be naturally obtained.

To emphasise the error of trying to teach boys at sea they went a step farther than their predecessors and recommended the suppression of all semblance of the heresy by substituting a shore college for the stationary training-ships and the assimilation of such college as nearly as possible to the best Public Schools. The course they urged, reiterating the Shadwell idea, was three years, and the age of entry they recommended was to be as soon as possible after twelve, so that the cadets could go to sea as midshipmen before they were sixteen. In this grade they were to serve three years afloat till they could pass for sub-lieutenant, and after five years afloat as sub-lieutenant they might pass for lieutenant.

Nothing, it would be imagined, could have been better or more restrained. The reforms suggested were not revolutionary, and yet they constituted a real improvement. They proposed a thoroughly practical step forward on the general line that education everywhere was taking, and which experts for years had been specially urging for naval education. The trend of opinion was completely to sever primary, secondary, and higher education, or, in other words, to superimpose technical training upon a solid and completed foundation of general culture. It is the tendency we see working out its final stage to-day in the efforts to eliminate the "half-timer" from the national system of education and in the pressure which the best colleges in the Universities are exerting to force undergraduates to pass "Little go" and similar examinations in schoolboy work before they come into residence. The immediate adoption of so clear-sighted, practicable, and modest a report would seem to outside observers a foregone conclusion; but, in fact, nothing of the kind occurred. Of the recommendations above detailed not one was taken up even in part. The intangible frost settled down on the men who had discerned

the evil and gone the right way to grapple with it, and beyond some slight modification of the *Britannia* course, nothing was done! With their eyes open and their zeal, no doubt, as keen as ever, they suffered to remain the system which they knew was poisoning the spirit of the Service at its springs. What wonder, then, if, when a few years later Professor Soley came over from the United States to report on "Foreign Systems of Naval Education," he could only treat that of England derisively as an example of what to avoid!

Two years later, in 1877, Mr. O. Gordon's Committee was appointed to inquire into the working of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. As this dealt mainly with the details of the higher education, it need not detain us further than to note that, although it was nominally higher education which was supposed to be undertaken at Greenwich, the course was really, and still is, largely occupied in endeavouring to re-teach much of what midshipmen are supposed to learn at sea, and some few of the *Britannia* subjects which the sea-going instruction ensures they shall forget.

In spite of the glaring failure of the *Britannia* and "half-timer" system, it continued to stumble on for ten years more before its evils accumulated sufficient disgust to call for a new inquiry. Admiral Luard's Committee was the result, and it reported in 1885. They found that none of the reforms to which their predecessors had attached most importance had been effected, and that many evils of which they complained had been intensified. They found the standard of attainment in the *Britannia* low, and yet they said:

> We think that the Chief Instructor rightly describes the course of study as "very severe" for boys of this age, and we are not surprised that he says that "he does not think that any but the most extraordinary young minds could have so learned the subjects as to retain them for future use."

When at the age of nineteen or twenty a midshipman came from his three years at sea to Greenwich they found that his knowledge of the elementary subjects, "though not so ill-digested and superficial as it was when he left the

Britannia," was still "far from ready or sound." They then proceeded to condemn sweepingly the whole system as it had existed and still exists, and to endorse once more all the main ideas of the Committees that had preceded them. They then roundly went on to say that nothing but a clean sweep of the whole system would set the confusion right. So crying and critical, however, did they find the evil, that they divided their recommendations under two heads: First, reforms, or rather modifications, that might be immediately introduced pending complete reconstruction; secondly, the lines on which reconstruction should proceed as soon as practicable.

The first part of the report was presented immediately it was ready in order that steps might be taken at once. They then proceeded to the second. In introducing it they said:

> In saying that a considerable change in the system is now necessary, we mean that the present system fails to secure the best material for officers, and fails to give them that practical and intellectual training which is most calculated to secure their efficiency; and we mean further that no mere alteration of a detail here or there is likely to be effective.

They condemned the *Britannia* system from beginning to end, and even more strongly the attempt to carry on the education of young officers at sea, questions on which, as they pointed out, "the previous Admiralty Committees had reported very strongly and unanimously." "It is a system," they said, "that requires boys to study under every possible disadvantage of circumstance," and that on a foundation whose insecurity had been exposed over and over again. "The duties discharged by young midshipmen at sea," they urge, "are of small value to the Service . . . nor, again, does a midshipman on board one of the large ships get much experience even of wind and weather and of the art of handling a ship at sea." So the condemnatory sentences came out one after another like sounding whipcracks on the back of the inert and misshapen monster which we still persuade ourselves is naval education!

Having soundly castigated the thrice-scourged evil, they proceed in a masterly manner to lay down the objects to be

aimed at in educating and training young officers for the sea, and then to elaborate a system for their attainment. Suffice it to say that in principle it is a final separation of elementary, secondary and higher education. Elementary education up to fifteen years of age was to be left to the ordinary schools of the country—the higher education entirely to the Navy after seventeen. The weak point of their plan was that secondary education was to be shared between Public Schools and the naval school in the *Britannia*, whereby the *Britannia* course was to be reduced to one year between sixteen and seventeen. But the change, be it marked, was based on the belief that the Public Schools would be able and willing to give the special secondary instruction that was required up to the age of sixteen. The Committee were at the pains to submit their proposals to the Headmasters' Conference of 1884, and found them "very generally and even warmly approved of." "The headmasters," they reported, "as a body evinced every disposition to meet the requirements of the public service, some of them offering to found classes in the special subjects." The expectations of the Committee have not been realised. The bulk of the Public Schools found it impracticable to put their good intentions into action, and they have almost entirely failed as a source upon which the Fleet can depend for cadets.

With a system, therefore, which hinged on an expectation of assistance outside the Service which was never realised we need not further concern ourselves here. The important consideration for the matter in hand is the Committee's recommendations for the immediate alleviation of the trouble pending complete reconstruction. The pith of them was an attempt to tackle the impossibility of boys learning in the two-years *Britannia* course what the Navy tried to teach them. To this end it was recommended that the age of entry should be raised to between thirteen and fourteen, in order to give an extra year to elementary education in ordinary schools and then to simplify the *Britannia* subjects down to what it was possible to teach in two years. Nothing could be more sound or simple;

nothing easier to carry through. But what was done? The age of entry was slightly raised, so that the cadets after their two-years course left the *Britannia* just at the age at which the Committee was unanimously of the opinion that, under a perfected system, they ought to enter it. And this they continue to do to the present day. There reform ended. Of the proposed reconstruction not a note was heard.

But even this is not the last or the worst word. Had the Admiralty been able to keep their hands off even the minute improvement, which was all they adopted from the Committee, some good might have come. True, these small reforms were only intended as a temporary expedient to last a couple of years till the proposed reconstruction could be carried through. Still, it was at least an advance towards the goal, on the lines every expert had more or less approved, and not a step backwards. But this the Admiralty found it impossible to do. As the Fleet increased, and with its growth the demand for officers, the limits of the *Britannia* accommodation were reached and something had to be done to swell the flow of cadets into the Service. Surely it would be thought that at such a moment, when the old system had developed a new defect, when the public were keenly alive to improving the Navy, and when such a man as Lord Goschen was at the helm, the opportunity would have been seized to take the taxpayers into confidence and ask for the means for a complete reconstruction. Nothing of the kind was attempted. Instead of turning to the special knowledge that had been obtained through the series of Committees, three Public School masters were called to counsel. The idea, no doubt, was to tap the Public School supply, and also, perhaps, to ascertain whether they really meant to supply the secondary instruction which they had led Luard's Committee to expect. However this may be, the only visible result was that Latin was made compulsory for the *Britannia* entrance. The staff of the *Britannia* were also applied to, and their answer gives a hint of why the Public School masters were approached. The question sent

down to the *Britannia* was to ask the best way to increase entries of cadets and midshipmen into the Fleet in view of the ship being quite full. The answer was that it might be done in three ways: (1) By allowing a certain number of entries into the Fleet up to the age of seventeen direct from Public Schools. (2) By fitting up another *Britannia*. (3) By reducing the time in the *Britannia* to one year.

Now it will be remembered that the last Committee had been for reducing the *Britannia* course to one year. True the recommendation was a nicely fitting part of a complete system no fragment of which had yet been introduced, and true it was that it was recommended on the distinct condition that the age should begin at sixteen after the boy's secondary education had been half completed in special classes in Public Schools. Still they had recommended the reduction, and that was enough to justify a cheap escape from the deadlock. The suggestion was jumped at as one divinely in harmony with the traditions of the public service. So another patch was torn from the soiled and tattered fabric, and naval education was brought back exactly to the point from which it started after the Crimean War.

Thus incredibly, and yet beyond all contradiction, was instituted the final form of that system on which the greatest fleet in the world depends for its brains. Comment is as needless as it is impossible. To scold and rail would be unjust; no conceivable stupidity could achieve such folly; no treachery could be so ingenious; no laziness take such useless pains. We can only hold our breath as we contemplate the fantastic edifice standing somehow without balance or foundation and remember that it was completed by one of the most level-headed, practical, and zealous administrators of our time!

Where, then, lies the explanation? The answer is plainly given by two of the Committees. It is simply that it is nobody's business at the Admiralty to watch the system of education, and the strain of the great service is so severe that, unless a piece of work is told off to a special quarter, it never

can get itself done. The last Committee set its finger plainly on the weak spot. Before Admiral Shadwell in 1870, Captain Sherard Osborn had said:

> I think the whole subject of education of the Navy, both in its junior and senior branches, is one which is so important at this moment that I would advise that a distinct branch or Secretaryship of the Admiralty should be formed for the purpose of watching over it with a view to keep the education of the Navy in harmony with the general movement that is taking place throughout the country.

To formulate systems of education, to gather knowledge from the ends of the earth by Committees is useless unless there be some one to turn precept to practice. Admiral Luard's Committee plainly said so in words that deserve remembrance:

> However careful [they say] and judicious the report of a Committee may be, it must of necessity fail somewhat in effect from the absence at the Admiralty of any specially qualified officer whose duty it would be both to judge of the recommendations and to advise the Board in regard to them; who would, moreover, watch the effectual carrying out of their Lordships' decisions, and thus secure a continuity of educational progress which appears hitherto to have been lacking.

To characterise what they knew of the course of naval education as an apparent "lack of continuity" must have demanded the pen of angels or that sense of humour that is the saving grace of the Navy. Nor were their recommendations less restrained. Without entirely adopting Captain Osborn's proposal, they recommended that the "President of the Naval College" should be made Director-General of Education.

Of the comparative merits of the two proposals others must judge. The point is that both were ignored and that both trace the stagnation to the same cause—the absence of machinery at headquarters. All along we have been expecting the laden train to move without an engine, and when from time to time we have awakened to the fact that it remains at a standstill we have in childish hope unhitched a truck or two—and yet it does not move.

A mere glance at the present distribution of work at the Admiralty is enough to convince us how wholly inadequate is the motive power. The direction of naval education—not only of officers, but in all its branches—is assigned to the Second Naval Lord. Along with this vast and intricate subject he is also responsible for such trifles as Manning the Fleet; Mobilisation of the Fleet and of Reserves so far as relates to *personnel;* Royal Marines; Steam Reserve as regards officers and men; Coast Guard; Royal Naval Reserve; Naval Volunteers; Interpreters; Medals; appointments of all ranks from Lieutenants down to Boatswains, including Engineers; Deserters; Character, Conduct, and Badge Questions; Naval Prisons; and Minor Collisions. How any man can be expected to give adequate attention to this distracting complexity of work and at the same time originate and carry through radical reforms in any part of it needs no argument. Any one can see it for himself. Until we are willing to give the First Lord an adequate staff nothing can be done. It is not the will, or the knowledge, or the capacity that is wanting. At this moment, under the restless energy of its present head, the Admiralty is an ebullient chaldron of committees inquiring with fervid zeal into every corner of the Service. But without funds and without staff how shall their toil come to fruition? The moral of it all he who runs may read in this plain tale of Naval Education: The mountain has been in labour so often; so many mice have been born.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

WHAT is the French-Canadian? What position does he hold in the British Empire? How far and in what direction can he affect the destinies of that Empire? These are questions which very few British statesmen and publicists think worthy of their consideration.

To the superficial observer the numerical strength of the French-Canadians in the British Empire is insignificant: about 1,600,000 souls, including the Acadians in the Maritime Provinces, out of 400,000,000. But in all problems—and more especially in racial and political problems—the effective value of figures lies entirely in their relative position.

The British Empire is not a mere aggregation of human beings ruled by one law, and kept together by brute force, or even by the will of a majority of its total population. Its political structure cannot be altered without the free consent of its self-governing component parts—not to speak of India and the Crown Colonies. Of the self-governing possessions of Great Britain, Canada is the most important. If Canada has a word to say in that reorganisation of the Empire of which we hear so much, the sentiments of its French-speaking population cannot be ignored.

From 60,000 people, mostly peasants, left by France in 1760 on the banks of the St. Lawrence, has sprung a thrifty, active,

hard-working and well-educated people, at least 3,000,000 strong. This human group is possessed of strong ethnical characteristics both moral and physical. In other words, it forms a race by itself. Nearly one half of them live in the United States, where, while adapting themselves to American institutions, they successfully resist racial absorption. Were it not for this exodus, the French-Canadians would now be a ruling majority in Canada. As figures stand to-day, they are nearly one-third of the total population of the Dominion. They hold the province of Quebec, the second in the Confederation. In the English provinces of Eastern Canada, including the Acadian groups of the Maritime Provinces, their relative position, both in number and influence, is gradually becoming stronger.

By natural increase, the French-Canadian element grows much faster than the English-speaking population. It doubles in number about every quarter of a century. Within the last few years emigration to the United States has greatly slackened. The development of mines and manufactures in Canada, as well as the prosperous condition of agriculture, are now operating the other way; and every year thousands of French-Canadians are brought back from the United States to Canada.

It is sometimes said of the French-Canadian that he does not show the same aptitude as the Scotch or the English for money-making, and mining or manufacturing enterprise. True; though, unaided as he was by outside capital and foreign relations, isolated in the midst of an alien element on the continent of America, he has made for himself a most creditable position in trade and finance.

But there is one undisputed fact, and it is that the French-Canadian is the best *défricheur* and settler in the world. He takes hold of forest lands which repel all other settlers, he clears them, and he sticks to the soil, not as tenant, but as free and permanent owner. This colonising spirit has preserved, as the basis of the French-Canadian race, a sturdy and sober

population of small land-owners who have a right to vote and take much pride in using it.

In the higher spheres of education, of intellectual training, of professional pursuits, the French-Canadian is easily equal, if not superior, to his Anglo-Saxon fellow-citizen.

In the opening up and development of the country, in the framing of its constitution, in the making of laws, the French-Canadian has played his part successfully. As regards the codification and harmonising of laws, old and new, the province of Quebec is unquestionably at the head of the Confederation. It alone has a code of civil law, in which the old French custom, the modern provisions of the *Code Napoléon*, and several of the English statutory laws have been brought together.

From all these facts it may safely be assumed that the French-Canadian will continue to occupy a strong position in Canada, and to exert his influence on its national policy; and as time goes on, this position and influence cannot but acquire strength.

That, with all his marked peculiarities, and with that conservative frame of mind which makes him refractory to assimilation, the French-Canadian should have adapted himself so thoroughly to British institutions seems almost incredible. And indeed, such has been that adaptation that he is more sensitive than his English-speaking fellow citizen to any attack from within or from without against the constitution which they have obtained in partnership from the Parliament of Great Britain. A careful study of historical causes and developments would soon enable the sociologist and even the politician to understand this phenomenon.

To say that British institutions are prized by the French-Canadian in the same sense and for the same motives that they are dear to the British is, of course, preposterous. Neither has he been brought to accept them in order to be saved from anarchy or from the tyranny of corrupt rulers, as was the case with many of the nations of India. He has accepted

British institutions because he was well prepared by his hereditary instincts to receive them, because he has fought to get them, and because he has shown himself as able as his co-partner, the Anglo-Canadian, to make them work to the benefit of Canada. He has made them his own, and he takes as much pride in their enjoyment as any other British citizen.

But to draw therefrom the conclusion that he is ready to follow the rest of the British world in a deep evolution and to assume new imperial burdens is an altogether different thing.

Even in Canada the French-Canadian is not well understood by his English-speaking neighbour; and this, no doubt, is largely due to the fact that so few Anglo-Canadians think it necessary to become acquainted with the language and real ethics of their French-speaking fellow citizens. As a result, they are apt to misjudge their national aspirations.

Many Anglo-Canadians believe that, with the help of a few leaders of his own blood, the French-Canadian may be easily induced to accept a closer union with Great Britain and the Empire. To others he remains a half-acclimatised scion of the French race, still entertaining vague aspirations towards France, and resenting the easy pressure of British rule; and he will have to be forced by the strength of the majority to accept what is now termed—though seldom defined—"the full responsibilities of Imperial citizenship." Others again, who know more of his present situation than of his past struggles, consider that the French-Canadian owes such a debt of gratitude to Great Britain and to the English-speaking majority that he should not hesitate a moment to pay that debt by accepting new obligations towards the Empire.

All these opinions are delusive and dangerous; and the sooner they are dispelled, the better for the peace and welfare of Canada and of the Empire at large.

What I propose to develop in the limits of two articles is: (1) The ethnical and political formation of the French-

Canadian; (2) How he views the new problems of Imperialism.

I

The bulk of the settlers of New France crossed the ocean in the latter part of the seventeenth and the earlier half of the eighteenth century. The early settlements for purely mercantile purposes soon failed. The enterprises of the Hundred Associates and the West Indies Company were never very prosperous and shortly disappeared. The real and vital New France was founded by practical and disinterested idealists such as Champlain and Maisonneuve, by monks and priests such as Lallemant, Brébeuf, and Laval, by nuns like Jeanne Mance and Marguerite Bourgeoys, and by a choice population of good French peasants, law-abiding and peace-loving, moral, strong-willed, and persevering.

Of a purer and sounder origin there is no example in the history of all transplantations from the Old to the New World. The vigorous morality which has preserved this little human group through a long train of adverse circumstances is no doubt due to the special care with which female immigration was controlled by the Church authorities. Curious records are kept in the Quebec archives of women sent back to France because their morals were not pure enough to entitle them to become the worthy mothers of the colony.

Another peculiar feature of this early immigration is its ethnical origin. Most of the settlers of New France came from the western and northern provinces of France: Anjou, Poitou, Perche, Normandy, and Picardy—that is, from regions which had been for centuries in close contact with England. The Normandy names, manners, and accent are still predominant in Quebec. All these immigrants came at a time when the political system of France was largely decentralised; when each province had its Parliament, its military and civil government, its laws and *Coutumes*.

French immigration to America stopped forty years before the Revolution had smashed up all local institutions and made

room for the great work of national unification performed by the Napoleonic *régime*. In other words, the French-Canadian nationality, born at least two hundred years ago, was severed from the motherland half a century before the modern French nationality was completed. The more nervous, enthusiastic, brilliant, and talkative southern spirit, which has been mixed up with the sturdy, shrewd, and conservative northern temperament to form the French of to-day, was totally absent from New France. A complete estrangement of nearly a century followed the period of secession from France. Meanwhile new blood from the British Isles continually poured into the Anglo-American colonies, whereas in Canada the French-Canadian element has received no additional influx from France. So that the actual French-Canadian is, in many respects, a very different human type from his European kinsman.

What his sentiments, personal and political, are towards the land of his national birth, I shall define later on. Let it suffice to say now that, even before the Cession, the difference between the Old Country folk and the new settlers was already quite marked.

The adventurous life of the New World soon developed in the colonists the love of personal and social liberty, natural to all healthy and strong men. This love of freedom did not manifest itself with the same stern passion which permeated the Pilgrim Fathers of New England: they had not suffered persecution for their political and religious faith, and no instinct of social revenge was bred in their hearts. They had a gentler disposition towards dissenters, a broader sense of toleration, a more humane spirit of proselytism with regard to the natives.

The constant necessity of defending their settlements against Indian aggressions developed in them an unbounded love for their adopted country, as well as a joyful and unswerving disposition to fight. The long wars with the New England settlements, coming soon after the struggles with the Iroquois, still further accentuated those warlike propensities.

But if the Canadians came to love fighting, they meant to fight in their own way. For a free expedition on the borders of Massachusetts or Nova Scotia they were always ready, providing they could return for their crops. The permanent, regular military life in camps and forts they cordially hated. In his letters to the French authorities, Montcalm frequently refers to the difficulty he finds in keeping the Canadian militiamen and officers on good terms with the regulars under the yoke of a common discipline.

From a military point of view, Montcalm had good reason to complain of the parsimony of the French Government in the sending of regular troops to the colony; but as the fate of New France was to be sealed sooner or later, it was a boon to the Canadians that the influx of the military element was not stronger. A few thousand soldiers more, which France could then have easily spared, though they might have retarded, could not have stopped the conquest. And their presence would have rendered more difficult the work of pacification.

The war once over, all the high officials, both military and civil, the latest troops sent from France, and several of the wealthiest colonists returned to the motherland. The clergy, the nuns, and the people remained, with the firm determination of settling peacefully and observing loyally the terms of surrender.

It may fairly be considered that the partial exodus of the aristocratic element was an actual loss to Canada, the country being thus deprived of a large number of its most prosperous and influential inhabitants. But the absence of any other privileged class than the clergy made for a better understanding between the victor and the vanquished, and for the safer protection of the latter. Aristocrats are apt to manifest their qualities, good or bad, in a more decided form than the humbler classes. A French-Canadian aristocracy would have either kept up racial feuds or cringed before the conqueror, as did most of the few nobles who remained. Aggressiveness

and servility were the two faults which the new subjects of the British Crown had to avoid.

The only leading class left in the country was the clergy. Apart from the high moral authority which they naturally exercised over a deeply religious population, they soon acquired a marked social and political ascendency. The people felt that their bishops and priests were their natural guides and their best leaders, both for the management of their local and individual affairs and for the protection of their national existence.

The official recognition of the Church, the preservation of the legal status of the episcopal and parochial corporations, and also the civil and racial rights guaranteed to the French-Canadian people, are sometimes quoted as an evidence of generosity, nay, of excessive benignity, on the part of Great Britain.

No doubt the French-Canadians occupy to-day a most enviable position: they enjoy religious and national rights such as are possessed by very few minorities in any country. But it must be remembered that those rights were but gradually won, and after years of painful struggles.

The rudiments of those rights were secured, first, by the capitulation of Montreal (1760); secondly, by the Treaty of Paris (1763). But these conventions, the latter especially, were not the result of mere generosity on the part of the victor. British arms were victorious in America; in Europe their success had not been so decided. The Treaty of Paris was a matter of give and take on both sides. France procured a few paltry advantages in Europe, England enormous gains in America and India. On the whole, the treaty was almost to the exclusive advantage of England, and probably out of proportion with her gains on the battlefields of the Seven Years War. Had the corrupt government of Louis XV. and Choiseul had a more accurate conception of the future of New France and India, England would not have acquired her new empire so easily.

The concessions granted to the French-Canadians and the

Roman Catholic Church in Canada were not only the very cheap price paid for that immense territory; they were the best means of pacification. And, curiously enough, they eventually proved to be the only safeguard of British power in America.

When the struggle became acute between the Home government and the Anglo-American colonies, the British Parliament wisely broadened the measure of liberty granted to the inhabitants of the new colony. Good results soon followed: for not only did the French-Canadians refuse to join hands with the rebels, but they voluntarily took up arms to repel American invasion. Even after France had come to the rescue of the new-born Republic, they remained unflinching in their fidelity.

Of course, this most remarkable manifestation of loyalty on the part of the French-Canadians, coming at a time when the wounds of the struggle against England were hardly healed, was due to various causes. One of them was their antipathy of old standing against the "Bostonians," as they called the settlers of New England, with whom they had much more frequent and fierce encounters than with the Old Country soldiers. Then, the development of their own nationality, as I have previously explained, and the remembrance of the lightheartedness with which the French Government had abandoned them to their fate and bankrupted their colonial administration, must have weakened the effect of the warm appeals of Lafayette. But these were already distant motives. The actual fact, most patent to the French-Canadians, and especially to their ecclesiastical leaders, was the comparison they made between the *régime* under which they lived and the harsh treatment which the Roman Catholic Church was receiving at the hands of the Anglo-American colonies.

A few years later, France was passing through the Revolutionary storm: the traditional basis of things was displaced; religious orders, priests and bishops were dispersed and persecuted; ecclesiastical properties were seized. The Canadian

clergy, no doubt, made comparisons altogether favourable to British rule. This sentiment was so strong, that during the Napoleonic war, when the British Government found itself in such a stress as to be forced to appeal to voluntary subscriptions in order to fill its empty exchequer, the Sulpicians of Montreal, most of them French born, went to the length of subscribing funds to carry on the war against the French Empire. The last blow struck at the Corsican giant, at Waterloo, was celebrated by solemn *Te Deums* in the churches of Montreal and Quebec. This has often been considered as an excess of loyalty, not far distant from sycophancy. But acts of this kind must be judged according to the moral ethics of those days. In the eyes of the Canadian clergy, the French Revolution was an abominable subversion of all principles of Church and State; the Empire was Revolution legalised; Napoleon was the Pope's gaoler: his downfall was not only, in their mind, the deserved punishment of his crimes, it was the salvation of the Church and of France herself.

Again, in 1812–13, the French-Canadians were led to fight for England against the United States through causes similar to those which had been at work in 1774–76. Circumstances, however, were somewhat altered, and in such a way as rendered more meritorious the attitude of the French subjects of the British Crown. True, there were, this time, no French on the American side to appeal to the racial feelings of the French-Canadian. On the other hand, his old antipathy against the Americans had largely abated; and although he had won valuable concessions from the British Government and Parliament, he was in the midst of his struggle for responsible government, and had to fight strenuously against the exactions of an oligarchic rule, as explained hereafter. Some of his political leaders had been imprisoned, and the Church authorities themselves had to fight against the Governor to preserve their right of nominating ecclesiastical functionaries. But, as on the eve of the American rebellion, the British authorities and the Governor gave way at the right moment;

and the people stood once more by the Crown, at the urgent appeal of their bishops and priests, and once more Canada was spared to be a British possession, thanks to her French inhabitants.

Apart from the predominant influence of the clergy, the French-Canadians were driven to accept British authority by an imperative need of rest. Indeed, dark in their life was the day when they witnessed the old white flag giving way to the colours of the enemy, and leaving for ever the banks of the St. Lawrence; but the bitterness of their sorrow was no doubt greatly smoothed by the thought that peace had at last come to remain.

As I have stated, the French-Canadians, like all rural populations, were soldiers neither by taste nor by trade. They had been driven to war by necessity; but the moment that necessity disappeared, their natural instinct asserted its rights again, and they gladly returned to their peaceful avocations. So powerful was the reaction that it is still felt. The aversion of the average French-Canadian to war, to militarism, to soldierly rule and manners, is general and deeply seated.

Turning from war to politics, let us briefly examine the establishment of representative government in Canada.

Martial law, followed by a purely autocratic government, lasted until 1774. Then it was that, frightened by the spreading revolt of the Anglo-American Colonies, the British Parliament passed the Quebec Act, which has always been considered by the French-Canadian people as their Magna Charta. It was still a rudimentary constitution. It created no elective body. But the Church organisation, the jury system, the French civil laws, the territorial administration, were acknowledged and settled. The Government was still purely autocratic; but the Governor had a board of advisers, to which he appointed an English-speaking majority, with a few representatives of the colonists; he also nominated from their ranks judges and magistrates, and captains of militia.

A large and worthy class of citizens, known as the United

Empire Loyalists, had been driven by the American Revolution from the southern colonies. Some of them went to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; the others came to Canada. They were generously received and treated. A portion of them were given free lands in the eastern townships of the province, and others were settled in the western section, now Ontario.

But agitation was growing in favour of more liberal institutions; and in 1791 a new constitution was enacted by the British Parliament. It divided the colony into two distinct provinces: Lower Canada, which included all the French district with the eastern townships, and Upper Canada. This division was made at the urgent request of the new settlers in the west, who did not want to be swamped in the legislative body by the French representatives. In each of the two provinces an elective House of Assembly was created, based upon a very broad suffrage. But the executive power, with the control of the expenditure and the right of appointment to judicial and administrative positions, remained vested in the Governor, who had no advisers responsible to the House. A Legislative Council was established under the direct authority of the Governor, who nominated its members for life. In other words, the system had become less autocratic, but essentially oligarchic.

Then began a fifty years' tug-of-war between the two Houses. The fight was more or less acute, according as the governor in office showed more or less tact and exerted more or less pressure upon his nominees and creatures in the council; it was incessant, except, as I have stated, for a couple of years, at the time of the Anglo-American war of 1812–13. Not only did the governors exercise the exclusive power of nominating all holders of public offices, but they scandalously filled the council with judges and public officers, that is, with men under their direct influence and favour; they endeavoured to wrest from the Assembly a civil list of salaries for the King's life. The Assembly demanded the full and permanent control of the

exchequer; not having the right to direct the appointment of judges and officials, they wanted at least to reach them indirectly by granting or refusing their salaries according to their conduct.

The struggle grew fiercer and fiercer every day. The Legislative Council spent their time in sending back to the House the Supply Bill, that it might be amended to please the Governor; and the Assembly persistently refused its consent. Judges sitting in Council and public defaulters were impeached by the Assembly and maintained in office by the Governor. Supplies were totally refused by the Assembly; but the Governor went on collecting taxes through his officials and paying salaries to himself and his staff, though holding back the salary of the Speaker of the House. Members of the House and journalists were imprisoned. Parliament was dissolved time and again, but, inflamed by the splendid obstinacy of their representatives, the people invariably sent them back to Parliament.

These frequent appeals to the electorate had no other effect than that of unifying and strengthening the popular sentiment, and bringing closer to the mind of every citizen the problems of representative institutions and self-government. I daresay that the average French-Canadian farmer then became much more conscious of his citizenship, much more imbued with the sense of his political rights, and even more familiar with the spirit of British institutions than the average British citizen of that time. And the reason is obvious. There was no privileged and wealthy class to dispose of the constituencies and to hand them over to representatives of their choice. Most of the candidates were men of some education and means; but they lived in close contact with the people and appealed directly to the electorate. They did not and could not expect any remuneration or office. They fought with the people and for the people. The highest problems of constitutional government were the sole and constant topics of electoral contests. At nearly every election the acknowledged leader of the

nationalist party, Papineau, went from one end of the province to the other, preaching the principles of British institutions, claiming the right of the people to self-government, urging them to demand the creation of a responsible executive body, the control of taxation, expenditure and patronage by the elected Chamber, the reform of the judiciary and of the Upper Chamber.

For fifty years the representatives of the Crown ruled against the will of the representatives of the people and never succeeded in breaking the majority, either by corrupting the electorate or by seducing their leaders. Petitions and delegations were sent to the British Government; but all successive cabinets in London, Whig or Tory, stood by the Governors.

There is no more interesting and pathetic feature of British history than the spectacle of that isolated group of French-born people, struggling against the representatives of the British Crown to secure the acknowledgment of the very principles for which the British people themselves fought so long. The history of that struggle may be summed up by saying that the French-Canadians were the pioneers of British institutions in America.

The same oligarchic rule had been extended to Upper Canada, and created there a reform party among the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists.

The struggle culminated in armed rebellion in both provinces. Several of the leaders were arrested; some were executed, others banished; the constitution was suspended and military rule established. Moved at last, the British Parliament voted a new constitution giving to the colony the full powers of responsible government. This reform was coupled with an attempt to swamp the French element. In 1791, when the French population was overwhelmingly preponderant, the English province had been granted a separate organisation. In 1841, when from the influx of new comers from the United States and Great Britain, the population of

Upper Canada had largely increased, both provinces were re-united, in the expectation that the Western Province, with the help of the English-speaking community of Lower Canada, would soon override the French element. In spite of the fact that the population of Lower Canada was larger than that of the Upper Province, they were both given equal representation in the new House of Assembly as well as in the Legislative Council. Upper Canada electing an entirely English-speaking representation, and ten or twelve constituencies in Lower Canada returning also English-speaking representatives, the minority had thereby a more numerous representation than the majority.

Moreover, the exchequer of the newly constituted province was saddled with the debt of the two old provinces. This was a manifest injustice to Lower Canada, which was practically free of debt, whilst Upper Canada was on the verge of bankruptcy. It was stated, at the time, that the British Parliament had been induced to enact this unfair provision by the influence of Baring Brothers, who had discounted the Upper Canada bonds.

However, the French-Canadian representatives formed an alliance with the Upper Canada reformers, and after a few years of more or less strained relations with the governors, who accepted most reluctantly the new order of things, Canada enjoyed at last the full privileges of self-government and the French-speaking inhabitants their share of national citizenship.

Another change was soon to be effected.

So long as the population of Upper Canada remained inferior in number to that of the French province equality of representation was maintained; but the moment figures were reversed an agitation was started in favour of representation by population and kept up until the demand of the people of Upper Canada was complied with. This led to the adoption of the present constitution under which the whole of British North America, Newfoundland excepted, was gradually grouped under the Federative system.

Both in the framing and working of this new constitution the French-Canadians concurred most willingly. From the division of the country into provinces they secured at last the control of their most cherished privileges: religious organisation, civil laws, education, municipal administration. They also had their share of federal representation.

On the whole the system has worked well. For the purpose of this study there is, however, one fact to point out: whilst in the province of Quebec the English-speaking minority received at the hands of the French majority not only a full measure of justice but the most generous treatment that a minority has ever enjoyed in any country, the French-speaking and catholic groups in the English provinces saw their rights or their privileges successively curtailed in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and the North-West Territories, and unsuccessfully but fiercely assailed in Ontario.

The above synopsis shows that if the French-Canadian enjoys to-day, under the British Crown, the largest amount of liberty, with which he is certainly satisfied, this result is as much due to his own efforts and to outside circumstances as to the generosity of either the British Government or the English-speaking majority in Canada. With that characteristic joyful and careless disposition of his he has easily forgotten the past struggles and the long-suffered ill-treatment. Indeed, he is even disposed to express his gratitude to the British nation for the good treatment which he was given of late; but, enlightened as he is by historical facts, he does not think that such gratitude calls for any greater sacrifices on his part than those which he has already made when the fate of the colony lay in his hands. Should the necessity of an unbounded love for Great Britain be too strongly insisted upon he might recall the heavy instalments of the price he paid for his liberty. He might also remind Great Britain and the Empire of his past contributions to the integrity of the Empire. Had it not been for the assurance given to him that his religious and national privileges

would be respected he would have joined the Anglo-Saxon rebels in 1774, or the American Republic in 1812; and the power of England would now be extinct on the Continent of America—as extinct as the domination of France. The British Army would be deprived of an alternative and quicker route to Australia and India; the British Navy would be deprived of two valuable coaling- and repairing-stations for its North Atlantic and North Pacific Squadrons.

To sum up, British power and French-Canadian loyalty are united by various ties, the ligaments of which are composed of affection and self-interest, of services mutually rendered and broad respect for national feelings. These bonds, if properly understood and dealt with, are safer than sentimental and noisy declamations. But if they are to endure they must not be strained by fresh ties which the French-Canadian does not feel bound by his past relations with Great Britain to accept.

Now, given all these facts and features of the national development of the French-Canadian people, how is this element likely to consider the new problems of Imperialism which have been so strongly brought to light by the participation of the colonies in the South African War?

The answer to this question will form the topic of another article.

HENRI BOURASSA.

(*Member of the Canadian Parliament.*)

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S COLONIAL EXPERIMENT

WHEN, at the Berlin Congress of 1878, Austria-Hungary received the mandate to occupy the provinces of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, a new epoch in the history of the Dual Monarchy began. The important losses of territory in Italy, and of influence in Germany, were compensated for by an extension of territory and of influence in the Balkans. Austria's experiences as a colonising power are extremely interesting and instructive in themselves, apart from their bearing on her general policy, and a tour through the "Occupied Provinces" is well worth the trouble.

What first strikes one on entering Bosnia-Herzegovina is the sharp contrast between East and West, between the old order and the new. Austrian rule has spread a layer of Western civilisation over the land, but beneath it there is a people as backward and conservative as any in the East. Our geography books may tell us that Bosnia-Herzegovina is in Europe, but the moment we cross the frontier from Dalmatia or Croatia we feel ourselves to be in another world. The natives, in fact, call any one, from the Monarchy or from other Western States, "Europeans." At Sarajevo, the capital of the occupied territory, there are modern streets, electric light and trams, shops stocked with Vienna goods, and "European" hotels. But go beyond the Franz Josef Strasse into the bazar or *čaršija*, and you are at once in the Orient. There are wooden booths,

where befezzed and beturbaned natives ply their various trades, sell embroidery, chased silver-work, red slippers, gay caparisons for horses, delicious sweets, and many other strange Eastern wares. Here and there rise the graceful minarets of the mosques, whence the muezzin's weird invocation calls the faithful to prayer.

The Oriental character of the country and its people is the result of over four centuries of Ottoman rule. Previously Bosnia had been, on two occasions, the nucleus of a great Servian Empire,[1] but religious dissensions made the Turkish conquest an easy task. A large proportion of the inhabitants went over to Islam, partly on account of the cruel persecutions which the Bogomile heretics had suffered, and partly because the feudal nobility wished to preserve their lands and their position under the new rulers.

In all Eastern lands religion is a stronger tie than race or nationality, and Bosnia is no exception. Although all the natives belong to the Serbo-Croatian race, like those of Dalmatia, Croatia, Servia, and Montenegro, religious differences have divided them into three distinct elements, hating each other with a bitter fanaticism. Each has adopted a distinct national name—the Mahommedans call themselves "Turks," the Orthodox Christians "Serbs," and the Catholics "Croatians." Austria's task in subduing and governing this unruly people has proved no light one, and order was not established until after severe fighting. The Mahommedans, fearing to lose their predominant position, and even their liberty of worship, offered a desperate resistance, which obliged Austria to send 250,000 troops into the country. Three years later, in 1881–82, the Serbs revolted on account of the conscription, and the insurgents kept the field for a year. Since then the *pax Austriaca* has reigned in the land, but the Government has had serious difficulties to contend with in trying to reclaim it to civilisation. The Turkish blight had not fallen on the Mahommedans alone,

[1] In the twelfth century under the Nemanjid dynasty, and in the fourteenth under Stjepan Dušan.

but even on the Christians, and, where once the Ottoman has set his foot, progress has a terribly uphill fight.

The international position of Bosnia-Herzegovina[1] is a very peculiar one. The terms of the Austrian occupation were arranged by the Austro-Turkish Convention of 1879. Its duration, however, was not fixed, but it is clear that the *Doppelaar* has come to stay. The "Occupied Provinces" are still nominally a part of the Sultan's dominions, but the only sign of his sovereignty is the fact that the foreign consuls at Sarajevo do not receive their exequatur from the Austrian authorities. Otherwise all the prerogatives of Government are exercised by Austria-Hungary, including the imposition of taxes and the levying of troops. There are four Bosnian regiments, the greater part of which are quartered in the Monarchy, while the XVth Austro-Hungarian Army Corps maintains order in Bosnia. A still more anomalous state of affairs prevails in the Sandžak of Novibazar. This district is still governed by the Turkish authorities, but Austria has the right to place troops in any part of it. Hitherto she has limited herself to garrisoning the three fortified camps of Plevlje, Priboj, and Priepolje. From time to time there have been rumours that the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina was about to be proclaimed, but their anomalous *régime* still remains unaltered. There are various reasons in favour of it. In the first place, were they to be annexed, the question would arise as to which section of the Dual Monarchy they should be attached: this, of course, would produce complications of all kinds. Otherwise the Constitution would have to be altered so as to make a separate State out of Bosnia, and this could not be done without bringing up the whole question of the rival nationalities in the Monarchy for discussion. Secondly, under the present system the Bosnian administration is free from Parliamentary control, an almost unmixed blessing. Thirdly, the Berlin Treaty being an international agreement,

[1] This is the correct designation, but "Bosnia" alone is often used for brevity.

the consent of other Powers would have to be asked before a formal annexation could take place. Annexation, however, is merely a question of time, and for the present there is no hurry.

Austria-Hungary has set about putting order into Bosnia-Herzegovina in a spirit of thoroughness. The administration of the provinces has been extolled to the skies by some as a model which every colonising Power should copy; by others it has been decried as brutal, unjust, and incapable. But whatever its results may be, one is bound to admit that the Austro-Hungarian officials have tried to do their best, that impartiality to all creeds has been the keynote of their policy, and that peace and order now reign supreme in a land which was once among the most lawless in the world. These are no small achievements.

Austria's first act was to disarm the population, which was undoubtedly a most prudent measure. As a high official said, "You cannot argue with armed men." During the first years of the occupation the Government was a military one, and officers of the army were given political powers. But in 1882 Herr von Kállay, the Common Finance Minister for Austria-Hungary,[1] visited the country and organised an elaborate civil Government. As the expenses of the occupation were shared by Austria and Hungary, the new territory was placed under the control of the Common Finance Ministry. All laws and all the more important acts of the executive are decreed from Vienna, and Herr von Kállay goes through Bosnia every year to study its needs as they arise.

"Servia," a Bosnian official once said to a traveller, "suffers from too much democracy; there are too many people who wish to rule." The same criticism might be applied to Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece, but it certainly does not apply to Bosnia. Austria understood that, in spite of racial

[1] The Dual Monarchy has three Finance Ministers, one for Austria, one for Hungary, and one for the expenditure common to both sections—*i.e.*, on the Army, the Navy, and the Foreign Office.

affinities, centuries of Turkish misrule had made of the natives a very different people from her own Slav subjects, while the co-existence of three hostile and fanatical religious communities rendered anything in the shape of self-government out of the question. The administrators regard the Bosniaks as grown-up children who are incapable of thinking or acting for themselves, and perhaps they are not far wrong. The Government, therefore, is an absolute, if beneficent, despotism. It is answerable to no one but the *Reichs-Finanz Minister*, and he is only responsible to the Delegations of the two Parliaments, but their control over his action is of a very shadowy nature, as they may not reject or even modify the Bosnian budget.

Supreme power in the Occupied Provinces is vested in the *Landeschef*, his Excellency Field-Marshal Baron von Appel, who is also the commander of the garrison. But all affairs are practically in the hands of the *Civil Adlatus*, Baron von Kutschera. The country is divided into six *Kreise* or prefectures, and fifty *Bezirke*. There are in all about 2000 civil servants, which seems a large allowance for a population of under 1,600,000. The higher officials are men of considerable ability and upright character; Herr von Kállay, moreover, has had the good sense to keep them in the country for many years, so that they have come to know it thoroughly. Baron Appel has been nearly twenty years at his post, Baron Kutschera about fifteen. The latter had also had previous experience of the East when at the Austrian Embassy in Constantinople, and is a man of great diplomatic tact and courtesy. The six *Kreisvorsteher* have all been twenty years or more in Bosnia. Many of the inferior employees, too, are capable men, but the same cannot be said of all of them. Some have been transferred to the Occupied Provinces because they did not give satisfaction in the Monarchy—they are *in Reparatur*, to use the official expression. Other appointments are distributed so as to meet the political exigencies of the moment. On the other hand many young men of good family and private means deliberately prefer a

Bosnian career with its freer and more interesting life and greater responsibilities to a good appointment in the Monarchy. On the whole the administration is capable and proceeds with absolute regularity. Every official speaks the language of the country—*Bosnisch* it is called so as not to offend the Serbs by calling it Croatian nor the Croatians by calling it Serb. Only a very small number of natives are employed in the administration, but most of the appointments are held by Slavs who are less alien to the people than Germans or Magyars would be. They are all very hard worked and have but short holidays. They seem devoted to their duties and try to be in sympathy with their subjects. "Wir müssen mit den Einheimischen harmoniren," is their motto.

The one thing on which the authorities are uncompromising is criticism of the existing order of things. The Press is strictly muzzled, and there is a rigid censorship on all literature native or imported. Gendarmes patrol the whole country, and the movements of natives by rail or road are carefully watched. Even petitions or deputations to the Emperor are not allowed to approach nearer than Herr von Kállay's room at the Common Finance Ministry, and travelling Archdukes are carefully protected from importunate petitioners. Still the complaints are not altogether neglected, and if the Sovereign does not hear of them the officials do, and grievances are surreptitiously redressed sooner or later.

Social life is, of course, purely official throughout Bosnia-Herzegovina, the immense majority of "Europeans" being officials, civil or military. There is an excellent club at Sarajevo to which strangers, if provided with introductions, may be admitted. Strangers are, in fact, treated with every consideration by the authorities. Baron Appel, Baron Kutschera, and Baron Benko, the *Sectionschef*, all entertain and are admirable hosts. The natives do not mix very much with "European" society as their ways of life are so different, and, in most cases, their means so limited that they find it difficult to keep up appearances in a suitable way. But some of the Mahommedan

begs, and even their wives occasionally, attend receptions. In the summer society moves to the neighbouring watering-place, Ilidže, where Madame von Kállay always spends a few months and holds a sort of vice-regal court. Many officials stay at Ilidže and go "up to town" every morning by train or bicycle. There are horse-races, lawn-tennis, and even polo. "*Wir poliren in Bosnien*," as an official said to me.

Justice is administered in a regular and fairly satisfactory manner. There are, however, no juries, as it would be impossible to get Mahommedans to convict a co-religionist or acquit a Christian, and *vice versâ*. Absolute separation between the executive and the judiciary, which in England is deemed indispensable, does not obtain, the judges being in a measure under the control of the political authorities.

Austria has maintained and regulated the local government which existed under the Turks. The towns have a mayor and a deputy-mayor, who are nominated by the Emperor-King, and a town council, of whom one-third are also nominees, while the rest are elected by the community in proportion to the different religions. Thus, at Sarajevo, the Council consists of twelve Mahommedans, six Orthodox Christians, three Catholics, and three Jews. The deliberations of these bodies are supervised by a Government commissioner so that they may not waste public money, a danger by no means peculiar to Bosnia-Herzegovina. I was told, however, by the *Kreis-vorsteher* of Sarajevo that in that town the council fulfilled its duties with intelligence and economy, and that its members were on good terms with each other in spite of religious differences. The *Srpska Opčina*, or Serb commune, has also been preserved in a somewhat modified form. It is a local body composed of the Serbs of each town or village who regulate their own affairs, such as those connected with the Church and the school; it is the stronghold of Serb orthodoxy. Its deliberations are subject to Government approval and it can no longer appoint its "pope."

The population at the last census was 1,591,036. Of these

35 per cent. are Mahommedans, 43 per cent. Orthodox Christians, and 21 per cent. Catholics. There are also 8000 Jews, mostly of Spanish origin. In no department is the policy of the Bosnian-Herzegovinian Government more instructive than in religious matters. It has guaranteed absolute freedom of conscience and treated all religions impartially. "We are eqally fanatical for all three confessions," is its watchword. At the same time it has not forgotten that religion is also a powerful instrument of political influence.

The Mahommedans, although not the most numerous, are the most influential and also the most interesting section of the population. The begs [1] and agas [2] and the majority of the town dwellers are Mahommedans. The former are the descendants of the old Christian feudatories who became renegades after the Turkish conquest. But they preserve their Christian escutcheons and pedigrees, and are the only Mahommedans in the world who have surnames. A curious instance of this mixture of traditions is the present mayor of Sarajevo, Mehmed Beg Kapetanović, who has also been created an Austrian baron. Before the occupation it was said that these begs were only waiting for the advent of a Christian government to return to the faith of their ancestors. But events have falsified the prediction, and the number of conversions since 1878 does not run into three figures. On the contrary, in no country are the followers of Islam so fanatical to this day as in Bosnia. Their manners and customs are purely Oriental, their women are closely veiled and kept in rigid seclusion, they are silent, proud, dignified, and hostile to all progress. They do not, however, practise polygamy. Under the Turks they were the ruling caste, and far more powerful than the Ottoman Vizirs and Valis sent to govern them. After their resistance in 1878 had been overcome by General Filipović a number of them emigrated to Asia Minor rather than be ruled by a Christian Power and placed on an equal footing with the despised rayahs. The Austrians, however, did all they could to conciliate them, hoping to

[1] Nobles. [2] Landlords.

convert them into loyal citizens. In order to show respect to their feelings guns are fired from the forts at the hours of prayer and at the beginning and end of Ramazan, the sacred green flag is hoisted on the Imperial mosque at Sarajevo on certain days, the authorities attend the Moslem religious festivals in full state, grants are given to build and repair mosques, arrangements are made for the Mecca pilgrimage, and even the howling dervishes are maintained. In the towns Mahommedans are usually appointed mayors. The officials with whom I spoke all agreed that the "Turks" are reliable, honest, straightforward, and agreeable to deal with. Government contracts are awarded to them by preference. Herr von Kállay described them as "dieses staatlich-fühlende Element." As Moslem law and religion are almost inseparable, special law courts have been instituted for cases relating to family matters, inheritance, and religion. As the "Turks" are extremely sensitive about such affairs being discussed by "unbelievers," the judges appointed are native Mahommedans educated at the Sarajevo *Scheriatschule*. Here fifty young law students are taught Koran law, several Eastern languages, German, and the elements of Western culture and jurisprudence. It is a handsome building in the Oriental style, with a good library, a mosque, commodious lecture rooms, and cubicles for the students. The course lasts five years.

The appointment of the Mahommedan clergy was a very difficult question which required much tact. Before the occupation the Bosnian Muftis or Elders were nominated by the Sheik-ul-Islam of Stambul. But since 1882 he has renounced his authority in favour of the Emperor-King, who now nominates the Reis-el-Ulema[1] and his councillors. These receive Government stipends and nominate all the inferior clergy. The latter are paid by the Vakuf, a Moslem pious foundation, the income of which is also devoted to maintaining mosques, schools, hospitals, &c. Its property is managed by a board of Mahommedan notables, but their deliberations are subject to

[1] The head of the Bosnian Mahommedans.

Government supervision. Lately some friction has arisen in this connection, and the "Turks" have been asking for the removal of these restrictions, hitherto without success.

The Mahommedans are not quite content with the present *régime*. They cannot forget that they were once a ruling caste, and like their co-religionists in other lands they prefer a bad Mahommedan government to a good Christian one. When they saw that they were being favoured in many ways, they hoped to regain their old influence, and were disappointed to find that the Government did not mean to grant all that they demanded. But a part of them at least are becoming reconciled, and the emigration to Asia Minor has ceased. Many of the younger men are educated in the Monarchy, and enter the army or the civil service. Above all, they know that if Austrian rule is not an ideal one for them, they are infinitely better off under it than they would be under a purely Slavonic Government.

The Orthodox Christians or Serbs are the most numerous section, and from them, too, Austria has encountered some opposition. They were the life and soul of the revolts against the Turks, as they were most cruelly oppressed by the Mahommedans, but Austrian intervention did not appear to them the most satisfactory solution. They hoped for the formation of a great Serb State, to include Servia and Montenegro. After the occupation they were disappointed because Austria would not confiscate the estates of the "Turks" and divide them among the Christians. They still indulge in nationalist aspirations, which are all centred round their religion. Religion alone distinguishes them from the Croatians, and their popes have always been their political as well as their spiritual leaders. The Government allows them full freedom of worship, but, as in the case of the "Turks," it exercises a control over the appointment of the clergy. Before 1878 the popes were elected by the Serb communes, and the election of the bishops had to be confirmed by the Œcumenical Patriarch. Had the country been formally annexed by Austria, the Patriarch's

authority would have lapsed *ipso facto*. As Bosnia is still nominally a Turkish province, Austria could not disregard his rights, which would have been supported by the Sultan, and possibly by Russia. So a curious agreement was made with the Patriarch, by which he delegated his authority to Francis-Joseph in exchange for a tribute equal to that which he formerly received from the clergy of the provinces. The bishops and chapters are now appointed and paid by the Government, and they appoint the inferior clergy. Their position is more dignified than it was when they depended entirely on the offerings of the faithful, and they are, on the whole, far better educated and more respectable. But the congregations who were used to a somewhat democratic form of Church government, do not quite trust these nominated pastors, and have doubts as to the orthodoxy of their political views. In some cases they have actually initiated a sort of religious strike, and refuse to go to church, so as to emphasise their disapproval. They are extremely susceptible where their religion and their nationality are concerned. An instance of this touchiness was the case of Monsignor Kossanovic, the Archbishop of Sarajevo, whose popularity was seriously impaired when it was known that in corresponding with the *Landesregierung* he used the Latin alphabet instead of the Cyrillic, like a good Serb! Perhaps the Government has been a little precipitate in its dealings with the Serbs, and has not quite understood their susceptibilities.

With the Roman Catholics there has been very little trouble. They are not numerous, although they have increased lately owing to the influx of colonists and traders from the Monarchy; they are out of sympathy with the Serbs, and have no "irredentist" aspirations. Under the Turks they had no secular clergy, their spiritual needs being ministered to by native Franciscans. After the occupation a regular hierarchy was established, and bishopries created. As the Franciscans, who had worked in Austria's interest before, felt somewhat sore at the loss of their monopoly, many of the parishes and

one bishopric were given to them, for the present, at all events.

Viewing Austria's religious policy as a whole one is bound to admit that it is skilful and prudent, and may be described as combining absolute liberty of conscience with a strong hold over the clergy. The people, as they find that their forms of worship are respected, and that their priests, if they have ceased to be political agitators, are certainly more honest and better educated, will in time be influenced by them in the interests of peace and order. Had a similar policy been followed in Ireland the conditions of that country would have been to-day more satisfactory than they are.

The land question was another difficulty. The soil, with the exception of the land of the Vakuf, and that covered by houses and gardens was, under Turkish rule, the property of the State, who leased it in perpetuity to a number of Mahommedans in exchange for a land-tax of one-tenth of the produce. These estates, which are never very large, are divided into holdings cultivated by Christian *kmets* or serfs. The kmets paid the landlords from one-fifth to one-third of the produce as rent. As I have said they hoped that Austria would disregard the landlords' rights, and give them the full ownership of the soil. But the Government wisely refused to do anything in the nature of confiscation, and maintained the old Turkish law, but mitigated its harshness and protected the kmets from extortion and oppression. It granted them facilities for emancipating themselves by means of loans advanced by the *Landesbank*, which, by the way, are made by preference to the "well-disposed." The *Beziksunterstützung-Fonds* makes further loans to enable the emancipated kmet to cultivate his property. In this way the number of peasant-proprietors has risen to 15,000, but their conditions have not always proved satisfactory. Many are unable to make good use of their farms; they contract debts which they cannot pay, are sold up, and find themselves worse off than when they were kmets. But others have been more successful, and their general condition is improving. A certain

amount of land is also held on the system of the *zadruga*, or South-Slavonic house-community.

The Government is making every effort to introduce agricultural improvements, and has instituted a number of model farms and dairies, which are also schools of agriculture. I visited one of these at Butmir, which seems to be a very well-appointed establishment. Twenty young Bosniaks are maintained free of charge for three years and initiated into the mysteries of scientific agriculture and dairy farming. Their subsequent careers are followed, and the manager told me that they really do utilise their knowledge satisfactorily. There is a stud farm near Sarajevo for the improvement of the native breed of horses. At Mostar there is a Government wine farm where the excellent white *Žilavka* is produced. As tobacco flourishes in Bosnia a Government factory has been opened at Sarajevo which employs 450 men and girls.

Cattle breeding is an important source of income, and Bosnian cows and sheep are exported in considerable numbers. Fruit is grown in all parts of the country, and the plums of Northern Bosnia, which are used for making *Slivovitz*[1] have long been famous.

The amount of land under cultivation has greatly increased under the present Government, and agriculture, although still primitive in many districts, is becoming less so. The land tax, it is true, weighs heavily on the rural classes, and the fact that it has to be paid in cash instead of in kind is regarded as a grievance. But it only falls on agricultural land, and cattle is untaxed, while the taxes on sheep and on fruit-farming are light. Considering the improvements made the taxation cannot be said to be extraordinarily heavy. Life is, of course, more expensive, and, as an official declared, the needs of the population have increased more rapidly than the means of satisfying them.

Much has been done to revive old industries and introduce new ones. At the Government carpet factory at Sarajevo

[1] A sort of plum brandy.

Oriental carpets are woven, but from an æsthetic point of view the work produced is not very beautiful and is greatly inferior to the real Turkey carpets preserved in the museum or in the mosques, but the industry pays and gives employment to a large number of girls. The same criticism applies to the Government arts and crafts workshop, where copper- and brass-ware is made and silver filigree inlaid in wood, everything being rather of the *Andenken aus Bosnien* type. The embroidery of the Bez-Weberei is far better.

Another curious experiment in State Socialism is the institution of the *Landesärarische Hotels*. One of Herr von Kállay's objects has been to attract tourists to Bosnia-Herzegovina, and as in many places ordinary landlords would not have cared to risk building hotels, the Government has built them on its own account. These hostelries are plain, but comfortable and well managed, and crowded at certain seasons. Where there are no hotels, decent accommodation and food are provided at the gendarme stations. But Herr von Kállay has gone even further, and has created a Government watering-place at Ilidže, with three good hotels, a casino, baths, and charming grounds. The *Fremdenindustrie*, however, is not as yet very flourishing, for the country, in spite of its fine mountain scenery and its picturesque Oriental character, is too far out of the way of the ordinary tourist from Western Europe to compete with Switzerland, Tirol, or the German baths. The visitors are from Austria-Hungary; only a small number come from Germany and other countries.

These experiments may appear to be of doubtful legitimacy to the orthodox economist. State-managed industry, monopolies, concessions (for all three are resorted to), have an unpleasant flavour, but in Bosnia it was a case of these or nothing, and in the end the country cannot fail to profit by the mere fact that the establishments are there, on whatever lines they may be worked. Moreover, they help to pay for all the material improvements. Private industry, except in one or two branches, has not succeeded. Manufacturers, attracted

by the "boom," started various industries, but they found that in so poor a country there was no local market for their wares, while the distance from the great centres of European trade is too great for exports to be profitable. The iron- and coal-mines, however, are worked with good results.

Education is well cared for, and both denominational and undenominational elementary schools are provided, as well as gymnasiums and technical schools. There is no university in Bosnia-Herzegovina, as the authorities wisely wished to avoid flooding the country with educated unemployed—the curse of the other Balkan States—but promising young Bosniaks are given university scholarships at Vienna or Graz, provided they join no political clubs.

Communications being a most urgent necessity, in order to reduce the expense of building railways, the narrow-gauge system was adopted, and there are now over 1000 kilometres of track throughout the country. Excellent military roads exist everywhere, and the post and telegraph services are under efficient military management.

On the whole, it may be said that Austria has accomplished her task wisely and well. If she has made some mistakes, it must be remembered that this is her first Colonial experiment, and that she has avoided many into which other colonising Powers who ought to have known better have fallen. If a part of the population is still discontented, Austrian rule is the only one possible. Neither a return of the Turks, nor a great Servia, nor a great Montenegro, nor an independent Bosnia is within the range of practical politics; and were any one of these alternatives possible, it would simply mean the supremacy of one religion and the oppression of the others. The evils of Austrian rule are nearly all those natural to a rapidly imported civilisation in a barbarous land. The Austrians, however, have done all in their power to make the transition with as few changes and as little uprooting of old ideals and customs as possible.

The question which now arises is: What are Austria's aims

in Bosnia-Herzegovina? What is her future policy? The occupation is not an end in itself, and it is pretty clear that it forms but a stepping-stone to other grander projects. It has been said that the Dual Monarchy is divided into Cisleithania, Transleithania, and *Kállay*thania, the third section being constituted by all the South-Slavonic lands of Austria-Hungary, in which, as well as in Bosnia, Herr von Kállay is a power. His object for the present is to keep the Occupied Provinces apart from the racial struggles of Dalmatia and Croatia, because they have another *rôle* to play. This spring the railway from Sarajevo to the borders of Novibazar is begun. Its continuation through the whole of the Sandżak to Mitrovitza is only a question of time. At the latter place it will meet the line to Salonica, and thus direct communication between Vienna and the Egean will be established without passing through Servian territory. I have no further space to discuss Austria's ambitions in this direction, but one has only to look at the map to realise the importance of such a line in its bearing on the Eastern question. Bosnia-Herzegovina is thus a most useful asset in the furthering of the *Drang nach Osten* policy, and the fact that it is independent of Parliamentary control greatly enhances its value. When and if a new South Slavonic partner is added to the Austro-Hungarian firm the Occupied Provinces will doubtless help to constitute it, but for the present they remain a *Reichsland*. Whatever their future may be they are the one part of the Balkans, with the exception perhaps of Montenegro, where there is absolute security, a decent government, and a certain amount of progress. This in itself is an achievement of which Austria may well be proud.

L. Villari.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

THE recent disturbance in cable shares, resulting from Mr. Marconi's trans-Atlantic performances, is still existent, notwithstanding speeches from Sir J. Wolfe Barry, Sir James Pender, Mr. F. A. Bevan, and others, partly based on official reports of two wireless telegraphy experts—Principal (now Sir Oliver) Lodge and Sir W. H. Preece. Such speeches in small print do not, unfortunately, always reach the average country shareholder, whereas the scare does—thundered forth very often in large-typed headings. The scare became somewhat inflamed, owing to the fact that Mr. Marconi was "warned off" the coast of Newfoundland—his experiments being said to be of a "poaching" nature—by those holding exclusive telegraph rights on that shore. It was further inflamed by the statement, reported as having been made by the chairman of another company, to the effect that had Marconi's trans-Atlantic attainments been made known earlier, he doubted whether the new American Pacific Cable would have been undertaken.

And so it is that a large quantity of telegraph stock has changed hands, and that buyers are still not readily to be found. Much the same panic occurred amongst holders of gas shares on the first practical introduction of the electric light in the early "eighties," though those concerned in electricity had a sufficient idea of what would follow to induce them to buy

up gas stock on a large scale. There is, in fact, no more ground for the "slump" in cable shares than there would be for a similar fall in railway stock on account of motor-car progress, or, indeed, in tramway shares, owing to M. Santos-Dumont's air-ship having accomplished a journey round the Eiffel Tower unaccompanied by disaster.

This article has, then, a double object:

(1) To show that wireless telegraphy cannot, at present, be regarded as a serious competitor with cable telegraphy on a commercial basis; and

(2) To point to the varied possibilities of ætheric, or so-called "wireless," telegraphy, even in the form we now know it.

The somewhat dramatic policy pursued by Mr. Marconi has one advantage, if no other. It arouses attention to scientific possibilities—even if of the future—in a direction that the ordinary dividend-seeker of this country has not, as a rule, shown himself capable of appreciating or of interesting himself in. On the other hand, there is a certain irony attached to Mr. Marconi's selection of the three dots representing the letter S for his Atlantic experiments; for, apart from simplicity, it is just three such S's that spell sureness, speed, and secrecy—the three factors, which, at present, prevent ætheric telegraphy seriously jeopardising submarine cable enterprise.[1] By way of substantiating the latter statement, we must turn from the pre-arranged Atlantic S signals (not messages), about which we have no details, to Mr. Marconi's best attainments in actual and accurate messages between ships and between ship and shore, at a maximum distance of about 250 miles, under

[1] The absence of sureness seems to be recognised even by the most ardent exponents of "wireless" telegraphy, if only in the wide publicity given whenever a few signals are successfully transmitted at an indifferent speed through a more or less moderate distance—such as would be a matter of every-day occurrence by wire. In these advanced days it should scarcely be necessary to convince emperors and kings of the possibility of exchanging signals from the fore- to the after-deck of a ship if so much more is practicable.

more or less favourable conditions. This, be it noted, is a very different sort of thing to surmounting the earth's curvature across the Atlantic, corresponding to a mountain over 100 miles high. The difference should, moreover, be realised between catching a few more or less pre-arranged signals across the Atlantic, and that of an Atlantic cable system working continuously at a duplex, automatic, speed of nearly 100 words a minute, 90 per cent. of which are cipher and code messages.[1]

In taking 250 miles as the approximate maximum distance at which the Marconi system is capable of being worked on a practical commercial scale, similar—though at a materially lower speed—to that of day and night cable telegraphy for the same distance, it must be remembered that a comparison can only be usefully made where the conditions and results are the same. But—apart from the want of sureness and secrecy—no matter how short the distance is, the working speed by the wireless telegraphy of to-day can never approach that which is possible where a cable is employed with the apparatus now available; an average distance is, therefore, here taken.

The Marconi system, which has, so far, done most of the practical work in wireless telegraphy, is fundamentally based on the coherer receiving relay, which is an excessively sensitive and delicate instrument.[2] Whilst having obvious advantages,

[1] As regards distance, there are those who fancy that relays may come to the rescue and give wireless messages a little refreshment on their journey across the Atlantic. It may be presumed, however, that this fancy is strictly confined to those who do *not* "go down to the sea in ships."

[2] Mr. Marconi has recently lodged a "disclaimer" regarding this apparatus which reads as follows in the Official Journal of the Patent Office, published a few weeks ago:

"1901

18,105. GUGLIELMO MARCONI seeks leave to amend the Application for Letters Patent, numbered as above, for 'Improvements in coherers or detectors for electric waves,' by converting it into an application for a patent for an invention communicated to him from abroad by the Marquis LINGI SOLARI, of Italy."

In the above Lingi is clearly a misprint for Luigi.

an apparatus of this character is, of necessity, extremely liable to get out of adjustment. For this reason it is somewhat unreliable and apt to give confused and false signals. The Marconi coherer of 1896 is, moreover, more or less readily affected by its surroundings and general conditions, including atmospheric and other natural and electric disturbances. Thus, Mr. Marconi's Atlantic experiences have been sometimes attributed to this cause alone—atmospheric "strays,"[1] and the question has naturally been raised as to how the apparatus would behave in the presence of a lightning storm. To these objections no very satisfactory answer is forthcoming at present; and until further particulars—indeed, proofs—are available, it is not unnatural that impartial authorities should question the likelihood of Marconi's system becoming a practical commercial telegraph for bridging long distances. We may turn to an article on "The Practicability of Wireless Telegraphy" in the June number of the *Fortnightly Review* without securing much nourishment, though, the author being Mr. Marconi himself, it is only reasonable to suppose that his very latest and best achievements are here presented.

In this article there is a good deal of general chatter, partly concerning "wireless" performances (more or less successful) on the Royal Yacht and S.S. *Ophir* of some time back, but not a word in regard to his Trans-Atlantic telegraphy! We read how that Mr. Marconi had to remove his "wireless" camp from the field of the United States Navy Department, owing to a call from our Government for attendance at the seat of war[2]; but Mr. Marconi tells us nothing about his work at the Transvaal—whether it was a failure, or otherwise; and if so, whether this was due to the mountainous character of the

[1] Others have attributed Mr. Marconi's experiences to induced currents from the neighbouring cables, or to earth currents.

[2] It is stated that the United States Navy intend giving a further, and very complete, trial to wireless telegraphy at their forthcoming naval manœuvres.

country.[1] These are points on which we should have been glad to receive enlightenment. Mr. Marconi informs us, however, that his system is "in every-day use on seventy ships and twenty-five land stations"; moreover, that "one American liner received 8050 words during sixteen hours in home waters." This is, no doubt, intended as an answer to—and does to some extent refute—the criticism that has been made by an eminent authority, that "after ten years practical work no examples are to hand of commercial practical telegraphy."

Perhaps the most important question in connection with the practical advancement of wireless telegraphy just now is to what extent syntony can be usefully applied for guarding against foreign influences in the form of interruptions, "eavesdropping," and errors, due to natural causes or otherwise. The mutilation of messages by an intervening party was forcibly illustrated during the famous *Shamrock II.* and *Columbia* yacht race of last year, as well as on other occasions; but it is believed that Mr. Marconi has effected considerable improvements in tuning the period of oscillation in his recent receiver; and his Lizard Station is said now to be more or less unaffected by the large electric-power house seven miles off. It would appear, however, that, without a monopoly of the atmosphere or an absolutely perfect screening, no "wireless" apparatus could be really free from surrounding conditions and the effect of other instruments to which no limit can be placed. For this reason it has been doubted (1) whether there is any money in the invention as a system of commercial telegraphy; and

[1] Land has the effect of breaking up ætheric waves; but by increasing the electric energy employed and using his new magnetic detector Mr. Marconi has, within the last few weeks, succeeded in transmitting certain signals from the Poldhu Station in Cornwall to Cronstadt, 1200 miles distant, land and sea—a performance the more notable in that the obstructing element had to be overcome at the outset rather than at the finish. This was a considerably greater achievement than the recent interchange of signals at sea with the SS. *Philadelphia* at a distance of 1550 miles; but more information and experience will be required before arriving at any very definite or enthusiastic opinion.

2) whether it is likely to prove useful on a large scale for strategic purposes. There seems to be no question about the possibility of "tapping" a message at will—at any rate, with an untuned receiver. On the other hand, there appears to be no absolutely sure means as yet of preventing a third party (or climatic conditions) effecting such interruption. Whilst it is perfectly true that by the use of a code the secrecy of messages is to a great extent assured, it may reasonably be doubted whether ætheric telegraphy—as yet, at any rate—is sufficiently reliable and accurate for code or cipher work. To render wireless telegraphy a really practical business and an efficient means of "All-British" communication in times of war as in peace, the following conditions will require to be attained: (1) The apparatus must be capable of being "tuned" to a certain pitch—*i.e.*, a certain number of vibrations in a given time—in such a way that the message is strictly confined to that particular receiver; (2) On the other hand, to meet naval requirements the apparatus on board a war-ship should be capable of picking up the tune of any of the enemy's ships; (3) Yet again, means will have to be found for overcoming the possibility of a message being rendered a mere jumble by the intervention of a third party, or of the elements.

Having dealt with two of the conditions under which it is contended ætheric telegraphy cannot at present be said to compare at all favourably with telegraphy by cable, we now come to the question of speed. The working speed attained on "wireless" coherer circuits is exceedingly low as against that on cables, where the conditions are the same. On the average the relation is propably about one to ten. "Wireless" speed tests do not, however, appear to have been extensively made—at any rate, they have, as a rule, not been published amongst the other varied matter which has, somehow or another, found its way to the public. The United States Navy Report on the Marconi system says: "The rapidity is not greater than 12 words a minute for skilled operators"; and as this is quoted by Mr. Marconi without comment, or amend-

ment, in his *Fortnightly* article, it may presumably be taken as something like a maximum speed for short distances. When it is remembered that, with the modern automatic (machine) working and with duplex apparatus—or in short cables, the quadruplex or multiplex system, where warranted—the speed of cable working is practically only limited by the size of the conductor adopted for carrying the traffic, it will be understood that in the matter of signalling speed ætheric telegraphy, as we now have it, makes a very poor show against a cable system. The fact is, that though Marconi's application of the original Branly coherer to his system of telegraphy through space is very ingenious, the result is a comparatively slow-working instrument. Attempts at adding to the speed by increasing the sensitiveness of the coherer unfortunately has the effect of rendering the apparatus more prone to atmospheric and other surrounding influences. Of late, therefore, an opposite course has been pursued, and the already high electric power employed has been further augmented to make up for the reduction of coherer sensibility.[1] For increasing the speed of wireless apparatus this plan has, it is believed, been found to be very effective.

Some consider that by syntonic methods the sending of several simultaneous messages may be possible on the same circuit. This may reasonably be doubted; but it is fairly certain that owing to the comparatively low speed obtainable by the present "wireless" system a number of circuits would require to be set up between given points if such a system is to make headway as a successful messenger on a commercial basis, assuming that the tariff would be distinctly low. On the other hand, from what has been already stated, until a reliable method of confining—or, indeed, focusing—the paths

[1] The power used even on short "wireless" circuits is enormously greater than that employed on cables. Through the latter, messages have been successfully transmitted by the primitive agency of a lady's thimble filled with sulphuric acid and a mere fragment of zinc. This now classic experiment was performed on the first Atlantic cable.

of Hertzian waves has been invented otherwise than by cable, it will be seen that a definite limit must be put on the multiplicity of "wireless" stations within a given area in order to avoid a perfect "Babel" of "wirelessness," with all its concomitant jumbling of words and confusion of messages: the confusion would be similar to that brought about in the ripples of a pool of water when more than one stone is thrown into it. It should be remembered by those who expect too much of ætheric telegraphy that a cable acts as a guiding line for æther waves, concentrating extremely feeble electric impulses. It, in fact, does for ætheric telegraphy exactly what is there wanting; and—as has been before remarked—if the order of the inventions had been reversed, what a Godsend the telegraph cable would have been considered at the moment of its introduction!

The advances effected from time to time by Mr. Marconi and others in ætheric telegraphy have been reported at considerable length, and with conspicuous fairness, from the very first by the *Electrician*, the organ of the Associated Telegraph Companies. Recently, too—when the depression in cable stock set in—the *Electrical Review* appealed to various experts for their views on the merits of wireless telegraphy as a practical opponent to cables; and it is worthy of note that the opinions of these gentlemen were in close agreement to the general effect that ætheric telegraphy, whilst having an undoubtedly useful sphere before it, was not likely to serve as a successful competitor to cable telegraphy on a practical commercial basis. The writer of this article summed up his opinion at the time by describing ætheric telegraphy as an inferior method; and if its position be admitted as that of a second-rate and cheap article—useful for emergencies of cable congestion, breakdown, interruption, or absence—a proper understanding would be arrived at.

It is to be hoped that some better understanding will soon take place; and that the cable companies will be in a position to view and adopt the ætheric system as a ready hand-

maid.[1] It should prove especially applicable to inter-island communication as well as between islands and the mainland, on account of the more or less constant cable breakdowns due to irregularity of the sea bottom, earthquakes, volcanic tendencies, &c., though it might be too much to expect an ætheric circuit to work during, or after, a volcano, or even an earthquake! Then again, as offshoots, or "feeders," to a trunk line, the wireless method—even if only as an auxiliary for busy moments — should have a useful sphere, besides, of course, during repairing periods and for communication with cable repairing ships.

From a strategic point of view, as well as from a general maritime and life-saving standpoint, Great Britain and Ireland should be provided with a complete system of telegraphic communication round the entire coast, putting every coast station into connection with various inland centres and military stations. It is a piece of work which would be most effectively accomplished by wireless methods in preference to overhead lines, assuming for the moment that the strategic requirements set forth in this article could be met. For maintenance reasons, too, cables are inefficient here, owing to abrasion against rocks, strong tides, kinks, &c. Wireless telegraphy is admirably suited for lightship and lighthouse communication with the shore, to assist navigation in avoiding collisions due to darkness and fog, and also for the mercantile marine service, for vessels in distress, &c. ; indeed, in any case where cables cannot be usefully turned to account, or where mere signalling, rather than high speed commercial messages, is the order of the day. May it not be asked—in the public interest, as well as in the cause of science—who is to blame for the fact that so little really useful and practical work of this description has been accomplished? Surely it cannot be the Government telegraph monopoly that blocks progress? The latter cannot, at any

[1] Those organising the different rival wireless systems must also come to a better understanding than is indicated by the refusal of messages sent by a rival system.

rate, stand in the way of wireless communications on the high seas; and with so persevering a worker as Mr. Marconi we may, indeed, look forward to the days when the fact of setting forth on a voyage need not necessarily imply being cut off from communication with the rest of the world: thus those who aspire to having news continually served up to them, even when at sea, may yet live to see their ambitions realised in a really practical way. Further, for weather reports and predictions of storms, &c., how invaluable should the new telegraphy prove, as also in exploring expeditions. Might not the Meteorological Office weather forecasts from the West of Ireland, regarding an important change, frequently become known some twelve hours sooner by ætheric telegraphy from a distant ship? Again, apart from its utility to shipping and for helping to diminish the loss of life and property at sea, it should have a future as a cheap method of communication for unimportant and purely social messages. In that way, moreover, it should serve a good end in opening the public mind to the possibilities and service of rapid communication with the rest of the Empire and with our friends abroad. The system of deferred messages advocated by Sir Edward Sassoon and others—as recommended recently by the Cable Communication Committee—might be suitably dealt with at times by wireless circuits. Finally, if Tesla's theories are ever to take practical shape, the æther should eventually be available for the transmission of mechanical force. We should some day be able to run electric motor cars and torpedoes, as well as to fire mines, with apparatus similar to that employed in wireless telegraphy, without any heavy or bulky accumulators.

From an historical and patent rights point of view, Mr. Marconi has lately descended from Carlyle's gospel of silence by entering into a wordy correspondence with so doughty an investigator as Professor Silvanus Thompson in the columns of the *Saturday Review*. History forms no part of our present theme, and it is not proposed to follow up the *Saturday* article or letters, nor yet the more recent *Times* correspond-

ence thereon. On the other hand, by way of suggesting that wireless telegraphy has now been in the air—metaphorically as well as physically—for a considerable time, it may be of interest to note the names of some of those identified with the various researches and developments which, in one way and another, led up to the ætheric telegraphy of to-day. This investigation takes us back to the year of Queen Victoria's accession to the Throne, which was contemporaneous with Cooke and Wheatstone's first electric telegraph. The pioneer list runs as follows: Steinheil, Morse, Lindsay, O'Shaughnessy, Dolbear, Edison, Melhuish, Stevenson, Willoughby Smith, and Preece. The preceding relate mainly to inductive telegraphy. But Lord Kelvin in 1852 discovered, Clerk Maxwell investigated mathematically and Heinrich Hertz experimentally, the transmission of electric oscillations through the æther of the atmosphere, which culminated in the ætheric or space telegraphy due to Hughes, Lodge (who holds the valuable American patent rights) and Marconi turning to account the inventions of Righi and Branly. There are also valuable patented "wireless" methods emanating from Popoff, Slaby, Fessenden, Braun, Cervera, Guarine, Castelli, Ducretet, and De Forrest, of various nationalities.[1] Indeed, the present year's crop of "wireless" inventors is increased almost weekly; but the above list alone serves to suggest that wireless telegraphy like most, if not all,

[1] Wireless *Telephony*—possibly in store for a future generation—is not seriously considered in this article; but the attention already paid in some quarters to the Armstrong-Orling system—nothwithstanding the absence of detailed technical particulars from independent parties—seems to contradict the idea that we are still a conservative nation as regards things scientific. All that we know technically at present about this domestic variety of ætheric telegraphy is that the relay employed is said to be fifty times more sensitive than the Thomson siphon recorder. On the other hand, things are so far advanced from the business standpoint that the annual royalty which will be asked for is already fixed at a figure considerably below that charged by the National Telephone Company; but it may be questioned whether a licence will ever be granted by the Post Office, even if the method be shown to be practicable either on the Exchange system or otherwise. Other inventors in wireless telephony are Herr Ruhmer and Mr. A. F. Collins.

great inventions, is the work of many hands, and should any one be in doubt on this point, the complete treatise by Mr. Fahie makes it abundantly clear.[1] The Castelli telephonic apparatus is described as costing only 6*d.*, and to be extremely simple; but there is some doubt whether a telephone could be relied upon for commercial "cabling" across our seas—to be confirmed only by mail several days or weeks after. To select between the value of these systems would be an invidious task, neither is it in our present province. Practical commercial results are often the best test: certainly Mr. Marconi has more completely effected these than any other inventor; his agreements with the Canadian Government, as well as with Lloyd's, go to prove this, and Marconi has lately—at 27 years of age—achieved waxwork posterity at the hands of Madame Tussaud. As is so often the case in such matters, there has been occasionally a lack of distinction between Sir Oliver Lodge's scientific experimental researches in Hertzian waves and wireless telegraphy on the one hand, and Mr. Marconi's practical applications and adaptations for commercial purposes on a larger and more useful scale. To each is due a very considerable share of credit, as well as to Sir William Preece and Mr. J. Gavey (now engineer-in-chief to the Post Office), who have done a great deal of really useful practical work in wireless telegraphy; also to the others—perhaps in a minor degree—whose names are mentioned above. In illustration of his modesty and of the proper view taken by him on the subject, it is due to Mr. Marconi to quote the following concluding words from a recent article of his: "In my apparatus I have made use of known ideas. My instruments are improvements of my predecessors', with the introduction of a few developments which, from my observation, seemed necessary."

That the wireless system has come to stay is fairly obvious; but what its possibilities may reach we cannot at present foretell. Its inferiority, however, to telegraphy by cables is, at

[1] "A History of Wireless Telegraphy," by J. J. Fahie, M.I.E.E. (London: Blackwood & Son).

present, as marked as would be the delivery of our letters on the pavement—to be picked up by any one—instead of in the letter-box. Cable shareholders may therefore take comfort in feeling that the day has not yet come—neither can we, as yet, foresee that it will come—when copper wires, gutta percha coverings, and iron sheathings will be relegated to the Museum of Antiquities. On the other hand, it seems clear that wireless telegraphy will have a general awakening effect as to our telegraphic needs, just as the electric light, by raising the standard of light demanded by the public, has enabled us to rejoice in the incandescent gas mantle in cases where the still better illumination obtained from electricity is conspicuous by its absence.

CHARLES BRIGHT.

P.S.—In his Royal Institution Lecture delivered on June 13, Mr. Marconi seems to suggest that, compared with his system, cables are equally, if not more, liable to be electrically affected by surrounding influences. This, however, would scarcely be admitted by others. With the exception of the description of the magnetic detector as a substitute for the coherer, this lecture did not provide any fresh material for consideration, for here again no account was given of actual practical telegraphy such as had been talked about.—C.B.

THE DECIPHERMENT OF THE HITTITE INSCRIPTIONS

IT is twenty-three years ago since I made a discovery which threw a new light on the art and archæology of Asia Minor and the relations of Syria to the world of the West. At Boghaz Keni and Eyuk in Cappadocia rock-sculptures and palace ruins had been found in a peculiar style of art, which closely resembled that of a figure of an armed warrior carved on the cliffs of the mountain pass of Karabel, a few miles eastward of Smyrna. This armed warrior had been known to Herodotus, who saw in the figure a monument of the Egyptian conqueror Sesostris. In this, however, the "father of history" was mistaken; there was nothing Egyptian about it, and it pointed to Cappadocian conquest rather than to invasion from the shores of Egypt.

Far away from the neighbourhood of Smyrna, at Ivriz, in the mountain range which forms the northern border of Cilicia another rock-sculpture had come to light. Here a priest is represented adoring the Cilician Herakles, who holds in his hands a cluster of grapes and a sheaf of corn. The images of the priest and god are accompanied by hieroglyphs, the first of the kind that had been seen by European scholars.

Similar hieroglyphics, however, eventually turned up, not in Asia Minor but at Hamah, the ancient Hamath, in Syria. They were engraved in relief on blocks of basalt, and were first noticed by the great traveller Burckhardt. But it was not

until 1872 that they became known in Europe, when the late Dr. William Wright took casts of them which he sent to England. It was soon recognised that the "Hamathite" characters and the hieroglyphs of Ivriz must belong to the same system of writing.

In 1879, on the eve of an exploratory journey in western Asia Minor, the identity of the art of Ivriz with that of Boghaz Keni and Karabel suddenly flashed upon me. It followed that the "Hamathite" characters were Asianic rather than Syrian, and that we might expect to find them on the Asianic monuments. As a matter of fact, the photographs of Perrot showed that an inscription in the same characters was cut on the rocks of Boghaz Keni, and hieroglyphs, supposed to be Egyptian, were said to be associated with the monument of Karabel. I prophesied in the *Academy* that these latter would prove to be Asianic and not Egyptian, and staked the correctness of the discovery I had just made upon their being so. A few weeks later, with an escort of soldiers, I visited that haunt of brigands, Karabel, and there took squeezes of the hieroglyphs in question. They turned out to be, as I had prophesied, identical with the hieroglyphs of Ivriz, of Boghaz Keni, and of Hamath.

Meanwhile the site of the old Hittite capital, Carchemish, had been found by Skene and George Smith in the mounds of Jerablûs on the Euphrates. Excavations undertaken on the spot by the British Museum, about the time that my visit to Karabel took place, resulted in the discovery of more monuments in the same peculiar style of art as that of Asia Minor, and of the same peculiar system of writing. Art and writing alike thus belonged to the Hittites, and the fact that the human heads depicted among the hieroglyphs are identical in head-dress and features with the heads of the sculptured figures made it clear that the system of writing must be of Hittite origin. Other facts soon came to support the conclusion; the boot, for example, with upturned point, which appears among the hieroglyphs, is found not only in the rock-sculptures of Asia

Minor, but also distinguishes the Hittites of Syria portrayed on the Egyptian monuments.

The Hittites are alluded to in two or three passages of the Old Testament, but it is only since the decipherment of the Egyptian and cuneiform inscriptions that we have learnt what an important part they once played in the history of the East. The Hittite monarch, whose southern capital was at Kadesh on the Orontes, contended on equal terms with Egypt in the plenitude of its power, and summoned to his standard not only the Lycians of Asia Minor but Mysians and Dardanians as well. The Egyptian inscriptions bear the same testimony as the sculptured warrior of Karabel to the extension of Hittite influence in the West. Northern Syria had been wrested by them from Egypt after the fall of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and when the Assyrians first became acquainted with it they were so far the dominant people in it as to cause even Palestine to be ever afterwards known at Nineveh as "the land of the Hittites." When the Hittite empire was broken up a fragment of it, under the name of "Hittite," still continued to exist to the south of the Gulf of Antioch, and the kings who engraved the cuneiform inscriptions of Armenia found Hittites in the neighbourhood of Malatiyeh.

Ever since my discovery of the origin and connections of Asianic art I have kept the problem of the decipherment of the "Hittite" hieroglyphs continually in view. I had tried, or believed I had tried, every possible and impossible clue, only to find myself confronted by a blank wall. Eight months ago I still held that the problem was insoluble without the help of a long bilingual inscription. How it has been solved without any such help I will now try to explain.

As far back as 1880 I brought to light a short bilingual text, in Hittite and cuneiform, engraved on a silver "boss," and being a royal name, the Greek form of which is Tarkondêmos. The text gave us the ideographs of "king" and "country," as well as the phonetic value of *me* for another character; but otherwise the reading of both the Hittite and

the cuneiform texts was involved in difficulties, and, as far as I know, was necessarily misleading. What, therefore, we might have hoped to have been the Rosetta Stone of Hittite decipherment ended only in leading the decipherer astray.

At the same time I pointed out another fact. The Hittite proper names preserved in the Egyptian and Assyrian inscriptions show that the usual termination of the nominative singular was *s*, while an examination of the texts makes it clear that this termination was represented by the picture of a yoke. It is also clear that the grammatical forms of the language were expressed by suffixes, and that the substantive and adjective agreed with one another as in Latin or Greek. Another discovery of mine was the ideograph or "determinative" of divinity, which is prefixed to the name of a deity, and seems to present a sacred stone wrapped in cloths. German scholars next drew attention to the use of another sign as a word-divider, words being divided by it one from the other; while it had been recognised from the outset that the inscriptions are written in *boustrophedon* fashion, and must be read from the direction towards which the hieroglyphs look.

With these preliminary data the decipherers set to work. System after system of interpretation has been proposed, each put forward with an equal amount of confidence, but satisfying none but its author. Before a system can be accepted it must fulfil three conditions. The phonetic values assigned to the characters must be such as to enable us to read, without forcing, the geographical names of the localities in which the several inscriptions are found—the name of Carchemish at Carchemish, of Hamath at Hamath, of Tyana at Tyana; the suffixes must reveal a consistent and coherent grammar to which parallels can be found elsewhere; and the inscriptions must yield a rational sense. Only when these conditions are fulfilled can the problem of decipherment be considered to have been solved.

What has principally stood in the way of the solution has been, not only the scantiness and imperfection of the texts

we possess, but, still more, the inaccuracy and untrustworthiness of our copies of them. It is only recently that squeezes, casts, and photographs have at last given us accurate reproductions of such of the inscriptions as are not in the museums of London and Berlin. And one of the first results of a study of these was to show me that the ideograph of "country" or "district" had been confounded with that for "king," though the bilingual "boss" of Tarkondêmos had long ago given us their distinguishing forms. The error had been committed by myself in the early days of Hittite research, and I have been followed in it by subsequent decipherers. But the error was vital. It prevented us from detecting those geographical names, through which alone, without the help of a bilingual, the decipherment of the texts was possible. As soon as I found that the native scribes have always carefully distinguished the two ideographs from one another, all the conditions were changed: I now knew in what group of characters I had to look for the geographical names.

Recent additions, moreover, to the number of texts known to us have also assisted the decipherer in another way. The same suffix is represented in them by more than one character; thus, in the case of the nominative singular, the goat's head (which must therefore have the value of *s*) interchanges with the yoke. Thanks, too, to the fact that the hieroglyph of a man's head, surmounted by the priestly tiara, is attached to the figure of the high-priest at Fraklin in Cappadocia, I was able to read the group of phonetic characters accompanying the ideograph in the inscriptions of Carchemish, the native form of the Cappadocian word for "high-priest," having fortunately been given by the Greek writers Strabo and Hesychius. From this it resulted that the rabbit's head denoted the syllable *ka*.

Now in the inscriptions of Carchemish, and in them only, we find a geographical name, or territorial title, to which alone the determinative of "district" is attached. It consists of four characters, the last three of which are the rabbit's head, the character which the bilingual "boss" had long ago told us has

the value of *me*, the head of a goat, while the first character is one which is not met with elsewhere and may therefore be assumed to express, not a simple, but a closed syllable. As the last three characters read *ka–me–(i)s* it is obvious that the first must be *Kar*. We thus get the name of Carchemish just where we should expect to find it. Besides the uninflected *Karkames*, an adjectival form of the name also occurs, which enables us to fix the values of some more characters.

There are two characters which, from the frequency of their occurrence and the fact that they can be inserted or omitted at will after other characters, have long since been recognised to be vowels. For reasons, which it is needless to detail here, I have succeeded in fixing the value of one of them as *a* and of the other as *i*. The values of a few other characters have been obtained through their employment as suffixes. One or two Hittite suffixes have been made known to us through the proper names contained in the Egyptian and cuneiform inscriptions; thus, Khatti–na–s is "Hittite," Samal–i–u–s is "Samallian." The Hittite inscription on a bowl found in Babylon, again, has furnished us with the suffixes of the accusative singular, the first person of the verb and probably of the dative case. It begins with an ideograph, which Dr. Leopold Messerschmidt, has shown from a comparison of texts is the demonstrative "this"; then comes the picture of a bowl with a common suffix, denoted by the hieroglyph of a sleeve; then the name of a deity with its suffix; and finally the mason's trowel, which other texts show must have the signification of "mating" and to which a suffix is attached. The whole phrase must have some such meaning as "This bowl I have made for the god X," and the sleeve will denote the suffix of the accusative.

The decipherment of the suffixes has disclosed an interesting fact. They agree in form and use with those of a language first made known to us by the famous cuneiform tablets of Tel el-Amarna. Among these tablets are two in an unknown language, one of which is addressed to, or by, a certain Tarkhundarans, king of Arzawa. The name of the king is Hittite,

and so raises a presumption that the language of the letters is Hittite also. The presumption has been confirmed by the excavations of M. Chantre, at Boghaz Keni. Here he has found other cuneiform tablets in a language closely allied to that of Arzawa. Thanks to the ideographs and stereotyped formulæ that occur in the letters of Arzawa, the meaning of several words and grammatical forms in them can be made out: thus, the termination of *-s* marks the nominative of the noun and *-n* the accusative. The remarkable agreement of the Hittite and Arzawan suffixes goes far to show that my reading of the Hittite characters is correct.

So, too, does the fact that the right geographical names occur in the inscription in which we should expect to find them. A stela, for instance, has been discovered on the site of the ancient Tyana which begins with the name of a priest-king. This is followed by his territorial title, to which the determinative of "district" is attached. The title, according to the values I have obtained for the characters, reads **-a-na-a-na-a-s*. *Nas* is the suffix of a gentilic adjective with the nominative termination; the same suffix is found not only in the name Khatti-nas, which I have quoted above, but also in the Arzawa letters. Stripping the title, therefore, of its suffix, there remains **-a-na-a*. What else can this be except Tu-a-na-a?

What I have said will, I hope, explain my method of decipherment. But it is usually only the proper names and suffixes that are written phonetically. The roots or stems of the nouns and verbs are more commonly expressed by ideographs. The pictorial nature of Hittite writing, however, not unfrequently gives us a clue to the meaning of the latter. And when once the texts are broken up into their constitutional parts so that we know where the name of an individual or of a country is found, and where we may look for the verb with its subject and object, the translation of the ideographs is comparatively simple.

But it must be understood that the decipherment of the

inscriptions is still only in its initial stage. If it took half a century to complete the decipherment of the Persian cuneiform texts we must not expect to decipher the Hittite hieroglyphs in a day. All I can claim to have done is to have made a start and pointed out the road that others must follow.

Meanwhile such Hittite inscriptions as we possess have yielded little that is interesting. The three shorter inscriptions of Hamath record the restoration of a temple. The most perfect of the Carchemish texts is a long list of the titles of the priest-king. Two facts, however, have resulted from the decipherment which, to me at least, were unexpected and surprising. On the one hand the name of "Hittite" is confined to the inscriptions of Syria and the districts eastward of the passes of the Taurus; in the inscriptions of Cilicia and Cappadocia it does not occur. On the other hand, the language that has been revealed to us is, on the grammatical side, extraordinarily like Greek. Thus the priest-king who is commemorated on the rocks of Bulyar Mader calls himself *Sandanyas*, "of the city of Sandes," the Cilician Herakles. The same perplexing similarity recurs in the case of Lycian grammar: how it is to be explained I do not know. Apart from its grammatical forms I see nothing in Lycian that is Indo-European; and Hittite seems equally to be an Asianic tongue. Can it be that Greek is really a mixed language, the product of early contact on the part of an Indo-European dialect with the native languages of the coast of Asia Minor?

A. H. Sayce.

THE BETTERMENT OF LONDON

IN a letter lying before me as I write, from Andrea Mantegna to Marco Marziale, there is a sentence in which, referring to the death of his fellow pupil Crivelli, he alludes to the latter's fondness for rich architecture, and then proceeds to give his views upon what was desirable in this direction. It would seem that Marziale had been made uneasy in his mind by the comments then being passed on Gentile Bellini's work in the Ducal Palace, which he was helping to execute, and had written to Mantegna as a sort of authority as to how much opulence of colour was permissible in classic times. Mantegna professes ignorance—we must remember that the grottesche had not then been discovered—and goes on to say (I translate into modern diction):

> Carlo [1] and I spent our youth under Squarcione, and news came from Ascobi a few months ago to me that he [1] was dead. It pains me much. When his services had been engaged for the chapel [2] where I was painting, we disputed much about how heroic architecture was to be represented—and when the negotiations fell through and promises were broken, he went to Naples, and has since shown in his paintings what he desired. Though desiring such, to me it seems impossible. Not even the ducal chapel [3] has such richness of relievi, marbles and bronzes, and what is too costly to be provided there still less can be provided elsewhere. And there is something of the unreal in showing architecture that cannot be constructed.

A slight reference to Ludovico (the reigning Duke), and the letter ends.

[1] Crivelli. [2] Of the Eremitani. [3] *I.e.*, St. Mark's.

If one may judge by his picture in the National Gallery, Marziale held no such severe rules as to what is actually possible in coloured architecture, and though his work at the Ducal Palace is now all gone, and the Venice of that day has to be imagined from his master's picture in the Academy at Venice—the sight of the letter set me thinking whether we could reproduce in London some of the coloured glory that burned in Venice in those times.

At first the idea raises a smile. Colour in London? We seem to have travelled very far from such a notion. What with our fogs, our smoke and corrosive atmosphere, how should marbles and frescoes stand here, seeing that they have perished off the walls in the happier climate of Italy. The world was younger, in Mantegna's day—younger and less discouraged. They painted vast palaces and streets in fresco and for a long time it was thought that its rapid decay was not inevitable; that the slight shelter of cloister or loggia roof would be sufficient to guard it to an age coeval with its contemporary within, and each time the scaffolding was struck and hoarding removed the artist gazed on his work with the hope that at last here was permanence come. The tradition still lingers. To this day houses on the Riviera and in Italy are painted with chequers, diapers, and enrichments handed down to us from the times of Giotto. But we, with the mouldering traces only of all that splendour, sigh that the world cannot be as we would have it and try to persuade ourselves that we have gained in comfort, in the ordering of our homes, what we have lost in beauty.

Is it well to be so resigned? Are the beautiful conceptions of Gianbellini and Carpaccio but the dreams of a painter of bygone times and as brief and baseless as the "snows of yester year?"

It is not for want of skill. If the painters of to-day are not to be called Titians and Giorgiones, they are, at least, the equals of the artists by whom the bulk of the external fresco work was done. Nor is there lack of material. Whatever there was in those days, marble, bronze, mosaic, faience, we have

now, in both more widely varied quality and in greater quantity. It is true that the cost of making and working some of these things more than counterbalances the advantage of their initial cheapness—but in the occasional case, when cost does not enter into consideration, these materials are not used. And it is, indeed, a question how and where these materials should be used. Let us recall what was the practice in the days when they were used, and for convenience let us take such a period as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. And, to limit our survey, let us exclude the Oriental countries of India, China, Japan, and the then barbarous countries of North Europe and the Americas. Also, to keep clear of conjectural or disputable evidence we will confine our attention to the lands bordering the Mediterranean, but including, however, the distant country of Persia.

It would be vain, indeed, in any consideration of the application of colour externally to buildings, to disregard or exclude the influence of Persian art, or to assume that such influence was merely local. It was very far from being that. Persian art at this time flourished outside Persia as well as within—in Syria, in the Holy Land, in Egypt, Tunis, and North Africa generally, and in Spain. Wherever the "Moors" were, there were Persian craftsmen in their train. The Arab followers of Mahomet had no pictorial or decorative art in themselves, but they impressed it from the nations they subjugated. But before they captured Constantinople, that city had been influenced by Oriental art. Through its gates passed the stream of commerce from the Far East that afterwards was diverted to Venice and thence to Amsterdam, and the rich products of Persia were frequent objects in the houses of Byzantium. Stories of the mosques and gateways and courtyards, of Tabriz, of Ispahan, of Meshsed, of domes and minarets, plated and encrusted with tiles, of palaces that commanded a perpetual garden within their walls, made not so much by nature as by man, of oases of colour set like jewels in the grey, stony desert. Though the last crusade was spent a hundred years

before, there was the fireside tradition of our ancestors' experience, of the wonderful things they had seen, over and above the visible remnants of spoil that had been brought back from the land of the infidel. The feet of the religious enthusiasts had marked out and formed the tracks which afterwards became the routes of trade—the fierceness of antagonism had gradually abated in the face of so much bravery and repulse; and outcast as both Jew and Moslem were regarded, the one was tolerated for the commercial advantages he brought, and the other respected for the power he represented. And to confirm and swell the tale of Oriental splendour came back those unfortunates who had been made captives by the enemy on land or by the pirates at sea. The fall of Constantinople occasioned a flight westward of artists who were familiar by eyesight as well as report with the ideals of decorative art as understood by the Oriental. Europe was then gay with colour—some of it permanent, in imitation of the Roman methods of encrusting buildings with sheets of coloured marbles, with gilt bronze enrichments, and in the more important edifices with gilt bronze roofs—some of it permanent with marble mosaic, glass mosaic, some of it permanent so far as gilding, fresco and tempera painting would permit—and some of it temporary for festival wear, by means of bunting, arras, painted cloths, and rich carpets. Europe was then young and had a fine appetite for colour, a healthy digestion enabled her to assimilate it in all forms and in limitless quality, and a careless inattention to any but the broad effects of nature, engendered by contact with and contest against her savage forces and encroaching powers, forced the peoples of that date to use the means that were simplest and readiest to their hands, to work uncritically and with something of the freedom of irresponsibility. But the exodus from Byzantium stimulated and enforced the already growing desire for scholarship. Old manuscripts, antiques, cameos, fragments of any and every kind of the indisputable past were exalted as the products of the golden age, as the standard of perfection. The ruins of classic buildings were

ransacked, surveyed and measured. Externally, time and the elements and the greed of man had peeled off the coloured decoration, and the investigators found the walls as bare as bones and much the colour of them. Internally, the siltage of centuries had preserved the colouring, and the conclusion arrived at was that serious architecture should aim at being sculpture with no more distraction of colour upon it than was to be found on an antique by Praxiteles, so far as its exterior was concerned. So the gay marble incrustation at Florence was voted impure; the fanciful marble inlay at Lucca, childish; the stripes and cheques of marble at Siena, Pisa, Genoa, bizarre; the amber splendour of marble at Venice, Byzantine and exotic; and architecture (external) settled down into cold scholarship and began to talk about the dignity of its art. Not without a struggle, however. The house decorator on his stucco, the artist on his fresco, kept up with their paint-pots what defence they could against the chill rectitude of academic taste; but the hungry salt sea air bit into the paintings of the great artists employed and the ruin of their masterpieces discouraged their patrons, who could not afford to stoop from their connoisseurship to employ inferior hands for such work, and one can discover now in Genoa and Venice only traces to show how widely accepted, there and elsewhere, was this treatment of decorating houses in colour. Thanks to the high standard of technical and pictorial excellence so evolved, the fresco artist and his palette have disappeared, but the humbler colourist with his paint-pot and broom still holds on, for man cannot do without colour. Where Nature is prodigal in her bestowal man need not ask for more—but nature is not uniformly lavish; and it is worthy of remark that it is where nature is most niggard that man has done his most to supplement her shortcomings.

Take the Persian examples, for instance. Their mosques, courtyards, khans and garden enclosures are all plated with marble mosaic or enamelled tiles, and then consider the setting in which these jewels find themselves. For the most part of

the year, the towns in Persia are set in a dreary stony wilderness. So it is in India, in North Africa, and the South of Spain, where external decoration most abounds. For months and months the landscape is a monotonous grey. The hills are barren, the plains burnt up. Overhead is the sky, too brilliant to be blue, too blinding to gaze at. The want of variety in the monotone becomes a pain, a torture. Nor is the joy of Nature's colouring unknown.

The spring comes, with a breath of blossom, and spreads a flush of coloured snow over the almond trees. The willows shake a tender rustle of fresh green along the stream's side, the streams of the melted snow on the hill sides, wide patches of sprouting corn and breadths of matted herbage gemmed with iris, anemone and crocus, convert the desert suddenly into the meads of Paradise. A few weeks and all is over. The grass has been sunned into a pale brown velvet, and the dust has blanched the leaves of every shrub. Inside the town, the resource of the residents has prolonged the season. In the tended garden the rose blooms, and the jasmine loads the evening air with its heavy scent. But even under the most favourable conditions, it is almost impossible to preserve the verdancy and refreshment of the garden by means of the living and changing colours of the plants enclosed, and the Persian constructs, by aid of his marble and tiles, a spring and summer that he can command, and that shall be about him always. The real foliage is kept green and lush by the rills that wander through his garden, and when he goes thence to the mosque or the bazaar he finds in their shelter the wealth of colour that he has girded himself with at home.

As we reach more fertile lands, the brilliancy and copiousness of the architectural decoration diminishes. There is no such thing as rivalry with Nature's palette; where she colours by the acre, man can only follow by the yard—she has room to mix and blend her innumerable ingredients, while he has to peddle in restricted panels with the few colours he can use. Moreover, she is never still—each hour produces some change

—new forms arise, blow and give place; at times there is a general consent of colour, and again the landscape is a mosaic of a myriad of hues. Competition is not to be thought of; nor should opposition be entered into without much consideration. The obvious course is to dip into the treasury from which she makes her effect and let the buildings grow out of the ground, from the rock and clay which have determined her field of operations and which sustain the materials of her effects. The whole country-side speaks the soil that underlies it—the very skies overhead tell a different blue—whilst the native copse and woodlands proclaim the geology in terms that outstrip in clearness the Ordnance Survey. As soon as the first rawness is past, a structure built of local materials subsides quickly into the general picture, adding in the general fusion of colours one concordant item. Whereas the upstart, in its imported casing and garniture, stands out as a blot on the landscape until, by slow attrition, time blunts down the poignancy of its impertinence, and Nature flings over it a fold of her garment as she sweeps up it and everything (if not resisted) into her lap. Beside the luxuriant variety and unceasing gradation of colour in Nature, there is her restless activity of handiwork. All day long, and in the watches of the night, whilst he sleeps, she beleaguers the erections man has made: she batters at every wall, plants the seeds of disintegration in every cranny, probes the joints of their harness not once merely, but incessantly. The moment a house is built, her claws are upon it, without pity and without rest. Much of her work we admire and count upon, not so much for its picturesqueness as for the history that underlies the changes. Man has been there: has triumphed: and failed. Other men with different needs have succeeded to his seat; but ever the building is being assimilated to its surroundings. *Tamen usque recurret.* We may pluck it from the grip of Time for a season—but only for a season. Time's hold is still upon it, and it relapses again, the moment we cease our hold, into the multitudinous devouring forces that surround it.

In "the changeless East," time moves slowly, and a decoration that is permanent and almost unassailable by the elements is there in consonance with the *genius loci*, whilst here it would be in strange dissonance. It is enough to look into a village churchyard to see the painful impropriety of using marble for the tombstones. Nature cannot assimilate such incorruptible obstacles to her scheme of colouring, so after such endeavour to temper and modify them as the circumstances may allow, she squirts her filth over the offending intruders, and leaves them to their sullied obstinacy. But when men begin to collect together, and amidst a huddle of streets manufacturing industries make themselves felt by the darkened air and blasted vegetation, we are ever renewing the fork wherewith we have expelled Nature, and defeating her contrivances to return. We have her ravening tooth—the full set of 'em—but of her colour harmonies, and tender shaping of our raw masses, we have none. The corroding acid that we pour on our buildings, and the pelt of grime with which we encrust all the surfaces to which soot and dust can be induced to stick, can hardly be laid to Nature's blame—unless we call these effects her revenges. We have made our streets as barren of colour as the stony wastes and barren hills of Persia, the deserts of North Africa, or the arid sierras of Spain; the green of herbage and foliage that gets renewed each year, has but a bare six months' life; the buds unfold hesitatingly in the stringent air, scorched by the burning acids and strangled by the thickening film of soot and impurities in which the wind covers them; the young green soon becomes darkened to a leaden hue, and at the first yellow of autumn they fall unregretted, and are swept from our sight as promptly as possible. It is seldom that the sky counts in any positive way to us as colour, and we are left consequently to our own efforts to construct the colour that we require in our manufacturing cities.

If Master Mantegna—now these many years dead—could be brought to life again for a space and conducted through the streets of our capital, one could conceive him saying a host of

polite things—our bridges, our river embankment, our immense engineering constructions, would come in for astonished praise, but the thing which would be most inexplicable to his mind would be the laborious aimlessness of our play; and, following out his particular bent, especially so in our buildings. Harley Street he would understand, but not Shaftesbury Avenue. Harley Street represents the need for shelter met in the simplest and most direct way consistent with honest building, and the bulk of the dwellings at Mantua had no more to show. But the architectural pretensions of Shaftesbury Avenue would be a puzzle. "After all your expenditure of detail and material, what have you got?" one might suppose him to say. "For the sake of your credit I will assume that the houses are convenient—but, though I see you have been trying, what architectural quality have you got for your money? There is the ordinary stock-in-trade haberdashery, but with it there is neither proportion, nor light, nor shade: the conditions of modern life, you say, prevent the one, and the heavy ground-rents force the buildings in your streets to be lofty, and consequently deny you the other. Our buildings grew up joyously, but I cannot understand the fun in your streets. The only quality that I can conceive left to you is that of colour—and that you seem afraid to use." Crivelli might have been more outspoken. He came from Venice, the city most dependent on artificial colour for its beauty, because it has least natural colour—set as it is in the sea, it had that and the sky alone—there are no fields, and in his day no signs of trees, and gardens were, as now, few. And so Venice, at the date of my letter, was the richest coloured city to be found in Europe.

We might reply that colour had been tried and point to the present state of Venice to show how quickly its paintings have perished, and at the time that Crivelli was living such an answer might have been conclusive, but it is not so now. We have in our glazed ware colours that can defy the worst that time and our chimneys can do, and many of us put

ourselves under obligation to paint the *façades* of our houses periodically. One of the few pleasures that the traverser of our streets secures is the painted sweep of the quadrant of Regent Street, and the pleasure is heightened when the colouring is done afresh and he views it clean. Doubtless the fine sweep, the broad unanimous treatment of the architecture has much to do with his pleasure—but so also has the broad treatment of the paint brush. Colour must be laid on in large masses and gradation got—for the most part—by throwing over it a network of trellis or delicate filagree of diaper—and not by accentuating members of the architecture or by using it in small spaces. An insufficient treatment is sure to be spotty and irritating. The usual window flower-boxes, like so many straps of coloured plaster across a negro's face, fail from insufficiency—nor can one house though painted in vermilion from basement to parapet be more than an annoyance. There must be a principle in the scheme of colouring and co-operation. Such a principle is indeed already accepted and in force in a small way, so small that in many instances it passes unrecognised. The Royal Mail uses the royal scarlet: the liveries have red, the carts are painted red, and so are the letter-boxes. Each parish colours its own lamp-posts, standards, &c., the parish colour. The railways, the omnibuses, and tram-cars, have their proper tinctures to tell us in the moving heraldry of our streets, to what systems and clan they belong. Why should we stop there? I do not advocate that all the houses in each parish should be painted the parish colour all over; but the front doors and area railings might bear the parochial colours, so that besides something gained in the way of uniformity, a stranger might be able to discover at a glance in what locality he found himself. But much more might be done than this. Buildings such as public libraries, town halls, and museums, that in themselves afford enough space for adequate colour decoration, might be treated wholly in colour, the electoral as well as the parochial colours being worked into the scheme. Why should we not be beholden to

colour for some of our information? Colour has played a great part in the heraldry of past time, why should we deny ourselves the advantages of it in the heraldry of to-day? We can still distinguish in advance of us the apothecary's dwelling and the pawnbroker's, and sometimes descry the barber's pole and basin. The angler's gold fish and the tobacconist's Highlander have become rarities, and it may be proper that we should bid them good-bye—but are we to be so much the poorer in colour as well by our loss? In our cities, the colour in our skies has gone; it has been smudged out of tree and shrub; it has been overlaid with grime on our buildings; it has faded out of our clothes—it remains only in the shop windows and on the hoardings. Is this enough? If so, then what means this desperate exodus from town to be seen on every railway platform every evening? Why is all this people so anxious to escape from the masterpieces of their own construction, of which they are so proud, that most of our new buildings claim to be only slightly adapted copies of the triumphs of our matured scholarship? Is not the hunger and thirst for colour one of the chief, if not the avowed reasons for this daily stampede? To get to somewhere where the skies are blue above us, the grass green beneath our feet, where the plants blossom and fruit, and we can enjoy the changing beauty of garden and orchard, and at the week's end rest in the comfort and shelter of the colour that Nature beneficently bestows on every object under her care. We have been brought up in a jewelled world—we have no country that is a desert, no hills, no plains that are not a feast to the eyes in all seasons and under all conditions, and we carry this innate proprietary right to colour with us into our cities, and not finding it there our chief hope is that when the time comes we may escape. This is an age of mercy; we will not willingly see any suffer; we spend large sums annually in the relief of sorrow, pain, and crime; can we not in our streets do something for the poor prisoners enclosed therein?

HALSEY RICARDO.

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN

III

WE left the Kano school last at Kimura Sanraku, the pupil of Yeitoku, and the successor of that master in the decoration of Taiko Hideyoshi's palaces. A pupil and adopted son of Sanraku was Sansetsu, a painter whose genius is insufficiently recognised, perhaps because the master's fame has overshadowed that of the pupil. Herein is a great injustice to Sansetsu, whom I believe to have been the equal of his master. He was no slavish follower of Sanraku in his manner, but rather turned to the earlier Chinese style which had first inspired the work of the Kano school. Sansetsu is a Kano painter still, by his work as much as by his artistic ancestry, but he would seem to have gone back over the heads of Sanraku, Yeitoku, Shoyei, and Motonobu, to take his teaching from old Masanobu himself, and he chose rather to endow his work with the classic restraint and severity of the older painter rather than with the dash and freedom of his adoptive father. But that there was nothing of "tightness" about his work will be seen by a glance at the splendid monochrome *Rainstorm*, which is numbered 1274 in the British Museum collection. Here, with a few masterly splashes of the brush, Sansetsu has drenched his picture, so to speak, with a driving downpour. Not a touch more is on the paper than is needed to carry the suggestion to the imagination of the beholder; yet none but the blankly unimaginative can fail to feel the triumphant force with which the suggestion is made. Here

Landscape in Rain and Mist, *from a kakemono by Kano Sansetsu (British Museum Collection)*

indeed, in his own "branch of calligraphy," Sansetsu has written that "voiceless poem" which was the aim of all the masters of Nippon.

The second specimen of his work in the same collection, the *Quails and Millet*, is excellent also, in another style, and it notably exhibits Sansetsu's delicate precision and firmness of touch, when those qualities were demanded by the subject. But the picture is in poor condition, and for that reason gives no idea of the painter's command of colour. That he was a great colourist, however, is amply proved by a small kakemono in my own collection, the subject being a flower, with buds and leaves. Here the rich though quiet harmony of the green, purple, gold, and white, is such as one may see in the flower-pictures of the Chinese masters of the Sung dynasty, and the picture, in truth, might well be mistaken for the work of Oguri Sotan. Sansetsu, who was born toward the end of the sixteenth century, probably died in 1651, though other dates thereabout are given by the native authorities, who are rarely found to agree in a matter of chronology. His age was sixty-two.

Another important pupil of Sanraku was Shokwado. He was a priest of Nara, and his work is not common. The most of it is of very rapid, summary, and masterly execution in monochrome, with a personal and somewhat eccentric character which startles and perhaps puzzles the eye at first sight, though its peculiar charm soon reveals itself. But beyond this Shokwado has executed work in colour which, like everything he touched, was of a markedly individual character. He sought for strange new tints, gentle and low tones, and when he pleased he could give his sketches, often apparently careless, a firm severity, comparable with that of the greatest of the early masters in ink. Although a pupil of the Kano school, Shokwado's manner is so peculiar to himself that he is usually called an independent artist. He died in 1639, leaving two or three pupils of smaller abilities.

During the seventeenth century the last great development

of the Kano school was effected by a very brilliant family of painters, to trace whose origin we must for the moment go back to Kano Yeitoku, grandson and pupil of Motonobu. Beside his great pupils of other families Yeitoku taught two sons of his own, painters merely of the second or third rank—Mitsunobu and Takanobu. Takanobu, though himself the least distinguished painter of his family, had three sons of the highest abilities, whose names are among the most famous of the Kano school. They were Tanyu, Naonobu, and Yasunobu, in the order of their years, and they were left orphans by the death of their father in 1618, when Tanyu, the eldest, was sixteen years of age, and the others were fifteen and five respectively.

Takanobu's brother, Mitsunobu, had a pupil, Yamamoto Ko-i, of a talent equal—indeed, I think, superior—to that of his master; and when Takanobu died the artistic education of his children was undertaken by this painter, whose name has come down to us with an added lustre by reason of the triumphs of these three brothers, whose performance so far exceeded his own.

Tanyu, who is said in his early days to have supported his fatherless family by making and selling toys of tinsel paper, became one of the greatest masters of the Kano school, and altogether the most famous. He painted in a much freer, looser style than his predecessors, and his manner influenced the methods of all his contemporaries and successors, so that the Kano school, for the last two hundred and fifty years, might almost as well have been called the Tanyu school. His powerful, dashing brushwork has always a character of careless ease—almost of recklessness; but it is always expressive to the last degree, and its very quality of apparent carelessness is one of its greatest charms in the eyes of the amateur of Japanese taste. This display of heedless dash, indeed, was sometimes pushed perilously near to affectation, and it is a common thing to find the figure of some symmetrical object flung lopsided on Tanyu's paper, like the wine-jar in the

example illustrated. In the delight of his power Tanyu was something of a swashbuckler in art, and he loved a touch of bravado. One can almost imagine him foreseeing the doubts of the timid philistine, and throwing blots and splashes from his great brush purely for the bedevilment of those dullards of a later age whose pictorial ideal will be attained with the invention of photography in colours. There are pictures by Tanyu which seem to have been deliberately designed to carry their message to kindred spirits, and to remain meaningless to all others. A landscape on silk in the British Museum collection (No. 1286) is one of these. Other Japanese painters have painted just such pictures, but none so often as Tanyu, and none, except Korin, of whom I shall speak presently, with a flatter defiance of the outsider: a creature, it would seem, wholly foreign to Japan; for it is a fact that there Tanyu remains the most popular painter of his school.

I should have liked to illustrate with a landscape by Tanyu —preferably the one I have mentioned; but the camera and the zinc block, inadequate in the most favourable cases, are useless in this. The delicate washes and gradations which express the picture cannot survive the process. Another very excellent landscape in the Museum collection is numbered 1278. It is expressed with more definite detail than the other, but the grey distance, although it might possibly be photographed, would be lost on the zinc block. For a reason which I cannot fathom, Dr. Anderson has questioned the genuineness of this picture, which, nevertheless, is a true Tanyu, unmistakable by any student familiar with the master's work. The notes of interrogation lavished on this kakemono would have been better employed elsewhere in the catalogue—on the pair of alleged Tanyu immediately preceding the landscape, for instance.

The Museum has two very glorious pictures of Kwannon, by Tanyu, of large size. Both are admirable, but of the two I think I prefer the smaller. In each case the figure of the goddess is drawn with noble feeling and great distinction of pose.

I have had great difficulty in selecting an example of Tanyu for illustration, and I have selected the *Philosopher and Boy* chiefly because it is on paper, and was therefore likely to make a fairly clear photograph. But the reduction alone has destroyed much of the value of the illustration. The figure of the boy is a specially good example of Tanyu's line, in the original, where it measures nearly six inches in height, but in the reproduction the character of the work is scarcely to be discerned at all. However, some little hint of the artist's freedom and power may be seen in the figure of the man. The original picture is coloured in faint tints.

When he pleased Tanyu could moderate the force of his brush, and could touch in birds and flowers with unspeakable lightness and grace. I have a small kakemono on which, with a few dozen strokes of a small brush and a touch or two of pale blue, he has left a delightful picture of a slender stem of bamboo, about which and its lower twigs a flowering convolvulus climbs and hangs, while a sparrow clings and sways on the topmost shoot. This picture is all too delicate for the process block, or I would have reproduced it beside the other.

Tanyu, who very frequently lengthened his name to Tanyusai, and sometimes called himself Morinobu, attained to great favour at the Imperial Court, being employed to replace the outworn pictures of sages which had been painted on the walls of the palace at Kioto by Kosé no Kanaoka eight hundred years before. He was also appointed keeper of the Imperial collection of pictures, and was given the high priestly rank of Ho-in. He died in 1674.

Naonobu, who during his life was more often called Shumei, had many of Tanyu's great qualities, joined to a grace and suavity all his own. There are Japanese connoisseurs who rank him even higher than Tanyu, and though I cannot go so far as that, I can well understand that some would prefer the delicacy and sweet fluidity of Naonobu's brush before the reckless strength of his elder brother's. Not that Naonobu lacks in power; he is, indeed, one of the strongest as well as

Chinese Philosopher and Boy Attendant, *from a kakemono by Kano Tanyu (Writer's Collection)*

Swallow on Willow, *from one of a set of three kakemono by Kano Naonobu*
(*Writer's Collection*)

one of the most individual of the Kano painters; but his manner is more reserved than that of his more famous brother, and he uses his power as a means rather than as an end in itself—a means to the attainment of pure beauty. I have read somewhere, in a European treatise, that Naonobu "imitated" Tanyu. It is the sort of statement that might be expected of a wholly ignorant foreigner who may have seen a single drawing of each painter, and was altogether incapable of understanding the style and technique of either. Naonobu had much of Tanyu's freedom of execution, it is true, but his work is so unmistakably his own that a careful study of half a dozen good examples of each painter is almost enough to enable any amateur of good judgment to separate the works of the two men infallibly wherever he may meet them. There is a kakemono by Naonobu in the British Museum collection which is catalogued as by Tanyu, because of a spurious seal placed on it by some unpardonable dealer. It is numbered 1285, and the subject is Fugen Bosatsu seated on an elephant. A comparison of this picture—which is a very good example—with any genuine figure-painting of Tanyu should make plain the difference between the styles of the two artists; and a short examination of another good Naonobu in the same collection—a bird over a pine-tree, numbered 1267—will prove how, spite of his obvious power, a quiet discipline governs the work of the younger brother.

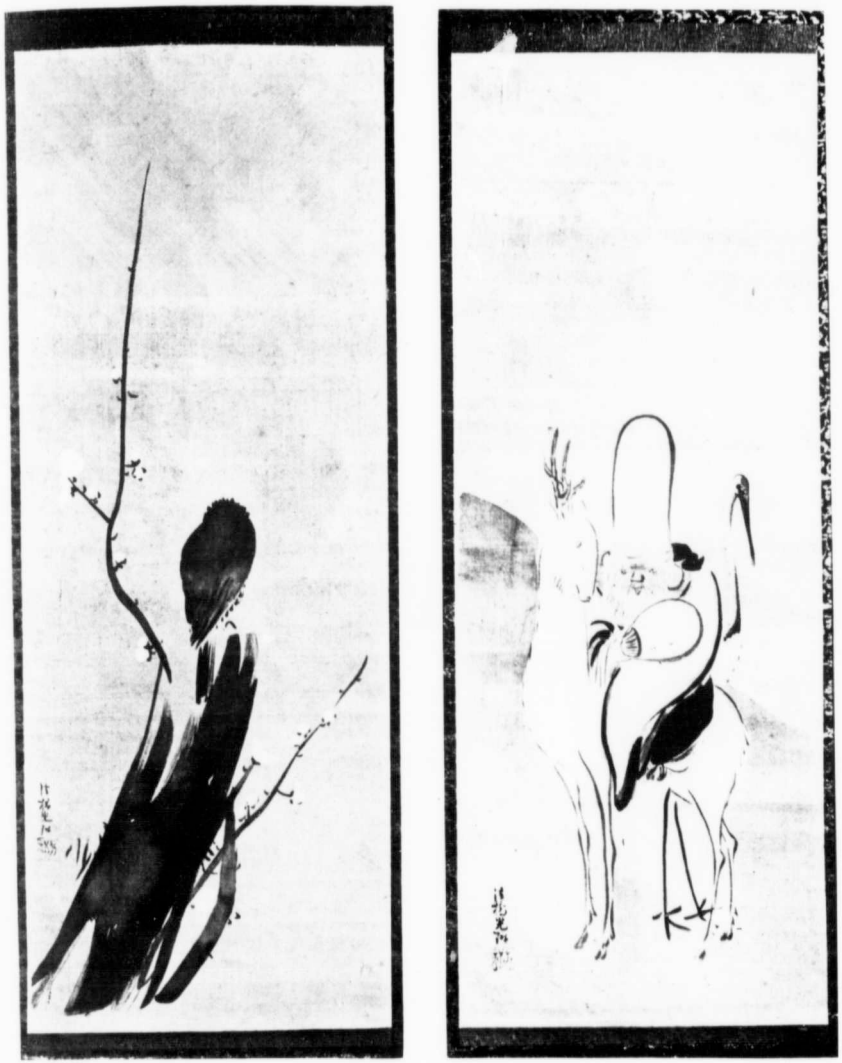
The photograph which illustrates Naonobu in this paper is taken from the right-hand kakemono in a set of three. The centre picture is one of Fukurokujiu, genius of wisdom, with his staff and roll, and that placed to the left shows a crow on a broken pine-branch. I have selected the sparrow and willow to give some idea of the delicacy, suppleness, and certainty of Naonobu's hand, though I fear the half-tone process may defeat me here, as it already has done in other cases. I wish I could have presented photographs of the three pictures in position, for a more perfect example of composition and placing I have never seen; but the space was too small if they

were to be of a moderately visible size. As it is, a sacrifice is made of almost the chief charm of the example photographed, standing by itself; for the picture is an unusually long one, and the tall blank space which has been cut away from above the bird has an extraordinary effect of atmosphere in the original; while the placing of the subject on the paper—nearly four times as high as wide—is quite triumphant. But the shape of the page gave no choice, and I must wait for some other opportunity of exemplifying the fact that the Japanese masters made their blank areas as much parts of their pictures as the rest.

Naonobu was a year younger than Tanyu, but he died long before his brother; at the comparatively early age, in fact, of forty-seven. For this reason his works are rarer than those of Tanyu.

Yasunobu, youngest of three brothers, was born in 1613, and outlived both the others, dying in 1685. His method was commonly more reserved than that of either of the other two, and at times he reverted to the Chinese manner, painting very much in the style of Sesshiu. There is a very fine screen of six folds in the British Museum, painted by Yasunobu with a Chinese landscape, in what may be called an almost purely Sesshiu style. This screen, by the way, is most uncommonly well preserved for its age, and it affords an opportunity of examining the work of an old Kano painter almost as it was when it left his hands, untouched by that mellowing of tint, the product of age, which, while it undoubtedly adds a charm, at the same time often gives to an inferior old work, or a contemporary copy, an air of quality very apt to deceive the amateur.

In the more strictly Kano manner Yasunobu painted many magnificent landscapes. He was a master of subtle suggestion, and with a score or two of individually shapeless brush-strokes he could present the spirit of the mountains and torrents and mists of Japan with a force and feeling equal to those of his brother Tanyu. He was especially able in



Bird on Peach Branch, and Fukurokujiu, with Stag and Crane, *from two of a set of three kakemono by Ogata Korin (Writer's Collection)*

the expression of great ideas with few materials. I have a kakemono of which the whole picture consists of no more than the white peak of Fujisan rising above a drift of cloud and mist, which latter Yasunobu has put in with half a dozen or fewer twists of a wide brush; but it is a great picture, charged with a feeling of lonely majesty; and the sense of vastness and depth in the drifting mist—here a thin wreath of vapour, there a driving thunder-cloud—is most impressive. I have already printed a photograph of a drawing by Yasunobu—that of a bamboo stem, in the first paper of this series; and I think that will be sufficient as an example of the painter's brushwork. Other pictures which I have in mind would suffer far more in reduction and etching.

Beside the screen, the British Museum has an excellent figure piece by Yasunobu—the priest Botankwa riding on an ox—and a good little landscape, both on silk. Both these pictures carry the signature Hogen Yeishin, a name commonly used by Yasunobu in his later period.

Yasunobu occasionally painted in the Tosa style, and very excellently, though examples of his work in this manner are rare. He had a particular ability in the painting of men in armour, and in a kakemono now hanging before me, in which several such figures occur, one man holds a prancing horse which is as finely modelled as are the horses of the great Yamato painters of the fourteenth century.

The three brothers had many excellent pupils. Highest in rank among those of Tanyu was Iyemitsu, the Shogun of the time, a great patron of the arts and a painter of some talent; but in the matter of ability I think Morikagé was Tanyu's chief pupil. That, at any rate, was Tanyu's own opinion. Morikagé's work on paper and silk is rarer than that of his master, the most of his time being given to the decoration of pottery, in which he achieved splendid effects. Another of Tanyu's pupils turned his brush to the same use—Tangen, who first painted the pottery of Satsuma.

Morikagé married a niece of Tanyu, also a pupil. Her

name as a painter was Kiyohara Sesshin, and she was an artist of surprising vigour and ability, and a fine colourist. I have seen a figure drawing of hers which, for colour, should be placed among the greatest works even of such masters of colour as the Japanese painters.

Tanyu taught another important pupil in To-un, also called Masunobu. This latter name, by the way, is written with two characters, of which that for *Masu* may also be read *Yeki*, and that for *Nobu* may also be read *Shin;* but it is wholly incorrect to speak of To-un's alternative name as Yekishin, as is done in some European treatises, for that reading was never used by the painter himself. To-un was a very able painter, who worked with an elegant line and had a fine command of colour. Several of his works are in the British Museum, among which a small kakemono with a figure of a Chinese warrior is notable for its colour, and some very small unmounted landscapes exhibit excellent brushwork in black. To-un married Tanyu's daughter, and survived his father-in-law by twenty years.

Tanyu's son Tanshin, also called Morimasa, was a very considerable artist, who worked very closely in his father's style, but with less power; though one chiefly judges this by what he left unattempted, so well did he understand his own limitations. Still he was a strong draughtsman, and he had an exquisite sense of colour. The picture of a Chinese sage, numbered 1316 in the British Museum collection, is an excellent specimen of his work. Conscious of his advantages as well as of his limitations, he made more use of colour than most of the Kano painters of his time. Tansetsu, a younger brother of Tanshin, was a good painter, but of a smaller talent.

Naonobu's chief pupil—in fact, his only pupil of the first class—was his son Tsunenobu, born in 1636. Tsunenobu is held in very high esteem among the Japanese, and deservedly so. Technically he is one of the first flight of their painters, and in other respects he must always rank high. I am the more anxious to give him the high place I believe he deserves

Kwannon, *from a kakemono by Kano Tsunenobu*
(British Museum Collection)

because European critics, with the exception of M. Gonse, have scarcely done him justice. Indeed, I think I have read somewhere that he was little better than a very clever imitator of Tanyu. This statement is singularly like the one I have mentioned when speaking of Tsunenobu's father, and it is almost as little justified. It is true that Tsunenobu's work is rather more like Tanyu's than his father's, but that is all. I think that western critics are apt to take altogether too superficial a view (when they consider the matter at all) of the qualities and comparative styles of brushwork among the Japanese painters. It is a very difficult thing for a European to understand, it is true, and there are pitfalls everywhere. At the outset the European amateur, if he trouble so far as to give the matter a thought, will perceive certain different methods of drawing a line practised by the painters of the diverse schools, the wider variety being perceivable in the work of the Kano men. He sees, perhaps, in one picture that painter A builds his line of a succession of strong, splintery strokes, thick where the brush strikes the paper and thin where it leaves it. In another picture B is seen to draw a long line in a single stroke, thicker in the middle than at the ends. In a third C carries his brush hither and thither without a lift, spreading it wide here, turning it there with a hair-stroke, bringing it up in another place with a splashing blot; and so with other men and other manners. Whereupon the student hastily concludes that herein lies all the difference between the brushwork of these painters, and that he is armed to judge and to separate their pictures wherever he may find them. But, in fact, he must go far deeper. The diverse methods of drawing lines which he has observed are merely some of a score, taught, with variations, to all the pupils of all the schools, and often used, every one of them, by a single painter. True it is that certain artists especially favour and more commonly use certain methods; but that fact only leads the wanderer deeper into the mire, for it helps to confirm his delusion. The distinctions are really far more intimate and subtle than he supposes. There is

something wholly personal, something temperamental, which must be sought and recognised; something altogether beyond written words to describe. Our nearest analogy is in handwritings, though the use of a hard steel pen is destructive of all the finer shades of character possible with the brush. I think if I were to attempt to indicate—nobody could *express*—the difference between the brush-stroke of Tanyu and that of his nephew Tsunenobu, I should say that while Tanyu's seems to proclaim an exultation in the sheer unrestrained power he was wielding, Tsunenobu's expresses a delight rather in the beauty he was suggesting and creating, and in the reserve of force of which he was showing no more than the needed glimpse.

Tsunenobu had, beyond the common, the art of building a picture as much with the paper or silk left untouched as with the ink and colour of his brush; he was distinguished as a master of the art of omission even among painters who generally so well understood it as those of Japan. For the rest, he had his full share of the best qualities of the chief Kano painters: high conception, broad execution, and fine colour. I am reproducing a very fine picture of Kwannon by Tsunenobu, from the British Museum collection. The original is faintly tinted in colour, and is a work of the painter's early period, offering a specimen of admirable drawing with a small brush. As an example of his work with a larger brush and a grey wash I have added the *Herons and Lotus*. This picture, like that of Kaihoku Yusho, printed with the last paper, shows still water and wet mist, expressed with the same force and quality; but the beautiful low tones of the original are destroyed by the reproduction process. Each of these pictures is on silk, the first a few inches less and the second a few inches more than three feet high, exclusive of the brocade mount.

The British Museum has a good example of Tsunenobu's later work in a landscape with Chinese sages in a boat—the kakemono numbered **1305**, and another, of a sage by a lake, numbered **1313**. A very fine set of three (1309 to 1311) must not be taken as typical work of Tsunenobu, though they are

White Herons and Lotus in Mist, *from a kakemono by Kano Tsunenobu* (*Writer's Collection*)

admirable examples of his command of the brush. They are in the Sesshiu style, being, in fact, copies of a set by Sesshiu himself.

Tsunenobu's most famous work is to be seen on the walls of a corridor in a temple in Kioto, painted from end to end with enormous chrysanthemums, five or six feet high, in heavy body-colour. He occasionally painted screens with birds and flowers in the Tosa style, in this way producing some of his finest work.

Yasunobu, youngest of the three brilliant sons of Takanobu, taught many pupils. Among them was a son of his own, Tokinobu, a painter of merit, who died young; and more important, Taga Choko, afterwards famous as Hanabusa Itcho, one of the most original painters of the school, of which he founded a new section. Itcho was a great painter and a great humourist—I think that, personally, he might even be called a wag: fond of practical jokes, given to pictorial "chaff" of persons in high authority, and falling into one scrape after another—one at least involving imprisonment—because of an incurable irreverence and an unfortunate habit of poking fun. But he kept his spirits up through it all, and even adopted a new pseudonym after a release from gaol, recording the situation of the window through which the gaoler had handed his food. This pseudonym appears above the name "Itcho" in the signature to the picture photographed for the accompanying illustration.

Itcho, unlike the other Kano painters, went to the common life of the streets and villages for most of his subjects—a thing only done very exceptionally by his predecessors. For this reason Dr. Anderson has classed him with the Ukioyé school; a total mistake, since Itcho's painting was always Kano, and pure Kano, though without doubt it exerted a considerable influence on many of the Ukioyé painters of later years. No Japanese would ever dream of calling Itcho a member of the Ukioyé school, and every native authority puts him in his proper place, with the Kano men, at the most going no

further than to place him at the head of a section of his own.

Itcho was one of the greatest colourists Japan has produced, and his serious pictures are full of grace, sweetness, and dignity. It is amazing to observe how little his overmastering sense of humour interfered with his high artistic qualities, even in his wildest moments. Indeed, I cannot remember observing an instance in which it has interfered at all; though of course the humour of the subject is apt to distract attention from the beauty of the treatment. His figures are full of action and "go," but they are never there merely for themselves—they are always part of an admirable picture; and his funniest drawings are always "serious" pictures in the sense that they are always seriously intended works of art. Often the joke is not clear to the foreigner, but there is always a picture full of spirit, movement, and fine line. The drawing reproduced is in faint colour, and as in the case of the Naonobu, a large part of the kakemono has been excluded from the photograph, in order to bring the figures (which are a foot high in the original) to a reasonable size.

The British Museum collection is not well off for genuine work by Itcho, but it has one good little kakemono, a picture of Ebisu dancing on a temple gate, holding a fish above his head. And there is a pair, representing street dancers, painted by Itcho and two pupils—Ittei and Nobukatsu—in collaboration.

Itcho was born in 1651, the son of a physician at Osaka. He came to Yedo at the age of fifteen to study under Yasunobu, and he died, aged seventy-three, in 1724. It should be mentioned that the picture of a blind beggar carried away by the thunder-god, which is given as a specimen of Itcho's manner in *The Pictorial Arts of Japan*, is *not* by Itcho, nor at all like his work.

Another important pupil of Yasunobu was Tawaraya Sotatsu, who became one of the greatest flower-painters of Japan—some say the greatest—and the master of the famous

Street Dancers, *from a kakemono by Hanabusa Itcho*
(Writer's Collection)

Korin. Sotatsu afterwards became a pupil of Sumiyoshi Jokei, or Hiromichi, of the Tosa school: and this may conveniently bring us to a short consideration of the Tosa school in the period during which we have been following the Kano painters.

Mitsuyoshi, son of Mitsushigé, was the last Tosa painter I have mentioned. Mitsuyoshi had two sons, Mitsunori and Hiromichi, both able painters, though the younger, Hiromichi, was altogether the more original. He adopted a strong and bold style of painting on paper, and in this manner he executed many figures of ancient Japanese heroes and princes. The unsigned kakemono No. 258 in the British Museum collection is one of these—a portrait of Sugawara no Michizané, not of Shotoku Taishi, as catalogued. But Hiromichi also painted in an alternative manner, altogether original, using some of the methods of the Kano painters. The British Museum has a very fine set of three kakemono in this style, one of which I have had photographed. The pictures are in colour, and a careful examination will show what I believe to be the germs of the style of painting, which, transmitted through Sotatsu, developed, in the hands of his pupil Korin, into the style associated with the name of that original genius. The name Sumiyoshi Jokei was conferred as an honour upon Hiromichi by the Emperor, and it is as Sumiyoshi Jokei that he is chiefly known among the Japanese.

The work of his pupil, Sotatsu, comprises some of the most exquisite in all Japanese art, but to attempt to give an idea of it without the use of colour would be hopeless. The British Museum have one very unusual specimen, a figure piece—Manzai dancers—but that is not in first-rate condition, and to photograph it at all is something near an impossibility. Still the picture—which is uncatalogued—is a fine one, of uncommonly direct and large execution, quite in the old Tosa manner.

We come now to Ogata Korin, in all respects one of the most remarkable figures in the history of Japanese painting.

He sought instruction, as I have said, from more than one master, and Kano Yasunobu is mentioned as one of them, in addition to Sotatsu. An older painter named Koyetsu, pupil of Kaihoku Yusho, is also spoken of by some authorities. Koyetsu was a man of all-round genius—painter, poet, calligraphist, and connoisseur of sword-blades; but I cannot believe that his accomplishment went so far as the teaching of painting to a man born twenty-three years after he was dead. It is probable, indeed, that Korin studied and learnt from the works of Koyetsu, and perhaps, also, in the manner of Japanese painters, acknowledged his mastership by adopting the first syllable, or rather character, of his name; but any more personal connection was impossible, for the conclusive reason I have named.

Korin is a painter whose work is apt to strike the European student with something of a shock; it is something wholly different from anything he has met. Korin was not only a great painter, but also one of the very foremost lacquerists of Japan, and his work in both departments has a daring originality that is apt to take away the breath of the unaccustomed foreigner. Under a first appearance almost of childishness—nobody could say of crudity—Korin nearly conceals—never quite—a mastery of form and colour that are an unending delight to the true amateur of art. But his accomplishment cannot be understood by the majority, and his manner puzzles them sadly. It so far disturbed Dr. Anderson that he describes a very fine specimen of Korin's work in the British Museum collection—in fact, the only genuine Korin there—as "a fair example of the worst style of the artist."

Korin, as a fact, cared nothing for the mass of unessentials that go to the making of a mediocre picture, and to the disguise of the merits in a good one, in Europe. He was concerned with the spirit of his subject and the decorative quality of his work. But in this matter I think I can scarce do better than quote M. Gonse, who has shown a juster appreciation of Korin than any other European writer with whose work I am

Lotus and Mandarin Ducks, *from one of a set of three kakemono by Sumiyoshi Jokei (British Museum Collection)*

acquainted, and who puts the master's qualities admirably into words, so far as that is possible:

Korin [says M. Gonse] est peut-être le plus original et le plus personnel des peintres du Nippon, le plus Japonais des Japonais. Son style ne ressemble à aucun autre et désoriente au premier abord l'œil des Européens. Il semble à l'antipode de notre goût et de nos habitudes. C'est le comble de l'impressionisme, du moins, entendons-nous, de l'impressionisme d'aspect, car son exécution est fondue, légère et lisse; son coup de pinceau est étonnament souple, sinueux et tranquille. Le dessin de Korin est toujours étrange et imprévu; ses motifs, bien à lui et uniques dans l'art japonais, ont une naïveté un peu gauche qui vous surprend; mais on s'y habitue vite, et, si l'on fait quelque effort pour se placer au point de vue de l'esthétique japonaise, on finit par leur trouver un charme et une saveur inexprimables, je ne sais quel rythme harmonieux et flottant qui vous enlace. Sous des apparences souvent enfantines, on découvre une science merveilleuse de la forme, une sûreté de synthèse que personne n'a possédée au même degré dans l'art japonais et qui est essentiellement favorable aux combinaisons de l'art décoratif. Cette souplesse ondoyante des contours qui, dans ses dernières œuvres, arrondit tous les angles du dessin vous séduit bientôt par son étrangeté même. J'avoue très sincèrement que l'art de Korin, qui, dans les premiers temps, m'avait passablement troublé, me donne aujourd'hui les jouissances les plus raffinées.

I suppose there is no Japanese painter whose qualities can so little be exhibited in a process-block as Korin. Still, I have had the pictures of two kakemono photographed, in the hope that merely as diagrams they may make understood some part at least of what I have said, and of what I have quoted from M. Gonse. The originals are two of a set of three, of which Fukurokujiu, genius of wisdom, on his stag, is the centre. They are on silk, each more than a yard high, and painted in a very delicate scheme of soft colour. They are excellent examples of Korin's beautifully fluid line and sense of pictorial arrangement, but the photographs do inexpressible injustice to the originals. The quality of the varied greys and blacks on the bird's back and on the broken tree-trunk is exquisite. Many Japanese artists have taken trouble to moderate the traditional height of Fukurokujiu's head, by way of saving the dignity of the figure; Korin wilfully exaggerates it, and so achieves the great composition at which he is aiming, a composition not a

whit less great because of its studied *bizarrerie*. And through all his work Korin, by some magic of his own, expresses the subtle essentials of form, in spite of, even by means of, a calm disregard of its apparent elements. I am thinking of a little group of mice, put on paper, as it were, with heavy drops of thick grey, that—but there! the thing must be seen to be understood, and the pity is that Korin's work is rare.

Korin died in 1716, aged fifty-six. He left few immediate pupils in the art of painting, the chief being Watanabé Shiko. Korin's younger brother, Kenzan, who became as famous in pottery as was Korin in lacquer, painted also, much in the elder brother's style. But Korin's most famous follower among the painters was Hoitsu, who revived the style toward the end of the eighteenth century, and with whom I shall deal later.

I have said that Tosa Hiromichi, master of Sotatsu, was son of Tosa Mitsuyoshi, whose elder son was Tosa Mitsunori. Mitsunori, early in the seventeenth century had two important pupils. One was his son Tosa Mitsuoki, born in 1616. Mitsuoki worked with extreme elegance in minute, almost microscopic touches, with an exquisite perfection of finish, painting flowers, birds, and landscapes without a trace of spottiness or undue labour, notwithstanding the astonishing fineness of the touch. The British Museum has a very small album of his work, numbered 492 in the catalogue, in which the painter's name is not given.

The second of Mitsunori's important pupils was Iwasa Matahei, founder of the Ukioyé school of painting. And with Matahei we come within reach of the later styles of the art, those with which Europe is least unfamiliar. Matahei and his new school, therefore, may well make the opening of the next paper.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

SAMUEL BUTLER

IT would hardly be possible to find two men more diametrically opposed in mental qualities than the pair whose obituary notices appeared side by side in the *Times* on June 21 last—Lord Acton and Samuel Butler—and the contrast is rendered more striking by the fact that Lord Acton, a type of the academic student, was not educated at a University, while Samuel Butler, a thinker of singular independence and originality, was a graduate of Cambridge. It is with no feeling of disrespect for Lord Acton's extraordinary gifts that I venture to quote him as an example of that brilliant sterility which too often seems to be the result of the modern system of education. Lord Acton's reading was very wide and his memory was singularly retentive. All his life long he was engaged in accumulating facts, but if we ask what was the result of this unflagging industry, and in what way the world at large has benefited by Lord Acton's portentous erudition, the answer cannot fail to be disappointing. Lord Acton wrote little. A few magazine articles, an introduction to an edition of Machiavelli's "Prince," and a University address represent the sum of his labours, and these are written in a style so crabbed and allusive as to be barely comprehensible. His learning paralysed his productive power. His mind was so crammed with other men's ideas that his own had no room to germinate. In the history of modern culture he stands like some vast monument erected in a blind avenue, stately and imposing in itself, but leading nowhere.

Samuel Butler, on the other hand, owed very little to either predecessor or contemporary. Shrewsbury and Cambridge gave him a solid foundation of scholarship, but his methods of thought were singularly untainted by academic convention. He was a daring and original thinker and the master of a style which for easy and forcible command of expression has not been surpassed in our time. His interests were varied and he touched nothing that he did not illuminate. He passed from social and ethical questions to scientific controversy, from classical literature to problems of art and archæology, from Shakespearean criticism to theological polemics; he was a poet, a painter, and a musician. Yet his bitterest opponents—and he had many—never called him a trifler. To whatever he did he gave the concentrated energy of his intellect. He was versatile without being superficial and minute without being narrow. It was characteristic at once of his independence and of his sincerity that when he attacked a subject it was at the fountain-head. His investigations into the Trapanese origin of the Odyssey were conducted not in the Reading-room of the British Museum, but in Sicily itself, and when he devoted himself to the study of Shakespeare's Sonnets he began not by reading the lucubrations of his innumerable predecessors, but by learning the entire series of the Sonnets by heart.

Samuel Butler was the son of a clergyman and the grandson of a bishop, and was himself designed for the Church. The development of his views upon dogmatic religion made it impossible that he should fall in with his father's wishes in this respect, and soon after taking his degree at Cambridge, where he was bracketed twelfth in the first class of the Classical Tripos in 1858, he joined the Canterbury Settlement in New Zealand. There he remained for four years, devoting himself to sheep-farming in an inland district not far from the eastern slopes of the New Zealand Alps. But even upon the banks of the Rangitata literature claimed her own. A collection of Butler's home letters, describing the first year of his life in New Zealand, were published by his relations, and admirably racy

they are. More important from the point of view of his subsequent activity are certain articles which he wrote for Christchurch newspapers. One of these, published in 1868 as "Darwin among the Machines," was subsequently incorporated into "Erewhon" in a revised form. Butler returned to England in 1865, and for the next few years devoted himself principally to painting, though he found time to contribute scientific articles to various London periodicals. His success as an artist was not commensurate with his ambition. He worked for the most part at Mr. Heatherley's studio in Newman Street, which he immortalised in one of his best or, at any rate, most successful pictures, "Heatherley's Holiday," in which Mr. Heatherley is represented as employing his leisure in mending the studio skeleton. The picture was hung in the Royal Academy in 1874 and attracted a good deal of notice. In the autumn of that year Sir F. Broome suggested that Butler should enlarge his published articles and make a book of them. He did so, setting them in a framework of imaginary adventure, and "Erewhon" sprang into being.

"Erewhon" experienced the difficulty, not unfamiliar to works of genius, of finding a publisher. It passed through the hands of Mr. George Meredith, who was then reader to Messrs. Chapman and Hall. He advised its rejection, describing it as a philosophical work little likely to be popular with a large circle of readers. Finally it was published by Messrs. Trübner in March 1872. Its immediate success is a matter of history, though it is worth noting that certain critics described it as an imitation of Lord Lytton's "The Coming Race," which had been published during the previous year. Butler attributed its success largely to two reviews which appeared respectively in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Spectator*, but even if the attitude of the reviewers had been less sympathetic than it was, it is impossible to believe that "Erewhon" could have passed unnoticed. The plan of the work—the adventures of a traveller in an imaginary Utopia—was, of course, traditional, but since the days of Swift it had not been handled with more

conspicuous vigour and success. Butler was a master of delicate and trenchant irony, and he spared none of the follies and superstitions of modern life. The nucleus of the work, the reduction of the Darwinian theory to absurdity, may have lost some of its power to interest a twentieth-century audience, but the satire of the conventional attitude to religion in the chapter on "Musical Banks" remains as mordant as ever. Butler was a born story-teller, and the romantic framework of the satire is delightfully fresh and spirited, while the Erewhonians themselves, with their topsy-turvy notions about disease and morality, are as different as possible from the pasteboard figures which masquerade as human beings in most satires of this kind.

Thirty years after the appearance of "Erewhon" Butler published a sequel to it, "Erewhon Revisited," in which the hero, who at the close of the earlier work had escaped in a balloon, returns to find himself the central figure of a new religion founded upon the supposed miracle of his ascent to heaven. Even the natural inclination of mankind to find a sequel less interesting than its predecessor could not blind critics to the strength of "Erewhon Revisited." As a work of art it is infinitely superior to "Erewhon." The earlier book, written as it was at different times, pieced together by the hand of a literary novice, and dealing with subjects of various quality and interest, inevitably lacked regularity and cohesion. The later work is a more harmonious whole. The interest is concentrated upon a central idea, the story is developed with a firmer and more vigorous touch, and the writing has a maturer felicity of style. "Erewhon Revisited" has been somewhat crudely described as an attack upon supernatural religion. It should more rightly be termed an attack upon the abuses and absurdities which in modern times have taken the place of supernatural religion. Butler used to speak of himself as belonging to the advanced wing of the Broad Church party, and there is little in his attitude towards religion that can offend those who find themselves in sympathy with the views

expressed in Canon Cheyne's "Encyclopædia Biblica." The history of all religions follows a beaten track, and the development of "Sunchildism," as the worship of the deified adventurer is termed, unquestionably has certain points in common with the development of Christianity, but though the satire directed against the miraculous element of religion is unsparing in its grave severity, it serves but to illuminate the central truth of religion with a purer radiance. Even those to whom Butler's attitude towards Christianity is incomprehensible or distasteful cannot but recognise the sincerity of the feeling which prompted his satire. He would tear from the figure of the Founder the trappings with which ages of ignorance and credulity have obscured it, only to restore it to its pristine beauty and majesty.

The plan of the two "Erewhons" suggests a comparison with "Gulliver's Travels," but, as a matter of fact, Butler had little in common with Swift. He had not a touch of that "hatred of the animal man" which coloured everything that Swift wrote. Even in the descriptions of Hanky and Panky, the professors of Worldly and Unworldly Wisdom, in whose persons he lashes the inherent vices of academicism, there is barely a trace of the ferocity with which Swift scarified the Struldbrugs and Yahoos of his time. Butler was like Swift in one respect: his imagination was eminently reasonable. His two "Erewhons" are a triumph of logic. As in "Gulliver," if you grant the author's premises, the developments follow as a matter of course. But in the main Butler's attitude to life was utterly different from Swift's. His humour was rich and copious, and his irony was all the more trenchant for its unfailing urbanity. Even when he is most severe he seems to have a lingering sympathy for the object of his satire. His irony was so delicate and so skilfully veiled that he sometimes succeeded in deceiving the very elect. His greatest triumph in this respect was "The Fair Haven," the sham biography of a supposed apologist for the miraculous elements of Christianity, which was accepted by many seriously minded persons as a

valuable contribution to Evangelical literature. A long review in a well-known religious paper, claiming the work as a confutation of the theories of unorthodox critics, was one of Butler's most cherished possessions. But, on the whole, his reputation as a *mystificateur* did him harm with his contemporaries. An acknowledged humorist is not easily accepted as a teacher, and in an age of specialism Butler's versatility was an argument against him in the minds of scholars. It was often convenient for those who found his arguments unanswerable to take refuge in the pretension that the author of "Erewhon," whatever he chose to write about, was not to be taken seriously; and Butler, though he justly resented this attitude, could not resist the occasional temptation of playing into his opponents' hands by juggling with paradoxes *pour épater les savants*. With the diminution of public interest in Darwinian matters, Butler's scientific works have unavoidably passed into the limbo appointed for forgotten controversies, but I am told by those who are better read than myself in the literature of the subject that some of the conclusions enforced in "Life and Habit" and in his other scientific works are now generally accepted and duly appear in modern text-books, though without any acknowledgment of the source from which they are derived.

During his later years Butler devoted much time to the study of Homer, producing in succession complete prose translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey, and a critical work entitled "The Authoress of the Odyssey." The translations were avowedly undertaken for the benefit of those who were unable to read the original. Butler aimed above all things at being readable, and readable he unquestionably is. He believed that he could convey the freshness and simplicity of Homer to unlearned readers more truthfully by using current forms of phraseology than by adopting the antiquated style of diction which in our day has been generally accepted as the conventional medium for Homeric translation.

There is much to be said for his theory. The Wardour

Street English of Messrs. Butcher, Lang, and Co. may or may not be a successful imitation of the Authorised Version of the Bible, but in any case it starts heavily handicapped by being confessedly a sham. Butler's Tottenham Court Road English, as he used to call it, whatever its faults may be, is pre-eminently sincere. Butler carried his views to an extreme limit, it must be confessed. He sacrificed dignity to colloquialism. His gods and goddesses, as has been justly observed, often talk like angry housemaids. But in his hands Homer is alive. Butler will give a modern reader a better idea of how the Iliad struck a contemporary than the laborious archaism which excites the easy adoration of undergraduates.

In "The Authoress of the Odyssey" Butler advocated two theories: one that the Odyssey was the work of a woman, the other that it was written at Trapani, in Sicily. That his conclusions were not accepted by scholars is not surprising, but his arguments have never been refuted. Their improbability is nothing to the point, and their impossibility has yet to be demonstrated. That the weight of academic authority is against Butler counts for nothing to any one who knows the history of Homeric criticism. Let those who regard the *dicta* of Oxford and Cambridge as final remember that Bentley read the Iliad and Odyssey without suspecting that they were the work of different generations, a fact which Sir Richard Jebb now claims to be beyond dispute. It has been urged in opposition to Butler's theory that, from the days of Sappho to those of Christina Rossetti no woman-poet has met with marked success save in works of brief compass and limited scope. Yet it is worth pointing out that a woman wrote the great Japanese classic romance "Genji Monogatari," a work which occupies to a certain extent the same position in Japanese literature that the Odyssey occupies in the literature of Greece. As a matter of fact, the notion of the female authorship of the Odyssey dates back to a very remote antiquity. Only a few weeks before his death Butler, to his great delight, found a passage in "Eustathius" which

supported his theory, and it was a bitter disappointment to him that he was not well enough to write to the *Athenæum* about it. The passage in question runs thus:

> 'Tis said that one Naucrates has recorded how a woman of Memphis named Phantasia, daughter of Nicarinus, a professor of philosophy, composed both the story of the Trojan war and that of the wanderings of Ulysses, and placed the books in the temple of Hephæstus at Memphis, whereon Homer came there and, having procured a copy of the originals, wrote the Iliad and Odyssey. Some say that either he was an Egyptian born, or travelled to Egypt and taught the people there.

In later times Butler's theory of the authorship of the Odyssey had been adumbrated by various critics. Bentley himself observed that the Iliad was written for men and the Odyssey for women, and Colonel Mure pointed out that in Phæacia "the women engross the chief part of the small stock of common sense allotted to the community." But the attitude of a writer towards the sexes is, of course, not conclusive, otherwise we should have to admit the femininity of the author of "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts." Even the extraordinary blunders in the Odyssey with regard to matters of common knowledge—the ship with a rudder at both ends, for instance, and the ewes which the Cyclops contrived to milk after their lambs had been with them all the night—need only persuade us that the poet was not a sailor or a farmer. But whether we agree or not with Butler's conclusions, "The Authoress of the Odyssey" is not a book to be received with contemptuous silence. It is the work of a man to whom the Odyssey was something more than raw material for the scalpel of scholarship. To Butler the Odyssey was first and foremost a supreme work of art, and its author a poet for whom he felt something like a personal affection. His enthusiasm breathes from every page that he wrote, and it is this rather than the theories which he advocates that must commend his book to a man who looks for something more in Homer than a nice balance of aorists. This, too, I am inclined to suspect, was the root of the objection

of dry-as-dust scholars to Butler and his theories. They did not so much resent the suggestion that the author of the Odyssey was a woman; they could not endure that he should be treated as a human being.

When Butler passed from Homer to Shakespeare, his attitude was the same. He would have nothing to say to the popular conception of Shakespeare, which is crystallised in Matthew Arnold's famous sonnet. He refused to look upon Shakespeare as an impossible demigod, and in his book on the Sonnets he frankly faces the fact that the poet was a man of like passions with ourselves. Nothing moved his scorn more deeply than the weak-kneed attempts made by certain modern critics to shield the character of Shakespeare from odious imputations by degrading the Sonnets to the level of literary exercises, and he pointed out with irresistible force that commentators of this type really formulate a graver charge against the poet than that which they endeavour to rebut, for while a healthy-minded man can bring himself to condone such faults of youth and temperament as the Sonnets disclose, he will be hard put to it to find excuses for a poet who could in cold blood conceive the psychological situation embodied in certain sonnets of the series.

It would be going too far to assert that Butler's conclusions with regard to the problems which the Sonnets suggest are all equally valuable, but unquestionably he let in a flood of light upon the controversy. Whether or not Mr. W. H. ended his days as a cook on board the *Dreadnought* is not a matter of vital importance, but Butler's annotations have at any rate the effect of giving a definite personality to that exceedingly elusive young person, and he went some way towards exploding the curious fiction, due probably to the unconscious snobbishness of earlier commentators, that Mr. W. H. was a sprig of Elizabethan aristocracy. He made another admirable point by adapting to the Shakespearean problem the situation of one of Drayton's sonnets:

A witless gallant a young wench that wooed,
(But his dull spirit her not one jot could move),
Entreated me as e'er I wished his good
To write him but one sonnet to his love—

and by explaining some of the obscure "Will" sonnets by the suggestion that they were written by Shakespeare for Mr. W. H., to give to the dark lady as his own composition.

Before he reached middle life Butler had discovered that he was never to win fame as a painter, but his interest in artistic matters never relaxed. The two books in which he described the mountain shrines of Piedmont are among his most attractive works. "Ex Voto" opened the eyes of many men to the artistic value of the work of Tabachetti and Gaudenzio Ferrari at Varallo, and in "Alps and Sanctuaries" he covered a wider field, recording with inimitable humour and charm the impressions of many visits to delicious out-of-the-world spots on the southern slopes of the Alps. His love of music peeps out of these, as out of most of his writings; and whether his own compositions are destined for immortality or not, he deserves the credit due to a pioneer for the happy audacity of his discovery, often exemplified in his books, that scenery can be described in terms of music. Music, like all other things, he valued as a mirror of man's soul, and he was unfashionable enough to find in the works of Handel the most satisfying expression of a great personality that the history of music can show. I think he cared little for other men's music. He could not but admit the technical mastery which Bach and Beethoven display, but for the men as revealed in their music he had little sympathy. His cantata "Narcissus," written in collaboration with Mr. H. Festing Jones, is the sincerest piece of flattery that has been offered at the shrine of Handel for many a long day, and in "Ulysses," a secular oratorio which engaged his later years, and in fact first led him to a close study of the Odyssey, he followed the methods of Handel, somewhat less closely perhaps, but with no less evident intention. He used to profess himself prouder of a certain chorus

written upon a Handelian ground-bass than of any of his literary triumphs.

Butler lived little in the world of civil formality, but to the happy few to whom he opened his soul his friendship was a boon beyond price. It would be impertinent for one who knew him only during the last few years of his life to do more than refer to his inexhaustible kindness, his unvarying sympathy, and to the treasures of wit and knowledge which were the delight of his intimates. What his fame will be it is not for me to prophesy; what he wished it to be is best said in the noble sonnet which he published in the *Athenæum* a few months before his death:

> Not on sad Stygian shore, nor in clear sheen
> Of far Elysian plain, shall we meet those
> Among the dead whose pupils we have been,
> Nor those great shades whom we have held as foes;
> No meadow of asphodel our feet shall tread,
> Nor shall we look each other in the face
> To love or hate each other being dead,
> Hoping some praise, or fearing some disgrace.
> We shall not argue, saying, "'Twas thus," or "Thus,"
> Our argument's whole drift we shall forget;
> Who's right, who's wrong, 'twill be all one to us;
> We shall not even know that we have met.
> Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again
> Where dead men meet, on lips of living men.

R. A. Streatfeild.

A BURNEY FRIENDSHIP

With Unpublished Letters from Madame D'Arblay and Dr. Burney to Mrs. Waddington

I

IN January 1778, Mrs. Delany, as readers of her "Autobiography and Correspondence" may remember, first made the acquaintance of Fanny Burney, who was brought to her house in St. James' Place by Mrs. Chapone. Miss Burney was then at the height of her fame, having cemented the popularity she gained with "Evelina" in 1778 with the publication of "Cecilia" in 1782. But however much she may have secretly appreciated her success, her natural bashfulness prevented her from presuming upon it, and left her to all outward appearance a modest and retiring young woman. In 1785 we find Mrs. Delany—a fastidious judge of female manners and morals—observing that "Miss Burney's novels, excellent as they are, are her meanest praise. Her admirable understanding, tender affections, and sweetness of manners make her invaluable to those who have the happiness to know her."

At the period in question Mrs. Delany's great niece, Georgiana Mary Ann Port,[1] a girl of fourteen, was installed as a permanent member of her household, and it is probable

[1] Miss Port was the daughter of Mr. Port of Ilam, whose wife was Mary Dewes, daughter of Anne Dewes, *née* Granville, Mrs. Delany's only sister.

that the aunt, who was then in her eighty-sixth year, thought that the companionship of a sensible and intelligent young woman like Miss Burney would be an advantage to her little niece, despite the twenty years' difference in their ages. In July 1785, the death of the Dowager Duchess of Portland having deprived Mrs. Delany of her summer home at Bulstrode, George III. bestowed upon his aged favourite a house at Windsor, and a pension of £300 a year. In September Mrs. Delany and her niece took possession of their new domain, while Miss Burney, who had been staying in St. James' Place just before the move, was invited to pay them an early visit. From a packet of unpublished letters addressed by Miss Burney and her father to Miss Port, which the present writer has been privileged to read,[1] the earliest in date (September 24, 1785) may be quoted as a curious example of the playful vein of the author of "Evelina." It must be owned that the style of this letter is inferior in ease and spontaneity to that of the comic scenes in Miss Burney's early novels, but it argues much for the writer's good nature that she should have expended so much time and trouble upon the amusement of a girl of fourteen. The epistle deals, as will be seen, with some valueless articles—a pen, a pocket-book, and an old bureau—which had probably been used in the writing of one of Fanny's immortal works, and were coveted on that account by her young friend:

> And so, my fair little Tyrant [runs the document] demands a letter all to herself? and she would kneel to me again, would she? O most unmerciful Persecutrix! delighting to conquer and determined to stigmatise with hard-heartedness all opposition to your sway! Three times already have you cast upon me that stigma; once for a miserable old shabby Bureau, another time for a nasty split steel Pen, and another time for a poor, worn, emaciated asses-skin Pocket-book.
>
> Nor even here will you rest; for now my Letters—though they *must* all pass through your hands, all fall under your eyes and all owe their best recommendation to your voice,[2]—you yet claim exclusive possession of, and

[1] By the kindness of the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, of Llanover, grand-daughter of Mrs. Waddington, *née* Port.

[2] Miss Port acted as reader and secretary to her aunt, whose sight was failing.

with your customary tyranny make that claim so eloquent, so graceful, and so flattering that to refuse it would be odious.

Can Power be more despotic, or Will more arbitrary than this? I tremble for the vicinity of certain Personages to so dangerous an object, and have some thoughts of offering a Petition to Parliament praying for your removal to distant quarters, or close confinement for life, lest your influence and example, in a neighbourhood so important, should gradually lead to a total subversion of our Laws and Liberties.

But while I ruminate a little on this patriotic remonstrance previous to its execution, let me return to the three articles summed up against you in St. James' Place, for I mean to bring them forth in my Petition as charges tending to prove an instinctive propensity to an Absolute Government.

First then, for that miserable old shabby Bureau. Your demand for it was simply expressed by a declaration *that you wished to have it;* no other reason was assigned; and it evidently appeared you thought that sufficient. A plain proof this of a Disposition most illegal. Nor once in the eagerness of the request did you weigh the hazards of the unfortunate owner if she granted it. Yet were they manifold.

In the first place, the shattered condition of the goods must have occasioned so great a fall of fragments in the removal, that she might have been indited the next day by her neighbours for a *rubbish nuisance* before her door.

In the second place, these Fragments in their fall, separating into splinters, might have been blown by the wind into the eyes of sundry Passengers, who, being thenceforth blinded, might bring a charge against her upon the Coventry Act for maiming and defacing.

In the third place, when it arrived at your door, poor Joe would blush and expostulate against his Lady's niece receiving so rude an offering; and Molly Butcher would tell the Porter he had mistaken the Direction, for that no such *tatter de mallion* Furniture should enter her Mistress's house. Between the Porter and the servants a scuffle would then ensue, and the poor hapless Bureau, unable to bear one jolt, would fall piecemeal on the ground. The servants would then be called to order, and dismissed from their places, and come complaining to me the next morning,—who, alas! could never find them such again!

In the fourth place, Miss Port would herself run out to save what she could from the wreck, and when in some future riot of Lord George Gordon,[1] the hoard was discovered, they would be taken for some relics of Popery, the original owner would be betrayed, and a Pile would be raised to consume her in her own litters.

These are a few of the consequences that must have followed that one fatal

[1] The Gordon riots had occurred only five years previously, and were evidently still fresh in the public memory.

concession. I have no room to speak of the Pen and the Tablets, but doubtless they would not have been productive of less formidable evils. O think, little Tyrant, think how by this single grant I must have been risen against by my neighbours; cast by Lawyers, upbraided by servants, and burnt by the Mob! If you do not repent and shrink—Nero was a little sucking lamb to you.

And now, has this representation sufficiently softened you to permit me to send a *message*, at least, elsewhere? If it has, tell the dear little Tyrant's much-loved Aunt, with my most affectionate respects, that I earnestly beg to see her, and wish much to know what time would be most convenient to her dear self, that I may manage matters as nearly to that point as may be in my power: and tell her dear little neice (*sic*) that, with all her spirit for Dominion, I love her sincerely, and am her most bounden vassal.

F. B.

The visit was delayed a few weeks longer, Fanny's next letter, which is addressed to Mrs. Delany, being dated from St. Martin's Lane, November 23, 1785. From this we learn that it was a difficult and hazardous undertaking at that period to convey an unmarried lady, thirty-three years of age, from London to Windsor, a distance of some three-and-twenty miles.

Dearest Madam [writes Fanny], I am just come to town to have a little peep at my Father, and meant to go to Mrs. Walsingham to-morrow; but some circumstances obliging me to defer my visit to her yet longer, my wishes most earnestly lead me to wait upon you without more delays; for though quitting you afterwards will be truly unpleasant to me, I know not how to be reconciled, as I otherwise must, to staying still another fortnight before I see you.

Can you then, according to your first kind plan, send for me to Hounslow, whither my Father's coach can carry me? I could meet your chaise at the King's Head, where I should stop for it, if not arrived, without getting out of the carriage.

I am ready now, at any time; but if the present should be at all inconvenient to my dearest Mrs. Delany, I beseech her by no means to hesitate in postponing my coming: if, however, it may be directly, I shall be happier, for my patience begins to weary of so much exertion.

Will my dear little Tyrant be so gracious as to write me a line, either if it will be more commodious I should take the happiness of waiting upon you some time hence, or to name the *Day and the Hour* when I may be met at Hounslow, which, on my part, will not require a moment's further delay?

I left my beloved friends quite well at Norbury. Mr. Locke[1] brought me

[1] The wealthy art amateur, whose name so frequently appears in contemporary memoirs, and always in terms of the most enthusiastic commendation.

to town, but will be most glad to hear of my leaving it again for the regale he knows I have in store.

Adieu, Dearest Madam, for, I *hope*, a *very* short time.

With the truest Respect
I am, most affectionately,
Your obedient
and devoted
F. B.

From Madame D'Arblay's published "Diary" we have the satisfaction of learning that she arrived safely at Hounslow almost at the same moment as Mrs. Delany's carriage containing her confidential maid, Mrs. Astley, who, by the way, had no very exalted opinion of her mistress's guest. This visit led to important events in the life of Miss Burney, who was privately presented by Mrs. Delany to George III. and Queen Charlotte. Their Majesties were interested in Fanny's literary career, and had heard so much in praise of her character and conduct that they were desirous of finding her some place about the Court. It was not until the following spring, however, that the retirement of Madame Haggerdorn left the post of second Keeper of the Robes at the disposal of the Queen, who at once offered it to Miss Burney. The situation, it will be remembered, was most reluctantly accepted by Fanny, under strong pressure from Dr. Burney, who had just been disappointed of the Mastership of the King's Band, promised him by a former Lord Chamberlain.

The first two years of Miss Burney's uncongenial service were lightened by the companionship of Mrs. Delany and her niece, whom she saw nearly every day. Miss Port frequently drank tea at the table presided over by Fanny and her ill-tempered colleague, Madame Schwellenberg, which was also the *rendezvous* of the equerries in attendance upon the King. Miss Burney's favourite among these gentlemen was Colonel Digby (who figures in her "Diary" as "Mr. Fairly") but Miss Port's admirers-in-chief were Colonel Goldsworthy and Colonel Manners. The former was, according to family tradition, a serious lover, but his sister, Miss Goldsworthy, was unfavour-

able to the match, and there is a suspicion that her friend Miss Burney aided her in nipping the little romance in the bud. Colonel Goldsworthy is described as "a rattle" when at his ease and pleased with his company, but as reserving his sport and humour for particular days and particular favourites. "The moment he sees anybody he fears or dislikes he assumes a look of glum distance and sullenness, and will not utter a word, scarcely even in answer." It would probably not be difficult to make mischief between a man of so sensitive a nature and the girl to whom he was secretly attached.

The other admirer, Colonel Manners, was an ornamental personage, whose high spirits, good humour, and boyish simplicity of character made him an irresistibly diverting companion. He was the only gentleman about the Court who was not afraid of the sour Madame Schwellenberg, whom he alternately teased, bullied, flattered, and contradicted until she threatened to retire to her own room, or to complain of him to the King. Yet we are told that she never could disguise her real liking for her good-looking tormentor. It was Colonel Manners who, after pressing Miss Port to attend the Ascot Races, shocked his colleagues by observing that as he was in waiting he should "consider it his duty to be civil to the King." It was the same gentleman who complained that whenever he was about to speak on any topic in the House of Commons Mr. Pitt invariably got up and went through the whole subject, leaving nothing more to be said; and declared that he had never voted but once against his conscience, and that was for the "bachelor's" tax, which he held to be unconstitutional, since "how can a man help being a bacheldor if nobody will have him? And, besides, it's not any fault to be taxed for, because we did not make ourselves bacheldors, for no one was born married, so we were made bacheldors by God." Miss Burney chronicles one very lively tea-party at the Castle (in Madame Schwellenberg's absence) when Colonel Manners, who declared that the Court Concerts sounded like nothing but "Caw! caw! caw!" insisted on showing off his own musical

accomplishments. Miss Port begged him to sing "Care, thou bane of love and joy," while Colonel Greville encouraged him to attempt a "shake." As he had no ear and less voice, he produced such extraordinary noises that the other equerries roared for mercy, and the ladies were nearly "demolished with laughter."[1]

The fun and flirtation over the tea-table came to an abrupt conclusion with the death of Mrs. Delany in April 1788. Fanny Burney knelt beside Miss Port at the death-bed of her friend, and writes when all was over:

> Poor sweet unfortunate girl! what deluges of tears did she shed over me! I promised her in that solemn moment my eternal regard, and she accepted this, my first protestation of any kind made to her, as some solace to her sufferings. Sacred shall I hold it, sacred to my last hour.

Mrs. Delany had bequeathed her great-niece to the guardianship of her uncle, Mr. Court Dewes of Wellesbourne, the family place in Warwickshire; and to Wellesbourne the poor girl, stunned and almost heart-broken at the break-up of her home, and the separation from her friends, was obliged to repair after a brief farewell visit to Windsor. Her father had been compelled to let his own place, Ilam, and retire to a house at Derby with his wife and seven younger children. Marianne, as she was now called, who had not lived with her parents since she was seven years old, felt that she was not wanted at home; and it only too soon became apparent that she was not wanted by her uncle Court, who is described as a man of cold, ungenial nature, with no liking for the society of young people.

The next in order of our unpublished papers is the following brief note, dated May 1788, and endorsed by Miss Port. "The first letter from Miss Burney after I had left London on the death of Mrs. Delany, and whilst residing with my uncle Dewes at Wellesbourne":

[1] Gillray engraved a portrait of Colonel Manners, to which was appended the motto, adopted from Pope's lines on Gay:

> "Gentle Manners, with affections mild,
> In wit a man, simplicity a child."

I had not waited the promised second letter could I have found time to answer sooner the sweet words of the first—my dear Miss Port!—they melted, pleased and pained me throughout. You can have no feelings that will seem too strong for the irreparable loss you have sustained; that *we* have sustained, let me rather say, for who, out of your own family, will have cause to mourn so long, so closely, or so sadly, as myself? . . . I heartily rejoice you continue at Wellesbourne; I am sure it will be for your consolation now, and your happiness by and by. *All* your friends the Equerries were at Windsor the last excursion, and Colonels Goldsworthy and Manners inquired after you much, and desired their compliments when I wrote. I indulged the latter by letting him frank you my letter in return for the kind words he spoke of you. He said the *Ascot Races* made him feel quite melancholy from recollecting how all was broke up since we had them last year. Write to me long letters and often, my dear Marianne, and pardon short and scanty returns, certain of the lasting and faithful affection of

Your truly sympathising

F. B.

In a longer letter, dated June 1788, we find Miss Burney throwing cold water on Miss Port's very natural desire to open a correspondence with one of her old friends at Windsor—possibly with one who was nearer and dearer than a friend:

How angry have I been with myself, my dear Marianne, how angry have you reason to be with me, that I suffered my haste in my last letter to run away with my thanks for so many marks of your kindness as you had left and sent me:—yet let me, at the same time, own myself highly gratified that I can see, by so many fresh tokens, you forgive and understand my omissions, and will not let them do me any mischief in your kind affections. Believe me, my dear Miss Port, your letters are truly interesting to me, and either carry me to you where you are, or remove me back to old-dear and happy times, in almost every line.

Your hope of Cheltenham gives me very great pleasure indeed. If anything should deprive you of it I believe I should be as much mortified and concerned as yourself. Pray tell me when it is you go, and where you are to be; and give my compliments to your uncle Dewes, and tell him I am quite delighted in the prospect for you. It will be very kind in him to give you such an excursion, and I venture to prognosticate it will be very salutary to you.

I cannot tell you how *benighted* seems Windsor; my very greatest satisfaction now is to quit it, and, fortunately for me, we have hitherto been chiefly at Kew, and shall, I hope, for this year, be less at Windsor than for any year since it has been the royal residence. Have you been frightened for His Majesty? Thank God we have had no occasion for fright upon the spot; his indisposition

having simply been troublesome, but without confinement or alarm; and now there is scarcely a symptom of it remaining.[1]

As you ask my advice about your correspondents—I must give it you honestly,—I cannot wish you to *renew any* yourself. I think those only who seek it can be worthy of it from you. I have always been a little proud for my dear Marianne, and I feel no inclination to be less so.

How beautifully the knotting is done! it was most kind to remember me in such a gratifying partition. How do I value whatever has been in her beloved hands![2]

The apron was too much indeed, yet I will keep and wear it, for all the tender sakes—but one—you enumerate. . . .

I have seen nothing of your friends the Equerries lately, as we have lived but little at Windsor. The last meeting I had with them was upon the road, when I passed them at eight o'clock in the morning, in a post-chaise, with my head and hair full-dressed; and as it was not a Drawing-room day, I saw them lift up their hands and eyes in wonder and amaze. They were Colonels Gwynn and Goldsworthy. I believe they thought me a little crazy. I was on my way to Westminster Hall, to hear Mr. Sheridan close his oration.[3] And *there* I met your friend Mr. Jerningham,[4] and there *he* met *his* friend Mrs. Anderson, who looked very pretty, and wanted no one to tell her so.

Miss Port's eagerness for a visit to Cheltenham must rather have surprised Miss Burney, since the young lady's deep mourning would not have allowed of her taking part in the festivities of that fashionable watering-place. But Fanny, apparently, had not such early knowledge of the possible movements of the Court as her friend, judging from a little note, dated July 1788, and endorsed by Miss Port:

To confirm the report that the King and Queen and two eldest Princesses would be at Cheltenham, whither I was going with my Uncle and Mrs. Granville and my uncle Dewes.

In this note Miss Burney declares that one of her sincerest pleasures in this excursion will be "the most unexpected gratification of receiving and returning the affectionate

[1] The King's mental disease did not show itself till October of this year.

[2] Mrs. Delany was famous for her "sugar-plum" knotting as well as for all other kinds of needlework.

[3] At the trial of Warren Hastings.

[4] Edward Jerningham, the Della Cruscan poet.

embraces of my dear Marianne Port." The gentlemen in attendance upon the King during his sojourn at Cheltenham were Colonels Gwynn and Price and Lord Courton. We hear nothing of Colonel Goldsworthy, who, however, had the romance been running smoothly, might easily have found some pretext for a visit to a place that was honoured by the presence of his royal master. From Miss Burney's "Diary" we learn that, having no sitting-room of her own, she could not see so much of Miss Port as she desired, but she records a visit to the theatre in company with Marianne and her Dewes relations, to see Mrs. Jordan in the *Country Girl.*

Miss Port spent the following winter at Bath with another uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Granville, a kind-hearted couple, who were warmly attached to their niece, and whose only desire was for her happiness. The girl's uncommon beauty attracted many admirers, among the number being Mr. Waddington, a middle-aged gentleman of good fortune and estimable character. It is uncertain whether he had ever exchanged a word with Miss Port when he proposed for her hand to Mr. Granville. According to a chronicler of family history,[1] the first hint that she received of Mr. Waddington's intentions was gleaned from some conversation upon the subject, accidentally overheard, between her uncle and aunt. Sensitive and impulsive by nature, she became possessed with the idea that her relations regarded her as a burden, and that they could not have her real interests at heart if they could even recognise the possibility of such a marriage. At the same time, the conviction that this unknown suitor must at least regard her with a disinterested affection, determined her to accept his proposal. Oppressed by grief for the double loss of her aunt and her lover, and stung by the thought that she was not wanted by any member of her family, she believed, with the ready pessimism of eighteen, that she could never be happy again, and that life had nothing more to offer her. Miss Port was married to Mr. Waddington in 1789, and for the two

[1] Mr. Augustus Hare.

following years the couple lived at Dunston Park, Berkshire, where their daughter, Frances, afterwards the Baroness Bunsen, was born. In 1791, Mr. Waddington bought the White House at Llanover, in the valley of the Usk, and here his wife remained in almost complete seclusion for the next eleven years, occupying herself with her books, her drawing and the education of her little daughters.

Meanwhile, Fanny Burney's failing health had compelled her to resign her place at Court (in 1792), and to retire on a pension of £100 a year. In the spring of 1793 she became engaged to M. D'Arblay, a member of the little colony of French *emigrés* settled at Juniper Hall, near Norbury, and was married to him on July 31. It is evident that she had not the courage to write and inform Mrs. Waddington of the change in her circumstances until the time was past for remonstrances. On August 2 she addresses a long explanatory and apologetic letter[1] to her "dearest M.," in which she gently breaks to that lady, whose strong feeling and sensitive nature she fears her reticence may have wounded, the fact of her marriage, and concludes:

> One of my first pleasures in our little intended home will be finding a place of honour for the legacy of Mrs. Delany.[2] Whatever may be the general wonder, and perhaps blame, of general people at this connexion, equally indiscreet in pecuniary points for us both, I feel sure that the truly liberal and truly intellectual judgment of that most venerated character would have accorded its sanction when the worthiness of the object who would wish it was considered.

Mrs. Waddington, it is to be supposed, also accorded her sanction to the connection, for we are assured that she used her interest with the Queen to obtain a continuance of Madame D'Arblay's pension after her marriage. The correspondence was kept up in the intermittent fashion usual between two persons who seldom meet, and Fanny is obliged to defend

[1] This letter is one of those published in the Diary as addressed to "Mrs. ——," otherwise Mrs. Waddington.

[2] A portrait of Saccharissa.

herself more than once against charges of what Miss Seward would have called "epistolary negligence." In April 1795, we find from her published letters that she wrote to protest against a "dry reproof" from her friend for not having informed her of the production of her unsuccessful tragedy; while in June of the same year she begs Mrs. Waddington

> not to suffer this, our only communication, to dwindle away for me; though the least punctual of correspondents, I am perhaps the most faithful of all friends; for my regard, once excited, keeps equal energy in absence as in presence, and an equally fond and minute interest in those for whom I cherish it, whether I see them but at the distance of years, or with every day's sun.

This letter contains an announcement of the approaching publication of *Camilla* by subscription, the proceeds of which were to be spent on the building of Camilla Cottage.

From Fanny's next communication, which is dated June 1797, it appears that the relations between the two ladies were somewhat strained. Mrs. Waddington had written to reproach Madame D'Arblay for writing short letters, and giving no information save on the subject of her health and affection. Fanny replies with some heat, and more than her customary frankness:

> It appears to me, perhaps wrongly, you have wrought yourself into a fit of fancied resentment against a succession of short letters, which could only have been merited by letters that were unfriendly. You forget, meanwhile, the numerous letters I have received from yourself, not merely of half-pages, but of literally three lines, and you forget them because they were never received with reproach nor answered with coldness.

After pointing out that her friend would be the first to deride an elaborate composition, written for admiration, she concludes:

> From all this, which reluctantly, though openly, I have written, you will deduce that while you think me unkind (as I apprehend), I think you unjust.[1]

To the same year, 1797, belongs the following unpublished letter, from the opening sentences of which it will be gathered

[1] "Diary and Letters."

that there was still some little friction existing between the two friends:

My dear Marianne,—You will accept me then, according to my offered condition, *for better for worse;* I, too, must *accept the acceptance*, though not without some unpleasant feelings in finding how strongly the worser part seems to you the larger.

I thank you for your bathing advice and anecdotes, and rejoice with my whole heart in the flourishing state of your lovely little ones. I know how much yours is wrapt up in them, nor can I wonder that your invariable excessive tenderness to them should have produced the effect you mention, in the terrible test to which you put my heroic little namesake. Gratitude is not a taught, but an instinctive feeling, and its operations are commonly among the earliest promises from which we may flatter ourselves with future good. Much of this delightful anticipation is already accorded me,[1] and I cherish all its offerings and its augurs as my (almost) first happiness.

M. D'Arblay is much gratified that you are an enthusiast for Count Rumford,[2] whom he studies night and day. Our few chimneys in our little cottage are all of his construction, and the tiny laundry is so also, with alterations which we flatter ourselves will be improvements by M. D'Arblay himself: for in studying both the Count's works and his own convenience *con amore* he thinks he has still ameliorated the new economy. Passionately fond of every species of architecture, however humble, he has given his whole mind to the business, in the progress of our lilliputian home, and I own I think most prosperously. The only drawback to the (apparently *minor*, but, from their daily use, *major*) comforts of his ingenuity is, that it has made it impossible to settle any previous estimate for the undertaking. In being his own and sole surveyor, so many contrivances and alterations have occurred to him in the course of the building, and so many mistakes to rectify from inexperience, that I own I look forward with some tribulation to the sum total of the affair.

A very short time ago my Architect had reason to expect some justice from his own country that might have rendered his extravagance a mere bagatelle, for he was much pressed by a friend, to endeavour to recover something from the shipwreck of his family's fortunes during the late seemingly

---

[1] Madame D'Arblay's only child, Alexander, was born in 1794.

[2] Count Rumford, better known as Benjamin Thompson, the American scientific philanthropist. He was born in Massachusetts in 1753, and leaving his own country at the time of the War of Secession entered the service of the Elector of Bavaria. He distinguished himself by introducing reforms into the army and the poor-laws, and inventing an economical cooking-range and a new system of ventilation. For his political services he was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire.

favourable turn for moderate and just characters. But what a reverse from all such prospect is now produced by the banishment unheard of almost all in public life who had manifested virtue of principle, or courage against tyranny.[1] M. D'Arblay has had the grief to learn, within these few months, the death of his only brother, who was extremely dear to him, though adverse fate and circumstances had separated their interests like their persons.

I have not met with the poem "Leonora."[2] We have lately read Watkin's "Tour to Constantinople," and find in it much entertainment. We are preparing a place for the chimney-piece so kindly sent me by your Uncle Bernard (Dewes), and which I shall so love to look at! I am obliged most reluctantly to have it shortened from the impossibility of having a chimney to fit its size in so small a habitation. But I shall touch nothing of *Her* work—it would be sacrilege. . . .[3]

Did I mention to you that when I was at Windsor General Manners inquired most *tenderly* after *Miss Port?* assuring me *he should never call her by any other name.* Your late admirer, whom you yclept Taffy, was *not* there, nor any of that set you remember, but Mr. Digby and Lord Walsingham. But the Rutland swain spoke your virgin name, which he has determined shall live with you for ever, with his very softest smile.

Mrs. Locke and all her charming family always inquire about you with unceasing interest. You will say, with a little uneasy smile, I am sure you cannot *unceasingly* answer them! But they know me too well to be hurt by my want of writing punctually, and too ill, woe is me! to expect from me in that respect anything better. You amuse yourself very much with playing upon me what you call my approbation of brevity; but you mistake widely; I do not recommend to you to *practise,* but to *excuse* it. Mark that, dear Marianne!

In 1802, after the treaty of Amiens, M. D'Arblay went to Paris, believing that there was a chance of his being reinstated in his military rank, or at least of obtaining his arrears of half-pay. In placing his services at the disposal of his country, he made it a condition that he should never be required to serve

[1] The Royalists having gained power at the recent elections, formed a coalition in opposition to the Directoire. Liberty of the Press was demanded, some of the decrees against *emigrés* were revoked, and peace—even with England—was recommended. Barras appealed to Buonaparte, with the result that the elections of fifty departments were annulled, while Pichegru and forty other members of the Council suspected of Royalist sympathies were banished to Cayenne.

[2] Scott's translation of Burger's "Leonore" had just been published.

[3] The chimney-piece was evidently a specimen of Mrs. Delany's handicraft, either embroidery or her favourite shell-work.

against England. Buonaparte refused to accede to this condition, and ordered the General's commission to be revoked. M. D'Arblay was advised by his friend, General Lauriston, to remain a year in France, at the end of which time there might be a likelihood of obtaining his half-pay. This advice was followed, Madame D'Arblay joined her husband, and a house was taken at Passy. Scarcely had the family settled down in their new abode than war broke out again between England and France, and for the next ten years the D'Arblays were obliged to remain abroad, cut off for months at a time from any communication with their friends on the other side of the Channel.[1] During this anxious period Dr. Burney took upon himself the task of keeping Mrs. Waddington informed of the family news in general, and of the fate of her friend Madame D'Arblay in particular.

GEORGE PASTON.

[1] Dr. Burney is said to have received only ten letters from his daughter in as many years.

(*To be continued.*)

DANNY

PART II

LI

THE KIRK-BREAKER

SIMON was gone four years; then he came back, himself little changed, to find all things at Hepburn changed save only the canons of the Kirk immutable as ever.

Six centuries ago they were soul-drivers, these Stark Heriots, above all men in history; and so they have remained. And from the day that on his death-bed his father had bequeathed to him in trust the task of dragging the parish to salvation at his chariot-wheels, the Laird had done his part faithfully; and the part had come natural to him. Nor with waxing years had he abated of his duties a whit. Stern as a young man, age found him inexorable. In the days of Missie, indeed, the grip of the Heriot Hand relaxed as never before. Teasing, tugging, coaxing, as a child at play, she loosed a little the clutch of his iron fingers. Herself, indeed, she broke her kirks on fine Sabbath afternoons lightly and with laughter, nor ever suffered so much as the Public Exhortation to the Impenitent. When Missie died, the grip of the Hand closed as in death. The last of his race, with no hope ever of successor, the Laird set himself resolutely to leaving his people as they had been left to him—the trust of centuries—with head straight for salvation.

On Sabbaths he marched to Kirk, he and Danny, as a martinet to parade. His short cloak swept about him, he stalked up the aisle, numbered his flock with grim discerning eye, nodded to the clerk, and the Liturgy began; while Danny stayed in the porch without, inexorable in courtesy as in resolution, and kept the door against the laggards.

Now age had laid white hands upon the Laird. He rarely stirred abroad except of Sabbaths, when he stalked forth thus to garner his people into God's Granary remorselessly as of old. Much he sat with closed eyes and face uplifted in the hall, his cloak about him, girded as it were for the Passing Over; and ever wandered in his sleep with old-man-murmurings and sudden callings out upon a name that kept the ears of the Watcher at his feet a-twitching.

Simon found that the bearing of the people towards his Honour was altogether changed. A new spirit was abroad, the spirit of revolt. The old lion lay dying; his roar still carried a phantom terror of its own, but was now no longer the compelling power of past time.

All were looking to the death of the Laird for release from the weight of the Heriot Hand. Some there were indeed who were for throwing off the mailed hand before the hand within the mail was dead; and of these, Simon found, his minnie was the leader.

Now Simon fell in with the new mood of Hepburn gladly. In his four years absence the lad had grown in experience if not in wisdom. He knew now that there were higher authorities in the land than the Laird; that there was another world outside Hepburn, and that in that world (which was still this) there was no compulsory kirk-keeping, and therefore no kirk-breaking and penalties. Religion, he had found in that fat South land, was the luxury of the rich. A poor man had no religion; unless, indeed, it was made worth his while with blankets. In Hepburn there was much religion and no blankets; and this, so Simon argued in the ale-house, when Robin was not there, was demonstrably blethers.

The people agreed heartily, and congratulated the mother of Simon on the lad's return, and the improvement wrought in him by his sojourn abroad.

"Among the mad folk," replied that dark woman bitterly —"a pack of slavering softies."

"A pack of slavering softies maybe," retorted Andra' Gilray; "but they've been the making of the lad."

"And maybe the unmaking of the Laird," replied the dark widow.

Andra' turned to look at Simon.

"Will he murder his Honour then?" he cried; "his Honour that paid for the lad all the while he was away?"

"He will do just what his minnie gars him," said the dark woman. "I'm his minnie yet for all his foreign travels!" and fiercely eyed her son slouching in the corner.

"And what'll you gar him?" asked old Andra'.

"Ye'll see the Sabbath," said the dark woman, and nodded.

They did see the Sabbath; for on that day, which was the first Sabbath after his home-coming, Simon, coerced of his minnie, broke his kirk.

Now hardly in the recollection of the oldest in Hepburn had such a thing been—never certainly since Missie's time, who, arch-kirk-breaker herself, would come between other kirk-breakers and the anger of the Laird.

The village waited in awe. So in his heart did Simon.

As the kirk-bell tolled its last, and at the street-end he heard the great gates clang familiarly, and knew the Laird was stalking down the road, the Keeper of the Door at his heels, a horror seized him.

He thrust his head over the garden-wall, and it was like a sunflower among the honeysuckle.

There, marching down the centre of the road, grey-muzzled, and with lover's eyes, came the Keeper of the Door; but no grim Laird.

Simon, drunk with relief, rose to his feet, shouting like one possessed.

At the noise Danny looked up and saw him.

"I'll gar you murder a man's fathers!" cried Simon, thumb to his nose,,—"you and your dadderin' old Honours."

The bell ceased; and Danny turned into the porch.

Later the village trooped out to tell Simon that he need not be fear'd, for his Honour had not kept his kirk.

Simon feigned indignation. Fear'd? Did they think he was fear'd of his Honour? What was his Honour to one who knew the world?

"Ay," said an old voice at his ear, "the world—world of Imbesillies."

Simon turned to find Robin at his heels.

LII

THE HERETIC

Robin announced amid a hush that the Laird would speak with Simon on the morrow.

Then the village, who had been gathered round Simon as round a hero, fell away from him as from a leper; and Simon knew the black fear just as in times past.

All that night and the next morning his minnie primed him with liquor and with lies; rehearsing him his part; and herself escorted him to the great gates.

"There's little need to fear him now," was the dark woman's last word whispered in his ear. "He's far other than the man that killed your daddie."

"God send he may be," said Simon, and went quaking on his way.

As he came to the door of the naked house beneath the brae, Robin met him with weeping eye, and asked in much-moved voice to be allowed to shake him by the hand.

"After many years we have met," he said not untenderly, one old hand on Simon's shoulder—"met just to part. But we part friends—is it not so?" he asked, looked into the other's eyes and turned tremulously away.

Simon was left at the door alone and horribly afraid.

Deborah Awe opened to him gaunt, fierce-eyed, lank.

"So ye're back?" she said, grimly regarding him.

"Ay," said poor Simon, "and wussin' I werena."

"I'm with ye there," said the grim Woman, yet thrust forth a hand like a shank-bone to greet him; then she escorted him to the door of the hall.

"You will find his Honour changed," she cried, and flung it wide, "and for the worse!" and snarled round the door at him who sat within.

Simon entered full of liquor and a great fear.

It was four years since he had stood before his Honour in that same hall of shadows; yet, save that he who sat before him in hoary silence, his head sunk between huge shoulders, was white who had been grey, Simon could have believed that he had but dozed a minute, and in that minute had dreamed four years of life, and now had waked to find all things as they had been.

The Laird sat in his cloak in the centre of the hall, lonely, dumb, twining grey fingers. The light from the high hall window fell on the bleak face, uplifted, seamed, the wide eyes that looked not nor appeared aware of Simon leaning against the panelled door.

The silence fell on Simon to appal him. He snorted like a frightened horse.

"Hillo—o—oh, old billie!" he bellowed at last.

A minute passed, and the shout ceased rolling in the roof.

"You spoke?" said the Laird.

"I just bledder't,"[1] said Simon.

"And why?" asked the Laird.

"To keep me company," said honest Simon.

"Have ye anything further to say?" asked the Laird.

Simon shifted his feet.

"I was there," he said at last sullenly.

"Where?" asked the Laird.

[1] Bledder't = bellowed.

"Where you was not," said Simon boldly, "keepin' my kirk."

"Indeed," said the Laird, and looked at him with gathering brows. "Consider again a bit," he said, sat back, and composed himself as though for sleep.

Simon considered.

"A—well," said the cautious lad at length, "whisper!—who tell't Mr. Heriot I was none there."

At that there crept forth from beneath the Laird's chair a witness in grey, with hoary muzzle and truth-compelling eyes.

Simon sucked his thumb and began to titter foolishly.

"And now," said the grim Laird, "let us have a little chat. How long have you been back?"

"Just since Tuesday," said Simon.

"And so," said the Laird, "you thought the fittest way of commemorating your return was to break your first kirk."

"I have been four years away," said Simon. "I was forgettin' the customs."

"There was your minnie to mind ye," said the Laird.

"It was minnie minded me to forget!" Simon retorted.

"Ah," said the Laird. "So she minded ye to forget, did she?" and sat back with closed eyes, lost in thought.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" he asked at length.

Simon, according to his mother's instructions, fell back upon the first of the old-time lies: that the Laird had killed his father.

"What!" said the Laird irritably. "Ye've not forgotten that yet?"

"Na," cried the dutiful son, "nor will while minnie's there to mind me."

"Well, I'll tell ye this," said the Laird, "as it's time you should know. Your father in his life spent much and earned little. Since his death he has spent nothing and been earning a crown a week and a free cottage."

"The crown never comes my way," said honest Simon. "And as to the cottage," he continued, mindful of the mother's instructions, "it's none so good but it might be better."

"How's that?" asked the Laird.

"A—well," said Simon, "if there was a bit byre to it."

"Ay," said the Laird, "and a bit coo to put in the byre."

"Ay," said Simon, "and maybe a new roof and a——"

"What's come to the roof?" asked the Laird.

"There's a hole in it," said Simon, "where the smoke goes out and the wind comes in. And it is because of that hole that I broke my kirk. I had the trouble on me sore because of it."

"There are no chimneys in the Kirk," said the Laird. "It would have been healthfuller for you there."

"It's agin my conscience to keep your kirks," said Simon doggedly.

"I am Keeper of your Conscience," said the Laird, enunciating a leading article of the faith.

"If I follow your persuasion," said Simon doggedly, "it is like I will not be saved. The chaplain in the Home did show me that."

"This is my parish," said the Laird, "and you are of my people, and I am responsible. Therefore, you will be saved my way or no way."

"Then," snapped Simon spitefully, "I would liefer not be saved at all. And you are responsible!" and he pointed his finger at the Laird.

"I am so," said the Laird, "while you bide in my parish."

He turned and wrote at a table; and turning again, handed the youth a paper.

"What's this?" asked Simon.

"Notice," said the Laird.

"To quit?" squealed Simon.

"Ay," said the Laird. "You *and your minnie* this day week."

As Simon trailed away in a maze, Danny courteous at his heels to show him out, the grim voice pursued him.

"I sent for ye, hearing ye was back, to put ye in the way of work, and see if I could keep ye away from mischief and your mother. But as ye cease to be of my people this day week, I shall fash no more about you."

At the door Simon stayed and looked down at Danny with pale eyes; and Danny smiled up at him.

"You are my Devil," said Simon, biting thoughtfully upon his thumb, and then went out.

LIII

THE TRADE-MARK OF DEBORAH AWE

NEXT morning Widow Ogg, in all her weeds, crept to the house-door.

The Woman opened to her.

"What's your wull?" she asked, regarding the other hostilely.

"What's that to you?" snarled the dark widow with the evil eye.

"It's just this to me," replied the Woman, standing gaunt-elbowed in the way: "if ye dinna tell me, I winna let ye by."

"I come to plead for my fatherless laddie," said the dark woman sullenly.

"Plead for your fatherless laddie!" scoffed the other. "I'd fain hear ye!" yet for Simon's sake showed her into the hall and left her there.

Standing before his Honour, a dark and drooping figure of woe, the widow made her whine: *She* had not broke her kirk. Was it fair *she* should suffer for her son's offence? *She* had reded him keep his kirk, but since he was home from foreign parts, whither his Honour had sent him, he would not heed his old minnie. It was little fault of *hers*.

"*And is this your pleading for your fatherless laddie?*" cried a fierce voice through the door.

"Begone, Woman!" cried the Laird, and she went; and the widow continued her whine.

Would his Honour be sore on *her?* Would he make *her* homeless who had been husbandless—husbandless (she paused to sniffle up the tears that were not there)—husbandless these twenty years?

The Laird hearkened like one dead.

"Husbandless I made you," he said when she had finished, "sonless I would not make you. Therefore, as Simon is to go, you shall go too. I know your mother's heart," said the Laird, not unfeelingly, "and that you could not bear separation from your son."

The widow did not go.

"Is that Mr. Heriot's last word?" she asked.

"Ay," said the Laird, "ye'll both go."

"Why me?" asked the widow sullenly.

"I know your mother's heart," said the Laird, "and that you could not bear separation from your son."

"I might make shift to bear it if it was your Honour's wull," said the dark widow.

"It's not," said the Laird, curt as a blow.

The woman began to go out.

"What if Simon should conform?" she asked, hovering darkly by the door.

"I'll consider that when he has conformed," said the Laird.

The widow blazed into sudden flame.

"First ye kill the lad's father!" she shrilled. "Then ye pack him off to the mad-house! And now you're for taking the home from over our heads! May the Lord requite it you!"

"Shut the door," said the Laird, "and shut yourself the other side of it."

She trailed out, brooding, dark; and Danny, courteous as ever, accompanied her.

The Laird composed himself to sleep. He was roused by a rush as of a flat-footed whirlwind storming down the passage without; followed a shrill sudden squalling as of warring cats; then the outer door slammed.

A moment later the Woman flung into the hall, blood on her face, her eyes on fire, and Danny tucked beneath her arm.

The Laird had risen.

"Did she dare claw Danny?" he asked harshly.

"She did not," panted the bristling Woman. "She clawed me, and I clawed her, but she laid ne'er a nail to my man;" and setting down Danny mopped her face. "By God's Grace I'd left the kitchen-door ajar," she continued, mopping, "and I catch'd a blink of her bending above my man to ban him. 'What ye at?' I cries and cam' skirling down the passage. 'Just nothing at all,' says she, and smiles in her ill way. 'Then take that for thanks!' I cried, 'and pack!' and she packed—and my mark along with her."

Bristling still, the Woman departed to tell all to Robin.

"I'll ne'er know peace for our man's sake till she is away, the ill-faur'd warlock-woman!" she made end.

"Aweel then," said Robin comfortably, "ye'll know peace this day week. She'll be away by then."

"Ay," said the Woman, "if Simon has none conformed."

"Simon shallna conform," said Robin, wagging wise ringlets. "I will see to that."

LIV

THE CONFORMIST

THAT night Robin trotted down to the ale-house, and found the backslider surrounded by a herd of folk, who dropped into sullen silence as he entered.

Then and there, in the smoking tap-room before the people, he scoffed at Simon, throwing it up at him that at the last he would conform; but Simon swore by his murdered father, smashing his pewter down on the bench to punctuate the oath, that he was a confirmed atheist for ever.

"Ye'll no hold to it," sneered Robin.

Next night the old man trotted forth again to see, as he told the Woman, if he could any ways make siccar.

He found the backslider steadfast in his unbelief, and fortified with drams.

"Recant!" cried the youth hotly in answer to an inquiry. "Never!"

"There's the thrawn laddie!" chuckled Robin, patted him on his unbelieving back, and too gleeful to stay and get drunk, trotted home to report.

So four days passed, and the village watched, expecting a catastrophe. It was known that the mother of Simon had been urging the lad to up and act, and that Simon had sworn that he would indeed do something, though what he darkly refused to say.

He did indeed do something, but not much. As on a day Danny passed beneath the garden-wall, Simon leaned over and spat upon his back.

"*That's* for murdering my daddie!" he said with concentrated bitterness.

Danny stopped and looked up into the pale face above him; whereat, after a pause——

"It wasna me," said Simon palely, biting on his thumb. "It was minnie."

That night Robin came from the village full of uneasy fear. He had not seen Simon. Simon's minnie was keeping the lad close; and Simon was reported to be wavering.

"The Lord send it's not so," said the old man earnestly, but it was so. For next day, a day of autumn and dead leaves, as the Laird swept down the street, as not often in these later days, like a grey wind, lost in dreams, and Danny at his heels, the mother of Simon came out of the garden on him in the full face of the village, to tell him Simon would conform—on conditions.

"On conditions?" husked the Laird, eyeing him.

"That Mr. Heriot will repair the cottage," said the mother.

"I buy no man's soul," said the Laird, and swept on his way.

"Ye're set on driving the lad to Hell!" screamed the mother passionately. "Death without a priest to you!"

It was in quite other mood that next evening, as he passed, she came forth—in tears now, her hair a-loose, and bodice disarrayed, to tell him that Simon had warstled all night and prevailed, and would be received back into the fold.

The Laird stood like a tower, glum and dumb, hearkening.

"Will Mr. Heriot receive him back!" whined the dark woman—"and him the only son of his mother, and she a widow?"

"It's not the only son of his mother you're thinking of," said the Laird; "it's the crown a week and the cottage."

"And what worth's a crown a week and a cottage to me?" cried the mother, flaring, "who lost my man, and Mr. Heriot should know how."

"Ye needn't have taken it," said the Laird curtly.

"Oh!" cried the other. "It's the hard mouth your Honour has!" and falling back into her whine—"Will ye no receive him back—just for his father's sake?"

"Call him here," said the Laird.

The mother turned with alacrity.

"Simon!" she called sharply.

Simon came down the stone-flagged path between the roses, slouching, sullen.

"D'you conform?" asked the Laird.

Simon stood sullen, downward-eyed, digging with his toe.

"He conforms," said the mother, eyeing him wolfishly.

"He conforms," sneered Robin, who had drawn close. "His like aye does."

"Ne'er heed old Brandy-hall!" cried the mother. "He conforms!" she went on, blasting Simon with a look.

"I don't see much sign of it," said the Laird.

"He'd best," said the fierce-eyed mother.

"Let's hear him," said the Laird.

Robin drew closer.

"He does not conform," he cried with reviving hope.

"Stick to it, Simie!" he cried, cheering him. "There's the lad of metal! Ne'er heed her! Be a man in spite of your minnie."

"Hold your blethers!" screamed the mother. "Simon!" she snarled. "D'ye hear his Honour?"

Simon scraped the road with his foot.

"I conform," he said sulkily.

"Is it of your own free-will and wish you conform?" asked the Laird. "I'll have no forced conversion."

"Oo aye," said Simon, one eye on his mother.

"He will do the Longer Penance on the Sabbath," he said shortly, and stalked away.

Robin stayed and Danny.

"But what of the cottage?" cried Simon, when the Laird was out of earshot. "Will we keep it?"

"Will ye not?" said Robin.

"And will he repair it?" asked Simon.

"He will so," said Robin.

Simon drew a deep breath.

"I conform," said he fervently. "I would have conformed before if I had known."

"Ay," said his mother, winking, "it's worth it and a'," and in a sudden access of affection kissed her son.

"It's always worth while to be saved," said Robin unctuously, and followed the Laird.

. . . . .

Next day Simon Ogg suffered the Longer Penance; and all Hepburn and the countryside came to see his shame; while throughout the service Danny lay with grey chin on the threshold and pitied Simon with his eyes.

When it was over and the congregation trooped forth, the Laird, herding his people before him, came on Simon waiting in the door.

"May this be a lesson to you," he said grimly, and stalked on.

"Ay," shrilled Simon, resolute to right himself in the eyes

of the gathered folk, "and when will Mr. Heriot begin the repairs?"

"The day you quit," said the Laird, "and that's to-morrow," and stalked on.

"What!" gasped Simon. "Are we to quit and all?"

"So I said," the Laird replied, "so I intend," and stalked away.

Simon was dumb; but his mother was not.

"And who is to have it over us?" she screamed.

"I am," said meek Robin, "if I live."

As the Laird and his Squire passed through the rowan-tree gate, the dark widow woke as from a trance, shuffled across the Kirk-garth, stumbling over the mounds of the dead, and falling on her knees upon the wall, spat down her curse upon the two marching in the road beneath.

The Laird swept on, unheeding; but Danny, courteous gentleman, halted in the road with lifted face to hear the lady out.

LV

THE DARK WOMAN

THE morrow came, sunless and without song; and with it, towards evening, Widow Ogg dark and drooping as the day.

The Woman at her wheel in the kitchen looked up and saw her in the door.

"What do you here?" she asked, beginning to bristle, and eyeing the other's thin and sinister face. "I see you bear my mark yet," she said not without grim glee.

"Ay," said the dark widow, "and will so to my grave; and beyond belike into the presence of my Maker to tell Him who put it there."

"I'd fain think so," said the Woman, entirely unmoved. "And is it to plead for your fatherless laddie you have come?" she asked.

"I have come," said the dark widow, shivering, "because his Honour gar'd me come."

"What would his Honour want with ye?" asked the Woman suspiciously. "It's to-day you should pack."

"I kenna," said the widow, shivering.

The Woman eyed her closely.

"I think you do ken," she said; "else why for are you fear'd?"

"Fear'd!" cried the widow, flaming. "And would you not be fear'd? He has killed my man! he has locked my laddie in the mad-house! he has taken the home from over my head! There's but one thing left of me to take—and that's the soul from out of my body. Would he take that too?"

"I kenna," said the Woman. "We will soon see," and led the way into the hall.

"I have here at my heels Widow Ogg saying Mr. Heriot would see her," she cried to him who sat and seemed to sleep within. "Is that truth or is that a lie?"

"It's truth for once," said the Laird.

The widow entered, and the Woman with her.

"I'll bide here along with you, if it's your Honour's wull," she said, and planted herself grim-backed against the door.

"It's not my wull," said the Laird.

"It is mine, though," said the grim Woman, nor stirred.

"D'you hear me?" said the Laird, opening his eyes. "Go!"

"I'd liefer bide," said the Woman, unmoved.

The Laird made to rise, and the Woman went across to him.

"Your Honour 'd not be that far left to bide your lone with her," she whispered. "It was to me Missie willed ye to mend ye and mind ye, and is that minding ye if I left you your lone with yon dark warlock-woman, that is black and bitter against your Honour? What if she put out to ban ye, and me not here?"

"I'll take my chance," said the grim Laird. "Go!"

The Woman bent and snatched Danny from his feet.

"If it's your Honour's wull to be banned, *be* banned," she snarled. "But I'll have no ill-faur'd warlock-woman lay a curse on my man," and she marched out, Danny tucked beneath her arm.

She marched off to the kitchen, took thence a chair, and planted it in the passage.

"Here I bide," she said, "and here you bide, my man, in my lap until I've seen the last of yon dark warlock-woman," and she sat down then in a place where four draughts met, and watched like a grim dragoon; and Danny lay in her lap, curled and asleep.

LVI

THE LAIRD RECOUNTS HISTORY

In the hall the dark woman in widow's weeds stood beside the door, and was afraid.

Before her sat the Laird, wrapt in his short cloak. The light from the high window fell on the bleak face, greatly seamed, the blind eyes, and grey fingers twining as of one who prays.

"Twenty-two years ago to-day, Widow Ogg, I shot your husband," he began, "as ye may remember."

"Remember!" cried the widow; "my dear man that loved me!"

"That loved ye," said the Laird, "and branded ye the night before the accident to show that same love."

"It's a lie!" snarled the Widow.

"All I know is," continued the Laird, blind-eyed, "that on that night, twenty-two years ago, you stood just where you stand now, screamin' mad; and you half stripped and showed me your left shoulder with the brand-mark S.O. on it—new burnt in. And next day in the dawn," said the Laird, "I needn't tell you what happened. It's sufficient to say that when I came off Gaunt Scaur in the rise of the morning, I was carrying your man, dead, across my shoulder."

The Laird paused, still with blind eyes and uplifted face.

"Across the moors I carried him," he went on, "till I came to your cottage, and the sun yet barely up. I laid him down under the peat-stack and I went in to break to you, as best I could, that you was a widow through me. You was asleep—the tears still wet on your cheek. I wak'd ye, and told ye. You wouldn't believe it until you saw him lyin' in the first sun under the lea of the peat-stack. Then ye just came to me and kissed my hand, and never a word," said the Laird, "even of thanks."

"I was too overcome," said the widow.

"But two days, after when ye waked him," said the Laird, "and you wasn't so overcome, you drank my health. You knew by that time that the accident meant a crown a week and a free cottage to you."

"And a lad born without a father!" cried the widow.

"I am coming to that," said the Laird. "When Simon was born I was for taking the lad and handing him over to some decent woman on one of the hill farms, to give him a chance, and get him out of his mother's clutches."

"And your Honour will remember," cried the widow tremulously, "that I cam' to you, and kneeled to you in this room, and begged you—you that once had a mother of your own, that well I remember her, dear lady, and your Honour's fondness for her!—to leave my bairn to me,—him that was only son to his mother, and her a widow."

"And I did," said the Laird, and dropped his chin. "And I believe," he said, and stared at the widowed form by the door, "that I lost that lad to God by so doing."

He paused; and the mother made no reply.

"God knows," he went on, not unfeelingly, "I did it for the best. A bad woman may make a good mother, and herself become a good woman through her child. Many's the time I've seen it," said the Laird. "And I thought—I hoped—I prayed, that maybe that child might be the turning-point in your life."

Again he paused, and still she was dumb before him.

"In addition to the crown a week," he went on, "I allowed you a something extra——"

"For milk for Simie," interrupted the mother.

"So I thought," said the Laird. "For whisky for his mother, as I soon found out."

"Simon shared it!" cried the mother.

"And I was credibly informed," said the Laird, "that whisky neat is over-stimulating for a babe at the breast; so I stopped that."

"And Simon starved," snarled the wolfish mother.

"And the only son of his mother starved," said the Laird, "till I told you that if he died, you'd hang. And that," said the Laird, "stopped that."

"First my man!" cried the mother, bitter laughing woman, "then me!"

"After that," continued the Laird, "ye didn't let the lad quite die, because you daren't. But I've seen the only-son-of-his-mother picking over a refuse-heap for a crust."

He sat back now with blind eyes, twined fingers, and bleak uplifted face.

"Then," said he, "my wife came," and paused. "She thought I was hard on you, not knowing you. She was sorry for you," said the Laird, "and sorrier for Simon because he was born afflicted——"

"Through no fault of mine," cried the mother.

"Afflicted," continued the Laird, "with you for mother. Well," said the Laird, "after she came, for a while you did show some mother's guts. You thought you'd play the only-son-of-his-mother trick on her—she being a child, and pitiful, and believing all your lies. I found you was wheedling out of her her few poor pennies of pocket-money I gave the child for sweets and the like. I stopped that," said the Laird. "'Give her,' I said, 'slops and sympathy, slops and sympathy, till you're out of both,' I said. 'But if she asks for money, send her to me.'"

"Your Honour was aye a hard man!" cried the widow.

"When you saw there was no money in that trick," continued the Laird unheeding, "you became yourself again; and sold the only-son-of-his-mother to the skipper of an Abermuth whalin' brig; poor daft lad," said the Laird, "about as fitted for ship-life as his mother for heaven."

"It was Simon ran away to sea!" cried the mother.

"It was his mother poured scalding water over him to make him," said he. "Luckily I found out, and bought him back; and the lad came back on your hands, and you beat him for it; and when I heard of it," said the Laird, "and the whole story, I was for ejecting you neck-and-crop. And I would have, but my wife came and begged me—begged me," said the blind Laird, "to give you one more chance—'for my sake, Master,' said she; and said she'd take the lad into the house, and see what she could make of him herself."

"God bless Missie!" cried the widow, and began to sniffle.

"Within a week of that," said the Laird, "your best friend in this world passed over."

"God bless Missie!" cried the widow, and drew her hand across her eyes.

"I'd ruled this parish forty years by fear," said the Laird. "She ruled it for one year by love. I hadn't a friend in the parish when she came. She hadn't an enemy when she left."

"That she had not!" cried the widow, whimpering. "God bless Missie!"

"I didn't think this people could love," said the Laird. "I believe they loved her."

"We did so," cried the widow. "God bless our Missie."

"On the day I bore her home," continued the Laird, "every living soul in this parish and for miles round—man, woman, and unweaned child—followed her."

"We did," sobbed the widow, "we did."

"Except yourself," said the Laird.

"It was my washing-day," said the widow surlily.

"And you," said the Laird, "stood in the door of your cottage, as we bore her past, and cursed her coffin. I heard ye, I heard ye."

He paused with blind eyes, and throat of iron; and the dark woman in the door stood cowed before him.

"What sort of a dog's life you led the-only-son-of-his-mother after that," said the Laird, "I don't rightly know. I was a bit lost like myself for a while just then. When I came to I endured him and you for some years, for the sake of her whose dead body you cursed. Then I found he was plotting at Danny," said the Laird, "set on by you; and I packed him off. And I'd have packed you off too, but I knew you was drinking yourself to death, and I hoped each day would be your last.

"Well," he continued, "you disappointed me. You didn't die. You lived, and for four years you've been the bane of my life. You thought I was withering away, and you could do as you liked; and you set the people against me. I did nothing. As I tell you," said he, "I was living in hope. But," said the Laird, "'hope deferred maketh the heart sick'; and I was just about sick of hoping, when ten days since Simon came home."

He paused.

"I wasn't sorry to see the lad home. No one was," he continued, "except his mother; and you was just *wae*," said the Laird, "just *wae*."

"Wae!" cried the mother. "To have him home, and him only son to me. Oh!" she cried. "Little your Honour knows of a mother's heart."

"I know what was the matter with your mother's heart," said the Laird. "Ay," he went on, "ye could blether away about your murdered husband, and Simon and the softies in the village 'd likely believe you; but I know better. You thought, by setting Simon to break his kirk, whoever came out undermost you was safe to come out top: if I bore with

the kirk-breaking, you'd know I was no better than of no account, and you'd be cock of this midden; and if I turned on Simon and ejected him, you'd be left alone with your cottage and your whisky-money. I stopped that," said the Laird. "I ejected you both. And that," said the blind Laird, "is the history in short of the past. I now turn to the future."

The gaunt chin dropped. He opened his eyes and stared bleakly across the hall.

"I've borne with you for ten years for my wife's sake," said the Laird; "I'm now going to bear with you no longer for my own. In the past I've done everything man could do to oblige you——"

"Ay!" screamed the widow, flaming suddenly, "shot my man! locked my laddie in a mad-house! and——"

"And yet," said the Laird, continuing, like the tide, "you're not satisfied. You've abused my kindness in every way you know how; you've set the people against me; you've set Simon to defy me; you've plotted on Danny; and now I am weary of you."

"Sir!" whined the widow, beginning to be afraid, "consider Simon."

"I have," said the Laird, "for twenty years," he continued earnestly; "I've tried all in my power to make amends to that lad for any harm I did him. I've felt for him, as I've felt for few in my life—as I'd feel for any man that had you for mother; and I've not done with him yet. When you leave this parish," said the Laird, "as leave it you will, if you like to let him bide, I will become responsible."

"Him bide that broke his kirk! and me go that did not?" cried the mother. "And is that your Honour's justice?"

"Or," continued the Laird, "if you don't like that, I will pay the lad's passage to America and give him five pounds."

"Money down?" asked the widow, pricking her ears.

"To be given him by the captain the day before he lands," said the Laird, and waited a reply.

"I will take none of Mr. Heriot's favours," said the dark woman proudly, and gathered herself to go.

"Except when they affect yourself," said the Laird.

"We will go forth," cried the widow, "Simon and me, like Hagar and Ishmael, into the wilderness, together there to die. And if ill comes to Simon through it, his blood be on your Honour's head," she cried, her hand upon the door, "as his father's was."

"And the insurance-money in your pocket," said the Laird, "as his father's was."

She turned and curtseyed to him with trembling knees.

"May the Lord show mercy to your Honour as you have to me and mine," she said.

. . . . .

The widow crept forth.

Outside she leaned against the wall, one hand to her heart. Long she leaned so with shut eyes, until at length a creaking noise stirred her back to life.

She looked up. At the far end of the dim passage she beheld a gaunt-boned sentinel asleep; and on her knees one who stretched himself and yawned.

The widow took a step forward and peered. Danny saw her, jumped softly down, and came to her smiling, his soft eyes clouded still with sleep.

(*To be continued.*)

e dark

ıe, like
to die.
n your
as his

Laird,

es.
ı have

heart.
eaking

ge she
es one

ıy saw
ft eyes