

NATIONAL FOG

WE have lately realised, if we did not know it before, that it is a serious disaster for a great metropolis to be fog-bound. The interruption of all business arrangements, the indefinite delay and congestion, the breaking of social engagements, the anxiety and danger, the physical discomfort and the sense of blindness and helplessness, combine to produce a peculiar depression of the spirits. It is an even more serious state of things when a cloud of darkness and bewilderment, however unsubstantial in reality, descends upon the mind of a whole people. By many of us the month of November 1901 will be remembered as an unusually trying instance of this state of the national atmosphere. The trouble is, of course, a temporary one ; it is borne with doggedness or irritation, according to the temperament of the individual, and, on the whole, fortunately with much more doggedness than irritation, till some fine morning it is lifted by a breeze or penetrated by a gleam of sunshine, and in twenty-four hours is remembered only with a smile of self-commiseration. It is not, however, an evil to be ignored, nor is it, like the fog which besets the bodily eye, a matter for abuse rather than for discussion, for it is to a certain extent a preventible misfortune, and there are those whose duty it is to prevent it.

The origin of a national fog is complex, but it is not far to seek ; the present instance is a thoroughly typical one, and will repay examination. When the wind of discussion is no

longer blowing at Westminster, a frosty calm sets in ; this is looked upon by the weary Government of the day as a time for prolonged morning slumber, and by their opponents as an opportunity for pressing an alternative view upon a public which finds difficulty enough in grasping one aspect of any question. The Englishman, who two years ago or more set out with complete self-confidence upon an apparently simple journey, has been, on the whole, little troubled with the growing indistinctness of his outlook, and has borne some painful stumbles with fortitude, because he believes that he is going straight and has nearly reached his goal. Unfortunately, it is a long time now since he started, and he is not only growing hazy about the object—the exact object—of his journey, but he is also tired enough to feel that he ought by this to be at any rate visibly approaching it. An accident, a collision, unimportant in itself, but occurring at a point where he thought the way was clear, dazes him for the moment with the suggestion that he may be going wrong after all. For no other reason, and from no other point of view than this, can the attack on Benson's column be regarded as a serious disaster. The general showed himself to the last moment of his life to be as cool and skilful as he was heroically brave ; but it is no disparagement of him to deny that he is irreplaceable, and it is the most fitting praise of him to affirm that the honour he gained for our arms and the loss he inflicted on the enemy were well worth buying, even at so dear a price. But the news reached us in the form of a meagre report of a "Reverse," or a "British Disaster," and in the moment of the shock, and the bewilderment caused by it, the Englishman became conscious that he was walking almost in darkness, and that a dozen would-be guides were shouting directions at him from every street corner within hearing.

It is these confusing noises, these clamorous and contradictory warnings, that are the chief danger of the fog. A man may, if he has set out upon a straight road and kept resolutely to it, come safely to his destination through a reek that makes his heart sink and his eyes smart ; but let him stop to doubt, or

take advice from the interested, the panic-stricken, or the merely ignorant, and he may easily enough lose his way and his purse, and possibly his life. The Englishman has lately suffered much from these voluntary foghorns, these sirens of the street; he has had to listen, within the space of a few days, to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Morley, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Haldane, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Courtney, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Mr. Walter Long, from the platform, and to Sir William Harcourt and Mr. J. B. Robinson from the correspondents' corner; and the babel was swelled by a host of other voices of less carrying power. The Englishman, who could not see before, now could not even hear himself think. Hardly any two of his advisers had anything to the point in common. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman pronounced the war objectionable because it involved suffering; he was violent, but he did not show that the suffering could have been avoided. Mr. Morley thought that terms should be offered to the Boers; but he was not in a position to say that terms had not been offered, and refused. Mr. Chamberlain, who might, on the other hand, have spoken with authority on this point, gave his attention to answering the charges of barbarity, and succeeded only (by a perfectly just comparison) in exasperating the Germans, who are wandering in a very bitter fog of their own. Sir William Harcourt, after ransacking the whole forest for a stick to beat the Government, produced a lawyer's letter on the status of guerillas. Mr. Haldane protested against Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach against Mr. Morley, and Mr. Courtney, on behalf of his Conciliation Committee, challenged every other set of men in the country. The minor outeries included several from officers in South Africa, who, knowing even less than the public in England know about the progress of the war, were naturally even more anxious to have it finished. Finally came Lord Salisbury's and Mr. Brodrick's speeches, of which we shall speak later.

Of the confusion caused by these discordant outeries there can be no doubt; but there are, nevertheless, two very distinct

views which may be held concerning them. To some—we should be surprised not to find certain members of the Government among them—the making of speeches on public affairs when Parliament is not sitting is a pernicious custom developed in a degenerate age. To such minds a Government appears as an agent to whom a general authority has been very properly delegated by a young and inexperienced employer, an agent liable to be called to account not from time to time, but only once for all, and under no sanction but the power of summary dismissal: an agent whom you must no more embarrass in his operations by impatient and meddling inquiries than you would worry your gardener by digging up his seeds to make sure that they are sprouting. That which is some day to be brought to table for the final test, must be planted in the dark and kept in the dark—the longer the better. The duty of the principal is to trust his agent absolutely, and even on the verge of apparent ruin to possess his soul in silent patience. This view, in time of war, leads directly to a rigorous censorship and a hankering after martial law: it is not unlikely to develop into a contempt for public opinion, and it certainly has been known to produce a lack of mutual sympathy between the people and their representatives. It is a view which is characteristic of one kind of Englishman, and it is honestly and courageously held: we respect it, but with none the less certainty that though commanded by all the honesty and courage in the world the sun will not stand still. The times are changed; and not only, with deference to Lord Salisbury, by the diminution of time of transit. We doubt if the news of Colenso or the recent anxiety as to the prolongation of the war, would have made a much less painful impression upon the mind of the public if South Africa had been three months rather than three weeks voyage distant, and the telegraph had not been yet invented. We do not believe that such a theory could be supported by a reference to history. Disasters and anxieties did indeed produce somewhat different results a century ago, but for another reason: the minority who con

trolled votes, the minority really represented by the Government of the day, held the view which we have set forth above, and were the more willing to trust the Government to conduct a war, because it was the Government rather than any one else who had made the war. England lived in those days under an aristocracy; the agent had but a small number of principals to whom he owed an account; the nation at large was in reality under tutelage.

All this is now changed, and for ever. In theory, and to a great extent in fact, we live under a democracy. A view which was once true and useful, is now no longer useful because it is no longer true or even possible. The Government of England at the present day can no longer refuse to keep its books open for continual inspection, can no longer refuse to give an account of its transactions as it were from day to day, because it is no longer the agent of the few, of the limited and well-informed class from whom its own members are chiefly drawn, but of the many, of the main body of the people. If the present war were the work of the section of the commonwealth known as "the Upper Ten Thousand," it is possible that that class, which is often, through club gossip and War Office leakage, only too fully supplied with accounts of what is going on behind the screen, might be willing to give their agents a very free hand indeed; but whatever may have been the origin or remote causes of our South African troubles, there can be no doubt whatever that from and after the Bloemfontein Conference, at least, this quarrel is the business of the majority of the English people, accepted by them and taken over with all liabilities, including that of defending actions brought in the High Court of War. It may be regrettable that this should be so; it may even be, as some have hinted, that a democracy is almost unfitted constitutionally for carrying on war at all; but the fact remains that in a democratic country wars will in future be made and carried on by the people, or by no one. The pro-Boers have from the first seen this clearly, and they have consistently sought to gain their ends not so much by attacking the opinion of the

majority as by representing Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner as the authors of this war, as agents who exceeded the authority of their principals. Again and again they have offered us this golden bridge for retreat: "You need not recant or humiliate yourselves; you have but to disavow Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner; free yourselves from the infatuation they have cast upon you; drive them forth as scapegoats, and you can make peace with honour." We need say nothing about the honour, but such a peace is impossible, for the country is under no illusion as to whose war this is. When Mr. Kruger rejected the Garibaldian prescription "Try Liberty," and defied the progress of the world, it was no Minister but a nation and an Empire that accepted his challenge.

The responsibility of the Government then, in our opinion, is not for the making of the war but for the conduct of it; and they are responsible not to that section of the Opposition which has with incredible folly put itself out of court by disclaiming its share in the national responsibility, but to the great bulk of the people who, having taken in hand a just and probably inevitable war wish to see it brought to an early and successful end. Ministers are responsible, in brief, not to their enemies but to their backers; and this fact, which is the key to the present situation, they continue to ignore or to deal with on principles which have long been obsolete. Whether they approve or disapprove, their critics in this country, which is not under martial law, will speak outside Parliament when they have no Parliament in which to speak. On the subject of the war, on which these critics are all more or less ignorant, and some of them entirely malevolent, much will no doubt be said that is unnecessary and even dangerous; but the old remedy, the remedy to which the Government clings, is worse than useless. If your head is aching from John's assault it will not be cured because Joe batters John in turn still more severely. Such a proceeding may be just and possibly salutary to John; it is certain to cause pleasure to some at least of the bystanders, but it will not give you back your wits; in the

rough and tumble you will probably come off worse than ever. The Englishman in the fog does not want the ignorant and interested guides who beset him to be out-bawled or lashed with gibes ; he wants to be told in a quiet and firm voice from time to time where he is.

We have no doubt that Lord Salisbury intended his late speech at the Guildhall for such a reassuring utterance ; we are sure that he imagined it sufficient, we fear that he thought it all that the country was entitled to. That it was sufficient is an error which a perusal of the comments of the Press would expose ; our present purpose is to deny strenuously that such vague and rare encouragement is all that we have a right to expect. To be quite plain, if the nation insists on having full information on certain matters, an English Government has no choice but to give that information or disappear. The second alternative is more remote than usual in the present case, perhaps more remote than it has ever been, but that fact does not affect the principle, and if openly used as a staff to lean upon would soon break in the hand of any Government, however strong numerically. The line taken by those who are sometimes spoken of as "our rulers" is a different one : they appeal, and with complete success, to the common sense of their principals ; "We cannot tell you everything, or your own interests would suffer." This is very often true ; it is no doubt more often and more vitally true than thoughtless people realise ; but every piece of evidence and every reasonable presumption goes strongly to show that the present Government has during the Boer war used this plea to abuse our forbearance out of measure. We impute to them no discreditable motive ; their patriotism is beyond question, and they are right in supposing that if they disappeared before the war is ended the last state of this nation would be worse than the first. But in determining to keep us in the dark for our own good to the extent they have done for months past, they have exceeded the limit both of what is legitimate and of what is necessary or expedient.

The Englishman is the more clearly entitled to bring this charge against his agents, because his own attitude has been throughout irreproachable. He has borne disaster upon disaster with a Roman fortitude that places this, from a national point of view, among the most glorious of our wars; he has raised, without stint and without complaint, supplies that wake the bitter admiration of other countries. More than all, he has endured, with a constancy which no other people has ever been called upon to attempt, a constancy such as can only be paralleled in the story of Job or the Lives of the Martyrs, the vile abuse, the treachery, the base suggestions of some among his own household. There have been times when men undistracted by any bereavement of their own have envied their friends the wounded son, the brother in hourly danger, the keen personal pain that seemed to thrust aside the more deadly ache of patriotism, and times when even death was made more bitter by the thought that the dearest might after all have been given in vain. The courage with which this struggle has been carried on from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, has never failed; we do not believe that it would ever fail. But those who should have helped and encouraged us have thought too little of the strain of looking forward in a darkness full of danger.

Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars.

We write, as those who serve the public must write, with less reticence than would be expected from the individual Englishman; not only because we have to express the collective feelings of many men, but chiefly because the matter can be, and for the Government's own sake should be, remedied. It may be that in their case, as in some others, to know all would be to pardon all; but without going into such extravagant conjectures we may at any rate suggest that a sympathetic Government would be better followed than one which neglects its supporters to wrangle with its enemies.

It is not much, after all, that is required ; but, on the other hand, it is something quite definite, and something of which at present there is no sign. Mr. Brodrick's speech was a good speech of its kind ; like Lord Salisbury's, it rang with an unmistakable sound such as painted laths do not give forth ; better still, it was the speech of a young man, a man with more resolution than philosophy ; there was about it none of that ominous un-Ministerial quality, Resignation. But it was inadequate for two reasons. We feel the less difficulty in pressing them because they concern others more than Mr. Brodrick himself. In the first place, then, his speech came too late ; it helped to disperse the fog, but we are pleading for such a continuous and steady current of instruction as shall keep the outlook clear throughout. In the second place, Mr. Brodrick spoke for himself and for his own Department ; there is an impression about—true or untrue, it goes to his credit—that he is at times decidedly in advance of his colleagues, and has once at least done right without leave. In any case, his speech, and those of other Ministers who have given us their opinions on the war, have shown such a diversity of view that it is evidently on his own behalf, and not on that of the Cabinet in Council that each one has been speaking. But we are pleading for clear and continuous information as to the direction which the policy of the whole Government is taking, and the amount of ascertainable progress which it has made.

We have said that it is in our belief impossible to postpone much longer this change of attitude, this adaptation to a new environment, this more modern view of the relation between Ministers and a nation at war. We believe further that to the present Government such a change would bring—would long ago have brought—distinct advantages. To begin with, the damaging effect of their repeated miscalculations would have been discounted beforehand ; as it is, from the despatch of the irresistible Army Corps of fifty thousand men (infantry preferred) down to the return of the troops in September last, the public have been asked to trust blindly in the judgment of men whose estimates have invariably been miscalculated, and their

hopes invariably disappointed. Such trust is always dangerous ; it will last as long as it is justified by continuous success and no longer ; it cannot die without the risk of grave consequences. At this moment we believe that the public trust is actually dead ; that a demand for a change of Government does not follow is due to certain special circumstances. The country no longer believes that the Cabinet is a coherent body of men who know both their own and each other's minds ; or that its members have the gift of sympathetic insight into the character of Englishmen and Boers ; or that they are in any other way the men most capable of carrying out the business in hand. But it does know that they are sound at heart and of undefeated courage ; and that the only alternative yet offered to their counsel is a counsel of despair, put forward by the vacillating, the unpatriotic, the vindictive, the partisans upon whom the enemies of England stake their last hope. If it be true that Mr. Kruger, or those who have him in charge, have declared that upon no terms will they ever enter into negotiations with the present British Cabinet, then the present British Cabinet is finally placed beyond attack by those who have opposed the policy of the war ; the addition of Mr. Kruger's weight would sink the most buoyant Opposition. But there remains the possibility that another alternative counsel may shortly be offered to us ; a counsel dictated by patriotism no less unsullied than that of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, and recommended by more apparent chances of success. The Government would do well to put into the hands of their friends the means of defending them, before they are once more confronted by a Liberal Party under the command of a Liberal Leader.

ON THE LINE

AN Academy of Letters in England would be crowded, and without waste of time, by the wrong people. Every one knows that it would be so ; and this, though not among the reasons most commonly objected, is the true, the only really strong, one. Nevertheless, some centre of authority would, in our opinion, prove of inestimable value to English letters. An abuse in itself, it would form an excellent rallying-point for the opposition of the young. Exclusion would at least breed a sense of brotherhood, and concentrate a vast amount of enthusiasm now dissipated and nerveless. Take our novelists, for example. We have any number of romantic writers, each strenuously following his own bent, each doing what is right in his own eyes. What they lack is a rallying-point of enthusiasm. Author's Clubs are all very well, but they do not beget the fervid *camaraderie* which gave a strength beyond the totalled strength of individuals to the young French Romantics whom Miss M. E. Coleridge brings together in a brilliant chapter of her new novel, **The Fiery Dawn**. (Arnold. 6s.) Fine work as it is, our first thought on laying it down was one of regret. It is being warmly praised in reviews : it will find its public, no doubt, and run through several editions. Yet the success it ought to win is not a success of the libraries, but an inspiring and inspiriting success in the heart of youth. For indeed it is true wine of romance ; wine of young blood, of adventure and passion, of moonlight and music and the

nightingale's song; and wine as delicately hoarded as that of Cos, the recipe for which you may find in Miss Coleridge's pages if you have not already studied it in Mr. Sturge Moore's exquisite poem of "The Vinedresser." Halfway through, the story (which is concerned with France in the 'thirties and the Duchesse de Berry's wild rising in La Vendée) becomes complicated and difficult, almost confused, but recovers itself, and almost, if not quite, recovers the charm of its earlier chapters. This is none of your cut-and-thrust romances, though it contains one fiery scene of bloodshed. It takes poetry for its theme: not poetry cut into alexandrines, but poetry fluid in a young man's temperament, madcap and irresponsible at first, then tempered with tears and blood and hardened into chivalrous devotion. The book is a gallery of good portraits too; some serio-comic, among which that of the journalist Blum stands, in our opinion, easily first. It has adventures which have nothing to do with raiding and reiving, sword-play or manslaughter, and yet are genuine adventures of the soul. But best of all remains its delicate atmosphere of romance, its high-spirited folly.

Brave lads in olden musical centuries
 Sang, night by night, adorable choruses,
 Sat late by ale-house doors in April
 Chanting in joy as the moon was rising.

Miss Coleridge has published her book in 1901, and it professes to deal with certain events in 1831-2 and thereabouts; but it belongs by right to that brief, unfading season when all the trees are green, all the geese swans, and "Love and Apollo are there to chorus."

The Hercules that proves too much for **A Modern Antæus**—(The Writer of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." Murray. 6s.)—takes many forms. He is at first a stupid nurse, next a brutal maid called Sally, then a dull governess of the name of Miss Binning, then a duller school-master called Dr. Coney—lastly, dullest and strongest of all, the

unlucky lad's own father, Mr. Beresford Gavney. Unlucky? No, that is not the word. He is a child of Water as well as of Earth. Any one who has loved both these elements will confess that Tristram, despite many untoward circumstances, lived well if he did not live long. Earth was good to him, Water was good to him, men and women were good to him. Only business, and the inhuman creatures of convention were against him; and the whole of London had to be invoked to ruin—after the manner in which Richard Feverel was ruined—a young man born to play the knight. The writer, who wore last autumn the mask of a most fascinating lady, wears this year the disguise of the manliest of men, George Meredith. Often his voice is hardly to be distinguished from the original, as in the elaborate reflections—in the frequent use of the word "One" ("One sees, One fancies")—when he speaks in the character of "The Sage," who is dragged in as George Meredith drags in a man who keeps diaries, to talk like an oracular chorus—as in the unsuccessful character of Lady Petwyn, who represents mere violence, without the strength which that firm hand would have given her. There are odd colloquialisms here and there. People are "in the hopes of," or they "start to," or they are "relenting the hard silence," or they are "very abashed," or "too eaten up with greed." And there are stranger things than these.

The childhood of Tristram is described with microscopic perfection. He and his sister Marcia stand entirely by themselves; there are no other children like them, none with whom to compare them. To this part of the book the reader returns again and again—it casts a spell over memory. The change we all know and deplore follows. The children turn into boy and girl. The wonder of them is gone; they act as other boys and girls have acted. Marcia indeed almost disappears, and henceforth, although there are women enough and to spare, the book lacks a heroine. After ten blissful chapters "Auntie Dorrie," whom we see with the children's eyes and love with the children's love, is doomed to die in a foreign land, and we are left inconsolable for her loss. "Nan-nan," who is of the

nursing sisterhood of Mrs. Berry, becomes a name. Tristram goes to school—and boys' schools have been overdone in fiction, so that we are inclined to pass lightly over Dr. Coney's establishment. The idylls of wood and pasture that succeed are often very beautiful; but the dry humour, the deep knowledge of Hardy on a similar theme are wanting. Tristram's friend, Raymond Hannam, wrongs Lizzie Haycraft, a daughter of the soil. Tristram, ignorant of the real offender (to whom she remains loyal), chivalrously protects—finally offers to marry her. The blame is cast on him. To his hard, suspicious father he refuses to give any explanation; but he does assure his mother that he is guiltless, and here fidelity to a plot has occasioned falseness to Nature. Mothers are not so quick to doubt their sons. Tristram finds Raymond out and forces him to an unequal combat in which he himself is worsted, scoring a moral victory, for Raymond—a much bigger and stronger man—has the grace to feel ashamed of himself, marries Lizzie, emigrates, and lives happy ever after. The scene of the fight is very fine, one of the finest of a volume that abounds in romance, and many of the scenes leading up to it are excellent; but there are too many episodes and they are too long. We cannot resist the desire to quote an admirable passage describing Tristram's experience of a thunderstorm:

The water poured over him with welcoming rush as his body shot out from the bank; down he went and down; such delicious cold embraced him, he wished never to rise.

Suddenly, as he still dived, enchantment opened round him: all beneath him became vivid, illuminated, moving. Before his gaze the pool's bed was flicked by three sharp shocks of light; his eye took in ripple of weed, spectral colour of darting fish, his own shadow, frog-like and huge, moving under him with antic gesture, a whole under-world alive with uncouth form, scattering away in panic motion as he charged.

Only for a moment; the vision vanished. He rose in time to hear the rattling tail of the thunder, and to feel the first huge drops of storm descending over the pond.

Antæus had found his playfellow. The rain lashed him over head and face as seeking to drown what remained of him in air; thunder battered its

applause, lightning came straight-hurled against the broad target of grey water that held him safe; in livid shocks the surrounding trees seemed to break out into green flame, and every rushing rain-drop to become a tongue of fire. On the island a single pine toppled and crashed down: Tristram beheld it, cleft from crest to base, and felt that for the first time he had seen thunder. He shouted and sang like a madman as he swam up and down in the splendour of the storm.

Alas, to spare his mother and Marcia, Tristram, obeying his father against every natural instinct, gives up the country life to which he was born, gives up his Mother Earth and all her wholesome ways, and goes to London to work in the paternal house of business and do his best—or his worst—to avert a crash! For some time he is proof; at length he yields to the temptations of the town, returning home broken-hearted, only to die:

And Youth, I most bewail thee,
 Thy purpose was so great:
 But the foes that did assail thee
 Were stronger than thy fate,
 And thy heart it was so ruddy red
 That every archer knew
 Where he might best impale thee
 And drive his arrows through.

The perfect story called **King's End** by Alice Brown—(Constable. 5s.)—leaves the reviewer little to say, for simplicity is part of its charm, and to dissect the flower would be to destroy. It belongs to the same class as “*La Petite Fadette*,” “*Silas Marner*,” and “*Cousin Phyllis*.” Here is yet another of the wonderful American ladies who know the lower middle-class of their own country as George Eliot knew it in hers. The style is the idyllic style, quiet, even, full of gentle sayings that are the outcome of deep reflection. The author is not on the side of joy nor on the side of sorrow, but for that still, strong life which underlies them both in the human creatures who have grown up far from the artificial toil and moil of a city. Here are no “types,” but men and women, loving, dutiful, inconsistent. If every one who reads of her is

not in love with Nancy, the world must be a poor place indeed. Her two admirers are drawn with irresistible humour and pathos; and hard of heart must that man be who could resist Elder Kent, and his old sister, Julia.

The Arbiter, by Mrs. Hugh Bell—(Arnold. 6s.)—gives the reader just the amount and kind of pleasure that he would get from a bright and well-acted modern play. Mrs. Bell has determined, at all costs, to avoid an ambitious failure, and has chosen limitations within which success, for her, was certain. Her plot is a melodrama, and requires from the audience a certain amount of make-believe, or of willingness to be made believe, but, on the other hand, even the less probable things are done in the most probable way, by real people really belonging to their own world, and their more intimate relations to each other are indicated with a truthfulness and delicacy which could hardly be preserved upon the stage. Rachel's confession to her mother, in Chapter IV., is a charming piece of dialogue; and some of the other scenes, if they lack the distinction of this one, make up for it by the strength of the situations they present. The whole house suffers acutely when the Premier refuses to sit at table with his wrongly suspected secretary; and triumphs when the injured man's wife beards the great minister—and conquers him—at the Bazaar. If Mrs. Bell will give us a more serious play, dressed and acted with equal skill, we shall be still more grateful.

Mr. Andrew Lang does not profess to solve **The Mystery of Mary Stuart** in this fascinating volume of cautious historical investigation. (Longmans. 16s.) He passes in review the series of events from the murder of Riccio, in March 1566, to the production before Elizabeth's Commission sitting at Westminster, in December 1568, of the incriminating letters from Mary to Bothwell, celebrated as the Casket Letters. Regarding their authenticity, controversy is still alive on the Continent and in America. Tersely, and with judicial impartiality, Mr.

Lang sifts the facts and marshals before the reader every consideration that can assist him to a decision on the question of Mary's complicity in the Darnley murder, so vitally important to Mary's reputation, and, only in a less degree, to that of Elizabeth. His materials are the old ones, with the exception of certain Lennox papers, briefs drawn up by Lennox, Darnley's father, while working up the case against Mary. Interesting as these are, they throw no real new light, and we are left to balance the old probabilities discussed by Hosack and Henderson, and to appraise the doubts arising from the scoundrelism of the faction by whom the letters were propounded, the unsatisfactory investigation by the Commission in the absence of the accused, the early indications that forgery was at work in allusions to an additional letter that seems to have existed, but never was produced by the accusers, and the numerous small points, unimportant in themselves, but on whose cumulative force reliance is placed to clear Mary.

The general verdict of history at the present day, which has accepted the letters, has been chiefly influenced by their style and matter, and by the improbability of any forger being found of sufficiently daring imagination to create such moods of self-revelation as they portray. Most people will agree with Froude that the art of a Shakespeare would have been required for the purpose. On this point no one is better qualified to speak than Mr. Lang, with his subtle appreciation of the characters of the chief actors in the drama—the Queen, “sensitive, proud, tameless, fierce and kind;” Darnley, “the young fool;” Bothwell, “the furious man” (who is credited here with much more culture than is commonly supposed); the cautious Moray, who “looked through his fingers” at the misdeeds of his party, and William Maitland, of Lethington, Michael Wylie (Machiavelli), as the Scots nicknamed him. On the internal evidence of style, Mr. Lang's conclusion is that “this testimony seems rather in favour of the authenticity of considerable and compromising portions of the papers.” We think that Mary's apologists would do well to abide by the treatment of her cause presented by one

who is a chivalrous admirer, and to let the case stand where Mr. Lang has left it.

Giovanni Segantini. By L. Villari. (Unwin. 21s. net.)—Whether Segantini was a great artist or not his life was worth writing for its own sake. His life was, in fact, just what our romantic feelings always demand for the artist's life, it has almost the true Vasarian ring. The son of a carpenter, born in a village of the Trentino, he was left by his father to an elder sister's care in Milan, where he passed through a childhood of desperate loneliness and poverty. His romantic escape from Milan in the hope of getting to France, his discovery by some peasants whose swineherd he remained for many years, the touching story of how he first attempted to draw because he overheard a poor woman who had lost her child saying, "If only I had a portrait of her," his return to Milan, his training at the Brera Academy, and his rebellion against academic ideas—all these are charmingly orthodox situations in an artist's life, and persuade one to believe in his genius quite apart from his work. In Mr. Villari's book they are for the most part told in Segantini's own words, and they have therefore the charm of a really primitive narrative recorded by one whose style was never spoiled by education.

Segantini was, in fact, the ideal modern artist, or rather the artist who exemplified the ideas about art which have the largest currency at the present time. He believed in genius as opposed to training; he believed in nature as opposed to style; he believed in sentimental nebulosity as opposed to clearly articulated thought; he believed in the discovery of a new art and the abolition of the old, instead of recognising that the principles of beauty are eternal and immutable. And yet one cannot doubt that Segantini was not only a singularly lovable and simple-minded man, but, in a sense, a true artist. His peculiarities of method which have aroused so much opposition were not like those of some recent French painters, the result of wilful and capricious extravagance. There is not the faintest

suggestion of a *boutade* in any of his works; they are all the outcome of a simple-minded devotion to an aim—that of rendering the atmosphere of high alpine valleys in which the total effect is made up of an infinity of formless details seen with that clear hardness and precision which the rarefied air permits. And in that aim he undoubtedly succeeded. With this naturalistic aim he combined the desire to suggest moral ideas, and although his symbolism remained to the end misty and inchoate, curiously Teutonic and un-Italian in its essence, it shows always the sincere attempt to express deeply-felt personal ideas. Mr. Villari has told the story of Segantini's life sympathetically; his analysis of his art is not so satisfactory, and might with advantage have been compressed. The numerous reproductions of Segantini's works are good.

The Study and Criticism of Italian Art. By Bernhard Berenson. (Bell. 10s. 6d.)—Mr. Berenson was well-advised to collect into a convenient and accessible form these essays on Italian art which have appeared in various learned journals. Their value for the student is moreover greatly increased by the reproduction of a number of the pictures which he discusses, many of which are but little known. The subjects of the essays are very various. He begins with an able apology for Vasari. Modern researchers since Morelli set the fashion have been a little too much pleased to find that Vasari was inaccurate, and his great qualities not only as a narrator but as an interpreter and critic have been somewhat overlooked. We could wish that Mr. Berenson had said still more of Vasari's critical acumen. The familiar style in which he expresses his artistic judgments, the casual manner in which they are interpolated in the narrative, and a certain air of good-natured Philistinism about the man, all tend to mislead one, as do also the worn-out æsthetic theories which, as Mr. Berenson points out, he made use of without troubling to revise them. But, nevertheless, the greater number of his judgments show that he appraised the artists of his time very nearly as an artist

of to-day who made himself familiar with Italian art would do, and not at all as the Philistine would. Take, for instance, his charming hit at Benozzo Gozzoli, who is still the tourist's favourite, that "he did so many works that some of them turned out good." Decidedly, it is not fair to call Vasari the Boswell of the Italian masters.

The next essay is one on Dante's visual images, which raises the difficult and fascinating question of how people of different ages see nature. Mr. Berenson suggests that nearly every one sees nature as they are in the habit of seeing it painted, and that, therefore, Dante's visual images were as near as may be to Giotto's pictures. This is rather a surprising thesis, for to most readers of the Divine Comedy the general impression is of a far richer, more complex, more modern imagery than we see in Giotto's pictures. Did he, for instance, when he saw the towers of the city of Dis showing red with the eternal fire which glows within them, did he see them as flat patches of vermilion on a black background? It is, of course, a question one cannot definitely answer, but the passage arouses in our minds more of the actual effect of fire as we see it than does Giotto's painting of a *dark* red pyramid on a *lighter* ground in the fresco of St. Francis before the Sultan. It is quite true that the average middle-aged person sees nature like a Leader or a MacWhirter, whereas younger people tend to see it as a succession of Monets, but can we argue backwards from that to a quite primitive art, where there was a recognised way of representing each object? We doubt it.

We have chosen for discussion two essays which lie outside the usual range of Mr. Berenson's work, because they show the manysidedness of his interests, and the vitality of his intellect. He approaches the minute study of Italian art—and no one is more minute or more scientific in his investigations—not as German pedants do who must make their position by saying something new, but as a thinker who finds in the study of Italian art an instrument for the expression of an attitude towards life and thought.

THE CROWN AND THE EMPIRE

THE Imperial Progress of the Duke and Duchess of York was an inspiration of statesmanship. To Englishmen it was a revelation of the power of the Crown, as the Jubilee pageant was a revelation of the personal influence of the reigning Sovereign. In 1860, when the Heir Apparent went to Canada, the House of Commons overshadowed the Crown, and the full significance of his visit was understood only in the Colonies. To-day the functions of the Three Estates of the Realm are seen in truer perspective, and the object of the voyage of the *Ophir* was as clear to Englishmen at home as it was to their brethren across the sea. The Duke of York was the ambassador, not of the Government or the nation, but of the King. The burden of his speeches was gratitude for the devotion of the Colonies to their late Sovereign Lady, as shown by sixty years of faithful service, personal loyalty to the King and the Royal House, as shown by their enthusiastic reception of himself and his Consort, fidelity to the Crown, as shown by their rally to the old flag in South Africa. His presence in the British Dominions oversea was not only the inevitable result of sixty years of effort on the part of Victoria, who unconsciously rebuilt the power of the Crown on a basis stronger than even Elizabeth knew, but of a century's effort on the part of the Colonies, which unconsciously built up a world-wide dominion. In other words the Crown is, as it always has been, the symbol and embodiment of the British Empire.

Imperialism in this country, on the other hand, is a growth of yesterday. It is a party question, and looked at through party glasses. Naturally enough, Colonial Imperialism is seen from a point of view equally superficial, and, by an inversion of facts, possibly only in the political world, is supposed to be the child of English Imperialism brought into being by English statesmanship. On this matter Conservatives and Liberals are agreed, though each side claims the triumph for its own with a disregard of history and facts which would be sublime if it were not ridiculous. "The Colonies," said Mr. Balfour a few months ago, "repelled in the past by indifference and apathy, have responded to the sympathy which has recently been shown them." This idea, in every variety of form, appears in most of the public speeches and current literature of the day, so that we must suppose Englishmen take it for granted that Colonial Imperialism is as new as their own, and the magnificent demonstration of British unity in South Africa last year a direct result of wisdom at Westminster. Unfortunately for this view, the weight of historical evidence is entirely against it. Canada, Australasia, and South Africa are powerful communities in spite of British statesmanship, not because of it.

Imperialism is, perhaps, not the best word we could have chosen to suggest the revival of the Imperial spirit in these islands, but it is correct. In the Colonies it is correct in an entirely different sense. There it means a phase of loyalty, a term oftener used than Imperialism, which in England has no synonym. As, however, it expresses an aspiration common to all the free communities under the Crown, it is likely to come more and more into general favour. It should never be forgotten that Imperialism is an instinct, whereas loyalty is a sentiment, a passion, nay, something akin to religion, which for generations England despised, and to which, in the nature of things, she can never make full response. But the Twentieth Century sees her as true to the ideal of unity as she was false to it in the Nineteenth, and that is all the Colonies can desire. Somehow or other loyalty has come to be regarded as passive

where Imperialism is active, a misconception which we owe to our superficial study of the growth of the British Empire. Was the subjugation of half a continent a work less Imperial than the vindication of English honour on the battlefields of South Africa? Imperialism has been the moving force of Colonials from the beginning, and loyalty the sentiment which united them to the Mother Country and to one another. From the English point of view, however, each represents a particular phase of Imperial development. The first is destined to unite the different parts of the Empire in a majestic whole, the second held them together while they were growing to maturity. In the Colonies they are one and indivisible, for without loyalty, which saved the Empire from dismemberment in the past century, Imperialism would never have been called into being.

There is nothing new about Colonial Imperialism. Not only has it a great and splendid tradition, but its annals carry us back to the days of Elizabeth. Unhappily its continuity was apparently broken by the secession of the American plantations, which divides the Colonial history of England into two parts. The foundation of the Imperialism of the Nineteenth Century was the settlement of Loyalists in Canada after their abandonment by the Mother Country in the peace of 1783. Their ideal was a united Empire, which they served as no Empire has yet been served in the annals of time. Before the Declaration of Independence they were treated with respect as men of moderate views; after it, by a method of reasoning peculiar to the United States, they were treated as traitors. They saw as clearly as the Revolutionists that the policy of England was mistaken, but they believed it could be modified by constitutional means, and, at the worst, even wrongs might be endured where rebellion and dismemberment were the only alternatives. Politicians of the Manchester School assure us that a little tact and sympathy on the part of the Home Government would have averted war, and secured American loyalty to the Crown up to the present hour. Less superficial

critics see the cause of the rupture in the obstinacy of the King and his Ministers. The same people argue in precisely the same fashion on the South African question. Had Mr. Chamberlain's manners been more diplomatic and Lord Milner's patience more marked, they say, in substance, there would have been no war. Such reasoning leaves out of account experience, human nature, and facts. It is based on an abstract philosophy born of ease and luxury. When men fight, the cause lies deep in the heart of things, though it is nearly always hidden by matters of little moment. To suppose that a people would involve their country in the horrors of a great war for anything but a principle is an insult alike to their intelligence and their patriotism. The God of Battles is never invoked if the question at issue can be settled in any other way, and only that over-subtlety is strangling our common sense, we at home should see this as clearly as our brethren across the sea.

Franklin, at the bar of the House of Commons, put the case of the Colonies before the English people with a lucidity that has never been surpassed. Every word of it is as true to-day as it was then. The Americans fought, not because England was unsympathetic, but because she asserted the rights of sovereignty. They maintained that they owed allegiance to the Crown, and the Crown only; she maintained that they owed allegiance to Parliament as representing her, to have admitted which would have been an acknowledgement of subjection. Their position was unassailable. Not only could they claim that their conception of the relations which should exist between the mother country and daughter states was the conception of Englishmen themselves until the Revolution of 1688, but that no other was in harmony with the political genius and tradition of the Anglo-Saxon race. In the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, Virginia and Carolina, Massachusetts and Nova Scotia, were described as kingdoms, proving that Britons at home and Britons oversea then possessed a common citizenship under a common Sovereign. It was not until the power of the Crown waned and the power

of the House of Commons waxed, that this noble ideal lost its hold on the English mind. Apparently the long constitutional struggle, during the course of which one estate of the realm usurped the functions of the other two, robbed Englishmen of Imperial perspective, a fact noted by Sir John Seeley in his "Expansion of England." History was identified, not with the achievements and progress of the race, but with Parliamentary proceedings, and that is why so little is known of the development of the British Empire, which is not now, and never has been, on speaking terms with the House of Commons at Westminster. With Parliament supreme in England the idea gradually took shape that it was also supreme in the Colonies.

The Americans, whose conception of Empire was unchanged, naturally resented this backsliding on the part of their fellow-subjects across the water, particularly as it was marked by an attitude of irritating superiority towards themselves. As more and more cause of offence was given the feeling grew deeper until, after a century of misunderstanding, a fertile soil was prepared for the Revolution. Like most wars it was precipitated by a minor issue, popularly known as taxation without representation, but the real issue was the claim of England to rule the Colonies as a Sovereign State, just as the minor issue in the Transvaal crisis was the Uitlanders' grievances, the real issue British supremacy in South Africa.

The continuity of our Colonial history was, however, not broken by the Declaration of Independence as it might have been. This we owe to the savage partisan spirit displayed by the Revolutionists towards the Loyalists, the first Imperialists of the British Empire as we know it now. On the conclusion of peace it is usual for the victor to proclaim an amnesty. To the everlasting discredit of the American Republic, which refused to be bound by it, and of England, which failed to insist on it, this usage of nations was disregarded. In Lord Milner's pregnant words, spoken in connection with our conduct of the South African War, she gave away a friend in the idle

hope of conciliating an enemy, a fatal practice which can be traced in every chapter of our Colonial diplomacy. Not until the cry of the suffering Loyalists grew as loud as it was bitter was she, for very shame, forced to listen. Grants of land according to their rank were given them in the wilderness of Western Canada and in the Maritime Province. They were provided with implements, and they were guaranteed rations until the soil yielded some return. This was the origin of the England over-sea, an origin so lofty that there never has been any other like it in the history of nations.

For the inspiration of the Loyalists was duty. To them freedom meant much, the bonds which united them to the Mother Country more. To preserve this they went through the fiery ordeal of a seven years' persecution, and, at the end of it, sacrificed home, fortune, friends, and country. That is to say, they gave up everything at the call of Empire. Unlike the Pilgrim Fathers, whose story is surpassed only by their own in grandeur, they were not able to take with them into the wilderness their valuable property in the shape of money, securities or household goods, nor were they given leisure to depart at a favourable season of the year. They were not emigrants safe-guarded by the King's Charter, but exiles, broken, beggared, proscribed. Men used to comfort, and even luxury, in the stately mansions of the Colonial period, were reduced to the merest necessities of life in a log hut, and those trained in an atmosphere of culture and refinement were condemned to the rude existence of the pioneer. For it must be remembered that it was the loftiest heads in the plantations on whom the wrath of Revolutionists fell. The United Empire Loyalists were the very flower of the population, the officers and soldiers of the Colonial regiments which served during the war, the bearers of honoured names, divines, officials, judges, and landed proprietors. As such they were not fitted for life in the backwoods. Even nature, which was kind to the Pilgrim Fathers in the early days of New England, frowned on them. The fourth year of their settlement in Canada

proved so disastrous that they were driven to eat roots and berries, and many of the weak and aged died of actual starvation. Such fidelity to principle, devoted self-sacrifice, and supreme forgetfulness of self-interest are commonly associated with faith, but rarely with politics. Canada is unique as a State inasmuch as she was brought into being by the moral and spiritual forces which are the foundation of all religions. In other words her Imperialism was sanctified by suffering.

That the source of Canada's strength was a source of weakness in the United States is admitted by Americans themselves. The development of a people sterilised by the loss of its conservative element is bound to be more or less unhealthy. Hence the Dominion, not the Republic, is the expression of the ideals of the Pilgrim Fathers. Moreover the Loyalists have preserved unbroken the tradition of English colonisation. The line of great Imperialists is continuous from Raleigh to Macdonald: the dream of the Nineteenth Century, as it is of the Twentieth, was the dream of the Sixteenth. It was only in England that the true conception of Empire was lost by the secession of the American colonies; only in England that the growth of Imperialism was arrested by a century of Provincialism. And so the struggle between her and her children oversea did not end with the triumph of those who rose in arms against her. It was continued in Canada by the Loyalists. For the cause of the Revolutionists was also theirs—they differed only in the means to be used for its vindication. In the avalanche of passions to which the war gave rise this was forgotten, but it was remembered when their struggle with nature enabled the Colonists to consider their political condition. As their views on responsible government, and on the mutual relations which should exist between the Mother Country and Daughter States were the same as those held by the Revolutionists, it was in Canada that the great battle of Colonial liberty was fought without dismembering the Empire.

It is curious that Sir John Seeley, with all his Imperial

sympathy, should have missed the true significance of the American Revolution, which he says "might easily have been avoided had it been thought possible to give Parliamentary representation to the Colonists." The very wording of this phrase proves that he saw the link of Empire not in the Crown but in Parliament. He appears to have thought that the goal of Colonial ambition was a representation in the House of Commons. It never was, and is not now. The Mother of Parliaments has cut a sorry figure in Colonial eyes too often to be impressive, and consequently they see more clearly than English eyes that, in spite of its name, it is not Imperial. The representatives of Canada, Australasia, and South Africa will be summoned to the capital by the Sovereign some day, but not to the House of Commons. The very fact that the Revolutionists were in a minority until persecution gave them a majority is proof sufficient that the attitude of Englishmen was not the attitude of Colonists; the foundation of Upper Canada that, to these, neither the denial of representation at Westminster nor distance were barriers to the unity of the Empire. If, as Sir John Seeley says, we attach too much significance to the French Revolution, and too little to the American Revolution, so we attach too much significance to the Secession of the Thirteen States and too little to the exodus of the Loyalists. Canada is the keystone of the Imperial arch, and as Englishmen begin to realise it, some of the honour they have so lavishly paid to the founders of the Republic will be paid to the founders of the Dominion. Hitherto we have acted as though it were more worthy to dismember an Empire for liberty than to preserve it at the call of duty. Hence the story of the United Empire Loyalists is as unknown as the story of the Pilgrim Fathers is familiar. This is discreditable alike to our Imperialism and our patriotism.

Lord Milner's despatch on the South African situation alone excepted, Lord Durham's report is perhaps the ablest State paper on Colonial affairs written in the Nineteenth Century. But to argue as some writers do that it effected a

complete change in England's Colonial policy is not borne out by history. In 1835 Lord Gosford was sent to Canada as Governor-General and Chairman of a Commission of Inquiry, which was positively forbidden to grant an elective Upper House or an Executive responsible to the people. In 1837 Lord John Russell went further. In defiance of the Assembly he brought in a Bill to take £142,000 out of the Provincial Treasury in order to pay the arrears of the Civil List, and when warned of the probable consequences of the step, answered that there was nothing in the attitude of the Home Government to justify rebellion. And so thought British Ministers on the eve of the American Revolution. Nevertheless we are asked to believe that the darkness which had resisted all the enlightening influences of a century and a half was at once illuminated by a masterly despatch. It was not Lord Durham's report that brought officialism to reason, but the Canadian Rebellion, though the sentiment of the great mass of the people was entirely opposed to seeking redress by force of arms. The parallel drawn by pro-Boers between Canada and South Africa is an imaginary one, and the connection they see between a contented Dominion and Lord Durham's report is not quite so close as they would like to believe. It was not the Constitution of 1840 that solved the Canadian problem; but the British North American Bill of 1867. The origin of the good understanding between the English and French is not to be found in the attitude of the Home Government towards the Rebellion, but in the genius for government of the race. The broad basis on which Canada's foundations rest can be traced, not so much in the meteoric career of Lord Durham, but in the long and splendid career of Sir John Macdonald. It was not by measures but by men that the British Empire was built up, and by men it will be maintained.

So dark was the political situation in 1867 that no middle course presented itself to British North America: either she federated under the Crown or she would fall a prey to the

Republic. Under the inspiration of Sir John Macdonald her choice was soon made, clearness of vision having been lent to her by the Trent Affair and the Fenian Raids. With the final triumph of Confederation the whole Empire, not Canada alone, was placed on a new and sounder basis. The great event of 1867 marks an epoch in English history as far-reaching in its consequences as the Declaration of Independence a century earlier. But while the one set the seal to dismemberment, the other was the first momentous step towards the union under the Crown of the many Englands scattered over the globe. That is to say, from a group of feeble Colonies wasting their strength in petty rivalries, the Dominion suddenly developed into a nation conscious of its power to play a great part in the consolidation of the British Empire.

Now, to her discredit, England made no response to this magnificent loyalty. There was a time when she laughed at it with grandmotherly indulgence as a folly of youth. Later on her tone sharpened, and she derided it as an unmarketable commodity, and a stumbling-block in the way of her commerce. Then was the Manchester School on the highest wave of its popularity, and Imperialism at its lowest ebb. Liberal and Conservative alike adopted the theory that Colonies are a source of weakness rather than of strength to the Mother Country, and should, therefore, be induced "to cut the painter" at the earliest possible moment. To deny it is childish. As well deny that the attempt of Grenville and North to enforce the claim of England to rule the plantations as a Sovereign State was ever made. If anything, the taxation policy of Tory statesmen was more creditable to them than was the dismemberment policy to Liberal statesmen. For it had some show of justice, and expressed the views of the King and nation, whereas the other merely expressed the views of a class, was sordid in its motive, and scouted every national and Imperial interest but the making of money. If the Tories of the Eighteenth Century were mistaken, the Liberals of the Nineteenth Century were frankly disloyal. Nevertheless, by a

strange irony, the former dismembered the Empire ; the latter, with nothing less for their aim, only succeeded in cementing it more closely together. The reason was given by Mr. Disraeli at the Crystal Palace in 1872 : "The attempt of Liberalism to disintegrate the Empire has utterly failed. But how has it failed ? By the sympathy of the Colonies for the mother country. *They* have decided that the Empire should not be destroyed."

The magnificent demonstration of Imperial solidarity on the battlefields of South Africa in 1900 was, therefore, not an isolated incident caused by a sudden outburst of loyalty, but the inevitable result of a hundred years of Colonial development. It was but a step in the road which began in tiny settlements, clinging to the Australian coast and lost in the wilderness of Canada, the greatest only because it was the last, and taken by the Colonies acting independently at the same moment. Behind it was the force generated by a century of strenuous life, ceaseless effort, and indomitable perseverance. It was the realisation of the dream of the United Empire Loyalist. For the first time in our history the British Empire bore a united front to its enemies. Guided by their own Imperial instinct Colonials practically solved the hitherto insoluble problem of Imperial defence ; of their own free will they took upon themselves a share of those burdens which are the price of the mighty Empire they have helped to build. Political unity may be yet in the distance ; practical unity is an accomplished fact.

When, therefore, English politicians speak of Colonial Imperialism as new, as the result of wise statesmanship, as a response to British sympathy, they are either ignorant or else shamelessly partisan. In the course of a speech delivered at the Hotel Cecil last June Lord Onslow said that "Mr. Chamberlain had done more than any other man in a few years to draw together the bonds of Empire . . . and by his wise and sagacious policy had produced that magnificent display of patriotism by which our fellow-Colonists had rallied

to the old flag in South Africa." This is the smallest party coin, and is so generally in use that it is impossible to believe our Imperial awakening has more than begun, which perhaps accounts for the fact that the utterances of the most commonplace politician on the frontiers of the Empire have a truer ring of statesmanship than the utterances of Ministers of the Crown in England. And this will always be so as long as the Colonies are inspired to a man with a living sentiment, while the Mother Country clings to lifeless formulas, barren abstractions, and a worn-out philosophy. It was not the Premier, or any of his colleagues, that touched the right chord in the dark days of 1899, but Sir Wilfred Laurier. To describe Colonial Imperialism as new or the effect of wisdom in Downing Street is an insult to Colonial loyalty, which, in spite of a century's indifference, neglect, injustice, and contempt, has built up the Dominion, Australia and South Africa, saved the Empire from dismemberment, and preserved the true Imperial ideal when it was lost in the Mother Country. The statesmen who gave the greatest impetus to Imperialism in the Nineteenth Century were Queen Victoria, Disraeli, Macdonald, Wentworth, and Rhodes.

It may be doubted whether people at home fully understand the vital part played by loyalty in the political and social life of the Colonies. Those salutary checks to a progressive democracy tradition, an established church, well-defined classes, a governing aristocracy, and the subtle yet powerful influences of an insular environment, cannot be transplanted. They are the growth of centuries, and cannot be made to order according to the latest philosophic fad. In the Colonies their place is, to a great extent, taken by loyalty. It can be traced in every feature of the national life; in the press by its dignity, moderation, and literary ability; in the administration of municipal affairs by their effectiveness and purity; on the judicial bench by its incorruptibility and intellectual weight; in the great mass of the people by their instinctive obedience to law. Crimes of violence are rare. Money is not the only social standard; nor is the race for wealth so fierce as to destroy the national per-

spective. What a country may become when its loyalty is turned to hatred we see in the United States. A noble ideal is as important to the State as to an individual, and when a State is moving forward on the full tide of prosperity, essential to its moral well-being. That the Colonies are able to look beyond their own borders, and feel a pride in the greatness built up by their forefathers, is a healthy sign in these days when faith burns dim and old standards of conduct and modes of thought are being swept away by the tide of progress.

In the Colonial loyalty has all the force, and none of the bigotry, of a religion. To those habits and customs familiar by tradition and endeared by a thousand memories, he clings with a tenacity on which the climate has no effect. He forgets none of them. Neither does he see incongruities obvious enough to the eye of a stranger, though at the same time he sees points of resemblance between the new home and the old, invisible to everyone but himself. Hence the expression of loyalty is sometimes pathetic, sometimes quietly humorous, but rarely indeed does it fail in impressiveness. Like love, it knows nothing of the sense of proportion, and so invests the smallest detail with significance. It has conquered time, distance, nature, to cover the world with Englands from the poles to the tropics, and from the rising of the sun even to its setting. Old England is regarded less and less as a mother, more and more as a mistress. Distance treats her faults as tenderly as a soft haze the grime and ugliness of the metropolis; her greatness it magnifies as objects are magnified at dawn in certain mountainous regions. In her are concentrated most of the romance and poetry of the Empire, and through her it appeals to the imagination as a living, pulsing reality. She is the Mother Country, the Old Country, Home, and with every one of these endearing names is bound up a wealth of affection, an inarticulate tenderness, a passionate devotion, which are as strong in the Colonial-born of the third and fourth generation as they are in the emigrant of yesterday. One of the many signs of the barrenness of English Imperialism is the fact that England still

calls her great children Colonies. It is love that invents names at once appropriate and suggestive—not indifference.

There is another side to the picture. The coldness of the Mother Country towards Daughter States during the better part of the Nineteenth Century was a blessing in disguise. As long as Englishmen saw the link of Empire not in the Crown, but in Parliament, nothing but mischief could have resulted from vigour in Downing Street; and herein lies the difference between an Empire, which is a natural development, and an Empire which is the result of statecraft. The greatest genius that ever lived could not have foreseen how magnificently seeming evil turned to good, and so England may look on with equanimity while her rivals exhaust themselves in trying to do consciously what she has done unconsciously. Even in the Colonies English indifference worked well, for had England responded to Colonial loyalty, devotion to the Mother Country might never have been absorbed in devotion to the Empire. That it has been is a commonplace of our history. Hence the Colonial, who has been compared, and with truth, to the Greek and Roman of antiquity in the nature of his loyalty, most nearly resembles the Jew. The ties other than those of a common origin, language, and literature which knit an Hellenic Colony to the parent state were mainly religious; the tie which knit her Colonies to Rome was the Eternal City herself. And so, when the Olympian gods lost their hold on the Greek mind and Rome fell from her proud place among the nations the sentiment bound up with them died a natural death. But in the Jew its life was renewed in another form. On the destruction of the glorious symbol of Jehovah's presence in the Holy City the passionate devotion it had inspired for a thousand years gradually centred in the race. The type has thus survived those international cataclysms which have submerged all the other ancient Imperial peoples of the world. Undoubtedly at present Colonials regard the Mother Country very much as the Israelites once regarded Canaan, for theirs is the spirit which breathes through the beautiful words of the

137th Psalm—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning." But already signs are not wanting that loyalty to the race is the motive power destined to give practical expression to the noblest ideal which has ever inspired a nation, the union of the scattered peoples of the Anglo-Saxon world. That is to say, the English aim at beginning their Imperial career on a sentiment which grew strong in the Jew only when the sceptre had passed from Judah, and he himself had been baptised in the fire of persecution.

It will, therefore, be seen that Imperialism has been a living principle in Colonial life for a hundred years. It is no more identified with a party or an individual than patriotism. In every sense of the word it is national, whereas in England it is partisan. The Conservative sneers at the Imperialism of the Radical, as well he may; the Radical shouts Jingo at the Conservative, and assures an electorate, which refuses to be charmed, that, unlike the bastard Imperialism of the Conservatives, the Imperialism of the Radical is sane and unaggressive. This suggests the presence of Codlin and Short interest, not the presence of genuine emotion. As a matter of fact, neither party sees Imperialism in true perspective. To the one it is a creed to believe in but not to practise, to the other it is anathema. What it really is, only Colonials and Imperial Englishmen fully understand. To the men who argue about it the glory of the thing itself has never been revealed. Their eye has never glistened at the sight of the Union Jack; their soul never thrilled at the sound of the National Anthem; their heart never hungered for the familiar associations of home; their loyalty never been stirred to passion by a visit to the cradle of the race for the first time. The ease and luxury and security of these Realms are as enervating to patriotism as they are to common sense, and so, while a pro-Boer is almost unknown in the Colonies, he is a power in the Mother Country. It is only in England that a man is ashamed of being an Englishman; only in England that treason is tolerated as a difference of opinion. One more readily acquires a noble pride and sense of

responsibility in the consciousness of being an Englishman abroad in the world than one does at home.

The Radical conception of Imperialism is merely pitiful. What ideal has the long reign of Liberalism in England given to us that is at once so inspiring, so lofty, and so vital? It is an ideal which makes men work, not talk; which makes them fight a wrong until it is overcome, not wring their hands helplessly and do nothing; which makes them unite in presence of a national danger, not divide so as to impress the enemy with the belief that his best friends are in England. By their works shall ye know them. Little Englandism is barren, sordid, and lifeless. It has a contemptible past and a worse future. It has tried to reduce England to the state of Holland, and it has failed. Hence the sooner it disappears the better. Imperialism, on the other hand, is sanctified by suffering, fruitful as only vigour can be fruitful, ennobled by high endeavour and constant effort. It is to little Englandism as true Christianity is to a narrow and worn-out creed. Its great opportunity will be found in England's extremity. Not until she stands once more before the world in arms, fighting to the death for her commercial and maritime supremacy, for the glorious Empire the efforts of a thousand years have built up—nay, for her very existence as a nation, will she learn that the sentiment she once despised is destined to be the source of her salvation, and that the staying power which has placed her in the van of time is not less strong in the bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. At present loyalty has perhaps that air of unreality which peace and prosperity give to those emotions that bloom best in adversity; but the day is fast approaching when it will be tried in the burning fiery furnace from which only the three children of the eternal—truth and love and duty—can come forth unscathed. That it is one with these, and these with it, no one who has faith can doubt.

C. DE THIERRY.

THE LOSS OF THE "COBRA"

THE earliest of all torpedo-boats was built for the Norwegian Government in 1873, and had a speed of 15 knots an hour. In 1877 the English Navy acquired its first torpedo-boat in the *Lightning* with a speed of $18\frac{1}{2}$ knots; and by 1885 the speed of this class of vessel had been gradually raised to 25 knots. In 1887 the *Aricte* attained a speed of 26 knots, and in 1890 a speed of 27 knots was recorded by a Schichau-built boat.

As soon as torpedo-boats had passed out of the experimental stage, and become an established factor of European navies, some means of coping with them had to be devised. Constructors endeavoured to design larger vessels which, while equalling the torpedo-boat in speed, should excel it in gun-power, and so be able to overtake and sink the smaller craft. The outcome of the attempt was the "torpedo-boat-catcher," or "torpedo-gunboat" as it was afterwards called. Such was the *Rattlesnake*, built in 1886, with a speed of 19 knots, and such were the *Sharpshooter* class (1888-1890) which ought to have had a speed of 21 knots, but never attained more than 20. But the torpedo-boat-catcher never realised its object; it could never catch torpedo-boats, because the speed of the thing to be caught was increased so rapidly, as altogether to outstrip the speed of the catcher.

So in 1895 a new type of vessel (called this time a "torpedo-boat-destroyer") was evolved to do the work of the discredited

torpedo-gunboat. These torpedo-boat-destroyers were in reality enlarged torpedo-boats, and their increased dimensions allowed them to carry more powerful machinery and heavier guns. The *Daring*, to take an early instance, was 185 ft. long, 19 ft. broad, had an extreme draft of 7 ft., and steamed 27·7 knots. The *Boxer*, built about the same time, reached a speed of over 29 knots; and the *Sokol* touched 30 knots in 1896.

The "destroyer," for the longer title was soon curtailed, was found to be in every way a more useful vessel than the torpedo-boat, and has superseded it to a large extent. She was more powerfully armed, she was faster, she was more seaworthy, her larger coal capacity gave her a wider radius of action, and her increased dimensions mitigated the intense discomfort which had been a characteristic of the torpedo-boat proper.

From 1895-1900 speed was steadily increased, until 30-32 knots an hour were expected of a really first-class destroyer; and in the meantime the gradual perfecting of the turbine engine offered new speed possibilities. Those who were present at the naval review in the Jubilee year of 1897 will remember the *Turbinia*, a strange little craft of the torpedo-boat type, which steamed in and out among the ships assembled at Portsmouth. She "sat by the stern" with her fore-foot well out of water, and attracted universal attention by bursts of marvellous speed. We shall not attempt any explanation of the difference between her engines and those of the ordinary or reciprocating type, except to say that the turbine at its simplest is an adaptation of the principle of the windmill. Steam at high pressure is allowed to impinge on vanes set round a spindle, and an exceedingly rapid rotary motion is thus imparted. The earliest turbo-generator (used for electric light in 1884) ran at 18,000 revolutions a minute, and "Parsons' hummers" was the cant name given them in engineering shops.

The application of the steam turbine to practical purposes was due to Mr. Charles Parsons, son of Lord Rosse, and managing director of the engineering firm of Messrs. C. A.

Parsons & Co., and the *Turbinia* was the first vessel fitted with these engines. Since the *Turbinia's* appearance the public have wondered expectantly why the principle that seemed so well established should afterwards have given so little immediate result. If the system possessed preponderant advantages, why was it not universally or at least widely adopted? Why were turbine-driven ships still the rarest of *rare aves*? The answer to such questions is that the path of every new invention is beset with obstacles, and the perfecting of detail is often a more serious business than the establishment of a principle. It has been so in an eminent degree with the marine turbine. While it seemed to be withdrawing too modestly from public view, it was in reality passing from the experimental to the practical stage by way of tedious and incessant trials. During the past summer a turbine-driven boat was put upon the ordinary passenger service on the Clyde, where she has run ever since, with mechanical and commercial success. The invention has at last obtained a marketable value, and the results of two torpedo-boats (the *Viper* and the *Cobra*¹) in which it had been adopted, were looked for with very general interest. Never was there more unfortunate *début*: the *Viper* was wrecked on Channel Island rocks during her first manœuvres; the *Cobra* foundered on her first voyage in shoal waters off the Lincolnshire coast. But this was the turbine's misfortune, not its fault; and it may clear the way for further discussion if we state at once that by no possibility could the loss of either vessel be attributed to the novel system of the engines.

With the loss of the *Viper* the public were comparatively little concerned: it was incidental to the ordinary perils of navigation, and none of the crew perished. In the case of the *Cobra* it was very different. There was a terrible waste of life, and although she foundered close to notoriously dangerous

¹ The *Cobra's* dimensions were: length, 223½ ft.; breadth, 20½ ft.; moulded depth, 13½ ft. Those unacquainted with the subject may, for an idea of her size, compare the dimensions of the old-type packet-boats between Dover and Calais. The *Foam* was 225 ft. long, 26½ ft. broad, and 13·2 moulded depth.

shoals, the view was afterwards put forward in high quarters that her loss was due to structural weakness, and not to dangers of the sea. This view was endorsed by the Court-martial, which found :

That His Majesty's ship *Cobra* foundered on the morning of the 18th day of September 1901, while on passage from the Tyne to Portsmouth. The Court has come to the conclusion that His Majesty's ship *Cobra* did not touch the ground, nor meet with any obstruction, nor was her loss attributable to any error in navigation, but was due to structural weakness of the ship. The Court also find that the *Cobra* was weaker than other destroyers, and in view of this fact it is to be regretted she was purchased into His Majesty's service.

Public anxiety as to the safety of torpedo-boats in general was seriously aroused by this verdict, and has since been kept at tension by the exaggerated reports of defects in other torpedo-boats, which find a place in head-line papers.

Before making certain remarks which are suggested by this verdict, or attempting to ascertain how far it was justified, it may be well to rehearse in outline the *Cobra's* history. The *Cobra* was designed and laid down in the year 1898 in the shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Limited, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, but the engines were supplied by Messrs. Parsons & Co. She was purchased by the Admiralty in March 1900. Mr. Percey, chief engineer, was appointed to the *Cobra* in June 1900, and was present at all her trials at sea which took place subsequent to his appointment. The ship was reported to the Admiralty as ready for sea in September 1901, and a navigating-party, under Lieutenant Bosworth Smith, arrived in Newcastle-on-Tyne on September 16 to take charge of her, and to bring her round to Portsmouth. While the Admiralty furnished the navigating-party, the stokers and engineers were supplied by Messrs. Parsons, the makers of the engines, and were under the direction of Mr. Barnard, manager in Messrs. Parsons' works. There was also on board Mr. Sandison, a manager in Messrs. Armstrong's shipyard.

The *Cobra* sailed from the Tyne at five o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, September 17. She was lost near the

Outer Dowsing light-vessel, some twenty to twenty-five miles off the Lincolnshire coast, about 7.30 on the morning of Wednesday, September 18, and of the whole crew eleven men and one officer (Chief Engineer Percey) were saved.

Pursuant to the custom of the Navy, the survivors of any royal vessel that has been lost are held responsible for that loss, until it has been proved that they were not responsible. Engineer Percey and his seamen were tried accordingly by court-martial. The Court was composed of executive naval officers of high rank, and in the hands of these gallant and distinguished men it would seem reasonable to leave any questions affecting navigation or the honour of the Service.

But such a Court is, from the nature of things, incompetent to deal with complicated questions of ship-construction. The exigency of his duties prevents any executive officer on the active list from obtaining a knowledge of naval architecture sufficient to enable him to discuss such problems; and a perusal of the names composing the tribunal will show, that any opinion which that tribunal might form on the structural strength of a vessel, could be entitled to respect only so far as it was confirmed by expert evidence. In the present instance the only expert evidence before the Court was that of the constructors who had built the ship, and of the officers of the constructive department of the Admiralty who had surveyed and passed the ship into the Service.

Neither of these two parties could be conceived to be altogether free from bias. Both had already endorsed the *Cobra's* seaworthiness in the most practical way—the one by building, the other by buying her; and both repeated that endorsement at the Court-martial; but this was the only expert evidence which the Court had before it, and, apart from expert evidence, the Court had no qualification for pronouncing any opinion on structural questions.

The atmosphere of a Court-martial is indeed, not always favourable to that freedom of speech which makes for truth. The traditions of discipline, if not the fear of consequences,

tend to distort the evidence of lower ranks; and men do not care to jeopardise their chances in the Service by unnecessarily running counter to the opinion of their superior officers. This grammar of assent makes leading questions or suggestions especially dangerous, and of this we cannot avoid quoting an instance in the present inquiry. Able-seaman Benjamin Shaler, who was on deck at the time of the accident, is asked by the Court to describe the appearance of the *Cobra* :

“She seemed on a pivot,” he says; “she looked as if she was on something.”

The Deputy Judge Advocate : “What do you mean?”

The President : “You mean like a hinge, do you?”

The answer is naturally “Yes,” and so the “shutting-up-like-a-hinge” theory is imported, though nothing seems further from the witness’s real meaning. There was, too, at times, more than a suspicion of browbeating, and we shall not easily forget the bad taste and offensiveness of the cross-examination to which an heroic member of the Court saw fit to subject the only surviving officer.

The Court had, in effect, three parties to try. There were Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., who had designed and built the ship; there was the constructive department of the Admiralty, who had passed and bought the ship; and there were the executive officers, who had navigated and lost the ship. But the judges were all executive naval officers, and must be considered in some sense to be trying themselves. It was natural that *esprit de corps* and the prestige of the Service should lead them to the conclusion that, whatever else was wrong, the navigation at least was correct; and this conclusion they were ultimately able to reach.

We shall hope first to dispel the idea that there was any gale at the time of the *Cobra*’s loss, or that the weather was in any way such as to imperil her safety under normal conditions. The wind was blowing fresh from the N.W., that is, off shore, at the hour of the *Cobra*’s departure; and blew harder as the night wore on. It was probably strongest between three and

seven on the morning of the 18th, but never reached the force of what is known as a moderate gale. In the Meteorological Office chart covering the time and district in question the wind is marked "light" and sea "slight," and it is important to remember that, so long as the ship was kept on her natural course, the wind was a following and never a head wind.

Off the Tyne, when the *Cobra* sailed, there was no main sea; only a little swell setting in to the land, perhaps two feet high, or certainly not more than three. Off the Lincolnshire and Norfolk coast, at the precise time that she was wrecked, the steam-tractors were going about their ordinary business. John Smith, master of the steam fishing-lugger "No. 15," left Yarmouth at 8.30 on that morning an hour after the wreck took place, and steamed to his fishing ground off the Dowsing lightship. When he arrived there at 4.30 in the afternoon the sea was "fine." "You mean to say there was not much sea?" he was asked at the Court-martial. "No, not when we arrived." On his way down, however, there was "a nasty swell, which would have made him hesitate to lower a boat."

John Rogers, master of the steamship *Eight*, of Yarmouth, was steaming south, and passed the *Cobra* steaming north within a few minutes of the accident. The wind, he says, was "N.W., a good fresh wind." In reply to the Court's inquiry, "What sort of weather was the *Cobra* making?" "She was steaming head to sea," he answers, "not over bad, taking a little water over the bows, but nothing out of the way." "Did you think there was anything the matter with her?" "No, I did not."

These accounts are checked by the experience of the other torpedo-catcher, the *Roebuck*, which left the Tyne a few hours before the *Cobra*, and traversed the course the *Cobra* should have taken. Her voyage was without incident, the weather she made was neither bad nor good, and if she found the sea sufficiently sloppy to emphasise the ordinary discomfort of a torpedo-boat it was in no sense heavy from the seaman's point of view.

In favour of the sea being troublesome, must be set the terribly strange story told by the mate in charge of the Dowsing lightship. He watched the catastrophe at a distance of two miles—so near that he saw the awful details without a telescope—and made no effort to save life, although he had a 20 ft. four-oared boat and six seamen on board his lightship. The weather was too bad, he thought, to lower his boat; and yet in his own words there was only “rather a rough sea,” “a middling rough sea.” “It was, to put it as plainly as I can speak, an ordinary rough day, but nothing out of the way.”

Against any impression of wild weather that his conduct might produce, must be set the fact that the dinghy of the *Cobra* remained afloat for eleven hours, although she was only 14 ft. long and had twelve men in her.

A careful survey of the facts leads to the conclusion that at the time and place of the accident there was probably running what is termed a six-foot sea; that is, a sea with waves averaging six feet in height from the bottom of the trough to the crest. Such a sea could not possibly be a source of danger to the *Cobra* under normal conditions, nor was there any plunging motion during the night, nor the very slightest evidence of straining.

Captain Wilson, Captain of the Steam Reserve at Portsmouth Dockyard, gave the Commander of the *Cobra* his orders, and also a chart upon which was marked the *Cobra's* course from the Tyne to Portsmouth.

“I advised Lieutenant Smith,” he says, “if he could conveniently do so to sail at daylight, and make a good run during the day, and if convenient to anchor during the night. . . . He informed me he had served for some time on the Fisheries, and was well acquainted with the North Sea.”

“Do you know why he did not sail at daylight?”

“I do not.”

Commander Martin, who marked the track upon the chart, heard Captain Wilson say:

“This is the track I recommend you to go. I recommend you to leave the Tyne about daylight and run down as far as Harwich,” and Smith said, “Well, I would rather go into Yarmouth, sir.” Captain Wilson said, “Very

well then, you can go anywhere you like, as long as you do not risk anything, and take any time you like, and as much time as you like, and I do not care how long you are coming down."

These recommendations were unhappily neglected *ab initio* by the captain. He was advised to leave the Tyne at daybreak and anchor for the night; but without reason he left the Tyne at 5 o'clock in the evening.

The sun set at 6.9, there was a fairly strong breeze from the N.W., which freshened about 10 o'clock, but the night was clear. As the wind freshened the *Cobra* began to roll, and she rolled freely all through the night, but there was no pitching. The rolling, which would otherwise have been unimportant, caused some trouble with the engines. The *Cobra* had four boilers, but for ordinary speed two are sufficient. She left the Tyne with steam in boilers Nos. 1 and 2 alone, but owing to the rolling these primed, and the engineers put out their fires and got up steam in boilers Nos. 3 and 4.

The time at which this happened is uncertain; it was perhaps about midnight. In the early hours of the morning the stokers complained that the ship rolled so that they could scarcely keep their feet to get the coal out of the bunkers. Engineer Percey says that about 3.30 A.M. the contractors' managers, Mr. Barnard and Mr. Sandison, came to him, and that after a consultation he went on deck and reported the difficulty of firing to the captain, suggesting at the same time that the vessel should be put head to sea to ease the rolling. This seems, however, not to have been done; and although the speed was lowered, the rolling continued.

The sun rose at 5.41 on September 18, and it was nearly 7 o'clock in the morning when the watch on board the Outer Dowsing lightship sighted the *Cobra* about six miles distant. She was then steering N.W., going head to sea, and coming towards the light-vessel. The distance of the Outer Dowsing from the Tyne is 135 miles, taking the usual course, and we should have expected the *Cobra* to have been farther south after fourteen hours steaming; but much time was, no doubt, lost by

the priming, and consequent change, of boilers, by difficulties of firing, and by taking a deep-sea sounding.

At about 7.10 A.M. Chief Engineer Percey was sent for by the captain. He went on deck and found the captain on the bridge. The weather was quite clear, the ship was steaming in a N.W. direction and rolling heavily; on the starboard bow was a light-vessel, distant about two miles. Mr. Percey gave evidence that the captain asked him if they could steam a mile nearer the lightship. It appears that the reason of the captain's wish to approach the lightship so nearly was to ascertain her name. "I do not know exactly where I am," he said to Mr. Percey. "If I can get the name of this lightship we shall be able to get into the nearest place." Now each lightship can be distinguished from other lightships by differences in the intervals, or in the colour, of the revolving light at night; and by certain marks carried at the masthead by day. The sun had been up an hour when the *Cobra* sighted the Outer Dowsing, and the revolving light was put out. But at her masthead this light-vessel carries a distinguishing mark, a ball surmounted by half a ball. These marks are not small. They are very large and purposely distinct, and can be read in clear weather by telescope as soon as they are in sight at all, and easily at a distance of six or seven miles. They are so arranged that no two vessels within a wide area have similar signs: and of the light-vessels in the immediate vicinity of the wreck; the Inner Dowsing carries two balls vertically, the Dudgeon one ball, and the Outer Dowsing, as has been said, a ball and half a ball vertically.

We cannot but think that the Court ought to have tried to find out why it was that the captain thought it necessary to take his vessel so near the lightship. To "close a lightship," to see what she is, is common enough in thick weather, but the weather was quite clear, and to take the *Cobra* as near to a lightship as she was taken, and into water which one of the witnesses describes as a "broken sea like a race coming in more than one direction," seems an error of

judgment. At the inquest a juror asked, "Are not the captains in the Admiralty supposed to know these lightships?" and got no answer; and another juror remarked, "It is a pity but what he had known it." The matter may have no direct bearing on the main issue, but it has a bearing on the question of careful navigation, which the Court distinctly set before itself. And in this connection it would have been better that some record of the past services of the officer selected to take charge of the *Cobra* should have been laid before the Court. If that record showed him to have been a thoroughly careful officer, the public would have been reassured; and if that record showed that he was not a careful officer the facts ought not to have been concealed, for they would be germane to the inquiry. *De mortuis* is a good maxim, but there are occasions when considerations of the public good must override it, and we should have liked to have evidence as to the grounds on which this special officer was selected for this special task.

Chief Engineer Percey left the captain on the bridge and went below. He had only been a few minutes in the engine-room when he "felt a distinct shock, as though we had gone on something," or "as though we had gone over something." He was alarmed, rushed on deck, found the ship breaking in half, and within a very few minutes was fighting for his life in the water, like all the rest of the crew.

Different witnesses describe that shock in different ways. Petty Officer Barnes said the bump seemed to him "as if she had shipped a sea"; but he was slung in his hammock, and so would feel it less. Petty Officer Warrener says it was "like a sea hitting the ship." The carpenter said there were "two slight shocks, as if the ship were on the ground." The boy, Frederick Chivers (2nd class domestic), who was sitting on a wooden deck-locker aft with the cook, says: "I felt a shock as if the ship had struck something. I said to the steward, 'What is that?' He said, 'It is only a sea, my boy, don't be alarmed. A few minutes after I felt a second shock. I said, 'I think it

is something more than a sea.' 'No, I do not think so,' he said." Benjamin Shaler, able seaman, said the ship "seemed on a pivot; she looked as if she was on something."

The *Cobra* broke into two parts and foundered so quickly that no boats were got out. There seems some doubt as to who gave the order for "Out boats," or even as to whether the order was given at all. In any case, something of a *sauve qui peut* occurred, and only the dinghy floated. To this very small boat (she was only 14 feet long) twelve men managed to swim, and scrambling into her, kept her afloat for eleven hours until they were picked up in the evening by a P. & O. cargo-boat. Chief Engineer Percey was among the survivors, and before he was put ashore at Middlesboro' on the morning of September 19 he had had twenty-four hours in which to think over, or talk over, the causes of the wreck. On landing, he telegraphed: "Regret to report *Cobra* struck rocks at 7.30 A.M. September 18; ship broke in two amidships; total wreck, &c. &c." There were, in fact, no rocks at the scene of the wreck; but there were plenty of shoals, and the phrase is significant of the impression which that shock had left on Chief Engineer Percey's mind.

The wreck of the fore part of the *Cobra* remained visible after the accident. It seems to have floated a little while, then touched bottom, and become stationary about $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles from the Dowsing lightship, South, 25 degrees West. The whole of the stem and about 13 to 14 feet of the keel were in sight, and the captain of H.M.S. *Alarm* considered that the highest part of the ship was 10 to 12 feet above the sea at high water, and formed an angle of 30 to 35 degrees with the horizon.

Let us recapitulate. The wind at the time of the accident was blowing N.W., and more or less off shore: a "good fresh wind" and nothing more. There was a moderate, say a six-foot sea, and nothing more. It was higher, no doubt, and broken in shoal places; but with that we have nothing to do, because there was no need to take the *Cobra* into shoal places. The *Cobra* was found in the vicinity of dangerous shoals,

going to find out the name of a lightship which ought to have been known. A sudden shock was felt, the chief engineer thought the ship had gone on something, or over something, the carpenter felt two shocks as if she was on the ground, a boy felt two shocks as if she had struck something; the ship began to part at once, and a seaman on deck at the time says she seemed on a pivot, she looked as if she was on something. The ship broke into two approximately equal portions, say of 100 to 120 feet long; the fore part grounded, sticking up 10 or 12 feet above high water. There were twelve survivors, they had twenty-four hours to talk over the matter before there was any chance of making a report; and when the report was made it said the *Cobra* had "struck rocks."

We should like the Court to have put the question to Mr. Percy, "Had any single one of the survivors any doubt that the *Cobra* struck *something*, until it was suggested to them that she might have gone to pieces from inherent weakness?" We cannot doubt what the answer would have been, and we cannot doubt what the answer of any unbiased person would be, *primâ facie*. We say *primâ facie*, and the only argument that should convince that the *Cobra* struck nothing would be the proof that there was nothing to strike. It was attempted to prove this in Court, but a negative is, indeed, a difficult thing to prove.

In the first place, let us review the possibility of the ship having struck a shoal. The draft of the *Cobra* is eight feet, and the Admiralty charts show that over the shallowest point of the Outer Dowsing shoal there is a depth of 15 feet. It was argued by competent witnesses that it would have been safe for the *Cobra* to pass over this point under the same conditions of sea as prevailed at the time of the wreck, even with a depth of only 15 feet. We should not like to try the experiment, but this is not to the point; because there is no doubt that the ship struck about an hour and a half before high water, and there would probably be some 25 feet over this particular shoal at that time. But it must be remembered that the spot

at which whatever happened did happen is not known, even with approximate exactness.

The area at some point in which the accident took place must be measured by square miles. The place is one of strong currents and shifting sands, and there are hummocks of sand called "knolls" of very limited extent and uncertain permanence. On the charts no shoal is shown with a less depth than 15 feet, but nothing except a careful and exhaustive survey of the whole area in question, could *prove* that there is no recently produced hummock or knoll, dangerous, in a moderate sea, even to a light-draft vessel. No special survey of this kind has been made. The evidence before the Court on this point was that of Captain Richards, of H.M.S. *Triton*. "I may state," he says, "that my own investigations and my own soundings were not thorough. They were simply to determine the position of the shoal."

Theoretically, it may have been quite safe for the *Cobra* to beat about any shoal in the vicinity, but theory may be pushed to extreme, and the ordinary skipper gives such places as wide a berth as he can. Commander Martin, who marked on the chart the course which the *Cobra* was to take, was asked :

Q. Do you consider the little red cross on the chart (representing the supposed position of the wreck) is to all intents and purposes sufficiently close to the track you laid down so far as regards safe navigation ?

A. "No," he answers, "I consider it too far to the eastward. Had the *Cobra* steered straight down to the red mark on the chart I consider it would have been too close."

Q. To the Outer Dowsing ?

A. Yes.

Q. Even in passing ?

A. Yes, in passing.

If there were no shoals perilous to a vessel even of the *Cobra's* draft, then it was quite safe for the *Cobra* to be where she was ; but if it was quite safe for the *Cobra* to be where she was, why did the officer who laid down the course for her distinctly say it was not safe ?

Of course it is highly *improbable* that such a shoal should

exist, and not be marked ; but no solution for the wreck of the *Cobra* can be found without recourse to improbabilities, and it seems to us less improbable even that there should be such an unmarked shoal than that the *Cobra* should go to pieces in a moderate sea without a shock at all. Another alternative, that there was somewhere thereabouts a sunken wreck either lying on the bottom or drifting about below the surface, is also improbable, though quite possible ; and again a negative is difficult to prove. A negative was attempted to be proved, and the Court deliberately took it as proved, and insisted on the resulting argument ; but it was not proved. It was stated that the implicated area had been exhaustively searched, and no wreck found either lying on the bottom or floating. Such search is carried out by the method called "sweeping." A steel cable is drawn over the bottom by two vessels. Each has one end of the cable attached to it, they steam in parallel lines, carrying the cable between them ; and if an obstacle arrests the passage of the cable a diver is sent down to see what it is. It was assumed that such a search can be made with the certainty that a mowing-machine covers a lawn, and it was assumed that such a search had been made. It never seemed to have occurred to the Court that the very vessels which had proved by searching that there was no wreck within a certain area, had actually failed to discover the after-part of the *Cobra* (with funnels and other gear attached, and perhaps 110 feet long), which was certainly lying somewhere within that area. Could any attempt at exhaustiveness be less convincing ?

Equally unconvincing was the diver's evidence. The captain of H.M.S. *Hearty*, finding the wreck of the fore part of the *Cobra* stranded, and projecting out of the sea, fixed to it a wire hawser, and towed it into deeper water. It was, of course, a very dangerous obstacle, as it lay, in the fairway ; and assuming, as he did no doubt assume, that the vessel had simply gone to pieces on a shoal, he was quite right in removing it. But when once the theory was put about that

it was through her own weakness that the *Cobra* had broken, and it became of paramount importance to examine her by diving, this towing into deeper water proved to be a lamentable error. By it the difficulties of examination were immeasurably increased, for the fore-part now lies at such a depth as makes it impossible for divers to remain down longer than twenty minutes. Only one diver was sent down by the Admiralty. He was a foreigner, and his evidence, which seemed to be naturally vague, was rendered still more obscure by difficulties of interpretation. He paid four visits to the wreck, but they were exceedingly short, and only on one occasion (the fourth) does he seem to have been able to make any useful observations. He was hampered by the depth, by swirling sand, by quicksand into which he sunk a foot at every step. "The current was so very strong," he says, "I could not see clearly." "The third time I only got to the wreck, and had to come to the surface because of the time I had been down." He had no one with him to check observations, he had none of the ordinary appliances for taking measurements. It was no wonder, under the circumstances, that his reports were vague, and practically useless for any accurate purposes. He found the wreck lying bottom up, with the boilers on the sand: he said at the inquest that he saw a boiler broken, but at the Court-martial he explained that it was not the boiler but the ship that was broken: he said at the Court-martial that he had seen the gauges and pressure dials on the front of a boiler, but at the inquest he had made no mention of this: he was unacquainted with the arrangement or appearance of the *Cobra's* boilers: he understood so little, indeed, about boilers in general, that he did not know a manhole from a furnace-door. Yet this boiler-evidence was of vital importance, for if accurate observation of the boilers had been made, it would have proved at what point the ship actually broke, a matter of doubt even up to the present. And if it were known at what point she broke, it would enable it to be decided whether she broke at the point where the sagging strain was

greatest, and where she naturally would have broken from inherent weakness. The diver said the length of the fore-part was 150 feet, but he did not measure, he did not even walk round the wreck, or walk along the keel. "I had no other opportunity of measuring than just judging with my eye as far as I could see," and this in thick water, with a strong current, where he "could not see for four or five fathoms (24 to 30 feet)."

On the keel-plate of the *Cobra* he found a dint. This dint was, of course, a crucial matter; if there had been a great dint it would have been direct evidence that the *Cobra* had struck something, if there had been no dint at all it would have gone to show, though it would not have proved, that the *Cobra* had struck nothing. But this diver's dint is provokingly inconclusive; it was an inch deep (and one smiles involuntarily at the naïve preciseness of this one detail in the face of so general a vagueness, and under circumstances that would seem to make preciseness impossible), or "certainly not more than three inches." But he had not measured it, for he had no instruments, and seemed indeed, until he was questioned, to have attached no importance to the matter at all. Yet on the details of such a dint hang all the law and the prophets.

As regards the evidence about the *Cobra's* construction we shall only speak generally. On questions of the vessel's strength or weakness no opinion but that of an expert should carry the slightest weight; and it follows that no opinion that the Court-martial might form apart from expert evidence should carry the slightest weight either. Yet on such a vital question the Court had no independent evidence before it. The only evidence tendered was that of the constructive officers of the Admiralty and that of the constructors of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Limited; and neither of these parties could by any stretch of imagination be considered independent. Under ordinary circumstances the greatest deference would have been paid to such evidence; but in the present case both the builders and the Admiralty came

into Court pledged to maintain that the *Cobra* was sufficiently strong, for the one had built her and the other had bought her; and if they had said she was not sufficiently strong they would have condemned themselves. The Court, on the other hand, had evidently made up its mind that the *Cobra* was too weak, and must be declared weaker than other destroyers, that public confidence in that class of vessel might be restored. It was argued by the Court that while the same scantlings were employed in the *Cobra* as were employed in other destroyers, the length of the *Cobra* and the weight of the *Cobra's* engines were materially greater than the length and engine-weight of the rest of the class, and that she was therefore proportionately weaker. The Admiralty constructors and the builders, on the other hand, contended that whatever weakness the extra length of the *Cobra* might produce, was more than compensated by the extra foot of depth which her section showed, and that her margin of strength was sufficient to carry the extra weight of the engines. Especial stress was laid on the fact that the vessel had made twelve sea trials (two in severe weather), and had shown no signs of straining.

We are not pleading the cause of either Admiralty or builders, and, if the truth must be told, we were not greatly impressed by the evidence of either; but we feel that in the mind of the layman, and in the mind of the expert, there is a very strong impression that the *Cobra* has been made a scape-goat, and that the *Cobra* was neither weaker nor stronger than fifty other destroyers in His Majesty's Service. If that impression is erroneous, steps should be taken to remove it; and it cannot be removed except by calling in a large body of impartial expert evidence.

We do not think that the Court-martial realised the gravity of the issues which they were actually trying. If they had they would have come better equipped with evidence to the inquiry; and so would have been spared from pronouncing dogmatically on points, where no dogmatic pronouncement was permissible.

They held that the navigation was careful; but the captain sailed at nightfall when he had been advised to sail at day-break, and took his ship into dangerous waters when there was no need to go there. They held that the *Cobra* did not touch the ground; when the only special investigations and soundings made to ascertain the existence of a dangerous shoal were "not thorough." They held that the ship met with no obstruction; when the only search made to discover an obstruction did not discover the after part of the *Cobra*, which is certainly sunk wherever the ship was lost. They held that the loss of the vessel was due to her structural weakness; when the only expert evidence that could justify them in expressing an opinion at all was given in favour of the ship.

It is quite possible that their verdict was correct in all its conclusions, but the point we insist on is that there was not sufficient evidence before them to support such a verdict; and thinking people will not accept such a verdict as final until it is properly supported. That the judgment and practice of a firm with Armstrong's reputation should have to be unequivocally condemned is certainly regrettable; but that is nothing at all in comparison with the condemnation of Admiralty judgment and practice which the sentence involves. The matter cannot rest where it is. A properly qualified tribunal must be appointed. It must have before it expert evidence as to the strength of the *Cobra*, impartial and sufficiently comprehensive to make appeal impossible. It must have before it exhaustive evidence as to the height of existing shoals. It must have before it exhaustive evidence as to the existence or non-existence of sunken wrecks, and in the process of obtaining this evidence the after-part of the *Cobra* will be found. It must have before it the results of a methodical examination by divers of both parts of the ship.

The verdict of a Court so constituted and so equipped will command respect, and the country will accept nothing less. Anything that tends to throw doubt on the efficiency of that navy which has been our boast for centuries is much to be

deplored, and few will deny that a feeling of indefinable mistrust of our material has been more or less prevalent of late. Let us at least find out the truth on one point: let us know the worst, or the best, about our destroyers. We do not expect them to be as powerful as ice-breakers, or as secure as liners, but neither do we expect them to break up in a moderate sea.

An unmarked shoal is highly improbable, but not impossible; a dangerous sunken wreck is highly improbable, but not impossible; that the *Cobra* should fall to pieces of inherent weakness is surely improbable too; yes, let us be bold, and say highly improbable. But even this, alas, is not impossible: only, if we are to believe it, let us have it on better authority than the verdict of a casual Court-martial.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF AMERICAN EDUCATION

ANY survey of American education, however summary, must recognise the fact that in education as in other matters the United States must be considered to consist territorially of at least three different divisions, each possessing certain salient characteristics which mark it off from the other two. There is the section of the Eastern States in which education has long been established, with the result that a certain fixity and finality has been reached in organisation and teaching methods. Against this must be set the West with its exuberant energy, its feverish hankering after novelty, its passion for experiment which at times amounts to rashness, yet has in the main a most stimulating effect on education. Every new idea has a chance of actual trial, even if it is not sufficiently experimented upon before it is cast aside in favour of some fresh novelty. And lastly comes the South, the stagnant South one might almost say, in comparison with the two other divisions, though even here things are in progress. But the actual rate of advance is slower. A rough indication of the difference is afforded by the amount of voluntary contributions last year for educational purposes. Of some 28,000,000 dollars thus given according to one authority, only 1,000,000 was subscribed south of the Mason and Dixie line that forms the boundary between North and South.

Within these rough divisions of East, West, and South there further exists the most amazing variety in the systems of local control, and the methods of teaching and organisation. It must be always remembered that in education each state is a law unto itself; there is no such thing as federal oversight or jurisdiction, the Bureau of Education being merely a clearing-house for the collection of statistics and the dissemination of information. This variety is specially observable in the spirit in which school reform is undertaken by the different states. In Massachusetts the legislative power is only invoked to confer the sanction of the law on any scheme of school reform, when the reform itself has already been virtually carried out by private initiative, and merely awaits rounding off and ratification. One of the most typical instances of this is the recent substitution of the larger area of the township for the small district authority, which was only legally adopted when all the numerous districts save four had voluntarily surrendered their autonomy. In New York and Pennsylvania the belief in the virtues of parliamentary enactment is stronger, and educational laws have been passed in the hope of giving a lead to popular opinion by attaching the prestige of public sanction to reforms which have not always sufficiently entered into the manners and customs of the people, with the result that the laws in question have not always been a complete success. It is probable that the difference in this case is due to the native genius of the different peoples. Massachusetts is Independent in origin and traditions; New York is largely German and Celtic. The one naturally lays more stress on the efficacy of private initiative, and prefers the looser forms of authority, the other believes in the puissance of the state and the blessings of a more centralised form of government.

Yet in spite of the extensive diversity in the form and spirit of educational effort in the different states, there is, none the less, one common trait which makes the whole school-world in America kin. It is the fervent belief of American

democracy in its schools, which is only to be matched by that of the schools in American democracy. This action and reaction of the school and the community on one another is one of the greatest levers towards progress imaginable. The bodily shape that this belief takes is that of having a common form of graduated schools which, while they naturally vary in standard according to the locality, lead up regularly one into another from the kindergarten (where it exists) to the primary school, from the primary school to the high school, from the high school to the college, and thence to the University. Elementary and secondary instruction alike are free in accordance with the democratic creed that, given equality of opportunity, the man who is worth his salt is certain to come to the front. This policy of the open door in education, through which the able children of the poorer classes have risen and can rise to positions of wealth, has, no doubt, greatly contributed to the expansion of the United States. But most thoughtful persons will also admit it has been largely conditioned by it. In European countries, where the rate of expansion is far slower, notably in France, and even in such a quick developing country as Germany, we see the state obliged to organise the selection of careers in order to prevent or diminish overcrowding in the liberal professions. Democratic France has deliberately technicalised her higher primary schools, while the state in Germany, in establishing a scholastic monopoly, has adopted the most drastic measures for the elimination of the unfit. Now, even if the United States continues to expand materially as quickly as heretofore, there are not wanting many competent judges who believe that the opportunity for getting on is not nearly so great as it was thirty years ago. Of what avail is it to keep the school door wide open, if the door out into the world is closing? However efficient the school may be, it cannot make chances, it can only prepare its alumni to take them when offered. One cannot bring off a catch unless the ball comes one's way. Should America, therefore, persist in her splendid endeavour to give each child that stays on in her

schools a general education, the question naturally arises, is she not in the long run likely to raise up that undesirable hybrid that other nations have produced—a literary proletariat.

For the present, it must be admitted, there do not appear to be any very disquieting signs. The introduction of manual training into the schools looks like safeguarding the pupils against any excessive appreciation of the merely literary studies. One important factor that profoundly modifies the American problem is that commerce is not generally looked down on socially as it is in most European countries. There is little of the cant of soiling one's hands with trade, which, on the contrary, is rather regarded as one of the chief avenues to success. Again, the American pupil, thanks either to the school or society, is highly adaptable. One is constantly meeting men in America who have studied for one career, and taken up another. The highest University honours will not prevent the most brilliant American scholar from entering commerce, perhaps because the biggest prizes are to be found in it. The classic instance is that of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, whose attainments in mathematics were such as to induce the authorities at Göttingen to offer him a University lectureship. As long, then, as the clever American is willing to turn his hand to what pays best, the natural selection will be made separately by each individual, and there will be no need for the state to intervene.

One of the most remarkable proofs of the belief of the whole nation in its schools is, that the fact of their being open to the lower orders does not prevent their being patronised by the better classes, who freely send their children to these schools. Private schools naturally exist in America, and have undoubtedly increased during the last decade. Yet, according to the latest figures published by the Bureau of Education, the high schools have increased in far greater proportion, which shows that the Separatist tendency is not growing at anything like the same rate as the general desire for higher education.

This interest of the wealthier classes in education does not end here. Nothing is more noteworthy than the way in which

there has been a positive stampede among millionaires to devote a liberal share of their immense fortunes to the cause of education. It seems as if, as an American has remarked, it will soon be considered a crime for a man to die rich. Certainly one must go back to the benefactors of the Middle Ages to find such a constant flow of munificent endowments. Mr. Carnegie's princely liberality is known in the two hemispheres. Only this year the President at Harvard read out at Commencement a list of donations to the University of over a million and a half dollars, and the same day at Yale the President of the College announced the completion of their two-million dollar fund. How small in comparison with this is the 60,000 odd pounds collected for Cambridge University! Some unkind persons have suggested that this outburst of generosity on the part of American millionaires is due to the desire to obtain a lien on the teaching of the Universities. It is impossible to read the hearts of men, but it may, at least, be stated that in many cases the money has been given for objects into which the teaching of such debatable subjects as political economy or social science do not enter at all. On the other hand, this close connection between the schools and the leaders of commerce is an object-lesson to many other countries, in which the teachers and merchants, instead of laying their heads together and finding the necessary compromise between the apparently conflicting claims of a liberal and business education, spend most of their time in mutual recrimination.

The belief of the schools in American Democracy is best illustrated by the thorough fashion with which the American school takes the child of the stranger within her gates whether German or Hungarian, Norwegian or Italian, and transforms him heart and soul into a real American citizen. While nearly all European states are troubled by racial difficulties and dissensions, the common school has saved and is saving the United States from one of the thorniest of problems in the old world.

The principal characteristic which marks off American from

European schools is the presence of the female sex in their midst, both as pupils and teachers. Co-education is the rule, except in the New England States, where it is not universal. The great mass of independent witness seems to be in its favour, though there are not wanting a certain type of critics, who urge that after all if the school is a preparation for life, the life that the majority of girl pupils will have to lead is that of the wife and the mother, and that the training for this state of life should not be completely sacrificed in the higher classes by giving the girls identical courses of study with those of the boys. Be that as it may, it is probably certain that co-education renders women more self-possessed and self-reliant, while the higher instruction they receive makes them the equal, if not, as some assert, the superior of the male sex. Certainly, owing to their greater freedom from work, they are far more able to continue their artistic and literary education in after life than the American man. To take a single instance, it is estimated that 88 per cent. of the patrons of American theatres are women. There seems, in fact, some show of danger, that if the American woman continues to enjoy this preferential treatment, she may, by virtue of her intellectual and artistic superiority, end by substituting for the existing ideals in American life which are naturally preponderatingly masculine, those to which her own sex attach the greater importance, with the result that the American nation may one day see itself converted into one of what Bismarck used to call the feminine nations. In this transvaluation of values the American woman is likely to be unconsciously aided and abetted by the female teachers who, apparently for economic reasons, have largely ousted the male element from the teaching profession. It must be clear to every one that a woman's method of managing a class, even in so simple a matter as keeping order, must from the mere force of things be radically different from that of a man, especially in the older classes. The power behind the female teacher's desk lies in an appeal to the boys to respect her sex, if she does not still further rely on her natural

attractions as a woman. Whereas the male teacher in the government of his class rather sets before them the necessity of obedience for the sake of obedience, of loyalty to an ideal and not to a sex, of reverence for the strong rather than a respect for the weak, and in his manners and conduct, his *obiter dicta*, his general criticisms, his passing judgments on men and matters, he insensibly moulds his class to look at things in a certain masculine fashion, which a woman does not possess. It is just perhaps in this question of judgment that the difference goes as deep as anywhere. The mind of the male teacher is essentially arranged on a logical plan, women on the one hand, however gifted, are rather intuitive than severely rational. Hence the boy pupil, who comes too exclusively under female teaching, will probably in some things be more sensitive to influence and suggestion than his harder-headed brother, but on the other hand he will be more deficient in mental balance and logical power. There appear to be already signs of this deficiency showing in the American schools in those classes where the pupil is passing from the receptive age to the age of reason. The American teaching, admirable as it is, in rendering the child sensitive to externals, and aiding his senses to store up abundantly a mass of mental impressions, seems halting and inconclusive just at the point where the transition has to be made in the pupil from the state of sensuous to that of logical knowledge, which means the setting in order and arranging the previously gathered stores of facts and deducing from them the truths implicit in their newly framed formulæ.

One of the most difficult problems in the States is the negro question. In the North the problem is not so acute. The whites are everywhere in a majority, and the coloured people, if not admitted to the best hotels, are allowed to enter the public conveyances and the public schools without being segregated into separate compartments and class-rooms. But south of the old slave line the whole racial question, according to many competent judges, is as strong as ever. Its sundering effects are seen in every domain of life, not excepting education.

Not only the negroes, but all who possess the faintest suspicion of black blood in their veins, are obliged to go to separate schools, if there are separate schools to go to, and any attempt at co-educating the two races is looked on as impossible. The idea of ultimate fusion between the two races would be scouted even by the most ardent abolitionists, many of whom would never give their own children in marriage to a person of colour, and indeed in some states marriage between white and black are punishable by law. Nor does the idea of equality between the two races seem aught but a distant dream. The very political equality that the negroes possess according to the constitution is one of the most formidable bars to finding a satisfactory *modus vivendi* with the Southern whites, who will never recognise this equality in fact, and are at present actively engaged in trying to discover some way of legalising the disfranchisement of the black voter which has hitherto been largely effected by intimidation. So hopeless does the outlook seem to many that they fall back on saying, the problem being a Southern one, the South as being best acquainted with all its bearings must work out the solution for itself. The only chance of improvement appears to lie in raising the moral and mental condition of the negro. The chief obstacle to this is the high percentage of illiteracy among them, and their comparative lack of energy and enterprise. It is only fair to add that they are debarred from the exercise of many callings through the refusal of the majority of trade unions to admit men of colour as members, which naturally prevents them working on any job on which union men are engaged. One of the most promising movements for the regeneration of the negro is the great educational work with which the name of Brooker T. Washington, who is himself a negro, is identified. He frankly admits that for the present, at any rate, the negro had better resign his claims to exercise the franchise, or at least leave them in abeyance. Let the negro show he can be a useful member of society, and society will find a place for him.

With this idea in view he advocates the establishment throughout the South of industrial schools for coloured children, while to raise the moral status of the negro a great effort is being made to improve the standard of the Afro-American preachers who, as Mr. Brooker T. Washington says, exercise a tremendous influence over the masses of their race.

It is curious to note that while we in England are attempting to-day to bring the local authorities into closer touch with the schools, the tendency in the States seems to be in the direction of placing the school outside politics. Not the least interesting chapter in American education is that which deals with the long and victorious struggle by which American democracy, in order to safeguard itself against itself, has been driven to call in the aid of the expert. In a recent official publication a writer on educational organisation wrote as follows: "In the City of Buffalo, New York State, the school affairs are managed by a committee appointed by the city council, but happily the case stands by itself, and the evil consequences possible under such a scheme have been much ameliorated . . . by a most excellent superintendent." Probably both America and England have adopted the right course in each case. The Americans having harnessed the Niagara of popular enthusiasm to these schools, have less need of these local stimuli. While owing to the lack of any strong national movement in favour of education, we are now attempting to hitch the schools on to the forces that lie at the back of local patriotism. This should not, however, confirm us in our disbelief in the expert, who both locally and centrally is indispensable.

If we compare the attitude to-day of the parent in every country towards the school with what it was fifty years ago, we shall be at once struck with the great and increasing claims made on the school. On the one hand we have the ever-growing demand to bring the school into touch with the future livelihood of the child, and on the other with the loosening of home discipline and the weakening of dogmatic belief, the

rôle of the school as the chief factor in education is being augmented at an alarming rate. To take the latter side of the school's work first. It is probable in the near future that the undenominational school in every country will be compelled willy-nilly to give a more distinct and definite ethical cast to its instruction. Under the stress of modern competition the American father is often unable to exercise effective oversight over his child's bringing up. Early away in the morning, late home at night, he frequently passes the whole day without seeing his child except for a few moments. The women again are often absorbed in other pursuits. In this case the school becomes more and more the sponsor for the child's upbringing and education. In the long run the teaching of civics and morality will probably form as large a part of the American school's curriculum as it does in France. Already there is a strong forward movement towards the definite teaching of patriotism and the introduction of military drill, in order that, as Mr. Rogers has picturesquely said, the future citizen may know how to fight, either with ballot-boxes or bullets. Whether American education, with its passion for text-books, will ultimately evolve a regular series of lay catechisms on morality as France has done is yet to be seen, but unless Roman Catholicism, like a *troisième larron*, steps in to profit by the decay of the Protestant sects in the States, the American teacher of the future seems likely to be entrusted, whether he will or no, with the spiritual ministration of the souls committed to his charge. One thing is certainly true. The murder of President McKinley has immensely strengthened the hands of those who desire to increase the moral influence and authority of the school.

As regards the growing demand for bringing the school into closer touch with the after-career of the pupil, the American schools so far have sturdily maintained the paramount necessity of laying a firm basis of general education, and refused to sacrifice the education of the citizen to the training of the worker. This has not prevented them, in

technical education, from introducing specialisation and that of a very high order, but they have carefully kept it till the end of the pupil's career; there is none of the smattering in technical instruction of immature pupils which has had such an unhappy vogue in England. In commercial education they have strangely enough done less than what has been effected in some European states. The reason for this is, that hitherto they have been content to secure for themselves the home market. With the present growth of their foreign trade they will soon feel the need of raising a special army of well-trained commercial travellers, thoroughly versed in modern languages, while their future captains of industry will also require to be more highly educated not in the practice but in the theory of business, or economics as it is called. Most of the so-called business colleges are rather devoted to the teaching of actual practice and the lower arts of commerce, but once the Americans realise the need for a greater number of higher institutions they are sure to speedily supply the missing article. In no country is the distance between cup and lip shorter than in America. The difference between the average Englishman of to-day and the typical American seems to be that the Englishman has to grumble over a deficiency till he has talked himself over into supplying it. With the American, a want has often only to be noticed to be at once met and remedied.

American education, as we have already seen, varies greatly. It possesses, no doubt, a "certain tail." A school in the backwoods cannot obviously compare with one of the latest scholastic palaces erected by the city of New York. Like every other nation America has its educational problems, of which a few have here been noticed, yet the comparative youth of the country has not allowed any of them, with the exception of the negro question, to become either acute or chronic as is the case with those in older lands. There are three things which are essential not only to the military but also to the educational forces of a country: money, men who are ready to go anywhere and do anything, and an experienced leader. The

educational forces of America are fully equipped in this respect. They can count on being fully supplied with the sinews of war, their *personnel* is singularly enterprising and enthusiastic, and in the present head of their Education Bureau they possess one who may well be described as the Nestor of educationists. The reverse of a *roi fainéant*, who rules but does not govern, Dr. Harris governs because he does not rule. His writ "runs in no state," yet is read in all. His direct jurisdiction over American education is *nil*, yet, unofficially, he exercises over the minds and souls of the teachers all the spiritual suzerainty of an educational pontiff. Year by year he has been inculcating the deepest philosophical principles into the thousands who have sat at his feet at the great annual conventions, or have eagerly devoured the educational encyclicals which have issued in such profusion from the Bureau at Washington. No one can estimate, yet the most superficial observer can discern, the enormous effect such a course of informal philosophy has had on the present generation of American teachers. It has acted as a sort of gigantic conservation of spiritual forces, giving to the American teacher a kind of philosophic balance and ballast which, while it does not shut his mind against new experiments, prevents him from being too easily led away by the craving for novelty.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

SHIPPING SUBSIDIES

THE sorrow on the sea is as ceaseless as in the days of the Prophet, and is not confined to those who go down to it in ships. It is also shared by those who build and own the ships, and by those who are eager to do business on the great waters. A longing for maritime power just now possesses two nations. In Europe, Germany, or at all events the German Emperor, is yearning for a powerful war navy; in America the United States is pining for a merchant navy, such as she possessed in the good old days before iron superseded wood, and before Protection became high. In this country no topic of commercial import has greater interest than the actual and prospective development of foreign shipping. With the natural development of that shipping we can compete tranquilly, but unnatural development by means of governmental aid is more or less feared, because the potentiality of it is unknown. That the inquiry which has been instituted and is in progress, by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, into the nature and influence of foreign subsidies on shipping will result in material for legislation is improbable.¹ It is much more likely to result in confusion of opinion—judging by the conflicting character of the evidence so far submitted. But even when experts differ, as they generally

¹ Since this article was written the Select Committee have issued an interim Report containing the evidence already taken, and recommending that a Committee be re-appointed early in next session of Parliament to continue the inquiry.

do, their remarks are usually interesting, and there will be no lack of interest in the report of the Select Committee when it is forthcoming. In any case, the inquiry is one which, at this particular juncture, we as a nation, practically dependent on shipping, cannot afford to neglect. The question with us is not whether we shall subsidise our shipowners and shipbuilders, but how the bounties granted by other nations have affected or may affect both. A bounty need not be as boundless as the sea to considerably disturb the conditions of sea commerce. And yet when one regards the project of America, it is impossible not to think, with Flavius of Athens, that " 'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind "—as well as before.

In all old settled and wealthy countries, as McCulloch has said, numbers of individuals are always ready to embark in every new undertaking, if it promises to be really advantageous, without any stimulus from Government; and if a branch of industry, already established, be really important and suitable for the country, it will assuredly be prosecuted to the necessary extent without any encouragement other than the natural demand. And further :

A trade that cannot be carried on without the aid of a bounty must be a naturally disadvantageous one. The history of all businesses carried on in this country by the aid of bounties proves that they are hardly less disadvantageous to those engaged in them than to the public.

This country has had experience of bounties for the encouragement of the fishing industry, and the provision of an important nursery for seamen. The system failed in both of the objects in view. The fishermen were distinctly injured by the bounties, which attracted into the industry a crowd of interlopers, who glutted the home markets and spoilt the export trade in herrings. Immediately after the bounties were repealed the quantity of herrings cured and exported doubled; thereby demonstrating that the best way to promote the industry was to leave it alone.

There are people in all countries who regard commerce as a sort of international war. Of such people there seems to be a

large proportion in the United States, and Mr. Edward Atkinson has commented upon their presence even in the Senate. The outspoken language of this robust American economist is worth recalling.

With singular fatuity these legislators [he says] are among the most prominent advocates and upholders of bounties and subsidies to lines of steamships connecting the United States with foreign countries; their purpose being to help the United States inflict the injury upon them from which they assume to defend themselves, *i.e.*, to flood other countries with our products; that is to say, to flood Great Britain with our cotton and our grain, and to flood other nations with our manufactured goods and wares, while refusing to accept payment for our surplus products in articles which are of foreign production we need in place of these exports. Surely what is sauce for the gander is also sauce for the goose. Yet these advocates of bounties are the very men who hiss at a reduction of our tariff, and who impute to those who try to promote commerce without bounties a dishonest seeking after British gold.

We have no quarrel with the Americans for longing for a restoration of their maritime power. They lost their place in the ocean traffic by their own fault, and they may recover it through their own virtue. And we have no right to object to their endeavouring to form a mercantile navy by artificial means—or, let us say, with the money of the taxpayers. That is their affair. But we have every right to object to an erroneous economic policy being supported in America by fallacious reference to the example of Great Britain. Mr. Eugene Chamberlain, Commissioner of Navigation (who in this connection may be called “the very soul of bounty”) asserts that it is through the mail subsidies paid to steamship companies that Great Britain has retained her leadership in steam navigation. The present writer endeavoured in a recent number of *The Forum* to explain to American readers how very far this is from being the case. Our actual payments for mail subventions are under a million sterling per annum, and they are set off by collections of postage on the mail-matter. The net actual cost to the Exchequer of our so-called mail subsidies is only about a quarter of a million per annum. That the mail subsidies themselves are not regarded as prizes by British ship-

owners—always keen for employment for their vessels, even when it is not highly remunerative—is evident from the small amount of competition for mail contracts. These contracts involve the shipowner in very onerous obligations, and very large expenditure, both in the provision and in the maintenance of suitable ships. They are necessarily worked at a much higher cost than steamers competing on commercial lines only. The mail flag gives them a certain advantage in the passenger traffic, but shuts them out from a good deal of profitable cargo traffic. In any case, these “subsidised” mail carriers form but a very small portion of our merchant fleet. They include, it is true, the finest specimens of marine architecture, but our maritime commerce by no means depends on floating palaces. The P. and O. Company is the only one of the “subsidised” companies that pays a respectable dividend, but it does not pay so well as many companies which have no mail subsidies. And the companies in the Transatlantic trade make their money not out of their subsidised mail-boats, but out of their non-subsidised cargo boats. Our sea commerce depends on the cargo “tramps,” not on the stately mail steamers. And I wrote for the benefit of American readers :

Nothing can be farther from the truth than the supposition, which seems to prevail in America, that British shipping owes its success and prosperity to Government help. On the contrary, successive Parliaments and Ministries have acted and enacted as if their darling object was to fetter and cripple the industry as much as possible. Little does the American shipowner know what an Old Man of the Sea is the Marine Department of the Board of Trade on the back of his British colleague. We have Free Trade in shipping, it is true, but that does not connote Free Trade in shipowning. It implies not protection in the American sense, but restriction of the British and practical protection of the foreign shipowner. And yet, thanks to steam and steel, we own half the world's tonnage, and do a good deal more than half the world's carrying trade.¹

Let us see, however, what America proposes to do, and what other nations are actually doing, in the subsidising of merchant shipping.

¹ *The Forum*, December 1900.

The Shipping Subsidies Bill was the culmination of an agitation for Government aid to American ocean-going vessels which dates back to 1870. In 1871 the United States Government ordered an inquiry into the losses to American shipping which had resulted directly or indirectly from the Civil War, and generally into the causes responsible for the decline of American shipping. It was then reported that 879,000 tons of shipping had been captured during the war, or transferred to foreign flags to avoid capture, and that by far the largest part had been lost by transfer. It was further reported that one of the causes of the decline of American shipping was the great difference in the cost of building vessels of iron in the United States and in Great Britain, and the difference in the cost of working vessels under the British and American flags. To offset these differences, and to infuse new life into American shipping, it was recommended in 1871 that there should be a return to the maritime policy which the United States had adopted between the foundation of the Republic and 1828, when discriminating duties were imposed upon goods imported in foreign ships, and discriminating tonnage taxes on foreign ships entering American seaports, and when the domestic or coastwise trade was restricted absolutely to American vessels. In the period from 1779 to 1828, only ships built in America and owned by Americans could fly the American flag.

The first departure from this maritime policy was by an Act of Congress in 1828, under which foreign ships and their cargoes were permitted to enter American ports on the same terms as American ocean-going vessels, provided the country from which these vessels came granted equal privileges to American vessels. Thirty years ago, when American foreign shipping was on the decline, it was recommended to Congress that the policy followed prior to 1828 should be revived, and that there should be a return to discriminating duties and discriminating tonnage taxes. This proposal Congress hesitated to adopt, because in the meantime had begun the immense material development which followed the war. All the avail-

able capital that Americans could raise was needed for railway building and industrial enterprises, the returns from which were so large that American capital practically ceased to be employed in over-sea shipping. The result was that, until within quite recent years, there were less than a score of ocean-going steamers flying the American flag.

The agitation for Government aid to American ocean-going vessels never entirely ceased. It was contended that either by discriminating duties or by subsidies the shipping industry should receive some fair equivalent for the protection that the tariff affords to other American industries. It was urged by some that Americans should be permitted to buy ships abroad, if they could thus obtain them cheaper than in America, and that to ships so obtained the right of American registry should be extended; and numerous Bills with that object have been introduced into Congress. But this proposal was in direct opposition to the whole Protective policy of the Republican party, and in recent years the free-ship movement has made little progress. The present agitation for shipping bounties has been helped enormously by the building of the new American navy. When that work was begun there were only three iron shipyards in the country, and to-day there are thirty. The enormous development of the coastwise trade during the last fifteen or twenty years, no doubt, has had something to do with the increase of the American shipbuilding industry, but the building of the new Federal Navy has had more. It has extended some of the older yards, and called new works into existence, and it has brought the shipbuilding interest into closer connection with the administration and with Congress. With the building of the war navy a "shipbuilders' lobby" was created at the Capitol, and it has greater influence there to-day than any other single industrial interest, except that of the railways. Other work than vessels for the navy, however, is needed if all the American shipyards are to be kept continuously busy, and if the industry is to keep pace with the development of other American industries. Therefore, the old idea of discriminating duties and

discriminating tonnage taxes was pushed aside, and the shipbuilders started the movement for subsidies, which is likely to come to a successful issue in the coming session of Congress.

The Republican party is, of course, the party of High Protection for all American industries, but in 1896 the shipbuilders obtained the assent of members of both political parties to their subsidies scheme. In that year Mr. M'Kinley was elected President, and in his letter accepting the nomination of the Republican party he emphatically supported the subsidies project. In 1898 came the war with Spain, and although Congress, in the session of 1898-99, advanced the Subsidies Bill through its earlier stages, from a variety of reasons it had to stand over. But the shipping interests did achieve some successes in that Congress. The coastwise laws were extended to Hawaii and to Porto Rico, and several American shipyards have been kept busy building ocean-going steamers for the trade between America and the new possessions in the West Indies and in the Pacific. Meanwhile the United States has pushed its way into the front rank of countries exporting manufactured goods. This new industrial position has had large effect on the new colonial policy of the United States. Since the introduction of the Subsidies Bill the electorate has twice endorsed the colonial policy of the M'Kinley Administration, in the belief that it will still further develop the export trade in manufactured goods. A similar view is taken by many of the Shipping Subsidies scheme. The Protective policy was not seriously challenged in the last Presidential campaign. It was accepted as a settled question, but to-day the country is both willing to extend that policy by a measure like the Shipping Subsidies Bill, and to consider a system of Reciprocity such as Mr. M'Kinley foreshadowed in his last speech the day before he was struck down.

The preamble of the Bill before last Congress "to promote the commerce and increase the foreign trade of the United States, and to provide auxiliary cruisers, transports, and seamen for Government use when necessary" was as follows:

Whereas the profitable employment of the surplus productive power of the farms, factories, mines, forests, and fisheries of the United States imperatively demands the increase of its foreign commerce; and whereas the merchant vessels, officers, engineers, machinists, electricians, and seamen necessary to the increase of the commerce of the United States are also essential as auxiliary to the forces of the United States in time of war and otherwise, and to the better security of the nation and the protection of its possessions; and whereas it is deemed especially expedient to make immediate provision to these ends: Therefore be it enacted, &c.

And among the considerations submitted to Congress in respect of this Bill it was stated that the necessity for legislation of this character was demonstrated, unless it could be shown that the present condition is due to the fault of American shipbuilders and shipowners, or to the paying of too high wages by manufacturers and others employing the labour of the people. It was not admitted that either of these causes exists.

It is asserted that American exports have not kept pace with the increase of population or with the increase of the resources and power of the country in producing food and food-products, and in manufacturing industries of all kinds. The larger the export field, it is contended, the greater will be the capacity of the citizens to utilise and enjoy the products of the farm and the shop, and thereby to enlarge and make profitable the home as well as the foreign markets for everything that is produced or manufactured. The full fruit of development and increase must, it is urged, be found in increasing exportations of all national products and manufactures to every part of the globe where purchasers of them can be found. It is declared to be an "obvious truth" that the volume of the foreign trade of any nation is very largely influenced and increased by the fact that its own ships are the means of its communication and trade. This statement ignores the fact that the export trade of the United States has till now developed in a quite phenomenal manner without an American mercantile marine. But the Congressional paper goes on:

No theory or doctrine of Protection or Free Trade, no theory or doctrine of

Finance or Currency, can affect the fact that our only means of communication and intercourse with more than 90 per cent. of all the inhabitants of the globe is shipping. In order that the United States can fairly compete with other nations in the markets beyond the seas, it is essential that our means of communication and intercourse with the buying nations should be put under the protection of our own flag and on a footing of equality, at least, with our competitors. In the present condition of national affairs and trade in those parts of the globe where perhaps the largest opening for the trade of ourselves and our competitors will exist in the future, the most efficacious means to these ends must be adopted.

Some American advocates of ship subsidies maintain that no argument against Government aid is afforded by statistical proof of an increase in a nation's maritime efficiency. They declare that subsidies are not asked or needed for vessels in the domestic or coast trade—already strictly reserved for American ships—but only for vessels in the foreign trade. And they maintain that the domestic shipping is prosperous and profitable, first because it is protected by law against the competition of foreign ships. From this the conclusion is attempted to be drawn that the foreign shipping is neither prosperous nor profitable because it is not similarly protected. The flaw in this argument, of course, is that while any nation may preserve its own coasting trade to its own flag by shutting out all competition, it cannot by any amount of protection of its flag on the high seas prevent competition in the international trade.

Subsidies for ships are not new to America. They were granted by an Act of Congress passed in 1845, when only some 6000 tons of steam shipping were on the American register. In 1849 the institution of the Collins line in opposition to the Cunard Company raised the steam tonnage to 20,000 tons, and in 1850 to 45,000 tons, but the subsidies did not enable the Collins line to compete profitably, nor preserve it from total failure within eight years. The increase of tonnage (which went up to 115,000 tons before the Collins line collapsed) under the old Subsidy Act of the United States was certainly not a proof of maritime prosperity. The Postal Subsidy Act was passed in

1891, and, strangely enough, the steam tonnage on the American register next year dropped 11,000 tons (to 228,900 tons), although the admission of the British-built steamers, *Paris* and *New York*, by special Act of Congress, alone brought in some 22,000 tons. No doubt, between the passing of the Postal Subsidy Act in 1890 and the present time, the steam tonnage on the American register has increased notably, but not as a result of the subsidies, which are earned by only a few of the steamers now under the American flag. Moreover, subsidies for mail carrying are payments for services rendered to the State, whereas subsidies graded according to the distance run and the speed of the vessels, are payments in the nature of free gifts.

In the course of the discussion on the Bill, it was asked why it was proposed that 80 per cent. of a ship applying for registry and subsidy should be owned by Americans. Mr. Edmunds said he regarded this provision as necessary to insure practically American ownership and control. It would be more difficult, he said, for the foreign stockholders to acquire control of a vessel if the American stockholders held 80 per cent. than if they held only 50 per cent. In this connection Senator Frye said it was the principle of the Bill to bring under the United States flag American-owned ships, manned by Americans, which had been compelled, by financial considerations, to sail under a foreign flag. Vessels under the American flag would be able to compete successfully with foreign ships only with the help of the subsidy provided in the Bill.

Some very remarkable and even wild statements have been made in the United States in connection with what is now known as the Payne-Hanna Subsidy measure. Senator Frye, for instance, said that "80 per cent. of the tonnage from 14 to 21 knots was subsidised by the countries whose citizens own those vessels, and that of steamers over 16 knots at sea today only six are run without subsidies in one form or another." Senator Hanna, in addressing the Senate in December last, said :

It has always been the policy of the English Government, in addition to the policy of directly subsidising their mail steamers, to make such concessions in the application of their laws as in fact to give an additional subsidy to their ships. In other words, the tax on shipping property is almost nothing, and all their internal revenue laws exempt shipping.

Mr. Charles H. Cramp stated before the Industrial Commission at Philadelphia that he was "sure that the great steamship companies of Europe are sending enormous sums of money to the United States to defeat the measure now pending in Congress." Others said it was the British Board of Trade which was sending money over to defeat the Bill! It would be the first time, says the British shipowner, that the Board of Trade has ever stretched a finger to help British shipping. Senator Frye's figures are wrong. There are 477 steamers in the world over 15 knots, and of these 293 are under the British flag; and there are 252 over 16 knots, of which 161 are under the British flag. As upwards of 60 per cent. of the tonnage referred to belongs to Great Britain, and as Great Britain grants no subsidies, and only pays (very niggardly) for actual sea services rendered, it will be seen that Mr. Frye is himself very much at sea. How Mr. Hanna has obtained the idea that our shipping is exempt from taxation cannot be guessed. British shipowners are rather under the impression that they are the most heavily burdened and severely taxed class in the country.

It is worth noting that while Great Britain reduced her expenditure for mail carriage, called postal subsidies, by £24,000 last year, the Government of the United States increased theirs, for a much smaller service, by £60,000. Moreover, the United States grant a practical subsidy of a large amount to American vessels by restricting the coasting trade to the American flag. The same may be said of Russia, and also of Holland in so far as trade in Netherlands India is restricted to the Dutch flag. And, yet further, the United States grant practical subsidies in another way. For the carriage of postal matter by foreign vessels not under contract,

they pay 44 cents per lb. for letters, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents per lb. for other matter. But for the carriage of postal matter by American vessels not under contract, they pay \$1.60 per lb. for letters, and 8 cents per lb. for other matter.

Our payment for mail services is less than one-twelfth of one per cent. of the annual value of our sea traffic. In the majority of British mail contracts the carriers are paid only for the actual weight carried. Only a few, like the P. and O. Company, are paid a fixed annual amount, and that amount screwed down by competition to the smallest possible dimensions, saddled with very onerous conditions. Sir Thomas Sutherland has stated that it is very questionable whether the P. and O. Company gain anything directly by the mail subsidies they receive, as they are forced to provide very expensive vessels, and to despatch them at stated times, whether full or empty. Such payments are very far from being bounties, and they are certainly very much less profitable to the owners than the payments to vessels engaged in the transport service to South Africa, which no one has thought of calling subsidies. Nor can the Admiralty payment of £60,000 per annum, divided over ten vessels for the right to use them in case of need as cruisers, be regarded as bounty, for in order to adapt these vessels to the possible service in view more money has to be spent over their construction than if they were for the merchant service pure and simple, and their cargo-carrying capacity is considerably reduced.

It would appear that the German subsidies are not merely postal subventions, as has sometimes been thought. Among the replies made by British representatives abroad to Lord Salisbury's letter of November 8, 1899, in regard to the payment of subsidies to shipping, is that of Sir F. Lascelles at Berlin, transmitting a report prepared by Consul-General William Ward, who says that :

The German Government memorandum submitted to the Imperial Parliament with the Bills proposing the grant of subsidies to the North German Lloyd Company in 1885, and to the German East Africa Company in 1890, expressly

states that the annual sums to be granted as postal subventions in Germany cannot be regarded merely as a payment for services rendered, that is to say, for carrying the mails; that these sums were asked for establishing and subsidising German mail steamers. This was fully recognised by the German legislative assembly, to whom the Bill was submitted, and no one assumed that the subsidy was merely the value of the postal service, but it was looked upon as value also paid for important interests of the German export industry, the requirements of the navy, and of a colonial policy, &c.

Consul-General Ward shows that Germany pays a larger sum in subsidies than appears on the surface, and that all German ships in the foreign trade participate in indirect bounties. He says that "it cannot be expressed in figures, inasmuch as this bounty is granted in the form of exemptions from payment of customs duties and preferential railway rates." Goods imported for use in the construction of ships, or for their equipment, are admitted free of duty, as also are goods used in the construction of foreign ships of war in German shipyards. State assistance is granted by preferential rates on the German railways for articles for the use of the steamship companies, or for the construction of ships, and for goods for export. Consul-General Ward asserts that the indirect bounties conferred by preferential railway rates have been of immense advantage to German ships engaged in the African and Oriental trades. He says:

This assistance is given by granting largely reduced rates of carriage by all German State Railways to goods exported from inland places of Germany on through bills of lading. These combined land-and-sea through rates of freight are lower than those in force for goods sent to German ports for direct exportation by sea. This preferential rate is only given to goods shipped by German steamers.

He adds that:

The effects of this State assistance in the form of preferential railway rates for goods exported by these subsidised lines to Africa and the Orient are clearly perceptible in the large increase in the volume and value of the exports to those countries since the subsidies were granted.

For instance, in eight years the exports to East Africa increased nearly 500 per cent. in volume, while the return

cargoes increased 200 per cent. in volume. The tonnage of the steamers employed increased in the same time about 600 per cent. The business by the North-German Lloyd line to Asia in five years increased 250 per cent. outwards and 100 per cent. homewards. The North-German Lloyd line to Australia shows similar results.

The total annual amount of direct postal bounties paid by the German Government aggregates £325,000, but that does not include £65,000 paid by the German Post Office to the Hamburg-American and North-German Lloyd steamship companies for the carriage of German mails from Hamburg and Bremen to America. The return mails carried by these companies are paid for by the United States and the other countries in which the mails originate. Consul-General Ward states that the North-German Lloyd line

made an arrangement with the Hamburg-American line by which the same has taken over a part of the subsidy granted to the North-German Lloyd for a fortnightly service to China and Japan, in consideration of furnishing a certain number of vessels for this new service.

The German steamship companies all work in harmony, and are in close relations with their Government. The Consul-General adds :

The figures and observations which I have submitted will sufficiently prove that the direct and the indirect bounties granted by the State to the several German steamer lines referred to have been of very valuable use toward developing German trade.

The tonnage of German merchant ships in the foreign trade has largely increased, and would have been much greater than it is but for the fact that the German-owned shipping in the Baltic ports decreased from 449,000 tons in 1871 to 270,000 tons in 1896, owing largely to change of laws by Russia and other countries.

Some of the witnesses before the Parliamentary Committee showed how the German preferential railway rates have helped German shipping. Mr. James Knott, a steamship owner,

representing the North of England Steamship Owners Association, said :

Cargoes which we used to get from Antwerp are now diverted to Hamburg on account of preferential railway rates, which are tantamount to a subsidy. Some time ago there was a new railway to be built in Turkey, and there was a lot of railway material to be carried from Antwerp. At that time my company had an arrangement with German steamship owners to run on an equality of rates, but railway material was not covered by the arrangement. I was competing for the railway material, but the Germans got it. I was told that the Kaiser himself wrote a letter in his own hand to the Sultan of Turkey in favour of the German line. The Germans, from the Kaiser downward, are doing everything possible to promote German trade. Our trade is slipping away out of our hands—a little here and a little everywhere—and it seems to be nobody's business to take care of it. I believe that the immediate effect of the passage of the Shipping Bill pending in the American Congress will be the transfer to the American flag of a good many ships built by British companies in this country. I know that some owners interested in the American trade have made arrangements to register their vessels under the American flag.

Asked what remedy he proposed on behalf of Great Britain for this state of things, Mr. Knott said :

I regret very much that there is not a Minister of Commerce or Department of Commercial Intelligence in this country with whom traders can take counsel. The Board of Trade is a misnomer; it is really a Board of Labour. They pay no attention to the shipping industry. The Chambers of Commerce are pre-Adamite. The great percentage of the members of Chambers of Commerce have no direct interest in the matter. Subsidies might be one remedy among others, and a good system of through preferential rates might be another. The payment of subsidies helped the mercantile marine, and also to develop an export trade. They had helped Germany and Italy. In France subsidies had benefited the navy, though I do not know whether they have helped the trade of that country. Austrian bounties have made havoc of a very nice trade which used to be done by British vessels to and from Austrian ports, notably in carrying cargoes of cotton from New Orleans to Trieste. The Brazilian Government has passed a law providing that no vessels other than Brazilian shall be allowed to carry coasting cargoes, and that has had serious results on British trade. Vessels of mine used to run from New York to the Brazils, calling at Pernambuco, and made as much as £2500 per voyage. That has been lost. On the voyage to New York the Italian vessel gets £500 per voyage and to the River Plate, £669. To that extent my own vessels are handicapped where they engage in the same trade.

Mr. Knott here wallows in economic heresy. And whatever benefit the German bounties may have been to the German trade—still an open question—the bounties of Italy, France, and Austria have certainly not served to develop the merchant navies of these countries. It is for the re-creation of a mercantile marine that subsidies are chiefly demanded for America.

Mr. Goffey, chairman of the Liverpool Shipowners' Association, complained before the Committee that French sailing vessels receiving bounties from the French Government engage in the British trade and make their profits almost altogether out of the bounty paid by the French Government. He said that this explained the fact that while in 1892 apparently no French sailing-vessels were produced and 124 British sailing-ships, each of 1000 tons and upwards, were built, the production of French sailing-vessels had since gradually increased, while that of England had declined, so that in 1900 the French produced thirty-eight sailing-vessels, each of 2000 tons or more, while we produced only four sailing-vessels of 1000 tons or more each. He said that there was a strong feeling among British shipowners that in every respect foreign vessels coming to British ports should be made to comply with the British load-line law and every other requirement imposed on British shipping.

Mr. C. H. Wilson, director of Thomas Wilson, Sons & Co. (Limited), owners of the Wilson line of steamers trading to Norway, Sweden, the Baltic, India, and America, testified that in competition with the Norwegian steamships they lost money, excepting during the tourist season; but the losses made on the Norwegian line were recouped by the steamers running to America, on which goods were transhipped from that line. Mr. Wilson expressed the opinion that Great Britain ought to follow the example of Germany in promoting the shipping industry, but our contention is that most British shipowners would be more than satisfied if Government would leave them alone. It is not help they want, but the absence of legis-

lative obstructions. As for Mr. Goffey's idea of bringing foreign vessels under British shipping laws, we may hope for that happy time when, as Charles Kingsley would say, the Cocqueigrues come.

The most recent information as to French bounties is afforded by Sir Edmund Monson's report of June 23, 1900, to the Foreign Office. According to this the amounts voted to the French mercantile marine in 1899-1900 were: for construction bounty on tonnage £196,000, for navigation bounty on tonnage and mileage £452,000—total £648,000. There were also paid the following subventions for postal services: France and Corsica £14,200; Mediterranean £54,000; Calais and Dover £10,000; New York, West Indies, and Mexico £450,320; Indo-China and Japan £243,347; Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco £74,000; Australia and New Caledonia £121,317; East Africa and Indian Ocean £76,985; West Coast of Africa £20,036—in all £1,067,271. In the case of the Transatlantic and Algerian services the credit includes a bounty for speed. The credit for postal subventions in 1901 is the same as in 1900, but there is an increase of £26,000 in the construction bounties, and one of £36,000 in the navigation bounties. The law of 1881 granted half-bounties on navigation to foreign-built ships, but by the law of 1893 only French-built ships were entitled to this bounty.¹ To the amount of postal subvention must be added the *décimes de mer*, or remuneration allowed for the carriage of correspondence beyond seas by foreign vessels, and by French vessels not receiving navigation bounty. There were on the French register in 1899 only 1227 steamers of 507,120 net tons, and 14,262 sailing-vessels of 450,635 net tons. This mercantile fleet of 15,489 vessels and 957,755 net tonnage compares with one of 944,013 net tonnage in 1890, so that in ten years there was a mere trifling increase notwithstanding the bounties. The French bounties encourage the building of

¹ In the Subsidy Bill now before the Chambers it is proposed to discontinue all bounties on ships constructed abroad.

sailing-vessels, the tonnage of which increased from 386,510 tons in 1895 to 450,635 tons, while in the same period the tonnage of steamers increased only from 500,568 tons to 507,120 tons.

The new Italian law, in virtue of which subventions are granted to steamship and shipbuilding companies, provides for each vessel actually built in Italy, or in course of construction, a subvention of 45 centimes up to the fifteenth year after the construction, to be paid for every ton and mile. For sailing-vessels the subvention is 30 centimes up to the twenty-first year. The subvention will not be allowed for more than 30,000 sea miles per annum as far as steamers are concerned, nor for more than 12,000 miles in the case of sailing-vessels. As to the shipbuilding companies, they will receive a bonus of 35 lire per gross ton for iron or steel vessels, and one of 13 lire per ton for wooden vessels. The builders are, moreover, entitled to import, free of duty, one-third of the metal necessary for the construction of ships' hulks, provided it does not exceed 160 kilos. per gross ton. Building bonuses will be paid on the day of completion, and will amount to 60 lire per ton if the ship is launched before June 30, 1903, to 50 lire from that date to June 1905, and 40 lire to June 1907. The subvention paid on wooden sailing-vessels will be 30, 20, and 10 lire. It is stipulated that the aggregate sum provided in the State estimates for ships' bounties must not exceed 10,000,000 lire per annum.

The Austrian shipping bounties amounted to £318,988 in 1899. Of that total £242,500 represented the general subvention paid to the Austrian Lloyd Steamship Company; £5000 represented a special subvention to that company for parcel post services; £17,208 was for subsidies for postal services in the Adriatic; and £54,280 was for trading and voyage bounties to Austrian vessels under the law of 1893. These last-named bounties have since been raised 10 per cent. in the case of iron and steel ships built in national dockyards, and 25 per cent. if constructed of home-produced material to the extent of at least

one-half. The mileage bounty paid to the Austrian Lloyd Company is calculated according to the average speed at which any particular voyage is accomplished, and not according to the tonnage of the vessel. The Hungarian Government also pay bounties and subsidies, which in 1899 amounted to £80,755, on tonnage and for postal and other services. But all the vessels in the Hungarian mercantile marine are British-built, and up to last year no construction bounties had been claimed by home builders under the law of 1895. No doubt some subsidised Austrian steamers are now doing work that used to be performed by British steamers; but have we any right to complain of that?

Russia in 1899 granted subsidies to the amount of £318,000, apportioned as follows: To the Volunter Fleet and repayment of Suez Canal dues, £127,500; to the Black Sea Navigation Company, mileage at the rate of 1*r.* 75*c.* to 2*r.* per mile, and repayment of Suez Canal dues, £90,312; to the Black Sea-Danube Navigation Company, £33,256; to the Archangel-Murman Navigation Company, mileage at the rate of 3*r.* 33*c.* per mile, £29,856; to the Amur Navigation Company, at the rate of 1*r.* 37*c.* per verst of two-thirds of a mile, £19,500; Feodoroff's steamers at Vladivostock, £637; Petchora steamers between Archangel and the Petchora, £1062; Sheveleff's steamers in North Pacific, £15,938; total £318,061. And for postal services the following sums were allotted in addition: To the Caucasus and Mereury Company, mileage at the rate of 1*r.* 4*c.* per mile, £30,706; to the Amur Navigation Company, £7063; to the Kiakhta Company running on Lake Baikal, £3613; to the Glotoff Company running on the Lena River, £5313; total £46,695.

Under the estimates of the Department of Trade and Industry of the Ministry of Finance for 1901, the sum assigned for the encouragement of Russian navigation amounted to 3,086,070*r.* 60*c.* or £327,895. It is apportioned among the above and other lines, but the major part is for reimbursement of Suez Canal dues—a very subtle form of subsidy. The additional subventions for postal service amounted to £46,806.

During the last ten years the total amount of subsidies, direct and indirect, paid by Russia has varied. Thus in 1890 it amounted to £239,993; in 1894 to £260,037; and in 1899 it rose to £364,756 as above. No bounty on tonnage constructed locally or purchased abroad is, says Consul-General Michell, granted to Russian shipowners. But to facilitate the purchase by Russians of vessels abroad, they are, under a recent law, allowed to mortgage such vessels to foreigners on purchase. They will also have, in January 1910, the privilege of reimbursement of the Suez Canal dues paid by them in full on arrival at a Russian port in the Far East, or on departure therefrom, and to the extent of two-thirds on arrival at or departure from a non-Russian port in the Indian or Pacific Oceans. As a further measure of encouragement of Russian shipping, vessels required by Russians abroad and destined for foreign sea-borne trade are now freed from payment of the heavy rate of duty formerly levied on such vessels, while the duty on steamers of foreign construction destined for plying on internal waters has been considerably reduced, and made payable in instalments extending over a maximum period of five years. No Russian line of steamers maintains communication with any of the Australian ports.

No shipping bounties have been granted by Belgium since 1852, but several laws have been passed with a view to increasing the Belgian merchant fleet—by admitting to the Belgian flag foreign-built ships, or foreign shipbuilding material at reduced rates or (since 1864) free of duty. The Belgian merchant fleet, however, is very small (163,000 tons), and as a matter of fact the Belgian Government do to some extent subsidise foreign lines. It will be news to most people, even in the shipping trade, to learn that the Norddeutscher Lloyd Company, of Bremen, receive from Belgium a subsidy of 80,000 francs per annum, and are exempted from pilot and light dues, &c., on condition that their steamers between Bremerhaven and the East shall call at Antwerp. The Deutsch-Australische Dampschiffs Gesellschaft receive 1500 francs for every voyage

to and from Australia in the course of which their vessels touch at Antwerp. And the Forenede Dampskibsselskab of Copenhagen, whose lines run to the Baltic and Black Sea, receive special facilities for their steamers calling periodically at Antwerp.

The Dutch do not give any bounties or subsidies to shipping, but only what the Minister for Foreign Affairs calls "une indemnité pour le transport régulier des malles et des colis postaux." Such contracts exist between the Netherlands Government and several shipping companies having lines to Batavia, the West Indies, &c. The Government of Netherlands India pay subsidies for the services of the Royal Packet Boat Company in the Eastern seas, at a scale per geographical mile sailed, with the object of keeping up a regular communication between the different parts of Netherlands India.

According to a recent report by Sir Ernest Satow the Japanese Government in 1899 paid as much as £584,696 in shipping bounties. This amount has grown from £100,750 in 1895. The bounties granted by the Japanese Government to Japanese-owned vessels are comprised under three headings: (1) By the provisions of the Law for the Encouragement of Navigation; (2) by the provisions of the Law for the Encouragement of Shipbuilding; (3) by a Bill recently passed granting special subsidies to the vessels of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha and Toyo Kisen Kaisha employed on the European-Seattle and San Francisco lines (for the encouragement of navigation routes). Of No. 3 Mr. Lay says in his Report on the Foreign Trade of Japan for the year 1898 that:

The expenditure authorised was £272,959 for the European line (Nippon Yusen Kaisha), £66,765 for the Seattle line (Nippon Yusen Kaisha), and £103,500 for the San Francisco line (Toyo Kisen Kaisha), and the payments are to continue for a period of ten years from January 1, 1900. In the European service, which is to be fortnightly, twelve steamers of not less than 6000 tons gross, with a minimum speed of 14 knots an hour, are to be furnished. For the service between Hong Kong and San Francisco, which is to take place at least once every four weeks, three steamers of not less than 6000 tons gross tonnage, and with a minimum speed of 17 knots an hour, are required. For

the Hong Kong-Seattle line three steamers are provided for with a gross tonnage of not less than 6000 tons each, and a speed of not less than 15 knots an hour, which shall make at least thirteen trips a year. The subsidy is to be granted for vessels which shall be engaged in these services for ten consecutive years, the proportion they are to receive being the same as that which they are entitled to under the Law for the Encouragement of Navigation, the provisions of which must be observed. The steamers must be less than fourteen years old when the contract takes effect, and must pass the necessary official examination. Postal matter is to be conveyed free of charge.

The development of subsidised Japanese tonnage has been striking. In 1872 Japan had 96 merchant steamers of an aggregate of 23,364 tons, all second-hand and unseaworthy vessels that never ventured beyond the coasts of Japan. In 1900 she had 846 steamers of 528,320 tons, most of the vessels being of the finest modern type, well-equipped and well-manned, competing with the best British, German, and American lines.

The following are the mail subsidies and bounties of various character paid to shipping by the several maritime countries. The amounts are for the latest years obtainable :

	£
United Kingdom (mails only)	764,117
United States "	357,723
France (mails and bounties)	1,787,270
Germany (mail subsidies)	400,000
Italy (mails and bounties)	500,000
Russia (mails and bounties)	374,700
Austria-Hungary (mails and bounties)	400,000
Spain (mail subsidies) ¹	
Portugal "	13,000
Netherlands "	75,000
Norway "	30,000
Sweden "	17,000
Denmark "	20,000
Japan (mails and bounties)	700,000

¹ In 1896 Spain paid £335,000 in mail subsidies, but since then has lost Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. Her present payments for mail services are insignificant.

We do not seek to anticipate the decision of the Select Committee. It is quite possible that for Imperial or other reasons they may recommend the extension of Government aid to some branches of shipping, on the lines followed by the Colonial Office with regard to the new fruit service with the West Indies. What the British Mercantile Marine, however, needs is not more, but less, legislation. It is saddled with burdens that no other nation places on its shipping. It desires an end of restrictive legislation, and of the delusion that ship-owners are a class of selfish money-grubbers, who must be compelled by law to work not for their own profit but for the maintenance and development of the foreign trade of the country. The best way to promote the shipping industry is to leave it alone.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

THE CONTEMPORARY CRITIC

IN considering the province of contemporary criticism it may be well to begin by examining how fundamental differences of mental attitude lead men into different schools. The watchword of one school is Authority,¹ the aim of the other is Interpretation.

First let us accept the critic's delicate position. It is no objection to him, as is confusedly felt, that he is a self-appointed judge. The value of his pronouncements lies in their *justice*, and not, as the vulgar hold, in their issuing from a high and impressive seat of judgment. But how if the word critic, down the long centuries, has attached to itself shades of meaning at odds with the idea of justice? Styling themselves the judges, the discerners (*κρίνω*, *separate*), have not the contemporary critics shown themselves, to the mind of disillusioned generations, kith and kin with the fault-finders? Is it not that the word critic, in general, suggests to men an inimical shadow hastening to run before slow-footed justice? and where are men more sure of disinterring old criticism than from the learned grave of error? A curious fact this, that when men hear the word Judge, their thoughts turn towards the justice administered, but when they hear the word Critic, they are simply apprehensive; they wait as men expecting *anything*. And they are rarely disappointed!

¹ "The first and most indispensable [condition] is the acknowledgment of the principle of Authority."—Professor Courthope's "Law in Taste," p. 431.

They are rarely disappointed because the critic's utility, and liberty of delivering judgment being conceded, and since his is the right to construe everything as he pleases, there remains only *his own relation to his subject* to be settled. Nothing can there be, or ought there to be, to prevent the critic from seizing those special vantage grounds, whence his subject seen from above, or below, or askew, can be caught at some angle, in focus or out of focus, at his will, and so, either revealed or contorted, be thrust upon the watching audience. But the critic must vindicate his right to his supreme liberty of movement and use of vantage ground, by proving to us that his formidable cleverness, his persuasiveness, his elastic manipulations, re-adjustments and interpretations are in the service of his passion for justice, or are inspired by his delicate sense of his relation to his subject. For this relation of the critic to his subject may be purely arbitrary. Anything he may draw from the deep wells of his misunderstanding, if delivered oracularly, is in fact the impressive judgment the crowd accepts! Is not the average critic's anxiety to show his superiority over his subject, at all costs, proof that his ideal of justice is justice for *himself*? And have not the majority of critics of every generation been thereby subtly led to commit critical *felo-de-se*? Therefore we may look curiously and with an intent eye at those hosts of critics who put themselves before their subjects, who put themselves first, a long long way first, and their subjects last. Such critics may on occasion utter good and searching criticisms, but does not occasional justice bring the judges into contempt? Seeking a more convincing basis for judgment let us put the self-seekers for the time aside.

II

But how can the critic be just? Just to *what*? It is by the world of standards that the critic carries within himself that he defines himself. And these standards imply his prejudices, his limitations, his partialities no less than his insight, his potency, his illumination of spirit. Of such a web

is his judgment strangely woven, and by the respective worlds that this web stretches over to-day shall we define each modern critic as ranged in one of two classes—academic or contemporary. Each has his separate standards, each dispenses a different justice, the first the deferred justice of a Court of Appeal, the second that of an Arbitrator. Of the third, or the journalistic pseudo-critic which our hasty age has fabricated to serve its hasty purpose, *his* justice is that of a crowd in motion. The Court of Appeal's justice springs from a resifting of accumulated evidence, the Arbitrator's justice from swift insight into contending forces—the age and the man. Whose task is the more puzzling? If a strange darkness descends not rarely upon the academic critics, upon those elect men, privileged to judge the buried past, who cast their purged gaze towards the Olympian peaks of literature standing out clear and well defined beyond the confused and shifting foregrounds of our age, if on *them* descends the darkness, what misty seas of error, continually sweeping up from the modern plains, must envelop the contemporary critic? How to be just to our contemporaries, when the "movements" and the needs of the generation continually force the critic to shift his ground hastily, in order to keep the range of the advancing and passing contemporary crowds? What *standards* is the contemporary critic to be just to? Must not, after all, every critic's aim be to fight for his own special creed in the *melée* of contemporary movements, and must not he break lances with all men who bar his passage? If, for example, like Mr. Andrew Lang, he carry within himself a praiseworthy passion for what is "old and seasoned,"¹ or like Señor Valdés² he mourn over the decadence of modern literature, must he not strive to close

¹ "We ought to aim at excellence of matter and form, and we may be content to think that *all goodness of form is old*, and is not fantastic."— "Literature in the Nineteenth Century": Essay by Andrew Lang.

² "I cast my eye over Europe, and I see nothing in poetry and painting but lugubrious and prosaic scenes, and in music I hear nothing but sounds of death."— "The Decadence of Modern Literature": Essay by Señor Valdés.

with his strait creed the mouth of this unworthy generation? The answer is—Assuredly he must, and by the nature of his insight into the movements of his day shall we class him as an academic¹ or contemporary critic, or merely as an engrossed indefatigable journalist. Assuredly it is the honourable task of the academic critic, of the scholar, and of many a fine spirit to rally in the defence of “the old and seasoned” and uphold the cause of great literature, and to be deaf to the interested shouts of the marketplace and the present-day turmoil. So strong may that instinct be that we find Joubert, that finest of spirits, would admit to the shelves of his library neither Voltaire nor Rousseau, for fear of contamination, though probably Mr. Lang, who bars the great Russian author Tolstoy, and the great Scandinavian Ibsen, has decided that Voltaire and Rousseau are “old and seasoned” enough to be innocuous reading, both for the crowd and for himself. Certainly the academic critic, strong in every age, from the days of the Alexandrians to the days of M. Brunetière, will be always with us, and in this hour of commercialism in letters and of the Americanisation of the world, he deserves that fine gold should be intertwined in his professional laurels. Whether he direct his age from an Oxford Chair, or whether he illumine the pages of illustrated “weeklies,” his brave stand for good literature, for classic literature, for the literature that the happy inspiration of the ages has led him to reconsecrate solemnly, will see him enrolled, if not in the ranks of the immortals, assuredly in the ranks of their cupbringers and their torchbearers. “They loved the old, good literature that the common man passed by.” That is in itself a just and noble epitaph for the true academic critic. But many are the methods of advancing the cause of good literature, and we humbly urge that the favourite method of the academic critic,

¹ “The ability and success with which the journalist discharges his functions naturally excite emulation among those who practise the fine arts. They imitate his methods. Hence they are led to Realism in the choice of subject Impressionism . . .”—Professor Courthope, “Law in Taste.” (Fielding and Sterne we see are thus accounted for!—E. G.)

that of refusing entrance to the spirit, taste, and tendency of his time,¹ would almost disqualify the contemporary critic from exercising his functions.² The web of the contemporary critic's mind is otherwise woven. So complex and diverse are the worlds of modern tendency, which the critic's web must stretch to and embrace to-day, that one quality, receptivity, must be inherent in the fibre of the contemporary critic's mind. The critic who, in the cause of good literature, or in the cause of "seasoned literature," is fond of waving various manifestations of contemporary literature aside,³ he who refuses to examine certain aspects, and he who forbids life to manifest itself in this or that fashion through literature,⁴ is in fact seeking to dictate to life the new forces of its growth and the new horizons. A serious, an invaluable academic critic he may be, but all the same a partisan of the classics, priding himself on fencing out from his palisaded enclosure that upheaving modern world which must evolve new forms in art, new ideas, formulas, styles and jargons, or else drop back into scholasticism, imitation, and conventionalism of form. The academic critic's contention

¹ ". . . the modern artist, in opposition to ancient practice, either ignores the necessity of finding his groundwork in the selection of a subject common to himself and his audience, or insists on his right of treating his subject without regard to the public taste or experience. Every one can see for himself that this is the way in which an essentially modern artist like Ibsen constructs his plays."—Professor Courthope, "Law in Taste."

² "It has been a great century in letters, but its earlier glories in letters are little studied (with a few exceptions), and the literature of the moment is only in one way encouraging. It cannot well be worse; it is the dark hour before the dawn."—Andrew Lang, "Literature in the Nineteenth Century."

³ "Meanwhile we must endure constant exhibitions of crude and one-sided experiments, 'symbolism,' adventures in odd metres, tales without beginning or end, or interest, uncouth attempts at phonetic reproduction of rude dialects, mincing euphuisms, miscalled 'style,' and many other tribulations, among them flocks of imitations of everything that has a week's success."—Andrew Lang. *Ibid.*

⁴ "Great stores of 'realism,' 'naturalism,' Ibsenism, decadence, and art according to Maeterlinck, have been unloaded on a public, which, lectured out of its natural human tastes, is already reverting to them."—Andrew Lang. *Ibid.*

at bottom amounts to this—that life should express itself only by certain *authorised* forms of literature, and literature should not be free to work out new channels for life's expression.¹ So perchance ought it to be! but fortunately so it is not. How have the "authorised forms" been attained, we may ask, if not through the uncouth beginnings, the ceaseless experiments of successive generations? And no amount of critically applying the standards of culture of bygone ages to the literature and art of a present generation can appreciably modify a "movement's" evolution; every new literary movement, renaissance, or fresh departure in art and letters, whether fine or cheap, whether long lasting or transitory in its effects must spring largely from fresh needs and outlooks, and from the new vistas opened by life to each successive generation.

This being so, in order to be *just* to any school of writers, to any literary movement of any period, must not the critic first try and investigate the mental outlook arising from the social conditions of the life of which any school is a manifestation? of which it is a revelation? to which it is a contradiction? Must we not first of all examine the author's attitude in relation to the prevailing tendencies round him? We may often, of course, not succeed in discovering how a particular writer has been fertilised by his age, and certain writers seem to spring up independently of their environment, but, in considering the main body of the literature of the generation, will not the main proposition from which the contemporary critic should start be something as follows:

All literature is documentary evidence on mind or life. Every age seems to produce in the bulk of its literature, those varieties of special literary food which are best calculated to nourish the prevailing conceptions of life; and simultaneously from the community's ranks (always silently developing fresh unseen forces) constantly there emerge fresh men bringing with

¹ "The standards of poetry have been fixed long ago by certain inspired writers whose authority it is no longer lawful to call in question."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. i. p. 63. "On Southey and his School."

them new conceptions and new forms, which challenge the old forms and conceptions. Now when critics are found strenuously contending against new schools of writers, and new forces,¹ they are nearly always showing their blindness to the forces of life working in and behind these writers, and so they have not the scale by which to render justice to its literature.² Irritated by new methods, new ferments and uncouth experiments,³ these critics do not understand that even the foolish fashions, if you will, of contemporary literature do "show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." The critic may indeed say to contemporary writers: "By all the tests of good literature I find your standards execrable," but should we not require from contemporary criticism a justice more explanatory and more penetrating? "The law does not deal with a man's motives, but only with the result of his actions" is a principle in jurisprudence consistently set aside by all the great critics of human life. And certainly that finer justice by which the critic seeks to *place* each man's performance, will lead him first to inquire—what necessity in *you*, what inheritance, what outcome of what conditions give you your character, and make you the mouth-piece of the life which you represent to us? This is the finer justice, that which considers literature not as fruit detached from the tree, the soil, the climate, the influences which have brought it forth, but that which shows its human meaning, its curious value in relation to the contemporary attitude of mind it bodies forth. If the critic does not pursue this method, but

¹ "A splenetic and idle discontent with the existing institutions of society seems to be at the bottom of all their serious and peculiar sentiments."—*Edinburgh Review* on "Southey and Coleridge."

² "From the steppes of Russia come delirious mystics who work up the country of Molière, Rabelais and Voltaire. From thence surge unwholesome analyses and scandalous improprieties, that corrupt the sons of Cervantes."—Señor Valdés.

³ "New sentiments and new images others may produce; but to attempt any further improvement of versification will be dangerous. Art and diligence have now done their best, and what shall be added will be effort of tedious toil, and needless curiosity."—"Life of Pope." Johnson's Works, xi. pp. 194, 195.

seeks to fix the value of his age's literature by reference to the æsthetic standards of the literature of the past, we shall find him denying "excellence" to whole schools of literature,¹ or disdaining to inquire into the significance of the really significant tendencies of his age.² We shall find him, in short, failing to show that *passion for justice*, that delicate sense of his relation to his subject, which should lead him to interpret his age's productions. We shall find him, finally, ranging himself amidst that host of critics, who, avowedly fighting in the cause of good literature, often ignore, misread, and misinterpret in their day that very literature which is good.³

III

What, then, is the contemporary critic's duty? He cannot hope to do more than fix a provisional value on the literature of his day. But his aim must surely be (a) to discover in the great mass of literary "matter" the fresh creative spirits bringing new illuminations, new valuations into literature and life; (b) to set down the characteristics of those contemporary documents which *do* betray to the age "his form and pressure" and (c) to detect the forces underlying the literary movements, and explain the nature of the life which determines their

¹ "The same rule applies to continental literature. 'Decadence' and reaction from Decadence (as in M. Rostand); 'Realism' and reaction from Realism; social philosophies, striving to take literary form (as in Tolstoy); theories and contending critical slogans meet us everywhere, but we find little spontaneous genius, little permanent excellence."—Andrew Lang, "Literature in the Nineteenth Century."

² "So when there appears one of these ostentatious, enormous, wearisome works, enveloped in vagueness and mystery, full of symbolical and mystical aspirations, like many of the Romantic Schools of the past, and nearly all of the modern naturalists, symbolists, and decadents, the public is delighted," &c.—Señor Valdés, "The Decadence of Modern Literature."

³ "Mr. Wordsworth's diction has nowhere any pretence to elegance or dignity. . . . Alice Fell is 'trash.' . . . The poem on the Cuckoo is 'absurd.' 'The Ode on Immortality' is 'the most illegible and unintelligible part of the whole publication. . . . We venture to hope that there is now an end of this folly.'"—*Edinburgh Review*, xxxiv. 202.

qualities. He aims at justice thereby; and though he rarely attain it, perhaps his verdict on the newcomers, whom he greets, is about as useful as that pronounced by the academic critic upon the ages which have fled far from him. Let us apply this humble scheme of the critic's duty to some of the literary "signs and portents" on our horizon.

IV

What are the manifestations of contemporary literature? What does authority say? "The literature of the moment is only in one way encouraging. It cannot well be worse: it is the dark hour before the dawn," says the distinguished critic whom we have already quoted. But why, why are the critics always longing for the dawn instead of rejoicing in the deluge? For is it not the hour of the deluge and of no dawn that arrives, and of a still more wonderful deluge to-morrow? Looking at the seas of modern literature before us, around us, advancing upon us, and recalling the text "The fountains of the great deep were broken up . . . and the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth," it may be asked: Is not this literary inundation indeed the uncontrollable expression of modern life, of its rushing volume, and is not the critic's vocation to face with a spirit curious, undaunted, free, this literature's far-circling expanse, rejoicing in ascertaining its depths and racing currents and all the portents of its babbling shallows? Can any agency assuage, or academic precept stem, this incalculable flood?

What is the special note of this literature that "cannot well be worse?" Vulgarity and banality, some will answer. "The note of emancipation from certain human decencies," Mr. Lang replies¹; but does not a broader note in our literature's voluminous voice, one of a deeper import, force itself upon us? Shall we

¹ "The note of the early century was that of emancipation from rules which had always been conventional, the rules of French criticism under Louis XIV. The note of the closing century is emancipation from certain human decencies."—Andrew Lang, "Literature in the Nineteenth Century."

not rather recognise that modern life's fecundity, diversity, and complexity along with its vulgarity are being marvellously mirrored by the literature of our time,¹ that our literature breathes that spirit of expansion whereby the modern man's horizons are constantly enlarged, and whereby he is to-day, no less than yesterday, exploring, seizing, and developing the illimitable fields of life and thought stretching for his annexation and investigation. And is not our literature, in the main, one of sympathetic curiosity and keen inquiry as to the thousands of roads life is going?² Wherever the civilised man places his foot, in whatsoever spot of the globe he finds his habitation, there is contemporary literature speedily recording *him*, and so adding to the old world's realisation of its new life.³ Centuries to come, looking back on our generation's literature, will see in it the ceaseless movement and expansion that characterise our day. Now, if our literature brings to men's cognisance so fully the variegated life of European societies, its decadence in those "centres" where decadence is⁴ and its vigorous expansion where growth is,⁵

¹ To take only the writers best known to us in England as creative artists who have produced their main work since 1860 (the year that marks for Mr. Lang "the degeneracy of literature") we may cite: Meredith, Tolstoy, Ibsen, Maupassant, Walt Whitman, Henry James, Anatole France, Howells, Nietzsche, Jules Lemaitre, De Goncourt, Zola, Bourget, Pater, Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, Maeterlinck, Heredia, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Serao, Fogazzaro, Carducci, D'Anunzio, Negri, Sienkiewicz, Spielhagen, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Couperus, Verhaeren, Valdés, Bjornson, Jonas Lie, Jacobson, Hardy, Henley Stevenson, Mark Twain, Sarah Orme Jewett, Miss Thackeray, Miss Wilkins, Daudet, Robert Bridges, Jokai, Orzeszko.

² I can at all events attempt without undue temerity to discover the common tendency of writers of to-day. You meet, I think, almost everywhere an aversion to the conventional, the artificial, and a patient and persistent search for Nature, reality and truth."—Jules Pravieux. "On Contemporary French Literature," *Athenæum*, July 6, 1901.

³ Stevenson in the South Seas; Pierre Loti in Indo-China; Stephen Crane in Mexico; Joseph Conrad in Malaya; Henry Lawson in Australia; Maxime Gorky in South Russia; V. Korolenko in Siberia, &c. &c.

⁴ Huysman, Eckhoud, Pierre Louys, Catulle Mendes, &c.

⁵ Bret Harte, Rudyard Kipling, Louis Becke, Hamlin Garland, &c.

does it not accomplish its mission? Can the literature of decaying communities and the literature of the new peoples beyond sea alike gain sincerity by their spiritual adjustment to classic models? Yet the academic critic's dissatisfaction with modern literature poises itself delicately on the vast and rounded contention that they can and should.¹ If we have to endure, in Mr. Lang's words, "constant exhibitions of crude and one-sided experiments," "symbolism, adventures in odd metres, &c.," may we not recognise that these "one-sided" experiments cry aloud with the great voice of Culture which has taught the general public to become articulate, which has opened a way for the yeasty waters of popular literature and carried them over the breakwaters of the Academies and the "literary men," and over the quiet beaches sacred to the "fine spirit?" Must we not recognise as kindred phenomena of one and the same great spectacle—the world's progress—the facts that, on the other hand, never was a generation more culture ridden than ours, never were there so many "Classics for the Million" and "World Classics," so many "Edited Texts," "Golden Treasuries," and "Globe Libraries," so many "Temple Shakespeares" and "Century Scotts," so many "Manuals of Literature," "Literary Histories" and "Histories of Literature," so many "Standard Editions" and "Complete Works"; never were there so many "Royal Roads" and Extension Lecturers, and certified professors of literature and language, so many registered teachers and scholarly expounders of all the standards that the academic critics deem to be "old and excellent"—nay, is not the *Daily Mail* itself edited by young Oxford and Cambridge scholars?—and yet, yet on the other hand this is the age of "The Sorrows of Satan" and

¹ "The most marked characteristic in the contemporary art and literature of every country in Europe is the pursuit of Novelty; by which word I mean not the freshness, character, and individuality, which are essential to every work of genius, but the determination to discover absolutely new *matter* for artistic treatment. . . . The causes of Poetical Decadence . . . are moral not physical."—Professor Courthope, "Law in Taste."

Miss Marie Corelli's other novels, of "The Eternal City," and Mr. Hall Caine's novels running into *their* millions of copies, and Mr. Guy Boothby and *his* hundreds of thousands of copies. Does it not almost look as if it were the successful application of the "sweetness and light" of the classics to the Philistine soul of our world that has aroused the great general public to manifest itself in literature, and to pour from the floodgates of its consciousness that whirling sea which "cannot well be worse"? And while academic teaching and the literary deluge synchronise, is it possible that we shall not get rid of either in this inspiring modern world? Is it possible that we are merely viewing two phantasmagorial aspects of one and the same ingenuous spectacle?

V

In any case, whether it is the diffusion of superficial culture which assists the depraved human mind to produce the bulk of popular literature, must not the contemporary critic accept that wider standpoint which involves a recognition of the "bulk" as "the literature of the self-education of the crowd"—the mental food necessary to its present state of development? And will he not better *seize* its significance, and indeed render it absolute justice by treating it as *documentary evidence* of the community's mental outlook, needs, wishes, and states of feeling?¹ Is not the crowd trying to get into the whole house of modern literature, and find out its life there, and is there not to-day such a noise and confusion, such a banging of doors and opening of windows that the house is rendered temporarily uninhabitable to the "fine spirit"? And are not the most "popular" writers very, very insignificant as creators, but very plainly significant as the instructors,

¹ For example, perhaps the fullest justice that we could render to that remarkable work "The Eternal City" would be by analysing its caricature of Tolstoyism and by considering its solemn projection of the Suburban Protestant lower-middle-class conscience through the airy medium of Fleet Street sensationalism into the astonished corridors of the unrelaxing Vatican.

the overseers, the spokesmen of the community's ignorance?¹ If the critics would only recognise as a national drama this surprising unlocking of the doors of our heterogenous General Public's consciousness and its flinging itself outwards into literature, eager to bring its world into violent and familiar contact with the great stream of life flowing outside it, would they not fix the valuations of this literature, get all round it, see into its meaning, and thereby place it better than by simply condemning it as not in harmony with certain æsthetic canons. We are all witnessing to-day the phenomenon of the culture of the community not being *grown* slowly from the deep roots of its life (by which slow growth for example, flowered the exquisite poetry and exquisite arts of many old-world peasantries), but being transplanted, imported, and administered by the Press, the academies, and other wholesale agencies for indiscriminate consumption. And the unassimilated "culture" of our modern commercialised world is the ferment in the hasty brew of "popular" works.² It is the chief source of very bad art. Accordingly the contemporary critic, seeing the relation this "culture" bears to society's mental outlook, seeing inevitably why it is prevalent, and the purpose it serves, must discriminate most sharply between the comparatively small band of artists whose creative instincts shape true works of art for us, and for posterity, and the running multitude of writers whose works reflect the common perishing valuations of our bustling and self-important time. Herein lies the distinction between living and dead criticism. For if the critic fails to detect in the deluge of his

¹ "Hall Caine's 'Eternal City' is a great novel revealing the author at the very zenith of his gift. . . . The book's greatest wealth is its wealth of contagious and engrossing emotion. It is a triumph of imagination, of power over the feelings, as it is of dexterously used observation of an historic and most interesting and deeply agitated people . . ."—*The Liverpool Daily Post*.

² For example, the rise to-day of a pseudo-realistic, pseudo-romantic school of fiction (examples, Mr. Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau," Miss Fowler's "The Double Thread") suggests that the great-middle-class public is suffering from an indigestion of culture and a painful chaos of ideas.

day the spirits that being finely creative open new windows for our consciousness, if he confuses what is significant with what gives us a mere face value, he fails. Weary of the deluge, he is in danger of rejecting his age *en bloc* or of hailing, let us say, the achievements of Mr. Rider Haggard, and of being critically disheartened by the "symbolism" of Maeterlinck.

VI

Seeking then, in this weltering literary flood to-day loosed upon us, for talents of special originality which add something really living to literature, and for those documents of life which show the age in meaning outline, the critic understands first that justice implies that receptive spirit, which hastens to recognise each writer's world, listens to his message whatever it be, and responds to anything individual he is privileged to reveal to us about which other men are dumb. Secondly the critic asks: "Does this talent open to us a new window into the world of men, the world of the mind? Wherein lies the difference between this new window and all the other windows?" And generally, in the case of those few windows opened for the first time, which are most strange to us, how apt are the critics to have an actual distaste for them,¹ at first refusing to look out of them, and even clamouring to have them blocked up altogether.²

But in the majority of cases the windows, we agree, merely open back into the commonplaces of the human mind, then the critic's duty is to see whether but one solitary face looks out or a multitude of contemporary faces. The majority of *litterateurs* in every age are as human wax on which

¹ The *Guardian* on Charles Kingsley's "Yeast": "It is the countenance the writer gives to the worst tendencies of the day, and the manner in which he conceals loose morality in a dress of high sounding and philosophic phraseology which calls for plain and decided condemnation." Quoted by Mr. Basil Worsfold in "Judgment in Literature."

² See Mr. William Archer's list of first English criticisms on Ibsen's plays,—"Carrion," "Loathsome Putridity," "Shocking immorality," &c., &c.

are impressed individual records of the modes of thought, institutions, ethics, fashions, and general forms of life current in their day. The average mind having little original creative power, with which to resist, transform, or appraise the prevailing standards, gives us the *face-value* only of the life around. And the critic, in dealing with this class of literature, will stamp it as the crowd's. Crowds, *en masse*, have too their literature, the writings in ogham, the rock-carvings of their mental state, and in order to do it justice the critic must fix in his criticisms these people's valuations of life, and he must try and get behind their literature and see what it falsifies as well as what it reveals in the nation's life.¹ To subject the bulk of contemporary literature to high æsthetic and literary standards is often simply to *suppress* its significance. As the majority of new works are but the age's ephemeral children they can only make an appeal to their parent age; the contemporary critic's duty, therefore, is to fix, in the significant documents of the life of his time, the *character* of his age; and to the majority of average works of literature he will do justice by treating them as revelations of the contemporary mind, knowing that though the inner individual spirit of these typical documents may be of very little significance, its testimony to the overlordship of the age may be of very much.

To come back to our starting-point: how can the critic be *just*? If we penetrate into the critics' camp do we not find it pitched at the meeting of many cross roads along which the various critics, asking "What is the value of this new literary field presented to us?" are seen taking each some individual path, some idiosyncratic lane of judgment, whence they obtain some special prospect, but rarely command a wide view of the main lie of the land. So in trying to get nearer to just judgment we are led to criticise the critics' relative justice and we then see the critics as men fulfilling dissimilar functions.

¹ For example, the "immoral passages" of a "scrofulous" French novel often imply there is little to hide and much pretence of immorality. The English novel hides and assumes, equally, certain aspects of the national life.

The rank and file of the army of critics would indeed seem to serve as the faithful janissaries of the main body of the public's prevailing concepts, ethics and mental outlook, janissaries whose function it is to attack all literature that is strange or rare, the assimilation of which may be held to be harmful to the national constitution. (Example. The general English criticism of the French "naturalists.") Other critics stand as the spokesmen of foreign or classic culture, the study of which in their judgment would bring to their nation a wider outlook, finer aims, and clearer self-knowledge, and such critics may be in their turn liable to misjudge the significance of "new windows" opened at home. (Example. Matthew Arnold and his attitude to Tennyson, Browning and other contemporary writers.) Other critics again, enamoured of certain features in the national life may show little justice to writers, "schools" or movements outside their own bracing programme. (Example. The critical policy of Mr. Henley's *National Observer*.) The critics, in fact, perhaps, should be looked upon less as judges responsive to demands for justice at their gates, than as the priests of literature vowed to their special creeds, to their own particular altars, and deaf to all but the favoured communicants within their sacred walls. When a "new window" is opened revealing a fresh territory of the mind, is not the average critic less anxious to find out what are the special laws of its existence, of what life and what nature it is the outcome, than to establish that this new territory, this new mind, ought, according to such and such literary standards, to be something rather different from what it is.¹ Undoubtedly this is criticism's chief work; the ushering of the great procession of æsthetic and literary standards to announce to each writer "You have failed here; you have succeeded there; you are too much yourself, or you yourself are too little." This is the daily work of criticism, the bringing of this Rhadamanthine court to throw its shadow

¹ The multitude of "journalistic" critics who find in every goose a swan is, of course, a "portent" demanding kindly analysis in its turn.

over and efface all productions that are feeble and malformed at birth, the continued existence of which the critic deems injurious to literature itself and to the common good. But this formidable process explains also why most criticism has merely an ephemeral value and administers but partial justice; for in trying to judge where the work arrives in the great road of literature stretching before us, the critic is apt to discuss too much its transitory relations with the surrounding world to which it speaks, and too little its permanent relations with the world from which it has come. If we take up the sorriest pamphlet of (say) the eighteenth century we understand what it is, we see its value as literature and its relation to the life of its age. The critics of its day did not see what it was; they saw what it "ought" to be and therefore their "oughts" passed away in the pomp and show of transient superiority. The critic's "ought" rarely *explains* the meaning of the writer's "is"! The contemporary critic will therefore understand by justice that which explains the "is," finds the illuminating light it casts on life, and does not exclude it from its place, because it "ought" to be rather different from itself.

Thus, looking at the relations of the mass of critics to the literature of their day, the contemporary critic aims first at *interpretation*, knowing that he must be prepared to controvert current opinion, and yet he must sympathise with his age in order to penetrate to its meaning. He is the arbitrator, just or unjust, between the individual men of his age and his age's prevailing tendencies, and accordingly he will prove himself less of the censurer and faultfinder the more he shows in his ideal and in his practice that he is the explainer, the demonstrator of what writers introduce or reflect in contemporary life. His aim will be to *account* for authors, to explain them to their age, and their age through them—which will not indeed render them ultimately less dissatisfied with him. He will, however, understand that it is his duty to resist what is bad in literature chiefly by showing what tendency it represents, by tracing what is its relation to contemporary society and the

contemporary mind from which it springs. And thus the critic, in inquiring into the significance of the really significant tendencies of his time, will leave to the academic school its watchword of authority as applying to the past, and will find the weapon that can deal with the present, in his chief aim—*Interpretation*.

Finally, the academic and the contemporary critic may be said to rule over different provinces. The function of the former may perhaps be defined as "the interpretation of the literature of the past, and the promulgation of the highest literary canons (of the past) in order that good literature (as heretofore understood) may be perpetuated." The academic critic, in any case, gathers in the honours of the last word. Willingly we leave the silent field to his impressive figure. He frowns at the birth of the obscure, but his sense of duty impels him to officiate at the obsequies of the illustrious dead. To him falls, after the lapse of centuries, the most delicate of tasks—the task of marshaling those writers who, by virtue of their qualities, have survived the censure of the academic critics of their own day.

EDWARD GARNETT.

THE SYMBOLISM OF SIGNORELLI'S "SCHOOL OF PAN"

PERHAPS the most fascinating and certainly one of the best primitive pictures in the Berlin Gallery is the well-known picture which is usually called the School of Pan, but which the Berlin catalogue entitles "Pan as God of natural life and master of music with his attendants." It cannot be without a pang of regret that the English connoisseur admires its beauties, for it was originally offered to the trustees of the National Gallery and rejected by them with that keen discrimination of, and distaste for, great masterpieces which have so frequently been displayed by that body even in more recent years. The particulars of this—unfortunately typical—transaction, and also an account of the discovery of the picture by Signor Tricca in the Palazzo Corsi at Florence, are given in Miss Cruttwell's admirable monograph on Signorelli (G. Bell & Sons, 1899). In her account of the picture itself, which may be taken as the latest and fullest, though she alludes to the "true touch of the Pantheistic spirit" which it evinces, to its poetry and idyllic charm, she does not give any clear notion of the meaning of the picture, or of what ideas in the artist's mind led to the production of this fascinating poesy. And yet, in fifteenth century art, such compositions as this were never purely capricious fantasies.

Modern as the artist of that time was, in some ways, he was not modern enough for that ; he was too much accustomed in

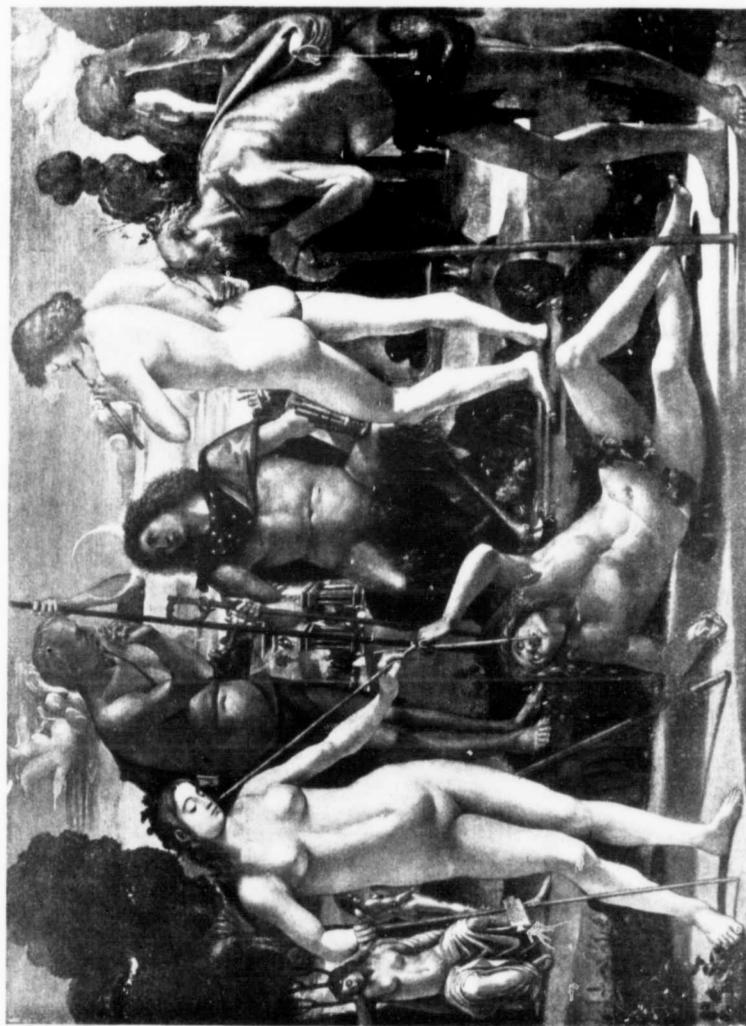


Photo. B. B. B. B. B.



painting to the practice of setting out to express some definite and well-recognised idea, to create so elaborate a composition without given data. Some train of thought, discoverable or not, always led him, by more or less logical and intelligible stages, to the particular imagery of his composition. In the case of Botticelli's mythological poesies, the ideas have almost all been traced to their sources in the literature of Politian or of the Latin poets.

That this is, in a sense, a companion piece to those we might have guessed even without Vasari's testimony. It is so unlike Signorelli's other work, it bears so unmistakably the impress of Lorenzo's peculiar pantheistic imagination, his fervid neo-Platonism, that the inspiring idea could only have taken rise among those poetical metaphysicians of Lorenzo's circle who found in classical mythology so perfect an expression of their dreams about the universe.

But how did Lorenzo de' Medici—since we may take his imagination to have been the prime mover in this poesy—how did Lorenzo come by such a conception of Pan as is hinted at here? How comes Pan to have the stars for his robe and the moon for his horns? What is the meaning of his curiously twisted stick, and above all, why has Lorenzo made the artist attempt such a strange—for Italian art of this period such a unique—effect, of the after-glow of a clear sunset? For although the last warm rays of the setting sun fall on the figures and cast slant shadows across the foreground, Signorelli has availed himself of a poet's licence to introduce into the sky and clouds an effect which only occurs when the sun has already set in clear æther, when the moon begins to tell on the intense violet of an Italian sky, while the clouds, lit by the sun's afterglow, still compete with its growing light.

I do not know of any other Central Italian or Florentine work of this period in which the mood of such a twilight effect is so vividly and so feelingly conveyed as it is here, not, it is true, by a literal and consistent rendering of the facts of tone and colour, but by an instinctive perception of what in the

effect, as one sees it in Italy, stirs so poignantly the cosmic emotions of the beholder.

In classical art and literature, both of Greece and Rome, Pan is given no such exalted position as this. The horrid and jovial shepherd god of Arcadia could hardly have sat on this rustic throne or cast his eyes up and sighed with such an overpowering sense of *weltschmerz*. It was not till neo-Platonic pantheism and perhaps some notions derived from Egyptian religion had found their way to Rome that this conception of Pan took shape. And it is, I believe, from the writings of Macrobius and Servius of the fourth century A.D. that Lorenzo de' Medici got his idea.

Macrobius says ("Saturnaliorum," Lib. i. c. 19).

Pan ipse, quem vocant Inuum, sub hoc habitu quo cernitur solem se esse prudentioribus permittit intelligi. Hunc Deum Arcades colunt appellantes τὸν τῆς ὕλης κύριον, non silvarum dominum sed universæ substantiæ materialis dominatorem significari volentes, cujus materiæ vis universorum corporum, seu illa divina, sive terrena sint, componit essentiam.¹

But though this gives us clearly the general notion of the picture the passage from Servius is much more explicit. In the note on Virgil's *Bucolic* ii. line 31, "Imitabere Pana canendo," Servius adds :

Nam Pan deus est rusticus, in naturæ similitudinem formatus. Unde et Pan dictus est, *i.e.*, *omne* ; habet enim cornua in radiorum solis et cornuum lunæ similitudinem. Rubet ejus facies ad ætheris imitationem. In pectore nebridam habet stellatam, ad stellarum imaginem. Pars ejus inferior hispida est propter arbores, virgulta, (et) feras. Caprinos pedes habet, ut ostendat terræ soliditatem. Fistulam septem calamorum habet, propter harmoniam cæli, in qua septem zoni sunt : . . . *καλαύροσα* habet, *i.e.*, pedum, hoc est baculum recurvum propter annum, qui in se recurrit : quia hic totius naturæ deus est, a poetis fingitur cum amore luctatus : et ab eo victus : quia ut legimus *Omnia vincit amor*. Ergo Pan, secundum fabulas, amasse Syringam

¹ Pan himself, called also Inuus, under the guise here seen allows the initiated to understand that he is the Sun. The Arcadians worship him under the name of the Lord of *Hylè* ("wood" or "material") signifying thereby not the ruler of forests but the controller of all material substance, the material whose strength makes the essence of all bodies whether earthly or heavenly.

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nympham dicitur: quam cum sequeretur, illa, implorato Terræ auxilio, in calamum conversa est: quem Pan ad solatium amoris incidit, et sibi fistulam fecit.¹

We get here I think the germ of the whole picture. I can hardly doubt indeed that the picture is little else than an elaboration of the notions contained here. We have at once an explanation of the intense red of Pan's flesh, of his curious wand, of the moon for his horns, and of the stars on his robe, and also of the peculiar effect of afterglow when sun, moon and stars all unite in the celestial harmony. We have an explanation of the seven pipes (it will be seen that they are all displayed, though in order to do so Signorelli had to arrange them in an unusual manner in which, in fact, they could not all be played). We see that the idea of Pan as a god of music which the title of the Berlin catalogue suggests, and which is not a familiar attribute of Pan, is unnecessary, for the music symbolises the celestial harmony. We may also surmise that the nude woman in the foreground is not Echo,² as is usually supposed, but Syrinx, an attribution which is clearly hinted at in the long reed she holds in her right hand. We may also suppose that she is intended to symbolise, as Servius suggests, the female principle in nature.

Undoubtedly the passage in Servius gives us no direct explanation of the four male figures. But I think it is not

¹ For Pan is a rustic god, formed in the similitude of nature. Whence also he is called Pan, *i.e.*, *All-things*. And he has horns in the likeness of the sun's rays and the moon's horns. His face is ruddy in likeness to the æther. On his breast is a starred fawn-skin, an image of the stars. His lower part is hispid on account of the trees, undergrowth, and wild beasts. He has goat's feet to show the solidity of the earth. He has a pipe of seven reeds in accordance with the harmony of the heavens in which there are seven zones. He has a shepherd's staff or crook: this is a recurved wand in accordance with the solar year which returns upon itself. And since he is the god of all nature, poets have feigned that he strove with love and by him was overcome, since we read that "Love conquers all things." So Pan, according to the fables, loved the nymph Syrinx, who, when he followed her, called upon the Earth for help, and was turned into a reed, which Pan to solace his love cut and made into a pipe.

² It is not unlikely that the seated figure behind is Echo.

difficult to see how they might arise out of the ideas already obtained from Servius.

The suggestion which most obviously occurs to me is that they are the four seasons, but in that case they would, I think, be more plainly symbolised; besides, one scarcely sees why autumn should expostulate with Pan.

It seems to me more probable that they are four phases of the activity of the natural man, of human life as it would be if Pan were the supreme god. The first phase is devoted to love; the youth lying on the ground gazes with rapt ecstasy at Syrinx, the *ewig weibliche*. The second phase is that of the cultivation of rustic arts, typified by the man playing the pipe. The third is that of intellectual activity, the middle-aged man who reasons with Pan. The fourth, devoted to reverie and retrospection, is seen in the old man to the extreme right.

I am aware that this explanation is highly problematical, and I should not be surprised if some other passage in late Latin literature were found to throw further light on the subject. But apart from this embroidery on the main theme, I think that the passage I have quoted explains more fully than has yet been done the genesis of this fascinating work.

ROGER E. FRY.

MAGIC MIRRORS AND CRYSTAL GAZING

MR. YEATS recently instructed the readers of this magazine in magic and spells, of which he is a master. My humbler purpose is to show the inquiring student how he may (perhaps) make experiments for himself in what was once thought a branch of magic, but is now an outlying province of experimental psychology. These are long words, but the experiments are as easy and simple as brushing one's hair before a glass. History and romance, ancient and modern, are full of anecdotes and legends of "magic mirrors," magic crystals, "show stones," like those of Dr. Dee, in Queen Elizabeth's time, and so forth. Conspirators have, in various ages, been accused of trying to discern, say, the period of the King's life, by looking into "magic mirrors." The early Church denounced *specularii*, people who peeped into these forbidden glasses with the purpose of "spotting" winners in the chariot races. The Earl of Surrey, the poet, was shown his distant Geraldine in a mirror; "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," by Sir Walter Scott, narrates a similar tradition in the Rosebery family. The ink-gazing of the modern Egyptians puzzled Lane, keenly interested Scott, and was laughed at by Kinglake in "Eothen." The experiments of the Regent d'Orleans are recorded by Saint Simon, and those of Cagliostro by Carlyle. There is, in short, a chain of examples, from the Greece of the fourth century B.C., to the

cases observed by Dr. Mayo and Dr. Gregory, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and to those which Mrs. de Morgan wished to explain by "spiritualism."

In spite of all these examples, I, for one, had always regarded crystal gazing and the use of "magic mirrors" as purely superstitious or poetical fancies. I did not believe that any sane and truthful person could see more, say in a glass ball, than the fancy pictures we construct in the fire or the clouds, or from the stains of a damp wall. There would be reflections in the glass, which anybody, even I, could fancifully construe into, let us say, landscapes of rivers, hills, and sheets of water. In this practical, sane, and scientific mood, forswearing all examination of the subject, I remained, till I read Miss Goodrich Freer's article (signed "X."), on crystal gazing.¹ Miss Goodrich Freer gave an excellent account of the history of the hallucinations, or let us say fancy pictures, induced by gazing into any clear deep. Then I remembered George Sand's account of the visions which, as a child, she used to see, and could not get any one else to see, in the back of a polished screen. George Sand had no motive for invention here, she did not seem to have heard of, or to be interested in, the general question of such fancy pictures. As Miss Goodrich Freer adduced many contemporary examples in her own experience, and among her acquaintance, I fell from my scientific pinnacle so far as to suggest experiments. Of course, to make such experiments was, scientifically speaking, mere superstition. But a common glass ball was bought, and I, with a number of persons at a country house, began to stare at it. We saw reflections of our noses, and of other adjacent objects. However, our hostess was at first rather startled by beholding pictures in the ball. A man lying in bed, his face like that of the actor who takes the chief part in the Ammergau mystery play, was the first picture, others followed, faces and places, and scenes, as it were, out of romantic novels, which she was not aware of having read. None

¹ *Proceedings of the Psychical Society*, vol. v. p. 486, et. seq.

of these "led to anything"; no information of any kind was derived from them: in fact, they soon bored the lady. Here I may remark that, with perhaps two exceptions, crystal gazing does not interest any of the many people of all sorts and ages whom I have since found able to see, what I cannot see, pictures of persons in motion and other pictures in a glass ball, a ring stone, a teaspoonful of ink, a glass jug of water, or what not. Of the two exceptions, one is a student of psychology; the other, out of good nature, made regular notes, to oblige myself and the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers. As the gazers were persons of undoubted veracity, my intimate friends, near relations, or casual acquaintances, and as they were not "hysterical," nor ghost seers (except in three or four cases), and as the numbers of persons with the faculty proved to be large, I have been obliged to abandon the obvious and popular hypothesis that they are all engaged in a practical joke. One of them, Mr. B., had a rare opportunity. I had sent him (without any comment) an object, an inch of leather shoe-tie, found beside an unidentified corpse that lay for years under the Chancellor rock in Glencoe. I asked Mr. B. to look in a glass ball for information about the piece of leather. He replied, by letter, that he saw nothing. But, by a mere chance, he knew what the scrap of leather was, and whence it came. The temptation to play on my credulity by seeing the corpse in Glencoe, Mr. B. overcame; in his case I should have succumbed to it!

Having satisfied myself that some people really would see hallucinatory pictures in a glass ball or in water, I examined the ethnological side of the question. I found, by studying works of travel and anthropology, that many savage and barbarous races gaze into water, polished basalt, rock crystals, and so on, for the purpose of seeing distant events, foreseeing the future, detecting criminals, and so forth. Polynesians, Hurons, Iroquois, Apaches, the Huille-che, the people of Madagascar, the Zulus, the Siberians, the people of Fez, the Arabs, the Australian black fellows, the Maoris, the Incas,

not to forget the Hindoos, all unite in the same practice. It does not seem to me credible that so many and so widely separated peoples should agree with ancient Greeks and the races of Western Europe, in staring away, if they did *not* see hallucinatory pictures. So I believe that some people do see them: nor is the fact now denied by professors of psychology. Here I ought to meet the current objections, such as occur to everybody.

(1) If anybody can see such pictures everybody ought to see them. "If it is a law of Nature it is universal," a fair logician said to me to-day.

But it is not everybody who even dreams, or, at least, wakens with any conscious recollection of having dreamed. Again, not everybody has experience of *illusions hypnagogiques*: visions of faces and places, and other things, seen with closed eyes on the borderland of sleep. These are very common and much discussed by writers on psychological science. But I have remarked that persons of common sense, unfamiliar themselves with the experience (only too customary with myself), do not believe in the existence of *illusions hypnagogiques*, yet no professor of psychology has any doubt on the matter. If as small a percentage of people dreamed as the percentage that sees crystal pictures, the majority of mankind would deny the existence of dreams.

One may also cite the "mind's eye" visions of figures (numerals) coloured and arranged in diagrams on which Mr. Galton has written. Many scientific men did deny the existence of pictures "in the mind's eye." They do not occur to myself, but nobody, thanks to Mr. Galton, now doubts that they do occur. My own nearest approach to anything like crystal gazing is the *illusion hypnagogique*. A few days ago I was drowsy before dinner; I sat between two friends who were talking, and, with shut eyes, I contemplated a very complex pattern in red of a wall paper till I rose and dressed for dinner. I could have copied the pattern, but I could not consciously have designed it. Now the ordinary crystal picture

has more than the vividness and distinctness with all the unexpected, unsummoned character of the *illusion hypnagogique*, only it is seen with open eyes by people in a fully wide-awake condition. The pictures obey a law of Nature no doubt, but we are not all endowed with the faculty of seeing the pictures, any more than we all dream or all see *illusions hypnagogiques*, or numerals arranged in coloured diagrams.

(2) "Hypnotism" is not the explanation. I never studied a crystal gazer who was not wide awake and in the full possession of all of his or her normal faculties. The fixed gaze at the glass ball may hypnotise some people, but I never met such a case.

(3) It is often argued that the pictures are merely imaginative readings of the reflections and lights and shadows in the glass ball or jug of water. This may sometimes, or often, be the case. You may see pictures in the embers, where I see none, and also in the reflections in the ball. My friend, Mr. B. already spoken of, believed in the reflection theory. So did the Misses A., ladies entirely unknown to Mr. B. I therefore took him to the house where they were staying, and seated Mr. B. with his back to the wall, facing the light, in one corner of the room. Miss C. A. sat with her back to the light, in the opposite corner. Each looked at a glass ball. I then left the room with Mr. B. He had seen a picture of an old woman. We returned and asked Miss C. A. if she had seen any picture? She had seen an old woman writing. There was no old woman, nor any picture of one in the room, and the reflections, in the circumstances described, could not, within reasonable probability, have coincided in representing an old woman. Nor was collusion possible, not to mention that Mr. B. was the last person likely to "collude." Again he and Miss C. A. wished to maintain the theory of reflections, which the experiment, as far as it went, tended to confute.

Again, I met this year a young gentleman engaged in applied science. He had never, as far as he was aware, dreamed a dream in his life. But he several times repeated this experi-

ment. He covered up his head to exclude the light, and stared into a perfectly dark funnel. He found that the funnel filled with light (hallucinatory, of course), and that crystal pictures of the usual kind (fancy pictures and vivid reminiscences of things familiar) appeared in this "light that never was on sea or land." I tried the funnel myself, it was absolutely black, there could be no reflections. The experimenter, on trying with a glass ball, found that the pictures were similar to those in the funnel. Though he never dreamed, he was subject, between sleeping and waking, to *illusions hypnagogiques*, vividly representing machinery, pages of calculations on which he had been at work, and so on. His case convinces me that reflections in the glass are not necessarily the sources, or *points de repère* of crystal pictures. In fact, the gazer does his best to exclude reflections.

(4) If all my many friends and acquaintances who see crystal pictures are not hoaxing me, if the argument (1) about law being universal does not constitute a valid objection (because our faculties are not identical in all individuals), if the theory of reflection is, to say the least, not exhaustive—pictures being seen where no reflections exist—I may be told that "it is all imagination." Perhaps the philosophers who say this will ask themselves what they mean by "imagination"? If they mean invention, or "poetic imagination," one must remark that most of the seers are not inventive or poetical, and that the inventive and poetical usually see—their own noses, at least, as far as I have questioned them. But if by "imagination" is meant the power of consciously calling up a vivid "mind's eye" picture of a selected object—of "visualising" things—I agree that most crystal seers (as far as I know) are good visualisers, though many good visualisers are incapable of seeing crystal pictures. But the crystal pictures are not consciously selected and created mental pictures of a known object (except in certain cases). They come, and go, and change, like figures in a dream, or in *illusions hypnagogiques*, to the surprise of the gazer, and without *conscious* choice or effort on his part. For my part

my pictures, seen with closed eyes on the frontier of sleep, represent no objects selected by or even, as a rule, consciously known to me. They may be intensely vivid, but, when completely awake, I can scarcely "visualise," or form a "mind-picture" at all. When I try, between awake and asleep, to call up a picture of a face, I never succeed: never once have I succeeded. But a bright picture may arise of a face that I never saw, or of a wall paper, or of a landscape unknown to my conscious self, or of something that I remember having seen, but this is very rare.

For all these reasons, though I do not deny that "imagination" is concerned in making the pictures appear, I infer that it is a peculiar sort of "imagination," not consciously exerted. Some crystal gazers can, and others cannot, purposely put into the ball a picture of a familiar person or object. As a rule, they no more call up the pictures on purpose than they can choose their own dreams. Thus we cannot dismiss the pictures as "all imagination," or "all fancy." Our business, on the other hand, is to examine and try to understand the processes of this peculiar species of "imagination." To show that it is not the usual sort of exercise of the fancy, I may mention two cases; both of maidservants who had never heard of the topic. One of them picked up a glass ball, looked at it, and said: "That is a pretty picture of a ship." She then turned the ball round, expecting to find that a picture was pasted on the back. The other girl was asked by a friend of mine to look at a glass ball. She did so, said that she saw a piece of paper covered with writing, and then laid the ball down. "She thought the ball was one of those toy things where you see views and things, and that the writing was there, and at any moment she could pick up the ball and read it." But she could not see the writing again, though she was able to describe the characteristics of the hand. "The girl had never heard of this harmless scientific amusement," my friend adds.

These two cases are cited to show that the kind of "imagination" at work is not the usual kind. The gazers

believed what they saw to be real or objective, a material picture, an actual piece of written paper, fixed in, or at the back of the glass ball.

(5) It may be said that the people who can see such pictures are "hysterical." That they are usually "hysterical" appears to be the theory of Dr. Janet.¹ Dr. Janet had experimented on "neurotic" patients. In my own experience the subjects have been healthy British subjects, often vigorous athletes, sportsmen and sportswomen, golfers, tennis players, bicyclists, and salmon fishers. I would not attend to the descriptions of crystal pictures given by hysterical patients, who are eminently and cunningly mendacious.

(6) People almost always object—"But, if the faculty exists, what is the use of it?" The suppressed premise is that, if anything has no known use, that thing does not exist. But what is the use of argon in the atmosphere? What is the use of dreams, or of *illusions hypnagogiques*, or of the appendix in the human organism? The last, we are told, is a rudimentary survival of some organ that was useful to man when his ancestors were another kind of animals. Perhaps the faculty of crystal gazing is also a survival of some earlier mental equipment. I have no theory, but there the faculty is.

The ordinary Briton says, like an acquaintance of mine to his wife: "Now if you could spot winners there would be some use in it." The lady then asked him to read the names of the horses entered for two races. She looked in the ball, and *did* spot the winners. Thus, a horse called Night Watchman was among the entries. She saw, for that race, a man with a lantern patrolling a dark lane. Night Watchman won. But I do not advise anybody to back horses thus indicated; you might as well back the winners indicated by dreams, a method only occasionally successful.

I have now discussed the *a priori* objections to the existence of the faculty of crystal gazing. It is dull work, "tedious and inartistic," as a reviewer of mine remarks. But I am not

¹ *Les Névroses et les Idées Fixes*. Bleau, Paris. 1898.

treating the subject as a drawing-room amusement. People, if not sceptical, are apt to be superstitious. They expect crystal gazers to read the future, and they go to professional seers, who, like other extorters of money on false pretences, ought to be locked up. Other people say that the devil, or "spirits of the dead," are the causes of the phenomena. That was the savage and the mediæval theory; I know no single fact which lends to it any reason of plausibility.

On the other hand (and here I must expect to be regarded as credulously superstitious), I cannot deny that I have met many cases in which the crystal gazer appeared to see, in the glass ball, pictures of what was in the mind of another person present. And, what was more curious, say that A. (a stranger to B., the gazer) was thinking of C., at a distance, B. would behold C., and describe him or her, dressed and occupied as C., on inquiry, proved to have been. I have published a collection of these and other singular results.¹ In the work cited I exhausted such ingenuity as I possess, in the way of inventing ordinary explanations, such as those of imposture, collusion, eager recognition of persons from vague descriptions, and chance coincidence. None of these theories, nor all of them together (one for one case, others for others), proved satisfactory. The gazer was a visitor among strangers; I had never met her before; she had never heard of crystal gazing before I lent her a glass ball; she could not have "crammed" the history and family connections of the people among whom she found herself, and then made lucky guesses; she could not have anticipated the contents of letters which had not arrived. The witnesses were usually old friends of my own, who made signed depositions. I myself was "screed for," with more than the usual precautions, and with astonishing success. The descriptions of persons seen were extremely minute, and eked out by pantomimic imitation of gait and manner. As to chance coincidence, it seemed to be

¹ "The Making of Religion." Second edition. Longmans & Co. 1900. Chapter V.

excluded by the fact that the people seen in the pictures were sometimes described as in unusual situations, which it was found they had occupied. On the other hand, in one case for myself, and in others known to me, the gazer either saw nothing, or nothing to the purpose. Obviously a certain conclusion could only be reached by a long series of experiments, with many people, conducted in a psychological laboratory. For my own part, I was, and am, personally convinced that a more than normal faculty was exhibited, both by this gazer and by others of my acquaintance, including Mr. B. (already mentioned as almost too disdainful of a practical joke, and as a partisan of the theory that the pictures are constructed out of the reflections in the ball).

Mr. B., for example, first saw the ball in the hands of his sister. After some "chaff" he retired with it to the library. He returned, and only said that he had seen a person of his acquaintance "under a lamp," but would learn on Tuesday (the day was Sunday about five P.M.) whether he had seen rightly or not. On Monday he went to a place about forty miles away, and there on Tuesday met a lady at a dance. "On Sunday," he said, "about five you were sitting under a standard lamp, in a dress I never saw before" (he described it) "making tea for a man in blue serge, I could only see the tip of his moustache, as far as his face went."

"Were the blinds up?" said the lady.

"No, I was at ——" said Mr. B.

Both persons wrote and signed statements to this effect.

Another day Mr. B. was at my house. We had been talking, among other things, about a lady known to me, whom Mr. B. had never seen. After luncheon Mr. B. looked in a glass water jug, and very minutely described what he saw, the hall of a house, a white cat coming down the stairs. The whole arrangements answered to those of no house which either of us had ever seen to our knowledge. Later I mentioned the facts to the lady of whom we had been talking.

"That's my house, and my white Persian cat," she said.

I had never been in her house in London, but, when I visited it, I found everything as Mr. B. described it. The cat, unluckily, was not at home. His existence is, however, undeniable. I see "no use" in Mr. B.'s crystal pictures, nor does he.

Perhaps my most curious cases are those in the book cited, (pp. 99-101) where letters from India and elsewhere, received just after the crystal pictures were recorded in Scotland, entirely corroborated their contents or "message."

The gazer in this last, the Indian, case, is by far the most surprising whom I have encountered. The ordinary experiences are much like what I shall now describe.

K., a near relation of my own, and one on whose veracity I would cheerfully stake my existence, looked at a glass ball when in my company, at a place we went to in the Highlands, and there she saw an old castle which we had visited; and a lady playing at a peculiar game of cards in which she (K.) had once taken part with her. A young lady, M., of our friends then tried thinking of some one. K. described "a lady like your mother," but with certain marked differences and peculiarities. Both M. and I recognised M.'s maternal aunt, of whom she had been thinking. K. had never seen M.'s aunt. Hearing footsteps in the passage, I looked out, and asked a young man, a hotel acquaintance, to come in and try his luck. K. then saw Y. and Z., whom we knew, fishing in a boat. "I first thought of them," the young man said, "but, when you spoke, I was thinking of the big trout they caught." Then I did the thinking; I thought of Dr. W. G. Grace, as he is not hard to "visualise." "I see John Knox," said K. We then went for a walk, and next, went to church. On the road a memory occurred to me. "Do you recollect looking in the glass for me at F. when I was thinking of John Knox, and you saw something else?" I asked. Up to that moment I had forgotten the circumstance.

"No, I don't remember," said K.; but, of course, she must have had a "subconscious" recollection, which started the

picture of Mr. Knox. After church, M.'s mother did the thinking. K. saw a daughter of hers in a blue dress, but the lady was thinking of a dog, dear but defunct. Of course, we called K. a fraudulent medium. In July she wrote to tell me that she had seen in the ball the result of an examination in which she was engaged, and which was still undecided. What she saw was a piece of paper on which were written names, thus :

1. Miss K. }
Miss G. }
2. Miss L.

The rest of the names were indecipherable. This little prediction was fulfilled ; Miss G. had not been expected to take a high place. Chance guessing, "sub-conscious," covers the case.

While reading for the same examination, K. and another lady P. looked into the ball. They then, separately, wrote down what they had seen. Each had seen the Pyramids (of which neither was consciously thinking), with a caravan of camels, some loaded with burdens, others ridden by men, moving from left to right. I only happen to know two other cases of a collective, or shared crystal vision, in each case said to represent events occurring at a distance and unknown to the gazers.

When at the Highland inn, we met two young Englishmen, who had never heard of the topic before, but saw pictures. One frequently saw a lady whom he knew, *in a reversed position!* He found that, gazed at in total darkness, the ball merely filled with bright light. Again, a lady, trying in a glass water jug, saw, for example, an *Ecce Homo* of the familiar type. She said, "I used to see things like this in ink, when I was a child." She was not aware of the Egyptian and Indian practice of ink-gazing.

I have never been able to foresee from character, complexion, habit of mind, and other indications, what persons would prove capable of desecrating even fancy pictures in a glass ball. The best gazers of my acquaintance (those who hit on pictures coincidental with actual events unknown

to them, or with the secret thoughts of a companion), are, both of them, not unfamiliar with other curious experiences. But I have tried with the glass ball two or three other friends who have seen what are vulgarly called "ghosts," in haunted houses, and, in the glass ball, they can see nothing, while people who never saw ghosts, do see "coincidental" pictures in the glass ball. In another case, a "ghost-seer," known to me, can occasionally see pictures in the ball, but, as a rule, fails. The vast majority of the successful gazers have had no other hallucinations of any kind. A cook, a school master, a golfer, a barrister, may succeed; a poet, painter, or novelist may try in vain: to my knowledge.

If any readers care to make experiments, they can begin by purchasing a ball (from half a crown to four shillings) from the Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, 19 Buckingham Street, Adelphi, Strand, W.C. As a rule, the public declines to take this initial trouble and expense, and I am obliged to buy the balls for friends who wish to try their luck. Of course a glass jug of water will do, or even a teaspoonful of ink, in some cases, but both are inconvenient and may spill.

Having got the ball, the neophyte may read the accompanying instructions. It is best to go, alone, into a room, sit down with the back to the light, place the ball, at a just focus, in the lap on a dark dress, or a dark piece of cloth, try to exclude reflections, think of anything you please, and stare for, say, five minutes, at the ball. That is all. If, after two or three trials, you see nothing in the way of pictures in the ball (which *may* seem to vanish, leaving only the pictures), you will probably never succeed. But you may have acquaintances who will succeed. If you, or your friends, are successful, you would oblige by making contemporary notes. If anything like pictures correctly representing what is, unknown to you, in the mind of a "sitter" appears, or if events are represented which later prove to have been actually occurring, the sitter, or other witnesses, ought to write down and sign their statements.

But it is very unlikely that you or they will take so much trouble. If the trouble is not taken, mere anecdotes, orally reported later, are of no kind of use as evidence.

Many psychologists, at least in France, now admit the reality of the faculty of crystal gazing. But that the pictures can convey intelligence as to what is, unknown to the gazer, in another person's mind, or is actually occurring at a distance, *that* science will not believe in our time: will not even consider the question. It is my humble aspiration to collect evidence copious and strong enough to induce official professors to give it consideration, a pious desire! In my opinion any two persons who can see pictures in the ball might try careful and carefully watched and recorded experiments in simultaneously gazing. It would be interesting to learn in what proportion of cases their experiences coincide: that is, they see the same hallucinatory picture. Of course, the usual difficulty of securing the good faith of the experimenters is glaringly obvious. But *that* difficulty occurs in all cases where psychologists rest (as they frequently do) on the reports which people give of their own mental experiences.

I shall be happy to receive (at 1 Marloes Road, Kensington, W.) any carefully recorded, dated, and well attested accounts of experiments in crystal gazing; though it would be simpler to send them to the Secretary of the Society of Psychical Research, at the address already given.

The experiments ought to be recorded on the day of their occurrence. If any one has two or three successes in divining thoughts, or descrying things unknown or distant, he or she should also record all failures. But, alas, one cannot expect even the busiest and most energetic people to "have time for" all this writing.

My own position, let me repeat, is the opinion that crystal gazing, in my experience, has yielded apparent traces of the existence of unexplored regions of human faculty. But evidence which, provisionally, satisfies me is, of course, not nearly sufficient to satisfy those who do not personally know

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the gazers and the other witnesses. But let us not be deterred by the oppositions of writers of popular science, who never examine evidence in these fields; or, at best, misread, misquote, mistake, and mislead, in too many instances. I have never known trance or self-hypnotisation result from the experiments, and in only one case have I heard of a repulsively ghastly picture being seen.

A. LANG.

FRANCIS GORDON

A STUDY OF CHARACTER AND CIRCUMSTANCE

IT annoys me that the world, which is often roughly right in its judgments of men it knows personally, should persist in misunderstanding one who is my old and valued friend, and what follows is partly an attempt to set him right with it. But I think also that the case is not without significance for our times; that there are many men of a temperament and an intelligence akin to those of Francis Gordon whose relation to the world is much the same as his: men whom other periods would have treated differently and yet for whom this period assuredly should find a use. I fancy it in the case of some other men of my acquaintance; I know it in his, for I am the oldest and, I believe, the most intimate of his familiars. I cannot say what this use may be; I am an observer, not a practical politician. You, perhaps, may be able to tell me.

The average fool holds that Francis Gordon is a sulky brute, and that he has no business to be so because his income is over ten thousand a year. His face and manner alike are grave; his courtesy is a little stilted and his joints seem slightly to creak when he unbends. Hardly anybody but myself calls him Frank. Wiser men say that he is a sentimentalist, though none of them, I am sure, ever heard him talk sentimentally, and add that plenty of hard work would make a different man

of him. Women are apt to think him interesting when they first meet him, and cold or sarcastic when they know him better. One of them, a woman very zealous about charities and causes and things, told me she would like to shake him, and this although he had given her a considerable sum for one of her institutions. Another woman confided to me her opinion that his life was shadowed by some passion that went wrong, and that it was most unfair to his wife who was devoted to him.

All these opinions are wrong. Francis Gordon is not sulky, but is on the contrary anxious that his guests should enjoy themselves, though I admit he does not care much what they think of him. Work would not have made him very different, though, as things have turned out, it might have made him a shade happier. But he was quite honest in thinking that since it was unnecessary for him to work for a living he might do more good in his generation by independent effort than by increasing its competition; he had and has plenty of energy and far more than the average brains. As for women, I am quite certain that no "unhappy passion" business has bothered him at all, and if it had I am even more certain that he would soon have got over it. He is one of those men—far more numerous than women novelists imagine—in whose lives women are more of an accident than an influence. If they marry, it is from the ordinary attraction of healthy manhood, evanescent in itself and succeeded by a relation of pleasant friendliness, given good luck. If they do not marry, they think little of women, in a personally sexual way, when they are past thirty. In the sum there is far more emotional interest for them in their friendships, many or rare, with men they know well and who meet them on their own plane of intellect. Frank Gordon is one of them. His wife is not "devoted" to him, but they are excellent friends. They both recognise human duties, and their child—they have a daughter five years old—would be a restraining hand if they needed one. They do not, and as far as their mutual relation is concerned

their lives are smooth and eventless. I have been a little particular in this matter, because a fiction-fatted public is slow to remember, in spite of its personal experience, that there are men in whose lives women (unless they happen to marry an abnormally vicious one) count for little.

Then why is Frank Gordon's face so sad in repose? why are his eyes sometimes so wistful? Why, in spite of his honest efforts to look interested, do people hate him for looking bored? Why is he so restless, pacing the smoking-room after a long day's sport, and going for aimless journeys? He has fair health, a quick and sound intelligence, many minor interests, at least, in books and art, an untroubled home and a good income. Why is he essentially a discontented man? It needs but few words to tell you. Francis Gordon is an enthusiast without an enthusiasm, a born reformer with nothing to reform. Time and again his nature has struggled into an outlet, and time and again his intelligence has pushed it back. I fancy an outline of his history so far—he is thirty-five or thereabouts—contains a slight remark, a whisper or so, for his age and country.

He is not so Scotch as his name, for his great-grandfather, who married an English heiress, settled on her lands in Kent, and there this off-shoot of the Gordons has remained ever since. We are all rather mixed in race, and Frank's mixture is of the usual English proportion; there is the original Highland stock, a Lowland Scotch grandfather on his mother's side; Kentish squires, a remote drop of Irish, a dash of successful commerce. The preponderating element—these questions interest me—has been the land-holding, essentially though not technically aristocratic class. The physical result in Frank is a tall, rather lanky, raw-boned, sanguine, blond creature, with a broad forehead and big dark-blue eyes. It is the conquering type, as the ethnologists say, the type that pushes and succeeds and sways, actively intelligent and organising, not as a rule reflectively poetical, or subtle.

The first typical recollection I have of him is one which I hope will not offend anybody; I give it simply as an indication

of character; the theology of a boy of sixteen need hardly be taken to heart. It was at school. We had been confirmed at the same time, and were walking from the chapel together after our first communion. Suddenly Frank stopped, laid a hand on my arm and looked hard at me. Then, "There's nothing in it, old man," said he, "nothing whatever." I was more surprised than shocked, I confess, for I had taken my confirmation rather calmly, in a spirit of routine. But Gordon had been extraordinarily zealous and attentive to our instructions, had studied the books he was told to read with immense care and had avoided light reading or conversation all the time. I was not shocked, but I thought his remark rather bad form under the circumstances and told him so. He looked at me contemptuously and was silent for a while. Then he said: "I've been thinking it all out, and it won't do. I can't believe in any of it." "You don't believe in Christianity?" I asked sarcastically. It seemed absurd then that anybody should not believe in Christianity. "No, I don't," he said stoutly. "It's just like any other superstition." He walked me round and round the cloisters, arguing and explaining. So far as I can remember he had arrived independently—more or less—at the common objections, the difficulty of reconciling the omnipotence of Providence with its benevolence, inconsistencies of accounts, the facts of science, the kind of evidence for the orthodox view and so on. It would be stupid and shallow to dismiss the youth Gordon as a prig. His emotions had been genuinely stirred on behalf of the mystery he had been lately taught, and it was with painfulness and reluctance that he came to disbelieve. You must remember that young people, when they have the premisses, are far more relentless logicians than their elders. I suppose he had heard sceptical talk at home and something had brought it back to him, and his interest being now alive, the argument was pursued with vehemence. He had gone through in his boyhood the kind of struggle which many men went through fifty years ago, which few men go through now. He told me that it was just after the Communion that he had

felt convinced he could never believe in it all again. After this he read a good deal on the subject, but cared little to talk about it; he ceased rapidly to trouble himself, having once made up his mind.

This incident may seem absurd to my readers, because we are accustomed to our boys and young men having the minds of babies, and the race seems to be losing its interest in all abstract questions. But every now and then you find a boy, who is not a prig, reproducing the more active intelligence of our ancestors at the same age. Gordon, so far as I can remember our school days, never wanted to air his ideas, nor was he ever remarkably reflective; he simply had an inquiring mind and acquiesced in its conclusions.

This was his first disappointment, and it is interesting to me because it shows a sort, a type of intelligence which prevents its possessor from entering upon the recognised modes of spiritual endeavour. But for that, Francis Gordon might easily have become a parson zealous among the poor, or might have enlisted himself among the active spirits of the Roman Church.

At the university he paid the customary toll to athletics, but was unable to regard them as the *summum bonum*. He spoke a few times at the Union, but soon gave it up. "It's all humbug," he said, "it's all playing at being politicians. No one's really keen about a question; no one really cares what happens in the country; it's all swagger and posing." His reading used to amuse me. He would start on a philosopher, and peg away at his theories, until he convinced himself that they had no practical bearing on the world—a conviction he invariably came to—when he would decline the philosopher's future acquaintance altogether. As for ancient history, he was interested in learning which state beat which and how and why, or in following the development of policies, but names and dates he simply waved on one side. Naturally he took no distinction in the schools. In our time there was no particular "movement" going on, religious or æsthetic. The place had

settled down into a playground, in which condition I believe it remains. Nor would Gordon have been an easy disciple for either. What he wanted was a good tangible fighting cause and a big field for it. He disbelieved in the influence of the university, and was eager to be done with it. "And what are you going to do?" his tutor asked him in his last term. "The bar? Politics?" "Politics, I think," said Gordon. "You see, if one hasn't got to work it's a chance for backing up one's side." "And what is your side?" "I don't know yet. I shall see." His tutor smiled, and probably thought Gordon was a trifle.

The fact is that he was far too much in earnest to label himself. "You see," he said to me, "the Conservative party's a collection of vested interests, mostly bad. The only good vested interest, the interest which did something for the country in keeping up its manhood, has been hopelessly betrayed. The landed interest, of course, yes: you think because I'm going to be a squire: never mind. Well, then, the Liberals are simply grinding away at meaningless catch-words: *they're* no good. I wish to heaven I believed in Home Rule for Ireland"—it was in 1890—"there would be something tangible to fight for. But I don't, and there's no need of anybody to fight against it. What we want, my dear chap, is to knock this beastly plutocracy on the head; to kill this infernal reverence for money; to put people in their right places and give the country a decent ambition."

"Well, knock it on the head," said I.

"But don't you see," he replied, without noticing my irony, "if we did that we should probably destroy British commerce at the same time, and where would the country be then?"

He did not stand for Parliament, but on leaving Oxford did a good deal of private investigation in London and in other large towns of the condition of the people. I saw him at intervals at this time and he used to distress me with horrible accounts of overwork and destitution. He never raved; I should give a very wrong idea of Frank Gordon if I implied

that he was a foolish sentimentalist, running hither and thither. He was quietly, and so to speak, glowingly determined to find some way of succour. He failed, of course. He gave away nearly all his large allowance, but "what," as he asked, "is the good of pouring a quart bottle of oil into the sea?" He formed a great alliance with a very militant working men's M.P., and he was interested in Trades Unions. He was soon disillusioned.

"Their methods are rotten," he said. "They can't protect the weak without spoiling the strong—the good strong, I mean. They won't let a workman get above the average; they put a premium on incapacity. If this goes on America will cut us out all over the shop."

He joined the Fabian Society, remained in it a year, and left it because (as he said) it was all theorising. "There's nothing to get your teeth into," said he.

After that he got on to the London School Board, and enjoyed fighting what he thought was class selfishness. But he ended by disapproving of the ideas and methods of his friends. He inclined to the opinion expressed in after years by Sir John Gorst that they cared for their own importance more than for education. They would not listen to his view of what popular education should be, and he left the School Board in disgust.

About this time—in 1895 I think—his father died, and Gordon had £12,000 a year to give to a cause if he liked. But in the interval he had married—talking politics hard all the time—and was about to become a father. He showed (I think) good sense in this connection. "My wife didn't marry me for my money, but still the money, the place and all that, was an implied part of the contract. It wouldn't be fair to give it away. Besides, show me the cause that deserves it." I did not show him such a cause: there are not too many charming places in the country where one can go when one likes. Frank, however, does give largely to hospitals and other charities. Under protest, however; he says it is a crying scandal that they are not run by the State; he believes his

gifts to be immoral and has an uneasy conscience about them. When the Græco-Turkish war broke out I wondered if Gordon would take a turn with the Greeks. When I spoke of it he fetched a copy of the *Times* which contained an account of the increasing poverty and hardships of the Italians. "There," said he, "is the result of fighting for distressed nationalities. It's all true; I've seen it for myself. I'm glad the old man never realised it." I remembered then that his father had lost an arm and spent a large part of his fortune in the cause of Italian Independence. Frank broke out fiercely. "Yes! That's the end of it. To enrich a horde of cursed bourgeois place-hunters and swindlers. That's what it always comes to. Look at France. Liberty! By Jove, how I envy those other chaps, Byron and all that. They believed in liberty—thought it worth fighting for—had no misgivings. What can we fight for?"

I was less surprised than his other friends when Frank Gordon joined the Imperial Yeomanry. He went out to South Africa at a time when events looked black for England, and that motive was, I am sure, more than a quest of excitement or than discontent with him. I looked to find him changed on his return a few months ago. But he was just the same.

"I was keen enough at first," he said. "Oh, yes, I *do* know what fear means. But I was keen enough not to care, and one gets used to the chance of being hit all right. But—don't repeat this—I don't mind admitting to you that after we'd got to Pretoria, and it was certain that it was only a question of time for us to settle things—after that I hated it. It seemed as though it wasn't my business quite so much as before, somehow, and I just the least bit grudged the chance of being maimed for life—the killing didn't so much matter. And then I hate the whole business. Not our fault? No; not in one sense. But it *is* our fault that we didn't stop the Boers arming years ago. Public opinion wasn't ready, of course; there's never a government that will do its duty if it's not sure of being

backed up. It's damnable. And then the Boers—poor devils! They're simply the victims of the Kruger gang and our infernal apathy. Of course, one gets to understand and like our own chaps, and all that. We had to go on, of course. But I lost my enthusiasm."

So Francis Gordon is home again. It is not much in my way to commiserate the troubles of the well-to-do; as a general rule I wish they had more of them. But Francis Gordon's case I do think a pity. He has parts and energy; he would not shirk work; he is disinterested and honestly wishes to do something for a generation he holds to be in a bad way. He is, to be sure, constitutionally incapable of going on with details when he sees nothing more than details ahead. He must have a recognisable, large object for which to work. But that given, he would work hard as a subordinate, though I firmly believe him to be a born leader. He showed that in South Africa, so far as opportunity went; his men (he held a commission) were not only devoted to him, but a conspicuously effective unit. He is the organiser of all kinds of useful things in his district of Kent. But there is no large recognisable object for his work. He refuses to go into Parliament; he sees nothing there but personal competition of a rather dingy order, an ignoble compromise, an insistent zeal to do the least possible. He deplores the materialism of his fellow-countrymen, but he has nothing better to offer them. He detests the modern conditions of labour, but he sees no way of effectually improving them, which would not further handicap the country in the competition of the nations. He still rails at the plutocracy, but he sees no way of dispensing with it. For books and all kinds of art he has the normal Englishman's view that they are a bye-work, an amusement, though he has not the normal Englishman's unspoken contempt for them. He is fond of books and pictures and music, but they could never supply an object for his unemployed enthusiasm. He is an engine rusting off the rails.

I can think of no duty incident to his position which he

does not perform. He looks after his tenants as well as in these independent days he is allowed. He does what he can to promote the prosperity and social pleasures of his part of the world. (He has even called on a plutocrat Jew who has bought a neighbouring place that he may keep the Jew up to the mark as a landlord.) He is hospitable, and does his best for a succession of guests who generally complain of his aloofness afterwards. All this would occupy the whole time of many men, but Frank does it with his left hand. His right hangs by his side. The times are out of joint for him, but unlike Hamlet he would be only too delighted to set them right, or do his share of it, if he were shown the way. He has the qualities, is of the type of Englishmen who succeed in life, but that he has no selfish ambition, and will not work for personal success alone, and he has found no cause which he has not found out. As we count years nowadays, he is only just middle-aged. Still, if the world is to find a use for him, it must find one soon. It seems a pity to waste him altogether.

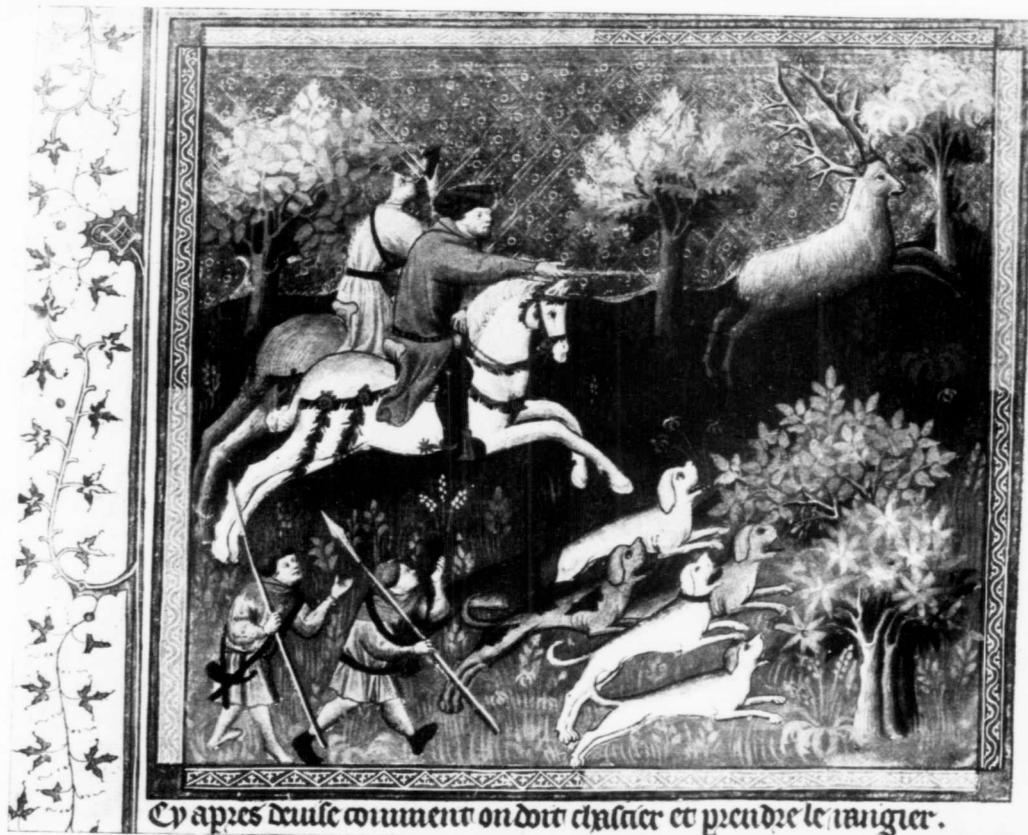
G. S. STREET.

A FAMOUS MEDIÆVAL HUNTING-BOOK

I

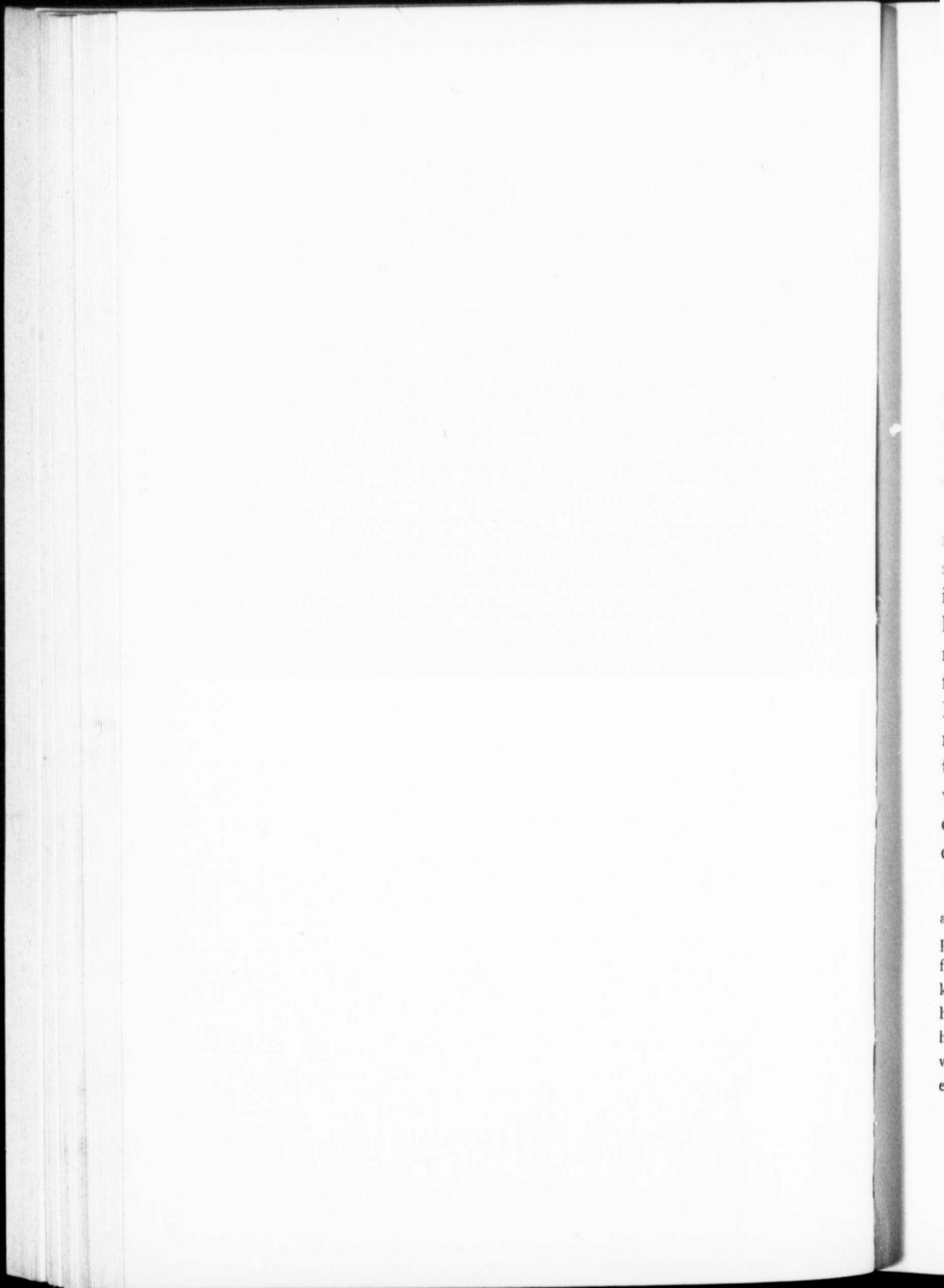
WHEN lately describing in these pages Emperor Maximilian's "Hunting-Book,"¹ written just four hundred years ago, it was necessary to refer briefly to "La Chasse," the most famous of all sporting classics, penned rather more than a century earlier by Gaston Phœbus, the reigning Count de Foix and Béarn, the hero of many of Froissart's most thrilling tales. "La Chasse" is not the earliest work of its kind; there are two French hunting treatises that can claim to be older; viz., the "Dict de la Chasse du Serf," and the more voluminous "Le Roi Modus"; but the Count de Foix's book is by far the best, as it is also the fullest, account of the various forms of sport in the Middle Ages. For English sportsmen and students of the literature of venery it is of peculiar interest; for when one of Britain's most gallant princes, the Plantagenet Edward of York, who bought victory at Agincourt with his life, wrote what is the oldest treatise on hunting in the English language, *i.e.* "The Master of Game," he borrowed by far the largest number of his chapters by verbatim translation from the great Frenchman's text. As I have for the last year or two been engaged in the task of preparing for the press Duke Edward of York's "Master of Game," a close comparison of his text with the various manuscripts of Count de Foix's book

¹ *Monthly Review*, February 1901.



Cy apres deulse comment on doit chasser et prendre le rangier.

The Chase of the Reindeer, as described in "La Chasse" by Gaston, Comte de Foix (died 1391).
From a MS. in the *Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.*



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became necessary. These studies, carried on as they were in the principal British and Continental libraries and archives, suggested to me that as the Frenchman's book contains much that the Duke of York could not possibly use for his treatise on English hunting, it would be interesting to give an account of those game animals which are not found in Britain, such as the bear, the reindeer, the ibex, and the chamois, and to describe certain foreign hunting practices unknown to the British sportsmen of the time, and also to illustrate these descriptions by reproductions, specially made for this purpose, from the exquisite illuminations—almost unknown even in France—that adorn the choicest of the thirty-nine ancient copies of "La Chasse" that have come down to us.

The personality of Gaston de Foix, the third of that name, and lord of two independent countships on the French side of the Pyrenees, must have been one of the most interesting produced by the fourteenth century. As warrior he made his name at the age of fourteen in Guienne, and as his Boswell relates, he was one of the most valiant knights of his age, fighting in numberless engagements against the kings of England, France, Arragon, Navarre, and the heathen tribes in northern Europe. As sportsman he was acknowledged to be the first of his age, even during his lifetime, which was not a very extended one, for the results of a bear hunt caused his death at the age of sixty. Froissart, who had stayed at his court only a year before, thus describes him :

This Earl Gaston of Foix, with whom I was, at that time he was of a fifty and nine years of age ; and I say I have in my time seen many knights, kings, princes, and others, but I never saw none like him of personage, nor of so fair form nor so well made ; his visage fair, sanguine, and smiling ; his eyes grey and kind, where he listed to set his regard ; in everything he was so perfect that he cannot be praised too much : he loved that which ought to be beloved, and hated that which ought to be hated . . . he loved hounds above all beasts ; winter and summer he loved hunting : he never loved folly, outrage, nor foolish extravagance ; every month he would know what he spented.

Gaston Phœbus, as he was sometimes called on account of

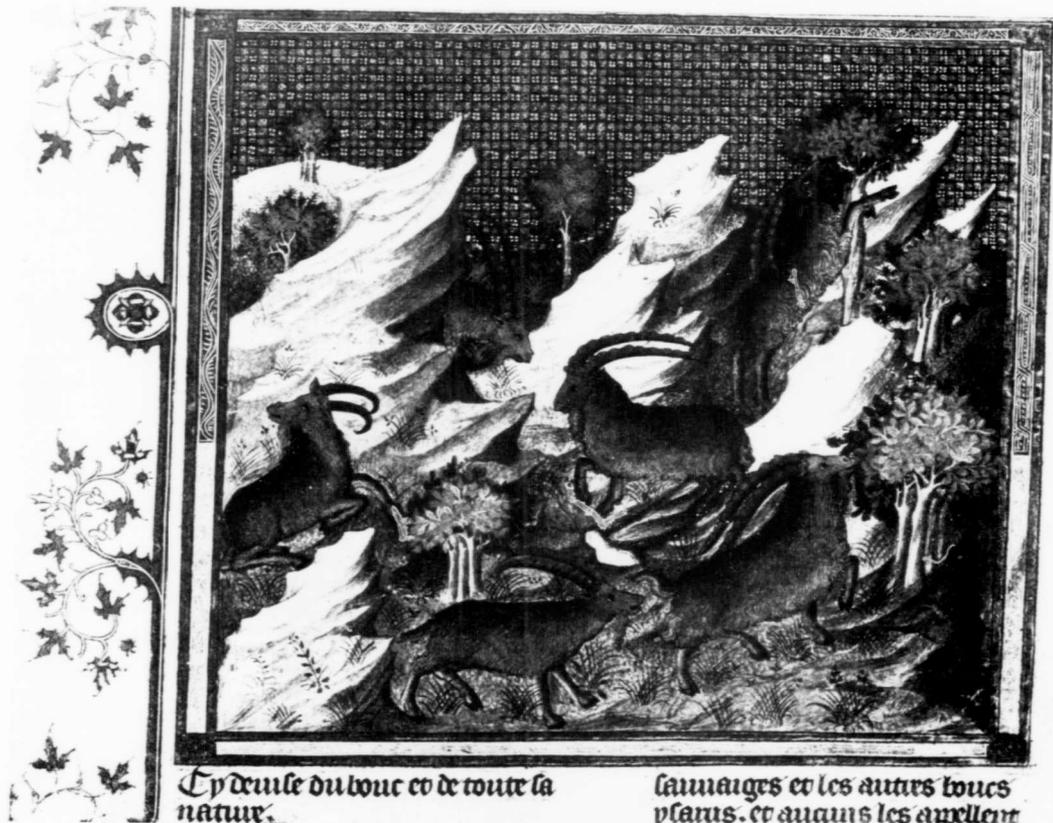
his manly beauty, and other perfections, was also a great traveller, and, as his notes amply prove, an amateur naturalist gifted with keen powers of observation. Thus, his account of the reindeer must be considered the earliest fairly correct description of this deer species. Subsequent transcribers of his narrative, as well as the early printers who first published editions of "La Chasse" (books which now fetch £400 a copy), made sad havoc with his manuscript, committing mistakes which were copied and recopied almost down to the present day. Thus, Buffon's extraordinary error in making the reindeer an inhabitant of France in the fourteenth century was solely caused by such a clerical mistake, Gaston's *peu veuz* being rendered *plus veu*.¹

About Gaston's writings there is an impersonal tone and absence of all self-laudation singularly attractive to the modern reader. Only on rare occasions does the personal pronoun obtrude itself; in fact one dearly wishes that this modest old sportsman had given us more of his personal experiences and adventures in lieu of the countless long obsolete instructions upon venery.

The illuminations that illustrate the precious codex from which the camera has borrowed them for these pages—the volume is preserved in the National Library in Paris as one of its greatest treasures²—are masterpieces of the art of illuminating, and if not actually the work of Louis XI's famous illuminator, Jean Foucquet, are certainly by his school. They were wrought in the first decade of the fifteenth century, a few years after the author's death, which occurred in 1391; and while these eighty-six pictures, which probably represent the work of many years, notwithstanding their primitive conception of perspective, throw valuable light upon many doubtful points

¹ Verard, who issued the first edition of "La Chasse," turned the author's words "J'en ai vu en Nourvegue et Xuedene et en ha outre mer, mes en romain pays en ay je pou veuz" into "J'en ai veu en Morienne et Puede ne outre mer, mais en romain pays en ay je plus veu."

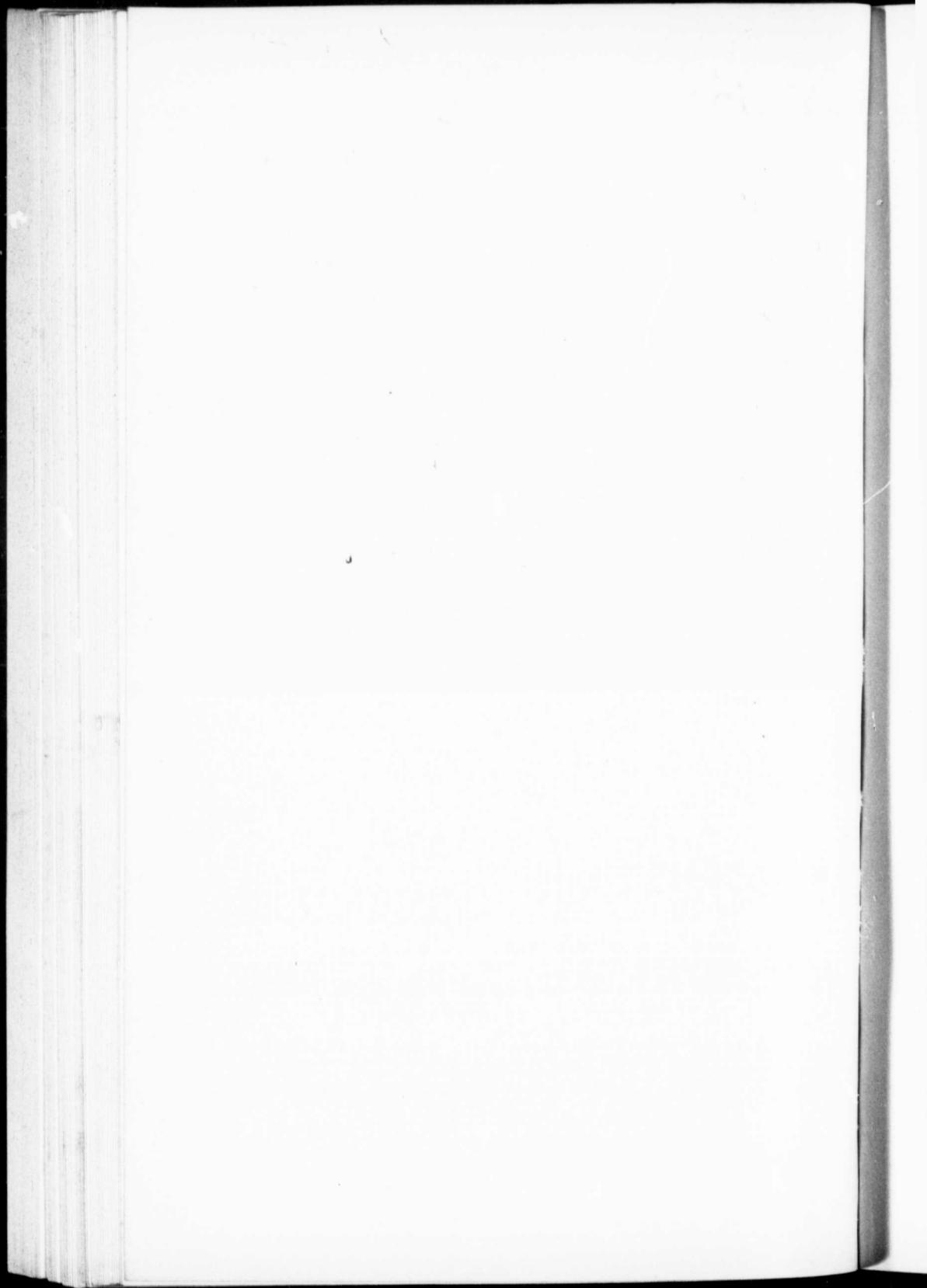
² MS. 616.



Cy deulse du bouc et de toute la
nature.

saumages et les autres boucs
ysarus. et auans les appellent

The Ibez (*Bouc sauvage*) and Chamois (*Bouc ysarus*).



of ancient venery, it is perhaps hardly necessary to warn the reader that those pictures relating to sport beyond home surroundings must be considered more or less imaginary; for they represented scenes with which the artist was probably quite unfamiliar, and they were not subject to the same critical control by contemporary sportsmen as were those dealing with home sport.

“*La Chasse*” commences, in the good old style, with a prologue, consisting of a homily, in which the author shows that he who pursues venery avoids the seven deadly sins, and by so doing secures for himself an entrance into Paradise. With this exception, the book contains none of the moralising and religious mysticism that occupied such an important space in the intellectual life of the late Middle Ages. The first part of the book deals with the nature of the various species of game known to Gaston, the latter part with their chase and the various manners of taking wild beasts by traps and nets and other “gins.” In the present article we propose to deal with the four beasts unknown to the British hunter of mediæval times, viz., the ibex, chamois, reindeer, and bear.

Gaston calls the ibex *bouc sauvage* or wild buck-goat, and the chamois he terms *bouc ysarus*, the name by which the Pyrenean representative of the agile mountain antelope is still known. Of the latter, the great peaks forming the southern boundaries of Count de Foix’s principalities must have contained vast numbers, and their chase does not seem to have appealed over much to this great hunter, for he says:

In my mountains the dress of the people is more frequently of chamois skins than of scarlet, as are also their leggings and shoes, for of these beasts there is too great a multitude. At one view I once saw in the winter more than five hundred. Of these beasts every peasant is a good hunter for the sake of their venison as well as for their pelt, and there is no great skill in taking them—

an opinion which seems almost incredible, for it refers to an age when firearms were unknown in the chase. This is how Gaston de Foix describes chamois hunting:

When the hunter would hunt the wild goat or the goat *ysaru* he should go and remain the night before in high mountains in the huts where the shepherds live who guard the cattle, and he should have reconnoitered eight days before the whole country of the mountains, and all the runs and passes, and have made hays and have stretched nets in front of the rocks where they (chamois) will go to safety, just as one would do in front of the river for a stag. As soon as they are somewhat tired they go to take refuge on the rocks, and if hays cannot be made everywhere he should put on the highest rocks all the people he can get, who should throw stones of the crossbow at them so that they come not thither or that they kill them with the crossbows, or that the stones make them jump down the rocks. One should quest and start them with a limer as one does a stag. And it suffices well to let run ten or twelve hounds of the pack, and to make at least four relays at the passes and at the highest mountains, about a league from one another. For when the hounds have climbed the mountains they cannot hunt for the great heat. Sometimes they go to some rivers if there be any at the foot of the mountains, and here a relay should be set, and he who gives the relay should not wait for the hounds that are hunting, for they may be hunting the forlogne (at a great distance behind the hunted game), but he should relay on sight as one does with greyhounds.

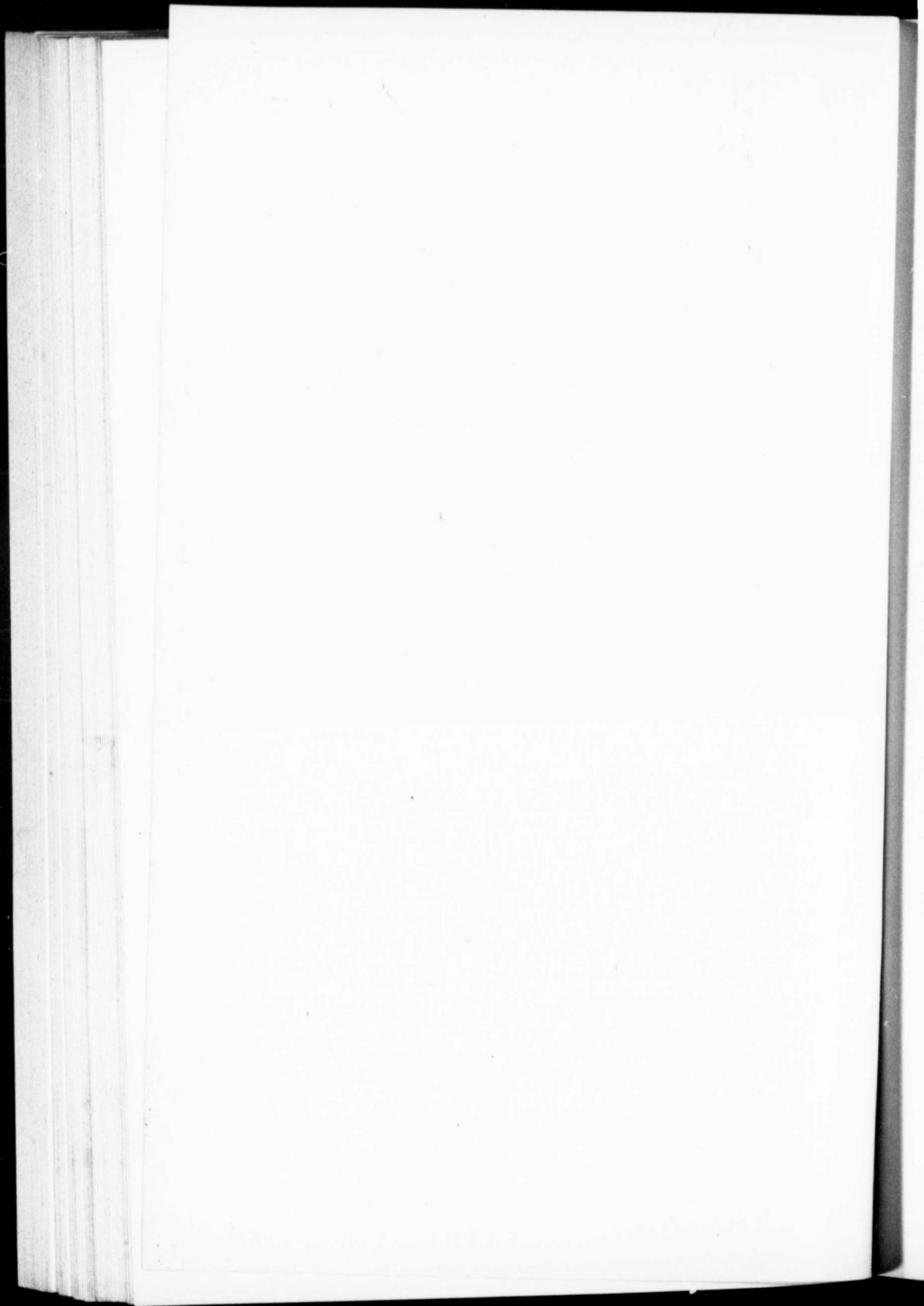
The picture of chamois hunting gives us in quaintly contracted manner a view of how the limer is led forth, how "the relays on the high mountains" are posted, and we see the berner with an alpenstock in his hand take profound chasms in his stride, while the animal in the centre of the picture, probably intended to represent a chamois buck, stares unflinchingly at the approaching veneur armed with a crossbow. The squatting pose of this beast reminds one more of the curious habit of the rare white Rocky Mountain goat than of chamois, who, by the way, have in the course of the intervening five centuries long retired to regions where running hounds, limers, and relays of greyhounds cannot bother them.

The ibex which our author seems to have hunted—to judge by the remark that he had seen one buck jump down a height of ten fathoms without being killed or even injured—were probably the Spanish species, and though in the first of the two ibex pictures the artist gives in two instances fairly correct representations of their horns, others, particularly in the second picture, are sadly incorrectly drawn. To the widely spread



Cy apres deulse cōment le bō veneur doit chasser & pñdre le bouc sauuaige.

The Chase of the Ibex and Chamois with limers and crossbow-men.







Cy deulc commient on doit chasser et prendre leurs

The Chase of the Bear, on horseback and on foot, with running hounds and crossbow-men.

mediæval legend that ibex pitch themselves down great heights, breaking the descent by falling on their horns, Gaston gives quite a reasonable interpretation by explaining that on account of their heavy horns they now and again lose their balance when jumping down rocks and pitch forward on their horns, though "sometimes they failed in this and broke their necks, but not often."

According to the picture, reindeer were hunted in much the same fashion as were deer, with running hounds; but in his text Gaston carefully excepts the use of the limer to quest for and start the quarry. Greyhounds were taken into the middle of the woods, and nets were stretched across the different runs. "On account of his heavy antlers and *grant gresse* (great fatness), he is heavy and cannot run long before the hounds." Exactly where Count Gaston enjoyed this running of reindeer he unfortunately fails to tell us. Over the morassy ground where to-day the reindeer is chiefly found, this method of hunting could hardly have been pursued.

Of the bear Gaston writes a long chapter on his "Nature," and a somewhat shorter one than one might expect on the hunting of him, for he does not wax as enthusiastic over the chase of bruin as he does over that of the stag and the wild boar, for bruin does not run fast before the hounds (who therefore always hunt in view), nor does the chase last long, nor does he by ruse or stratagem try to deceive the hunter and his hounds as does the wily old stag, nor does he turn on you and charge so sharply as does the fierce wild boar, the chase of which was considered the most dangerous, requiring not only presence of mind and precision of eye but also a strong and skilful arm.

Turning first to his Natural History chapter, he tells us:

The bear is a common beast enough, and I need not tell of his making, for there are few men who have not seen many of them. Bears are of two kinds, some large by nature and the others little by nature, although they may be old. Their custom and manner of life are the same, but the large ones are stronger, and are those which sometimes devour domestic animals. They are marvelously strong in all their body, except in their head, where they are feeble, so

that if they are hit there they are stunned, and if they are hit hard they are dead. . . . When the she-bear is with young she goes into caves in the rocks and remains there till she has cubbed, and the male bear also remains in the cave forty days without eating and drinking except that they suck their paws. And on the fortieth day they come out. And if this day be fine they return again to their cave for another forty days, for they think that it will be a bad winter and cold until this day. And if the day they issue from their cave be bad they keep out, thinking that the weather will be fine. They are born in March, and never more than two, and they remain dead for the length of a day, and their mother breathes so strongly on them and warms them, and licks them with her tongue until she hath revived them, and their fur is more white than black. . . .

They scent from afar, and have better wind (nose) than any beast save the wild boar; for they will scent a feed of acorns if there be any in a forest, although there are not any (other) in the whole country except in this forest, and they will wind them six leagues off. And when they are done and discomfited they will be taken in any little river or stream. They are hunted with alaunts, greyhounds, and with running hounds, and with the bow and with spears and lances and swords, with nets and ropes, and with other gins. Two men on foot with good spears, if they will keep each other company, can well kill a bear, for as one strikes him he will be revenged on that one, and when the other strikes him he runs at him, and when the first one strikes him again he runs to him, and thus they can strike him as oft as they like, but they must be on the lookout and not confused. But one man alone I do not advise him to it, for he will be soon wounded or dead.

If a hunter would chase a bear it is the best and surest thing to quest for him with one's limer; and if there is no limer draw for him on chance as I have said for the fallowdeer and roe. The bear should be harboured and run to in the same manner as wild boar. And to hunt him and take him the sooner there should be mastiffs mixed with running hounds, for they (the former) will bite and anger him till they get him at bay or make him void the country. And if there are alaunts that can be loosed at the bay within the wood, they will never let him leave that place till they have killed him, for he kills not the hounds as doth a boar, but he bites them and hugs and wounds them so that if I had fine and good greyhounds I should regret to slip them at him. Also one should have archers or crossbow-men or both, and good spears and strong. . . .

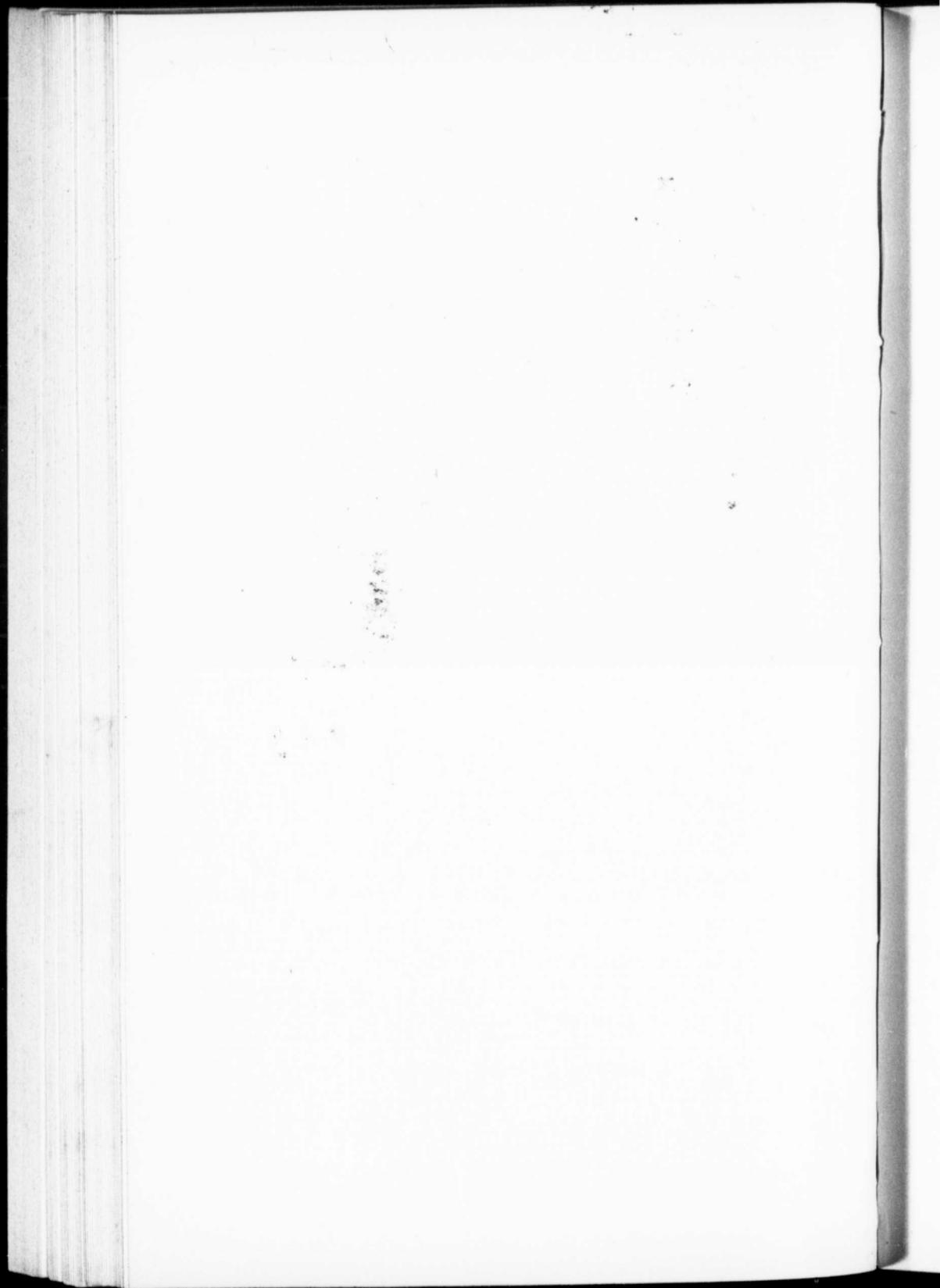
As I have said before, that one man all alone should not play with him, but two or more with good spears, if they keep good companionship they can well kill him. And every man can strike him with certainty the first time, for, as I have said, until he is wounded he will not run at a man, but after this let every one be on his guard.



Cy deuisé de lours et de toute
sa nature.

voies leus meignes fines
et conuions sont toutes vnes

The Bear and his Nature.



A FAMOUS MEDIÆVAL HUNTING-BOOK 147

Those on horseback should strike him by throwing the lances or spears, but not approach him within a sword's length as one does wild boar, for he that does so would be received and "kissed" not too graciously.

As there is little mastery (skill) in this chase except the harbouring and starting I shall speak no more of it.

With this characteristic leave-taking the robust old sportsman concludes his description of bear-hunting. His remarks about two men being able to tackle with safety bears of the size to which we know mediæval bruins grew reminds one of a singular manner of attack, to which sportsmen of the next century had recourse, and of which that prolific painter of sporting scenes, Stradanus, the Dutch-Italian Landseer, born in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, has left us a spirited drawing. It represents men clad in plate armour attacking master bruin single-handed, a long dagger doing deadly execution while the upright bear was in the act of hugging the attacker in an embrace which would be deadly were it not for the armour in which the pursuer is enveloped. Whether this kind of "bear-fighting" ever came into general use, the writers on venery do not relate. It was certainly a sign of degenerating sport, for it reduced the risks very materially; and much in the same spirit that sportsmen of that century poured vituperative criticisms upon the use of the "cowardly fire tube which no brave hunter would design to use," we can well imagine that men of the stamp of Gaston de Foix and Emperor Maximilian gloried in tackling the bear in his lair and charging the boar single-handed, armed with nought but cold steel.

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

DOBRYNIA

A RUSSIAN BŪILINA

THIS is one of innumerable *bŭilinŭi* or ballads sung by the Russian peasants, a fragment of that oldest epic cycle which weaves a web of myth about Prince Vladŭmir's Round Table at Kiev. Coming into being in the neighbourhood of Kiev some thousand years ago, and ousted long since from their birthplace, the old ballads are still chanted by fishermen mending their nets on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and by remote settlers among the tundras of Siberia.

The first man who committed them to writing—*pace* the new school of Russian folklorists, who believe nothing—was one Kirša Danilov, a Siberian Cossack. He put a few samples down on paper about 1750 to amuse the leisure of an eccentric millionaire, one of the rude forefathers of the now princely house of Demidov. But the polite world at large knew nothing of them till the nineteenth century, when the Demidov MS. was published. About 1860 a certain Rŭibnikov, exiled to the North for some Russian reason, collected and printed a mass of such poems; and at last the polite world became aware that the "uncultured classes" of their countrymen had for their entertainment a common heritage of song from which they themselves had been excluded for centuries. Other collectors followed, and new variants of the old poems are nowadays unearthed in the provinces with great regularity every summer.

For the interpretation of the poem here given, readers may follow Vsevolod Mŭller, who believes it to be no more than a corruption of a certain Turkish tale; or Orest Mŭller, who regards it as a sun-myth. For Dobrynia is a dragon-slayer like many sun-gods, and in this poem the speculative may find a solar allegory in his rapid flight over the earth at evening, like the rays of sunset; and they may find a likeness to Apollo in his skill upon the cittern.

In any case they must not come here for exact information on chronology and geography. The peasants who preserved and embroidered these poems paid no heed to such things. There are no Saracens, Calmucks, Chuski or Circassians on the road between Kiev and Lithuania; indeed, the Chuski or

Chukshi live in the extreme north-east of Siberia. Neither these nations nor the Tartars had been heard of in the days of Vladímir, who flourished about 1000 A.D.

This translation is meant to be taken in the Demidov spirit of mere enjoyment. Compounded from many variants, it is literal ; but my object has been to preserve the spirit as well as the body of the original, by imitating as far as possible the manner of the telling, according to the different genius of our language.

DOBRYNIA

THERE was revelry in Kiev
 In Vladímir's golden palace.
 There were gathered all the heroes :
 Stout Ilyá, Dunái the Gentle,
 And Nikita's son Dobrynia,
 With the trailing-skirted Martin,
 Mincing-gaited young Churilo,
 Michael Pótyk, Duke Stepanov,
 Basil, Daniel, Volkh Soslávich,
 And the priest-begot Alosha.
 Half the day done, half the drinking ;
 High the sun and high the revel.
 All about the golden bower
 Walked the gracious Prince Vladímir,
 Combing out his raven ringlets,
 Crying to the lords and ladies :
 " Who will do me gallant service,
 Gallant service far from Kiev ?
 Who will hunt the hordes of heathen ?
 Who will rid me of the foemen
 That debar me from the highway
 To my Lady's grisly sire
 Etmanul Etmanuúlof,
 Lord of distant Lithuania ?
 Who will slay the white-eyed Chudians,¹
 Slay the skirted Sorocinians,²

¹ Finns.² Saracens.

Slay the hillmen of Circassia,
 With the Calmucks and the Tartars,
 With the Chuski and Alutors?"

When the heroes heard, they hid them :
 Hid the tall behind the taller,
 Hid the small behind the smaller,
 And the smallest stood in silence,
 Stood abashed before Vladímir.
 From the midst came young Dobrynia,
 Came Nikita's son Dobrynia.
 Deeply, deeply had he drunken
 Of the Rhenish and metheglin :
 Yet he stood and never tottered,
 Yet he spake and never stuttered.

" Now all hail, thou Eye of Heaven,
 Gracious master, Prince Vladímir !
 Be there none will serve thee willing,
 There is one will serve thee nilling.
 I will go among the nations ;
 I will hunt the hordes of heathen ;
 I will rid thee of the foemen
 That debar thee from the highway
 To thy Lady's grisly sire
 Etmanuil Etmanuilov.
 I will slay the white-eyed Chudians,
 Slay the skirted Sorocinians,
 With the hillmen of Circassia,
 With the Calmucks and the Tartars,
 With the Chuski and Alutors."

Then the gracious Prince Vladímir
 Bade his butlers fill a beaker
 With the green young wine of Russia,
 Gallons four, a hero's portion ;
 And a bugle-horn of honey,
 Gallons six of good metheglin ;
 And he bare them to Dobrynia.

In his lily hand he took them,
 At a draught he drank and drained them;
 Turned and prayed before the image,
 Turned and bowed him to Vladímir,
 To the lords and to the ladies ;
 Turned and went unto his mother
 Timoféyevna Mamélfá,
 With his head upon his bosom,
 And the teardrops falling, falling.

Said his mother : " O Dobrynia,
 Wherefore comest thou so sadly
 From the banquet in the palace ?
 Have they seated thee unduly ?
 Was the wine-cup passed untruly ?
 Did some foolish fellow flout thee ? "

" Nay, thy son was seated duly,
 And the wine, they passed it truly,
 And no fool has dared to flout me.
 Woe is me, my lady mother,
 Timoféyevna Mamélfá !
 Wherefore, wherefore didst thou bear me
 All for sorrow and for trouble ?
 Hadst thou born a stone, 'twere better,
 Born a stone of flaming amber,
 Wrapped it in a sleeve of linen,
 Stood upon the hill of Skata,
 Flung it in the azure ocean,
 There to lie through endless ages,
 Never changing, never ranging,
 Dead to joy and dead to sorrow.
 Better that than be as I am,
 Ever riding without reason,
 Ever slaying without season,
 Murdering the joy of mothers,
 Widowing the wives of heroes,
 Orphaning their sons and daughters."

Spake Mamélfá, spake his mother :
 “ O my gallant son, Dobrynia,
 Glad were I could I have born thee
 Lusty as Ilyá of Múrom,
 Beautiful as Prince Vladímir,
 Bold as priest-begot Alosa,
 Mincing-gaited as Churilo,
 Courteous still as thou thyself art.
 Courtesy thy God has given
 And all other gifts denied thee :
 There is little boot repining.”

“ Woe is me, my lady mother,
 Timoféyevna Mamélfá !
 While the other heroes hid them
 At the banquet in the palace,
 I have boasted to Vladímir
 Of the service I will do him.
 I must hunt the hordes of heathen,
 I must slay the white-eyed Chudians,
 Slay the skirted Sorocinians,
 Slay the hillmen of Circassia,
 With the Calmucks and the Tartars,
 With the Chuski and Alutors.”

“ O my darling, ever boastful,
 An thou go to hunt the heathen,
 Who shall keep thy lady mother,
 And thy bride, thine Okulina ?”
 And he answered : “ I will leave thee
 To the Saviour and his keeping ;
 I will leave mine Okulina
 To the Virgin—and to freedom.
 Now I pray thee for a blessing
 That shall last me six long summers,
 Aye, and summers twelve if need be.”

Bitter, bitter was her weeping
 As she granted him her blessing

That should guard him six long summers,
Aye, and summers twelve if need be.
And she cried: "O Okulina,
Thou art sitting in thy terem,
In thy golden-fretted bower,
And thou knowest not the sorrow
That awaits thee for the morrow;
For our sun is at its setting,
Sinking sadly by the forest,
Falling fast beyond the mountain."

Now Dobrynia's steed was saddled,
And he rode upon the prairie.
Forth his mother went to speed him,
Turned and wept and wended homeward.

At Dobrynia's stirrup-leather
Walked his lady Okulina,
Saying: "When thy home-returning?"

And he answered her: "Be patient
Summers six before thou see me,
Aye, and other six if need be.
When the twelve long years are ended,
Hold me perished from the living.
Be a wife or be a widow:
Wed a boyard or a burgess,
Wed a peasant or a paynim;
Only wed not with the liar,
With the ladies' little jester,
With the priest-begot Alosa."

Like two swans upon the water,
Cheek to cheek in mingled sorrow,
Sit the mother and the daughter,
Waiting, waiting for Dobrynia.
Day by day like raindrops falling,
Week by week like grasses growing,
Year by year like river running,

Six long years are past in waiting,
But they bring not him they wait for.
 Came a knight of Russia pricking,
Came Alosha from the prairie,
With a melancholy tiding,
Saying: "Out upon the heathen!
They have slain thy young Dobrynia,
And his head is from his shoulders.
Lo! it lies beneath a willow,
And the ravens and the vultures
Pluck his eyeballs from their sockets."

 Sadly, sadly wept his mother,
Timoféyevna Mamélfa,
For her darling son, Dobrynia,
Till her face was wan with weeping,
And her eyes were dim with greeting.

 Then came all the wives of Kiev,
Saying: "Harken, Okulina!
It is ill to be a widow;
Wed a boyard or a burgess,
Wed a peasant or a paynim,
Even wed thee with Alosha."

 And she answered: "I have waited
Summers six as I was bidden;
Time to marry, though I tarry
Till the tale of twelve be perfect."

 Day by day like raindrops falling,
Week by week like grasses growing,
Year by year like river running,
Summers six are past in waiting,
But they bring not young Dobrynia.
Came the priest-begot Alosha,
Saying: "Late I saw Dobrynia
Where he lay upon the prairie;
Lo! his bleaching bones are scattered
Where the feather-grass is greenest;

In his skull beneath the willow
 Grow the little purple flowers,
 Little tender purple flowers,
 From his empty sockets peeping."

Then Vladímir came awooing
 With his dainty dame Apraxia ;
 They came wooing for Alosha.
 Okulina gave a kerchief
 To the Prince and to the Lady ;
 And she gave an iron arrow
 To the priest-begot Alosha,
 For a token she would wed him.¹

There was revelry in Kiev
 At Vladímir's golden palace.
 Three days sate they at the banquet ;
 Then they went into the minster
 To the golden crown of wedlock.²

Now Dobrynia at that season
 Was aweary of his warring ;
 He had slain the white-eyed Chudians,

¹ The gift of the arrow is probably a ceremonial invitation to the suitor to carry off the bride by force of arms : for the forms of capture are still preserved by the Russians in all their integrity in the marriage customs. Compare the custom of the Mundaris of Bengal, quoted by Lubbock from Dalton : "The bride walks in front of the bridegroom with a pitcher of water on her head supported by one arm. The bridegroom walks behind, and through the pretty loophole thus formed he shoots an arrow. The girl walks on to where the arrow falls, picks it up with her foot, takes it into her hand and respectfully returns it to her husband." The meaning of the kerchief is the same, with a difference. Among the Altai Tartars the kerchief is given by the girl to the man who is to run away with her (Verbitski, *Altaskie Inorodtsüi* p. 84). Russian peasant-brides nowadays give handkerchiefs to all the men who attend their weddings (Stasov, *Russki Ornament* p. v.).

² The crowning of the bride and bridegroom, who are called the "Prince" and the "Princess," is part of the marriage-custom of the Russians, high and low.

Slain the skirted Sorocinians,
Slain the hillmen of Circassia,
With the Calmucks and the Tartars,
With the Chuski and Alutors :
It went hardly with the heathen.
So he rested from his labour
By the flaming stone of amber,
By the noble oak of Nevin.
He has spread a white pavilion,
He has laid him down to slumber.

Came a pair of pigeons winging,
Winging wearily from Kiev,
And they rested in the branches
Of the noble oak of Nevin.

“ O Nikita's son, Dobrynia,
Thou art slumbering and sleeping,
And thou knowest not the sorrow
That awaits thee for the morrow ;
For thy lady Okulina
Deems thee perished from the living,
And to-day she weds another,
Weds the priest-begot Alosha.

Leaped the hero from his slumber,
Fell and knelt before his courser,
Saying : “ Harken, O my courser,
Twelve-year comrade of my trouble !
Three long years the road to Kiev,
In an hour we must achieve it ;
For my lady weds Alosha.”

Like an arrow from the crossbow,
Like a falcon flying southward,
Sped the Knight to holy Kiev ;
Leaped from mountain unto mountain,
Leaped from fountain unto fountain,
Higher than the feathery forest,
Lower than the watery welkin,

Over lakes and rivers bounding,
By the shores of ocean rounding.
So he came at last to Kiev ;
Scorned the gate and leaped the rampart ;
Swiftly passed the watchman's tower,
And he came into the forecourt
Of Mamelfa's marble mansion.
Court and hall he entered straightly—
There was none to make announcement—
Till he came into the bower
Where the venerable widow
Knelt in prayer before the image ;
Signed the cross as it is written,
Bowed him down as it is bidden,
Bowed him lowest to the widow ;
Said, " All hail, thou ancient widow,
Timoféyevna Mamélfá !"
Said, " Thy gallant son, Dobrynia,
Bade me carry thee a greeting."

" Sure, thou mockest me, O stranger ;
Well I know that they have slain him."

" Now God save thee, ancient widow,
Twas but yesterday at even
That I parted from the gallant
By the noble oak of Nevin.
And he charged me with a message
That I bid thee get the garments
That are hanging in his chamber
By the bed of carven yew-beam ;
That thou get the silken buskins
And the silver-sounding cittern,
And array me as a jester
To make merry at the wedding."

So she fetched the silken buskins
And the silver-sounding cittern,
And arrayed him as a jester.

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He is gone unto the palace,
 To make merry at the wedding.
 Court and hall he entered straightly,
 Without waiting for announcement ;
 Quaked the oaken floor that bore him,
 Brake the oaken door before him ;
 Ne'er a word he gave the warder,
 Ne'er a word he gave the porter,
 Thrust them headlong from his pathway ;
 Entered boldly on the banquet,
 Signed the cross as it is written,
 Bowed him down as it is bidden,
 Bowed him lowest to Vladímir.

Came the warders, came the porters
 With a plaint : " O Eye of Heaven,
 Late a courier this stranger
 Came a-posting into Kiev ;
 Now in guise a merry jester
 Is he come into the palace.
 Ne'er a word he gave the warders,
 Ne'er a word he gave the porters,
 But he thrust them from his pathway."

" Harken, sirrah, merry jester !
 What is this they make complaint of ?
 Hast thou dared to scorn my warders ?
 Hast thou dared to scorn my porters ?
 And to thrust them from thy pathway ?"

But Dobrynia did not mark him :
 Turned away and did not harken ;
 Cried, " Make room there for the jester !"

Then Vladímir spake in anger :
 " Go and sit upon the oven,¹
 Fittest place for such a jester !'
 Lightly leaped he on the oven,

¹ The great Russian brick stove, on the top of which the peasants sleep in winter.

Lightly thrummed upon his cittern,
Lightly tuned his voice to music ;
Sang a melody of Tsárgrad,¹
Sang a melody of Sion,
But his words were all of Kiev,
And of those that dwelt in Kiev.
Leaned the guests across and whispered :

“ This is surely not a jester,
'Tis some gallant masquerading.”

And he sang : “ Oh, thing unheard of,
That a bride should e'er be other
Than a maiden or a widow.”

Ceased the minstrels from their music,
Ceased the jesters from their jesting,
And they hearkened to Dobrynia.
Then his finger swept the cittern
In a melancholy measure :
All the lords and all the ladies
Sat in silence and in sadness
As they listened to Dobrynia.
Then he smote upon the cittern
In a mad and merry measure :
All the lords and all the ladies
Left their places at the table ;
They are leaping, they are dancing,
Up and down about the chamber.

So he rested. And Vladímír
Spake and said : “ O merry jester,
Tell me, how shall I reward thee
For the music thou hast made us ?
Wilt thou choose a place of honour ?
Choose the chiefest, by my own side ?
Choose the second, by my lady ?
Choose the third, where'er it like thee ?
Shall I give thee towns and hamlets ?

¹ Constantinople.

Store of gold and pearl and silver ?”

Then the jester made him answer :

“ Nay, I will not be rewarded
With thy first or next or third place,
With thy towns or with thy hamlets,
With thy pearl or gold or silver.
Let a goblet be my guerdon
For a pledge to pledge the bride with.”

So Dobrynia filled a beaker,
Dropped his finger-ring within it,
Dropped his Okulina's troth-ring.
And he bare it to her, saying :

“ There's a blessing in the beaker
An thou drain it to the bottom.”

So she took and drank and drained it,
Till the finger-ring in rolling
Ran and touched her lips of sugar.
Then she sate and gazed in wonder
On the ring and on the giver ;
And she cried : “ O lords and ladies,
Of a truth it is no jester,
'Tis Nikita's son, Dobrynia.”
And she knelt and fell before him :
“ O my well-beloved master !
O thou rampart of my city !
I beseech thee to forgive me
That I thought to wed Alosha
In despite of thy commandment.”

Said Dobrynia : “ I forgive thee ;
Women's folly is a proverb ;
' Long their hair but short their wit is ;'
Go their lords to gather faggots,
Straight they take them other husbands.
God forgive thee, young Alosha,
God forgive thee . . . not Dobrynia !
For thou cam'st with lying rumours

That mine enemies had slain me,
That my head was from my shoulders,
That it lay beneath a willow,
That the ravens and the vultures
Plucked my eyeballs from their places ;
And that underneath the willow
Grew the little purple flowers,
Little tender purple flowers,
From my empty sockets peeping.
Sadly, sadly wept my mother,
Till her face was wan with weeping
And her eyes were dim with greeting.
This and this I'll not forgive thee."
He laid hand on young Alosa ;
Took him by his yellow ringlets,
Plucked him out across the table,
Flung him down upon the pavement,
Dragged him up and down the bower,
Beat him sorely with his cittern,
Till Alosa howled for mercy,
Rose in shame and left the palace,
Sprang to saddle and departed,
There is none that knoweth whither.
But Nikita's son, Dobrynia,
Gat him home unto his mother
With his lady Okulina.
And his mother fell aweeping,
Not for sorrow, not for sadness,
But she wept for very gladness.

So they tell the ancient story
For a solace to the sea, sirs,
And a song for you and me, sirs.

THE PITFALL

Oh Thou who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

LADY Mary Craven sat near the open window of her blue and white boudoir looking out intently, fixedly across Park Lane at the shimmer of the trees in Hyde Park. It was June. It was sunny. The false gaiety of the season was all around her; flickering swiftly past her in the crush of carriages below her window; dawdling past her in the walking and riding crowds in the park. She looked at it without seeing it. Perhaps she had had enough of it, this strange conglomeration of alien elements and foreign bodies, this *bouille-à-baisse* which is called "The Season." She had seen it all year after year for twelve years, varying as little as the bedding out of the flowers behind the railings. Perhaps she was as weary of society as most people become who take it seriously. She certainly often said that it was rotten to the core.

She hardly moved. She sat with an open letter in her hand, thinking, thinking.

The house was very still. Her aunt with whom she lived had gone early into the country for the day. The only sound, the monotonous whirr of the great machine of London came from without.

Mary was thirty, an age at which many women are still

young, an age at which some who have heads under their hair are still rising towards the zenith of their charm. But Mary was not one of these. Her youth was clearly on the wane. She bore the imprint of that which ages—because if unduly prolonged it enfeebles—the sheltered life, a life centred in conventional ideas, dwarfed by a conventional religious code, a life feebly nourished on cut and dried charities sandwiched between petty interests and pettier pleasures. She showed the mark of her twelve seasons and of what she had made of life, in the slight fading of her delicate complexion, the fatigued discontent of her blue eyes, the faint dignified dejection of her manner, which was the reflection of an unconscious veiled surprise that she of all women—she the gentle, the good, the religious, the pretty Mary Craven was still—in short was still Mary Craven.

The onlooker would perhaps have shared that surprise. She was indubitably pretty, indubitably well-bred, graceful, slender, with a delicate manicured hand, and fair waved hair. Her fringe, which seemed inclined to grow somewhat larger with the years, was nearly all her own. She possessed the art of dress to perfection. You could catalogue her good points. But somehow she remained without attraction. She lacked vitality, and those who lack vitality seldom seem to get or keep what they want, at any rate in this world.

She was the kind of woman whom a man marries to please his mother, or because she is an heiress, or because he has been jilted and wishes to show how little he feels it. She was not a first choice.

She was one of that legion of perfectly appointed women who at seventeen deplore the rapacity of the older girls in ruthlessly clutching up all the attention of the simpler sex; and who at thirty acidly remark that men care only for a pink cheek and a baby face.

Poor Mary was thinking of a man now, of a certain light-hearted simpleton of a soldier with a slashed scar across his hand, which a Dervish had given him at Omdurman, the man

as commonplace as herself, on whom for no particular reason she had glued her demure, obstinate, adhesive affections twelve years ago.

Our touching faithfulness to an early love is often only owing to the fact that we have never had an adequate temptation to be unfaithful. Certainly with Mary it was so. The temptations had been pitiably inadequate. She had never swerved from that long ago mild flirtation of a boy and girl in their teens, studiously thrown together by their parents. She had taken an unwearied interest in him. She had petitioned Heaven that he might pass for the army, and he did just squeeze in. By the aid of fervent prayer she had drawn him safely through the Egyptian campaign, while other women's husbands and lovers fell right and left. He had not said anything definite before he went out, but Mary had found ample reasons for his silence. He could not bear to overshadow her life in case, &c., &c. But now he had been safely back a year, two years, and still he had said nothing. This was more difficult to account for. He was fond of her. There was no doubt about that. They had always been fond of each other. Every one had expected them to marry. His parents had wished it. Her aunt had favoured the idea with heavy footed zeal. Her brother, Lord Pollington, when he had a moment to spare from his training-stable had jovially opined that "Maimie" would be wise to book Jos Carstairs, while she could, as if she was not careful she might outstand her market.

Mary, who had for years dreamed of gracefully yielding to Jos's repeated and urgent entreaties, had even begun to wonder whether it would not be advisable if one of her men relations were to "speak to Jos." Such things were done. As she had said to her aunt with dignity, "This sort of thing can't go on for ever," when her aunt—who yearned for the rest which, according to their own account, seems to elude stout persons—pleaded that difficulties clustered round such a course.

The course was not taken, for Jos suddenly engaged himself to a girl of seventeen, a new girl whom London knew not, the only child of one of those ruinous unions which had been swallowed up in a flame of scandal seventeen years ago, which had been forgotten for seventeen years all but nine days.

It was sedulously raked up again now. People whispered that Elsa Grey came of a bad stock; that Jos Carstairs was a bold man to marry a woman with such antecedents; a woman whose mother had slipped away out of her intolerable home years ago for another where apparently life had not been more tolerable.

Jos brought his Elsa to see Mary, for he was only fit to wave his sword and say, "Come on, boys." He did not understand anything about anything. He only remembered that Mary was a tender loving soul. Had she not shown herself so to him for years? So he actually besought Mary to be a friend to the beautiful young sombre creature whom he had elected to marry.

Mary behaved admirably according to her code, touched Elsa's hand, civilly offered the address of a good dressmaker (not her best one), and hoped they should meet frequently. The girl looked at her once, wistfully, intently, with unfathomable lustrous eyes, as of some untamed, prisoned, woodland creature, and then took no further notice of her.

That was a fortnight ago. They were to be married in three weeks.

Mary sighed, and looked once again for the twentieth time at the letter in her hand. It was a long epistle from her bosom friend, Lady Francis Bethune, the electric tramways heiress, joylessly married to the handsomest man in London, the notorious Lord Francis Bethune.

"My dear," said the letter, "men are always like that. They are brutes, and it is no good thinking otherwise. They will throw over the woman they have loved for years for a flower girl. You are too good for him. I have always thought so. (So had Mary.) But the game is not up yet.

I could tell him things about his Elsa that would surprise him, not that he ought to be surprised at anything in her mother's daughter. He is coming to me this afternoon to tea. He said he was busy; but I told him he must come as it was on urgent business, and so it is. He is my trustee, you know, and there really is something wrong. Francis has been at it again. After the business is over I shall tell him a few things very nicely about that girl. Now, my advice to you is—chuck the Lestranges' water party this afternoon, and come in as if casually to see me. I shall leave you alone together, and you must do the rest yourself. You may pull it off yet, after what I shall say about Elsa, for Jos has a great idea of you. Wire your reply by code before midday."

Mary got up slowly, and walked to the writing table. Should she go and meet him? Should she not? She would go. She wrote a telegram quickly in code form. She knew the code so well that she did not stop to refer to it. She and Jos had played at code telegrams when he was cramming for the army. She rang for the servant and sent out the telegram. Then she sat down and took up a book. It was nearly midday, and too hot to go out.

But after a few minutes she cast it suddenly aside, and began to move restlessly about the room. What was the use of going, after all? What could she say to Jos if she did see him? How could she touch his heart? Like many another woman when she thinks of a man, Mary stopped before a small mirror, and looked fixedly at herself. Was she not pretty? Had she not gentle appealing eyes? See her little hand raised to put back a strand of fair hair. Was not everything about her pretty and refined, and good. The vision of Elsa rose suddenly before her, with her dark mysterious beauty and her formidable youth. Mary's heart contracted painfully. "I love him, and she doesn't," she said to herself with bitterness. But Jos would never give up Elsa. She would make him miserable, but—he would marry her. Oh! what was the use of going to waylay him to-day? Why had she lent herself

to Lady Francis's idiotic plan? Why had she accepted from her help that was no help? She would telegraph again to say she would not come after all. No. She would follow up her own telegram, and tell her friend that on second thoughts she did not care to see Jos.

She ran upstairs, put on her hat, and in a few minutes was driving in a hansom to Bruton Street. The Bethunes' footman knew her and admitted her, though Lady Francis was technically "not at home."

Yes, her ladyship was in, but she was engaged with the doctor at the moment in the drawing room. The footman hesitated. They were a-tuning of the piano in her ladyship's boudoir, he said, and he tentatively opened the door of a room on the ground floor. It was Lord Francis' sitting room.

"Was his lordship in?"

"No, his lordship had gone out early."

"Then I will wait here," said Mary, "if you will let her ladyship know that I am here."

The man withdrew.

Mary's face reddened with annoyance. She disliked the idea of telling Lady Francis she had changed her mind, and the discussion of the subject. Oh! why had she ever spoken of the subject at all? Why had she telegraphed that she would come?

The painful reiterated stammering of the piano came to her from above. It seemed of a piece with her own indecision, her own monotonous jealousy.

Suddenly the front door bell rang, and an instant later the footman came in with a telegram, put it on the writing table, and went out again.

Her telegram! Then she was not too late to stop it. She need not explain after all.

The drawing-room door opened, and Lady Francis' high metallic voice sounded on the landing.

Mary seized up the pink envelope and crushed it in her hand. What? The drawing-room door closed again. The

conference with the doctor was not quite over after all. She tore open the telegram and looked again at her foolish words before destroying them.

Then her colour faded, and the room went round with her. Who had changed what she had said? Why was it signed "Elsa?"

She looked at the envelope. It was plainly addressed, Lord Francis Bethune. She had never glanced at the address till this moment. The contents were in code as hers had been, but it was the same code, and before she knew she had done so, she had read it.

What did it mean? What *could* it mean? Why should Elsa promise to meet him after the Speaker's Stairs—to-day—at Waterloo main entrance?

Mary was not quick-witted, but after a few dazed moments she suddenly understood. Elsa was about to go away with Lord Francis. But what Elsa? Her heart beat so hard that she could hardly breathe. Could it be Elsa Grey?

As we piece together all at once a puzzle, that has been too simple for us, so Mary remembered in a flash Elsa's enigmatical face, and a certain ball where she had seen—only for a moment as she passed—Lord Francis and Elsa sitting out together. Elsa had looked quite different then. It *was* Elsa Grey. She knew it. Degraded creature, not fit to be an honest man's wife.

Mary shook from head to foot under a climbing devastating emotion, which seemed to rend her whole being. The rival was gone from her path. Jos would come back to her.

As she stood stunned, half blind, trembling, a hansom dashed up to the door, and in a moment Lord Francis' voice was in the hall speaking to the footman.

"Any letters or telegram?"

"One telegram on your writing-table, my lord."

The servant went on to explain something, Lady Mary Craven, &c., but his master did not hear him. He was in the room in a second and had closed the door behind him. Lord

Francis' beautiful, thin, reckless face was pinched and haggard. He seemed possessed by some fierce passion which had hold of him and drove him before it as a storm holds and spins a leaf.

Mary was frightened, paralysed. She had not known that men could be so moved. He did not even see her. He rushed to the writing-table, and swept his eye over it. Then he gave a sharp, low, hardly human cry of rage and anguish, and turned to ring the bell. As he turned he saw her.

"I beg your pardon. I don't understand," he said hoarsely. "Why did my fool of a servant bring you in here?"

Then he saw the open telegram in her hand, and his face changed. It became alert, cold, implacable. There was a deadly pause. From the room above came the acute, persistent stammer of the piano.

He took the telegram from her nerveless hand, read it, and put it in his pocket. He picked up the envelope from the floor, and threw it into the waste-paper basket. Then he came close up to her, and looked her in the eyes. There was murder in his.

"It was in cypher," he said.

She was incapable of speech.

"But you understood it? Answer me. By— Did you understand it, or did you not?"

"I did not." She got the words out.

"You are lying. You did, you paid spy. Now listen to me. If you dare to say one word of this to any living soul I'll—"

The door suddenly opened, and Lady Francis hurried in.

"Sorry to keep you, my dear," said the high, unmodulated voice. "Old Carr was such a time. What! You here, Francis. I thought you had gone out."

"I have been doing my best to entertain Lady Mary till you appeared," he said.

"I came to say I am engaged this afternoon," said Mary.

"I can't go with you to your concert."

The footman appeared with another telegram.

Lord Francis opened it before it could reach his wife, and then tossed it to her.

"For you," he said, and left the room.

"Well, my dear," said Lady Francis, "in this you say you *will* come, and now you say you *won't*, or am I reading it wrong? I don't understand."

"I have changed my mind," said Mary feebly. "I mean I can't throw over the Lestranges. I only ran in to explain. I must be going back now."

Lord Francis, who was in the hall, put her into her hansom and closed the doors. As he did so he leaned forward and said:

"If you dare to interfere with me you will pay for it."

PART II

Ah! woe that youth should love to be
 Like this swift Thames that speeds so fast
 And is so fain to find the sea,—
 That leaves this maze of shadow and sleep,
 These creeks down which blown blossoms creep,
 For breakers of the homeless deep.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE little river steamer, with its gay awning, was hitched up to the Speaker's Stairs. The Lestranges were standing at the gangway welcoming their guests. There was a crowd watching along the parapet of Westminster Bridge just above.

"Are we all here? It is past four," said Captain Lestrangle to his wife.

Mrs. Lestrangle looked round. "Eighteen, twenty, twenty-four. Ah! Here is Lady Mary Craven, late as usual. She is the last. No. There is one more to come. Miss Grey."

"Which Miss Grey?"

"Why the one Jos Carstairs is to marry. She is coming

under my wing. And now she isn't here. What on earth am I to do? We can't wait for ever."

A tall white figure was advancing slowly, as if dragged step by step, through the shadow of the great grey building.

"She does not hurry herself," said Mrs. Lestrangle, indignantly, and she did not welcome Elsa very cordially as she came on board. The youngest of the party had made all the rest of that distinguished gathering wait for her.

Mary in a gown of immaculate white serge stitched with black was sitting under the awning when Elsa passed her on her way towards a vacant seat lower down. The two women looked fixedly at each other for a moment, and in that moment Mary saw that Elsa knew that she knew. Even in that short time Lord Francis had evidently warned the girl against her.

Do what she would, Mary could not help watching Elsa. This was the less difficult, as no one ever talked for long together to Mary. The seat next her was never resolutely occupied. Her gentle voice was one of those which swell the time-honoured complaint, that in society you hear nothing but the same vapid small talk, the same trivial remarks over and over again. She was not neglected, but she awakened no interest. Her china blue eyes turned more and more frequently towards that tall figure with its lithe panther-like grace sitting in the sun, regardless of the glare. Mary, whose care for her own soul came second only to her care for her complexion, wondered at her recklessness.

Mrs. Lestrangle introduced one or two men to Elsa, but they seemed to find but little to say to her. She was *distracte*, indifferent to what was going on round her. After a time she was left alone, except when Mrs. Lestrangle came to sit by her for a few minutes. Yet she was a marked feature of the party. Wherever Elsa might be she could not be overlooked. Mysterious involuntary power which some women possess, not necessarily young and beautiful like Elsa, of becoming wherever they go a centre, a focus of attention whether they will or no.

Married men looked furtively at her, and whispered to their approving wives that Carstairs was a bold man, that nothing would have induced *them* to marry a woman of that stamp. The unmarried men looked at her too, but said nothing.

At seventeen Elsa's beauty was mature. It was not the thin wind flower beauty of the young English girl who emerges but slowly from her chrysalis. It was the splendid pale perfection of the magnolia which opens in a night. The body had outstripped the embryo spirit. Out of the exquisite face, with its mysterious foreshadowing of latent emotion, looked the grave inscrutable eyes of a child.

Elsa appeared quite unconscious of the interest she excited. She looked fixedly at the gliding dwindling buildings, at the little alert brown-sailed eel-boats, and the solemn, low-swimming hay barges, burning yellow in the afternoon sun, and dropping gold into the grey water as they went. Sometimes she looked up at the over-hanging bridges, and past them to the sky. Presently a white butterfly came twinkling on toddling unsteady wings across the water, and settled on the awning. Elsa's eyes followed it. "It is coming with us," she said to Captain Lestrangle, who was standing near her. The butterfly left the awning. It settled for a moment on the white rose on Elsa's breast. Now it was off again, a dancing baby fairy between the sunny sky, and sunny river. Then all in a moment some gust of air caught its tiny spread sails, and flung it with wings outstretched upon the swift water.

Elsa gave a cry, and tearing the rose out of her breast, leaned far over the railing and flung it towards the butterfly. It fell short. The current engulfed butterfly and rose together.

Captain Lestrangle caught her by the arm as she leaned too far, and held her firmly till she recovered her balance.

"That was rather dangerous," he said, releasing her gently.

"I could not stand by and see it drown," said Elsa shivering, and she turned her eyes back across the river to

where in the distance the white buildings of Greenwich stood almost in the water in the pearl haze.

Who shall say what Elsa's thoughts were as she leaned against the railing, white hand against white rose cheek, and watched the tide which was sweeping them towards the sea? Did she realise that another current was bearing her whither she knew not, was hurrying her little barque, afloat for the first time towards a surging line of breakers where white sails of maiden innocence and faith and purity might perchance go under? Did she with those wonderful melancholy eyes look across her youth and dimly foresee, what all those who have missed love learn in middle life, how chill is the deepening shadow in which a loveless life stands? Did she dimly see this and shrink from the loveless marriage before her, which would close the door against love for ever? Did she in her great ignorance mistake the jewelled earthen cup of passion for the wine of love which should have brimmed it? Did she think to allay the thirst of the soul at the dazzling empty cup which was so urgently proffered to her? Who shall say what Elsa's thoughts were as the river widened to the sea.

They were coming back at last, beating up slowly, slowly against the tide towards London, lying low and dim against an agony of sunset. To Mary it had been an afternoon of slow torture. Ought she to speak to Elsa? After the Speaker's Stairs the telegram had said. Then Elsa meant to join Lord Francis on her return *this evening*. Ought not she, Mary, to go to Elsa now where she sat apart watching the sunset, and implore her to go home? Ought she not to tell her that Lord Francis was an evil man who would bring great misery upon her? Ought she not to show her that she was steeping her young soul in sin, ruining herself upon the threshold of life? Something whispered urgently to Mary that she ought at least to try to hold Elsa back from the precipice, whispered urgently that perhaps Elsa, friendless as she was, might listen to her even at the eleventh hour. And Elsa knew she knew.

Was it Mary's soul—dwarfed and starved in the suffocating bandages of her straitened life and narrow religion—which was feebly stirring in its shroud, was striving to speak?

Mary clenched her little blue veined hands.

No, no. Elsa would never listen to her. Elsa knew very well what she was doing. Any girl younger even than she knew that it was wicked to allow a married man to make love to her. Elsa was a bad woman by temperament and heredity, not fit to be a good man's wife. Even if Mary could persuade her to give up her lover still Elsa was guilty in thought, and that was as bad as the sin itself. Did not our Saviour say so. *Elsa was lost already.*

"No, no," whispered the inner voice. "She does not know what she is doing."

She did know very well what she was doing—Mary flushed with anger—she was always doing things for effect in order to attract attention. Look how she had made eyes at Captain Lestrangle about that butterfly. If there is one thing more than another which exasperates a conventional person it is an impulsive action. The episode of the butterfly rankled in Mary's mind. Several silly men had been taken in by it. No. She, Mary, would certainly speak to Elsa, she would be only too glad to save a fellow creature from deadly sin if it was any *use* speaking—but it was not. And she did not care to mix herself up with odious, disgraceful subjects unless she could be of use. She had always had a high standard of refinement. She had always kept herself apart from "that sort of thing." Perhaps, in her meagre life, she had also kept herself apart from all that makes our fellow-creatures turn to us.

Lord Francis' last threat, spoken low and distinct across the hansom doors, came back to her ears—"If you dare to interfere with me you will pay for it."

The river was narrowing. The buildings and wharves pushed up close and closer. The fretted outlines and towers of Westminster were detaching themselves in palest violet from the glow in the west.

A river steamer passed them with a band on board. A faint music, tender and gay, came to them across the water, bringing with it the promise of an abiding love, making all things possible, illuminating with sudden distinctness the vague meaning of this mysterious world of sunset sky and sunset water and ethereal city of amethyst and pearl; and then—as suddenly as it came—passing away down stream, and taking all its promises with it, leaving the twilight empty and desolate.

The sunset burned dim like a spent furnace. The day lost heart and waned all at once. It seemed as if everything had come to an end.

And as, when evening falls, jasmine grows white and whiter in the falling light, so Elsa's face grew pale and paler yet in the dusk.

Once she looked across at Mary, and a faint smile, tremulous, wistful, stole across her lips. Tears shone in her eyes. "Is there any help anywhere?" the sweet troubled eyes seemed to say. But apparently they found none, for they wandered away again to the great buildings of Westminster rising up within a stone's throw over the black arch of Westminster Bridge.

The steamer slowed and stopped once more against the Speaker's Stairs.

The Lestranges put Elsa into a hansom before they hurried away in another themselves. All the guests were in a fever to depart, for there was barely time to dress for dinner—and they disappeared as if by magic. Mary, whose victoria was a moment late, followed hard on the rest. As she was delayed in the traffic she saw the hansom in front of her turn slowly round. She saw Elsa's face inside as it turned. Then the hansom went gaily jingling its bell over Westminster Bridge, and was lost in the crowd.

PART III

Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin ?

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

THE scandal smouldered for a day or two, and then raged across London like a fire. Mary stayed at home. She could not face the glare of it. She said she was ill. Her hand shook. She started at the slightest sound. She felt shattered in mind and body.

"I could not have stopped her," she said stubbornly to herself a hundred times, lying wide-eyed through the long, terrifying nights. She besieged Heaven with prayers for Elsa.

On the fourth day Jos came to her.

She went down to her little sitting-room and found him standing at the open window with his back to her. She came in softly, trembling a little. She would be very gentle and sympathetic with him. She would imply no reproach. As she entered he turned slowly and faced her. The first moment she did not recognise him. Then she saw it was he.

Jos' face was sunk and pinched, and the grey eyes were red with tears fiercely suppressed by day, red with hard crying by night. Now as they met hers they were fixed, unflinching in their tearless, enduring agony, like those of a man under the surgeon's knife.

"Oh! Jos, don't take it so hard," said Mary, laying her hand on his arm.

She had never dreamed he would feel it like this. She had thought that he would see at once he had had a great escape.

He did not appear to hear her. He looked vacantly at her, and then recollected himself, and sat down by her.

"You saw her last," he said, biting his lips.

Mary's heart turned sick within her.

"The Lestranges saw her last," she said hastily. He made an impatient movement. He knew all that.

"You were with her all the afternoon on the boat."

"Yes. But, of course, there were numbers of others. I had many friends whom I had to——"

"Did you notice anything? Did you have any talk with her? Was she different to usual?"

"She does not generally talk much. She was rather silent."

"You did not think she looked as if she had anything on her mind."

"I couldn't say. I know her so very slightly." Mary's voice was cold.

"She did not care for me," said Jos. "I knew that all along," and he put his scarred hand over his mouth.

"She was not worthy of you."

He did not hear her. He took away his hand, and clenched it heavily on the other.

"I knew she didn't care," he said in a level, passionless voice. "But I loved her. From the first go off I saw she was different to other women. And I thought—I know I'm only a rough fellow—but I thought perhaps in time . . . I'm not up to much, but I would have made her a good husband—and at any rate I would have taken her away from—her father. He said she was willing. I—I tried to believe him. He wanted to get rid of her—and—I wanted to have her. That was the long and the short of it. We settled it between us. . . . She hadn't a chance in that house. I thought I'd give her another—a home—where she was safe. She had never had a mother to tell her things. She had never had any up-bringing at that French school. She had no women friends. She had never known a good woman, except her old nurse, till I brought her to you, Mary. I told her you were good and gen'le and loving, and would be a friend to her; and that I had known you all my life, and she might trust you."

"She never liked me," said Mary. It seemed to her that she must defend herself. Against what? Against whom?

"If she had only confided in you," he said. "I knew she was in trouble, but I could not make out what it was. She was such a child, and I seemed a long way off her. I took her to plays and things after I had seen them first, to be sure they were all right, and she would cheer up for a little bit—she liked the performing dogs. I had thought of taking her there again; but she always sank back into low spirits. And I knew that sometimes young girls do feel shy about being married—it's a great step—a lottery—that is what it is, a lottery—so I thought it would all come right in time. I never thought. I never guessed." Jos' voice broke. "I see now I helped to push her into it—but—I didn't know. . . . If only you had known that last afternoon, and could have pleaded with her . . . if only you had known, and could have held her back—my white lamb, my little Elsa."

He ground his heel against the polished floor. There was a long silence.

Then he got up and went away.

It was not until the end of July that Mary saw him again. She heard nothing of him. She only knew that he had left London. He came in one evening late, and Mary's aunt discreetly disappeared after a few minutes' desultory conversation.

He looked worn and aged, but he spoke calmly, and this time he noticed Mary's existence. "You look pulled down," he said kindly. "Has the season been too much for you?"

"It is not that," she said. "I have been distressed because an old friend of mine is in trouble."

He looked at her and saw that she had suffered. A great compunction seized him. He took her hand and kissed it.

"You are the best woman in the world," he said. "Don't

worry your kind heart about me. I'm not worth it." Then he moved restlessly away from her, and began turning over the knick-knacks on the silver table.

"Bethune has been tackled," he said suddenly. "The Duke of — did it, and he has promised to marry her—if—if—"

"If what?"

"If his wife will divorce him. The duke has got his promise in black and white."

"I don't think Lady Francis will divorce him."

"N-no. I've been with her to-day for an hour, but I couldn't move her. She doesn't seem to see that it's—life or death—for Elsa."

"You would not expect her under the circumstances to consider Elsa."

"Yes I should," said the simpleton. "Why should not she help her. There are no children, and she does not care for Bethune. She never did. She ought to release him for the sake of—others."

"I don't think she will."

"I want you to persuade her, Mary." Mary's heart swelled. This then was what he had come about.

"Aren't you her greatest friend? Do put it before her plainly. I'm a blundering idiot, and she seemed to think I had no right to speak to her on the subject. Perhaps I had not. I never thought of that. I only thought of—. But do you go to her, and bring her to a better mind."

"I will try," said Mary.

"I wish there were more women like you, Maimie," he said, using for the first time for years the pet name which he had called her by when they were boy and girl together.

Mary went to Lady Francis next day, but she did not make a superhuman effort to persuade her friend. She considered that it was not desirable that Elsa should be reinstated. If there were no punishment for such misdemeanours what

would society come to! For the sake of others, as a warning it was necessary that Elsa should suffer.

All she said to Lady Francis was: "Are you going to divorce Lord Francis?"

"No, my dear," said that lady with a harsh little laugh. "I am not. Not that I could not get a divorce. He has been quite brute enough, but if I did it would be forgotten in about a quarter of an hour, whether I had divorced him or he had divorced me. I have a right to his name, and I mean to stick to it. It's about all I've got out of my marriage. I don't intend to go about as a divorced woman under my maiden name of Huggins. The idea does not smile on me. Besides I know Francis. He will come back to me. He did—before. He has not a shilling, and he is in debt. He can't get on without me. I was a goose to marry him; but still I am the goose that lays the golden eggs."

Jos' parents sent Mary a pressing invitation to stay with them after the season. Mary went, and perhaps she tasted something more like happiness in that quiet old country-house than she had known for many years. Jos' father and mother were devoted to her, with that devotion, artificial in its origin, but genuine in its later stages, of parents who have made up their minds that she was "the one woman" for their son. Mary played old Irish melodies in the evenings by the hour, and sang sweetly at prayers. She was always ready to listen to General Carstairs' history of the *fauna* of Dampshire, and to take an interest in Mrs. Carstairs' Sunday School. She had a succession of the simplest white muslin gowns (she could still wear white) and wide-brimmed garden hats. Mary in the country was more rural than those who abide in it all the year round.

Jos was often there. There was no doubt about it. Jos was coming back to his early allegiance. Perhaps his parents, horrified by his single unaided attempt at matrimony, were tenderly pushing him back. Perhaps in the entire exhaustion

and numbness that had succeeded the shock of Elsa's defection he hardly realised what others were planning round him. Perhaps when a man has been heartlessly slighted he turns unconsciously to the woman of whose undoubted love he is vaguely aware.

Jos sat at Mary's feet, not metaphorically but literally, for hours together by the sundial in the rose-garden; hardly speaking, like a man stunned. Still he sat there, and she did her embroidery, and looked softly down at him now and then. The doors of the narrow, airless prison of her love were open to receive him. They would be married presently, and she should make him give up the army, and become a magistrate instead. She would never let him out of her sight. A wife's place is beside her husband. She knew, for how many wives compact of experience had assured her during the evening hour of feminine confidence when the back hair is let down, that the perpetual presence of the wife was the only safeguard for the well-being of that mysterious creature of low instincts, that half-tamed wild animal, always liable to break away unless held in by feminine bit and bridle, that irresponsible babe, that slave of impulse—*man*. She would give him perfect freedom of course. She should encourage him to go into the Yeomanry, and she should certainly allow him to go out without her for the annual training. He would be quite safe in a tent, surrounded by his own tenantry; but, on other occasions, she, his wife, would be ever by his side. That was the only way to keep a man good and happy.

Early in September Jos went away for a few days' shooting. Mary, who generally paid rounds of visits after the season at dull country houses (she was not greatly in request at the amusing ones), still remained with the Carstairs, who implored her to stay on whenever she suggested that she was paying them "a visitation."

Jos was to return that afternoon, for General Carstairs was

depending on him to help to shoot his own partridges on the morrow. But the afternoon passed, and Jos did not come. The next day passed, and still no Jos. And no letter or telegram. His father and mother were silently uneasy. They said, no doubt he had been persuaded to stay on where he was, and had forgotten the shoot at home. Mary said, "No doubt," but a reasonless fear gathered like thin mist across her heart. Where was he? The letters that had been forwarded to his last address all came back. A week passed, and still no Jos, and no answers to autocratic telegrams.

Then suddenly Jos telegraphed from London saying he should return early that afternoon, and asking to be met at the station.

When the time drew near Mary established herself with a book in the rose-garden. He would come to her there as he had so often done before. The roses were well nigh over, but in their place the sweet white faces of the Japanese anemones were crowding up round the old grey sundial. The sunny windless air was full of the cawing of rooks. It was the time and the place where a desultory love might come by chance, and linger awhile, not where a desperate love, brought to bay, would wage one of his pitched battles. Peace and rest were close at hand. Why had she been fearful? Surely all was well, and he was coming back. He was coming back.

She waited as it seemed to her for hours before she heard the faint sound of his dog-cart. She should see him in a moment. He would speak to his parents, and then ask where she was, and come out to her. Oh! how she loved him; but she must appear calm, and not too glad to see him. She heard his step—strong, light, alert, as it used to be of old, not the slow, dragging, aimless step of the last two months.

He came quickly round the yew hedge and stood before her. She raised her eyes slowly from her book to meet his, a smile parting her lips.

He was looking hard at her with burning scorn and contempt in his lightning grey eyes.

The smile froze on her lips.

"I have seen Elsa," he said. "I only came back here for half-an-hour to—speak to you."

A cold hand seemed to be pressed against Mary's heart.

"I found by chance, the merest chance, where she was," he continued. "I went at once. She was alone, for Bethune has gone back to his wife. I suppose you knew he had gone back. I did not. I found her." He stopped as if the remembrance were too acute, and then went on firmly. "We had a long talk. She was in great trouble. She told me everything, and how he, that devil, had made love to her from the first day she came back from school, and how her father knew of it, and had obliged her to accept me. And she said she knew it was wrong to run away with him, but she thought it was more wrong to marry without love, and that the nearer the day came the more she felt she must escape, and she seemed hemmed in on every side, and she did love Bethune, and he had sworn to her that he would marry her directly he got his divorce, and that his wife did not care for him, and would be glad to be free, and that all that was necessary was a little courage on her part. So she tried to be brave—and—she said she did not think at the time it could be so very wicked to marry the person she really loved, for *you* knew, and you never said a word to stop her. She said you had many opportunities of speaking to her on the boat, and she knew you were so good, you would certainly have told her if it was really so very wicked."

"I knew it was no use speaking," said Mary, hoarsely.

"You might have tried to save my wife for my sake," said Jos. "You might have tried to save her for her own. But you didn't. I don't care to know your reasons. I only know that—you did not do it. You deliberately—let—her—drown." His eyes flashed. The whole quiet commonplace man seemed transfigured by some overmastering ennobling emotion. "And

I have come to tell you that I think the bad women are better than the good ones, and that I am going back to Elsa ; to Elsa—betrayed, deserted, outcast, my Elsa, who, but for you, might still be like one of these.” He touched one of the white anemones with his scarred hand. “I am going back to her—and if—in time she can forget the past and feel kindly towards me—I will marry her.”

And he did.

MARY CHOLMONDELEY.