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NAVAL INTELLIGENCE AND THE RUSSIAN PROGRAMME

[*To the Editor of* THE MONHTLY REVIEW]

SIR,—In the January number of THE MONTHLY REVIEW for this year, there appeared an article by the present writer on the Naval Intelligence Department. It was followed by an increase of the Department of about 25 per cent., and by a "categorical" denial on the part of Lord Selborne of the writer's references to Treasury obstruction. "I am glad," said Lord Selborne, "of this opportunity of stating categorically that this conception of the attitude of the Treasury has no foundation in fact, and that it is equally erroneous to suppose that the Board of Admiralty do not give their whole support to the Director of Naval Intelligence in his all-important task." Those who read my article, with its numerous instances of misleading official assurances, will estimate this latest utterance at its proper value, especially when they find that a vast improvement in our relations with foreign Powers synchronised with this sudden increase in the department. Even then, however, the Government refused to appoint a naval attaché to St. Petersburg, and continued to accredit Captain Calthorpe to both Rome and St. Petersburg. It was not until the agitation in connection with the Russian shipbuilding programme had begun, in June, when our double-barrelled naval attaché was on leave in England

that the Government found that they could afford to appoint an officer to St. Petersburg. So callous had the Government become in the way of official assurances that, like certain officers when not on oath, they considered themselves justified in issuing a Return of Fleets to Parliament, which omitted all mention of the Russian shipbuilding programme of six battleships, while at the same time they issued a confidential return to the fleet in which these six battleships were included! To expose the jugglery of these figures it is sufficient to mention that two of the Russian battleships excluded from the Parliamentary Return are already building, while three British battleships included will not be laid down until the end of the year.

The chief contention of my article was that the altogether inadequate intelligence-work at the Board of Admiralty had resulted in such squandering of money in the Army and Navy as might go far to cost us our maritime supremacy. Necessarily the functions of the Army, and the expenditure connected therewith, are dominated by naval considerations. No better instance can be given than the earliest one which marks the coming storm. The refusal of the Government to respond to the Russian shipbuilding programme, or to follow the precedent of 1898, and the subterfuges to which they have resorted to avoid this necessity, are the first indications of the Nemesis which has overtaken our past extravagance on unessential fads.

In connection with these subterfuges, I do not know why it should have been held a crime in a private member, like the late Mr. Parnell, to mislead the House of Commons, and yet be quite in the natural order of things for the official representative of the Admiralty in the House of Commons to make, for instance, the following statements: On March 17, 1903, the Financial Secretary of the Admiralty said that the shipbuilding programme which he introduced "corresponded to the facilities which our private and Royal dockyards present for the construction of armoured and

unarmoured ships." Let us put this statement to the test of facts in connection with the only important elements of fighting power, viz., the armoured ships:

	Battleships		Armoured cruisers
Building on April 1, 1903	11	...	19
New programme	3	...	4
	—		—
	14	...	23
To be completed 1903-4	6	...	11
	—		—
Building on April 1, 1904	8	...	12

This marks a decrease of three battleships and seven armoured cruisers between April 1, 1903, and April 1, 1904, so that it is perfectly evident that, although there is depression in the shipbuilding trade, our resources are not to be utilised to anything like their full extent. In March 1901, we had fourteen battleships and twenty armoured cruisers under construction, or six battleships and eight armoured cruisers more than will be the case in March 1904. Since 1901, it should be noted that we have added building slips at Chatham and Devonport, and increased our resources for the making of engines, guns and armour.

A second curious example of official procedure is afforded by the following statement of the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty as recently as August 4: "The fact that the building of these two ships was contemplated by Russia was known to, and taken into consideration by, the Admiralty when framing the programme submitted by them to Parliament." In this case it is only necessary to refer to the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty's speech to the House of Commons on May 14, or about three months ago. He said then, in justification of our programme of three battleships, that "the number of battleships of these two countries (France and Russia) being built or about to be built were three more than the battleships of this country." Had he included the two battleships referred to above as building in Russia, he would

have said, "five more than the battleships of this country." No member of a government has ever been so neatly hoisted by his own petard. The public will await with some curiosity the Admiralty's explanation as to whether it was in May or in August that they were misleading the public. The most that can be got out of them at present is an attempted covering of their retreat by a promise that whoever is at the Admiralty in April 1904 will propose to lay down three battleships at once instead of waiting, as hitherto was the case, until the end of the financial year. In fact, on their death-bed, the Government have made a will that their successors shall atone for their sins. One can almost forgive them any amount of tergiversation for the sake of this fine stroke of humour!

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

Our correspondent raises questions which are of vital importance to the people of these islands, and to the Empire at large; questions which must not be lost sight of even in the excitement of Government Inquiries into the elements of Fiscal Policy. The appointment of a British Naval Attaché at St. Petersburg would seem to be for the present a sufficient reply to Mr. Bellairs' criticism on that part of the subject, but it must be remembered that it will be of no use for the Board of Admiralty to be in possession of the most complete information as to the strength of foreign Powers, unless they are also in a position to act up to the necessities of the situation, as revealed by their inquiries. In other words, they must have money as well as information at their disposal.

As to the present instance of the new Russian Naval Programme, it may be as well to set down the facts so far as they are known to us. It is hardly necessary to say that we have no direct sources of information on this subject; the following particulars are derived from the public press.

In December 1902, the Russian Naval Technical Committee

ordered plans for a battleship of 16,000 tons, to be built at St. Petersburg.

In the same month the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* gave particulars of nine Russian battleships building. One of 12,585 tons was building at Nicolaieff, but was not yet named; no mention is made of this vessel in the Admiralty Return of Fleets, May 1903.

The same journal mentioned five other Russian battleships projected; no mention is made of these vessels in the Admiralty Return, though it does include the three British ships of the 1903–4 programme, projected but not yet laid down.

The Admiralty Return of 1902 gave the following eight Russian battleships as building: *Isbyabya*, *Knyaz Potemkin*, *Tsesarevitch*, *Borodino*, *Imperator Alexander III*, *Orel*, *Knyaz Suvaroff*, *Slava*.

The same vessels figure in the Admiralty Return of 1903, without any addition of ships projected.

In March 1903 the Odessa correspondent of the *Standard* announced that five Russian battleships of 16,000 tons each, and three cruisers, were to be laid down in 1903. This information was given as semi-official. The same correspondent also stated that "all the resources and appliances of the Baltic yards will be requisitioned for the execution of the orders to be immediately placed in them." The statement of the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* as to the actual building of a ninth battleship would appear to have been derived from the *Kronstädski Viestnik*, and to be confirmed by an announcement in *Le Yacht* of the laying down of a battleship after the eight above mentioned.

The Russian Naval Programme of 1903 was, as we have seen, not referred to by the Admiralty in their Return for 1903; nor was it mentioned by the Government in the speeches introducing the Navy Estimates.

But on June 23, 1903, Mr. Arnold Forster, in reply to a question, made the following statement in the House:

It is believed that it is the intention of the Russian Government to lay

down the battleships referred to (*i.e.*, to lay down forthwith two new battleships). . . . So far as the Admiralty are aware, the number of battleships and first-class cruisers which are laid down, or are about to be laid down, is six.

This was followed by the appointment of a separate Naval Attaché to Russia.

In the debate in the House of Commons on July 2, 1903, Mr. Arnold Forster, replying on behalf of the Admiralty, said:

The hon. member for Chester had made a smart attack on the Admiralty under an entire misapprehension. He represented that the Admiralty were lamentably uninformed in regard to what was going on in other countries, and that they required to be told by the newspapers what was taking place in foreign dockyards. There was no foundation for that statement. The hon. member had called attention to the omission from the return, which had been presented to the House on the motion of his right hon. friend the member for the Forest of Dean, of any of the projected Russian ships. The explanation was perfectly simple. They had followed the precedent which had been followed on previous occasions. Ships were inserted in the list which were actually announced as projected in constitutional countries, or for which money had been voted, or with which progress had been made. None of those conditions applied to these Russian ships, and for those reasons they were not included. But the Committee must not suppose that the Admiralty was not as well informed as the hon. member's informant as to what was contemplated with regard to Russian shipbuilding. All the facts and all the rumours to which the hon. member had referred were perfectly well known to the Board of Admiralty. With regard to the large programme which the hon. member attributed to Russia, these ships had not been laid down, and he might be certain that when any progress was made the Admiralty would be informed. The whole of these ships which were contemplated had been taken into account by the Admiralty in framing the programme which they had submitted to the House. It was conceivable that the programme which they were led to believe was contemplated by Russia might be accelerated in a way they did not contemplate. There might be some great development in the rapidity of Russian shipbuilding, there might be some expansion of the Russian yards, of which at present they saw no signs, which would upset their calculations; but he could assure the hon. member that the House of Commons would not be left long in ignorance of the fact if such a fact did arise.

Lastly, we have the statement made in the House on August 4, 1903, and referred to by Mr. Bellairs.

The fact that the building of these two ships was contemplated by Russia was known to, and taken into consideration by, the Admiralty when framing the programme submitted by them to Parliament.

We have stated these facts in order to make a case, not against the Admiralty, but against the ideas and the system which have hitherto made it possible for the Admiralty to be driven to extremes of sophistry by lack of money. It is, to say the least of it, probable that Mr. Arnold Forster's statements in the present instance have all been made in perfectly good faith; they may even be reconcilable with one another if we only knew all the facts. But it cannot be denied that the man in the street, if he had to put the most obvious interpretation upon them, would be strongly tempted to find a verdict for Mr. Bellairs; the more so as he has not yet forgotten the sequence of events in 1898, to which the present circumstances have an unfortunate resemblance. "First of all," he would say, "we had newspaper information a long way ahead of the official, the first intimation then, as now, being in the *Cronstadt Gazette*. Then, as now, the civilian authorities at the Admiralty refused to state whether their naval advisers were satisfied with the shipbuilding programme. Then, as now, we were put off with vague answers. We were first told in 1898 that the Russian programme was fully met; then on May 3 it was acknowledged that "one or at most two battleships" were to be built by Russia. On May 4, 1898, it was acknowledged that three Russian battleships were to be built, and on May 12 it was acknowledged that four battleships were to be built. Then, in the manner of Mr. Arnold Forster to-day, Mr. Goschen said that "the attention of the Board of Admiralty was constantly and fully directed to the proposed large increase in foreign navies." On July 22 he owned to knowledge of six battleships."

A little further investigation would show him that on July 22, 1898, the supplemental programme was at last introduced with these words:

I stand by the principle we have followed, and intend to follow, that we

must be equal in numbers to the fleets of any two Powers. That is the principle, as I say, that we have acted upon from the first, and now, in consequence of the action of another Power, the same principle *compels us* to take further action by a supplemental programme. . . . I regret that it should be my misfortune to have to introduce the name of any foreign Power, but it is impossible to conceal the fact that it is the action of Russia, and the programme on which she has entered, which is the reason for our strengthening our fleet and taking parallel action with her. . . . Russia has a perfect right to look to her own interests, and to build such a fleet as she thinks that her position in the world requires. But, deeply as I regret that we should be forced into that position, we must take parallel action ourselves with what other Powers do. . . . We know of six Russian battleships to be laid down this year, including one already laid down. We have now verified where those six ships are being built. Of those I took two into account in my original estimate, so that the balance against us is four. Accordingly, I must ask the House to sanction four more battleships beyond my original estimate. From the latest information, the new Russian programme provides for four cruisers to be commenced this year, and we propose to commence an equal number of cruisers.

The battleships which redressed the balance on that occasion were the *Duncan*, *Cornwallis*, *Exmouth* and *Russell*.

The events of 1898 then would tend—possibly quite unfairly—to prejudice the ordinary layman against an implicit faith in the statements of the Admiralty in the present case. So, we must confess, would Mr. Arnold Forster's limitation of the scope of our Naval Intelligence to "constitutional countries." It is no doubt more difficult to find out what ships are projected—as distinguished from *building*—in a country like Russia; but it can probably be done, and it is indisputably of the greatest importance that it should be done. It has never been maintained that the Government were under no obligation to keep themselves informed of the military preparations of the Transvaal because of the secretive methods of Mr. Kruger's Administration.

And now that it has been done? Now that in one way or another, by newspapers or attachés on their own initiative or on the motion of a private member, the Admiralty are in possession of the Russian shipbuilding programme, what will

the country expect of them? We have for our comfort two definite statements by Lord Selborne: first, that the Director of Naval Intelligence has the whole support of the Board of Admiralty; secondly, that the conception of obstruction on the part of the Treasury has no foundation in fact. We accept these two statements readily: they accord with what seems to us to be the true and fairly obvious explanation of Mr. Arnold Forster's speeches above quoted. The Admiralty know that we are falling below the standard we have set before ourselves as a minimum—the two-Power standard: they know that we are building at least one battleship less than Russia and Germany combined. They know, also, that the Treasury would accede to any demands they deliberately pressed as vital to the supremacy of our Navy. But it is the opinion of the Admiralty and Treasury that the nation, as represented by the House of Commons, is not prepared for a Supplementary Naval Programme, with its natural incidents of alarmist rhetoric, financial difficulties and peace-at-any-price hysterics. Better, they feel, to trust to the delay or non-fulfilment of the Russian programme, and to our own powers of purchase or rapid building if these hopes should be disappointed. They may be right: certainly if ever a Board could be trusted for sound judgment and energy it is the present one. But we cannot help remembering with sympathy the remark of Sir Charles Dilke in the debate in 1898, of which we have spoken: "We would sooner give up the whole of the expenditure on the Army than give way upon this naval programme." It is time that the reorganisation of the Defence Committee should take practical effect; it is time that we should prepare to follow to its logical conclusion the indisputable doctrine that the Navy is not merely our first, but our only real line of defence. There are many things which we could not do without an army; but the thing that is impossible for us without a supreme navy is existence itself. It follows that, in all deliberations on national and imperial defence, the needs of the Navy must be considered first and satisfied in their

entirety. When we admit that in the present instance the Admiralty may have had reasons for not laying down more ships in answer to our rivals, we are excusing them but condemning the system. There ought to be no reasons whatever to be weighed in such circumstances against the paramount claims of national insurance. The action of the Board in keeping the fleet well up to the two-Power standard should be absolutely automatic, hindered by no considerations of expediency or economy.

In saying this we are not contending that a strong Army is undesirable or unattainable, or that the time has come for giving up Mr. Brodrick as a luxury not strictly necessary to our well-being. The last dip into John Bull's pocket was a deep one, but it showed that he has still a margin to play with. Still, for a man of business, looking to a creditable past and an uncertain future, his present income and expenditure account is one that cannot be justified. The keenest advocate would hardly contend that the Army is as vital to us, or gives as good value for the money spent upon it, as the Navy, yet the estimates for each stand at the same amount, viz., £34,000,000, and if the Indian account is included the Army total reaches more than £51,000,000. In any case this would be discreditable to our powers of management; but when it means that our naval supremacy is not being adequately ensured, it looks like a premonitory symptom of that paralysis of which nations die.

ON THE LINE

Robert Browning. By G. K. Chesterton. "English Men of Letters." Macmillan. (2*s*. net.) Browning, who had Thackeray's deep hatred of publicity, secured himself against biographers by three negations: he kept no diary, he secured the burning of a large number of his letters, he never gave himself away in talk. It is, therefore, as difficult to write a Life of him as he intended that it should be. Nothing daunted, Mr. Chesterton dashes at the task with a fire and an impetuosity which almost make one feel that he has accomplished it. Dazzled, delighted, and confused, the reader races from page to page, and only the tiresome third, mature reflection, convinces him, an hour after he has finished, that the real Browning has no more been caught than the real Socrates was buried. Mr. Chesterton's Browning is a puppet which moves and speaks according to the wire that he pulls. The puppet is a clever puppet and mimics admirably, but the real Browning has walked off. He never meant to be put into any books except his own; he never will be.

It is possible, it is indeed highly probable, that we shall never read a better Life of him than this. Mrs. Orr's conscientious record is, of course, the storehouse from which materials must be drawn, but it is curiously flat, dead and discreet, the kind of book that cannot do any good because it cannot do any harm. Other attempts are not worth mention, except the vivid Boswellian sketch begun by Mr. Gosse,

three-fourths of which Browning himself destroyed, no doubt because it was too good. Mr. Chesterton possesses many qualifications. He is young, uncompromising, full of wit, paradoxical, given to originality for its own sake, and he is, as every one who would write successfully about Browning should be, a little in love with Mrs. Browning. He is as much pleased with his cocksure solution of Browning's character as a critic of the old school who has discovered a house where Milton lived. He darts upon the fact of Browning's profound reverence for convention, shows with a sense of personal triumph the adventurous courage that led him to brave it once, and only once; shows with still greater triumph the intimate connection berween this deed and the feeling that made Capousacchi the hero of his great work. "Why did you never see this before?" says he. "Here's a fine thing, and a very fine thing!" And he is right. It is the central fact; the other facts fall into line—birth and breeding in that higher middle-class to which Ruskin's Tennyson also belonged—hatred of spiritualists, Bohemians, pitying contempt of those who, when the time comes, "make the great refusal"—intense conviction that they who play the man can never be defeated.

Never since Dante, and perhaps never before him, was any poet of equal power so completely dominated by the influence of one woman. There are but three poems, exclusive of the dedication of "The Ring and the Book," and of a few stray references, which make mention of her directly; yet Petrarch and other sonneteers who devoted themselves in public to the glorification of one name alone, remain cold, solitary, unimpassioned, compared with him who loved his wife well enough to risk everything, in her life and in his own, to set her free from the tyranny of a father who preferred her death in his way to her recovery in any one else's. Before he met her he left love severely to itself, except in his first poem, "Pauline," which he was brought to own with difficulty in later years. He took unaffected pleasure in the rest of his work, but to "Pauline" he was unjust. He could no more

see the beauty of it than Romeo could have seen the beauty of his addresses to Rosaline after he had met Juliet. Yet Rossetti, who had the most delicate sense of what is exquisite, finding it in the British Museum, copied the whole from pure admiration while its authorship was yet unknown—Swinburne proclaimed its glories as with the sound of a trumpet—and Mr. Chesterton has, in this instance, too carelessly endorsed Browning's own view without Browning's instinctive reason. In "Paracelsus," in "Sordello," in "Strafford," love is nowhere. Then comes the change. With admirable humour it is pointed out to us that we may more readily think to understand the most intricate passage in any of these works than the simplest statement in these Love Letters about the publication of which people made such a stir. They are their own safeguard. When two people hear each other's thoughts, a listener might as well be deaf for all that he can gather from their words.

After the culminating-point of "The Ring and the Book" the Life decreases in value. The writer carries his prejudice in favour of the strange before the beautiful too far. He is too busy pointing out why some of the oddest of Browning's poems ought to be liked the best to take any notice of some of the best at all. The subject of the Lines to Fitzgerald is painful, but it should have been added that Browning, the first fit of fury over, regretted their publication. In the earlier part of the book also there ought surely to be some account of the famous supper-party when Talfourd proposed the health of the youngest English poet, Robert Browning, and the oldest English poet, William Wordsworth, rose to reply. Omissions like this, however, are rare. In general, Mr. Chesterton omits as wisely and as well as he includes. His brilliant little work, if here and there it darkens counsel by a kind of perverse journalism, throws flashes of light on much that was obscure.

Strange past all comparison, beautiful beyond all words to praise, is **The Descent of the Sun**. (F. W. Bain. Parker.

5*s.*) The earlier Hindoo story, **A Digit of the Moon** (3*s.* 6*d.*), translated by the same accomplished scholar, is the only work that can be set beside it. Even "The Arabian Nights," to which it bears a superficial resemblance, are hollow, showy, mere cleverness, by contrast. Here is drama reduced to its first elements, here is the stuff of which all songs are made. "Simple, sensuous, passionate"—if these words describe indeed the highest effort of man at his highest, here is a treasure-house of emotion. Behind it, over, under, and round it, lies a religion that begins in laughter—for the whole world was made for the sport of one god—and ends in perfect silence. That marvellous creed by which every human life is the Heaven or the Hell of a life that preceded it, rounds off the conclusion with tragic irony. Scattered hints of the power of such a belief are, among English books, as one in a thousand. Shakespeare, in the fifty-ninth sonnet, looked it in the face, but failed before it, and let it go. To come to lesser people and later days (for there would seem to be little in between) a beautiful but almost unknown translation by Sir Francis Doyle, of a poem by Théophile Gautier, shows the faint reflection of it in the mind of a man who had succumbed to the spell. "The Finest Story in the World" suggests the hidden force; but one of the finest story-tellers now living in the world did not make that story his finest. Browning, who comes nearer to the Eastern mind in the reduction of Time to a single instant, the annihilation of Past and Future in the eternal Now of two that lose their life to find it, stops short at this point. He does not hear what the old Hindoo heard.

And at that very moment the curse came to an end. Then those two erring lovers regained their immortal natures. And they looked at one another, dazed and bewildered, for they thought that they had awoken from a dream. And their spirits rose out of those mortal bodies which they had abandoned, and soared away to their heavenly home, locked in each other's arms.

But Maheshwara, from his seat on Kailàs, saw them go. And perceiving all, by the power of his mystical intuition, he said to himself: "There are those two foolish lovers rejoicing to have awoken from a dream; not knowing

that it was but a dream within a dream, and that they are still asleep." And he laughed aloud: and the thunder of the shout of his laughter rolled and reverberated, and rattled in the blue hollows of Himálaya, like the sound of a drum.

The manuscript of both stories fell into Mr. Bain's hands on this wise. In the time of the plague at Poona, he had rendered some service, which he considered very slight and the recipient very serious, to an old Maratha Brahman. The Brahman thanked him warmly, became yet more expansive when he found that his benefactor knew and admired Sanskrit, and tried again and again to say—something that he could not say. The plague deprived him of his wife and children; and at last he sent for the Englishman to come and see him where he lay dying in a segregation camp.

He produced what the uninitiated might have taken for a packet of ladies' long six-button gloves, pressed together between two strips of wood about the size of a cheroot box, and tied round with string; but which, from experience, I knew to be a manuscript. He handed it to me, observing that it had been in the possession of his family from a time beyond memory, and that nothing would ever have induced him to part with it, had any of that family remained to possess it; but as they were all gone, and as, moreover, it would certainly be burned by the plague authorities as soon as he was dead, it was mine, if I cared to accept it. If not, he said, with an effort to smile, no matter: it could, like a faithful wife, enter the fire on the death of its owner: yet that would be a pity, for it was worth preserving. I accepted his present, and he bade me farewell.

Some doubt has been thrown upon the incident; for ourselves we see no reason to think that it is untrue. Translations are none the less translations because they have been written by men of genius and might take rank as original works. After all, Fitzgerald translated—he did not invent—*Omar Khayyam*. However, it matters little, excepting to antiquarians. If Mr. Bain be indeed the author, he is a Hindoo re-incarnate.

The Moon story is perhaps even more perfect in construction than that which deals with the going down of the Sun. In "Love's Labour's Lost" Shakespeare made the men hide

from the ladies; in "The Princess" Tennyson made the ladies hide from the men; but here the old device of wit and beauty teazing love becomes even more piquant because there are only two actors, and because the lady, not, like the Sphinx, content with asking a single riddle herself, insists that she will only marry if, within the limit of twenty-one days, her lover succeeds in asking a question that *she* cannot answer. Never was such a test proposed, except perhaps by the mythical young lady who declared that she would wed no one if he did not understand every word of "Sordello." All day the poor King languishes in a lovely garden. His condition is the more lamentable in that ere he saw the picture of the beautiful Princess (at sight of which he instantly fainted) he was at first so indifferent to women that even celestial loveliness made no more impression on him "than a forest leaf falling on the back of a wild elephant," and after that, so hostile that every woman had to be kept out of his way on pain of banishment. Luckily he is possessed of a charming friend, a kind of Tusitala or Robert Louis Stevenson, "being, as it were, a very ocean of stories in human form." This friend goes with him, and night after night he tells the Princess a story leading up to some hard question that she must answer. Night after night she answers well and wisely. Night after night she wears a different dress, and every dress shines fairer than the last. Night after night she goes out of the door after a different fashion, leaving the King a little more hopelessly in love than before. They are all quite happy. The friend enjoys telling the story, the Princess enjoys listening to it, the King enjoys looking at the Princess. Some of the stories are full of fun, others are beautiful exceedingly; one or two could not be told to any Princess of Europe. At last the twenty-one days come near their end. The friend withdraws from the contest, "for my absence will do you more service to-day than my presence did before." He offers to tell the King a story in support of this assertion. But the King grows desperate. "My friend, this is no time for stories, even

though told by you." He will ask the nineteenth question himself.

Lady, there was once a King who became suitor to a Princess, lovely like thyself, on this condition, that if he could ask her a question that she could not answer, she should be his. Now, tell me, O thou lovely incarnation of wisdom, what should he ask her?

Wild horses will not drag from us what it was that the princess said then.

The Descent of the Sun is quite different. Humour counts for less than in the earlier tale, and we are not allowed to see so much of the symbolic luxury of outward adornment. It is like the blue grotto, blue everywhere, wherever we may turn our eyes.

And as he went he looked before him, and suddenly he saw a woman floating on a pool of white lotuses, in a boat of sandal, with silver oars. And her glances fell on those snowy flowers and turned their tint to blue, for her eyes were lowered.

This lovely lady and her husband, out of sheer innocent vanity in the colour of her eyes, laid a plot to ruin the peace of an ascetic, who cursed them slowly. "When one of you shall slay the other," said he, "the curse shall end." The lovers die, and are born again as a new man and woman, far away in distant lands, remembering not what went before. And yet the fair Princess will not be married—no one can make out why. And yet the mighty Prince will not be married—no one can make out why. The intense, dream-like horror of seeing a person who is, and who is not, the same, should be compared with the western handling of the same theme in that awful moment of the *Nibelungenlied* when the loved one yields to her lover, armed with her lover's talisman, in the guise of another man. The end, having been told once, cannot be told again.

To read these stories is to look at the sea until all feeling of the one is lost in the oneness of all things—until death

becomes no more a natural sleep, a danger, a crisis, a hope, a certainty of joy, but merely another change in the eternal changing of the whole visible and invisible world.

The Mediæval Stage. By E. K. Chambers. (Clarendon Press. 25*s.* net.) Mr. Chambers has written a remarkable book on a subject so little known, even to antiquaries, that this may be looked upon as almost the first attempt to collect under one head all that is known of the facts relating to it. The list of authorities alone extends to forty pages; and one has only to turn to the foot-notes to find that many more books besides those in the list are cited there. Such an apparatus, in the case of a veteran, might be the accumulation of many years' discursive reading; but Mr. Chambers is a young man, and this is his first serious work.

Mr. Chambers sets himself "to state and explain the pre-existing conditions which by the latter half of the sixteenth century made the great Shakespearean stage possible." "The story" (he goes on to say) "is one of a sudden dissolution and a slow upbuilding." The Graeco-Roman theatre was destroyed by the combined influence of Christianity, or rather monasticism, and German barbarism, a combination which destroyed classical literature, learning and art; the players became reciters, not actors; what remained of drama was to be found in the village festivals, pagan not classical, and only dramatic because the mimetic tendency is irrepressible. If the heathen spirit could not be altogether exorcised from these observances, it might be made less harmful by being brought into church. "The church became the focus of the riot." The old husbandman's calendar was turned into a church calendar. Well-dressing became *benedictio fontium;* Midsummer fires *benedictio ignis;* the sacrifice of the human victim became the election of the May King, harvest lord or mock-Mayor; the festivals which began the winter season were transferred to Christmastide or consecrated by the name of St. Martin. The church performances had their secular counterpart in morris-dances,

mummings and guisings at Christmas and other seasons; and at the end of the mediæval period these took the form of "moralities" and "pageants," which found themes in the vast literature of romance, not dramatic in itself, but furnishing subjects for drama, as the stories of gods and heroes were the foundation of the Greek drama. Then came the revival of learning, and from the new study of Terence and Plautus the modern stage arose.

Mr. Chambers's object has been to show the relation and interaction of these different elements—the drama proper, the mimetic feasts and games, the art of minstrels, jongleurs, and troubadours, and the church plays, which began with a mere variety of liturgical recitation, and proceeded by degrees to the full development of the Ober-Ammergau Passionspiel. The mediæval literature of Chansons de Gestes, Fabliaux and Romans furnished a *nidus* from which drama might some day be born again; but beyond that it had nothing to do with drama; and the revival of the stage in the fifteenth century is as sudden as its cessation in the fifth. There are innumerable strands in the tangled web, and to attempt to unravel all would be both impossible and misleading; for liturgy, folk-lore, fetichism, mumming, epic and romantic song, and direct representation are all present at different times and in different proportions, so that it is impossible to say where one begins or another ends.

The first capital fact in the history is the hostility of Christianity and the indifference of the German conquerors to the drama. "The bishops and the barbarians triumphed." The stage disappeared with all its traditions, and what remained was folk-song and the rude sagas of heroes and gods. Among our ancestors existed a class of singers called *scôpas*, *gleemen*, and so on, and with the Conquest *minstrels* and *jongleurs* came in from the continent with their train of mountebanks and tumblers. The Church did not like them, but allowed a working compromise, as in other things; discredit came upon the clergy by reason of the *goliardi* or vagrant

clerks, who turned their knowledge of letters to a convivial use.

> Some of these were . . . disfrocked clerks; others were scholars drifting from university to university, and making their living meantime by their wits; most of them were probably at least in minor orders. . . . They were the main intermediaries between the learned and the vernacular letters of their day (i. 60).

The craft of merry-making extended from the royal or noble *trobaire* down to the tumbler and fire-eater, and singer of loose ballads; it is useless to draw fine distinctions in so wide and various a field, and as a matter of fact we find eminent minstrels boasting of the extent and variety of their accomplishments.

> Il set peschier, il set chacier,
> Il set trop bien genz solacier,
> Il set chançons, sonnez et fables,
> Il set d'eschez, il set des tables.

These were the days when beards wagged in the feudal Hall. The habit of private reading destroyed that of listening in public; and the minstrel went out with the Middle Ages, leaving the tumbler and juggler to survive him, and delight the servants.

Minstrelsy, however, was not the property of a class only, but had a popular side also. The *ludi* of the folk, May games, King-and-Queen games, carols, wrestlings and summer games, Maypoles and midsummer bonfires, had their roots in the earliest traditions of the Teutonic nations. There is thus everywhere a popular element, apart from religion and literature.

The Feast of Fools, the Feast of Asses, the ceremony of the Boy Bishop, whatever their origin, have all of them a dramatic character. Sacred and profane were not clearly distinguished, decorous and indecorous; and the Middle Ages could not do without horseplay. As for the ass himself, it seems doubtful whether he belongs to Balaam, or to the flight into Egypt, or to the holy *praesepe*, or whether he is a variation

of the hobby-horse. So vague are the guesses when we search into origins. And the origin of the Boy Bishop is, if possible, more obscure still. It is the saturnalia of the choir-boys, chiefly connected with the Feast of the Holy Innocents, though also with St. Nicholas' Day, and was celebrated in all countries.

Merrymakings at scotales and churchales, morris-dances and sword dances have a dramatic side, the personages represented becoming more numerous and more individualised. The Fool, the Hobby Horse, the Doctor, the Devil, the Ploughman, are constant. Other characters come in from the pastoral, chivalric, or heroic cycles, Robin and Marion, Robin Hood, St. George, Alexander, the Seven Champions, Guy, King Alfred (even coming down to "bold Bonaparte" and Nelson).

Christmas brought with it much "disguising," mumming and dancing. The tendency of declining chivalry was to express itself in pageantry. We read of magnificent processions on the occasion of royal progresses, at weddings and tournaments, figures representing allegorical personages, gods and goddesses, Popes, Cardinals, legates and devils, beasts and birds. Every town, every guild of merchants and craftsmen had its pageant; and for variety, splendour and ingenuity of invention these reached their height in the allegorising times of the Tudors. The early maskers appear to have acted in dumb show, but John Lydgate or some other introduced songs and orations, which led on to the fully developed Masque of the Tudor and Stuart times.

One of the chief elements in the development of drama (as we have seen) is the ecclesiastical. The history of that development is one of many elements, and we must be careful not to assign too much to one or another of them. Early liturgical forms in all religions are to some extent dramatic; and Christian symbolism soon expressed itself in action. The reading of the Passion in Holy Week was "resolved into a regular oratorio," and is so given in all Roman Catholic churches to this day. The washing of the feet, the *Tenebrae*

service and the Lenten veil are in the same category. Such antiphonal services as the *Quem quæritis in sepulcro?* with its *dramatis personæ* of holy women, the angel and *angelicæ voces* come very near to dramatic and choric action. The sepulchre at Easter and the manger at Christmas became a regular part of the ceremonies proper to these seasons, and the scenes enacted were more and more elaborated into realistic action. Mr. Chambers enumerates some twelve complete Epiphany plays, under such titles as *Rachel, Herodes, Pastores, Stella.* As the *Unguentarius* in the *Quem quæritis* and the devil in the Judgment plays, so Herod is the comic character here. Other liturgical plays are *Prophetæ* (introducing Balaam and his ass—

> Quid moraris, asina,
> Obstinata bestia?)

Daniel, Suscitatio Lazari, &c.

These plays, liturgical in origin, had become spectacular and popular by the end of the thirteenth century. Some of them are called *interludes—i.e.*, dialogues, and were acted by strolling companies or players in the pay of great lords. The development of the fully furnished Miracle-play, performed by lay actors, from the simple dialogue introduced in the course of the church services is well brought out by Mr. Chambers, but we can only notice it in passing. Pageants and Moralities go together. Sometimes the symbolism is dumb show, combined with song or rhetorical address, as in Scott's *Kenilworth;* sometimes, as in *Everyman*, it is expressed in words and forms a complete drama. When we get so far as this, the world is ready for Terence and Plautus again, and *Ralph Roister-Doister*, modelled upon the *Miles Gloriosus*, "the first light laugh of the sun-lit stage," introduces the stately procession of Elizabethan drama, and side by side, though not in the same sequence, the comedy of Italy, Spain and France.

The House of Seleucus. By Edwyn Robert Bevan. (Arnold. 30s.) This book fills a gap in our historical literature,

and fills it in a thorough and workmanlike way. Since the worthy Dean Prideaux, in the reign of Queen Anne, devoted the enforced leisure of ill-health to the task of writing his "Connexion of the Old and New Testaments," our English scholars have devoted but little attention to the story of the kingdoms founded in the East by the successors of Alexander. Of late Professor Mahaffy has by his fresh and vigorous writing done something to recall to our attention that period, so important in the history of human civilisation; but as he has dealt chiefly with Egypt and Greece, with the story of the Ptolemies and the Philips, there was plenty of room for such a work as this in which the author describes the fortunes of the great kingdom founded in Western Asia by the Macedonian general, Seleucus; a kingdom which at one time reached from the Hellespont to Afghanistan, though its power soon withered at the extremities, and for the greater part of its life it was little more than a Syrian kingdom centred at Antioch on the Orontes.

The main thought, and a most inspiring one, in Mr. Bevan's book is the lesson taught by the history of the Seleucidæ as to "the eternal conflict between East and West." For, as he points out, the whole significance of the position of Alexander's successors in Asia and in Egypt consists in the fact that they were the champions of the Hellenistic, that is of the European, spirit against the immobile change-resenting despotisms of the Eastern world. This was the real import of the meteoric career of Alexander the Great. The cities which he founded in every corner of his empire were so many centres of Hellenic influence, spreading the art, the literature, the philosophy and the commerce of the Greeks among the "barbarous," that is the otherwise-civilised, natives of Asia. It was more or less to maintain these conquests of Hellenism that the Seleuci and the Antiochi fought on the slopes of Taurus, and in the great central deserts of Persia. They failed in the end, but Rome took up the conflict: it was as the great defenders of Hellenism that Roman consuls and emperors

faced the peril of the flying Parthians: it was to Rome as the representative of Greece that the men of Nisibis so passionately, but so vainly, appealed for protection when they found themselves abandoned to the Parthian king at the death of the Emperor Julian.

And this same conflict of Europe against the Orient, or rather the same undetermined trial of strength between the Western and the Eastern habit of thought, is what we Anglo-Saxons have inherited in our relations with the people of India. It goes on from century to century, from millennium to millennium, and neither world seems to produce much real change in its antagonist: and yet, as Mr. Bevan points out, it is a mistake to represent the "changeless East" as absolutely unaffected by the quick-witted Hellene and his later representatives. As one conspicuous instance to the contrary, it was, he considers, the impact of Alexander's conquest that drove together the petty "particularist" principalities of India, causing them to consolidate into the one great kingdom of Chandragupta who "as a boy had seen Alexander the invincible splendid man from the West: who later on, when he became a great king, worshipped Alexander among his gods." Thus did a new power arise in India out of the ruins of Alexander's empire. But—and here is the important point—it was Chandragupta's grandson Asoka who by his adoption of the Buddhist philosophy "gave to what had been only the doctrine of one of the innumerable Indian sects, a position of world-wide importance." He was, indeed, the Constantine of the new teaching, and his action changed the spiritual aspect of India, in a sense we may say of the world.

The following paragraph will give our readers a fair specimen of Mr. Bevan's style, the freshness and brilliancy of which is happily not extinguished by the mass of materials which he has laboriously accumulated. For his manner of dealing with that which will be to most readers the most interesting of all the questions that come before him, the attempt of Antiochus Epiphanes to Hellenise the Jewish

nation, and the successful resistance to that attempt made by Judas Maccabaeus and his brethren, we must refer our readers to the book itself.

King Asoka was ardent to propagate the (Buddhist) Doctrine in all the earth. In the Greek cities of the West, as far as Cyrene and Epirus, one might have had glimpses of dark men with the monkish tonsure and the long yellow robe, who were come to roll onward even here the wheel of the kingdom of righteousness. Perhaps the kings themselves—the wine-sodden Antiochus II., the literary and scientific dilettante Ptolemy Philadelphus, the grave Stoic Antigonus—were summoned by the envoys of Asoka to walk in the Eightfold Path—right belief, right will, right word, right deed, right life, right effort, right thought, right self-withdrawal—and to receive the Four Truths concerning the pain in the world and its taking away. "Open your ears, ye kings, the redemption from death is found!" The record of the sending out of these missionaries is established by Asoka himself, graven on the rocks of India: it is a pity that we have no Western account of the impression which they made. They must have trodden the same roads which three hundred years later were trodden by the apostles of another Faith and another Redemption.

Travels in Southern Europe and the Levant, 1810–1817. The Journal of C. R. Cockerell, R.A., edited by his son, Samuel Pepys Cockerell. (Longmans, 10*s.* 6*d.* net.) Mr. Cockerell's edition of the journal kept by his father during his travels in the Levant between eighty and ninety years ago must fill the modern excavator with envy; for he can only with painful diligence hope to glean after the harvest of the last century. No jealous laws or antiquarian fancies then hindered the enterprising discoverer from possession of the treasures which he found at his feet "only three feet below the soil"; there were firmans to be got, pashas to be bribed, delays to be endured, risks to be run from brigands, pirates, privateers, and French men-of-war; but the business of digging was both more exciting and more repaying than it has been for many years, or is likely to be again, unless some enlightened millionaire should turn the stream of wealth in that direction, and lay bare new Cretes and Olympias in Asia Minor and Magna Graecia. Cockerell is best known in connection with

the marbles of Aegina and Phigaleia; his great book on Greek art, which was to have been "the complete and final authority on Greek architecture and the grand result of his seven years of travel," did not get published for nearly fifty years; and in the meantime "his collection of inscriptions was picked over by Walpole," and Bronstedt, Stackelberg, Wordsworth, and others helped themselves to the contents of his letters, note-books, and portfolios. Not much remains to tell that has not been told already. But there is an interest in the time, which takes in the most exciting period of the great war, and we are glad to meet Stratford Canning, who was to make so much noise in the world forty years later, majestic and over-bearing even then, though sometimes unbending; the "three Graces," daughters of Mrs. Macree, one of whom was the "Maid of Athens"; and Byron himself with Hobhouse.

> As we were sailing out of the port in our open boat we overtook the ship [carrying the Elgin marbles] with Lord Byron on board. Passing under her lee stern we sang a favourite song of his, on which he looked out of the windows and invited us in. There we drank a glass of port, with him, Colonel Travers, and two of the English officers. . . . We did not stay long, but bade them "bon voyage" and slipped over the side (p. 50).

A vivid touch.

> The facilities of travelling nowadays [says the editor] have made us calmly familiar with the scenes of the past; but, in 1810, to stand on classic ground was to plant one's feet in a fairyland of romance. . . . When Cockerell was pointed out the tomb of Patroclus, he took off his clothes, and, in imitation of Achilles, ran three times round it naked.

He consoled himself for the discomforts of travel, bad food and lodging, fevers, Turkish insolence, by reading Pope's Homer. He had resources in himself too. Young, adventurous, handsome (as his picture by the faithful hand of Ingres assures us), and with an agreeable address, he found friends and goodwill everywhere, and had the practical tact which enabled him to rob the Turks of their treasures in Athens, Aegina, Phigaleia, and Candia, without getting into serious difficulty. As an artist and pioneer Cockerell did

good service in bringing to light the Aegina marbles, and indicating the existence of many such treasures at Olympia, Bassae, and other sites, as well as in rearranging in their right order the marbles composing the Niobe group of Florence. The story is told in a lively manner without pretence of style, and with a cheerfulness and enthusiasm which must have made Cockerell a pleasant travelling companion.

One of the strongest impressions conveyed by the book is that of the horrible condition of the Christian lands then ruled by the Turks. Turks are not worse than other men; but no men can be virtuous who have arbitrary power over subjects whom they regard as dogs, who are taught from childhood all the ways of debauchery, and who can only succeed in life by bullying the weak and bribing the powerful. Stratford Canning had much to answer for when he persuaded his countrymen to back that very "wrong horse."

A VIEW OF THE FISCAL CONTROVERSY

IT may be useful, in the breathing-space between the close of the Parliamentary Session and the campaign with which we are "threatened" in the autumn, for a Unionist who believes that the proper object of a Customs Tariff is to raise revenue, to set out what appear to him to be the main points in the present fiscal controversy. Such an attempt must necessarily include many arguments now familiar to the public, and, in the absence of a definite plan, discussion must to a great extent be conjectural; but it may be possible to clear away some incompatible propositions and exaggerated statements, and to focus in some degree the issues presented to the nation.

The Prime Minister stated, at the Constitutional Club on June 26, the subjects to which the Goverment inquiry is being directed. They were:

(1) That the provision of capital for carrying on great modern industries is imperilled by the fact that foreign nations, under their protective system, are able and willing to import into this country objects which are largely manufactured in this country, at below cost price, either in the country of origin or the country of importation.

(2) That negotiation, in the true sense, with regard to tariffs is rendered impossible by the present position of our tariff (there being nothing else for us to give).

(3) Whether, if our Colonies desire to give us preferential treatment, we should permit foreign interference in our domestic concerns?

(4) That there should be, if possible, some arrangement made with the self-governing Colonies which should unite us together in fiscal bonds.

I will try to limit myself to the policy to which these statements may reasonably be considered to point, noting some of the principal difficulties, and especially those matters on which further light is certainly required.

The two subjects first named by Mr. Balfour are closely allied, and the demand for their examination rests on the fear that some of our great industries—such as the iron trade and the textile industries—are being destroyed by the illegitimate cheapness of goods imported from protectionist countries, and by the increasing stringency of their "wall of tariffs" against our exports. The plain man can only hope for an impartial light upon this matter from the Board of Trade, including such points as the proportion which our import of these goods bears to our home consumption, and a fair comparison of our export trade with that of the leading protectionist countries; for he may well be puzzled by the conflicting statistics which have been hurled at him in the Press. For example, can it be true that our iron trade is being ruined if the profits of it assessed to Income Tax have increased from £1,840,350 in 1896-7 to £5,380,418 in 1900-1? The statement that our import of raw wool for manufacture increased from 598 million lbs. in 1886 to 715 million lbs. in 1901 seems incompatible with decay in our woollen manufactures; while if we can send more than £70,000,000 worth of our cotton manufactures abroad, and find that in 1901 our exports of cotton-piece goods and yarn were more than in 1872, though values then were more than double the average of present prices, the policy of fighting hostile tariffs by free imports can hardly be pronounced a failure in the cotton industry. But supposing it could be proved that the existence of some great British industry was threatened by trusts or syndicates deliberately selling foreign goods here below cost price under the ægis of a protective tariff in order to secure a monopoly, and Mr. Balfour considered that national interests justified us in risking, in its defence, increased prices to our consumers, and the demands for similar treatment which would be certain

to come from other industries depending upon, or connected with, the industry to be defended—I should imagine that any such case would, in his opinion, be one for exceptional treatment. I am not aware that he has ever suggested that our manufacturers should be protected against foreign competition of the ordinary kind, or given any countenance to protectionist proposals for a new tariff embracing hundreds of articles and imposing *ad valorem* duties on all manufactured goods. Such proposals could only be made by those who have failed to consider how many of our best-paid industries flourish by subjecting the "manufactured goods" of lower industries to further processes of manufacture; and no Government is likely to adopt them. Again, is it likely that Mr. Balfour's desire for some means of bargaining for the reduction of foreign tariffs would lead him to propose to Parliament such a change as the general substitution of maximum and minimum tariffs for our present revenue tariff? I do not think that, even with our existing tariff, we are so helpless in this respect as he suggests. No one who approves of the policy of Cobden's French treaty could object to its utilisation for this purpose through any reductions of existing duties that may be possible; and, if it be true that foreign exporters paid any part of the corn and meal duty, I do not know why some negotiations of this kind were not attempted with the United States, for example, before it was repealed. But assuming that our increasing expenditure forbids further reductions, Mr. Balfour's object might in some measure be aided by a rearrangement or increase of Customs duties, without loss, perhaps even with a gain, to the Exchequer, and without any such change in our fiscal policy as would require a fresh mandate from the country—though, of course, in any such case it would have to be considered whether the new duty would not do more harm than good to ourselves.

Mr. Balfour's third proposition hardly requires discussion. The general preference given to us by Canada, the results of which have been described by Mr. Chamberlain as "altogether

disappointing," was, I believe, proved at the Colonial Conference to be of much less value to our trade than the alternative suggestion of lowered duties on the particular articles with which we can supply Canada. If such duties were lowered to all, Canadian consumers would be benefited, and no foreign difficulty could arise; while our manufacturers surely stand to lose more in foreign trade as the result of Colonial preference, than they would lose by a "fair field and no favour" in their competition with foreigners in our Colonial markets. But assuming that the Colonies adhere to their desire to give us a preference in some form, I entirely agree that we could not permit foreign interference in our domestic concerns. Lord Lansdowne, as the mouthpiece of the Cabinet, appears to have dealt quite satisfactorily with this point in his despatch to Germany of June 20. He said: "Should the German Government persist in the attitude which they have taken up (towards Canada) and, further, extend to the products of other British Colonies—and even to those of the United Kingdom, whose tariff is at this moment based upon the most liberal principles—the discriminations which they have enforced against Canada, a very wide and serious issue must inevitably be raised involving the fiscal relations of this country and the German Empire."

It must be noticed that this despatch by no means threatens that we would take part in the Canadian dispute with Germany by imposing retaliatory duties on German goods; nor does it appear that Canada has asked for any such action on our part. On the contrary, the Colonial Conference unanimously decided that in such a case as that which has occurred "the Colonies have an effective remedy in their own hands." Canada has since applied that remedy; and the British and German Governments have agreed to "an exchange of ideas in regard to the means of obviating the present difference." There is no reason, as matters now stand, for any new departure on our side. The Government have affirmed a principle which commands general support; and Mr. Balfour has rightly declined

to pledge himself beforehand either for or against any particular mode of carrying it out.

The Colonial Conference of 1902 urged on us the expediency of granting in the United Kingdom preferential treatment to the products and manufactures of the Colonies, either by exemption from or reduction of duties now or hereafter imposed. This undoubtedly necessitates the careful examination here of the fourth subject named by Mr. Balfour. Mr. Chamberlain has assured us—and no one who has looked into the matter can doubt—that if we are to give the preference asked for we must put a tax on food. He suggested that the yield of such a tax might provide for old-age pensions, and would increase our home food-supply by indirectly protecting the British farmer; so that it was naturally supposed that the tax would be high. It is now clear that no higher duties are at all likely to be suggested than would be necessary to protect, not our own farmers, but Colonial farmers, against foreign competition. All the talk, therefore, about "bringing back into cultivation thousands of acres of derelict land," or "stopping the decline of our rural population" may be dismissed as irrelevant, together with any similar exaggerations on the other side. On the other hand, if last year's grain and meal duty would have sufficed for Colonial preference, it is difficult to understand why the Cabinet abandoned it, pending the inquiry (to which they had all agreed) into the possibility of preferential duties; for it would have been obviously easier to utilise an existing duty for that purpose than to impose a new one. All we can say at present is, that this policy necessarily involves duties high enough to give a real advantage in our market to Colonists against foreigners: and that any readiness on the part of the Colonies to accept a small duty at first is certainly no proof that the object of the new policy would be satisfied by such a duty; for the adoption of the principle would practically pledge us to any subsequent increase of duty that might be found necessary to carry out the object of protection. Nor is it merely a question of a corn duty, from which Canada would reap by far the

most benefit. We could not show special favour to the Colony which Mr. Chamberlain has described as "the most backward of all in contributing to the common defence," and which already sells most to us, and buys least from us, in proportion to her size. Equity to our other self-governing Colonies would compel us to impose duties on all kinds of live and dead meat, fish, fruit, butter, cheese, eggs, vegetables, and many minor food imports, involving interference with trade by the addition of many scores of articles to our tariff; while, if Mr. Balfour was right in holding that the price of feeding-stuffs was increased by the 1*s.* corn duty, it is certain that a larger duty would bring demands from our milk-producers here for a duty on foreign milk. We are told that the new policy could not extend to taxes on raw materials, and no one imagines that such taxes would be proposed in the first instance. But they have already been suggested by those interested in Canadian timber and in the wool and skins sent us by Australia; and how long could South Africa, which sends us hardly any food, and large quantities of raw materials, be satisfied without them? And what is to happen to our Crown Colonies and possessions, including those where, as in India, great commercial interests have been developed on a basis of virtual free trade? If we adopt the principle of protection in our dealings with India, do we not suggest to her its adoption, on behalf of her own industries, against our goods? Yet could we grant preference to the self-governing Colonies, and refuse it to those who already admit our exports on far better terms than any that the self-governing Colonies are at all likely to give us? Could we protect Canadian wheat against Indian wheat, Australian wine or Canadian spirits against West Indian spirits? Could we even refuse to the tea, the cocoa, the rice, the fruit that comes to us from India and the Crown Colonies the same protection against the foreigner that is asked for by the self-governing Colonies for their food products? However these questions may be answered, it is clear that the effect of the new policy must be considered not merely on the

self-governing Colonies, or even on the United Kingdom, but on the Empire as a whole.

Our primary concern, however, is to inquire what the people of the United Kingdom would gain, or lose, by this policy. Our exports to the self-governing Colonies are increasing rapidly under our present system; without preference we command, to a great extent, the Australasian and South African markets; the increased imports of food which, in any case, must come to us from Canada, cannot but increase our trade with her. Surely it cannot be suggested that, if we decline to give a preference to their products, our Colonies will treat the Mother Country worse than they treat foreign countries. Whatever preference they gave us against the foreigner we could only capture part of their foreign trade, because we could not supply them with much of what they now obtain from foreign countries. For example, no preference would enable us to supply Canada with food or raw materials, such as cotton, hides, oil, wood, or tobacco. Nor would our trade with them be advantaged by the increased duties on foreign goods, coupled with rebates on our goods, to which the Australasian Colonies appear to lean. The high protective tariffs, intended to protect Colonial industries against all outside competition, including our own, are the real obstacles between us, and we have been plainly told by all that this protection must be retained. It is therefore impossible to see how we could gain from the Colonies any great increase of trade, or any large measure of free trade in manufactured goods, which are the only articles of importance we could send them. But what trade may we lose? If a mutual preference succeeded in its aim of transferring some foreign trade to inter-Imperial trade, the change would affect us more than the Colonies, for we send a much greater proportion of our exports to foreign countries than they do. High foreign tariffs have only injured our trade in some cases; there are not a few foreign countries, as in North Europe and South America, with whom we do a progressive trade. The more

we reduce our purchases from them, the more they will reduce their purchases from us. Will that help our exporting manufacturers in their competition in neutral markets with rival exporters in Germany and the United States? And there is a kind of trade with foreign countries by the loss of which we should be specially injured, for it is, so to speak, British on both sides. The Argentine Republic is a foreign country. But it has been created by British capital; its exports of meat rival those of New Zealand; its public debt, its banks, its farms, its mills, its freezing establishments and canning factories, the railways that bring its produce to the ports, are largely owned by Englishmen—the same is true, in a less degree, in not a few other foreign countries. Such investments may be denounced as unpatriotic, and many may feel that it would have been better if they had been made in our Colonies; but public opinion, and even the action of our Government and Legislature, has long encouraged them, and the fact of their existence cannot be ignored. I will not dwell on the injury that might be done to our trade if foreign countries raised their tariffs against us on account of our giving a preference to our Colonies, because I cannot tell how far they might think it in their interest to take any such action. But it has yet to be shown that the adoption by us of the principle of Colonial preference is compatible in practice with the process of bargaining with foreign countries for a reduction of their duties which Mr. Balfour desires. And how far will the interests of our home industries allow us to go in favouring Colonial products? Sir Gilbert Parker may ignore the feelings of many who depend on agriculture at home when he supports a policy of taxing them, among others, to stimulate the growth of corn in Canada, by the assurance that it will lessen the price of corn here. But what if our iron industry, which now loudly complains of German "dumping," was threatened by imports of Canadian steel and iron, stimulated, as now, by Colonial bounties? Would he apply retaliation to Canada? or would he administer

to our iron manufacturers the consolation he has addressed to our farmers? The truth is that any treaty binding us to admit the Colonies to our markets, as now, on equal terms with our own producers, while they will not admit our producers to their markets on equal terms with their own, is so unfair in principle that it must soon become unworkable in practice. You cannot base a fiscal policy for the Empire on the two opposite principles of Free Trade and Protection.

But the objection to the new policy which has been most widely felt is undoubtedly that which is based on the fear that the price of food will be raised by the proposed taxation. The Colonies will run no such risk; their workers will retain the advantage of cheapness of the main necessaries of life. Though the fluctuations of demand and supply, and other causes, may for a time conceal the effect of a tax, it is hard to see how it can be denied that new taxes on all the various kinds of food already referred to, sufficient in amount to give any real advantage to the Colonies over their foreign competitors in our market, must, *cæteris paribus*, raise the price of the articles on which they are imposed, and therefore reduce the margin between the poorest classes and want, and diminish the purchasing power of the people, with the risk of injury to that internal trade which is infinitely larger and more important than our export trade. Mr. Chamberlain has suggested that any loss to the poor from this cause might be made good by remissions of taxation on tea, sugar, and tobacco. The suggestion that the remission of existing duties would be a gain is in itself an admission that the imposition of new duties would be a burthen; but tobacco may be dismissed at once; for a large part of the population, specially women and children, are non-smokers, and all must eat. And, if Sir R. Giffen's calculations of the effect of the new preferential or protective duties in raising the price of our untaxed home and colonial food-supply to the price of our taxed foreign supply are at all correct, it must be admitted that the burthen of such duties on the people would be far more than their yield to the

Exchequer; probably so much more that even the total abolition of the tea and sugar duties would not nearly make up for it, even if cheaper tea and sugar could compensate the very poor for dearer bread and bacon. But if India and the Crown Colonies are to be included in Colonial preference—and this could hardly be refused—some duty on tea and sugar must be retained. The sugar duty might, it is true, be repealed for five years, owing to the provisions against Colonial preference in the Brussels Convention. But at the end of that time the West Indies might be trusted to demand a duty on foreign sugar, just as the Indian and Ceylon planters would demand it at once on foreign tea. Their tea, on equal terms, has already gone far to drive foreign tea out of our market; so that any preference would probably enable them, by raising their prices, to deprive consumers here of no small part of the benefit of any reduction of taxation.

The more this subject is considered, the more it will appear that the step we are invited to take means far more to us than it does to the Colonies. For half a century the trade and industries of the United Kingdom have adapted themselves to a system of free imports and non-protective revenue duties, with a tariff list confined to very few articles. Under that system our population has enormously increased, and we have changed from an agricultural to an industrial nation, producing a comparatively small part of our food at home. To a tariff based on these principles we are asked to add a long list of new duties on the simplest kinds of food, which it is now more than ever necessary that our people should be free to obtain in the best and cheapest markets. To our protectionist Colonies a preferential tariff is easy and natural; to us it would be the beginning of a change from the principle of free imports to the principle of protection, involving also the fortunes of great populations in our Empire for whom we are specially responsible, and to whom we have given a fiscal system akin to our own. And this is not merely a question of enacting duties which could be repealed in a year at our own free will, but one of agreements

with our great Colonies, which could only be terminated with their consent, based on a principle which has been already tried and abandoned.

Mr. Chamberlain, in advocating this policy, has asked by what alternative process those who desire the closer union of the Mother Country with the Colonies hope to secure it. Such a union can only come slowly—but has no progress been made towards it, under our present fiscal system, within the last few years? Are there no signs of its growth in the 50,000 Colonial troops who fought for the Empire side by side with our soldiers in South Africa and in the recognition by the Colonial Conference of the principle of common obligation for Imperial defence? The ties of sentiment, thanks largely to Mr. Chamberlain himself, were never so strong as now. I differ from him in thinking that, in an Empire so scattered as our own, and varying so greatly in the circumstances and interests of its component parts, these ties are safer than fiscal bonds. Increased trade may doubtless tend to closer union. We may welcome any facilities for this that the Colonies are disposed to give, either, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier said in 1897, as a token of gratitude for the best and most open market in the world for Canadian produce, or, as I believe Mr. Seddon suggested last year, by way of a contribution to Imperial defence. It is said that we ought to show our appreciation of any such action on their part by making some practical return. The Colonial Premiers, in discussing this matter at the Conference last year, recognised how difficult it would be for us to make such a return by preferential treatment. The representatives of Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, and Natal expressed the opinion that the preference to British goods which they were prepared to recommend to their respective Parliaments might be given without any reciprocal concession of the same kind by the Mother Country; while Sir Wilfrid Laurier admitted that it would be most difficult for us to impose new duties in order to make such concessions, and merely asked whether they could not be made on duties already existing on our tariff if

the preference already given by Canada were made more complete and effective. It is true that the Finance Minister of Canada has since stated that if we could not grant Canada a preference she would be free to take her own course, and consider whether it would be wise in her interests to modify or change her preferential tariff. But the Colonial Premiers never said anything to justify the idea that the grant by us of preferential treatment to the Colonies is essential to the continuance of the Empire, or to any hope of closer union. There are other ways in which we can, and do, make a return to our Colonies. Is it nothing that we bear, almost alone, the enormous burthen of protecting the trade of the whole Empire? In much smaller, but still important, matters, have we not made large contributions to telegraph cables, mail contracts, and military works, which were more important to the Colonies than to the United Kingdom; and have we not recently increased the advantages long offered to Colonial loans in our market, by including them among trustee securities, perhaps somewhat to the detriment of our own Consols? Even the suggestions now being made in favour of joint action with the Colonies in the promotion of emigration or agricultural education show the desire that is felt to give practical proof of sympathy with their needs. The Colonies recognise this, and will not misunderstand our attitude if we are unable to accept the scheme now proposed. Nor can those Unionists be fairly charged with a want of desire to promote the unity of the Empire who believe that in this matter, to use Mr. Chamberlain's words, it is their "primary obligation to consider above all the condition of the majority of our population, and do nothing which may interfere with the prosperity, the happiness, and the contentment of the whole of our fellow countrymen." Let all who believe in this "primary obligation" do their best to see that it is fulfilled.

M. E. HICKS-BEACH.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

THERE has seldom been a more sudden or a more startling change than that of the Tory Government in its Irish policy from the too familiar path of coercion, on which it had once more entered, to conciliation with a great subvention at the expense of the people of the United Kingdom. This alternation of scourging and embracing in the treatment of the Irish problem is not entirely new, but there had never before been so striking an example of it.

To the caress and the gift of the Government and Parliament has now been added the compliment of a Royal visit. This undoubtedly was a wise measure. It would have been wiser still had it been embraced at an earlier day and when its object might have been less apparent than it is now. The Irish are notoriously more open to the influence of persons than they are to that of institutions. About the only thing in the early period of Anglo-Irish history which made a favourable impression was the presence of Royalty in the person of Lionel, the son of Edward III. Between John, who as King paid a flying visit, and William III., no King of England set foot in Ireland except Richard II., whose Irish expedition was not likely to inspire imitation, since it cost him his English crown. Ireland in Plantagenet and Tudor days was far more remote than it is in these days of steam, and Plantagenets, instead of devoting their attention to the consolidation of the

island kingdom, made chimerical raids on France, while the Tudor sovereigns had enough on their hands in England. Between William III., who appeared as a conqueror, and the late Queen, no British monarch visited Ireland except George IV., who, amidst all the mud with which his statue is covered, may claim a little credit for one wise and gracious act. The late Queen, when she visited Ireland at the beginning of her reign, was perfectly well received. Once again, and only once, she touched, and then but just touched, the Irish shore. Why she should have refused to repeat an act politic, gracious, and, it might have been supposed, not unpleasant, seems never to have been explained. Danger to her Majesty's person there could be none. Irishmen may shoot landlords and their agents; but no Irishman would shoot a lady. One explanation was the prejudice of Prince Albert, who was said to identify the case of the Irish with that of the insubordinate Poles. But for this there seemed to be no foundation beyond the fact that the Prince, in a letter which unluckily became public, had coupled the Irish with the Poles. There could have been no great sacrifice in a brief exchange from time to time of Balmoral or Osborne for the Phœnix, the most beautiful of Parks.

Mention of the Phœnix reminds me of a little incident which seemed to show that her Majesty, though inflexible on this subject, was not insensible. It occurred in connection with the meeting of the Social Science Section of the British Association at Dublin. On the last morning the Zoological Society, I think it was, gave us a breakfast in the Phœnix Park. In returning thanks for hospitalities, a speaker referred to the scene of the breakfast, saying that its beauty made it as worthy to be the occasional residence of royalty as Osborne or Balmoral. At a banquet at the Mansion House in the evening this sentiment was repeated by the Lord Mayor, and after him, but with much more point and emphasis by Prince Teck, who dared to express his surprise at the failure of royalty to visit Ireland. Dublin papers, of course, next

morning joyously echoed the sentiment of the Prince, who, it was believed, felt at once that he had made a false step. But the thunderbolt of royal displeasure fell not on him, but on the speaker aforesaid, in the shape of an editorial, manifestly inspired, taking him to task for having found fault with royalty, which he had not really done, while the Prince, who really had done it, was allowed to escape punishment in public, whatever may have happened to him behind the scenes.

All that could be done by grace of manner and the personal qualities which win the hearts of the people Queen Victoria's successor was sure to do. His will not be the fault if the impression is not deep or lasting. Whether it is destined to be deep and lasting time alone can show.

That the Irish have never seen the power by which they are governed is a fact which may account for a good deal of coolness towards that power on the part of an imaginative and emotional people. The real power, however, is now not the King but Parliament, and it was suggested that a good effect might be produced on Irish sentiment if a special Session of Parliament for the settlement of the Irish questions could be held at Dublin. The suggestion, it is believed, was taken into consideration, but the inconvenience was deemed too great.

Those who have studied the annals of Irish woe, now stretching over seven centuries, will generally admit that the main subject of contention has been the land. Catholic emancipation failed to satisfy the people, as Macaulay and statesmen in general assumed that it would. So far, and so far only, was there truth in Melbourne's saying that Catholic emancipation was a question in which all the clever fellows were on one side and all the d——d fools on the other, and all the d——d fools were right. Nor did disestablishment, though most wise and righteous in itself, prove the panacea which it was expected to be. On the other hand, the repeal agitation of O'Connell, not being connected with the agrarian movement, came to nothing; as, still more ignominiously, did that of Smith O'Brien and the Young Ireland party in 1848. The strength of Par-

nell's movement lay in its combination of the agrarian with the political agitation. Whether a faint tradition of tribal ownership has lingered among the peasantry it would be difficult to say. What is certain is that British protectionism having in former days killed Irish manufactures and trade, nothing remained to the people whereon to live but the land, to which accordingly they clung with the desperate grasp of famine, waging an agrarian war of outrage and assassination, most deadly and savage, with the landlord and the agent of his extortion, the middleman.

It is important, however, to observe that the immediate source of Irish misery was not the double ownership of land, which is not peculiar to Ireland, but over-population, with hunger and sometimes famine as its result. For this protectionism and social helotage were answerable more than the defects of the land law. English protectionism, calling itself patriotism, and suborning the English Parliament, killed the cattle trade of Ireland, killed the wool trade, and even maimed the linen trade by bonusing the English manufacturers. Deprived of profitable industry, and thus excluded from industrial civilisation, while it was condemned by the penal code to political and social helotage, the Irish were lost, as hopeless misery is apt to be lost, to all those considerations of economical prudence and social respect by which reckless multiplication is restrained. For over-population the only remedy was depletion either by famine or by emigration.

The pressure of population on the land for subsistence, other industries having been destroyed, and the desperate competition for holdings which ensued, exposed the tenant to the rapacious tyranny of the land-owner, thus making the double ownership a great evil. But the causes of the pressure on the land were the destruction by English protectionism of other industries, and the natural disregard by the Irish in their depraved state of the economical and social restraints on over-multiplication.

In the form of famine the remedy for over-population most

tragically came in 1846, when the potato failed, and though England did her utmost in the way of relief myriads of starving Irish were driven to the United States, where, while their political influence was bad and they became the tools of Tammany, their labour was very welcome to the Americans, who do not, as a rule, themselves handle pick and shovel or go into domestic service. The transportation of such multitudes of Irish, largely at their own cost, from their native land to the United States was a wonderful work, and evinced incidentally great strength of family affection.

The main grievance in the way of land tenure consisted of the insecurity of the tenure-at-will and the tenant's liability to the confiscation of his improvements by the landlord. This grievance, it would seem, might have been redressed without cost to the British taxpayer by legislation extending to the Irish tenant-at-will the same security which custom, recognised by the courts, had given to the copyholder in England. Nor, apparently, would such a measure have been too violent, considering what the conduct of the Irish landlords towards the peasant tenantry, with some honourable exceptions, had been. It might even practically have disturbed the general faith of contracts less than this course of violent and fiercely-contested, yet not thoroughly effective, legislation through which the agrarian question has gone. To make the British taxpayer pay for the purchase of freehold for the Irish was hardly just or safe. To the Encumbered Estates Act no exception on any ground, either of economical principle or of justice, could be taken. It swept away a proprietary which, largely through its own improvidence, had become bankrupt and incapable of performing its duty to the people. Unfortunately the result, as we are told, was not the creation of a new, solvent, and beneficially active body of proprietors, but the engrossment of the land by speculators more alien to the people and less beneficent even than the proprietary which had been swept away.

Ireland, however, can hardly ever be made a country of

peasant proprietors. Its climate generally is too wet for grain. It is a grazing country, and grazing farms must be large. Nor would the abolition of the double ownership and the annihilation of the Irish gentry certainly prove a social, even if it were an economical, gain. The Irish people, in their present stage of development at least, are specially in need of social leaders. By the destruction of the gentry they would be left leaderless, and they and their country might fall into the hands of the money-lender and the priest.

The moral purity of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland is strongly attested by the best Protestants, and they have a really noble record of service rendered to the people in its dark hour of helotage, when, ill-educated and somewhat coarse as the priests were, they were the sole teachers of the Catholic peasant, and by their ministrations alone saved him from sinking to the level of the brutes. But the author of "Priest and People," though manifestly a bitter enemy of the priest, is probably right in saying that they absorb for uneconomical purposes a great part of the earnings of the people.

The Unionist Government no doubt expects that this vast largess will put an end to the political as well as to the agrarian agitation, and that no more will be heard of Home Rule. But is this hope perfectly well founded? Mr. Chamberlain says that Home Rule is a snake scotched but not killed. There can hardly be a doubt that hitherto the agrarian movement has been the strong movement, and that the political movement by itself has been weak and come to nothing. But in the course of their long struggle a feeling of nationality and of antagonism to Great Britain has been developed in Ireland and inflamed by trans-Atlantic Fenianism. This may not pass away though the object of the agrarian movement has been gained. It may even be fortified and made more hopeful of success by a concession, which the British Government regards as a largess, but which the Irish may be led by enemies of the Union to regard as extorted tribute. Nothing could be more violently and offensively hostile than the bearing of the Irish,

in Ireland and out of it, towards Great Britain during the South African War. It is not unlikely that many of them may ascribe Mr. Wyndham's measure less to the generosity of the Tory Government than to the straits into which England had been brought by the war.

Seven centuries since the landing of Strongbow have been spent in settling the political relation of Ireland to England, and the question is not yet at rest. For this there was a combination of causes: the different characters of the races; the incompleteness of the Anglo-Norman conquest, which instead of giving birth to a national aristocracy destined in course of time to unite with the people like the Norman aristocracy of England, produced a Pale, the Channel and the Welsh mountains blocking the approach to it from England; the distraction of the forces of the English monarchy by wars in France or baronial and dynastic wars at home. Presently the division of religion in Ireland was added to that of race and the rival claims to the land. There ensued murderous wars at once of race and of religion. As the ultimate outcome of those wars Ireland was reduced to the condition of a dependency, and the long revolt against that condition followed, ending in the murderous outbreak of '98. The first relation between the English crown and the Pale was something like the relation between the Governments after the repeal of Poynings' Act and the Act of George I., affirming the right of the British Parliament to legislate for Ireland. There were two kingdoms, or rather a kingdom and a lordship or sovereignty (*dominium*), each with a feudal assembly, afterwards developed into a Parliament under the same crown. But the erratic character of the Irish Parliament led to the passing of the Poynings' Act which subjected its legislation to the control of the English Council. The Irish tribes, occupying far the greater part of the island, remained outside the effective rule of the English crown altogether, and in a state of perpetual war with the Parliament, which raided upon them as British Colonies at the present day raid upon

native races with punitive expeditions, though the wild life of the Irish was catching, and it was deemed necessary to make laws against degenerate assimilation. Tudor conquest, massacre, and devastation having brought Ireland generally under English power, and supplanted the Brehon by English law, James I. called a Parliament of all Ireland, Catholic as well as Protestant. But that Parliament, the only semblance of a really national assembly that Ireland was destined ever to see, ended in a ridiculous brawl. Strafford's despotism was exercised under a Parliamentary form. Then came the insurrection and massacre of 1641, followed by a civil war of friends; then Cromwell and the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland. It is difficult to see why the reality of the two unions and of "the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland" should be called in question, though the representation of Scotland and Ireland may not have been at once settled. In the Barebones Parliament, it is true, the representation of Ireland was little more than nominal. But the Instrument of Government provides for the assignment of a real representation. That Scotland prospered greatly under the Union and the Protectorate is positively attested by Burnet. That Ireland also prospered is not less positively attested by the Protector's great enemy Clarendon, who says that the settlement was completed "within little more than two years, to that degree of perfection that there were many buildings raised for beauty as well as use, orderly and regular plantations of trees, and fences and enclosures raised throughout the kingdom, purchases made by one from the other at very valuable rates, and jointures made upon marriages, and all other conveyances and settlements executed, as in a kingdom at peace within itself, and where no doubt could be made of the validity of the titles." ("Life" I, 387.) It is true that Clarendon adds that "few were contented." But with peace and prosperity contentment would have come, and the veil would gradually have fallen over the horrors of the past. It is difficult to understand how in face of such evidence and of

every possible proof of good intentions on the part of the Protector and of his son and vicegerent, historians can treat him as the grand enemy of Ireland. He could not, even if he had desired, have reversed the victory of the Saxon and the Protestant. He could no more, after the massacre of 1641, and the war of races and religions which followed, have given up Ireland to the vanquished Celt and Catholic than a British ruler after Cawnpore could have given up India to the sepoy. He could not permit the celebration of the Mass which, the relations of Rome and her powers to Protestant Governments being what they were, meant not only idolatry but rebellion. But he did proclaim liberty of conscience, which was more than Catholic Governments allowed. The free trade with England, which the Union assured, was a priceless boon. It would have opened to the Irish the industrial sources not only of wealth but of civilisation. Had his policy endured, with such modifications as the growth of tolerance and political light would have brought, all might long ago have been well.

The Restoration broke the Union and reduced Ireland again to the condition of a dependency, and not of an ordinary dependency but of one hated by English and Scotch Protestantism on account of the Romanism of the native population, despised as barbarous and overshadowed by the dark memories of 1641. Conquered and dependent Ireland was to the English ruler and trader a wash-pot like Moab and an Edom over which he cast his shoe.

The brief up-rising of the native and Catholic Irish under James II., not for the Stuart but for independence and the land, having been suppressed by the Saxon and Protestant sword, was followed by the hideous era of the penal code, a reign of iniquity and cruelty almost inconceivable till we look round and see what was going on then and long after that time in Catholic Europe. The native and Catholic race sank into prostration and despair, their material condition at the same time being such that Swift, with ghastly irony, advised them to eat their babies. The subjection of Ireland to English

power and of her interests to those of her masters was completed by the Act of George I., asserting the power of the British Parliament to make laws for Ireland.

But now the Saxon and Protestant oligarchy began to feel galled by the yoke of dependence, which grew heavier with the suppression of Irish trade, while Irish office and the Irish pension list were made a privy hoard for British corruption. At the time of the union with Scotland Protestant Ireland had expressed a wish for a similar union. But, heartrending to relate, English protectionism had succeeded in repelling the advance. At length the oligarchy struck for Parliamentary independence, which it succeeded in wresting from Great Britain when she was embarrassed by the war with the American colonies, and Ireland being denuded of troops the oligarchy raised an army of volunteers.

The Government which followed was still that of the Protestant oligarchy, excluding from power five-sixths of the population, and at the same time a Parliament of rotten boroughs. It was controlled and prevented from breaking loose from the Parliamentary government of Great Britain by Castle patronage and corruption. The end of this came when the French Revolution broke out and fired two mines: that of revolutionary sentiment, largely due to the influence of the State Church hierarchy in Belfast; and that of agrarian and Catholic discontent in other parts of the island. In '98 the Protestant and oligarchical government of Ireland went down in a cataclysm of blood. Then Pitt took necessity by the hand and carried Parliamentary union, on which, no doubt, his heart had long been set, though to accuse him of furtively favouring rebellion with a view of bringing it about is the most ridiculous injustice.

Mr. Lecky, whose name must always be mentioned with respect, is now himself a Unionist. But as a historian he casts discredit on the Union. The moral inference which an Irish reader would be apt to draw from his pages is that the measure was a wrong done to the Irish nation by force and corruption,

against which Irish patriotism is bound for ever to protest. But in the first place there was no Irish nation. There was a Protestant and Saxon obligarchy on one side and a race of Celtic and Catholic helots on the other, the two being united by no real bond and having just collided in murderous war. Government had perished. An appeal to the country by a general election, which Mr. Lecky thinks should have been made, would have been futile when five-sixths of the people were still incapable of being elected for Parliament, and might have provoked disturbance such as would have caused a fresh outburst of the civil war. The Union was not carried by corruption. The indemnities for nomination boroughs were given by Act of Parliament alike to supporters and opponents of the Union, and were perfectly in accordance with the notions of the time about property in boroughs; nor can any other fund be named out of which the supposed bribes could have been taken. As little was there resort to military force. Pitt held out informally to the Catholics the hope of emancipation. That hope he did his best to fulfil. He was prevented by the influence of the heads of the Established Church playing on the morbid conscience of the king. But the pledge was redeemed before a generation had passed away. The Union has been followed at intervals, unfortunately too long, not only by Catholic emancipation, commutation of tithes, and ultimate disestablishment, grants to Maynooth, and national education, but at last by very strong and sweeping measures of land law reform; while Irish industry has had free access to the British market, and Irishmen have fully shared all the advantages and prizes of the Empire. Steam has drawn the two islands together, and intercourse has dissipated the prejudice once felt by the exclusive Englishman against the Irish character. The Irish adventurer, in former days the object of much unjust suspicion on the part of Englishmen, has long since passed out of existence.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that through this protracted struggle for one reform after another, a national

and separatist spirit has been evoked in Ireland, at least among the Celtic and Catholic Irish, which it may now be very difficult to allay. Hatred of England and desire of setting Ireland free from her yoke have found unrestrained and passionate expression among the Irish on the other side of the Atlantic. Fenianism and the Clan Na Gael, acting from their headquarters in the United States, have lent fresh force and a more rancorous spirit to the political agitation, besides largely aiding it with funds. American sympathy, the profession of it at least, has been enforced by the Irish vote, the influence of which was great enough to deter Congress from paying a tribute of gratitude to the memory of John Bright, the mighty champion of the American cause in England in the dark hours of the Republic. The political agitation may almost be said to have had its soul and centre in the United States. The influence of the Irish vote in American politics, it is true, has of late been growing less, partly perhaps owing to the influx of other races, but principally owing to a change in the sentiments of the American people themselves, since they have been infected by Imperialism, and have made for themselves an Ireland in the Philippines.

There are five possible relations of Ireland to England: independence, dependence, union of crowns without union of parliaments, legislative union, and Home Rule—that is, an Irish parliament separate, but subordinate, to the Parliament of the United Kingdom. Something has been said about federation; but that system is manifestly inapplicable to the case of a pair of States, one of them far larger and more powerful than the other. The experiment has been tried in the case of Sweden and Norway, and the result has been perpetual discord, the lesser State always suspecting that it was being wronged, and that its independence was threatened by the greater. Some have actually talked of reducing the whole United Kingdom to its elements, in order to furnish the group of States to which the federal system is applicable. But the idea is not likely ever to be seriously entertained. If anything

of the kind were to be done, it would be better to restore the Heptarchy, and extend the break-up to Scotland and Ireland, than by re-awakening the slumbering nationalities of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland to set them once more by the ears. The daughters of Pelias found it easier to cut up their father and throw his limbs into the magic cauldron than to put the limbs together again and infuse into them a new life.

Dependence, such as it was during the period covered by the operation of the Poynings' Act and the Act of George I., nobody would now propose to revive. Nor would anybody propose to revive the system which prevailed after the repeal of those Acts, when there were two parliaments independent of each other under the same crown, and legislative disruption was averted from hour to hour by Castle influence, combined with that of the Anglican episcopate, and by systematic corruption. Parliament being now supreme two parliaments would mean two nations.

Home Rule means a statutory or vassal parliament for Ireland, with powers conferred and limited by the Parliament of the United Kingdom. It is hardly possible to doubt that the temper of the Irish and their attitude towards Great Britain being what they are, there would speedily follow a struggle on the part of the Irish parliament for equality and emancipation. Irish leaders, some of them at least, indeed, while they vote for Home Rule, hardly affect to deny that they cherish an ulterior design. Rebellion and the invocation of foreign aid, if ever Great Britain should be in distress, would be a not unlikely result. The sequel would probably be re-conquest and a renewal of government by the sword. Matters really local may, of course, to an indefinite extent be delegated to local authorities, but national questions such as those with which parliaments have to deal, including questions of peace and war, are not susceptible of delegation. Of all conceivable schemes of Home Rule, the most extreme, not to say the wildest, was that at last proposed by Mr. Gladstone, giving Ireland a parliament all her own and at the same time full representation in

the Parliament of Great Britain. Yet this scheme passed the House of Commons by a majority of forty-three. Many of those who voted for it no doubt did so in the assurance that it would be thrown out in the House of Lords. But whatever may have been the motive, the Bill passed the Commons, and implied a recognition of the claim of Ireland to a parliament of her own, which is not easily cancelled or effaced.

Legislative union or independence; between these two the choice apparently lies. Can the Irish delegation be made, what it has not hitherto been, or shown any sign of becoming, an integral and loyal element of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, sincerely deliberating with the rest for the common interest; or is it destined to remain an alien and intrusive force, with separate objects of its own, playing British parties against each other and recklessly disturbing British councils? In the first case, legislative union, with a due measure of local self-government, is undoubtedly the settlement to which the common interest of the two islands points. In the second case, there seems to be nothing for it but Independence, which, in the end, with help of free trade, friendly intercourse of all kinds, and the need of mutual support in time of danger, might ultimately bring back the union.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE BLAZE IN THE BALKANS

THE Balkans are ablaze again, and the much vaunted Turkish reforms have proved to be as ineffectual as any one who has travelled among any of the Balkan peoples knew they would. Is it likely that the Turks, who have hopelessly mismanaged the enslaved races for five centuries, would suddenly find out how to remedy the accumulated evils of all these years because Austria and Russia told them they must? Is it not a case of "physician heal thyself"? With their notoriously corrupt system of government, how can any sane person believe that the Turks, even if willing, are capable of spreading sweetness and light in this unhappy land? Whether the present uprising prove abortive or not is not the question. The point to consider is that as long as the Turk is permitted to "govern" these peoples at all so long will there be "trouble in the Balkans," and the story will be written in blood, and in more blood, until the end. The population may be crushed into a semblance of quietude temporarily, but there will be no peace, no progress, no civilisation; and it must be remembered that nothing ever stands still. Things that do not progress slip backwards, and the longer these people remain under Turkish power the more demoralised do they become. Those who now denounce them as savages should remember that they have had five centuries of Turkish rule. During those five centuries West Europe has advanced but the Near East has rotted, hopeless and helpless. West

Europe has lately shuddered, and rightly, at the assassination in Servia, and in its horror forgets the school that Servia was educated in. Servia became a Turkish province in the fifteenth century, and was not freed till the nineteenth. None of the nations who helped to retain the Turk in power have a right to throw stones. I do not wish to deny the Turk any good qualities. He possibly did the best he was capable of according to his lights. But his greatest admirer must admit that, as an administrator and as a trainer and teacher of subject races, he has failed most dismally.

I have but a fortnight ago returned from the Balkan Peninsula. It was my fifth visit. I have a good many acquaintances of various nationalities, and they talked freely to me, more freely, indeed, than was really at all prudent. They told me, among other things, that as soon as the harvest was in, which would be about the middle of August, a widespread uprising would take place, and that it was all fully organised, and they warned me if I were staying out there not to travel by train on Turkish territory, or, at any rate, in no train that carried Turkish troops. Just at the time that I was told this I received a copy of the *Times*, in which I read that the outlook in Macedonia was brighter and things were quieting down. I mentioned this to a Bulgarian, and he smiled grimly: "Your people don't know anything about us. Tell them so when you go back." Another man told me, laughing, that the newspaper correspondents had all left Uskub, and that most of them had returned to their respective lands. "They think it is all over," he said, "and it is now really going to begin!" And the belief that it was to be the beginning of the end was widespread among all classes and nationalities. Servian, Bulgarian, Montenegrin, and Christian Albanian alike jeered at the reforms, and asked me if my people really thought them possible. The only reform possible, they agreed, was to remove the Turk altogether from Europe. There are few points upon which the Bulgarian, the Servian, and the Albanian do agree, but upon this point they are at one. Moreover, the situation is so

bad that they all think almost any change would be for the better, and they believe that the change is about to take place. Some of the town Christian Albanians, who suffer considerably from the savagery of their mountain brethren, even expressed a desire to be "taken" by somebody. "By whom?" I asked. "Oh, by Austria, or Italy, or you, or anybody. It could not be worse than it is now!"

There is another point on which all the Balkan peoples agree, and that is in their hatred of all Germans, the "dirty Schwabs" as they call them. The Sultan is believed to have obtained up-to-date artillery from Germany though unable to pay for it, and the Emperor is held responsible. "He is a holy Christian man," they say, "and supports the Mahommedans." There was a good deal of Anglophobia in Germany a little while ago; but I doubt if it can have exceeded in bitterness the feeling against the Germans in the Balkan peninsula. And this feeling in the majority of cases includes the Austrians.

I am always most kindly received, but I am told "Your people have acted very wrongly throughout. Of course we know they had their political reasons, but they acted wrongly, and in the end will get no good by it." On arrival in a new place, though all my relations consider me aggressively British I am invariably taken for a Russian, so I make a favourable first impression. And when I ask the reason for this mistake in my nationality I am always told, "because thou comest as our friend," or "because no one else would take so much trouble for us!" Both of which replies are illuminating. Most of the people seem to consider England's position with regard to the Near Eastern questions due to ignorance and not to wilful wickedness such as they ascribe to the Germans. This, however, may be out of kind consideration for my feelings.

The idea of English ignorance is very general. An Albanian one day, to whom I had been talking for quite half an hour, asked me what land I came from. "I'm

English," I replied. "English!" he cried with amazement, "that is impossible." "Why?" "Because the English don't know anything!" This is an alarmingly sweeping statement. Nevertheless it is quite true that few English people are aware of the immense strides that have been made in the lands released from Turkish rule in 1878. It is no exaggeration to say that in that short space of time more has been done towards improving all the conditions of life than in the previous four centuries. There are good roads, well-appointed schools, the towns have been largely rebuilt, and they are clean and tidy; far cleaner than those, for example, of Normandy. The free Balkan States are supposed by the average Briton to be wild and dangerous places. I can only say, from experience, that both Servia and Montenegro have treated me exceedingly well, and that to go from either of them into Turkey is to plunge from safety and civilisation into danger; from the twentieth century into the Middle Ages; off the pavement into the sewer.

Owing to local influential friends and a chapter of lucky accidents, too long to relate here, I succeeded but a few weeks ago in penetrating a dark and little known corner of that Turkish province known as "Old Servia." I entered it over a frontier that was lately bleeding, by a pass opened by recent fighting and untraversed for some years by any traveller from the West of Europe. I have no space here to recount the journey along a track marked with murder stones into this helpless, hapless land. I started upon the expedition with gay light-heartedness; but I was conscious almost as soon as I had crossed the frontier that there was horror in the air. Every one of the Christian population was afraid of an indefinite something which might happen any minute; there was a curious sensation of mistrust everywhere. I had started with the idea that there was no danger, and was somewhat surprised when every one said "Fear not. To-day it is safe." By way of cheering me some women said, "The Turks are afraid of your friends across the frontier. They will not dare touch

you for they know you would be nobly avenged." This latter, of course, was nonsense, but they believed it. The local point of view was illustrated with peculiar vividness by the conversation of the women. They were extremely ignorant; England was a mere name to them that conveyed no idea at all. Beyond their own immediate surroundings, indeed, they *had* no ideas, and their whole mental horizon was bounded by Turks. "Turks" I must here state emphatically means throughout the Balkan Peninsula "Mahommedans." A Mahommedan of any race calls himself and is called a Turk. These women used to come in to interview me, for I was a stranger and quite a new sight. My hat alone was sufficient attraction, for I was the only woman in the land that possessed one. Whence I came from, my relations, and many highly personal details were an unfailing source of interest. Truth to tell, these conversations, when one arrives tired after a long day's ride, are wearisome to the last degree, but in travelling in these lands there is only one road to success, and that is not to lose patience with the people under any circumstances. Omitting many personal questions about myself, both inside and outside, the conversation was always on this pattern.

"Have you a father?" "No." "Did the Turks kill him?" "No." This seemed to cause surprise. Then, "Have you any brothers?" "Yes." "Glory be to God! How many Turks have they killed?" My expedition was looked on as a rather sporting event, consequently my male relatives were credited with a passion for the battlefield, which they are far from possessing. There was always some disappointment when I said they had slain none, and a feeling that the family was not up to sample. The next question would be, "Is thy villayet (= province) far off?" "Yes; very." "Five days?" "More." "God help thee! Are there many Turks in thy villayet?" "No; none." "No Turks! Dear God, it is a marvel"; and so on, and so on. "The Turks," said a man to me, "shot my father before my eyes when I was fifteen." His wife gave a cry of alarm, and rushed to shut the window

lest she should be overheard. And all these things are trivial details, but little straws show which way the wind blows. To me they were more eloquent than columns of unauthenticated atrocities in the papers.

The land, until lately terrorised and plundered by the Mahommedan Albanians, was being eaten up by a large army of occupation, and hay and corn were dear. I saw quantities of soldiers. Some 30,000 Nizams were encamped in the neighbourhood of one town and 50,000 in the next district, so I was told. The people were in terror of the Nizams; but they were in even greater terror of the Mahommedan Albanians. "When the Nizams go the Albanians will attack us again. The 'reforms' are nothing." Poor Stcherbina, the Russian consul, who was murdered at Mitrovitza, was looked on as a martyr who had died to save them, and I was shown his photograph. "Till he was shot the Government would do nothing to protect us. Then Russia made them."

Every one was hopeless and incredulous of reforms, and has ceased to look for help to any Power but Russia. I can best describe the way in which the Christian population regards the Mahommedan by saying that they would not allow me to go into the town of Ipek with less than five men, and that the head of the monastery, at which I was lodging, himself went with me. Whether these precautions were necessary I cannot say. I only know that the people of the monastery were horrified when I proposed going alone with my guide, and begged me not to do it. The town itself is a frowsy hole, too squalid for picturesqueness, a striking contrast to the clean, tidy little towns of Servia and Montenegro.

The fat and fertile plains around, which undulate away as far as Kosovo, could produce much, but, owing to the fact that they are liable to constant raiding and to the other fact that what is not plundered by Albanians is taken by tax-gatherers, they are sparsely inhabited and but scantily cultivated. The houses, which are few and far between, have the appearance of block-houses, and have tiny loophole-like windows. Houses here

must be capable of sustaining an attack. The Turkish officials provided me with two mounted gensdarmes, and I rode to the lonely monastery of Dečani. Here I met with the most striking example of the Christians' opinion of the Nizams. The church, a relic of the days of Servia's glory, is a very fine structure of white marble, and the monastery was one of the richest in the country. Now it is very poor, for the Albanians have swooped upon its lands. Twenty Nizams were quartered in the monastery under the command of a young Turkish lieutenant, for the neighbourhood was accounted dangerous. I was not allowed to go outside the monastery without the gensdarmes. When evening came and I wished to go to bed I was approached by a young theological student who was attached to the monastery and who had been told off to look after me. He was a gentle, very civil young fellow of Servian blood, who had lived most of his life in the neighbourhood, and had a timid, subdued air. He looked anxious and whispered to me, "Lock your door to-night. The Nizams are from Asia. They are very bad. They will probably come to your room, and they are devils." I had, of course, intended locking the door, Nizams or no Nizams, and I thought he was nervous, so I thanked him and said, "Good night," without paying much attention to his fears. Just as I was about to fasten the door my guide appeared. He had been recommended to me as a most reliable man, and I had every confidence in him. He came softly down the corridor, entered my room, and tried the iron bars at the windows. Finding them strong, he then examined the lock on the door and the large staple the bolt shot into, and ascertained that the key would turn twice. Then he said, "Lock your door and turn the key twice. The Nizams will come in the night. They are very bad. They come from Asia. They all have long knives. They will come in the night, and they will do—so!" he drew his finger across his carotid, dropped his head on one side, and gave a clicking gasp that was horribly realistic and must have been studied from nature; "they will kill you for what you have in your

saddle-bag; they will say the Christians have done it, and the officer will believe them."

He waited outside till I had double-locked the door, said "sleep safely," and left me. I had no weapon of any kind with me, so I reflected that surgical operations, of the above violent description, were better done under chloroform, and went to sleep. As I was very tired I slept through till morning, and I shall never know if that door was tried. I fancy the danger was exaggerated, as most people are governed by expediency, and the game would not have been worth the trouble. I tell the episode as it happened, to show the estimation in which the army of the reformers is held. Next morning I made the acquaintance of the officer. He was much exercised about me and agog with curiosity. To judge from the embarrassment it caused him, I think it must have been one of the first times he had interviewed an unveiled lady. He was a civil, gentlemanly young fellow, and very anxious to talk with me. Unluckily he spoke nothing but Turkish, of which I know no word, and the conversation was interpreted by one of the gensdarmes. I cannot therefore vouch for the truth of it. It was reported thus: He came from Stamboul, and was in this part of the Empire for the first time. He asked if I knew Stamboul, and on learning that I did not, said he was very sorry that I should not have been there first. There all peoples and all religions lived together in peace, "as they do in your land"; all was good and happy. Here it was not so. He himself was amazed to find it so wild. He had not known there were such savages in the land. The Albanians were a great surprise to him. Here some one intervened and told him that they were by no means new to me, and that I had previously been in Albania. Thereupon he asked for my opinion on them and the political situation. I left the political situation alone, and said, "The Albanians are very brave and have plenty of intelligence, but they know nothing, and they live like animals." He agreed at once, and said with emphasis, "They must be taught, they must have schools; schools in

every town and in every village; schools everywhere." I reflected that, as the Turks have held Albania for quite four hundred years, it was a pity they had not thought out some plan of this sort a little earlier in the day, but I merely remarked that schools were certainly required.

I was then told that the lieutenant was much pleased with my views, and said that the English understood Turkey. He was kind enough to add that the Sultan, the King of England, and the Emperor of Germany were the only sovereigns in Europe who had intelligence. My feelings at the company that was allotted us were too deep for words, but I believe the gendarme filled the gap with something that expressed the joy that I was supposed to feel. By the influence of these three sovereigns, said the lieutenant, order would be brought about throughout Turkey. He seemed to be blissfully unaware that

> All the king's horses and all the king's men,
> Can never put Humpty Dumpty together again.

He was very sanguine about the "reforms," and seemed to think they were well on the way to completion. And all the time the Christians of the monastery sat round and said nothing, and all the time I thought of the outbreak which I had been told was preparing. And the lieutenant babbled on. In order that I might see for myself how reformed the country was, he proposed that I should go yet further afield. "Take as many of my Nizams as you wish and go to Gusinje," he said, "instead of returning the way you came." Now this was a very tempting offer, for Gusinje has the worst reputation of all the towns of North Albania, and few people from the West have succeeded in penetrating it. But the officer did not offer to accompany me, and I remembered the warnings of the night before. Moreover, to prevent my further explorations the Pasha at Ipek had detained my passport, and to be caught up-country, minus a passport, by a Turkish official might lead to very unpleasant consequences. But I badly wanted to go. I

looked at my guide's face for the casting vote, and the haggard anxiety of it decided me at once. I politely declined the offer and he breathed again. Safe back in England I feel as though I had thrown away an opportunity, but, excepting that young Turkish officer, every one, including even the gendarme who escorted me back to the frontier, assured me that it would have been an expedition from which I should never have returned. I have not sufficient experience of Nizams to offer an opinion.

The lieutenant very politely escorted me back to Ipek, this time with five mounted gensdarmes. He pointed out how well I was being taken care of, and begged that I would tell my people of the improved state of the country. I must therefore enphasise the fact that it was possible, protected by five armed men, to ride for three hours without being shot at, for this was the fact he so greatly admired.

Briefly, the "reforms," as far as "Old Servia" is concerned, consist of a large army of Nizams, of which the inhabitants are terrified, and for which they have to pay. This has, by force of arms, temporally ejected the Mahommedan Albanians. These soldiers, I was told, were unpaid and insufficiently fed. And even some of the Christians spoke of them with more or less pity on this account, much as they disliked and feared them. In Albania, so far as I could learn from the Albanians, nothing that is likely to lead to any future improvement has been effected. Without making war upon them the Turks cannot disarm the wild mountain tribes. Moreover, in the event of a war with Bulgaria, Turkey would require these same men as soldiers, and, as the bulk of the unruly ones are Mahommedans, would probably obtain them; but such is the strained situation that this is not quite certain. So valuable, indeed, have they always been as fighting men, that the Turkish Government has hitherto allowed them every licence in order to keep on good terms with them, and nothing but Austro-Russian pressure has brought about even a pretence at keeping order. The Albanians are a fiercely independent

people, and have hitherto tolerated Turkish "government" only because it is unable to govern them. They have formed, hitherto, the flower of the Turkish army in Europe, and in return for their services have been allowed to do as they please. I found many people who believed that in the event of a general war it was possible that the Albanians would elect to play a game of their own, and not to support a dying cause. Some, including Albanians, even spoke of "the Albanian king that is soon to be." I cannot say that I see any likelihood that this wild scheme will be carried out. Nevertheless, I was surprised to find many Serbs in favour of it. They believed that all Albanian atrocities were instigated by the Turkish Government, and that, left to themselves, the Albanians would develop into a fine people. That they have many fine qualities is undoubtedly true. Whether they are capable of self-government is quite another thing. To this I was always given the old reply, "things could not be worse than they are now."

As far as Old Servia and Albania are concerned the reform scheme is a mere farce; neither has it been more successful in Macedonia. The "reforms" are offered many years too late in the world's history, and all the Balkan peoples know how much Turkish promises are worth. In fact, when one is in the Balkan Peninsula, all plans for a reformed and peaceful Turkish Empire in Europe, no matter how well they read on paper in England, resemble nothing so much as attempts to solder up a volcano in eruption.

"Europe," said a man to me, "knows nothing about us, cares nothing, understands nothing. If no one will help us we must help ourselves. The organisation in Macedonia is complete. We have, and have had for years, agents in every town, in every village. We are fully armed. The people are ready to die for the cause. All is ready, and we shall begin."

This was in July, and they have begun. If the rest of the schemes that I got wind of are carried out with the same

punctuality a good deal of "history" is hurrying up. I have seen too much of the Balkan people to offer any solution of their difficulties, for there is "a lion in every path." But I have found them honest, kindly, generous and hospitable, and I wish them well.

M. Edith Durham

THE TIPSTER AND HIS TRADE

IS betting morally wrong? The Select Committee do not look upon it "in itself" as a crime. It seems a nut for casuists to crack. Attempts to establish an answer in the affirmative have met with but poor success. The Decalogue can only be compelled to condemn it by the unmerciful stretching of two or three commandments upon the rack of inference; the Golden Rule hits the Stock Exchange at least as hard as the Turf, besides flying straight in the face of the whole spirit of modern commerce. But be it right or be it wrong, it is quite certain that men will continue to offer sacrifices to Fortune and that the "lawfulness" of their doing so in any given way must ultimately depend upon its "convenience." If the goddess worshipped at this particular shrine is Ruin, masked under the attributes of Fortune; if the approaches to the temple are so beset by leprous hangers-on of the accredited priesthood that votaries can hardly return home without carrying with them the germs of loathsome disease; if the maintenance of the whole cult falls ultimately upon the shoulders of people who do not willingly support it and who get nothing from it but misery—if all this is demonstrable, it would be no more than reasonable to demand that its "immorality" should be held to be constructively proved and that those who live by it should be regarded as outside the social pale. This is the very heart and kernel of the matter. If they are not so regarded, legislation is powerless.

It is hard to get the subject taken seriously. Humorous allowance is made for the manners and customs of what we accept as a borderland between legality and illegality. We are pretty well aware that the inhabitants "seek the beeves that make their broth" in either country. The tricks and counter-tricks of touts and trainers, the astuteness of a racing peer, or the profound dissimulation with which a great bookmaker masks until the last moment the battery which is to scatter ruin among the unwary who have been tempted within range—it has all the attraction for an idle mood of the history of Reineke Fuchs. We look upon the betting world as Charles Lamb would have us look upon the Comedy of Congreve. In that atmosphere, morals are *de trop*. Our borderers are not to be judged by common laws. Do they live, cuckoowise, on the industry of honest people? We know it and smile indulgently. It used to be held that the heat of the sun was maintained by comets constantly falling into it. If fools will play the part of fuel to the sacred fire ministered to by the tipster and the tout, so much the worse for them. Their fate may serve as a corrective to folly. We are proud of the scale upon which our great national sport is maintained, and extensive betting is a *sine quâ non* to its magnificence. After all, it takes all sorts to make a world. The police do quite enough in the way of repression to satisfy the national conscience.

So the man in the street. His eyes are opened every now and then for a moment, perhaps, by authoritative utterances like Mr. Justice Grantham's recent denunciation of "cursed tipsters," to the character of the pressure brought to bear by systematised scoundrelism upon people incapable of protecting themselves. But he is not his brother's keeper. What is every one's business is no one's business. And so the meshes of the net cast over England grow closer and closer. For a long time it only aimed at the capture of sizable fishes. But the betting interest has learnt, like the railways, that the third class pays better than the first and the second together. And it is not only the towns that are worked. The agency system

is exactly as well understood by the bookmaker as it is by the Brummagem jeweller. If the book-your-bets "traveller" does not yet call for orders at the cottage door, he is only round the corner. He is to be heard of at the public. The trade of betting in all its branches is swelling as its lucrative character is more widely known. And country villages offer the only possible field for the expansion of its business.

And why not? Why should not the peasant and the mechanic have the same distraction to the weary monotony of their lives as the club-man in all his varieties? Two practical reasons dispose of the theoretical equality of the cases. The first is obvious. When the profit of a highly intelligent class depends upon the extent to which natural appetites can be stimulated among those very much their inferiors in intelligence, the latter are certain to suffer. The savage will barter his land for beads, the slum-dweller will sell his very soul for drink. All the better for the trader and the slum-sucker, but decidedly the worse for their customers. And the appetite in this case is not only stimulated but depraved. Betting now, among the poor, means something perfectly different from what it did even fifty years ago. I will give an instance. I was told once with pride by an elderly man of the labouring class, a local preacher of exemplary character, that in the days of his strength he had backed himself for ten shillings to mow a particular field in a day and won his bet. I heard the other day of a man of the same class sending the same sum to an advertising tipster for two horses, *i.e.*, for the names of any two horses that could be recommended as an investment for money to be put on through a commission agent. Betting is indigenous to English soil. It counts in the scanty flora of the grudgingly tolerated hedge-rows in which the dull plough-land of working life is framed. It is a "simple," useful for bringing folly-swollen swagger to a head, upon which the lancet of pecuniary loss can advantageously operate. But cultivated for profit as a crop it is every whit as deleterious as the poppy. And its victims are not Chinamen but Englishmen.

The second reason is even stronger. Everything connected with the particular sort of betting which it is the business of the tipster and the commission agent to push among the poor is more or less of a debasing character. Its local centres are public-houses where landlords make professional betting men welcome for the sake of the custom they bring. The two trades play into one another's hands. Below a certain level in society betting *inevitably* implies increased drinking. The publican is an ally who must have his share. Winning means treating, losing a consolatory glass, probably at the expense of the generous betting man who stimulates enterprise by the narration of his own successes and is always good for "four-pennorth." *Ground baiting is thoroughly understood.* What the atmosphere of a betting public-house is I will not attempt to describe. Imagine the foul allusions of the lowest sporting paper expanded and expounded for the benefit of half-drunk rustics or mechanics by a man who has taken every degree the purlieus of the racecourse can confer, with no more restraint than is imposed by the presence of a landlord whose one wish is to stimulate the demand for drink.

We look down from a virtuous elevation upon countries in which the lottery or the *pari-mutuel* is a recognised institution. But neither can be charged with the two evils I have mentioned as inherent in betting as carried on among ourselves. It is no one's interest to thrust them down people's throats and they do not involve degrading association. It is quite possible to imagine a young couple, hand locked in hand across a cradle, combining a "Terno," with the numbers suggested by baby's first smile of recognition, and the young mother's happy dream and the name of its patron saint; and they will pinch themselves to get the five lire that are to make baby's fortune, and go down together, all three, to the little official shop where the all-important numbers are to be taken. There is no drink in the business and no foul talk and no necessary association with what I may fairly call the vilest product of modern civilisation,

bar none, the reptile who gets his livelihood by tempting the poor to bet.

"I took a single captive," says Sterne. Let us follow, step by step, a single victim of the advertising tipster.

John Smith, 27, mechanic, wages 30*s.* a week, married, two children, ordinary type, not booky, not faddy, not political, not one of the few who can throw themselves into altruistic work. His time of life is one that craves for individual activity. He is unwittingly just at the critical period when work and wage have a hard tussle with aimless aspiration. But work and wage have powerful allies in wife and home. Chance tips the scale. As he comes out of the shop he sees a knot of his mates with their heads together over a small and grimy sheet of printed matter. He feels out of it somehow, and exclusion stings. He chucks a half contemptuous jibe at them as he passes. "Gunpowder plot, eh? Going to blow up the works with that ha'porth o' dirt?" "Sixpennorth, then," says one. "Let's have a look," says Smith, curious. "I ain't going to split on your little games. Sixpence for that lot! It don't look cheap at the money." *The Ebor Observer* is certainly not a good sixpennorth as far as looks go. Smith turns over the couple of pages it contains. Names of races and horses lettered and numbered on some mysterious system.[1] General advice in bold type not apparently to be unreservedly accepted without particular counsel by post or wire. "Gems" and "Special Gems," so much. Strict confidence to be depended upon. No names handed on. "*That's* the way the money goes, Pop goes the weasel," chants Smith with affected scorn, in reality somewhat impressed by his peep into another world. "Hello! What's this? Cowlthorpe!" The name of a horse in big letters catches his eye. "Why, that's the place my grandfather come from!" "Now if I'd got a tip straight out o' the sky like that," says one of the men, impressively, "I'd back it if it was my last shirt

[1] *The Wiltshire Opinion.* Published at Marlborough. Only to be had by post. Price 7*d.* Much taken in the country villages.

I sold to do it." "Back it then," says Smith; "you're welcome for me." And off he goes to his dinner. All the same it was odd, he thinks. *Haeret lateri.* "I'd put half a crown on Cowlthorpe if I knew how to do it." He does not know. The whole thing is a mystery into which initiation is indispensable. This is a necessary consequence of the present state of the law. Betting agents in the full practice of their business hardly know themselves the exact limits of their legal protection. They will not do business with a stranger. The confidence system is an integral part of the trade. Laws and by-laws are impotent to crush it, but they have succeeded to a certain extent in driving it underground, and the entrance of its catacombs is guarded by sign and pass-word. Smith turns to a mate he is chummy with in work hours. "Want to put a trifle on Cowlthorpe? Mr. Roper's your man. 'The Rising Star' is one of his houses. You look in with me to-night." "Bring the money with me, I s'pose?" "Ay, and bring the police down on the house! Roper ain't such a fool as that. You come along with me and I'll make it all right." Smith doesn't much like it. "The Rising Star" is low, and the missus is all for respectability. Still—for once. The place is crammed with men of all classes from the clerk and the small tradesman to the hawker of boot-laces. Smith is dazed for a moment with the reek and the fume, and the unrestrained clatter of excited voices. He is not strait-laced, but every second word rasps on his ear like a file on iron. The pair push their way to the bar and Smith pays. "Wait a bit," says his mate; "the landlord's son will be round in a minute. You offer him a glass for the good of the house." A young man of sporting aspect comes up and exchanges a glance of intelligence with the speaker. "Friend o' yours? Glad to see him. We shall have Roper here in a minute." Smith does the "proper thing," and has to do it again for self and partner before the great man appears. A genial, personable man, very well dressed, with the air of a superior who has looked in to enjoy himself among the good fellows he knows

outside. His very presence is reassuring. He diffuses respectability. A word from a man like that seems as good as a licence. His talk, which dominates everything, is of course racing, general views with particular reticences strongly emphasised, but nothing like business. By-and-bye he comes up, glass in hand, to where Smith is standing. "Glad to see you among us," he says heartily, and insists on standing a drink. "Old place to-morrow then, Mr. Roper?" asks Smith's mate. "That's the spot," says the great man cheerily. "Our friend Bluman happens to have a particular engagement at 12.30." As they go homeward Smith is enlightened on practical details. "You put down your name, and the horse, and the event, and what you back him for, on a bit of paper with the money inside and go down Primrose Street at 12.30. You'll see him at the corner. Just put it into his hand as you pass. You'll find a hundred others on the same lay as likely as not. You fall in along of 'em and pass in your turn." "But how about it if I win?" asks Smith. "I don't want the money sent to my place. The missus——" "Oh, don't you be afraid. You go up to him the day after the race and he'll hand over the coin. He'll know you right enough. There ain't no fools in his business. Or you just look in to-morrow and tell the landlord to take it for you. Roper 'll take his word that it's all right with you. All on honour here."

Two more four-pennorths, thinks Smith, as he goes home. He is rather late, sober enough but reeking of smoke and spirits. His little-practised imagination provides him with no more plausible excuse than—"Met an old friend." A conjugal difference inaugurates his *début* as a racing speculator.

Cowlthorpe does not happen to win. Smith's mate condoles. "But whatever made you fancy a brute like that? In the *Observer?* Now, do you think as the *Observer's* likely to put you up to a good thing without your paying for it? *Roper* would 'a told you better 'n that, if you'd asked him. It ain't nothing to him what you back. Now you just listen. You join with me and a couple of others and we'll send a sovereign

for three of Mr. Wrigley's horses for the Leger. It's going to be an outsider's race. Roper let out as much as that when he'd got a drop aboard and was telling of the footman and butler as he used to keep when he owned a string o' nags his own self." "Who's Wrigley then?" asks Smith, ashamed of his ignorance. "Chap with offices in Princes Street. Name on a brass plate on the door. See him sometimes in a carriage and pair, looking like a duke. He finds the information for the *Observer*. And he finds the money. Roper runs it, but he's got Wrigley at his back. And the money goes on with him. Ten years ago (very impressively) that man was lying on his belly behind a bush on the Downs, with the chance of a horsewhip across his shoulders if any of 'em twigged him. And you look at him now!" "Tout?" asks Smith, with a touch of disgust. "That's about the size of it. Employs 'em now, half over England. There ain't much goes on in a stable as Wrigley don't know. He's at the top o' things now, and it pays him to be straight. He can't afford to send out a bad thing, not among his 'specially recommended' uns. Now we'll put a pound apiece on his selection o' three. There'll be one of 'em at pretty long odds, and that'll most likely be the winner. But if one o' the others wins that'll see us through with a pound or two to the good. And we'll get it on with Roper." Smith has a glass with his mate on the strength of their proposed partnership. Things look rosy. There's a pound or two to his name in the Post Office. He'll risk it.

Does he win? Does he lose? It makes little difference. His interests are transshipped henceforward from the good ship "Home" into a bark whose crew, captain, owners and charter-party are all equally villainous. In a story-book he would be speedily ruined and left begging at a street corner, with the possibility of reform and a new start just glimpsed upon the road. No such luck. "Thou art to continue" is the sentence generally passed by Fate upon him and his like. Very likely his house is *not* broken up, his furniture is not sold, his wife and children never see the inside of the work-

house. He is degraded, that is all, and his descent is progressive. He is pinched for money now and grudges every penny spent upon the home. Sicknesses are doctor-starved and little family pleasures disappear. None of the winnings find their way into the home exchequer. The wife knows he bets and suffers the deadly anxiety of fear deferred. He has always the vision of a big *coup* which will set everything right. She has not even this delusive consolation. She sees into the squalid future, right on to the time when the children will learn how it is that father comes home so late and is so cross when he comes. By-and-bye there will be the inevitable scene when father will have taken "a little too much" and the boys will know it—and the girls—and the street. And the fabric of social position she has built up for the children at the cost of infinite self-denial will be hopelessly in ruins. What is it all to him? What are his children's fortunes at the school, or his wife's discovery of an honest milkman, or a chapel where the Gospel is really preached? How flat it all is! Sometimes, as the drink dies off him, his eyes open for a moment and he sees far behind him a vision of the green pastures he has left, the little pleasures to be had like wild flowers for the stooping down, the baby's amazing pleasantries, and the little lad's joy at the top "dada" brought home for him in his pocket, the good wife's cry of delight when he chanced to come home five minutes earlier than he was due—all gone. He is in the desert now and must wade through the hot sand till he reaches —what? A diamond ring like Mr. Roper's, or Mr. Wrigley's carriage and pair? Perhaps—it is a rare case, for the professional rarely comes from the ranks of honest work—perhaps he may learn to use his brains in the exploitation of the sordid *débris* of society with which he is surrounded. He may become a confederate, a man who is in the real know, who is admitted behind the scenes and gets his share of the plunder. Poor fellow! I wish him anything but that. Better the extremity of misery into which a victim can fall than his transformation into a tipster or a commission agent, or (for

there is a lower depth still) into the jackal to either, the "good fellow" who brings men like a crimp to the press-gang, and smooths the way to ruin, who is hail-fellow-well-met with wage-earning men, casually suggests their looking in for half an hour and hospitably stands a glass "just for the pleasure of seeing you amongst us." This is the man who "just for a joke, you know," takes Mr. Roper's place at the corner of the street when the police, for decency's sake, find themselves compelled to take some notice of that gentleman's public receptions, or who conveys information as to the change of venue.

I have been speaking of men. To trace the effects of betting among women of the wage-earning class, which is, we must remember, the great reservoir of England's strength, is a task almost too painful for an honest pen. Drink and unchastity almost inevitably follow in its train. Transpose recent high-life scandals into lower surroundings, with every suggestion of evil writ large and plain, and you will have a faint idea of the moral tone of a working man's home in which the wife has taken to following the example set her by her aristocratic sisters.

I have spoken principally of towns. But the plague is spreading into even the most countrified of country villages. It has its *untori*[1] in every public-house. The gold-mine of agricultural labour has not even yet been so thoroughly worked by the drink-seller, and the grocer, and the farmer, and the "traveller" who induces the wife to buy refuse on credit, but that something is still left for the last Hodge-crushing machine to grind into profit. This machine is the combination of tipster and betting agent, and the man who draws together little groups of working men and shows them how they can invest what money can be screwed out of the wife's anxious housekeeping and the children's scanty food, under his auspices, upon the horses recommended by the firm whose interest he represents.

[1] Plague-matter smearers.

Is the business considerable enough to enable him to keep up a handsome appearance? He will have no difficulty in obtaining social recognition. Like the old woman in Tennyson's half-forgotten verses who, "Feeding high and living soft, Grew plump and able-bodied, Until the grave churchwarden doffed, The parson smirked and nodded," he will be a *persona grata* in every estate of which the entire village constitution is built up.

This may serve to introduce the moral of what I have written. The recommendations of the Select Committee which have just been published are no doubt in the right direction. But repression up to a certain point only makes evil "tiller."[1] If fines are increased or multiplied it only means the necessary extension of the business they strike at to a degree that will allow for their payment and for the lubrication of a greater number of palms. The betting man is a very Proteus, and no knot will bind him unless the cord is hauled on by Society. I am old enough and I have seen enough to be able to give without absurdity a word of solemn warning. England must do something to protect women or woman will make England rue with a vengeance. Look at country villages. Drinking is already almost as rife (some people say more rife) among women than among men. Now women are *not* naturally disposed to drink. Hopelessness and degradation and misery have made their husbands drunkards and they have—God knows with what heart-break—allowed themselves to be dragged into the slough by the rope of conjugal influence and example. The effects of this are beginning already to be manifest in the children they rear. Women in towns have already taken to betting to an extent only realised by the police and the slum missionary. Women in country villages so far are free. They still look upon the tipster and the betting man as the natural enemies of the home. Let any one imagine with what feelings a poor woman, who has got five shillings instead of ten from her husband on Friday night and looks

[1] Come up in more stalks.

forward to a week of semi-starvation for herself and insufficient bread for the children for the next seven days in consequence, sees the cordial recognition given by the parson to the *respectable* parishioner who is so liberal to the church, the hearty greeting with which the farmers meet the good fellow who can give them the last news of the doings in the great stables, the deferential bows of the village tradesmen and the village publicans as their friend and ally goes along the street! What has been robbed from her and her children goes to swell his prosperity. "Is it *nothing* to you who pass by?" What possible hope is there that her husband should ever resist temptation backed by the whole respectability of the village? She has fallen low already. She will fall lower still if nothing is done to support her in resistance. And she will drag England with her.

I want to speak openly, and I can hardly find decent words. Take a story. A Rabbi in old time was offered in a dream his choice of three sins—intoxication, incest, murder. He chose the first. The other two followed. If our respectable betting man was *known* to get the money that maintains his eminent respectability from keeping what is euphemistically known as a "disorderly house," I suppose (*pace* Mr. Bernard Shaw, who I fancy thinks otherwise) that people in an ordinarily decent position would turn their backs upon him—would have no truck with him, as country people say. Parson, farmer, tradesmen, they all know that wherever the betting man's influence prevails, drink and vice and crime and destitution spring up exactly, as certainly, as if he dibbled them in. Participation cannot be proved against them, moral responsibility weighs no more upon them than the fly on the cart-horse. And until Society unites to stamp out a social evil, no possible legislation will do it. Let Society leaders set an example to Society, each in the circle and in the measure of his influence, and betting, *as a business*, will disappear. Nothing more is wanted.

D. C. PEDDER.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

THE friends of a man of letters are often inclined to resent the estimates of him formed by those who have not known him. And nowhere has this been seen more plainly than in the case of the friends of William Ernest Henley. Nor will any one deny that such a feeling is natural enough; indeed, it is more than natural, it is, from one point of view, true and final. Literature is the art of self-revelation; but no man has ever learned it perfectly. Genius itself has not the power, nor, perhaps, the courage, to give itself quite whole and quite naked to the public. The very best of any man, and perhaps the very worst, if known to any human soul, is known only to those who have been nearest of all to him. The heart and the brain are not among the visible parts of the body; and no vivid play of the features, no brightness of the eye or mobile energy of the tongue, ever quite utters all their secrets. And so, if even those who are nearest do not see all, the public who are not near see only that small part of a man's thoughts and emotions which coincided with a mood of self-revelation, and found artistic form ready to answer to that mood. By that the public judges the man; and for the public it is the whole of him. But for his friends, to whom it is so much less than the whole, no judgment so formed can be final or even acceptable.

With that reservation on their part no reasonable person will wish to quarrel. But if the inner circle of believers claim

their right to an esoteric faith, the growth of personal and private experiences, the creed of the church at large can only be based on the facts and documents that are open to all. If Boswell had not lived, it would have been to no effect that Johnson's friends spoke or wrote of him as the greatest talker that ever lived, and a man before whose strength and wisdom the wisest men of his day stood in awe. The fact would have been interesting as their opinion, but in the absence of proof of it we should be judging Johnson to-day by his printed writings alone, and in consequence be ranking him immeasurably lower. So with Henley. He may have been all his friends tell of him—as irresistible in talk, as magnetic in influence, as quick to wound and heal, as prompt and lavish in sympathy; and these are great things to be, some of them, perhaps, greater achievements than very loudly applauded performances on paper. But after all, the fact remains that, failing a Boswell, it is by his performances on paper that a man of letters must ultimately be judged. It is out of his own mouth that Henley will receive sentence of praise or blame. No jealousies of those who did not love him, no angry loyalty of those who did, will fix his place in English letters, but just his own few volumes of prose and verse. And practically all he stands by as a poet may be seen in two volumes—the "Poems" of 1900, a reprint of his earlier work, and the "Hawthorn and Lavender" of 1901.

The first impression left by his poetry is certainly the one he would of all others have wished to leave. We feel that we have been close to a man. Here is one who loved and hated, ate and drank, enjoyed and suffered; no dandler of nice phrases, no cloistered echo of old books, but a breather of God's air, a liver of man's life. To have created that impression is, for a man whose health was what Henley's was, itself a triumph. To have been able, out of struggle and pain and disappointment, to utter even for a moment the universal human thanksgiving for the goodness of life so admirably as he has uttered it now and then, is such a victory of the spiritual over the material as is not seen every day:

Praise the generous gods for giving
  In a world of wrath and strife,
With a little time for living,
  Unto all the joy of life.

At whatever source we drink it,
  Art or love or faith or wine,
In whatever terms we think it,
  It is common and divine.

Matthew Arnold once praised Byron for the "splendid and imperishable excellence of his sincerity and strength." The words come up in the memory when one reads Henley's verse. Few poets have ever more entirely possessed sincerity; few have ever more passionately desired strength. And the tragedy was that that was the one gift the gods denied him. Strength is serene, and he who touched so many moods never touches serenity. Men to whom the physical life, with all its energies and joys, has come naturally as a thing of course, do not talk about it for ever as Henley did. Nor is it they, but the invalids who have never had their fill of it, who rank its pleasures with "art and love and faith." No one would wish to dwell unfairly on this side of Henley which, if it has its disagreeable, has certainly also its touching aspect. But it is a real part of the total impression he leaves as a poet, and cannot be passed over. He cried out in that fine little poem, as well known as anything he wrote:

I thank whatever gods may be
  For my unconquerable soul.

. . . . .

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
  I am the captain of my soul.

But, alas! that is not true of any of us, except in the Stoic's sense; and Henley, whatever he was, was no Stoic. And so because he would ask what had not been given, and because, like a true invalid, he made a glory of his own want of self-

restraint, he came to have a liking for words and phrases which seemed from his sick-room to have the sap and vigour of health, but sound differently to those who know that health is not a noisy, irregular torrent, but an even flowing, even sounding, almost silent stream. It is a question of taste rather than of morals. No one was freer than Henley from the creeping hot-house vileness of certain writers of verse who had better not be named. With him it was only that his sedentary weakness chose to assume a swashbuckler, dare-devil attitude which seemed to want to shock or frighten decent folk out for an airing. That "something of the Shorter-Catechist," which he so well noted in his greater friend, would have stood him in good stead on these occasions; and, even more, his friend's sternly watchful self-criticism, both as an artist and a man. It is for lack, especially of this last, that he falls into so disagreeable an illustration as that of the verses which begin "Madam Life's a piece in bloom"; and is so immoderately fond of phrases such as:

> A tidal race of lust from shore to shore.

Such things as these will never taste quite right in healthy mouths whose palates have been formed on wholesome food. Plain speaking is one thing, practised not least by the greatest men, and always in the greatest periods; but this sort of tone, as of a deification of the merely physical in man, belongs neither to the greatest men nor even always to the greatest periods. It is a question of seeing life whole, and of not forgetting the whole in the part. No one was ever less mealy-mouthed than Shakespeare, and he was not the man to think that so big a fact in human life as human lust was a thing that could be left out of the picture by any one who aspired to paint the human portrait. But then he has looked all round it in the daylight, and seen it as it is, and not one side of it only; and that tremendous 129th Sonnet, even if it stood alone, would be a sufficient rebuke of Henley's strange attempt to give the ugly word a fair meaning. The younger poet is

fond of the word, and never, I think, uses it without giving it a note of exultant and defiant joy ; the older, the most perfectly healthy mind the world has known, never, I think, uses it without some touch of anger or disdain.

But there is no need to dwell on this. It must not blind any one to Henley's great qualities as a poet. He has always an eye in his head, and nearly always a throb of the heart in his voice. He draws on a rich store of words, and can make them move at his will, in rhythms which always dance if they do not always sing. At his sternest, as in "Out of the night that covers me," his words fall like the beat of a hammer of human will or inhuman fate, each mercilessly hard and straight on the destined spot. At his tenderest, as in "O, gather me the rose, the rose," he can pour his heart out in an unforgettable strain of love and music and regret. On some special themes his touch is unerringly sure: every word that he says of his wife and child is the right word, taking possession of us as the true poet's word does, and making us see with him, feel with him, love with him. It is the sheer simplicity of his sincerity, always his greatest gift, that works the spell. What can be better than his prayer for the unborn baby:

> Of Them Within the Gate
> Ask we no richer fate,
>   No boon above,
> For girl child or for boy,
> My gift of life and joy,
>   Your gift of love.

It is in these quiet places where his heart can love without remembering hate, and his mind can accept and put the eternal bravado of protest by, that he wins his completest successes. With one exception perhaps: there is one large field in which he is as entirely and harmoniously at home as he is in this walled garden of intimate privacies. Irreconcilable rebel as he is against so much of life, in the presence of death he is reconciled. Only once or twice does the angry protest make itself felt against her; for the most part he knows her as too

almighty for resistance, too august for complaint. And then, the full surrender once made, and the fact of her as she is once accepted, as he never could accept the fact of life as life is, he can feel her to the full as the reconciler, the healer, the final consoler. Is he ever a greater poet than in the lines, "Margaritæ Sorori ?"

> A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
> And from the west,
> Where the sun, his day's work ended,
> Lingers as in content,
> There falls on the old, grey city
> An influence luminous and serene,
> A shining peace.
>
> The smoke ascends
> In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
> Shine, and are changed. In the valley
> Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
> Closing his benediction,
> Sinks, and the darkening air
> Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
> Night with her train of stars
> And her great gift of sleep.
>
> So be my passing!
> My task accomplished and the long day done,
> My wages taken, and in my heart
> Some late lark singing,
> Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
> The sundown splendid and serene,
> Death.

Here, after all, is the serenity, the mood of "shining peace," which is so rare in him as almost to make one deny its presence altogether. But the prevailing impression of him, the one left nearly everywhere, is rather that confessed in these lines about the sea:

> The full sea rolls and thunders
> In glory and in glee.
> O, bury me not in the senseless earth,
> But in the living sea!

> Ay, bury me where it surges
> A thousand miles from shore,
> And in its brotherly unrest
> I'll range for evermore.

And no one who comes fresh from reading much of his verse will deny that he does, again and again, magnificently transform that negative "unrest," which belongs to the world of denial and rebellion, into the active and positive energy of motion which is the very sign of life. Still, the mood which makes Whitman and Mr. Meredith the most life-giving of poets far less often finds perfect utterance with him than with them; and that is natural, for with them it is built on a bedrock of faith in the ultimate rightness of life; with him it struggles for a foundation amid ever shifting sands of doubt and unquietness. But it is still there, and it is by virtue of it that Henley has been what he certainly has been, a voice of courage, of endurance, of valour, and almost of hope to the generation that has known him. It is true that from that lack of proportion which is the bane of ill-health he exaggerated one side of manliness till all the poet in his voice seemed at times to be lost in the bragging of some loud songster of the music-halls. He could so far forget that the soldier's business with hardness is brave endurance of it, not exultant infliction, as to call in his "Last Post" upon the British bugles:

> Blow, you bugles of England, blow,
> Though you break the heart of her beaten foe.

And there is an intellectual brutality, the only too fit parallel of this line, in the whole of the absurdly unhistorical estimate given in his "Song of the Sword" of the work done by war for the human race. But these are, once more, the exaggerations of a temperament that could not find its natural outlet.

Of his purely literary qualities there are some which it would be impossible to over-praise. His eye was not quicker to observe than his pen to find the recording word. And as what he saw, whether in men or things, was never the obvious,

so the phrase which gave his picture of it was never the obvious either. In the portrait-sketch no poet of our day has equalled him, and very few have done finer landscapes. Only Carlyle could get a man more swiftly on the paper, and Carlyle did not write verse. It is all as instantaneous as a photograph, and as alive as the work of a man may be, and the work of a machine never. Direct, daring, a little brutal, a little external, it makes one think of Franz Hals or Velasquez. How either of them would have rejoiced to sign his *Life Guardsman!* That

> Joy of the Milliner, Envy of the Line,
> Star of the Parks, jackbooted, sworded, helmed,

has sat for his portrait to a master and need never sit again. The thing throbs with life, and every word has a pulse of energy beating behind it, so eagerly does it press to do its decisive work. That, in fact, is Henley's strongest point. He abounds in phrases whose virile orginality will not leave the memory. The "Mounted Policeman," with "right materialised girt at his hip"; the Barmaid "posing as a dove among the pots"; "Liza," whose "boots are sacrifices to her hats"; they are all "London types," done once and asking no more doing. They take their places in us, and are slow to quit them. And so also are things of equal freshness and finer quality: the blind fiddler whose "gesture spoke a vast despondency"; the London park which at night

> Turns to a tryst of vague and strange
> And monstrous Majesties,
> Let loose from some dim under-world to range
> These terrene vistas till their twilight sets:
> When, dispossessed of wonderfulness, they stand
> Beggared and common, plain to all the land
> For stooks of leaves!

And that other night landscape when the south wind blows

> With a still, soothing sound
> As of a multitude of dreams
> Of love, and the longing of love, and love's delight,

> Thronging, ten thousand deep,
> Into the uncreating Night,
> With semblances and shadows to fulfil,
> Amaze, and thrill
> The strange, dispeopled silences of Sleep.

How that last line gathers up and concentrates the whole impression! That is what it is with Henley: at his best he holds you and will not let you go. Whether it is the famous "valiant in velvet" portrait of Stevenson, or that reckless one of himself which makes of confession a kind of carouse, or his "good, fulfilling irresponsible May," or his death "holy and high and impartial," in his company one cannot choose but see, hear, and remember. Few men have been readier with the "épithète rare." That is, no doubt, "la marque de l'écrivain"; and a writer, both born and made, Henley unquestionably and invariably was; but is that gift enough to make the poet sure of his place? It gives, indeed, the freshness and interest which seldom fail us in Henley; but does not poetry, if it is to do its special business, ask a kind of harmony he too rarely has? Stevenson also is instinct with freshness; and what a different freshness! The one is that of a brilliant man of letters; the other that of a wonderful child. The one is the mood that demands; the other the mood that accepts. Here we feel a critical, forceful examination, always impatient at finding the world is not what it ought to have been; there a delighted curiosity always pleased at finding it what it is. After all, poetry is a form of music and must resolve its discords in the end. And, in estimating it, we cannot count only the artist's power but also his mood and his goal. In sheer force of intellect Aristophanes may have been as great as Æschylus; but that will never make the "Knights" as great a work as the "Agamemnon." One man may put as much talent into caricature as another puts into the highest sculpture, but that will not make the results of equal value to humanity. It is the positive which ultimately lives in all art, and never the negative. Even Dante's black anger at all he saw around him

would have been ephemeral if it had not been written on the white page of his serene assurance of faith. And so Stevenson, by his greater body of positive poetic faith, will probably prove a more permanent poetic force than Henley. He is a more harmonious personality, and a greater and more essentially poetic artist. Henley was perhaps the larger man, and had the more abundant material in him; but it is by time, patience, and sweetness that the perfect fruit comes. How much more liberally Henley dealt in the tale of love than Stevenson; yet Stevenson's "Two by Two in Fairyland" will be walking and singing still when all Henley's love-poems are forgotten. Love asks for singing and Henley does not sing enough; poetry prefers suggesting to saying, and, except perhaps in that fine little lyric, "Beside the idle summer sea," Henley will say all his whole thought and feeling, every word of it.

Yet while not pretending to think his achievement higher than we honestly can, we shall all leave him with the sympathy due to a man who had much to bear, the admiration due to a man who bore it bravely, the gratitude and honour due to a poet who gave us, no large contribution indeed to the ultimate store of English poetry, but the impress of a great personality and some few perfect and final utterances of it. And with one of these, one of the very best, let him say for us his own last word.

> Silence, loneliness, darkness—
>   These, and of these my fill,
> While God in the rush of the Maytide
>   Without is working His will.
>
> Without are the wind and the wall-flowers
>   The leaves and the nests and the rain,
> And in all of them God is making
>   His beautiful purpose plain.
>
> But I wait in a horror of strangeness—
>   A tool on His workshop floor,
> Worn to the butt, and banished
>   His hand for evermore.

J. C. Bailey.

THE AMERICAN EXCAVATIONS AT NIPPUR

AFTER some trial diggings at Niffer in 1851 Layard declared that he was inclined to question whether any important or interesting results would reward the excavation of the mounds. The work of the University of Pennsylvania's expedition has shown how mistaken was his opinion. Besides securing a valuable collection of antiquities for the Philadelphia Museum, the Americans have cleared several important buildings, thereby throwing much light upon the architecture of the various periods which are represented in the different strata of the mounds. They have traced the old walls of the sacred city, ascertaining the character of its gates and locating at least one of them; have discovered the library of Bel's Temple, and forced it to yield up thousands of precious documents; and concerning the sacred edifice itself they have already gathered sufficient data to demonstrate that the theories which have hitherto been generally accepted concerning Babylonian temples and their ziggurrats will need revision in many particulars.

The credit for the best achievements of the expedition must be accorded to Doctor Hilprecht, Professor of Assyriology in the University of Pennsylvania. He accompanied the first expedition to the site in 1889, and although his duties at the University, and his labours at the Constantinople Imperial Museum in reorganising its Babylonian section, afterwards

prevented him from taking any part in the actual excavations until the close of the last campaign (1900), he has been the life and soul of the work since 1895. His efforts have made the results of the diggings intelligible, and from the crude material supplied by the excavators he has built up the history of the ancient city and sanctuary of Nippur. His predecessors worked enthusiastically and energetically, but energy, unbacked by a specialist's knowledge, is positively dangerous at such an intricate site as Niffer, where a carelessly laid trench or a tunnel driven blindly into the heart of a mound may do incalculable damage, and even the thoughtless placing of a dump-heap may cause infinite trouble at a later stage of the excavations. Since some of his critics have seen fit to hint that he has received an undue share of credit in connection with the expedition, it may be well to compare Hilprecht's methods with those of his rivals.

His services at Constantinople, which have earned most favourable treatment for the American expedition from the Turks, and his work in the study have already been mentioned, and it is needless to speak further of them. Of his work in the field, however, I have had ample opportunities of judging, and I am convinced that it would be impossible to overestimate what he has done for the expedition.

His predecessors failed utterly to understand the topography of the mounds and to grasp the importance of anything except the finding of tablets and other articles which could be transported readily to the museums. The significance of burials, and even, in many cases, of remains of important buildings they appear to have ignored entirely. To the finding of tablets especially every other consideration was sacrificed. In pursuit of them walls and pavements were removed haphazard; tunnels and shafts were sunk in all directions; and, in the words of the first director of the work, "mounds were riddled with trenches." Indeed, some parts of the site now look as if a colony of Brobdingnagian rabbits rather than a party of scientific excavators had been at work upon them! Carried out to the bitter end, this style of thing would have made the American

expedition the laughing-stock of the scientific world. Trenches and tunnels may be permissible in the first stages of excavations, but carried far they lead to disaster in every case. So generally recognised is this that I once received a rebuke from an irritated editor for mentioning that "the way to excavate is not to dig a lane or cut a trench through the chosen site." He caustically asked: "Who ever thought it was—for the last twenty years?" But he had not seen the Niffer mounds!

It is not necessary to enter into any history of the four expeditions which have been sent out from Philadelphia, and within the limits of such an article as this it would be impossible to give any but the very briefest account of their separate achievements. Doctor Peters, who directed the first two ventures, has written a lively account of his work ("Nippur," 2 vols., published by Putnam, 1897); and in the volume, "Explorations in Bible Lands during the Nineteenth Century" (English edition published by T. and T. Clark), which he has edited, Doctor Hilprecht gives a full account of the work to date. The first campaign of Doctor Peters was commenced in February of 1889, and carried on for ten weeks, when trouble with the Arabs brought it to an abrupt conclusion. The next season he was in the field some fifteen weeks. In 1893 Mr. Haynes was sent out to resume excavations at the mounds, and remained there until 1896, alone for the greater part of the time. In 1899 the fourth expedition commenced work, again under Mr. Haynes in the field. It was then arranged that Professor Hilprecht should visit the site as soon as possible; but it was not until March 1, 1900, that he finally reached Niffer.

He found the work in a state of apparently inextricable confusion, owing to the methods which had been followed by the excavators. Vast quantities of earth had been removed from various portions of the site; imposing dump-heaps bore witness to the energy of the diggers; and many interesting architectural features had been disclosed. But—intelligent records of parts of the ruins which had been removed were there none! It was a disheartening state of affairs, but he

Photo by the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania

"Bint el-Amir" and the Temple Mounds, Nippur

wasted no time in useless lamentations. He threw himself into the work of saving as much as possible from the wreck, and, thanks to his exertions, it is now possible to present a picture of the mounds and their contents which, while it is by no means complete, is nevertheless accurate as far as it goes.

II

The mounds are divided into two almost equal portions by the bed of the Shatt en Nil, which was formerly one of the main arteries of the canal system of lower Babylonia, but now is choked with sand and the detritus of the mounds. Professor Hilprecht identifies this large canal with the "River Chebar in the land of the Chaldeans," upon the banks of which Ezekiel saw his vision of the cherubims. On its north-east side a depression marks the site of a branch canal which cuts off a triangular mound from the mass of the ruins, and to the north of this by-stream stands the highest point of the site, a mound known to the Arabs as *Bint el Amir*, or "The Daughter of the Sultan," beneath which lay the ziggurrat. As the ziggurrat was the most commanding feature of the great temple, this is naturally the most interesting portion of the site.

In the cuneiform records Bel is spoken of as the "Father of the gods," "Lord of the wind, or storms," and "King of the gods . . . and of the earth"; the Babylonians conceived of him as the ruler of the whole world, and therefore his temple must have been to them the most sacred spot on earth. Indeed, one inscription speaks of the ziggurrat as the "link of heaven and earth." How important the spot was considered, and how jealously it was defended, the excavations have already shown.

The whole area on the north of the branch canal, and to the north-east of the Shatt en Nil, was occupied by the buildings of the temple proper and its annexes, which may be regarded as constituting a "sacred city." It is not certain whether the side of this sacred city which lay upon the Shatt

en Nil was guarded by a wall, or whether the water alone was considered a sufficient protection; but upon the other sides there ran a massive wall, and it is established almost beyond a doubt that outside of this wall lay a moat or ditch. Apart from the evidence of the trenches at this point, an inscription recovered from the temple area expressly states that "Samsu-iluna, the powerful king . . . when Bel had granted him to rule the four quarters of the world and placed their reins into his hand . . . raised the wall of Bel . . . and surrounded it with marshy ground," which at once suggests the idea of a moat.

Professor Hilprecht has identified the outer wall with the *Nimit-Marduk* ("the foundation of Merodach") of the inscriptions. It was pierced by a gateway, to which access over the moat must have been gained by a bridge—most probably of boats. Only a few traces of the foundations of this gateway remain, but happily they suffice to show clearly the character of the structure. In its centre, sloping upwards through the thickness of the wall, was a brick-paved roadway, and upon either side a narrow gallery, approached by short flights of steps, which were provided with balustrades on the sides next to the road, served for pedestrians. Although the gateway plainly belongs to the pre-Sargonic period, it shows the same stepped recesses which are a feature of gates of a much later period, so that at the head of the stairways the passages are narrower than at the bases. The bricks of which it is built are of a remarkable shape—flat on the lower side, but markedly curved on the upper, upon which also is usually a deep thumb-mark; and even alone they offer incontestable proof of the early date of the structure. Without going further into the matter, it may be mentioned that this interesting gateway had been rebuilt at a later (but still pre-Sargonic) period, and that the reconstruction affords clear evidence that the direction of the wall was altered by the second builder. But since the position of the later entrance coincided with that of the earlier one, it is a natural inference to draw that the spot was kept for the entrance to the city throughout the changes of its history;

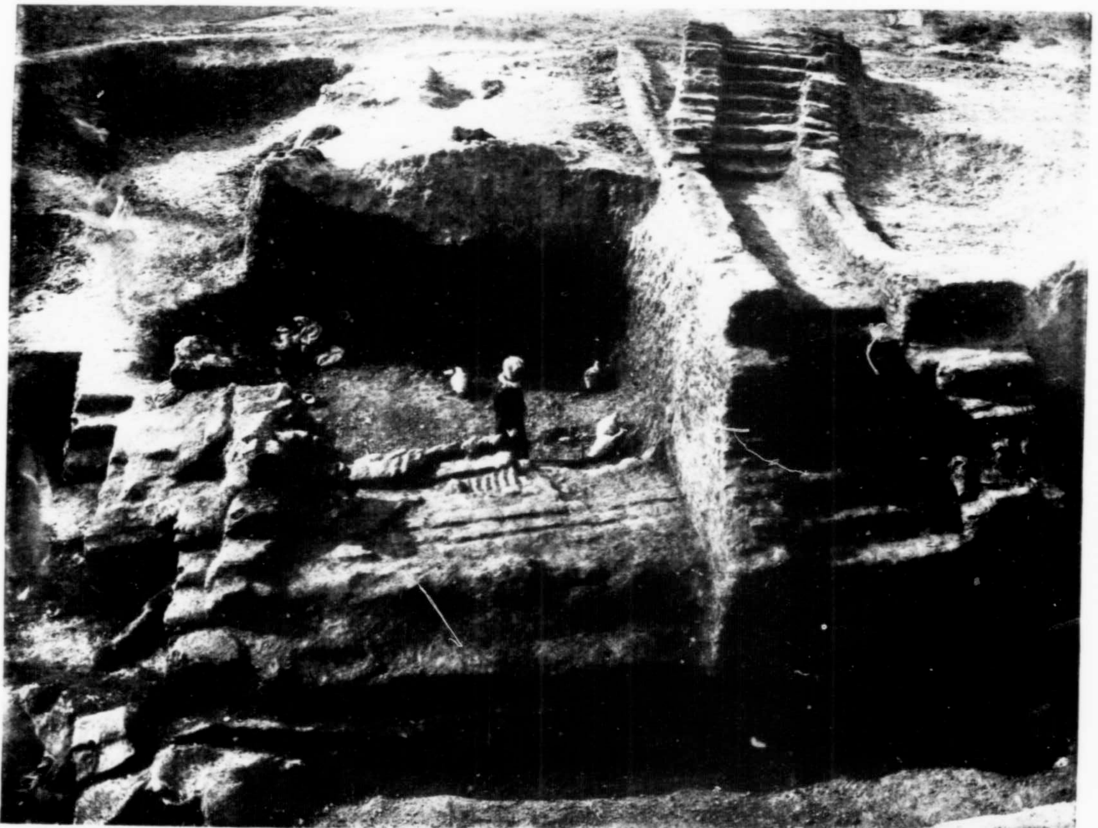


Photo by the Babylonian Expedition *of the University of Pennsylvania*

Pre-Sargonic Gate, Nippur

and the very marked break in the mounds just here, backed by the many proofs which they elsewhere offer of the conservatism of the architects of Nippur, tends to strengthen the conclusion.

While the excavations show that the wall itself was always built with unbaked bricks, this pre-Sargonic gate was of burned brick, but below its front edge we discovered a foundation of rough blocks of gypsum laid in bitumen. The lower courses of the brickwork also were thickly coated with bitumen, which is additional evidence in favour of the theory of a moat outside the wall, if such support is required.

The gateway opened upon a great enclosure, in which were situated storehouses, magazines, servants' quarters, and even some shops and booths, while in all probability the palace of the *patesis* of Nippur and the quarters of the upper priests lay in the eastern section, which still awaits excavation. From this enclosure another gateway led to the second court of the temple, which, with the outer court, was enclosed by the inner wall of the inscriptions, *Imgur-Marduk;* but as this entrance was obviously only a secondary one, it will be advisable to turn to the principal gate of the temple proper, which was placed in the south-east façade, opposite the branch canal.

Some excavations were carried on at this point by Doctor Peters, and it appears that a low line of wall, which "seemed very like a quay front, or landing-stage," was then discovered just where it might be looked for; but unfortunately its site is at present covered by a formidable array of dump-heaps. In fact, the whole of this side of the mound is so cumbered with the rubbish cleared from the inner court, and emptied here, that until the next expedition makes a clearance of the ground the details of this section of the temple must be somewhat a matter of speculation; but the traces which it has been possible to examine leave little doubt as to its main outlines.

From the landing-stage just mentioned the principal gate led to the outer courtyard, where stood the "houses" or shrines of the gods (comp. "Ex. in Bible Lands," p. 480), including a small "chapel of Bel." Considering that the whole temple

was dedicated to Bel it may appear strange at first sight that he should have a miniature chapel in this court; but according to Doctor Hilprecht the worshippers who flocked to the temple were seldom, or never, allowed within the second court, and therefore it was necessary to provide a shrine for them to worship at in the space to which they had access. If the cuneiform records are to be trusted on the point, there were twenty-four of these "houses of the gods" in the Nippur temple; but the outer court was spacious enough to hold them all, each of its four sides being about 260 feet in length.

Between the inner and the outer court ran a thick wall, its face broken up by shallow buttresses. It was pierced only by one gateway, which was situated opposite the outer one. Behind the ziggurrat there was a third gate, in line with the two others, which has been referred to above. These gates were of the type so well known in Babylonian architecture. Projecting considerably beyond both faces of the walls in which they were placed, they were decorated with series of narrow vertical panels, stepped and recessed; and in the thickness of their walling upon either side was contrived a small chamber for the guardians of the entrance. So little of their height remains that it is impossible to say how their tops were treated. Like the walls, they were built entirely of unbaked bricks laid in mud mortar, but the stone door-sockets on which the doors turned were set in burned brickwork. Inside the one which connected the two courts we found on one side traces of a column in burned brick and stone, which was seemingly an altar of some kind, while on the opposite side there was a tank, or box, of burned brick, of which the purpose remains undetermined.

In the inner court stood the ziggurrat, the "house of Bel," and a building mentioned in the inscriptions as "the house for honey, cream, and wine." It must be explained, however, that this storehouse has not yet been located by the excavations, unless, indeed, the title refers to a series of vaulted chambers which were placed against the wall. Scattered over the court were found numerous traces of brick-built watercourses, some

Photo by the Babylonian Expedition *of the University of Pennsylvania*

The Ziggurrat (south-eastern façade) and Inner Court of the Temple of Bel, Nippur

of them provided with troughs of pottery; and wells and drains of brick and pottery were discovered at many different levels throughout its area. In the early days of the temple history the ground around the ziggurrat appears to have been used for purposes of burial, and in front of the stage-tower itself stood a crematorium, where the bodies were reduced to ashes before being placed in the jars in which they were buried in the holy ground. But later the place was purified, and the sacred city became "a pure place like Eridu," where burials were not permitted.

From cuneiform documents we learn that the Nippur ziggurrat was a tower of five stages, but the excavations have only defined the lowest stage quite clearly; the face of the second stage, however, may be regarded as fixed beyond doubt; the third is still very much undecided; and the fourth and fifth seem little likely to be determined, owing to the wear and tear to which the site has been subjected by weather and the operations of later builders. The lower stages at least were cased in burned brick at an early period, for Ur Gur has left a finely constructed facing-wall, and other builders have repaired and improved the structure with well-made bricks. The plan of the tower was an oblong, the longer sides being opposite the gates. On each of the shorter sides (S.-W. and N.-E.) there was a skilfully built water conduit, which carried off the surface drainage of the different stages. That upon the south-west side was certainly the work of Ur Gur throughout, and although the other appears at present to belong wholly to Ashurbanapal's construction, it seems reasonable to suppose that it only replaced one of the earlier builder.

The tower was crowned by a "shrine of Bel," but for the reasons given above no trace of this building remains. At the present moment the spot is occupied by a quite modern structure, built by Mr. Haynes to serve as a shelter from which to keep watch over the workmen and as a photographic dark-room! In the centre of the south-east face a stairway led from the level of the court to the top of the ziggurrat, thus

affording access to the house of the god, which, being situated on the summit of "the link of heaven and earth," might be regarded as standing either upon the earth or in the heavens. The precise nature of the "shrine" is somewhat obscure. Professor Hilprecht points out that "the idea that a Babylonian god has his tomb" is "startling," yet by a convincing chain of argument he goes on to demonstrate that it is quite possible that this very pavilion was regarded as the veritable tomb of Bel by the Babylonians. If such were indeed the case the god's tomb and his residence were quite close to one another, for by the side of the ziggurrat stood the true "house of Bel." This edifice, and not the ziggurrat, would therefore be regarded as the most holy spot in the temple. Professor Hilprecht emphatically calls it *the* temple of Bel, in fact. In it Bel and his consort, Beltis, dwelt, and it served as a depository for the most precious votive offerings. The expedition has not yet been able to examine the place closely, on account of the remains of buildings of a late period which cover it; but its boundaries are traced, and it is ascertained that its interior was occupied by a number of rooms of varying dimensions. Its exterior walls were of burned brick, and were panelled in the same way as the later facing-walls of the ziggurrat. In the façade opposite the ziggurrat two doors have been discovered, of which the one to the south appears to be the principal entrance to the building, being over ten feet in width, while the other is five feet only. The antiquities unearthed in the immediate neighbourhood of this building all point to its importance, being of a finer character and usually better preserved than those from other parts of the court. There is proof that this house of the god existed as early as the days of Sargon I., but the principal remains certainly belong to a later period—apparently the Cassite dynasty. An inscription on the edge of one of the bricks of the facing-wall tells that Shagarakti-Shuriash, King of Babylon (*circa* 1350 B.C.) was one of the many builders who took pleasure in improving the abode of the god.

Photo by the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania

1 and 6. Clay Figures of Bel-Entil (*Circ.* 2500 B.C.); 2. Egyptian Figurine in Green Paste; 3. Greek Terra-Cotta Head, Coloured; 4. Figure of a Dog; 5. Obscene Figurine

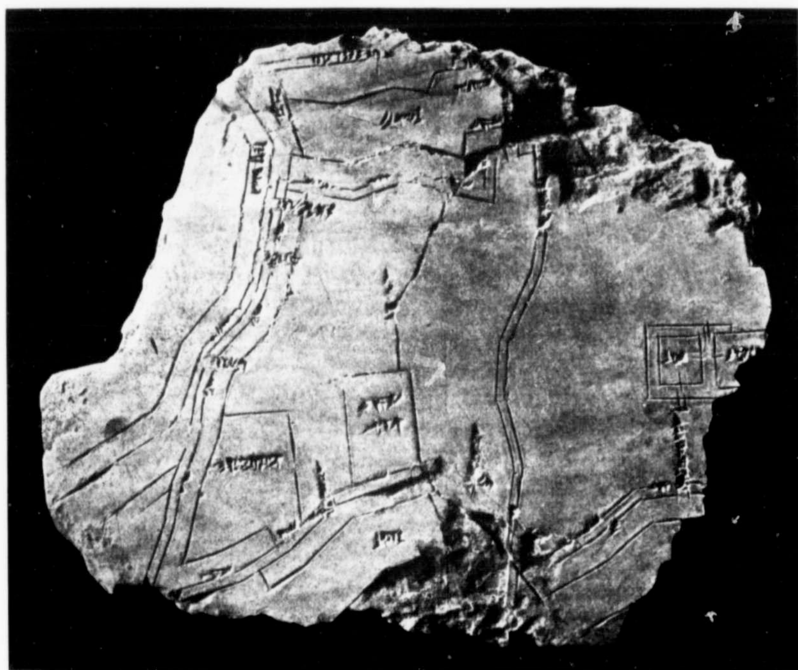
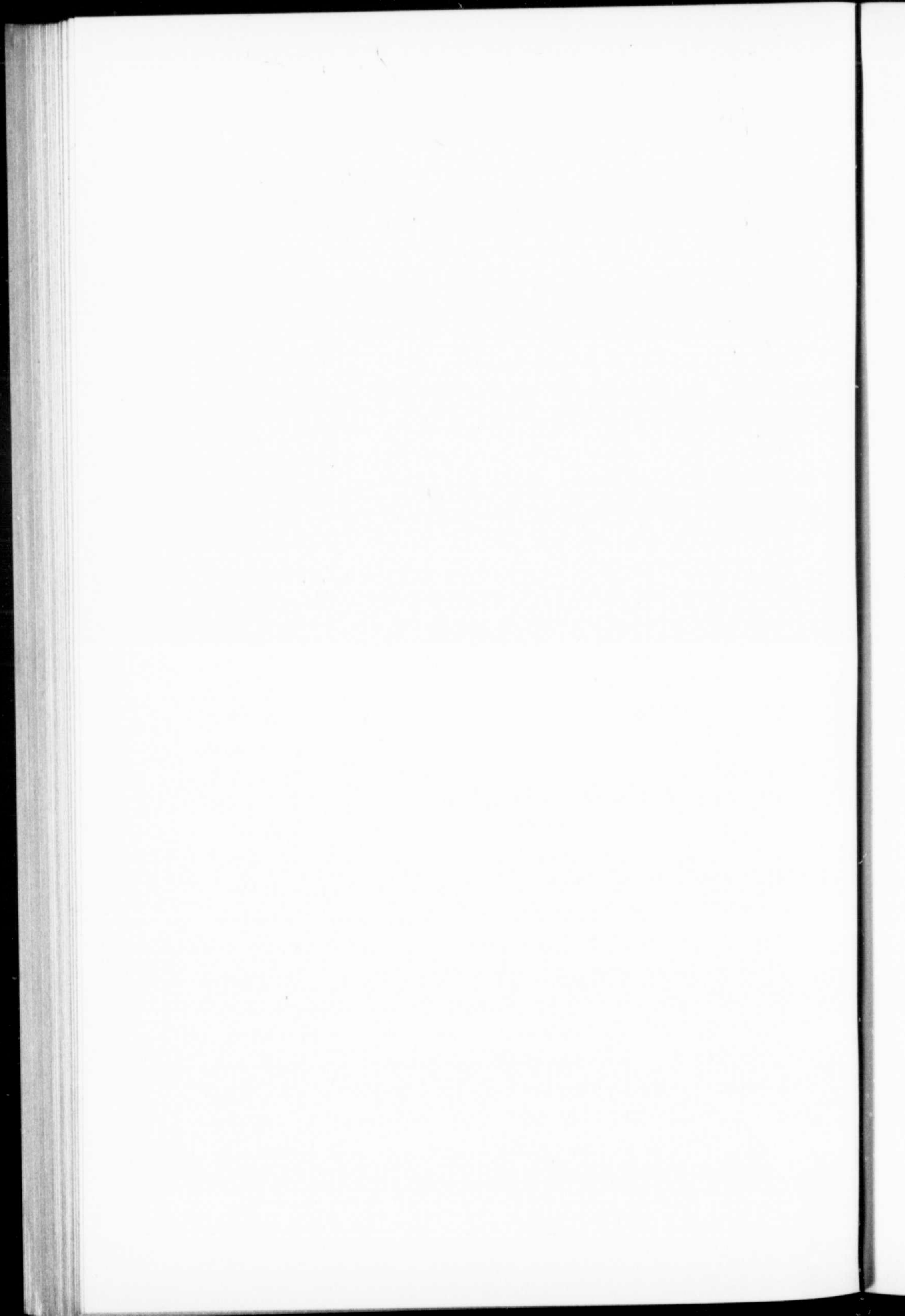


Photo by the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania

Plan of the City of Nippur, found in the Archaeological Museum (*Sixth Century* B.C.)



Space forbids of any further detailed description of the temple buildings. But before turning to the other portions of the site it must be clearly explained that in the very slight sketch given above no attempt has been made to indicate the different phases through which the sanctuary passed. Its main features remained similar through many changes of rulers and of dynasties, and its external walls occupied practically the same position in the days of Darius as they did in the time of the first Sargon. True, the ziggurrat grew steadily from a quite small, crude-brick structure in pre-Sargonic days until under Ashurbanapal (668–626 B.C.) its sides were 190 feet and 128 feet respectively; and in its growth it must necessarily have cramped the "house of Bel" closer to the north-east wall of the court; but their relative positions remained the same throughout. As each builder sought to eclipse the performances of his predecessors we find frequent advances in point of detail. Ur Gur employed burned bricks for facing the work of Naram Sin and others of his predecessors, and at the same time he laid a new pavement of brick around the ziggurrat and over the inner court. Ur Ninib (2500 B.C.) and Kadash man Turgu (1350 B.C.) each in turn repaired the court, laid a new pavement over the old one, and executed various works on the temple and ziggurrat; and, finally, Ashurbanapal placed his pavement and his casing-walls over those of the early kings. Between the pavements of Naram Sin and Ashurbanapal there is a difference in level of nearly fifteen feet. The pre-Sargonic buildings descend another fifteen feet below Naram Sin's pavement, and minor antiquities have been discovered yet another ten feet down.

The wall enclosing the area north of the temple proper underwent almost as many changes as the ziggurrat. Of Naram Sin's work there are slight traces, but the bulk of the remains are Ur Gur's construction, while evidence is not lacking of the activity of other builders. But when it is stated that over twenty different strata can be distinguished in the mounds, it will be understood that in this article only the best

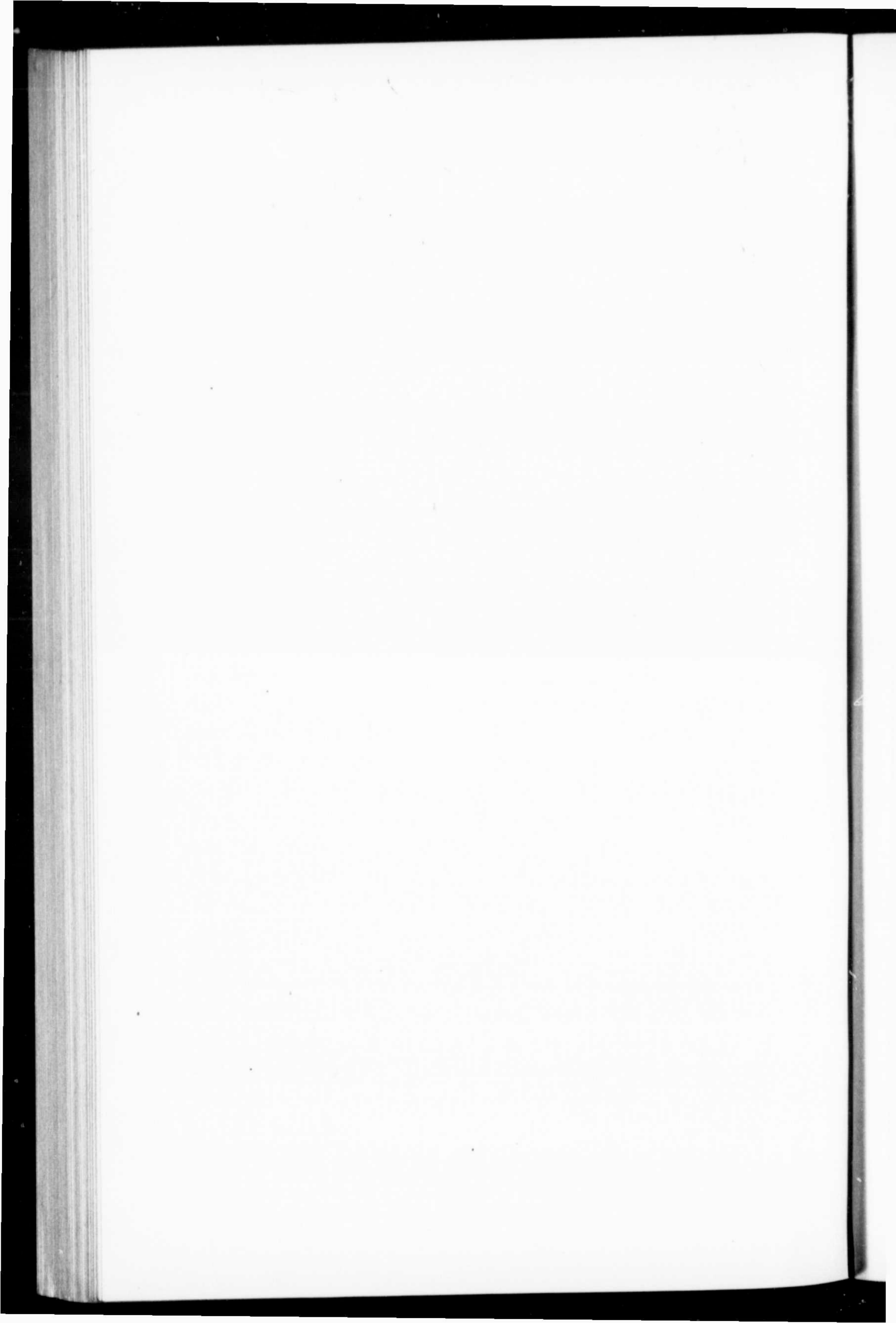
defined can be described. Of the minor objects discovered at all parts of the site, such as Arabic coins, Hebrew incantation bowls, figurines, fragments of statues, steles, pottery of all shapes, sizes and ages, and the thousand and one similar articles I have no space to write. Nor have I even attempted to touch upon many interesting details in the principal buildings, as, for instance, the early arch (4000 B.C.) below the east corner of the ziggurrat, the construction of the water-courses, wells, drains and drain-pipes, etc. For the present I would refer the reader to Professor Hilprecht's book, which, besides describing many of these details, contains photographs and diagrams illustrating the more important of them; and the promised volume, "Ekur, the Temple of Bel at Nippur," will meet the requirements of those who seek information on the more technichal portions of the work.

In the temple mounds, twenty feet above Naram Sin's pavement, are the foundations of a fortified building of the Parthian days. In the period intermediate between the construction of this great building and the last renovation of the temple the spot lost its sacred character, which it had maintained for some four thousand years at least. The ziggurrat and the two courts of the temple were overbuilt and converted into a fortress. This first change took place most probably during the days of Seleucia's short-lived power; but the traces of its buildings are particularly slight, the Parthian builders having removed them in nearly all cases where they could not be incorporated with the new work.

The great building erected by the Parthian invaders is characterised by its solidity and its remarkable powers of defence. Although constructed entirely of crude bricks, its walls were so substantial as to be almost impregnable. Built with a marked batter, they were over sixty feet high, thirty feet, or more, at the top, and almost forty feet wide at the base. At the angles were huge buttresses, while along the faces stood smaller ones and round towers, from which a cross-fire could be poured upon any attacking party. So far the

Photo by the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania

Principal Court of the Parthian Palace—*looking towards the North-West*



excavations have not revealed the entrance to the building, but it will probably be found at the north corner when that part of the mound is excavated. Professor Hilprecht believes that the fortress, like the temple buildings beneath it, was divided into two main enclosures; and certainly the projecting walls on the south-east seem to point to such a plan; but until that part of the mound is cleared and examined the only portion which can be fully described is that which overlay the inner court of the temple.

In the centre of the enclosure stood the citadel of two platforms. It was built over the ziggurrat, and from each face an arm projected, giving a cruciform plan to the whole. Between the citadel and the south-east wall stood a number of buildings which served as barracks and store-rooms. On top of three of the outer walls also were rooms for the garrison, and others which were used either as storage-places or as dungeons, as is shown by the fact that they were entered only from above. The officers' apartments and the quarters of the governor lay in the north angle of the enclosure; for in these buildings we found large rooms built with double walls in order to secure coolness, a feature which none of the other rooms of the fortress exhibit. The west section has not been entirely excavated, but the arrangement of its rooms, and the fact that it appears to have been connected with the last-mentioned section only by a corridor, suggest that it was designed for the "harem."

From the citadel a well was carried down through the brickwork of the ziggurrat, thus affording the supply of water without which all the elaborate defences of the place would have been unavailing. But with a good supply of water, and defended by a determined garrison, the stronghold must have been a formidable place for any hostile force to attack. Even in its ruined and half excavated state it is still imposing, and an eloquent testimony to the skill and enterprise of its constructors.

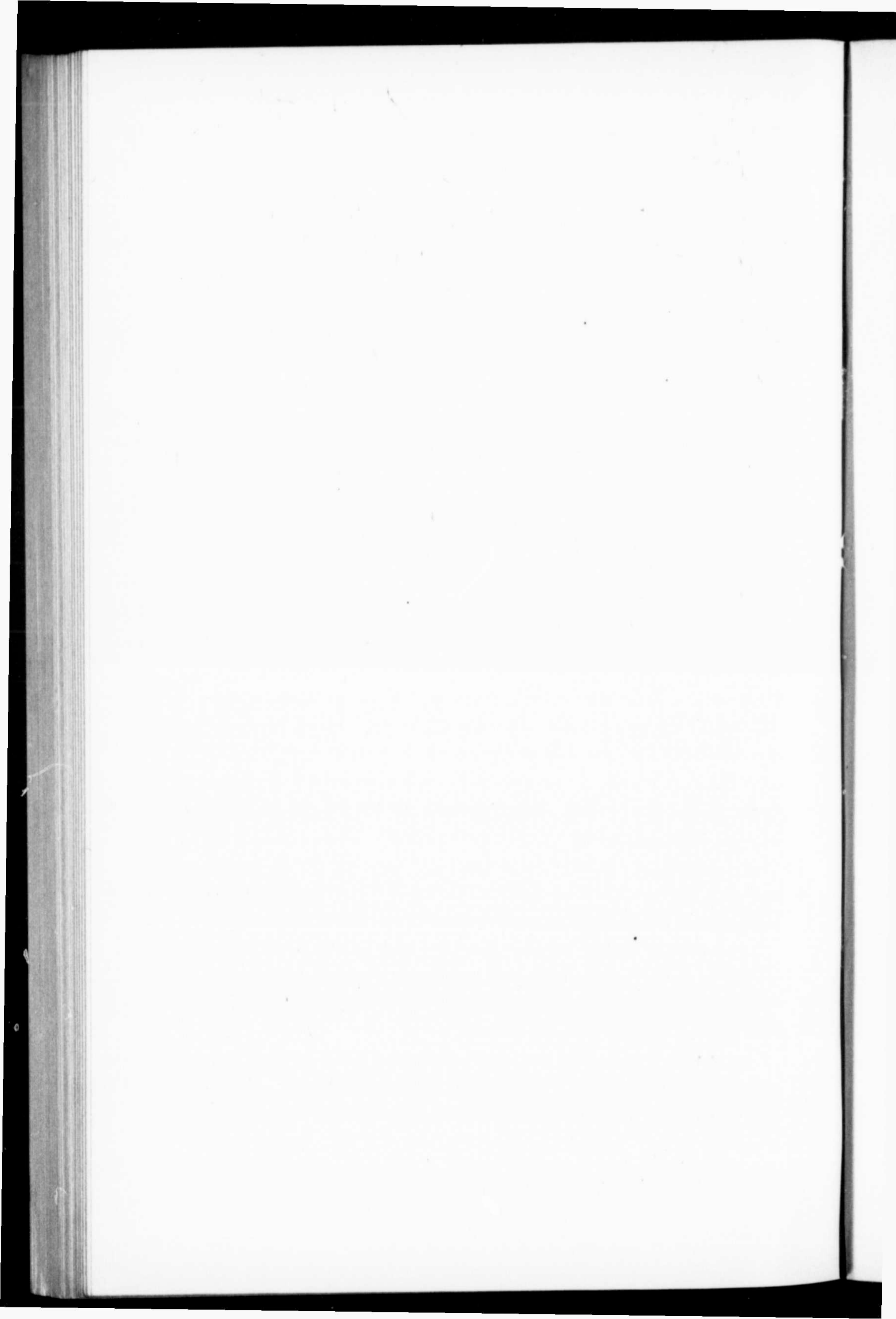
The library of the ancient city lay in the mound to the

south of the branch canal. In two places it has been excavated to the plain level, and in both small buildings of crude brick have been found lying as close together as do the houses of modern Baghdad in its most crowded parts. The general indications point to the belief that these buildings represent a number of separate houses, opening off from narrow alleys and passages, but forming an organic whole—the literary, priestly, and scholastic quarter of Nippur in fact. About eighty rooms have been examined. They vary greatly in their dimensions, some being only nine feet by four feet, while others are as large as twenty-five by fourteen feet. They appear to have been only one storey high, since their walls were nowhere sufficiently thick to carry a second floor; but owing to their poor state of preservation it is out of the question to attempt to describe their architectural features.

Their importance lay in the fact that from them many thousands of cuneiform tablets have already been obtained, and the mound holds out promise of proving a perfect mine of tablets for some time to come. The tablets obtained from the north-east portion of the mound appear to have formed what may be regarded as the temple library, while those from the rooms excavated in the south-west area are largely concerned with the business and official records of the city. In the latter class are business accounts, contracts, and letters; but the former are chiefly astronomical, astrological, mathematical, and grammatical. Each class of documents seems to have been kept in a separate department, so that the contents of the well-stocked library were plainly arranged with a view to readiness of access for reference. Educational books and exercises in different branches of study are numerous, and the curriculum was a very complete one, as would be expected at such a centre of learning as Nippur is known to have been. The majority of the tablets were unbaked, and therefore remarkably perishable. To keep them from damp, they were stored either upon wooden shelves or on ledges of brickwork which were coated with bitumen. Of the shelves no traces

Photo by the Babylonian Expedition *of the University of Pennsylvania*

Ruins of the Library Buildings of Nippur



remained, but a few of the benches were discovered with tablets still in position upon them.

A find of peculiar interest in these library buildings was that of a collection of antiquities made (by a priest, in all probability) about the time of Nabonidos (556–539 B.C.), and carefully stored away in an earthenware jar, where at last it was found in a fine state of preservation during the work of 1900. The little collection contained a score of inscribed articles, dating from the time of Sargon (*c.* 3800 B.C.) down to that of Sinsharishkun (*c.* 615 B.C.), and one of its treasures was a plan of Nippur and its surroundings, which naturally proved of great interest and value to Dr. Hilprecht, who speaks with much delight of the collection of his "Babylonian colleague."

On the east of this mound we found a narrow chamber with a corbelled roof, similar to that discovered at Mugheir by Taylor. Writing from recollection only, I should say that it was about twenty feet by twelve feet, but it was in a very bad state of repair, and kept filling with water as fast as it was baled out. Although no traces of burials were found in it, there can be little doubt that it was originally built as a tomb. All over this mound we discovered graves. Indeed, all the mounds of Niffer are full of burials, dating from early Arabic days back to Parthian and neo-Babylonian, while in the lower strata of the temple hill were plentiful traces of pre-Sargonic burials, and a cemetery of the same period almost certainly lay at the south of the mounds upon the west of the Shatt en Nil.

Perhaps the most commonly found style of burial was that of the "slipper-coffin" class. Most of the examples of these coffins at Niffer were decorated with rope-pattern mouldings, which divided the surface of the coffin up into panels, in which were placed figures of men, women, or animals. The opening at the head was closed with an earthenware lid (which was very commonly missing, and when found was nearly always badly broken), and the coffins were usually covered with a blue or green glaze. Another much-used form was that of two

large, wide-mouthed jars, placed mouth to mouth, and sometimes sealed with bitumen or clay. A less frequent type was in the form of a bath-tub, which was sometimes edged with rope-pattern ornament. In many cases a single large jar held the body. Other forms of interment were in brick-built tombs, either vaulted or corbelled, in brick-lined graves, and in simple holes dug in the soil.

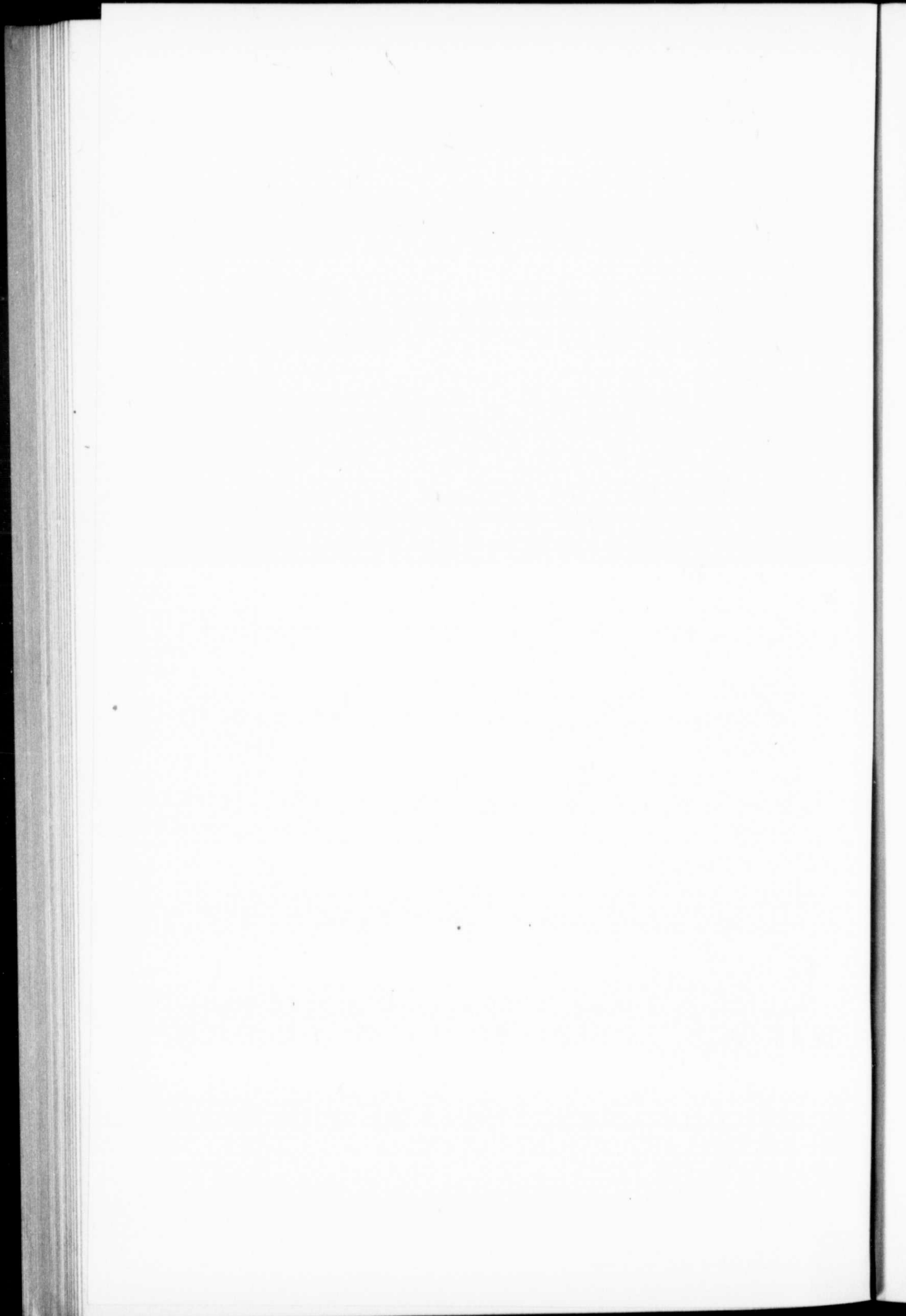
The most elaborate burial, we found, was that in a tomb beneath the floor of a chamber in the south-west wall of the Parthian fortress. It was reached by a short flight of steps, and its roof was vaulted, the whole structure being of burned bricks. The tomb chamber was ten feet long, eight wide, and about five high, and it contained two bodies placed in wooden coffins. Jars of food and drink had been provided for the dead, and a quantity of gold ornaments of really artistic workmanship (a great rarity at Nippur) were discovered on one of the bodies. The evidence of the surroundings leads to the conclusion that the two occupants of this tomb had been high officers, and from a gold coin of Tiberius, which was found amongst the relics, it would appear that they lived about 14–37 A.D.

In connection with the pre-Sargonic cemetery, which has been alluded to above as lying on the west of the Shatt en Nil, we found a facing-wall of burned bricks similar in character to those of Surghul and El Hibba. These walls were necessary to protect the burial-grounds against the ravages of sand-storms, and to prevent the ashes and dust of the burials from being blown away by the wind or washed away by the rains of winter. Unfortunately, at Niffer all the conditions of soil and climate are against the preservation of burials, and we were hardly ever able to secure even a skull in a fit state for measurement. I think, indeed, that not more than two dozen skulls altogether were handed to me for the purpose; and I am certain that not one of them would have borne transport to America.

This brief sketch of the mounds and excavations may be closed by a description of a small palace of the second or third

Photo by the Babylonian Expedition *of the University of Pennsylvania*

Slipper-Shaped Coffins as excavated (*Circ.* 100 A.D.)



century B.C., which is the most thoroughly explored building of the site. It lay upon the west bank of the Shatt en Nil, where it was hit upon largely by chance during the early days of the first expedition. Doctor Peters examined it by means of trenches and small tunnels, but he failed to complete the work, and most of his conclusions regarding the place have been proved wrong by the later excavations. Mr. Haynes made a more serious attempt to do justice to the building, but it was not until Doctor Hilprecht took the matter in hand that it was sufficiently cleared to be completely planned. In nearly every respect this palace ranks above the other buildings of Niffer. In place of an apparently fortuitous agglomeration of ill-balanced courts and cramped chambers, with walls running in all directions and at all angles except right ones, its plan exhibits ingenious contrivance and an aiming at balance and unity; and its general detail marks at least an earnest seeking after grace and refinement, instead of a mere piling up of ponderous masses of brickwork, such as satisfied the builders of the temple and the library for instance. The architects were heavily handicapped by the hopeless material at their command—the black Mesopotamian mud; for, unlike many of the builders, they did not make extensive use of the burned bricks of earlier buildings for their walls and pavements. Possibly there were good reasons against their doing so; and it is noteworthy that in the great fortress of the same period burned bricks were sparingly used. Be the reason what it may, the walls of this palace were constructed of crude bricks, a foot square and about seven and a half inches deep; but for the thresholds, the columns of the courts, and parts of the porch burned brick was employed.

The palace was divided into two nearly equal portions, the half towards the canal being set aside for the public apartments and the use of the men, while the other side of the building (the south-west) was reserved for the women's quarters and domestic requirements. This section was further divided, the women's quarters, grouped round a courtyard

in which was a broad portico, being closely shut off and accessible only through a lobby. The lobby could be reached from the main building by means of a narrow passage which might be closed by a door at either end, as was shown by the discovery of two brick door-sockets in position; or it could be entered from the servants' quarters through a second smaller lobby. The women of the household and the servants could reach their particular apartments from the main entrance through a narrow passage, without being observed from any of the principal rooms. Another room was evidently a bath. Its floor was covered with bitumen and sloped towards a drain opposite the doorway, and a skirting of burned brick, also covered with bitumen, ran round the room.[1] Another was probably a store-closet, and another seems to have been the "strong-room" of the palace, for at its entrance another door-socket was found, and, as it was too small for a bedroom, the presence of this socket points to the use of the place as a receptacle for valuables. In two others stand low benches of brickwork, which appear to have served as "beds" or couches.

In the group of rooms in the west angle of the building, one was plainly the kitchen, for there we found a raised fire-place, with a hollowed stone contrived to hold a spit, and other unmistakable evidence of its use. In the other rooms of this quarter were large jars for holding grain and similar stores; but space in this section must have been at a premium, and the slaves must have slept in other parts of the building or else in small huts outside.

The only entrance to the palace was placed nearly in the centre of the north-west façade. From the entrance-lobby an anteroom on the right (as you enter the building) leads to the domestic part of the palace, and a similar anteroom on the left opens on to a vestibule with another small room at its north-east end, which may have served as a guardroom or

[1] In several of the houses in Baghdad at the present day, the floors of the bathrooms are covered with bitumen, which comes from Hit, on the Euphrates.

Photo by the Babylonian Expedition *of the University of Pennsylvania*

Typical Ruins of "Houses" built of Crude Brick

Showing the similarity in appearance between the walls and the débris

armoury. From the vestibule a wide entrance—divided into three openings by two columns of burned brick and flanked by antæ of the same material—leads to the chief court of the building. There can be small doubt that the central part of this court was open to the sky, while the columns served to support a roof over the colonnade which surrounded it, and afforded access to the various rooms grouped round it. The spacing of the columns was not quite regular, and the vestibule is not situated centrally with reference to the court. The colonnade is wider upon the south-east of the court than upon the three remaining sides; and from this wider portion a doorway, approached by a broad step edged with burned bricks, upon which stands a circular altar, leads to a large apartment, through which again is reached a still larger hall. This was undoubtedly the men's assembly hall, and the finest room of the palace. From the outer room a flight of steps led up to a wide doorway, which was provided with a door hung in two leaves, as was shown by the fact that two door-sockets—one on either side of the entrance—were found in position. Most unfortunately, the walls of the building beyond this point were entirely worn away, a gully in the mounds having served to carry all the washings from a large area over this angle of the structure.

The building was practically square. The north-west side was 174 ft. in length, the south-west 170 ft., the south-east 172 ft. 9 in., and the north-east 168 ft. 8 in. The principal court was 70 ft. by 64 ft. Nowhere did we find a wall complete as regards height, so that the height of the rooms cannot be given. It may be noted also that no traces of a stairway were discovered; and although there can be little doubt that originally there must have been a means of getting on to the roof there is every reason to suppose that the building was of one storey only.

Concerning the character of the columns it is possible to form a clear idea; for although not one of them remained complete, in the main court we discovered the brick rings of

which they were built up lying beside the lower portions that were left standing. Of the square columns shown at the angles of the colonnade no traces remained at the time I first saw the ruins, but Doctor Peters states positively that they existed, and describes them as being "of a peculiar shape, partly rounded, partly square." Of the columns at the sides of the court the lower courses of twelve, and traces of a thirteenth, remained. They were constructed with sector-shaped bricks set in mortar, and were at least 12 ft. 6 in. in height. At the base they had a diameter of 2 ft. 9 in., and at the fifteenth course (which was 12½ ft. from the base) 2 ft. 1 in. in diameter; but the tapering did not commence until a third of the height was reached (at the seventeenth course). A few fragments of bricks with moulded edges showed that the columns were provided with capitals, which appear to have been imitations of the Doric—as, indeed, the whole column most probably was. Over the whole, covering the brickwork, was spread a fine white plaster. Of course no base was formed to the column, but beneath each one was a foundation of burned bricks, eleven courses deep, and between these square foundations ran an edging of the same material, but only two courses deep.

The columns of the inner court were of a similar character and construction to those just described, and the antæ also were of burnt brick, and stuccoed in like manner. Palm logs probably formed the ceiling joists, while from the fragments of charred wood it appears that the doors of the different rooms were of mulberry or tamarisk; but it is quite certain that many of the doorways were covered only with curtains or other loose hangings. Of the finish of the walls we could nowhere find traces owing to the damaged condition of the building; but while the inferior rooms may have been only mud-plastered, I am inclined to believe that in certain of the principal apartments a plaster similar to that used upon the columns was applied—an opinion based upon certain indications of "keying" at the vestibule and the portico in the women's quarters. The

principal rooms were paved with burned brick, to judge by fragmentary traces discovered, but the inferior ones and the courts had only crude brick, or possibly nothing but trodden earth.

The exterior of the building was extremely plain. The walls on the north-west, south-west and south-east were broken by a system of broad but shallow buttresses, but that opposite the canal was quite plain. The principal doorway was marked by some elaboration. From the street a couple of steps—built with burned bricks set in bitumen—led up to it, and its threshold was raised another step. Upon either side of the opening the main wall was recessed slightly, and on each side there was a pedestal built of yellow burned bricks, and stuccoed with white plaster. These pedestals stood upon ornamental bases, and although in front elevation their sides rose perpendicularly, seen from the side they had a gracefully curved outline. Unfortunately they had suffered sorely in the decay of the building, but on one of them, about four feet from the base, we found on the side an almost perfectly preserved pediment-shaped decoration formed of mouldings in plaster upon the face of a brick set up on edge. Of course there can be no doubt that the corresponding faces were originally treated in a similar way, and from the traces which remained in the upper portions of the structure it seems likely that the pedestals supported pilasters with fluted faces. In all probability the doorway was crowned with a pediment formed in a similar way to the small one discovered, but no remains of such work were found by us. In the interior angles the junction of the crude brick with the burned was concealed by a simple moulding of plaster, and the edge of the stucco seems to have been finished with a larger moulding, but it was so much perished that we could make nothing of it.

Such was the interesting little building. Who built it, or whether it was the residence of an official, or the home of some wealthy private citizen, it would be difficult to say, although its size and its fine building point to the former theory. Of its

end, however, there can be no doubt. There is ample proof that it was destroyed by a conflagration; and subsequent to its fall it became a quarry for later builders, and a place for burials. Scores of slipper coffins and of burials in earthenware jars were discovered in its rooms, and in many cases the graves had been cut through the walls. But in this treatment it only shared the fate of other buildings of the old city, which, having done their duty as abodes of the living, afterwards served to shelter the dead until strangers from a land that was undreamed of when they were built crossed the seas to break in upon their long sleep.

VALENTINE GEERE.

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

XIX

"I AM bringing you here," said Glanville, as the party entered the orangery, "to see my latest acquisitions first. We will go to what I am pleased to call my museum afterwards. Its shape and structure will most likely surprise you."

The objects now before them were, in some ways, of unusual interest. Glanville, during his late expedition, had broken new antiquarian soil. He had actually disinterred several Græco-Roman houses, from the walls of which he had managed to remove some paintings; and to these treasures he had added a variety of domestic utensils.

The party broke into expressions of repeated astonishment at the likeness of ancient life to the life of the present day.

"And now," said Glanville, when his friends were at the end of their raptures, "we'll go to my famous museum, and you shall see what I've got there."

He led them up some steps to a terrace formed by the roof of the orangery; and bordering this was a line of seemingly interminable orchard-houses. The appearance they presented was singular, for all their glass was blinded by some uniform green distemper applied to the panes internally. Glanville opened a door at the end of the structure which was nearest to them, and admitted his friends to a sort of twilight gallery, along

which ran a broad continuous shelf, divided here and there by partitions at irregular intervals, and laden with objects of an oddly miscellaneous kind. Huddled up close to the door, as if to escape notice, was a beautifully executed model of some ancient domestic building, as its roofless, but painted walls, had revealed themselves to the study of its excavators, whilst copies were hung behind it of some of the mural pictures. Here again the visitors were lost in astonishment at the likeness to modern civilisation which the model and the pictures suggested; but their astonishment was tempered by what seemed to be the obvious fact that they here had to do with a date that was very much more recent than that of the remains which they had just been examining in the orangery.

"This," said Glanville, "is a model of the great palace at Knossos. It belongs to a civilisation which was flourishing at the time when all of us here were taught by our mothers and nurses that the Deity was creating Adam."

"Why," said Lord Restormel, "do you put it into a corner like this?"

"We may put its date," said Glanville, "at six thousand years ago. It stands within six feet of the extreme end of the shelf. The cross marked on the wall stands within two feet, and here represents the beginning of the Christian era. My objects are arranged in a sort of chronological scale, of which every foot represents a thousand years. Let us go a step further, and we enter the pre-Adamite ages. Here is a specimen of pre-Adamite writing—a facsimile of the beautiful ebony tablet of Mena. Here are models of great pre-Adamite ships, made from Egyptian drawings. Earlier still than the ships are these beautiful jars and pitchers—these little delicate charms—these diminutive figures. And here, Mrs. Vernon, let me beg you to notice these combs, with ivory birds for handles. We are getting on. These combs were six thousand years old when Eve was eating the apple. Here come a lot of flint implements. We can't examine them now. Let us move on a few steps further to these models of morticed

woodwork, and that neat little house on a platform. Look also at these models of pots and pans, and these little diapered napkins. Here we see how man lived as a lake-dweller twenty thousand years before the Christian era. By this time we are twenty-two feet from the door; and from this point, to the beginning of that white bank of lime, the length of the shelf is fifty-eight feet. This stands for fifty-eight thousand years more; and all along it are models of early men, their caves, their contemporary animals—like figures out of a Noah's Ark. Here," Glanville continued, when they came at last to the spot where a long white bank of lime took the place of all other objects, "we are looking at man as he was eighty thousand years ago."

"I still think," said Lord Restormel, "that you have cramped yourself too much at first. We haven't even come down your gallery a sixth of the way yet. I should get rid of that litter, and spread things out a little. You've ample space here for enlarging your chronological scale."

Granville laughed. "You complain," he said, "of my bank of lime. It does take up a good deal of shelf-room certainly. It extends to a length of a hundred and sixty feet. This represents the second glacial epoch. The ice and snow—the Huns and Vandals of nature—had for all this period driven man out of Europe. And now let us go to the spot where the bank of lime ends. My dear Restormel, you tell me I've plenty of space. I've so little that from this point onwards my scale is reduced by half, and every foot represents two thousand years, not one. Well—here is a section of shelf which stretches for two hundred and forty feet—if my scale were not reduced it would stretch for four hundred and eighty; and then at the end the lime-bank begins again. This stands for the inter-glacial epoch, and the shelf is sprinkled, as you see, with figures representing the races that peopled Europe for nearly half a million years. Now comes our second lime-bank, a hundred and thirty feet long—according to our original scale it should be two hundred and sixty; and we have here the

first glacial epoch, during which, for more than a quarter of a million years, Europe was white with snow, and the human race expelled from it. Perhaps you think there is nothing else to come. Let us hasten to the end of this second lime-bank, and we will see. Look—before the first mantle of cold descended—'in the dark backward and abysm of time'—this was left as a relic for us. It is a facsimile of a drawing on ivory by one of our pre-glacial ancestors. It is a drawing of a woman—the earliest of female portraits. Look at her. She has one thing on—only one; and that thing is a bracelet. Can you, Mrs. Vernon, who are familiar with London ball-rooms, doubt that lady's relationship to many of our own contemporaries? Consider," he went on. "This gallery is six hundred feet long. To have made my scale uniform it ought to have been a thousand. That would have given us room for a million years of man's history—the smallest space to which the most timid speculation can contract it. As things stand, my scale is greatly foreshortened; and yet, before we go out, take one look more down the gallery. Of these six hundred feet of human history, which properly ought to be a thousand—or, as most men of science would say, a considerable number of miles—the Christian centuries occupy two feet only, whilst the Hebrew cosmogony carries us back but six. I showed all this last year to a clergyman—a good amateur geologist. He was delighted with my scheme of arrangement; but he maintained that the glacial epochs should be much longer and earlier, and complained that I had defrauded man of at least one half of his pedigree. Three weeks later my friend was preaching in London, and was solemnly alluding to the primæval revelation in Eden."

"Astonishing!" said Lord Restormel, "astonishing!" But he was here interrupted by Mrs. Vernon, who was still contemplating, as though fascinated, the portrait of the pre-glacial woman.

"One can hardly bear to look at it," she said; "and yet I can hardly put it down. It makes all the history that we

know—all the empires—all the religions—seem like the moods, the squabbles, the story-tellings of a child's day in the school-room. One hates the thought, but one can't keep it away."

"Yes," said Lord Restormel; "for us knowledge is like a balloon, which we have tied, while filling it, to the ground of our old conventional interests; but which now is beginning to surprise us by breaking away from its moorings, and is threatening to carry us whither we would not."

"Ah," cried Mr. Brompton, "I like that simile well. But no—Mrs. Vernon—no—these new thoughts which frighten you—don't let them do that. If we look at them in their true perspective they will give us most glorious encouragement. That's precisely the point which I'm devoting my life to demonstrate."

"I believe," said Mr. Hancock, "that we have, in the programme of our Conferences, got Mr. Brompton down for tea-time this afternoon; but perhaps he would like to wait till the great Mr. Brock arrives, and have him for a listener, or allow him to speak first."

The last suggestion, however, seemed eminently unwelcome to Mr. Brompton. "No, no," he said eagerly. "I should be much too shy to speak after him. Besides, I am very anxious that Mr. Brock should speak after *me*—yes, and without having heard me: in order that I may have him—for I know we agree in fundamentals—as an independent supporter of my views.

"And now," said Glanville, "let us go out and take a walk, and refresh ourselves with the pleasant working hypothesis that we can assent, in theory, to all the negations of science, and only assent in practice to such of them as we find convenient."

XX

By four o'clock the party were again assembled in the same nook of the garden which was the scene of their first discussion.

Mr. Hancock once more took his seat at his table, and proceeded to read a short opening statement which had just, he said, been drawn up by their accomplished host, Mr. Glanville.

"In our first Conference," so the statement ran, "without unnecessarily committing ourselves to any opinions of our own, we took the undoubted fact that the claims of Christianity, as a special and miraculous revelation, which, together with its prelude in the Old Testament, purports to represent God's special dealings with man from the first moment when man began to be, are now being rejected, whether rightly or wrongly, by an increasing number of persons in all civilised countries; and we asked, What are the reasons of this unconcerted rejection. The answer we arrived at was illustrated afresh, before luncheon, by the object-lesson which we found in the museum. It amounted simply to this—that the conception of human history, implied in theogolical Christianity, is difficult to harmonise with the account which science gives us of the origin and development of man, and the order of nature generally. In our second Conference we turned from what calls itself Revelations to Nature; and considered whether science, appealing to Nature solely, could supply us with a religion, or a spiritual support in life, which could take the place of the religion which we have hitherto looked upon as revealed. To some of our party the result of our second Conference was disconcerting. We saw that if we honestly pursue the course which we had then marked out for ourselves, and confine ourselves rigidly to strict scientific methods, applying them simultaneously to mental facts and to physical, denying ourselves any aid from sentiment, desire, or feeling, science leaves in the universe as little room for a natural, as it leaves for a revealed, religion. It leaves us face to face with merely an unknown first cause, between which and ourselves there can be no moral connection—because, if for no other reason, the things which we call ourselves are merely effects, at once fleeting and necessary, of the universal process through which the first

cause reveals itself. The nearest approach to anything like a religion which was, on scientific grounds, suggested at our last night's Conference was a conscious desire of the individual mind to be reabsorbed in the universal, analogous to the desire of a lover to be united with the life of the beloved. It was objected that such a desire could have little influence on life; because in whatever manner a man's life might be passed his union with the universal would be equally accomplished by his death. Where, then, it was asked, in the flux of transient existences, shall natural religion discover a firm fulcrum, which shall give its lever the power of moving and of raising man? Mr. Brompton, whose faith in science is as ardent as the faith of any of us, and who has publicly sealed his faith by tearing himself, at its sole bidding, from the bosom of that church of which he was so conspicuous an ornament, professes himself able to answer this great practical question. He offers to show us a rock firmer than that of Peter, which, when everything else dissolves, shall remain unmoved and solid; and, morally, though not astronomically, to give us back a geocentric system. I will now, ladies and gentlemen, call upon Mr. Brompton to address us."

Mr. Brompton, as he listened to these handsome allusions to himself, had exhibited signs alternately of pleasure and some slight confusion. His modesty for a moment assailed him with the cowardly suggestion that in parts of what he had just heard there might be some trace of irony: but his better judgment came to his rescue with the assurance that for anybody to overpraise him would be a very difficult thing, and he now leaped to his feet with a fully restored self-confidence.

"With your permission," he said, extending an oratorical arm, "I will say very few words to you standing. That's the way in which I conduct my London services. If," Mr. Brompton continued, "I were in my own Ethical Church I should be standing on a platform with a grand piano beside me—it's all very simple—and I should begin the proceedings

with a hymn, so as to put the emotions into sound scientific order. Our hymns are solemn poems by non-clerical writers. For the present occasion I should select one of Matthew Arnold's, in which the poet muses on the calm courses of the stars, which seem in such strange contrast to the troubled life of man. What is their secret? he asks. How shall man learn it? Then, at last, the poet gives us his message:

> "Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
> Through the rustling night air came the answer.
> 'Would'st thou be as these are, live as they?'

'Undistracted,' he says, 'by the silence round them; undisturbed by the vast complexities of this universe, they are content to fulfil their own appointed functions, without asking, "In what state God's other works may be."' Well—that splendid song having been sung, I should begin my address with a text from another inspired writer, whose works may well be described as the fountain from which the modern non-theistic world has drawn the whole of its noblest religious sentiments. I refer to Emerson: and from him I will now quote to you two glorious sentences. 'The Highest dwells with every man, if the sentiment of duty be there.' 'I overlook the sun and stars, and feel them to be but fair accidents and effects, which change and pass.'

"And now," exclaimed Mr. Brompton, "let me take up my own parable. Armed with the spirit which animates these two sentences, and Arnold's beautiful lines, I say boldly we may confront the whole cosmos of science, and admitting everything that the most fearless scientist can tell us, we may reassert the sublimity of human life. Churches may fall, theologies break up like match-wood; heavens, angels, and celestial thrones may topple down; but the light of ethical humanity will only shine more resplendent. Mr. Glanville asks for a rock. The flame of humanity is its own rock.

"You will observe that from the beginning my language is strictly scientific. We, of the Ethical Church, know exactly what science teaches. It teaches—yes, Mr. Glanville, and we

are quite aware of this—that in the enduring universe, all individual things, as such—whether systems, or worlds, or races of man, or men—appear, persist for a time, and then disappear for ever; and we know quite well that to a mind weakened by theological stimulants this new knowledge of the whole seems to dwarf the majesty of the parts, and reduce, in particular our race, and every member of our race, to insignificance. But a thought such as this is a disease, and the way to cure it is by another thought: and with that other thought science itself supplies us. Fleeting as, no doubt, our individual existence is, it is yet, whilst it lasts, as much a cosmic fact—as inevitable a part of the great cosmic process—as its previous non-existence and its subsequent dissolution. Men of science tell us that in the general constitution of this universe are implied the conditions and history of every cubic inch of it. Well, turn the principle round, and what you will see is this—that just as the condition of the whole implies the condition of the parts, so does the condition of each minutest part, at every vanishing moment, imply and contain the whole. Now if this be true of anything, it is specially true of ourselves. Each one of us—every beggar, every school-boy, every baby—concentrates, so long as he lives, the entire cosmos in himself. Every one of his faculties is cosmic; and pre-eminent among these is his sense of duty, his conscience, or, in other words, his inveterate perception of the moral significance of life.

"Do you catch my drift?" said Mr. Brompton, looking round for applause. "I'm going to make it clearer in a moment. I'm coming to close quarters with theology. Cynical sceptics, backed up by insidious priests, will of course tell us that science has deprived conscience of its authority, by showing us that it is not a kind of supernatural alarum tucked into us, at the moment of our birth, like a piece of squeaking clock-work into the sawdust of a doll's inside; but is the slowly evolved product of our long tribal experiences. Priest and sceptic!" exclaimed Mr. Brompton, slapping his chest, "I will silence you both for ever. I tell you that this

scientific conception of conscience, which exhibits it as the natural flower of the cosmic process itself, instead of destroying it invests it with a new sanctity; and gives it a higher authority than any we could possible attribute to it as an arbitrary whisper from some mystical no-man's-land. And now mark the reason of this. It will presently carry us very far.

"Conscience, the arbiter of right and wrong, appropriately speaks to us with authority as the voice of our tribal experience, because it was only through our dealings with one another that right and wrong came into existence. A solitary on a deserted island, in contemplating the vastness of the universe, might, when the weather was suitable, experience a sense of exaltation akin to the ecstasies which we talked about last night. But such a feeling, taken by itself, even if pleasant, would be utterly barren. It would have not the least little thread in it of practical or ethical meaning. It acquires a meaning only when the solitary finds himself in society; and then it begins to get a meaning fast enough. It begins to associate itself with helpfulness, justice and so forth—with a growing approval of these, and a growing disapproval of their opposites. And now," said Mr. Brompton, "we come to a grand conclusion. If we want to enter into a religious, into an ethical relation with the All, we can do so only by following that same route by which the ethical principle in the All has made itself manifest to us. That is by obeying the tribal or social instinct in our relations to the tribe or to society. You can no more make a religious or ethical system, if you have only one man to deal with, than you can make a geometry like Euclid's if you have only one line to deal with. But the moment you take the family, the tribe, the nation, and ultimately the human race, our ethical geometry begins its exquisite life. One proposition or principle emerges after another, till the moral law is united with the laws of the solar system. Society, or humanity, is for us the embodied Logos. Whatever we do to one another, we are really doing in it. So true is this," said Mr. Brompton, with an upward glance, "that whenever I help a little mite of

a child across the street—a thing I often do—I feel that a shiver of gladness runs through all the stars."

A sound here emanated from the lips of Lady Snowdon, which bore a curious resemblance to "Humph!" Mr. Brompton looked at her sharply.

"I should like," she said, "to ask a question."

"And in due time," said Glanville, "I should like to ask you two."

"Let me," said Mr. Brompton condescendingly, "deal with the lady's first."

"I want to know," said Lady Snowdon, "what would happen if you failed to do your cosmic duty by the child? Would the stars shiver with agony? If the whole human race systematically regulated its duties, would the universe be seriously injured by so small and so local a catastrophe?"

"You bring me back," said Mr. Brompton, "to the point from which I set out—to the objection which all along I have been specially setting myself to answer. It has really been answered already in those sublime words of Emerson—'The Highest dwells with every man, if the sentiment of duty is there.' But I know quite well, Lady Snowdon, what is still continuing to perplex you. You are practically urging again, in spite of all I have said, the old platitude about the vastness and duration of the universe, which degrade man and his destinies to a vanishing and insignificant part of it. As we may, no doubt, if we only let out ourselves yield to it, allow such a comparison to poison our moral life—as even men like Tennyson have yielded to it in their weaker moments—I will give you the specific answer which the Ethical Church, the Church of Humanity, gives. I am glad that you have drawn it from me. I might otherwise have forgotten it. Like all sovran answers, it is very simple. If your ethical enthusiasm is paralysed by the vastness of the suns and stars, we, of the Ethical Church, say to you, Don't think about them. We say, in the words of Mr. Frederic Harrison, 'Away with such unmanly musings!' We say, in

the words of Professor Clifford, 'Don't let us dwell on the thought that we shall one day be dead. Let us gloriously confine ourselves to the thought that this day we are alive.' We say, as Arnold says in his hymn, Let us not ask in what state the rest of the universe may be. We say with Comte, Let us not trouble ourselves about the stars. We say, finally, adopting the yet more drastic advice of Emerson—advice which formed a part of my text—that if the vastness of the universe seems to reduce us to a passing accident, an act of our living will shall turn the tables on the universe, and turn the stars into its accidents, and ourselves into its eternal essence. Carlyle said of history, Without wise oblivion there is no true memory possible. The Ethical Church says the same thing of science. Science can tell us nothing that will stimulate our ethical life, unless we forget every part of its message which might deaden it. I am not," continued Mr. Brompton, "speaking these things of myself, I am answering Lady Snowdon in the words of the Choir Invisible. I am merely summing up, and reducing to intelligible order, the utterances and opinions of all the most celebrated thinkers, who, convinced of the hopeless insolvency of the old theistic system, have determined to found a religion on the facts of the social organism. If you don't agree with me, Lady Snowdon, you condemn all these also—the Comtes, the Cliffords, the Emersons, the Huxleys, the Tolstoys, the George Eliots. We all of us fall, and we all of us stand together."

"There, Mr. Brompton," said Glanville, "I at all events quite agree with you."

"I rejoice to hear it," said Mr. Brompton, with a solemn bow. "And now Mr. Glanville, will you favour me with your own question."

"I'm afraid," said Glanville, "that the precedence which your chivalry so rightly induced you to give to Lady Snowdon's has put my own somewhat out of its logical order. Still, questions of practically eternal importance don't lose their points by being kept waiting for five minutes. Well, Mr.

Brompton, you tell us that religious emotion is meaningless unless it associates itself with some particular kind of action, which we call moral or virtuous. There we are all with you. But you haven't told us whether the virtues which you have in view are like those which were inculcated by the Christian religion or no. What, according to the Church of Humanity, is the root idea of virtue ?"

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Brompton, drawing a deep breath, "that is a question which I have been tempted to look at in two lights—as a question the answer to which is so self-evident that you would not require me to give it to you; and again as a question the answer to which is so important that I should have to make it the subject of a second and separate exposition. I gladly find that I shall be right in choosing the second alternative. What will the virtues be which the Ethical Church will cultivate ? At bottom all virtue is of one and the same kind—it is social endeavour, struggle for the welfare of all, a self-consecration to the services of that social organism which is greater than ourselves and includes ourselves. Christianity perceived this in its own imperfect way, but obscured the truth by associating it with disturbing fiction. The Ethical Church will give us these same virtues in their purity, as actions which by their outward effects benefit others, and, by being an inward struggle, develop the highest life in ourselves—yes—I say so advisedly—the most ecstatic life."

"But surely," interrupted Mr. Hancock, "we all of us agreed last night, when we talked about the river and the piston-rods, that struggle——"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Brompton, waving the objection away, "but we must not push things too far. In the man that is acting virtuously struggle is the essence of virtue. Sociology tells us that. Psychology tells us that. These, Mr. Hancock, are sciences, and there's no getting out of what they tell us. When we make our bodies healthy by games or sports—when we develop our minds by exercising them on difficult problems—we do so only because we encounter and overcome resistance.

How could a cricketer bat if nobody bowled a ball at him? In the same way that highest of human satisfactions which attends the performance of the actions which we call good, depends on the fact that we are overcoming the resistance of what we call evil. And here I may observe incidentally that the Ethical Church dissolves, with the spell of science, what was for Christian theism an absolutely inseparable difficulty. It exhibits what we call evil, not as the work of a devil with a long tail, but as the resistance of one part of our nature to another part—the overcoming of this resistance by a noble spiritual reaction, being what we call good. As the rapture of the athlete depends on work done by his muscles, so does the rapture of the Ethical saint depend on the effort involved in preferring good to evil. It is only for this reason that men are higher than animals; or that humanity, when perfect, will be better than a hive of bees. I won't tax your patience longer by enlarging on this topic further. I will only repeat, as a most assured and obvious truth, that the moral strength and heroism of the saints of the Ethical Church will be no less strenuous than those which figure in the hagiology of Rome. I might have put all this—indeed, perhaps I should have put it—in the forefront of my argument, if I had not, like most of the great thinkers who agree with me, been accustomed to assume it; and if I had not felt—to quote the beautiful words of Professor Huxley about it—that 'all this is surely indubitable.' Well," said Mr. Brompton, as he sank with an air of triumph into a chair, "is Mr. Glanville satisfied? Doesn't he see now that the Ethical Church has found for itself a scientific rock to stand on?"

"With your permission," said Glanville, "I would sooner not say anything till we've both of us had the privilege of listening to the wisdom of Mr. Brock. He, too, as you know, is an authority on moral questions; and as he, like you, bases his system on science, it will be best perhaps to discuss both your systems together."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Hancock, "that your views

and mine, Mr. Brompton, come practically to the same thing. Your doctrine, I take it, is merely another form of my own, which I've mentioned so often—my doctrine of the working hypothesis."

"Not at all," said Mr. Brompton, frowning. "Nothing could be further from my meaning. The essence of my religion is that it turns hypothesis out of doors. It's the religion of exact thought united to earnest feeling. When Mr. Brock comes, you will see how completely he corroborates me, though his language, being more technical, may be less pellucid than mine."

XXI

"We meet under conditions very different from those under which we last parted. I hope you will find them very much more satisfactory. I haven't forgotten even yet how you snubbed me at that unfortunate ball."

"I trust," said the gentleman addressed, to the lady who had thus addressed him, "that you did not misapprehend the tenor of my remarks on that occasion. It is true that I deem conversation which consists of trivial personalities, and the course of habitual conduct out of which such conversation springs, to be little better than a puerile stultification of existence. But social intercourse which results in any serious representations of general facts and problems as they present themselves to different minds, even when it is associated with laughter and the ordinary commonplaces of friendship, I look upon as being, in moderation, healthful both for mind and body; and I join a small gathering like that which our host appears to have assembled here—especially, Mrs. Vernon, seeing that it includes yourself—not only with willingness, but also with satisfaction."

So spoke Mr. Brock, as Mrs. Vernon and he—more punctual than the rest of the party—were alone together in the drawing-room before dinner.

"Well," said Mrs. Vernon, "you've heard, no doubt, from our host that everybody here is in a mood which ought to meet your approval. We've all of us been discussing religion, and morals, and science; and asking how much religion and how much morality science will leave us when we really understand what it teaches us. I dare say you'll think it very conceited on my part to meddle with such matters at all; but oddly enough the subject has proved so interesting that nobody here has been talking about anything else."

"Surely," said Mr. Brock, "you pay a poor compliment to human nature if you consider it odd that intelligent men and women should manifest any interest in the question which of all questions concerns them most. All philosophy and all science, though they consist of a vast substratum of definitely co-ordinated knowledge, are valuable only as affording a foundation for religion and ethics."

"I'm glad," replied Mrs. Vernon, "to hear you say that. Mr. Glanville has been trying to indoctrinate us with the forlorn conclusion that science won't allow us to have any belief in anything—not even in our own souls and an intelligent ruler of the universe."

Mr. Brock looked down on Mrs. Vernon with an expression of amazed compassion. "Religion," he began, "is not a system of belief, but a state of mind or feeling connected by, and arising out of, knowledge. Nor does ethics, though such still is the opinion of the partially educated, depend on any such beliefs as your idea of religion implies."

But here Mr. Brock was interrupted by the entrance of Lady Snowdon, who was closely followed by the host and the rest of the party. Lady Snowdon, when Mr. Brock was introduced to her, acknowledged the philosopher's bow with a majesty so cordial that it would have given him unmixed delight if it had not been too suggestive of an intellectual equality with himself. Mr. Hancock shook him by the hand with an effusiveness reserved for the celebrated. Mr. Brompton made a statement, which struck Mr. Brock as superfluous,

to the effect that he had read with admiration many of Mr. Brock's works; whilst Miss Leighton confused him for a moment by the curious magic of her manner, which made him vaguely feel that they were people of different sexes. Lord Restormel, however, who lounged into the room late, so quickened his step when he perceived Mr. Brock's presence, and held him by the arm with so much affectionate reverence, that Mr. Brock, when they presently went in to dinner, felt himself after all amongst reasonable human beings, who, even if they were not perfectly wise already, were desirous and prepared to be made so by a little of his own teaching.

Such being the case, he was good enough not to be displeased by the fact that the conversation, so long as the servants were in the room, was adroitly diverted by the host from the lofty questions that were awaiting them, and confined itself to what Mr. Brock described as "proximate interests"—such as the Irish climate, the character of the Irish peasantry, with their imperfect sense of veracity; and even the character of his own house at Ballyfergus, of the meals supplied to him by his landlady, and the manner in which he ate them.

"I find," he said, "that a repast such as the present, where the dishes are numerous, and some rich and elaborate, is, when eaten in company, frequently much more wholesome than one which is severely simple, if the latter be consumed in solitude. It is important to remember that, when we eat our food in company, the cerebral and nervous actions set up by conversation, and even by laughter, constitute a powerful digestive, which is quite capable of making the banquet of a Lucullus a healthier meal than a plateful of cold mutton bolted in gloomy silence. As for myself,' Mr. Brock continued, "when I dine alone I have my soup brought to me in two successive tea-cups, with an interval of ten minutes between them, during which I pace the room in order to promote circulation; or I stimulate my risible faculties by perusing accounts in the newspapers of the blunders—of daily occurrence as Mr. Glanville knows—perpetrated by the Government, or this or

that public body; and the rest of my meal is consumed under the same conditions."

The unusual character of Mr. Brock's table-talk secured for him an attention which was highly agreeable to himself, and prepared both himself and his audience for the still more prominent position which he was destined to occupy when the business of the evening should begin. An overture to this business, though not the business itself, was started spontaneously the moment dessert was in progress, and the servants had at last withdrawn.

"Mr. Brock," said Lady Snowdon, as though she were one sovereign addressing another, "I should like to ask your opinion, not about any question of philosophy, but about a general question of fact, which we all of us here have been discussing. We all are aware—and your writings have helped to make us so—that the old ecclesiastical view of the world is seemingly out of accordance with modern scientific discoveries. Nobody doubts these discoveries; but the old ecclesiastical view is still practically prevalent amongst a large part of the public. Churches are being daily built having for their sole object the assertion and the perpetuation of ideas, at direct variance with that system of knowledge which, apart from its bearing on religion, the very church-builders themselves accept. The same curious fact comes out in royal speeches, in enthronements of archbishops and other public ceremonials, in squabbles between parties in the Church, and in squabbles about religious education."

"Such," said Mr. Brock, "is beyond all doubt the case. There is not a country in Europe, there is not a State in America, where a riot or a political crisis might not arise to-day in connection with the claims of rival religious doctrines, which doctrines differ, in their several relations to fact, only as some doctrine about Thor might differ from some doctrine about Jupiter. The phenomenon seems strange; but it illustrates and is explicable by the strangely partial receptivity of the mind of the ordinary man. Lacking time or ability to

view assembled propositions in their totality, he is capable of entertaining, and indeed of simultaneously asserting, religious and scientific views which it is quite impossible to reconcile; and it is only by a slow and mainly unconscious process that the latter modify, and will ultimately dissolve, the former. This slowness is, however, practically advantageous, as it tends to retain certain useful ethical sanctions, until others, of a higher kind, can be put formally in their place. We may, therefore, rejoice in this irrational religious conservatism, even while we are doing all we can do to dissipate it."

"No doubt," said Lady Snowdon, "that's true. But it's not quite an answer to my question. What I want to ask you is to what extent you personally think that the dissipation of this irrational conservatism is progressing."

"It is progressing," said Mr. Brock, "much faster than you suppose. Amongst uninstructed or semi-instructed persons the decline of religious belief invariably at first shows itself, not in the form of a direct negation of such belief, but in the changed mood of mind which accompanies a continued assertion of it. Parts of it, though accepted as true, are thrown aside as unimportant; then they are treated with a slowly developing flippancy—as the story of the deluge, the fall of man, and the Creation, are already treated by the great majority of church-goers. Then, having been treated with flippancy, whilst still accepted as truths, they gradually cease to be accepted as truths at all. And the same process is taking place in the case of all the miraculous doctrines which form the specific features of the Christian and Hebrew cult, though with regard to many of them it proceeds slowly."

"Many people," said Glanville, "cling to the old beliefs that have comforted them just as English farmers, and Indian ryots, cling to their old methods of cultivation."

"An admirable parallel," said Mr. Brock. "In many countries this obstinacy is a serious bar to agricultural progress; but no one would say, for that reason, that improved

methods of agriculture are not being daily discovered, and are steadily, even if tardily, extending themselves."

"But my dear Mr. Brock," said Mrs. Vernon, "you seem to be forgetting one thing—you who are such a believer in the reality of social progress. When you talk of the prejudices that keep Christianity alive, you forget that it is kept alive also by the general growth—insisted on so strongly by yourself—of the moral and philanthropic, or—as you would call them—social feelings, of which the doctrines of Christianity are the most vivid and familiar expressions."

"There is truth," said Mr. Brock, "in what you observe, but it illustrates my own thesis, instead of constituting an objection to it. In the ages when Christian belief was really dominant, the virtues you refer to were practised because certain beliefs sanctioned them. On your own admission the case is now inverted. On your own admission the classes to which you refer now base their beliefs on their practices, instead of deriving, as formerly, their practices from their beliefs. In short," said Mr. Brock, "miracles, which were once looked on as the foundation of the Christian life, are now a burden which the Christian life has to sustain—and which, I need hardly say, it sustains with increasing difficulty."

When the ladies had left the room the philosopher, with great good nature, divested himself of his philosopher's mantle, and condescended to discuss, in language that was almost familiar, the respective merits of claret, port and Madeira. His favourite wine was port, on account of its hygienic properties; and whether he partook in the evening of one glass or of two depended on the distance which a pedometer, always worn by him, showed him to have walked in the course of the last twelve hours. His beverage at luncheon was invariably toast and water. He was presently proceeding to explain that a general abstention from alcohol was by no means necessarily favourable to the higher evolution of societies, as might plainly be seen by a study of the Mohammedan races; whilst governmental

attempts at producing an artificial temperance must be actively prejudicial to the health of the social organism.

At this point, however, Mr. Hancock thought proper to intervene; and observed that the present was perhaps a fitting opportunity for putting before Mr. Brock the precise nature of the question with regard to which the party, and the ladies of the party especially, were anxious to hear him speak. Everybody agreed, including Mr. Brock himself, though Mr. Brompton's face became clouded with a somewhat jealous frown.

"In making special reference to the ladies," said Mr. Brock, when Mr. Hancock had finished, "you have, my dear Mr. Hancock, acted very judiciously; for the intellects of superior women—and Mr. Glanville's ladies are distinguished specimens of that class—may be generally taken as exemplifying the mental condition—the insight, the defects of insight, the confusions of thought, the prejudices—current amongst ordinary men. I do not," he said, slightly modifying this not very gallant utterance, "necessarily mean men who are congenitally bad reasoners. I mean men who, occupied with proximate interests, and swayed by unexamined opinions, are incapable of effecting a synthesis of even that general scientific knowledge which, in detached fragments, they can hardly help possessing. I am therefore not surprised that these three most intelligent ladies should find their main difficulty to be that of perceiving in what way ethics and the principles of religion can survive the dissolution of theology; and the consciousness that I shall presently be addressing such admirable persons will greatly, I trust, assist me in investing my exposition of the matter with a character which will render it capable of comprehension by the feeblest intellect."

When the gentlemen, having finished their wine, at length adjourned to the portico, Mr. Hancock once more assumed the duty of chairman, and announcing that another Conference was now about to begin, recalled to his hearers the fact that their distinguished friend Mr. Brompton had already given them, in

his capacity of religious teacher, an outline of an ethical system which, though it was purely natural, claimed to provide them with all the more valuable of the Christian virtues—the ceaseless struggle towards the right, the ceaseless purifications of self-denial, the heroic championship of justice."

"Hear, hear," murmured Mr. Brompton in an approving whisper.

"But," Mr. Hancock continued, "a general desire has been expressed to learn how this view of the matter, which has been put before us as a religion, is formulated and substantiated by the more rigid methods of science. We are therefore fortunate in having to-night amongst us the most celebrated, the most severely logical, the most comprehensive, the most encyclo—I always stick at this long word—the most encyclopædically scientific of all our modern philosophers; and it is now my privilege to request him to be good enough to address us."

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW CREATION

CREATION, in the fullest sense that we can give to it, is the self-manifestation of God, the nature of His Being made intelligible to us. We use the word sometimes in a restricted sense, confining it to the system of things that man finds outside himself; or, from the analogy of our own works, we give it a mechanical meaning, and think of it as the product of certain combinations, or the adjustment of various elements to serve a particular end. The defect of this mechanical view is that it suggests a mind controlling or shaping things external to itself, like the potter fashioning clay.

I am trying to give Creation its highest and fullest thought-meaning as the Self-Revelation of the central Unity. This seems to me to be the standpoint that is beginning to make itself known to-day, now that mechanical views of life are already fading away (through the alchemy of the intellect) into the Spiritual, the region of the Becoming, and the minds of men are seeking after some kind of unity from which all things may be felt to proceed, and in the light and power of which a new harmony may be discovered, a new construction of Society be established.

The unit I take to be Personality. The real thing to each of us is the fact of his own existence. The reality of other existences is an ultimate fact as well, but it is arrived at through the primary fact of the individual self-consciousness of each. Self-consciousness is the ground of everything. It is that

which differentiates man from other animals; it is also that which is synonymous with Personality. Personality involves a duality, or perhaps we should say a manifoldness, within the individual unit. "Here am I," the man says to himself. "How did I get here?" "What is the 'Here,' its meaning and object?" and so forth. He is himself the questioner and the questioned, the object and the subject, as well as the cause of the questions. He is in contact too with other things, and, stranger still, with other persons. These he can at first only designate as the "Not-self;" yet he comes to feel that they must all be in some way part of himself, else they would not be. Everything that he knows as existing must have some relation to himself. A man's own personality then is the one real thing to him; the centre of his Universe. The *meaning* of himself and his Universe is what he seeks gradually to acquire; a meaning that shall tend to unify his manifold experiences. The unifying principle is what we call God.

Personality is that which exists for its own sake, which has its own permanent value—a value not realised in present attainment or knowledge, but a value which enlarging experience and growing interpretation of experience tends to help us to realise more and more. To grow is to come to realise more and more the exceeding greatness of one's own worth. Needless to say that I am not speaking of the worth of one individual as compared with another, but the worth of each personality. In this sense all are equal, and equal things are outside the region of comparison. The Universe is a Society. God is the social Spirit. The social Spirit is the free intercourse of personalities, of which none is greater or less, higher or lower, than another. Such intercourse cannot *be* so long as persons can be dealt with as though they were things, so long as they be valued according to the use they may be put to by others, without regard to their value in and for themselves.

Shall we say then that what constitutes personality is the

consciousness of being a self-existent Reality, and therefore of infinite worth, and that this involves the consciousness of God as being in vital relation with each, making a personal link between each; forming, so far as I can see, the only real ground of sympathy and fellowship between me and any one else? To my thinking, if the term God is to express something intelligible and vital, in short something real, it must mean Ideal Personality. Ideal Personality is the only thing cognate to myself that I can be at home with, that can give me the sense of pardon and joy and satisfaction that I cannot do without, into whose mind and being I can enter as I can into that of no one else. Moreover, it calls forth the best and worthiest that is in every one's life. If God be considered as being in ideal personal relations with us, He is bound by this very hypothesis to respect the personality of each; is conditioned, so to say, by the needs and demands of each as being of infinite worth.

There are three main forms of manifestation—the physical, the intellectual and the spiritual.

With the first, the physical, we have immediate and direct contact. Sense-perceptions are direct, and produce an immediate image. We can at any time reproduce any familiar sense-object: say, a garden, a face, a melody or a scent.

The second form of manifestation, the intellectual, is ours mediately; it is our own creation: the result of a process of thought. The mind judges, distinguishes, corrects the sense-impressions, mediates between the appearance and reality, translates perception into knowledge. Here, too, imagination —that is, the throwing outward the image of that which is within—brings to our consciousness the content of the mind. Ideas—as the word shows—are such mental visions. The earth as we see it appears to us a flat stationary thing; but the mind can picture the truth that the planet spins round its centre at the rate of so many thousand miles a second.

Again, the third form of manifestation, the spiritual, is perceived directly and immediately. Spirit recognises spirit

by a direct and immediate perception. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. Spiritual vision is clear, direct, unmistakable. And here, too, the spiritual is manifested to spiritual sight by the projection of its image. As the spiritual is beyond the three-dimensional order, its image as seen takes no shape, neither, as it is beyond intellectual manifestation, is its existence something that can be proved, defined or demonstrated. It is its own evidence, more real than sense-perceptions or ideas, because it abides while they change, it transcends their limitations. This spiritual image, manifesting the spiritual in us, is what is often called the "religious sense." It is the sense of a presence, the presence of a personal power that is all-in-all, the pledge of all-power, all-wisdom, all-goodness, bringing with it the sense of all-sufficiency, that the all is here and now, flooding all the spaces of the mind and heart, swallowing up hesitancy, doubt, discontent. It is the manifestation of the very-self of the Universe, the "I," the "Thou," the "He" in perfection of Unity. It is the manifestation to man of the spiritual in him, the glorifying of the personality of each. The glory of anything consists in the manifestation of what it is, its Reality. Man's glory lies in his recognition of the spiritual as being what he is, and the disowning of any lesser manifestation as being a *permanent* part of himself. To own this consciousness of one-ness with the all as being the Truth is to take his rightful place in the Universe.

The relation of the one to the many is, in various forms, the old and ever new subject of philosophical discussion. It becomes, I think, somewhat simpler to understand if we eliminate a purely numerical connotation from the terms. Number, if I understand aright, is the tool that the mind forms for itself and uses for definite purposes. It requires it for dealing with things in their actual (*i.e.*, 3-dimensional) condition. It (*i.e.*, the mind) wants to know for practical purposes and uses the relationship and inter-connection of things in time and space. But in the spiritual region number does not apply.

"Are there many or few that shall be saved?" is not a

question of the spiritual understanding. Spiritual and numerical relationship is not the same thing. The whole is not the sum of each. God is not merely everything. One and one does not make two. It is still one and one, though we call it two for short. The relation of the one to the many in spiritual thought is best expressed in the form that the one is *in* each, and each *in* the one. The relationship is vital and internal, not external at all. Man is *in* God, and not truly known till *so* known. God is *in* man, and not truly known till *so* known. This form of expression symbolises a fact cognisable by direct spiritual perception.

The Universe of created things (as we call them) is not strictly and directly God's creation but man's, in so far at any rate as we conceive of it in terms of matter, motion, force, number, and so forth. The world of created things is in a real sense "in us," the projection of our own manifold content. The Word by which all things were made, without which was not anything made that was made, that which upholds and sustains all things, is that very self-consciousness which, as I have said, differentiates man, making him to be the interpretation of the world, because the world is, in varying degrees, the manifestation of his very being.

That which is of direct Divine Creation is man. "God created man in His own Image." Here man is spoken of as the work of the divine imagination, the projection, so to say, of the reality of God's very Being. God is the source of man, as Being is the source of its own image. Man is changelessly the very Image of the Inmost. The Duality of God and man is not a duality of Essence, but of presentment. He is the self-Revelation of the Divine. The unity between God and man is not the merging, and, therefore, practically the destruction of two personalities, but the unity of the abiding relationship between the manifestation and that which manifests.

The Divine in this view is what I have called the abiding personal link between the various personalities. It is the Unity of the Spirit of Sonship—the Spirit that testifies to our

oneness with God as being the oneness of that which manifests with that which is manifested. This I understand to be the true meaning of Sonship. It should be freed, I think, from the connotation of time-process, as when we speak of descent from father to son.

Now what is the line of way along which we are to pass from our present state of divided consciousness to the fuller realisation of the true? There must first of all be going on in us a constant sense of change. Our natural tendency is towards fixity in thought, in activity, in point of view. We form habits and forget that we have formed them, and come to look upon them as fixed and permanent environments, the fixity all the while being in us and not in things outside. We become victims to our own illusions, and are prone to stamp such habits with a divine authority to which we voluntarily subjugate ourselves. This is but worshipping idols of our own making. We must, then, if we would not deceive ourselves, be alive to and expect what has been called the "renewing of the inward man day by day": the consciousness, that is, of continuous change within ourselves; change in point of view, in feeling, in all things; ourselves making all things new, as fuller manifestations of our true selves come into actuality from within, evolving new faculties, and bringing to light new endowments. As we realise ourselves more and more to be not mere products of manifold forces, nor the mere subjects of external objects, but rather media of manifestation of the free, original, self-manifesting unity, so we become more and more able to shake off the separating illusions of the external, and see with direct vision the image of the wholeness that is within ourselves. The nature of the eye that sees determines what it shall see. The vision of the whole man is of wholeness. If thine eye be single it will be full of light.

Here I should like to make clear that I do not look upon the external as pure illusion, in the sense that there is no reality in it. There are degrees of reality, and everything is real in its particular context. There are realities of relationship.

The pavement along which I walk is real to me as a walking organism; and, as such, there is a real difference whether I walk on pavement or through a bog. But to an angel, or to any being that does not walk, pavement, as such, is non-existent. To any being that has transcended physical conditions, the physical does not exist. Physical things are physically discerned. To the blind or to the deaf colour or sound is non-existent.

It is, however, in the physical—and it is this that gives it a reality if nothing else does—it is in the physical that the real difficulty and problem of life lies. Pain and evil have their sphere there, and it is with pain and evil that we are largely concerned. What is their meaning? why should they be? are questions that are continually haunting us. The doctrine of original sin, perhaps the earliest attempt at a solution, does not help, but only lands us in contradictions. Ultimately God must be responsible for the whole of Creation, for all things are of Him. To say that *some* things are of God would be false and unmeaning, for only universals are intelligible. The spiritual only knows and deals with universals. The Spirit everywhere is one, and all are of one. The responsibility remains the same even though the external world be not directly but indirectly (through man) the work of God. In the classical reference for the old theory the Serpent is still one of the beasts that the Lord God had made, the noxious fruit still of one of the trees that the Lord God had planted. And though the external world exists only for man in his present conditions, still the responsibility for what he is and where he finds himself rests upon the source from which springs all that he is.

The ultimate responsibility of the Creator presents us with a point of view that brings with it certain results. It is but another form of the thesis that all things are in their degrees linked into a unity of process—the process of the self-manifestation of ultimate existence. Spiritual vision is the vision of process not of finality. As man himself is in the process, and

knows himself only as proceeding from the central Unity, his vision of his Universe in this life is of a process. Things outside change in form and in meaning with the change that is proceeding within himself. If anything in the outward is regarded as final, as having a separate existence of its own, and an end in and for itself, it necessarily comes to be regarded as an evil. That, however, which is evil is not the thing, which, in fact, in itself has no existence, but that which is evil is the vision which is not the vision of the whole man, but of the man in a certain relation to the external taken as though it were the vision of the whole man. Evil cannot be a thing in itself. It cannot belong to the external world, and should not be dealt with as though it did, for the external world is but the imperfect apprehension of our imperfect consciousness; nor can it belong to man, since he is made after the image of the infinite good. After all, the sting of evil does not lie in the sensation of it, in the fact that it is felt. Sensation is nothing till it is interpreted, translated, as we may say, into the kingdom of the whole (*i.e.*, the spiritual) man. Nothing is really and vitally judged or known until it is discovered by the spiritual faculties. Ultimately all that goes to form the experience of man must be seen to coincide with the demands of the whole process of his evolution, and to work together with the pressing need from within him—the need of the expression and assertion of his own creative power; the power, that is, that is within him of making all experience minister to his own self-manifestation. For the region from whence his experience comes, that which we call the external world, is not really alien to himself. Although it comes to him from the apparently unknown, the whole region from whence all possible experience comes is cognate to himself, inasmuch as, according to my contention, it is the externalised content of his own inner being. Man is according to his inmost consciousness by destiny lord of all things. The fact that this is conceivably his destiny involves its truth; for I take it that the deeper the conception the greater and the surer is the truth.

There can at any rate be little doubt that the whole experience of pain and evil is the constant spur to man to refuse to accept anything as final, to refuse to allow the external to pose upon his imagination as the real. It incites him, by throwing his attention back upon himself, to dwell with increasing assurance upon the truth of his being one with the original source of all things. The sting of the experience of pain and evil lies in the suspicion, so long as it exists, that there is something outside the influence of man's control, something that need not be, something that has a power of its own to hinder the development of personalities.

Hence the sphere of the conflict—for the conflict is real enough—is wrongly conceived. It is supposed to lie in the external; but the true conflict is not there. The true conflict is between the narrower and the wider consciousness that is within the man, whether shall prevail the conception that the world forms the man or the man the world.

The difference of the two conceptions shows itself in the two methods of dealing with the world of outer experience. In the one case the unyielding man will try by all available means to alter the experience; in the other case, the man will show himself to be free by the voluntary yielding of his outer self to the outer experience, and so give them each their rightful place and lawful meaning in the scheme of things.

The suffering of manifold experiences is the way of life ordained for all. It makes a difference whether we shall regard experiences merely as humiliations imposed by a necessity from without, or whether we shall regard a voluntary acceptance of them as our highest prerogative. By such voluntary acceptance of the manifold experiences of whatever kind we confess them to be factors in our evolution.

We express at the same time our knowledge of what we are and whither we go, and exercise the power that such knowledge involves. We express it, too, in the name of each and all. For I do not understand that there can be two

principles of action, one for my own benefit and another for that of others; I understand rather that the way of truth makes for the good of all *because* it makes for the good of each.

I have spoken of the creative power of man. Of this, in what may be called its secondary sense, we have ample testimony and an assurance that grows stronger every day. That he is destined to have control of, and to put to what use he will, the forces of nature, of this we have little doubt; that he is to be increasingly able to stamp with his own personality, and express himself through, the material of his environment, to this arts, sciences, and institutions bear growing witness. The face of the world he is changing day by day. But this is after the order of the potter and the clay: creation in its secondary sense. We wait for something further. We expect the direct exercise of spiritual powers, the exercise of spiritual faculties called forth by the deepening consciousness of man as to his place in the Universe.

It will show itself—or, rather, it is already showing itself—in certain ways. The tyranny of the outward is decreasing. There is less belief in mere re-arrangement, more demand for reconstruction. Power is to be found in ideas rather than in things. The authority for things that exist in the outward lies not in themselves but in the reasons for which they came to be. These reasons are all human reasons. What man has thought out on one plane, he can re-think on a higher plane; what he has made, he can re-make. A large part of the Universe with which man has to do is of his own making: customs and institutions and so forth are all forms of his belief at various times, and themselves alter with his growth. Why things seem to change and be re-made so slowly is, I suppose, because man is composite and manifold. That he is, in all his various individual manifestations, coming to be conscious of the Total Unity as conceived in Ideal Personality is not, I think, to be doubted. And it is this from which he is coming to draw his inspiration, and to believe in himself as inspired (in-breathed)

with the all-creative breath of Life. For what is Inspiration but the turning of the whole man to the central Ideal Personality, which is the one intelligible thing in the Universe, and finding there the meaning of himself and of all things; breathing *in* the breath of lives which is love, and breathing *out* the same love which is the one creative and re-creative Power?

C. R. Shaw Stewart.

WALTER PATER

ENGLISH prose literature has become in our day almost as rare as English poetry. A host of writers, more or less conspicuous, have conspired, it would seem, to write not English prose but prose run mad. English in the hands of the most popular writers is now a language without rule and often without sense; indeed, the more popular a writer is the madder his prose becomes. It were invidious to give examples, for it is characteristic of the English novel that apart from every other form of literature it alone is indifferent to words, concerning itself chiefly with a tale of love, or the domestic accidents of provincial family life, or the impossible achievements of some braggart long and long ago. But when we remember the magnificent work of the translators of the Bible, how they dealt with romance immortally, and delicately set their words in order, or how in reading the Morte d'Arthur we are possessed by the beauty of a page that tells so exquisitely the valiant old tale, it is with utter disgust that we return to the work of the day, with its split infinitives, its use of "like" for "as," its eternal "and which," its horrible tautology and alliteration, its absence of rhythm or any sense of music, its domesticity and its vulgarity. To read the opening sentence of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," that captures the reader by its sheer beauty from the very beginning, and then to read the work of the writers of our day is, as it were, to experience a revolution in manners, and in the language so tremendous as to startle even the most artless reader.

Yet amidst the masses of verbiage that know no master or king, nor any rule or order, we may find after due search, even in our day, one at least who cared passionately for words, who without being a poet loved words as the poets do, and who has written a few books very beautifully.

In writing of Sir Thomas Browne, Walter Pater says of English prose literature towards the end of the seventeenth century in the hands of Dryden and Locke, that it was becoming "a matter of design and skilled practice, highly conscious of itself as an art, and above all correct." That might stand almost as a criticism of his own work; prose as he understood it being as difficult to write as poetry. Concerned as he was less with plot than with beauty, he achieved no popular success. Yet he was concerned with the adventures of the soul of man. As his highest aim was beauty, so he found that at least in his own art beauty is not to be divorced from words; that in themselves perhaps words are the most beautiful things in the world, to be used carefully and less readily than the novelists use them.

How much of his art was a great patience and an infinite capacity for taking pains it is impossible to say for certain; yet except perhaps in "The Renaissance," the one great fault in his work seems to be a lack of spontaneous inspiration, a want of the impromptu effects of literature that are so delightful, for instance, in Sir Thomas Browne. Yet he surpassed easily all his contemporaries in the use of words, the measure of his prose sometimes very happily attaining to a perfection of rhythm hardly surpassed in all English literature; as when in his essay on Pico della Mirandola, he writes so sincerely:

> For the essence of humanism is that belief of which he seems never to have doubted, that nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality—no language they have spoken, nor oracle beside which they have hushed their voices; no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds; nothing about which they have ever been passionate or expended time and zeal.

That is perhaps a fuller and more elaborate example than

usual, but still a very good example of the tone of his voice, as it were, his manner, perhaps his style. He is never off his guard, never quite "at home," with his reader, never happy without a certain ceremony. His mind appears to be ecclesiastical, expressing itself always with a certain ritual, which is indeed beautiful in itself, and to him and to the friendly reader beautiful for itself. Yet his manner, his style, changes with his books, reaching its greatest perfection perhaps, certainly its greatest richness, in "The Renaissance," and its greatest simplicity in "The Imaginary Portraits." His thought, profound and lovely as it frequently is, is never obscurely expressed; indeed, to one who valued words so much, vagueness of expression would have been a fault in art, and except as a fault impossible. And in spite of his small production, seven books in more than twenty years, or five only if we leave out the two books "Greek Studies" and "Miscellaneous Studies," published after his death, he appears to us now as more important than a host of more garrulous, less reticent writers. To some extent he may be said to have influenced the language, making it possible for us to appreciate modern English, as we do the English of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or Latin and Greek. He came to remind us not without a smile that English, too, is a precious language, and worthy of respect since Shakespeare wrote in it, and in it, too, unlike other living tongues, the Liturgy is said, and a whole people pray to God. A wise criticism will not claim for him a place beside Shakespeare or Milton as has been done for lesser men. He is not among the greater men in literature, only among the greater men of his day, where he is unique, in that he wrote more beautifully than they all.

And as other men have chosen to express themselves in fiction, for instance, he in criticism explained himself, perhaps chiefly to himself, expressing there his imagination and his dream of a world. For him the vision is always necessary. He never describes, but suggests, as it were, what he would have us see or feel. The atmosphere of Italy, of Rome, of

Florence, of the country of Loire, of Valenciennes, of Germany, of England, disengages itself from his pages. And all this is really nothing but a great desire for truth of expression, so that the word, the phrase, the sentence, may convey the very emotion that he feels, the very vision that he sees. He is the true realist, he will never excuse himself from the truth; and it is there that he finds the true beauty of his expression, for anything lovely cannot be expressed at all save beautifully and with integrity. One desires long summer afternoons in which to read his books under great shady trees.

His criticism—his work, is always close to life. Without life he is as feeble as in his "Essays from the Guardian," the publication of which has wronged him, or as in his essay "On Style," where he hastens to speak not so much of style as of Flaubert. He creates a personality, suggestive of that which he desires to express, and it is generally round such a figure that he builds his essay, none the less beautiful for that visionary life. His heroes, his young men, are almost as lovely and almost as languid as the Adam of Michael Angelo in the *Creation of Man* in the Sistine Chapel. They never decide, they hesitate always between life and death, and are really indifferent to both. And yet in their absolute sincerity, in the sheer beauty of their youth, they live though perhaps only as a kind of angels, guardians of the centuries whence they come.

After all it is only of those things which really matter that he writes with an unique detachment from the petty sordid things of the world and the din of the trumpery cities. He is not perhaps so much a thinker as an artist in thought, with a real passion chiefly for whatsoever things are lovely; able to charm us not only with the delicacy of his thought but with the beauty of its expression and the individuality of his style. He is not of those who found a school; at most his disciples will learn from him to be scholars, students, refusing hasty production of any sort, patient in their love of Beauty, who is no easy mistress.

Perhaps, in spite of the verdict of the many who pronounce him "precious," it is as a humorist he is most delightful, as in the twenty-fourth chapter of the second volume of "Marius the Epicurean," for instance. Lucian and Marius meet Hermotimus on the way to the lecture of a philosopher.

In a few moments the three were seated together, immediately above the fragrant borders of a rose farm, on the marble bench of one of the *exhedræ* for use of foot-passengers at the road side from which they could overlook the grand, earnest prospect of the *Campagna,* and enjoy the air. Fancying the lad's plainly written enthusiasm had induced in the elder speaker somewhat more fervour than was usual with him, Marius listened to the conversation.

Lucian begs him since it is a holiday, and therefore there will be no lecture, to stay with them and talk awhile. The lad consents.

Yes [says he], I was ruminating yesterday's conference. One must not lose a moment. *Life is short and Art is long!* and it was of the art of medicine that was first said—a thing so much easier than divine philosophy, to which one can hardly attain in a life-time, unless one be ever wakeful, ever on the watch, and here the hazard is no little one: by the attainment of true philosophy to attain happiness; or, having missed both, to perish as one of the vulgar herd.

To perish as one of the vulgar herd; well, does it not come to that with us all, whether we have attained to true philosophy or not? Through all his work that sense of humour, of irony, is to be found, saving his work from a charge, perhaps, of too much sweetness. But it is in his treatment of death that he is most characteristic. For he of all modern writers has expressed most exquisitely that feeling in the very depths of our being which Christianity has utterly failed to eradicate, that if we could have enjoyed the privilege of not being led away captive by Death, we would give all our winnings, and the whole world as ransom, were it ours. But ah! great Alexander is dead, and all his greatness buried with him, he for whom our world was too little because he was so great has now left being great and is become little himself, a little handful of dust, and must be contented with a little—a

little room under ground. For the sun shines, the fire burns, the rivers run equally for all. The king and the subject look pale, are sick and die the same way, their heads and their hearts ache alike, and being dead their ashes mingle together, and then the clearest eye cannot discern or distinguish the one from the other; nor can any man say truly this dust is the softer, the finer mould, look you, this is royal dust. Ah! do you not often wonder how going naked agrees with the soul?

In an age stirred by such diverse and great causes as ours, it is not to be wished for that all writers should be reduced to a type. Yet it may be that in his treatment of death Pater is but the most perfect example of the mood of the age, an age that is above all things pitiful, especially of death, which is of all terribles still the most terrible.

In his first book, called "Studies in the History of the Renaissance," published in 1873, Christianity, the Christian Church, Catholicism, which later influenced him deeply, so that in his last years we are told he read little but the Bible and the Prayer Book (as much it may be, as a school of English prose as for another reason), appear if at all almost as enemies, that he strives to ignore. For him it would seem art is religion, art which "comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for these moments' sake." Perhaps he, too, like Pico della Mirandola, had striven to reconcile the dreams of Plato and Homer with the words of Christ. For he writes of Christianity as though he had even then found it beautiful after a fashion, though not yet at one with that "divine ideal which above the wear and tear of creeds, has been forming itself for ages as the possession of nobler souls." And it may be that he "began to feel the soothing influence which the Roman Church has often exercised over spirits too independent to be its subjects, yet brought within the neighbourhood of its action; consoled and tranquillised as a traveller might be, resting for one evening in a strange city, by its stately aspect and the sentiment of its many fortunes, just because with those

fortunes he has nothing to do." How profoundly changed he is ten years later when "Marius the Epicurean" was written, we may judge by those chapters on the Mass in the Early Church, which are among the most beautiful pages of all his work. "It was thus," he writes there, "It was thus the liturgy of the Church came to be, full of consolations for the human soul, and destined surely one day under the sanction of so many ages of human experience, to take exclusive possession of the religious consciousness."

And this book on the Renaissance is a book of really profound and exquisite criticism. He understood the past, the past that is even to the most learned only a dream. Even in 1870 he could write of Botticelli, "in studying his work one begins to understand to how great a place in human culture the art of Italy had been called"; and this in the course of an essay that was probably the first written in English on that painter. We may prefer to explain Botticelli's Madonnas in another way than he did; we may differ from him as to the secret of Michael Angelo's sculpture; we may know that some of the work he looks upon as Giorgione's is not his at all; and after all what have we accomplished? Nothing. His work is so full of ideas that to destroy one or two is but to show the value of the rest. His criticism is so delicate, so fine, that in itself it is a work of art, beside which the work of Matthew Arnold appears almost obvious, almost common. That saying of his in his essay on "The School of Giorgione," "All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music," is not a fallacy, as a certain musical critic has lately rather rudely asserted, but a profound truth, fully explained by its context, "For while in all other kinds of art it is possible to distinguish the matter from the form, and the understanding can always make this distinction, yet it is the constant effort of art to obliterate it. That the mere matter of a poem, for instance, its subject, namely, its given incidents or situation—that the mere matter of a picture, the actual circumstances of an event, the actual topography of a landscape — should be nothing

without the form, the spirit of the handling, that this form, this mode of handling should become an end in itself, should penetrate every part of the matter; this is what all art constantly strives after, and achieves in different degrees." The which Shakespeare accomplishes in certain passages, as, for instance, in these lines from Richard II.:

> Not all the waters in the rough rude sea,
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king.

Or in these from Henry IV.:

> I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
> His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed
> Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury.

Or again in these:

> Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
> Seal up the ship-boy's eyes and rock his brains
> In cradle of the rude imperious surge. . .

And Milton in

> . . . . . . Darkened so, yet shone
> Above them all the archangel; but his face
> Deep scars of thunder had intrenched and care
> Sat on his faded cheek.

In all these lines it would be impossible to separate the form from the matter, the subject, so that the words, the rhythm, the form, become an end in themselves, and the idea ceases to exist if you destroy that form. And in Pater's work, also, this perfection is occasionally to be found—

> A breath, a flame in the doorway, a feather in the wind. (or) Each soul keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world.

After all there is no other book in English that so lets us as it were into the secret of that magnificent yet sad age. Ever after we seem to look back on Luca della Robbia and Pico della Mirandola and Joachim du Bellay, as we have met them in his pages, visions like Denys L'Auxerrois and Emerald Uthwart and Sebastian van Storck and Duke Carl of Rosen-

mold. All the laborious pages of Symonds or Kugler cannot make them less than imaginary portraits.

The years between 1873 when "The Renaissance" appeared and 1885 when "Marius the Epicurean" was published, were, till 1881, filled with many of those studies which have been collected under the titles "Appreciations" and "Greek Studies." The essays on "Wordsworth" and "Measure for Measure" appeared in the *Fortnightly* for 1874. "Demeter and Persephone," two lectures delivered at Birmingham in 1875, appeared in the same Review in 1876. "A Study of Dionysus," again in the same Review, in 1876, and an essay called "Romanticism," appearing later under the title of "Postscript" in "Appreciations," in *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1876. The paper, "The School of Giorgione" appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1877. "The Child in the House," "Love's Labours Lost," and "The Bacchanals of Euripides," and the paper on Charles Lamb, all belong to 1878, and the two papers, "The Beginning of Greek Sculpture" and the "Marbles of Ægina" to 1880. Between that year and 1885, which saw the publication of "Marius," Mr. Shadwell mentions but one essay, that on Gabriel Rossetti, written in 1883.

"Marius the Epicurean," Pater's most considerable work, was written during the years 1881 to 1884. Whether we can admire it or not, there is nothing in the least like it in English literature. At the time of its publication, a writer in the *Dublin Review* stated that it was evidently inspired by "John Inglesant," a beautiful book that has attained to a far wider popularity than "Marius" can claim. But that was a very superficial and ridiculous thing to say. "John Inglesant" probably had very little to do with the writing of "Marius." Indeed, there is little in common between the two books. For not only is "Marius the Epicurean" utterly different from any other romance that touches the history of the early Church, but how different from any other book in the language! Even though its immense scholarship, its simplicity, its profound charm should not be able to prove it unique, the exquisite

writing, that style which with Pater was the man, that was inseparable from him, would have placed it in a sphere by itself. I doubt that any other man has set himself to write romance with half Pater's care for English. Not Scott, who worked swiftly and cleanly, like an archangel, nor Thackeray, who begins "Esmond" with a grammatical error, nor Dickens, nor Meredith. In many ways all these writers are probably greater than Pater, but in the actual genius of writing, in the generalship, the art of words, they are not his peers. For with Pater, romance, "Marius the Epicurean, his Sensations and Ideas," for instance, is on a level "as imaginative writing" with a poem. It is possible to speak of "Marius" and the "Morte d'Arthur" in the same breath, it is not possible to do so with "Pickwick" or "Vanity Fair," or "The Egoist," or even "Ivanhoe." And it is perhaps because these books are so amusing that they are so devoid of ideas—an accusation common in Europe against modern English prose fiction. But "Marius," whatever else it may be, is full of ideas, not the less profound because beautifully expressed. One can scarcely imagine the same person reading "Marius" and afterwards "The Eternal City" or "The Master Christian." And it may explain somewhat the contempt in which English fiction is held abroad when we remember that in England those last two books have a similar circulation to the works of M. Zola or M. Paul Bourget in France. That the English public is then less civilised, less intellectually attentive than the French, seems to be an inevitable conclusion. And so in England Walter Pater has had but little popularity, and none at all with the mass of the people.

> I wish you to observe [said Cardinal Newman], that the mere orator in words cares little or nothing for the subject which he is embellishing, but can paint and gild anything whatever to order; whereas the artist, whom I am acknowledging, has his great or rich visions before him, and his only aim is to bring out what he thinks or what he feels in a way adequate to the thing spoken of and appropriate to the speaker.

It is thus Pater writes of Marius and his ideas with a great

care and reverence not only for his subject but for its exquisite expression. And speaking there of the journey of life, its loneliness, its weariness, its companionship that "chief delight of the journey," he expresses the thought of Marius upon this very beautifully.

> And was it only the resultant general sense of such familiarity, diffused through his memory, that in a while suggested the question whether there had not been—besides Flavian, besides Cornelius even, and amid the solitude which in spite of ardent friendship he had perhaps loved best of all things—some other companion, an unfailing companion, ever at his side throughout; doubling his pleasure in the roses by the way, patient to his peevishness or depression, sympathetic above all with his grateful recognition, onward from his earliest days, of the fact that he was there at all. Must not the whole world around have faded away from him altogether had he been left for one moment really alone in it? In his deepest apparent solitude there had been rich entertainment. It was as if there were not one only but two wayfarers side by side visible across the plain as he indulged his fancy.

"Marius the Epicurean" is not a story, but a study in psychology, in philosophy, the revelation of a human soul.

In 1887 "Imaginary Portraits" was published; the earliest of these studies in criticism, "A Prince of Court Painters," having appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1885, while "Sebastian van Storck" and "Denys L'Auxerrois" appeared in the same Magazine in 1886, and "Duke Carl of Rosenmold" in 1887.

It is perhaps in this book that we see Pater at his greatest. He has invented, as it were, in these studies a new manner of criticism, creating a soul for that which he is about not only to discuss but to show us, in a new light. It is, strangely enough, in these "Imaginary Portraits" that we see him as a great imaginative writer, after his fashion—yes, even more than in "Marius the Epicurean." He has succeeded in vitalising a period, a philosophy, a mood, an antick painter. With what care, how delicately, has he shown us the supposed author of that diary, which he calls "A Prince of Court Painters." She is really the only woman in all his work. The mother of Marius, the Christian matron Cecilia, are too

vague, too far away, for us to perceive anything of them but their transparent souls, their sweetness, their nobility. But she who loved Watteau so passionately and so silently is as real to us as any figure in all his work; she is a kind of companion to Marius, who also was unfortunate. For all his young men have desired the fairest things, and how shall they be satisfied? They all have said: "We, too, desire, not a fair one but the fairest of all; unless we find him we shall think we have failed." Well, all the youth and passion of Denys, all the pride and work of Watteau, all the genius of Sebastian and the philosophy of Duke Carl have not sufficed to show them that one, the fairest of all. They die, still seekers, divine adventurers every one; what they sought was perhaps impossible, or possible only in another life. It was undoubtedly so with "Gaston de Latour," five chapters of which were published in 1888 in *Macmillan's Magazine.* For Gaston is but another portrait more imaginary than they all, more overwhelmed by the largeness of the world, the multiplicity of men and things, of suffering, of beauty. His pilgrimage from this world to the next has no end, he simply disappears, lost to all sight and knowledge amid so many desires and passions and great men. Life so disastrous for him seems to have swallowed him up, and the reader is left with five or six chapters of his life, which was all there was to tell.

With the publication in 1889 of "Appreciations," Pater ceased to create and devoted himself to criticism. His work becomes far less interesting, far less original, at least, in its conception. The volume of "Appreciations," consisting as it does of essays written between 1868 and 1888, is a kind of counsel of perfection. To ignore all that we cannot admire is the implicit suggestion of the book. Writing of Lamb, of Sir Thomas Browne, of Shakespeare's English Kings, of Wordsworth, of Rossetti, he discriminates the different schools, but is not "overmuch occupied concerning them," his chief business being, as he has suggested, to contend against the "stupidity which is dead to the substance and the vulgarity

which is dead to form." "The form is everything, the mere matter nothing." How stupidly that saying of his has been misunderstood, and in considering Wordsworth how that truth comes home to us! "Whatever may become of the fruit, make sure of the flowers and the leaves." And surely his summing up with regard to Wordworth might serve for himself also, "an unimpassioned writer, you might sometimes fancy, yet thinking the chief aim in life and art alike to be a certain deep emotion." And with all his quietness and with all his devotion to art he is human enough, and desires to be loved. One cannot imagine him contemplating the unfriendly reader. As he read those he cared for with a certain generosity, so he too seems to ask for at least a sympathetic hearing from the reader, seeing he had been so severe with himself. His work appeals to the inward eye, to that sense of music of rhythm, not to the outward ear. Unlike Macaulay's work, his prose cannot readily be spoken. There is nothing of rhetoric, of oratory about it. He seems to take note of an inward harmony, that is too delicate, too subtle for the voice.

In his day at Oxford he was so trim, so tidy, so much talked of, at least by the younger men, that it were wonderful if he should not be so much remembered in the world. It is the burden of the most beautiful chapter of his last book, *πάντα χωρεῖ πάντα ῥεῖ καῖ οὐδὲν μένει.* One finds it running through "Marius," too, like the shiver of the poplars. Will people speak and behave themselves as if he had never been? Is he after all nothing but a voice that is gradually fading in the years? All that immense labour, all that exquisite taste, all the scholarship, and the counsel with himself and the books that he wrote so carefully and with such patience, are they after all so much more rubbish to be thrown to the winds with the rest that have brought fortune, which never came to him? It is not to be thought of. His readers are few, but of the best sort. They know his limitations as well as his strength, he is of the small company which is much beloved. We are told that before his death he

had thought of taking Orders. It is perhaps a little difficult to see him in the Establishment, his mind was too religious for any such satisfaction. They are happy who having known him in their youth were not too stupid to understand so lovable, so shy a man.

EDWARD HUTTON.

UMBRIA

DEEP Italian day with a wide-washed splendour fills
Umbria green with valleys, blue with a hundred hills.
Dim in the south Soracte, a far rock faint as a cloud
Rumours Rome, that of old spoke over earth 'Thou art mine'!
Mountain shouldering mountain circles us forest-browed
Heaped upon each horizon in fair uneven line;
And white as on builded altars tipped with a vestal flame
City on city afar from the thrones of the mountains shine,
Kindling, for us that name them, many a memoried fame,
Out of the murmuring ages, flushing the heart like wine.
Pilgrim-desired Assisi is there; Spoleto proud
With Rome's imperial arches, with hanging woods divine:
Monte Falco hovers above the hazy vale
Of sweet Clitumnus loitering under poplars pale;
O'er Foligno, Trevi clings upon Apennine.
And over this Umbrian earth—from where with bright snow spread
Towers abrupt Leonessa, huge, like a dragon's chine,
To western Ammiata's mist-apparelled head,
Ammiata that sailors watch on wide Tyrrhenian waves,—
Lie in the jealous gloom of cold and secret shrine

Or Gorgon-sculptured chamber hewn in old rock caves,
Hiding their dreams from the light, the austere Etruscan dead.
O lone forests of oak and little cyclamens red
Flowering under shadowy silent boughs benign!
Streams that wander beneath us over a pebbly bed!
Hedges of dewy hawthorn and wild woodbine!
Now as the eastern ranges flush and the high air chills
Blurring meadowy vale, blackening heaths of pine,
Now as in distant Todi, loftily-towered—a sign
To wearying travellers—lights o'er hollow Tiber gleam,
Now our voices are stilled and our eyes are given to a dream,
As Night, upbringing o'er us the ancient stars anew,
Stars that triumphing Cæsar and tender Francis knew,
With fancied voices mild, august, immortal, fills
Umbria dim with valleys, dark with a hundred hills.

LAURENCE BINYON.

A CRITICAL PAPER IN EDUCATION

IN the world of education there are two great classes—the examiners and the examined. Some prefer a division into teachers and taught; but this is misleading, for it tends to divert the attention to secondary aims. However that may be, the object of this paper is not to elucidate the theory of education by examination, but to suggest a practical application of the art of examining. For years inspection of public secondary schools has been in the air; Parliamentary Commissioners have set questions upon it, the most energetic of our educationists have preached it, but nobody yet has quite seen his way to it. There are two chief reasons for this state of things: first, the British public—that great sophist—is so thoroughly satisfied with the great public schools that it would take a whole bench of judges to shake its faith; and secondly, the great public schools are so thoroughly satisfied with themselves that it would take an archangel to shake theirs. Consequently, since at present neither judges nor archangels are available, it seems as if the great public schools must continue to go uninspected, and the British parent to support for his boys that wholesome unintellectual tradition to which the less developed educational system enjoyed by his girls has not yet attained. Meanwhile, here and there a thoughtful schoolmaster emerges painfully into print, and from the security of a popular schoolhouse, or, still better, of a pensioned retreat,

gives us a glimpse of the kind of mind that "shares in the plunder and pities the man."

Now all this is, no doubt, very satisfactory; parents, it seems, get what they want, schoolmasters get what they want (even some assistant-masters, apparently), and boys get what they want. Three parties to a bargain, and all satisfied—what more can be desired? If this be not securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number, what is? Parents get rid of their parental responsibilities for nine months in the year, during which they fondly hope that their sons are mixing with boys of a slightly superior social position to their own; schoolmasters make a living which on the whole varies as it should with their business capacity and other estimable qualities; and the boys enjoy themselves to such a degree that, according to the late Mr. Edward Bowen, the mere pleasantness of school life is enough to account for the fact that they generally stay at school some two years longer than is good for them. It would be absurd to find fault with a system thus

> Broad-based upon the people's will,

and there is no denying that inspection carries with it a suspicion of fault-finding. An Inspector sets out with the assumption that nothing in this world is perfect, and that here is a particular thing whose imperfections he is paid to discover; he will probably discover something, some paltry defect in sanitation, or feeding, or teaching, of no importance compared with the general tone of the place regarded as a nursery of English character, but just enough to set him talking and making suggestions, and being aggrieved if his suggestions be not attended to—as they certainly will not be, unless enforced by incontestable authority. In short, while the public schools feel that inspection would be an impertinence, and the parents that it would be a waste of time and money, inspection is not within the range of practical politics.

But though inspection by real live Inspectors is impossible, it may not be impossible to satisfy by other means the curiosity

of the few who, in no cavilling or irreverent spirit, would like to know something of the working of the system beyond what they can gather from newspaper statistics, from boys' gossip, or from the history of the Boer War, which, we are told, reflects so much credit upon Eton.

Examinations may be conducted either on paper or *viva voce;* in this case the *viva voce* method is seen to be impracticable; but surely a few questions to be answered on paper, at leisure, can hurt no one's feelings. The following is an attempt to suggest a kind of examination paper which, if treated thoughtfully, would be of infinite service to parents, while the mere effort of contemplating the questions asked might set going new trains of thought in those who attempted to answer them—a merit sometimes claimed for examinations in general by true believers:

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

PART I. (*for Headmasters only*).

A. General Questions.

1. State briefly your qualifications for the post which you now hold, in order of importance, giving dates where necessary.

2. How far do you consider the expression "a cure of souls" applicable to a headmastership? Clerical headmasters should give the dates of Ordination and of appointment as headmaster.

3. Mention any three educational reforms which may be traced to the deliberations either of the Headmasters' Conference or of the Incorporated Association of Headmasters.

4. Comment on the phrases: *In loco parentis*—Formation of character—Discipline must be maintained—Intellectual Interest—*Mens sana in corpore sano*—Moral Tone.

5. Give a brief sketch of the development of the Higher Athleticism.

6. What are the advantages and disadvantages to a school of having on its governing body (*a*) a City Company; (*b*) Bishops; (*c*) Local magnates; (*d*) University professors; (*e*) Old pupils; (*f*) Educational experts?

7. What do you know of Infantile Psychology, and why?

8. "No great nation was ever saved by a good man, because good men

will not go the necessary lengths" (Walpole). Discuss the application of this saying to the duty of a Headmaster, and illustrate your answer from your own experience or that of other Headmasters of your acquaintance.

9. [For those under 40 or over 60 only.]

(*a*) Put into Latin Verse:—

When good King Arthur first began
To wear long hanging sleeves,
He used to keep three serving-men,
And all of them were thieves. Or

(*b*) Give reasons for or against the belief that the circle will ultimately be squared in the lower forms of public schools by means of graphs. Or

(*c*) Compare the educational value of the Æneid, the dogfish, the protohippus, and the Tonka bean. Or

(*d*) Give the formula for diacetyldiaminobenzylidenephenylhydrazone *or* paraphrase it in words of one syllable and say whether you consider that it supplies an argument for or against the compulsory study of Greek.

10. Write a short review of "Stalky & Co."

B. Relations with Boys.

1. How many of the boys in your school do you know by sight? How often, as a general rule, do you speak to any given boy in the course of a term? Discuss the bearing of this question upon the limits of the numbers of a public school.

2. What proportion of a Headmaster's time can be devoted to teaching without encroaching upon his administrative, social, or political duties?

3. State and discuss the doctrines of Thring and Arnold with regard to the duty of a Headmaster to keep his school select.

4. How much general lecturing on morals in the course of a term is enough to destroy the sense of duty of a whole school?

5. What do you understand by overwork? How far is it possible for a Headmaster to take into account each boy's separate capacity for work?

6. Distinguish the educational advantages of Rugby Football, Billiards, Gymnastics, and Golf.

7. How far should a Headmaster control or show a personal interest in the occupations of his pupils' leisure?

8. "Boys are always reasonable, masters sometimes, parents never" (attributed to a late Archbishop of Canterbury). Discuss this statement, with especial reference to the first clause. Distinguish carefully between reasonableness and ability to reason.

9. What is the average yearly profit (*a*) of the school tuckshop; (*b*) of the boarding-houses? What connection, if any, can you trace between these statistics and the number of excuses for ill-health that you have to deal with in the course of the term?

10. Write a short Essay on Schoolboy Honour, *or* a review of "Pastor Agnorum."

11. How would you deal with the following cases:

(*a*) Your whole Sixth Form absents itself from a French lesson alleging as an excuse that the French master does not understand their position in the school and is rude to them; they further declare that he is ignorant of his own language. Indicate the bearing of this case on the value of the Monitorial system.

(*b*) A. B. is reported to you as idle and self-indulgent. Both his parents, who are well known to you, are the same.

(*c*) The Senior Prefect coming hastily round a corner collides with you and utters profane language before discovering you.

(*d*) You do the same to the Senior Prefect.

(*e*) Two members of your Confirmation class appear in school with four black eyes and explain that they have been discussing the Athanasian Creed.

(*f*) A boy of 15 complains to you that his life is made a burden to him by the horrid speech and conduct of his companions. Beginning to investigate the matter, you find it unanimously asserted by his dormitory that he refuses to wash.

12. Comment on the following quotations:

(*a*) No, boy, you must not pelt the Jews.

(*b*) Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

(*c*) Creeping like snail unwillingly to school.

(*d*) The flannelled fools at the wicket,
And the muddied oafs at the goals.

(*e*) The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the teeth of the children are set on edge.

(*f*) How ill gray hairs become a fool and jester!

C. Relations with Parents.

1. How would you deal with the following cases:

(*a*) A member of your school eleven asks leave off school to attend a famous cricket match in which his brother is playing: on your refusal he plays truant and brings a note from his mother to say that he was too ill to go to school.

(*b*) An Impressionist painter, who has himself educated his son up to the age of 16½ in the intervals of painting, wishes him prepared for a Balliol scholarship. He has perfect confidence in the boy's ability but no exact knowledge of the conditions of success, having himself been brought up on a canal-barge, where the splendours of sunset awakened his genius and opened the door to fortune.

(*c*) A retired sausage-seller of enormous wealth proposes to send you his two sons on condition that you can assure him that you will turn them out gentlemen.

(*d*) A distinguished poet calls upon you to inform you that his son (whom you have just flogged for a peculiarly atrocious offence) wishes to become a schoolmaster.

(*e*) A poor widow of Evangelical opinions, with a clever but unprincipled son, consults you as to the wisdom of insisting upon his taking Holy Orders or allowing him at his own desire to adopt the stage as a profession.

(*f*) A country clergyman writes to you that as his son is going into the Diplomatic Service he will be glad to have him placed in a form where he will learn colloquial German, Spanish, American, and Japanese: at the same time he expresses a profound belief in the value of a sound training in Classics and Mathematics, and a hope that his boy's pursuit of those studies will not be interrupted.

2. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects:

i. The limits of the personal interview.
ii. The classification of correspondence.
iii. Some applications of the term "cantankerous."

D. Relations with Staff.

1. In promoting to positions of high responsibility, how should you estimate the following qualifications in an Assistant-Master:

i. Old age.
ii. A sense of humour.
iii. A widowed mother.
iv. Efficiency as a teacher?

2. How many probationer students have you at your school, and how much would you give them to go away?

3. Have your colleagues ever offered to present you with a testimonial; and, if so, what did you infer from the proposal?

4. How would you deal with the following cases:

(*a*) The youngest boy but three in the school is reported to you by his form-master as hopelessly insubordinate.

(*b*) A. B. reports at the end of a term that his whole form is idle beyond words.

(*c*) X. Y., whom you engaged to teach cricket and football, loses a leg in a railway accident, and about the same time your Composition Master loses his book of fair copies.

(*d*) Two masters call upon you separately, each with a portentous story to the discredit of the other, for which he begs you not to hold him responsible.

5. State the ages and qualifications of the masters in charge of the two top and the two bottom forms of your school, and say what you think would be the effect of interchanging them.

6. What course should the Headmaster adopt where one-third of his staff are past good work and there is no provision for pensions?

7. Give a summary of the principal signs of incompetence in an assistant-master, distinguishing those which a wise system of training might be expected to remove.

8. Write a short essay on the leisure of a schoolmaster, and illustrate by examples the influence upon efficiency of the following pursuits: Golf, Journalism, Minor Poetry, Dress.

PART II. (*for Assistant-Masters only*).

1. Compare your profession with that of (*a*) a duke, (*b*) a housemaid, with special reference to training, social position, and worldly prospects.

2. How far is it possible for a schoolmaster (*a*) to look after his own children if he has any; (*b*) to look after other people's if he has none? Indicate the bearing of this question upon that of celibacy.

3. How much of a growing boy's company do you think that a grown man can stand in the course of a week, and *vice versa*?

4. Discuss the precise value of personal dignity in relations (*a*) with your chief, (*b*) with your colleagues, (*c*) with your pupils.

5. In punishing boys for deliberate offences, what do you consider a fair division of discomfort between yourself and the culprit? Illustrate by examples.

6. Distinguish the fraternal, the avuncular, and the paternal attitude to games, and give reasons for preferring any one of them.

7. Discuss the moral and intellectual advantages of the Common Room, as illustrated by the growing popularity of Bridge and the publication of Mr. Arthur Benson's "The Schoolmaster."

8. Discuss the limits of home-work for boys and masters. What course do you recommend an assistant-master to adopt who finds himself expected to look over all the work that he sets?

9. Write a short review of *either* "Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy," *or* Mr. Gilkes' "Boys and Masters."

10. How often in the course of a term is it safe to
    (*a*) Allude to your own schooldays.
    (*b*) Tell a humorous story in school.
    (*c*) Threaten to cane a boy without meaning to do it.
    (*d*) Tell any given boy that he ought to be ashamed of himself?

11. In what order of merit would you place the following qualifications as likely to be useful to a schoolmaster: Geniality, imagination, attention to business, eloquence, sincerity, a good digestion?

12. Prove the following:
    (*a*) The efficiency of any given schoolmaster is in inverse ratio to the number of times that he dines out in a term.
    (*b*) If any five boys concoct a plan for amusing themselves, the odds that it is at somebody else's expense are as the product to the sum of their ages.
    (*c*) If A. B. shirks his work and C. D. shirks his games, the difference between them will be equal to the capacity of any two house-masters.

13. Should boys have less and worse food at school than at home? If so, why? If not, for what proportion of the diet should the house-master be responsible, and what is the advantage of leaving the rest to the discretion of the boys?

14. Give not less than two nor more than six reasons which would justify your headmaster in dismissing you at the shortest possible notice.

A complete school examination paper would contain a set of questions for boys also, but for the fact that the only important questions are those which nobody would answer. Ask any boy of fifteen, for instance, what effect his school life produces on his appreciation of home, or whether he thinks that new boys ought to be allowed to enjoy life, or what his dormitory talks about before he goes to sleep; and if you get a veracious answer you will know more about public school education than you did before. But you will not get a veracious answer, and it is best that you should not; the answers to such questions lie hid in the secret corners of the souls of boys, and the souls of boys are, as Mr. Edward Bowen once said, *penetralia*, wherein the profane may walk never, and even those who understand will venture but once in a year, or in many years, and that with much reverence and not a little misgiving.

R. F. CHOLMELEY.

FORT AMITY

CHAPTER IV

THE VOYAGEURS

Fringue, fringue sur la rivière ;
Fringue, fringue sur l'aviron !

THE man at the bow paddle set the chorus, which was taken up by boat after boat. John, stretched at the bottom of a canoe with two wounded Highlanders, wondered where he had heard the voice before. His wits were not very clear yet. The canoe's gunwale hid all the landscape but a mountain-ridge, high over his right, feathered with forest ; so far away that, swiftly as the strokes carried him forward, its serrated pines and notches of naked rock crept by him inch by inch. He stared at these and prayed for the moment when the sun should drop behind them. For hours it had been beating down on him. An Indian sat high in the stern, steering ; paddling rhythmically and with no sign of effort except that his face ran with sweat beneath its grease and vermilion. But not a feature of it twitched in the glare across which, hour after hour, John had been watching him through scorched eyelashes.

Athwart the stern, and almost at the Indian's feet, reclined a brawn of a man with his knees drawn high—a French sergeant in a spick-and-span white tunic with the badge of the Béarnais regiment. A musket lay across his thighs, so pointed

that John looked straight down its barrel. Doubtless it was loaded: but John had plenty to distract his thoughts from such a trifle—in the heat, the glare, the torment of his wounds, and, worst of all, the incessant coughing of the young Highlander beside him. The lad had been shot through the lungs, and the wound imperfectly bandaged. A horrible wind issued from it with every cough.

How many men might be seated or lying on the fore part of the canoe John could not tell, being unable to turn his head. Once or twice a guttural voice there growled a word of comfort to the dying lad, in Gaelic or in broken English. And always the bowman sang high and clear, setting the chorus for the attendant boats, and from the chorus passing without a break into the solo. "En roulant ma boule" followed "Fringue sur l'aviron"; and from that the voice slid into a little love-chant, tender and delicate:

> "À la claire fontaine
> M'en allant promener,
> J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
> Que je m'y suis baigné.
> Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
> Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime," broke in the chorus, the wide lake modulating the music as water only can. John remembered the abattis and all its slaughter, and marvelled what manner of men they were who, fresh from it, could put their hearts into such a song.

"Et patati, et patata!" rapped in the big sergeant. "For God's sake, Chameau, what kind of milk is this to turn a man's stomach?"

The chorus drowned his expostulation, and the bowman continued:

> "Sur la plus haute branche
> Le rossignol chantait;
> Chante, rossignol, chante,
> Toi qui as le cœur gai . . .

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ait à pleurer. . . ."

"Gr-r-r—" As the song ended, the sergeant spat contemptuously over the gunwale. "La-la-la, rossignol, et la-la-la, rosier!" he mimicked. "We are not *rosières*, my friend."

"The song is true Canayan, m'sieur, and your comrades appear to like it."

"Par exemple! Listen, Monsieur Chameau, to something more in their line." He inflated his huge lungs and burst into a ditty of his own:

"C'est dans la ville de Bordeaux
Qu'est arrivé trois beaux vaissaux—
Qu'est arrivé trois beaux vaissaux:
Les matelots qui sont dedans,
Vrai Dieu, sont de jolis galants."

The man had a rich baritone voice, not comparable indeed with the bowman's tenor, yet not without quality; but he used it affectedly, and sang with a simper on his face. His face, brick red in hue, was handsome in its florid way; but John, watching the simper, found it detestable.

"C'est une dame de Bordeaux
Qu'est amoureuse d'un matelot——"

Here he paused, and a few soldiers took up the refrain half-heartedly:

"—— Va, ma servante, va moi chercher
Un matelot pour m'amuser."

The song from this point became indecent, and set the men in the nearer boats laughing. At its close a few clapped their hands. But it was not a success, and the brick red darkened on the singer's face; darkened almost to purple when a voice in the distance took up the air and returned it mockingly, caricaturing a *roulade* to the life with the help of one or two ridiculous grace-notes: at which the soldiers laughed again.

"I think, m'sieur," suggested the bowman politely, "they do not know it very well, or they would doubtless have been heartier."

But the sergeant had heaved himself up with a curse and a lurch which sent the canoe rocking, and was scanning the boats for the man who had dared to insult him.

"How the devil can a man sing while that dog keeps barking!" he growled, and let out a kick at the limp legs of the young Highlander.

Another growl answered. It came from the wounded prisoner behind John—the man who had been muttering in Gaelic.

"It is a coward you are, big man. Go on singing your sculduddery, and let the lad die quiet."

The sergeant scowled, not understanding. John, whose blood was up, obligingly translated the reproof into French "He says—and I also—that you are a cowardly bully; and we implore you to sing in tune, another time. Par pitié, monsieur, ne scalpez-vous pas les demi-morts!"

The shaft hit, as he had intended, and the man's vanity positively foamed upon it. "Dog of a *ros-bif*, congratulate yourself that you are half dead, or I would whip you again as we whipped you yesterday, and as my regiment is even now whipping again your compatriots." He jerked a thumb towards the south where, far up the lake, a pale saffron glow spread itself upon the twilight.

"The English are burning your fort, may be," John suggested amiably.

"They are burning the mill, more like—or their boats. But after such a defeat, who cares?"

'If our general had only used his artillery——"

"Eh, what is that you're singing? *Oui-da*, if your general had only used his artillery? My little friend, that's a fine battle—that battle of 'If.' It is always won, too—only it has the misfortune never to be fought. So, so: and a grand battle it is too, for reputations. '*If* the guns had only arrived'; and

if the brigadier Chose had brought up the reserves as ordered'; and '*if* the right had extended itself, and that devil of a left had not straggled'—why then we should all be heroes, we *ros-bifs*. Whereas we came on four to one, and we were beaten; and we are going north to Montreal and our general is running south from an army one-third of his size and burning fireworks on his way. And at Albany the ladies will take your standards and stitch '*If*' on them in gold letters a foot long. Eh, but it was a glorious fight—faith of Sergeant Barboux!"

And Sergeant Barboux, having set his vanity on its legs again, pulled out his pipe and skin of tobacco.

"Hola, M. le Chameau!" he called; "the gentleman desires better music than mine. Tip him 'Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre!'"

M. le Chameau lifted his voice obediently; and thereupon John recognised the note and knew to whose singing he had lain awake in the woods so far behind and (it seemed) such ages ago.

He had been young then, and all possibilities of glory lay behind the horizons to which he was voyaging. Darkness had closed down on them, but the beat of the paddles drove him forward. He stared up at the peering stars and tried to bethink himself that they looked down on the same world that he had known—on Albany--Halifax—perhaps even on Cleeve Court in Devonshire. The bowman's voice, ahead in the darkness, kept time with the paddles:

"Il reviendra-z à Pâques—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Il reviendra-z à Pâques,
Ou—à la Trinité!"

Yes, the question was of returning, now; a day had made that difference. And yet, why should he wish to return? Of what worth would his return be? For weeks, for months, he had been living in a life ahead, towards which these paddles were faithfully guiding him; and if the hope had died out of

it, and all the colour, what better lay behind that he should seek back to it? A mother, who had shown him little love; a brother who coldly considered him a fool; nearer, but only a little nearer—for already the leagues between seemed endless —a few friends, a few messmates . . .

His ribs hurt him intolerably ; and his wrist, too, was painful. Yet his wounds troubled him with no thought of death. On the contrary, he felt quite sure of recovering and living on, and on, on, on—in those unknown regions ahead . . .

> "La Trinité se passe—
> Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
> La Trinité se passe—
> Malbrouck ne revient pas."

What were they like, those regions ahead? For he was young—less than twenty—and a life almost as long as an ordinary man's might lie before him yonder. He remembered an old discussion with a seminary priest at Douai, on Nicodemus's visit by night and his question, "How can a man be born when he is old?" . . . and all his thoughts harked back to the Church he had left—that Church so Catholic, so far-reaching, so secure of herself in all climes and amid all nations of men. There were Jesuits, he knew, up yonder, beyond the rivers, beyond the forests. He would find that Church there, steadfast as these stars, and, alone with them, bridging all this long gulf. In his momentary weakness the repose she offered came on him as a temptation. Had he but anchored himself upon her, all these leagues had been as nothing. But he had cut himself adrift; and now the world, too, had cut him off, and where was he with his doubts? . . . Or was she following now and whispering, "Poor fool, you thought yourself strong, and I granted you a short licence; but I have followed, as I can follow everywhere, unseen, knowing the hour when you must repent and want me; and lo! my lap is open. Come, let its folds wrap you, and at once there is no more trouble; for within them

time and distance are not, and all this voyage shall be as a dream."

No; he put the temptation from him. For it was a sensual temptation after all, surprising him in anguish and exhaustion and bribing with promise of repose. He craved after it, but set his teeth. "Yes, you are right, so far. The future has gone from me, and I have no hopes. But it seems I have to live, and I am a man. My doubts are my doubts, and this is no fair moment to abandon them. What I must suffer, I will try to suffer. . . ."

The bowman had lit a lantern in the bows and passed back the resinous brand to an Indian seated forward, who in turn handed it back over John's head toward Sergeant Barboux, but, seeing that he dosed, crawled aft over the wounded men and set it to the wick of a second lantern rigged on a stick astern. As the wick took fire, the Indian, who had been steering hitherto hour after hour, grunted out a syllable or two and handed him the paddle. The pair changed places, and the ex-steersman—who seemed the elder by many years—crept cautiously forward; the lantern-light, as he passed it, falling warm on his scarlet trowsers and drawing fiery twinkles from his belt and silver arm-ring.

With a guttural whisper he crouched over John, so low that his body blotted out the lantern, the stars, the whole dim arch of the heavens. Was this murder? John shut his teeth. If this was to be the end, let it come now and be done with; he would not cry out. The Highland lad had ceased his coughing and lay unconscious, panting out the last of his life more and more feebly. The elder Highlander moaned from time to time in his sleep, but had not stirred for some while. Forward the bowman's paddle still beat time like a clock, and away in the darkness other paddles answered it.

A hand was feeling at the bandages about John's chest and loosening them gently until his wound felt the edge of the night wind. All his muscles stiffened to meet the coming stroke. . . .

The Indian grunted and withdrew his hand. A moment, and John felt it laid on the wound again, with a touch which charmed away pain and the wind's chill together—a touch of smooth ointment.

Do what he would, a sob shook the lad from head to foot. "Thanks, brother!" he whispered in French. The Indian did not answer, but replaced and drew close the bandage with rapid hands, and so with another grunt crawled forward, moving like a shadow, scarcely touching the wounded men as he went.

For a while John lay awake, gazing up into the stars. His pain had gone, and he felt infinitely restful. The vast heavens were a protection now, a shield flung over his helplessness. He had found a friend.

Why?

That he could not tell. But he had found a friend, and could sleep.

In his dreams he heard a splash. The young Highlander had died in the night, and Sergeant Barboux and the Indian lifted and dropped the body overboard.

But John à Cleeve slept on; and still northward through the night, down the long reaches of the lake, the canoe held her way.

CHAPTER V

CONTAINS THE APOLOGUE OF MANABOZHO'S TOE

They had threaded their course through the many islets at the foot of the lake, and were speeding down the headwaters of the Richelieu. The forests had closed in upon them, shutting out the mountains. The convoy—officered for the most part by Canadian militiamen with but a sprinkling of regulars such as Sergeant Barboux—soon began to straggle. The prisoners were to be delivered at Montreal. Montcalm had despatched them thither, on short rations, for the simple reason that Fort Carillon held scarcely food enough to support his own army;

but he could detach very few of his own efficients for escort, and, for the rest, it did not certainly appear who was in command. Barboux, for example, was frankly insubordinate, and declared a dozen times a day that it did not become gentlemen of the Béarn and Royal Roussillon to take their orders from any *coureur de bois* who might choose to call himself Major.

Consequently the convoy soon straggled at will, the boatmen labouring if the fancy took them, or resting their paddles across their thighs and letting their canoes drift on the strong current. Now and again they met a train of batteaux labouring up with reinforcements, that had heard of the victory from the leading boats and hurrahed as they passed or shouted questions which Barboux answered as a conscious hero of the fight, and with no false modesty. But for hour after hour John lived alone with his own boat's company, and the interminable procession of the woods.

They descended to the river, these woods, and overhung it —each bank a mute monotonous screen of foliage, unbroken by glade or clearing; pine and spruce and hemlock, maple and alder; piled plumes of green, motionless, brooding, through which no sun rays broke, though here and there a silver birch drew a shaft of light upon their sombre background. Here were no English woodlands, no stretches of pale green turf, no vistas opening beneath flattened boughs, with blue distant hills and perhaps a group of antlers topping the bracken. The wild life of these forests crawled among thickets or lurked in sinister shadows. No bird poured out its heart in them; no lark soared out of them, breasting heaven. At rare intervals a note fell on the ear—the scream of hawk or eagle, the bitter cackling laugh of blue-jay or woodpecker, the loon's ghostly cry—solitary notes, and unhappy, as though wrung by pain out of the choking silence; or, away on the hillside, a grouse began drumming, or a duck went whirring down the long waterway until the sound sank and was overtaken again by the river's slow murmur.

When night had hushed down these noises the forest would

be silent for an hour or two, and then awake more horribly with the howling of wolves. John slept little of nights; not on account of the wolves, but because the mosquitoes allowed him no peace. (They were torture to a wounded man; but he declared afterwards that they cured his wounded arm willy-nilly, for they forced him to keep it active under pain of being eaten alive.) By day he dozed, lulled by the eternal woods, the eternal dazzle on the water, the eternal mutter of the flood, the paddle-strokes, M. le Chameau's singing.

They were now six in the canoe—the sergeant, le Chameau, the two Indians, John à Cleeve and the elder Highlander, Corporal Hugh McQuarters.

By this time—that is to say, having seen him—John understood the meaning of M. le Chameau's queer name. He was a hunchback, but a gay little man nevertheless; reputedly a genius in the art of shooting rapids. He was also a demon to work, when allowed; but the sergeant would not allow him.

It suited the sergeant's humour to lag behind the other boats by way of asserting his dignity and proving that he, Barboux, held himself at no trumpery colonial's beck and call. Also he had begun to nurse a scheme; as will appear by-and-bye.

At present it amused him to order the canoe to shore for an hour or two in the heat of the day, lend his bayonet to the Indians, and watch, smoking, while they searched the banks and dug out musquashes. These they cooked and ate; which Barboux asserted to be good economy, since provisions were running short. It occurred to John that this might be a still better reason for hurrying forward, but he was grateful for the siesta under the boughs while the Indians worked. They were Ojibways both, the elder by name Menehwehna and the younger (a handsome fellow with a wonderful gift of silence) Muskingon.

Since that one stealthy act of kindness Menehwehna had given no sign of cordiality. John had tried a score of times to catch his eye, and had caught it once or twice, but only to find the man inscrutable. Yet he was by no means taciturn;

but seemed, as his war-paint of soot and vermilion wore thinner, to thaw into what (for an Indian) might pass for geniality. After a successful rat-hunt he would even grow loquacious, seating himself on the bank and jabbering while he skinned his spoils, using for the most part a jargon of broken French (in which he was fluent) mixed up with native words of which Barboux understood very few and John none at all. When he fell back on Ojibway pure and simple, it was to address Muskingon, who answered in monosyllables, and was sparing of these. Muskingon and McQuarters were the silent men of the party—the latter by force as well as choice, since he knew no French and in English could only converse with John. He and Muskingon had this further in common—they both detested the sergeant.

John, for his part, had patched up a peace with the man, after this fashion: On the second day Barboux had called upon le Chameau for a song; and, the little hunchback having given "En roulant ma boule," demanded another.

"But it is monsieur's turn, who has a charming voice," suggested le Chameau politely.

"It has the misfortune to grate on the ears of our English gentleman," Barboux answered with an angry flush, stealing a malevolent glance at John. "And I do not sing to please myself."

John doubted this; but being by nature quick to forgive and repent a quarrel, he answered with some grace: "I was annoyed, Sergeant Barboux, and said what I thought would hurt rather than what was just. You possess, indeed, a charming voice, and I regret to have insulted it."

"You mean it?" asked Barboux, still red in the face, but patently delighted.

"So much so that I shall not pardon myself until you have done us the favour to sing."

The sergeant held out his hand. "And that's very handsomely said! Given or taken, an apology never goes astray between brave fellows. And, after all," he added, "I had, if I

remember, something the better of that argument! You really wish me to sing, then?"

"To be sure I do," Jack assured him, smiling.

He cleared his throat, wagged his head once or twice impassively and trolled out:

> "Belle meunière, en passant par ici,
> Ne suis-je t'y pas éloigné d'Italie. . . ."

From this graceful opening the song declined into the grossest filth; and it was easy to see, watching his face, why McQuarters, without understanding a word of French, had accused him of singing "sculduddery." John, though disgusted, could not help being amused by a performance which set him in mind now of a satyr and now of a mincing school-girl—*vert galant avec un sourire de cantatrice*—lasciviousness blowing affected kisses in the intervals of licking its chops. At the conclusion he complimented the singer, with a grave face.

Barboux bowed. "It has, to say true, a little more marrow in it than le Chameau's *rossignols* and *rosiers*. Hola, Chameau; the Englishman here agrees that you sing well, but that your matter is watery stuff. You must let me teach you one or two songlets——"

"Pardon, m'sieur, mais ça sera un peu trop—trop vif; c'est-à-dire pour moi," stammered the little hunchback.

Barboux guffawed. The idea of le Chameau as a ladies' man tickled him hugely, and he tormented the patient fellow with allusions to it, and to his deformity, twenty times a day.

And yet the sergeant was not ill-natured — until you happened to cross him, when his temper became damnable—but merely a big, vain, boisterous lout. John, having taken his measure, found it easy to study him philosophically and even to be passably amused by him. But he made himself, it must be owned, an affliction; and an affliction against which, since the boats had parted company, there was no redress. He was conceited, selfish, tyrannical, and inordinately lazy. He never took a hand with the paddle, but would compel the

others to work, or to idle, as the freak took him. He docked the crew's allowance but fed himself complacently on more than full rations, proving this to be his due by discourse on the innate superiority of Frenchmen over Canadians, Englishmen or Indians. He would sit by the hour bragging of his skill with the gun, his victories in love, his feats of strength — baring his chest, arms, legs, and inviting the company to admire his muscles. He jested from sunrise until sundown, and never made a jest that did not hurt. Worst of all was it when he schooled le Chameau to sing his obscenities after him, line for line.

"No, no, I beg you, monsieur," the little fellow would protest, "c'est—c'est sale!"—and would blush like a girl.

"*Sale*, you dog? I'll teach you ——" A blow would follow. M. Barboux was getting liberal with his blows. Once he struck Muskingon. Menehwehna growled ominously, and the growl seemed to warn not only Barboux but Muskingon, who, for the moment, had looked murderous.

John guessed that some tie, if not of blood-relationship, at least of strong affection, bound the two Indians together.

For himself, as soon as his wound allowed him to sit upright, which it did on the second day—the bullet having glanced across his ribs and left but its ugly track in the thin flesh covering them—the monotony of the woods and the ceaseless glint of the water were a drug which he could summon at will, and so withdraw himself within a stupor untroubled by Barboux or his boastings. Having discovered Barboux's levity, and also (as he imagined) the moral cowardice at the bottom of Barboux's bluster, he suffered the man indeed, but saw no necessity for heeding him.

He had observed two or three hanks of fishing-line dangling from the thin strips of cedar which sheathed the canoe within, a little below the gunwale. They had hooks attached, and from the shape of these hooks he judged them to belong to the Indians. He unhitched one of the lines, and more for the sake of killing time than for any set purpose, began to construct a

gaudy salmon-fly with a few frayed threads of cloth from his tunic. After a minute or two he was aware of Muskingon watching him with interest, and by signs begged for a feather from the young Indian's top-knot. Muskingon drew one forth and, under instructions, plucked off a piece of fluff from the root of the feather, a small quill or two, and handed them over. With a length of red silk drawn from his sash John, within half an hour, was bending a very pretty fly on the hook. It did not in the least resemble any winged creature upon earth; but it had a meretricious air about it, and even a "killing" one when he finished up by binding its body tight with an inch of gilt thread from his collar. Meanwhile, his ambition growing with success, he had cast his eyes about, to alight on a long-jointed cane which the canoe carried as part of its appanage, to be lifted on cross-legs and serve as the ridge of an awning on wet nights. It was cumbrous, but flexible in some small degree. Muskingon dragged it within reach and sat watching while John whipped a loop to its end and ran the line through it.

He had begun in pure idleness, but now he stood committed to an attempt at least. The production of the rod had drawn every one's eyes. Barboux was watching him superciliously; and Menehwehna with grave attention, resting his paddle on his knees while the canoe drifted. Fish had been leaping throughout the afternoon—salmon by the look of them. John knew something of salmon; he had played and landed many a fish out of the Dart above Totnes, and in his own river below Cleeve Court. The sun had dropped behind the woods, the water was not too clear, and in short it looked a likely hour for feeding. He lifted his clumsy pole in his right hand, steadied it with his injured left, and put all his skill into the cast.

As he cast, the weight of his rod almost overbalanced him: a dart of pain came from his closing wound and he knew that he had been a fool and overtaxed his strength. But to his amazement a fish rose at once and gulped the fly down.

He tossed the rod across to Muskingon, calling to him to draw it inboard and sit quite still; and catching the line, tautened it and slackened it out slowly, feeling up to the loop in which (as was to be expected) it had kinked and was sticking fast.

He had the line in both hands now, with Muskingon paying out the slack behind him; and if the hook held—the line had no gut—he felt confident of his fish. By the feel of him he was a salmon—or a black bass. John had heard of black bass and the sport they gave. A beauty, at any rate!

Yes, he was a salmon. Giving on the line but never slackening it, though it cut his forefinger cruelly (his left being all but useless to check the friction), John worked him to the top of the water and so, by little and little, to the side of the canoe.

But his own strength was giving out, faster now than the salmon's. His wound had parted; and as he clenched his teeth he felt the line fraying. The fish would have been lost had not Muskingon, almost without shaking the canoe, dropped overboard, dived under and clenched both hands upon his struggles.

It was Menehwehna who dragged the salmon across the gunwale; for John had fainted. And when he recovered Menehwehna was coolly gutting the monster—if a fish of eighteen pounds can be called a monster, as surely he can when taken in such fashion.

After this, John being out of action, Sergeant Barboux must take a turn with the rod. He did not (he protested) count on landing a fish; but the hooking of one had been so ridiculously prompt and easy that it was hard to see how he could fail.

But he did. He flogged the water till nightfall, confidently at first though clumsily, at length with the air of a Xerxes casting chains into the flood; but never a bite rewarded him. He gave over the rod in a huff, but began again at dawn, to

lay it down after an hour and swear viciously. As he retired Muskingon took the pole; he had watched John's one and only cast and he imitated it patiently for three hours while the sergeant jeered and the canoe drifted. Towards noon he felt a bite, struck, and missed; but half an hour later he struck again and Menehwehna shouted and pointed as John's fly was sucked under in a noble swirl of water. Muskingon dragged back his rod and stretched out a hand for the line; but Barboux had already run forward and clutched it, at the same moment roughly thrusting him down on his seat; and then in a moment the mischief was done. The line parted, and the sergeant floundered back with a lurch that sent the canoe down to its gunwale.

McQuarters laughed aloud and grimly. Menehwehna's dark eyes shone. Even John, though the lurch obliged him to fling out both hands to balance the boat, and the sudden movement sent a dart of pain through his wound, could not hold back a smile. Barboux was furious.

"Eh? So you are pleased to laugh at me, master Englishman! Wait then, and we'll see who laughs last. And you, dog of an Indian, at what are you daring to grin?"

"I was rubbing my hands, O illustrious warrior," answered Menehwehna with gravity, "because your exploit set me in mind of Manabozho; and when one thinks upon Manabozho it is permitted and even customary to laugh."

"Who the devil was Manabozho?"

"He was a very Great One—even another such Great One as yourself. It was he who made the earth once on a time, by accident. And another time he went fishing."

"Have a care, Menehwehna. I bid you beware if you are poking fun at me."

"I am telling of Manabozho. He went fishing in the lake and let down a line. 'King Fish,' said he, 'take hold of my bait,' and he kept saying this until the King Fish felt annoyed and said, 'This Manabozho is a nuisance. Here, trout, take hold of his line.' The trout obeyed, and Manabozho shouted,

'Wa-' e! Wa-i-he! I have him!' while the canoe rocked to an fro. But when he saw the trout he called, 'Esa, esa! Shame upon you, trout; I fish for your betters.' So the trout let go; and again Manabozho sank his line saying, 'O King Fish, take hold of my bait.' 'I shall lose my temper soon with this fellow,' said the King Fish; 'here, sunfish, take hold of his line.' The sunfish did so, and Manabozho's canoe spun round and round; but when he saw what he had caught, he cried out 'Esa, esa! Shame upon you, sunfish; I am come for your betters.' So the sunfish let go, and again Manabozho——"

"Joli amphigouri!" yawned the sergeant. "Pardon, M. Menehwehna, but this story of yours seems likely to last."

"Not so, O chief; for this time the King Fish took the bait and swallowed Manabozho, canoe and all."

John laughed aloud; but enough sense remained in Barboux to cover his irritation. "Well, that was the last of him, and the Lord be praised!"

"There is much more of the story," said Menehwehna, "and all full of instruction."

"We will postpone it anyhow. Take up your paddle, please, if you have not forgotten how to work."

So Menehwehna and le Chameau paddled anew, while the great Barboux sat and sulked—a sufficiently childish figure. Night fell, the canoe was brought to shore, and the Indians, as usual, lifted out the wounded men and laid them on beds of moss strewn with pine-boughs and cedar. While Menehwehna lit the camp fire, Muskingon prepared John's salmon for supper, and began to grill it deftly as soon as the smoke died down on a pile of clear embers.

John sleepily watched these preparations, and was fairly dozing when he heard Barboux announce with an oath that for his impudence the dog of an Englishman should go without his share of the fish. The announcement scarcely awoke him—the revenge was so petty. Barboux in certain moods could

be such a baby that John had ceased to regard him except as an object of silent mirth. So he smiled and answered sweetly that Sergeant Barboux was entirely welcome; for himself a scrap of biscuit would suffice; and with that he closed his eyes again.

But it seemed that, for some reason, the two Indians were angry, not to say outraged. By denying him his share Barboux had—no doubt ignorantly—broken some sacred law in the etiquette of hunting. Muskingon growled; and the firelight showed his lips drawn back, like a dog's, from his white teeth. Menehwehna remonstrated. Even le Chameau seemed to be perturbed.

Barboux, however, did not understand; and as nobody would share in John's portion, ate it himself with relish amid an angry silence, which at length impressed him."

"Eh? What the devil's wrong with you all?" he demanded, looking about him.

Menehwehna broke into a queer growl, and began to rub his hands. "Manabozho——" he began.

"Fichtre! It appears we have not heard the end of him, then?"

"It is usual," Menehwehna explained, "to rub one's hands at the mention of Manabozho. In my tribe it is even necessary."

"Farceur de Manabozho! the habit has not extended to mine," growled Barboux. "Is this the same story?"

"O slayer of heads, it is an entirely different one." The sergeant winced, and John cast himself back on his leafy bed to smile up at the branches; *tueur de têtes* may be a high compliment from an Indian warrior, but a vocalist may be excused for looking twice at it.

"This Manabozho," Menehwehna continued tranquilly, "was so big and strong that he began to think himself everybody's master. One day he walked in the forest, cuffing the ears of the pine trees for sport, and knocking them flat if they took it ill; and at length he came on a clearing. In the

clearing was a lodge, and in the lodge was no one but a small child, curled up asleep with its toe in its mouth. Manabozho gazed at the child for a long while, and said he, 'I have never seen any one before who could lie with his toe in his mouth. But I can do it, to be sure.' Whereupon he lay down in much the same posture as the child, and took his right foot in his hand. But it would not reach by a long way. 'How stupid I am,' exclaimed Manabozho, 'when it was the left foot all the time!' So he tried the left foot, but this also would not reach. He rolled on his back, and twisted and bent himself, and strained and struggled until the tears ran down his face. Then he sat up in despair; and behold! he had awakened the child, and the child was laughing at him. 'Oh, oh!' cried Manabozho in a passion, 'am I then to be mocked by a babe!' And with that he drew a great breath and blew the child away over the mountains, and afterwards walked across and across the lodge, trampling it down until not a trace of it remained. 'After all,' said Manabozho, 'I can do something; and I see nobody hereabouts to deny that I can put my toe in my mouth!'"

As Menehwehna concluded, John waited for an explosion of wrath. None came. He raised his head after a minute and looked about him. Barboux sat smoking and staring into the camp-fire. The Indian had laid himself down to slumber with his blanket drawn up to his ears.

(*To be continued.*)