

# THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

FEBRUARY 1903

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## AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

'TIS hard to say if greater waste of time  
Is seen in writing or in reading rhyme ;  
But, of the two, less dangerous it appears  
To tire our own than poison others' ears.  
Time was, the owner of a peevish tongue,  
The pebble of his wrath unheeding flung,  
Saw the faint ripples touch the shore and cease,  
And in the duckpond all again was peace.  
But since that Science on our eyes hath laid  
The wondrous clay from her own spittle made,  
We see the widening ripples pass beyond,  
The pond becomes the world, the world a pond,  
All ether trembles when the pebble falls,  
And a light word may ring in starry halls.

When first on earth the swift iambic ran  
Men here and there were found but nowhere Man.  
From whencesoe'er their origin they drew  
Each on its separate soil the species grew,  
And by selection, natural or not,  
Evolved a fond belief in one small spot.  
The Greek himself, with all his wisdom, took  
For the wide world his bright Ægean nook,

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For fatherland, a town, for public, all  
 Who at one time could hear the herald bawl:  
 For him barbarians beyond his gate  
 Were lower beings, of a different date;  
 He never thought on such to spend his rhymes,  
 And if he did, they never read the *Times*.

Now all is changed, on this side and on that,  
 The Herald's learned to print and pass the hat;  
 His tone is so much raised that, far or near,  
 All with a sou to spend his news may hear,  
 And who but, far or near, the sou affords  
 To learn the worst of foreigners and lords!  
 So comes the Pressman's heaven on earth, wherein  
 One touch of hatred proves the whole world kin—  
 "Our rulers are the best, and theirs the worst,  
 "Our cause is always just and theirs accurst,  
 "Our troops are heroes, hirelings theirs or slaves,  
 "Our diplomats but children, theirs but knaves,  
 "Our Press for independence justly prized,  
 "Theirs bought or blind, inspired or subsidised.  
 "For the world's progress what was ever made  
 "Like to our tongue our Empire and our trade?"  
 So chant the nations, till at last you'd think  
 Men could no nearer howl to folly's brink;  
 Yet some in England lately won renown  
 By howling word for word, but upside down.

But where, you cry, could poets find a place  
 (If poets we possessed) in this disgrace?  
 Mails will be mails, Reviews must be reviews,  
 But why the Critic with the Bard confuse?

Alas! Apollo, it must be confessed  
 Has lately gone the way of all the rest.

No more alone upon the far-off hills  
 With song serene the wilderness he fills,  
 But in the forum now his art employs  
 And what he lacks in knowledge gives in noise.  
 At first, ere he began to feel his feet,  
 He begged a corner in the hindmost sheet,  
 Concealed with Answers and Acrostics lay,  
 And held aloof from Questions of the Day.  
 But now grown bold he dashes to the front,  
 Among the leaders bears the battle's brunt,  
 Takes steel in hand, and cheaply unafraid  
 Spurs a lame Pegasus on Jameson's Raid,  
 Or pipes the fleet in melodrama's tones  
 To ram the Damned on their Infernal Thrones.

Sure, Scriblerus himself could scarce have guessed  
 The Art of Sinking might be further pressed :  
 But while these errors almost tragic loom  
 The Indian Drummer has but raised a boom.  
 "So well I love my country that the man  
 "Who serves her can but serve her on my plan ;  
 "Be slim, be stalky, leave your Public Schools  
 "To muffs like Bobs and other flannelled fools ;  
 "The lordliest life (since Buller made such hay)  
 "Is killing men two thousand yards away ;  
 "You shoot the pheasant, but it costs too much  
 "And does not tend to decimate the Dutch ;  
 "Your duty plainly then before you stands,  
 "Conscription is the law for seagirt lands :  
 "Prate not of freedom ! Since I learned to shoot  
 "I itch to use my ammunition boot."

An odd way this, we thought, to criticise—  
 This barrackyard "Attention! d—— your eyes!"  
 But England smiled and lightly pardoned him,  
 For was he not her Mowgli and her Kim ?

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But now the neighbourhood remonstrance roars,  
 He's naughty still, and naughty out of doors.  
 'Tis well enough that he should tell Mamma  
 Her sons are tired of being what they are,  
 But to give friendly bears, expecting buns,  
 A paper full of stale unwholesome Huns——  
 One might be led to think, from all this work,  
 That little master's growing quite a Turk.

O Rudyard, Rudyard, in our hours of ease  
 (Before the war) you were not hard to please:  
 You loved a regiment whether fore or aft,  
 You loved a subaltern, however daft,  
 You loved the very dregs of barrack life,  
 The amorous colonel and the sergeant's wife.  
 You sang the land where dawn across the Bay  
 Comes up to waken queens in Mandalay,  
 The land where comrades sleep by Kabul ford,  
 And Valour, brown or white, is Border-lord,  
 The secret Jungle-life of child and beast,  
 And all the magic of the dreaming East.  
 These, these we loved with you, and loved still more  
 The Seven Seas that break on Britair's shore,  
 The Winds that know her labour and her pride,  
 And the Long Trail whereon our fathers died.

In that Day's Work be sure you gained, my friend,  
 If not the critic's name, at least his end;  
 Your song and story might have roused a slave  
 To see life bodily and see it brave.  
 With voice so genial and so long of reach  
 To your Own People you the Law could preach,  
 And even now and then without offence  
 To Lesser Breeds expose their lack of sense.  
 Return, return! and let us hear again  
 The ringing engines and the deep-sea rain,

The roaring chanty of the shore-wind's verse,  
Too bluff' to bicker and too strong to curse.  
Let us again with hearts serene behold  
The coastwise beacons that we knew of old ;  
So shall you guide us when the stars are veiled,  
And stand among the Lights that never Failed.

## THREE YEARS WAR

WE wish to believe, and we do believe, that between the covers of his book<sup>1</sup> we have at last captured the real De Wet. He is, it now appears, neither an English nobleman fled from justice, nor an inspired fanatical Ironside, nor a "flying Dutchman" with supernatural powers of vanishing into air; but a quick-witted, optimistic, *naïve*, and energetic human being of the well-known species, with the boastful humour and high spirits more usually belonging to the subspecies schoolboy. The tone of the book is just such as you may hear any day after a juvenile game of football. "By Jove! Atkins, didn't I score off you just? Don't you fellows wish you could collar *me*? But I say, I don't think much of your goal-keeping!" And the bystander, like the reader of the book, is astonished to find at the end of thirty-seven chapters of this talk that it was after all the inefficient Atkins and not the great and glorious De Wet who won the match.

This buoyant tone, this habit of remembering with advantages all that went well, and forgetting all that went to make up the supreme failure, does not in the least detract from the value of the book to students of war. If De Wet was no strategist, he had the soldier's first virtue in a supreme degree. To give his men full rations and himself a club dinner every day was no part of his ideal of duty; he played, if you will, a narrow-minded and short-sighted game, but he played it

<sup>1</sup> "Three Years War." Christian R. De Wet. (Constable, 10s. 6d.)

single-heartedly to win if he could. No doubt he had the great advantage over our cavalry officers that he had never learned the use of pianos or polo-clubs, and did not even in peace know what it was to "do himself well"; he started, as they left off, stripped *pour y parvenir*; but the desperate resolution with which he ran himself out remains a record for esteem and imitation. If it be true that in his darkest hours determination got the better of chivalry, it is not for us to complain, but to thank our fathers that we can still give points in the greatest lesson of war.

Historically, the interest of the book lies chiefly in the Appendixes which give the report of the "Meeting of the General Representatives held at Vereeniging" in May 1902. The manner in which this Conference was conducted seems, after all allowance for possible suppression of unparliamentary incidents, to have been very creditable to the sense and open-mindedness of the delegates. Their speeches are simple and downright; we cannot doubt that in this utterance of a nation in the last agony, we have the truth which "sits upon the lips of dying men." Many questions are here answered, or partly answered, which, during the war, were in England the subject of many doubts and fierce disputes. Among those we have noted are the following:

(1) On the origin of the war little is to be found, but General Smuts says (p. 495):

To me it is all the darker because I am one of those who, as members of the Government of the South African Republic, provoked the war with England.

And Vice-President Schalk Burger, on p. 500:

I do not think we can appropriately call this altogether a "war of faith." Undoubtedly we began this war strong in the faith of God, but there were also two or three other things to rely upon. We had considerable confidence in our own weapons; we under-estimated the enemy; the fighting spirit had seized upon our people; and the thought of victory had banished that of the possibility of defeat.

(2) The number of the Boer forces at the beginning of the war was put by General De Wet (p. 430) and by General Botha (p. 493) at "60,000 all told."

At the time of the Conference General Smuts estimates that there are still "about 18,000" in the field (p. 495). General Botha (p. 492) "found that there were 31,600 prisoners of war, of whom 600 had died, and that 3800 of our burghers had been killed in the war." This is a loss, in proportion to the numbers engaged, far greater than our own, and a still more appalling total is suggested by the recollection that after such days as January 6 at Ladysmith, and March 28 at Abraham's Kraal, the "burgher" losses were returned as four or five killed, while on the former occasion our troops handed over 121 dead bodies, and on the latter buried 127 after the fight.

(3) The possibility of European intervention had evidently been a disputed question among the leaders. Landdrost Bosman says (p. 481), that the war "had been begun with hope of intervention," and argues in support of his statement, though General De la Rey (p. 429) had declared that he himself "never thought intervention possible." In this controversy it is not difficult to see that some bitterness had been felt by those who found themselves the dupes of Kruger and the deputation to Europe.

(4) Light is thrown on Pro-Boer views and proceedings. Their meetings encouraged General De la Rey (p. 483). They cried out against any hesitation as to the wisdom of negotiating: but General De Wet argues (p. 485):

England is negotiating with us—that is to say she shows signs of yielding to our demands. If we continue the war, England will negotiate again; she will offer still more favourable terms; she will not even stick at independence . . . remembering that the sympathy for us, which is to be found in England itself, may be regarded as being for all practical purposes a sort of indirect intervention, I maintain that this terrible struggle must be continued.

The Pro-Boers were of course entitled to an honest opinion, but there can be no longer any doubt that their public declara-



tions against their own country's action cost the lives of many men on both sides. We seem to hear another echo in Judge Hertzog's speech (p. 489):

The time would come when England would have trouble with her taxpayers. Already the British Government found it difficult to pay the interest on the sum borrowed for war expenses, as was proved by the fact that a corn tax had been levied in England. That tax would not have been levied unless things had been in a serious condition.

Those who opposed any idea of treating the rebels in Cape Colony as rebels should note that General Botha (p. 425) "had always understood that the Colonists were going to rise *en bloc*," but "they have been cowed by the heavy penalties imposed upon all who did rise." It is interesting, too, to compare the estimates of our position and chances made by Messrs. W. T. Stead and A. M. S. Methuen with General Botha's opinion in his speech on p. 492:

What have we gained since June 1901? Nothing. On the contrary, we have been going backwards so fast that if this weakening process goes on much longer we shall soon find ourselves unable any more to call ourselves a fighting nation.

General De la Rey (p. 480) took a similar view—a much clearer view than our boyish author:

And what real advantage had accrued from his successes on the veldt? What had followed on them? All his cattle had been taken away, some three hundred of his men had been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner.

(5) We are left in no doubt as to the result of the campaign. The war was ended; the Boers were beaten to a standstill. It is put by General Du Toit (p. 476) and General De la Rey (p. 480) with an admirable frankness which reminds us—by contrast—of Napoleon and the *Moniteur*. Judge Hertzog adds (p. 490) an acute and conclusive observation:

No, it was not the horror of the situation which influenced him; there was something that weighed upon his heart yet more heavily—it was *the holding of that meeting at Vereeniging . . .* that meeting was a fatal error; it would give

them their death-blow. For what had it produced? A statement from the lips of the Commandant-General himself that the condition of the country was hopeless.

(6) Why was the war at an end? Because—a pity the self-styled humanitarians had not foreseen this—A. had made things so uncomfortable for B. that B. could not go on fighting. So long as B. could take his month's furlough when he liked, and his family could send him regular supplies from their peaceful homestead, he was ready to go on shooting rooineks for ever: he had no one to ask him, "Shall I slay my brother the Briton?" But when at last the Boer had educated us, had taught those responsible for the lives of our best men that war is a serious thing and not a House of Commons debate or a Queen's Hall shrieking-match, then the slaughter came to its natural and long overdue end. "At Vrijheid," said one delegate, "we have been harassed by large forces of the enemy . . . and the district is now completely devastated." Another reported that "the part of Middelburg which he represented was in an almost hopeless condition. There were no slaughter-cattle and only enough grain to last for a very short time. Out of five hundred horses only one hundred now remained, and these could do no work. . . . The district would have to be abandoned." The same two speakers dealt a yet harder blow to the Lloyd George and Campbell-Bannerman party:

The presence of women and children causes great difficulty, for of late the English have refused to receive the families which, compelled by absolute famine, wished to take refuge with them. (Mr. Birkenstock, p. 412.)

The women had wished to go on foot to the English. (Mr. de Clercq, p. 413.)

To this General Botha himself adds (p. 426):

At first I managed to get them into the townships, but later on this became impossible, because the English refused to receive them. I then conceived the idea of getting a few of our burghers to surrender, and sending the women in with them.

The deaths caused by the epidemics in the Concentration

Camps were deplorable : but they took place against the will and in spite of the efforts of our people : and the one significant fact to an unprejudiced observer will always be the chivalrous attempt made, not for the first time in our history, to feed and protect the women and children of the enemy in arms against us.

The third cause given for the necessity of peace is the building of the blockhouses. Our schoolboy calls them (p. 321-3) "the blockhead system," and says that they prolonged the war ! But the Commandant-General, who was not writing a book but speaking to his own people on a question of life and death, thought differently.

Are we going backwards or forwards ? There is nothing, in my opinion, more evident than that, during the last six months, the tide has been setting steadily against us, and in favour of the enemy.

A year ago there were no blockhouses. We could cross and re-cross the country as we wished, and harass the enemy at every turn. But now things wear a very different aspect. We can pass the blockhouses by night indeed, but never by day. They are likely to prove the ruin of our commandos.

So the war ended, and with it we may hope many old and fallacious ideas. Henceforth there is no excuse for any misconception of the main principles of warfare. The first is to fight your hardest and your longest, and to give yourself wholly to your fighting : in this De Wet excelled. Second, not in importance but in logical order, is the rule to fight without hatred, to honour your enemy when beaten, to protect his women and children : in this our men have as yet no equals. The third principle, which neither we nor the Boers had sufficiently grasped, is that consequences follow their appropriate causes, and that the most scientific and most merciful way of ending a war is to take those measures which will most quickly and finally paralyse the enemy. To spend a thousand men in a uselessly heroic charge against a hundred impregnably intrenched, to snap up outposts, to "cut my way through sixty thousand men" again and again, till I have lost my guns, my ammunition, my

cattle, my food, my commando, my secretary, and my son—this is not the game, and it is to be hoped that in time we may all cease to think it glory. Then the De Wets will have only to learn that the New Testament is a better soldier's pocket-book than the Old, and our men to borrow from them the word "No Surrender," the spirit that continually whispers "*nondum usque ad sanguinem restitisti.*"

## ON THE LINE

Delhi, Past and Present. By H. C. Fanshawe. (Murray, 15s.)—This timely volume is written by a recently retired Commissioner of the Delhi Division. The author has been able, in the intervals of his work, to study the people and the art of the country; and he has put his holidays to such use that he can say: "There are few great ruins or buildings in the world which I have not seen." This very modern attitude towards India and the world, so different from the hatred of India and boredom in any other country, which was the tone of previous generations of English officials, has produced a guide-book without a rival. In the possession of so attractive a volume the already fortunate visitors to Delhi for the Coronation Durbar were still further to be congratulated.

But why was Delhi chosen for that function? Whence its name of "Imperial City," and its designation, most absurdly, as the "home of Asia"?

Near the site of modern Delhi various previous towns, or fortresses, have, from the sixth century onwards, been erected and subsequently deserted. One of these, a Hindoo city about eleven miles south of the existing town, was captured by the Muhammadan Kutab-ud-din, who there proclaimed himself the ruler of India, in the year 1206, and erected the Kutab Minar in commemoration of his conquest. For the next three hundred years that old Delhi was the capital of the Muhammadan Emperors of India. Then the first Moghals, from

Babar to Jehangar, neglected Delhi for Agra, or Lahore; and it was not till 1638, more than a hundred years after the Moghal conquest, that Shah Jahan founded the present town, properly called Shahjahanabad.

It has had but a short career of glory. For a century after Shah Jahan it was only at intervals the home of the Emperor; and from its sack by Nudir Shah in 1739 to the memorable siege and capture in 1857, it was the residence of an Emperor deprived of all power. The accumulated renown of the previous cities in the neighbourhood, the fact that the existing city was founded by the most powerful of all the Moghals, and that then it was either the nominal capital of the real ruler of India or the real capital of the nominal Emperor, coupled with the presence, in the Jama Masjid, of the chief Muhammadan temple in India—all have combined to make Delhi the only city in India to which the title Imperial can be applied, and have caused its selection as the scene of the proclamation of the assumption by Queen Victoria of the Imperial title on January 1, 1877, and of the proclamation of the Coronation of Edward VII. on January 1, 1903.

Mr. Fanshawe has, modestly and wisely, made long extracts from official or other contemporary authorities, both European and Indian. His account of the Siege of Delhi in 1857 is told almost entirely in the words of the report drawn up by Lieutenant, now Field-Marshal, Sir Henry Norman. Written immediately after the capture of the city, by one who was present, and had access to all the necessary information, Lieutenant Norman's narrative, together with Mr. Fanshawe's accurate and suggestive notes, contains the best short account of the fighting at Delhi which has yet appeared; nor is it probable that any more graphic, correct, and concise story will ever be produced. As a record of heroic devotion to duty it has no equal. It is well to remember that the mutineers also fought well. They gave their lives freely in defence of their religion and their country, showing a courage and an ability which, under capable leadership, would have made them almost

invincible. They were overcome by the masterful resolution, and the terrifying prestige, of the dominant race.

Mr. Fanshawe's description of the noble monuments of Muhammadan architecture at Delhi is, very properly, based upon Fergusson. There is no greater or more enthusiastic authority. Many will be slow to admit that the Campanile known as Giotto's, at Florence, is outclassed in "poetry of design," as well as in general beauty, by the Kutab Minar; but the remark, coming from Fergusson, is worth reproducing. These Delhi monuments, both in outline and in ornament, are of the very highest standard of excellence. Much of the carving at the Kutab, which Fergusson describes as "without exception the most exquisite known," may certainly, as Mr. Fanshawe declares, "challenge comparison with any work of the kind"—with the famous Alhambra at Grenada, for instance.

The British reader may derive from Mr. Fanshawe's most acceptable volume a warm sentiment of pride in the staunchness of his countrymen in the face of terrible suffering, and also a feeling of sincere respect for the Indian, unquestionably his due, both for his brave stand in defence of what he naturally regarded as his rights, and for the works of art, in many respects unrivalled, which his genius has created.

**Life and Letters of James Martineau.** By James Drummond and C. B. Upton. (Nisbet, 30s. net.)—"Sick and weary as I am of the strifes and jealousies of a petty sectarian existence, I should not be sorry to devote the remnant of my days to the peace and freedom of a studious but not inactive retirement." So wrote James Martineau at the age of fifty-two; and the sentiment may serve as a comment on much of the circumstances in which his life was passed. The atmosphere in which he lived was obscured by clouds of theology. The pride of heterodoxy had hardened the bonds of dogmatic teaching. The society which plumed itself on having no confession of faith was held together by a literal acceptance of the Bible as an infallible rule of faith and morals; the

sectarian spirit, separatist and intolerant of divergence in opinion, showed itself in zeal for "orthodoxy" and dislike of new ideas; and a community which perpetuated some of the best features of the old Puritanism kept alive also something of its barrenness and censorious habit of mind. Martineau's manly and catholic spirit rose above these pettinesses; but accustomed as he was from childhood to hear orthodoxy insisted upon, his mind took a dogmatic colour; and though he is not to be charged with unfairness to opponents, he was too much convinced of the religious importance of his own view of the truth to put himself at the standing point of his opponent; being in this the opposite of Sidgwick, of whom it was said that his impartiality was so great that the only fear was lest he should be unfair to his own argument. Martineau's life knew no holiday and little joy except—a large exception—the love of wife and children, the devotion of friends and pupils, and the deep and ardent religious feeling which filled his whole nature. Next to religion, philosophy claimed his devotion; and probably he found more happiness from the exercise of severe thought in the task of working out a system of philosophy, than he would have gained from the conversation of his equals and a more conspicuous position amongst savants and theologians, such as he might have had if he had been—as he well might have been—a dignitary of the Church of England. His life was colourless but strenuous; the temper of his mind neither pliable nor humorous, but lofty and uncompromising. Religion and philosophy absorbed him, and his interest in politics and philanthropy, though warm and genuine, was subordinate to the master-studies. Of the world and its prizes and honours he was altogether incurious. The public does not assign a large share of its attention to sermons: but Martineau's sermons are an exception, and will take their place beside those of Arnold, Newman and Robertson, as part of English literature.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The philosophical side of Dr. Martineau's work will be dealt with separately on a future occasion. [EDITOR.]



**Fishing and Shooting.** By Sydney Buxton, M.P. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)—After reading Mr. Buxton's book one inclines to think it a misfortune that so few sportsmen exist who can write about sport in a manner at all pleasant. They tell us the name of the fly they used and the weights of their fish. But they do not convey to the reader the emotions which accompanied the capture of each. They tell us the places touched by the fox, but they fail to describe the incidents of the hunt. In describing a day's shooting, they give us a bald narrative without a vestige of literary skill. Yet each day's fishing, hunting, or shooting is different from another; and if the writer could but give a vivid picture of the sport, and let the reader share his pleasure, many a one would be grateful to him. It was not so with the older writers. Izaak Walton and Peter Beckford are said to be read with pleasure by many who are not sportsmen. These reflections occur with double emphasis after reading such a charming book as Mr. Buxton's, where sport is described by a man who can also write, and the delights of the sportsman are put before the reader in scholarly language. Lord Falkland said "that he pitied unlearned gentlemen in rainy weather." We have always thought that rain might be an excuse, but never was a reason, for staying indoors. One wet day, however, at all events, may be passed by the most desperately keen sportsman in reading this volume. Mr. Buxton, as the title of his book shows, is an angler first and a shooter second. Indeed, he places fishing far above shooting, and compares the excitements they offer much to the advantage of the more peaceful, bloodless, and solitary sport. He is not a foxhunter, but, we are glad to see, he is so unselfish that he is for sparing foxes, and cheerfully says he has had many fine days' sport at the pheasants when a vixen and full-grown cubs have been beaten out of the coverts. We fear the pheasant shooters, and their gamekeepers particularly, do not commonly hold this broad-minded view. If they did, the sight of pheasant coops in a covert would not be a sign that it was fairly sure to be

drawn blank. We have said that Mr. Buxton is first and foremost an angler. He is also above all things a dry-fly fisherman. Indeed, his partiality for this branch of fishing is so great that he had rather put a floating fly over a fish that he does not catch, than catch one whose presence is first announced by a tug at the sunken fly. We do not question the superior art and sportsmanship of the dry-fly method; but this refinement seems an exaggeration bordering on absurdity. The angler, to our thinking, should be able to adapt his fishing to circumstances; and if trout prefer the fly sunk it is pedantic to grease one's line with red-deer fat and anoint the hackles of the fly with odourless paraffin to make it float. There are, of course, rivers where the one method and rivers where the other is most successful, at least in hooking the biggest fish. And since the biggest fish are most difficult to catch, the sportsman will prefer them. We have sometimes wondered whether, if the small trout were more difficult to capture than the two- or three-pounders, the angler would derive most pleasure from catching them. To-day we write and talk—at least in fishing circles—so much about the “dry fly” that we are apt to forget, as Mr. Buxton points out, how modern a thing it is. Matthew Arnold, Froude, and Kingsley did not know the dry-fly method. Yet they caught big trout in the southern chalk streams, where now the dry fly is so firmly established that the man with an *alder* or a *march-brown* is sneered at as a sort of poacher, and, if he fishes wet, catches nothing as a rule. Would the old school succeed now if they could revisit the banks of the streams they loved so well? Or have trout become educated as people are always saying? The fishing writers of the seventies and early eighties hardly mention dry-fly fishing. The Badminton volume of 1888 treats of it in a short chapter only. Mr. Halford's great book was published in 1889, and Mr. Dewar's not until 1897. The new school has gained many members in the last ten years. Mr. Buxton describes how he has used the dry fly, with moderate success, on a Scotch loch where the wet fly was

doing nothing. The charm of the dry fly is obvious on a smooth-flowing chalk stream like the Test, the Itchen, or the Kennet, where the great lazy trout come up at stated times to suck down the natural flies as they float along. You see your fish, and he must not see you. You make your cast, and see your floating fly drop a yard or two above the rising fish—the excitement comes as it passes over the spot. The satisfaction is perfect when you see it gulped down and feel the line tighten. But the dry-fly system has another side. There is time wasted whisking the fly through the air to dry it. There is the bother of changing flies, and the cursed bottle and brush with paraffin. There is the need sometimes of using fine-drawn gut, which breaks when you get a good fish on. But in all sport the pleasures of success make one forget the pangs of failure. And as Mr. Buxton sagely observes, if we caught as many fish and shot as straight each day we were out, the pleasures of sport would vanish. Besides philosophic maxims there is much practical instruction in the book, and Mr. Thorburn's pictures are, as usual, excellent.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's book *Twelve Types* (Humphreys. 3s. 6d.) opens with a short *Essay on Charlotte Brontë*; and it is characteristic of the attitude and action of the writer's mind, that, having been audacious enough to add to the Babel-Tower of criticism reared in connection with the Brontë sisters, he should compress his remarks into some dozen pages of large print and then proceed to give this *Essay* the post of honour, which in books as in life is also the post of danger. Many a reader, meeting "Charlotte Brontë" on the first page, will take it for granted that nothing can be hoped for from such a threadbare theme, and will lay down the book, feeling sure that no new thing cometh out of Howarth. This would be a mistake, for these few words on Charlotte Brontë teem with suggestive power:

She (Charlotte) chose the ugliest of women in the ugliest of centuries, and revealed within them all the hells and heavens of Dante.

The whole aim and purport and meaning of the work of the Brontës is that the most futile thing in the whole universe is fact . . . "Jane Eyre" is, perhaps, the truest book that was ever written. Its essential truth to life sometimes makes one catch one's breath. For it is not true to manners, which are constantly false, or to facts, which are almost always false; it is true to the only existing thing which is true, emotion, the irreducible minimum, the indestructible germ.

Such sentences bear fruit long after the wordy detail of some ponderous treatise has faded from the mind.

But Mr. Chesterton, incapable of playing to the gallery, has not learnt even the rudiments of the science of advertisement, or surely "The Optimism of Byron," with its frank yet tempting challenge to conventional opinion, would have taken Charlotte's place and led the way.

"Charles II."—by far the finest chapter in the book—is wedged in between "Rostand" and "Stevenson," where the present craze for modernity may all too easily overlook it. It is not too much to say that those few pages on "Charles II.," though they savour more of the note-book than of finished work, deserve lasting life. It is in literature as with mankind. However solemnly we may prate of extinction we know that every day we meet persons and books that can never die. There is a something which, if it once comes into existence, lives on. In a man we call it "character," and whether we meet it in the Man in the Street or in the Daily Paper, its influence abides, though the man has passed from our ken, or the newspaper to its appointed end. This little Essay on "Charles II.," brief, scrappy, inadequate and almost flimsy, has that influence. The thought in it has permanence, and flows through the mind in a thousand trickling channels of reproductive energy.

We hope the author will see to it—not that his niggardly utterance on "Charles II." should live—that neither he nor any one else can prevent—but that it should survive in extended form and through exhaustive treatment and a wider audience. He acknowledges that the "real relation of Charles II. to the moral ideal is worth further study," and we ask nothing better

than that he should bestow such study and publish the result.

The Essay on "Savonarola" amplifies a sentence on its own second page: "Men like Savonarola are the witnesses to the tremendous psychological fact at the back of all our brains, but for which no name has ever been found, that ease is the worst enemy of happiness, and civilisation potentially the end of man." This, the kernel of the subject, is brought home to us by a succession of home-truths which spur the reader into self-defence or self-condemnation.

The last paper in the book, on "The Position of Sir Walter Scott," is written in a gentler key, and has the effect of a flute following close on the blaring of trumpets. It would be a pity to forestall the general reader's guileless enjoyment of these pages, but it is only fair to warn him that they lack the virile strength and masterful eloquence of their predecessors. But it is useless for Mr. Chesterton to ride his fiery Pegasus on the curb, or to make polite efforts to be merely pleasant. The real man will out; and so the comparatively commonplace flavour of this article is redeemed by some meteoric sentences:

The centre of every man's existence is a dream. Death, disease, insanity, are merely material accidents, like tooth-ache or a twisted ankle. That these brutal forces always besiege and often capture the citadel does not prove that they are the citadel. The boast of the realist is that he cuts into the heart of life; but he makes a very shallow incision if he only reaches as deep as habits and calamities and sins.

We have said enough to satisfy conscience in the matter of sharing a "good find" with other people. It would be easy to insult this little book with conventional praise or cheap depreciation, but we doubt if either would affect its influence. The author of "Twelve Types" stands near the heart of things, and is, therefore, in touch, immediate, intimate, with the hearts of his readers: the public, unless we are much mistaken, will "read and remember and understand." Yet, inasmuch as it is the trick of our English nation (and perhaps especially of English writers) "if they have a good thing to make it too

common," we will venture to express a respectful hope that the author will not be too generous with his gift of paradox. Paradox is a good servant, but a bad master, and Mr. Chesterton's powers of thought and diction are too universal to be strained through the hair sieve of even a masterly mannerism.

It should, of course, be clearly understood that to a considerable extent "Twelve Types" displays, of necessity, the ephemeral features of the newspaper column; compared with the work Mr. Chesterton can, and we hope will produce, this little book is but "a sample by post."

**The Strength of the People—A Study in Social Economics.** By Helen Bosanquet. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)—About a year ago there appeared Mr. Rowntree's "Study of Poverty." Mrs. Bosanquet's book is, as it were, a response—or perhaps a kind of challenge—to its predecessor. Not that the two authors differ in their aims. They are making for just the same goal—the improvement, moral and material, of the poorer classes. But they reach that goal by very different roads. Both desire to awaken self-respect in the working man; but Mr. Rowntree thinks that the stimulus should come from without—that the healthy body must precede the healthy mind; while Mrs. Bosanquet believes that the stimulus comes from within—that desirable physical conditions must be produced by certain inner qualities. If possible, they must already exist in the working man himself and only need increasing from the outside. But if they are absent, then the spark must be evoked by the souls of educated people. Mr. Rowntree uses copious statistics to prove every statement that he makes. Mrs. Bosanquet deals in generalisations—with a certain amount of examples to support them—and in large philosophical reflections. The first proceeds on the scientific, the other upon the ethical method.

The result of these divergences is, perhaps, obvious. Mr. Rowntree gives us a large amount of valuable instruction by the way, but he comes to next to no conclusions except about

sanitation. The less cautious Mrs. Bosanquet gives us fewer facts and, like all ethical teachers, is rather apt to force those she does give to prove certain spiritual truths; but it must be confessed that she ends by furnishing us with more remedies and a far more definite course to pursue than Mr. Rowntree provides for us. The upshot of books such as these is, after all, our main concern, and so it is as well to begin with the end of Mrs. Bosanquet's volume.

Her main point is the abolition of out-door relief and the relegation of such cases as need help to the domain of private charity, which she wishes to be distributed by properly trained administrators. And, so that all who need it may get this training, still more that "every citizen, man or woman, young or old," should obtain some knowledge of "Social Economics," she would establish for "every considerable centre of population" special schools to teach this branch of science, besides libraries to provide all the literature that deals with the subject. The promotion of working men's clubs and associations, the increase of skilled labour, are also, in her eyes, two important ways of increasing the working man's prosperity. And she makes a valuable suggestion that may go far to swell the number of efficient artisans: that school managers and visitors should take care to keep a hold upon the children who are just leaving school and help them to choose and follow the careers best suited to their powers. But the chief aid to all this "public education" should ever (she says) come from Church and Chapel,

Perhaps more especially the former. The Church which is to save the people—if ever again there is to be one—will be not only *for* the people, but *of* the people . . . The great spiritual leaders have always been those who made great demands upon their followers.

All this is admirable. We cannot choose but agree with Mrs. Bosanquet's ends: it is her reasoning *en route* which does not always satisfy us. She seems sometimes too brisk, too sanguine; her social-science spectacles are occasionally so pink that they rather obscure her sight. The Charity Organisation



Society is a noble and beneficent institution, but it has never pretended that its scope is unlimited. Mrs. Bosanquet represents, if we may say so, the Absolute Idea of the C.O.S., and applies its precepts universally. It is one thing to realise that the self-respect and courage of the poor themselves must be the mainspring of reform—that to give them new interests is to give them more than meat and raiment; and it is another to underrate their difficulty in acquiring these virtues; to assert, for instance, that though circumstances may make the man, the man first makes his circumstances, by bad habits, early marriage, or the like. What would our author say to the not unfrequent case of a girl brought up from babyhood in a disreputable home, consisting of one room? Can *she* be said to make her circumstances? And, if so, how? It is true again that private charity should only be appealed to as a last resource, but it is surely over-hopeful to say that the majority of destitute widows and their kind can always be supported at the urgent moment by the poor themselves, unless philanthropists officiously step in. No doubt this is true, but the money is oftenest provided at the cost of sufficient food, or some other necessity of the benefactors. One of the best chapters in the book is that which opposes the establishment of Old Age Pensions and advocates the use of existing machinery, but even here the difficulty of putting existing machinery in motion is ignored. There is, however, only one real gap in this full volume, though the defect is a surprising one. Mrs. Bosanquet does not touch on the all-important subject of drink—the worst disease which devours the community. She cannot attribute it wholly to a want of proper self-respect. Does she count its victims amongst the disabled, who, like the deaf and dumb and feeble-minded, should be compulsorily removed from the commonwealth? It is to be hoped that she does so, and that she will favour the scheme which the West Riding of Yorkshire is already putting in execution: the institution of corrective asylums for drunkards, providing them with medical treatment—asylums to which magistrates may send offenders at discretion.



We need hardly add that Mrs. Bosanquet's hopefulness is never that of easy dilettantism. It is the hopefulness of hard-worn and unremitting energy ; and whether we agree with her conclusions or not, we certainly cannot do better than follow her example.

**Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters.** (Murray, 25s. net.)—Mr. Murray has done a pious office in publishing the *Memoir of Whitwell Elwin*, for seven years (1854–1860) Editor of the *Quarterly*, with some of his most remarkable contributions to the *Review*. The *Memoir* brings back the memory of a figure too original and vigorous to be allowed to die. Vehement, impulsive, generous, as unmethodical as an Irishman, undisciplined by school or university education, a nonchalant and rather slatternly country clergyman, who never visited London if he could help it, more at home in the eighteenth than in the nineteenth century, Elwin would have seemed the last man to conduct a serious business, including within its purview not only a mass of correspondence with sensitive contributors, and a knowledge of current literature, but the priesthood of a literary and political mission. In those days the *Quarterlies* were political organs and their editors party champions. Now that Tory and Whig have been fused in Unionism, their trumpets no longer blow defiance at each other. The editors also are less autocratic, and deal more tenderly with contributors. In the reign of Lockhart and Elwin the editor's cutting and slashing often made essayists complain, like Mr. Puff, that they hardly knew their own work ; and one contributor, whose stomach was too high to submit, actually sent back Mr. Murray's cheque with an angry letter. There were then some half-dozen magazines. Now there are half a hundred, and able editors are similarly multiplied. Elwin's firmness and geniality made him personally an ideal editor. But he had his faults. He could only write at high pressure. He did not answer letters, often did not open them. He lost manuscripts. He was never up to time, and almost

wore out Murray's patience by his impenitent unpunctuality. He would not live in London, and his visits were as short as he could make them. It is wonderful that with these drawbacks he became an excellent editor and one of the most prominent figures in the literary society of his day. Much was due to the charm of his conversation, a charm depending upon his personality. He was not "a book in breeches" like Macaulay, nor a professed teller of anecdotes like Lord Coleridge, though he told stories well; nor a wit like Sydney Smith or Rogers, nor a blaze of paradox like Lord Houghton, nor a loud-mouthed Jeremiah like Carlyle. He had not even "read everything": but he had a capacious memory, and a knowledge of what he knew, a love of give-and-take in conversation, a fine voice and a conciliatory manner. He was all the more welcome in society because he was not a professional talker. He was content to play his part in an orchestra, and did not insist on handling the big drum or the trombone, which drown the other instruments.

His life was full of oddities and contradictions, and yet he was not looked upon as an oddity. Though he never departed from his simple rusticity of life, occasional converse with the world rubbed away many eccentricities. He held his own opinions strongly and maintained them stoutly. He was, like Crabbe, whom he resembled in many points, a man of remarkable personal courage, instances of which are recorded in his outdoor life at home. He showed a different kind of courage when he took Croker by the horns, and when he attacked subjects for which he had no special preparation. Here he was rash, but perhaps successful; but what are we to say of the amateur antiquary who without mathematics, draughtsmanship, or practical experience, undertook to pull down the decent old parish church of Booton and build up a new one entirely from his own designs? To qualify himself for this Quixotic task he made a tour in the southern counties and visited some half-dozen cathedrals! The result was as amazing as might have been expected; and

we cannot deny originality at least to a design which included two florid western turrets set on to the main building cornerwise, and between them, springing from the top of the gable, a pinnacle some thirty or forty feet high and an enormous trefoil piercing and filling the wall-space above a niggardly chancel-arch. With these attractions, no wonder the building became "a common object to sight-seeing tourists."

In his later years Elwin, who was always a Conservative in politics and religion, became a decided High Churchman. He had been in his youth as "careless of hood and band" as Crabbe's parson; celebrated the Communion three times a year, dressed like a layman, and never thought of daily service. He threw in his lot with the Ritualists, less from sympathy with extreme views than from dislike of intolerance. He gave up writing, and devoted his whole time and with the happiest influence, to his parish.

The personal impression left by the memoir is stronger than the literary impression of the essays. One would have liked to hear Elwin talk, for well as he wrote he must have talked better. His essays, particularly those on Cowper, Johnson and Gray, are well worth reading; they have unity as studies of eighteenth-century writers and bring us into the best of company; but they travel over well-worn ground and have no very striking originality or power of style. In fact, though works of genius may be as rare as ever, the general standard of article-writing has risen in the last half-century, and what took the town fifty years ago would now not stand far above the common level. Elwin's articles are not works of genius, but they are good literature and quite able to stand alone. We should be glad to have more of them; particularly those on Wordsworth, "The Newcomes," and the Napier brothers. It is a pity that they should be hidden away in the 250 volumes of the *Quarterly*, guarded rather than approached by forbidding and almost inaccessible indexes.

## LORD SELBORNE'S MEMORANDUM

### I

A GREAT and pregnant reform has come to the navy. The longer the new scheme for the entry and training of naval officers is considered, the more does it appear to justify the sense of gravity with which it was received by a bewildered press and the more, it is pleasant to add, does it seem to justify the spontaneous homage it compelled. The reorganisation it foreshadows is not only a reform. It is a radical and far-reaching revolution—a revolution destined to give living and lasting shape to the tendencies, that in their efforts to reach embodiment, have been disturbing the service for a whole generation.

For years, whenever the Admiralty has been brought to the bar of public opinion, the burden of the charge preferred against it has always been that it would never do anything but whittle and tinker. Whenever an axe was required it produced a pen-knife; when every one else called for rebuilding it replied with a prop. Of such criticism there is now no question. Whatever else the new scheme may be, it is at least a large effort to deal with the problem of officering the navy as a whole. It searches every corner of the organism, where increasing inflammation has indicated the presence of morbid growth or where rigidity has told of atrophy or senile decay.

Then instead of the old discredited attempts to treat the symptoms it has boldly endeavoured to eradicate the root of the disease. To many both within and without the service it will seem that there has been too heroic a use of the knife. Whether this be so or not time alone can show. An operation which displays so much thought and skill at least deserves success.

Probably no one not actually concerned in framing the scheme can have any full idea of the difficulties it had to surmount. Yet from a distance we may read between the lines. From end to end the document is as much a compromise as is a modern battleship—a compromise which tells of the clashing demands of the various branches of the service and the friction of opposing schools of thought. What different ideals must have had to be reconciled; what a weight of conservative opinion overcome; how many warnings from men sincerely honoured as treasurers of naval tradition discarded! The work must often have been no less painful than it was difficult, and no one can read the scheme without recognising it as the product of no ordinary minds. It is stamped with the qualities which every one knows to be the soul of all great reforms, and we recognise its authors as men for whom the end to be attained looms larger than the obstacles in the way. Nor is this all. We recognise besides the highest quality of statesmanship—the power to penetrate beneath a tangle of details and seize the fundamental fact that underlies them all. It is probably this vivifying touch, more than anything, which, in spite of regret for what is passing and fears for what is to come, has drawn forth the chorus of applause, and lifted the document in the public eye quite above the level of an ordinary state paper.

The situation, as it appears to an onlooker, was this. As the naval art developed side by side with mechanical and physical science in unprecedented rapidity, the old ideas had continually to compromise with the new. For a time the process went on smoothly enough, yet with ever increasing

tension; but at last there came a point where compromise could go no further, and the service began to be tormented with anomaly. It took three main shapes—the anomalous condition of education and the anomalous positions of engineers and marines. New sores appeared more rapidly than they could be plastered. Wise physicians could only suspect that somewhere deep down was a common source of irritation. The inspiring feature of the new scheme is that its framers have sought and discovered what they believe that source to be and have boldly acted on their diagnosis. The memorandum frankly exposes a growth which has been persistently ignored or trifled with. It has admitted the organic change in the art of war by sea to which we have half-shut our eyes so long. It has recognised that the war-vessel of to-day is no longer a ship but a machine. This is undoubtedly the basis of the whole scheme—the cardinal fact which suggested the remedy.

Such an opening of the eyes to living history must always be a little blinding. As it was recognised instinctively from the first that an historical document had appeared, which in all probability must form hereafter a landmark in naval annals, opinion both professional and public tried to find itself by the help of precedent. Analogous situations have been searched for to clear and guide our judgment. The one most frequently brought up to compare with the present change is the supersession of the galley by the sailing-ship and the consequent change of *personnel* by which the fighting crews became sailors instead of soldiers. But such an analogy is wholly false and misleading and can serve no purpose but to confuse the problem. In the British service no such process ever took place. It is imaginary history engendered of hasty generalisation. In England the sailing warship was in no way influenced by the galley either in form or organisation. It was a direct development from the armed merchantman and its crew except for the occasional addition of soldiers as small-arm men was never anything but a crew of sailors. It was always they who worked the guns and the ship. Gunners, indeed, there were,

but they were in the nature of warrant officers, and the seamen were to them what the stoker of to-day is to the engineer. The truth is we are face to face with a question of *personnel* which has never occurred before so completely or at all in the same way, and it can only be solved on first principles mellowed by practical experience and a sympathetic grasp of naval sentiment.

If any analogy to the present situation is to be found in our naval history it lies not in any sudden alteration of *personnel* but in a slowly recognised change in the tactical conception of a warship. Until the Tudor seamen perfected the art of fighting broadside ships, the warship was regarded as a floating fortress garrisoned by infantry. The Elizabethans fixed its true function as a mobile battery, and then in search of mobility and fire energy the English navy man, instead of being a musketeer, became and remained primarily a seaman gunner.

It is this conception that has now to be changed. It has outlived the conditions of its birth, and from being the life and soul of the service it has become the morbid cause of its fever. Gunnery is as essential as ever—the warship as much as ever the mobile battery. But it is no longer on the old seamanship that mobility depends. Mobility now depends mainly on the engine-room, and the irresistible conclusion is that the lore of the engineer must take the place of all that is dead of the older seamanship. The profound significance of the new scheme is that it paves the way for this momentous change. The vital seed of the memorandum is not so much that the engineer is to become an executive officer as that the executive officer is to become an engineer.

This is the remedy that is to be applied to the disease. It arises directly out of the diagnosis, and the more closely we study the new scheme the clearer does it become that this must be the end of it. The engineer from the inherent necessities of the case has become too strong and too valuable to remain in the subordinate position he has hitherto held. He will become stronger yet, and the improved position will have



to be improved still further. Yet this is a process which obviously cannot continue for ever. If development were kept to those lines the engineer must eventually dominate the executive officer. Such a state of things would of course be impossible. There is but one way out of it. If the engineer cannot be allowed to supersede the executive officer, then the executive officer must take his place.

This is in effect the end to which the new scheme points. For the old type of engineer there is gradually to be substituted an executive officer specialised for the engine-room. To attempt so difficult a solution seems at first sight to be aiming beyond the reach of human attainment—to be making a demand beyond human strength. We cannot believe that the executive officer can ever add to all the other qualities and knowledge that are already demanded of him, the qualities and knowledge of an engineer. We cannot believe, in short, that the strata of society that now supply the executive officer can ever procure men to replace the "MacAndrews" of the fleet. We seem to be about to spoil a good sailor and turn out a bad engineer. Still, it must not be forgotten that the service has passed through a similar, though smaller, difficulty before. The present crisis in this particular aspect resembles that which grew out of the friction between the "gentleman" and the "tarpaulin" officers of the later part of the seventeenth century. The "tarpaulins" were all seamanship, the "gentlemen" all command. Without the tarpaulins the gentlemen could do nothing, and when the "tarpaulins" were given a command they were seldom a success. Their narrower upbringing unfitted them for the higher functions of war and rendered it almost impossible for them to develop the higher qualifications of commanders. It was equally believed that the "gentleman" could never add the skill or the soundness of the "tarpaulin" to his own attainments and qualifications. Yet this was how the problem was solved. By degrees the "gentleman" became a "tarpaulin," and the outcome was the executive officer of modern times.



Insensibly the class of men from which the average tarpaulin was bred became the backbone of the service in the warrant ranks, and only those of exceptional ability were able eventually to hold their own for the brains and tone of the fleet against men of more favoured environment and higher education. The "master" was the last survival of the old state of things, and even he eventually disappeared and his place was filled, so far as it needed filling, by a navigating specialist. It is a repetition of this process that the new scheme foreshadows—a process which cannot be accomplished in a day, but one that can be carried through the more speedily and soundly for being approached frankly and with open eyes.

As the trend and intention of the new order is more fully apprehended there will be bitter lamentation. There must have been much already, of which only the faint echo has passed the walls of the Admiralty. Above all, men both old and young, will deplore the sacrifice of seamanship which is necessarily involved in turning the executive officer into an engineer. But does it mean any real loss? Masts and sails have gone, and with them all they meant in forming the character of the old seaman—the stamp of man to whom the country owes so much, and who is one of our most legitimate sources of national pride. All this has gone, and it must be replaced. From what has ousted it we seek the substitute. And what is there that can replace it half so well as the character and temperament that comes from handling masses of machinery? Are not the same qualities involved—the alert precision, the responsibility, the courage, the cool head, the resourcefulness? What man so much resembles a sailor in his essential attributes as an engineer? In what failure of character does the one fall short of the other? The resemblance is true of engineers ashore: it is doubly true of engineers at sea, where the difficulties and dangers of handling machinery are multiplied almost infinitely. We might perhaps go even further and assure ourselves that in the necessity of handling titanic engines and delicate electric instruments at sea in all

weathers and in all climates we are gaining more than we lost in masts and sails. For to all the qualities which they demanded there must now be added a higher intelligence and a more scientific habit of thought.

Yet the fact must not be blinked that there is a part of the old seamanship that machinery cannot teach, however well it may prepare the ground. There are qualities which distinguish the born seaman, and must still remain the soul of success, whatever changes time has wrought and has still to bring about in naval warfare. They are things which cannot be acquired in the womb of a ship, and they are things essential to high command. Still and for ever the service will demand in its higher ranks the old intimacy with the sea in all its moods, the judgment, the iron nerve for a risk, the intuitive perception of danger, the eye that feels in the dark—all those qualities in short that can only be learned on deck from the mouth of the tempest. If it is imperative that the executive officer of the future should be an engineer, it is none the less imperative that he should not cease to be in the highest sense a seaman. It is this eternal truth which has always given a seaborne people like ourselves a priceless start in the race for dominion, and face to face with it the authors of the scheme stop short of the logical conclusion of their reform. The officer who specialises as an engineer is to cease to be deck officer for all his career, and is never to be entrusted with the command even of a ship. Between the bridge and the engine-room a gulf is still fixed. But in this, as Lord Selborne has since pointed out, there is no blind finality. It is no case of so far and no farther. The skill with which the new framework is designed is such that it can be expanded without dislocation. If at any time as the result of experience the service feels that the engineer specialist can perfect himself without losing the higher seamanship, the gulf between engine-room and bridge can be filled in with a stroke of the pen. The passage between the two can be made as easy as that from gunnery to watch-keeping, and the reform which is now set on foot will then be effectively and logically

complete. Neither engineer nor deck officer has ground for complaint or apprehension. The future is perfectly secure, and the final development rests still with the practical experience of the service.

Viewed as a whole, then, nothing could well appear more sound or more sagaciously in touch with the trend and exigencies of the naval art than the scheme as it stands, and nothing in it is more hopeful than the way in which it converts the cause of all the trouble into a means of salvation. Machinery has taken possession of the fleet. It will always be with us; it will always increase upon us; yet rightly handled it will always afford its own antidote. The transition will demand the whole loyalty of the service, which Lord Selborne has handsomely invoked. He counts upon it confidently to make his revolution a stable success. There will be much to sacrifice both of sentiment and reality, but the service has only to grasp the necessities of the case and the sagacity and prudence of the remedy, for those sacrifices to be made with a light heart. No sudden change need be feared. The present scheme does no more than pave the way for what seems the inevitable end. It will be long in coming, and not the least admirable feature of the scheme is the way it looks to gradual development rather than sudden perfection. It is framed in such a manner that the process it sets in motion can be arrested at any point or pushed on as the service feels its way. There need be no shock to naval sentiment. In a right spirit the thing may move slowly forward, and though the way may be long, it will at least be sure.

The unity of the service, which Lord Selborne makes it his chief aim to restore, is further to be secured by a gradual assimilation of the marines to the other officers. "The future marine officer," he says, "will thus become available for keeping watch at sea and for general executive duties on board ship. . . . from the very outset of his career as such he will be competent to take a much fuller part in the handling and fighting of his ship than his present training has permitted."

It is a change that cannot but be welcomed by that hard fighting force, and curiously enough it is in a sense a reversion to the original idea with which they were raised by William III. Josiah Burchett, who was then Secretary to the Admiralty, tells us that, so far at least as the men were concerned, the corps was intended to be not only a military force for service afloat, but also a nursery for seamen. As fast as they qualified as "foremast men" they were rated as such and absorbed into the ship's company. And he regrets that in the reorganisation that occurred under Queen Anne, "one of the principal motives for the first raising of such a body of men" was lost sight of. That principal motive is now being disinterred from long oblivion, and it can hardly but be for the good both of the corps and the service.

## II

In the eyes of the public the main merit of the scheme must be its bold attempt to treat the three main shortcomings of the navy as a whole and with one comprehensive remedy. Such an attempt must compel the taxpayer's high approval, but at the same time it is inevitable that in so wide a range of endeavour there will appear to him places where the old canker has not been entirely cleared away, or where the seeds of failure have been let fall. The details are avowedly left open for further consideration, and it is only in details that adverse criticism seems called for. Still it cannot be denied that in some places the defects look serious, and if a warm admirer of the scheme as a whole calls attention to them it is in no spirit of hostility, but only in zeal to see a radical cure. As every one knows, the most skilful operation is of little avail unless it be followed by good nursing, and it is mainly as to how the new scheme is to be nursed that apprehension is felt. Much, if not all, depends on that.

Of so much as relates to engineers and marines I will not venture to speak. That is best left to those who are more

conversant with the conditions of those special cases. Moreover the consummation of the changes the reform foreshadows for them lies still some years in the future. The immediate interest of the scheme is mainly educational, and that is a subject on which a civilian can speak with less hesitation.

The reforms about to be introduced are many and complex, but the question is simplified if we recognise that they fall broadly into three categories—according as they relate to primary, secondary or higher education.

Primary education the Admiralty has finally decided to undertake itself by entering all cadets between the ages of twelve and thirteen. The reasons why they have at last felt themselves compelled to face the objections to entering boys so young are twofold. Firstly, the ordinary public schools of the country, in spite of certain praiseworthy efforts, have failed after fair trial to produce the material which the Admiralty requires. It is clear in fact that what seems good enough for the upper classes of the community in their present apparently inflexible attitude to education is not good enough for the navy, and it therefore becomes necessary for the navy to do the work for itself. Secondly, there is the traditional and well-grounded feeling in the service that if a boy is ever to be a seaman in the higher sense he should be dipped in salt water at the earliest possible moment, before he has had time to acquire shore-going habits, and when it is easiest to breed in him that instinct for the sea which is the life and soul of his profession. The danger of the new "Britannias" from this point of view is, that they may degenerate into mere naval public schools with very little of the sea about them. The old *Britannia* course is to be extended to elementary physics and marine engineering with the use of tools and machines. The avowed object of the course is to give the cadets a good grounding in the subjects necessary to the naval profession and at the same time such a general education as will enable them afterwards to grasp the theory of any branch of the service in which they may find

themselves. All this is excellent, if the details are subsequently worked out as well as the theory is stated. Nothing is said of salt-water training, but there should be no difficulty in this, if minor war vessels are attached to the colleges, and above all if the sports of the cadets are directed to the sea instead of the land. As the thing stands at present there is nothing to show that shore athletics will not continue to be the main object of a cadet's existence.

To early entry there are undoubtedly many objections, and unless the lads be thoroughly steeped in salt water from the beginning, half the good will be lost. Moreover, unless under the process they quickly shape for sailors both in temperament and physique, they must be ruthlessly excluded. A most weighty reason against early entry has always been that you are getting material of which you cannot possibly judge the worth. Its value can only be found by experiment and the moment it is found to be faulty, no more time must be wasted upon it. There must be no more personal consideration, no more of what it is best to call tenderheartedness in the matter. The only test of whether a boy is to be retained or not must be the good of the service, which is the good of his country.

Another cause for anxiety in the new system, which it may be intended to remove, is of a more definite character, and brings us to the secondary part of the young officer's education. After four years at school the cadet is to go to sea as a midshipman, but whether in a training-ship or in a battleship or large cruiser, is not yet decided. All that is decided is "that at whatever period they are posted to ordinarily commissioned battleships or cruisers, compulsory school on board these ships shall cease." Here we have what is intended to be the death-blow to the worst feature of the present system—the "half-timer." Although apparently a midshipman will have the opportunity of pursuing theoretical work, it will only be at his own free will. He is to cease to be half-schoolboy and half-officer, and the heartbreaking attempt to teach

boys schoolwork at sea is to be finally knocked on the head.

Will this in effect be done? With all goodwill to the new scheme and the high intention of its authors, it must be said that here the old canker is not cut away. We can affirm with certainty that if the cadet be at once posted to a commissioned ship, with no further training than is sketched in the future *Britannia* course, the old evil will assuredly recur. He will be no more an officer than he was before. At school, so far as the scheme discloses, he will have learnt not a word of gunnery, torpedo, or pilotage. As before, instead of being able at once to take his place in his new ship as an officer, he will have to begin to learn, under every adverse condition, the real elements of his profession. He will not be an assistant or understudy to the specialist officers; he will be a schoolboy whom they are to instruct. Here we shall have the worst features of the old haphazard teaching perpetuated. We may call it instruction, but it will be and must be instruction in a schoolroom. And what a schoolroom, and what instruction! A schoolroom without quiet, air, or light, without models, drawings, or even a proper blackboard—instructors without training in instruction or time to teach even if they have a natural bent for it, with no control over attendance, with no possibility of framing a regular progressive course, with pupils constantly sea sick or at every one's beck and call. Even in the largest battleships and cruisers it will be bad enough, but what will be the fate of a boy in the smaller types where the first lieutenant may be doing gunnery and torpedo duty? He can scarcely ever have a moment for instruction and inevitably the work must be turned over to warrant officers wholly unfitted for the task.

Clearly whatever is eventually done this will not do. It is only substituting one kind of schooling for another, and treating the old evil by giving it a new name. But such is the excellence of the elastic framework of the whole design that it affords several ways in which the evil may be avoided.

To begin with, by adjusting the *Britannia* course with a



bold disregard of discredited educational fetishes, and by substituting more modern methods of instruction for those we have received from the later middle ages, it may be found possible to teach the elements of the instructional subjects up to a point where they could be continued in the practical discharge of duties as an officer afloat, without further recourse to the schoolroom. But this will depend entirely on the way the new naval schools are modelled. They must turn their backs on the system that has failed to give us what the navy wants. They must set an example by adopting fearlessly all that is adaptable and sound in the methods of "crammers" and of foreign schoolmasters. There will be no time to potter over the boys' education in the way that finds favour with the average Public School parent. The same freshness and understanding must be brought to bear in the class-rooms, as elsewhere is so admirably displayed in the imparting of athletics. If this were done with a bold and emancipated hand, part at least of all the instructional subjects should be able to find a place in the new school course. If, however, it is thought impossible to carry them to the desired point in the *Britannia* stage, then undoubtedly whatever the cost there must be training-ships, and the boys must be kept in them till they are fit to join active ships as officers. By all means let the period be as short as possible. Let them at the earliest moment join active ships and begin their experience in commanding men. The enormous value of officers beginning in boyhood to acquire by practical effort that priceless power is one of the most hallowed dogmas of the navy. Its advantage and influence on the whole tone and efficiency of the service can scarcely be exaggerated. But let us beware lest we do exaggerate it, and sacrifice to it things which the service in these days cannot do without. It cannot do without the soundest technical knowledge, and if technical knowledge be acquired in the proper way, nothing can so well give an aptitude for command. The knowledge itself gives authority, a sense of power, and self-confidence; and in the process of acquiring it at first hand through successive ratings



in a training-ship, a boy learns the most essential factor of all command—for he learns to obey. Nor need it be feared that he will be kept too long out of touch with the men—and this again is rightly one of the most treasured aspects of the old system of early life afloat. For training ships cannot be manned wholly by gentlemen cadets, who have to go to school as well as work the ship. There must be a large leaven of bluejackets in the crew with whom the cadets must work hand to hand, and what better than that could bring them into touch with the feelings and limitations of the men they will have ultimately to control?

Thus regarded the traditional objection to training ships seems to dwindle very small. But were the objections as real as ever still the training-ships must be employed to follow up the *Britannia* course, if, that is, it be found that the four years in the *Britannia* cannot produce beyond the accomplished schoolboy. Without them half at least of the advantage of the new scheme, for which so much of time-honoured sentiment has to be sacrificed, will be thrown away. We shall be buying the part, where with a few coins more we might buy the whole. Without them, it is true, the education of the young officer will no longer be wholly bad, as was it before, but it will still remain a half-and-half system, reproducing and indeed stereotyping some of the worst features that lay at the bottom of the old discredited failure. And not only this. It will introduce others which did not formerly exist. For the new scheme, as it stands at present, makes fresh demands upon the spare time of officers which were not known before—demands of an educational character, which are wholly incompatible with the teaching of elementary subjects and so heavy that, even if they can ever be thoroughly discharged without large modification, they must absorb all the leisure and energy which an officer has left after the performance of his regular duties. But as this is a matter which concerns higher education and is of extreme difficulty and importance it must be considered at a future opportunity.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

# THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN LEADERS ON THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY

I<sup>1</sup>

BY DR. ALBERT GESSMANN

*(Leader of the Christian-Social Party)*

**Y**OU ask me whether there is any circumstantial foundation for the rumour of a possible partition of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

I am compelled to give the following reply, painful as it is to the feelings of an Austrian patriot :

No wonder the general impression abroad is that the fall of the Dual Monarchy is only a question of time ; the outside world is after all but half informed about many questions which, even for Austrians, are difficult and complicated. Nevertheless, as a Party leader who has battled for over twenty years in the political arena, I believe myself to be in a position to declare that the further continuance of the Hapsburg Empire may be regarded, humanly speaking, as a certainty.

Austria cannot and must not perish, partly on account of her neighbouring States, and partly in the interests of her own population.

<sup>1</sup> Further communications upon this subject from Count Banffy and other Austro-Hungarian leaders will be edited and commented upon in our next number by Mr. Maurice A. Gerothwohl.

Ours is a time of national unification. No rational mind can deny the enormous advantages to be gained by the fusion of all the constituents of a nation into a political whole. A striking example in this respect is afforded by United Germany. Still there is no rule without exception, and the excellent administration of Switzerland shows us most clearly that racial unity is not always absolutely indispensable to the welfare of a common political life. Otherwise, if it be argued that racial unity alone confers the right of existence upon a State, Switzerland, for instance, in which three peoples live peaceably together, and Austria, which embraces no less than seven races, would be doomed to annihilation.

Indeed, for the sake of consistency, one would have to proceed to sort out all the nations of the earth and set them up in "stacks" according to race and kind. Such a task would no doubt seem child's play to those political Utopians who solve, with cheerful ease, the most difficult problems *on paper*; but for us who claim to be regarded seriously as politicians it is a matter of impossibility.

Nature is fond of variety and transition. She interposes spring between winter and summer, and autumn between summer and winter, because great extremes of cold and heat could not stand at close quarters. She has likewise designed the great map of the world, in a spirit far remote from caprice, and wisely considerate of all possibilities. Thus, she has made the north-east of Europe into a great Slavonic Empire (Russia), has seated the Latin peoples in the south and south-west, and has assigned yet another position to the Germanic races. But in the centre an Empire was bound to emerge, which should blend Germans, Slavs, and Latins within its borders, and hence be capable of acting as a mediator between the peoples of the neighbouring States. Such a land is Austria. We may even term her a land of compromise, and this description is true enough, since some mode of compromise or settlement in regard to the common life of the various races is essential, if we are to prevent international relations from assuming through-

out a character of the most perilous friction. To avoid such misunderstandings, to minimise existing differences, and to facilitate mutual intercourse between the diverse peoples in order that they may learn something from each other, is a task befitting neither a purely Slav, a purely Latin, nor a purely Germanic State, but a State which includes within its folds representatives of these three heterogeneous elements. This conception of a State, which has to undertake the part of mediator, one might almost say of interpreter for all Europe, is personified in this Austria of ours.

That a State consisting of such a medley of nationalities should have formed itself in the centre of Europe, where the different nations come into touch with each other, goes to prove the truth of my assertion. But the Hapsburg Empire is not only entitled to further existence on the ground of its historical development, but the most important neighbouring States will feel themselves compelled in their own respective interests to ensure the continuance of the Dual Monarchy. For in the event of a dissolution of Austria, those neighbouring States which acquired portions of the present Empire would soon find themselves involved in political bankruptcy; "*Timeo Danaos . . .*," is still to-day a diplomatic byword. Germany, or rather the present ruling circles in Germany, look with great mistrust upon any realisation of the Pan-Germanic—or, as we term them, "Alldeutsch"—ideals. Bismarck, Austria's most gifted enemy, declared this often enough with no uncertain voice. He had very good reasons for so doing, and the successors of the great Chancellor know perfectly well why they take especial care to follow in the footprints of their predecessor in this respect. The moment Germany were to annex the German-speaking provinces of Austria, she would be the larger by twelve millions of population, but this addition would considerably strengthen the South German Catholic element in the German Reichstag, and seriously menace both Prussian hegemony and the sovereignty of the Hohenzollerns. For one point is certain: the Austro-Germans, when once

citizens of the German Empire, would immediately unite with the Bavarians, to whom they are intimately related in race, dialect, and religion, to oppose the Protestant preponderance of North Germany. The antagonism between North and South Germany is so great that this result would inevitably ensue. Bismarck's German Empire has now existed for more than thirty years, and the gulf between North and South Germany still remains unbridged. German statesmen know it well, for they possess the one quality which is but too often lacking in many of their foreign colleagues, viz., foresight. They have therefore always politely declined when a separation of the German provinces of Austria has been mooted by overzealous Austrian Germans.

We have seen that Germany would preserve a negative attitude towards any suggestion of a partition of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Still less would the Russians incline to welcome the annexation of the Slav-peopled provinces of Austria. Russia finds trouble enough with her own Polish subjects, and can hardly wish to add to the disturbing elements by the inclusion of the Austrian Poles and Czechs, who number four and eight millions respectively. Still more conspicuous by its absence is the enthusiasm of the Austrian Poles and Czechs for Russia, and this is only natural. At the present day the Austrian Poles are living in a constitutional country, where they take an important share in the business of Government—true, their share is more often business than government! Would they voluntarily renounce these advantages for the sake of returning to an autocratic State, a political wilderness, uncheered by any Parliamentary fount of appointments, honours, and dignities? And wherefore? Only in order to gratify a few national idealists! No, let those who wish to bring about the destruction of modern Austria rest assured that the overwhelming majority of the Slav population will actively oppose any such endeavours on their part.

Having brought forward reasons for my assertion that none of the neighbouring States can have any interest in the

partition of Austria, I now proceed to show that the various Austrian peoples on their part not only have nothing to gain by a catastrophe of the kind, but would be threatened in the very conditions of their existence and compelled to take active steps for the preservation of the Hapsburg Monarchy.

The Polish nation, which, as I have already said, numbers more than four millions in Austria, would fall to the lot of Russia in any eventual partition of Austro-Hungary. Abroad one hears a great deal about Polish aspirations towards independence. This is only true, however, of the Russian Poles, who suffer actual violence from their insolent rulers, and are most unjustly deprived of their national and religious independence. The case is quite different with the intelligent Austrian Poles, who have long ago given up the fanatic dream of a national Polish State, having found a second home in Austria. They see how their brothers fare in autocratic Russia, and tremble at the idea of ever coming under the Russian knout; hence they are good Austrians in their own best interests.

The matter stands with the Czechs very much as it does with the Poles. Of the former nation, however, a certain section has popularised the idea of "Panslavism," but even the leaders of this section take good care to defer the realisation of their motto, "Union with Russia"; for they are well aware that the political honours, power and influence which they possess to-day in constitutional Austria would be instantly lost in autocratic Russia. Furthermore, the national relationship between the Czechs and Russians is but very remote. The difference of language is so great that the two nations, being unable to understand each other without the aid of an interpreter, are obliged to rely on the French or German language for their mutual intercourse. The very characters of the Russian language are different from those of almost every other European nation: moreover, the Czechs, who belong to the Roman Catholic Church, are estranged from the Russians in matters of religion. Indeed, it would, as regards the Bohemian nation, be doing a "hangman's" office to attempt to

link it with the Russian Empire. For there the preservation of its national characteristics would be far less assured than in modern Austria, where the Czechs play, in my judgment, a highly respectable part. The Russians would be an overwhelming majority, the Czechs a vanishing minority; and one may judge how Russia is accustomed to act in such cases by the melancholy example of Finland, which is in process of being stripped of every remnant of her ancient nationality.

The Italians who inhabit the south of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy to the number of nearly a million, would, materially speaking, make a very poor exchange by union with the Italian kingdom. Italy is almost as little a united national State as is Austria. The different races of Upper, Central, and Lower Italy are still mutually antagonistic to a very large extent. The tradition of centuries divides them whilst allowing the much-boasted unification of Italy to exist on paper. At the same time a financial crisis is undermining the national strength and slowly gnawing the framework of the State. *To remain* citizens of such a country is a duty for those whose birthright it is, but to *become* members of such a State is a promotion which no one will court after reflection. National enthusiasm is a fine thing, but unfortunately it has no power to appease the pangs of hunger. The Austro-Italians will think twice before exchanging Austria, in which they generally meet with success, for bankrupt Italy. Their national enthusiasm would soon evaporate, leaving only the realisation of their self-created misery.

Let us now consider what the eventual partition of Austro-Hungary would mean to the Servians and Croatians living in the south of the Monarchy, and numbering together over five millions. A propaganda is being made on behalf of one of the smaller Balkan States for the reunion of the Southern Slavs of Austro-Hungary to the Slavs of the Balkans. But the former have turned a deaf ear to these doctrines. The Slavonic population has remained loyal as ever to the Emperor, if we except a few youthful politicians, who strive to attract



public attention by their Radical aspirations. The Southern Slavs of the Monarchy know too well that they could only be losers by joining the other Slavs of the Balkans. For the situation is even less secure in the petty Balkan States than in Austro-Hungary: the masses of the people are fleeced and oppressed to a far greater extent than they are with us here. Thus the political sensationalists who uphold these schemes gain notoriety, but no real success. To-day they are Austrophils, to-morrow Russophils, now loyal to the Emperor, and again Oppositionists! So the balance ever sways, and yet, however they trim their sails, one thought should suffice to stay our fears: "Funds they have none."

But how would the partition of the Monarchy be regarded by the Hungarians, a nation which now numbers close upon nine millions? The downfall of Austria would instantly menace the independence of Hungary. From the proud position of free citizens of a free State, the Hungarians would decline to that of Russia's obedient servants, for in the event of a partition of Austro-Hungary, Russia would require to take special measures for the annexation of Hungary, since under no circumstances could she suffer the existence of an independent State in the immediate neighbourhood of the Balkans. Thus, in face of a threatened dissolution of the Dual Empire, the Hungarians would be the first to declare against it.

I have endeavoured to prove that not only the neighbouring States, but also above all the various Austrian peoples themselves have the greatest interest in the continuance of the Hapsburg Monarchy, for, in the present condition of affairs, notwithstanding the mutual racial difficulties, their lot is undeniably better than would be their fate, according to all human calculation, after a partition of Austria. True, the various nationalities are on hostile terms with each other, and lead a cat-and-dog life together. But the very first apparition of a serious menace to the Monarchy will bring them to their senses, and induce them to present a strong and united front to the common foe of their common Fatherland.



So far this article has only treated of the *advantages* of a continuance of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. I have dwelt on this point with intention, for we live in a material age, and a large number of people are in the habit of judging even the highest problems by the light of the question: "What do we gain by it?" But still there *is* another element in national life: it matters little whether we call it tradition, loyalty, or patriotism. An Imperial House which is equally beloved by the various peoples of the Empire serves as a common tie to all these nationalities. The overwhelming majority of Austrians are at heart devoted to their Emperor, and all the schemes set in motion by enemies of the State are doomed to failure, thanks to this rock-bed of loyalty in the Austrian population. In consequence of the perpetual racial and party conflicts, the Government has ceased to take any share in either. It has to stand high above the various parties and peoples, in order to avoid being overthrown through their agency. Hence it has come to pass that even parties which tend to undermine the State have not been checked in the slightest degree by the Government in their propaganda. But this precaution was hardly necessary; the Austrian population has become sufficiently enlightened in political matters, by reason of the incessant conflicts between the various parties, to give the go-by at the elections to political quacks and enemies of the State. In particular, the internal political events of the last few months go far to prove that the Hapsburgs are more firmly seated upon the Imperial throne than ever. Two years ago it was still possible to talk of a Pan-German danger for Austria. Since that time, however, the Pan-German party, which was then but in the first stage of its development, has been gradually losing ground, a result largely due to the energetic action of the Christian-Social party (my own), but also to the want of cohesion and capacity in the Pan-German leaders; it may be inferred from the war of extermination which the two most prominent leaders of this party, Deputies Schönerer and Wolf, are waging with singular fury and reck-

lessness, that Pan-Germanism is actually on the verge of dissolution. This promises to be final, unless alien influence intervenes. The best proof of this assertion is afforded us by the elections which took place some two months ago. The "All-Deutsch" party did not succeed in obtaining a single seat for any of their candidates in Lower Austria, the cradle and hereditary dominion of the Hapsburg Monarchy. On the other hand, the Christian-Social party, led by Dr. Lueger, Burgomaster of Vienna, Prince Alois Liechtenstein, and your humble servant, succeeded in gaining all the seats in this province as well as all those in Vienna, the capital of the Empire. So long as the Christian-Social party is large and powerful, so long as the hereditary dominions of the Monarchy and its capital remain in loyal hands, so long will it be idle even to speak of a Pan-German danger.

You see that the Dual Monarchy is a state still possessed of vitality and containing the germs of further development and initiative. In the future it will pursue a policy of peace and equilibrium. We have no need of colonial expansion, all available forces being required for the prosecution of internal reform. The excellent qualities of its population and the abundance of its natural resources give us reason to hope that in a short time, when the question of the nationalities has been happily settled, Austria-Hungary will recover its former position.

## II

BY DR. ADOLF STRANSKY

(*Leader of the Young Czech Party*)

THE rumoured decay of the Austro-German monarchy is probably as old as that monarchy itself. The cause lies ready to hand. Freeman, the English historian, has most graphically described it in these words: "Austria suffers for the original sin of her foundation." The idea of dismembering or dissecting into its component parts a State which not only lacks national unity, but further embraces racial segments of all kinds, originates *per se*. Napoleon, we are told, entertained the idea of a partition in 1809, but rejected it after Wagram as impracticable. He is even credited with the epigram—since attributed by the Bohemians to their venerable Palacky—that, if an Austria did not exist, it would be necessary to invent one. From that time to the present none but revolutionists and theorists have contemplated such a scheme as a partition. And here I would fain emphasise a self-evident distinction between the idea of a general partition and the cleavage of minor splints or frontier-streaks. If the Italian "Trentino" were presently to be rent from the Austrian dominion, Austria would remain Austria, just as France remained France after the loss of Alsace-Lorraine; we must be careful to distinguish a local disjunction from a dissolution of the Empire.

The latter eventuality I incline to regard as little short of impossible, since the centripetal force appears to me infinitely greater than the centrifugal. Innumerable movements tend towards unification. Personally, I do not overrate dynastic feeling, but its influence in Austria is striking, in the rural districts in particular; the strength of habit and the fear of

the unknown are exceptionally potent factors. However dissatisfied the immense majority of our population may feel with this or that point of the existing status, they cannot conceive a condition of things which, for Austria, would mean obliteration. Economic considerations serve to strengthen the psychological. Agricultural interests predominate in the eastern, industrial in the western half of the realm. Hence on both sides the chief resource lies in the mutual exchange of their respective productions, for which, in the event of a disruption, they would require to find new markets—no easy task. Of the large peoples which combine to form the Monarchy, two, the Czechs and Magyars, are completely isolated within its folds. Germans, Italians, Roumanians, and Servians may feel attracted by their alien brethren, but no sentiment of the kind can stir Czechs or Magyars, whose most earnest desire cannot go beyond that of enjoying the greatest possible prosperity within the Hapsburg monarchy. With regard to the Germans, the Roman Catholic faith acts to a large extent as an insuperable barrier betwixt them and the German Empire. The idea of becoming the subjects of a Protestant, or, as it is here called, Lutheran, dynasty would be viewed with nothing less than "horror" by our country folk; for not only do they maintain a distinctly negative attitude towards North-German ideals, but their conduct in this connection betrays a pronounced antipathy, which, if hardly justifiable, constitutes nevertheless a feature as striking as it is influential. Nor could the Poles look forward to a partition of Austria; they would eventually stand no chance of building for themselves an independent kingdom in Galicia. Besides, the inhabitants of this province enjoy a liberal measure of autonomy, and could not possibly view the prospect of Russian rule with a favourable eye.

As for the Roumanians and Servians of Hungary they are naturally, and with good reason, malcontent. The blame rests with the particularist policy of the Hungarian statesmen. But the state of affairs in the kingdoms of Roumania and Servia is not in so satisfactory a condition that it can induce

the citizens of a great Power to renounce the latter for a petty principality.

The existence in the Italian-peopled district of Trent of a party which gravitates towards the Peninsula and enlists much sympathy among the lower ranks of the nobility and the burgher classes, cannot be disputed. The peasantry, on the other hand, lean towards Austria, for the all-sufficient motive that the clergy—for reasons which demand no explanation—are hostile to the Italian Crown. Neither must we forget that the Austrian army, one of the best in Europe according to expert opinion, has kept aloof from the drifts of particularism. Our troops are fearlessly loyal to Sovereign and State, and provide a formidable protective weapon.

If no single one among the Austrian peoples is in favour of partition, the danger of such a consummation being achieved through the medium of an insurrection can be set aside. It could therefore only arise as the result of a great war. Granting, however, that one or the other Power should eventually prove strong enough to defeat Austria in the field and wrest from her a boundary province or two, no army single-handed could hope to annihilate Austria as a military power—the indispensable preliminary to a partition. This final issue could only be rendered possible by a coalition of several powers—for instance, of Russia, Germany, and Italy. But considering the enormous increase of territory and prestige to the partitioners which victory would entail, I think that the moment in which their intentions were revealed would witness the immediate formation of a counter coalition, with a view to restoring the lost balance. The results might be similar to those of the War of the Austrian Succession (1740–1746); Austria might lose in the course of the campaign one or other of her frontier provinces, but the territorial nucleus of the monarchy would remain untouched.

I may remark in addition that the soundest politicians of Germany will not entertain for a moment an alliance with Russia against Austria-Hungary, nor can Italy wish to behold

the German frontiers extending to the Adriatic coast. In brief, the odds are as trifling in favour of an anti-Austrian coalition as they are great in favour of a prolonged duration of the present political outlook—and this outlook excludes *à priori* any such combination against our Monarchy. I can even describe it as improbable to the last degree, just as I will describe a partition of Austria as absolutely impossible without the agency of gigantic material strength.

That the idea of a partition receives active encouragement from abroad goes without saying; but here again a distinction must be drawn. When Roumania or Servia strive to propagate throughout Transylvania or South Hungary the idea of a Dako-Roumanian Kingdom or Greater Servia, we need not attach to their exertions any particular significance in the political field, but rather a literary, I might almost say a sentimental, character. Above all, they lack the necessary substratum of material support. Were Hungary to rule and govern her Roumanian and Servian subjects with a stricter sense of justice, the aforementioned agitation, born of injured sensitiveness, would find hardly an echo.

There is, no doubt, however, that Pan-Slavism, Pan-Italism, and Pan-Germanism are generated and backed by foreign influence. Comparatively speaking, I believe Pan-Slavism to be the most harmless of the three, its influence being greater in the intellectual and literary than in the political sphere. The Slav peoples mean to remain Slav, but they would as little dream of political unification as would Germans, English, Scandinavians, and Dutch. Diversity of religion and language, irrespective of geographical position, has raised an impenetrable barrier. The German-speaking mountain regions and Hungary sever all connection between North and South Slavs, and until the Poles are reconciled to the Russians, the very presence of the former people constitutes a hedge which Pan-Slavism can neither jump nor evade.

Pan-Italism, however, despite the friendly relations of the government and official circles, is recruiting numerous and

influential propagandists in the clubs, secret committees, literary and journalistic worlds. Indeed, it is only natural for the Austro-Italians to receive their intellectual food from the large southern kingdom. On the other hand, the present political alliance acts as a drag on the movement; besides, the Austro-Italians do not number three-quarters of a million; they are but a boundary-streak, and their retention is a matter of the smallest political importance.

But Pan-Germanism affords a very different scope. Of the various national movements which contain an element if not of peril, at least of serious difficulty and inconvenience to the Hapsburg monarchy, Pan-Germanism is without doubt the most potent and significant. The reason is very easy to discern; the German population forms an important ingredient of the Empire. I may observe, too, that the Pan-German sounding-board is quite different from any other. Germany is a large and powerful Empire, whilst Italy is in all probability still Austria's inferior as a military power. Compared to Austria, both Roumania and Servia are at present, as regards material strength, *nonentities* in the full sense of the term. Russia is certainly very powerful, but nowhere do the Russian and Austrian peoples come into direct contact. If we except Bessarabia, which halts at the Bucovina, we find everywhere former Polish provinces—now under Russian rule—bordering on former Polish provinces—now under Austrian rule; but on either side they have remained faithful to the Polish national idea. Thus Russia proper lacks immediate contact with the Austrian Slavs. Germany, on the other hand, borders on the most important possessions of Austria, and encompasses the Monarchy both north and west. Let us but reflect on the indubitable superiority of Germany in matters economic and military, and consider that in intellectual culture the Germans of the German Empire are at least the equals of the Austro-Germans; add the ambitious movement which, ever since the days of Bismarck, has been part and parcel of the German policy, the prestige which the German



arms still boast, although nowadays the German army, like all others, promises to remain on a peace-footing; remember, too, that the Austro-German universities still number in their midst an imposing body of Professors of German nationality; that the German population of Austria is naturally indebted to the German Empire for a considerable portion of its intellectual food, literary, artistic and dramatic; and that conversely an Austro-German writer—unless he rest content with a quasi-provincial notoriety—must needs aspire to recognition on the highest platforms of Germany; realise all this, and you will understand why Pan-Germanism breeds schools in Austria and threatens to capture a vital section of our youth.

The present apostles of the Pan-German idea in Austria belong to those young generations that stepped forth from the national clubs and student associations formed after Sedan, at a time when the idea of a greater Germany skipped across the Riesen and Hartz Mountains and entranced the youthful souls of the country.

If in latter days Pan-Germanism has made its influence felt more especially in Hungary, I may describe the fact as a natural outcome of the oppression of the German by the Magyar element. The Germans of Hungary are naturally reluctant converts to the Pan-German idea, and are only drawn towards it because their national life is threatened with a forcible extinction.

In Austria proper, where the Germans are the leading and perhaps the ruling power, the most efficacious stimulus of Pan-Germanism will be found in the admiration showered on the rich cousin at Berlin. The Austrian, feeling himself dwarfed by the comparison, is aglow with the ambition of going shares in his cousin's real or presumed wealth, and of acting as his partner on the world's proscenium.

Nor can the fact be overlooked that the Austro-German press is related by a thousand ties to the German Empire.

A considerable number of Austro-German publicists are



Germans by birth or education, while many others, although home-bred and home-taught, are consciously or unconsciously attracted towards our neighbours. Very seldom, indeed, does the Austro-German public learn the naked truth about Germany through its appointed organs; everything German is systematically glorified, every German success grandiloquently puffed up; nay, serious reverses, which German diplomacy has not infrequently suffered since the death of Bismarck, are cheerfully added to the honours' list.

Taking into account this novel process of "colour-printing," we need hardly wonder if a movement, originally confined to a local academic fad, has at last invaded to some extent the general public itself. The followers of the Pan-German banner, seeing their endeavours arrested by the bulwark of the Roman Church, have recently rigged up the "Los von Rom" lay-figure, but up to date they can only boast a minimum of success in this direction,

From what I have just said you will gather that I do not believe in a practical success of the Pan-German movement, for the all-sufficient reason that Prussia—the marrow of the German Empire—and the German provinces of Austria are separated by a Czecho-Slavonic wedge. If Bohemians and Moravians were Germans by descent or culture, no doubt the Pan-German torrent would speedily roll over the Riesen and Hartz mountains and head for the Alps and Danube. But under the present circumstances the torrent would inevitably subside at the Czecho-Slavonic breakwater. Unless this breakwater were previously discarded or overthrown, the much discussed question could not possibly become an actual one.

The idea of allowing the German provinces of Austria to remain under the present rule whilst incorporating both realm and dynasty within the German Empire—after the precedent of Bavaria and Württemberg—is sheer Utopia. A dynasty which wore the Imperial crown at a time when the Hohenzollerns were not even Electors of Brandenburg, would never consent to become the vassal of the latter. Hungary and the other con-

stituents of our Empire would do their utmost to loosen a tie binding them to the mediatised states of Germany. The day which should inaugurate a closer union between the Austro-German provinces and the German Empire—whatever the form of that union—would witness the downfall of the House of Hapsburg and of historical Austria.

The results of such an eventuality upon the balance of power are easy to foresee. Germany, with her new frontiers stretching to the Adriatic Sea, would be by far the most powerful State in the world. An increase of many millions of citizens would carry with it no mean advantage, but, above all, the geographical position of the enlarged empire would render it irresistible. *Switzerland*, within whose precincts Pan-German influence is already noticeable, would find Germany on its Eastern boundary, and be compelled to become, not only intellectually, but politically, a province of the Fatherland. Mistress of Trieste and Pola, Germany could exercise so great a pressure on *Italy* that the latter would have to accept her rule, or, in order to evade this inconvenience, to declare herself the vassal of France. *England* would have found a new rival in the Mediterranean, for the occupant of Pola could easily threaten the Suez Canal. But, more than this, Germany would thus have reached the much coveted frontiers of the East. The Hungarians—unless they preferred to be merged in the Russian Empire—would have to act, however reluctantly, as the outpost of Germany on the eastward march. The commercial and diplomatic influence of the German Empire at *Constantinople*—already very great—would be immeasurably increased when once the German navy is in possession of a new Kiel or Wilhelmshafen within forty-eight hours' steam of the Turkish roadstead. In *Athens*, too, German pressure would be brought to bear. The *Balkan States* must needs become the humble executors of the German imperial will, and the industrial foundation hitherto laid by Germany in *Asia Minor* would partake of the highest political significance. It is no exaggeration to pretend that the day the German Eagle towered

over Vienna, Trieste, and Pola, its wings would spread far beyond the Balkan peninsula, the eastern basin of the Mediterranean and Asia Minor, to the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. And here a new chapter in the world's history would begin.

But I think it hardly probable that such nebulæ are looming in the skies. The historical evolution of our time does not precisely point to the institution of a universal monarchy. Besides, I should hesitate to assert that the present leaders of the German Empire are of so utopian a disposition as to entertain any idea of the kind. A coalition formed with a special view to the partition of Austria and to a renewal of the Nymphenburg treaty is to-day practically inconceivable. Maria Theresa secured in 1741 the support of England, which together with the loyalty and courage of her people enabled her to save the Empire. Were ever Austria-Hungary again threatened with a similar danger numerous allies would rise in her defence. But, as I have already said, it is highly improbable that such a contingency will be repeated, and, despite many difficulties, the existence of which cannot be denied, and which constitute a threat for the Monarchy, I regard the latter as too deeply rooted to experience any mishap of grave consequence.

Thiers once compared old kingdoms to old castles. When a storm arises in the night, all is clatter and rattle: the wind howls through the corridors, tears the doors from their hinges, and people believe that the end has come. The next morning they ascertain that a couple of window-panes have been smashed, and a pair of candlesticks have fallen from the mantelpiece. But the old building is as firm as ever.

This metaphor, in my opinion, may be applied to Austria's case. Indeed, the most graphic account of her is probably still to be found in Frederic III.'s oracular saying: "*Austria erit in orbe ultima.*"

### III<sup>1</sup>

By HERR FRANZ KOSSUTH

(*Leader of the Hungarian Independence Party*)

THE present troubles in Austria are owing to the fact that the Germans are a minority and the Slav races a majority: the leading character of Austria continues nevertheless to be German, as it used to be before Austria lost her leading position in the German Confederation, and before the German Empire was formed. The basis of all constitutional Government is the rule of the majority, so that in constitutional Austria the Slav majority will never accept the rule of the German minority. The Austrian Government has contributed to create the present situation, by attempting to overrule first the Germans, then the Slavs, and finally to conciliate the two antagonistic interests; all this amounted to attempting an impossibility. In Hungary there is no disorder as yet, but disorder might be created by the persistency with which the Hungarian Government refuses to take advantage of the favourable circumstances and obtain the commercial independence of Hungary, after having tried for years to maintain against existing laws and against the obvious interests of the country, the "union douanière" of Austria and Hungary.

Conclusion. Both Governments attempt to carry out impossibilities, and this is the cause of the present state of the monarchy.

The sole remedy lies in the "personal union" of Hungary with Austria based on the so-called "Pragmatic Sanction," *i.e.*, complete separation of the two States, the same monarch, however, being Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. This

<sup>1</sup> Written in English and printed *verbatim*. [EDITOR.]

was the legal state before 1867; but the contrary to this, as a matter of fact, was enforced by violence and material force, which was the cause of national resistance under the great Hungarian leaders, Tököly, Rákoezi, and Kossuth. If the "personal union" were established between Hungary and Austria, the latter could become a confederated State, and the necessity that either the Germans or the Slavs should domineer one over the other would cease. Hungary and Austria would cease to be one "territoire douanier," and a special treaty of commerce—considering the fact that the King of Hungary and Emperor of Austria are one and the same—might be arranged between the two countries, bearing in mind the special interests of both and mutual regards towards each other, but leaving them entire freedom to settle their commercial interests with other countries, according to their requirements.

I may add that in Hungary the question of the nationalities is artificially kept up, much more indeed in the European press than in the country. As a matter of fact, all nationalities have equal rights, and only a small minority of Roumanians, Slavonians, Germans, &c.—in Hungary there are nine different races—listen to agitators. The great majority are loyal Hungarian subjects, and the Hungarians have always shared with them the rights and prerogatives of the past, and the general freedom and liberty of the present age. In Austria the Slav races, if they could obtain sufficient autonomy, would be strongly opposed to Panslavonic tendencies. The Germans, on the contrary, show a strong tendency to unite with the powerful German Empire. The more they get convinced of the fact, that, in constitutional Austria, they cannot maintain the German hegemony which they once possessed—considering that the great majority of the population of Austria are Slavs—the more they will be bound to be attracted by the German Empire.

No decisive change, however, is probable during the lifetime of the present Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, neither in Austria, nor in Hungary, nor in the relations of the two States to one another.

## “ASIA AND EUROPE”

TO generalise is the main function of philosophy : to generalise rashly and inaccurately is the occupation of popular philosophy. Any formula can be sure of ready acceptance and wide popularity, which gives a pseudo-scientific frame to the floating conceptions of the dilettante public. If, as well as flattering the intellect, the formula captivates the imagination, its welcome is all the warmer. But considering the momentous issues which hang upon the relation in which we English find ourselves to a large part of the Oriental world, it is perhaps important for our ideas in this department not merely to be such as show us that relation in an imposing or picturesque light, but to be true.

That the genius of our own civilisation, the body of ideas and habits which determine our modes of thinking and acting, has come into contact with something very alien, and even hostile, the ordinary Englishman discovered some time ago. He has sought for names to give to the principles in collision, for a formula to express their action according to some philosophy of history, and he has found, or thinks he has found, what he wants, when he has described them as “ West ” and “ East,” or as “ Europe ” and “ Asia,” and proceeded to attribute a number of qualities to the latter, which present his imagination with a figure of definite features, shape, and colour.

*The East!* the popular writer knows well that it is a term

to conjure with. One can hardly open a magazine without finding some allusion to “the East,” “the immemorial East,” “the brooding East,” “the mysterious East,” “the unchangeable East.” These phrases never fail to awake the appropriate thrill, the rush of associations. And this inscrutable entity, the popular theory goes on to affirm, is separated from “the West” by a chasm that nothing can bridge. All hope that “the West” will ever make any permanent impression upon it is essentially vain. We may bring it for a moment under the power of our arms, but its spirit abides in an aloofness we can never reach. It surveys our onset with an inward contempt, and when the transitory phase of our supremacy is past, “the East” will still be there exactly as it was before, exactly as it has been from the beginning: nothing will be left to tell of the brusque intervention of an alien nature.

The genesis of this current view it would be interesting to see traced. It is in part due, no doubt, to a *literary* tendency towards a telling and picturesque way of representing things: the poets have done their part.

O East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,  
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat.

Or Mr. William Watson in lines which no one who takes pleasure in splendid and moving language can wish not written:

Ev'n so, methought, the genius of the East,  
Reposeful, patient, undemonstrative,  
Luxurious, enigmatically sage,  
Dispassionately cruel, might look down  
On all the fever of the Occident;—  
The brooding mother of the unfilial world,  
Recumbent on her own antiquity,  
Aloof from our mutations and unrest,  
Alien to our achievements and desires,  
Too proud alike for protest or assent  
When new thoughts thunder at her massy door;  
Another brain dreaming another dream,  
Another heart recalling other loves,



Too grey and grave for our adventurous hopes,  
 For our precipitate pleasures too august,  
 And in majestic taciturnity  
 Refraining her illimitable scorn.

But perhaps the passage which has done most to shape the popular thought, which is almost a scripture to the weekly magazines, is Matthew Arnold's delineation of the rise of Christianity :

The brooding East with awe beheld  
 Her impious younger world.  
 The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,  
 And on her head was hurl'd.

The East bow'd low before the blast  
 In patient deep disdain :  
 She let the legions thunder past,  
 And plunged in thought again.

Besides the *literary* interest, the *political* has, I think, had its part in determining the current theory. That theory is largely a re-action against the old doctrinaire Liberalism. With its stereotyped platitudes, its principles of political well-being derived from European public life, Liberalism was persistently blind to the difference between England and India. It expected to see democracy spring up full-grown, where the people had been moulded by centuries of despotism ; it took the glib use of political phrases by " educated natives " as sufficient proof of political competence ; and in this way it provoked those who knew the East better—writers like Rudyard Kipling—to emphasise, perhaps to exaggerate, the really immense gulf between the two worlds, to ridicule the facile conversion of the lips which disguises the unregenerate heart.

Undoubtedly we are under a great debt to those who set these things in a clear light. Paget M.P. lives and has mischief in him yet. To have discovered the gulf is a great advance upon the view of the old Liberalism. But I believe



that in describing the principles at issue the view now popular is profoundly wrong, equally so in its account of their mutual action in the past; and it is largely upon this account that the pessimistic conclusion as to the outcome of the present experiment is based.

The popular view describes the two principles as “East” and “West,” or as “Asia” and “Europe”; and to make this more graphic to us, it is ready with a striking portrait of “the Oriental” or “the Asiatic.” This is quite enough for the philosopher of the club arm-chair: the generalisation leaves him with an assured feeling of some scientific gain. He seems to have been set upon a philosophic eminence of wide outlook. But when we try to use this notion of “the East” as a working principle, it somehow seems, like many other popular abstractions, to become dissipated under our hands. The more we try to fix it, the less can we lay hold of it. It cannot, of course, mean that the narrow water of the Bosphorus makes this profound cleavage in the human family. Does it mean that the aggregate of peoples from the Turks in the West to the Japanese in the East exhibit, as Asiatics, and have always exhibited, certain common qualities, which together make up the portrait in question? That would be a natural construction, but when we go on to ask what those common qualities are, we get very stumbling and self-contradictory answers.

The popular view has found an attractive statement in the “Asia and Europe” of Mr. Meredith Townsend. The book was received with such plaudits by the “reading public,” that we may take it as an authorised exposition of their views. We may turn to it to learn who this mysterious “Asiatic” really is.

Mr. Meredith Townsend abounds in predicates. Let us take some of them and see how they square with the facts.

The Asiatic, we are told, knows nothing of “the grand Christian rule, ‘Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.’” It is not only that he does not observe it, but he does not even know that he ought to observe it (p. 15). And yet one seems to remember that “the grand Christian rule” was familiar in

Jerusalem and by the waters of Babylon for centuries before it was known in Europe, and that the duty of general philanthropy was far more strongly insisted upon, and, it would seem, observed, by the early Buddhists than in contemporary Greece.

“Eternal consciousness!” cries Mr. Meredith Townsend in another passage. “That to the majority of Asiatics is not a promise but a threat” (p. 35). Well, the minority includes the respectable bulk of all Islam! And Mr. Meredith Townsend himself, a few pages further on, asks whether anything could be more attractive to a Hindoo than the prospect of the Moslem heaven (p. 49).

The fact is that when Mr. Meredith Townsend, or any other exponent of the popular view, talks about “the Asiatic,” he has some particular class of Asiatics for the moment in his mind. To call them after the Continent gives an appearance of philosophy, as if one were bringing the species under the larger law of the genus; but it is a mere verbal juggle, for when the genus is described, it is by qualities which belong peculiarly to the species. It is to be feared that as a real person “the Asiatic” has no existence. It is another case of Mrs. Harris.

True, there are certain *negative* qualities which belong to all the families of the East. This is the converse of the proposition that there are certain positive qualities peculiar to the peoples of modern Europe. If they are peculiar, all other peoples must be alike in *not* possessing them. Now, that the peoples of modern European civilisation show a number of common qualities, as against the rest of the world, any one who looks will, I think, admit. Europe is much more of a unity than Asia: it is more of a unity than India. And these common qualities make “the European,” if still an abstraction, an abstraction with some cognisable lineaments.

What are these common qualities?

If we put together the testimony of those acquainted with the modern world, I think the result may be stated somewhat as

follows: The difference of the European is both intellectual and moral. Intellectually, his distinctive characteristic is his rationalism, expressed in his science, and his political sense; morally, he is distinguished by his honesty in public affairs and his power of independent action. These characteristics condition what is so often described as the peculiarity of "the West"—*progress*. For it is only where men have a habit of criticising what exists, of looking at their surroundings from some outside standpoint given by reason, where they have a certain measure of sincerity and energy in public affairs, that any regular movement towards an ideal is possible. Nearly all that we are told of "the Asiatic" is simply a negation of these European qualities—the crude superstitions, the fantastic dreams, the inveterate corruption, the lack of spirit and initiative, and, as against the Western forward movement, the obstinate adherence to custom and tradition.

But it may be said that if there are certain qualities which distinguish the Asiatic from the European, it makes little difference whether they are positive or negative: they give a meaning to the abstraction "Asiatic." But I believe it will appear that where we are not describing the Asiatic by qualities too restricted, which belong only to some class of Asiatics, where we are describing him by qualities which really do belong to Asiatics generally, our description will be too wide: the qualities in question will be such as are shared by Asiatics with other large portions of mankind, even with past generations of Europeans.

The origin of the rational culture of Europe is written on its surface. Our philosophy, our science, our forms of expression, our political theories, our literary canons, our art, are developments of what we inherited from Hellenic or Hellenistic antiquity. The study of the remains of that antiquity forms the principal part of European education in the upper classes. They bear the name of *classical*. "We are all Greeks," Shelley said briefly. Sir Henry Maine, I believe it was, put it in the phrase: "Everything that *moves* is Greek."

The world, before Greek civilisation stood out as a formed type, some twenty-five centuries ago, showed, broadly speaking, two types of association. There was the system of the primitive tribes going on in the forests and wildernesses of Europe and Asia, and there were the monarchies which had come into existence along the great rivers—the Nile, the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Eulæus. The tribes lived in a sort of wild freedom: the people of the monarchies had long given up their freedom to gain the advantages of peace and that elaboration of life we call civilised under bondage to a common master, to a king. The human type developed in the monarchical countries, the warm, easy lands, under a yoke which never lifted age after age, was what one might expect. Here it was that “the Oriental” lost his spirit and his interest in the world, became patient and secretive and inert. All the great monarchies, it is true, except the Egyptian, were in Asia, but to speak of monarchy and the qualities it engendered, as if they belonged to Asia as a whole, is misleading. The system had never extended over the whole of Asia; it was limited to the neighbourhood of the rivers; in steppe and mountain the primitive system of tribes went on as before. Nay, even to this day, monarchy has not interpenetrated Asia; in mountain and steppe the free tribes are there still.

The peculiar qualities of Hellenism were lacking both to the monarchies and to the free tribes—the principle of progress, for instance. Everywhere outside the Greek republics, custom was usually unquestioned. The Babylonian, no doubt, would have answered our question as to the reason of anything by telling us that it had been so since the world was; we should have found the peoples of the mountain dominated by the custom of the tribe. But this would have been the case just as much among our own painted forefathers who ranged the forests of Germany, or set their cairns and cromlechs beside the western sea. In fact, about half the things which Mr. Meredith Townsend and the popular philosophy labels as “Asiatic” should be labelled “primitive.”

Rational civilisation was the product of the Greek city-state.<sup>1</sup> The city was a community large enough and compact enough to be civilised, and yet small enough to be free. And by the end of the fifth century B.C., it had produced a type of man, the citizen-soldier, beside whom no other fighting-man in the world could be placed; it had developed the idea of duty to the state, which is the sustaining principle of all the political fabric of modern Europe; it had started that train of thought of which the sciences and philosophies of our own day are the continuation. Before the end of the next century the highest achievements of the Greek in literature and art had come into existence.

But all this development depended upon the state not exceeding the limits of a city. It should, according to Aristotle's *dictum*, contain no more citizens *than can at one moment hear the voice of a single herald*. Hence that extraordinary passion with which every Greek state fought for its existence as a sovereign body, the hatred of any force which merged it in a larger union. The *autonomy of the Hellenes*, the sacred principle of Greek politics, meant that every Greek city was to be a separate state. But it is obvious that this restriction in size implied in the end fearful drawbacks. To it was largely due the decadence of so much in Hellenic life during the fourth century. The philosophers, and Plato among them with his satire on “liberty,” were mostly hostile to the feverish democracies.

And the forces which made for monarchy were in the end too strong for the small republics. They fell first under the dominion of the Macedonian king, and although the break-up of the Empire at Alexander's death gave a breathing-space to Greek independence, they fell again some century and a half later under the dominion of Rome. But their independence had lasted long enough for Hellenism to be delivered to the world.

<sup>1</sup> I have tried to give this subject a more adequate treatment than there is room for here in the first chapter of my “House of Seleucus” (Arnold).

In Italy also under the influence of Hellenism city-states had come into being. Rome in its culture was from the beginning the disciple of Greece. Latin literature was a reproduction of Greek models. And in the rise of Rome it looked for a while as if a world-state were to be formed by one city-state taking the place of monarch in regard to the rest. But the law of ancient history was fulfilled. In becoming a world-power Rome itself became a monarchy.

So we see that *monarchy is nothing peculiar to Asia*. Nor is the temper which it engenders. The spirit of the Greeks and Italians departed. The development of Hellenic culture was arrested and became an almost sterile tradition. An appalling lack of interest in the things of the world marked the civilisation of Europe under the later Roman Empire. One wonders how Mr. Meredith Townsend would work out his antithesis of Europe and Asia in respect of the age of Constantine.

The end of Hellenic civilisation was to be overwhelmed by the barbarian deluge. Europe reverted to a state of things very like that presented in Asia when monarchies are broken up by the incursion of hardy tribes. Where was "the European" then? Were not barbaric cruelty and naïve superstition as rife in the Europe of those days as in the contemporary Asia? The truth is that although the European of Mr. Meredith Townsend is a real person, that person has existed, or re-existed, only since the Renaissance. It is, therefore, a confusion to put the Crusades into the same category as the modern inroad of Europeans into the East. That which distinguishes the modern European from the Asiatic did not distinguish the Crusader from the Saracen.

At the Renaissance men took up again the thoughts of the Greeks where they had dropped them. If the states of Europe were formally monarchical, there was everywhere enough power in the people, surviving from the tribal period, to moderate the monarchy. And in combination with the development of rational culture in the sphere of thought and art went the



movement towards liberty, till all the states of Europe have become free states, or nearly so, except Russia. Monarchy of the complete “Oriental” type has not existed in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire. The European peoples brought out of the Middle Ages the manly virtues of barbarism as a stock upon which Hellenic culture could be grafted at the Renaissance.

But in modern Europe the old disabilities which attached to Hellenism have been done away. A free state is no longer of necessity a small state. It may now spread across great oceans and still “hear the voice of a single herald” carried by the steamship and the electric wire. Representative government (the potentiality of which seems to have been hidden from the ancients) allows a people of many millions to act as a political whole. The peoples of rational culture have therefore risen to a relative strength much greater than that of the Greeks and Romans. Science has armed them with weapons inconceivable to Alexander and Cæsar. But the weapons would be useless by themselves: they come indeed largely into the hands of barbarians and Oriental despots. The qualities which gave Greek and Roman the mastery, it is these which turn the weapons to account—a resolute will, a large and clear vision, a power of extensive combination, the brain of the mature man against the brain of the child.

That the dominion of modern Europeans in Asia has extended since the Renaissance over a larger field than the conquests of Alexander is only what was inevitable. The magnitude of what has been achieved, the apparent miracle of a few white men ruling populations out of all numerical ratio to themselves, has been forcibly put by Mr. Meredith Townsend. But when he goes on to argue that other things not yet achieved are unachievable, he, like other exponents of the popular view, overlooks the *unprecedented* character of the present conditions. The force now brought to bear upon the East is a new thing: nothing quite like it has ever been brought to bear upon it before. Even therefore if it were true



that all previous attempts to make an impression upon the East had failed, one could no more argue from such failures as to the result of the present experiment than one could infer that a fortress which had proved impregnable to scaling-ladders and battering-rams was therefore impregnable to long-range guns and lyddite shells.

But is it true that Asia in the past has shown itself impervious to "European," that is to Hellenic, influence?

Before approaching this question, I should like to meet a possible objection to the account just given of modern civilisation in its action upon the East from a quarter where I should be sorry to give offence. I have treated, it may be said, our civilisation all through as being simply Hellenic and rational. I have ignored that other element which lies in Christianity. Do not Christians often claim that it is the Bible, and the religion of the Bible, which is the pillar and ground of British power?

If I have left Christianity aside, it is not from any wish to be among its detractors. Let me ask those who take the highest view of Christianity (amongst whom I should like to be reckoned) whether it is not true that Europe has not yet assimilated Christianity in anything like the same measure in which it has assimilated Hellenic culture. It appears to me that only those who take names for things can believe that Europe is Christian. Certainly the main principles of our public life and our public virtues are less Christian than Hellenic. Christianity forbids a man to live unchastely as much as it forbids him to give a corrupt judgment. But are there not thousands of Europeans whose private life is irregular, whilst they would laugh at a bribe and abide at their post in the face of death? It was the motive of commercial advantage which took us in the first instance to the East and our empire has extended from the necessity to safeguard what we had won. Those Europeans who pass east of Suez are especially apt to drop even the externals of Christianity, and the frequent opposition to missionary propaganda evinced in

official circles no doubt often uses the plea of native sensibilities to cover a heart-felt shrinking from the religion itself.

In view of these things, it seems to me doubtful whether we can say that Europeans have set up their power in the East, *as Christians*. This does not prevent its being true that indirectly the influence of Christianity has been very great. Its work lies primarily in a part of human nature deeper than that in which the distinctions of Greek and barbarian exist. And it may well be that but for its action in that plane, European civilisation would have collapsed from moral decay. It has promoted the high tone, even in politics, and given a warmer glow to the Hellenic ideal of mild benevolence. But when we contrast European and Asiatic, it is the Hellenic element in the former which is prominent.

I hope I may be forgiven this digression from the inquiry we set out to make, whether it is true that Asia has been in the past impervious to European influence.

If we had no other account than Mr. Meredith Townsend's of the Greek and Roman conquests we should, I think, infer that the Greeks had tried to conquer the East and had been expelled by the Parthians without leaving a trace, that the Romans had then made conquests in the same field, and tried to Romanise their Asiatic subjects, but had themselves in turn failed to establish any lodgment or produce any lasting effect. That Mr. Meredith Townsend believes this to have been what happened is hardly credible, but in view of the impression which his language might give the unwary reader it is as well to point out that the Romans by no means found that the civilisation planted by Alexander and by his successors had been effaced, when they came to the East. It is true that they had to roll back the Persian Mithridates from Asia Minor and the Armenian Tigranes from Syria, but the Greek influence in the East did not depend upon the existence of Greek dynasties only. It rested mainly upon the great system of Greek colonies, city-states, with which the Macedonian

kings had overspread all lands as far as the Panjab. In the countries west of the Euphrates the supremacy of Oriental rulers was of brief transience, and did not disturb the groundwork of Asiatic Hellenism. And under the Roman *agis* the process of city-building and Hellenisation again went forward. The Macedonian and Roman conquests were not two disconnected movements, but two phases of a single process by which Hellenism was propagated over the Nearer East.

"The Roman," writes Mr. Meredith Townsend, "made of the bold barbarians of Gaul, and of the more stubborn barbarians of Iberia, Romanised peoples, but of Asiatics he Romanised not one tribe." Can it be that Mr. Townsend is really not aware that the *policy* of the Romans in the East was not to Romanise, but to Hellenise, that they showed no wish (till the Empire was already decadent) to supplant Greek culture in the sphere where it was established, and that it was only the Western barbarians whom they set themselves to transform into Romans?<sup>1</sup>

And how did the indigenous Asiatics, the Phrygians, the Syrians, the Phœnicians, the Philistines, receive the extraneous element? The popular philosopher has his answer pat: he knows quite well what they did: "They bowed low in patient, deep disdain; they heard the legions thunder past and plunged in thought again." This is certainly what they ought to have done on Mr. Meredith Townsend's theory, but is it what they did? As a matter of fact, they seem to have made haste to

<sup>1</sup> The desire . . . to be—in the footsteps of the great Macedonian—shield and sword to the Greeks of the East, and to be allowed further to civilise the East *not after an Italian but after a Hellenic fashion*—this desire pervades the later centuries of the Roman republic and the better times of the empire. Mommsen, "The Provinces of the Roman Empire," vol. i. p. 253. After Caracalla (211–217 A.D.) when all the free inhabitants of the Roman empire had been given the status of Roman citizens, an attempt was made to introduce Roman law, together with Latin as the official language, into the East, but it was not found possible to supersede entirely the established systems. *These systems were mainly Greek.* See L. Mitteis, "Reichsrecht und Volksrecht in den östlichen Provinzen des römischen Kaiserreichs." Leipzig. 1891.

take on the Hellenic complexion. The peasants, of course, tilled the ground as they had always done; they were not in a position either to despise or to accept the new culture; but the men of means and leisure, the quicker wits, the industrial population of the towns, were sucked into the new cities, the Antiochs and Seleucias, or their old towns, Chalep and Nisibis, Tyre and Sidon, Damascus and Ascalon, were converted into Hellenic city-states.

The civilisation of the Greeks, Mr. Meredith Townsend says, “was not accepted . . . by any Asiatic people. There is no people in the entire continent of whom you can say that they were fairly Grecised, even the Jews, who caught their ideas best, finally rejecting them.” *The Jews!* What considerations can have been present to Mr. Meredith Townsend’s mind, as he penned this amazing sentence? The Jews, I should have thought, were the one Asiatic people this side of the Euphrates who did offer serious resistance to Hellenism—not because they were Asiatics, but because here the antithesis between Greek and barbarian was lost in the antithesis between Israel and the nations. It is just the Jews of whom Matthew Arnold wrote the oft-quoted lines about “bowing low, &c.,” and to whom his words in a measure apply. That even in spite of this opposition Hellenism did win its way among part of the Jewish nation, that Paul of Tarsus uses a manner of speech moulded under Hellenic influences, that Philo of Alexandria tried to fuse the religion of Jehovah with the philosophy of Plato—all this only shows how far Hellenism penetrated even in the most adverse quarters.

In Asia Minor the old native languages, even in the country side, gradually gave place to Greek. Exactly how far Hellenism reached in the back parts of Syria is a matter of controversy.<sup>1</sup> The old tongue was never superseded in the

<sup>1</sup> The question of the limits of Hellenism in Syria is lucidly discussed in the work just cited of L. Mitteis (pp. 17 f.). He thinks that Mommsen overstated its extent and that Nöldeke in his review of Mommsen (“Zeitschr. d.

country villages or in the lower strata of the town populations. Later on, under the sway of Christianity, a Syriac literature, of which we still possess a large part, came into being. But this native literature is itself a proof of how deep Hellenism had sunk. For in so far as it was scientific or philosophical, it was entirely Hellenic in thought and tone: it consisted in large part of actual translations from the Greek. Again, how much lies in the simple fact that "Greek" in the New Testament language, has come to be synonymous with "Gentile," to be used exactly as the Rabbinical Hebrew uses "Aramæan"! "The woman was a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation." How do those words, familiar surely to Mr. Meredith Townsend, admit of explanation if we are to believe the pronouncement that has just been quoted?

"Ah, but what was the end of that Asiatic Hellenism?" I hear it cried. "Did it not ultimately perish like a plant in an uncongenial soil?" It perished, just as Hellenism perished in Europe, by barbarian infiltration or invasion. It may be retorted: "That is all very well, but the barbarians of *Europe* so far absorbed the civilisation they overthrew that it once more bloomed again at the Renaissance, but in the East it had no second birth." We must here again come close to facts. Is it true that the Mohammedans who conquered the Roman East showed less receptivity of Hellenic culture than the peoples of Central Europe?

When I turn to the great standard work on Arabic literature, Brockelmann's "Geschichte der arabischen Litteratur," I find that *almost the whole of Mahommedan philosophy and science is derived from Hellenism.* The Syrian Christians, who were the scholars of the old Greeks, became in their turn the teachers of the Arab conquerors. The Syriac translations of Aristotle and

deutsch. morgenländ. Gesellsch." vol. xxxix. pp. 332 f.) understated it. But even according to Nöldeke's view it would seem that Hellenism extended to every quarter in the Syrian cities where there was any higher culture or aspiration towards it.

Ptolemy and Galen were again translated into Arabic. Arabic grammatical science is based upon the Aristotelian logic. Arabic philosophy, medicine, geometry, geography, are all Hellenic. Nay we find a school of free thought or rationalism represented in Arabic theology (the Mu'tazila). The mystical school, the Sufis—here surely we come to something purely Oriental, here we have the “brooding East” at its farthest from the West? But no, although von Kremer inclined to see Indian influence in Mohammedan mysticism, Brockelmann now speaks of it as “demonstrated” that Sufism goes back to Plato (vol. i. p. 197). In the days when Mohammedan culture was at its highest, was the light left by the sunken sun of Hellenism reflected anywhere in Europe with the same brightness as in Baghdad or Samarkand?

But if Hellenism worked so extensively in Islam, why had the East no Renaissance? A main reason probably is that the East had to suffer from much more destructive and prolonged barbarian invasion. At the time when Europe was emerging towards the light, Mohammedan civilisation was overswept and defaced by the Mongols, the most brutish and unimpressible, perhaps, of the great Asiatic races. It is the Turanians who have reduced the East to the ruin which the European traveller sees to-day and often imagines to be its normal condition. Under Turkish rule, the lands which all preceding conquests, Persian, Macedonian, Arab, had left still populous and splendid, lands like Babylonia, have fallen, almost against nature, to wilderness. The tide of Turanian conquest, which, by destroying the Byzantine empire, was an indirect cause of the Renaissance in Europe, desolated Asia in such a sort that it has never recovered.

We have not yet spoken of India, the region which mainly represents “the East” to Englishmen. Did Hellenism in the period of Macedonian and Roman power leave any traces of its influence here? Even if it did not, we could hardly draw any conclusion as to the general impassibility of India, since it was only the fringes of the country that the Macedonian



conquests touched, and the Romans could only affect it by way of trade. But as a matter of fact, did the contact of Hellenism and India altogether fail to modify Indian life? Mr. Meredith Townsend, of course, dismisses the question with an airy negative; but perhaps we have learnt by this time that it is as well to see what is said by those who have made these questions their special study. I find in B. Niese's "Geschichte der griechischen und makedonischen Staaten" the following paragraph:

The empire of Sandrokottos, the first Indian state of some magnitude, owed its growth directly to the creation of Alexander. The Indians had never up to then been united, but had fallen into a large number of small tribes, at war with each other. Alexander for the first time united an extensive territory under a native ruler, and thereby did much to efface the marked contrasts which subsisted among the Indians in manners, religion, and political constitution. In so doing he prepared the way for the spread of Buddhism later on, which would have encountered much greater difficulties under the old conditions of disintegration. *One can therefore affirm with justice that upon the institutions of Alexander the whole of the subsequent development of India depends* (vol i. p. 508).

Well, that, it may be said, refers only to influence in externals: how about the spheres of thought, of artistic production? The discussion of what exactly India owed to Greece has given rise to a good body of learned writing.<sup>1</sup> I can make no claim to speak with any knowledge of my own in this field, but I may point out that to pronounce an opinion and to ignore all that has been written by experts, as Mr. Meredith Townsend does, is a strange procedure. I may also adduce certain facts which seem to be established by general consent. Astronomy, Professor Macdonell says, is "the one science in which undoubtedly strong Greek influence can be proved." The Indian astronomical terms, he goes on to point out, are in

<sup>1</sup> The references in Professor A. A. Macdonell's "History of Sanskrit Literature" (Heinemann, 1900), p. 452. (Professor Macdonell's own conclusions on the evidence are given in chapter xvi.) To these must now be added an article by W. W. Tarn in the "Journal of Hellenic Studies," vol. xxii. (1902), pp. 268 f.



many cases Greek, e.g., Āra (Ares), Heli (Helios), Jyau (Zeus), kendra (κέντρον), jāmitra (διάμετρον). The Arabs later on learnt their astronomy from India, and “through the Arabs, Indian astronomy then migrated to Europe, which in this case only received back in a roundabout way what it had given long before.” (“History of Sanskrit Literature,” p. 426.) Was it, one asks, some singular fatality which haunted Mr. Meredith Townsend when he wrote such sentences as the following: “So far as one can see, not a European idea, not a European habit, not a distinctively European branch of knowledge, ever penetrated into Asia. The Asiatics did not even learn our astronomy which would have interested them” (p. 25). Before such statements, criticism stands speechless and confounded.

It is in the sphere of art that the European influence is most striking. The book on the subject is Prof. A. Grünwedel's “Buddhist Art in India” (translated by Agnes C. Gibson, Quaritch, 1901). From this it appears that of the two schools of early Buddhist art (and India has no artistic remains of the pre-Buddhist period, the oldest belong to the time after Alexander) one shows doubtful traces of Greek influence, but the other *is* Greek in its origin. Its oldest works contain many purely classical figures and reproductions of classical motives. The types which became traditional in Buddhism issued in the first instance from the brain of Greek artists. And this art, as direct a child of the Greek as the Byzantine, was not limited in its operation to India. It went with Buddhism to the extremities of Asia, to Siam and Japan. Wherever Buddhist art has flourished, the traces of its Hellenic parentage have remained indelible. I light upon this curious statement in the last number of the *Studio*, in an article on Indian art by Mr. E. B. Havell: “Some of the Buddhist monks who fled through the passes of the Himalayas into Tibet and China brought their religion and their art to Japan. This is the explanation of the existence at the present day in some of the oldest temples of Japan of paintings, treasured as

the most precious relics and rarely shown to Europeans, which closely resemble the Greco-Buddhist art of India." When the European traveller stands in the Far East before the image of the sitting Buddha, with its placid down-dropt eyes, he seems to have left all European influences far enough away. And yet it is a matter of demonstration that he is looking at a type which, even to the nimbus upon the head, goes back to European invention, at an art which derives ultimately from the same marvellous fountain-head as his own.

The East impenetrable to European influence! It seems to me rather that, when we consider how slight the contact of Hellenism with India was and how transitory, we should be astounded that its influence communicated so strong a vibration and reached so far.

E. R. BEVAN.

## THE PEOPLE AND MODERN JOURNALISM

**D**URING the King's recent illness, the weekly illustrated edition of a Roman journal published a coloured and highly animated picture of the crowds waiting outside Buckingham Palace for the bulletins. The Household Guards on duty at the gate of the palace were very fairly portrayed; as was the policeman who forms an inevitable part of every foreign illustration of London scenes. But in the muddiness of the general effect, something more than justice was done to the fog which is supposed always to brood over London; and the dresses of the crowd were in the fashions of many years ago, some of the men, who wore frock coats, being adorned with "Gladstone" stick-ups, a little wisp of ribbon tied in a loose bow at the throat, and top-hats like factory chimneys.

Amusing as such anachronisms on the part of the "ignorant foreigner" may be, their serious side is not small. The paper referred to resembles the coloured editions of the *Petit Journal* and the *Petit Parisien* so closely, both in general make-up and stilted conventional misrepresentation, that one might believe the pictures to have been drawn by the same hand; while, like its French cousins, the Italian pictorial has a large sale among the lower orders, to whom it offers the chief fount at which they may imbibe notions of the appearance of foreigners and foreign countries. Nor in England are the draughtsmen free from the charge of continual misrepresentation. In cheap English pictorials—less tawdry certainly than

those in France and Italy which I have just mentioned, yet appealing to a similar public—I have seen Parisian *agents* dressed like gendarmes; while it is apparently the rule that all *garçons* should grin as no *garçon* in Paris ever grinned.

It can at least be hardly pleasing, to the French, that the English public should regard a large, and on the whole honourable, body of Paris public servants as grimacing monkeys; or to the English, that the Italians should think of a London crowd as of the plainest set of guys that ever cowered under a thick fog. But the question extends much farther than the terrain of mere sentiment. In answer to a demand which grew in urgency with the growth of the democratic spirit, there has appeared a new Press, stronger because infinitely more far-reaching than the old staid *vox imperatoris*. This new form of journalism is indeed a veritable *vox populi*, wherein by anecdote and thumb-nail sketch, by paint-brush and camera, the public of one country is brought face to face with the public of its neighbour, each forming its opinion of the other, as it forms its opinion of itself, by the stories and pictures with which it is presented. And we have now before us the curious spectacle of peoples at once dependent on and dictating to their Press, influencing and influenced, judging and being judged by it.

Nor do I refer only to the newer daily journals and the cheap weeklies and monthlies. Other papers, once of the austerest type—while retaining special features which brought a special class of readers—are becoming infused with the same popular spirit. And the influence of those organs which still hold out against that spirit is growing weaker, not because they appeal to a smaller class than formerly, but because the other class is provided with a Press which enables it, or should enable it, to gain a clearer, truer view of its fellows abroad, than is to be obtained through accurate but uninviting accounts of diplomatic negotiation and Parliamentary debate; things which hold less and less root in the heart and understanding of the people, because the people is gradually coming to settle all questions of diplomacy for itself, by the mere force

of national inclination. The ambassador greases the wheels; but treaties are concluded before he leaves his country.

It is, in fact, in modern journalism, the day of that curious impersonal personality—a very Demos of the Knights—"The Man in the Street." Whatever humorous sense of the unconstructed crowd, confused with political jargon, and beseeching a plain answer to a plain question, this phrase once had, it has now come to stand—especially since the beginning of the South African war—for a recognised power in the country. Roughly speaking, it seems to stand for all those whose business leads them to take an interest in the broad dealings and general affairs of their own and other countries—either as a relief from, or as bearing directly upon, their occupations; while, at the same time, the position of these persons is, neither great enough to raise them above their fellows and give them public prominence and private insight as the actors and ostensible manipulators of those dealings, nor rich enough to bestow the necessary independence and leisure for the close personal study of the influences and national characteristics which shape those dealings and affairs. In the continual struggle for daily existence experienced by that vast majority of newspaper readers, the daily journal is taken up as a distraction. Except for those highly intellectual persons who declare that the greatest rest, the greatest distraction for the mind, are to be found in a change of work, there is little attraction in dry-as-dust political discussion, and the uninspiring enumeration of unfamiliar details. To find interest and beguilement we naturally look for those things which we can judge of by the touchstone of our own experiences and ways of life and thought; and the consequent demand made on our journals is for humanity, stories of everyday life, colour, atmosphere. "There is more joy in England," wrote Rudyard Kipling (in "The Light that Failed"), "over a soldier who insubordinately steps out of square to rescue a comrade than over twenty generals slaving even to baldness at the gross details of transport and commissariat." And a journalist well known in

Fleet Street, who practised his precept with admirable success, once said to me: "No more blessed facts, my boy. Facts are done for. What you want now is atmosphere."

Perhaps no better illustration of the power of the people in modern journalism could be found than in the history of the long South African War. Whatever criticisms may be passed upon the policy, on either side, which led up to the war, it is surely impossible to underrate the meaning of the cry which called for it. It would be necessary to go back a long way to find any cry in England so strong, so whole-hearted. For years before the war the popular imagination was inflamed by stories brought home by travellers, of the indignities put on Englishmen in Pretoria. Perhaps in the ignorance of war in the generation which made it, many were enticed by the spirit of adventure, by the alluring notion of a new experience: perhaps "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked": questions of the reasonableness, do not affect the fact of the universality and sincerity of the cry. Nor less was it a national feeling which, in the cruel undecieving that followed the terrible Black Week, urged the people to send out its sons in thousands as volunteers, to set its teeth and "see the thing through," while foreigners wondered, and Parisians exclaimed in a burst of involuntary admiration: *On aurait conspué le Gouvernement pour bien moins que ça en France.* Only the bravest conviction in Press and individuals could dare to contend with such a current of opinion. It was inevitable that the majority of the popular Press should echo the popular cry. Yet one part at least of the Press and that too the part which, appealing most directly to the least thoughtful portion of the country, should have been most careful to temper enthusiasm, has to answer a very grave charge. Perhaps the Boers were a gross and ignorant people; perhaps the stories of the indignities suffered by Englishmen at Pretoria and Johannesburg were something more than "travellers' tales." It was nevertheless a scandal, a thing utterly opposed to all English tradition, that such

stories and the abuse which they provoked should go into print. "Love your enemy and hit him as hard as you can," is the old English spirit; vilification of an adversary hurts only him who throws it; he stands self-convicted of warring with a foe unworthy of his steel. "There are some facts," observes Frederic Harrison, "to express which is an untruth;" and were the white flag stories a thousand times correct they ought never to have been allowed to find their way into the daily Press. As the war dragged on the abuse of our opponents happily became less because it was checked by the popular admiration aroused by the game resistance of the Boers. It is hardly a year since Strand hawkers were selling what purported to be General De Wet's photograph in an envelope: when the deluded purchaser found nothing in the envelope but blank paper, the hawkler would exclaim, "What, is he gone again? Well I declare!"—and everybody laughed at the catch. That catch was a clear sign of the times. As an Amsterdam journal sarcastically remarked when speaking of the reception given to the late General Lucas Meyer in London, the metamorphosis of the Boer Leaders from "ruffians" and "marauding bandits" to drawing-room aristocrats, was remarkably rapid. Turned by the notion of the sportsman in the Boer, as it could never have been turned by heart-sickness alone, the national inclination was travelling towards the spirit of concession and paving the way for the terms of the peace which was signed on May 31, 1902.

To the notorious crop of anti-English caricatures, which the Continent so prodigally produced during this war, we should be wrong, I think, to pay serious attention, as to a thing in itself, unconnected with anything but the momentary stress of popular excitement. For there was nothing really surprising in that evil harvest. As not the actual sin is detestable in the eyes of moralists, but the state of mind which can plan and superintend its execution, so the caricatures were but the pestiferous fruit of a plant which long years of mutual misunderstanding had seeded and matured.



And given certain eventualities, it was equally certain that the French would noisily espouse the cause of a people of whose existence five years before the war nine-tenths of them were ignorant, and that numbers of the English would retaliate by stopping away from the Paris Exhibition. So that for the true meaning of the Anglophobe caricatures and abuse with which the Parisian Press regaled its readers one must first consider the cause of the long-standing prejudice which, whatever be the tendency of individuals, does exist, unhappily but undeniably, between the masses of France and the masses of England. Perhaps some explanation of this feeling may be found in the fact that both France and England have had more time and better opportunities for examining each other, than any other two countries; that whereas for at least three centuries, continual internal dissension, and even the absence of actual national formation, have rendered impossible any single idea of, for instance, Germany or Italy as a whole—England and France even in revolution, have presented to each other's view the picture of whole peoples united under single constitutions within the borders of their countries. When to this is added the clash of two ambitions directed towards the same prize, the fundamental differences of Gallic and Anglo-Saxon temperament, and, that when we begin to examine closely a neighbour his worse side stands out more prominently and offers more interest for our examination than his better, it is only too easy that mutual antipathy should arise; one side exclaiming against the other as heavy, overbearing, and hypocritical, the other dismissing the one as frivolous and insincere. Then comes the time when by the agency of cheap tours and cheap excursions vast numbers of the English populace go annually to Paris to be amused. There are no more people who "do nothing" in Paris than in London, but there appear to be because in Paris there are more public cafés than private clubs. Working hours begin earlier in Paris than in London, and again work is less apparent in the French capital, because it is kept behind the

imposing façades of big houses. But as the tourists do not stay long enough in France to learn these things, they are hardly to be blamed, if, seeing the cafés always full, the boulevards always crowded with loungers, not visiting or not recognising the working parts of the city, finding every Parisian with whom they come into contact only too ready to play with or for them, they leave Paris convinced that it is a city solely given up to pleasure.

Amusement and diversion therefore become the essence of the spirit which the people demands from the Paris correspondence of the popular journals. The French Chamber, like the Austrian Reichsrath, is only worth reading about when the deputies come to fisticuffs and tussle with each other in the *hémicycle*. Domestic life is only interesting where it is embroiled by the infidelity of one, better still of both parties. And Liane de Pougy throwing legs of mutton wrapped up in flowers into the windows of the Fort Chabrol is more "French," more "truly Parisian," than a sketch, however picturesquely and simply portrayed, of father and mother, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, nephews and nieces gathered together in a Sunday *diner de famille*. At its least harmful, the popular demand is for something light answering to its preconceived notions of the perpetual "funniness" of the Parisians; and the demand is abundantly satisfied. The resulting picture is true of one side of French life, but one side only. One can find nothing to complain of in such delightful stories as those of the leg-of-mutton bouquets, if they are related in such a way as to asterisk them, farcical not for serious consideration. But otherwise the total idea tends to become ill-balanced, and when driven a little too fast under pressure of high popular excitement, topples over into extreme sensationalism. For an example of this one need go no further than the Dreyfus affair as dealt with by nine-tenths of the London newspapers.

On the French side of the Channel the tradition of popular taste is even more ill-poised, though to their honour

be it said that French travellers of the middle and lower middle classes correct their preconceived ideas more readily than the English. But wrapped in an insularity which—travelled Frenchmen are the first to admit it—is far more hidebound than the Briton's, the average Frenchman nurses ideas of England formed on events which Englishmen have half forgotten. At Compiègne, Jeanne d'Arc is a living personality. At Bordeaux, Edward III. is vividly remembered as the hated conqueror. And the provincials who drift to Paris, and outnumber native-born Parisians, rather narrow their ideas of foreign countries than enlarge them. Of recent years a genuine system of foreign correspondence has begun to develop itself in the Paris Press; and as it is on the whole fairly liberal-minded, one may hope great things of it. The old and, until a little while ago, still existing form of foreign news service in the majority of Parisian papers was an imaginative reporter sitting at home to dig a few facts out of the English papers and dress them according to taste. Papers which endeavoured to see justice and reason in the action of foreigners cost a penny or three halfpence, which is too much for the thrifty *bourgeois* to pay; and the *journalisme d'un sou* flattered the people with the constant repetition of the fine old ignorant misconceptions. From this state of affairs inevitably come vile caricatures, and, as the utmost concession, a grudging admission that the English public was led away (how blindly, *mon Dieu!*) by Mr. Chamberlain. Against this we have unhappily to set the stories circulated by one portion of the English Press—of English men and women insulted on the boulevards and in restaurants—stories which, having lived in Paris through much of the worst period of Anglophobia, I do not hesitate to describe as wicked lies; and the senseless proposal, instantly and nobly trampled on by the fair-minded among our English journals, but nevertheless finding practical adherents, to boycott the 1900 Exhibition.

No less distinct, and only less remarkable, because of the

greater distance which separates the two countries and the lower position which Italy holds in the world's affairs, is the influence of the popular taste on the popular correspondence from Rome or Milan. Yet how different the quality! With our imagination fired by the thought of the innumerable art treasures of Italy, with the names of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Bellini ringing in our memory, with the splendour of ancient Rome trailing, sombre and majestic, across the mental landscape, our popular notions of Italy are the reverse of contemptuous. The very secret societies are endued with a terrible and attractive glamour; nay, we can even condone them as the pardonable exaggeration of a noble and popular struggle against unequal and oppressive Government. Respect for both the country's past and present is the name of the glass through which we consider Italy. We mourn the fall of the Campanile of St. Mark as if it were an English building, and we applaud the efforts of the country in face of its desperate social problems. In one respect only does our feeling towards Italian affairs take a less enthusiastic turn—namely, as regards the Vatican. An account of the recent negotiations between the Commission of Cardinals and Governor Taft, on the question of the Spanish Friars in the Philippines, was entitled in one first-class London daily, "Intrigues at Rome." That headline truly epitomises the English popular opinion of the Curia. Its diplomacy is intrigue. Its policy is dishonest before it is anything else, and the words "papabilis" and "Conclave," if they suggest anything, suggest schemers and cabal. Partly, perhaps, this feeling is due to memories of the luxury, pomp, and material splendour with which the Papal Court of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries strove to strengthen its grip on the Temporal Power, to realise its claim to the heritage of Octavius, letting slip the heirlooms of Peter. Largely it is the fault of the Curia itself, which discourages and indexes the aspirations of the liberals among its subjects, who would otherwise fight its battles and exalt its honour. Partly, again, it is due to the fundamental

antipathy of the Anglo-Saxon temperament to Roman Catholicism. Yet even in the midst of much prejudice an exception is made in favour of the person of the present Pontiff. Nor does mistrust of the Vatican affect our popular esteem of Italy as a country at once old and young, striving to build out of the ruins of a glorious antiquity the fabric of future power; struggling only to find leaders; pregnant with and welcoming the birth of new ideas.

Possibly there is much misconception in this view. Not sufficiently is the enormous difference between Northern and Southern Italians taken into account; what is equal Government in one part of the country, may be rank tyranny in another. The secret societies are often—and this is particularly true of the celebrated Sicilian Mafia—nothing but the vulgarest blackmailing associations. Nor are the component parts of the nation more united than the old horseshoe nails which gunsmiths used to employ for making gunbarrels; a strip of wire kept the nails together, but furnace and hammer were yet needed to weld them into one well-tempered metal tube. Where, however, the affections are concerned, a little exaggeration is surely better than judicial lukewarmness. The popular sympathy of England was marked in Italy with pleasure. Dreams of greatness and imperial aspirations are natural to a vigorous people, especially if that people be striving to rise phoenix-like from ashes of ancient glory. The alliance which, in the public imagination at least, has so long existed between the two countries accorded excellently with those dreams. It was flattering to Italy's *amour propre* to be regarded as Britain's partner in the Mediterranean. And although the Italians were, it must be confessed, much hurt by Lord Salisbury's indifference to their interests at the time of the Anglo-French agreement on the hinterland of Tripoli, no difference that need be lasting has been made to the country's esteem of the English nation.

Nothing, for instance, could have been more earnest than the sympathy shown by both Press and people during his

Majesty's illness. (I hasten to acquit the aforesaid illustrated journal of malice.) Questions of party policy may necessitate an antagonistic attitude—as was the case when the Socialist journals became pro-Boer in the South African War. But it is not going too far to say that Englishmen are better known and better liked in Italy than any other foreigners. And this favourable feeling is clearly reflected in nearly the whole of the Italian Press.

The case of the relations of England and Germany, as influenced by popular notions reacting on its journals, presents special difficulties. It may be doubted whether the man in the street has any very clear or uniform opinion about Germany. A few years ago the German commercial bogey loomed large in the popular imagination. But this has since been almost displaced by a larger bogey from America. On the other hand, the length of rope which we gave to German Anglophobe caricaturists and writers—a forbearance which was commented upon with amazement in France—seemed to bear witness to a fundamental indifference, even if not to an original tendency towards cordiality. Perhaps we have been inclined to judge of Germany solely through its Kaiser. Recent events have proved that we must correct this notion, even if we have not done so already. The popular disapproval in Germany when the Kaiser decorated Lord Roberts with the Order of the Black Eagle was very significant. And it was noticeable that the Government made practically no efforts to check the hideous lies about British soldiers which were circulated by the German Press.

How far this hostility of the German Press was the work of popular sentiment, I cannot tell by personal experience. But of the mutual working on each other of Press and people in Germany a striking piece of evidence has been given by Count von Berchem, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the time of Prince Bismarck, in a letter addressed to Dr. Lotz of Munich, who had written an article in the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* on political mischief-making. Count von



Berchem's letter was published in the same journal and quoted in the *Times* of July 22, 1902.

We Germans [writes the Count] are surely the most peace-loving of all nations. But since we have considered ourselves delivered from anxiety as to our own existence we have become extraordinarily susceptible to events abroad, and while in former times, before we felt ourselves firm in the saddle, foreign countries imposed on us out of all measure, we are apt now to fall into another extreme.

*It is an interesting exercise for us to turn away from dull questions of home politics and bury ourselves in foreign affairs,*<sup>1</sup> with little consideration for the feelings of other countries and less care for any effects our action may produce. Your excellent exposition affords proof that a want of care in the treatment of England by publicists has led on both sides of the Channel to an excitement which has no real ground in fact.

The attempts which are made here and there to combat these imprudences are met with phrases such as *Civis Romanus sum*, or, the "German people has a right to give expression to its feelings." This *civis Romanus sum* belongs to a time when the Romans claimed to rule the world and would allow no independent State a place beside themselves. This is a path along which we will not follow them, and could not even if we had the necessary infatuation. . . It should, therefore, be the aim of all patriotic circles to fight against the employment of dangerous catchwords which confuse and befool our youth and the general mass of the people more than long articles.

The letter goes on to point out that owing to the long peace the power of the Press has grown at the expense of the authority of the Government.

We are, therefore, judged abroad not by what the Cabinets whisper to each other, but by the attitude of our Press. If this is hostile to a foreign State, our opponents reply with some show of reason by going a step further and tracing the Press attack to official incitements. The quarrel is then begun, and the best official relations are of no effect, especially in dealing with States which have Parliamentary Government.

It may be urged that Count von Berchem's letter is designed to show that the Press first stirred up the people;

<sup>1</sup> I have ventured to underline this sentence as containing particular testimony to the influence of popular demand on the daily pabulum provided by the Press.



and that judged by its Press the German nation is traduced. But it is certain that no Press—even a subsidised one, which is immediately found out and judged at the value of its subsidy—can utter a popular and united cry not founded on deep-laid popular inclination. When, therefore, exaggeration appears in a country's journalism it is not spontaneous, but, as I endeavoured to show in the case of the French and a part of the English Press, the direct consequence of continual one-sidedness developed in accordance with the popular prejudices and misconceptions of the people at large.

“Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” But if the spread of democratic feeling renders inevitable the growth of the popular Press, surely the existence of this cognate growth, when carefully pruned, is very far from being regrettable. Properly treated, it is a body of life, not of death. *Civis Romanus sum* is only the ebullition of young animal spirits when a people makes the new discovery of its own strength and importance. The peoples have found a power of whose magnitude they are as yet unaware, and which is only a power for evil when the journals of a nation do not teach it the extent of this power by the sole means of which they can dispose, namely, by truthful representation in the little things of everyday life. It is impossible to speak too highly in praise of those English dailies and weeklies which have set themselves, no matter at what cost, to check half-truths and sensationalism. Jules Verne is reported to have said in an interview which appeared in a London daily, that the psychological novel was bound to disappear because the daily papers, by their treatment of common daily events, would provide all the psychological investigation that was necessary. Hitherto, perhaps, France and England alone have practised close mutual examination. But the increased facilities of travelling, and the necessity, arising from the stress of commercial struggles, of having intimate knowledge of other countries, will ere long bring all nations as close to each other in imagination as are England

and France in fact. Not many months ago Monsieur Delcassé sent envoys to America to study the possibility of founding in the United States a French commercial college, where young French merchants may study American commercial methods, and adopt them when suitable for France. This is a process of education which is, or should be, going on every day in the Press, only on the vastly larger subject of the dealings of nation with nation. Neither can this education be achieved by the repetition of statesmen's reports, but by the truthful representation of inner life and thought and behaviour. The Press is to the nation what the governor is to the steam-engine, a corrector of irregularities, and an indicator of the speed of the working of the whole. And if the popular section of the world's Press do not check the growing tendency to one-sidedness, it will assuredly be found out and rejected for serious work, as the American Yellow Press has been found out. For the spirit of exaggeration is as far from the timid movements of the individual, as it is allied to the unwieldy emotions of the collected masses: it will be a terrible thing for the organ of the crowd if its voice be contradicted by the experience of the individual. As the influence of the people on the Press is excitative, the counter-influence on the people may and most surely should be corrective; lest it be said of any modern nation, as it was said of the heathen, no less than of their idols, "They have eyes and see not; they have ears and hear not; neither speak they through their throat."

OWEN M. GREEN.

Count von Bülow complains in the Reichstag (Jan. 20, 1903) that "By popular excitement the task of those in all countries who are responsible for the conduct of foreign policy is rendered much more difficult. Good old Horace said, 1900 years ago, *Quidquid delirant reges, plectantur Achivi*, but it is the other way round nowadays . . . the *Achivi* do the mischief and the *reges* have to pay for it." The *Times* correspondent, in quoting this, rightly maintains the claim of "the educated British public" to criticise foreign affairs: but this does not justify the controversial use of "actual insults" by journals or by "poets run wild"; disputants, however earnest, should not be allowed to throw naked lights at one another in a powder-magazine. [EDITOR.]

## THE VILLA D'ESTE, TIVOLI

THE oldest, as it is the most interesting, entrance to Tivoli is by the Strada del Colle, the narrow, ill-paved street which winds up from the plain through the lower part of the town. For a thousand years and more this was the main entry. This way marched the legions of armed men when Augustus kept summer court and administered justice in the mountains; here passed Catullus and Horace, ambling on mules or borne in litters; here on a summer day, in 1469, Federigo of Montefeltro, the good Duke of Urbino, rode with Pope Pius IV., to escape from the heat of the dog days, and as they rode discussed whether the generals of antiquity were armed in the same fashion as those of their own day; the tall mediæval houses which still flank the narrow way must have seen their passage. But when, eighty years later, there passed into Tivoli another brilliant band, which came to no small purpose, the old road had been abandoned and it was by the Porta Avenzia or Santa Croce, to-day called Cornuta, where the tram line ends, that they rode in. Ippolito d'Este, born in 1509, whose father was Alphonso I., Duke of Ferrara, and whose mother was Lucrezia Borgia, had been declared Governor of Tivoli *in perpetuo*, by Paul III., the reigning Pope. Ippolito was already Bishop of Siena and Cardinal of Ferrara, besides holding half a dozen French ecclesiastical dignities.<sup>1</sup> He had officiated as ambassador to the Court of France and had made his name by his correspondence from thence with

<sup>1</sup> Giraud, "Cardinal of Ferrara."

the Pope and other Italian statesmen, he was a close friend of Carlo Borromeo the saintly Archbishop of Milan, and though only forty-one, was a renowned *savant* and patron of art and letters, and as his letters to the French King show, he was in the confidence of the aged Pope.<sup>1</sup>

He took solemn possession of Tivoli in the spring of 1549. His *cortège* was of extraordinary pomp; he rode attended by 250 gentlemen, of whom eighty were titled and others of the best families of Italy, besides an elect body of *litterati* and distinguished doctors of all the sciences.

The city received its new ruler with every sign of satisfaction. A band of a hundred horsemen met him outside the gates, a hundred young men on foot were at the gate, and within the city a band of elders, headed by the chief magistrate, offered him the keys and he was triumphantly escorted through the streets in a car of honour, drawn by black slaves. "He was so gratified and pleased that his eyes were full of tears." And while trumpets sounded and salvoes of artillery were fired, a hundred children, dressed in white and waving palm branches, awaited him at the doors of the cathedral. The banquets and rejoicings lasted over a fortnight. The Cardinal was lodged in the municipal palace, and was struck with the charm of the position, but to a man familiar with the pleasure-grounds and *parterres* of French palaces, and with such bright and attractive apartments as those of his aunt, Isabella d'Este, at Mantua, the heavy mediæval building, which, standing on the edge of the cliff, was in some degree a fortress, must have seemed gloomy and dismal, and he resolved to raise there a villa which, in magnificence, should be second to none in Europe. For a large sum of money he acquired from the municipality the old palace and a wide strip of steep descent, covered by a portion of the town called the Valle Gaudente.<sup>2</sup> The architect and superintendent of the building was Piero Ligorio, and when the Cardinal died in 1571 the greater part of the house and the

<sup>1</sup> "Ribier," ii. 248.

<sup>2</sup> Zappi, "Memorie di Tivoli." MS. Library of the Jesuits.



Villa d'Este

*(From a water-colour drawing by E. March Phillipps)*

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laying out of the grounds were finished. They were finally completed at a cost of a million scudi (about £200,000). The grounds are hemmed in with little houses clustering thickly on the hillside. Many of these are older than the villa and no doubt numbers of humble dwellings were swept away to make room for the Cardinal's splendid summer home.

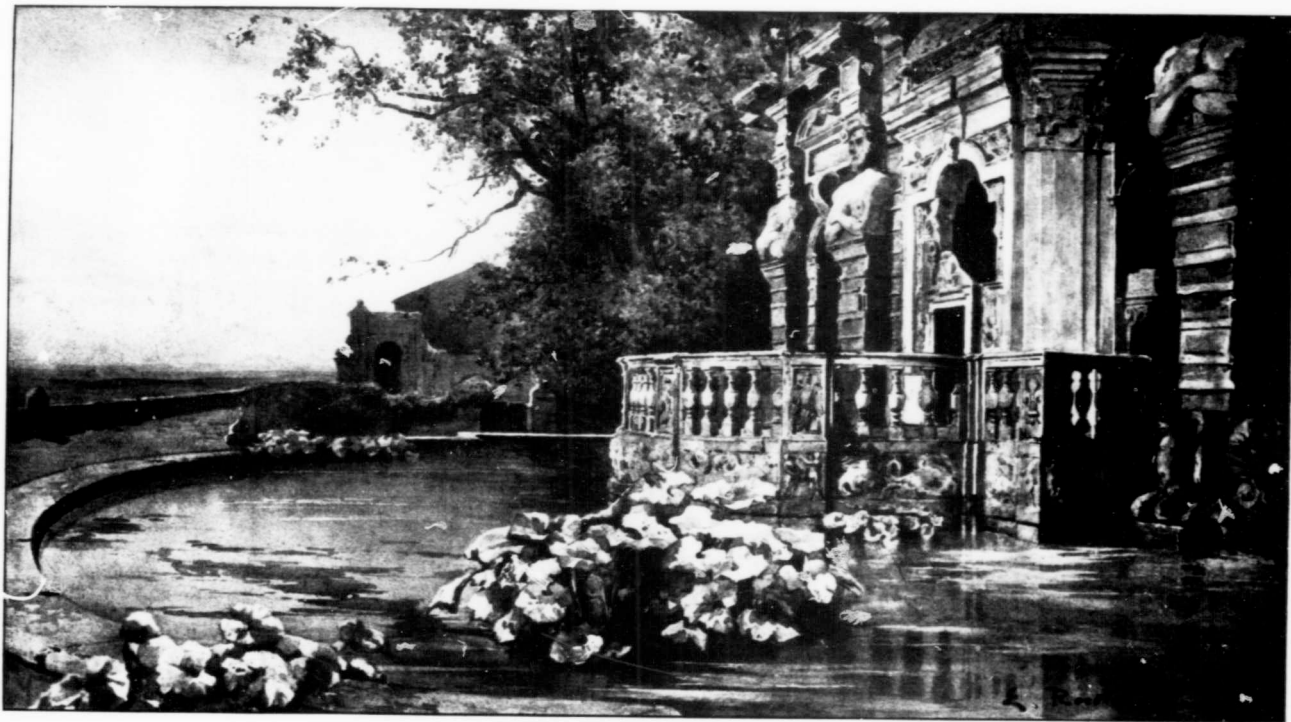
At the bottom of the garden, the now blocked-up gate opened into the road from Rome, and from this entrance there is a clear view, through avenues of cypresses, up symmetrical flights of steps to where the villa, standing on the highest terrace, runs nearly the whole width of the grounds. It is an excellent example of good Renaissance work, and consists of three floors, each containing from six to ten apartments, with a long gallery at the back. From the upper part of the town it is entered from a small piazza, by a gateway leading into a courtyard, surrounded by what were presumably kitchens and servants' rooms. The main body of the building reaches to a lower level and from the court a broad stone stair leads down to the splendid first floor which is raised on a story of cellars and storehouses. The façade, which looks north-west, has two *loggie*, one above the other, richly ornamented with pilasters, cornices and balustrades in travertine, and from the first floor *loggia* a double flight of steps, or *perron*, leads down to the grand terrace. The building is dotted all over with small square holes; they are the places in which the original scaffolding was fixed and were left open, as it was intended to cover the whole of the walls, like the *loggie*, with slabs of travertine, but this was never done, and the holes now form nesting places for thousands of swallows.

The garden is laid out with exquisite symmetry and with that lavishness of decoration and largeness of conception which mark the late Renaissance. From the ample terrace with its noble balustrade, stairways and shady paths lead down on either hand, magnificent cypresses tower aloft, and from all sides comes the splash of fountains, of which there are said to be 365. Cascades and rivulets abound, all being fed by the



waters of the Anio. This river is on a level with the house, and the Cardinal had its course turned at enormous expense to run with undiminished force through the villa's grounds. About midway, the gallery of the Hundred Fountains stretches across the garden. It is 300 feet long by 16 feet in breadth, the higher side is a wall of fountains, each headed by the alternate bearings of the House of Este, "the eagle white, the lily of of gold," as Tasso has it. At the base are bas-reliefs in stucco representing the metamorphoses of Ovid, the details of which are now indistinguishable. At one end of this gallery, looking towards Rome is a raised *plateau*, laid out with models, constructed of cement, of all the principal fabrics of ancient Rome. They are much broken, but the Pantheon, the mausoleum of Hadrian, the temple of Vesta and the Capitol can still be identified. There is the wolf suckling the founders of the city, and a symbolic figure of Rome with trophies. All this went by the name of *Roma Vecchia*, and sent out a thousand jets of water. At the other end of the gallery is the enclosure of the fountain called the *Ovato*, to which Michael Angelo gave the title of the Queen of Fountains. It was here that the aqueduct of the Anio debouched in a volume of water. Four *colossi* sculptured out of the natural rock supported a model of Mount Helicon on which Pegasus appeared in a bower of laurel with the water foaming at his feet. On either hand sat the Tiburtine Sibyl and an allegorical figure of Tivoli. Lower down, two gigantic river gods still recline and represent the Anio and the Albule. The water falls into an enormous shell and cool arcades of stone stretch away on either hand. Along these were ranged naiads who poured water from vases and played with dolphins. Traces remain of Pegasus, of one sibyl and several of the nymphs, the vacant pedestals of others, and over all, immense plane-trees, descendants of those which we are told the Estes planted here, fling their deep shadow.

Below the "Gallery," two massive and graceful curving stairways with broad shallow steps, enclose in their balustrades what was once the fountain of the Dragon. The balustrades



The Fountain of the Organ

*(From a water-colour drawing by E. Roesler Franz)*



themselves form twisted aqueducts down which streams formerly dashed to the splendid fountain at the base, which can still throw water to a height of forty feet. Here the bursting streams played an instrument, and all round were trees fashioned in brass and stucco, wherein were perched mechanical birds which sang "each in his natural voice" till silenced by the appearance of a *civetta* or owl.

At the foot of the steep descent from the villa is a succession of deep tanks or fishponds, which receive the rush of water from all the fountains, and especially from a waterfall thirty feet high, which comes straight from the fountain of the Organ.<sup>1</sup> These tanks, which were doubtless once well stocked with lazy carp, are surrounded by massive stone borders on which huge vases stand at intervals. In the great cypress grove beyond, are the traces of another grand fountain group, that to the Goddess of Nature, in which was yet another organ, which the rushing waters caused to play "madrigals and other music."

The architect, Ligorio, by Cardinal Ippolito's desire, organised excavations at Hadrian's Villa, and the superb statues discovered there and in Tivoli itself, were placed in the villa. Some idea of the wealth of these discoveries may be formed from the list given by Archbishop Fabio Croce in 1664 of the marbles still remaining in the house and grounds.

A statue of Leda and the Swan. Bellona, a vestal, Ceres, an Egyptian idol in black marble, a crowned Bacchus, two fauns, busts of Hadrian and Antinous, the four seasons, Cybele with a tower upon her head, Pomona covered with fruits, Europa seated on a bull. By the fountain of the sea horses were Esculapius, Hygeia holding a vase, Pandora crowned with flowers, Pallas, two Amazons, Hercules, in a lion's skin, another Hercules, a sleeping Venus and two warriors. Around the fountain of the *Girandola* were statues of two nude Gladiators, Jove, Minerva, Helen appearing to Paris, Leda and the Swan, Jove, Neptune and Pluto dividing the world, Jove and Danaë. Inside the palace remained a Venus and Cupid seated on a dolphin, two fauns in tiger-skins, a Venus in the branches of a tree, busts of Constantine, Vitellius, Severus, and Meleager, statue of Marcus Aurelius, Venus with

<sup>1</sup> This fountain and the *Girandola* were constructed under Cardinal Ippolito's successor.

Amorini, another Venus with satyrs, Pan crowned with flowers, Io sleeping, Saturn, Jove with the eagle at his feet, Claudius and his mother, five or six busts and a statue of the Dea Bona with a cornucopia and sceptre in her hand.

All over the garden are remnants of the pedestals which once supported these treasures of antiquity, their position is carefully combined with the planting, and the fountains and the cypresses placed in balanced groups are evidently part of the original scheme. Though it gives them so great an age, we cannot avoid the conclusion that they are the very trees planted by Ippolito on his immediate succession. Their height and girth are astonishing, and the effect they produce is indescribable. They tower like sentinels along the ramparts and terraced walks, their huge, rosy stems form avenues, they rise above the mass of vegetation and overlook the town and the surrounding country. In the spring, sheets of red, pink and white roses fall over the terraced walls, or wanton round the old branches, and the Judas trees flush into purple glory for a few short weeks.

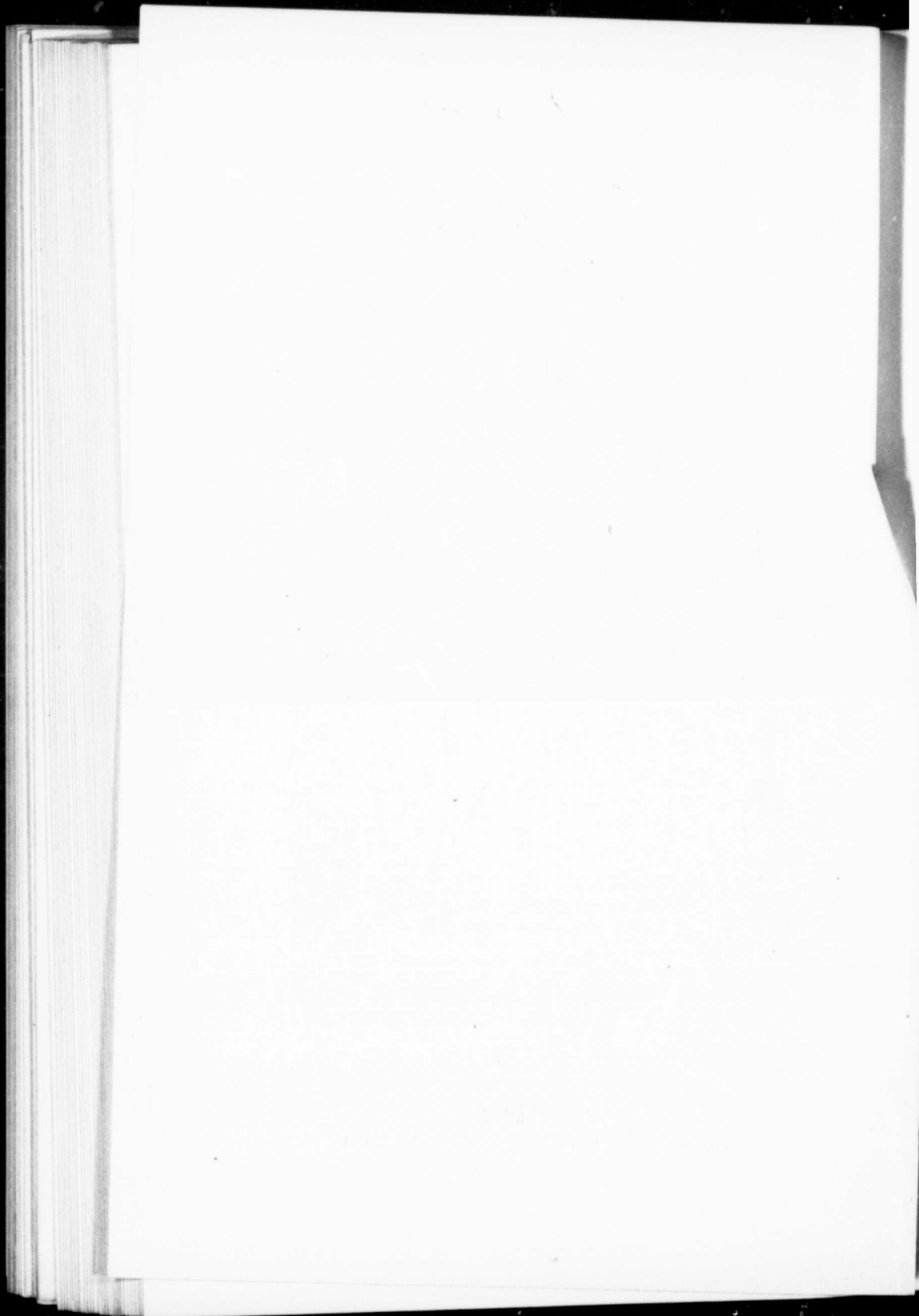
From the double staircase and the *loggia* a doorway opens on the central hall which is adorned by a fountain in coloured stucco representing the Temple of the Sibyl. The long range of apartments is painted in fresco by the Brothers Zuccaro, Tempesta, Muziano, and Vasari, and in spite of time and neglect these paintings are still in good preservation. The central room was the banqueting hall. The ceiling displays a banquet of the gods, half-open doors are simulated with servitors entering, on the walls are beautiful garlands of flowers and fruit, the cornice has the eagle and lily in rich gold and white, over the door the shields of Este are supported by *putti*. On another wall we read the signature of the host, HYP. EST. CARD. FERRAR. On the ceiling to the left of the door leading into the gallery is a portrait of the artist, Federico Zuccaro, as Mercury, which follows one everywhere with its eyes.

The rooms open into one another; on the left hand (entering from the garden), two small rooms are frescoed the one with



Silent Sentinels

*(From a water-colour drawing by E. Roesler Franz.)*





battles, Roman soldiers and the storming of a town, the other with classic scenes, Venus rising from the sea, Apollo with chariot and horses, river gods, nymphs and satyrs. The end room has a centre piece, Noah sacrificing after the Flood (in which the white eagle of Este sits complacently conspicuous among the saved animals), and Moses striking the rock, in allusion to the streams which had gushed forth at the will of the Cardinal. On the opposite side of the dining-hall is a saloon, adorned with frescoes representing the labours of Hercules, in compliment to the Cardinal's brother, Ercole, the reigning Duke of Este. In the room beyond, symbolic figures, Liberty, Generosity and Nobility, Honour and Immortality, suggest the fame and virtues of Ippolito. The west room was evidently the Cardinal's bedroom. From above, Glory looks down in company with Diana and Hermes. On the walls are painted shelves, on which appear a Cardinal's hat and a Bishop's mitre ; at one side is a small closet where an attendant might sleep. The last room is the Hall of Sports which is painted by Tempesta with incidents of the chase and rustic love-making, and has a frieze of excellently drawn birds ; peacocks, parrots, turkeys and a cockatoo. The door is guarded by a monkey and watch-dogs baying. The long gallery runs behind the whole suite. Fountains are placed along it and in the hottest weather it affords a deliciously cool promenade. At one end, a deep window with low seats overlooks the glorious view and a door and flight of steps leads down by a short cut to the Belvedere at the end of the terrace, where the ample quarter deck is terminated by a splendid *loggia*. Well might the Cardinal of Ferrara himself call this masterpiece of the very height of the Renaissance "an inn worthy of any prince, be he never so great." So it still remained in 1620 when it is described in a letter written by Fulvio Testi, to the Duke of Modena in Paris.

The jets of water [he writes] are infinite. A perpetual river divides in a thousand torrents which play before all who pass. Two fountains above all, exceed the wonderful. One conceals an organ, and any one who chooses

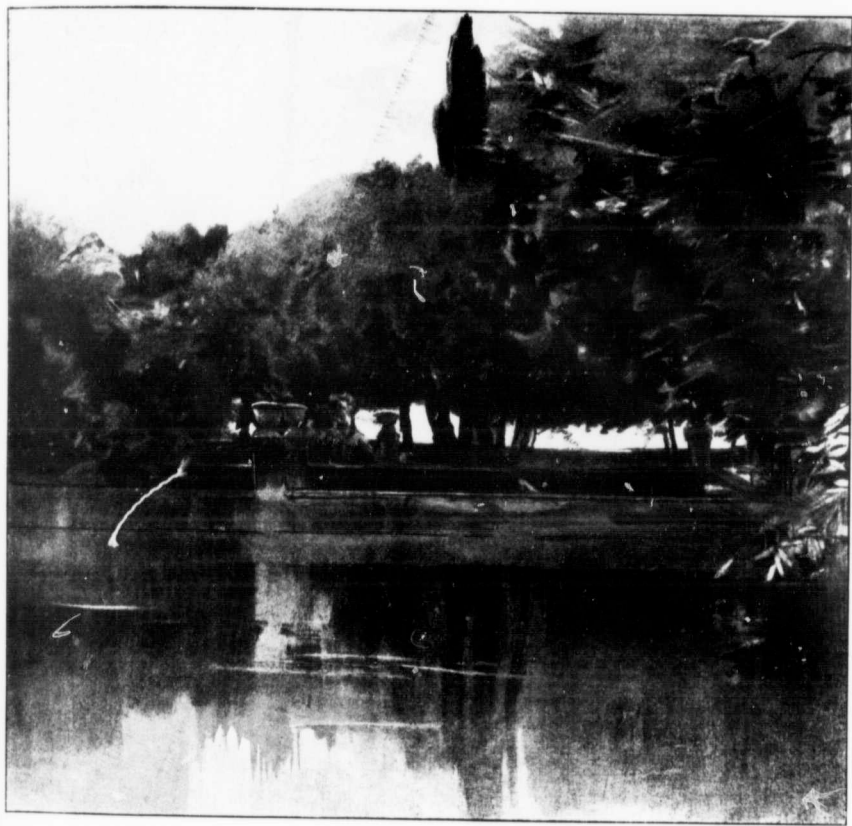
can make it play. The ancients never arrived at so exquisite a delight; they never knew how to make water vocal or to give a soul to insensate things. The other fount simulates what is called a *girandola*, and on feast-days and great occasions displays its beauty. The tumultuous water is chained in and escapes by finest channels till it resembles dust. Human genius has vanquished the elements and has succeeded in giving to water the effect of fire. Perchance the genius of the Cardinal d'Este has issued commands to Nature's self and it obeys . . . There succeeds to this the *coup d'ail* of ancient Rome and on the horizon, far away, you descry modern Rome, in a view which perhaps has not its equal in the world.

It would be difficult indeed to match the beauty and the interest of that panorama. The spectator feels as if lifted high into the air; behind him the brown, irregular buildings of the little town cluster down the precipitous slope, from beneath tower up the stately cypresses, in front the ground falls sheer down and far, far away stretches the Campagna, bounded on the one hand by the blue Sabine mountains, on the other lying like a vast sea, over which waves of sunshine and shadow sweep and fade in gold and blue and dusky violet.

The champaign with its endless fleece  
Of feathery grasses everywhere,  
Silence and passion, joy and peace,  
An everlasting wash of air—  
Rome's ghost since her decease.

Across this plain Brutus and Cassius are said to have escaped to Tivoli after the murder of Cæsar; Zenobia traversed it to her long captivity here. Yonder stood the villa of Mæcenas, where Horace and the Antonines held their revels, a little further off lie the ruins of Hadrian's villa, on the right, blue Soracte holds classic memories on changeless heights, there are the sulphur lakes, once a centre for Roman *terme*, and further away yet, on the dim horizon, rises the bubble of the mighty Dome, the sign and assertion of the Kingdom of Christ.

We can gather some idea of the life they led in this earthly Paradise. The historian, Bulgarini, observes that Cardinal Ippolito not only enriched Tivoli with a villa which was the



The Fishponds

*(From a crayon drawing by O. Carlandi)*

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forerunner of modern landscape gardening, but was also the benefactor of the city which in his reign shone with a splendour never since equalled. The poet Mureto has left a set of Latin verses in which he alludes to the desolation in which the Estes found the town and which may be translated almost literally.

Years came and went : that joy of bygone days,  
 Tibur, lay ruined, lost her old world praise.  
 Gone were her streams and orchards, gone the last,  
 The stately footprints of her splendid past.  
 Those scenes so oft the theme of classic lay,  
 Moulder'd unkempt, unsightly in decay.  
 Weeping their vanish'd joys, her sylvan daughters,  
 Wandered by mourning Anio's fainting waters ;  
 A wayfarer in Tibur's heart might stand,  
 And, " Where is Tibur ? " cry ; so marr'd the land.  
 That godlike soul, the sacred choir's delight,  
 Hippolytus brooked not so sad a sight.  
 He bade the woodlands dress once more in green,  
 With far-flung leafage wantoning o'er the scene.  
 He bade fresh well-springs ooze from out the hills,  
 And in a breath, forth leapt the new-born rills.  
 Saved from the wreck of Time, hail the escape  
 Of marbles fair, to Phidias owing shape.  
 Brow-bound with olive wan, joyful once more,  
 Anio pours wealth into the common store.  
 Well may those hallowed rills, these woodlands vie  
 In wafting one great name unto the sky—  
 List to the breezes whispering along—  
 " Hippolytus " is still their tuneful song.

In the cathedral of San Francesco in Tivoli, in a modest tomb, lie the mortal remains of the Cardinal of Ferrara—Mureto's funeral oration is more than a mere empty panegyric. " Who," he says, " was ever more splendid and magnificent in every relation of life ? What sumptuous edifices he raised, what works of antiquity he unearthed which but for him might never have been discovered. What illustrious artists he inspired to make fresh experiments. What princes, what lawyers, what great and powerful men he gathered round him, receiving them like a splendid cardinal, almost a king.

How liberal and magnificent he was to the poor, you know, oh Tiburtines, who remember his continuous and daily almsgiving, and how when sickness came he sent every day to visit every person who was sick, so that none should be left out or lack what was necessary for the recovery of health or to keep their families during their sickness. No one more loved doctors and men of letters, no one had a greater number at his court and none treated them with more generosity. They could converse familiarly with him at his suppers and talk of public business and towards them and his dependants he behaved with such familiar and homely kindness, like an equal, joking and talking, correcting faults with paternal love, rather than with anger or pride. No one forgot injuries or ingratitude more easily and was so ready to accord fresh benevolence. He proved his piety and religion in every hour of his life and in the last moments of his mortal career, he called upon God's sacred minister, he confessed his sins and expressed his deep penitence for all in which he had come short, and then cast himself on the Divine mercy."

The splendour of Cardinal Ippolito's court, the many duties he performed, the consideration he enjoyed in France and the negotiations he had carried through between France and Italy, all gave him an overwhelming prestige in the eyes of the public, who were never weary of honouring and commenting upon his pomp and his generosity.<sup>1</sup>

"On feroit un livre entier," says Brantôme, "de ses générosités, magnificences et libéralités."<sup>2</sup>

Italy had reached a comparatively peaceful state, and though in 1556, Alva and his Spanish troops marched from Naples and invested Tivoli as a standpoint from which to threaten Rome, they were driven out again almost immediately by the Sienese soldiers of Pietro Strozzi, and their short occupation is not alluded to in any records of the Estes.

Ippolito died Dec. 2, 1572. He was succeeded by his nephew, Cardinal Luigi d'Este, who fully maintained the

<sup>1</sup> Campori, "Gli Estense," p. 23.

<sup>2</sup> "Hommes illustres," chap. 34.

magnificent traditions of the villa.<sup>1</sup> In 1573 the Cardinal received Pope Gregory XIII. (Buoncompagno), on a visit which lasted three days. The Pope was magnificently feasted by the city, and housed with great splendour by the Cardinal. The principal rooms in the villa were hung for the occasion with green and crimson velvet. The velvet curtains of the Pope's bed, brocaded with gold and seed pearls, had belonged to Henry II. of France, and were valued at 20,000 scudi. The Cardinal had caused a new fountain to be erected, the one below the chief terrace, and on the last day of the Pope's visit the engineer, Olivieri, exhibited a sudden upspringing of water in the form of a dragon (the crest of the Buoncompagni), much to the surprise and delight of the Pope.<sup>2</sup>

If Tasso was ever in Tivoli it must have been during the first years of Cardinal Luigi's reign. In 1571, when he was in his 28th year, he had paid a flying visit to Rome, the first since his boyhood. In 1572 he writes to his friend, Felice Paciotto, that he has entered Cardinal Luigi's service. He accompanied him on a mission to France in 1570, where he was presented to the King as the poet of the *Gerusalemme*. The Cardinal was back again in Rome in the course of that year. Il Debba, in an oration to Luigi d'Este in 1611, speaks of the greatest men of letters of the day being gathered at Tivoli during his reign, and the omission of Tasso's name is regarded by some writers as a proof that he never went to Tivoli. It seems, however, more unlikely that his master, who must have been at Este every summer to escape the heat of Rome, should not have had his favourite secretary with him. Tradition asserts that it was near the fountain to the goddess of Nature that Tasso recited to the Cardinal, to Mureto and other learned doctors, the first sketch of his *Aminta*.<sup>3</sup> A biographical dictionary of the eighteenth century points to the *Tempesta*, or Hall of Sports, as the room in which he wrote, and asserts

<sup>1</sup> Campori, "Gli Estense," p. 4.

<sup>2</sup> V. Platina, "Vita di Gregorio XIII."

<sup>3</sup> Campori, "Archivio Storico," pp. 270-274.



that the gardens of Este inspired him with the idea for the Enchanted Garden of "Armida" in "Jerusalem Delivered." *Aminta* was represented at Ferrara in 1573, in 1574 the later portion of the *Gerusalemme* was written, and it was not finished until 1575,<sup>1</sup> so that the exquisite scenes, the constant allusions to

Cool shades and waters shrill,  
The fountain from the living stone  
That poured down clearest streams in noble store,

the "moving crystal" and

The palace proudly built,  
That sits on top of yonder mountain's height,

probably were really transcripts of all around him, and this seems the more likely as the plains and frowning palaces of Ferrara, where he went on leaving Rome, are of so different a cast of scenery.

Among other celebrated men of whose sojourn at Este we have a record are Manuzio, the great typographer, Giorgio Vasari and in later days, Fulvio Testi, who began here his fine drama of *Zenobia* dying in the Tiburtine hills, which, owing to the death of the poet, lacks the last act.

While Ippolito, though always ready to spend nobly, yet knew how to give judiciously, and was careful to keep within his income, Luigi was always in debt. He had been over-persuaded, principally by his uncle, to enter the Church, but had no vocation for an ecclesiastical life, and gave way to dissipation and the most extravagant luxury. In 1577 and 1578, he kept in Rome a following of 349 persons, though at that time he was already borrowing of the Jews, and when he went to France in 1570 had been obliged to raise 4000 scudi. A few years later he spent 3492 scudi in the purchase of Turkish slaves, at 36 golden scudi each, who he intended should carry on the works at Tivoli. These slaves, who were

<sup>1</sup> "Torquato Tasso e gli Estense."

secured with iron chains from neck to neck, did not work long in the gardens, but contrived to escape; they were afterwards recaptured and sold in Rome and Naples.

As years went on, the Cardinal lived more superbly than ever, but was obliged to sell several of his properties and some of his most precious treasures. In the last years of his life his creditors gave him great trouble, and he left his heirs debts to the amount of 200,000 scudi.<sup>1</sup>

The splendour of the villa d'Este lasted little more than a century and a half. The death of Cardinal Luigi in 1618, was the occasion for a fierce controversy as to its inheritance; the sacred college of Cardinals claiming it as its due, the people of Tivoli insisting that it belonged to them, because it had been built on ground originally occupied by the municipal palace. The dispute was referred to Paul V. and finally the municipality was paid a large sum of money and the palace descended to the collateral heirs of the house of Este, to which it still belongs.

Many of the treasures were removed soon after the death of the Cardinal. In 1780 Duke Ercole III. sold a great part and transplanted part to Modena. Some of the finest statues were brought to Rome and placed in the Capitol. Little by little the villa was abandoned. Towards the end of the seventeenth century Francesco IV. carried out some repairs and the architect and sculptor Bernini visited it in the years of its early decline. Immediately below the *plateau* where stands Roma Vecchia, is a fountain in the style of the seventeenth century, a canopy supported by pillars in stucco, which repeat the sacred column which Bernini had taken as the model for the pillars of his baldacchino in St. Peter's. The fountain of the organ, too, has received additions verging on the *barocco*; nymphs with swirling draperies occupying the niches on either side of the beautiful little Renaissance temple garlanded with fruit. In the seventeenth century the Dukes of Modena constituted certain gentlemen of Tivoli the superintendents and

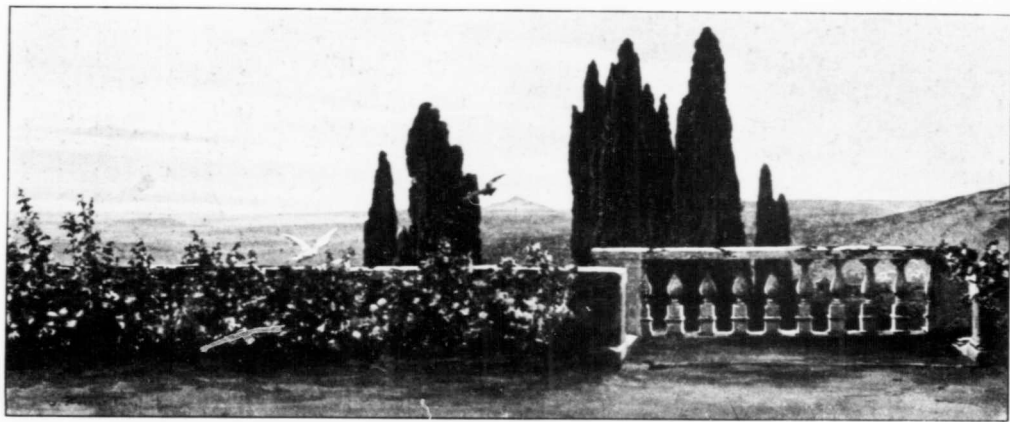
<sup>1</sup> "Muratori, Archivio Estense," Campori, p. 24.

directors of the palace. Up to 1850 it had a franchise and was not affected by the *dazio* or gate-tax.

In our own day it was rented for many years by Cardinal Hohenlohe, who spent over £2000 in renovating and making it habitable, and who used to lend it to Liszt. For six or eight years the great musician spent there some months of every summer and more than one account is left of his life in the great cool rooms. He occupied the three rooms at the end of the palace looking towards Rome, his midday repast was often laid on the upper terrace and he would spend hours at his grand piano, composing or playing: playing Chopin, "the magic notes falling like the liquid spray from the fountains without," or he would mimic the *Angelus* from the *campanile* of the town, the music of the swaying bells rising and falling and tossing high in the evening air.

All are gone now, and garden and villa are alike deserted except for a few workmen's families which quietly inhabit the upper stories. The livelong day there is no one to be seen save a woodman, a gardener or an artist, except for a couple of hours at midday when the sightseers from Rome pass hastily through. Everywhere are signs of decay. Full of life and stir as it was, it is silent now. Damp has dimmed the frescoes, the stucco is crumbling away, many of the fountains are dried up, for the bulk of the water was turned away again long ago to meet the needs of the growing town. Empty pedestals mark where stood Mars and Hercules, Diana or Leda, massive stone tables and seats still show where the Cardinal and his friends sat in council, or talking "with familiar and homely kindness," only the cypresses and plane-trees grow more stately as years pass, and the glorious outlook remains unchanged.

To realise the full charm of Este it is worth while to stay the night at Tivoli, and to linger after sunset in the gardens. Then it must be a prosaic mind, indeed, that fails to conjure up some vision of what has been. Behind the range of violet mountains, the sun sinks in rose and gold: that last ray



On the Higher Terrace

*(From a water-colour drawing by E. Roesler Franz)*

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might well be struck from the golden shields of the Roman guard, those shadows might have gained their depth of purple from Hadrian's imperial canopies. All round us the gathering darkness is thrilling with the past. The brocaded robes of a Cardinal rustle by us on the terrace, by the ponds down there, surely pauses some stately figure, feeding the carp in the interval of talk and leaning on the shoulder of a tall young man in the close dark dress and cap of a scholar and a poet. Or a group is gathered, listening to the first recital of words whose music is to echo through the centuries. Up the crumbling stairway the rugged form of the immortal Florentine artist comes dreaming under the rising moon. Within the palace the frescoed rooms are all aglow with gorgeous hangings, with gold and porcelain and gleam of statue. The sound of feasting and laughter, the thrum of music echoes in our ears, as Tasso or Mureto improvises for the entertainment of the patron and his court. All tells of the large, grand charity, of the genial and cultured hospitality of the princely house—Fancy fails, and once more "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy." The night birds cry, the night wind rustles through the groves, the scanty fountains splash in their basins. Silent sentinels stand the black cypresses: they bend towards the departed sunset, as if they, too, watched intently for the ghosts upon that vast plain, teeming with a thousand memories.

EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS.

## THOMAS CAMPBELL, THE POET

ONE day last autumn, on opening an old album of my mother's, I found in her handwriting a transcript from the autograph copy of the first draft of the "Pleasures of Hope," which had been sent to her to test the genuineness of the autograph in June 1848. A long prelude (afterwards replaced by the well-known lines (1-30)), "At Summer eve . . . Glory's bright career"—is the same which Dr. Beattie afterwards printed in his "Life of Thomas Campbell." I was thus reminded of the keen interest which once attached to everything which Campbell wrote; and I felt ashamed, considering our near relationship, that I had of late years paid so little attention to him. In some reminiscences written by the poet in later life and published by his biographer, he says, speaking of his time in Edinburgh:

The "Pleasures of Hope" came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines; and as my "Pleasures of Hope" got on, my pupils fell off. I was not friendless, nor quite solitary at this period in Edinburgh. My aunt, Mrs. Campbell, and her beautiful daughter, Margaret—so beautiful that she was commonly called Mary, Queen of Scots—used to receive me kindly of an evening, whenever I called, and it was to them, and with no small encouragement, that I first recited my poem when it was finished.

The persons who composed this audience, "fit though few," were my grandmother and my aunt. My father might also have been there, had he not been cruising about the Mediter-



ranean in quest of Bonaparte. For it was the year before the Battle of the Nile.

Apart from personal considerations, the time seems to have arrived for a fair estimate of Campbell's merits. More than three generations have come and gone, since, at the age of twenty-two, he suddenly rose to the height of literary and poetic fame.

I. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, when Burns had been dead three years, and Cowper was dying, two volumes of poetry claimed the attention of British readers, one published in Bristol and one in Edinburgh: the "Lyrical Ballads" and the "Pleasures of Hope." The latter was received with acclamation, the former with derision. And yet it was with the Bristol volume that the promise of the future lay.

(1) It was unfortunate for Campbell that, when his ambition was roused to the production of a serious poem, the prevailing taste should have induced him to adopt a form so soon to be discredited. The star of Pope still held the meridian, while that of Wordsworth was hardly visible above the horizon; and in consequence of some serio-comic pieces which he wrote at college, young Campbell had been dubbed by his companions "the Pope of Glasgow." His essentially lyric genius was thus diverted into an alien channel.

His native gift of melodious speech had been cultivated from boyhood through the assimilation of classical poetry, Latin, Greek, and English, and through the practice of translation in verse. But the first outburst of an original poetic vein in him came during the two summers which he spent in the West Highlands and in the Island of Mull. The communion with nature, begun in childhood, was then revived and greatly enlarged, and those were the years that opened for him

The promise of the golden hours,  
First love, first friendship, equal powers.

The two poems "To Caroline," which still find a place in our

anthologies, were produced in these his seventeenth and eighteenth years.

(2) Another and a nobler passion quickly supervened—the love of freedom and hatred of oppression. Campbell was present at the trial of two men accused of sedition and condemned on what appeared to him insufficient evidence. From that hour he was devoted to the cause of liberty. Fire drives out fire, and milder ardours were now eclipsed in the manly resolution that breathes in the lines :

Shame to the coward thought that e'er betrayed  
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade.

Here then was a true poet, fully answering to Tennyson's description :

Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,  
The love of love :—

And he was expected to cast his warm imaginings and fervid thoughts into the mould of the "Essay on Man." The result was a series of fine passages, with here and there an unforgettable line. But the poem as a whole is rather tacked together than created. Campbell had not the architectonic gift. But to which poet of the early nineteenth century was it really given? Even in wandering through Wordsworth's great "cathedral," we linger in the side chapels to worship phantoms of delight and reverend forms, paternal or pathetic, but are apt to lose ourselves in the vast unlighted spaces of the main building.

(3) The youth had been at a loss for a profession. Divinity was unattractive, medicine repellent, and the law was impossible without capital, which he could not command in consequence of his father's losses through the American War. Private tuition, the usual resource of the Scottish student, he had never contemplated as an employment for a lifetime. Now his path was clearly marked towards a literary career. In the first flush of his success he made some engagements with Edinburgh publishers, and started on a Continental tour.

Even the brittle peace of Amiens was not yet, and plans for foreign travel had to reckon with war. He was disappointed in his hope of making personal acquaintance with Wieland and Burger, perhaps also with Schiller and Goethe; and after a long pause at Hamburg he took refuge with a college of Scotch monks at Ratisbon. From the walls of that city he witnessed a fierce encounter between French and Austrian troops, and saw the battlefield after the engagement—not comforted by Red Cross ambulances. To the excitement and the horror of that twofold sight we owe the lyrics of “Hohenlinden” and the “Soldier’s Dream.” (Though he visited the valley of the Iser, he was not present at the battle of which he wrote.)

At Hamburg, and afterwards at Altona, then a Danish town, he consorted with some of the “men of ’98,” especially one Antony Macan, with whom he used to walk along the banks of the Elbe. Thence came the inspiration for the “Exile of Erin,” and, to judge from internal evidence, also for another poem, which has attracted less attention than it deserves. The “Death-boat of Heligoland,” based on a Scandinavian legend, and more vituperative than is usual with Campbell, except in defence of Poland, may compare favourably in poetic fire and verve with other lampoons of revolutionary poets on Tory administration.

Once more, the time he spent in Denmark and the outbreak of the war which sent him home have much to do with the production shortly after this of “Ye Mariners of England” and the “Battle of the Baltic.” Residence abroad had added a glow of patriotism to the poetic *stimuli* of love and liberty. These lyrics, which are now reckoned amongst his titles to fame, probably appeared to him at the time only as sparks from his anvil. For he was meditating two laborious works: one dull but remunerative—a continuation of Hume’s and Smollett’s history; the other an ambitious and somewhat perilous venture, an heroic poem to be entitled “The Queen of the North,” and—*Horresco referens*—in praise of Edinburgh!

Historical reading in preparation for these grand attempts

may, however, have suggested to him the subject of "Lochiel's Warning."

He also made a serious study of German poetry, and even spent three months over the philosophy of Kant. But the namesake of Dr. Thomas Reid, the Scottish philosopher of common sense—who christened him, and (with the author of the "Wealth of Nations") was his father's friend—could not be impressed as Coleridge was by the new metaphysic. On the other hand, the romantic movement in German poetry made an impression which may be traced in some of his subsequent work.

Returning in a vessel bound for Leith, but chased into Yarmouth by a Danish privateer, he made his first visit to London; but was soon recalled to Edinburgh in consequence of his father's death. Suspected of seditious tendencies, he succeeded in clearing himself. "Ye Mariners" had by this time been written.

(4) Early in 1803 he left the Northern metropolis for the Southern capital. This bold step was partly due to the encouragement of Lord Minto, the only patron Campbell ever knew. It was a relationship which he could not bear for long. Sir Walter Scott, always his kind and generous friend, wrote of this long afterwards in the famous Journal:

Tom Campbell lived at Minto. But it was in a state of dependence which he brooked very ill. He was kindly treated, but would not see it in the right view, and suspected slights and so on, where no such thing was meant. There was . . . a kind of waywardness and irritability about Tom that must have made a man of his genius truly unhappy.

There was still something *farouche* about the former Glasgow student.

In London he found the employment he looked for and made new friends. He was kindly received at Holland House, and the Whig notabilities who gathered there had tact enough to bring out his social gifts without jarring on his naïve independence.

(5) After some months of restless bachelorhood he married

his cousin, Matilda Sinclair, on October 18, 1803. The seven years that followed, although chequered with illness and exhausting work, were the happiest of his life. After twelve months in Pimlico he settled with his wife at Sydenham, then a country village, where the birth of two boys, in both of whom, especially the younger, Alison, he took all a father's pride, and the warm friendship of congenial neighbours, completed the environment of a peaceful English home. In 1809 he ventured again before the public with "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Ye Mariners," "Glenara," "The Battle of the Baltic," "Lochiel," "Hohenlinden," and "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and in a new edition early in 1810 he added a beautiful poem produced in the interim, "O'Connor's Child."

"Gertrude of Wyoming" is a pastoral poem of an original type in the Spenserian stanza, handled not heroically as by Spenser, but in a quieter vein, more resembling the manner of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence." The subject, an incident in the American War, seems to have harmonised with some suggestion from a German tale, and is more or less akin to such romances as St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia" or Chateaubriand's "Atala," which are conceived in the spirit of Rousseau. But the substance of the work is Campbell's own. His sympathy with American independence, his hatred of oppression and impatience of the burden of conventionalisms, and his abhorrence of a cruel criminal code, combine with an intense appreciation of all that is genuinely human whether in civilised or uncivilised life to create an atmosphere of singular purity and charm. The story is slightly sketched, and there is little of realistic detail, but the contrast between the life of the affections abstracted from all that can degrade or vulgarise, and the solitary strength of the "Stoic of the woods, a man without a tear," is drawn with equal delicacy and firmness.

II. His muse was still in her ascendant, and it is time to take stock of his achievement so far. No friend, however daring, could venture nowadays to endorse the high encomiums of Scott and Goethe. And it is with hesitation that I record

the fact that I once heard Robert Browning—most generous of poets, most chivalrous of men—speak of Campbell as a “great man.” He is not great, but he has elements of greatness. That poems so different in kind as the “Pleasures of Hope” and “Gertrude” should have been produced within ten years, each having its distinct and incommunicable flavour and *cachet*, is of itself a remarkable proof of versatility. And, to speak more generally, the range of the few poems I have named is not a narrow one. But there is more to say.

(1) His work has the ring of absolute sincerity. There is heart in it. A native generosity breathes in every line, giving assurance of that primal sympathy “which, having been, must ever be.”

It cannot be said of him that “his soul was like a star and dwelt apart.” He was not self-centred or self-sufficing, nor in any high degree self-conscious, nor largely contemplative. He was nothing if not a social being. To that he owed much of his strength and weakness. His was not the poetry of self-pity, nor could he have filled huge canvases, as Byron did, with the Brocken-like image of his own magnified personality. His interest was in his brothers and sisters of mankind. Their joys and sorrows, their aspirations and their wrongs, alone gave inspiration to his verse.

(2) He is a learned poet. Sydney Smith observed of him, “What a vast field of literature that man’s mind has rolled over”; and Charles James Fox, who was no mean scholar, when introduced to him at Holland House, said afterwards, “I like Campbell, he is so right about Virgil.” He had absorbed the marrow of Greek poetry as a youth at Glasgow, and in later life “a Homer and a salt herring” were indispensable to his comfort at breakfast-time. How many young Grecians of to-day, with the help of a century of commentaries, could improve on the translation of Aesch. Cho. lines 22-69, which he wrote in his seventeenth year? It is too long for quotation, but is given in the “Life,” vol. i. p. 121.

Had it not been for the *afflatus* which came over him in



consequence of his friend Hamilton Paul's suggestion of the "Pleasures of Hope," he had intended to bring out an edition of Greek plays which might have landed him in a Professorship, possibly at St. Andrews! The classical texts printed by the brothers Foulis, now treasures of the bibliophile, were then accessible in Glasgow at the fountain-head. In later years he learned Spanish and attempted Arabic. He tried no direct imitation of classical forms, no Pindaric odes, no "barbarous experiments," but he had learned from his Greek masters the secret of uniting brevity with clearness and subtlety with simplicity.

He was an excellent critic, especially of his own work. He wrote much which never saw the light. Scott characteristically complained that he was "a great corrector"; but, in some cases certainly, he corrected with good effect. There is an instructive difference between the first sketch of the "Battle of the Baltic" confided to Scott in a letter of March 27, 1805, and the finished piece as published in 1809. Twenty-seven stanzas of six lines each have been condensed into eight stanzas of nine. The change of form may be indicated as in the following scheme—the figures denoting the number of accents in each line, and the brackets marking the lines that rhyme together:

Draft of 1805.	Poem of 1809.
$27 \times \begin{array}{c} 3 \\ 2 \\ 4 \\ 4 \\ 4 \\ 2 \end{array} \left. \vphantom{\begin{array}{c} 3 \\ 2 \\ 4 \\ 4 \\ 4 \\ 2 \end{array}} \right\}$	$8 \times \begin{array}{c} 3 \\ 4 \\ 4 \\ 4 \\ 5 \\ 4 \\ 4 \\ 4 \\ 2 \end{array} \left. \vphantom{\begin{array}{c} 3 \\ 4 \\ 4 \\ 4 \\ 5 \\ 4 \\ 4 \\ 4 \\ 2 \end{array}} \right\}$

All the more striking expressions are retained; most of what was weak, and there was much, has been ejected; and the introduction of the central long line (*μεσσηδός*) to balance the concluding short one (*επισηδός*) is a stroke of rhythmical skill of which Sophocles would have approved. In the second stanza, lines 1 and 3 fail to rhyme. This is hardly observed, and the poet showed good judgment in not tinkering a fine phrase to



remedy a trivial flaw (Cp. *Lycidas*, lines 1, 15, 22, 51). I could add something about trochaic movements and the use of syncope, but it might be "to consider too curiously, to consider so."

(3) Campbell is a poet of the centre. If he betrayed some personal waywardness, his muse was not wayward, and is apt, therefore, to be censured as commonplace. But that is an erroneous notion. Extravagance and oddity may win applause more readily, but the poetry which lasts is that which comes sweetly off from Nature and goes straight from the heart to the heart. The best work of Campbell will stand this test, and he is not to be disparaged as a poet, because in spite of constitutional susceptibilities, he remained true not only to the cause of liberty and humanity, but also "to the kindred points of heaven and home"—a good son and brother, a faithful friend, an affectionate husband, a most tender father.

III. I have now to account for the undoubted fact that, after so brilliant an opening, this poet produced so little, and during the last thirty years of life wrote scarcely anything to justify his early reputation.

(1) One obvious cause was his absorption in journalism and in literary tasks that brought him profit but no renown. He was anything but indolent. In his letters he speaks of working from four to six hours at a stretch and as much as ten or twelve hours a day. One cannot labour like that over prosaic themes and hope to keep the freshness of poetic inspiration. As Campbell himself has said of Smollett's later years:

He seems to have felt that he could depend for subsistence more securely on works of industry than originality, and he engaged in voluntary drudgeries, which added nothing to his fame whilst they made inroads on his health and equanimity.

This remark occurs in the only prose work which Campbell undertook spontaneously, the series of lives prefixed to his selection from the English poets. The little volume in which these morsels are collected is still worth reading; see especially the lives of Gray, Akenside and Cowper. Some writers of introductions

to more recent anthologies might have done well to consult them.

(2) Another hindrance to original work and growth was the society of London. Campbell was before all things, as I have said, a social being. He was witty and brilliant in conversation, and he was welcomed everywhere. The evenings at Holland House may have been more stimulating than distracting; but certain journalistic *soirées* were a different thing. To travel by coach from Sydenham to London and back on literary errands, talking all the way, and to give whole mornings to writing for the *Star* newspaper could not fail to turn his powers aside into shallower channels. Plain living and high thinking—a wise passiveness—even if such a thing were possible for Campbell—could not be made compatible with such a life. When to this is added his liability to a form of insomnia called *comavigil* (in Italian, *dormiveglia*) which haunted him for many years, it will appear less strange that his genius did not hold its bent.

The hack-work was at first rendered necessary by pecuniary circumstances. He was dependent on his own exertions for support, and he married early. And although afterwards, with the addition of a Crown pension, his income was by no means contemptible, he never quite escaped from money difficulties. He was not exactly improvident, for he was always looking forwards, but it was in anticipation of future gains. His charities were boundless, and he contributed largely to the support of his mother and two sisters, the elder of whom he survived only by a year.

(3) But there was another cause more potent to disable him. *His heart was broken.*

Sir Walter Scott, when the shadow of his own misfortune was closing round him, remained sufficiently at leisure from himself to care for the reputation of a brother poet. One June evening, when the purpling sunset lingered over the Ochills, he walked forth amidst the very scenes which had suggested "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." Soothed by

the beauty of the hour, he repeated to himself a verse from Campbell's "Turkish Lady":

Day its sultry fires had wasted,  
Calm and cool the moonlight rose:  
Even a captive's bosom tasted  
Half oblivion of its woes.

And he proceeded to speculate, as he had done ten years before, on the reasons of Campbell's limited performance.

But in London, some months afterwards, Scott heard news of Campbell which threw a different light on his unproductiveness. The following entry occurs in the *Journal* for April 28, 1828:

Tom Campbell is in miserable plight,—his son insane, his wife on the point of becoming so: "I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros!"

"Go now, and meditate the tuneful Muse!" Of many instances of generous and truehearted feeling in the most generous of men, this remark of Scott's made in the solitude of his chamber and confided to his diary, is one of the most striking, and certainly the most pathetic. Few authors have been thus solicitous for the renown of another. Only the greatest have justified Plato's saying, "Jealousy has no place in the celestial choir." The reader will have observed that in speaking of his friend Scott always uses the caressing diminutive—"Tom."

But to return to our story: Sir Walter did not know all. In 1810, the two children who had spent an evening with neighbours at Sydenham, returned in a torrent of rain protected by a cloak which had been infected with malignant fever. The younger, Alison, the namesake of Campbell's life-long friend, died in a few days, and the first-born, Thomas Telford, called after the famous engineer, was never afterwards quite himself, and grew up only to be placed in a private lunatic asylum. Mrs. Campbell died ten days after the date of the above entry in Scott's private journal.

The following incident, communicated to Dr. Beattie by

Mr. Buckley Williams, occurred in the same year. Mr. Williams wrote :

I became first acquainted with Mr. Campbell in consequence of his cousin, Capt. Robert Campbell, having married a lady of Montgomeryshire. He asked me to dine with him at the club, and while we took a walk together, he asked me many questions about Wales . . . observing that he had long intended to visit the Principality. "You have told me," said he, "about the early bards ; . . . can you give me some anecdote of a modern Welshman ?" I told him the following: In Towyn, Merionethshire, dwelt Griffith Owen, an excellent performer on the old Welsh harp. He had seen more than eighty winters, but sorrow was in store for him. His wife was seized with mortal illness, and within a few days carried to the grave. His son very shortly after became a raving maniac. One clear, cold, frosty night a gentleman was crossing Towyn heath, and saw before him some object moving. Coming nearer he heard a low groan ; and there stood, tottering with age, the venerable figure of Griffith Owen. "Griffith !" said the gentleman, "what can have brought you at such an hour to this dreary place ?" The old man instinctively replied in a Welsh triad, "*My wife is dead, my son is mad, my harp is unstrung !*"

In an instant the words shot through Campbell's heart. It came home to him like an electric shock. He could not, he said, disguise his weakness—he cried like a child.

The poet gradually recovered a measure of equanimity and even of outward gaiety, and at one time it seemed as if the breakage might be "handsomely pieced," to use Scott's phrase in another connection. But this hope also failed him through some misadventure, and the inward buoyancy was never renewed. Can we wonder that his later publications were disappointing to his friends, or that he was grievously disappointed at the reception of them ; or that some superficial weaknesses, due to temperament and antecedents, should have exposed him to the mockery of another Scotsman of genius, who dealt to him the same hard measure as to dear Charles Lamb ?

Not that the later poems were by any means valueless. There is one at least which has been justly admired not merely as a *tour de force*, but for the human feeling which pervades it : "The Last Man." The pathetic view of life and the stoical ending repeat in deeper tones, and with a larger intention, the "sorrowful mood" in which long since he had mused on the

lost home of his ancestors. The probable origin of this poem may be inferred from an incident in the Life. No one had yet thought of the gradual cooling of the sun. But Campbell, in 1813, had greatly enjoyed a conversation with Sir William Herschell, to whom he had alluded as one who had given "the lyre of Heaven another string." Sir William, who had "looked further into space than any other man," told his eager listener that the solar system was less secure and stable than Laplace had thought. This roused the poet's imagination, and in talking to Lord Byron he mentioned some of the gloomy pictures thus called up. Byron's poem of "Darkness" embodied some of these ideas, and Campbell seems to have been unaware of the coincidence until after publishing the "Last Man" in 1824, as his editorial contribution to the "New Monthly Magazine." He was distressed at the appearance of plagiarism, but immediately recalled his conversation with Lord Byron. This carries back the original conception of the poem for several years, and makes it probable that the leading motive was suggested by the talk with Sir William Herschell.

Amongst Campbell's titles to remembrance, he himself would have advanced his passionate advocacy of Poland, and the idea of a University for London, which he was the first to conceive and promulgate. Another academical incident which banished private grief for a while, was his twice-repeated election by the students of Glasgow University as their Lord Rector. In this office he anticipated some reforms which have since improved the position of the Scottish student.

The poet of the "Seasons" survives, but is seldom recognised, as the author of "Rule Britannia." It remains to be seen whether a corresponding destiny may not be in reserve for the once celebrated "Bard of Hope."

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF SOLITUDE

### AN ELEGY

**E**NDDED are many days, and now but few  
Remain ; since therefore it is happy and true  
That memored joys keep ever their delight,  
Like steadfast stars in the blue vault of night,  
While hours of pain (among those heavenly spheres  
Like falling meteors, the martyr's tears)  
Dart their long trails at random, and anon,  
Ere we exclaim, pass, and for aye are gone ;  
Therefore my heedful thought will oft restore  
The long light-hearted days that are no more,  
Save where in her memorial crypt they shine  
Spangling the silent past with joy divine.

But why in dream of this enchanted mood  
Should all my boyhood seem a solitude ?  
Good reason know I, when I wander there,  
In that transmuted scene, why all is fair ;  
The woods as when in holiday of spring  
Million buds burst, and flowers are blossoming ;  
The meadows deep in grass, the fields unshorn  
In beauty of the multitudinous corn,  
Where the strait alleys hide me, wall'd between



High bloomy stalks and rustling banners green ;  
The gardens, too, in dazzling hues full-blown,  
With wafted scent and blazing petals strewn ;  
The orchards reddening thro' the patient hours,  
While idle autumn in his mossy bowers  
Inviteth meditation to endear  
The sanctuaries of the mellowing year ;  
And every spot wherein I loved to stray  
Hath borrowed radiance of eternal day ;  
But why am I ever alone, alone ?  
Here in the corner of a field my throne,  
Now in the branching chair of some tall tree  
Drinking the gale in bird-like liberty ;  
Or to the seashore wandered in the sun  
To watch the fateful waves break one by one ;  
Or if on basking downs supine I lie  
Bathing my spirit in blue calms of the sky ;  
Or to the river bank am stolen by night  
Harkening unto the moonlit ripple bright  
That warbles o'er the shallows of smooth stone ;  
Why should my memory find me all alone,  
When I had such companions every day  
Jocund and dear ? 'Twixt glimpses of their play  
'Tis a vast solitude, wherein I see  
Only myself and what I came to be.

Yet never think, dear spirits, if now ye may  
Remember aught of that brief earthly day,  
Ere ye the mournful Stygian river crost,  
From our familiar home too early lost,—  
O never think that I your tears forget,  
Or that I loved not well, or love not yet.

Nor ye who held my heart in passion's chain,—  
As kings and queens succeed in glorious reign—  
When, as a man, I made you to outvie  
God's work, and, as a god, then set you by



Among the sainted throng in holiest shrine  
 Of mythic creed and poetry divine ;  
 True was my faith, and still your loves endure,  
 The jewels of my fancy, bright and pure.

Nor only in fair places do I see  
 The picture fair now it has ceased to be :  
 For fate once led me, and myself some days  
 Did I devote, to dull laborious ways,  
 By soaring thought detained to tread full low,—  
 Yea might I say unbeauteous paths of woe  
 And dreary abodes, had not my youthful sprite  
 Hallow'd each nook with legions of delight.

Ah! o'er that smoky town who looketh now  
 By winter sunset from the dark hill-brow,  
 Under the dying trees exultantly  
 Nursing the sting of human tragedy ?  
 Or in that little room upstairs'd so high,  
 Where London's roofs in thickest huddle lie,  
 Who now returns at evening to entice  
 To his fireside the joys of Paradise ?  
 Once sacred was that hearth, and bright the air ;  
 The flame of man's redemption flickered there,  
 In worship of those spirits, whose deathless fames  
 Have thrilled with stars of heaven to hear their names ;  
 They that excell'd in wisdom to create  
 Beauty, with mortal passion conquering fate ;  
 And, mid the sovran powers of elder time,  
 The loveliness of music and new rhyme,  
 The masters young that first enthralled me ;  
 Of whom if I should name, whom then but thee,  
 Sweet Shelley, or the boy whose book was found  
 Thrust in thy bosom on thy body drowned ?

O mighty Muse, wooer of virgin thought,  
 Beside thy charm all else counteth as nought ;

The revelation of thy smile doth make  
Him whom thou lovest reckless for thy sake ;  
Earthborn of suffering, that knowest well  
To call thine own, and with enamouring spell  
Feedest the stolen powers of godlike youth  
On dear imagination's only truth,  
Building with song a temple of desire ;  
And with the yearning music of thy quire,  
In nuptial sacrament of thought and sense  
Hallowest for toil the hours of indolence :  
Thou in thy melancholic beauty drest,  
Subduest ill to serve thy fair behest,  
With tragic tears, and sevenfold purified  
Silver of mirth ; and with extremest pride,  
With secret doctrine and unfathomed lore  
Remainest yet a child for evermore,  
The only enchantress of the earth that art  
To cheer his day and staunch man's bleeding heart.

O heavenly Muse, for heavenly thee we call  
Who in the fire of love refinest all,  
Accurst is he who hark'neth not thy voice ;  
But happy he who, numbered of thy choice,  
Walketh aloof from nature's clouded plan :  
For all God's world is but the thought of man ;  
Wherein hast thou re-formed a world apart,  
The mutual mirror of his better heart ;  
There is no foulness, misery, nor sin,  
But he who loves finds his desire therein,  
And there with thee in lonely commerce lives :  
Nay, all that nature gave or fortune gives,  
Joys that his spirit is most jealous of,  
His only-embraced and best-deserving love,  
Who walketh in the noon of heavenly praise,  
The troubled godhead of his children's gaze,

Wear thine eternity, and are loved best  
By thee transfigured and in thee possest ;  
Who madest beauty, and from thy boundless store  
Of beauty shalt create for evermore.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

## ATHENE ON GREEK COINS

**D**R. LERMANN, of the Munich Museum, has lately enriched our classical archæology and numismatic lore by a very interesting treatise dealing with types of Athene on Greek coins. His labour extends to various cities which adopted the Athenian model, he assigns dates to the different issues of coins, and deals also with the imitations of Athenian coins current in parts of Asia. These are all questions which will bear new light, and Dr. Lermann seems particularly qualified for the task he undertook both by his grasp of the matter in hand and the thoroughness of his method. While adhering to some extent to the views of his master, Furtwängler, he has his own very clearly defined conceptions, as we shall see in the following pages, and he is led by them to deductions which will probably open a field to fresh investigations. The young archæologist holds out great promise, and we wish him success in his present researches in Greece and Asia Minor.

A closer investigation of the excellent treatise before us, as far as the space allotted will admit, is attempted in this essay, in which for the sake of clearness, we adopt the author's own headings, divided into three parts. The first of these treats of the oldest types of Athene in Greek coins.

### I

It was natural for the ancients, being deeply imbued with religious feeling, to place their coinage under the special

protection of the national deities. The habit of associating money with the tutelar deities was an old one: the temples were the earliest Grecian money-institutes; in the words of Curtius, "the gods were the first capitalists in Greece." The external expression of this tendency found utterance in the symbol of god or goddess on the current coin; this was not till comparatively late, however, and by a very gradual process. Till late in the sixth century reproductions of animal figures for the most part were depicted on coins, to be construed by the votary as symbolical of the adored personage.

It is highly probable that Athenian coins, too, bore some animal symbol, perhaps an owl, before the goddess Athene figured thereon, though this is a mere matter of conjecture. The earliest authenticated Athenian type represents the goddess Athene on the obverse, while the reverse, instead of the incuse solely, bears the image of the owl. We may note here that Athens was foremost in introducing both innovations, adding, however, that coins stamped both on the obverse and reverse were not introduced in any city before the middle of the sixth century, and that the first representations of human types on coins occur at about the same period.

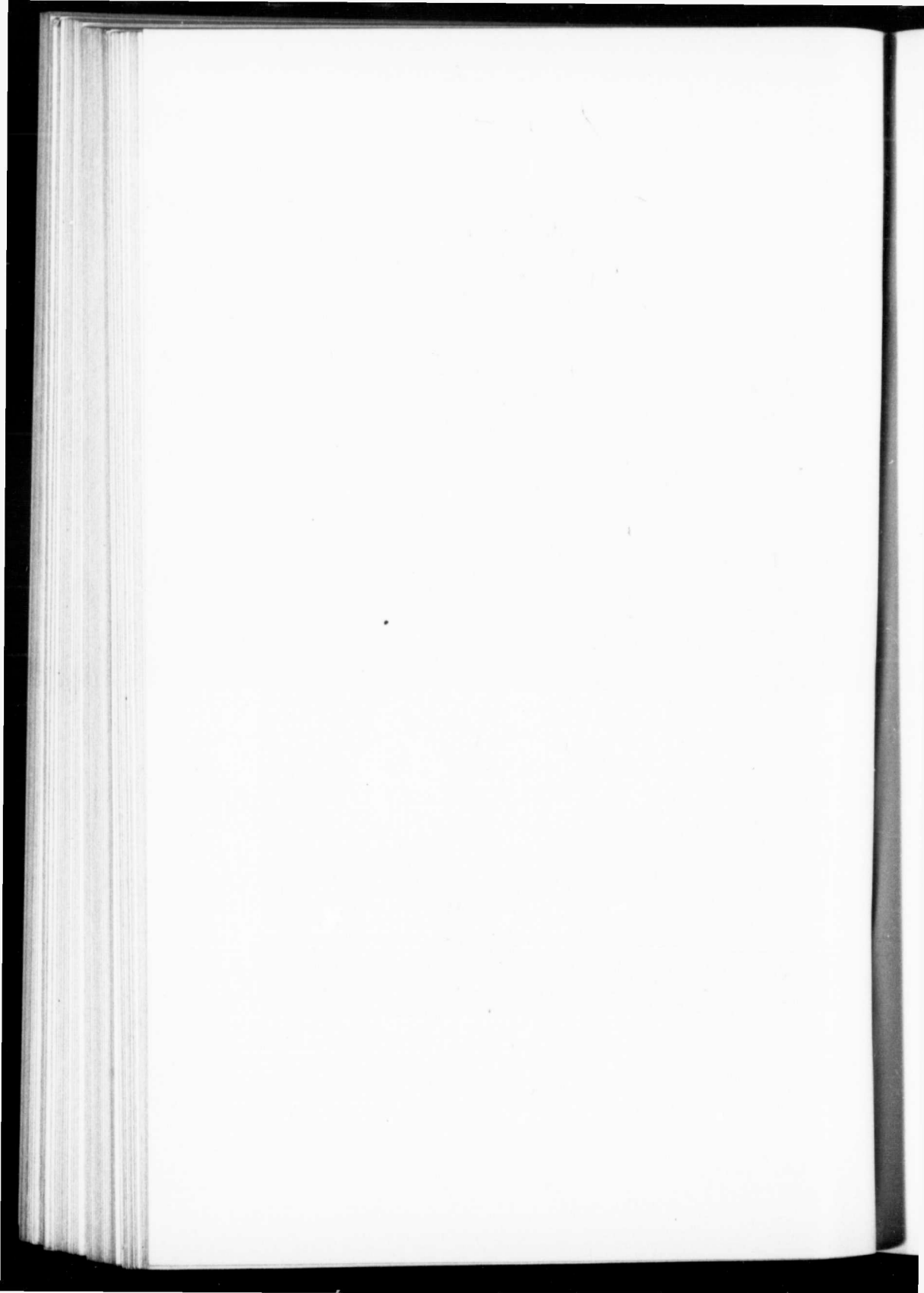
Historical comments throwing some light upon the origin of this first type are not entirely absent; it seems legitimate to place it earlier than Hippias, for the questionable monetary operations authentically ascribed to him left but little trace on it; we may be permitted therefore to look earlier for the date.

Unusually long sequences of coins, all bearing the image of Athene and the owl, remain characteristic of Athens after their first introduction; this fact indicates an increase of expenditure probably coinciding with extending commercial business and a larger importation and output of silver. We know further from Herodotus that Pisistratus endeavoured to maintain his uncertain position by a lavish outlay, for which the means were furnished by the ore found in the mines of Laurion; in addition to this, Athene was undoubtedly the

special protectress of Pisistratus; he returned to Athens under her auspices about 550 B.C., renewed the sacred contests in her honour, and is credited with having added the splendid outer court on the Acropolis to the ancient temple dedicated to her. There would have been nothing unusual after this, in his setting the effigy of his deity on coins, and we may infer that he so did. Having gained some clue as to a likely date for the first Athenian type of the goddess, we come to examine the coin, a head of Athene, right, wearing the plain Attic helmet, the forehead receding, the nose strongly marked, the eye somewhat slanting. The workmanship is coarse and primitive, which probably inclines Mr. Head to place the origin of the type as far back as Solon's time, about 594 B.C. The rough execution of the coin at once strikes the examiner, but here we must not lose sight of the fact that we have before us one of the first attempts to depict the human figure on coins, also, that the history of all art shows technical dexterity as the follower, not the precursor, of artistic ideas. The owl on the obverse, on the other hand, is far less primitive, and may be classed with other animal symbols on mercantile coins of the same epoch, such as the Aeginetan tortoise, the Corinthian Pegasus, and others. The somewhat voluptuous style is peculiar to Ionian-Attic art, a further characteristic of which is expressed in the large fixed eye, quite out of proportion to the rest of the face. In the hair, earring, and shape of the helmet, more indications of the date assumed coincide, so that summing up all the distinctive marks of the coin, we find nothing at variance with artistic views prevailing at Athens about the middle of the sixth century. The Attic type also occurs on coins of the Thracian Chersonesus, bearing on the one side a lion looking backwards, the sign of the city of Miletus, and on the other the head of Athene. These coins form two distinct groups, of which the oldest is assigned to 511 B.C., while the latter probably dates from 493 B.C.





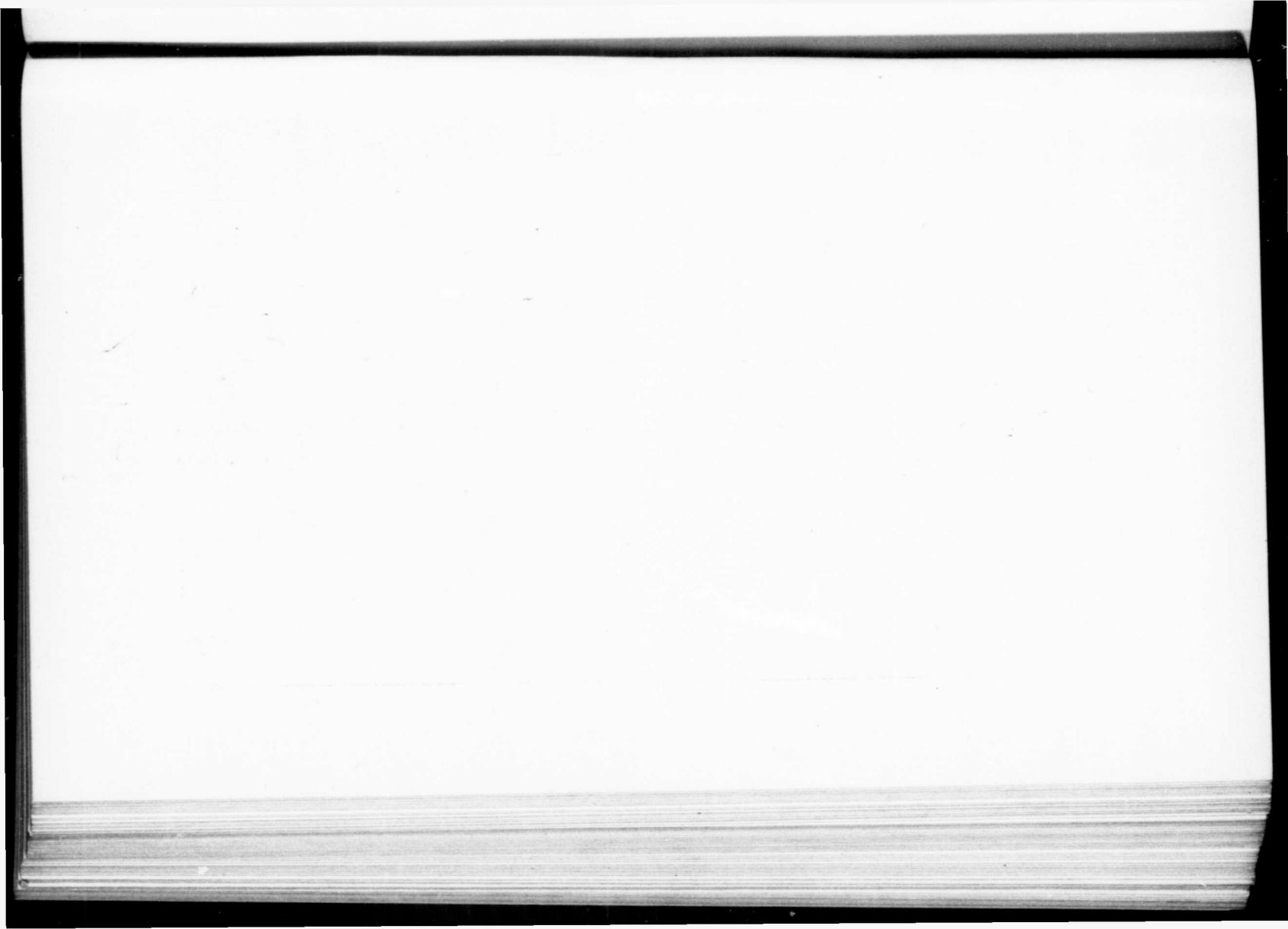


II.—*The origin and spread of later archaic types of Athene in Attic coins.*

Having followed the traces of the types of Athene from Pisistratus up to the time of the Persian wars, the question arises as to when and how the plain, rough and inartistic style above described, gave place to a new and more elegant conception, of which the olive branch on the goddess's helmet gives the first indication. The old type, now out of all proportion to technical and æsthetic progress since the time of Pisistratus, probably owed its long-continued preservation to commercial and political views. Archæological experts show us the coinage riveted in constitutional forms through all the upheavals of the Peloponnesian war, uninfluenced even by the perikleian radiance. The peculiar fact that the coinage should thus have passed unaltered through those seething political phases admitted of a remoter origin being given to it. In addition, a tendency has arisen recently in numismatic circles to place the older type higher up in the sixth century, and this naturally led to the younger archaic type being equally credited with an earlier date. A fortuitous occurrence, however, renders it possible to verify the existence of the older type even at a later date than the first decade of the fifth century, where we last left it. In 1886, the excavations on the Acropolis brought to light a small hoard of about 60 silver coins. Among this hoard, 36 tetradrachms were found to belong to the old type and one tetradrachm to the younger; the latter most probably, however, lay in another spot and was only placed with the remaining coins in the museum at Athens. The coins showed traces of having come in contact with fire; they were covered with a thick coating of dust and rust, and the emblems were distended and out of shape, as under action of great heat. The conflagration, as all indications concur to prove, was the great fire at the time of the destruction of Athens by the Persians, 480 B.C. Taking into account the circumstances of the find, as we have been told them, that it

was "in a heap together," under a fallen column between the Erechtheion and the northern wall of the citadel, this conclusion seemed, to all experts, indubitable. In the discussions which followed the discovery, one opinion inclined to describe the hoard as a votive offering; our author conceives the most explanatory and simple idea that it was dropped either by a fugitive Athenian citizen or by a marauding Persian, and thus became involved in the catastrophe which swept over the citadel. This solution allows us to assume that the coins found were current in the year 480 B.C., thus adding another landmark to the history of the older type. In attempting to fix the beginning of the younger archaic type, the year of the battle of Marathon appears improbable, given the conservative leanings of Athenian traders and financiers, little inclined to any radical change. It needed the vigorous and re-awakened life pulsating through the nation after the second Persian invasion, the spirit that prompted the ruthless sacrifice of the archaic maiden effigies on the Acropolis, for the decisive step to be taken, to which the date of the re-building of Athens may safely be given. In conception as well as in execution, the new type still preserves some of the almost homely aspects of the older coinage, with the marked difference that Ionian tutelage is discarded and gives place to Athenian sway. The smiling expression and somewhat receding profile are still symbolic of the old style, and it is necessary here to bear in mind that this younger type was but the beginning of the movement that thrust aside the old archaic model. Athenian artists, moreover, would in all probability have shrunk from marring the image that recalled to their memories the palmy days of Athens. The new type shows a favourable comparison with a famed work of somewhat earlier date, the maiden statues above mentioned, in a simpler arrangement of the hair above the forehead and a more natural treatment of the eye, here narrow and long. In the Athene of the western pediment in the temple of Aegina, we find the old characteristic bands of wavy hair; these are less conspicuous and more pleasing





in the girl's head from Aegina, the eye in the latter is also typical of more modern treatment. The Athene head of the eastern pediment shows a still greater affinity to the new type in the cut of the eye and shape of the head, but diverges from it in the formation of the thin lips and in the anatomical treatment of the face. The lips in the coin are full, and the chin and cheeks rounded. All trace of the hair in the sculpture is gone, and this is much to be regretted, for it would have shown more forcibly the close connection of dates between the two in spite of the disparity of style; our author assumes for the sculpture a like arrangement of hair to that of the coin. A further work bearing points of resemblance to the type, and chronologically speaking, in close proximity, is the group, dating from about 479 B.C., of the tyrant-avengers. These points of resemblance appear notably in the treatment of the fleshy parts in the head of Harmodios; we meet with the same full, life-loving lips, the same structure of the eye with heavy lids; a more individual formation nevertheless appears in the profile of Harmodios, while the lengthy lower portion of the face and short nose reveal the masterhand of Kritios in his most characteristic manner.

Among contemporary works, we find reproduced in the red figures of vases, countersigned by the artists Euphronios, Duris, Hieron, and Phintias, the identical peculiarities of our coin in the set of the eye, the arrangement of the curls, and the shape of the skull and face. In the heads of Thetis and Peleus the resemblance with the decadrachm is very decided. A coin of great importance, the so-called demarateion, the ten-drachm piece of Syracuse with the image of Arethusa, has some of the indications of an incipient revolution of style in the disposition of the wavy masses of hair and line of the brow, as well as in the cut of the eye. A hardness in both pieces is tempered in the Syracusan coin by a bolder treatment, which finds expression in the looser fashion of the hair, a less stereotyped cast of eye and in an attempt at a truer delineation of the mouth, by abandoning the archaic smile.

More harmony is certainly attained here than in the Attic coin, by the combination of the more modern fashion of the hair with the conventional smile. Doric traditions in Syracuse had prepared the way for breaking with the archaic tenets to which the Attic taste, with fond reminiscence of Ionian culture, still clung; artistically, the western Greeks were thus undoubtedly in advance of their compatriots.

Contemporary with our decadrachm are the following: the nymph's head from Velia, also bearing a close resemblance to the demarateion, coins from Segesta, the Ainos coins, the Arcadian coins, with undisputed affinity to the demarateion in the long jaw and the profile and hair. Corinthian types of the same epoch, we may note, mostly preserve the ancient element in the treatment of the eyes and hair.

### III

So far we have traced the salient features of our type with allied coins and works of art, and have seen that the archaic heritage, though losing its prestige, is in a measure common to all. It embodies the somewhat clumsy treatment that is yet so full of charm, for how else can we explain the ever fresh attraction these pieces bring to bear upon us? Their sunny artlessness gives the key to their fascination.

Whether Ionian softness prevails in the rounded contours or whether it is supplanted by the virgin timidity and confidence of the newer art with its backward lingering glances, its hesitating steps, its cherishing of the old, its repetition of the slanting profile, receding jaw and the culminating smile, we have an unending pleasure in dwelling on these coins. A certain strain of grandeur moreover underlies them all, unquestionably the reflection of the stirring times that saw their birth and the creation of the Aeginetan sculptures. Three important mints existed in Greece at this period, the Aeginetan mint, the Corinthian and Attic mints. While the Corinthian stater was diffused chiefly throughout Sicily, the



Akarnanian cities and the coasts of the Gulf of Corinth, the Aeginetan pieces circulated principally in the Peloponnesus and Cyclades. After Aegina had lost all importance and Corinthian commerce in the west could no longer maintain itself, the Attic coinage naturally superseded the others; the Athenian tetradrachm in fact, was the commercial coin *par excellence* of the old world, extending as far as Athenian trade reached. Hence its existence in all the regions where Attic civilisation penetrated, in Egypt, Asia Minor, Thrace, and the Hellenic east. The western colonies of the Athenians reproduced the type in a perfection short-lived, indeed, but equal to the best productions of the present mint. Foremost among these colonies is Thurii, founded about 443 B.C. near the site of the ruins of Sybaris, by Greeks from the neighbouring cities. Thurii adopted the head of Athene on its coinage. Now it is interesting to see that while Athens, for obvious reasons, preserved the severity of its type long after other arts had reached their farthest development, Thurii marched with the times. The coins issued about 440 belong to the older Phidian epoch and show at the first glance that the old-fashioned style is gone, the traditional smile banished, the guileless charm of the archaic model has been replaced by austere beauty and nobility. Phidias, as we know, was at work on the Parthenos at this period, and his influence is nowhere more clearly evident than on these early issues of Thurii, bearing the old symbols of the olive-branch on the helmet.

New Sybaris, founded immediately after Thurii, depicted the head of Athene on its coinage, and in that of Kymé, the oldest Greek settlement on the Italic coast and also the first Campanian city coining money, we find repetitions of the same type. In Neapolis a stater was reproduced identical with the Thurian coin; the reverse showed a bull with a man's head and the legend ΝΕΡΟΛΙΤΕΣ. From Neapolis the type spread through Campania; the most remarkable productions of these branch mints were coined at Hyria and Nola. The strong resemblance between the coinage of Naples and

Campania found a solution by the discovery by Imhoof of dies employed for the reverse type of both Neapolitan and Campanian pieces. In the same manner, Nola presumably assimilated the Thurian type and uninterruptedly coined it as late as 311 B.C. The Thurian head of Athene also occurs on the small silver coins of Phistelia; on an obol of this city, the sacred bird, standing on an olive-branch, adorns the helmet.

Poseidonia, Velia, and Syracuse all adopted the type from Thurii; the early issues of Velia are rare, however, but the later type with the Skylla on the helmet is more common; in Syracusan coins we have the small gold pieces. A considerable revolution in artistic taste thus emanated from Thurii, spreading rapidly through Greater Greece and Sicily, carrying the invigorating breath of Phidian genius to distant Greek centres. Naturally it was the master's early style which first found imitators, then the Parthenon frieze and the Dioscuridæ set their mark to the coiner's art with the same jubilant, all-convincing fiat that pervades those marvellous works.

A remarkable anomaly lies in the fact that artists began to set their names on the coins designed by them at the identical period—about 440 B.C.—when the designers of vases no longer signed their work, an omission that came not from less assiduity, but had its significance in a recognition of the excellence, *per se*, of the productions, not needing corroboration from an autograph. We find the first artist signing his name among pieces of the early Thurian type; his mark  $\Phi$  also occurs on pieces from Neapolis, Velia, and Terina, and later in the younger Thurian type with the Skylla on the helmet. We may conclude, with tolerable certainty, that this artist, like others, emigrated to the new colony from Athens, and was a scholar of Phidias.

The Attic gold coinage shows, on the whole, a normal rate of progress. Here, also, the old-fashioned traditions prevail in the early issue; the eye is on a par with the reproductions in old silver pieces, the incuse square of the reverse, though still existing, shows signs of vanishing. For the date of these

early gold pieces we have the testimony of Aristophanes in the "Frogs," according to which gold was coined in Athens shortly before 405 B.C. J. Sise and other authorities give the date as 407-6 B.C. In the year 407 the Athenians were increasing their fleet considerably; to meet the necessary expenses they melted down the gold figures of Niké and other votive gifts in the Acropolis.

In the second issue of gold coinage the severe type is still evident, including the plain helmet with the olive leaves and the hair simply parted; from the whole style of these pieces we may be justified in placing them at least a hundred years later than the first group, viz., about the year 295 B.C. The delicate neatness and finish of the fine silver decadrachms is absent in these pieces of coarse execution, a reason in itself for not giving them an earlier date than the beginning of the third century. We also have the corroborating notice that in the year 295, Athens being split in two factions, the sacred vessels and utensils of the Acropolis were melted down by Lachares, the leader of the war party, to obtain the necessary means for defence. The second Attic gold coinage coincides chronologically with the termination of the older silver period, which ended in Alexander's time. Among the pieces extant in this group we have staters, hektons, and their fractions; all these show a mark to the right of the owl, viz., a basket reversed; the specimens showing the owl facing have the basket under the claws. It is evident from the large amount of coins of both species reproduced by Alexander and his successors, and current in all parts, that the demand for tetradrachms and gold staters by no means ceased with the epoch mentioned, though many mints altogether ceased coining larger pieces. The mint at Athens remained closed for above one hundred years.

The renowned Athene type, however, lived on in the south and south-east, in Egypt, North Arabia, Northern Syria, and Cilicia. In these countries the absence of any important coinage opened a rapid access to Athenian money, largely needed

for exigencies of trade with Greece and the payment of the Greek contingents in the Persian and Egyptian armies. The Oriental reproductions of Attic coins are easily distinguished by faults in die-cutting; occasionally, also, the hair above the forehead is very coarsely rendered, in some the old Athenian inscription is replaced on the reverse by Semitic or Phœnician characters.

With the advent of Phidias began that new era, not only in sculpture, but comprising all the allied branches of art, transfusing the whole cultured world with its potent glow. In numismatic art the highest perfection was reached, as a glance shows us in looking at the beautiful work and happy invention of pieces of the Phidian epoch. The figure of Athene now received its stamp for all ages, at the same time that other great works of the master were copied and perpetuated down to the Roman dominion. The last and most decisive change from the old method is that inaugurated by the appearance of relief figures otherwise than in profile. Somewhat uncertain and awkward at first—a tetradrachm of Syracuse shows a want of accuracy and perspective knowledge in the delineation of the chariot and four horses—the technique soon masters the hitherto unpractised postures, and we see in a coin of the artist Enainetos a chariot rendered with perfect correctness, and the Niké wreathing the driver, also in a foreshortened attitude, making the further wing stand out like a screen behind the figure.

When the mint at Athens was reopened after two years' interval, a copy of the head of Athene Parthenos was issued in tetradrachms and drachms of a large size; this type, in various stages of decadence, is produced almost as late as the middle of the first century B.C., and occurs on the third and last issue of gold coins. Some traits in the powerfully modelled face recall the ideal original, though much of its transcendent beauty and harmony is missing.

AUGUSTA VON SCHNEIDER.

## THE FUTURE OF THE DRAMA

### I

WHEN we stand upon the portal of a new century a glance back may serve to reassure us for a gaze forward; although we must acknowledge that in the nineteenth century, as indeed in the eighteenth also, the drama did not pass through a splendid period of expansion such as made glorious its history in the seventeenth century. We are forced to remark that in the course of the last two hundred years the drama had lost its literary supremacy, partly as a result of its own enfeeblement, and partly in consequence of the overwhelming competition of prose-fiction, which was able to perform in the nineteenth century even more than it had promised in the eighteenth.

But we are encouraged to note that a score of years before the century drew to an end the novel was beginning to show signs of slackening energy, while the play was apparently again gathering strength for a sharper rivalry. In German and in English, in Italian and in Spanish, young writers of ardent ambition were mastering the methods of the theatre and were recognising in the drama the form in which they could best express themselves and in which they could body forth most satisfactorily their own vision of life, with its trials, its ironies, and its problems. Even in French, in which language the drama had flourished most abundantly during the middle of the century only to languish a little toward the end, the final

years were to be illumined by the triumphs of a young poet, possessed of a delightful fantasy and initiated into every secret of stagecraft. And afar in the Scandinavian land, which seems so remote to most of us, there still towered the stern figure of the powerful playwright whose stimulating influence had been felt in the dramatic literature of every modern language.

Thus we catch a glimpse of one of the most striking characteristics of the modern theatre—its extraordinary cosmopolitanism, which made possible the performance of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and of *The Doll's House* in every quarter of the globe. Not only can we find French and German plays acted frequently in London and New York, but we are glad to record that the English-speaking stage was again exporting its products, and that Mr. Bronson Howard's *Saratoga* was performed in Berlin, Mr. Gillette's *Secret Service* in Paris, and Mr. Pinero's *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in Rome. Even more noteworthy is the fact that the playgoers of New York had been permitted to see an English play, *Hamlet*, acted by a French company, a German play, *Magda*, acted by an Italian company, and a Russian play, the *Power of Darkness*, acted by a German company.

An educated man to-day is more than a native of his own country: he is also a citizen of the world, just as the educated man was in the middle ages when all Europe was governed by the Church of Rome and by the Holy Roman Empire, and when all men of learning wrote in Latin and studied the same Roman law. The spread of instruction, the ability to understand other languages than the native tongue, and the intelligent curiosity of the more cultivated public, have brought about a unity in modern literature like that which was visible in mediæval literature before the Renaissance came and before the population of Europe was segregated into separate peoples, hostile and intolerant. We have not let go the idea of nationality, and indeed we cherish it unceasingly; but we are not now afraid to see the idea of cosmopolitanism grafted on it.

In the middle ages the drama was almost the same



everywhere ; and a French mystery was always very like an English mystery, just as an Italian sacred-representation was very similar to a Spanish sacramental-act. So at the beginning of the twentieth century the forms of the drama are almost identical throughout the civilised world. In structure there is little difference nowadays between an English play and a Spanish—far less than there was when John Webster and Lope de Vega were almost simultaneously putting upon the stage the pitiful story of the sad Duchess of Malfi. There is a flavour of the soil about *The Doll's House*, about *Magda*, and about *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* ; the first is unmistakably Scandinavian, the second is indubitably Teutonic, and the third is frankly British ; but in form there is little to distinguish them from one another—just as there is nothing in the structure of any one of them to differentiate it from the *Gendre de M. Poirier*, or from the *Froufrou*, written in French during the same half-century.

## II

The cosmopolitanism of our civilisation at the beginning of the twentieth century, the eagerness of artists of every nationality to profit by what they can learn from their fellow craftsmen in other capitals, the widespread international borrowing—these are not the sole causes of the similarity of structure observable in the pieces of the chief living playwrights of to-day. There is another reason to be detected by extending our glance into the past history of the drama and piercing beyond the middle ages into antiquity. If we do this we cannot fail to see that this likeness of the English play and the German play to the French play is due in part to the fact that in all the modern languages the drama has reached an advanced period of its evolution, when it has definitely specialised itself and when it has been able to disentangle itself from the other and non-dramatic elements with which it was perforce commingled in the more primitive periods.



The history of the drama is the long record of the effort of the dramatist to get hold of the essentially dramatic and to cast out everything else. The essence of the drama is a representation of a human will exerting itself against an opposing force; and the playwright has ever been seeking the means of presenting his conflict without admixture of anything else. The tragedy of the Greeks, elaborated out of rustic song and dance, retained to the end the evidences of its origin, not only in the lyrics of the chorus but in their vocal music and in their sculpturesque attitudes. The drama of the Elizabethans, descended directly from the mysteries and moralities of the middle ages, was often prosily didactic, one character being permitted to discourse at undue length, in much the same fashion as the mediæval expositor, and another being allowed to deliver a bravura passage, lyric or rhetorical, not unlike the tenor solo of Italian opera, frequently delightful in itself but always undramatic.

The stage of the Elizabethan theatre was sometimes in the course of a single play made to serve as a pulpit for a sermon, a platform for a lecture, and a singing-gallery for a ballad; and it would be easy enough to single out scores of passages, even in Shakespeare, which exist for their own sake, and which are not integral to the play wherein they are embedded. But Shakespeare could, when he chose, anticipate the more modern swiftness and singleness of purpose; and sometimes when he was inspired by his theme, as in *Macbeth* and *Othello*, he put all his strength in the depicting of the central struggle which was at the heart of his play. He excluded all accidental and adventitious superfluities, of which the most of his fellow playwrights never thought of depriving themselves. There is also to be remarked in the Elizabethan plays generally a narrative freedom which is epic rather than dramatic. So in the plays written under Louis XIV. there is to be observed, more especially in Corneille's tragedies, an oratorical tendency, a proneness to formal argument, which is equally aside from the truly dramatic.

But this confusion is not peculiar to the drama, and it is to be studied in all the other arts also. As M. Émile Faguet has put it clearly, "literatures always begin with works in which the various species are either fused or confused, depending on the genius of the authors; they always continue with works in which the distinction of species is observed; and they always end with works which embrace only the half or the quarter or the tenth of a single species." In other words, there is always increasing differentiation; there is an advance from the heterogeneous to the homogeneous; and M. Faguet gives as a typical example the simplification of Greek comedy. He asserts that the lyrical-burlesque of Aristophanes was more or less a medley of every possible species—"true comedy, farce, pantomime, *opéra-bouffe*, ballet, fairy spectacle, political satire, literary satire"; and yet in the course of less than a century, little by little, whatever did not belong strictly to pure comedy was eliminated. The chorus was cast aside, taking with it the opera, the ballet, the fairy-spectacle; and with the departure of the parabasis personal satire went also, taking eloquence with it. So the lyrical-burlesque of Aristophanes was slowly simplified into the comic drama of Menander, which is but "the witty and delicate depicting of average manners." Latin comedy followed Greek comedy slavishly; but French comedy, although it inherited the classic traditions, still further differentiated itself into sub-species, Molière, for example, showing how pure comedy could sustain itself without the aid of farce.

The simplification of the primitive play, which was carelessly comprehensive in its scope, has been the result of a steadily increasing artistic sense. It is due chiefly to the growth of a critical temper which is no longer content to enjoy unthinkingly and which is educating itself to find pleasure in the purity of type. This more delicate appreciation of æsthetic propriety is likely to be gratified only in the higher efforts of the dramatist, in those plays which plainly aspire to be judged also as literature. We need not look for anything of the sort

in the more boisterous popular pieces which make no pretence to literary merit. In sensational melodrama, for example, we are none of us shocked by the commingling of farce and tragedy; and in operetta we are not even surprised by the admixture of lyric sentimentality and horse-play fun-making. But the more literary a play may be, the more elevated its quality, the more carefully we expect it to avoid incongruity and to conform to the type of its species.

It seems now as though the unliterary plays, like melodramas and operettas, would always owe some portion of their popularity to sheer spectacle, to extraneous allurements devised to tickle the ears or to glut the eyes of the unthinking populace. But it is evident also that the critical spirit of the more cultivated playgoers is now inclined to resent the inclusion in the literary drama of anything foreign to the main theme, whether this extraneous matter is didactic or lyric, rhetorical or oratorical. They prefer that the stage should not be a platform or a pulpit. In Athens under Pericles, and in London under Elizabeth, the poets who wrote plays were addressing audiences which had not read the newspapers and which might welcome instruction nowadays needless. The impatient playgoers of our own time can see no reason why they should not profit by the invention of printing; and they are quick to resent any digression from the straight path of the plot. They are frankly annoyed when the author ventures to halt the action that he may deliver a sermon, an oration, or a lecture, that he may declaim a descriptive report or an editorial article. They have not come to the theatre to be instructed, but to be delighted by the specific pleasure that only the theatre can give.

### III

This elimination from our latter-day stage-plays of all the non-dramatic elements which are so abundant in the earlier periods of the drama has been accompanied, and indeed greatly

aided, by certain striking changes in the physical conditions of performance, and, more especially, in the shape and size and circumstances of the theatre itself. The modern playhouse is as unlike as possible, not only to the spacious theatre of Dionysus in Athens, with its many thousand spectators seated along the curving hillside, but also to the Globe theatre and its contemporary rivals in London and in Madrid, which were only unroofed courtyards.

The plays of Sophocles were performed outdoors, where the wind from the Ægean Sea might flutter the robes of the actors; and the plays of Shakespeare and of Calderon were performed in buildings open to the sky, so that a sudden rain-storm might interfere sadly with the telling of the tale. The English and the Spanish playwrights were like the Greek in that they all had to depend on the daylight. The pieces of Molière were performed by candle-light in a weather-tight hall and on a stage decked with the actual scenery, which had been lacking in London and Madrid as well as in Athens; and this is one reason why Molière was able to perfect the outward form of the modern play. The comedies of Sheridan and of Beaumarchais were produced originally in theatres externally similar to ours of to-day, but huge in size, villainously ill-lighted with oil-lamps, and having a stage the curve of which projected far beyond the proscenium-arch. It was on this space, beyond the curtain and close to the feeble footlights, that all the vital episodes of the play had to be acted, because it was only there that the expression of the actor's visage could be made visible to the spectators.

The most marked differences between our more modern playhouses at the beginning of the twentieth century and their predecessors a hundred years ago are due to the improvement in the methods of lighting, gas giving a far better light than oil, and the later electricity having many advantages over gas. As a result of the newer means of illumination the actor can now stand on whatever part of the stage it is best for him to place himself upon, and he is no longer forced to come down to

the centre of the footlights so that his features may be in the full glare of the "focus" (as it used to be termed). The footlights themselves are of less importance, since there are now "border-lights" and "bunch-lights," and since the whole stage can be flooded with a sudden glare or instantly plunged in darkness at the turn of a handle or two. The space that used to curve out into the auditorium has been cut back to the curtain; and the proscenium opening has now assumed the form of a picture-frame, within which the curtain rises and falls and before which no actor has any occasion to advance.

This change is far more momentous than it may seem at first sight—indeed, it is probable that its influence will be far-reaching. Only in the score or two years since the proscenium has become a picture-frame have all the audience been seated in front of the performers. Until then the acting had always taken place in a space more or less surrounded by the spectators and in closest proximity to them. In Greece the chorus and the three actors played their parts in the orchestra, around which the citizens sat in tiers that rose high on the sides of the hill. In England in the middle ages the performers may have presented the major portion of their mystery on the separate pageants, but not a little of the action was represented in the neutral ground around and between the pageants, and therefore in the midst of the assembled sight-seers; and in England, again, under Elizabeth, the stage was but a bare platform thrust out into the yard, with some of the spectators sitting along the edges of it and with the most of them standing on three sides. In France after the *Cid* of Corneille and until after the *Semiramis* of Voltaire a portion of the audience was also accommodated with seats on the stage. And in the eighteenth century, as we have seen, the stage curved forward into the auditorium far beyond the stage-boxes, the spectators in these being able to see the actors only in profile.

But in the eighteenth century the stage had been so far withdrawn that the use of the curtain became general to mark

the division into acts. The absence of a curtain had forced Sophocles and Shakespeare to end their pieces by withdrawing all the characters from the view of the spectators; and even Molière and Voltaire, perhaps in deference to the presence of those who sat on the stage, always marked the end of an act by a general exit of the performers. Not until the nineteenth century was well advanced did the dramatic poets begin to avail themselves of the advantages of "discovering" one or more characters in sight as the curtain rose, and of dropping it at the end of the act upon several characters grouped picturesquely.

The modern playhouse differs from its predecessors of past ages in the power to illuminate every part of the stage. Sometimes we are inclined to suppose that gorgeous spectacle, elaborate scenery, and ingenuity of mechanical effects are characteristics of our latter-day theatres only; but when we consider the records we soon find that this is not the fact. The late M. Nutter, archivist of the Opéra in Paris (than whom there was no higher authority), once assured me that there was no spectacular device in which the Italians of the Renaissance had not anticipated the utmost endeavour of the moderns. Lionardo and his followers foresaw all that could be done in this direction; and they invented many a marvel for the royal processions and for the court-ballets with which their princes liked to amuse themselves. It was in Italy that Inigo Jones learned the secrets of the wonders he was wont to display in the beautiful masques for which Ben Jonson found fit words.

#### IV

The Italian scene-painters and their apt pupils in France and in England could accomplish all that is within the reach of the most liberal of modern managers—excepting only the ability to show the result of their labours properly illuminated. The power of directing at will whatever light may be desired confers an advantage upon the modern stage-manager denied to



his predecessors; and it is certain to impress its mark upon the drama of the next half-century—just as every other changing circumstance of the theatre in the past has necessarily registered itself in the history of the dramatic literature that followed it. What will hereafter be shown on the stage within the picture-frame is likely to be increasingly pictorial and plastic.

The dramatist will profit by his ability to reach the soul through the eye as well as through the ear. He will be tempted to let gesture supplement speech, or even on occasion to let it serve as a substitute. In real life the action precedes the word; and it is sometimes so significant that the explanatory phrase which follows is not always needed. Lessing had seized this truth, which Diderot had half suggested; and he urged that the playwright should leave much to the player, since there were many effects which the actor could produce better than the poet. Herbert Spencer has remarked upon "the force with which simple ideas are communicated by signs"; and he noted that it was far more expressive to point to the door or to place the fingers on the lips than to say "Leave the room" or "Keep silent." The more accomplished the playwright chances to be, the more often he will have simple ideas to communicate forcibly, and the more frequently will he speak to the eye rather than to the ear.

In the ill-lighted theatres of old, the dramatic poet had to take care that his plot was made clear in words as well as in deeds; and he was tempted often to let his rhetoric run away with him. But in the well-lighted modern houses he can, if he chooses, let actions speak louder than words. Being able to reach the playgoers through their visual as well as their auditory sense, he sometimes plans to let a self-betraying movement do its work without any needless verbal elucidation. He recognises that there are moments in life when a silence may be more eloquent than the silver sentences of any soliloquy. He is well aware that a sudden pause, a piercing glance, an abrupt change of expression,



may convey to the spectator what is passing in the minds of the characters more directly than the most brilliant dialogue. He has noted not only that emotion is often inarticulate when it is keenest, but also that a mental struggle at the very crisis of the story can often be made intelligible by visible acts; and he knows that the spectators are far more interested in what is done on the stage than in what is said.

At first sight it may seem to some as though this utilisation of the picture-frame must result in making the drama in the immediate future even less literary than it is to-day. This will surely appear to be the case to those who are accustomed to consider the drama as though it were merely one of the divisions of literature—or, indeed, as though it were a department of poetry. But the drama, although it has often a literary element of prime importance, does not lie wholly within the boundaries of literature; and it has always exercised its privilege of profiting by all the other arts, pictorial and plastic, epic, lyrical, and musical. Above all, the drama is what it is because of its specifically dramatic qualities; and these qualities can be exhibited wholly without rhetorical assistance, as every one will admit who has had the good fortune to see the *Enfant Prodigue*. In fact, many a noble drama—*Hamlet* for one—has a pantomime for its skeleton and calls on literature only to furnish its flesh and blood.

The dramaturgic art being distinct from the poetic, it can on occasion achieve results impossible to the lyric poet or the epic. Indeed, its ability to do this is the sole reason for its existence. What need of it would there be if it was no more than the echo of another art? As Lessing asked with his customary directness: "Why undergo the painful toil of the dramatic form? Why build a theatre, disguise men and women in costumes, task their memories, pack all the population in a playhouse, if my work, when acted, can produce only a few of the effects which could be produced by a good narrative read by each at the fireside?" And the younger Dumas pointed out how an effect made in the theatre is sometimes so unlike any produced by a good narrative read at the fireside

that a spectator seeking to recover, by means of the printed page, the emotion that had stirred him as he saw the piece performed, is sometimes "unable not only to find the emotion again in the written words, but even to discover the place where it was." A word, a look, a gesture, a silence, a purely atmospheric combination, had held him spellbound.

But we may go further and insist that literature has a broader scope than is carelessly allowed it; and it is not lightly limited to mere rhetoric. It is not confined to phrase-making only. Literature goes deeper than style or even than poetry. It includes invention and construction; it is concerned with the meaning and with the propriety of the thought contained. It deals with philosophy and with psychology also. Now, if we take this larger interpretation of literature, we need not fear that the drama is likely to be less literary because the stage has receded behind a picture-frame. But it is likely to be less rhetorical, less oratorical, less lyric, less epic, more purely dramatic.

## V

Whether it shall be less poetic also will depend not on any circumstance of the actual theatre—the use of a picture-frame, or the power of controlling the lights of the stage—but on the attitude of the next generation toward the ideal. If the growth of the useful arts, if the advance of scientific discovery, if the spread of democracy, if any or all of these things shall tend to destroy our desire for the higher life—if there is, as Sir Leslie Stephen has asserted, "something in the very nature of modern progress essentially antagonistic to poetry and romance," then the drama of the future will be unpoetic, as all literature then must needs be. The drama will lack poetry just as every other form of art will be devoid of it, no more and no less. If, however, romance springs eternal in the human breast, if poetry is ever young, if beauty is born again with every springtime, if Sir Leslie is wrong in his prophecy and if Lowell was right in believing that "while there is grace in

grace, love in love, beauty in beauty, God will still send poets to find them and bear witness of them"—then the drama will have its full share of poetry in the future as in the past.

But we may venture the prediction that the poetry hereafter to be found in the drama will be less extraneous than it has often been hitherto. There may seem to be less of it, but what there is will belong absolutely to the theme. It will be internal and integral; it will not be external or merely affixed. It will reside rather in the conception of the story and in the relation of the several characters than in the language they may address to one another. The poetic playwrights of the future will be more likely to profit by the example set by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*, which is as beautiful in idea as it is in phrasing, than to follow that given in *Measure for Measure*, the subject-matter of which is abhorrent, unworthy, and in itself unpoetic, however splendidly it has been draped in verse.

Such poetry as there may be in the dialogue will be there, not for its own sake chiefly, but because it helps to enlighten the situation—to illustrate character or to reveal motive. The action of the play will no longer pause for a rhetorical excursus like the satiric verses of Jaques about the seven ages of man. The set speech, the oratorical display, the *tirade*, as the French term it, will tend to disappear; and such lyrical passages as the poet may feel hereafter that he must have, he will lead up to so artfully that they will seem to be useful to the story, just as Shakespeare made Othello's description of his wooing, surcharged as it is with poetry, appear to be absolutely necessary to the proper presentation of the subject.

We can predict with almost equal certainty that poetry will not be wasted on unpoetical themes, as has happened only too often in earlier periods of the drama. The vivacity and the brilliancy of the verse in certain of Massinger's dramas, and even in a few of Beaumont and Fletcher's, should not blind us to the fact that the subjects are often sordid, and that some of these plays would have been solider pieces of work if

they had been wrought in honest prose. This use of verse by the Elizabethan dramatic poets, even when the subjects they had selected were frankly prosaic, was unfortunately responsible for much of the unreality we can discover now and again in their plays. A beautiful theme may demand beautiful verse; but a tale of every-day life can best be told in the language of every day. Some of the Elizabethans seemed to find in blank-verse a warrant for an arbitrary disregard of the facts of life and for a freakish distortion of natural human motives. This is one reason why certain plays surviving from that glorious era lack plausibility and sometimes even sincerity. Fortunately prose has now established itself firmly as the fit medium for such plays as are not avowedly poetic in theme. Some dramatic poets at the beginning of the twentieth century are not ready to abandon prose even when they aspire to enter the realm of fantasy; and it has also been the medium chosen by a poet like M. Maeterlinck for his melodious dramas, ever vague, often monotonous, and frequently formless, but at times rich in mystic beauty and in symbolic suggestion.

Prose, again, is what Ibsen has used in all his later social dramas, poetic and, indeed, almost allegorical as some of them have been in intention. Here we have another evidence of his profound artistic sense; for the fight Ibsen wished to wage prose was the best weapon—a prose rhythmic, modulated, flexible, picked clean of all verbiage, and adjusting itself sinuously to the thought it had to express. A prose that achieved its purpose so perfectly had almost the beauty of poetry; and there was a like perfection in the structure of his plots, as masterly as they are straightforward.

The art of the drama, so an acute American critic has pointed out, is parallel to the art of the great builders "in the sequence of its parts, its ordered beauty, the inevitableness of its converging lines, its manifestation of superintending thought." In the dramaturgic art, as in the architectural, the latest form may be only a reversion to a primitive type newly adjusted with all the modern improvements; and as our towering

steel-frame buildings are in fact only the humble frame-house of our forefathers wrought in metal instead of timber, so the constructive methods of Ibsen are closely akin to those of Sophocles, however different the ancient play may be from the modern in subject-matter.

In the effort to grasp this severity of form, the playwrights of the twentieth century will be influenced also by the steadily increasing interest in personality. The lyric, which is ever the expression of an individual emotion, is now far more widely cultivated than any other species of poetry; and in prose-fiction there is an irresistible tendency toward a more careful and a more minute delineation of character. In the drama, an intrigue of which the convolutions shall seem artificial or arbitrary will be incompatible with any depth of character-analysis. The interest in personality is perhaps a chief cause of the insistence upon a strict adherence to the admitted facts of life, and of that relish for realism and for the subtleties of psychology which may be called the predominant characteristics of serious prose-fiction at the end of the nineteenth century. It is probably also one of the springs of that desire to understand sympathetically members of other classes than our own, which is likely to exert an obvious influence upon the drama of the immediate future.

If the dramatist is to respond to this interest in personality, and if he is to reflect the social movement of his own age, then he will have an added reason for striving to deal boldly with his main theme, avoiding all complexity of plot-mongering which is necessarily inconsistent with any sincerity of character-drawing. He will acquaint himself with the methods of Scribe; but he will not allow himself to hold Scribe's theories too exclusively. Scribe had adjusted situations so adroitly, one impinging on the other, that he had no need of a serious study of men and women. Indeed, he had no room for anything of the sort; and in his workshop, as in so many others, machinery had ousted human beings. Then the younger Dumas, brought up in the play-factory of his father, was able

to make the mechanism less intricate, and so to provide room for a little emotion and a little humanity. At last Ibsen, trained in the theatre itself and familiar with every device of French stagecraft, made his profit out of all his predecessors and perfected a technique of his own, which represents that advanced condition of an art when the utmost ingenuity is utilised to avoid artificiality and when complexity is made to take on the appearance of simplicity.

Thus it is that Ibsen stretches back across the centuries to clasp hands with Sophocles; and a comparison of the sustaining skeleton of the story in *Œdipus the King* with that in *Ghosts* will bring out the fundamental likeness of the Scandinavian dramatist to the Greek—at least in so far as the building of their plots is concerned. Inspired in the one case by the idea of fate and in the other by the doctrine of heredity, each of them worked out a theme of overwhelming import and of weighty simplicity. Each of them in his drama dealt not so much with action in the present before the eyes of the spectator, as with the appalling and inexorable consequences of action in the past before the play began. In both dramas these deeds done long ago are not set forth in a brief exposition more or less ingeniously included in the earlier scenes; they are slowly revealed one by one in the course of the play, and each at the moment when the revelation is most harrowing.

The influence of Ibsen has been felt in all the theatres of civilisation, and none the less keenly by playwrights who would deny that they were his disciples, who dislike his attitude, and who disapprove of his subjects. His influence has been exerted both upon the manner of the contemporary drama and upon its matter. His technique is the last word of craftsmanship; yet it never flaunts its surpassing dexterity in the eyes of the playgoer, for it has the saving grace that its ingenuity is so abundant that it can conceal itself. And Ibsen has shown how this technique could be employed in the depicting of modern life with its inconsistencies, its reticences, its un-



willingness to look into itself. His social plays—tragic, some of them, deep and searching always, yet sometimes freakish and unconvincing—stand as a complete answer to those who think that the drama is now only the idle amusement of men and women who are digesting their dinners.

An idle amusement the theatre often is now, as it always has been in the past; and the stage is only too often occupied by empty spectacle. Yet the drama in its graver aspects, the drama as a contribution to literature and as a form of poetry, is not dead, nor is it dying. Indeed, there is evidence that it is on the threshold of a new youth. Signs of its refreshed vitality can be found by whoso cares to keep his eyes open and his mind free from prejudice. It bids fair to win back the attention of many who have been taken captive by the flexibility and freedom of prose-fiction. It cannot do all that the novel may accomplish; but it can do many things that the novel is striving vainly to achieve.

Only the future can decide whether or not the drama is successfully to contest the present supremacy of prose-fiction. Years may elapse before the play shall evict the novel from its apparent primacy; or it may never be able to resume its former superiority. The two most obvious characteristics of the century that has gone are the spread of democracy and the growth of the scientific spirit; and in the century that has just begun we may discover that the drama, which has always been democratic of necessity, shall prove also to be more satisfying than prose-fiction to a people bred to science. Even now we can see that not only the plays of Ibsen but also those of Björnson and Sudermann, of Verga and Echegaray, of Hervieu and Pinero, stand forward to show that the drama can deal adequately and suggestively with some of the problems of existence as these present themselves tumultuously to-day in our seething society.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.



## THE RIDDLE

SO these seven children, Ann, and Matilda, James, William, and Henry, Harriet and Dorothea, came to live with their grandmother. The house in which their grandmother had lived since her childhood was built in the time of the Georges. It was not a pretty house, but roomy, substantial, and square; and an elm-tree outstretched its branches almost to the windows.

When the children were come out of the cab (five sitting inside, and two beside the driver), they were shown into their grandmother's presence. They stood in a little black group before the old lady, seated in her bow-window. And she asked them each their names, and repeated each name in her kind, quavering voice. Then to one she gave a work-box, to William a jack-knife, to Dorothea a painted ball; to each a present according to age. And she kissed all her grandchildren to the youngest.

"My dears," she said, "I wish to see all of you bright and gay in my house. I am an old woman, so that I cannot romp with you; but Ann must look to you, and Mrs. Fenn too. And every morning and every evening you must all come in to see your granny; and bring me smiling faces, that do call to mind my own son Harry. But all the rest of the day, when school is done, you shall do just as you please, my dears. And there is only one thing, children, I would have you remember.

In the large spare bedroom that looks out on the slate roof there stands in the corner an old oak chest ; aye, older than I, my dears, a great deal older ; older than my grandmother. Play anywhere else in the house, but not there." She spoke kindly to them all, smiling at them ; but she was very aged, and her eyes seemed to see nothing of this world.

And the seven children, though at first they were gloomy and strange, soon began to be happy and at home in the great house. There was much to interest and to amuse them there ; all was new to them. Twice every day, morning and evening, they came in to see their grandmother, who every day seemed more feeble ; and she spoke pleasantly to them of her mother, and her childhood, but never forgetting to visit her store of sugar-plums.

It was evening twilight when Henry went upstairs from the nursery by himself to look at the oak chest. He pressed his fingers into the carved fruit and flowers, and spoke to the dark-smiling heads at the corners ; and then, with a glance over his shoulder, he opened the lid and looked in. But the chest concealed no treasure, neither gold nor baubles, nor was there anything to alarm the eye. The chest was empty, save that it was lined with silk of old-rose, seeming darker in the dusk, and smelling sweet of pot-pourri. And while Henry was looking in, he heard the softened laughter and the clinking of the cups downstairs in the nursery ; and out at the window he saw the day darkening. These things brought strangely to his memory his mother, who in her glimmering white dress used to read to him in the dusk ; and he climbed into the chest ; and the lid closed gently down over him.

When the other six children were tired with their playing, they filed into their grandmother's room for her good-night, and her sugar-plums. She looked out between the candles at them as if she were unsure of something in her thoughts. The next day Ann told her grandmother that Henry was not anywhere to be found.

"Dearie me, child, then he is gone away for a time," said the

old lady, "but remember all of you, my dears, do not meddle with the oak chest."

But Matilda could not forget her brother Henry, finding no pleasure in playing without him. So she would loiter in the house thinking where he might be. And she carried her wood doll in her bare arms, singing under her breath all she could make up about him. And when in a bright morning she happened on the chest, so sweet-scented and secret it seemed that she took her doll with her into the chest, just as Henry himself had done.

So Ann, and James, and William, Harriet and Dorothea were left at home to play together. "Some day they will come back to you, my dears," said their grandmother, "or maybe you will go to them."

Now Harriet and William were friends together, pretending to be sweethearts; while James and Dorothea liked wild games of hunting, and fishing, and battles.

On a silent afternoon in October Harriet and William were talking softly together, looking out over the slate roof at the green fields, and they heard the squeak and frisking of a mouse behind them in the room. They went together and searched for the small, dark hole from which it had come out. But finding no hole, they began to finger the carving of the chest, and to give names to the dark-smiling heads, just as Henry had done. "I know! let's pretend you are Sleeping Beauty, Harriet," said William, "and I'll be the Prince that squeezes through the thorns and comes in." So Harriet got into the box and lay down, pretending to be fast asleep; and on tiptoe William leaned over, and seeing how big was the chest he stepped in to kiss the Sleeping Beauty and to wake her from her long sleep. Slowly the carved lid turned on its quiet hinges. And only the clatter of James and Dorothea came in sometimes to recall Ann from her book. But the old lady was very feeble, and her sight dim, and her hearing extremely difficult.

Snow was falling through the still air upon the roof; and

Dorothea was a fish in the oak chest, and James stood over the hole in the ice, brandishing a walking-stick for a harpoon, pretending to be an Esquimaux. Dorothea's face was red, and her eyes sparkled through her tousled hair. And James had a crooked scratch upon his cheek. "You must wriggle, Dorothea, and then I shall swim back and drag you out. Be quick now!" He shouted with laughter as he was drawn into the open chest. And the lid closed noiselessly down as before.

Ann, left to herself, was too old to care overmuch for sugar-plums, but she would go solitary to bid her grandmother good-night; and the old lady looked wistfully at her over her spectacles. "Well my dear," she said with trembling head; and she squeezed Ann's fingers between her own knuckled finger and thumb. "What lonely old people we are, to be sure!" Ann kissed her grandmother's soft, loose cheek. She left the old lady sitting in her easy chair, her hands upon her knees, and her head turned sidelong towards her.

When Ann was gone to bed she used to sit reading her book by candlelight. She drew up her knees under the sheets, resting her book upon them. Her story was about fairies and gnomes, and the gently-flowing moonlight of the narrative seemed to illumine the white pages, and she could hear in fancy fairy voices, so silent was the great many-roomed house, and so mellifluent were the words of the story. Presently she put out her candle, and, with a confused babel of voices close to her ear, and faint swift pictures before her eyes, she fell asleep.

And in the dead of night she rose out of bed in dream, and with eyes wide open yet seeing nothing of reality, moved silently through the vacant house. Past the room where her grandmother was snoring in brief, heavy slumber she stepped light and surely, and down the wide staircase. And Vega the far-shining stood over against the window above the slate roof. Ann walked in the strange room as if she were being guided by the hand towards the oak chest. There, just as she might

think it was her bed, she laid herself down in the old rose silk, in the fragrant place. But it was so dark in the room that the movement of the lid was indistinguishable.

Through the long day the grandmother sat in her bow-window. Her lips were pursed, and she looked with dim, inquisitive scrutiny upon the street where people passed to and fro, and vehicles rolled by. At evening she climbed the stair and stood in the doorway of the large spare bedroom. The ascent had shortened her breath. Her magnifying spectacles rested upon her nose. Leaning her hand on the doorpost she peered in towards the glimmering square of window in all the quiet gloom. But she could not see far, because her sight was dim and the light of day feeble. Nor could she detect the faint fragrance, as of autumnal leaves. But in her mind was a tangled skein of memories—laughter and tears, and little children now old-fashioned, and the advent of friends, and long farewells. And gossiping fitfully with herself, the old lady went down again to her window seat.

W. J. DE LA MARE.

## REVIEWS OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS

### I.—MACHIAVELLI'S DESPATCHES FROM THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN.

SO many books have been written about the Great Boer War that a reviewer, who seeks to interest his readers in yet another work upon the same subject, is bound to offer some attraction of a novel and peculiar kind, which may lead an undesiring world to consider a rather tabid affair from an unexpected point of view. Here, the excuse seems to be valid. The publication of Machiavelli's "Boer and Briton" was the sensation of last season. Sky-signs and sandwich-boards cannot have failed to impress the title at least upon all who have eyes to see; and the controversy which raged around the work in all the newspapers hardly can have faded from the memory. This book purported to be the despatches which Messer Niccolo Machiavelli, as the official representative of the Signory of Fiorenza on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, sent home to his Government. But as soon as "Boer and Briton" began to be asked for at the libraries, a mysterious paragraph, it may be remembered, appeared in our columns, denying that these were the original and authentic despatches of Machiavelli; and we added that, in due time, proof of the validity of this astounding allegation would be forthcoming. Instantly, every one who could manipulate a pen performed

his function. Stationers put up their prices, and compositors worked overtime. Newspaper rooms at clubs and free libraries were besieged. At the Universities, the Unions seethed with bursars, bedels, bachelors, baronets, benedictines, bores, and all kinds of dry-bobs, bounding to the writing-rooms to express opinions on irrelevant subjects to long-suffering editors. The *Daily News* said that "Boer and Briton" was "the writing on the wall." The *Pall Mall Gazette* split four infinitives to show that it was the work of Dr. Leyds. Certainly it was virulently Anglophobic. The *Clerkenwell News* published a statement from "A Constant Reader" to the effect that Mr. Henry Harland had said to him that the despatches really were Mr. Laurence Housman's, adding, "and there are others." Messrs. Gay and Bird naturally came out incontinent with a cryptogram proving that Machiavelli also was the author of the Kabbala and the Second Book of Chronicles; and Mr. J. Holt Schooling furnished the monthlies with statistics of a number of Taal words which he had found in "Boer and Briton." After nine days, the wonder lost its charm. The citizens of Macdonaldville, Pe., roasted a negro lad alive. The products of the Education Act of 1870 rushed to peruse in the columns of the *Worldly Christian* special telegraphic bulletins of the progress of his contortuplications at the stake; and "Boer and Briton" lapsed into the twopenny box.

Now comes the publication of the present volume, which we have no hesitation in calling quite conclusive. This book, we learn from the preface, does contain the "others." Machiavelli has lived up to his name; and these are the actual despatches which he indited from South Africa. He tells us that, when he returned to Fiorenza to arrange about the publication of his book, the Signory were between the horns of a dilemma. The feeling of the Continent was Anglophobic. It would hardly do (financially) for Fiorenza to pose as Anglophile; and Their Magnificencies of the Signory feared lest Machiavelli's despatches should cause unpleasantness. That astute politician immediately offered to render them fit for



publication. He proposed to put them into such a form as would be consonant with the European Concert, and, at the same time, would make them serve as a valuable advertisement for the real despatches against the time for their subsequent publication. In short, Machiavelli has machiavellianly played upon the twentieth century precisely the same trick as that which he played upon the sixteenth in the matter of the *colpo di stato* of Senigaglia. In both cases the despatches, which he originally sent to the Signory from the seat of war, were as veridical as he knew how to make them. In both cases he was induced, on returning to Fiorenza, to publish (shall we call it ?) a revised version, in the interests of (let us say) the book-trade. Subsequently, when the Little Florentines and Little Englanders respectively were simply bursting with unctuous rectitude, and the attention of the library public was excited, he gave, and he gives, to the world the genuine article on which he naturally prefers to base his reputation as historian. We do not see that he could have done otherwise, considering the name he bears. With these premises we address ourselves to an appreciation of his book.

So far, no serious treatise on the Great Boer War has been brought before the public written by a man who died before the outbreak of hostilities. This in itself is sufficient to make Machiavelli's work extremely interesting. One is always glad to know how our mere mundane matters strike those down there. And further, the writer's military experiences during the previous campaign in the Romagna, and his knowledge of Italian affairs during his own critical lifetime, should make his judgment on political and military subjects worthy of our careful attention. These despatches, written from the front, practically form a complete history of the rebellion. Their value to us, however, does not lie so much in the accurate narrative of facts, but rather in the novel point of view from which the facts are observed and criticised. Even people who were neither Englishmen nor Boers got excited about this conflict, and discussed it with

personal interest, taking one side or the other. Now a really impartial historian ought to take both sides—this is so very much better than taking neither side. Here, then, is the explanation of the strange fact that contemporary historians are seldom successful. They may know the facts, but they cannot estimate their value. They cannot get far enough away to distinguish the molehills from the mountains. Probably, before the South African campaign, no historian ever was in a position to write, as an eye-witness, an account of affairs which took place four hundred years after his own demise. The interval is sufficient to adjust the historic perspective; and, if Machiavelli were so placed, his position surely was unique. It will be wiser here not to enter into a detailed criticism of purely military questions. These have been treated adequately elsewhere. Nor need we pause longer than to offer a chortle of admiration to the prescience of the historian of the sixteenth century gibing at the ineptitudes of the War Office of the twentieth, in the chapter where he advises the Signory of the greater advantages to be derived from keeping military attachés at Lord Kitchener's headquarters rather than at the Florentine Embassy to the Court of St. James's. "Se ne ha contentare costui, e non lo ufficio di guerra, e per questo le cose che si concludessino de lo ufficio di guerra possono bene essere ritrattate da costui, ma quelle che si concludessino da costui non saranno gia ritrattate da lo ufficio di guerra," says Machiavelli in almost the identical words of a former advice which he dated from Cesena on December 14, 1502.

But it is in the broader political possibilities that Machiavelli's opinions have their peculiar value. He begins by recounting the position of affairs between Dutch and English which culminated in Kruger's ultimatum. The Boers were prepared to assume the offensive and invade English territory before the loyalists could be reinforced from home. Machiavelli compares this state of things with the operations preceding Waterloo, when Wellington and Blucher were attempting to hold a long frontier line against the advance of Napoleon.

Napoleon kept his plans secret, and thus was able to concentrate his forces on a particular point of the frontier. He was then able to break through and imperil the English position before the concentration of the defensive forces from the more distant portions of the frontier could be effected. Very similar was the position at the outbreak of the Great Boer War. A concentration of the forces of the burghers and their mercenaries upon any particular point of the long frontier line of Natal and Cape Colony undoubtedly would have been able to force its way into the neighbourhood of Cape Town, gathering supplies from Dutch friends in the Colony. It is very interesting to note how severely Machiavelli blames the Boers for this failure to concentrate at the outset, because it is usually held that the Boers were particularly successful at the beginning. Machiavelli says that they ought to have done much more. What they lacked was a strong man to force them into combination at some point on the Vaal where the English could not oppose their passage. A Boer victory at the beginning, in the very heart of Cape Colony, would have had an enormous moral and intellectual effect on the Dutch population; and would have done more to render difficult the subsequent operations of the English, than even the fall of Ladysmith or Kimberley.

The whole episode of Mafeking fills Machiavelli with scorn and indignation. To begin with, the Boers never ought to have besieged it. It would have been of little value to them if they had secured it. The English, on the other hand, recognising this, ought to have made no attempt to relieve it. Its fall could in no wise have damaged their position. Machiavelli has no sympathy with the sentimental excitement which pervaded England over Mafeking; and the soul of the artistic Florentine passionately declaims against the wholesale desecration of peacock's plumes which ensued. This leads him into a long digression on the power of sentiment in modern warfare. He vituperates us for confusing issues. The object of the belligerent is to damage the enemy. He ought to do so in every possible way. He ought not to fight as a gentleman,

but merely as a man. Ultimately, you cannot fight a man without hurting him. If you must fight, hit hard and be done with it, says Machiavelli. Of course he does not forget the argument upon which so much of the sentimental outcry in England purported to be based, namely, that after the war England desired to turn the Transvaal and the Orange Free State into prosperous and contented British Colonies. He asks the rather pertinent question: Was this an excuse or a reason? In both cases it was unsatisfactory. In both cases it was ridiculous. Logically, England could best make the republics into contented and prosperous Colonies by annihilating the Dutch element in the population. Practically, she could best do it by killing the largest possible number of them, and taking their effects for her trouble. Of course it is out of the question that we should accept Machiavelli's reasoning here. It is also impossible to contravene it on his own grounds. We can do no more than make the statement that we look at the matter from a different point of view, and disagree with him. To sweep the concentration camps into the sea (to use a Boer idiom) would have been repugnant to every Englishman. In practice, we also may believe, it would have been repugnant to Machiavelli. He was not the man to live down to his ideals. Then, too, we had no Duke of Valentinois in command of our forces.

Machiavelli draws a very interesting parallel between the hero of *Il Principe* and Lord Kitchener. Well! Duke Cesare Borgia is a fascinating character, at a safe distance. But it seems to us rather hard on Kitchener that he should be made to pose as a reincarnation of Cesare. No doubt they both were strong and modest men. No doubt they were naturally loathed by vain homuncules. But the points of difference in their characters are something more than the differences between a Genovese and an Englishman. There is a fundamental sense of humour in Kitchener which is utterly lacking in Cesare's deadly earnest. We only permit a man to be strenuous on condition that he can also be frivolous upon occasion.

Machiavelli, in estimating the quality of the man, was not in a position inferior to that of the ordinary man in England to-day. He lays stress and blame on that sympathetic side of Lord Kitchener's character, which are very pleasant to us to read, because we accentuate the stress and cancel the blame. One or two of his anecdotes about these sympathetic proclivities have a charming air of truth, though they must of course be fictitious. Anecdotes of great men always remind us that we know nothing about the inner workings of their hearts. Probably very few people actually have seen Lord Kitchener's heart. This is not to his discredit. A man's heart is one of those things which ought to be shut away in his breast all through his life. It is not healthy to show it too often.

The comparison which Machiavelli draws between Messer Ramiro d' Orco and Mr. Kruger is most unjust to the former, in our humble opinion. Messer Ramiro certainly was a callous ruffian; and he certainly tried to rig the corn-market for his own advantage. Incidentally he was a murderer, a traitor, and a thief. But he never made a serious attempt to stagger humanity; and he never left his aged wife to die on the charity of his enemies, while he absconded to a life of luxury with a treasury of two millions sterling.

Machiavelli has gained a reputation, among those who have not read his books, which damns him as a type of wily rascal. Of course that reputation is totally undeserved. Like most prominent people whom the world condemns, he is not half as bad as many reputable men whose obscurity hides their faults. He is honest; he is not hypocritical. If only he were less logical, one could agree with him more often.

## THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

### III

“**I**S that your hermitage,”—exclaimed Alistair Seaton at last—“that building like a little Greek temple, at the edge of those long woods?”

“Does it look too small for you? said Rupert Glanville, laughing. “Don’t be disheartened till we get to it. Wait and see.”

By this time it was late in the afternoon. The travellers had been delayed by the breaking of one of their springs, which had luckily occurred near a village where they changed horses, and which had taken the local blacksmith some hours to mend. They had lunched meanwhile on the moor, between the bell-heather and the blue sky. They had talked over old days; they had amused themselves with the humours of the village. The scampering pink-legged children, the men with their broad smiles, and the old women with the wildness of evening hills in their faces, had deepened in their minds the sense of their distance from what is called the world; and the solitudes, when they resumed their journey, had been yet more completely solitary. At last there had risen into view stretches of green woodland; and the unfenced road was now descending towards them. In one place the woods parted; between them was the bloom of the sea; and, white against the dark foliage, the building like a little Greek temple formed an



odd and incongruous object in the primitive and lonely landscape.

"Look," said Rupert Glanville, as they approached it; "in the portico of the temple is a goddess. Do you think she is Pallas Athene, and would you like to talk Greek to her? Myself, I shall try the vernacular. Ah, Mrs. O'Flanagan, and it's glad I am to see you again," he shouted, leaning from the carriage, as soon as he came within earshot of her. The goddess, who wore a weather-beaten bonnet, responded with a low curtsy; and the carriage, instead of stopping, swept into the shadow of the trees. The surface of the road now suddenly changed. It was smooth and gravelled; on either side was an undergrowth of luxuriant rhododendrons; and a mile or so farther on the carriage, turning sharp round a corner, drew up before a building—a mixture of dilapidation and grandeur—which was something like the little Greek temple on a very much magnified scale. The echoes of a portico, more capacious than the entire dwelling of Mrs. O'Flanagan, gave them a hollow welcome; and stucco was peeling everywhere like a patient after scarlet fever. The doors, however, were almost at once thrown open by servants whose clothes and demeanour had all the air of London; and Alistair Seaton realised that his friend's hermitage was, in some ways, a different place from what he had been led to anticipate.

On entering, his steps resounded in a bare vestibule, furnished only with a couple of marble tables, on which stood some busts and some small Roman altars. From this he followed his host into an inner hall, where his eyes were met with a vision of statues, a double staircase, and eighteenth-century copies of huge Italian paintings. A moment later he had passed into a small library lined with the glimmer of books in old calf bindings, and full of a homely sense of habitation and intimate comfort. The window was open, there were flowers in china bowls, and a table prepared for tea was shining with Irish silver.

"So this," said Alistair Seaton with a half humorous laugh, as he contemplated a dish of crescent-shaped French rolls, "so



this is the hermit's cell! My dear Rupert, you're a deceiver. I feel like a monk in the desert who has been seduced into an enchanter's garden."

"At all events," said Glanville, "you needn't be afraid of the rolls, and, while you eat them, I'll you what the history of this place is. It was built in the beginning of the reign of George III., by an ancestor of my mother's—a sacred and celebrated Bishop of the Protestant Church of Christ, as established by law in Ireland. He was a prelate of the finest taste, and an excellent classical scholar. He kept several mistresses, and he travelled in a coach and six. He spent half of his life in Italy; and there, I may tell you, should you doubt the sincerity of his religion, he suffered imprisonment for the sake of his Protestant principles, which induced him to insult the Host as it was carried through the streets of Florence. My treasures from Asia Minor have been sent here by sea—to a very fitting home; and I hope we shall find them in the orangery. When you've finished your tea we'll go there."

The open window admitted them to a balustraded terrace, along which, in a row of tubs, orange-trees were enjoying the summer. The air which agitated their leaves was warm and smelt of flower-beds; and the waves below, beginning to turn pink in the sunset, with a leisurely gentle murmur were raking the shingle into their hollows. In the orangery, whose Italian *façade* looked at the sea through myrtles, the expected treasures were found—statues, pillars, vases, and a multitude of other objects, already arranged in some sort of rude order. The friends hung over them with the interest of eager antiquaries; and, promising themselves to renew their inspection the following day, passed into the open air again, and made a tour of the premises.

"Do you see," said Rupert Glanville, "that cupola on the brow of the hill? That is the Bishop's observatory. It still contains a good reflecting telescope; and whenever, my dear Attar, you feel tired of the earth, you can polish up the speculum, and have a look at the moon. On the opposite

slope, a little behind the house, the building with a tower, which has a great copper ball at the top of it, is a Protestant church, built by the same good Bishop; and inside the ball his episcopal heart is buried. In addition to the majority of my servants, there are Protestants in a village on the coast; and when I am here there is service in the church occasionally. Being a naturally devout person, perhaps you will condescend to worship there. Hark," he exclaimed presently, "that noise is the dressing-bell. By this time my palate is getting back its fastidiousness."

Alistair Seaton, whose habitual fare was simple, but who had, nevertheless, a homely fastidiousness of his own, and was, as he had shown that morning, hardly able to eat when it was outraged, was divided at dinner between wonder at the delicacy of his friend's repast, and reflections that his friend, though he criticised every dish, and discovered minute faults in what most men would have thought perfection, could breakfast off hard bacon with a better grace than himself.

"I little thought this morning," he said at last, "that we should be ending the day like this—with silver plates, and a *soufflé* worthy of Bignon's. Anybody would fancy, Rupert, that, instead of renouncing the world, you had only retired into a corner of it to eat all the good things by yourself."

"As I was saying," replied his friend, "to somebody at a ball in London, the way to see through the world is to enjoy the best it can give you. If circumstances mortify the flesh for me, I accept the fact and forget it; but to mortify the flesh unnecessarily is not to subdue but to irritate it; and nothing can put the spirit in a position more absurd than that does. If you'll have no more port, we'll go outside for our coffee."

Outside, coffee and cigars were ready for them. The skies shook with starlight. The orange-trees were dimly visible. Masses of vague shadow suggested the woods and gardens; and up through the darkness before them came the rustle of the Atlantic sea.

At length, after a long pause, Rupert Glanville spoke.

"May I," he said, "praise the merits of my own establishment? We could not have better coffee, and we couldn't have dined better in London. We have taken the spoils of Egypt with us, but we have left its bondage behind us. Don't you feel peace, as Sancho Panza said of sleep, wrapping you all round like a cloak? 'The ambitions,'" he continued, "the rivalries, the anxieties, the preoccupations of life—the rattle of its demented streets—they can none of them come near us here, or disturb this velvety silence."

"My excellent hermit," exclaimed Seaton, "you're an Epicurean at heart after all!"

"An Epicurean," replied Glanville, "is a man who thinks life can be made self-sufficing, I don't. I'm no more an Epicurean because I enjoy this velvety silence than a man whose head aches with fever is when he lays it on a cool pillow."

Seaton laughed softly. "One would never," he said, "take you for a man whose head ached with anything. I've always looked on you as the healthy and ideally happy man—happy in your circumstances, and still happier in your natural temperament."

"Yes," replied Glanville. "Fortune has dealt well with me; my health is perfect; and my spirits are obstinately buoyant. But, nevertheless, Alistair, ever since I knew you I've suffered in secret from a malady that never leaves me. You needn't start like that. I'm not going to tell you that I've a cancer under my waistcoat. Lean back—do—and be comfortable. The malady from which I suffer is mental. It is merely the malady of the age. It is incubating in the minds of multitudes who never suspect its presence; and in the case of others, it so affects the entire nature that the springs of all happiness are poisoned by it."

"And what," said Seaton, "according to you, is its nature?"

"My own diagnosis of it," replied Glanville, "is this. The only life that can really satisfy man is made up of two parts—the religious part and the intellectual. When the mind is

healthy these two parts are in agreement, and support each other. Now they are at daggers drawn. Each destroys the food that the other feeds on."

"I never," began Seaton, "I never thought that you——"

"You never thought," said Glanville, "that there was much religion in me to speak of. Yes—yes—I know that. But I take religion in a deeper sense than you do. The opposition between religion and the intellect does not express itself only in saying that God exists, and in saying that God does not—in wishing to say one's prayers, and in thinking that it is foolish to say them. It expresses itself also in two hostile ejaculations, which sum up for the sick mind its own daily experiences—how full life is! and how empty! Let me illustrate this by my own case. You used to tell me at Oxford, when you laughed at me as a dilettante sceptic, that the cure for doubt is action. The saying is Goethe's; but it's nonsense all the same. I've been a man of action myself. As the newspapers say, I've worked hard for my country. I've immersed myself in affairs that are commonly called great; and I've had the satisfactions of success."

"Yes," said Seaton, "and you deserved them. I won't flatter you to your face by telling you what I think of your talents, but at least I may express my sense of the devotion with which you have used them."

"Well," resumed Glanville, "as you know, I have dealt with the affairs of our empire during a critical and anxious time. No one worked harder than I to sustain and even augment its greatness. If any country is to be great, let that country be our own. This was my feeling and principle as a man of action; and—damn it!—it would be so again. But even during that time of struggle my mind was constantly whispering what now, when the struggle is over, it insists on saying aloud, What is the struggle worth? What is its object? Nothing. The question of empires—shall this one grow, or shall that one?—is merely a question of which kind of weed shall grow over the surface of a dirty and paltry pond. And

what my mind says when I think of the struggles of empires it says also when I think of the struggles, the loves, the life, the fate of the individual. My mind doesn't rant when it says these things, or cry or maunder. It says them coolly and precisely, as if they were demonstrations of Euclid; and the result is that it has made me a laughing philosopher, when, if you will only believe me, I had far rather be an adoring one."

"I don't know," said Seaton, "if you laugh at things quite as completely as you think you do. On your own confession, you don't laugh at the protest made by part of your nature against the philosophy which your mind inflicts on you."

"That's perfectly true," said Glanville. "That's the heart of the whole situation. Though I can't refute this philosophy, my nature refuses to acquiesce in it; and yet, according to the ordinary canons of thought, one can only escape acquiescence by repudiating the intellect altogether. Everybody to-day is conscious of this difficulty, clearly or vaguely; our religious and moral philosophers occupy themselves with nothing else. But what I complain of in every one of them is this—from transcendentalists and idealists down to what you call materialists. They none of them face the difficulty. They one and all of them shirk it. The religious thinkers shirk the logic of denial. The irreligious thinkers shirk its consequences. When I wrote a book on philosophy before I went into politics you thought me an ingenious dilettante. I was not. My effort was not successful, but my purpose was eminently sincere. It was to get to the root of a malady from which I myself was suffering, and from which I saw the world was suffering round me. Time went on, and politics and affairs absorbed me; but the sense of *malaise* was there, though I was not able to attend to it—like a sting in the leg inflicted by he knows not what, which a public speaker feels when he is addressing a meeting, and which he longs, though he is quite unable, to go home and examine. I have come here that I may face and examine this old difficulty over again; and when you call me an Epicurean because I luxuriate in a sense of rest here, I may tell you that

the completest rest that a man can possibly feel is sometimes leisure to join issue with some intimate trouble. I think at last I am beginning, if not to find a cure, at any rate to see the way in which a cure may some day come."

"I have found a cure already," said Seaton, "if only you would let me teach it to you."

"My dear fellow," said Glanville, "I know what your cure is perfectly. It's merely another form of shirking. Don't fall on me now because I said that. We'll have it out together to-morrow, whilst we are still alone, and can quarrel and be rude with impunity."

"Why do you say, 'while we are still alone'?" asked Seaton.

"Because," replied Glanville laughing—"because (I didn't tell you before, for if I had you wouldn't have come here), because to-morrow and the week after I'm expecting a few people."

"What sort of people?" asked Seaton. "Smart people?"

"They wouldn't say that they were," replied Glanville; "but all the same one or two of them wouldn't perhaps be pleased if *you* were to say they weren't."

"Rupert," exclaimed his friend, with real mortification in his voice, "you're a thoroughly dishonest person! You've brought me here under false pretences. You know how I hate society. When these people come, there'll be an end of all our talks."

"On the contrary," said Glanville, "when they come, there'll be a beginning of them. And now to compose you, as soon as you go to bed, will you let me give you a chapter of my own autobiography, which explains how the malady of the age gradually affected myself? It's not long, and has the merit of being true and dispassionate."

Before they mounted the stairs, through the whispering silence of the house, Rupert Glanville put into his friend's hands, together with a candlestick and a pair of old silver

snuffers, a short type-written document, consisting of a few pages.

## IV

Alistair Seaton woke betimes next morning, with a pleasant sensation of oddly compounded luxury. Sunlight was flooding the room through blinds which fluttered softly, and showed in wavering shadow the bars of half-opened windows. Above him was the domed canopy of a gilded Italian bedstead. His body lay in linen which smelt of lavender; and along with the sunlight came from the air outside a murmur of waves, and the freshness of new-mown grass. He lazily looked around him. Oval portraits in pastel hung on the faded walls. Chests of drawers and cupboards in old Japanese lacquer, which had swallowed up his wardrobe of rough Scotch homespun, blinked at him. There were several shelves well laden with books; and beyond the foot of the bed he could, above the gilded carving, just see the colour of flowers which stood in a bowl upon his writing-table. He reflected on where he was—in what a singular and unexpected retreat—once again alone with his old friend, from whom by the chances of life he had been long separated, and who now was one of the most fortunate and successful men of his time. His spirits rose, and filled him with a sense of adventure and holiday. Presently moving his hand, he felt something near the bed clothes. It was the leaves of his friend's manuscript, which he had till now forgotten, and which, the night before, he had been too sleepy to read. He took it up, and found it to be as follows:

*“ An Example of the Effects Produced on Personal Character by a Gradual Assimilation of Modern Knowledge of the Universe.*

“ Many people when they think and talk of themselves, behave like a man who stands in front of his own house, admiring its grandeur or its beauty, or sighing over its



romantic desolation ; and hugging himself on the credit which it reflects on his own family. To behave in this way I have myself lost all temptation. When I stand in front of my own life, and consider it, except for the fact that I possess an internal knowledge of it, I hardly recognise it as my own. It appears to me a part of the general vital process, and interests me not as the life of any man in particular, but merely as an example, brought directly under my own vision, of the nature which a human being brings with it into the world, and of the changes produced in it, on the one hand by its own principles of growth, and on the other by the action of definite external circumstances.

“ This short chapter of autobiography is therefore merely a bald scientific memorandum ; and the class of external circumstances with which alone it deals consists of those changes in our knowledge and conception of the universe (man himself being included in it) which are daily distinguishing more and more clearly modern mental conditions from those of all previous ages, and especially from those of the ages during which Christianity developed itself. I shall deal with my own life, as submitted to these circumstances and affected by them, just as I might deal with some species of vine or turnip or tobacco-plant, transplanted into a new climate or treated with some new manure.

“ For this purpose I must begin with a brief description of my congenital and early character. This will show—what is here an important fact—that I was a normal and healthy specimen of human nature ; and, as such, an instructive subject of observation.

“ My congenital disposition was happy, and extremely active. A sense of the humorous was very early developed in me ; and also (as was the case with Berkeley) a sense of what is illogical in argument. As soon as I could spell I became a voracious reader, and I rode my pony as eagerly as I read my books. Further, though I was by no means what is called a good boy, I was naturally an eminently religious one.

God and Christ were as real to me as the nursery windows, and I said my prayers with the fervour of an infant Samuel.

“What followed was strictly normal. As the faculties of the man began to stir in the temperament of the boy my religious convictions grew deeper, and acquired a wider scope by association with a sense of the poetry and romance of life. This change was stimulated, when I was still in my Eton jackets, by a profound but unfortunate passion for a dark-eyed widow of forty, which drove me into waste places at the far end of the shrubbery, and put me on intimate terms with the stars, the sea, and the sunsets. Other developments followed. Ambitions of various kinds began to form themselves in my mind like clouds. I desired alternately to be a poet, a soldier, and a statesman; and in each capacity I rewarded myself with the devotion of some ideal woman, and endowed myself with the faith of a knight in quest of the Holy Grail. In every direction the world revealed vistas, all of them full of inexhaustible possibilities, and all reaching away to the glories of a world beyond. It is true that in accordance with the inconsistencies, distinctive of human nature, my conduct was far from being always coincident with my standards and aspirations; but my sense of, my belief in, and my sympathy with the noble, the beautiful, and the sacred, formed incomparably the keenest feelings of which I have ever had any experience. When I add that throughout this period with all its hidden vicissitudes I was mentally and physically animated with the abounding vitality of youth, I have said enough to show that when I reached the threshold of maturity I was, as I have said before, a sound and healthy specimen of the average human being. I was endowed with an unquestioning faith in the value and significance of life, and with a vigorous and eager impulse to play a worthy part in it.

“Such was my condition at the time of my going to Oxford, when the first change in it, of which I was conscious, began. The change, however, unsuspected by myself, had been initiated long before.

“A new conception of life, based upon new knowledge, penetrates into different minds by different channels or crevices, determined by the circumstances of the individual, just as the water breaks through a number of different dams in various courses, determined by the materials of which the dams are constructed. In my own case the course was determined by the homely fact that, like most English children of my own class and generation, I was brought up a member of the English Church, and never entertained a doubt, till I was twenty, that this Church, as represented by the moderate High Church party, embodied religion in its purest and most unassailable form. I no more doubted the truth of it than I doubted the existence of the sky. Under these circumstances, such knowledge and intellect as I possessed first revealed their presence as the possible opponents of my orthodoxy, in an instinctive contempt for nearly all the controversial arguments which I heard in my devout boyhood enunciated from Anglican pulpits. The moral appeals of the preachers often touched me deeply. As they reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, I trembled; but the arguments by which they attempted to defend the Christian beliefs which I shared with them merely excited my laughter. Indeed, my first conception that such a thing as unbelief was possible was derived from their proofs that God really existed, and from their onslaughts on the shallow infidel. I received the sacrament of the altar with undiminished awe from their hands; but if I had been in search of a serious intellectual guide, I would have gone, in preference to them, to the clown at the nearest circus.

“Let me now turn to Oxford. The new influences to which I was there submitted were three: firstly, there was that of the Broad Church system of theology, amongst the professors of which the head of my college was eminent; secondly, there was that of the current philosophies of history; and thirdly, that of philosophy in a narrower sense of the word, which forced me to examine into the character of our knowledge of the external world; whilst during my vacations there soon

began to be another. This was the influence of the leaders of contemporary science, and a circle of scientific friends, whose acquaintance I made at the house of one of my uncles.

“The following were the most important conclusions which were now offered for my acceptance.

“In the chapel of my college and in the lecture-rooms of my college tutors I learned that the Bible was a volume as human in its origin as the Koran, that Adam was a myth, that Genesis was a compilation of legends, and that the prophets were merely the Emersons and Carlyles of their day; whilst the Gospels sank to the level of imperfect and fragmentary memoirs abounding in errors as to fact embroidered with pious fancies, and owing their accounts of the resurrection and the miraculous birth of Christ not to the evangelists at all but to other and later writers, who differed so much in their details as to render the evidence valueless. In a word the religion which I had hitherto without hesitation assumed to be divinely revealed, to be true in every one of its doctrines, and to offer to the human soul a unique vision of God, was now presented to me as one amongst many cognate forms in which men had endeavoured to embody certain elements of their common nature.

“Meanwhile the scientific thinkers who frequented my uncle's house made me familiar with another order of facts, which the divines and philosophers of my college acknowledged indeed, but imperfectly apprehended. These facts were the immensity and apparent eternity of the universe, the insignificance of the earth as compared with this enormous whole, the shortness of the period covered by human history compared with the ages for which mankind has existed, and the length of this period when compared with the few thousand years to which the orthodox Christian story of the fall and the redemption had confined it. And to these must be added others in which they culminated and which clenched their significance—the evolution of species from a single common origin, the organic connection of man with all other living things, the association

of life and thought with their precise organic equivalents, and their invariable disturbance or extinction when the organism is dissolved or injured. From which facts, as I was not slow to see, two conclusions followed, and the men of science had no hesitation in proclaiming them. One was that God—if such a name were permissible—was merely the impersonal sum of the forces and uniformities of the universe; and the other was that man, no less than the lower animals, came into life with his body, and died for ever with the death of it.

“These new teachings of scholarship, philosophy and science, though they shocked me at first, and struck me for a time as absurd, I soon learnt to accept, if not as entirely true, as at all events supported by facts which it was impossible to forget or to disregard. Facts, however, are like food. It is not enough to take them into the system. Before they can produce any effect on the character they must often undergo a long and arduous process of digestion; and this, in my own case, was retarded by the following cause.

“In the Broad Church philosophers, and the men of science also, much as in some ways their several teachings impressed me, I discerned an absurdity even greater than that which had struck me so long ago in the orthodox instructors of my boyhood. The Broad Church divines continued, as practical teachers, to call themselves Christian priests, to administer the sacraments, and solemnly recite the creeds, though according to their principles there was no efficacy in the one, and very few articles that were not false in the other. Similarly the men of science, though disbelieving in God and the soul, professed themselves impassioned supporters, not indeed of the Christian religion, but of the moral code of Christ; and somehow contrived to unite in their own persons the principles of the Hell-Fire Club with the prejudices of the Methodist pulpit. Now as practical teachers of moral and religious doctrines, for the old-fashioned orthodox clergy I had had nothing but reverence. I had laughed at them as reasoners only. The Broad churchmen and the men of science I

respected, as reasoners and as discoverers. I laughed at them only as moral and religious teachers: but in this later capacity their absurdity struck me as supreme. For Broad churchmen who looked on Christ as merely a human being, morally faultless perhaps, but conditioned by the limitations of his age, to intone Sunday by Sunday their belief that he was co-equal with the Father—for men of science who believed that human beings, alike as individuals and as a race were merely vanishing bubbles on the flux of the universal substance—for such men to unite in solemn assertions of the infinite significance of morality, seemed to me to be either the most clumsy and profligate of frauds, or else—which was more likely—the feeblest and most illogical of self-delusions.

“At all events, the absurdities, of which my new teachers were guilty, struck me as so much greater than those of the orthodox clergy that my old faith was at first shocked only, but not shaken; and I found myself clinging to it with a heightened rather than a diminished fervour. During my first year at Oxford I frequented a ritualistic church, which, little as I liked its ritual, and little as I valued or even thought about the personal abilities of its clergy, seemed to me a rock of refuge amongst the rising waters of doubt; and I tightened my hold on the rock for a reason of which I was not then conscious—that little by little I felt myself slipping away from it.

“Such, indeed, was actually my condition. In spite of the tenacity with which I clung to my old faith, the historical and scientific facts which I was utterly unable to doubt, and the principles of free criticism which I was utterly unable to reject, became every day of the week more and more familiar to me; and every Sunday made the orthodoxy of the High Church preachers ring in my ears more hollow and more perversely futile, like noises heard in a dream. When I had been at Oxford for about a year and a half the Sunday came on which I knelt for the last time at their altar. I felt that the faith of my fathers had fallen in ruins about me: it had been unroofed and dilapi-



dated by the pitiless hands of knowledge, whose action I deplored, but could neither resent nor condemn; and like an evicted tenant I prepared for an intellectual emigration. My religious faith, however, still remained unshaken. Only my belief in a supernatural religion was gone. God, the soul, and the whole world of the spirit were still living realities for me: and I presently found consolation in a kind of mystical theism, of which orthodox Christianity—so I told myself—was only the discarded husk. For a year or so I continued to imagine that this change was extremely satisfactory—that religion was now for me a very much finer thing than it had been in the days when it was cramped by untenable dogma, and bound to the rotting timbers of false and impossible history. My beliefs now resembled those of my Broad Church teachers, except that I did not profane them by pretending that they were the Christianity of the churches; and I had the satisfaction of looking on the men of science as mental barbarians, because they denied principles which alone could give meaning to their morality, and which did not conflict—so I told myself—with any of their genuine discoveries.

“But now once more my previous experience repeated itself. Whilst I thought myself secure in my possession of this new and delightful creed it was secretly being undermined by a series of sub-conscious processes. These processes were not due to the acquisition of any new knowledge, or the onslaught of any new arguments, but merely to the silent assimilation of what I had learnt, and of what had been urged on me already. Little by little my mind, instead of being the passive recipient of this, seemed to make it its own, and use it for its own purposes. The first of the ideas which was vivified in this way was the idea of the incalculable magnitude of the universe, and the littleness of the earth and man. It became my constant companion, my familiar demon. It would not leave me. The seas became puddles; the continents paltry parishes; the houses cardboard toys: and men microscopic dolls. And along with the idea of life's littleness, the idea of its transitori-



ness entered, and also took up its abode in the innermost citadel of my thoughts. In order that the fate of humanity should have any importance at all, I felt that the human soul must be endowed with some mode of life other than that of the organism through which alone experience reveals it to us, and be amenable to other laws and susceptible of other developments than those which it eludes or misses in the process of its organic dissolution. I began, in fact, to feel the importance of religious belief, not perhaps more keenly than I had ever felt it before, but in a much more comprehensive way. I felt it to be essential not to religion only, but to everything in life that was beautiful, great, or stimulating; I felt that the want of it made love, ambition and poetry as meaningless as it made prayer; and robbed of their inmost quality not the saint's face only, but the scent of the rose and the blueness of the summer sea.

“ But just as the heightened vehemence of my late adherence to orthodoxy had been accompanied and caused by a sense that my faith was slipping away from me, so was my enlarged consciousness of the importance of religion of some sort—my consciousness that it is the soul of everything that is distinctly human—and my moments of exaltation which assured me of God and of immortality—accompanied by a secretly growing conviction that these moments of exaltation, and the faiths which they attested, were dreams. Day by day I began to perceive more clearly that, in spite of error of detail, the scientific interpretation of the universe was indubitably true as a whole, and was drawing all the phenomena of living, no less than of lifeless things, into its net of steel: and more than by anything else this perception was quickened by the attempts of the defenders of religion to disprove the fact, or to obscure it. All their arguments, as I took them one by one, seemed to me to consist of ignorances, lies, and evasions, and shrill ridicule of discoveries which these *crétins* themselves, in a year or two, were compelled to admit as genuine. And all the facts and principles that science was bringing to light,

and was every day corroborating with new examples, were for me focused in two overwhelming conclusions. One was that the origin and the end of all living things—plants and animals—is the same; and the other was, that of all the common origin is a cell, and the common end death. These two conclusions advanced upon me like a creeping tide, masking its rise in retreats, but still steadily rising, and engulfing my faith, now structureless, as though it were a castle of sand.

“When I first realised clearly that such was indeed the case I experienced no feelings of vague elegiac regret, but a sharp concentrated pain, which would sometimes attack me in scenes of the lightest gaiety, and make me desire to kill myself. What touched me most directly was not the loss of God, but the disappearance of all the higher interests of life, the purely religious loss being a sublimation of this and a summary of it. I was like a living man stupefied by finding himself in a city of the dead; and I passed through a period during which, had I listened only to my reason, I might actually have put an end to my existence.

“I was withheld from this course, however, by something stronger than reason,—by something whose dictates are untranslatable into any terms of thought; and this something was my temperament. Little by little my temperament, naturally happy, though it did not in any way arrest the destructive operations of my reason, assuaged the pain which it inflicted on me, and enabled me to laugh again in a blighted and disenchanted world. I despised life; but it was tolerable—sometimes pleasant and even exciting; and it was nearly always ridiculous.

“Suddenly, when I was in this condition, my temperament asserted itself afresh; and I found myself one day taken off my feet by a genuine passion for a woman. Everything that love-poets have described took place in me with the most charming punctuality. As if by magic, my sense of the importance of things revived. I felt myself again partaker of the infinite, the sacred, and the eternal: and reason for a time was good enough

to refrain from its criticisms. By-and-by it began these again, but it found me in a new condition. The cause of this further change was simple, and extremely common.

“At the time to which I now refer I was only a younger son, and the divine object of my affections ended by prudently disappointing them. She had, however, reinvigorated the element of transcendental faith in me; and just as her favours had seemed to me a spiritual sacrament, so her defection affected me like a spiritual tragedy. The difference between goodness and badness seemed more appalling to me than ever. When, therefore, my reason renewed its exact demonstrations that nothing was important in this life of disappearing experiences, and that the joys and sorrows of love were on a level with those of digestion, I set myself anew to examine and combat these arguments, whose premises seemed so true, and whose conclusions so false, to fact. I again studied the question of the credibility of dogmatic Christianity. At the same time I directed my attention anew to a feature of the situation which had struck me from the very first—that the very philosophers and men of science who were foremost in enunciating the conviction that science was inconsistent with Christianity, and indeed with any form of religion, were foremost also in declaring that some substitute for religion was a necessity; and I set myself to consider what their proposed substitutes were. I wrote a book in which I analysed each of them; and I showed that each was as illogical, as full of superstition, as inconsistent with the facts of science, and, considered scientifically, as ridiculous, as any of the dogmas and doctrines whose place it was designed to take. The major premise on which I tried to take my stand was this: Human life cannot be wholly devoid of meaning. There must be some permanent difference between right and wrong. If then, I proceeded to argue, there is any theory which explains and alone suffices to explain this difference, it must be true. Theistic religion does explain it completely; every proposed alternative to theistic religion is absurd; therefore the

explanation offered by theistic religion must be true. I thus tried to effect a reconversion of myself, and to scourge myself back by reason into the beliefs from which reason had scourged me.

“The success of my attempt did not equal my expectations. The reason of this lay in the instability of my major premise, or the fulcrum of my argumentative lever. In other words my sense of the importance of life tended to give way under the argumentative strain which I put on it. It was saved however from total collapse by two events, which relieved the strain for a time by removing my hand from the lever.

“These events were the deaths first of my elder brother, and not long afterwards of my father. I was thus placed in a practically new position. On leaving Oxford I had entered on the profession of diplomacy, and was attached when my brother died to the British Embassy at Rome. But political events in England had begun to attract my attention. With my father’s approval I came home, and soon found a seat in Parliament. My successes in the House of Commons, though at first not great, were sufficient to feed my ambition. The world flattered me, and mothers marked me as their prey. The large fortune which came to me on my father’s death exhibited my talents to the Government in a fresh and very flattering light. The difficulties of my party for many years at home, and then for some years abroad, roused me to efforts which were at all events honest and unremitting, and which brought me at last to the forefront of public life.

“Under these circumstances the latent malady of my mind gave me less pain than before, because I had less time to attend to it. Engrossed as I was by the particular affairs of the moment, my attention, to a great extent, was distracted from what lay behind them; just as a man who is escaping from death in a burning house is distracted from the question of whether he is dying of heart disease. That was all. Practical activity is no cure for mental doubt. At best it is a temporary anæsthetic. My malady still remained with me,

like the Spartan's fox under my clothing: and through all my activities, anxieties, and the frequent elations of success, a voice would constantly whisper from the inner recesses of my mind, 'All effort is vain. There is no meaning in anything.' As time went on the whisper of this voice grew louder. In my public life I felt myself an actor before painted canvas; and behind this canvas was nothing but death and darkness. The good of my country—goodness in the life of the individual—I was sensitive to these; but the feeling was skin deep only. My inward self appeared to have lost all feeling, as though my malady were ending in an inward mortification of my soul, or as though I were going back to the protoplasm out of which my race had emerged.

"My worst symptom was this: that my condition had ceased to pain me: but it caused me nevertheless a constant dull uneasiness. For a part of each day the excitement of society distracted me: but in leisure moments, when I was alone, I was invariably driven back again to the source in which my malady originated—to a study of science—of the genesis of man—of the conditions and operations of his will: and gradually a new thought—a new demon—possessed me.

"This was not the transitoriness of man's life, but the necessity of all its processes. Not only was his life swallowed up in the flux of things, but his will was swallowed up in their uniformity. Of the trinity of denials—There is no God, There is no soul, There is no will—it seemed to me now that the third person was revealed to me—an unholy spirit which made my body its temple. This thought made every moment a moral death, without there being any need for me to anticipate the moment of dissolution. Could this view of existence which was thus forced upon me be true? Was there no escape from it? In the presence of such a question, the squabbles of nations, the re-drainage of towns, or the claims of Ireland to a parliamentary bear-garden of its own, proposals to teach the brats in the London slums the language used by the brats in the slums of Berlin and Paris—

began to irritate me like the mere buzzing of flies: and I determined that I would, as soon as an opportunity offered, retire from public life for a time, and balance my accounts with realities.

“The condition in which I shall enter on this task is as follows. Though I am no longer able to ascribe any value to life or assent to the reality of those differences between good and evil which has lain at the root of all mental civilisation, I desire to do this; and were it possible for me to make the first preliminary movement, I should be supported by an army of instinctive faiths and feelings, which are not dead, but are helpless, lying drugged or chained in prison. What prevents my making this movement is an obstacle which is purely intellectual. If my faith in life is to revive, feeling will be one of its elements; but feeling must be associated with an assent to certain facts as facts: an assent to the reality of the proposition that the world of spirit—of God, of the soul, of freedom—is a real world, and not a fancy. How is it possible to find a place for this world in the microcosm of one’s own mind without rejecting the whole sum of that positive knowledge the truth of which mankind, by experience, is each day more clearly learning? How can the free and the immortal find a place in the determined and the transitory?”

“To myself, so far as I at present am able to understand the matter, I put it in a nutshell, thus: Science shows us that twice two equals four. Religion teaches us that twice two equals five. How are these two propositions to be reconciled? This is the supreme question in which all modern knowledge converges. Here is the primary difficulty—here and nowhere else. And how do the modern apologists of religion meet it? Some of them do not see it at all. Others see it, but having seen it, they try to hide it. None of them throws a single ray of light on it. The most respectable of these apologists are men like Carlyle, Emerson, Tolstoy, and a school of orthodox divines, who endeavour ‘to create a soul under the ribs of death,’ by an insistence on the beauty, the depth, and so

forth, of the moral side of life. But they are arguing beside the mark. 'My dear men,' I feel inclined to say to them, 'all that you can tell me I know as well as you do. The feelings you extol I have felt as deeply as you have. The life you praise I have led, and am anxious to lead again. I don't want you or anybody to assure me that it is beautiful or comforting. I want to be shown how, without throwing all reason to the winds, my intellect can adopt it as true, or even as not demonstrably false. You will never solve this problem until you concentrate your minds on it, and recognise that it is the fundamental problem: and until you have solved it, all your ethical enthusiasms are, for me at all events, the mere gesticulations of madmen.'"

*(To be continued.)*