

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

MARCH 1905

MAN—MAXIM GORKI	1
THE MILITARY DEADLOCK—STRATIOTES	8
EDWARD BURNE-JONES —JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. ADY)	17
AN EMPIRE IN THE MAKING—II—SIR VINCENT CAIL- LARD	37
SOME PROBLEMS IN SALMON-FISHING — W. EARL HODGSON	65
THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON RUSSIAN PUBLIC FEEL- ING—L. VILLARI	78
THE BLACK VENGEANCE—BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREATNESS OF JOSIAH PORLICK"	94
MUNICIPAL ASPECTS OF THE HOUSING PROBLEM— BENJAMIN TAYLOR	113
BOND STREET—ARTHUR H. ADAMS	136
ON THE LINE	138
BEAUJEU (CHAPTERS IX—XI)—H. C. BAILEY	148

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (FEBRUARY).

- THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR—RICHARD BARRY
- THE HUNGARIAN CRISIS—COUNT ALBERT APPONYI (*Leader of
Opposition in the Hungarian Parliament*)
- THE HON. WHITELAW REID—G. MONROE ROYCE
- THE PAPAL MEDALS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE (*Illustrated*)—
EARL EGERTON OF TATTON
- NIHILISM—ALEXEI
- LIVING LEGENDS OF THE FIANNA—LADY GREGORY
- WHAT IS AN ELEMENT?—SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., F.R.S.
- THE WARDSHIP OF EMPIRE—L. COPE CORNFORD
- COUNTER-REFORMATION PLOTS AND PLOTTERS—G. W. P.
- COAL FOR RUSSIA—T. BATY, D.C.L., LL.M.
- RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS—THE REV. EDWARD
BICKERSTETH OTTLEY
- THE HYPOCRITE—ALFRED W. REES
- ON THE LINE
- BEAUJEU (CHAPTERS V—VIII)—H. C. BAILEY

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents (i) to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter; (ii) to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the EDITOR, "Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.

MAN

I

IN the hours of spiritual weariness,—when memory raises up shadows of the past, that send a chill through the heart,—when thought resembles the cold autumn sun and lights up the formidable chaos of the present, ominously circling over one spot, impotent to rise higher or fly forwards;—in the hours of spiritual weariness, by sheer force of imagination, I call forth the majestic image of Man.

Man! The sun seems to burst forth in my breast, and in its bright light, immeasurable as the universe and tragically beautiful, slowly advances—forwards! and—even higher! Man! I see his haughty brow and fearless piercing eyes; in them—the light of dauntless, mighty Thought, Thought, that conceived the wondrous harmony of all the worlds, that mighty force, which, when o'erpowered by weariness—creates gods; when valiant—casts them down.

Lost in the deserts of the universe, alone on a stray tiny bit of earth, that whirls with monstrous speed into the depths of fathomless space, tormented by the poignant question—“What does he live for?” Man valiantly advances—forwards! and ever higher! to triumph over all the mysteries of earth and sky.

He marches on, sprinkling his lonely, tedious path with his heart's blood, turning this burning blood into immortal flowers of poetry; the weary cries of his rebellious soul he

deftly turns to music; from his experiences he brings forth sciences and, beautifying life by each succeeding step, he marches on—forwards! and ever higher! a guiding star on earth. . . .

Armed with the force of Thought, which is now like lightning, now as cold and calm as steel,—Man, free and proud, moves on ahead of men, and higher than life, alone amidst the mysteries of being, alone amidst the crowd of his mistakes . . . these fall a heavy burden upon his proud soul and wound that soul, they tear his brain and, by putting him to burning shame, urge him—to destroy them.

He marches on! Instincts clamour on his breast, the hateful voice of self-love whines like an impudent beggar claiming alms, love's clinging tendrils coil round his heart like ivy, suck's his heart's blood and call aloud for surrender . . . all his senses try to conquer him, all long to dominate his soul.

Meantime the trifling cares of life swarm like clogs of dirt upon his path, and hideous toads upon his way.

And as the sun is surrounded by the planets—so is Man closely encircled by the things born of his creative spirit: his ever hungry Love; behind him at a distance comes limping Friendship, in front of him moves a wearied Hope; and here is Hate; clasped in the arms of Anger, with the clanging fetters of Patience upon its wrists, while Faith looks down with deep and steady gaze on his rebellious face and calmly waits to clasp him to its breast. . . .

He knows them all, the followers in his dismal train—misshapen, imperfect, weak creations of his spirit!

Attired in tatters of old truths, polluted by the venom of prejudice, they move hostile in the train of Thought, not able to keep even with its flight, even as crows that lag behind the eagle, and rarely do they join together into one mighty and creative flame, but keep aloof and quarrel for supremacy.

While round him hovers—Man's eternal follower—dumb mysterious Death, at all times ready to paralyze his glowing heart that is thirsting for life.

He knows them all, these attendants in his immortal train, and one thing more he knows—Insanity. . . . Swift and strong as a whirlwind, it follows him with hostile eyes and, conscious of its might, lends wings to Thought, striving to involve it in its savage dance. . . .

And only Thought—Man's friend, with whom he never parts,—the flame of Thought alone lights all upon his way: the puzzle of life, the sombre mysteries of nature and the dark chaos that fills his heart.

Thought, the unfettered friend of Man, looks around with piercing, penetrating glance and ruthlessly illumines all:

Love's crafty deceits, its sole desire to gain possession of its object, its tendency to humble and be humbled; and the foul image of Lust, that follows in its wake;

Hope's timid impotence and Falsehood, its sister, attired, painted Falsehood ever ready to soothe and deceive with pleasing words;

Thought discloses to us in Friendship's withered heart crafty prudence; cruel, futile distrust; the cancerous stains of jealousy, with their scum of calumny;

Thought sees the power of blackest Hate and knows, that if its fetters are clasped—then all on earth would be doomed to destruction, not even the fruits of justice would be spared.

Thought lights up immovable Faith and shows us its malicious thirst for boundless power, its aspirations to enslave all the senses, its hidden claws of bigotry, the impotence of its heavy wings and the blindness of its vacant eyes. Thought even dares to strive with Death. That barren and often blindly malign power is hateful and hostile to Thought, free immortal Thought, that from the animal produced Man, that gave us all the gods, the systems of philosophy and sciences—the keys to all life's mysteries.

Death seems a scavenger to Thought, a scavenger that penetrates the dark slums and gathers all that is outworn, rotten, thrown away as useless, but at times dares to steal what's sound and strong.

Steeped in the smell of corruption, wrapped in a pall of horror, cold, featureless, dumb, Death stares Man in the face, a black austere enigma, while Thought—creative and resplendent as the sun, filled with audacity and haughty consciousness of eternal life, studies it zealously. . . . So rebellious Man passes forward through the dread gloom and mysteries of our existence—forwards! and—higher! ever forwards and ever higher!

II

But in the end Man gets exhausted, he groans and staggers; his frightened soul seeks Faith and loudly calls to Love for sweet caresses. Weakness gives birth to three ominous birds—Weariness, Despondency, and Despair—black, monstrous birds, that hover o'er his soul and sing a doleful song: "What art thou but the frailest insect, with conscience limited and Thought impotent? thy saintly pride a thing to laugh at—and for aught thou doest, thou shalt die."

His heart, wrung by this lying cruel song, quivers within his breast; the thorns of doubt pierce his brain, and in his eyes there shine the tears of outraged humanity.

And if the pride in him does not rebel, the fear of Death drives Man into the prison of Superstition, Love smiles triumphantly and lures him to herself, veiling in specious promises of happiness the hopelessness of his thralldom and the cruel despotism of sensuality. . . .

Hope's timid voice joins Falsehood and sings about the sweets of rest, the tranquil joy of acquiescence, and with soft pleasing words lulls his dormant soul, urging him on into the mire of pleasant Idleness and the dread clutches of Weariness of Flesh and Spirit.

Obedient to the allurements of his short-sighted senses, Man quickly satiates his brain and heart with the sweet venom of cynic Falsehood, that constantly repeats: "There is no other path that Man can tread but to the mire of peaceful self-content."

But Thought is proud, and Man is dear to it;—it enters into fierce strife with Falsehood, making Man's heart the battlefield.

It persecutes him like a deadly foe : it eats into his brain like a canker ; it ravages his breast like summer heat without a drop of rain ; and, like a torturer, it torments Man, making his heart contract with cold, the bracing cold of longing after truth, life's truth, austere and full of wisdom, that grows most slowly, but can be clearly seen, through the gloom of errors, a tiny flower of fire, born of Thought.

Alas, if Man is poisoned by Falsehood's venom, he hopelessly and steadfastly believes there is no joy on earth so great as a full stomach, no delight so surpassing as satiety, rest, and trivial worldly comforts, then Thought, a captive of triumphant sensuality, sadly lowers its wings and—slumbers, leaving Man in the power of his heart.

Like a pestilential cloud, baleful Triviality, vile daughter of Weariness, creeps up to Man from every side, covering his brain and heart and eyes with dull, pungent dust.

Then Man is doomed, degenerated through his own weakness into an animal, that has neither pride nor Thought. . . .

But if revolt bursts forth in him, it awakens Thought and—once again Man marches on, alone amidst the thorns of his mistakes, alone amidst the burning embers of his misgivings, alone amidst the ruins of old truths !

Majestic, proud and free, he bravely looks truth in the eyes and speaks thus unto his doubts :

“Ye lie in saying that I am impotent, my conscience limited ! It grows ! I know it, see it, feel it—it grows in me ! I feel my conscience grow by the intensity of pain, and know, that if it did not grow, my sufferings would not be greater than before.

“With each succeeding step desires increase. I feel more strongly, I see far deeper into things, and this quick growth of my desires—is conscience's mighty growth ! It's no more than a spark at present—what of that ? Sparks grow into

fires! In times to come I shall be a fire amidst the darkness of the world! I am called to light up the whole universe, to dissolve its dark mysteries, to find a harmony 'twixt man and earth, to create a harmony in mine own self and, having lighted up the whole dark chaos of life on this poor suffering earth, covered, as though smitten with leprosy, by a thick slough of pain, sorrow, grief, and wickedness,—to sweep all evil and filth into the grave of the far past!

“I am called to disentangle the knots of all mistakes and errors that drive poor frightened men together like a frantic mob of animals ready to tear the other!

“Thought has created me to overturn, destroy, and trample under foot all that is old, narrow, and foul, all evil,—and to raise all things anew on the firm foundations, forged by Thought, of freedom, beauty, and honour of mankind.

“Foe to the ignominious poverty of men's desires, I would that every body were a Man!

“Shameful, senseless, and repugnant is this life, in which the servile toil of some exists only for others to sate themselves with bread and sensual gifts!

“Let all prejudices be cursed, all the tendencies and customs, that like a clinging spider-web twine round man's brain and life. They hinder life, they outrage men;—I will destroy them!

“Thought is my only arm, and in the firm belief in Thought's full freedom, immortality and the eternal growth of its creative power—lies the endless source of all my strength! Thought is the only everlasting and true light, that I see shining through life's gloom; a fire amidst the darkness of degrading errors, that keeps on burning ever brighter and ever deeper piercing the black abysses of mysteries. And in the wake of Thought, in its immortal rays, I slowly wend my way forwards! and ever higher!

“To Thought no stronghold is invincible; there is no cherished thing on earth or sky which Thought cannot overcome.

“All is produced by Thought, and hence its sacred, unassailable right to destroy all that hinders its free growth.

“I calmly recognise that all prejudices are fragments of old truths; the host of errors, that hover over life, are merely ashes of old truths, burnt by the flame of that same Thought, which formerly produced them.

“I recognise that those that lie upon the field of battle are the conquerors, not those that seize the palm of victory. . .

“The sense of life lies in creative power, which is self-sufficient and illimitable.

“I go to burn with a consuming fire and thereby light the gloom of life—death is my sole reward.

“But I desire no other gift; I plainly see power is a disgrace and a weariness, riches a senseless burden, while glory is a phantasm, that arose through men not knowing their own value and ever servilely degrading their own selves.

“Doubts! You are only sparks of Thought, no more. Putting its own self to the test, Thought gives you birth from the abundance of its vigour and feeds you by the same great force!

“A day will come, when in my breast all senses will join Thought, forming one mighty and creative flame; and with that flame I will extinguish all that is dark and cruel and evil. And then I will be as those gods that Thought created and creates!

“All is in Man's power, and all exists for Man!”

And once again, free and majestic, his stately head thrown back, Man slowly wends his way, firmly stepping upon the dust of old prejudices, alone amidst the dismal gloom of errors; behind him—sweeps along a heavy cloud of all that's past, in front stands calmly waiting in his way a host of mysteries.

They are as numberless as all the stars in heaven, and endless is Man's way!

So marches on rebellious Man—forwards! and higher!
ever forwards! and ever higher!

MAXIM GORKI.

THE MILITARY DEADLOCK

MUCH attention has recently been concentrated on army affairs, which is at least an advantage; as usually the nation disdains to consider such matters. In the present case this attention is particularly necessary, although usually it is desirable that Parliament and people should allow the military authorities to carry on their work without let or hindrance. Our army is always in the unfortunate position that each incoming War Secretary is expected to produce a new scheme; and solve the army problem, which is well-nigh insoluble. Hence the army is perennially undergoing reconstruction; and no scheme is ever allowed time to mature and become systematised. Obviously such treatment does not make for efficiency. How would any great railway company fare if each new general manager brought out a new scheme for organising it? Needless to say, each War Secretary considers his plan the best; and each—to take only modern times—from Mr. Cardwell to Mr. Arnold Forster, has thought himself the saviour of the situation, with what success is shown by the numerous changes which continually take place. Still, all previous enterprises have been completely eclipsed by the changes of the last eighteen months; which have been so numerous and kaleidoscopic that public and experts are almost equally bewildered, and few realise now what is actually taking place. A brief outline of recent events may not, therefore, be out of place.

Throughout our military history, reduction and increase of

numbers have fluctuated like a fever patient's temperature-chart. After the close of a great war reduction has invariably been the order of the day ; whilst when once the danger is again upon us, increase is ordered at ruinous cost, with the result that millions are expended instead of thousands. So it was in the eighteenth century, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, the Crimean and Mutiny campaigns, and so it is once again at the close of the South African War. The latter experience, however, is somewhat different from the others ; because, although a certain reduction has already been accomplished, and more will certainly come—for that part of the programme will survive whoever may be in power—a reduction of the estimates to the normal scale in vogue before the war will not take place.

Reduction of *personnel* is essentially a clumsy and ineffectual method of economising ; because the actual cost of *personnel* is always a small proportion of the total sum expended. For instance, in the current estimates *personnel* only absorbs a third of the whole charge ; and in any case the saving effected is not worth the risk, especially as the late war showed that we had not a man too many, the resources of the country being strained to the uttermost to maintain an adequate force in the field.

At the close of the war, however, the usual clamour for reduction was raised, and demand made for increased efficiency. This at last culminated in the Report of the War Commission ; which contained many reflections on the then existing *régime*, but in no way proved that the old system was altogether effete. Indeed it could not have been, seeing that it fulfilled stupendously greater demands than had ever been made or expected of it. The Commission attributed blame chiefly to what had nothing to do with the system—the inadequate supply of stores which had been collected, and the unsatisfactory relations which prevailed between the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief—and it in no way referred to the War Office *régime* as it existed in 1903, nor did it indeed intend to do so. But the House of Commons and the public were in no mood to discriminate. The state of affairs then was briefly this.

The War Secretary, Mr. Brodrick, had started in 1900 with some advantages on his side. He knew already the "ropes" at the War Office; and, unlike most War Secretaries on their arrival, he was at once able to find his way about that puzzling document, a War Office paper. This gave him a certain fictitious advantage, of which, unfortunately, he was only too ready to avail himself; and soon the whole business of the Office became centralised in his hands. Still, in justice to him it must be said that, though unquestionably he had a passion of centralisation, the apathy and lack of grasp shown by his military colleague obliged him to take many things in hand which were not his business, or else they would not have been done at all. Likewise, in his own defence, he was obliged to look into certain details for the simple reason that, until he did so, he found that he was often placed at a disadvantage in the House of Commons.

He began his career by launching an ambitious though not, as has been said, a hastily devised scheme. The Army Corps were not of his making. In 1888 Mr. Stanhope, then War Secretary, had drawn up a plan of our military requirements, in response to the persistent representations of his military advisers, who for years had been urging on successive War Ministers the necessity for some definite mobilisation plan. This scheme laid down that two regular Army Corps might be necessary for oversea purposes, and that three, partly composed of auxiliaries, were needed for home defence. For many years subsequently, however, the military authorities emphasised the necessity of these two Army Corps being increased to three. But they were not strong enough to carry their point; though Mr. Brodrick, coming in on the ephemeral wave of a khaki craze, was enabled to do so. Thus the scheme was by no means his own idea; and its prosecution did not entail the addition of one extra man to the army, since it mainly concerned the distribution of troops and the provision of adequate stores for mobilising them.

The name of Army Corps, nevertheless, was ill chosen. It frightened the nation, which conjured up to itself all kinds of

terrible ideas of continental militarism, simply because the French, German, and other armies were organised in such bodies. But all the scheme aimed at was to assimilate peace and war conditions; and group units in peace time in the same formations and under the same leaders as in war time. It in no way touched the organism, numbers, or recruiting of the army; and, even if it had been as bad as it was painted, it did not possess the same powers for good or evil as the schemes of his successor.

But, owing to a complete misapprehension of its effects, it became unpopular. Still, in spite of many defects, the military machine at that time was settling down fairly well after the strain of a great war; though the unwise plan of reducing the period of service to three years gave serious cause for alarm and anxiety.

In the autumn of 1903 Mr. Arnold Forster succeeded, and about the same time the now celebrated Committee of three was appointed to reconstitute the War Office system. This Committee, contrary to what it should have been, was by no means an expert one, even its one military member had little experience of practical army matters. He was an Engineer officer, who even amongst his brother officers had had much less real military experience than usually falls to their lot. He had been secretary to the Colonial Defence Committee, which is not, strictly speaking, military work; head of the carriage factory at Woolwich, and a Colonial Governor, and in no sense could he be called a practical soldier.

The schemes of the Committee were hastily devised, and drastic in the extreme. They carried out the ideals of the Hartington Commission by abolishing the Commandership-in-Chief, and creating an Army Council and an Inspector-General of the Forces, the first two of which were undoubtedly sound as far as they went. They distributed the work of the War Office on a new plan, and recommended the appointment of Directors in order to relieve the members of the Army

Council from the necessity of entering into details, and so enable them to devote their energies to larger issues—a plan which incidentally had the effect of largely increasing the number of general officers at headquarters. A general staff was also to be created, and a permanent nucleus to the Defence Committee instituted. At the same time they recommended that new blood was necessary, and that the existing War Office chiefs should be sent about their business. Nor did they stop here. For, exceeding their terms of reference, they proposed to re-organise the whole system generally. This was mainly to be done by setting up a double set of generals, executive and administrative, when every one admitted that we had already far too many. The former were to deal with discipline, training, &c. ; and the latter—who would remain behind when war began—with administration. This plan was supposed more nearly to approximate peace and war conditions. But in reality it did exactly the reverse. In war time there can be but one head ; and often, as in the case of Lord Kitchener in South Africa, the general, as well as being in military and administrative charge, is also in political charge. Did war consist merely in fighting battles this plan might succeed. But battles only take up a small part of the time. There is an immense amount of administrative work to be done as well. So staffs in time of war would necessarily have to be entirely reorganised. A large number of administrative officers would have to go ; and as presumably those who were employed on such work in peace time would have to be sent, the country, as in the late war, would be denuded of staff, and haphazard arrangements would once more be necessary. Indeed generally, it is difficult to conceive a plan which less resembles war conditions.

It need hardly be said that the Report, abusing roundly as it did that most unpopular of public departments, the War Office, was much applauded, and at once took the popular fancy. Its recommendations, too, as regards headquarters were at once acted upon. Commander-in-Chief and War

Office chiefs were at once evicted with scant ceremony, and an Army Council and an Inspector-General appointed. But if the recommendations of the Committee had been carried out in the spirit as well as in the letter—for they aimed at giving greater prominence to expert opinion—a strong Army Council should have been created which would really have influenced the Secretary of State, although of course it was inevitable that he alone should be responsible to Parliament. It was also laid down that in case of disagreement with Government measures, the military members were expected to resign.

But a strong Army Council was not appointed. Four comparatively unknown general officers, three of them very junior major-generals, were appointed under the presidency of a Secretary of State who, whilst a journalist, had won a certain shallow reputation as a military critic, but who in his own estimation was a glorified combination of Carnot and Cardwell. In his journalistic days he had already committed himself to all kinds of wild ideas, and on the old principle that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, he was the very last man who should have been appointed to such a post. He lost no time in setting to work. He had always objected to the short service and reserve system and linked battalions, the working of which by the way he does not even now understand. Forthwith there were to be two armies—a hundred general service battalions enlisted on a nine years' engagement; and the remainder converted into home service units with a two years' engagement and no liability for foreign service except in case of war. Each of these was to be only 500 strong, and there was to be a striking force of 16,000 men at Aldershot, always kept ready, which could obviously be only of use in a very small war.

At the same time the fourteen newly raised regular and five garrison battalions were to be suppressed, and the establishments of all reduced by fifty men, whilst the Militia and the Volunteers were virtually to be improved out of existence. The linked battalion system was to go, and large

depôts were to be created instead. Regiments were to be quartered in their own counties, and an elaborate new set of barracks was to be built. Every one who knew anything about the subject at once foresaw that these measures would not and could not work. But Mr. Arnold Forster, convinced of his own superior knowledge, refused to listen to his Army Council or any one else.

To begin with, recruiting with us really depends on the labour market, except—for the credit of the nation be it said—in time of war. The majority of recruits we get under any system are those who cannot find anything else to do; and to these the term of service makes little difference; and we shall not really tap another class unless the pay is increased to an altogether prohibitive amount. But if we set up two distinct periods, two years and nine, it is obvious that no man in his senses would bind himself for nine, when he could do so only for two. The two years' plan no doubt is useful for the creation of a large reserve. But it is not long enough to provide for the Indian drafts, whilst a nine years' term provides the drafts, but is too long for the creation of an adequate reserve.

In the issue what has happened is this. The War Office authorities dare not open the short term of enlistment for fear of not getting enough men for the long one. So the long term is the only one now open for line infantry; and so far it appears to be doing well, though it cannot provide an adequate reserve. The linked battalion system again is by no means an ideal one. But it has proved to be much more satisfactory than any of the various systems—depôt battalions, four company depôts, &c.—which had been tried before; and at least it is economical, which was one of the chief reasons why it was introduced. Home battalions also fulfil the double object of providing a more advanced school of training for recruits than depôts, however large, can do, and of being capable of expansion into war units by means of reservists, a plan which did not, after all, work so badly in the South African War.

The scheme for improving barrack accommodation, and many other plans also, had to be abandoned, as any junior clerk in the finance branch could have told Mr. Arnold Forster at once; though, according to the recently issued army order, dépôts are shortly to be redistributed in groups. The same order also gave life in a modified form to the recommendations of the Esher Committee for reorganising the home army, which necessitates the keeping up of an establishment of sixty-nine general officers of different kinds; whilst, side by side with this costly and unnecessary plan, are the monstrous proposal to reduce the strength of the army—and this within three years of the close of the South African War—the delay in providing new guns, and, almost worst of all, the reduction of the garrison in Egypt, in the face of the recommendations of the highest Egyptian experts, who had even advocated two years ago an increase of military force. Finally, at the War Office the new Army Council has already proved a hopeless failure. The military members are not listened to, and there is more correspondence and centralisation than ever, with the addition of yet another channel, the Directors, who were supposed to relieve the members of the Council of detailed work. At any rate, in the Adjutant-General's department even more papers now go to the Chief than was formerly the case.

Meanwhile a lamentable state of uncertainty prevails; and this militates gravely against war preparations generally. Mobilisation plans in peace time should be worked out to the minutest details. But how can this be done when no one can tell what the morrow may bring forth? The effect on regiments is equally bad. The uncertainty precludes the possibility of real interest being taken, and operates generally against war efficiency. It is indeed extraordinary how the nation permits one ignoramus after another to tinker with its army; and one wonders how long it will allow such trivialities as the justification of one of its servants' previous journalistic utterances to govern its military policy. Happily some feeling does at last seem to have been aroused on this subject; and during this

Session Mr. Arnold Forster seems likely to find his seat on the Treasury bench as uncomfortable as did his predecessor.

But what is of main importance is the future. It is much to be feared that popular clamour may lead to yet another new and irresponsible scheme, which will once more consign the army to the melting-pot. This is much to be deprecated. The present state of affairs is bad enough in all conscience, though the existing proposals have not yet had time to work as much mischief as, if persevered in, they infallibly will. So matters should be allowed to abide as they are at present, as the least evil which can now be conceived. No more reductions should take place, and the linked battalion and depôt system should remain as they are, whilst a mean between a nine and a two years' period of enlistment should be found. For it is abundantly clear that the two periods running concurrently cannot succeed. It would be wise, on the same principle of accepting the ills we have, to let the Army Council also, as regards its military element, remain as it is. Above all things, it is vital that no new experiments should be tried just yet.

It is now nearly ten years since the modern system really came into force with the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge, and since then the army and the War Office have gone through many changes. But is the army now more efficient for war than it was then? It is extremely doubtful; indeed it seems as if, on the contrary, it had gone down hill since that time. Officers and men were certainly as well trained and educated then as they are now; the system of selection was infinitely fairer; the estimates were much smaller; the reserve was larger, and the numbers composing the active army almost as large; preparation for war was, at any rate, as far advanced as it is to-day; and, above all, every rank in the army was contented, and everybody knew exactly how he stood.

STRATIOTES.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES¹

FORTY years ago a young English poet dedicated a book of poems and ballads to an almost unknown artist, named Edward Burne-Jones, and asked his friend in a lyric of impassioned verse to "receive in his palace of painting this revel of rhymes." To-day the same poet, true to the friends of his youth, inscribes his last poems to the memory of William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones. The interval that has elapsed between the publication of Mr. Swinburne's two volumes embraces the whole of the painter's public career. When they first appeared, in 1865, many readers were puzzled to know who this artist could be of whom they had never heard. Now Burne-Jones has been dead six years, but his name is a household word—"the seal of his glory is sure"—and no one needs to be enlightened as to the poet's meaning.

Burne-Jones himself always said that no record of an artist's life was necessary.

A man's true home is the city which he loves best, the people whom he chooses for his friends are his real family. The facts of life are merely the hard blows and obstacles which have blocked the path and stood in his way, and it is only by studying his works that you read his true story and learn all that he wished and longed to be. There you have the man's real life, his Day of Judgment and his final doom.

But since he realised that sooner or later some biography of him would be expected, he wished his wife to write it,

¹"Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," by G. B.-J. Macmillan. 1904.

"because," he said to her one day, "you know and understand." Lady Burne-Jones has fulfilled the task thus laid upon her in a way that calls forth our most heartfelt thanks. She has drawn a true and vivid portrait of the man as we knew and loved him, and told the story of his life with perfect frankness, yet with the tenderness of one who stood very near him and was intimate with every detail. And at the same time she has given us a precious record of a group of men who will be remembered among the most remarkable figures of the Victorian age.

Professor Seeley once remarked that heredity and early influences sufficiently explained Rossetti's gifts as poet and painter, but that Burne-Jones's artistic vocation remained a mystery. Everything was against him in the beginning. He was born, on August 28, 1833, in an obscure home in the heart of Birmingham. His mother died soon after his birth, his father was a poor frame-maker, "pious and loving, but very narrow in his beliefs and ideas." The child's first recollection was that of going to bed hungry, the next that of a hunger of the soul, which was less easy to satisfy. His surroundings were unspeakably distasteful and vexatious. The streets of the great Midland city seemed to him "infinitely barren and ugly, reeking," as they did in those days, "with grime and smoke and drunkenness." There was no picture-gallery and no old churches with noble architecture and rich stained glass. Fairy-tales and poetry were rigidly banished from his nursery, and for years he had only three books—"Sandford and Merton," "Evenings at Home," and "Æsop's Fables," which last he liked best, because of the pictures. On his way to school the boy often lingered before the nearest bookseller's shop, reading the titles of the books in the window and envying the fortunate shopman within, never dreaming that he might some day be able to buy these coveted treasures. The child's romantic imagination had little enough to feed upon, but he made the most of such crumbs as fell to his share. The Bible stories which his father read to him in soft clear tones, sunk deep into

his memory, and, with a strangely prophetic instinct, he built up cities and temples of stones and was reproved for calling them "Jerusalem."

I will not cease from mortal fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

At eleven Burne-Jones was sent to King Edward's School, where he had three great Bishops—Westcott, Lightfoot, and Benson—among his companions. But no master took the trouble to explain *Cæsar* and *Virgil* to him, and the shy, sensitive child pored over Greek and Latin myths in solitude, and read *Ossian* with his single friend, Mr. Cormell Price, in the old cemetery. A visit which he paid to Hereford, when he was fifteen or sixteen, came as a ray of light. Here he first attended a cathedral service, and "felt himself in Paradise for an hour." And here, too, he first read Newman's sermons, which made a profound and lasting impression upon his mind. One day at the Grange, more than forty years afterwards, a guest expressed some contempt at a remark which Newman had made to Martineau, "that without belief in the Church his outlook on human life would be altogether black." Upon which Burne-Jones exclaimed: "I agree with him entirely, and think him all the greater for having said so. Without a sense of the spiritual force round us, my outlook on life would be one of pure despair." After that the painter made me realise how much he owed to the great Cardinal whose name he revered to his dying day.

In an age of sofas and cushions, Newman taught me to be indifferent to comfort; and in an age of materialism he taught me to venture all on the unseen, and this so early that it was well with me when life began, and I was equipped before I went to Oxford with a real good panoply, and it has never failed me. So if this world cannot tempt me with money or luxury—and it can't—or anything it has in its trumpety treasure-house, it is most of all because he said it in a way that touched me, not scolding nor forbidding, nor much leading—walking with me a step in front. So he stands to me as a great image or symbol of a man who never stooped and who put all this world's life in one

splendid venture, which he knew as well as you or I might fail, but with a glorious scorn of everything that was not his dream (i. 59).

In 1853 Burne-Jones went up to Oxford and met William Morris, who, like himself, was a freshman at Exeter College. Then the hard earth cracked under his feet. The two friends walked under the old College walls in the moonlight and thought it would be heaven to live and die there. Together they rambled along the river, full of enthusiasm for all that was holy and beautiful and true, and saw processions of monks and friars, of mediæval knights and ladies in all the pageantry of the golden age pass by in their dreams. But in one respect Burne-Jones was bitterly disappointed. He found no enthusiasm for the great religious revival which had lately passed over Oxford, none of the burning love and fervour which he had expected. Newman was gone and deadly stagnation had sunk upon the place. The lonely student longed to pour out his heart to some teacher, but found no one to whom he could turn. His college tutors were dull pedants with nothing human about them, who had no sympathy with his Catholic aspirations and shut their eyes to the beauty and meaning of the Greek myths which were for him a living reality. "The weight of that terrible dead time crushed me," he said, "and sick at heart and chilled to the bone I gave up all thoughts of taking Orders and sought consolation in other hopes and dreams." The little volumes which the painter treasured in memory of these Oxford days show us the new ideals that were fast springing up in his heart. There was an "In Memoriam," given him by Morris, two or three of Fouqué's tales, Sintram and Sängerblicke, and best of all, Malory's "Morte d'Arthur"—two little books in green silk binding, with the words "Edward Burne-Jones, Oxford, 1855," in his clear handwriting. The same shelf at The Grange held Pastor Meinhold's weird romance, "Sidonia von Bork," Rossetti's first series of Poems, "from his old friend Gabriel," and the copy of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam," which Mr. Swinburne bought for two-pence on a bookstall near Leicester Square, and brought in

triumph to his artist friend. Still more memorable was the day when Burne-Jones first saw Rossetti's water-colour of *Dante drawing Beatrice*, in Mr. Combe's house at Oxford. Here he felt was a man who did all that he longed to do, and who was actually living at the present time. From that moment Burne-Jones resolved to be a painter, and thought only how soon he could escape from Oxford and begin to draw. A tour which he took with Morris, in the summer of 1855, among the cities and cathedrals of Northern France, confirmed this resolution, and early in the following year he settled in town with the fixed intention of devoting his life to art. In January 1856 the first number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, a periodical which owed its existence to Morris and his set, appeared, and contained a brilliant essay on Thackeray's "Newcomes," from the pen of Burne-Jones. The writer spoke with "deepest thankfulness and reverence of such great men as Tennyson and Holman Hunt, of Ruskin and Carlyle and Kingsley, who have led on this most godly crusade against falsehood, doubts and wretched failures, against hypocrisy and mammon and lack of earnestness," and wound up his stirring appeal with an eloquent allusion to the poet-painter, Rossetti. "Why," he asked, "is his name so seldom on the lips of men? If only we could hear him oftener, live in the light of his power a little longer!" A week or two later the young enthusiast met Rossetti at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, and the next day paid a visit to the artist's studio in Blackfriars.

Burne-Jones always loved to recall that first meeting with the god of his adoration and to dwell on the joy and wonder of those days when he and Morris literally sat at the feet of their great leader.

Then Rossetti came, and took me away to paint. How we worshipped him! For he was truly an inspirer of others, a finder of hidden things, a revealer of light and discoverer of beauty, who fired hundreds with the same enthusiasm and kindled the divine spark in every breast. He it was who first taught me not to be afraid of my own ideas, but always be myself and do

the thing I liked best. But in those days I never wanted to think but as he thought, and every word of his thrilled me through and through. And then how boundless was his generosity, how royal the praise with which he blessed our feeble efforts, how untiring the pains which he took to help us, not only by his teaching and encouragement, but in more direct and practical ways, by finding us patrons and employment, introducing us to his own friends—of all of which a beautiful and golden record is somewhere written. What a world it was! and he the centre and light of it all!

The genius of Rossetti was a theme of which Burne-Jones never wearied. He grew eloquent as he described those wonderful little five-inch pictures, containing a whole world of passion, *Dante and Beatrice*, *Paolo and Francesca*, *Christ at the Feast of Simon*, and told how, as he watched the painter at work, he felt that if he would only paint these on a larger scale, the whole world must stop and wonder. *We shall be carrying him in triumph upon our shoulders, and the traffic in Fleet Street will be stopped and all the people will shout for joy. But when the great pictures came, they were sadly disappointing—*

big single women with large unnatural lips and strained attitudes, and light and fresh air shut out by heavy curtains and the hot close scent of tropical flowers. All the really great work of Rossetti was crowded into ten years—O, the marvel of it all!—and then that wonderful romantic imagination, which no painter ever rivalled, which was big enough to fill the whole world, failed and fell short of greatness because it could not master technique. Then decay set in—the Olympians were unkind to him—his wife died; there was a little madness followed by a terrible period of death in life, and all the glory of that marvellous promise faded slowly away.

But to the end Burne-Jones insisted that Rossetti's true character was never properly understood, and that he was a nobler and a better man than the world ever knew. "Even those who owed him most," he complained, "spoke coldly of him and only recalled the failures and mistakes of his later years, which was merely the dust that should be blown from off his face." This profound conviction sometimes inspired Burne-Jones with the wish to write his friend's life—"make out some sort of image of him—and if it is a perfect image and

all overlaid with gold, it will be truer really than one that should make him halt or begrimed or sully him in the least."

Another influence which counted for much in those early days was that of Ruskin. While Burne-Jones was still at Oxford, "Modern Painters" came to him as "a message of light and joy," and to his great happiness he now saw his hero and found him "even better than his books, which are the best in the world!" "I'm not E. B.-J. any longer, I'm not Ted," he wrote in an ecstasy of delight at receiving a letter from Ruskin. "I've dropped my personality. I'm a correspondent with Ruskin and my future title is 'the man who wrote to Ruskin and got an answer by return'" (i. 127). And to relieve his feelings, he made a drawing of himself, bowed to the ground before a figure of Ruskin, crowned with a halo of light. Ruskin, on his part, was charmed with his new acquaintance, and described him to Seeley as not only a youth of genius, but as the only cultured artist whom he had ever known. The friendship between the two men was a very close one and remained unchanged in spite of frequent differences of opinion. When they travelled together in Italy, Botticelli and Carpaccio inspired them both with the same enthusiasm, but when Burne-Jones added Pollaiuolo and Signorelli to his list of favourite painters, Ruskin would have none of this and fell foul of Burne-Jones's own art. Burne-Jones, on his part, could not but regret the violence with which Ruskin denounced Michelangelo in his later works, and quarrelled with his friend's writings as much as Ruskin objected to his pictures. But this could not alter the strong personal affection and deep admiration which the painter always felt for his old friend, whose true greatness, he always said, would only be recognised by posterity. It was a great joy to him when, in 1883, Ruskin returned to Oxford as Slade Professor, and spoke of him and his art in a manner which made Mr. Swinburne say that he had never before heard Burne-Jones's work praised in really adequate terms.

I do envy Ruskin [he wrote] the authority and eloquence which give such weight and effect to his praise. It is just what I see in a glass darkly that he brings out and lights up with the very best words possible, while we others, who cannot draw, like Shakespeare, have eyes for wonder, but lack tongues to praise (ii. 132).

Another influence which made itself strongly felt in Burne-Jones's life and helped in no small measure to mould his style, was that of Watts. The great painter whom we have lately lost often recalled the July day—in 1857—when Rossetti brought his young follower to Little Holland House and told him that this shy youth, with the blue eyes and dreamy air, was the greatest genius of the age. The two painters soon became intimate, and when Burne-Jones fell seriously ill in the following summer, Mrs. Prinsep, with whom Watts was then living, took the young painter into her house and nursed him during several weeks. At Little Holland House Burne-Jones received much kindness from his hostess and her family, and first met Tennyson, who was then writing the "Idylls of the King," and many prominent artists and literary men. But the debt which he owed to Watts was greater still. It was the elder master who first made him realise his deficiencies in drawing and inspired him with courage and determination to overcome this difficulty. In a letter which he addressed a few years ago to Mr. Comyns Carr, Burne-Jones wrote: "Rossetti gave me courage to commit myself to imagination without shame—a thing both good and bad for me. It was Watts, much later, who compelled me to draw better." No one ever recognised the genius of Burne-Jones more fully than Watts. He would talk by the hour of his friend's rare sense of loveliness and marvellous invention, above all of his supreme power of transforming other men's ideas and of bearing you away into a remote and visionary world of his own, where all was real and all full of beauty. Only he always regretted that so gifted and accomplished a painter should deliberately cut himself off from contemporary thought and feeling and live altogether in the past. One day, soon after Leighton's death,

I heard Watts define the art of these three painters, all of whom he had known intimately, in the following words :

Leighton had considerable perception, some imagination, and a good deal of intellect. Millais had great perception and acuteness, but very little imagination and no poetry. Burne-Jones had great intellect, vast fancy and rare imagination, but fancy preponderated largely over all his other gifts.

"He tops us all," was the verdict which the old master pronounced only a few weeks before "poor Ned," as he affectionately called his friend, passed away.

Yet one more influence must be reckoned among the causes which helped to develop our artist's style. This was the visit which he paid to Italy in 1859, with the late Val Prinsep for his companion, and a second journey which he took with Ruskin in 1862. The first sight of Florence and Venice naturally made a deep impression upon his mind. He lingered before Giotto's *Death of St. Francis* in Santa Croce, and sought out Botticellis in desecrated convents and realised his natural affinity with the primitives of Tuscany and Umbria. "If I could travel backwards," he wrote, "I think my heart's desire would take me to Florence in the days of Botticelli." And when, after an interval of nine years, he paid another brief visit to Florence and saw Perugia and Assisi for the first time, he felt more than ever that this was his true home. "*According to facts, against which I rebel as far as possible, I was born at Birmingham in the dead times at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but you and I know that Assisi is my true birthplace and St. Francis my patron-saint—and so I muddle on somehow.*" And after his return he wrote: "I walk about here, but all the while I live in Italy." The sight of old pictures, however, only stirred the fire within and made him long to be back at work in his studio. *The Merciful Knight* was the direct outcome of his first Italian journeys. Rossetti's influence had been strongly marked in his earlier work, but this picture, which now belongs to his native city, revealed the painter's original and independent genius. He had found a method to suit his own nature and to satisfy his artistic creed.

I mean by a picture [he wrote to Mr. Comyns-Carr] a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be—in a light that never shone—in a land no one can define or remember, only desire—the forms divinely beautiful—and then I wake up with the waking of Brynhild.

The true mission of the artist, he always declared, was to rescue beauty from the forgetfulness to which it seemed doomed in a selfish and material age, and which in his eyes was the one redeeming power in a sad, bad world. To point a moral or teach a lesson, he argued, was beyond the province of art. All that it can do is to create an atmosphere, lift us out of the dust and mire into a higher and serener air. Of course, he said, we must be prepared to find our life a failure, and to realise, when the sands are running out and the end comes into sight, that the Himalayas are still in front of us. But if we can only raise the tone of art by a hair's breadth, and make a single soul better and happier, that in itself is worth living for, and is more than any of us has a right to expect.

A true Celt in temperament, Burne-Jones was often a prey to the deep melancholy which belongs to all romantic natures, and this very consciousness made him clutch at everything which could cheer and brighten the passing hour. No one entered more fully into the fun of a practical joke, while the delightful caricatures which he drew for his children's amusement reveal a sense of humour which few of his admirers suspected. Like all imaginative artists, he was a hard worker, and the endless designs and studies which he has left show how hard he toiled to attain that perfection after which he yearned. Each picture, he often said, should have a definite, harmonious, and conscious beauty, and each little portion should be so beautiful in colour and surface that if only a few inches of the canvas were preserved it would still be recognised as a work of art. Rossetti often laughed at him for what he called his perpetual discontent, and told him that he must be the vainest of men, since his own pictures were never good enough for him. This sense of dissatisfaction with his own work and passionate striving

after completeness made him comparatively indifferent to praise or blame. For years, he said, he stood like St. Sebastian, a mark for the shafts of every sharp-tongued critic or ignorant journalist, but he worked on, careless of abuse and ridicule, and too much absorbed in his own conceptions to notice these attacks. When fame and rewards came it was the same. "What difference can it make," he asked, "if they give me medals and decorations, as long as I cannot do what I wish in art and am miserable in consequence?" Yet Burne-Jones was, on the whole, a singularly fortunate man. His lot was a far happier one than that of most original artists. He lived long enough to come into his own, and from the first he won the admiration of those whose sympathy he most valued. Culture, as Seeley once said, was the note of all his art, and for this reason it appealed in an especial manner to the finest intellects of the day, to Tennyson and Lowell, to Walter Pater and George Eliot. And he was still more fortunate in his family and friends and the home-life of which Lady Burne-Jones gives us so many charming glimpses.

In 1856, that *annus mirabilis* when he first met Ruskin and Rossetti and started on his career as a painter, Burne-Jones became engaged to an old friend's sister, Georgiana Macdonald, then a girl of fifteen, whom he had known at Birmingham, and now met again in London. "There was a year," wrote the artist long afterwards, "in which I think it never rained nor clouded, but was blue summer from Christmas to Christmas, and London streets glittered and it was always morning and the air sweet and full of bells." He always liked to remember that his betrothal took place on June 9—the day of the year on which the poet of the "Vita Nuova" first saw and loved Beatrice. Four years later, on the same 9th of June, Burne-Jones was married in Manchester Cathedral, and brought his young wife to share his bachelor lodgings in Bloomsbury. His sole fortune consisted of £30, besides which he had a few commissions for pictures, most of which had been already paid for in advance. Rossetti and Morris, who fortunately had a

larger share of this world's goods, married about the same time, and during the next few years the three friends and their wives lived together in close and intimate companionship. There were merry meetings at the wombat's cage in the Zoological Gardens and week-end visits to Morris's new house in Kent, where Burne-Jones decorated the halls with frescoes from mediæval romances and Rossetti composed nonsense verses on his friends' names until the walls rang with shouts of laughter. But the same enthusiasm for art and worship of beauty filled their lives. "I never knew such men," said a lady who often sat to Burne-Jones and his comrades in those ardent young days. "It was being in a new world to be with them. I sat to them and was there with them, and they were different to every one else I ever saw. And I was a holy thing to them. I was a holy thing to them" (i. 169). It was a wonderful time for all the members of the little band. Ruskin was writing his "Stones of Venice" and "Seven Lamps"; Holman Hunt, Millais, and Madox Brown were at work on great pictures, and Morris used to bring new cantos of the "Earthly Paradise" and read them aloud, while Burne-Jones painted scenes from the story of Cupid and Psyche or the "Morte d'Arthur." Of an evening a young poet "with glorious red hair" would drop in and pace up and down the studio, reciting his latest verses while the artist designed cartoons for stained glass. Then the furnishing and decorating of Morris's new home, the Red House at Upton, led to the foundation of the firm in which Morris, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and Madox Brown were all partners. "Have you heard of the Co.?" wrote Burne-Jones to his old friend Cornell Price, in Russia. "It's made of Topsy, Marshall, Faulkner, Brown, Webb, Rossetti and me. We are partners and have a manufactory and make stained glass, furniture, jewellery, decoration, and pictures. We have many commissions, and shall probably roll in yellow carriages by the time you come back" (i. 227). Burne-Jones always looked back with affection on the happy freedom of those days. "We never felt poor," he said, "because we agreed to do

without the things we could not have, and the really big things of life took up so much of our time and thoughts that we could afford to do without the rest." But all too soon those joyous days of youth came to an end, and, with his removal to a new house in Kensington, the stress of life seemed to begin. In 1867, when the painter had entered on his thirty-fifth year—*nel mexxo, del cammin*—he settled at the Grange, Fulham, which was to remain his home during the last thirty years of his life. Here he worked happily for "seven more blessed years," untroubled by exhibitions and hanging committees, by critics and interviewers, painting great pictures for the few patrons who were wise enough to see the beauty of his art. Chief among them was one of rare gifts and noble character, who became an intimate friend of the artist—Mr. William Graham—for whom *The Days of Creation*, *Chant d'Amour*, *Laus Veneris*, and many more of Burne-Jones's finest works, were painted. So great was his enthusiasm for his friend's work that one day he went up to a picture in the studio, which had been lately finished, and kissed it. There was one little drawing of a blessed soul stooping down to welcome her lover on the golden floor of heaven, which he always begged the artist to paint on a larger scale. The work was never done, but when Mr. Graham died, in 1885, Burne-Jones made a lovely little picture of the subject and dropped it in his friend's grave without saying a word to any one.

After the first exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, the painter suddenly awoke to find himself famous, and the stream of visitors which flowed to the Grange increased every year. Strangers of distinction from all parts of the world, French artists and critics, German and Belgian authors, writers from the remote provinces of Finland and Russia, came to see the artist whose romantic fancy had for them so great a fascination. Many more were attracted by the charm of the man and the glamour of his presence. He gave more to his friends than most people—in sympathy, understanding and affection—and no man was ever loved more deeply and enduringly in

return. When his art became popular the world began to claim him, and the wit and brilliancy of his conversation, his gay sallies and sudden touches of pathos, soon made him a great favourite in society. Whatever he said or did, if he wrote to make an appointment or to refuse an invitation, if he welcomed a friend of long standing or escorted a chance guest to the door, it was done with a grace of manner and a charming smile that men and women alike found irresistible. The late W. E. Henley, who had always expressed his deep-rooted antipathy to the art of Burne-Jones, and often quarrelled over it with me, happened to meet the painter at dinner one day and was completely captivated by that single interview. "I must take care not to see Burne-Jones too often," he said the next morning, "or I shall end by liking his pictures." But it was not only in society that the painter shone. He was just as brilliant and amusing, his conversation was every bit as fascinating, when he sat at work in his studio with a single friend, as when he was surrounded by an admiring company. To sit at his side and listen, while he painted the bosses of Melchior's armour or the shot blues and purples in Caspar's robe, and the sunlight fell on the lawn outside, was a rare and delightful experience. Then he would pour out his ideas on all things in heaven and earth and talk freely of art, literature, and philosophy. He would recall the dreams and struggles of his youth, the friends he had known and loved, the books he had read and believed. Few men were more deeply versed in the folk-lore of all ages or took more delight in Celtic legends and mediæval myths, above all, in everything connected with his favourite romance of the Morte d'Arthur. The wealth of colour in Celtic literature, he once remarked, was like a raw umber tree under a sky of summer blue, but in most cases it was a shapeless mass, utterly lacking any sense of form. Among living authors, Stevenson attracted him greatly, but the writer with whom he felt most sympathy was Maeterlinck, whose "Trésor des humbles," he said, exactly expressed his own philosophy of life, saving that the young Belgian took a more

hopeful view of the future of the human race than he could ever feel. Florentine art and Gothic architecture were subjects of which he never tired. He knew every detail of Giotto's frescoes at Padua or of Botticelli's pictures, and could accurately describe each carved relief in the chapter-house of Salisbury or on the west front of Wells Cathedral. Greek vases and Persian tiles, mediæval ivories and tapestry, Oriental embroideries and Arab carving were all beautiful and interesting in his eyes, but he had never penetrated as far as India, and the art of China and Japan remained sealed books to him. French cathedrals, for him as for Morris, were not only the grandest and noblest, but the kindest and most loving of all the buildings which the earth had ever borne, and he was never weary of recalling the glories of Chartres and Amiens, the queens in their goffered frills and tasselled girdles, standing in rows before the Porte Royale or the Angel holding the dial on the topmost tower. "Give me the Light of the World and the apse of Westminster!" he cried in a fit of youthful enthusiasm, and to the end he retained his old love for the Abbey as the finest of English shrines. But he never could be brought to see any beauty or grandeur in St. Paul's, which he declared to be inconceivably cold, pompous, and empty, the bad product of a bad age, the incarnation of all that he detested most—Lord Mayors and aldermen, City dinners and big-wiggery, and all the pomp and glory of the world—the pomp, mind you, not of St. Louis, but of Louis XIV. and his age. He always maintained that Wren's cathedral was too big for any scheme of internal decoration, and that the best thing the Dean and Chapter could do was to drape the nave with black and gold curtains and hang a few large oil paintings here and there.

On his last journey to Italy, in 1873, he was deeply impressed by the mosaics in the ancient churches of Ravenna. But he was almost equally familiar with those at Monreale and Palermo, which he had never seen, and one day, when I had lately returned from Sicily, he discussed the subjects of the

mosaic pictures in the Cappella Palatina for some time, growing eloquent over the jewelled radiance of the dark chapel—"like a little bit of heaven with the mystic forms on the walls becoming gradually clear in the dim light, until the whole of the wondrous story at last breaks upon our sight." He was just then at work upon cartoons for the mosaics of the American church in Rome, and had designed the "Fall of Lucifer," which eventually became the subject of a separate picture. His first idea had been to represent Lucifer and his host hurled by avenging Archangels with a shout of triumph from the citadel of heaven. But then he changed his mind and decided that they should go down with the honours of war, and painted the great column of warriors with banners flying, slowly descending into the abyss, and up above the chivalry of God, with swords and helmets flashing in the sun, ranged along the celestial ramparts, and below the awful words, "Neither was their place found any more in heaven." On the right there was to be a glimpse of Eden bowers, with angels playing harps of gold and dancing in the meadows of Paradise. But afterwards he took this out, feeling that Angelico's dream of heaven could no longer satisfy modern ideas: "*We want to know more than that, to be sure that the future life is some continuation of this, that experience and memory live on, that the past is just as real there as it is here, that the selfsame faces we have loved here will meet us again there.*" But of all the designs which he prepared for these mosaics, the one that lay nearest to his heart was that of Christ on the Tree of Life, with the vine-branches and leaves that are for the healing of the nations spreading from the cross. On the right Adam, the father of mankind, with a sheaf of corn, the symbol of labour; on the left Eve, the mother of all living, clasping the infant Abel in her arms, while Cain—a little jealous—clings to her side, and the Annunciation lily behind tells of hope for the world in the coming days. At the foot of the cartoon the painter wrote his favourite text: *In mundo pressuram habebitis*—the words of the Vulgate which seemed to him in a

peculiar manner to express the burden and pressure of life. *Sed confidite—Ego vici mundum.* All that he knew of religion, he said, all that he believed of Christian faith, were summed up in those words.

In his last years it became very difficult to tear the painter away from his work. A new picture, he said, was better than any holiday, a fresh design as good as a run abroad or a month at the seaside. But he was very fond of his cottage at Rottingdean, and often escaped there for a few days to avoid the turmoil of London in the season. Here in this quiet retreat, between the downs and the sea, he designed most of the charming little water-colours suggested by the names of old English plants, which he called his Flower-book. Each little subject is rendered with the same tender feeling and delicate charm. Love-in-the-Mist, Jacob's Ladder, Star of Bethlehem, each has its appropriate legend. Love-in-a-Tangle is aptly illustrated by a picture of Fair Rosamond, seated on a low red wall trellised with roses, winding the skein of her golden ball. With-the-Wind recalls Dante's vision of Paolo and Francesca, whirled together on the blast in an eternal embrace. Wall-Tryst naturally suggests the tale of "Pyramus and Thisbe," and False Mercury is the god who lures the sleeping sailor to his doom by a dream of the cottage-home where his girl awaits his return. Morning Glories are angels strewing the rose and violet clouds of dawn over a cornfield on the hillside—an evident recollection of sunrise over the downs, as the painter saw it from his bedroom at Rottingdean. Golden Cup and Honour's Prize bring back memories of the San Graal, that legend which Burne-Jones had made specially his own, and Meadow Sweet is represented by the passing of Arthur in the black ship to the meadow of Avalen. For White Garden we have a field of white lilies where the Angel Gabriel hails Mary. In Arbor tristis we see the foot of the Cross and the hill of Calvary at nightfall, and in the distance the walls of Jerusalem under the burning glow of the sunset. Golden Greeting shows us the Blessed Damozel

bending down to kiss her lover on the floor of heaven, and in *Day and Night*, the last of the series, the blue-robed form of Night bidding her sister farewell before she goes.

Another series which belonged to these last years was the set of eighty-seven designs for the *Chaucer* that issued from the Kelmscott Press in 1896. No more congenial piece of work, Burne-Jones said, had ever fallen to his lot, and both for himself and Morris, who revered Chaucer as his master, the task was one of pure delight. Their aim was not so much to illustrate the text of the poems as to reproduce the spirit in which the poet wrote, and to make the book a thing of beauty—"a kind of pocket Chartres and treasure-house of lovely fancies." It was the last joint-work of the two friends who had worked so long together, and appeared only three months before the death of Morris. Burne-Jones was very anxious about his friend's health all that summer, and in July he said to me: "If Morris were really as ill as he thinks, I should be the most miserable of men." Two months after that Morris died, and when I saw Burne-Jones again he was a broken man. Half of his life, he said, had gone down into the grave with Morris, and he had no heart to carry on the work which they had begun together. That day he talked with strange eloquence of the old days, dwelling tenderly on every little detail of his first meeting with Morris and the wonderful communion of spirit between them. He recalled the happy times when he made his beautiful Virgil drawings while Morris read the *Æneid* aloud, and their long talks on Sunday mornings, when the poet always came to breakfast. One day, he remembered, their talk turned on the old tale of Troy and the curious way in which the mediæval world always took part with the Trojans, and they went on discussing the subject and quoting all manner of old writers in support of their theory until the clock struck two, and Morris had to hurry off to keep another engagement. Whatever the subject was, their thoughts always seemed to flow in the same channel. Only once, the painter said, he "failed his friend." That was when Morris embraced the cause of Socialism,

which, in Burne-Jones's eyes, was a beautiful but impossible dream, and which, to his great regret, drew his companion away from the true work of his life. Before long they felt that it was a point upon which they could never agree, and ceased to discuss the question. But no difference of opinion could touch their lifelong friendship, and when the blow fell and Morris died, Burne-Jones could hardly bear to live. He went down to the funeral in the country churchyard on the riverside, in a hurricane of wind and rain, but saw and felt nothing, and seemed to be living in a dream. The next day he worked better than he had done for months, and designed two cartoons of David mourning for his child. "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Then he broke down, and resolved never again to design a stained-glass window. His comrade was dead, and that chapter in his life was closed.

After a time he rallied and set bravely to work on the unfinished pictures that filled his studio. Chief among these was the large painting of the Sleep of Arthur in Avalon, a subject which had filled his thoughts for the last twenty years and which he designed early in 1882. Often as we stood before it, he explained to me its meaning and intention. All that the Celt loved best was to be brought together in the landscape, summer flowers, red apples, running water and far blue hills, the oak-bough for Merrie England and the palm of victory for the Saints. The couch of the sleeping hero and the robes of the mourning queens were to be as rich and gorgeous as possible in colour, and warders, clad in purple, were to stand at the head and foot of the bier, watching for the first breaking of dawn in the Eastern sky. The great King himself, dark-haired and slightly grizzled—a man of about fifty, the painter thought—was to be represented lying on his couch in deep and dreamless slumber, resting his cheek on his hand, and the canopy overhead was to be adorned with embossed reliefs of the Quest of the *San Graal*—the damsel appearing to the Knights of the Round Table, Lancelot riding out and stopped by an angel, Gawain setting forth in careless pride to be

turned back, and Galahad kneeling before the shrine. And over all there was to be a deep hush of silence, the sense of peace and repose that broods over the close of life, like that solemn mystic grandeur which comes at the end of the day, when the sun has set and the whole world seems to be drawn nearer heaven.

From the first Burne-Jones had a strange presentiment that he would never live to finish this picture. "One day," he said, "just when I am beginning to feel that the end is in sight and to see more clearly into the meaning of art, the trumpet will sound and the brush drop from my hand." And so it came to pass. All through the winter and spring of that last year he worked strenuously at the great picture and told me that I might expect to see it finished in September. Then, suddenly, one June morning, the summons came, and he passed out of this life into the unknown world of which he had so often dreamt. There were many that day who felt that the sun had dropped below the horizon and that for them life could never be what it had been before.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

AN EMPIRE IN THE MAKING

II

SOME attempt was made in the January number of this Review to show what are the present requirements of the chief component parts of the Empire, and how far those requirements, as measured by imports,¹ under a classification reduced to a common basis, are at present satisfied from within the Empire itself.

I propose now to consider, in the first place, what margin is left available under existing conditions for the development of inter-Imperial trade; in other words, to what greater extent, if any, could the present productive capacity of the Empire satisfy Imperial needs. At the same time, so far as space will allow, the potential productive capacity of the Empire will be examined—that is to say, to what extent could that capacity when developed meet not only existing but future Imperial requirements as the effect of development proceeds. As in the previous article the “requirements” of the Empire were measured by its imports, so now its capacity of supplying them should be measured by the extent of its exports.

¹ It should be noted that *net* imports are meant, *i.e.*, gross imports, less re-exports. For this purpose it was assumed that foreign and Imperial re-exports bear the same proportion to each other as the respective imports, there being no data which afford guidance on this subject. It would seem natural to assume that the imports treated were *net*, but as doubts have been expressed on the matter, it is better to state that this was so.

Adopting the same classification as that before chosen, namely, that employed in the Official Statistics of the Canadian Government in regard to exports, and confining ourselves again to the same main portions of the Empire as those previously treated, namely, Canada, the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand, South Africa (including the Orange Colony), India, and the United Kingdom, the following table will exhibit the exporting power of the Empire as it at present stands :

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

—	To United Kingdom.	To Rest of Empire.	Total Imperial.	To Foreign Countries.	Total to all Countries.
Mineral Produce .	7·4	6·2	13·6	34·8	48·4
Agricultural Produce	22·4	18·2	40·6	36·1	76·7
Forest Produce .	4·6	·9	5·5	4·6	10·1
Animals and Produce	37·1	10·6	47·7	16·0	63·7
Fisheries . . .	1·2	·8	2·0	4·7	6·7
Manufactures . .	1·9	107·6	109·5	145·6	255·2
Total . . .	74·6	144·3	218·9	241·8	460·8

PERCENTAGES OF EXPORTS TO VARIOUS DESTINATIONS.

—	To United Kingdom.	To Rest of Empire.	Total Imperial.	To Foreign Countries.	Total to all Countries.
Mineral Produce .	15·2	12·8	28·0	72·0	104·9 *
Agricultural Produce	29·2	23·7	52·9	47·1	16·65 *
Forest Produce .	45·5	·9	54·5	45·5	2·2 *
Animals and Produce	58·2	16·6	74·8	25·2	13·81 *
Fisheries . . .	17·3	12·2	29·5	70·5	1·45 *
Manufactures . .	·8	42·2	43·	57·	55·4 *
Total . . .	16·1	31·3	47·5	52·5	100·00

* These figures denote the percentages which each group bears to the total imports.

The total exports of the principal parts of the Empire here under survey amount to 460½ million pounds, whereas the total imports of the same areas were shown to amount to 685½ million pounds. At the first glance it would appear that if

all the requirements of the Empire were supplied from within, there would still remain about 225 million pounds' worth to be supplied from without, *i.e.*, from foreign countries, and that the present requirements of the Empire, as measured by its imports, thus exceed the present exporting power of the Empire as measured by its exports by nearly 50 per cent. This difference is, of course, largely made up of what is generally called "invisible exports," *i.e.*, services of British shipping engaged in foreign carrying trade, returns on British capital employed abroad, and so forth. The excess of imports in the case of the United Kingdom alone amount to upwards of 180 million pounds, thus accounting for no less than 80 per cent. of the total excess shown above.

On closer examination it becomes abundantly clear that in comparing imports with exports in this crude manner an important error is committed, and a statistical fallacy perpetuated. In passing from one point to another goods appreciate in value according to the amount of expenditure involved in bringing about such a transference. The figures compared are dissimilar inasmuch as the value of the goods exported represent the values *f.o.b.* at the port of shipment, and these appear subsequently, in whole or in part, as imports whose value has appreciated in proportion to the services rendered.

The approximate correction which must be made (for the absence of accurate data make anything nearer than an approximation impossible) may be based on the figures given in the first "Fiscal Blue Book" (*cd.* 1761, p. 100), for the total exports and imports of all the countries of the world in the years 1891, 1896, and 1901. The average amount of world exports and imports for those years is 2013 million pounds and 2254 million pounds respectively, the appreciation in value thus being about 241 million pounds or 12 per cent. The character and distribution of the world's trade bear so close a resemblance to the character and distribution of British Imperial trade that it will not be regarded as unreasonable if this figure were adopted as representing the approximate increase in total

value of Imperial exports by the time they reach their destinations.

It would not, however, be judicious for the purpose which the present article has in view to apply this percentage indiscriminately as a correction to the different groups of commodities which are the objects of Imperial and foreign trade. The expenses of distribution must be considerably higher for articles of comparatively large bulk and low value than for others of comparatively small bulk and high value. After careful consideration of the returns relating to the trade of this country with different regions of the world, with the details of which it is unnecessary to overload this article, I believe it is approximately correct to assume that the average cost of distribution of manufactures may be taken as 5 per cent., and for all other goods at 20 per cent. An examination of the ruling freight rates in recent years, published in the new "Fiscal Blue Book," will show that these percentages are probably well within the mark.

On this basis I have recalculated the figures in the first table on p. 38 to show the estimated values of the several groups of articles by the time they have reached their several destinations:

ESTIMATED VALUE OF EXPORTS FROM UNITED KINGDOM, INDIA, CANADA,
SOUTH AFRICA AND AUSTRALASIA, AT THEIR SEVERAL DESTINATIONS
(IN MILLION POUNDS).

	To United Kingdom.	To Rest of Empire.	Total Imperial.	To Foreign Countries.	Total to all Countries.
Mineral Produce .	8·9	7·4	16·3	41·8	58·1
Agricultural Produce	26·9	21·8	48·7	43·3	92·0
Forest Produce .	5·5	1·1	6·6	5·5	12·1
Animals and Produce	44·5	12·7	57·2	19·2	76·4
Fisheries . . .	1·4	1·0	2·4	5·6	8·0
Manufactures . .	2·0	113·0	115·0	152·9	267·9
Total	89·2	157·0	246·2	268·3	514·5

Here now we have the details for a more accurate comparison

of the present "requirements" as measured by imports, and of present power to satisfy those requirements as measured by exports, and it is seen that the former exceed the latter by 171 million pounds or by about 33 per cent. of the present exporting power instead of 50 per cent. as appeared from the uncorrected figures.

I would here once more endeavour to remove the far too prevalent error that the elimination of all trading with foreign countries is either contemplated or desired. Such a scheme is not possible or even conceivable under any practical or truly advantageous conditions. Considerable amounts of British capital are invested in foreign countries, the interest on, and redemption of which account to a great extent for the figure at which imports from foreign countries at present stand. No forced realisation of these investments would be, or could be, contemplated. As, however, colonial production and wealth develops, and inter-Imperial trade expands, matters will adjust themselves inevitably in such a way that foreign indebtedness will be in part liquidated automatically through colonial trade channels, and to that extent inter-Imperial will replace foreign trade. Varied, moreover, as are the natural resources of the British Empire, and the degrees of agricultural and industrial skill to which its peoples have attained or will attain, there must always remain a margin of its requirements which could not be effectually satisfied except by foreign countries. For instance, manufactures of some special quality or design, wines of particular vintages, and tobaccos of particular crops it would probably be impossible to replace by similar products from within the Empire. However costly and rare they might become—perhaps, even, because of these qualities—a regular demand for them will continue and persevere so long as those who want them can pay for them.

MINERAL PRODUCTS.

An examination of the corrected table given above, and a comparison with the corresponding import table given in the

previous article, shows that the only important class of products in which the exports exceed the imports is that of minerals. The total imports of minerals into the Empire amount to rather less than 20 million pounds, whereas the total exports are estimated to be worth some 58 million pounds by the time they reach their destinations. The figures further show that, whereas the present imports of minerals into the Empire from foreign countries amount to about 13·8 million pounds worth, the exports to countries outside the Empire are estimated at 41·8 million pounds (c.i.f.). An excess of this kind and magnitude is a two-fold advantage, for it may serve in part as a means of exchange within the Empire for products not yet sufficiently developed, and in part also in payment of foreign products, the import of which into the Empire it is, as already stated, neither intended nor expected to prevent. Matters stand thus, then, in regard to minerals, so far as the present is concerned; how about the future?

Coal.—There appears to be good reason to affirm that coal production could be developed within the Empire to an almost indefinite extent for an almost indefinite time to come. The Report recently issued by the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies shows that in Great Britain alone there still remains a workable store of 101,000,000,000 tons in seams not less than one foot thick, and at depths not exceeding 4000 feet. Canada is in this, as in other respects, a worthy daughter of her mother. The area of the various Nova Scotian fields are given by the Hon. Robert Drummond as aggregating 634,880 acres, containing 7313·8 million tons of coal. In addition to this the Sydney coalfields (Cape Breton) extend in enormous wealth under the sea. Experts calculate that there are 1866 million tons of coal under the ocean floor (where the mines have been proved perfectly workable) within three miles from the shore. Mr. Drummond “hazards an opinion” that “there are 10,000 million tons of coal yet to be won in Nova Scotia downwards.” All this coal is of excellent quality, especially that under the ocean floor. It may also be observed paren-

thetically that the national value of the Nova Scotian coalfields is enhanced by the fact that they must prove to be an invaluable source of supply for the Imperial and the mercantile navies. They are the only coal deposits on the Atlantic coasts of North and South America, all the United States coalfields lying some three to four hundred miles from the seaboard. The Vancouver deposits possess the same characteristic advantage in regard to the Pacific coast, the South Californian and Chilian coals being of a quality unsuitable for steamers. Vast coalfields also exist in New Brunswick, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories, estimated at about 22,750 million tons for the two former alone. This coal, it is true, is of a relatively inferior quality, but will be nevertheless of great use and value in the interior development of the Dominion.

In Australasia and New Zealand an enormous amount of exploration remains to be done, but the known figures¹ already reach an extraordinary level. Leaving out of account the smaller fields estimated to contain some million tons, we may cite the authority of Mr. Jack, formerly Government Geologist of Queensland, who estimates that the coal measures of West Australia at present practically unexplored extend over an area of 24,000 square miles, and recall Mr. Pittman's account of the coalfields of New South Wales,² the area of which is estimated to be 16,550 square miles, containing 115,347 million tons of fuel, a larger quantity than that available in the whole accessible unworked coal area of the United Kingdom. Moreover, in India and in South Africa there are extensive deposits of coal, some of which is of excellent quality and suitable for steam-raising.

With such figures before us there can be no reason for doubting that, despite the present high rate of extraction of coal from the British coalfields, there remain still unworked and undeveloped immense beds of coal in every part of the Empire together largely exceeding in quantity, and some, at

¹ "A Statistical Account of Australasia and New Zealand." Coghlan.

² "Mineral Resources of New South Wales." E. F. Pittman.

least, equalling in quality, our home coal, and that we thus have in our Imperial coal deposits a store of wealth for trade exchange largely in excess of any calls that may be made upon it for long ages to come.

Iron.—Next only to coal in its importance to the industrial prosperity of the British Empire is iron. Some thirty years ago nearly the whole of the iron ore smelted in British furnaces was mined in this country. The discovery of large beds of ore in Spain, Sweden, and Greece, of good quality and having a high percentage of iron, has led, to an annually increasing extent, to the importation of ore from those countries. There still remain, however, enormous reserves of low grade iron in Yorkshire and in various parts of the Midlands which can and will be utilised as soon as the relative exhaustion of the richer ores makes it economically possible. As far back as 1850 the reserve of ironstone-lands in the Cleveland Hills was estimated to contain from 4000 to 5000 million tons of iron. Since that date the quantity worked has been less than 250 million tons. Mr. J. Stephen Jeans, Secretary of the British Iron Trade Association, in the course of his evidence before the Tariff Commission,¹ stated that he thought "the great bulk of the remainder will probably never defray the cost of working," but he admitted that "this was a question that must be judged in relation to other circumstances, of which at present it is only possible to form a very imperfect idea." Other districts of Great Britain are rich in contents of low-grade ores, the working of which has been reduced for the present by the better quality imported ores.

The available information as to iron ore in other parts of the Empire, whether with reference to present production or to possible future development is unfortunately meagre and vague. Production, at present, appears nowhere to be of any great importance, the total British production of iron ore in 1900 having been about one-eighth of the world's production. It is, however, well ascertained that immense ferruginous

¹ Iron and Steel Trades (Tariff Commission Report, vol. i. par. 940).

deposits of great commercial value exist in Canada and Australasia.

*Gold.*¹—The gold production of the Empire largely exceeds that of the rest of the world. In 1899, just before the South African War, the value of the world's production, according to a Canadian official return, was valued at about 62½ million pounds. Of this no less than 38 million pounds worth, or 61 per cent., was mined in British territory. The Australian production was valued at about 16 million pounds; that of British Africa at nearly 15 million pounds; while Canada produced over 4 million pounds worth. Some figures published in a recent number of the *Economist* show that in the past year the African production has attained its former level, and the British production once more exceeds 60 per cent. of that of the world. How long the present sources of supply may continue to be depended on is not known, but it is certain that should these become exhausted in the future other mines are only waiting to be prospected and developed in various parts of the Empire. To take one instance, I may quote from Lord Strathcona as saying: "In Ontario . . . the gold industry is expected to become an important one in the district north of Lake Superior, and in the country between that great freshwater sea and the Lake of the Woods."² And again, "the districts over which the auriferous rocks extend cover an area of many thousands of square miles." This gold is "free-milling," and can be dealt with comparatively cheaply. British West Africa, also, has not yet taken its proper position as a gold-producing area, but it need scarcely be doubted that the difficulties attending the industry in that region will ultimately be overcome.

Silver.—The present silver production of the Empire bears

¹Since this article has been in the press, an interesting and valuable account of the gold production of the British Empire, as compared with the rest of the world, has appeared in the *Times* Commercial Supplement of February 13.

²"British Empire Series," vol. iii., "British America," p. 45.

a comparatively small proportion to the total world's production. In the same return, referred to above, the value of the silver produced in the Empire in 1899 was about 4½ million pounds, or about 11 per cent. of the world's production, valued at 44 millions sterling. The only regions outside the United Kingdom where silver is at present mined are Australia (£3,500,000) and Canada (£900,000).

Other Metals.—The British production of copper, tin, and lead in 1900 compared with the rest of the world was as follows :

	British Empire. (Tons.)	Rest of World. (Tons.)	Whole World. (Tons.)
Copper . . .	45,000	478,000	523,000
Tin . . .	52,000	27,000	79,000
Lead . . .	72,000	718,000	790,000

Only in the case of tin does the British production exceed that of the rest of the world. This is the more strange inasmuch as large deposits of copper are known to exist in Canada (Ontario) and in New South Wales. According to Mr. Jeans, the copper resources of Canada are at least as valuable and abundant as those of iron.¹ It can only be explained by the fact that these areas are at present comparatively undeveloped, without cheap transport or means of communication, and that when these defects are remedied attention will be turned in this direction.

Enough has been said on the subject of minerals to show that for a very long time to come, and even allowing for a considerable increase in the population and a rise in the average standard of comfort, the Empire will, on the whole, show an excess of mineral exports over imports. If need be, and if it were at all desirable, there is no important mineral which could not be raised on British territory in quantity and at a price sufficient to satisfy all its demands. As it is, the next few years are likely to witness a considerable acceleration in the rate at which the mines will be exploited and worked to the common advantage of the whole British race.

¹ "Canadian Resources and Possibilities" (1904), p. 161.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The term "agricultural products" is here used in the widest possible sense to include all those products of the land which it yields up periodically, at long or short intervals, as the result of careful cultivation. It will thus include, in addition to grain, fruit and vegetables, such articles as tea and coffee and tobacco, as also cotton and flax. The question to be answered is, therefore, how far can the resources of the Colonies be relied on to supply the present and future needs of the Empire? The answer is possible only after a careful examination of the extent of the leeway which is to be made up. Some approximate notion of it may be gained from an examination of the following table giving the principal items of agricultural produce imported and exported, into and from the main portions of the Empire here dealt with.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF PRINCIPAL ITEMS OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE
INTO AND FROM THE PRINCIPAL DIVISIONS OF THE EMPIRE
(IN MILLION POUNDS)

—	Imports (c.i.f.)			Exports (f.o.b.)		
	From the Empire.	From Frgn. Countries.	Total.	To the Empire.	To Foreign Countries.	Total.
Grain and Flour . . .	15.4	59.4	74.8	18.4	10.0	28.4
Fruits, Vegetables, and Spices . . .	5.2	16.9	22.1	2.6	1.6	4.2
Hay, Fodder, &c. . .	5.8	10.1	15.9	2.5	1.5	4.0
Tea	10.3	1.4	11.7	5.1	1.8	6.9
Coffee6	2.6	3.2	.7	1.3	2.0
Sugar	6.0	22.0	28.0	1.6	.4	2.0
Tobacco	1.9	7.2	9.1	1.1	.3	1.4
Raw Cotton6	41.7	42.4	.7	6.3	7.0

The summary table at the end of the previous article showed that the imported requirements of agricultural products of the principal portions of the Empire amounted to 203 million pounds. This was derived to the extent of 51.9 million pounds worth from within the Empire and of

151·1 million pounds from without. The exports of the same areas are shown in the present article to be worth 76·7 million pounds free on board and 92 million pounds when insurance and freights are added to the original cost. About 53 per cent. only of this total was directed within the Empire, the remaining 47 per cent. being exported to foreign countries. It should be noted that the comparison of agricultural products, here made, suffers more than any of the other groups from the practical limits which had to be set to the present investigation. The exports of the other portions of the Empire, which have not been specifically dealt with, consist mainly of agricultural products, and the "showing" would, therefore, have been much better if it had been possible to deal with the whole Empire instead of but a part.

This difficulty is immediately apparent on examination of the details of the principal items on previous page. The item "tea" shows on the import side the value of 11·7 million pounds, of which 10·3 million pounds is Imperial. On the export side, we get a total of 6·9 million pounds, of which 5·1 million pounds is directed to within the Empire. The apparent discrepancy between these two sets of figures is almost entirely due to the exclusion of Ceylon, whose exports of tea alone were valued at 3·6 million pounds in 1902, nearly the whole of which was sent to the various parts of the Empire. For the purposes of this discussion it will be advisable, therefore, to turn to the import figures to see how far we depend on extra-Imperial sources for the supplies of agricultural products, and to the export figures to show in what proportion the present available supplies are directed to foreign countries and might be diverted to supply British needs.

Grain and Flour.—By far the most important item in this table, from the criterion of value, is that of grain and flour. Out of a total importation valued at 74·8 million pounds, the value of the British supply was 15·4 million pounds, or 24·4 per cent. The present surplus production available for export is valued at 28·4 million pounds, of which only 18·4 million pounds

is sent to British countries. Thus the available supply, if diverted entirely to British countries, would be increased by about 55 per cent., and applying this percentage to the 15.4 million pounds, seen to have been imported, we get 23.9 million pounds as the possible value of imports of grain and flour from the Colonies at the present time. This still leaves a balance of 50.9 million pounds worth to be made up. Can the resources of the Empire be developed sufficiently rapidly to provide this deficiency at an early date by the increase of their production? In other words, can the Colonies increase their production to such an extent that the surplus available for exportation may be worth, at present prices, about 74.8 million pounds?

To deal with this question concisely and effectively, we may for all practical purposes assume that the whole of this importation is one of wheat. The partition of the land required among the various classes of cereals—barley, maize, oats, &c.—may be left to the farmer whose duty it is to supply the demands of his customer. Now the question arises how much wheat will 74.8 million pounds pay for? The average price of imported wheat in the last few years is returned by the Board of Trade at 6*s.* 9*d.* per cwt., which at the rate of 60 lbs. per bushel is equivalent to a price of 3*s.* 8*d.* per bushel. A simple calculation will show that the above sum represents an equivalent in wheat, of all classes of grain and cereals, of almost exactly 400 million bushels.¹ In the case of Canada the average yield of wheat per acre during the six years 1898–1903 was nearly 19 bushels per acre. In good years this figure has been considerably exceeded: in 1901 it was 25.37 bushels, and in 1902 it was 22.30 bushels per acre. Taking the good years with the bad, the figure of 19 bushels per acre is probably well on the safe side. It would thus

¹ The reader is warned against comparing this quantity with the present *wheat* production of the Empire. If a comparison of this kind is made, it should be with the total grain production, since the above is the approximate equivalent in wheat of the total grain imports.

appear that in order to produce 400 million bushels for export, no less than 21,000,000 acres must be suitable for corn growing. This might appear a very large figure, but when it is remembered that the area under wheat, barley, oats, and maize is about 170,000,000 acres in the United States, and rather more than this in Russia, and when impartial official estimates are consulted, it will be found, in fact, to be of quite moderate and manageable dimensions. Thus, Mr. Geo. Johnston, the Official Statistician of the Canadian Government, points out in a recent article in *Bradstreet's* (New York) that the available area in the four provinces of Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, and the North-West Territories is 777 million acres. There is thus a very large margin for selecting the 21 million acres required. This view is fully confirmed by a United States Government Report on Canadian Agricultural Sources¹ published in 1902.

The area of land in the district adapted to the production of wheat is over 350 million acres, and it is safe to say that 250 million of these acres are of unsurpassed fertility and have climatic conditions favourable to the production of the best grades. Less than 2 per cent. of this available wheat area is now under cultivation, but the tide of immigration has turned this way, and the next few years will see much of this land turned into wheat-fields, and an enormous amount produced for export. Taking the average yield for this country during the last twenty years, a crop from all the wheat-land in the district tributary to Winnipeg would produce more than the entire world's consumption for one year.

It is not in Canada only, however, that we may look for the supply of grain. We may confidently look both to Australasia and to India to take an increasing share in the exportation of cereals to the various parts of the Empire. In 1903 India produced 294 million bushels of wheat, and exported nearly 50 million bushels to the United Kingdom alone. Australasia also, having recovered from the severe drought of the previous year, produced 82 million bushels of

¹ "Commercial Relations of the United States with Foreign Countries during 1901." Washington, 1902. Vol. i. p. 340.

wheat in the last season, and exported to this country alone about 19 million bushels. Thus, by relying upon British resources for the supply of cereals, there is no suspicion of desiring to put our eggs all in one basket. The three divisions here mentioned cover so wide an area that it is in the highest degree improbable that their ability to supply the various British markets is likely to be curtailed or restricted by any of those unfortunate "visitations of Providence" against which the agriculturist in all climes and at all times has to contend.

An additional word as to Australia may not be out of place. When reviewing the cereal resources of the Colonies, there is an inclination to take Canada only into account and to forget Australia altogether. There is good reason for believing that the Australian resources are hardly less valuable, or ultimately less capable of supplying the distant British market than those of Canada. Out of a total area of over 3,000,000 square miles, the area under various kinds of crops in Australasia in 1903-4 was 11,000,000 acres. This is only just over $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the total area. It is inconceivable that if necessary, and if the conditions were otherwise favourable, that the agricultural area could not be increased to 20, 50, or even 100 times its present figure. By the development of the irrigation areas, increasing the number of artesian bores, wisely building up its railway system, and encouraging instead of discouraging immigration, it appears certain that Australasia could become a most valuable source for supplying Imperial markets, especially in certain of the better classes of cereals.

Cotton.—The next most important item of agricultural produce is that of raw cotton. Of a total importation into the principal parts of the Empire valued at 42.4 million pounds, no less than 41.8 million pounds worth came from foreign countries. It may be noted that the total exports of raw cotton from the same countries were valued at 7.0 million pounds (f.o.b.), of which no less than 6.3 million pounds

worth was sent to foreign countries. Even when allowance is made for the value of the Egyptian cotton, which for reasons adduced in the previous article might be regarded as a British or semi-British product, there would still remain an immense amount to be made up. The difficulty is still further increased by the need of cotton of certain special kinds, for which it is difficult, and in some cases impossible, to find a substitute. The attempts which are being made by the body of expert cotton manufacturers, comprised in the British Cotton Growing Association, demonstrates that they at least regard the attempt which is being made to develop Imperial sources for the production of this vitally important raw material as practicable. Central and West Africa are the regions in which extensive experiments are being at present carried on, and if they prove successful it cannot be doubted that means will be found to convey the cotton from the distant fields to Great Britain at a price which will compete effectively with American cotton. At the same time it may be noted that large areas are being turned to cotton-growing in the West Indies, Natal, and Queensland, some of which at least are sure to meet with success.

Sugar.—The total production of the world in the year 1903-4 was $10\frac{1}{4}$ million tons, of which $4\frac{1}{4}$ millions were produced from cane, and six millions from beet. The total British imports amounted approximately to 1.6 million tons, and British production to 0.685 million tons only. There is here, therefore, an immense leeway to be made up, and for the present it is clear that sugar must be one of those commodities which the Empire must import from foreign countries. At the same time there are great areas admirably suited for cane-growing—in, for instance, Australasia and Polynesia, British India, South Africa, the Zambesi Valley—besides those portions of the Empire where that industry already flourishes. The signal disadvantage at which the cultivation of sugarcane has been carried on for the last quarter of a century, owing to the exaggerated protection of beet-cultivation, having

now been to a large extent removed, it may fairly be predicted that British sugar-cultivation will rapidly expand.

FOREST PRODUCE.

Under this class is comprised every kind of timber in whatever form, and all derivations therefrom, such, for instance, as wood-pulp. The total imports into and exports from the portions of the Empire dealt with in the tables which have been given were 45·2 million pounds worth, and (in the corrected form) 12·1 million pounds worth respectively, the requirements thus exceeding the exporting capacity by some 33 million pounds. Foreign countries absorbed 5·5 million pounds worth, or about 55 per cent., no small margin of supply being thus left with which to satisfy Imperial requirements under the impetus of expanding inter-Imperial trade. The United Kingdom alone imported upwards of 27 million pounds worth, while the quantity we exported, if there were any, was so small that it is not mentioned in the statistical returns. The requirements of the Mother Country account therefore for a very large proportion of the difference between the exports and the imports. It is stated that for certain purposes colonial timber is less well suited than that obtained from Russia and Scandinavia, but I can find no data which gives even an approximate idea of the proportion which the Northern European timber requisite for these purposes may bear to the total quantities of timber imported. It is not uninteresting, however, to observe that Canadian timber is imported into the United States for those very purposes for which Baltic timber is preferred in this country, and that before the old "Colonial system" was abolished Canadian timber supplied the wants of the Mother Country to the almost complete exclusion of Baltic timber, a fact which acted very detrimentally on the farming industry in the North American Colonies, as is well brought out in Professor Davidson's interesting work, "Commercial Federation and Colonial Trade Policy." While, again, it is certain that under any

conceivable practical scheme of commercial federation in modern times no such detrimental effect would follow,¹ there remain in the Dominion vast untouched forest lands which may possibly supply any particular quality of timber which may be required, and which form in any case a practically inexhaustible supply of raw material, not only for the British Empire, but for all timber-importing countries outside it. The forest area is estimated at 1248·8 thousand square miles (about one-fifth more than the total area of British India)—a vast store of forest wealth of which the great and long-established lumber trade of Canada has surely touched more than the fringe. No other part of the Empire can show such figures as this. Nevertheless, there is a wealth of forest lands in Australasia producing not only the commoner forms of timber, but abounding in hard and precious woods of various kinds, which cover many millions of acres. In both the Dominion and Australasia lack of hands to work and want of cheap means of freight are largely the cause of the relatively insignificant present supply of timber within the Empire, which, by systematic development of its resources, could not only satisfy its own requirements for an immeasurable time, but would find vast further means of exchange with foreign countries.

ANIMALS AND THEIR PRODUCE

The principal items included under this head are meats of all kinds, wool, and hides, and my examination of the potential resources of the Empire will be confined to these. It has been shown that the total value of the exports of this group for the principal divisions of the Empire was 63·7 million pounds (f.o.b.), and estimated to be equivalent to about 76·4 million pounds (c.i.f.). This compares to a total requirement, as shown in the previous article, of 122·4 million pounds. Thus the present available supply, even if entirely diverted to the Empire, falls short of the requirements by nearly 40 per

¹ Cf. "Imperial Fiscal Reform." Edward Arnold. P. 252.

cent. The principal detailed items, and the present value of the respective imports and exports are, as before, given in the following table :

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF PRINCIPAL ITEMS OF ANIMALS AND THEIR PRODUCE INTO AND FROM THE PRINCIPAL DIVISIONS OF THE EMPIRE (IN MILLION POUNDS).

	Imports (c.i.f.)			Exports (f.o.b.)		
	Imperial.	Foreign.	Total.	Imperial.	Foreign.	Total.
Meats (live and dead)	15.3	43.1	58.4	14.5	2.3	16.8
Dairy Produce . . .	10.2	26.7	36.9	10.1	.4	10.5
Wool (raw) * . . .	19.6	5.4	25.0	14.1	5.4	19.5
Leather, Hides, Skins	8.4	15.6	24.0	5.5	9.4	14.9

* Including tops, noils, and waste.

Meat and Dairy Produce.—Out of a total importation of meats of all kinds, and including both live and dead meat, valued at 58.4 million pounds, the contribution of the Empire reaches a total of 15.3 million pounds only. The available Imperial supply does not appear to exceed this figure to any noticeable extent, and we may without appreciable error take the value by which the present supply falls short of the total requirements as nearly 40 million pounds. This means that for the Empire to be capable of supplying itself with all its meat requirements, the present exportable surplus must be increased from 16.8 million pounds (f.o.b.), or about 20 million pounds (c.i.f.) to 58.4 million pounds (c.i.f.), or by nearly 200 per cent. This is singularly near in amount to the figure reached in the previous section for the required increase in the grain production under similar conditions. This result might, of course, have been anticipated, since the farming of crops and the raising of stock are, generally, carried on side by side, and the production of the one class bears some constant relation to the production of the other. Exactly the same conclusion is arrived at when the figures for dairy produce (butter, cheese and eggs) are examined. Again, we find the total requirements to exceed considerably the present available supplies of the Empire, and again that deficiency to be made

good represents an increase to the extent of about 200 per cent. on the present Imperial productivity.

These facts make it clear that if the further development of the Imperial resources with regard to grain crops should take place along the lines of present cultivation ; if the opening up of new lands for corn cultivation be accompanied by a proportionate increase in the number of cattle, sheep and pigs raised on this land—the problem of production to the required extent is at once solved. No new problem of distribution—so important a factor in connection with successful transport of perishables like meat and dairy produce—need arise.

The systems of cold-storage now in use have reached such a degree of perfection that there is little or no danger of any advantage remaining to foreign production by the superior condition of the meats on arrival at their destinations. This is a consideration of the utmost importance in view of the fact that the Imperial sources of supply are on the whole further from their markets than the present ones. While the United States and Canada are equally well situated with respect to Great Britain, the Australian Colonies are less well placed than, say, the Argentine Republic. Where, as in the case of such goods as are being here considered, the question of time is of so much greater importance than distance, it may be admitted that, on paper at least, foreign countries have an economic advantage for supplying the British market. The question, however, is not one of time or distance, but the state of preservation in which the goods reach the market at which they are finally disposed of, and this it is which must in the end dominate the conditions of supply, price and quality being considerations which are subordinated to this main one.

The number of cattle, sheep and pigs in the Argentine Republic, United States of America, and Denmark—the three foreign countries from which the imported supplies of meat in this country are obtained—was, according to the latest available figures, 85, 127 and 49 million head respectively. This compares with the figures for Australia, New Zealand and Canada,

the present main Imperial sources, of 13, 94 and 3 millions respectively. Having regard to the fact that by far the most important market to the United States farmer is his own, with a population of 80 millions, it is clear that the lines of expansion must take place mainly in the direction of a considerable increase in the number of cattle and pigs to be fed in the Colonies. It is in these items that the predominance of the foreign countries is found to be greatest. A further point to be considered is that an increase in the number of cattle may be expected also to increase in similar measure the amount of butter and cheese made. So closely does every article of agricultural produce hang together, that the development of one appears almost inevitably to bring about just the required development of the other.

Wool.—The “requirements” of the Empire in this respect amount to about 24 million pounds, while the present Colonial exports average about 22 million pounds. Those from Australasia are 33 per cent. lower than the maximum attained in 1895, and from the Cape 45 per cent. lower than the maximum reached in 1891. So far, at any rate, as Australasia is concerned, it may confidently be expected that, with the advance of scientific irrigation already alluded to, the previous maximum will not only be attained but be passed as an average, while it is maintained by our home wool importers that it is not in amount but in quality that the Cape product falls behind, and that the quality would be excellent if proper methods of shearing and packing were adopted. It is reasonable, then, to regard it as certain that within quite a limited time the Empire will produce all it needs for itself, and leave a surplus for exchange with foreign countries.

Leather, Hides and Skins, of which the present Imperial requirements are 24 million pounds, and present Imperial supply (c.i.f.) 17.9 million pounds, thus show a deficiency of 6.1 million pounds, or about 25 per cent. It is unnecessary to deal with this item separately from those treated above, for the supply must vary directly with the number of animals reared.

MANUFACTURES.

Considerations of space, the fact that Fisheries, interesting and important to some parts of the Empire as the industry is, form a relatively insignificant item in the large general total, and further, that the total exports (c.i.f.) are already more than twice as large as the imports (8 million pounds against 3·9 millions), may, I hope, excuse me for avoiding any further detailed mention of them, and for passing at once to "Manufactures." The total imports of this class into the main portions of the Empire selected for examination were 291·3 million pounds worth, and the total exports from them 267·9 millions (c.i.f.), of which the United Kingdom alone was responsible for 240 millions or 91 per cent. The increase of exports requisite to bring up their value to the level of that of the imports is relatively small—(only 8½ per cent.)—so that if even the present exporting power of the Empire were directed within itself it could very nearly satisfy its own requirements. The total diversion is neither desirable nor necessary, in the first place because, as already stated, a cessation of foreign trade is out of the question, and in the next because there is already room for development of the manufacturing industries of, at any rate, the United Kingdom, but assuredly also of all other parts of the Empire, which, even were such a diversion to be relatively small, would still leave sufficient margin for the growth of inter-Imperial exchange as well as of trade with other parts of the world. It is self-evident, seeing the condition of the labour market in this country, and the "dismal thirteen millions" to which allusion has already been made in the previous article, that no scarcity of labour need be feared. Nor is there any need to consider the contingency of lack of sufficient capital. The accumulated wealth of the United Kingdom is enormous, and could provide ample means for the development of all manufacturing and other industrial enterprise, whether within itself or in other parts of the Empire were there more security for the former class of investment

and more encouragement for the latter. What is wanting is national organisation for national ends—the far-seeing commercial and national policy of which the establishment of the German Zollverein affords the pre-eminent example. I am very far from saying that we should attempt slavishly to follow that precedent: the two sets of conditions are widely different. But we should grasp the fact that in national development there are considerations to be taken into account other than the rigid adherence to a system of political economy based on theories which do not, as a matter of fact, correspond with the real conditions of the world in which we live. The transference of a part of our national industries to foreign countries is a symptom we should deplore, and for which we should at once find remedies, instead of accepting it as inevitable, and endeavouring to persuade ourselves that anything is better than a departure from principles which no people in the world but ourselves have admitted as a practical working national policy. In the same way no risk of either economic or political disadvantage would exist if material encouragement were afforded to the development of other parts of the Empire, which would call forth additional manufacturing enterprise in the Mother Country. Capital, labour, materials, all are abundant; all that is required is an organised national system.

CONCLUSION.

From the facts and figures which have been adduced in this article and that which preceded it, the broad fact stands prominently out that while in two classes of commodities (Minerals and Fisheries) the exports of the main portions of the Empire exceed their imports, in each of the other four classes the reverse is the case, the main excess of imports being, as was to be expected, in the class "Agricultural Produce." Bearing in mind the observations made upon "Forest Produce" and "Manufactures," and the close interdependence above pointed out of "Animals and Produce" and "Agricul-

tural Produce," it may be stated without exaggeration that upon the development of the latter must depend the future history of inter-Imperial trade. That the latent productive capacity of the Empire in the matter of agricultural (and therefore of animal) produce is so immense that the present production could be increased by vastly more than the 200 per cent. indicated as necessary to satisfy all the requirements of the Empire, will not be contested by any one who has considered impartially the section dealing with this class.¹ Indeed we have here a further margin, in addition to that afforded by minerals, which could provide payment for countless ages to come, of any other classes of imports which the Empire may purchase from the rest of the world, without taking into consideration the great manufacturing development which must inevitably take place concurrently, and which would augment still more our means of trade-exchange with non-British countries, in so far as we should find this to our advantage. While, however, this admission may be made ungrudgingly, it may still be questioned whether the development of Imperial resources at a rate more rapid than that which would occur eventually, in any case, as present extra-Imperial sources of supply grow more exiguous, would be advantageous to the Empire as a whole or not. Some method of encouraging that development must here be assumed, and since the method of preferential treatment proposed by Mr. Chamberlain holds the field alone in the United Kingdom, and is that which is unanimously favoured by the great groups of Colonies, and with certain limitations apparently by India also, it is advisable to assume that. It is a hotly disputed point whether or no the cost of production in the United Kingdom would be thereby raised. If this point be removed from the disturbing influence of partisan politics, and discussed dispassionately in the dry light of economics only, it may probably be conceded that the cost of production in this country will not rise. The contrary

¹ Cf., for instance, the extract from the United States Government Report, on p. 14.

is persistently stated and argued on public platforms, sometimes for purely party ends, sometimes from a genuine fear of what is looked upon as a leap in the dark, and of those pernicious moral results which are believed invariably to attend a protective system.

Without stopping to examine this question—a thorough discussion of which would occupy well-nigh a whole number of this Review—it will probably be admitted without difficulty that under the Chamberlain scheme, which is a mixture of light import duties and free imports, even if there were a rise in the cost of production it would be so insignificant as to be almost negligible, and as compared with that which, according to the tenets of free importers, ought to be the result of a highly protective system, such, for instance, as the German, entirely so. In other words, from the standpoint of commercial output and of competitive trade the United Kingdom would lie under no more disadvantage on that account than at present, whether in the home, in protected, or in neutral markets. On the other hand, the advantages which would accrue to us are undoubted. In the first place there would be a great extension of sources of supply. The conception of those who are opposed to the preferential scheme seems to be that, were it adopted, there would be a sudden stoppage of all foreign supplies, and that Imperial sources alone would be left available; a comparison is drawn between the *present* respective foreign and Imperial productive capacities, and it is dismally foretold that we should be landed in disaster. Such a conception is, of course, false. There must be a transitional stage, more or less protracted. The development of our great Imperial estates must necessarily take place gradually, even if encouraged, and meanwhile foreign countries must continue to ship their surplus produce to us. During this transitional stage, at any rate, it must be conceded that the sources of supply will be more extensive and more varied. Assuming—it is a very large assumption—that the preferential scheme is so effective that ultimately no foreign supplies whatever reach

the Mother Country, how would she stand then? It may be justly assumed, judging by the present rapid change in the character of the exports of the United States, that by that time that particular source of supply will be in any case virtually lost to her, at any rate in the matter of the principal commodities falling under the class "Agriculture and Produce"; and that is a very important element in the case. If, then, those parts of the world which are "printed red" be impartially observed, with their huge potential productive areas and their respective positions on the map of the world; if it be considered how inconceivable it is that a scarcity of production can be anything more than comparatively local even within the borders of any one of the greater of them—it must be admitted that at the worst the Mother Country will be, at any rate, no worse off with respect to variety of sources of supply than she is now; not at the worst, but at a reasonable estimate, she would be distinctly better off in that, with vast areas in all four quarters of the world under actual or easily possible cultivation, any likelihood of serious fluctuation in prices to her disadvantage would be much more remote than now.

In the next place the character of her oversea trade would be modified to her advantage in the sense that the exchange with the other parts of the Empire would be one of manufactured products on her side for products of the extractive industries on theirs. It is not contested by any reasonable man, whether free importer or fiscal reformer, that the most advantageous economic development for any country is that which takes place along the lines for which it is naturally best suited. The opening up, settlement, and cultivation of the territories of almost boundless extent and natural fertility which exist at present as waste lands in various parts of the Empire will need all the energy and all the resources, whether of capital or of labour, whether of native or of immigrant population, that those parts have at their disposal or can obtain. There need here be no notion, as has been at times

erroneously ascribed to Mr. Chamberlain and his supporters, of a forcible arrest of the development of colonial manufacturing industries. "Communities, no less than individuals, seek their interests where they can best be served,"¹ and since the British Imperial communities outside the United Kingdom would find their greatest advantage in the development of their extractive industries, it is to those that in far the greatest measure they would apply themselves. As a perfectly natural consequence they would provide for the Mother Country continually expanding and profitable markets for her manufactures; it may, indeed, be hazarded that, great as is the present demand per head for these in the "white" portions of the Empire, that demand would grow in direct proportion to the increase of white population which the development of their extractive industries must entail.

There occurs here a consideration of great, perhaps vital, importance, which, however, can only be barely touched upon since much time and space would be required to discuss it adequately. The recently published German commercial treaties appear to bear strong evidence that the practical carrying into effect of the threat that a Central European combination would be formed to combat "Anglo-Saxondom"—Great Britain and the United States—has commenced. Such provisions as those harmonising legislature in regard to the working classes, or unifying railway rates—such patent evasions of the "most-favoured-nation clause" as the "contiguous territory" stipulation, which appears at any rate in some treaties and may easily be extended to the others—show clearly that an ultimate extension of the Zollverein system over the whole of Central Europe is not merely an empty dream, and that even without it treaties may be elaborated which will be disastrous to our European trade. The answer to it is as clear as the day. The organisation of British Imperial trade on inter-Imperial lines would be followed by such an increase in the markets for British goods, as above

¹ Cf. "Imperial Fiscal Reform." Edward Arnold. Pp. 155 and 269.

explained, that we could view the disappearance of our Central European customers with more than equanimity. It may be that this recent move on the part of Germany may render the most signal service to the British Empire by persuading our most "convinced free traders" that to combat organisation we must organise, and that to nullify the lethal effect of foreign protection on its own prosperity and progress the British nation must immediately protect itself.

What the advantage of an approach towards a "self-supporting Empire" would be to the great Daughter States of the Mother Country, and to her dependencies, has virtually been dealt with in the above discussion. In their fertile soils, in their vast hidden mineral supplies, in their immense tracts of forest lands, there lie sources of untold wealth waiting only to be turned to account: the workers they require for this purpose, and the best markets for that exchange which may turn potentialities into actualities are within the Empire of which they form part. If they could be brought to see it, as I have no doubt whatever that in course of time they will be, it is along lines of Imperial Free Trade that their wonderful possibilities could best be realised. That best being at present unattainable, let us content ourselves with a second best. Let us by every possible judicious means set ourselves to organise our Imperial resources and strength, to "concentrate—in the largest sense of the term—national energies in a national direction," so that, all men or women of British birth looking upon every part of the British Empire as the home country, every existing possible unit of British work may be contributing to British output. Thus the sum of British output shall be turned to the best advantage, whether in the production of mere wealth, or, what is at least as important, in the maintenance and increase of the power of the whole British race to fulfil its great civilising mission in the world.

V. CAILLARD.

SOME PROBLEMS IN SALMON-FISHING

TO go salmon-fishing in the Highlands before Easter calls for some courage of a Spartan kind. Scotland stands high on the map, not very far, indeed, from the Arctic Circle. Just think of fishing there at a time of the year when even the Home Counties are still liable to the nip of frost and to showers of sleet! The thought is disquieting; but it is needlessly so. Although the best of the salmon rivers and lochs are far north, the mean temperature of their neighbourhoods during the early months of the year is not lower than that of England, where, in pursuit of jack and perch and roach and other "coarse" fish, thousands of men are out upon the waters every day from the beginning of autumn until the dawn of spring. Perhaps the belief that winter must be very rigorous in Scotland comes from knowledge that sometimes it is very rigorous in London. If Middlesex is cold, what must Perthshire or Sutherland be? That is the line of reasoning. It is not justified by the facts. Does the reader remember the wonderful description of the coming of a snow-storm in Doone Valley? Mr. Blackmore, who describes weather more minutely and more vividly than any other novelist, tells that for days during the great frost there was a strange boom in the still air. Only twice have I myself heard this mysterious sound, sign of temperature approaching zero; and one of the occasions was in London about ten years ago, when there was bearing ice on

the Serpentine for six weeks. Besides, while the inland parts of England are just as liable to sharp frosts as Scotland is, a low temperature in the South is usually more telling on the nerves than a similar temperature in the North. In the South it is often accompanied by fog, which is moisture; and that makes it much more penetrating. One hears that in Canada it is possible to be quite comfortable with the mercury at zero, or even below. That is because there, as at St. Moritz, the atmosphere is comparatively dry. The atmosphere of our own Highlands is not so little saturated with moisture as that of Canada or that of the South of Europe; but certainly it seems to be much less so than that of the Midlands and the South of England. At any rate, it is quite possible to fish on a river or on a loch in Scotland without being much inconvenienced by the frost. Perhaps the nature of the occupation partly explains this phenomenon. Civilised man is subject to some strange illusions. In darkness, for example, he thinks he is smoking long after the tobacco in his pipe has ceased to burn. Blindfolded, he is as likely as not to be unable to tell a glass of port from a glass of sherry. These facts show that the palate is partly dependent upon the eyes. Similarly, it is more than possible that in the open air the sense of being cold may be due less to a low temperature than to boredom or to a sense that time is passing wastefully. When the mind is agreeably employed the nerves are astonishingly unconscious of chill airs.

Is this happy condition usual among the circumstances of salmon-angling early in the year? I think it is. Are the sportsmen on a loch as cosy as they would be at their own fire-sides what time the mountains close by are invisible in the blast of snow? I think they are. Oft expectation fails where most it cherisheth; but in angling, while the expectation is aglow the body is aglow as well. Sometimes, when the rains hold off unseasonably, one has not much hope of a river in the autumn; but at the beginning of the year clean-run salmon are almost certain to be found in their usual haunts. It is,

SOME PROBLEMS IN SALMON-FISHING 67

therefore, at the earliest part of the season that the angler is best equipped against the slings and arrows of our climate. How, as regards the basket, is he like to fare? This question is perhaps best answered by a record of experience. A friend fished on Loch Tay a few days in a recent February. On the 5th he caught eight salmon, 28, 23, 23, 21, 20, 19, 18, and 16 lbs. ; on the 6th, six salmon, 32, 20, 20, 18, 19, and 17 lbs. ; on the 7th, four salmon, 20, 19, 23, and 18 lbs. ; and on the 9th, six salmon, 32, 17, 22, 19, 21, and 17 lbs. His basket for the four days was 24 salmon, weighing 502 lbs. It is not at all certain that every one who goes fishing, on Loch Tay or elsewhere, will find such sport as that ; but, equally of course, it is possible that he will. If he does, he will be kept in sufficient activity to prevent him suffering from the weather ; even if he does not, he will find at the end of the short day that the hope of sport is not much less sustaining than sport itself.

Experience enough to keep this expectation active is perhaps necessary to full enjoyment on the wild water ; but the angler need not be highly skilled. Success with the salmon depends upon conditions different from those of triumph against the trout. In trout-fishing you must be able to tell, by intuition or from experience, where fish are likely to be hovering, and you must be nimble in the use of rod and line flies ; but in salmon-fishing the boatmen provide the knowledge of the fishes' haunts, and it is self-control in excitement, rather than dexterity, that does the rest. Indeed, it may be said that all men are equal on a salmon loch. The lines of all are baited with minnows, the various types of which are chosen more by fancy than by science ; the lines, instead of being cast as in fly-fishing, are trailed behind the boats ; and the boats, as a rule, are rowed in courses which the professional attendants think best. That is the practice. I am not certain that it is the only way in which salmon in still waters could be sought successfully. Often, on almost any loch which holds them, you will see the fish rising briskly ; not infrequently, when casting for trout you will hook a salmon. Is it to be taken

for granted, then, that salmon flies would be useless on the lochs? One can, it is true, perceive a reason why a salmon fly on a loch would be not so effective as the same lure on a stream. The stream helps you in the process of getting the fly away from yourself a goodly distance; but in a loch it lies where it falls until you begin to drag it, which can only be towards the boat. This, however, is not a complete proof that casting a salmon fly on a loch would of necessity be a futile endeavour towards refinement of the sport. Salmon are not sharper in eyesight than trout are, and trout are not prevented from rising at a fly by the proximity of a boat. On the other hand, there may be an important difference between the position of salmon and that of trout. When the trout-creel is filling quickly, the trout are feeding, and when they are feeding they are poised only a few inches below the surface of the water; but, although salmon often leap into the air, I think that their normal position is much below the surface. If that be so, one can understand why fly-fishing for salmon in a loch would probably yield comparatively poor results. The salmon and the trout stand in relation to the boat at widely different angles. As the eyes of both salmon and trout look up, besides looking in other directions, the fish that are far below the surface will see the boat long before it comes within the range of vision of the fish that are poised high. Thus it would appear that, though not uncommon, the rising of a salmon at a trout fly is an exceptional incident. Bringing fierce joy and much alarm, it happens only when the fly chanced to fall over a salmon that is at once looking away from the boat and is in a humour to snap at the lure.

It seems probable, then, that the professional attendants are right in believing that a minnow trolled behind a boat is the best lure on a loch. Is it equally probable that they are right in believing that the boat, instead of being rowed straight forward, should go forward in a series of curves? I am not sure that they are. The reason for the usage is obvious. If the boat goes straight forward, the lure, trolled behind, will

SOME PROBLEMS IN SALMON-FISHING 69

always be in water that has been disturbed by the craft and the oars; it seems reasonable to suppose, indeed, that, if the water is not very deep, every fish that lay in what has become the track of the boat must be scared off. On the other hand, if the boat goes forward in curves, the lure, at the end of forty or fifty yards of line, instead of following the curves, crosses your track at intervals only, and for the rest is spinning through water that has not been disturbed. The gillie has implicit faith in this procedure. "It's aye at the turn ye hook a fish," he assures you, meaning that it is only when the minnow has come into one of the undisturbed bits of water that you have a chance. One is obliged to respect the gillie. His theory looks eminently reasonable; and, to carry it out, by rowing in cunning curves he puts himself to considerable pains. Still, I cannot be so confident as he is. Often you hook a salmon when, the day being nearly over, you are going directly to the landing stage. If the straight course is the wrong course, how does that happen?

This is an interesting problem. I perceive three suggestions towards solution. One of these, which I shall mention last, has been, in an essay on Trout Fishing, offered by myself. Each of the others is wholly original, and will probably be considered untenable by such as are given to quick judgments.

In the first place, I can conceive it possible that in water about thirty feet deep, or deeper, a boat might be rowed right over a salmon at the bottom without the fish seeing it. Any one who has studied the ways of salmon in a river must have noticed certain peculiarities of their vision. If by any means, such as by being in the stream, you can approach a salmon straight in the face, you may get within three or four yards of him before he sees you and flashes off; this indicates that, though the fish does see in front of him, he does not see far in that direction. If you approach sideways, as from the bank of the stream, he darts off much sooner; this indicates that his lateral line of vision is longer than his line of vision

to the front. As we have already had occasion to note, he sees upward also ; but how far upward does he see ? Hitherto anglers generally seem to have taken it for granted that fish of the salmon-kind, howsoever deep may be the water in which they are lying, see straight upwards into the air ; but this assumption is questionable. Does not one of the characters in "Aylwin," that witching romance, begin his preparations for trout-fishing in a Welsh tarn by anchoring his coracle in one of the deepest parts ? He does ; he is about to fish with worms, too : from which it is obvious that Mr. Watts-Dunton believes it possible, where the water is deep enough, to catch fish of the salmon-kind from a perpendicular position, just as the seaman catches cod. We must not, however, give much weight to this evidence. Perhaps the passage referred to is one of the accomplished writer's lapses from accuracy, which are rare. More conclusive is the fact that if, instead of approaching your salmon from the front or from the side, you approach him from above, he is unconscious of your presence until you are very near. The position is difficult to get into ; but it may be roughly attained, sometimes, by standing on a bridge over a stream. Is there a salmon just below the rim of the bridge ? You will not scare him if you hang over the rim and wave your arms. His upward line of vision does not reach you. Why, then, should our gillie be certain that the boat is seen by a salmon lying thirty feet, or more than that, below ? Although he may be unconscious of the presence of the boat, he may see the minnow which is following in the depths.

In the second place, there actually seems some reason for believing that a disturbance of the water is not always a disadvantage of the angler. I have never myself had any experience to suggest this possibility, and I have not witnessed any in the sport of others ; but I was much impressed by a narrative, suggesting the possibility, which, a few months ago, was published in *The Field*. The writer told how he had fished a certain salmon pool for hours, and that in vain ; not a fish would rise. Then a man came to say that there was to

SOME PROBLEMS IN SALMON-FISHING 71

be dynamite blasting in a quarry close to the other side of the stream: would the angler kindly move away until the rocks were riven? He went apart to a safe distance; the explosion sounded and resounded; a large fragment of the rock fell with a great splash into the pool. At the very place where the stone fell, and almost before the ripples of the disturbance had died away, the angler raised and hooked a salmon! This set him thinking; and he came to the conclusion that the fish had risen because of the fall of the large stone, not in spite of it. His theory is that the salmon are sometimes languid, or indolent, disinclined either to rise at a fly or to seize a minnow, and that a shock of astonishment may wake them up. If this contributor to *The Field* is right, we have an obvious explanation of a salmon coming at a minnow trailed in the wake of a boat. It may be that the fish had been dozing and was excited to curiosity by the passage of the craft and the splash of the oars. I myself am not prepared to endorse this view; but among the familiar phenomena of the sport there is a fact by which it may possibly be regarded as encouraged. Salmon, like trout, almost invariably come into sportful humour when the normal condition of a river has been disturbed by a flood. May this be because the increased volume of water, flowing at a rate more rapid than is usual in the stream, buffets them, or teases them, or stimulates them, and revives the predatory instinct? There is, I know, another theory to account for the improvement in sport that is brought by a flood; but it is only fair to the writer in *The Field* to mention a possibility tending to show that his conjecture is not so absurd as it may have seemed to many readers.

In the third place, it may be that the salmon which takes a lure trailed in the wake of a boat has not been lying in the path of the boat. He may have dashed at the minnow laterally. That is my own surmise. It should be remembered that, as we have seen, the eyesight of the fish is mainly lateral. It should be remembered, too, that an artificial minnow is a very conspicuous object. Not only is it, as a rule, flagrant in colour: also it spins, and, should it be tinselled, flashes. It

can be seen from afar on either side of the course in which it whirls along. After thinking over all the possibilities, I am strongly of opinion that every fish that takes it has been lying aside from the track of the boat.

Why any fish should take it at all is a question equally entertaining. It would be wrong to repeat in an affirming sense the commonplace statement that all artificial minnows are not like any creatures of nature. Some of them, though exaggerated in size and less delicate in hues, are modelled after living things. The action of the artificial minnows, however, is quite unlike that of the real ones. Real minnows may dart about at a quick rate; but they do not keep up the pace. They do not travel three miles in an hour. Sometimes they catch and reflect the sunlight, and so seem quiveringly active; but they are not for ever spinning. They do not spin. Artificial minnows do all these things. They travel for miles, and never, when in the water, rest; and as they cleave through the deep they rotate as busily as a kite that has lost its tail. Why are the salmon attracted by such monstrous apparitions? My own belief is that the salmon take the things to be living creatures in distress, and rush at them in obedience to the instinct which impels the strong of any species to kill or to persecute the weak.

This conjecture will fall in either with the understanding that salmon, like trout, feed all the year round, or with the theory that they feed only when in the sea. The fish may be meaning to make a meal of the strange thing that has swum into his ken, or he may be meaning only to make an end of it. In relation to the practical purposes of the sportsman, that is a side issue. If only the fish rush at his lures freely, he is not, for the moment, concerned as to why they do so. Often he is concerned on another score. Often no lure that he has will attract them. What is to be done then? There are apologetic consolations to fall back upon. He reflects that the water is low, or that the wind is in the wrong quarter, or that there is thunder in the air. Often, however, the apology, whatever it

may be, is made of no avail by tidings from some other angler. One day last autumn a well-reputed stretch on a famous river was fished diligently with every possible fly, with roach preserved in spirits, and with minnows of many patterns. Neither flies nor minnows and not the roach succeeded. The fish were leaping frequently; but not one of them gave a chance. Next morning came news that a friend, fishing two miles down the water, had found the salmon with a fine appetite, or in a fine rage, at prawns! He had caught four. Clearly neither the water nor the weather had been at fault.

For every loch there is a particular minnow recommended by the local gillies; in some cases there are two or three that the gillies consider worthy of trial. Every river, in the same way, has its special lures. It is probably rash to suppose that the local traditions are superstitious. One cannot but think that there must be experience behind them. Still, there are first-class salmon anglers who will have none of the traditions. Instead of adopting the precepts of the gillies, they follow their own fancies; and sometimes they are justified by results. Experiments on the Tweed, where local preferences were particularly definite, have strengthened the sceptical notions. The sceptical notions, however, are themselves empirical. They prove no more than that certain local traditions do not contain the whole truth. They are not in themselves the whole truth. In as far as they would lead us to believe that it does not matter what fly, or what minnow, or what other lure, one uses, they are probably, indeed, a negation of the truth. Salmon must have some definite instincts in their choice of things to seize. Why does not some sportsman with a bent for natural history set about making a science of lures in relation to a typical salmon river? The details to be examined would be many; but the task might turn out to be easier of accomplishment than it seems. Clues to some puzzling problems might readily yield themselves to well-informed scrutiny. A friend on whose loch I sometimes fish told me, when first I went thither, that there were only two

minnows which were very successful. One was all brown; the other was brown on the back and red in the belly. "Do you use them indifferently?" I asked, "or do you put on one at one time of the year and one at the other?" "Oh," he answered, "when I go out I just try one, and then, if it doesn't do, I try the other." My friend did not know that there is a minnow, common to many streams and lakes, which, almost altogether brown at ordinary times, becomes red in the belly, with a tinge of gold, when it is about to spawn. This information, which was confirmed by a study of the minnows native to the place, systematised the lures for that particular water. It is possible that if the whole subject were approached in the light suggested by that incident a science of salmon lures would be constructed in a few years.

Certainly it would be a science of much utility. It would help to undo the probability of grievous disappointments. Last autumn, in Scotland, was full of these. Though not beyond the reach of persons with moderate means, the cost of salmon-fishing for a season begins to be moodily considered when many days are consecutively "blank." This was the state of the recreation for a long time after the Twelfth of August. It is true that, there being only slight showers of rain at wide intervals, the rivers were low; but there were salmon and grilse in most of the pools. They were seen rising. Only a few of them were caught. Many more would have given sport had the anglers generally possessed the scientific knowledge that led our friend to try a prawn when a prawn was seasonably acceptable. When men contrast their rents with the number of fish caught, as they did last autumn, to find that each salmon costs its weight in silver, things are not looking well for the sport. A fall in rents would indicate a decline in the vogue of salmon-fishing; and that, even if it were only for a time, would be a serious misfortune. There is not much risk of this; yet the contingency is worth notice. The streams and lochs are kept in stock, and otherwise in condition, in proportion to the value which is set

SOME PROBLEMS IN SALMON-FISHING 75

upon them. The naturally excellent rivers in Shetland, far away, are being rapidly ruined because they are not much in demand among sportsmen. The native poachers net the fish by the hundredweight when they are running up the smaller streams to spawn. It is against the law to take fish of the salmon-kind then; but that does not matter. Government does not interfere to enforce Acts for the protection of rights that have sufficiently declined in value.

What would the lochs and the great rivers of Scotland be if there were not salmon in them and people eager to catch the noble fish by the methods of sport? Their most characteristic fascination would be gone. It may be that there is not yet in salmon-fishing so much science as in trout-fishing; but salmon-fishing is sport on a scale so grand that the lack of expert skill is not a serious flaw in the experience or in the spectacle. For example, who that has witnessed a battle with a big fish on the Tay does not thrill with delight in the remembrance? That was my own good fortune last August. Many a time, in reading some book on sport, I had wondered what "harling" meant. I knew that it was a system of angling peculiar to the Tay, and that it was pursued from on board a boat; but I had been unable to visualise it. If "harling" meant trolling a minnow, the boat must be moving up-stream; and would not that make too great a commotion even in the wide Tay? So I had ruminated. Well, strolling up the river with a trout-rod, I suddenly came upon two lithe young men, gamekeepers, launching a boat. As a pair of salmon-rods lay on the bank, it was obvious that they were going to fish. I had seen the boat before. It was of the cobble type, and very broad in the beam. It had been a matter of wonder to me to think that such a craft could be held against the heavy rush of the pool, opposite the village of Guay, by the side of which it had been lying. Lo! in the very middle of the torrent the craft rested on the Tay as lightly as a skiff rests on the Thames! Being nearly flat-bottomed, it drew very little water. Without much effort, one of the gillies was keeping it in position. His

companion was letting out the lines. On one of them was an artificial sand-eel; on the other, a Jock Scott. Both lines having been let down the stream for thirty or forty yards, the rods were laid across the stern; then, oars in the hands of each, the gillies set about their "harling." Immediately I perceived that "harling" was in principle the same as trolling. Only one of the details was different. Instead of making the boat move bow-forward to keep the lures in motion, the gillies allowed it to drop down-stream, very slowly, about three or four yards a minute; the force of the water was sufficient to keep the Jock Scott floating, or nearly so, and the sand-eel from sinking to the bottom. From side to side of the river, too, the boat moved, thereby causing the lures to search every likely spot at the variable end of their tethers. This revealed the necessity of "harling." Even such considerable rivers as the Don, the Dee, the Tweed, the Severn, the Avon, the Helmsdale, the Thurso, and the Spey can be fished by casting from the bank; but the Tay is so broad that most of its pools could not be fished thoroughly without the aid of a boat. Before the pool at Guay, which is about three hundred yards long, was half-covered, the gillie nearer the stern dropped the oars, which hung on pins; leapt from his seat, and seized a rod. A salmon had taken the Jock Scott. Quickly the other gillie, having reeled up the second line, pulled ashore; and he and his comrade landed. Within half an hour the salmon also reposed on the pebbly beach. He weighed slightly over 20 lbs.

A few years ago there was a discussion in *The Fishing Gazette* as to whether it was necessary to strike when a salmon rises at the fly. I missed the controversy; but I am told that it did not close in agreement. The incident at Guay should surely settle the question. In trout-fishing the line is often slack, and therefore the fish, unless you strike, may easily eject the fly; but a Jock Scott is a formidable barbed-wire entanglement. The line to which it is attached is practically always taut, and when a salmon seizes it he hooks himself as effectually as would be possible if the angler did his utmost to help.

SOME PROBLEMS IN SALMON-FISHING 77

Without doubt, sport with salmon is angling on a grand scale, somewhat clumsy, and even, when you are afloat, mechanical. Still, who shall deny that on a bright morning in autumn, or even early in the year with a snell wind from over the mountains, it is very pretty work indeed?

W. EARL HODGSON.

EFFECT OF THE WAR ON RUSSIAN PUBLIC FEELING

NOT the least interesting of the consequences of the Far Eastern war is the effect which it is producing on the internal situation of Russia and on public opinion throughout the various classes of the population. Some authorities, both in Russia itself and abroad, have stated that the whole country is patriotically enthusiastic and unanimous as to the necessity of "seeing the thing through;" while others are convinced that the nation is dead against the war and wishes to stop it at all costs. Before going to Russia I heard both these views expressed in various quarters; after several months' stay in the country, I have seen that they are but two of several different opinions held by the various sections of the population. It is the object of this article to explain some of these views and the effect of the war on the internal situation.

In the first place, it is well to bear in mind that a large part of the population takes very little interest at all in the war. The great mass of the nation are so extraordinarily ignorant that unless they actually see and feel the effects of the struggle, they cannot realise that it is going on, and have no opinion on the subject. The illiterate *mujik* who has not been called out to serve at the front and whose earnings are not directly reduced, does not think about the war; and even among the educated classes the great tragedy does not play the same overwhelming rôle nor affect the daily life of the country to the

same extent as, say, the Boer War, did in England. But there is a large and increasing class of people who do realise the critical situation of the country, and follow the progress of the struggle with earnestness. The apathy of the masses is an advantage from one point of view, but, on the other hand, it deprives the Government of all popular support, and obliges it to fight the battle unassisted by national enthusiasm. At the same time, every fresh mobilisation augments the numbers of those who suffer from the economic effects of the war, and every additional day of warfare means more artisans out of work and more reduction of business. The reverses have seriously shaken public opinion and strengthened the forces of discontent all over Russia. The war, however, is tending to turn the minds of all thinking men to other aspects of the situation than the military one, although, of course, the latter is in itself serious enough.

Of the different opinions on the war that of the extreme Chauvinists, held by the official classes and their close adherents, is the simplest. They have three formulæ for explaining everything in a manner satisfactory to Russian national pride: first, Napoleon's retreat from Moscow in 1812 ("every mile which the Japanese advance puts them more at the mercy of their enemies"); secondly, "all the wars which Russia has fought have begun badly and ended well"; thirdly, "it is not the Japanese who are the real adversaries of Russia, but the British and the Americans who are backing them up and egging them on." This last statement is brought forward on all possible occasions, and is the subject of countless leading articles, for it is generally believed that the public would view a war against England with far more enthusiasm than can be aroused by the present campaign. There is the old tradition of British hostility to Russia, and the recollection of the many instances in which British policy thwarted Russia's schemes. Then there is always the dazzling prize of India which is dangled before popular imagination; a great many Russians, both of the military class and others, are convinced that the conquest of India would be

an easy task, and that it could be accomplished without much effort even while the war in the Far East is still going on.¹ These extremists were much more numerous at the beginning of the war than they are now, for they then believed in the first place that the Japanese would never fight, and secondly that if they did they would be crushed at once. A Russian official of high rank told the writer that any one who had suggested at St. Petersburg two years ago that the Japanese meant business and would become so dangerous a foe, would have been laughed at as a madman. Now, however, the Chauvinists are decreasing in numbers and in the extent of their optimism. At best they believe that Russia is bound to win by force of overwhelming numbers, and should merely aim at regaining what she has lost—there is very little talk now of signing the peace in Tokio. Moreover, those who hold this view are no longer very enthusiastic about the policy which led to the war, and are beginning to ask themselves whether the reoccupation of Manchuria is worth all the sacrifices which it will entail. I have been assured that even before the outbreak of hostilities most of the Ministers, especially Count Lamsdorff and Count Muravieff, were decidedly opposed to a warlike policy; the only enthusiast was the late M. von Plehve, but he, unfortunately, was at the time absolute master of the Czar's mind. Now there are few who share that enthusiasm.

For a long time a large section of the press continued to keep up the illusion, and professed the most unbounded optimism combined with diatribes against the iniquities of the Japanese, the English, and the Americans, but the papers also published the bad news of the war, so that their comments sounded rather thin, and ended by becoming the laughing-stock of all sensible people.

Apart from the Chauvinists, a more general sentiment characteristic of Russian fatalism is that the war is a misfortune over which mere mortals have very little control, and that it

¹ Almost every Russian officer of distinction, and many a youthful subaltern, is said to have some pet scheme for the invasion of India.

will last until it pleases God and the Czar to put an end to it.¹ It excites no feelings of warlike patriotism, and the cause for which the struggle is being fought is not regarded in any sense as a national one. The idea of Russian prestige in the Far East is not one that appeals to any but a very narrow class, and the "man in the street" cannot understand of what use Manchuria is to Russia. "We have so much uncultivated and uninhabited land to be developed at our own doors, even in European Russia, that it is useless to go and break our heads over a distant country of doubtful value." Of those who take this view some think in a vague kind of way, but without enthusiasm, that the Government must carry on the war to the bitter end, while others pray that it shall be finished at once without caring about the means.

The business world, which is much more influential in the great commercial and industrial centres like Moscow or Odessa than in the capital, regard the war as an unmitigated curse, and the policy which led up to it as criminal folly, as it is proving disastrous to trade and manufactures, and is undermining the whole credit system on which Russian national economy is based. They denounce the action of the Government in no unmeasured terms, they laugh at the Russian generals, they delight in anecdotes of official corruption and military stupidity, and do not believe in the future of Manchuria; they are far more concerned with the very serious economic situation of the moment than with the prospective advantages to be gained by an indefinite expansion eastward.

But there are others who regard the campaign in a different light, thinking less of the strategic movements of the Russian armies and the economic consequences entailed than of the general political situation in Russia as affected by the events in the Far East. The whole question of the war is intimately bound up with that of Russian reforms, in the opinion of the

¹ According to a private letter which I have just received from St. Petersburg, the fall of Port Arthur has only caused people to say, "It is God's will that we should be punished for our sins."

“intellectuals,” who include not only the university professors and the members of the liberal professions, but also a number of the more progressive nobles, substantial merchants, and even a few enlightened officials. This party, if anything so formless and indefinite can be called a party, while deploring the military disasters and the fearful sacrifices in blood and treasure, do not regard them as altogether an unmixed curse. They are by no means revolutionists or anarchists, nor is there any trace among them of pro-Japanese sentiment. They are not for a moment to be compared with the British pro-Boers during the South African War, for their ideas are not based on morbid sentimentalism nor on an overwhelming love for their country’s enemies. The moral question of the rights and wrongs of the conflict is not even considered, for to the average Russian the idea that when your country is involved in a war you should ask yourself which side is ethically in the right, is almost inconceivable. But from the point of view of their own country’s interests, men of this stamp regard the defeats as blessings in disguise, because they constitute a complete condemnation of the bureaucracy. They believe that Russia’s great need is for internal reforms, and that these cannot be obtained until the absolute inefficiency as well as the oppressiveness of the present methods of administration are brought home to the mass of intelligent people. The question of Russia’s aspirations and “missions” in the Far East is of comparatively small importance in their eyes, whereas the demand for internal reform has been increasing rapidly, so as to overshadow all other problems.

The war has brought about a very remarkable change of feeling in this connection, and is producing effects very similar to those of the Crimean War. The reign of Nicholas I., which was inaugurated with the abortive rising of December 1825, was a period of reaction and of police despotism. Western ideas, which had been making steady progress in Russia under Alexander I., were now rejected as dangerous and abominable, and the Slavophil party continually proclaimed the superiority

of everything Russian over that which was European. The severe repression of liberalism and the iron tyranny were felt to be oppressive, but it was generally held that by that means alone the military supremacy and dignity of Russia could be maintained. With Napoleon's retreat from Moscow fresh in their minds, Russians were convinced that their country was invincible, and that, while the Western nations professed to despise its backward state, they secretly were in deadly fear of its might. The idea of a European coalition against Russia was scoffed at: "We shall throw our caps at them," was the popular expression of contempt for the decrepit West. But when the Crimean War broke out, and instead of easy victories disasters followed upon disasters, a startling change came over Russian public opinion. Men's eyes were opened to the fact that the vaunted military power of the Empire was a delusion, and all the more intelligent people began to ask themselves what had been the use of all these sacrifices, of all this burdensome oppression, for the sake of military efficiency, if military efficiency had not been obtained. Then the demand for reforms and for Western institutions became more and more insistent. The Czar Nicholas, broken in health and spirit by the disasters of the war, realised the necessity for a change of methods, but felt incapable of bringing it about himself. In 1855 he died, some say by his own hand, and left the task of reforming the State to his son. After peace had been declared, Alexander II. set to work to inaugurate an era of progress. Railways were built in the first instance, as the collapse of the transport during the war had proved the necessity for them. Political and social changes of the most far-reaching character followed—the liberation of the serfs, the judicial reforms, and the institution of the *zemstvos*. The emancipation is in fact regarded as a direct consequence of the war, so much so that the peasants of certain provinces actually believed that Napoleon III. only agreed to the peace on condition that the serfs should be freed.¹

¹ M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, in "L'Empire des Tsars," tells an anecdote

But the progress of the reforms, which would in all probability have culminated in the constitution drawn up by Loris Melikoff, was cut short by the assassination of the Czar in 1882. The reign of Alexander III., initiated under such tragic auspices, constituted a return to reaction, and Nicholas II. has hitherto followed in the footsteps of his "never-to-be-forgotten father." The old police system, which had been much relaxed under Alexander II., and the Press censorship, which had become almost a dead letter, were revived with increased vigour; political offences were persecuted with ruthless severity; while the dominant note of these two reigns has been the attempt to Russify *vi et armis* the non-Russian and non-Orthodox races of the Empire.

Once again public opinion acquiesced in this mode of government, and for the same reason—for the sake of military power and a high place in international affairs. Again the army was believed invincible and limitless in numbers, and the navy equal to any task to which it might be put. The steady and rapid progress of Russia in Asia induced the belief that she was destined to dominate the whole of that continent as well as all the Slavonic lands of Europe. Even many foreign observers concurred in this view, and fear of the Russian bogey has been for many years the keynote of British policy in the Near East, the Middle, and the Far. Military glory was the Russian people's consolation for a reactionary and persecuting *régime*. The orgy of tariff protection inaugurated by M. Witte gave rise to numbers of industrial undertakings and to a fever of over-production, which produced the impression that Russia was destined to become one of the greatest industrial as well as military Powers in the world. The economic crisis of 1897-1902 opened the eyes of the public to the instability of the economic situation, but the military position of the Empire was still considered unassailable. There were many Liberals who sighed for internal reforms, and revolutionists of a peasant who had the portrait of Napoleon III. in his cottage, with the inscription, "The Liberator of the Serfs."

who conspired against the Government, but the Press was muzzled, and the mass of the public, even of the more or less intelligent public, was unmoved.

In February 1904 the war with Japan broke out, and day by day the Russian people were told of the disasters which followed each other unrelieved by the smallest success. In spite of the censorship they learnt the story of the breakdown of the military administration, the disorganisation of the commissariat, the gross corruption of every department, the inefficiency of the War Office, the incapacity of many of the generals which only made more painful the sacrifices of the heroic rank and file. Then the same question arose as was asked at the time of the Crimean War: "What is the use of all this oppression and repression for the sake of military efficiency if our army is defeated by a despised Asiatic enemy?" A great awakening of Liberalism throughout Russia has been the result, and the Liberal leaders are naturally led to regard every Russian defeat as a step towards reform. Every one feels that the fate of the Russian bureaucracy is being sealed on the Manchurian plains and the waters of the Yellow Sea. The connection between the progress of the war and that of the reforms is regarded as so close that in the long interval which elapsed between the murder of M. von Plehve and the appointment of his successor it was generally believed that the Czar was waiting for the result of the great battle which was known to be imminent before making his choice: another Russian defeat would be followed by the appointment of a Liberal Minister of the Interior, whereas a Russian victory would have made the choice fall on another von Plehve. The battle of Liao-Yang ended in a Russian retreat, albeit no inglorious rout, and a Liberal was in fact chosen for the arduous post in the person of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky.

The Liberal revival began even before Sozonoff's bomb ended the life of the arch-reactionary, but it could find no expression in the Press. Under the Plehve *régime* to hint at the need for reform was treason, but after his death a consider-

able relaxation of the censorship was at once perceived, and a number of articles of the most remarkable frankness appeared in the various Russian papers. Professor Mendeleieff, for instance, a well-known man of science and author, in an article on the necessity for internal reforms, published in September in a St. Petersburg journal, stated :

Every Russian knows that matters are not proceeding as they should in our country, and that in many of our internal affairs there is an imperative need for reforms. . . . According to the desires of the Russian people reforms must follow the end of the war with Japan, because it has opened the eyes of every one to the fact that for many years to come we must be ready for other wars, and nowadays we can only be prepared for war when the Empire is internally in a satisfactory condition, with guarantees for the general well-being.

An anonymous writer in the *Grajdánin* of St. Petersburg declared that the war will have "the happy result of turning rays of light to illumine the darkness of certain departments of the public service where evil things are perpetrated." The *Russhkiiá Viedomosti*, of Moscow, which is the most able and independent paper in Russia, ever since the beginning of the campaign has been insisting on this same argument, and recently it has done so in language which, a year ago, would have caused its suspension or even its suppression. It has dwelt particularly on the hardships entailed by the war on the working classes, who "are now as at all times and everywhere the greatest sufferers." It is constantly asserting the necessity of ending the war as soon as the smallest victory enables the nation to make peace without too great a loss of prestige, so that the nation may turn its full attention to the question of reform. In private conversation people who are far from being revolutionists express themselves even more openly, and actually rejoice at every Russian defeat as another nail in the coffin of autocracy and bureaucracy.

Under the *régime* of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky there was certainly a change in the methods of government. The censorship of the Press was relaxed still further, and the

papers were allowed to print detailed criticisms of the internal administration and to report the disturbances which have been occurring all over the country, and even on the foreign papers sent to Russia the censor's *caviar* and scissors are much less active. One St. Petersburg paper, the *Russ*, even permitted itself to publish an attack on the military censorship for disguising the real state of affairs in Manchuria from the public, to which one of the censors replied in a letter to the editor, stating that the suppression of news "for the sake of the nerves of Russian society and to protect it from revolutionary disturbances," was not the work of the military censorship, but of the police censorship; the former limited itself to suppressing only such information as would be of use to the enemy. Even Conservative papers have very much changed their tone, and one of them actually made the proposal "that the Russian public should be consulted as to the further continuation of the war" (after the fall of Port Arthur). Meetings of a political character have been permitted, and speeches of a revolutionary tone delivered with impunity. The great assembly of the representatives of the *zemstvos* at St. Petersburg in November, although not officially sanctioned, was held in private, and its declarations have been published; and the courageous words of Prince Trubetzkoy at Moscow are still fresh in people's memory. From every quarter come public expressions of opinion on political matters, and demands for reforms. A significant item is that a political trial like that of M. Milashevsky, of Saratoff, accused of having possessed and distributed revolutionary literature, has been held with open doors and reported in the press. Not long ago a banquet was held at St. Petersburg to celebrate the anniversary of the revolution of 1825.

In the meanwhile the agitation has been gathering strength and extending to all parts of the Empire. Until quite recently the great weakness of the Russian revolutionary movement was the fact that it was practically limited to the upper and middle classes, and found but little response among the

mujiks. The devotion of the latter to the Church and the Czar, their ignorance, and their innate conservatism, made it very difficult for the enthusiastic revolutionary agitators, educated on foreign Liberal philosophy, to make much headway with such unpromising material. Their pamphlets could not be read by illiterate peasants, and the ideas expressed in them would not have been even understood. The revolutionists belonged to another class and another world, and while they preached of constitutions and reforms and Marxian Socialism, the only thing that the peasant asked for was more land. But of late years the Russian lower classes have been slowly evolving. The industrialism which the Government has made every effort to establish in Russia has called into being a new class of men—the permanent factory hands—who are far more amenable to political and socialistic ideas than the untutored *mujiks*. The movement is still in its infancy, for a large number of the Russian artisans are as yet half peasants in mind, even if they no longer work on a farm for six months of the year, and they are astonishingly ignorant. But they are developing, and they are beginning to realise that their conditions might be improved and that the Government of their country is at all events open to criticism. The growing contact with foreign countries, the annual temporary migrations of large numbers of Russian labourers into Germany and Austria, and the presence of foreign foremen in Russian factories, have produced an infiltration of revolutionary ideas among the urban working classes, ideas which are both political and socialistic. The students and university graduates without employment—the intellectual proletariat of Russia—were not the only agitators. University professors, men of business, engineers, and in some cases even Government factory inspectors, were more or less in sympathy with the movement, and these got into touch with the artisans. It was not until the late 'nineties, or the early years of the twentieth century, that the connection was established, but it has become increasingly close ever since. What is perhaps more noteworthy

is the fact that even the peasants are affected, and there have been several disturbances in the south of Russia of a character very different from former occurrences of the kind. The savage repression of the working men's strikes in the towns, and the even more barbarous cruelty of the authorities in punishing the peasant rioters in the Governments of Kharkoff, Poltava, and elsewhere, have added fuel to the flame.

The outbreak of the war has given fresh impetus to the movement, and the revolutionary propaganda has become astonishingly active since February 1904. The amount of revolutionary literature circulating throughout Russia is so enormous that the police are unable to cope with it. Manifestoes and proclamations are printed on fly-leaves similar to those of the war telegrams, and distributed at dusk to the workmen as they come out of the factories. The lower orders never had any real interest in the war, nor any enthusiasm for it. At first they merely ignored it; but the sacrifices which it is imposing on them, and the total absence of success, makes them more willing to listen to the revolutionary agitators and socialistic propagandists.

On the outbreak of hostilities there were a few patriotic demonstrations in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other large towns, under the auspices of the police, but they soon began to assume a character not in harmony with the wishes of the Government, and "Russian flags appeared from which the white and the blue had been omitted." Seditious cries were heard and demands for reform mooted, and the demonstrations were soon stopped by order. The most conspicuous manifestation of the unpopularity of the war is the widespread attempt to avoid military service at the front. The Russian is neither cowardly nor unpatriotic, as he has proved on a hundred stricken fields. In the Turkish war of 1877, when he believed that he was fighting for a holy cause, he was only too willing to lay down his life for "God and the Czar"; even in this war, once he is face to face with the enemy, he has lived up to his reputation for bravery. But there is no enthusiasm, and the one

thought of every reservist is how to evade the mobilisation. All over the country men are wandering about without passports or with false ones, as far as possible from the places where they are registered. Large numbers escape across the frontiers into Austria or Germany, tens of thousands finding their way to England and the United States. The largest contingent, of course, is supplied by the non-Russian peoples of the Empire, notably by the Poles and the Jews, who are most numerous in the frontier provinces, and naturally not over-anxious to fight Russia's battles, but not a few are pure Russians. The mobilisation has also been the cause of actual disturbances, some of a serious character. At Odessa the situation was at one time very critical, and the reservists committed many acts of insubordination. At Moscow one detachment refused to entrain, and a riot ensued in which several of the men were killed and wounded. Similar scenes occurred throughout Poland, where many deserters and rioters were shot; other occurrences took place at Smolensk, at Vitebsk, at Kaniouff, at Kharkoff, at Iekaterinoslav. In many instances bodies of reservists had to be escorted by more amenable troops to prevent disturbances. Nowhere was the departure of troops for the front speeded with cheers. Sometimes the trouble was caused by special circumstances, such as the absence of heating appliances in the railway cars or the closing of the spirit shops, but, taken altogether, the riots point to the great unpopularity of the war among the working classes.

The economic distress which is partly due to the crisis of 1897-1902, but principally to the war, has contributed to the agitation, for a number of factories are closed or working short hours with a reduced staff, and many thousands of workmen are without employment. These form the best soil for the sowing of revolutionary ideas, and the Socialists are not slow to point out the moral to be drawn from the existing distress. But it is noticeable that even the Socialist propagandists dwell more on the political than on the economic aspect of the situation, and their proclamations are directed rather against the

Government than against the tyranny of capital. All these events have increased the general state of unrest throughout the country, and although there does not seem to be any systematic co-operation between the different groups of agitators or between the various centres of disturbance, nor any organised military mutiny, every class and every province is more or less affected by it.

It is a truism to say that "it is dangerous to prophesy unless you know," but the warning is exceptionally necessary when dealing with Russian affairs. Outside a very limited circle no one knows what is happening from day to day in the various provinces, while there is hardly any one who can tell what forces are working in the *mujik's* mind. It has been evident for a long time that the whole of Russia was seething with discontent, but a general revolution does not seem to be probable as yet. The many elements of disorder are too different from each other and too scattered to act in harmony, and as long as the army obeys the order to shoot, the bureaucracy need not fear a general uprising. The events of the past few weeks might seem to go counter to this statement, but we must recollect that the movement in St. Petersburg was not in its origin a revolution. It was a labour demonstration expressive of the wretched condition of the artisan class, "fertilised," as one writer has said, by political discontent; but there was no attempt at organised and armed resistance.

At the same time the agitation is spreading and will continue to give the Government more and more trouble. We see that "movements of solidarity" have taken place among the workers of other towns, and this, in view of the utter absence of cohesion among the Russian malcontents, is significant. The excitement caused by the riots may be out of proportion to their real importance, but in Russia they are a novelty, and show that a change is coming over the people. Local peasant risings are not an impossibility, and the horrors of the Pugatcheff rebellion have shown what the *mujik* is capable of when roused. It has even been said that the bureaucracy is

excogitating some vast scheme of confiscation of the landed estates to give them over to the peasants, sacrificing the nobility which has shown signs of Liberal tendencies, so as to conciliate the *mujiks*. But any kind of rising can be easily repressed under present conditions if the Government is firm.

As yet there has been no definite concession to the popular demands for reform. Before the recent outbreak the censorship had been relaxed, but it was neither abolished nor even rendered less stringent by law. The persecution of political offences was less rigorous in practice, but there were no new enactments to prevent a return to the old methods. The *zemstvos*, the municipal councils, and various private or semi-public societies have been allowed to formulate their demands for a Constitution with impunity, but the demands themselves have not been granted. The late Minister of the Interior, Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, struggled bravely towards Liberalism, but he achieved nothing definite, until the St. Petersburg riots made his position impossible. The forces of progress and of reaction were and are still joined in a Titanic conflict for mastery over the Czar's mind, which is like the body of Patroclus between Hector and Achilles. Certainly, as far as material results go, the bureaucracy supported by the army can snap its fingers in the face of a few thousands of unarmed strikers and demonstrators. To compare the present outbreaks with the French Revolution is simply ridiculous. Russia has not had the fifty years of intellectual preparation; she has no Rousseau or Voltaire—the unpractical and incoherent recluse of Yasnaia Poliana can hardly be taken seriously in this connection—and, above all, she has no Paris.

Nevertheless, a thorough overhauling of the internal administration of Russia resulting in some form of national representation, even though it be on a very narrow basis, is inevitable. When we find such widely different bodies as the assembly of nobles of St. Petersburg, the Kharkoff *zemstvo*, the lawyers of Moscow, the school congress of Kieff, the strikers of Warsaw all advancing demands in favour of popular

government, and, in the words of the first-named body, asking the Czar to "order the representatives of the country, freely elected, to raise their voice to the Throne and take part, in accordance with your sovereign directions, in legislation and in the discussion of Government measures," a return to the fatalistic and careless acquiescence in the old methods is an impossibility. That the Government should allow these declarations to be made with impunity shows that it no longer dares defy public opinion. General Trepoff may be all powerful in St. Petersburg; M. Buligin, the new Minister of the Interior, may aspire to be a pale imitation of von Plehve, and Maxim Gorky may be imprisoned, but the bureaucracy is clearly getting very nervous, and will in all probability be frightened into making concessions.

For this state of affairs the course of the war is directly responsible. Other causes have doubtless contributed to it—the industrial movement and the growth of an artisan class, the contact with Europe, the Socialist propaganda, and the spread of education, slow though it be—but without the war things would never have come to a head so rapidly. It has been a great and terrible awakening for Russia, and all the thinking classes of the population, and many of those who do not think but have instinct, are at last realising that their country cannot be great and prosperous unless its Government conforms to the conditions of progress. The one justification of a military despotism is that it should be militarily efficient. The events of the last year have proved that in the case of Russia it does not even possess this merit.

L. VILLARI.

THE BLACK VENGEANCE

IT was dusk when I returned to the village that I had not seen for so many years—for more than half the span of a man's life. My arrangement with old Margot was that the little postern should be open at midnight. The castle was about an hour's walk from the village, by the high road that is to say, for it was really quite near, but the road was steep and winding.

I had been a free man just a week, and the first raptures of the open air and the unwallied plain were beginning to lose something of their intensity. Even the great thought of my vengeance now so close at hand could no longer mask my weariness and hunger. Nature will not be baulked. The forty years that I had been caged like a captive beast had left me an old man.

In this there was at any rate one advantage. I had no fear of being recognised. In the village street many things were changed, but the little inn at the cross-roads was still there. I walked in boldly and sat down by the window. There were two or three peasants drinking, but they took little heed of me. I was in luck's way. The landlord was just going to have his supper, and he willingly spared me a plateful of steaming stew, which was to me like the elixir of life.

When I had finished I did what might have cost me dear. I leaned back in my chair, stretched out my tired legs on the rail beneath the bench-table, and fell into a heavy sleep, such a slumber as no man should yield himself to who has any

business on hand. Almost immediately, it seemed to me, I was awakened by the weight of a hand on my shoulder. I sprang up instantly, and found my host looking somewhat narrowly at me.

"Come," he said, "we are early folk here, and I am closing the house. If you will, you can stay the night, or if not you can pay for your supper and go."

I paid the reckoning, and asked him if he knew the hour.

"Well on to eleven," he answered, "for 'tis more than half an hour since the King's mail went by."

I bade him good-night and went forth into the deserted street.

The powers of darkness and silence were upon me and a certain awe of myself. Put it how you will, there is something dread in a purpose held to, through forty years of heart-beats. A wonderful thing is faith. Even in my dungeon, encompassed by those monstrous, slimy blocks of stone, with the stench of the moat ever in my nostrils, I never doubted that my hour—and his—would come. And now everything was moving to the appointed end as smoothly as if it had been rehearsed a thousand times.

I had left the last cottage behind me, and the shadow of the tall poplars lay black upon the road. Already I was skirting the castle grounds, and it would have been no great task to scale the wall and shorten my walk by a good half-hour. But I remembered the tales I had heard in my boyhood, and I knew the grounds were set with springs and snares, to say nothing of the wolf-hounds which my lord held far dearer than a peasant's life.

The moon had risen high—a three-quarter moon, wonderfully bright and clear. There was not a breath of wind, yet the air was fresh and sweet with the delicate scents of leaf and flower. As I came out from the shadows of the trees into a piece of open road it seemed almost as light as day, only there was something about the scene strange and solemn. Then

suddenly, at a turn of the road the castle came into view, heavy and threatening, every window black save one on an upper floor, whence there streamed a light that looked yellow and belated in the world of cold, pure moonshine.

At the first sight of that house of black memories my pulse began to beat faster and involuntarily my steps quickened. Also my hand went of its own accord to my bosom to feel for something that always nestled there—something cold, keen-edged, and pointed like a needle.

It seemed only a few minutes had passed before I stood in front of the great iron gates. This was not the chief entrance, and the lodge here was empty. But to my astonishment the gate itself stood a little open, and when I pushed, it yielded, so that without any let I entered an avenue which led to the broad walk that ran to the foot of the great terrace in front of the castle.

Forty-one years before, I had come up this very path, a mere boy, to claim my bride, and had found her dead—slain by her own hand, they told me, and indeed it was like enough. One glance at her face and I knew the story. Then, unarmed as I was, I had gone to seek my lord. He was no coward—that I will say for him—yet when he saw me he trembled. There were others with him, but I saw them not, I remembered afterwards. I went straight to him and seized him by the throat. He stabbed me again and again, but I held on. Had we two been alone, it had been life for life. But they tore us apart. He escaped for a time, and for a time I went to my dungeon.

When I reached the broad walk, I began to take precautions, seeking, as far as might be, the shadows of the trees. The front of the castle was now full in view, dark and grim, with the great oaken door frowning under its deep-cut arch.

Before, however, I reached the steps that led up to the terrace I turned off upon the left hand to follow a narrow way that led to the side of the building. It took me straight to a little postern gate that once was very familiar to me. As I

expected, when I lifted the heavy latch and pressed, it yielded at once and let me enter. Before I did so I glanced upwards and my eyes fell on the lighted window—immediately above me, but—as it now seemed—very high indeed. For all the years that had passed, the place seemed as familiar as though I had been there but yesterday. There was first a long passage that led into what would nowadays, I suppose, be called the housekeeper's room. To us it used to be Madame's room, and there many a time had I had supper with my dear one—who was Madame's niece, and an orphan—at my side. In those days it had been a goodly apartment, handsomely furnished. Even in the half-light I could see how sadly it was altered. It looked like the ruin of its former self. The great hangings showed grievous rents. One large mirror was broken right across. Instead of the splendid carved oak table I remembered, there was a rude bench in the middle of the room, hacked and hewed as if with swords or axes. At the far end of the room was a door which commanded the great servants' hall. This door now stood half open, and through the opening a light gleamed.

So far I felt sure I had not betrayed myself by any noise, and very quietly I crept towards the hall door, and looked through. It was perfectly empty, but on the long table that ran almost its whole length were the remains of a half-finished meal, great dishes still warm, tankards of ale, and bottles of wine. There were also several lanterns, one of them alight. The appearance of the place suggested to my mind an abruptly interrupted meal. It also warned me to waste no time, for they who had been here so recently might at any moment return. The thought occurred to me that in such an event I might gain time by fastening the postern gate. But to my disappointment there was only a great keyhole—no key or any other way of securing it. The door between the room and the hall, however, had a large bolt, and was of oak, stout enough to resist almost anything short of a siege train. This fastened, one of my anxieties was a little allayed. And now,

the lantern in my left hand and my naked dagger in the right, I began to explore. I knew the stair that led to the upper rooms, but beyond that my knowledge failed. Once, indeed, I had gone further, but then the one thought had cast out every other.

At the top of the staircase hung heavy velvet curtains. Drawing them an inch or two apart, I peered between. What I saw was a magnificent vaulted chamber, little, if at all, smaller than the servants' hall below. It was lighted by a high window with elaborate tracery, looking out, I guessed, on the back of the castle. On the walls were great pictures; sculptured figures in marble and bronze formed a kind of avenue across the room; yet even here and in the imperfect light I could still distinguish the advance of neglect and decay.

At the end of this room under the window were more hangings looped up so as to show a door. Opening this, I found myself in a passage which would have been absolutely dark but for the feeble light of my lantern. Almost exactly opposite me was another door, but further along the passage I thought I could see the balusters of a staircase.

I was right. A broad flight of stone steps led evidently to the upper floor, and it was there I had seen the lighted window. I had settled in my own mind that in that room I should find my quarry. Of course, if I had stopped to think, there were many reasons why this was most improbable. But at such times one does not wait for the slow processes of reasoning, one falls back on instinct.

At the head of the stairs a narrow landing opened upon a gallery, which I found, to my astonishment, ran round three sides of the great room or hall which I had just left. On the wall side of this gallery were numerous curtains, some eight or nine at least I must have passed. Three or four I lifted, and in each case they concealed a door. There was nothing whatever to indicate what lay behind the doors, and for the first time that night I felt at a loss. Perhaps the darkness and the

absolute silence were—in spite of my grim resolve—beginning to tell upon my nerves. I stopped short, and lifting the curtain nearest to me, gently turned the handle of the door. As I did so I heard—behind me, it seemed—a curious sound, a *pad, pad, pad*, heavy yet soft and muffled.

I looked back, there was nothing. Then I looked the other way, and in the light of the moon, streaming through the great window, I saw a sight that made my heart leap and tug, like a dog against a chain. Coming straight towards me down the gallery was a black cat-like creature, but of monstrous size, tiger or panther or leopard, I know not which. When I first caught sight of it, it seemed to be trotting, but as soon as it observed me turn towards it, it changed its manner of approach, coming on more swiftly, but with a strange sinuous stoop and writhe as if it were gliding along on its belly. Its dreadful eyes were ablaze with lust of blood, its lips were drawn back so as to display the great yellow teeth, and the muscles of the neck and shoulders seemed to roll like waves round a large metal collar, from which hung some links of chain. Most menacing of all to me appeared its unnatural silence. I had just, and only just, time enough to dart inside the door and close it. The next moment there came a dull thud against the oak, which, fortunately for me, was stout and strong. Then I heard the sound of sniffing at the bottom of the door, and then silence once more.

Relieved from my immediate fear, I held up my lantern and investigated my surroundings. The room in which I found myself bore fewer signs of decay than any other part of the castle I had as yet visited. The tapestries and carpets were rich, of costly materials and elaborate design. The most striking features, however, were a series of pictures—evidently family portraits—on the walls. Among these I had little difficulty in recognising my arch-enemy. There he stood, hatefully splendid. A cynical smile curled his lips, the clear cold eyes looking full at me with an expression of utter weariness and unfathomable contempt. He reminded me of some

deadly snake, magnificent but fatal, and as I remembered my beautiful white dove my hand grasped the dagger with a still firmer hold.

And now the end of my wanderings was very near. For, opening the door at the opposite end of this room, I perceived at the end of a short passage a light shining out from a room. Setting down my lantern—for I had no need of it now—I crept very quietly, steadying myself by the wall. Once more a thrill of excitement and passion seemed almost to unman me.

I reached the door, which was only a few inches open, and listened intently for a minute or two. There was no sound except the ticking of a clock. Noiselessly, I widened the opening till I could see inside. It was a fair-sized sleeping chamber, richly furnished and hung with heavy tapestries, yet even here the marks of decay were evident. But in truth I took small heed of the furnishing, for there on the bed lay two figures both fast asleep, and one was he whom I had come to seek. It was a cot rather than a bed, and my lord, wrapped in a long, loose, brocaded garment, lay across it, turned a little on his side, so that his face looked towards me.

He had changed indeed. The object of the hatred that had been fattening in my heart all these years was my lord of the picture in the hall. This was an old man. But hatred is an accommodating passion, and at the sight of this sleeping figure my dagger was naked in my hand before I had so much as thought of drawing it. And as I gazed upon him the likeness between what he had been and what he now was, became every moment plainer. His features were clear-cut and regular as ever, the lips were still full and red, and the hair though almost white was fine as spun silk. Even as he slept in careless abandonment, there was about him an air of dignity quite unmistakable.

The other was a little child, hardly more than an infant. It was in the bed, the little eyes fast closed, the rosy lips half open. One naked arm stretched out lay across the old man's shoulder, and the tiny fingers rested on his cheek.

The knife was already and instinctively raised before I caught sight of the child. I meant to wake the old man that he might know whose hand had wrought justice after many days. Now I could not utter a word. My uplifted arm sank to my side. The child seemed to me like some guardian angel, its very presence a sanctuary that I durst not violate. And even as I gazed, a smile I can only call heavenly irradiated the lovely little face, the expression, I suppose, of some delightful dream.

Some time I must have stayed there fascinated and undecided. When I gazed at the old man compunction died and the thought of vengeance resumed sway. Then, before I could strike, the tiny hand arrested me, and I stood powerless. I could not slay my enemy then and there, but it should only be a respite, and a brief one.

I took my dagger and laid it very gently on the bed, the haft close to the little arm, the point of the blade just touching the wrinkled cheek. The old man would wake to find that sinister warning, and it would have the more significance because he would recognise the knife itself; for it was one of his own possessions, and on the blade was engraved the hateful crest—a wolf's head with grinning teeth, and for a motto three words of Latin—*non sicca morte*. Indeed, it had drunk my blood, for it was the very knife with which my lord had stabbed me, and which I had wrested from him at the moment of our being torn apart. How I had given it into safe keeping and recovered it is a tale which I must not stay here to rehearse.

But my plan miscarried. I had not allowed for the light sleeping of an old man. Hardly had the slender steel touched his cheek, though, indeed, it rested there as lightly as a fallen leaf, when his eyes opened. For one brief moment they gazed at me quiet and vacant as though they saw not; the next, memory and courage and cunning sprang forward to garrison them.

I saw myself unarmed, and thrust forward my hand to regain possession of the dagger. With a movement as quick,

he drew himself up, and the knife fell to the floor. For an instant, startled by the sound, his eyes followed its fall and he stooped to seize it. That instant's pause gave me my chance. One swift glance I cast around. Over the bed on the wall a couple of unsheathed rapiers crossed each other. I leaned across and tore one from its fastenings. It was the action of a second of time, but, as I turned, the knife thrown from the stoop hissed past my ear and quivered high up in the wall.

We stood face to face. He unarmed, I with the rapier in my hand. My confidence had returned, and he showed no sign of fear. In height we were fairly matched, but he was the older by ten years or more I knew, and vice had sapped his strength as much as my dungeon life had crippled mine.

"I really must apologise," he began, "for that cast of the knife. The fact is I took you for a vulgar robber. I recollect now. You have been abroad for some time. I trust it has agreed with your health. This light is not the best for old eyes, but as far as I can see, you are in good condition."

There was something in his almost incredible assurance that shook my own. He had, too, that indefinable air of serene distinction which is in itself no mean weapon. I tried hard to match his coolness.

"I thank you," I said gravely. "I believe my strength is sufficient for the business in hand."

"You thought so once before," he returned with a pleasant smile.

"We are alone this time," I said significantly.

"Except for the child," he answered, "and he is somewhat young to appreciate the business in hand."

On these last words, borrowed from me, he laid a strange, mocking emphasis, and dwelt upon them as though their sound was very delectable to him.

"If it had not been for him," I said, "I would have killed you like a rat."

For one second his eyes flashed at me hatred and contempt. The next they smiled.

"You shall be well paid for your chivalry. Peasant born though you are, I will cross swords with you myself. After all, you had some learning. Be good enough to hand me down that fellow rapier to the one in your hand."

He spoke with a kind of languid authority from which you could never have suspected that he was absolutely at my mercy.

There was a mirror on the wall in which I could see his movements, so I complied with his request. I did more, for after I had lifted the sword I tip-toed and plucked out the dagger that had been my companion for so long. As I did so, I saw a shade pass over his face, though he said not a word. I handed him the rapier, point first, lest he should repay my courtesy with a sudden thrust. Then I stepped a few paces from the bed, into the room, and stood on guard.

He watched me with what certainly looked like a smile of genuine amusement.

"I hope your play is better than your stand," he said, "or I shall have but poor sport. But not here. You will certainly scream when I begin to prick you, and I would not have the child disturbed. Look at him; he is a true son of the race. Your men shall be his slaves and your women his toys. So it has been in the past, has it not?" And again he smiled, but this time it was a devilish smile, for he was probing an open wound, and he knew it and rejoiced.

But though I was in agony, one thought kept me cool and strong. His hour had come. I knew it, though, indeed, even now the odds were heavy against me. I had never been a very expert swordsman, while I made no doubt he was a master of the weapon, with cunning and treachery to help him.

At that moment the child awoke and began to whimper. Instantly the old man flung down his sword, and, running to the bed, fell to petting and caressing the little one, motioning me to stand in the shade. In a minute or two he was successful, and the whimper died into silence. But as I watched them I could see, indeed, in spite of all the long years that separated

them, a dreadful likeness, and I could have almost found it in my dark resolve to have slain them both, and so, perhaps, have made an end of the hateful stock.

Very soon he rose up, and, laying his finger on his lip, pointed to the door. But I had no fancy to precede him with the rapier in his hand. He divined my thought, and, with a fine curl of the lip, he led the way himself into the passage where my lantern was still burning. This he lifted, and, opening a door, disclosed another passage. About half way down he stopped, and after feeling along the wall, drew back a sliding panel and entered a large room. By the light of the lantern I could see it resembled in size and shape the chamber I had left so recently and in which I had seen my enemy's portrait.

Against the wall at a height of about six feet was a wooden bracket shelf, on which stood a candelabrum with a number of tapers. One of these he took out and lit with the lantern, and with it soon had the whole ablaze.

This room had little in the way of furniture or decoration. There was not even a table. Only a few carved, high-backed chairs were ranged at intervals against the walls, and nearly opposite the bracket was a clock in a tall antique case. At one end was a door which stood an inch or two open. At the other hung heavy tapestries, which might, I surmised, hide the window. Drawing forward one of the chairs, my adversary took off the loose wrapper which he had been wearing, and proceeded very deliberately to adjust his fine cambric shirt, rolling up his sleeves and talking all the time.

"You have had your share of good fortune," he said. "My men are busy to-night, paying off a small score that has been running for some time. I had to hurry the lazy varlets off myself only an hour ago, or they had drunk themselves dead, and I should have missed the pleasure of this little encounter. Even now I have but to sound a bell—there is a cord by the side of that clock—and the footmen from the east wing would be here in a moment, but I always was something of an eccentric, and I prefer to deal with you myself."

"It is not I with whom you have to deal," I answered.

"What a voice! and what a manner!" he mocked. "You really should have wooed good mother Holy Church instead of a pretty little baggage with blue eyes—were they blue? Upon my word I forget." And once more he cast upon me that keen, cruel smile of interrogation.

I raised my sword.

"You are a better swordsman than I am," I said.

"You pay me too high a compliment," he interrupted.

"But," I continued, "it is God Himself who is about to take your sinful life."

"And I had no notion whom I had the honour of welcoming beneath my humble roof. To think of it!"

He still dallied, not, I knew, from cowardice, but I believe from sheer enjoyment of the torment which he thought he was inflicting. But, indeed, I had now fallen into a mood that made me heedless of his gibes. What I had just said, I verily believed. God Himself was present to demand the penalty of crime, and the awe of such a judgment overshadowed me.

At last my lord was ready, and rapier in hand came into the middle of the room. Then he drew back a pace or two and motioned me back.

"If it meets with your approval," he said, "I would suggest that when in a couple of minutes the clock strikes one, we take it as a signal to commence."

I nodded, and we took up our positions a little distance apart.

"And so you think the good Lord is going to avenge poor little Blue-eyes after all these years? I am afraid your touching faith is going to have rather a disagreeable shock. God or no God, I have you, my dear friend, in half a dozen ways, and this time you shall not slip through my fingers. Why, you fool!" he cried, with a sudden change from his tone of polite irony to one of brutal energy, "you've had your chance and thrown it away. It's my turn now."

As he spoke the clock struck—a clear, bell-like note, and instantly he attacked me with the utmost fury.

It was as I had expected. I was like a child in his hands. Before we had exchanged a dozen passes I was bleeding from a couple of pricks either of which might have ended the fight had he so willed it. Indeed I could do little but make furious lunges, which he parried with the utmost certainty and ease, continually pressing me back, till I began to wonder what would happen when I reached the end of the room and could retreat no more. I realised that he was only playing with me as yet, though I could not divine his motive for delaying. Before this actual, physical demonstration of my helplessness my confidence began to fail. My only hope was that he might overreach himself and exhaust his strength. At any moment, I reflected, a lucky thrust might turn the scale. At length I thought my opportunity had come. I made a desperate lunge, and at that very moment his opposing blade dropped, and my point went home just beneath his heart. All my strength had been in the thrust, and I looked to see him fall at my feet. Instead, a horrid jar ran through my sword arm and the blade snapped in half, while the useless hilt dropped from my numbed fingers. Instantly I guessed what had happened. Under his cambric shirt was a coat of mail against which my steel had shivered. The shock drove him back, but only for one brief moment. The next his blade menaced me unarmed as I was, save for the dagger which I had almost involuntarily shifted from the left to the right hand.

But more dreadful than the gleaming steel was his face. It seemed to me as though he had cast aside a veil, and now for the first time showed me his true countenance. All the mask of refinement and high breeding seemed to have vanished, and left behind only brute ferocity and cunning. His voice, too, sounded different. The restraint, the cynical humour, the delicate articulation were replaced by thick, coarse tones of animal triumph.

“Fool! Blockhead!” he screamed, “now you shall know the pains of death. Back, I say, dog! Tricked, duped, beaten, do you still try to brazen it out? In another moment that

bold face of yours shall be white with fear and agony. Back! further back! Ha! what did I say? Do you begin to guess your fate? Why not invoke your august patron? Back! Back! Back!"

As he spoke he pricked me again and again and drove me before him till I was close upon the hangings. But it was not the fear of his sword that had changed the fashion of my countenance. There was that in front of me from which a brave man might well shrink in terror,

It was just after I had been disarmed that I first saw it. I was being driven back when suddenly I became conscious that beyond my adversary there was some one or something in the room. I was quite desperate, and lifted my eyes from my adversary without either hope or fear.

And what I saw was this. The door at the end now stood almost wide open. And creeping, crawling, gliding along the floor came the same monstrous creature from whom I had so narrowly escaped only an hour or so before. Its appearance in this fuller light was, if possible, even more terrifying. The sleek black body, the hind quarters tilted up, the long tail restlessly swaying from side to side. The dreadful head, flat on the top as if abruptly cut away, the ears close laid back, the eyes ablaze with green fire, the retracted lips and protruding jaws, the fierce mouth with its white hairs bristling, all this combined with its stealthy silent approach was indescribably horrible. I do not wonder that my face looked white and terror-stricken. For the moment I forgot that my lord was an enemy and only remembered that he was a man.

But he himself broke the spell.

"Back, hound!" he cried, pressing me right back to the tapestry till my back rested against something hard and ridged. "Say your prayers, for the end of this play is come."

I looked beyond him. When he was still, the beast lay still, but he must needs wave his rapier and dart in and out. Every time he did so it began to crouch for a spring.

There was a moment's pause. He stood still opposite me

watching me with a malignant smile which slowly gave way to a frown of impatience. And the great black beast crept an inch or two nearer, its tail still flicking from side to side.

Suddenly my lord made a little thrust at me which drove me hard against the hangings and whatever was behind them, while at the same time he made a loud hissing sound as when one urges on some savage animal.

The effect was instantaneous. Like some vast stone from a catapult, the panther launched itself on him and bore him struggling to the ground. He gave a cry, not loud but lamentable. One glance I caught of his face, and I think it will go with me for the rest of my days. Horror and amaze and a sudden desperate resolution—for he was brave to the heart's core—I can read them all in that transfigured countenance. But it was the face of a man, and for all the hatred I bore him I had rather remember him so than as he showed when he was driving me against the hangings.

These I now tore apart, and behind were the bars of a large cage stretching nearly the width of the room. At the side nearest me was a door with a bolt. I pulled this back and found myself within the cage, where, the curtains being now open, I could see that the bars were very wide apart. Near the centre of the cage was a great block of wood with an iron staple, and attached to it a long piece of broken chain. This, however, I only noticed as I rushed through to a half-open door at the back, one of the doors, I found, that opened on to the gallery where I had already been. Before I closed the door I ran back a few paces into the cage and listened. There was a sound that made me feel sick, though it was only a loud, fierce purring noise. But while I stood there a strange thing happened. It was almost dark in the cage, and suddenly I saw what looked like a thin red vein run upwards along one of the folds of the curtain, then spread and divide like the veining on a leaf, till it reached one of the edges, when a long tongue of flame leapt out between the bars, showing a cloud of smoke. Instantly I remembered the lantern which my adversary had

set down close to the hangings after lighting the tapers. Doubtless it had been overturned by the panther's spring or in the subsequent struggle, and this was the result.

The hangings were evidently dry as tinder, and even in the moment I stayed I saw the red veins spread with wonderful rapidity, while the tongues of flame multiplied and the smoke grew blinding.

I turned and hurried out into the gallery. A fierce joy was tingling in my blood at the thought of this accursed castle being burned. I felt a longing to be outside in the fresh, cool night air, and there to watch the wholesome fire perform its cleansing work. But my lantern was gone, and in the dark it was no easy task to find my way. It seemed an interminable time before I rediscovered the staircase that led down to the large hall. By this time the smell of burning was quite unmistakable, and strange crackling sounds were audible. Owing either to a change in the position of the moon, or to the presence of clouds, the hall was much darker than before, and it was some time before I could grope my way to the curtains at the head of the steps leading below. At last, however, I succeeded, and was already half way down when I heard the short, sharp cry of a child in pain or terror.

I stopped. I had altogether forgotten the child. Though I had no very clear idea of the relative position of the rooms, I knew the fire was not very far from the room where I had found my lord asleep. Now that he had met with so terrible a fate I felt it would be impossible to abandon a helpless little creature to the chance of so cruel a death. At all hazards I must place it in a place of safety. At the same time I knew there was no time to be lost. Even if the fire did not outrun me, there were the footmen in the east wing to be remembered, and the men who were paying off the old score. At any moment either of them might appear and bar my escape. Then the thought of that awful black monster made me hesitate, but I reflected that he would probably still be busy with his victim where I had left him. Still the recollection

of those flaming eyes and cruel tusks made me move with light and wary steps, and the slightest creak, sometimes the very sound of my own footfall, brought me to a halt with straining ear and beating heart.

In the darkness I must have gone astray, for I went from door to passage and passage to door without finding the steps to the gallery.

Instead, I suddenly found myself at the foot of a grand flight of marble steps, evidently the principal staircase. Here it was comparatively light, for there were several large windows. I hastened up, the noise and the smoke increasing with every step I took. At the top of the stairs was a spacious landing, narrowing on one side to a corridor, at the end of which were folding-doors. These I opened, and found myself in what looked like the very passage I was in search of, only if so I had entered it from the other end. There was the room with light streaming forth through the half-open door. Whatever doubts I might have entertained were soon dissipated, for taking a step or two forward I recognised the decorations on the wall. I could also see further down the passage the other door, wide open, through which my lord had led the way. Through this door wisps of smoke were drifting, and I saw that I had no time to lose. I was just about to make for the sleeping chamber, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, a shadow fell across the wall, and the next moment the awful beast itself came trotting out, licking his lips with lolling tongue, his eyes flaming in the darkness. I suppose I must have been in the shadow, for he evidently did not see me, but trotted across to the open door. I waited not a moment longer, but running back to the folding-doors, hurried through, and closed them from the outside. Then I rushed down the great staircase, and by good fortune rather than recollection soon found my way to the great hall. Again I was at fault in my search for the descending flight of steps, but eventually I found them and flew down. As I entered the servants' hall, I heard the castle alarm bell begin to ring with desperate

peals. And in the intervals I fancied I could hear the sound of horses outside. I opened the postern gate and for a moment stood listening. It was so, a troop of horsemen were coming up the avenue. I could hear the jingling of their spurs. But I had no fear of them, for here I was familiar with every path and turn. The way by which I had come from the terrace ran straight on for some twenty or thirty yards and then curved round to the lodge by which I had entered. As I felt certain the men would stop at the postern, I considered myself perfectly safe, and even loitered near enough to hear their cries of wonder as the bell thundered in their ears. Then remembering that the stable lay in the direction I was following, I hurried forward, and in a few minutes stood outside the castle demesne on the high road. And still the bell clamoured its appeal for help, that would soon bring the villagers out of their beds.

But the road, I recalled, mounted higher further on, and ran through a little wood on to the brow of a hill that commanded a noble view of the castle and its grounds. From that spot I had often looked upon it—sometimes with her at my side—and admired its goodly proportions and fair surroundings, but never had the sight of it given me such satisfaction as now. The moon was still high in the heavens and the dome of sky wonderfully bright and clear. The building itself stood out in sharp relief, the black shadows making the grey stonework look almost white. The east wing was opposite me, and almost every window was lit up. The terrace was just in view, and the great door was wide open, while I could see figures moving about in hurry and confusion on the gleaming gravel. And all the time a steady murky column of black smoke, increasing in size, it seemed to me, every moment, and spangled with innumerable sparks, rose like the smoke of a burnt offering from the other wing. And even as I gazed a broad sheet of flame, red and angry, suddenly flashed up, curled, twisted and disappeared, while another black pillar reared itself over the doomed house. I thought of the dead

man, cruel, crafty, mocking, but fearless, and I fell to wondering whether the keener flames of the wrath of God may purify as well as consume.

It seems unreasonable, but as I watched the destruction of that ancient castle, the bitter hatred I had so long cherished against its owner began to pass away, and it even came into my heart to thank God that when the stroke fell it was not my hand that sent the wicked but intrepid spirit to its last assize.

The AUTHOR of "The Greatness of Josiah Porlick."

MUNICIPAL ASPECTS OF THE HOUSING PROBLEM

IF we are all Socialists now we are by no means all municipalisers; and those who are resident in urban communities are more insistent upon their rights and privileges as citizens, and, perhaps, also more dolorous about their inconveniences, than they are explicit as to their civic responsibilities. It is a very simple matter to be a member of a municipality, but it is very far from being a simple matter to determine what a municipality should, and still more what it should not, do for its members. In no aspect of municipal life has there been more agitation and discussion than in connection with the housing of the poor. But in no department of municipal politics has there been more confusion of thought and of argument. There is no common agreement as to who are the poor for whom provision should be made, and there is a wide difference of opinion as to those who should afford the provision. One may find numerous examples of municipal effort in the pulling down of old houses and the building of new ones, but the new houses never seem to be occupied by those evicted from the old. From an economic point of view, it remains indefinite whether it is the duty of a municipality to provide dwellings, any more than clothing, for any class of the community other than absolute paupers and convicted criminals. The London County Council spent £230,000 in building dwelling-houses, which a couple of years ago were valued

at only £95,000, and of which the rents are too high for the people for whom they were intended. The case of Liverpool has been often cited by the advocates of municipal housing, but although Liverpool spent a couple of millions in building houses "for the poor," it does not appear that the houses are within the means and the desires of the dishoused population supposed to be needing them. Now the trouble about the ill-success of municipal housing schemes is twofold. It is not merely that public money is misapplied, and to a considerable extent wasted, but that the ill-directed efforts of municipalities place a check on private enterprise, and thus the problem is made less soluble than ever.

In the "Housing Handbook," published in 1903 by the National Housing Reform Council, it is stated: "Fifty years ago the Housing of the Poor was a burning question; to-day it is the Housing of the Working Classes, and it threatens to be the Housing of the People." The housing of the poor has been a burning question not for fifty but for five hundred years. It is a very different question from the housing of the working classes, who have the means to pay for wholesome dwellings and the ability to select them. The evils of bad housing, it is true, now affect a larger number of persons belonging to the ranks of skilled labourers and artisans, but these persons have the means of relief in their own hands. If their housing is bad it is voluntary, either in consequence of degraded tastes or of drunken habits. But the assertion that the great mass of working people experience hardships year by year in connection with overcrowding and high rents is not supported by evidence. It is not confirmed by the findings of the Glasgow Municipal Commission to which we are about to refer.

The president of the Association of House Factors and Property Agents in Glasgow told the Municipal Commission that there was practically no housing problem at all as regarded the artisan and better labouring class. Rents might be rather higher in Glasgow than they were elsewhere, but wages were

also on the whole higher. These higher rents were caused by (1) the higher wages paid to tradesmen in the building trades; (2) the heavier rates in Glasgow than in the surrounding country; (3) the restrictions on the construction and the use of property, arising from the operation of the Buildings Regulations Act and other Acts of a similar nature, and to the better class of houses now in demand; and (4) the losses arising to landlords through the destruction caused by lawless tenants and unrestrained youths. The net return to the landlord on this class of property had not lately increased, but, on the contrary, had decreased, and might be averaged at 5 per cent. It was, he thought, a disputed point whether the higher price demanded for sites had anything to do with the rise in the rents. Some members of the Association held that ground-rents had no appreciable effect upon house-rents; but in his view, the price of sites was bound to have an influence. There were plenty of good sanitary houses for the average working classes. As to the decent, well-behaved labourer, whose earnings through ill-health or otherwise were below the average, there were a large number of houses at rents from £8 (for two rooms) and under. There was such a number of these houses that he did not think there was any difficulty for men with small wages in getting them. Insanitary houses should not be let; but they were let, for the simple reason that the owners wanted to take as much as they could out of them, whatever the effect might be. This witness also expressed the opinion that it is only the vicious and the criminal classes that the Corporation should provide for. Take these from among the others and those left would have a better chance. Nobody wanted these vicious and criminal classes. No agent would let a house to them if he could avoid it, but oftentimes they got into a house in spite of him. Everybody wanted to turn them out, and where were they to go? As human beings we cannot throw them on the street; but no person could provide a place for them and keep them under supervision in such a way as the Corporation. Private enterprise would fairly well meet the

requirements of those with very small incomes, but not much had been done in this respect for a year or two owing to uncertainty as to the action of the Corporation. It seems that 5 per cent. is the full amount that landlords receive from their property at the present time, because the cost of upkeep has been increasing. In the class of room-and-kitchen houses the cost of upkeep is rising so much that the proprietors' percentage is a reducing quantity. If a landlord had two-thirds of his capital borrowed at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and he got a return of 5 per cent. for his own third, he would realise 4 per cent. overhead. This is a fair commercial survey of the situation.

The "Housing Handbook," however, says:

Putting the case in its simplest form, we find, in the first place, that if every room, good and bad, occupied or unoccupied, in all the workmen's dwellings in the country be reckoned as existing accommodation, there are not enough of any sort to house the working population without unhealthy overcrowding; and if only healthy rooms are reckoned, the position is infinitely worse. In the second place, we find that so far from new rooms being built in sufficient quantities to make up the deficiency, there is a distinct lessening of the rate of increase, and—so far as healthy dwellings are concerned—no prospect of relieving the intensity of the famine to any appreciable extent.

It is acknowledged nevertheless that if the standard of necessary accommodation for a workman and his family be put at two or three rooms, the artisan class cannot be said to suffer from house famine. Then has the State or the municipality any call to intervene? Has the public authority the right to determine the housing conditions of any class above the rank of pauper, beyond decreeing that there shall not be overcrowding to the danger of life, and that dwellings shall be kept clean and orderly?

The Glasgow Municipal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, whose inquiry has been watched with so much interest, and whose report has been awaited with so much hope by social reformers all over the country, was appointed in July 1902, with specific terms of reference. These were—to inquire into the causes which lead to congested and insanitary

areas, and to overcrowding; the remedies which could or should be adopted for the clearance of existing congested, insanitary and overcrowded areas, and for the prevention of these evils in future; and "any other phases of or questions connected with the housing problem in Glasgow which the Commission may deem it desirable, necessary, or expedient to report upon." The evils to be inquired into are general; the remedies proposed are local, but capable of adaptation to similar conditions elsewhere. The particular area of investigation is a municipality of 776,967 inhabitants, containing 36,422 houses of one apartment; 72,099 houses of two apartments; 27,695 houses of three apartments, and 24,630 houses of above three apartments. All the three first-named classes, and a considerable proportion of the last-named, are "flats," arranged in what are called "lands" (or blocks) entered by a "close," or common entry and stairway. The divisions of the population in these several classes of dwellings are 14.050 per cent. in one-room, 47.054 per cent. in two-room, 20.476 per cent. in three-room, and 18.42 per cent. in over three-room, houses. Taking "the poor" to be those who do not occupy dwellings of more than two rooms, it will be seen that 61.104 per cent. of the population of the city come within that category and occupy 108,521 houses, or at all events dwellings.

There is nothing to be said against either one-room or two-room houses merely as places of residence. Everything depends on environment, and on the number and character of the residents. Single-room houses are, indeed, well adapted for, say, a young married couple, a single woman, or a couple of young women of humble means. But it is just among the one- and two-roomed house population that the problem is encountered in its most difficult form, for it is among these dwellings that one finds insanitary conditions and overcrowding general.

The Medical Officer of Health testified that in 1891-1901 the increase of population in Glasgow averaged 10,000 per annum. One-roomed houses and their average population had also

decreased in that time. The population of two-roomed houses in Old Glasgow remained practically stationary. The population of one-roomed houses contributed 8 per cent. in excess of its proper proportion to deaths from all causes, twice its proper proportion of deaths from zymotic diseases, one-fifth of the deaths from consumption, and almost a fourth of the deaths from other respiratory diseases. But one-roomed houses are "not necessarily injurious." Two-roomed houses provide 2 per cent. in excess of their proper contribution to deaths from all causes. Death-rate rises with density of population. It is too easy, he said, for a bad tenant to get a good house. The residuum might be brought under municipal control, made to work, and "educated." There are sufficient powers to enforce cleanliness upon tenants, but the witness "was not quite sure that they are exercised." Hitherto the supply of houses has met the demand following displacement of tenants. That happened in 1870-75; it would happen now. Displacement should be gradual. Farmed houses should be wiped out, and childless occupants sent to common lodging-houses. Those with children should get another chance under the Working Classes Housing Act. Overcrowding, Dr. Chalmers contends, should be made to tell on the owner, and he holds that there is no ground for a general municipal housing policy.

In Glasgow among the one- and two-roomed dwellings are to be found "ticketed" and "farmed-out" houses. Of 19,919 "ticketed" houses, 13,914 are of one apartment, and 6005 are of two apartments. A "ticketed" house is defined as one which has been measured, and bears on the outside of the door a metal ticket showing its rotation number in the property, the total number of cubic feet of free space, and the number of adults allowed, a child under ten being accounted as half an adult. The power of ticketing possessed by the Corporation is confined to houses of not more than three apartments, whose cubic contents do not exceed 2000 feet. The object of ticketing is to ensure inspection of property which from its character and tenants is liable to be overcrowded

during the night. It does not follow, however, that all dwellings which may be overcrowded are ticketed. Indeed, the contrary is too well known to be the case.

A "farmed-out house" is defined as a house of one or two apartments which the real tenant does not occupy, but furnishes in order to let it to a sub-tenant, by the night or the week. The number of such houses fluctuates, but the average is about 1250. The house-farmer pays, on the average, 1s. 9d. per room per week for the house, and from his sub-tenants draws an average of 4s. 6½d. per room per week. This seems highly profitable business, but it must be noted that the farmer has to pay all the taxes and to provide certain rough furnishings and utensils, such as bed, table, chairs, pots and pans, and a few dishes—all, of course, of the meanest description. And the house-farmer is responsible to the landlord for damage done to the property by his sub-tenants, and is exposed to losses by moonlight flittings. Still, house-farming seems to be a regular trade in Glasgow, and of some extent. A moment's reflection, however, will show that it does not cater to the truly poor, for the person who can pay 4s. 6d. per week for his housing—and such housing!—is not destitute, but only feckless.

Mr. Peter Fyfe, Sanitary Inspector of Glasgow, told the Sanitary Congress recently that he looked upon the ticketed house, so far as it might be considered a factor in the housing problem, as an anachronism, for it appeared as if the process of ticketing acted in the direction of relieving the owner of his responsibility. That looked to him like turning back the hands of the clock. He thought the general Act was right and the local Acts were wrong, as anything which enabled a proprietor, after his house was let, to retire with impunity and pay no heed to the conditions of its occupancy necessarily relieved him, and put the burden of care and watchfulness on the public. Logically, the ticketing of dwellings transfers the responsibility from the owner to the tenant, or strongly tends in that direction. The repression of overcrowding, as at present carried out, is a system of official espionage, only

tolerable because the Legislature has, till now, afforded the people no other and better means of protecting themselves from its evil results. Mr. Fyfe suggested the compulsory employment of caretakers by owners of low-class property, with powers of eviction for persistent overcrowding.

Some house-farmers told the Municipal Commission that in the farmed-out house the weekly rent is from four to five shillings, and the daily rent for the same accommodation—in the case of tenants who are too shiftless to be trusted with a week's credit—is 8*d.* or 10*d.* These witnesses were at one on the point that it is mainly drunkenness which fills the farmed-out houses. Some of the tenants earn as much as £2 per week, and many are in regular employment, sufficiently well paid to support them in a comfortably furnished house. One of the witnesses has a tenant who has not "flitted" for thirteen years; but, as a rule, the occupiers of farmed-out houses are migratory people of highly destructive habits, who make a practice of burning the landlord's furniture and fixtures when fuel is scarce and dear. But for this, house-farming could be very remunerative.

The chairman of the Glasgow School Board told the Municipal Commission that the children who evade education dwell mostly in ticketed and farmed houses. "Back lands," he contends, should be practically swept away; a large number of their inhabitants can afford better houses. Three School Board officers testified that truancy goes hand in hand with the misconduct of parents; that farmed-out houses, "dens of indecency and immorality," are a source of great trouble to the Board; that there has been a great improvement in the housing of the poor during the past eighteen years; and that out of 4038 parents summoned by the Board in 1903, 70 or 80 per cent. had neglected their duty through drunkenness.

The prison chaplain showed that of prisoners only 3 per cent. came from one-room houses; 98 per cent. were brought up in respectable homes, though they may have entered the prison by way of the slums. Drink was the cause of 95 per

cent. of their crimes ; but the proportion of young people who will "go wrong," irrespective of their environment, is larger than is generally believed.

Overcrowding prevails among the poor in all industrial communities. In Glasgow it is held technically to be the occupancy of any sleeping apartment beyond the minimum standard of 400 cubic feet of free space for each adult, and 200 feet for each child under ten years of age. This can only be supervised in the case of ticketed houses, which can be visited during the night, and which are referred to the police whenever overcrowding is discovered to the extent of 33 per cent. or upwards. In 1901, out of 55,292 cases of night inspection, 7044 cases of overcrowding were discovered. In some of these cases, instead of 400 cubic feet of free space there were less than 150 feet, and in two cases there were only 94 and 91 feet respectively for each adult. It is obvious, however, that all cases of overcrowding are not discovered and reported, even in these ticketed houses, as the tenants have quite extraordinary ingenuity and resourcefulness in avoiding detection by the sanitary officials. One of these officials gave the Commission a graphic account of the dodges employed. The night inspectors find the occupants of overcrowded houses, in their attempts to avoid detection when the officers approach, concealed in corners, cupboards, closets, under beds, and even on the housetops. In one case the officers found seven persons trying to hide on an adjoining roof, and eleven persons in a house containing only 880 cubic feet. This witness stated that on several occasions two tiers of people had been found in one bed—one on the boards with the bed thrown over them, and another tier on the bed, waiting until the officers finished their inspection of the apartment.

In one case a son, aged 22, a young woman, aged 20, and a girl of 16, were found between the bed and mattress. The father was lying above the son, and the younger members of the family were above the girls. The eldest girl was as naked as the hour she was born. The woman was on

the floor, having risen to open the door. The house was a "low-down" one, and the officers, after knocking at the door, discovered by looking through some chinks of the shutter that something was being done. On gaining admission, they were informed that the house was occupied by three persons—the husband, wife, and two children under ten counting as one adult. The officers, being struck with the high appearance of the bed, turned up the mattress and made the discovery above narrated. But for the inspection, the probability is that the occupants would have been lying on shake-downs on the floor.

Once more, the people herding in this gross and unwholesome fashion were not the poorest of the poor. They were making an income among them of £2 a week, and were paying only 8s. per month rent for the "house."

With regard to ticketed houses the Commissioners recommend:

That the maximum size of house which the Corporation is authorised to "ticket" should be increased from 2000 feet of cubic space to 2600 feet; and further, that where the Health Department of the city is satisfied that a proper system of resident caretaking is practised in any tenement, the inhabitants thereof should be exempted from the visit of sanitary inspectors during the night.

With regard to overcrowding the Commissioners recommend:

(1) That the magistrates should deal with overcrowding as a most serious offence against the laws of health, and that very specially, when the additional occupants do not form part of the householder's own family, exemplary penalties be imposed.

(2) That the Corporation should use their powers to close houses against which two convictions for overcrowding have been obtained within six months.

Medical evidence was given to the Commission as to the relation between the occupancy of one-room houses and the incidence of disease and mortality. The Medical Officer of Health for the municipality said:

It is probably necessary to guard against the suggestion (of these figures) that one-apartment houses are necessarily injurious, irrespective of other conditions. Poverty, drink and indifference are contributory causes, and the perils of the average one-apartment occupancy are reflected in its increased share in the mortality.

The fact that the smaller classes of house contribute so largely to the death-rate is attributed not so much to their size as to the situation of so many of them, and to the fact that they are occupied by persons whose struggle for existence is of the hardest. Many of these small dwellings are situated in what are called "back lands"—that is to say, blocks of houses erected on what originally were gardens, or greens, or back courts, and which now not only obstruct the surrounding dwellings but are themselves deprived of sunlight and fresh air. The police clerk of Glasgow was very emphatic in urging that all "back lands," closed as uninhabitable, should not be permitted to be used again. And the Commissioners in their report recommend :

That "back lands" should be abolished by steady, continuous and rigorous enforcement of the existing statutory powers of the Corporation, and that powers should be obtained, if necessary, to prevent "back lands" which have been closed against human habitation being used as stores or other business premises.

It is a complaint with sanitarians, in connection with housing under the Public Health Acts, that evils arise from the loose manner in which the regulations and by-laws are carried out in many cases. Dwellings for the working classes have been built by speculative and sometimes, perhaps often, jerry-builders, whose ideas of sanitary and permanently healthy dwellings are cheap. The speculative builder has, however, been an important factor in helping to decrease the troubles of overcrowding. It is imperative that there should be a statutory definition of what constitutes overcrowding, applicable where a permanent number of persons reside in one dwelling.

The high death-rate in small houses is not due to the smallness of the houses, but to the way in which the houses are occupied. The great thing in the housing of the poor classes is to have cheap dwelling-places, and they cannot be both cheap and large. The Council of the Sanitary Institute has represented to the Local Government Boards of England and

Scotland that a definition of overcrowding, as 400 cubic feet per adult person and half the amount per child in sleeping-rooms, is required in the interests of the public health.

At the 1904 Congress of the Incorporated Sanitary Association of Scotland, Dr. A. K. Chalmers, of Glasgow, discussed the "Problem of Sanitation and Poverty." He argued that the death-rate is inevitably found highest where poverty is greatest. He suggested that the economic and sanitary aspects of the problem of poverty were inseparable. Among 750 school children in Glasgow who were recently measured there was some evidence that restriction in house-room is associated with restriction in food. The children of one-apartment families were shorter and lighter in weight than those occupying two rooms, and those from two-apartment families were shorter and lighter than those from larger houses. Philanthropy in Glasgow is not inactive, and for many years it has been active on the question of feeding the school children. Dr. Chalmers questioned whether the policy of dealing with results only had yielded a return of ameliorated conditions commensurate with the thought and energy expended in it. It is by dealing with results only that we have a housing problem, a food problem, a clothing problem, a labour problem, and a drink problem. The very magnitude of these several phases exposes us to the danger of forgetting that behind all is the human problem, the problem of creating in the hearts of those in whom hope is dead an appreciation of those ideals for which they worked. Dr. Chalmers' point was that sanitary administration prevented disease, and he claimed the public right to prevent the production of conditions which induce it, instead of simply removing them. Every official could lay his hand on tenements where the processes of decay in structure and deterioration in character of the inhabitants are beginning, and yet he must wait until ooth reached a certain degree of development before he could take action. This is the treatment of results. A local

authority should be in a position to say to every owner of a tenement coming within the description : " Your tenement is on the down grade ; plaster and woodwork are becoming defective ; you are admitting tenants of careless and dirty habits ; the stairs are dirtily kept ; overcrowding will occur. Prevent these misuses, or we shall cease to allow it to be used at all."

One of the perplexities of the problem is that whilst in all urban localities one finds overcrowding, in each urban locality there is nearly always a superabundance of houses. It has been found by the Municipal Commission that in Glasgow there are considerably over 20,000 persons occupying dwellings illegally and insanitarily ; that is to say, there are 20,000 persons in need of proper housing accommodation—not of houses. These figures do not cover the homeless and roofless, the waifs and strays, but those who ought to be dishoused and rehoused. Some ninety blocks of buildings are reported to be congested, not in one area alone but in every quarter of the city. The average population of the municipality is sixty persons per acre ; but in the congested portions the proportions rise from 508 to 876 persons per acre, and in one very small area the population rises to 1777 per acre. These are startling figures, and yet, from a return submitted by the city assessor, it would seem that there were in 1904 no fewer than 8317 unoccupied houses in Glasgow, of one, two, and three apartments each. And the Commissioners report that :

The continued occupancy of so many insanitary and illegal houses in Glasgow is largely owing to an unwillingness on the part of the officers responsible for the enforcement of the Act to make use of their powers, because of their belief that there is not a sufficiency of suitable accommodation for the people who would be dispossessed, *at a rental which they are able or, in the case of some of them, willing to pay.*

And yet of the 8317 unoccupied dwellings, 2194 were houses of one apartment, and 4451 were houses of two apartments.

The city assessor set forth that the supply of one-roomed

houses in 1903 was inadequate to the demand for them; that in eleven years the rent of such houses has increased from £5 5s. to £6, while wages have generally advanced, except in the case of people with less than 16s. per week; that one-roomed houses, if kept in a sanitary condition, are not necessarily objectionable, but are suited to the needs of the class which occupies them; that private builders are providing ample accommodation, except as regards one-roomed houses, which are not being supplied by private enterprise; that the Corporation should, therefore, supply the demand for houses of this class; and that for the simplification of the management of one-roomed houses, and the discouragement of the "migratory habits" of the inhabitants, the landlord and factor should be held responsible for police and municipal assessments, close-cleaning, whitewashing and chimney-sweeping.

The officers of the Charity Organisation Society, however, say that there is no case for an elaborate scheme of municipal housing, for there are at present unlet houses of one and two rooms which would provide accommodation for close upon 12,000 persons; and the society has met with no case of a man or woman, with satisfactory record, who had been unable to find a small, cheap house. The 64 per cent. of "respectable" people in ticketed houses is largely composed of those who grudge every penny of rent, and who hate taxes. Private builders of cheap houses are marking time until the intentions of the Corporation are declared. Overcrowding is largely due to drunkenness; infant mortality to bad feeding; insanitary conditions to lack of cleanliness on the part of the tenant. For the respectable poor "there is no housing problem"; the disreputable poor cannot get houses because they will not pay for them or keep them in a state to satisfy any landlord. Insanitariness in itself should be a sufficient reason for prompt ejection.

The Working Class is a large enough term, which most persons understand to include all skilled and unskilled labourers, capable of earning regularly a living wage. It has

not been legally or legislatively defined. But the term "Labouring Classes" has been defined by House of Commons Standing Order (No. 183) to mean "mechanics, artisans, labourers and others working for wages; hawkers, costermongers, persons not working for wages but working at some trade or handicraft without employing others, except members of their own family; and persons, other than domestic servants, whose income does not exceed an average of thirty shillings a week; and the families of any of such persons who may be residing with them." No such person, however, can be correctly classified as of "the poor," if by the poor is meant the indigent.

From a careful examination of the evidence collected by the Municipal Commissioners we gather that what deficiency there is of small-dwelling accommodation in Glasgow, at rents adapted to the means of the poor, is due to the operation and consequence of municipal enterprise. The Corporation of Glasgow has power under its Improvement Acts to build houses, as well as to demolish insanitary areas. But in building it has not considered the housing of the poor so much as the utilisation of ground rendered vacant by the pulling down of insanitary buildings. Under the Act of 1866 it erected 473 houses of one apartment, 1033 of two apartments, 180 of three apartments, and 11 of a large size—in all 1697 houses at rents ranging from £4 10s. and upwards. But these dwellings do not replace the dwellings at £4 and under which were demolished. Again, under the Act of 1897, two blocks of dwellings have been erected in the East End, containing 112 houses of one apartment, and 145 of two apartments. The rents run from £4 10s. to £5 10s. for the former, and from £8 to £8 10s. for the latter, but the whole lot will not accommodate more than 800 people.

The Improvement Trust Manager of the Corporation said that during the thirty years, ending in 1897, the amount raised by assessment under the 1866 Act was about £597,000, or nearly £20,000 per annum on the average, which includes

the cost of street improvement, &c. Of the sum spent upon housing under the Act, only a small proportion was earmarked for the housing of the "poorest class." Only a quarter of the 1697 houses were built "with the intention of housing a poorer class than artisans." Houses built under the 1897 Act, for the "poorest classes," were filled at once with people earning from 22*s.* to 26*s.* per week." The Corporation should, he says, now set about the housing of the very poor, the drunkard, the vicious, and the criminal, perhaps in municipal farmed-out houses. Rents for nearly one-fifth of Corporation houses built under the 1866 Act were raised in May 1902 because they were below market rate. Only 8000 of 50,000 people dispossessed by the Improvement Trust have been housed by the Corporation.

Nevertheless, these municipal erections, insufficient and unsuitable as they are, have served to retard the supply by private enterprise. As a case in point let us cite the experience of the Workmen's Dwellings Company, Limited. This company was formed in 1890, with a capital of £40,000, and under a memorandum of association which limits the maximum rate of dividend to 5 per cent. Its objects were to set an example in the building of simple and sound houses, and in improving the structure and management of dilapidated slum-dwellings at rents within the reach of the labouring classes. There was here no indefinite attempt to provide for "the poor." According to the secretary of the company :

The capital subscribed has been fully invested. Two sites, one in the north and one in the east of the city, have been bought, and six large blocks of new buildings have been erected thereon. Twenty-six blocks, or tenements, of neglected and dilapidated houses—hot-beds of disease and crime—have been purchased ; twenty-one of these have been radically and thoroughly renovated and converted into decent houses, while work has been commenced upon the five remaining blocks. The company now (1903) owns 677 houses, and when the work on hand is completed it will have an annual rent-roll of £4000, and will shelter over 2900 souls. It has for years paid a steady income of four per cent. to its shareholders, besides accumulating £1950 of reserves and undivided profits.

This was the statement to the Municipal Commission, but since then the report of the company for the year ending June 30, 1904, has been issued, and in it we find the following :

Building has not been proceeded with upon the vacant ground at Garn-gadhill as, owing to the large number of unlet houses in the company's renovated tenements there, it seems unwise to erect additional houses, *unless of a specially simple and economical class*, and the relaxations of the Buildings Regulations Acts, which the directors think necessary to enable this class of house to be erected, have not yet been sanctioned by the Corporation.

The Glasgow Workmen's Dwellings Company informed the Commission that for some years after their first operations in erecting one- and two-room houses "their building operations were suspended, largely from *uncertainty as to the policy of the Corporation*, in providing much-needed housing accommodation for the struggling and labouring class." Then, finding the demand for low-rented houses almost entirely ignored by private enterprise, and met by the Corporation only to a very limited extent, they resumed their work. But now, as will be gathered from their 1904 report, they are compelled to discontinue that work by the rigours of a Municipal Building Act, which prevents the building of the cheap houses really wanted. Thus far one view of municipal intervention.

When the question of the appointment of a Select Committee on Municipal Trading was before the House of Commons in April 1903, Mr. Balfour declared it was perfectly plain that if they were to describe the housing problem as an industrial problem—and it certainly had its industrial side—that could only be attempted by municipalities ; it could not be done by Parliament. All that Parliament could do was to give municipalities the requisite powers. The failure of their efforts to deal with this problem had not so much been that the House had been chary in giving powers, but that the municipalities had not used them to the utmost advantage. Therefore, he looked to municipalities to help them in this matter, and he did not wish to set any undue limits to the efforts of these

municipal bodies. It was asked if there was any general charge of corruption against municipalities. So far as his knowledge went, Mr. Balfour said there was no such charge of corruption. There might have been here and there a case in which, if not actual corruption, at all events something approaching corruption had been charged against this or that member of a corporate body. Considering the enormous number of transactions in which these corporations were engaged, and the enormous number of individuals who had an opportunity of being corrupted, absolute purity from top to bottom can hardly be expected for all time; but, broadly speaking, municipal enterprise had not, he thought, been corrupt. It was not an inquiry into corruption that was wanted, but an inquiry into a new, important, and interesting development of social life, on which they required further light.

The contention that a municipality is justified in stepping in to supply a class of houses which private enterprise will not, or does not, provide, is not so conclusive as it looks. If private builders do not undertake to provide a certain class of desiderated buildings the inference is that—where they are not merely deterred by the fact or the fear of municipal enterprise—the undertaking is unremunerative. If it is unremunerative for private, so will it be for municipal, enterprise. But if the private builders can show the prospective loss of re-housing a dishoused area on the scale of rents necessary to the occasion, it might be a better exercise of municipal functions for the local authority to make good that loss out of the public funds for the public benefit, and allow private enterprise to undertake the actual building and management, than to go into the building trade. It may be as legitimate for a municipal body to recoup such losses of the private trader as to pay out of the public funds the losses on its own trading.

If it could be proved that a better class of dwelling-houses can be supplied by municipal enterprise, and the material and moral conditions of the people thereby raised, the obvious conclusion would be that every workman's house in the

country should, in future, be built by the State. In examining this Socialistic conclusion, Major Leonard Darwin, in his book on Municipal Trade, says :

The choice lies between municipal building and private building under State regulations. No one doubts the necessity of enforcing some regulations with regard to house-building, public or private; for the case for sanitary control is overwhelming. But the advocates of municipal trade must show that there are certain desirable regulations which, if imposed on private builders, could not be enforced, whilst the required results can be obtained when the houses are built by municipalities; and this has not been demonstrated. It is true that restrictive regulations may make private house-building unprofitable; but this would not tell in favour of municipal trading, which for the same results would be equally unprofitable. It should, moreover, be noted in connection with this subject that all regulations, the enforcement of which is in the hands of municipalities, are somewhat more likely to be strictly enforced in the case of private trade than in the case of municipal trade. Police controlled by local authorities, for example, would be somewhat more tempted to overlook the failings of municipal employees in charge of municipal lodging-houses than the similar shortcomings of private lodging-house keepers. To deny that there is any force in this contention is to deny that municipal authorities are guided by ordinary human motives, and consequently liable to fail like mortals. The plea for municipal house-building cannot in fact, be sustained on the ground that healthier houses can thus be erected.

Any one studying the housing problem must be struck with the fact that the solution is continually being made more difficult by the efforts to solve it. There has been, for instance, a vigorous resolution all over the country to demolish and clear insanitary areas. But with what result? With the natural result of further restricting the accommodation, of increasing overcrowding in other houses, of forcing up rents, and of scattering some proportion of the objectionable slum-dwellers among the industrious poor. There is, indeed, grave reason to doubt whether the wholesale demolition of slum property, which has become the municipal fashion of recent years, is either to the advantage of the poor or for the benefit of the general community. We do not mean, of course, that insanitary property should be left to rot out its pestilential

course, but that slum-areas might be reformed more gradually instead of by wholesale demolition, and by unhousing and un-settling at one time large masses of the population. Municipal enterprise in slum demolition has developed a new form of speculative investment—the purchase of slum property for the purpose of resale on generous compensation terms to the local authority.

Under the Housing of the Working Classes Act, Part I., it is provided that Local Authorities, when clearing away houses in insanitary areas, shall provide accommodation in the immediate vicinity. The fact that in so many, if not in all, cases where municipalities have built houses under this provision, the new houses are not occupied by those who were unhoused, does not in itself prove that the Act has failed in its object. The unhoused inhabitants may have been of the very poorest class, who naturally drifted away to where they could get the cheapest accommodation in the neighbourhood. That is to say, they would seek the worst that could be found in the market and would not pay a rent higher than that worst. Even so, it is better that the worst classes of slum-dwellers should be scattered in this way, though the resettlement affords discomfort in more respectable areas in which they find shelter, than that they should remain concentrated in their moral and physical abominations. "The poor of the earth hide themselves together" now as in the days of Job, but it is not desirable that they should be allowed to do so without limitation.

A serious consideration with regard to the provision of better dwellings for the slum population anywhere is the liberty of the individual to choose his own mode of living. Society has no right to determine whether a millionaire shall live like a prince or a pauper. Society has equally no right to determine whether a slummer should live in a decent lodging or in a comfortless hovel. Both in the Highlands of Scotland and in the wilds of Ireland, landlords have time and again provided excellent cottages for tenants of wretched

bothies and indescribable huts. And time and again the tenants have refused to occupy the comely dwellings, and resented as a grievance the request to come out of their hovels.

They preferred the squalor, and were often allowed to retain it. If in our urban populations slum dwellers have an equal preference for squalor, and an equal objection to surrender it for the unfamiliar comfort, have we any right to force them? You cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament, and you cannot make men comfortable by municipal decree.

While we are referring specifically to Glasgow, because of the Municipal Commission, the same phases of the problem exist elsewhere. At Leeds the unorganised, or casual, labourer suffers between the private leaseholder and the municipal philanthropist. The London County Council has been unsuccessful in providing accommodation for any but the well-paid artisan. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the ground landlords of many important sections in London, lately tried to solve the problem in a poor district, close to Walworth Road. As leases fell in the Commissioners decided to build artisans' dwellings, with an open space for recreative purposes. A newspaper correspondent interviewed one of the dispossessed, a victim both of the Commissioners and of the County Council, for he was a horse-keeper under the old tramway system and the electrification of the road has deprived him of his employment. "Twelve bob a week," he said, "they want for the new houses the 'clastical' blokes have put up. Twelve bob a week; no sub-letting; four rooms you can't swing a cat in; no garden and (this very bitterly) no pianners." Again, "Twelve bob a week, why it's more than any man can pay who isn't getting two guineas a week all the year round, and a man who is can live ten miles away, pay two bob a week for train fares, and have a six-roomed house with a bit garden." This man had been forced, with many others, to go to a private-owned district in Walworth, overcrowded and now more congested than ever.

The Glasgow Municipal Commissioners do not commit themselves to such a scheme as that of 1902, under which the corporation sought power to purchase land on an ambitious scale, and to borrow three-quarters of a million for the purpose of erecting houses for the poorer classes. That scheme was defeated under the Private Legislation Procedure Act, and the Commissioners do not propose its resuscitation. They guard themselves against "expressing any opinion upon the general policy of municipal housing," but they do submit a housing scheme. If a local authority displace a section of the population compulsorily there is some justice in the claim that they should see that other accommodation is provided. This principle was not recognised when old slums were first swept away and new ones were established, and other districts, inhabited by the industrious and respectable poor, were contaminated. The Commissioners divide the displaced population into three classes. They suggest that the corporation should erect tenements of one and two apartments, to be "reserved exclusively for respectable people of the 'poorest class,' preference being given to those dispossessed." One class of the dishoused for whom the Commissioners would provide accommodation are the low-paid wage-earners of "dissolute, disorderly, and destructive habits," and these they would put into a species of barracks, or houses "of the plainest construction, with indestructible fittings, and capable of being quickly and efficiently cleaned." This would reduce the sanitary dangers arising from a dangerous class, but persons of this class are not easy to plant. The third class of the dishoused—the "thriftless and dissolute persons earning good wages"—it will not be easy to induce to "occupy better houses and pay higher rents." But it can be attempted.

The Commissioners have devoted much attention to the sanitary aspects of the problem, which necessarily involve expense, and affect rents and the burdens of the ratepayers. The Commissioners would have the Corporation deal with insanitary houses, and with "back lands," and they would

have further powers to deal effectively with filthy dwellings and clothing, with dirty, destructive, and disorderly tenants, and with verminous children.

The most unsatisfactory thing about this Housing Commission is that its report reaches no definite conclusion, but merely raises a point of interrogation, as to the desirability and practicability of a municipality taking effective control of the sheltering of the undesirable classes—the “nethermost unit” of the population. And, after all, is not that the real problem?

[BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

BOND STREET

ITS glittering emptiness it brings—
This little lane of useless things.
Here peering envy arm in arm
With ennui takes her saunterings.

Here fretful boredom, to appease
The nagging of her long disease,
Comes day by day to dabble in
This foamy sea of fripperies.

The languid women driven through
Their wearied lives, and in their view,
Patient about the bakers' shops,
The languid children, two and two!

The champing horses standing still,
Whose veins with life's impatience thrill;
And—dead beside the carriage door—
The footman, masked and immobile!

And bloated pugs—those epicures
Of darkened boudoirs . . . and of sewers—
Lolling high on their cushioned thrones
Blink feebly on their dainty wooers!

And in the blossoming window-shows
Each month another summer glows :
They pay the price of human souls
To rear one rich and sickly rose.

And a suave carven god of jade,
By some enthralled old Asian made,
With that thin scorn still on his lips,
Waits, in a window-front displayed :

The hurrying, streaming crowds he sees.
With the same smile he watches these
As from his temple-dusk he saw
The passing of the centuries !

ARTHUR H. ADAMS.

ON THE LINE

Thomas Moore. "English Men of Letters." By Stephen Gwynn. (Macmillan & Co. 1905.) Can a man who is familiarly known as "Tommy" be a great poet? The question sounds less frivolous if it is put in another form. Is the temperament of a pet of the drawing-room compatible with high poetic achievement? In the days of Elizabeth, when the whole atmosphere quivered with the heat and glow of romance, it is possible that a Jonson may have been "Ben" to all the world. But, though great poets have often been social lions, they have never, with the doubtful exception of the Elizabethan age, been known by familiar nicknames outside the circle of their intimate associates and contemporaries. Burns rather confirms than contradicts the generalisation, for boon companionship was not the inspiration but the ruin of his poetry. It does not, of course, follow either that the converse of the statement is true. Versifiers without nicknames are not necessarily poets, neither must poets always don their singing robes.

Men who think and feel deeply are always more likely to bore than to fascinate a mixed assembly of their fellows. It is in solitude, not in crowds, that great thoughts are bred, and poetry is fostered rather by aloofness than by conviviality. Men like Moore, who are richly endowed with the gifts which secure social success—lightness of touch, infectious gaiety, wit, quickness of sympathy, brilliancy of expression—may

also attain, and often do attain, a certain measure of literary success. They may excel in *vers de société*, in political squibs, in the deft expression of fugitive emotion; but they rarely rise to greater heights. By his peculiar range of endowments, Moore, more nearly than any other writer, combined a triumph both in fashionable society and in the higher ranges of poetry. Yet even he fell short. It is the attempt to win the secret of this partial success which makes his literary work so interesting to critics, the best and latest of whom is Mr. Gwynn. Mr. Gwynn frankly recognises Moore's limitations as well as his excellences, and his monograph is an admirable piece of work, from which, if space allowed, we should like to quote again and again.

The rising generation can only wonder at the reputation which Moore enjoyed at home and abroad. So much of his fame depended on his social talents that it is not surprising that to-day we consider it wholly disproportioned to his literary achievement. But there must be many of the present generation who recollect people to whom Moore was well known in his prime. The writer has, as a child, been taken, almost as if to a sacred spot, to see the terrace at Sloperton, where Moore paced to and fro, labouring for bread at the prose work of his later years; he has often heard how, at a Wiltshire country-house where Moore was a frequent visitor, the passages would be crowded with the children, the servants, and even the stablemen, eager to hear him sing, and how the whole audience, acknowledged and unacknowledged, as well as the singer himself, were in tears before he had ended; how he was the life and soul of a party, sparkling with anecdotes brilliantly told, yet allowing to every one a share in the talk, and steeped in wise axioms of a social experience which dated back before the Regency, such as his advice to a young man always to reserve his "ineffectual negative" for the third bottle. One story from the same source is, perhaps, worth quoting, though the fact on which it depends is not mentioned by Mr. Gwynn. Moore used to say that, when a child, he had served as an

acolyte in a Roman Catholic Church in Dublin, and that always in after years, when composing his songs, his disengaged hand swung to and fro, and his verse kept time to the sway of the imaginary censor.

It was his social triumphs which first gave Moore a reputation as a writer, sent the world to read the Anacreontic verse of the lad of one-and-twenty, and made his subsequent work the fashion. For this introduction to literary fame, society, throughout his life, exacted an usurious interest which taxed his poetic gifts beyond their powers. It did not spoil his character. He remained a generous-minded man, simple, independent, gallant, honourable. There is no recorded instance in which he "dearly loved" a fool *because* he was a lord. On the other hand, he had the good sense to admire ability, refinement, and cultivation, when they were allied with ancient birth and historic position; he was never betrayed into the subtler form of snobbishness which, under the mask of independence, affects to deny the possibility of such an alliance.

As a prose-writer Moore lives by his "Life of Byron." It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the tact with which a difficult task was executed. Yet this is not a case in which *materiam superavit opus*. On the contrary, the biography owes its living interest, not to the biographer, but to the value of the materials, and, above all, to the personality of Byron.

Of all his poetic work Moore himself believed that his "Irish Melodies" would live the longest. In this he was right. It was here that he was most genuinely himself; here his passion was deepest, his feeling least ephemeral. Himself the son of a small tradesman, he had the domestic virtues of his class and race. As a son, a brother, a husband, a father, he was admirable. He was never ashamed of his humble home; he provided for the comfort of his father and mother; he worked beyond his strength to make money for his daughter and his sons; he loved no woman as he loved his "Bessy," and she repaid him with a lifelong and a wise devotion. He hated the political feelings of Ireland; he felt acutely her

social wrongs: he has caught and uttered her plangent note of sadness as no poet had ever done before. It was as an Irishman, and as a man of the people, that his personality was strongest. It was in this direction that his best poetic work was done, and that he comes nearest to the rank of great poets. Had he remained in obscurity, he might have achieved more. But the claims of society intervened; his nature was not strong enough to resist, and the lower side of his gifts was developed at the expense of their higher range. His best memorial is to be found in the well-thumbed copies of the "Irish Melodies," which every Irish emigrant carried with him when he bade farewell to Ireland.

We all know the "Comic History of England," so genially illustrated by John Leech, which shocked George Eliot's sense of reverence. Mr. Fletcher's **Introductory History of England to the close of the Middle Ages** (John Murray, 1904) might be termed the "Jocular History of England." Mr. Fletcher finds that boys consider history "intolerably dull," and his remedy for this is to re-write it in a familiar, conversational, rollicking style, full of allusions, nicknames, apostrophes, somewhat on the placarding system practised on a heroic scale by Carlyle, whose every character has an unforgettable adjective attached to it, and who gathers up decades of unprofitable years into a sentence which he flings at you and won't be troubled with it any more. Thus, where an ordinary historian would write somewhat as follows:

The penalty for theft was fourfold restitution, and a fee to the royal treasury; in default of payment the delinquent was outlawed, *i.e.*, his life was forfeit to those whom he had injured or to any of his neighbours,

Mr. Fletcher writes:

If Pigg has stolen a sheep from Higg, he must pay him four sheep (and a fine to the king as aforesaid); if Pigg will not pay, the only thing is to proclaim him an "outlaw," and let him slay him for a thief that can come to him (which no doubt Higg and his friends promptly proceed to do on the way home from the court).

We do not say that Mr. Fletcher has tried his experiment

in vain ; the boys are the critics, and if this mode of presenting history pleases them he has proved his point.

As for the substance of the history, it is sound, and the story is clearly told. In a short survey of a long period proportion in perspective is important, and Mr. Fletcher's survey of mediæval England gives a comprehensive as well as a vivid picture. His estimates of character are all interesting, and some of them, as, for instance, those of Edward I. and Edward IV., are worthy of comparison with Stubbs. We cannot agree with them all ; especially we think Mr. Fletcher severe to churchmen, who were hard put to it between the two millstones, Pope and King ; and we do not know why Henry II. should be called "a typical Frenchman," whilst the troubadour Richard is "a child of the North." We have never seen better set forth the quarrelsome, selfish, unpatriotic character of the baronage, who, if they had had their way, would have made England as feudal and enslaved as Germany. We are glad to see that Mr. Fletcher has a good word for our old hero Edward III., who has gone down in the world since Freeman and Green set the fashion of idolising Edward I. (no doubt a much greater man), and for the fourteenth-century chivalry, which the same authorities have cheapened too much.

Enough of this spirit did spread to England to put occasional restraint on the worst of men's brute passions, to teach tenderness to women, to make the investiture with knighthood a religious as well as a social act. King Edward himself, his nobler son the Black Prince, Sir John Chandos, Seneschal of Aquitaine, Sir Walter Manny, and in much later times Sir Philip Sidney, are the true English examples of the "flower of knighthood."

Among the best points of the book is the way in which it balances and keeps in view the imperious but, on the whole, beneficent monarchy, the factions of baronage and clergy contending for supremacy, and, slowly emerging by irresistible law of political economy, the third estate in town and country, strong in an English strength to which its faults of money-loving, selfishness, and want of imagination contributed not a little.

A poet's prose is never to be neglected. If all Keats's manuscripts had run the same risks as the "Ode to the Nightingale" without the miraculous chance which preserved that ode, we should still have Keats in his letters, his words to Severn, and his epitaph. Sometimes a poet's correspondence expresses his mind more robustly than his verse, although the poems and letters may be as kindred subjects. **Aubrey de Vere: a Memoir**; based on his correspondence (by Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, 1904), reveals the well-known Irish poet in intimate journals and letters which give clear expression to his philosophy of religion. We have here no longer the gentle dreamer of Curragh Chase, who stands side by side with his brother Stephen, charming figures that suggest to us at once a dim religious light and the refined hospitality of an Irish country house, but the practical and precise thinker, thoroughly in relation to his age, who remained intimate through much divergence of thought with Carlyle, and informs him that he is a false prophet if a prophet at all (Carlyle "took the remark in perfect good humour," de Vere asserts), and was dearly loved of great poets, Wordsworth and Tennyson, at either end of his life. De Vere was sought by them as a thinker, who in a sceptical age struck a clear note about the "spiritual faculty of faith." In describing this faculty, and how it is "atrophied" by our age, and its worship of that only which comes under our personal consciousness—"intellectual self-possession" he calls it—de Vere may be contrasted with Carlyle. Both cry out upon the age, but the one exhorts it to strength, the other praises humility. The friendship with Carlyle is one of the best things in the book. When de Vere was about to become a Catholic, Carlyle took horse and rode to prevent him.

"You were born free. Do not put yourself into that prison," said Carlyle. . . . I answered, "But you know I am already a Christian, and I have often heard you say that Catholicism, little as you like it, is the only form of Christianity that has any coherency, solidity, or power about it." "That is quite true," he replied, "but Protestantism is a much better thing, for all that, for Protestantism has its face turned in the right direction." I answered, "I have long since cast my lot with Christianity, and I grow daily to see more

plainly that Catholicism is the permanent form of Christianity, and likewise that the objections brought against both, however plausible, are equally fallacious, and, for the most part, substantially the same."

The gallery of portraits of women contained in the correspondence give fragrance to a somewhat controversial atmosphere. Sara Coleridge, the perfect poet's daughter; Lady Tennyson, the ideal poet's wife; Mrs. Edward Villiers (mother of beautiful twins, Lady Lytton and Lady Loch); Miss Fenwick, Miss Norton, Lady Taylor, are all beautifully sketched. It must be said the ladies were critics: de Vere is always pleading with them, but only for sympathy, not for agreement.

We must leave out all mention of his work for Ireland, Mr. Wilfrid Ward has once more proved himself a brilliant writer of biography, and in the chapter headed "Rome, Oxford, and Cambridge" has added something new even for those who desire never to hear another word about the Oxford Movement.

William Cobbett. By E. T. Carlyle. (Constable.) Once upon a time Alexander Pope in a moment of self-pity was weak enough to whimper and to sing of "that long disease my life." Save for his command of the King's English and for his power of lucid expression, little had he in common with the subject of this volume, who with equal truth might have sung of his life as "that long campaign."

For William Cobbett, like Stevenson's hero Alan Breck, was all his days "a bonny fighter," and had no time nor inclination for the luxury of self-pity.

The son of a small farmer in Surrey, he might under ordinary circumstances have aspired to scare away the crows in his youth, and to follow the plough-tail in his prime. His father seems to have been a man of considerable force of character, and some education, who worked hard himself, and taught his sons to do the same. But at an early age the doughty William was smitten with the spirit of adventure, and tramped off to London town to see and meet the world

in his own fashion. And thereafter for the remainder of his days—some sixty years—he knew very little of peace or ease. True, he was blessed with a wife and several children, to whom he was most tenderly attached; he became the possessor of houses and farms, was the friend and companion of many very distinguished men, and ultimately won for himself a seat in the House of Commons. But his ship as it were never actually came into port in the sense that the phrase might be used of Samuel Johnson or Disraeli or other noteworthy fighters, whose latter days were crowned with dignity and honour. Perhaps he liked it best as it was, and would not have been quite comfortable anywhere but in the press of the throng, where he could tread upon the toes and thrust his elbows into the eyes of all who crossed his path. The story of his life has no romantic adventures or thrilling episodes, but it is nevertheless of extraordinary and vivid interest. Like at least one other well-known and strenuous politician, Charles Bradlaugh, and like several famous literary men, Dicky Steele and Coleridge to wit, he enlisted and spent some years in the army. The “rapt one of the God-like forehead,” it may be surmised, can hardly have been as fine a soldier as he was poet, but Cobbett—to judge by his own account—was the best man in his regiment. He was at no time of his life averse from blowing his own trumpet, but his estimate of his value is attested by the fact that he became sergeant-major, and the seven years of his military service were undoubtedly marked by intense application and industry. In 1791 he obtained his discharge for the express purpose of setting himself free to bring charges of malversation against certain officers of his old regiment, thus early in his career showing the bent of his mind as a reformer and tilter against abuses. The court-martial that followed resulted in the acquittal of the accused officers, Cobbett himself having arrived at the conclusion that his enemies were too strong for him and having taken refuge in France before the trial commenced. From that country he passed to the United States, where he soon became a sort of

power in the land. It was there that he served his apprenticeship as journalist and pamphleteer, and that he first showed his force and ability as a controversial writer, and his absolute fearlessness and personal intrepidity. Mr. Carlyle supplies a most interesting account of the American adventures of his hero, who distinguished himself by refusing to become naturalised, by championing the English cause from the High-Tory point of view, and by attacking all sorts of celebrities—Dr. Priestley, Tom Paine, the Spanish Minister, and the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania among others. Englishmen in the United States for the last 140 years have generally found it advisable to act discreetly and not to prejudice their own personal safety by airing their nationality and opinions too freely. But motives of prudence or policy never exercised much influence over the mind of William Cobbett, whose career as an alien resident in the Great Republic was marked by such a series of blazing indiscretions as make it surprising that he was not at least tarred and feathered and ridden on the rail. It may be supposed that when in the year 1800 he decided to return to England profound relief must have been felt by sober-minded public men in the United States.

He was now in the prime of life, and at the height of his physical and intellectual activity, and he at once threw himself into the political fray in England with the same vigorous self-assertion and turbulent enthusiasm that had distinguished him in America.

A gradual change in his political opinions took place which led him from the ranks of the Tories into the opposing camp until at length he found his true position as an independent Radical and Social Reformer. It was no "primrose path of dalliance" that he trod, and he met by the way with vehement opposition and actual persecution, which, it must be admitted, he did much to bring upon himself by the intemperate language which he habitually used.

As controversialist and pamphleteer he had already now his spurs in America, and he thrust his way to the front ranks

of political journalism in England with a confidence born of the knowledge of his own powers. When he was roused and at his best he could fasten upon a subject with something of the same elemental vigour and desperate tenacity that distinguished Doctor Johnson in conversation, and that drew from Oliver Goldsmith the rueful and humorous remark: "It is no good arguing with the doctor, for if his pistol misses fire he will knock you down with the butt end of it!" Like Johnson, too, he shrank from no odds, however great, and strode through the world serenely, relying upon his ability to clear a path for himself with his own cudgel.

But he had also, as Mr. Carlyle points out, the mind of a poet, and "could describe rural life and country people in a way that has never been surpassed." The well-known "Rural Rides" remains his acknowledged masterpiece, though the book at the present day is no doubt more often spoken of than read. In this description of his tours on horseback through a great portion of England, are to be found the germs of many ideas that occupy our minds to day. He loved the country, its scenes and sounds, its sports and occupations, with the passionate devotion of the "native-born." The growth of the great towns he hated and deplored. London in particular—"the Wen," as he called it—was to him an obsession of the mind, a sort of devouring dragon eating into the vitals of the nation, and ravaging the ancient peace and simple virtues of many a happy country-side.

What would he have found to say of England nowadays; "the six counties overhung with smoke," the filthy rivers, the dingy manufacturing towns, the dreary factory chimneys that form the background to so many a once lovely landscape? For he loved England with a patriot's love; he saw her beauties with the eye of a poet; and he took counsel within himself of her needs with the courage and discernment of a true statesman.

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER IX

IN ONE ORCHARD AND SEVERAL LANES

IN the orchard father and son looked askance at each other. “My dear lad,” said Sir Matthew, “my dear lad——” and stopped abashed by the dear lad’s angry eyes. Jack Dane laughed :

“Is there more to say than a good-bye, sir?”

Sir Matthew licked his lips. “Dear lad, you apprehend the matter amiss—nay, consider. My brother harboured rebels, rebels, Jack——”

“Poor hunted devils, and so would any man!”

“Jack!” cried his father aghast. “Dear lad, they were rebels against the King. It was my duty to seize them. To let them escape were treason. And I am in the Commission. Ah, lad, it was grievous to uncover his fault. Pray you may never know such pain. I——”

“Oh, must you cover it with cant? Is it not enough to find you here in his own garden on the morning of his hanging?”

“Nay, dear lad. You mistake. You misjudge. He has not been hanged.”

“What, sir?”

“I procured that he should be beheaded. I have been very urgent with my Lord Sunderland. My lord has been much my friend, and saved us the shame of a hanging.”

Jack Dane broke out in a bitter laugh. "I misjudged indeed! I never thought to hear a man boast that he only beheaded his brother. Nay, say no more. You'll not better that. God be with you, sir! I pray to God I may never see your face again. 'Tis enough to know I am your son." He cocked his hat and strode away.

"I have but a few years to live,—" said Sir Matthew, sighing plaintively. But his son was gone, and the sad reflection saddened none but Sir Matthew himself. He was left in his Aceldama exceeding sorrowful.

Sir Matthew quoted to himself concerning Jeshurun, who waxed fat and kicked. Sure, 'twas the boy's comfortable estate had bred this wanton insolence. Nay, he had not dared defy his father but that he knew himself provided. The impious boy must mean to claim his mother's Kentish manors. Oh, sharper than a serpent's tooth! Sir Matthew sought to persuade himself that he might hold those manors still, but repeating the clauses of the settlement (he knew them by heart) found no hope. Sir Matthew inquired of Heaven why he was curst with an impious son—and then cast a balance. Gain—Bourne Manor and the table money of a wicked boy. Loss—Dunton and Westerham. A poor hundred pounds by the year was all he had gained by the grievous mournful duty of killing his brother. Such in this world (Sir Matthew reflected) is the reward of stainless virtue. He had been much advantaged in his morality by friendship with my Lord Sunderland.

His unnatural son was riding away through the park, and twice in a theatrical manner he laughed loud. He appeared to himself a character from a tragedy, and pulled his hat over his brows, in which picturesque array he was startled by a gay:

"Holà, cousin!" and saw galloping down upon him a roan mare and a girl in grey. Behind her a cloud of brown hair hung upon the wind. Jack Dane halted. "Why, cousin!" cried the girl. "Oh cousin, you picture of woe! Come for a gallop with me."

"Nay, Nell, I have no leisure now," said Jack, with solemnity. The girl reined up by his side and looked at his gloomy face and laughed.

"'No leisure!'" she mimicked solemnly. "Oh, alack! And is it in Heaven you are needed, Mr. Dane? To sober their joys, sir?"

"I have no heart to jest, Nell. Good-bye." He held out his hand.

"Faith, I crave your divinity's pardon!" the girl cried, and bowed and drew away. But he held out his hand still, and while she looked defiance at his eyes she saw they were gloomy. So she came again and gave him her hand. Jack Dane held it a moment.

"Some folks," said the girl modestly, "would kiss it." Jack Dane obeyed.

"Good-bye, little girl," said he.

"'Till ——?"

"God knows!" said the tragic hero, and rode off.

"Oh brave!" the girl laughed, and sat looking after him. "How cross he was!" she murmured, and reflected: "I like him cross. He was never so much a man. I suppose he has quarrelled with his father. I should! He is—he is worse than mother." To which flattered parent Mistress Nelly d'Abernon then rode home.

M. de Beaujeu and Mr. Healy had come to their rendezvous. "Ye Red Barne: by J. Ottaway: for man and beast." Mr. Healy read aloud from the sign. "Shall we stop and bait, Beaujeu?" Beaujeu, who was staring at the inscription, shrugged his shoulders.

"I would be the better of a dinner," said Mr. Healy, dismounting, and was surprised that Beaujeu showed no reluctance to enter nor any interest in aught inside. Also relieved.

At dinner Jack Dane found them; and Mr. Healy, rising: My friend, M. de Beaujeu, a French gentleman of the Imperial service, Mr. Dane."

"At your command, sir," says Beaujeu bowing. "I knew your uncle and honoured him." Jack Dane flushed.

"Pray favour us, sir," says Mr. Healy, waving his hand to the dinner.

"I wish to say, Mr. Healy, that if you desire to meet me in any other cause—I carry a sword, sir," said Jack Dane majestically. Mr. Healy shook his head.

"Faith, I will have no quarrel with you at all, sir. I spoke for the sake of the dead."

"Whom we all honour," said Beaujeu gravely. "In that bond, sir, we are all friends." Jack Dane bowed and sat down. Beaujeu eyed him keenly while Mr. Healy, carving the pheasants, pondered on the unlikeness of kinsmen—compared Beaujeu's tall lithe frame and long swordsman's limbs to the square strength of his cousin, Beaujeu's pale hawk face and the glittering light blue eyes half hidden beneath his brow to the open stare of the lad's big brown eye and his round rosy cheeks. Mr. Healy, an amateur of beauty, approved both, and began to eat and talk for three. He expounded that M. de Beaujeu and himself having made some small fortune in foreign wars (which he described elaborately) were come to spend it in England.

"Gad, sir, I wish you joy of your choice," said Jack Dane, and essayed a laugh of sarcasm. "We are like to be very merry under King James. Merry! Good luck to you, gentlemen!" He lay back and drained his glass. Beaujeu and Mr. Healy exchanged a glance.

"Sure, merry is what we hope to be," says the innocent Mr. Healy.

"It is, henceforth, my endeavour," said M. de Beaujeu. And Jack Dane wondered if they were laughing at him, but could see no joke.

Since by a strange chance they were all going to London, they rode together. The swift November twilight was falling before they had come nearer the town than Brentford. As they lumbered through the narrow muddy lane beyond Turnham Green Mr. Healy's quick eye caught a glimpse of a horse's head and shoulders and a rider lurking at a cross way.

"And will you be a gentleman of the road?" said he,

nodding at the vision. The other two peered through the shadows.

"Why, damme, 'tis Tom Wharton or his double the devil!" cried Jack Dane, as they came nearer. "Here, Wharton!" he shouted. But at the word the horse was reined back, the rider hidden behind the hedge, and when they came to the mouth of the lane horse and rider were vanished.

"Sure, 'tis a very elusive gentleman. Did you say his name was Wharton?" says Mr. Healy.

"No. The devil," said Jack, frowning; and wondering (as M. de Beaujeu was wondering) what could bring Mr. Wharton to Turnham Green of a November evening.

"Begad, then, he need not have cut me," says Mr. Healy. "But—oh, ma'am, your servant!" He reined back in a hurry to give place to a lady on horseback, who swept round a bend in the road. She was masked, she was cloaked in black, and her horse was black. M. de Beaujeu also pulled his horse out of the way, begged a million pardons for jostling her; and the mysterious lady, bowing, passed on. "Sable on sable," says Mr. Healy, "'tis mighty bad heraldry, but duly fit for the devil's mistress." Jack Dane, beholding now an explanation of the presence of Mr. Wharton, laughed. For other reasons M. de Beaujeu also laughed. Upon the bridle of that black steed he had beheld an initial—"S."

They came past the twinkling lights of Kensington village and my Lord Nottingham's new mansion, and on down the gloomiest of tree-shadowed highways, with weird shadows a-dance before them on the mud. Where the houses met them at last by St. James's Church, and the smell of the sea-coal smoke, "Mr. Dane, we are lodged in Essex Street, in the Strand. Do you come by our way?" says M. de Beaujeu.

"Why, monsieur, across Leicester Fields at least. I rest with Mr. Wharton in the Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Turning they passed again to a country lane, and, skirting the white palings of Leicester Fields, came to the scattered cottages beyond St. Martin's. At the door of one was a splash

of colour and light. Four footmen on either side held aloft flaring torches. The flames fell on their liveries of scarlet and gold, and a great crimson coach and its four black horses, harnessed with an abundance of glittering brass. As the three came up the door was flung wide. A blaze of clearer, whiter light shot out, and through it came a woman white and dazzling as the light itself. Her dress was white, and whiter still her shoulders and arms. In the little hollow below her neck one big diamond shone with many coloured flames. Her dark hair hung in ringlets round her temples. She walked with a strange smooth step that bore her sailing on like a swan upon the waters. Behind her was a handsome, lusty fellow in green velvet and a yellow periwig, smiling, mightily pleased with himself.

But Mr. Dane was not pleased. He sprang down and thrust forward to her side, leaving in Mr. Healy's ears the sound of a muttered oath. Mr. Healy, hearing also the scrape of hoofs, turned to find that M. de Beaujeu had reined back to the shadow, whence came the sound of his harsh, scornful laugh. "Now, where is the humour?" Mr. Healy inquired of himself.

"La, Mr. Dane!" cried the lady laughing and giving him her hand. "I go to sing to the King. Is he not blessed?"

"Beyond his deserts, ma'am," said Mr. Dane. "Would I were King!" he sighed amorously. And again Mr. Healy heard the laugh of Beaujeu.

"Then Majesty would be better favoured," said the lady smiling. "Would he not, my Lord Sherborne?" she turned to her cavalier.

"For the body, ma'am, yes. For the brains—oh, God save us!" and my lord handed her in laughing.

"My lord!" cried Mr. Dane, catching at the carriage door.

"Your Majesty—good night!" said my lord. "Go early to bed!" and with that and the laughter of the lady and my lord the carriage rolled away down the hill to Whitehall with the footmen running beside the horses.

"Curse him!" muttered Mr. Dane dramatically. And for the third time Mr. Healy heard the laughter of M. de Beaujeu. Then: "Well, gentlemen, good night to you!" said Mr. Dane sharply turning.

"Oh, good night!" says Mr. Healy. "We'll doubtless be meeting again."

"Doubtless," said Beaujeu; and, with Healy bowing and Beaujeu touching his hat, they rode away from the suddenly unsocial Jack Dane. The lad sat his horse in the darkness, a statue, waiting romantically his lady's return. M. de Beaujeu glancing back once saw him and laughed for the fourth time.

They came out to the filth and stench of the Strand by the long arcades of the New Exchange, and went down the steep slope of Essex Street under the jutting windows on either side to the last house built out on arches over the river. Servants swiftly answered Beaujeu's whip-rap and led away their horses. In the narrow hall stood bowing with a candlestick in either hand a sturdy Swiss.

"One has done what one could, monsieur," he said in French. "But, alas—in two days!"

"It is well done, Dubois," says Beaujeu, as the man backed before them into a room hung with blue tapestry.

"D'you know," said Mr. Healy dropping into a chair, "I have not had a house of my own for ten years. And 'tis consoling at last." M. de Beaujeu grunted. At supper Mr. Healy found him morose, and forgave him readily, remembering the work of the morning. But afterwards, as they smoked over the fire, Beaujeu broke twice into a laugh, and on the second Mr. Healy was moved to ask:

"And where is the humour, Beaujeu?"

Beaujeu stared at him. "Where is it not?" he said, and laughed again. Mr. Healy took out his pipe and opened his eyes.

"I would say you had known days more mirthful," said he

"By God, not one," said M. de Beaujeu, and laughed again. Mr. Healy shrugged his shoulders and began to smoke once

more. More than ever he seemed to himself a man in a fairy tale. "And damnable well 'twill serve our turn," said Beaujeu suddenly. "Good night."

"Oh, good night to you," cried Healy, staring at the shut door. Then took off his wig and scratched his head. "Will you tell me now," says he to his pipe, "am I real?"

CHAPTER X

MR. WHARTON

ON the next night Mr. Wharton had a little party of Whigs: Mr. Edward Russell, the Earl of Twyford, the Earl of Laleham, and Mr. Jack Dane—and Mr. Wharton zealously passed the wine and they debated gravely, thus:

"Tom Wharton, you rogue, who's the woman in the black mask?" cried the Earl of Twyford.

"Which of 'em?" says Wharton coolly. "Here? Or in Mulberry Garden? Or the fat dame of Fetter Lane? Or——"

"Fie! Think of Jack Dane's moralities. Grafton saw you by Turnham Green."

Mr. Wharton laughed easily, "Oh, that!" He shook his head. "Find your own women, Harry. Mine are dear."

"Zounds, they get so little of you, they're devilish greedy to your successors. Jim Bellasyse is cleaned by your little brown wench from Whetstone Park."

Mr. Russell drank off his wine. "What Jim ever saw in that natural the devil can tell."

"Humph! Just a woman." Mr. Wharton explained, "But the devil doubtless knows very well."

"Meaning that you do," cried Twyford.

"Mellow your wit, Harry," Mr. Wharton laughed and passed the bottle.

The Earl of Twyford drank a bumper, and, turning up his eyes to heaven: "Now, Tom Wharton," says he piously, "no

more loose stories. Jack Dane shall give us a discourse on true love. Silence for the man who knows an honest woman !”

“ Whose fault is it you don't, Harry ?” said Jack Dane.

“ Egad, I never could tell ! And, of course, if I had met your flame—— ” he paused.

“ The better for you,” said Jack quietly.

“ And the worse for her,” growled Mr. Russell. Jack Dane flushed, and Twyford and Wharton seeing it, struck in together to keep the peace :

“ But I say, Tom Wharton, to come to business—— ”

“ But, Harry, what is this tale of—— ”

They both stopped, laughing at each other, and the large and stolid Earl of Laleham broke in deep-voiced : “ Now you are choking, here is my chance. Wharton, have you heard about Windsor Races ? ”

“ Damn it, Dick, that's my story,” spluttered the Earl of Twyford.

“ Old Dick Marston—— ” Laleham began.

“ He's as fat as a hog—and as bristly,” cried Twyford——.

“ Set his heart on the Stock Plate——.”

“ And the Whigs have won it the last ten years——.”

“ So he means to run his ‘ Zenobia ’——.”

“ And the deuce of it is she'll win ! ”

“ Be damned if she shall ! ” cried Mr. Wharton at once.

“ Huzzah ! Send down ‘ Drawcansir ’ ! ”

“ Or ‘ Careless ’ ? ” said Laleham.

“ Bah ! Let the fool win,” Mr. Russell growled. The wine was bright in his eyes. “ We'll not beat ‘ Black James ’ at Windsor Races, gentlemen,” he said sharply. Mr. Wharton jerked a nod at him and laughed.

“ Ned o' the Scowls,” said he. “ Be damned to politics ! Here's to ‘ Careless,’ gentlemen—a curst good mare if I say it ! And a curst good toast for good fellows ! ‘ Careless ! ’ ” They drank that in bumpers.

The wine went round and round. Louder and looser grew the talk. The flood of Burgundy washed away Mr. Russell's

politics and his sneers, and he grew feebly jovial over the empty bottles. Mr. Wharton's Whigs debated noisily of horses and women, with Mr. Wharton loudest and loosest of all. The night was old when Russell and Laleham and Twyford lurched off arm in arm, Mr. Wharton bidding them good-night in a view halloa! from the door. Coming back, he found that Mr. Dane was fallen asleep with his head on the table. Mr. Wharton shook him vigorously and in vain. Mr. Wharton leant back against the wall and regarded him austerely :

"Do—you—know," says he slowly and very distinctly, "you are a sad sot?" Mr. Dane snored. A servant came in and touched Mr. Wharton's arm.

"Pardon, sir. The gentleman you was to see—I do not know if you will see him?" Mr. Wharton stared.

"Damme, I think I will see two of him," says he. "Put Mr. Dane to bed." And off he went.

So regard Mr. Wharton holding on by the table with his wig awry and a leer on his ugly flushed face while his guest bows to him. "You are my M. de Beaujeu?" says Mr. Wharton, with penetrating clarity of speech.

"I am, Mr. Wharton. But that is not my name."

"Oh, the devil!" said Mr. Wharton, and sat down and stared at him. "Are you a plot? If you are—good-night! Plots always upset me."

"When sober?" M. de Beaujeu permitted himself a sneer. Mr. Wharton straightened his wig.

"I am," says he modestly, "as drunk—as I can ever get—but I am sober enough for you, Mr. An—An—onymous."

"Nor I am not that neither," said Beaujeu, smiling.

"Then what are you?" Mr. Wharton roared angrily.

"On your honour to keep it secret——" Beaujeu began.

"No, damme, no!" cried Mr. Wharton in haste. "I am not so drunk that I'll listen to secrets." M. de Beaujeu's cold blue eyes gazed on him a moment in contempt, then

monsieur laughed and rose and took up his hat and made his bow :

“ So a good-night, Mr. Wharton. I have been deceived. I regret to have harassed a fine gentleman. I thought I was to find a Whig.”

The flush paled on Wharton's coarse face, his loose lips trembled and he gulped. Then full in face of Beaujeu he sprang and “ So I am a Whig and be damned to you ! ” he roared. “ Yes, a Whig, and because I am a Whig I bid you to hell, Mr. Nameless. I know your kind. You'd be a crimping for another Monmouth, would you ? Zounds, do you think you have come timely when the stink of the Bloody Assize is still in my nose ? ” He stopped breathless, glaring at Beaujeu, while rage drove out the wine. “ Poor devils ! ” he muttered. “ Poor silly devils ! ” then flashed out again. “ I ask no man to get himself hanged, Mr. Nameless. I am a Whig, by God. There is your answer and there is the door.”

But M. de Beaujeu put down his hat and smiled. “ Your pardon, Mr. Wharton. I see that I was not deceived. I come from one man who knows how to wait to find another.”

“ Damn your riddles ! ” cried Wharton. M. de Beaujeu gave him a letter. Mr. Wharton opened it in a manner of distrust : then “ Sidney ! ” he cried quickly, seeing the signature of a friend in exile at the Hague. Beaujeu bowed, and Mr. Wharton began to read. “ What ? What ? ” he cried in a moment. “ You are Tom Dane ? Son of the old saint Silas that—— ” he checked.

M. de Beaujeu finished the sentence :——“ that was be-headed yesterday. But I wish to be unknown even to my cousin. I am outlaw. By the grace of my Lord Sunderland,” and he smiled. Wharton stared a moment at the cold glittering eyes, then read on. Again he looked up, and tapping the letter with his finger, asked :

“ This means ? ”

“ The Prince of Orange,” said Beaujeu, and went on softly

to Mr. Wharton's rising eyebrows—"who bids me say that when the hour comes for all England to cry for him—Whig and Tory, churchman and dissenter—he'll not fail."

Wharton laughed. "Vastly amiable in him. But, begad I'll be in hell before the Tories turn against Black James."

"Pray, Mr. Wharton," says M. de Beaujeu gently, "have you ever thanked God that your glorious King is a fool?" Mr. Wharton sat up and stared. "Ah, I see. You have not. I fear you neglect your religious duties, Mr. Wharton. But sure you must have heard the prophecy of his dear brother, our late loved King Charles. You recall it? 'My good James, he will throw away three kingdoms for his mass and paradise for his harlot.' I like that." Mr. Wharton gave a large unlovely grin, but he shook his head.

"'Slife, or exile, or hell is far away from James yet."

"For the second the devil provides. For the first," said Beaujeu modestly, "I. Nay, Mr. Wharton, is there not already a murmur, a growl?"

"Damme, we have growled these twenty-five years."

"Ay, even under King Log we growled. Now, I think, we have found King Stork. Only let him play tyrant in the Ercles vein—let him but touch the Tories and the Church——" he broke off suddenly. "And do you think he is like to do that, Mr. Wharton?"

"I doubt he is too clever a beast, Black James."

"Ah! And what are my Lord Sunderland's counsels?" said Beaujeu, carelessly flicking his stockings. Mr. Wharton eyed him askance.

"Zounds, how can I tell?" said Mr. Wharton.

"Pardon. It is then pure love, your affair with my Lady Sunderland. I had forgot that it might be." His light blue eyes were wide and innocent as Mr. Wharton stared at them. After a moment Wharton laughed.

"Did you say you were the devil?" said he.

"I was born too late. The part had been filled. No. Pray, Mr. Wharton, counsel your dear lady to cut the brass 'S' from

her bridoon. "Tis eloquent. And less charitable minds than mine own might misjudge rendezvous with Mr. Wharton even in the chaste mud of Turnham Green. But let me admire your political foresight. Faith, I am a novice beside you."

Mr. Wharton looked him between the eyes. "So you was with Jack last night?" Beaujeu nodded. "And you 'ld not have known me from Adam by yourself?"

"Alas, Mr. Wharton, I was so sadly ignorant." M. de Beaujeu smiled.

"Jack's damned tongue waggles damnably," growled Mr. Wharton.

"But it has given me now the excuse to ask—pray where does my Lord Sunderland stand?"

"He will keep Black James as quiet as he can. He has all to lose by a rising and devil a penny to gain. So he is for peace and quietness. What did you expect?"

"Just that," said Beaujeu with a shrug. "*Bien*, there are always the Jesuits. They will make our James meddle with the Church, and then we'll not hear the parson preach his right divine to cut us in quarters." He came nearer and tapped Wharton's arm. "And also—and always"—he said smiling—"our good King James is a fool. Well, Mr. Wharton, *pour qui sçait attendre* is my motto and Little Hooknose of Orange my man. What say you? Are you with me?" Mr. Wharton walked away to the window, drew back the curtain, flung open the casement, and stood in the cool wind looking out at the night.

"I'll have no answer for you," he said at last.

"And do you love your good King so?" Beaujeu sneered. Mr. Wharton swung round.

"No, by God!" he cried. "My hate is as good as yours, M. de Beaujeu, but I would have no man hang for my private hates."

"Faith, we can take heed to ourselves. We——"

"Ay, we can play our game, and bolt betimes if we are like to lose. We are mighty fine—we that cock our hats in

town—but we are not England.” He caught the surprised arm of M. de Beaujeu and dragged him to the window, and pointing through the moonlight to the meadows and the fragrant tilth and the ricks and houses looming lonely and dark far out beyond the town, “Look! that is England,” he cried, “that——”

“Where the buttercups grow and the bumpkins,” said Beaujeu sneering. “You affection them, Mr. Wharton?” Mr. Wharton turned to face him.

“I’ll not have one brisk lad of the shires get his silly neck broke for me. And there’s your answer, M. de Beaujeu.” Beaujeu stood a moment with the sneer on his lip. Then he smiled.

“’Tis so, in fact,” said he. “We differ a little. ’Tis my desire to let nought hamper my hate for King James. A bequest of my father, Mr. Wharton, you understand? With you other things weigh. But I am myself the last man in the world to be rash, Mr. Wharton. Did I say that my present motto was ‘wait’? May I hope, therefore, that we shall rest friends?”

“To a friend of Harry Sidney, Tom Wharton’s a friend,” said Wharton. “I am yours, M. de Beaujeu—and, damme, none the less because you are who you are, and not de Beaujeu at all.”

But Mr. Wharton, looking after Beaujeu as he strode away from the door, spake to himself: “Now I am passably a rogue; but you——!”

M. de Beaujeu found Mr. Healy waiting for him. Mr. Healy yawned, and, “Has the fish bit?” said he.

“Bah,” says Beaujeu, “’tis a mere philanthrope.”

“You would be well matched,” said Mr. Healy.

CHAPTER XI

OF A CANDLE AND MOTHS

THE King’s Playhouse was crowded half an hour before the play. The stained velvet of masked women and Alsatian

bullies filled the pit, and the orange wenches were busy. Overhead decent citizens in linsey-woolsey were packed tight, and purple and fine linen glittered in the boxes. Even the ladies and gentlemen of fashion were come in time. For the second part of Mr. Dryden's *Conquest of Granada* was to be the play, and Betterton had for its sore-tried heroine Almahide the incomparable Rose Charlbury.

But there was one box still empty when the play had well begun. Abdelmelech (or it may have been Abdalla) was ranting to the roof when Mr. Wharton, Mr. Dane, Mr. Healy, and M. de Beaujeu lounged in. Mr. Wharton sat down and yawned immensely. He resisted Beaujeu's attempt to put him in front.

"I had rather you be deafened than I," said he as Abdalla (or it may have been Abdelmelech) roared on his way. Mr. Healy and Mr. Wharton shared the background.

"Sure the gentleman is himself a thunderstorm," says Mr. Healy.

"Te-hee," Mr. Wharton sniggered, "this is the heroical drama, sir."

"I'm ambitious of its remoter acquaintance," said Mr. Healy.

But Mr. Dane and M. de Beaujeu were watching the stage.

The roaring ceased. Then trumpets blared, a troop of guards gorgeous with copper lace marched on, and behind them came Boabdelin the King and his Queen Almahide—the incomparable Mistress Charlbury in cloth of gold. Alsatian bullies, sober citizens, and Mr. Dane rose at her and shouted. Mr. Healy leant forward to look. He saw Mistress Charlbury fall to the very ground in a curtsy, while her sparkling eyes looked archly upward.

"'Tis a beautiful woman—with eyes," says Mr. Healy, leaning back again. Mr. Wharton sniggered, and Mr. Dane gave an angry backward glance, but Beaujeu took no heed.

Beaujeu was staring at the incomparable Mistress Charlbury. Sure, this was beauty unmatched! Tall as Diana she

was, and Diana's own were the gentle curves of her form and her lithe grace. The yellow candle-light scarce availed to dim the dazzling whiteness of arm and neck and bosom. The incomparable Charlbury! M. de Beaujeu smiled and applauded his own boyish taste.

The act ended in roaring cheers. Mistress Charlbury must curtsey thrice with laughing wide-eyed glances to the fine gentlemen in the boxes. Mr. Dane turned to Beaujeu laughing, "Well, sir, and is she not divine?"

Mr. Wharton sniggered. "'Tis an admirable actress," said Beaujeu. "But I've seen her in an apter part. As Lyndaraxa she was reality."

"Lyndaraxa? The traitress?" cried Jack Dane. "Why, that would not suit Mistress Charlbury."

"Oh, by your leave! It became her mightily."

Jack Dane looked puzzled. "Begad, nor I cannot call her to mind as Lyndaraxa neither. Can you, Wharton?" Mr. Wharton, who was looking curiously at Beaujeu, shook his head.

"I think it was before you went to the play, Mr. Dane," said Beaujeu.

"I think not, sir. I can remember all her parts," Mr. Wharton sniggered. "Why, 'tis but four years since she came to town, and till then she lived in a village on my uncle's estate." Mr. Healy pricked up his ears. Mr. Wharton still studied Beaujeu, who yawned and said lightly:

"Ah, is it so, then? My memory goes away."

"Now does it that?" said Mr. Healy to himself. "'Tis the first time yet. And a mighty mysterious gentleman you are." Mr. Wharton was trying to remember all the scandal he had ever heard of Mistress Charlbury. At last he was convinced that there must be some which he had not heard. The thought piqued Mr. Wharton.

The curtain rose upon the next act. Charity forbids description. Through all the trials and tribulations of the heroic heroine passed Almahide — Mistress Charlbury.

Married to one man—loved by another—unjustly accused by her spouse—rescued by her lover—determining on a convent—saved by the timely killing of her spouse—the curtain fell upon her a widow ready (as she modestly declared) when her year expired to yield to the desires of her lover. Whereat tumultuous applause, and Mistress Charlbury breathless and lovely making her curtseys.

M. de Beaujeu arose. "A most goodly admirable farce, Mr. Wharton."

"Heigho!" Mr. Wharton yawned, stretching himself. "Damme, they rant louder every week. I got no sleep. Well, sir, shall we go see this consolable widow behind the scenes? She is wittier there. She speaks her own words." He yawned again, but from under his drooping eyelids watched M. de Beaujeu.

"Faith, one can scarce see too much of the lady," said Beaujeu.

Mr. Wharton laughed. "Why for that I can't say. But Jack should know, eh?"

Jack Dane flushed. "I'll remind you again Mistress Charlbury is a lady, Wharton."

"Damme, now, what makes me forget it?" said Wharton, sneering and laughed at the lad's red face. Whereat Mr. Healy was moved to say:

"'Tis your ignorance of the sex, sir." Mr. Wharton, of unmatched repute as libertine, laughed loud.

"I am rebuked. Lead on, Jack Wisdom!" he cried, and they went out.

In the narrow passage to the stage Jack Dane ran against a sturdy fellow in crimson silks:

"Zounds, Sherborne, for your value you take up a devilish lot of space," he cried.

"Much like to your brains, sir," said my Lord Sherborne bowing.

"Poor things, but mine own—as Buckingham said of your lady."

"And worthy of you—as your sire is, Mr. Dane."

"How am I to take that, my lord?" cried Jack Dane, and M. de Beaujeu's hand fell swiftly on his rising arm.

"With your abundant discretion," said my Lord Sherborne sweetly, and Beaujeu's hand gripped harder. But after a moment Jack Dane said:

"Observe it, Sherborne!" and stepped swiftly aside and tapped at a door.

"No fighting here!" cried a gay voice.

"Have you room for a grave, Rose?" Jack asked, putting his head in.

"For you or my Lord Sherborne, sir?"

"Begad, for him! He's a man of peace. Sherborne would not hurt a fly."

"Oh, but if it were a little fly, sir!" cried Mistress Charlbury. She flung the door wide on those who waited, she dropped a saucy curtsey. "And here is the great sight, gentlemen!" she cried, and laughed at them as they entered bowing. Mr. Wharton contrived to place M. de Beaujeu in front, and tapping monsieur's great shoulders:

"This is not Goliath, Rose," says he.

"Nor, indeed, is this a wit, Rose," says Jack Dane, tapping Wharton.

"La, sir, I know what he's not. Can you tell me what he is?"

"God knows, ma'am," said Jack laughing.

"Who had little to do with it!" That came in my Lord Sherborne's voice from the background. Rose gave him a little mocking smile, and he scowled at her.

M. de Beaujeu turned to him: "The gentleman looks very ill," said he in a very French accent. Mr. Wharton glaring at Beaujeu sideways saw that he had shaken the black curls of his periwig far forward. His face was in deep shadow.

"Mistress Rose," said Mr. Wharton, "I present M. le Chevalier de Beaujeu, who has come all the way from—Timbuctoo was it?—to see you play Lyndaraxa—oh, pardon!

—Almahide.” M. de Beaujeu bowed over Rose’s hand and his face was hidden. Upon her face Mr. Wharton had surprised a spasm of pain.

“Ah, mademoiselle”—Beaujeu clung to the shadow and the French accent—“ah, mademoiselle, but of your splendour the half has not been told me.”

“Go hark to Mr. Dane, monsieur,” cried Rose. “He’ll tell you double.”

“Begad, language could not do it!” cried Jack. “But I was forgetting. Rose, have you ever played Lyndaraxa?”

“Indeed no!” she cried sharply and flushed.

“Why, so said I! But M. de Beaujeu here would have it that he had seen you.” Rose turned upon Beaujeu a strange intent gaze: her eyes were very dark, her white bosom still. There was silence. Mr. Healy and Mr. Wharton watched curiously. But M. de Beaujeu met her eyes frankly and made a French gesture.

“Mademoiselle,” said he, “I am ashamed. I must have confused another with you. It is unpardonable. But in London, in ’80, I saw a lady——”

“Oh, I was a country girl then, monsieur.”

“Then, mademoiselle, was the country happy,” said Beaujeu bowing.

“’Tis the fact, Beaujeu,” said Mr. Healy with a grin, “you have a mighty bad memory.”

“Alas!” cried Beaujeu, and flung up his hands. “You forgive it, mademoiselle? Unless you forgive it I cannot console myself.”

“La, monsieur, spare your tears!” cried Rose, laughing.

“’Tis so tender a heart,” said Mr. Healy with a wave of his hand to Beaujeu.

“Then, mademoiselle, I may thank Mr. Wharton for bringing me to see the miracle of beauty—of graceful art!”

“Now for the first time,” Mr. Wharton drawled watching him.

“Ah, but, mademoiselle, but not the last?” cried Beaujeu

amorously. Something inarticulate came from my Lord Sherborne.

"The gentleman is surely unwell?" said Mr. Healy.

"No. 'Tis his nature merely," said Jack Dane. "The porcine strain, you perceive."

"Whose manners Mr. Dane studies faithfully," said my Lord Sherborne.

"My good lord, he has finished his lesson. You may go!" Mr. Dane flung wide the door. My Lord Sherborne laughed, crossed his legs and settled himself more easily.

"You are really a pleasant juvenile, Mr. Dane," said he. "Pray, Mistress Charlbury, shall we chastise the child?"

Jack Dane flushed and started forward. Mr. Healy and Mr. Wharton closed on him.

"I think I have let you bear with him long enough, Rose," said my lord carelessly.

But Rose's cheeks were white, and her eyes aflame. "'Let!'" she cried. "There is a forwardness of old age, my lord, and I like it less than a boy's. Mr. Dane, may I beg your arm? Gentlemen, I have been honoured!" With a stately curtsy she was gone on Jack Dane's gratified arm.

My lord Sherborne, crimson as his clothes, started up to follow. Mr. Wharton obtruded a shoulder, and as my lord recoiled from it, "Clumsy, always clumsy," Mr. Wharton muttered pensively.

"Sir!" cried my lord.

"Always your servant, my lord, always—at all places," said Mr. Wharton. My lord thrust by without a word.

"Sure, a courageous gentleman," says Mr. Healy.

"Why," said Mr. Wharton modestly, who had never fought a losing fight, "I am thought deadly."

Outside the playhouse they saw my lord Sherborne staring after a coach. Jack Dane was gone home with his flame, and my lord's venomous air was not soothed by the triple laugh, the mock reverences of Mr. Wharton and his friends.

"Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton, "we mislike trespassers."

"Who is he, then?"

"Why, ask the lady's butcher and baker and candlestick-maker; for, damme, he pays them all."

Beaujeu laughed: "A fortunate nymph, egad."

"D' you know, you've a nasty tongue with you, Mr. Wharton?" said Healy.

Beaujeu laughed again: "'Tis an idealist this, Wharton," he said, nodding at Healy.

"Damme, I envy him. We all were once in our youth in the country—eh, Beaujeu?" Mr. Wharton's eyes were keen upon him. "Even the incomparable Charlbury was once, may be. What? And still she keeps an ideal tenderness for—Danes."

Beaujeu found both of them looking at him. "I admire my name of Beaujeu," said he quietly.

"'Tis damnable apt to you," said Wharton, and found another topic.

Come home, Mr. Healy, having filled his pipe and lit it, referred to the lady:

"So you've found a friend," says he.

"Of the dearest," said Beaujeu, and his eyes glittered through the smoke.

"Now will you want to hang her?" said Healy.

"I love her too dearly," said Beaujeu.

"Then God help her," said Mr. Healy, and lay back watching the white hawk face.

(To be continued)