PROFIT AND LOSS ON THE ATLANTIC DEAL

IN the formation of the North Atlantic Shipping Combination an event has happened that is without parallel in the history of the British marine. Many times in the course of the last three centuries has a cry gone forth that we were about to lose our high place upon the seas, and as many times, partly by the force of our geographical position and partly by conscious effort of people and Government, that position after a season of alarm has been recovered. But never has it been attacked in quite the same way as now. The vehemence of the assault comes from a new weapon forged out of a new social and commercial metal, of the limits of whose strength we have no experience and whose endurance we cannot measure. For some years past, not without apprehension, we have watched the new force weaving itself into the whole fabric of the United States, believing always there must be a limit to its apparently resistless power and yet finding none. We have seen every effort made in America itself to stem the movement defeated with ease; and with increasing mistrust we have felt its push in our own industrial centres. Still, the power it held was hardly realised till we awoke to find its grip on our vitals.

It is useless to disguise or minimise the fact. Assuming that Messrs. Morgan are able to carry through their scheme in its entirety, a great line of steamships which formed an

important element in the Royal Naval Reserve will before the end of the year have passed under the control of a foreigner. When this happens it is part, and no mean part, of our national life that has passed. Whether it be for good or evil, we cannot deny the loss. We are by that amount weaker, unless, as it may be, we gain a compensation that is greater than the loss. It is not the mere fact that we lose the complete control of a few subsidised cruisers, though it was natural enough that it should be on this obvious note that the first alarm was sounded. These can easily be replaced. The gravity of the case lies in what it threatens to our general maritime position and still more in the fact that the operation was inevitable. Under present conditions there is no defence in our armoury by which it could have been resisted, and there is equally no reason why its arena should not be widely expanded. It behoves us then to sit down quickly and balance the loss and the gain, and if the loss be found greater than the gain then to seek the remedy, which we may be certain, as we look back upon our history, is lying somewhere within our grasp.

The factors out of which the present situation has arisen are clear and undisputed. Owing mainly to the alertness with which Great Britain took advantage of the Civil War in America, she had, until recently, a practical monopoly of the North American carrying trade. It was a position of predominance that the fundamental condition of Atlantic commerce in no way justified. It was, therefore, not to be expected that such a state of things should continue indefinitely. The wonder, indeed, is that it has endured so long. We should, at least, give our shipowners credit for the tenacity with which they have kept their hold, before we blame them now that they are being forced to let go. Brilliantly, and with no extraneous aid, they maintained their monopoly till long after the reasons for its existence had disappeared. They maintained it till Americans awoke to the fact that four-fifths of the freight, three-quarters of the first-class passenger fares, and more than half the emigrant money that the British shipowners were

earning, came out of American pockets. The whole of this gigantic business was the product of American soil; it was gathered and transported cheaply to the coast by American enterprise; it was shipped from American ports, and yet for years Great Britain had been enjoying the whole of what was thus comfortably put into her pocket. It was inevitable, therefore, that the moment she had the power America should demand her share. Trusts have given her the power. A colossal combination of capitalists controls the main trunk lines that bring all this business to the sea. It is within their power to create a fleet of their own, and, by judicious use of their railway control, to starve competing vessels. With this hammer behind their back they came to the British shipowners and offered them partnership. True, it was a partnership of the Lion and the Lamb, which can have no finality till the Lamb is inside the Lion. But there was really no choice. Already heavily weighted by the competition of the highly subsidised German steamers, it was impossible for our men to resist. To expect help from their own Government was as hopeless as to expect drastic legislation in the United States against the preferential rates and other devices of the great Trusts, by which they are able to assert their dominating position. The terms of peace were therefore accepted, and the famous White Star Line and her sister enterprises are doomed to pass out of English control. It is but small comfort that they are, in spite of their new ownership, to remain under the British flag. They remain so merely because, under American navigation laws, they cannot get an American register. But they are none the less American, nor, assuming the scheme is able to be carried through, is there anything to prevent the Syndicate from ultimately treating them as American, even to the exclusion of all but Americans from the crews. They will pass from the English Marine, and no devices to soften the shock should be allowed to deaden our sense of the reality or confuse our perception of its significance.

We have said that the loss to our national life was inevit-

able under present conditions. To grasp the problem before us these conditions must be clearly apprehended. They are mainly two. First there is the unwillingness of the great English capitalists to combine as American capitalists combine. Nothing is more remarkable in the life of a people, who pride themselves on being the freest on earth, than the readiness with which they are willing to surrender their commercial independence of action and submit themselves to a practical despotism. To gain a great commercial end they will bow to a tyranny as oppressive and dangerous as any that exists in the old countries which they feel are so far behind them. The commercial power it gives them is of course enormous, only to be compared to the military power that is gained by a similar surrender of liberty to a military chief. But the price of this power is one that Englishmen are at present unwilling to pay. The old sturdy love of independence which the most active Americans appear to be losing, still prevails here, and thus it is denied to us to fight our assailant with his own weapons. It is impossible to regret entirely that this is so. We cannot but rejoice to see a primæval sentiment still vigorous under strong temptation and widely altered conditions of life. There are in America economists who envy us the virility of our birthright, who regard the new tendency in their own country with unmixed alarm, as akin to the disease of which so many republics have sickened and died. These men do their best to check the movement. But at present they have availed nothing, and while the commercial habits of the two countries remain as they are we must look elsewhere for defence.

The second condition which has deprived us of the power of resistance lies in the relations of the State to commerce. Unless our capitalists are willing to meet the attack by a sacrifice of independent action then there remains nothing but Government interference. An obvious means of defending our position is by State subsidies. If, for instance, the White Star Company had been successful in their repeated and urgent request for protection against the German subsidies they would

have been in a far stronger position to meet the American syndicate. If again, when the proposal for amalgamation was made, the Government had been able to tell the White Star Company to refuse and had promised to guarantee their existence, the attack might have been abandoned altogether. Even Mr. Morgan would shrink from a rate war with the British Treasury.

Still whatever the immediate future may have in store, such weapons are not at present regarded as having a place in the national armoury. We have long ago laid them aside. If ever the national capital is used to foster the national commerce, or if ever the force of legislation is employed to push it forward, it is regarded as an exceptional case to be justified only by exceptional circumstances. It is no part of the Government's duty to fight the merchants' battles or to provide them with the sinews of war. How far we have fallen from the notion of the commercial state as Cromwell conceived it, could not be better exemplified than in the utterance which Mr. Balfour made officially during the first debate on the subject. "It will be the duty of the Government," he said, "to see that, whatever injury may be done to other interests, at all events the efficiency of the navy will not be interfered with." Whether right or wrong it is impossible to conceive a narrower enunciation of the duty of a Government in such a crisis. "We will look to the Government department which is threatened. The interests of commerce do not concern us." Yet this was the declaration made by a man who is by no means a bigoted free trader, and it was received with cordial cheers from all parts of the House. Great Britain is probably the only country in Europe where such a theory of the limits of government is held. Almost every other nation avowedly uses the national capital with much freedom to support its merchants when private endeavour breaks down, and it is with this state of things that our commerce has to compete single-handed. It is an unequal struggle of private against public capital. The present crisis must open our eyes to the fact that, so far from

being the great commercial state, we are the only European nation that is not a commercial state. We may be still, as they say, "a nation of shopkeepers," but it is they who are "the shopkeeping nations." It may be they are doing a ruinous business. It may be they are doomed to failure, as their sugar-shops have failed. But none the less are they spoiling our markets, and to save the situation it may be we shall feel compelled, so far at least as concerns the shipping trade, to go into business as a nation ourselves.

Such a policy might take many forms. It might take the form of subsidies, of exclusive navigation laws, or even of partly or entirely nationalising the great shipping lines and running them like the Post Office. But before committing ourselves hastily to the burden of any of these remedies it would be well to consider how far we are hurt by the recent development in the Atlantic. For it may be, as we have said, that there are gains which so much diminish the loss as to render any great change in our national policy unnecessary. To begin with, there is certainly the gain that the new arrangement will give a great impetus to English shipbuilding. The syndicate cannot afford to buy their ships in America. Their own and obvious interests have driven them to the British market. Our shipbuilders gain a new and wealthy customer, eager to support them in every new development; and, at the same time, a vast amount of British captial is set free for similar enterprise elsewhere. It will mean not only commercial progress in our dockyards, but also progress, and probably rapid progress, in the art of shipbuilding. From a naval point of view this will be a gain that will far outweigh the loss of auxiliary cruisers. For naval power in these days building capacity is probably of much higher value than owning capacity. Here then it would seem the gain can be little less than the loss.

But there is a far more important aspect of the case which, perhaps wisely, has not been much dwelt upon. In the House of Commons Mr. Balfour endeavoured to give the debate

cohesion, by treating the subject as though it had but two sides—the naval and the commercial. But possibly the most important of all is a third side, which lies, as it were, between the naval and the commercial and partakes of both. How, for instance, would the new state of things affect our position in case of that war with two or more European Powers, which we are always being shown looming in the distance? The great and immediate danger of such a war is the restriction of our food-supply. On this we are all agreed. So long as it is possible for an enemy to cruise against our food-ships, so long must we feel the pinch of famine. While all our food-ships were our own this form of pressure was open to our enemies—at least, at the beginning of a war—to a very serious extent. But what will be the position if a large part, and even perhaps nearly the whole, of our food-supply is carried in American bottoms? True, the best of them will have an English register, but they will be American owned. It is a situation that covers a highly explosive point of international law. Will the belligerents forego their best means of coercion out of respect for American ownership? or will America consent to her ships being made prize because they have nominally an English register?

There is no question of settling the matter by blockade, for a blockade of the whole British coast effective enough to be recognised by America is not a possible operation. Nor is there any greater likelihood of America submitting to food being declared contraband of war. If our food ships are captured it can only be as hostile merchantmen in the open sea. In order to bring upon the British people the pressure, on which our hypothetical enemies most rely, they will have to destroy this vast American organisation, or, in other words, our enemy must either leave us the bulk of our food-supply or fight America as well as ourselves. This is no mere imagining. It has clear historical precedent. At the end of the eighteenth century, when America was still bitterly hostile to England and still warmly attached to France, war broke out between

England and France. America continued to supply England with corn. A diplomatic quarrel ensued between America and France which reached so high a pitch that it was only by France withdrawing her claims that America was prevented from openly joining England in the war. To protect her great trade she was ready to fight her best friend by the side of her worst enemy. It cannot be otherwise. That trade was vital to her then, and under the new conditions it will be more than ever an essential part of her existence.

It is needless to labour the point. The relief we gain by surrendering the Atlantic food-supply to America is too obvious. By the sacrifice of what is really a very small portion of our maritime commerce, we place our most vulnerable point under American protection. It is true we are losing a small part of our offensive force, but in parting with it we are committing America to something like a defensive alliance. It is impossible yet to see clearly the end of this pregnant beginning. The true significance of the great commercial transaction for a while was concealed under the guise of a partnership. There is something of an omen in the pretence. Is it after all a partnership that America is beginning to form—a partnership from which she will be unable or unwilling to escape? Are we approaching the realisation of that "Anglo-Saxon terror" which haunts the imagination of so many statesmen and dreamers in Europe?

Whatever weight may be attached to this view of Mr. Morgan's attempt in modifying our hostility to it, it must never be forgotten that these considerations apply only to the North Atlantic. There the economic conditions determine that the true equilibrium can only be attained when the bulk of the trade is in American hands, but over nearly all the rest of the globe the same conditions determine that the equilibrium should be found in British preponderance. In the same way the strategical advantage we may gain by American preponderance in the North Atlantic has no counterpart in American preponderance elsewhere. Between the lines of the Morgan

agreement we may perhaps detect the signs of an intention to spread the domination of the great syndicate over wider seas. At the first sign of such an intention it is necessary for our commercial position that we take action. If our capitalists are not prepared to do it, then the Imperial Government must gird itself. There is no excuse for sitting idle, The cards are all in our own hand. The geographical distribution of the Empire provides us with a position which would be impregnable if we chose to occupy it in force. A simple re-enactment of the old navigation laws which prohibited the vessels of foreign countries carrying into British ports anything but their own national produce must infallibly choke out all foreign competition. Without the trade between British ports no shipping enterprise could thrive anywhere but in the North Atlantic or North Pacific, and even there by means of Canada we hold the "interior lines."

If then, as has been said, we find ourselves forced by the new commercial developments in America or the increasing subsidies of European rivals to go into the shipping business as a nation we have all the elements of success at our feet. By a navigation arrangement with our colonies we should, as it were, form the whole shipping of the Empire into one great combination that could not be touched even by competition, for over the whole Empire competition would be excluded by law. Such a reversion to the policy of the Navigation Acts will appear at first sight reactionary, but if arranged on modern lines it need not be reactionary at all. It would rather be a bold step forward on the higher socialistic path which we and our colonies have been treading already with a light heart. In return for the monopoly which the State ensured to the shipowners the shipowners would have to take the State into partnership on the lines on which the guaranteed railways of India are in partnership with the Indian Government. The great lines would be subsidised and in return for this would have to fulfil certain naval, military and postal duties and to submit to the control of a Government director. In all other

ways their action would be as free as it is now and their profit up to a certain point their own. After that point is passed they would divide it with the State.

Such is the weapon which the Empire places at our disposal. It is one of tremendous power—so tremendous, indeed, that we should only be willing to use it in extremity. Probably a mere preferential treatment of British ships in the matter of port dues would bring our pushing rivals to reason. But though we be loth to use it, that is no reason why we should forget that it is there, or let others forget it. Because we would rather not draw the sword there is no reason why we should let it rust in the sheath. The approaching assembly of colonial statesmen for the Coronation offers a unique opportunity of having it out and overhauling it. There is a widespread feeling for a further knitting of the ties between the mother country and her children. Here, perhaps, lies a method less open to objection than any that is before us. It is conceivable, that if the Colonies thought well, a scheme might be laid down, not necessarily for immediate realisation, but in such a way that it might be brought into operation at any moment by proclamation. It would be an Imperial Navigation Law on a peace footing. We should have at our call a force akin to that by which the Continental Powers guard against one another, a force we could mobilise by a stroke of the pen. The formation of such a scheme need be no more regarded as an act of hostility by our rivals than are their vast standing armies by us. We are entitled to have our defensive machinery, and, if we had it, there is little fear we should ever be provoked into setting it in motion.

In these two reflections seems to lie the true significance of the Atlantic deal. Rightly seen, it is, in the first place, that America is winning back her due, and we have only to congratulate ourselves that we were able to keep it so long; and that in winning it back she creates a new community of interest with this country which makes strongly for the peace of the

world. In the second place, we see in it the possibility of a similar attack being made upon our preponderance in other seas where preponderance is our due, and a warning to prepare for ourselves a form of defence which shall remind our rivals with unmistakable resonance of the forgotten might that lies in a world-wide Empire.

ON THE LINE

The Valley of Decision. By Edith Wharton (Murray, 6*s.*)—That, fresh from the reading of this book and with its spell yet upon us, we check our impulse to compare it with certain masterpieces in English fiction and bring Mrs. Wharton's into rivalry with some very high names indeed, must be taken (we suppose) as an admission to her detriment. Had that spell been quite triumphant—the reader will argue—we had forgotten caution and burnt our boats in a bonfire of praise. And there is something in his suspicion. Even in the impulsive moment we remember certain defects in this novel, certain *longueurs;* moments when, at the point of soaring, our emotions dropped or dragged the wing; descriptions of which the too elaborate detail blunted the impression (the artist failing to conceal her art) and our enjoyment grew conscious and passed into admiration of the writer's skill; here and there a dramatic note missed or slurred; a shade too much of intention throughout and a breath too little of free inspiration. But we ourselves are inclined to blame rather our own timidity; the critic in these days, on the point of proclaiming a masterpiece, pauses and feels his ears tingle with the echoes of past laughter; and so, having learnt to be shy of making a public fool of himself, he decides to suppress his enthusiasm and test it hereafter by a second reading.

But let us be honest and own, in mere justice to Mrs. Wharton, that we did feel the impulse and had almost yielded;

must yield even now so far as to declare her novel a very notable one. Foreign critics, and some home-grown ones, are fond of taking the English novel to task for its indifference to ideas. Here, to begin with, is a novel—certainly not negligible—which frankly takes an idea for its fly-wheel. It is the story of a young man, brave, thoughtful, ardent, yet not a fanatic, who finds himself raised, by circumstances and against expectation, to be the ruler of a state; and of how he strove for an idea, was discouraged, battled against it, and at length accepted, and went forth as a humble man to serve it. The state is an Italian dukedom, and the time 1783 or thereabouts, when the stirrings of France were beginning to spread to Italy, soon to take violent and grotesque effect in such fiascoes as the Parthenopean Republic; fiascoes only to be understood by first understanding the inveterate Italian character on the one hand—or, rather, the various, but inveterate characters of Italy's then divided populations—and, on the other, the pathetic conviction of Italian reformers that the people needed but enlightenment, that ideas would work as swiftly in their country as in France, and that ingrained habits could be cured at a stroke by academic paper constitutions. This pathetic fallacy Mrs. Wharton embodies in Fulvia Vivaldi, the heroine; and presents to us, in Fulvia's lover, the duke, a young man liberal by conviction, urged by passion, too, along the path of reform; and yet a conservative by blood, ready enough to dare, but doubting where Fulvia has no doubts. Thus we have a conflict of minds very subtly brought into play across the conflict of hearts, a conflict of duty across a conflict of passion—all the elements set in motion to produce a magnificent story. Unhappily, Fulvia, to be Fulvia, must be something of a blue-stocking, and the stars in their courses seem set upon crossing the complete success of the blue-stocking in fiction. Where Kingsley and George Eliot failed, Mrs. Wharton has certainly not quite succeeded. We make the heroine's acquaintance in a charming scene, which reminds us of Gerard's first meeting with Margaret in "The Cloister and the Hearth";

this scene is quickly followed by a delicate and beautifully invented situation; in fact, all that ingenuity can do is done throughout. But the mischief is that, in the crises of emotion, Fulvia preaches: she has to do it, poor soul, or the reader would miss her full meaning: still—she preaches. The great scenes between her and Odo have an expository chill upon them: the lovers reason too much and too well. As a "live" woman we vastly prefer the duchess, a strong character presented to us with a rare economy of explanation. She has, on the whole, little to say: but she never enters the drama without effect, and, when at the last allowed to reveal herself, she takes us by storm.

Around these protagonists move a score at least of characters brilliantly conceived and clearly differentiated: the old duke, distracted between sensuality and craven fear of hell; the fat soprano Cantapresto, with his carnal good nature and coarse philosophy of pleasure ("As respectful children of our Heavenly Father it behoves us not to speak till we are spoken to"); the Jesuit, De Crusic, subtle and refined, yet masculine; the good Abate Crescenti; the cynical hunchback, Gamba; the actress, Mirandolina. For this is a full book and crowded with character. It is also a learned book—as learned as "Romola," for example, though, to our thinking, it carries its learning far more lightly. Mrs. Wharton has demonstrably been at immense pains to reconstruct her period of history, but she has given it a large sun-steeped atmosphere, not of the lamp. Above all it is, as truly as Pater's "Marius," a book of landscapes; golden, elaborate, lingeringly touched, thoroughly Italian.

> The sounding cities, rich and warm,
> Smouldered and glittered in the plain.

From the savage fastnesses of the hills we are borne down to them in a travelling chariot before which, as it rumbles down the valley, the shadows of morning fly; we note the trees, hedge flowers, scattered farms on the way; we reach the city gates, jostle through, thread the crowd, suddenly forget it

or hear but its hum for a while in the solitude of ducal gardens, with their pleached alleys and white statuary; or we reach Venice by night, our boat shooting the straight water-way by marble steps, terraces, gardens, gay with lanterns or asleep in the moonlight. And over all this Italy—as over all this book—continually grows, fades, grows again the mirage of romance; a picture, broken, re-constructed, broken again, yet always for its moment holding the spectrum of the idea towards which we travel.

At first reading no two books could well appear more dissimilar than **The Lady Paramount**, by Henry Harland (Lane. 6*s.*), and **A Book of Stories**, by G. S. Street (Constable. 6*s.*). Either of them may be taken as one would take an agreeable summer drink, for they are compounded by skilful hands, and go down very easily; but the one is sugary, with a flavour of rose-water, the other decidedly acid and stinging to the palate. Mr. Harland's plot is childishly simple and incredible; the reigning Countess of an Island of the Blest, off the coast of Italy, determines, on attaining twenty-one, to seek out and marry her English cousin, who, if he had his rights, would be sitting on the throne her own grandfather usurped. She comes to England under an alias, and after a pretty comic opera trial of the young man, marries him happily as per programme. Mr. Street's stories, on the other hand, are rather character-studies than plots; his people move in various shady circles of London society, and are vivisected with great skill and with a bland ferocity worthy of Mr. Stephen Coleridge's personal attention.

But, however wide apart the literary results may be, we believe the two writers have at bottom an impulse in common. They love the past, the ideal, the mannerly, the aristocratic, they hate the vulgar, the ostentatious, the underbred; Mr. Street with a violence and Mr. Harland with a sentimentality which are intensified by a fond belief that modern life is for the first time replacing the former types by the latter. The

agreement in feeling and the difference in method would have supplied Landor with excellent matter for an Imaginary Conversation. It might end something like this:

Harland. Agreed! agreed!

Street. Then why not deal with these gentry as they merit? Are they not sufficiently loud, and glaring, and common for your notice? Are they not soulless, ill-dressed, immoral, awkward, neurotic, and of low or mixed descent? Above all, are they not quite too beastly rich?

Harland. Worse, my friend, they have "lost the Faith." But when the highway is foul we do not scavenge it, you and I; we make a pathway of our own through old English parks, among tame nightingales and imported Italian roses. Give me then, with ancestral revenues, a facetious humble friend, and love and poetry made for me in my own garden, and I can please myself and the public together.

Street. The public? My public is that which I castigate.

Harland. A large one then. But come; let us leave our troubles in our tea-cups and go to Benediction.

We learn from a very interesting article in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* on "The Gaelic Revival in Literature," that "Politics, which to an Irish peasant mean interest in the long-drawn-out struggle of a smouldering rebellion, are a main part of the Celt's intellectual life in Ireland; and Miss Lawless can only see its ignoble side." It is unfortunate for this writer that his utterance should be so immediately and so flatly contradicted as it is by the poems which Miss Lawless has just published under the title of **With the Wild Geese.** (Isbister. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)—In this volume there is plenty of the Celt's intellectual life, and a good deal of the "politics" which spell smouldering rebellion; but there is here no use for the word "ignoble." There is spirit and life about the mere fighting in "Cremona," with its refrain, "Shout, boys, Erin's the renown!" but there is something more, there is chivalry of the best Irish flavour in "Fontenoy."

Hark! yonder through the darkness one distant rat-tat-tat!
The old foe stirs out there, God bless his soul for that!
The old foe musters strongly, he's coming on at last,
And Clare's Brigade may claim its own wherever blows fall fast.

Better still, in the second part of the same poem, is the rendering of triumph without boasting or offence: the ghosts of the victorious dead singing in the early mist off the coast of Clare.

Sailing home together from the last great fight,
Home to Clare from Fontenoy, in the morning light.

Happily for us it is "home to Clare from Pieter's Hill" that the invincibles are sailing nowadays.

Best of all is the little piece which forms the middle part of "The Choice."

Heart of my heart, I sicken to be with you,
Heart of my heart, my only love and care;
Little I'd reck if ill or well you used me,
Heart of my heart, if I were only there.

Heart of my heart, I faint, I pine to see you,
Christ! how I hate this alien sea and shore!
Gaily this night I'd sell my soul to see you,
Heart of my heart—whom I shall see no more.

It is true that you will look in vain through the book for anything quite as good as this; but so you may look through many books of verse, equally in vain.

"The blue flower," "The magic of the lonely woods," "The secret word": these be the spells of German romanticism; and the famous critic, Brandes, breaks them with the sledge-hammers of *Idleness*, *Lawlessness*, and *Enjoyment*. (**Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature. Vol. II. The Romantic School in Germany.** Heinemann. 9*s*. net.) To the German romanticist nature was one vast cupboard of toys, and he himself a child without any lessons, and free to rummage in it all his life. Singing trees he looked for and golden rams. Tieck came over to Warwickshire and could not endure Shakespeare's country, because the trees did

not grow wild and sing, and because the meadows were full of cattle. Colours and forms resounded; a poem was called a "Rondo" or an "Allegro." Hoffmann, when he was ill, confused his attendants with musical instruments.

Of one who had a soft, languishing voice, he said: "I have been tormented to-day by the flute." Of another, with a deep bass voice: "That insufferable bassoon has been plaguing me the whole afternoon."

Dreams and visions took the place of fact and of reasoning, and Wackenroder believed that his dog knew how to read. Patriotism, split up among a hundred tiny states, disappeared almost altogether. As for religion, men were Atheists at twenty and Roman Catholics by fifty. The whole thing

ended in a sort of witches' Sabbath, in which the philosophers play the part of the old crones, amidst the thunders of the obscurantists, the insane yells of the mystics, and the shouts of the politicians for temporal and ecclesiastical despotism, while theology and theosophy fall upon the sciences and suffocate them with their caresses.

As we read we thank heaven that never in England has there been a Romantic Movement. Wit and warfare, the two guardians of romance, saved it and kept it manly in Paris. Who can wonder at the reaction among a people like the Germans, constitutionally unmilitant and very Scotch in the matter of a joke?

On the clocks, where of old a knight in armour knelt and kissed his lady's finger-tips, Uhlans and Cuirassiers now stand in full uniform. Conical bullets hang as trinkets from watch-chains, and piled muskets form candelabra. The metal in fashion is iron. The word in fashion is also "iron." The present occupation of this nation of philosophers and poets is assuredly not poetry-writing and philosophising. Even highly cultured Germans know little about philosophy nowadays—not one German student in twenty has read a word of Hegel; interest in poetry, as such, is practically dead; political and social questions rouse a hundred times more attention than problems of culture or psychical conundrums. And this is the people which once was lost in Romantic reveries and speculations, and saw its prototype in Hamlet! Hamlet and Bismarck! Bismarck and Romanticism! Unquestionably the great German statesman succeeded in carrying all Germany with him chiefly because he offered to his country in his own person the very qualities of which it had so long felt the want.

The Romanticists were out of touch with the greatest men of their own time. Lessing and Goethe were antipathetic to them, and they soon outgrew Schiller. From Herder they derived their hatred of definite purpose. A purpose is in the future tense; it cannot therefore explain what happens in the present; and, besides, it is inartistic.

The man of genius lives without a definite purpose. . . . *Industry* and *utility* are the angels of death with the flaming swords, who stand in the way of man's return to Paradise.

From Herder, too, they got

the universal receptivity which finds expression in the impulse to translate and explain . . . the first stimulus to a scientific study of both European and Asiatic languages . . . their love for what is national in both their own and foreign literature, their love of Spanish romance and of Shakespeare's plays.

Before the coming of the elder Schlegel, Shakespeare was accessible only in the dull prose of Wieland and Eschenburg. Schlegel at first used Alexandrines, and changed the lilt of the Fairy Songs to please the author of "Lenore." Schiller improved his metre and Goethe his language. The Alexandrines were finally rejected, the superfluous words cast out, so that line stood for line, not nineteen or twenty lines of German for fourteen of English.

Let us consider what this really means. It means not much less than that Shakespeare, as well as Schiller and Goethe, saw the light in Germany in the middle of last century. He was born in England in 1564; he was born again, in his German translator, in 1767. *Romeo and Juliet* was published in London in 1597; it reappeared in Berlin as a new work in 1797.

The romantic Romeos were all in love with ladies who had great eyes and great souls, and they were generally in love with several of these at the same time. If they felt afraid that life was becoming prosy, they shot first the ladies and then themselves. "Werther," Goethe's only popular success except "Hermann und Dorothea," brought suicide into high esteem. Never lived there men so desperately afraid of being bored. Their strife was "not against the wrongs of life but against its prose."

There is a curious chapter comparing Schleiermacher's ideal of marriage with that of George Sand, and with Shelley's.

In Schleiermacher's estimation character is of the first importance; in George Sand's, the heart, and in Shelley's, happiness. These three great writers are the spokesmen of three great nations.

At the outset they were powerfully attracted by the Greeks. All that was human seemed to them (as it had seemed to the Renaissance student of "the Humanities") to be Greek also. As the classical fervour of Goethe and Schiller waxed, and they, like the French, began to employ Greek mythology, "as a universally understood metaphorical language," so the classical fervour of the Romanticists waned, and they began to woo fancy instead of imagination.

When the mist is so thick that it can be cut with a knife, the Romanticists cut it into fourteen pieces and call it a sonnet.

We have but touched on salient points of interest. England has waited all but thirty years for this book, which has been long a standard work on the Continent. Now that we have secured it, we have secured it in excellent form, and the anonymous translator deserves the highest praise. Every one who has read the two already issued will await the four remaining volumes of the series with deep interest.

Mastersingers. By Filson Young. (Reeves. 5*s.* net.)—"In writing about any kind of art, a man may set out upon one of two roads; he may record his own personal impressions about things . . . or . . . he may set himself to estimate and to criticise." So writes Mr. Filson Young. His book places him, on the whole, in the first of his two categories; its interest is a personal interest, although, here and there, it includes a good deal of deliberate criticism, happily expressed. The author at all events has first-hand convictions about which he is in earnest. There are ten Essays, all on musical subjects. The longest and perhaps the best piece of work in the volume is a study of Berlioz, whom Mr. Filson Young compares to Verlaine. He loves him as a man more than he admires him

as a genius, and he takes his most extravagant love affairs—even his romance at sixty-two for a calm old lady of sixty-eight—as seriously as Berlioz did himself. There is a clever paper, also, upon the lack of musical atmosphere in England, full of purpose and animation; although rather too didactic and too full of theory to be always good criticism. Enthusiasm for Wagner and depreciation of Mendelssohn are still the conventional articles of the academic creed and very popular dogmas with young people; and our author is both young and academic. It is fair to add that he is more catholic in his tastes than most of his compeers. His emotions over Isolde have not taken away his taste for Beethoven, and his paper on the Pastoral Symphony is a charming piece of writing:

> A thousand tiny beings [he writes] are at toil under each blade of grass; we seem to see them as they move swiftly about on their various business, and hear them as they cry to one another of their concerns. Every sense is quickened and attuned to the great harmony surrounding us . . . when we bend to mingle ourselves with earth we may touch heaven.

Brahms and Bach also receive Mr. Young's allegiance. Bach, in whom "the artificer is at work beside the artist, the architect waits upon the builder." The essay upon the great organ fugues is pleasant reading, and so are two more upon "Camille Saint-Saëns" and "an Irish Musician." But why, in acknowledging Dr. Stanford and other modern composers, does so appreciative a critic leave out the name of Sir Hubert Parry? It is the reviewer's misfortune that he can never get an answer to his questions.

Mr. H. C. Thomson will be remembered as the author of an excellent account of the Chitral Campaign, distinguished above its competitors by its chapters on the language and poetry of the Chitralis, and on the traces of the influence of Alexander the Great's Eastern Expedition. His new book, **China and the Powers** (Longmans. 10*s*. 6*d*. net), shows the same breadth of view and sympathetic treatment. He is as far from the jingo or the mere journalist as he is from the

pro-Chinese advocates who can believe anything of their own fellow countrymen. In his estimate of the rights of the case he is a patriotic West European; but his policy is more far-sighted, its principles at once more tolerant and more Christian than those of most other speakers and writers on this question. Our aims should be, first, to help China, and thereby to restore our prestige in the East; secondly, and this is less important, to increase our trade; but on no account to annex under any pressure or temptation. "Should it come to partition no Power will suffer so much as ourselves." The disintegration of China would not only be a loss to us commercially, it would be a perpetual menace to peace all over the East, and in particular to our own security in India; for Russia and France "will certainly endeavour to effect a junction by means of the Peking-Hankow, Hankow-Canton, and Tonquin-Yunnan Railways." Our line should be a return to the policy of letting trade develop of itself, without the extortion of concessions, and of loyally supporting the Yangtze Viceroys, who have been our best friends throughout. The indemnities Mr. Thomson considers excessive—he might have added dangerously so—the abolition of provincial examinations impracticable, and the demand for total disarmament utterly futile. We get the general impression that Lord Salisbury has in the main been right all through, but that "irreparable damage" has been caused by the action of those who hoped they had more to gain and knew they had less to lose than ourselves. The conduct of the allied contingents tallied with this, according to the present witness. We commend this extract to M. Loti's attention:

> Our own troops—although they looted like every one else—had no share in any worst excesses, neither the British troops nor the Indian. There were only two cases altogether of court-martial upon native soldiers for serious offences, and none upon British.

The Japanese Press is quoted to corroborate this evidence; but the chapter as a whole is a strong indictment of the allied troops for ferocity, thoughtless cruelty, and callousness. It concludes with these words:

No attempt was made by the Allies to mitigate the sufferings of the homeless thousands by forming concentration camps, as has been mercifully done in South Africa. Those who were not killed were merely left to starve, or to be frozen to death. Indeed, in every way the campaign in South Africa has been in striking contrast to that in China, and shows an honest endeavour on the part of the British commanders to act up to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the Hague Convention, although the Boers were not a party to it, as the Chinese were; and it shows, also, a distinct advance upon the heretofore recognised usage of war. . . . Now in China quarter was seldom given . . . whereas in South Africa it has been accorded, many may think with a mistaken leniency, even when the Boers have deliberately adopted the British uniform. It is a bitter irony, that the British troops, who have acted with a humanity and consideration seldom known in previous wars, should be held up to obloquy in the way they now are; and the irony becomes the more bitter when the terrible deeds are recalled (in which the British troops had no part) committed by the troops of those very nations who are now their most vehement accusers. "Sweep the snow from your own doorstep," says a Chinese proverb, "and do not trouble yourself about the frost on your neighbour's tiles."

The conduct of the Indian troops, as Mr. Thomson remarks, is the more noteworthy because they were acting for the first time outside India practically unsupported by British troops; only one English field-battery and a portion of the Welsh Fusiliers being with them. It also furnishes a crushing answer to those at home and abroad who have so hotly contended that our native forces are unfit on both moral and military grounds to take part in a campaign against a white enemy.

The last two chapters deal with what perhaps lies nearer to the root of the matter than anything else, the history and position of the missionary in China. Most unfortunately the missions have developed, to a degree quite unparalleled elsewhere, a profitable and a political side. The climax was reached when in 1899 the Roman Catholics succeeded in obtaining by Imperial Decree a recognised Chinese status—that of governors for their bishops, and that of magistrates for their priests—with the right of audience in the courts. Lord Salisbury, "acting upon the advice of the bishops of the Church of England missions in China, to the Archbishop of Canterbury," refused to allow this status to be accepted by the

Protestants. A still more wise and right-minded decision was that of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to accept no compensation of any kind from the Chinese Government for their great losses both by death and robbery. "The Chinese," says Mr. Thomson, "have a long memory, and a step of this kind would win their respect as nothing else could." Christianity, he thinks, so exemplified, may yet win its way; otherwise the nation in its desolation and despair will be driven back upon the Buddhism which it has nearly outworn, but which can still write over its temple doors in the darkest hour such words as those seen by the author himself in Pekin, "From ten thousand bitternesses wells the eternal peace."

Nothing more vividly suggestive and convincing has been published about the South African War than **The Epistles of Atkins**, by James Milne. (Unwin. *6s.*)—It is a very slightly woven tissue into which are worked a large number of quotations from the spoken and written words of our soldiers. To extract these would be a long and pleasant business, but it would be unfair; we must content ourselves with saying that to those who wish to make an intimate acquaintance with the chivalry and humour of the British private this book is indispensable.

THE NAVY AND THE ENGINEER

HALF a century has now elapsed since the introduction of the engineering branch into the navies of the world, and for over twenty years the battleship has been without the auxiliary motive-power of masts and sails. With increased importance as the producer of motion, this non-combatant branch has tended to grow at a rate out of all proportion to what the fighting requirements of a warship render desirable, and hence tentative efforts have been made to teach the stokers a certain amount of gunnery. The engineer officers were, however, unaffected by the changes, their responsible duties necessarily absorbing all their attention. Yet, as we shall see later on, the real danger lies in the multiplication of non-combatant officers, making ever-increasing encroachments on the limited accommodation of warships. To realise the change one should compare the complement of the flagship *Marlborough* half a century ago with the flagship *Majestic* of to-day. Capable of accommodating more officers and men, the *Marlborough* could rely on nearly the whole of her complement to assist in combatant duties. She had batteries which were under the eyes of and could be controlled by one officer for the whole length of the deck, instead of a number of isolated positions requiring separate control in action as at present. Nowadays the proportion of the engineering branch may vary from one-third in the battleships to two-thirds in the

destroyers.[1] The difficulty brought about by this increase in the engine-room branch is most acute in the case of the officers, for it is not easy to provide the necessary cabin accommodation in ships without interfering with the ventilation. The many isolated gun and torpedo positions which are now placed in warships, the excessive strain which is caused by modern conditions of high speed and increasing risk in war, the great loss of life in action which now takes place among the combatants above the water line, have thrown on the Admiralty the problem of considering how far the growth of non-combatant officers can be checked in order to allow of that expansion of executive officers which responsible admirals have demanded with growing insistence. We have not only to provide for the requirements of the fighting ships and the numerous craft in reserve on all stations, but also for the auxiliaries which would accompany the fleets in war. These auxiliaries require officers accustomed to the naval methods and ideas of the commander-in-chief so as rapidly to conform to his signals and movements. The problem where they are to come from is one which forces

[1] The following table of the numbers actually borne on April 1 for the year named in the active service ratings of the British navy, shows the development of the different branches :

Year.	Executive Branch.	Engine-room Branch.	Marines.	Other Branches.
1868 . .	31,981	5,391	15,970	11,052
1878 . .	27,911	5,627	13,727	8,508
1888 . .	28,232	8,536	12,847	8,914
1898 . .	44,336	22,289	17,099	11,816
1900 . .	49,222	25,959	18,461	12,865
1902[1] . .	54,260	27,000	19,800	14,300

[1] Estimated.

It will be noticed that the engine-room branch from being less than one-half has grown to nearly double the marine branch and from being one-sixth has grown to one-half of the executive branch. When the First Lord of the Admiralty received a deputation on July 16, 1901, Sir John Colomb pointed out that in 1858 there were not 7 per cent. of the total *personnel* belonging to the engineer branch, and in 1900 over 24 per cent. The increase was a great deal more rapid in the last twelve years than in the previous thirty.

itself on the Admiralty in proportion as war requirements are placed in the foreground. The habit in peace of considering the mere maintenance of the hulls and machinery of ships leads us to exaggerate the importance of mechanical work and carelessly to carry out the war training which should be our primary object. And yet the maintenance of the mechanical efficiency of the ship, though strictly subordinate to fighting requirements, is necessary in order to enable her to overtake an enemy or to gain advantages in action. Hence, when proceeding at speed or chasing with the bow guns in action, the deck hands whether from the guns or ammunition supply are spared to assist in the engine-room. At such times rapid movement is of the first importance, and as practical men we do not care how we obtain it so long as we get it. If the motive-power had remained, as in the days of masts and sails, above deck under the eyes of the executive officers who *direct* the motion of the ship, the chances are that a separate engineering branch would never have been created.

I have frequently read diatribes concerning an alleged deficiency of engine-room complements of which this use of deck hands in the engine-room is the text. These are usually written by so-called naval experts—more familiar with the navigation of Fleet Street than of the sea—who possess the barrister's ability to ignore the crux of a question in order to make a case over its details. When a sailor has accustomed himself to circumvent the many difficulties of his profession, he acquires that "reach of sea understanding" of which the most wholesome lesson is compromise. It dawns upon him that the conditions of a mail steamer which subordinates everything to speed, works on routine lines, and maintains deck-hands purely for navigation purposes, are radically different from those of a man-of-war which mainly requires men for the business of fighting. This saving experience prevents admirals from advising futile efforts to organise the crew of a ship "in water-tight compartments," but rather to use a crew as a whole to face situations as they are created and train them for the

probable events, not of an occasional day, but of the whole period of a war.

At this moment the problem of maintaining the mechanical efficiency of the ship without sacrificing her fighting-power, is engaging the attention of the seven great navies of the world. In Great Britain it is known that repeated representations were made from afloat against the division of responsibility between the engineers and executive officers in connection with the fighting equipment of ships. At the same time it is fairly obvious that the existing system of control of the engine-room department cannot be satisfactorily maintained in face of any sudden expansion of the navy because of the lengthy preliminary five years course at Keyham College where there are now 186 students, including 12 studying for naval constructors. The question naturally suggests itself whether the present number of four to six engineer officers in our big ships can be reduced. On the one hand, due heed might be given to the representations from afloat and the engineer relieved of a large measure of his work outside the engine-room. On the other hand, he could be given the services of a number of practical engineers from the artificer class who, mercantile shipping experience teaches us, are none the less fitted for driving and maintaining the engines, under the control of the chief engineer, because they have not undergone the somewhat theoretical studies at Keyham. Of the other nations, the United States alone, having a small navy to deal with, has made the momentous change of sweeping away the non-combatant engineer, and vesting his duties in what is known as the line officer in the U.S. Navy or the executive officer in the British Navy. It is acknowledged that for the present the experiment is a failure, though time, if peace is vouchsafed, may bring it the fruition of success. To apply a similar revolution to a great profession of such large dimensions as the British Navy, would be a much more risky and arduous undertaking. The step was admittedly taken by the Navy Department as a lesser evil than the anarchy which would have resulted from yielding

to the demands of the engineering associations using their influence as a powerful trades union.

To condemn an extreme course is no reason why we should fly to the opposite pole. For many years past our executive officers have been forced to fritter away much of their valuable time in obsolete work, while the engineer, as a temporary expedient, was conceded the maintenance of the mechanical appliances for fighting as well as the engines for driving the ship. The transfer of the hydraulic, electric and torpedo machinery to the executive officer has been successfully effected in more than one foreign navy. The resultant gains have been unity of control and clear and definite responsibility, such as we find already exists in the maintenance of discipline in our navy, where, even if soldiers are embarked, they come under the provisions of the Naval Discipline Act, and are liable to punishment by the captain of the ship, who is solely responsible for discipline.

The general principle which appears to have influenced Lord Selborne's Board in issuing the famous circular which will gradually bring about a great change in the navy, is that the machinery to be handed over to the executive officers is part of the fighting equipment of the ship, and the officers who use it in action should be responsible for its efficiency. The officers should be made to understand it and be able to effect ship repairs should a breakdown occur in any part of the fighting equipment. All this is but the recognition in an age of machinery that we are all engineers, just as a leading statesman, glancing at the universal tendency towards co-operation, declared in Parliament that we are all Socialists nowadays.

In the French and German navies we find a fundamental difference to the British in the system of recruiting engineer officers. They are taken from the same class in life as our own Royal Naval artificers, and as the splendid force of engineers in our mercantile marine. This suggests another remedy for our difficulties where again we can avoid the extreme courses which have resulted in making the engineer

question in foreign navies a more urgent one than in our own. We can substitute, as far as desirable, an artificer-engineer class for the present engineer officer whose training is so largely theoretical.[1] By these steps, which the Admiralty are now taking, we combine the best of both the German and American systems. The engineer officer is being enabled to devote himself to his original and legitimate function of driving the ship in obedience to orders transmitted from the bridge. In maintaining the engines at their greatest efficiency he has the services of a class of practical men who have come from the great engineering works of England. The improved prospects held out to the artificers are inducing a better class to join. The position some years ago was described by Mr. John Burns, M.P., when speaking for a deputation to the First Lord of the Admiralty, May 31, 1894:

> The best apprentices, the biggest in brain and the strongest in body, made for the mercantile marines. . . . The reason why the navy did not get the best class of artificer was that the gate to promotion was shut to him, and immediately that became known in a shop where there were many apprentices, they would say to one another, "I can only be a chief engine-room artificer in the navy, and that is not equal to being second engineer on board an ordinary line of steamers."

Since then, as we have seen, the Admiralty have provided for 200 artificer engineers. As experience will probably show that these men are of greater practical value for supervising and working machinery than young engineers entered from Keyham, the numbers are likely to go on increasing.

The two methods of solution indicated above might have been beneficially carried out ten years ago. The change was retarded by the absorption of the executive branch in the training under masts and sails, to the detriment of their mechanical knowledge of warships; and by misleading com-

[1] See appendix for the increase of the artificer-engineers. It should be stated that, even if we have ultimately to promote these officers to commissioned rank, the concession will be one to which there can be no objection on the score of education and training. This has been the great stumbling-block to promotion from the lower-deck in the combatant branch.

parisons being drawn between the position of the educated class from which the engine-room artificers were drawn, and the equivalent ranks of chief petty officers of the combatant branch. The question of masts and sails—dealt with in the early numbers of this Review—may, however, be dismissed here, it having been officially stated to be no longer part of the active-service training.[1] I will only quote Lord Selborne's memorandum on the Navy Estimates, not merely because of the stress laid on the necessity of mechanical training for the modern seaman, but also because it emphasises with true insight the necessary predominance of gunnery in training and organisation:

> If I am asked what is essential, I would reply all sea knowledge which is necessary for the management of modern vessels of war and their boats under all conditions, and gunnery and torpedo work in all its branches. Further, I

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[1] I have no desire to conceal my opinion that masts and sails training ought to be entirely abolished. In all things we should concentrate, and I have no hesitation in saying that the continuance of the present obsolete training of boys seriously militates against the efficiency of our future navy by absorbing time and attention in a system which must die out by force of circumstances in the near future. It is, however, only fair to quote the argument in Lord Selborne's memorandum (1902): "If the Board had believed that service in masted ships was essential for the proper training of the seamen of the fleet, a new squadron of sailing-ships would have had to be provided, however difficult and inconvenient. I desire that there should be no ambiguity on this subject, and therefore state plainly that the Board do not consider exercise with masts and yards to be essential for the proper training of the officers or seamen of the fleet, and that henceforth it is abandoned as a necessary part of their education after they have left the training-ships. The brigs are retained for the boys in connection with the training-ships, and the 'cruiser' is used in the Mediterranean as an adjunct to the training of the seamen, because practice in masts and yards is excellent both for mind and body. This no one doubts; the question is, is it an essential factor in the sea-training of a modern naval officer or seaman in order to make him the perfect instrument of warfare which he should be? It is that question which the Board answers in the negative, and the occasions on which, in their opinion, such training is permissible and valuable are those on which it does not displace any part of that training which is essential or conflicts with the exigencies of the service in the manning and commissioning of fighting-ships."

believe that the training of the modern seaman should more and more adapt itself to the peculiar characteristics of the ships he has to man. As oars gave place to sails, so sails have yielded to engines, and timber to metal. *The training of the seaman should, therefore, be directed towards a knowledge of the structure and machinery of a modern man-of-war, and capacity and handiness to deal with and repair it.* Gunnery, however, is the most important of all, and in gunnery the emulation between H.M. ships is becoming very keen. But our seamen and marine gunners must be able to shoot straight at long as well as at medium ranges; they must be able to hit their target with the guns trained in any direction in which they will bear, and, above all, they must never become fair-weather gunners. Emulation therefore must not be allowed to lead to a restricted selection of conditions and weather for target practice.

In furtherance of this policy the Admiralty have, as we stated, decided to hand over the hydraulic machinery for working guns, and the entire electric and torpedo arrangements to the charge of gunnery and torpedo lieutenants.[1] In order to provide for checking further increase in the number of the engineer officers the Admiralty are adding to the number of the artificer engineers and artificers. Engine-room artificers can now reach warrant rank at twenty-nine years of age, and the prospects now opening up to this deserving class of public servants cannot fail in time to attract a type of engineer as superior as the engineers of the mercantile marine.

In connection with the policy outlined above, it is desirable to state here that a most misleading diagram has been widely circulated by the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders. The diagram gives the growth of the number of engineer officers since 1882 and the aggregate indicated horse-power of the ships of the Royal Navy. It is characteristic of the bad faith with which an agitation from without the navy has been conducted that all mention of the artificers is omitted from the diagram. On taking the trouble to plot the growth of this important branch (*see* Appendix

[1] The anomaly of engineer officers having the care and maintenance of any of the fighting equipment is evidenced by the fact that instruction is given to them by executive officers in the school ships at home, and the text-books on guns, torpedoes, hydraulic and electrical machinery are compiled by executive officers.

Note) on to the diagram, I found it exactly to correspond with the increase of horse-power. It must not be supposed from the fact that the matter is dealt with here that I should attribute to any sensible man, acting in good faith, the belief that those who drive engines must increase in number as the engines increase in power. The whole history of invention is against such an absurd idea. I could wish indeed that this were the worst of the erroneous statements which have been disseminated in the course of an agitation for forcing the hands of the Admiralty on questions of discipline and organisation which are exceedingly dangerous for civilians to meddle with. It has been several times insinuated that service in the engine-rooms of the Royal Navy is unpopular and that discipline is not good. Assertions by irresponsible outside critics are worthless unless substantiated by facts. What are the facts? Service in the engine-room is so popular that a higher percentage of stokers re-engage after their twelve years' service than is the case with seamen or marines. In the following table I have set out the official figures, showing that by the latest available returns over 90 per cent. of the stokers re-engage:

	Percentage who re-engage at once or within 12 months.	
Year.	Seamen.	Stokers.
1887	75·8	86·2
1888	67·6	80·7
1889	66·8	85·9
1890	67·6	84·7
1891	67	82·4
1892	69·2	85·2
1893	75·6	85·1
1894	77·8	87·5
1895	77	91·2 [1]

To get a comparative idea of the position, I examined the Board of Trade returns as to desertions from the mercantile marine. The tables show that in the foreign trade 66,646

[1] Figures for 1897, as stokers entering in 1885 engaged for twelve years.

firemen and trimmers deserted in the three years 1898, 1899, and 1900. Fifty per cent. of the total desertions from steamships in the mercantile marine were from the engine branch. The table and these comparative statistics are sufficient to show the popularity of service in the engine-rooms of his Majesty's ships. That the discipline is good can be ascertained in a moment from the court-martial returns of the navy, which show that there are fewer offences against discipline in the engine-room than elsewhere. The statement was only put forward in order to favour a suggestion to transfer the discipline of a portion of the crew from the executive officers of the ship to the engineer officers, and to set up an *imperium in imperio* on board ship by the establishment of a separate corps of Royal Naval Engineers. In an interview in the *Daily Graphic*, March 15, 1902, Lord Charles Beresford used some weighty words on this point, which (coming from an admiral who is fresh from sea experience in our largest fleet, and who is known to identify himself with all under him to an unusual degree) are of great interest:

> Many difficulties that occur in the army are due to the separate corps, often jealous of each other. It is a natural result of the state of affairs. In the navy we are always on active service, and we all pull together with one object in view—the navy. . . . The intervention of public bodies is most undesirable in questions of discipline. We have a remarkably fine body of engineers who retain their ascendency over the men working in the engine-room by their personal courage and knowledge of their work. . . . The executive officer commences to learn the art of give and take when dealing with men at a very young age. I am certain that the men would not like to be subject at one moment to punishment in the engine-room by an engineer, and, at another, on the mess deck or in boats by an executive officer. To punish a man is the most disagreeable duty falling to the lot of an officer. There is not a shadow of a shade of reason for the demand which has been made from outside the navy that the engineers should punish a part of the crew."

As a widely circulated pamphlet issued by the engineering associations attributes the position taken up by experienced naval officers to "jealousy or apathy," it would be interesting to hear if they attribute these qualities to Lord Charles

Beresford. I have no doubt "the artillery boys" who gave St. Vincent and Nelson so much trouble, attributed the position taken up by the two officers to "jealousy and apathy."

The imperative necessity of basing the organisation of the navy on the requirements of fighting efficiency, attained as economically as possible, is the reason that throughout history it has been found impossible wholly to satisfy the aspirations of any branch of the navy for the simple and sole reason that promotion is for the few, since those who obey are many and those who command are few. Some one must command, and it is equally certain that the charge must be vested in a man fitted by previous training for the responsibility of enforcing discipline, ensuring the safety of the ship from the accidents of navigation, and gaining the position of advantage in action. To act otherwise would be as foolish as for a man to shut his eyes and allow the legs, which produce motion, to carry him blindly along. Hence it follows that, as there are some 400 ships in commission in the Royal Navy, it is possible to offer positions to the executive ranks which exist by force of nature. It is absurd to suppose that equivalent positions, beyond what have been granted this year, can be artificially created for marine engineers any more than they can in the lines of our great steamship companies or in the other branches of the navy, such as the Royal Marines, medical and accountant branches. If a sufficient number of high posts cannot be granted to tempt a large number of candidates to be examined for entry into the Engineering College at Keyham, the only way a balance can be effected between the upper and lower ranks is by cutting down the number of engineer officers in the junior ranks. As Mr. Arnold Forster said in a very clearly thought-out speech in the House of Commons (February 21, 1902), "the more they increased the *personnel* of the engineers' branch the more they destroyed the chance of the promotion of engineers." We have thus an additional inducement to support the Admiralty policy of promoting experienced artificers, since it enables us to reduce the number of inexperienced young engineer officers,

while giving the latter, as they advance in years, greater chances of promotion in proportion to their number.

It will also be seen by the chronology (given in an Appendix Note) that repeated increases of pay have been conceded until naval engineers are, from a pecuniary point of view, better off than the equivalent ranks of executive officers. There can, however, be no comparison between two such different branches of the navy as the engineer and the executive. This distinction reveals itself in many ways, such as, for instance, allowing the engineer to count service on shore or in harbour as sea service, as unlike the executive officer it is not considered that he suffers deterioration through spells of shore service. Broadly speaking, the engineer may be said to perform mechanical duties in which ordinary professional ability qualifies for promotion by seniority, while the combatant officers, having the entire direction of the ships and a power of choice involving judgment, initiative and courage to an abnormal extent, have to be very carefully selected for employment and promotion. The cream of the profession has to be rapidly advanced in rank in order that the command of the squadrons and ships may be vested in the hands of men in the prime of life. These considerations force the Admiralty to deal with the executive officers from a different standpoint to the other branches of the navy. It is a dangerous fallacy to imagine that an artificial relation between the executive and other branches can be effected such as might very well exist if men-of-war were regular merchant vessels and never had to fight.

I have no desire to write harshly concerning the agitation conducted by certain rich engineering associations in England, beyond saying that there has been too little discussion and too much "lobbying" with the view of coercing the Admiralty. History tells us of one great attempt at interference with the organisation and discipline of a navy. This was the unchecked interference of the French Revolution with the system of control in the French navy prior to the outbreak of war in 1793. It resulted in placing in control of ships men capable

of imparting motion, but unskilled in the art of fighting and directing the ships with advantage. The result is matter of history. That danger is not with us yet; but there are many stages on the road to inefficiency, and the demands of the civilian engineering associations outline, as in a map, a journey along the route. Over in Germany the executive control is being strengthened in all matters. There they are eagerly watching British naval changes, and no more decisive step towards the boundless maritime aspirations of the Emperor could be taken than the destruction of the homogeneity of the British navy by the efforts of faddists. As one who takes as much pride in the engineer branch of the navy as he does in the executive, my wish is to guard the naval engineers from the discredit of ill-advised agitation nominally undertaken on their behalf. We can welcome discussion, as distinct from coercive agitation, however erroneous may be the ideas of those taking part, for it exercises a good influence like the stirring of the pool of Bethesda. So, in another article, I propose to take point by point those demands of the engineering associations which have been circulated to the press and influential public bodies.

One parting word of caution in this article is necessary. It seems to be inferred by some speakers in the House of Commons that the engineers must be exalted to a primacy over other branches because a ship cannot get on without her engines. That a ship cannot get on without her engines or a man without his cook are types of those fatuous assertions of the obvious which occasionally pass for argument. A man cannot get on without his heart, but we do not dethrone the brain from its functions of thinking and planning, will and volition, nor is it likely that we are going to undermine the directive power of the navy because the heart of a ship is mechanism. History relates that when railways were first introduced into Spain, the simple peasants stared aghast at the train because the mule was not visible. The mystery was solved to their satisfaction by the explanation that the mule went inside the train. In this age of machinery, when

we have all perforce to be engineers, I am afraid we are somewhat like the Spanish peasants, in that, wherever movement is concerned, we can only see mechanism. The executive naval officer is cast in a different mould, and his crime appears to be, in the eyes of the mechanical world, the indifferent levity he displays as to how results are achieved so long as he gets them. Hence the artillery mess yarn from Ladysmith that "the naval man sights his gun by firing a shot, and if it falls short the order is given 'cock it up'!" Doubtless this is sadly different to the vernacular of the drill book, and is not a precise indication of the number of degrees of elevation required, but it seems to point to that effect of environment in which the sailor behind the gun and his officer grew up together. What a contrast the life is to the life of mechanism! Down in the depth of the steel ship which a rock can shatter, you hear the modern symphony of humanity monotonously grinding man to an embodiment of its kind, while above deck lies nature's battlefield, and you hear its call and counter-cry. On the bridge the man is listening, seeing and judging as he pits his intelligence against nature and against his enemy. His whole life is a struggle in which he learns the essential difference between the man and the machine, and all that is necessary to the discipline of the sea. He cannot tell you of this experience he has lived through from boyhood to manhood.

> "Would'st thou," so the helmsman answered,
> "Learn the secret of the sea?
> Only those who brave its dangers
> Comprehend its mystery."

Listen to the breakers against the rocks and to the music of the syrens in the fog; watch day and night for a peep of one of the heavenly bodies to fix a position when treacherous currents sweep to the shore; peer into the gloom of the night for the swift little craft that can send your ship to the bottom from a mile away; bring a fleet of thirty vessels to anchor in the Scillies; then when you have been in hundreds of such episodes as occur in varying combinations day by day, you

realise that the old struggle for supremacy is intensified a hundredfold. Greater responsibility for the safety of the ship must carry with it enlarged powers, and in all seriousness it must be asked, Is this the time to introduce into our ships a Royal Naval Corps of Engineers with the titles and none of the essential functions of executive officers? Such a division of the part from the whole is known in politics as an *imperium in imperio*, and in a navy we know it well as the dry rot of a fighting force.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

APPENDIX NOTE

(1) To avoid confusing the text of the two articles dealing with the engineer question, it may be as well to throw into the form of a chronology the various important changes which have been made during a quarter of a century in the position of engineer officers. The table speaks for itself.

Date of Order in Council.		Nature.
1877.	April 30.	Increase in numbers of inspectors of machinery and chief engineers. Improved scale of full, half and retired pay. Reduction of numbers of engineers and assistant engineers. Merging of ranks of first and second assistant engineers. Certain alterations in relative rank.
1882.	Nov. 30.	Number of engineer officers reduced to 650. Increase of full and half pay to chief inspectors of machinery and inspectors of machinery. Increase of full pay to engineers after nine years' service.
1886.	Feb. 17.	Ranks of fleet engineer and staff engineer established. Alterations as to relative rank of officers.
1886.	Nov. 10.	Number of engineer officers increased to 750.
1893.	March 15.	Number of fleet, staff, and chief engineers increased from 250 to 280.
1894.	April 30.	Number of engineer officers increased to 785 from April 1, 1894, and to 850 from April 1, 1895.
1894.	June 27.	Rank of assistant engineer for temporary service established.
1895.	July 4.	Increase of pay to chief inspectors of machinery, inspectors of machinery, fleet, staff, and chief engineers. Maximum of retired pay to inspectors of machinery raised from £450 to £500 per annum, and to fleet, staff, and chief engineers from £400 to £450 per annum.

Date of Order in Council.	Nature.
1897. Feb. 26.	Retired pay of chief inspectors of machinery increased from £500 to £550 per annum.
1897. May 18.	Number of engineer officers increased to 950. *Introduction of the rank of artificer engineer. Fifty warrant officers of artificer engineers rank included in the above number.*
1899. Feb. 2.	Number of engineer officers gradually increased to 1050, *including* 100 *artificer engineers.*
1900. June 29.	Rank of engineer-in-chief of the navy established. Rank of staff engineer abolished. Alterations of relative rank of engineer officers. Improved full pay, &c. (The Order in Council made certain changes in the allowance for charge of engines, &c., and consolidated existing regulations as to full, half and retired pay.) (Estimated cost of charges about £15,000 per annum.)
	The number of inspectors of machinery was increased. The number of engineer officers increased to 1058, *including* 100 *artificer engineers.*
1901. March 25.	Number of engineer officers increased gradually from 1058 to 1138, *including* 140 *artificer engineers.*
Speech of Mr. Arnold-Forster, House of Commons, Feb. 21, 1902.	Three additional chief inspectors of machinery and seven inspectors of machinery to be created. Increased allowance to engineer officers in charge of machinery of destroyers.

Engine-room Artificers.

(2) Statement showing numbers of chief and other E.R.A.s on dates stated :

Date.	Chief E.R.A.	E.R.A.	Total.
January 1, 1882	81	597	678
„ 1, 1883	86	667	753
„ 1, 1884	99	702	801
„ 1, 1885	112	822	934
„ 1, 1886	136	1010	1146
„ 1, 1887	155	930	1085
„ 1, 1888	185	987	1172
„ 1, 1889	198	1040	1238
„ 1, 1890	207	1154	1361
„ 1, 1891	260	1255	1515
„ 1, 1892	306	1297	1603
„ 1, 1893	302	1300	1602

Date.	Chief E.R.A.	E.R.A.	Total
January 1, 1894	341	1255	1596
„ 1, 1895	374	1518	1892
„ 1, 1896	381	1710	2091
„ 1, 1897	469	1786	2255
„ 1, 1898	505	1931	2436
„ 1, 1899	520	2148	2668
„ 1, 1900	575	2375	2950
„ 1, 1901	633	2549	3182
„ 1, 1902	664	2658	3322

Artificer Engineers (*first appointed April* 1, 1898).

(3) Numbers of artificer engineers on dates stated:

January 1, 1899	45
„ 1, 1900	75
„ 1, 1901	100
„ 1, 1902	133

It should be noted that one of the chief difficulties in connection with the engine-room department in the U.S. Navy arose through the neglect of the Navy Department to create a class of machinists corresponding to our engine-room artificers. When it was determined to let the engineer officers die out, strenuous efforts were made to introduce this class of machinist into the U.S. Navy.

THE LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN

OF all the great officers of state whose existence an English coronation brings into sudden prominence, the most remarkable, perhaps, is the Lord Great Chamberlain. For the public the most recent revelation of the part he takes in that solemnity is the "Order of Service" lately issued, which shows how close, in the ancient ceremony, is his personal attendance on the King. Standing on his Majesty's left hand, assisting him when he advances, disrobing him of the crimson robes, girding him with the kingly sword, touching his heels with the golden spurs, and fastening the clasps of Imperial mantle or pall of cloth, he takes an active share in investing the King with the royal insignia. Yet even this, distinguished though it be, by no means exhausts the functions which the Lord Great Chamberlain is historically entitled to discharge. Indeed, it is with his other services, the services in respect of which he was specially entitled to his fees that the petitions always presented, on his behalf, to the Court of Claims were more especially concerned. These services were actually performed, and the fees appurtenant received, so recently as at George IV.'s coronation, but since then, as is generally known, the ceremonies surrounding the actual coronation have been very greatly reduced. The following extract is taken from the actual "Coronation Roll" of George IV.; it faithfully reproduces the traditional claims of the office, and the same precedent

was followed, before the recent Court of Claims, in the petition presented by Lord Ancaster for his present Majesty's coronation:

> That your Petitioner . . . claims . . . that He may have Livery and Lodging in the King's Court at all times and bring to his Majesty on the day of his Royal Coronation his Majesty's Shirt, Stockings, and Drawers, that your Petitioner together with the Lord Chamberlain of the Household for the time being may dress his Majesty in all his Apparell on that day and that your Petitioner may have all Profits and Fees thereunto belonging viz. Forty Yards of Crimson velvet for his Robes against the day of his Majesty's Coronation together with the Bed wherein the King lays [*sic*] the Night previous to the Coronation with all the Vallances and Curtains thereof and all the Cushions and Clothes within the Chamber together with the Furniture of the same and also the Night Robe of the King wherein his Majesty is vested the Night previous to the Coronation and likewise to serve his Majesty with water as well before as after Dinner on the said Day of his Royal Coronation and to have the Basons and Towels and the Cup of Assay for his Fee.

The whole claim was allowed, except the Cup of Assay (a standing bone of contention), and the official record goes on to state that, on the day of coronation:

> The said Lord the King having the preceding Night repaired privately to the residence of the Speaker of the House of Commons at Westminster where he reposed and having been in one of the Chambers there clothed in his Royal Robes came from thence and entered the Great Hall most splendidly ornamented where he seated himself on the throne, &c. &c.

We further read that the regalia, being then brought "in solemn procession . . . according to ancient custom," were delivered to the High Constable of England, who then delivered them in turn to "the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain of England."

At the coronation of William IV. the same claim was made and allowed, "except as to the serving his Majesty with water before and after dinner and the fees consequent upon such last-mentioned service," owing to the abandonment of the state banquet in Westminster Hall. But the coronation of a Queen Regnant obviously raised difficulties, the precedent for the claim on that occasion was, of course, the petition presented at the coronation of Anne. But the terms of that petition

were so outspoken as to be scarcely quotable to-day by any but a lady novelist, and their "very great highnesses," the Commissioners of the Court of Claims—who had begun their proceedings by recording the fact that William III. had been "called by God from his earthly crown to heaven"—decided that the claimant earl should discharge his preliminary duties by some deputy acceptable to the Queen. He duly secured, however, £300 "as a Composition for ye furniture of her Maties Bedchamber and for 2 pieces of Arras hangings of the story of Cæsar and Pompey, and the Green Velvet Embroidered State set up in Westminster Hall." Twelve years later he obtained no less than £350 as a similar composition, the perquisites having included at that coronation, "two rich pieces of Arras hangings of a Sett called Tobias," and "one piece of Tapestry hangings of a suit called the Seasons."

There is, at least, one other occasion on which we are forcibly reminded of the existence of a Great Chamberlain; for as far back as the records extend, that is, as far as the Revolution, we find the Houses of Parliament, as part of the Palace of Westminster, under his charge. Whether the mystic key, which forms the symbol of his office, applies to this important charge, or to the traditional connection of the office with the King's personal treasure,[1] his control of the palace is a very real one, as is shown not only by printed notices, but by the existence within the precincts of his own office and secretary. It is only, however, when the Sovereign opens Parliament in person that the public awakes to the fact

[1] Dr. Stubbs defined the Chamberlain, in the Norman period, as a "financial officer" in the household; and a well-known tale of Edward the Confessor describes how, in his bedroom—

"Hugelin
The Chamberlain, who takes some money,
Carries off as much as he wished
To pay to his seneschals
To his caterers and marshals,
But in his haste he forgets
That he shuts not the chest."

of the Great Chamberlain's powers. It may be remembered that last year Parliament was so opened on February 14, and that the arrangements then made by "the Lord Great Chamberlain" were severely criticised by rumpled members of the Lower House of Parliament. Replying to a volley of questions in the Commons on the following day, Mr. Balfour stated that "the arrangements are in charge of the hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain;" adding, "I really do not know on what basis the jurisdiction of the hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain rests."[1] What would the House have said if it had known that the autocratic power which it found so distasteful had been exercised by one who had received no authority to do so, and who, as will be seen below, had simply usurped the right? For, as was justly observed in Lord Ancaster's Case, "it has not appeared intelligible upon what grounds the Marquess of Cholmondeley assumed the office, nor why he was permitted to execute it."[2]

The feudal court of a Norman King is reproduced at every coronation by calling, as it were, from their graves the ghosts of its great offices, as by the performance of certain services due from tenants by Grand Serjeanty. Of these relics of a distant past the Chamberlainship alone has preserved its thread of life unbroken through the centuries. The Constableship and the Stewardship flit, as it were, across the scene; the Marshalship is a relatively modern creation held under a patent dating only from 1672, but the Chamberlainship, which now exists, is that which was betowed by Henry I. on his trusted officer, Aubrey de Vere, in or about the year 1133. Towering above the valley of the Colne, in a remote corner of Essex, there still stands the noble keep, unrivalled perhaps among its fellows, which appears, from its likeness to Rochester, to date from this very time, and to which "Castle" Hedingham, the Domesday seat of the De Veres, owes its distinctive prefix. There they flourished from

[1] *Times*, February 16, 1902, p. 8.

[2] "Case on behalf of the . . . Earl of Ancaster on his claim that he is Lord Great Chamberlain of England," p. 10.

the Conquest to the seventeenth century, and even later there were still to be seen near the foot of their castle "wild vines bearing red grapes," the still lingering descendants of the vineyard of its Domesday lord.

The long and close connection of this ancient race with the castle was of more than sentimental interest. In the recent contest in the House of Lords for their great hereditary office it had to be established that the right thereto was not dependent, as alleged on at least one occasion, on the tenure of Castle Hedingham. Indeed, much of the difficulty, in the present as in the past, involved in the descent of that office is due to the persistent efforts made by the De Veres themselves to unite not only the castle and the office, but even the earldom bestowed upon the son of the first Great Chamberlain, and to entail them all together on their heirs male for ever. Insensibly, perhaps, we have come to associate the name they so proudly bore with all that is noblest in Norman blood; "the Lady Clara Vere de Vere" is a standing witness to the fact. And this is the *leitmotif* that runs throughout their history that was even heard, as we shall see, in the cry of an English judge. The famous entail on which all turned in 1626 was executed just before his death by the sixteenth earl (1562). In it he recited that:

> the Erldome of Oxinford and the honors, castles, . . . of the same Erldome together with the Offyce of Greate Chamberlayneshipp of England . . . have of longetyme contynued remayned and bene in the name of the Veeres from heire male to heire male by tytle of an ancyent entayle thereof,

and that he was "perswaded in consciens" to provide that all this "sholde and myght contynew go remayne and be in the name of the Veeres from heire male to heire male forever yf yt maye please Almyghtye God so to permytt and suffer." As a matter of fact it did not please that excellent lawyer, Mr. Justice Doddridge, in 1626. In the meanwhile, the earl's successor, "the first who brought perfumed gloves and such like fineries out of Italy," was in a fair way, as an accomplished spendthrift at the court of "great Eliza," to wreck his whole

inheritance. But his father-in-law, the grave Burghley, induced him to execute a fresh settlement in 1575:

remembrynge and considerynge the longe contynuance of his saide house and famylie in the name of the Veers, whereof he is lyneallye discended, in the grace and favour of the kinge and prince in whose tymes they have lyved, and in alliance and kindred with most of the auncient nobilitie of this realme, and in the good will and good lykinge of the Commonaltie of the same realme, and having therefore a speciall desire and care to preserve, contynue, &c. . . . the said honourable house, famylie, and name most like to his noble auncestors, &c. &c.[1]

The glamour of the famous name was acknowledged even on the bench; in the great contest for the earldom, the baronies appendant, and the office, in 1625–6, between Robert de Vere, the heir male, a poor officer in the Dutch army, and Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, who claimed to be heir-general, Crewe, the Chief Justice, called on to deliver his opinion, began with an often quoted exordium, sober and yet ornate with the stately eloquence of the age:

Here is represented unto your lordships *certamen honoris*, and as I may well say *illustris honoris*, illustrious honour.

I heard a great peer of this realm and a learned, say, when he lived, there was no King in Christendom had such a subject as Oxford.

He came in with the Conqueror Earl of Guisnes, (and was) shortly after the Conquest made great chamberlain of England, above five hundred years ago, by Henry I., the Conqueror's son. . . .

This great honour, this high and noble dignity, hath continued ever since in the remarkable surname of De Vere by so many ages, descents, and generations, as no other kingdom can produce such a peer in one and the self same name and title. . . .

I have laboured to make a covenant with myself that affection may not press upon judgment; for I suppose there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness but his affection stands to the continuance of so noble a name and house, and would take hold of a twig or twine-thread to

[1] From the original among the De Vere papers in the possession of Mr. Round, M.P. It is possible that the allusion to the "good liking of the Commonalty" may refer to the Petition to Henry IV. (1399) by "the Commons of England in Parliament" that "come le chaumberlaynrie Dengleterre de droit de temps dont memorie ne court appartient al count Doxenforde," it might be restored to the then Earl (which the King refused).

uphold it; and yet time hath his revolution; there must be a period and an end to all temporal things, *finis rerum,* an end of names and dignities, and whatsoever is terrene; and why not of De Vere?

For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality.

And yet let the name and dignity of De Vere stand so long as it pleaseth God.

The sympathy of the day was with the poor officer, "who had scarce any means to live on but a captain's place under the United Provinces, and seeing," continued Sir Symonds d'Ewes, "that Lord Willoughby thought to carry it by his power and wealth against him," he and Sir Robert Cotton gave him the benefit of their "best skill and searches together." In a contemporary letter we read that: "My Lord Willoughby's pretences are much wondered at and every one desires the continuance of these great honours in the name of Vere." Sir Symonds, who deemed the Berties upstarts as compared with Vere, similarly wrote that:

Lord Willoughby de Eresby to all men's wonder and the great distaste of most, . . . did claim both the Earldom and the place of Lord Great Chamberlain of England also; which had, with little interruption, been joined near upon 500 years last past together in that great and noble surname of Vere. Whereas the family of Bertie was certainly very mean and ordinary in the male line.

Even the Earl and Countess of Derby, although more nearly related to the last earl, refrained from opposing the heir-male, "in honour to the name of Veres."

By a bare majority, however, the judges decided that not mere private entail could divert the descent of so great an office, the majority holding, through the mouth of Mr. Justice Doddridge, that the words "in fee," of the original charter must be construed as in the case of an earldom created in fee, and not as in the case of a grant of land. By this decision, which the House of Lords adopted and made its own, it was established that the Great Chamberlainship of England did not descend like a piece of land, or even like an ordinary

office, in other words that it did not descend according to the rule of the common law.

The high office which thus passed to Lord Willoughby d'Eresby became again the object of dispute on the death of his heir, the Duke of Ancaster, in 1779. As the Duke left two sisters, a question arose at once as to what became of the office. If its history had then been as accurately known as the late hearing has made it, the question ought to have been solved without any difficulty by following the exact precedent of 1526, when an Earl of Oxford had died holding the office, and leaving three sisters. Neither these nor any of their heirs ever obtained the office, which the Crown, it is now known, resumed and proceeded to grant for life to several nobles in succession. Unfortunately, however, the Attorney-General, in 1779, was imperfectly informed on the subject, or as it was guardedly expressed by the present Attorney-General in his report to the King on Lord Ancaster's claim, "it does not appear that the Attorney-General was advised of the facts concerning the procedure followed in the reign of King Henry VIII." Consequently the rights of the Crown were not, as they should have been, asserted, "no argument," to quote further, "being adduced to show that in the reign of Henry VIII. the office had been held otherwise than in fee by John, Earl of Oxford, who died in 1540." It is the discovery, subsequently made, that this Earl held only in virtue of a grant for life from the Crown that has revolutionised the history of the office and that compelled the Crown to assert, at the recent hearing, its rights.

Search was made, at my suggestion, on behalf of the Crown, for the actual report of the Attorney-General in 1779, and its discovery established the fact that his conclusion in favour of the right of the eldest daughter was based on what is known as the Duke of Buckingham's case in the reign of Henry VIII., for which he relied, like a true lawyer, not on original evidence but on "several books of authority." Parrot-like, these books have repeated in turn a statement which was brilliantly

assailed by Mr. Asquith as nothing but an interpolation, and which, certainly, no historian would dream of accepting as valid. But lawyers accept with awe what historians would dismiss with scorn. As it seems to me, it is over again, the story of Pinnel's case as treated in Coke upon Littleton, that "long ju-ju" of the law. The Attorney-General's conclusion was not adopted by the House which, in 1781, propounded to the judges certain questions, framed by Lord Mansfield, as to the right to the office. As on the previous occasion (1626) the judges were not in possession of the facts as to its history or acquainted with the precedent they supplied. Informed by the House that the late holder had "died seised of the office," they proceeded to deal with it simply as if it were a piece of land, and delivered their opinion that it belonged "to both the sisters." They added these answers to the other questions addressed to them:

> That both the sisters may execute it by deputy to be appointed by them.
> Such deputy not being of a degree inferior to a Knight.
> And to be approved of by the King.

And to be approved of by the King the House adopted these replies and embodied them in its Resolution; and this Resolution has been construed as applying, not only to the sisters, but to their heirs. It is, however, important to observe (1) that, under it, a deputy could only be appointed by their joint action; (2) that this joint appointment required, further, the approval of the Crown.

Under this decision the two sisters did appoint a deputy, but the arrangement, as might be imagined, led to friction. When the next deputy had to be appointed, in 1820, George IV. declined to approve of the nomination submitted to him, and as the two sisters could not agree upon another, there arose a deadlock. The approach of the Coronation made the matter urgent, and, "it being necessary for his Majesty's service that the Office should be filled," the Law Officers gave their opinion (June 13, 1821) that "his Majesty is empowered to appoint sufficient Deputy until the co-heiresses shall agree

in nominating a person for that situation to be approved of by his Majesty." This decisive step compelled the co-heiresses to agree, for the time, and, in 1829, a working arrangement was effected, by which the then co-heirs agreed, for certain joint lives, to exercise respectively the right of nomination in alternate reigns. But the duration of this agreement was strictly limited to the said joint lives, with the result that it expired so far back as 1865. It was, however, generally supposed, at the King's accession, to be still in force,[1] and an extraordinary proceeding followed.

It will be remembered that, to make the appointment of a deputy valid, two conditions had to be fulfilled. Firstly, it required to be made by the co-heirs jointly; secondly, it had to be submitted, for formal approval, to the Crown. For the case of the latest (1870) as of the earliest (1781) appointment, the Crown had signified that approval by a very formal document. But, last year, without securing the fulfilment of the first condition—indeed, under protest from Lord Ancaster—and also, as there was no appointment, without the Crown confirming it, Lord Cholmondeley, in the words of Lord Ancaster's case, "proposed to appear as Great Chamberlain" at the opening of Parliament, and actually succeeded in doing so[2] with the result I have already described.

To finish the story, I observed, as I was walking past the Houses of Parliament, the usual notice, purporting to be issued by his lordship in that capacity, and thinking it undesirable that the previous performance should be repeated, if Parliament, as was thought likely, should be prorogued by his Majesty in person, I drew the attention of the proper authorities to this singular usurpation and to the opinion of

[1] See "Complete Peerage," I. 207, and *Times* of Feb. 15, 1901, p. 8, where Lord Cholmondeley is expressly styled "joint inheritor of that office with the Earl of Ancaster in alternate reigns."

[2] He was even styled in the "Official Programme" not merely Deputy but "Lord Great Chamberlain" (*Times*, Feb. 13, p. 6; Feb. 14, p. 6; Feb. 15, p. 5).

the Law Officers, in 1821, which I had come across while at work upon the case for the Crown. The result was that in due course the office was declared to be "now vacant" and "an *ad interim* appointment" made by his Majesty during pleasure (August 28, 1901). By accepting this Lord Cholmondeley admitted that he had, however inadvertently, taken on himself this high office, in the language of Domesday Book, by an *invasio super Regem.*

But the same discovery that the agreement had expired in 1865 invalidated Lord Ancaster's own appointment as Deputy in 1870, it having been made by the representatives of the elder co-heiress only. Nevertheless her late Majesty had duly confirmed the appointment under the impression that it was valid. The reason for alluding to these cases of recognition by the Crown in error is that they illustrate the ease with which such recognition is obtained, even in these latter days. The subject is one of practical and even pressing importance in view of the assumption, not only of baronetcies but even of peerage dignities, and of the value of such recognition being a point that may arise at any moment before the Committee for Privileges. Indeed, it was part of the contention of the Crown, in the recent hearing of this very case, that Queens Mary and Elizabeth had been induced to recognise the Earl of Oxford as hereditary Great Chamberlain in error, a view which, now that the evidence is at length all before us, I have no hesitation in pronouncing historically right. So frequent was this erroneous recognition, which I have made the subject of special study, that one has to travel no further than the Earls of Oxford themselves to find them, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, assuming a Viscountcy and two Baronies to none of which they were entitled, as was decided by the House of Lords, on the advice of the judges (1626), but which they coolly continued to assume together with the style of Great Chamberlain. The value of Queen Elizabeth's acceptation of their claim to that office is shown by the fact that she had recognised, in no less formal a manner, their right to these

three dignities! When I add that the recent proceedings were the means of bringing to my knowledge the formal but erroneous recognition by the Crown, hitherto perhaps unknown, of no fewer than four ancient baronies, some idea may be formed of the prevalence of this practice. There is trouble in store for the House of Lords if, as in the Mowbray case, such evidence as this is accepted without question as decisive, and even the mere assumption of dignities with no express recognition by the Crown admitted. It was acutely remarked by the Lord Chancellor, in the course of the recent hearing, that when the question was before the House in the days of George III., the observations of a lay lord were sounder than those of Lord Mansfield. The same remark certainly applies to those of Lord Redesdale when compared with those of law lords, on the value of garter plates as evidence in the extraordinary Mowbray judgment.[1] Of that judgment the House is already reaping the fruits.

Returning to his Majesty's accession, the position of affairs was this: The representation of the elder-co-heiress of 1781 was vested in the modern families of Heathcote ("Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby," up to the date of writing), and of Smith (now "Carington") in the persons of Lord Ancaster and Lord Carrington. The sole heir of the younger sister was Lord Cholmondeley, the representative of one of our few remaining really ancient houses. Lord Ancaster, who had exercised the office as deputy since 1871,[2] now raised a claim to be entitled to the entirety of the office, in his own right, as eldest co-heir. This claim was based on the view that the office should always descend, in the case of co-heiresses, to the eldest daughter alone. But although the most was made of the evidence in early times for the applicability to the office of *eonecia* or *droit d'aînesse*, the principle was vigorously opposed

[1] For criticism of this judgment and for evidence of the assumption and erroneous recognition of peerage dignities, *see* "Studies in Peerage and Family History," pp. 99–101, 435–457.

[2] Under her late Majesty's formal approbation of his appointment.

by Mr. Asquith and did not commend itself to the committee. Lord Carrington and Lord Cholmondeley, for whom he appeared, were content, of course, with the *status quo*, as neither of them could claim more than a share in the heir-ship.

The claim of the Crown, which seems to have excited some surprise, arose in this manner. Lord Ancaster's claim involved inquiry into the true history of the office, and this inquiry led to the discovery that there was no clear root of title, as the later Earls of Oxford, the ancestors of all the co-heirs, were obviously not the heirs to the office under the original and only grant—namely, that of Henry I. Since 1526 that heirship has been vested in the representatives of the earlier earls, of whom the Duke of Atholl appears to be the senior. It has always hitherto been deemed a mystery why the office descended to the heir male, in 1526, to the exclusion of the rightful heirs, and yet, in 1626, to the heir general (of the whole blood) to the exclusion of the heir-male.[1] Some suspicion was excited on the subject in 1626, even though the facts were then very imperfectly known; and the Law Officers who had "observed some things which might give occasion of doubt," desired, though they could not then make good a claim for the Crown, that "there be a *salvo jure Regis* if any title may appear for his Majesty hereafter." That title has now appeared in the discovery of two original warrants of 1526 and 1540, proving, beyond the possibility of question, that the Earl of Oxford who held the office between these dates, and who was admittedly not its heir, held it only by favour of the Crown, under a grant for life, and that, accordingly, on his death, it was granted out afresh by the Crown to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, for

[1] See, for instance, "The Complete Peerage," I. 207 and VI. 171: "The high office of Great Chamberlain . . . (though it passed, on the death of Earl John, in 1526 to the heir male, his successor in the earldom, to the exclusion of the heir general) was (100 years later) by the extraordinary decision of 1626 adjudicated to the son and heir of the late Earl's aunt (the Lord Willoughby) as his next heir of the whole blood . . . though neither heir-general (according to the present doctrine), nor, of course, heir-male of that Earl or any former Earl of Oxford."

life and to others after him. From this it followed not only, as observed, in the Attorney-General's report to his present Majesty, that "two of your Majesty's predecessors considered the office to become at the disposal of the Crown in 1526," but also that the allegations of this Earl of Oxford's son, by which he obtained recognition of his pretended rights from Queens Mary and Elizabeth—namely, that his father had been seised of the office "as of fee," and that it had descended to him as his father's "sone and heyer," were, in fact, false. But there happened to be, at the time, no rival claimant to expose them.

It is, indeed, contended on behalf of the three co-heirs that their root of title is an award made by Henry VIII. in 1532, which constituted a fresh grant of the office to the then earl and his heirs. But, as no express mention of the office is even found in the award, and as Henry VIII., who made the award, showed after, as before it, that he only recognised the earl as holding under his own grant for life; and, further, as the earl himself admitted, some two years after the award, that he had not obtained the office in fee, and did not even allege that the award had given it to him; and, lastly, as his son was sharply reproved, in 1547, by an order of the Privy Council for "his pretenced clayme to the said office, whereunto he could shewe no thing of good grounde to have right in the same," it is scarcely worth while wasting time over this counsel of despair. Indeed, the earls themselves were in doubt as to which horse they ought to run. At first they claimed by "inherytauns;" then they set up the award; lastly, they alleged, as their root of title in 1562, "an ancyent entayle." That eventually they had the office is, of course, undisputed; but, in the words of a once popular song, "they had, but they didn't know how." In the more decorous language of the Attorney-General's report, "No fresh grant of the office to them is now forthcoming, nor was any evidence adduced before me to show on what ground they so held the office."

It was, therefore, the case for the Crown that the office had demonstrably reverted to the King on the succession of

co-heiresses under Henry VIII., and that, even if a fresh grant (which cannot be found) were presumed, it must again have reverted to the Crown on the succession of co-heiresses under George III. (1779). There still remains to be mentioned the claim of the Duke of Atholl as senior heir-general of all the Earls of Oxford, both of the earlier and the later time, whoever exercised this high office. For the three other claimants represent neither the earlier nor the later earls; and, as Symonds d'Ewes indignantly observed, their ancestor, Lord Willoughby, "had not so much as any right or title to enquarter the coat armour of the Earls of Oxford." Space will only allow one to observe that his claim as heir of the original grantee appears to have been disposed of by the Lord Chancellor's judgment on the ground of long adverse possession, not on that of right. In that judgment his two claims are so inextricably confused that one cannot be absolutely sure of what the committee meant.[1] This is matter for special regret in the case of perhaps the most historic contest that this generation has known.

If the decision came as a surprise to those who had followed that hearing, it illustrates at least what Professor Maitland has termed "the beatitude of possession." And it may at once be conceded that it would be a grave step to admit,

[1] The Duke's two claims were so entirely distinct that, although now united in his person, they were brought forward by rival claimants in 1781. One claim was made as heir of the earlier earls, the other as heir of the later ones. The actual words of the judgment are (after declining to consider anew the construction of the award): "This disposes of the Duke of Atholl's claim" [*i.e.*, the first one only]. "The Duke's claim" [*i.e.*, both of them] "was held by the Committee of 1783" [*i.e.*, 1781] "to be barred by the Statute of Limitations. I am not prepared to say that it" [*i.e.*, both of them ?] "ought to be disposed of by this committee on the same ground, but I think that the previous decision" [of which the grounds are not known] "of the Committee of 1625" [*i.e.*, 1626] "against it" [*i.e.*, the second one only] "was right, on the grounds that the office was so far an office of profit as to be capable of seisin, and the descent, therefore, was according to the rule of the common law" [which, according to the judges, in 1626, it was not, because it was more of a dignity than of an office of profit].

however clear the proof, that, after all, a mistake had been made in 1553, if not in 1626. It is consequently quite intelligible that the conclusion arrived at should be that which is thus expressed in the judgment :

> The primary question for the Committee is whether the office passed to the then Earl of Oxford by the award of King Henry VIII. and the Act of Parliament confirming the award. Now it must be observed that these documents are capable of bearing the construction that the office passed [*i.e.*, if all the *contemporanea expositio* of evidence which proves that it did not pass be excluded], and they have received that construction for upwards of three centuries, both in practice and by a resolution of this House [owing to the facts not being known, as they now are]. I think, therefore, that the Committee will be justified in declining to consider the construction *de novo.*

But what, if I may say so, is unintelligible not only to myself, but to others, is why the Committee should have freely allowed the case to be argued on its merits and the true construction of the award discussed by eminent counsel at enormous length, if it was going to rule out, as the judgment does, the whole discussion. Moreover, it will be seen, we cannot learn whether the Committee held, or not, that the Duke's claim was barred by the Statute of Limitations ; and if, as the Chancellor seems to have held, it could hardly be so barred, is not this conclusion based on the fact that the Great Chamberlainship of England is, after all, as the judges decided by a majority, in 1626, more of a dignity than an office of profit and that it consequently is not subject to "the rule of the common law" ?

But to me the most inexplicable fact in the whole of this judgment is that it appears to deal with the construction of the award of Henry VIII. as a question raised solely by the claim of the Duke of Atholl. Of the claim, the definite claim of the Crown that the office reverted to its own disposition in 1526 there is not even mention. That against the Crown there is no prescription, that *nullum tempus occurrit regi,* is a maxim known to all. A leading counsel appearing for one of the claimants in the case has repeatedly assured me that this

maxim undoubtedly applied here. And it is significant that, in spite of the outcry against the action of the Crown, not a single counsel ventured to appeal to any statute limiting the application of that maxim. I should not dream of following the deplorable example of Mr. Freeman, when, as Regius Professor, he wrote for party purposes, in wild and whirling words, that the House of Lords, in the Wensleydale case, "disloyally, almost rebelliously, flouted the Crown." But it would obviously have saved the Crown much trouble and expense if it had known beforehand that it was in the power of the Committee to abrogate or even to ignore this maxim of law, and we should certainly have received useful guidance for the future if the Committee had been good enough, on this important point, to lighten our present darkness.

J. Horace Round.

THE PROMOTION OF TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE

SYDNEY, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

Mr. Barton, the Federal Premier, has declared in the course of an interview, that he has always favoured attempts to foster trade between the different parts of the Empire, but that the difficulty was to avoid coming into contact with other nations.—REUTER (*Daily Mail*), February 3, 1902.

OTTAWA, MARCH 11.

In connection with the proposed conference between the representatives of the mother country and of the Colonies to be held after the coronation, his Majesty's Government has been advised that the Canadian Government regards the question of commercial relations between the various sections of the Empire as the only one which gives promise of useful discussion.—*Times*, March 12, 1902.

WELLINGTON, MARCH 11.

Mr. Seddon stated that at the conference of Colonial Premiers in London he would promise for New Zealand a Customs rebate on British goods carried in British ships.—*Times*, March 12, 1902.

IN ANSWER TO SIR H. VINCENT (SHEFFIELD, CENTRAL).

Mr. Chamberlain said: I have no official information as to the feeling of the Government and people of Canada in regard to the results of the preferential tariff accorded to British goods. My attention has been called to the declaration of the New Zealand Premier, and it is proposed to discuss the commercial relations of the Empire with the representatives of the self-governing colonies when they come here for the coronation.—*Times*, March 4, 1902.

THE above extracts prove that the promotion of trade within the confines of the British Empire has ceased to be a question of academic interest, and has entered the domain

of practical politics. The discussion of this subject by the Colonial Premiers gathered in London in 1897 produced, it is true, no immediate result, but this must not be taken as an indication that the conference proposed for the present year will be equally barren. There has undoubtedly been a growth of opinion in favour of the movement, not only in the Colonies but also in the mother country, during the years that have intervened. The protective policy of our chief rivals in trade—Germany and the United States—is undoubtedly hampering the expansion of our commerce, and the figures given on another page show that our export trade has ceased to keep pace with the growth of our population. The enormous increase in the national expenditure, largely due to the growth of the permanent annual charges for the army and navy, has shown the need for widening the basis of revenue, and has prepared the popular mind for a reimposition of the taxes and duties upon imports, discarded during the middle years of the century. The recent letters of Sir Robert Giffen to the *Times* and the paper by the same author, entitled "A Financial Retrospect," read before the Royal Statistical Society on March 18, may be cited in proof of this change of public opinion.[1] Finally, the war in South Africa has awakened the imperial sentiment in all parts of the British Empire, and has paved the way for a closer commercial and political relationship between the Colonies and the mother country. Many far-seeing statesmen have declared in the past that this bonding together of the scattered colonies and dependencies of the British Empire ought to be the aim of our colonial and foreign policy; but few realised that the Boer war would prove such a remarkable stimulus to the imperial idea.

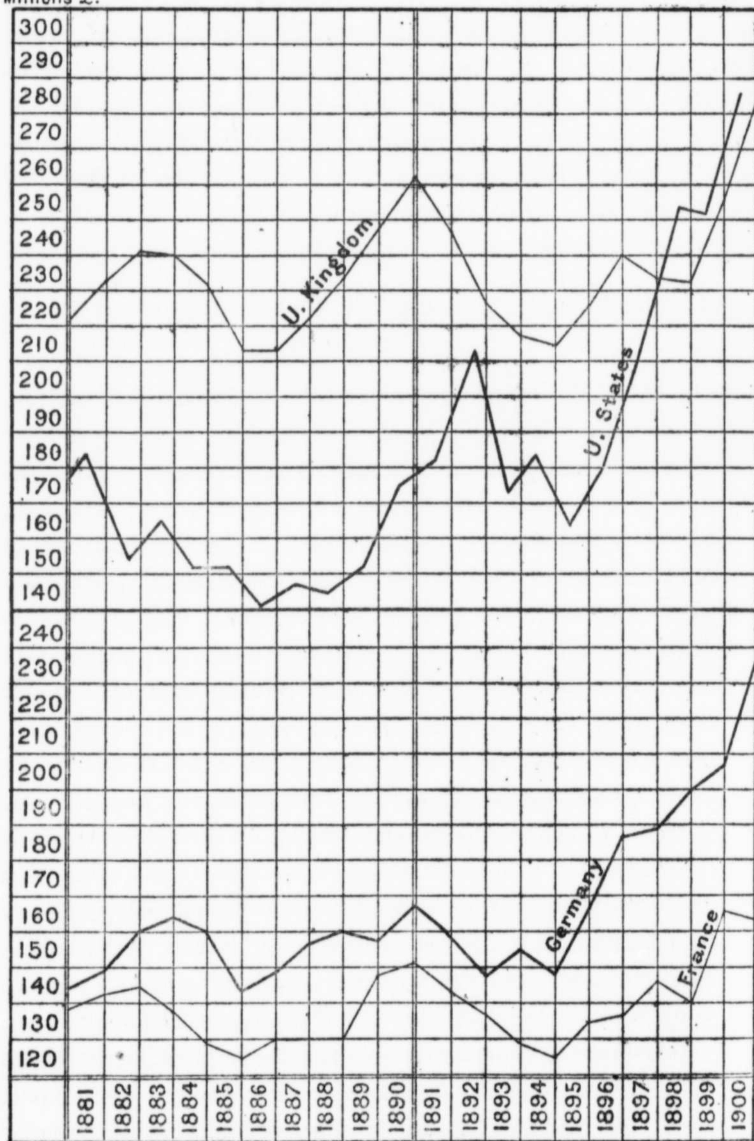
The subject of the trade relationships of the British Empire is a large one, and it is impossible to deal with it, in all its aspects, within the limits of a magazine article. In the following pages I have therefore confined my attention to one of these, and have dealt alone with the influence that a change in

[1] *Times*, January 7, 9, and 10, 1902.

our fiscal policy might exert upon the commerce of the mother country. I am aware that the effects upon the commerce of our colonies and dependencies are equally deserving of attention. The commerce of the United Kingdom, however, far outweighs in value and importance that of the Colonies and dependencies of the Empire, and it is therefore fully deserving of the first place in any careful study of the means to be adopted for promoting trade within the Empire.

I. *The Present Position of the United Kingdom as an Exporting Country.*

The United Kingdom, as a manufacturing country, no longer occupies the position of commanding importance won during the middle years of the nineteenth century. This loss of position is to some extent due to natural causes. The long period of peaceful development enjoyed by the nations of Europe after 1870; the growth of populations in Germany and America; and the spread of scientific and technical knowledge, have produced the only result possible. In most highly civilised countries the people are forsaking agricultural for manufacturing pursuits, and are flocking from the country districts into the towns. No country can now be called the workshop of the world, for all have workshops at home. The equipment of the factories and works of our chief rivals is equal to, and in some instances better than, our own. But artificial aids have been employed to assist the development of industries and manufactures in foreign countries, and to some extent the loss of position by the United Kingdom is due to the bounty and protective systems of our manufacturing rivals. That these have favoured our competitors rather than ourselves is proved by the official figures for the value of the export trade of the leading manufacturing countries in the period 1880–1900. These figures are reproduced in a diagrammatic form on the following page. The curves clearly indicate that, while all countries have suffered from periods of boom and



Millions £.
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depression, Germany and America have shown greater relative and actual progress than the United Kingdom. In the latter case there has been retrogression rather than progress, when the actual increase in population is considered. Comparisons for individual years, owing to the periodic character of trade depressions are untrustworthy. Many carefully compiled statistical articles relating to trade have been made the basis of wholly fallacious conclusions, owing to the neglect of their authors to use quinquennial or decennial averages in place of the figures for single years. The addition of ships to the export returns in 1899 is also causing many to fall into error when comparing export values before and after the year 1898. Taking quinquennial averages, and deducting the values for new ships in the export returns for 1899, 1900, and 1901, I find that while in 1871 our exports amounted in value to £7·07 per head of the population, in 1899 they amounted only to £6·21 per head. In the same period our chief rivals, Germany and the United States, can show an actual gain in the value of exports per head of the population. The following are the figures by which the value of British exports per head have been calculated for the years of 1871, 1881, 1891, and 1899 respectively:

TABLE I.

British Exports per Head of the Population for the Period 1871–1899.

Year.	Population.	Quinquennial Averages. Value of Export Trade.	Value in £ sterling per head of Population.
1871	31,845,000	224,800,000	7·07
1881	35,241,000	226,000,000	6·42
1891	38,104,000	240,800,000	6·32
1899[1]	41,100,000[2]	255,400,000[3]	6·21

[1] This is the last year for which a quinquennial average can be calculated.

[2] The estimate of population in 1899 is based on the census of 1901.

[3] The value of new ships has been deducted from the exports in 1899, 1900, and 1901 in order to obtain an average comparable with those preceding it.

The study of the figures of our foreign trade for the last thirty years, therefore, emphasises the need for improving our trade relations with our colonies, and with other countries willing to consider the advantages of reciprocal duties. Had the last twenty-five years witnessed a decline in the protective policy of foreign nations, it is possible that the agitation for closer trade relations between the mother country and her colonies would not have resulted in such a definite call for action. Protection as a system of fiscal policy has, however, triumphed, and the rapid growth of the United States and of Germany, as manufacturing countries, is a decisive proof of the fallacy of certain arguments used by the Manchester school of economists.[1] Protection and decaying industries are not necessarily allied.

The area of the world's surface open to our manufacturers and traders having been reduced by this action of foreign Governments, many consider that the time has arrived when the British Empire might with every justification copy the protective policy of her rivals. A consideration of those reforms which involve a change in the fiscal policy of our own, or of other nations, makes it, however, first necessary to refer to the ideal of that small remnant of orthodox free traders, who still believe that the conversion of the industrial nations of the earth to free trade will occur by means of example and of moral suasion. The futility of this ideal is, however, becoming each year more apparent. After fifty years of effort to convince our industrial neighbours of the advantages of free trade, not one of the leading manufacturing nations shows the slightest inclination to change its present fiscal policy. There are indications that even the most staunch free traders are beginning to recognise the hopelessness of modifying the fiscal policy of our neighbours by argument or example. When we find the Cobden Club admitting that "It will be our duty to maintain valuable trade rights already acquired in territories which other

[1] See Farrar's "Free Trade *v.* Fair Trade" (1885), p. 196; also Bowley's "England's Foreign Trade" (1892), p. 144.

Powers may annex—and we freely recognise the necessity of being prepared to do this "[1]—it is evident that the era of moral suasion is over. Being *prepared to maintain* trade rights can have no meaning unless it indicates the use of force.

The conversion of the world to free trade principles by moral suasion is, therefore, an exploded policy; and the vision of the leading manufacturing countries of the earth voluntarily levelling their protective barriers, and throwing open their markets to the goods of all rivals, is fading from our eyes. But free trade within more limited areas of the world's surface is not such an impracticable ideal; and in the following pages I shall discuss the arguments for and against the only two proposals of a fiscal character which seem to offer relief from our present difficulties. The one—the adoption of a preferential tariff for the Empire—has for its aim the promotion of trade within the British Empire; the second—the adoption of an international tariff based on reciprocal duties—has for its aim the promotion of trade irrespective of flag. The second proposal is thus seen to have the same aim as that before the free traders of the last generation; but the methods used would probably be more effective and convincing than those which have left the chief markets of the world more strictly guarded and hedged in by protective tariffs to-day than a quarter of a century ago.

II. *A Preferential Tariff System for the Empire, and its probable Influence upon British Trade.*

The establishment of a system of preferential tariffs for the British Empire will be regarded by many as necessitating a step backwards in the fiscal policy of the United Kingdom. Much depends however upon the point of view, and I prefer to regard such a system as a step towards that world-wide free trade which all desire to see inaugurated. The British Empire

[1] *Times*, January 5, 1899. See also letter from Sir Bernhard Samuelson to the *Times*, November 6, 1901.

embraces countries of wide area and every variety of climate, peopled by races of the most diverse character and attainments. If the contention of orthodox free traders be true, that the adoption of a free trade policy by the nations of the earth would benefit all who shared it, then it must be equally true that lesser benefits will follow when such a policy is followed by the scattered group of countries and peoples known as the British Empire.

At present, tariff barriers exist at various points within the Empire. The removal, or reduction in height, of these barriers to trade, is the aim of those who support the principle of preferential tariffs for the mother country and her colonies.

The most important of the objections urged against any change in the fiscal policy of the United Kingdom, is that based upon the relationship between the value of our exports of manufactured goods and the imports of the same by our colonies and dependencies. If this country is at present exporting goods, far in excess of the imports of these classes of domestic produce by the various portions of the Empire, it is evident that we shall lose more than we gain by the establishment of a system of preferential trading. There must exist an adequate market for our goods within the Empire before we can risk the loss of markets outside it.

A judgment upon the reality of this danger can only be formed after a study of figures, showing the values of the *imports* of manufactured goods by the various component portions of the Empire; and the values of the *exports* of similar classes of goods, by the United Kingdom, during the same period of time. This comparison must be carried over a series of years, since, for the reasons already touched upon, trade comparisons for single years are never conclusive, and may lead to untrustworthy results.

The totals given in Table II. are based upon the official figures published by the Board of Trade in the *Statistical Abstract for the Colonial and other Possessions of the United Kingdom.* These totals have been compiled with the expendi-

ture of much time and energy, for the classification adopted in this publication does not facilitate any separation of food-stuffs and manufactured goods.

TABLE II.—MANUFACTURES.

Value of the Exports and Imports of the Chief Divisions of the British Empire in £ sterling.

	1893.	1894.	1895.	1896.
Total exports of the United Kingdom	189,809,000	184,647,000	195,736,000	209,832,000
Total imports of the Empire . .	189,135,000	174,675,000	195,206,000	219,839,000

	1897.	1898.	1899.[1]	1900.[1]
Total exports of the United Kingdom	200,824,000	199,075,000	215,158,000	226,465,000
Total imports of the Empire . .	230,999,000	227,879,000	246,675,000	266,088,000

The countries included in this summary of the imports of the Empire are the following: The United Kingdom, India, Canada, Newfoundland, Cape Colony, Natal, Australasia, New Zealand, and the West Indies.

It may surprise many to learn that the United Kingdom itself imported manufactured goods, valued at £98,700,000, in 1900. A market might, therefore, be found at home for 43 per cent. of our total exports of this class of goods. The values of the imports of manufactured articles by the United Kingdom have been rapidly increasing. In 1893 these imports amounted to £72,100,000 in value; each year since that date shows an increase. A growth of 36 per cent. in eight years is striking proof of the activity of our trade rivals in the home market. There is at present no sign that this activity is decreasing, and

[1] The values of new ships have been deducted in 1899 and 1900 because not included in the earlier returns.

the admitted policy of the American industrial financiers is to manufacture on a huge scale, and to utilise the United Kingdom and her colonies as the "dumping-ground" for the surplus goods that remain after satisfying the home demand. To check this charitable design of our American cousins, and to save the home market and manufacturers from this unfair competition,[1] would be one of the beneficial effects of the change we are discussing. The figures given in Table II. show that there already exists *within the Empire* an adequate market for the whole of the manufactured goods produced in the mother country. Should the proposed change in our fiscal policy cause a total loss of our export trade in manufactured goods to countries external to the Empire (a result which is by no means certain), this loss can, therefore, be faced with equanimity.

Turning now to the results of a similar investigation concerning food-stuffs, I find that the position of the United Kingdom is not so satisfactory. The Empire may be regarded as self-dependent as regards manufactured goods, but it is not yet self-dependent as regards foods. The figures given below represent the value of the food imports of the United Kingdom, and the value of the exports of the leading component parts thereof, for the years 1893–1900. They have been compiled from the Board of Trade publication already referred to.

TABLE III.—FOOD-STUFFS.

Value of Exports and Imports of the Chief Divisions of the British Empire in £ sterling.

	1893.	1894.	1895.	1896.
Total exports of the Empire . .	59,562,000	56,668,000	53,221,000	55,934,000
Total imports of the United Kingdom	175,300,000	172,870,000	174,266,000	183,006,000

[1] Tariffs that are practically prohibitive prevent our manufacturers from competing in the United States.

TABLE III.—FOOD-STUFFS—(*continued*).

	1897.	1898.	1899.	1900.
Total exports of the Empire	56,886,000	65,196,000	77,679,000	76,383,000
Total imports of the United Kingdom	189,621,000	204,116,000	204,646,000	215,370,000

An examination of the detailed figures[1] shows, however, that the exports of food-stuffs by certain portions of the Empire are rapidly increasing in value; Canada and New Zealand lead the way in this development of their agricultural resources. There is little doubt that under favourable conditions these two colonies might become the granary for the remainder of the Empire. Those who are incredulous upon this point are referred to an article by Professor James Long, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* six years ago. In considering this question of food-supply, it must also be borne in mind that the inauguration of a system of preferential tariffs for the Empire, would not require as an *essential* preliminary that the food supply should be wholly produced within it. A deficiency in production could always be overcome by purchase of food-stuffs grown in other countries. The fact that the Empire is not yet self dependent as regards food-supply, while, therefore, an undoubted disadvantage, is not an absolute bar to the practical inauguration of the change I am discussing.

Objections of minor importance to the adoption of a system of preferential tariffs for the products of the British Empire, are that this change in our fiscal policy would lead to an increase of price for articles of large consumption, and that it would facilitate the formation of rings and monopolies, designed to keep prices at an exorbitant level.

The first of these is probably true. It is cheapness alone that causes food-stuffs of non-colonial origin to find a market

[1] Lack of space prevents the reproduction in this article of all the figures upon which Tables II. and III. are based.

in this country, and it is cheapness again that causes foreign-manufactured goods to supplant British-made goods in the home and colonial markets. Those who regard this probable rise in prices as a fatal objection to any system of preferential trading within the Empire, however, ignore two facts, that influence a right decision in this matter. The margin between the costs of British goods and those of foreign manufacture is only great in comparatively few instances, and the same remark applies to the difference in price of food-stuffs grown within and without the Empire. In such cases, where the article or product is one of large consumption, it might be wise to place it on the free list. In the majority of instances, however, the difference in price to the consumer is small. Under the present system of trading, such slight differences in price are sufficient to turn trade into foreign channels, and to hamper the development and expansion of home and colonial industries.

In considering this question of rise of price, it should also be remembered that many of the foreign articles which displace those of British and colonial origin, are produced under conditions of labour which we forbid, and that the difference in price in certain cases is chiefly due to this fact. By our continued purchase of such goods we are thus assisting to maintain in other lands conditions which we have condemned, and by our laws have made impossible, at home. The inconsistency is obvious.

As regards the danger arising from the formation of monopolist rings and trusts under any system of preferential trading within the Empire, I admit that this would exist, and might lead to extortion of unfair prices from the consumer. The danger could however, be easily removed by the passing of anti-trust laws by the parliaments of the mother country and of her self-governing colonies. Under such laws the competition between producers scattered over our world-wide Empire, would keep the prices of manufactured goods and of food-stuffs within reasonable limits. This competition would

also be necessary to prevent manufacturers and producers from falling into ruts, and from using out-of-date methods of production, and stereotyped plant or machinery. The reality of this danger has been proved by facts published in a recent article.[1] Anti-trust legislation would, therefore, be a necessary accompaniment of any system of preferential trading within the empire.

The fourth and final objection that demands consideration is one based upon the present fiscal policy of our colonies. It has been urged that preferential trading within the Empire is impossible, because our colonies raise their revenue chiefly by import duties, and to exempt goods of British origin would result in large deficits in their Budget accounts. But preferential trading does not necessarily involve the admission of British goods duty free. It can be attained by granting a rebate on goods of home or colonial origin; and the Government of Canada, which has led the way in this matter, has shown that there are no real difficulties in the practical operation of the system. The revenue of our colonies could, in fact, be as easily collected under a system of preferential trading as is now the case; and no serious falling off in receipts from customs duties need be associated with the inauguration of such a system for the Empire.

Having considered in detail the objections to any system of preferential tariffs, the advantages offered by the adoption of such tariffs may be briefly noticed. The first and most important of these is, that it would check the decline in our export trade of manufactured goods, revealed by the figures given in Table I. This falling off in our export trade, if it continues, will have most disastrous consequences for the credit and prosperity of the mother country. Several of our staple industries are already seriously undermined, and a continuance of the present system of so-called "free trade" is likely to bring about their final ruin.

[1] "Industrial Trusts and National Prosperity," *Fortnightly Review*, April 1902.

The British Empire is largely made up of countries and territories only partially occupied and developed. The growth of population in such districts, *under favourable conditions as regards markets for the agricultural and dairy produce,* will be more rapid than in the over-crowded town populations. Were this market reserved by a system of preferential trading for goods produced within the Empire, it is probable that the decline of certain of our manufacturing industries would be checked. The figures given in Table II. show that already there exists in countries under our flag a demand more than sufficient to balance our export trade in manufactured goods. As our colonies develop this demand will increase; and the growth shown in the period 1894–1900 is of good augury for the future.

The second gain from the point of view adopted in this article, namely, that of the mother country, is, that the adoption of a preferential tariff system for the Empire would prepare the way for the later political federation, which all parties in the State now believe to be inevitable at some future date. Commercial federation must either precede political federation or accompany it, and there are many reasons which render its precedence the more desirable. A mother country producing manufactured goods chiefly for use at home or in the dependencies and colonies of the Empire, and colonies producing food-stuffs and raw materials for consumption in the mother country, would be obliged by the necessities of this interchange of products to take a deep interest in each other's welfare. Such a study and interest would be of great service in developing the resources of the outlying portion of the Empire, and would lead to that thorough knowledge of the needs and claims of each portion of it, which must precede the inauguration of any scheme of political federation. The consideration of the advantages that would accrue to the Colonies themselves is outside the scope of this article. Otherwise the protection and development of colonial industries, now threatened with extinction (*e.g.*, the West Indian sugar

industry), the provision of an adequate market in the United Kingdom for the surplus colonial agricultural and dairy produce, and the creation and maintenance of a healthy and strong agricultural population, trained to live in the open air, might be commented upon. The latter is, in fact, an advantage that would be of immense help to the mother country. The agricultural population of the United Kingdom is rapidly declining in numbers, owing to the conversion of land formerly used for root or other crops, to grazing purposes. Large areas of land in certain districts have also been allowed to fall entirely out of cultivation. The town populations are unfitted by training and physique for military service. The War Office statistics of recent years show a lamentable decline in height and chest measurement of the average recruit, especially in the northern and midland industrial districts. The South African War has proved that, in the future, our best fighting material will be drawn from our colonies and over-sea dependencies. To assist in the development of agricultural pursuits in these countries, and thus to provide the reserves upon which we may draw for the *personnel* of our army and navy in years to come, is the duty of our home Government. A preferential tariff system for the Empire would, I firmly believe, assist in the removal of a danger that is the more pressing, because it is as yet so inadequately recognised by the majority of the British public. A change in our fiscal policy, which would provide the Empire with *both food-stuffs and men* in time of war, is not to be dismissed as futile, because it might involve the addition of a few shillings per quarter to the price of wheat.

III. *An International Tariff System based on Reciprocity.*

In discussing the objections that have been put forward as a bar to the establishment of a preferential tariff system for the Empire, the consideration of the greatest of these has been purposely left untouched. Its discussion will form a fitting introduction to the subject of this final section of my article.

We English have been for a long series of years the best hated nation in Europe, chiefly on account of the extent and success of our colonial and other over-sea possessions. To a heritage already great, we have been compelled in recent years to add immense tracts of territory in Africa; and the South African War has not made us more loved abroad. These additions to the Empire have been forced upon us by the action of our rivals; and they have been dictated solely by the necessity for preserving that open-door for trade, which has been for some time past the guiding star of our foreign and colonial policy. Were we, acting purely under selfish motives, now to reverse a fiscal policy which has been followed for half a century, and has been the excuse for bringing vast tracts of territory under the British flag, and were we now to establish a close system of preferential tariffs throughout the Empire, there is strong ground for the belief that the hostility of Europe would no longer find relief in words but would demand an outlet in war. There would have to be exceedingly strong reasons for the deliberate adoption of a policy which would drive European nations, and possibly America, into a hostile combination against us. The differences which now divide Europe into two passively hostile camps might be expected to disappear, when confronted with a greater cause of offence, shared in common by all the nations of Europe, against ourselves. The adoption of a preferential tariff system by all countries under the British flag might be regarded in this light; for it would certainly inflict serious injury on many of our industrial competitors, and they might prefer the risks of war to internal troubles with their manufacturing populations. They would also be able to point to a distinct breach of good faith on our part, since, in recent years, every addition to the Empire has been justified to our neighbours and to ourselves, by the plea that we were preserving the open door for the trade of all nations.

But while the strict reservation of British territory for British traders would thus awaken strong passions, and

probably lead to a European war, the same result could not be expected to follow if we offered to our rivals in trade privileges equal to our own. At present they possess *greater privileges than we ourselves, and by the help of these they are slowly strangling certain of our home and colonial industries.* The freedom which they now have to sell their goods in every part of the British Empire, and yet to exclude by hostile tariffs our goods from their own territories, operates to our disadvantage in two ways. It prevents our manufacturers from finding adequate outlet for their goods in foreign countries, or in colonies under a foreign flag; and it exposes our products in the United Kingdom and in our colonies, to the competition of goods offered *below the actual cost of production.* The foreign manufacturer is enabled to achieve this latter result, in some cases, through the aid of state bounties;[1] and in other cases, by the adoption of that manufacturing policy which demands for its success; large production, high prices in the home country, and a "dumping-ground" for the surplus output.[2] There is reason to believe that the British Empire forms such "dumping-ground" for a very large quantity of foreign manufactures, and the United Kingdom especially is inundated with goods of this character. I have already referred to the rapid growth of the import trade in manufactured goods. The value for the year just closed amounts to £99,739,000, or close upon £100,000,000. A very large proportion of these goods would have been produced in this country under other tariff regulations. The unfairness of such a system is obvious, and it has only been tolerated so long because new markets have been plentiful, and the stress of competition has not been very keenly felt by our manufacturers. Now that these conditions are changing, owing to the appropriation of all the habitable portions of the earth, and to the appearance of new competitors for the trade of the neutral markets of the world, this one-sided

[1] *E.g.*, the sugar industry.

[2] The continental iron and steel industry; the United States electrical industry.

system of trade—miscalled free trade—ought to give place to one in which the advantages are more equally shared. The change can be brought about by the gradual evolution of an international tariff system based on reciprocity. Canada, as is well known, maintains a duty upon nearly every class of imported goods, chiefly for revenue purposes. The modification of this system, under which goods from free trade countries obtain a rebate of 25 per cent. upon the ordinary duty, has already been mentioned in Part II. of this article. At present only the United Kingdom and New South Wales can benefit by this policy, for they are the only two free trade countries in the world.[1] The preferential treatment offered by the Canadian tariff can, however, be claimed by other countries, when they are ready to accord equal treatment to Canadian produce. The action of Canada, the value of whose import trade is small,[2] has not, of course, led to any conversions to the doctrine of free trade, the inducement offered is too small. But were the example of Canada followed by every country under the British flag the inducement would be enormously increased, and would, without doubt, lead to the reduction in height of many of the tariff barriers which now hinder trade development.

The change can, of course, only occur slowly. It is possible that, in the case of self-governing colonies, it will come about without any external pressure, since the prosperity of Canada, if it continues, will be an object lesson of the benefits resulting from the adoption of a preferential tariff.

In the mother country the change will be more difficult to effect, for it will involve the re-creation of the machinery and officials for collecting duties on imports of various kinds. I have pointed out, in the introduction to this article, however, that many forces are preparing public opinion for the necessary changes in our fiscal policy. The agreement recently signed

[1] The Cobden Club was formed in 1866, and has been *preaching* the benefits of free trade exactly thirty-five years.

[2] The average annual value of the manufactured goods imported into Canada during the period 1897–1900 was £23,800,000.

at Brussels, relating to the treatment of the bounty-aided sugar industry, is a forward step for this country, for we have bound ourselves by this treaty to impose duties on such bounty-fed sugar after 1903. The agreement will, therefore, oblige us to provide the necessary officials and machinery for checking the country of origin and quantity, of our imports of sugar. From this action, to similar treatment of other products, for which this country is the "dumping-ground," is not a very long step in advance. The clause relating to preferential trading is the weak feature of the Brussels agreement, and, in view of the approaching conference of Colonial Premiers in London, it is surprising that the Government allowed it to be included without modification. However, governments change and although the present Chancellor of the Exchequer is not likely to initiate the proposed reform of our fiscal policy, it is not improbable that the next general election in this country will be fought out upon the respective advantages of preferential trading and so-called *free* trade.

Cobden and Bright and the Manchester School of Economists, Lord Farrar and the Cobden Club, have laboured in vain to convince the business communities in the trading countries of the world, that a policy of unrestricted exchange of goods is best, both for themselves and for others. To-day, to whatever quarter of the world one directs a glance, one finds tariff barriers erected, for the sole purpose of excluding British goods.

I am of opinion that the time has certainly arrived when the Government of this country is justified in using methods for propagating free trade principles that promise to be more effective than arguments and moral force. The adoption of the preferential tariff system, now in force in Canada, by the other countries of the British Empire, is the means whereby the necessary compulsion towards free trade may be given. Our European neighbours are not likely to find a justifiable occasion for war in a change of our fiscal policy, which will still leave them in possession of advantages equal to our own; and

free traders ought not to raise objections to a policy which is likely to hasten forward the realisation of their aims, and to tend towards that free exchange of goods and commodities the world over, for which they have been struggling, without success, for more than half a century.

John B. C. Kershaw, F.S.S.

THE TRUE STORY OF SPION KOP

A DEFENCE OF SIR CHARLES WARREN

THE nine days' operations which culminated in the occupation and abandonment of Spion Kop on January 23–24, 1900, have acquired a sinister prominence among the episodes of the war in South Africa. Sir Redvers Buller's telegram, despatched at 6.20 P.M. on January 23, and made public by the War Office on the morning of the 24th, which announced that the attack was to be made, had contained a hopeful view of the general situation; and the announcement that the position had been abandoned, following as it did in quick succession upon the news of the successful attack, left the nation not merely disappointed, but puzzled and mortified. The impression that something was wrong was confirmed by the publication of the Spion Kop despatches in the *London Gazette* of April 16, which contained in particular a covering despatch of February 13, in which Lord Roberts criticised in varying degrees Sir R. Buller, the Commander-in-Chief of the Ladysmith Relief Column; Sir Charles Warren, the general officer commanding; and Colonel Thorneycroft, the officer commanding the force on Spion Kop. In deference to Sir R. Buller's assertion that he had been injuriously affected by the omission of certain portions of the despatches, the recent White Book [1] was published, which contains passages previously

[1] Cd. 968.

suppressed and fresh documents. The most striking of the new documents was a note written by Sir R. Buller on January 30, 1900, and addressed to the Secretary of State for War, in which he, as Commander-in-Chief, severely censured Sir Charles Warren, the general officer commanding the operations in question, and blamed himself for not assuming direct command on January 19 instead of January 25. Upon the publication of the White Book, Sir Charles Warren wrote a letter, which was published in the *Times* and other papers on April 21 last, containing the following statement:

> This White Book does not contain some of the most important documents bearing on the subject, and those now published, if considered by themselves, give a totally incorrect view of the matter, and one which reflects most injuriously on the military reputation of myself and those who served so well under me. I trust that my conduct will be justified by the publication by his Majesty's Government of complete documents—a course which I should infinitely prefer to undertaking my own justification.

On the same day Mr. Brodrick announced, in reply to a question put in the House of Commons, that the Government refused either to publish the additional documents for which Sir Charles Warren had called, or to allow him to do so.

The Spion Kop controversy has entered, therefore, upon a new phase; and it is upon this new phase that I propose to throw a little light. On the one hand, the impression adverse to Sir Charles Warren conveyed by Lord Roberts' criticism of February 13, 1900, has been strengthened by the present publication of Sir R. Buller's note of January 30, 1900, upon which that criticism was chiefly based; and, on the other hand, Sir Charles Warren claims that the publication of further documents will show not only that Sir R. Buller's complaints were unjustified, but that the rebuke administered to him by Lord Roberts, under which he has "remained silent for the past two years," is undeserved, since the evidence upon which Lord Roberts' criticism was based was incomplete in itself, and incorrectly understood by him in some most material particulars. In short, the effect of General Buller's note, as

endorsed by Lord Roberts under these circumstances, has been to throw the blame of the failure at Spion Kop upon Sir Charles Warren. And this in two main particulars: (1) General Warren neglected to carry out General Buller's instructions for the turning movement on the eastern flank of the column's advance; and (2) he failed to make adequate arrangements for providing the force on Spion Kop with reinforcements and supplies.

I shall endeavour to show that both of these allegations are inconsistent with the evidence already disclosed in the despatches as published, and that this evidence, taken in conjunction with the independent information that has slowly accumulated during the last two years, is sufficient to dispose of the impression injurious to Sir Charles Warren, due primarily to Lord Roberts' premature endorsement of General Buller's complaints. I may add that to those who like myself were in South Africa at the time of Sir Charles Warren's successful operations in Bechuanaland in 1884–5, the charge that he had failed to make provision for a water supply for the force on Spion Kop seemed especially strange, since this very matter was one of those in which Sir Charles Warren had then shown his special knowledge of South African conditions—*i.e.*, in finding water upon the march to Rooigrond in places where the Boers had declared that no water could be found. The circumstance that Lord Roberts' principal condemnation of Sir Charles Warren was based upon an obvious error—the assumption that the "Fair View" road mentioned by General Buller was the Fair View-Acton Homes road—whereas, in fact, it was the Fair View-Rosalie road—did not tend to lessen the suspicion that the burden of blame had been saddled upon the wrong back.

I

I propose to consider these two charges separately; but before doing so it is necessary to set out certain descriptive details which will enable the reader to form some definite

conception of the scene of operations. For, without a knowledge of the geographical relationship of the Spion Kop spur to the parent range of the Drakenberg, to the Tugela River, to the line of the Natal Railway, and to Ladysmith, the objective of the relieving column, it is difficult to follow the narrative of events, and impossible to appreciate the strategical questions involved in the handling of the troops.

Colenso, the scene of General Buller's disastrous engagement of December 15, 1899, is some ten miles due south of Ladysmith. At Colenso the line of the Natal Railway running north and south intersects the line of the Upper Tugela running east and west. After the repulse of the Ladysmith Relief Column in the attempt to cross the Tugela at this point, General Buller fell back a few miles south to Chieveley and Frere, still remaining astride of the railway. The natural barrier which lay between him and Ladysmith consisted of the Tugela River backed by the hills which form the edge of the third of the plateaux, or terraces, in which Natal rises from the coast to its northern apex. On his western flank ran the wall of the Drakenberg, whose lofty crests, by reason of the eastward trend of the range from Mont aux Sources to the Biggarsberg, were nearer to Ladysmith by some twelve miles than they were to Colenso.[1] From the Drakenberg flows the Upper Tugela with its tributary streams. The former winds eastward from its cradle in Mont aux Sources to its confluence with the Blood River on the Zululand border. The Sand River and Venter's Spruit, both tributary streams, take a south-easterly course; the first joining the Klip River west of Ladysmith, and the second the Tugela midway in its descent from the Drakenberg to Colenso. Between the Sand River and Venter's Spruit the Drakenberg thrusts out a limb, which, curving just where it approaches closest to the Tugela, affords the bold salient of Spion Kop—the mountain of espial, whither the *voertrekkers* descended from their first passage of the

[1] *I.e.*, about 40 miles from Colenso, and 30 from Ladysmith.

Drakenberg to look out over the fair country of Natal. From Spion Kop[1] a series of lesser hills rolls easterly to Colenso.

With these preliminary remarks the reader may be referred for further details to the map which accompanies this article.

During the month which succeeded the repulse at Colenso the troops then engaged were rested, and the force under General Buller's command was augmented by the arrival of the 5th Division under Sir Charles Warren, and further strengthened by considerable additions of artillery. On Wednesday, January 10, 1900, General Buller commenced a forward movement from Frere. Leaving the line of the railway to his right he struck north-west, intending to cross the Tugela by the drifts westward of Colenso, and so turn the western, or right, flank of the position from which he had failed to drive the Boers by his direct attack at Colenso. By Monday the 15th General Buller had occupied Springfield and established his head-quarters at Mount Alice, on the south side of the Tugela, overlooking Potgieter's Drift. He had now at his disposal a larger force than he had at Colenso.[2] A part of this force was required to supply garrisons at Chieveley and

[1] The proper spelling is "Spioen Kop." The Dutch *oe* = *ū*, as in Soerabaia.

[2] Taking Lord Roberts' estimate, which allows only 750 men to the battalion, General Buller's total force amounted to 22,700 men, of which 19,300 were infantry and 3400 cavalry (including 800 dismounted), beside artillery. On January 17, when the turning movement was launched from Trieghaardt's Drift, this force was disposed as under:

	Infantry.		Cavalry.
With Barton at Chieveley (and all garrisons)	4300	...	1600 (800 dismounted)
With Buller at Potgieter's Drift	6000	...	400
With Warren at Trieghaardt's Drift	9000	...	1400
	19,300		3400

Of the artillery, General Buller had two 4.7-in. and eight 12-pr. naval guns, and some field guns, at Potgieter's; General Warren had thirty-six field guns, and (after Jan. 22) a battery of four howitzers; while there were four 12-pr. naval guns and a mountain battery with General Barton.

Frere, and to maintain the lines of communication. After he had observed the Boer position at Potgieter's from the 11th to the 15th, he determined to do two things with the force remaining for attack: (1) To threaten that part of the Boer position which was immediately in front of him at Potgieter's, and (2) to turn the whole position by an attack delivered from a point—Trieghaardt's Drift [1]—six miles further west.

For the purpose of executing this turning movement General Buller assigned to Sir Charles Warren, Hildyard's, Hart's and Woodgate's Brigades, with artillery and engineers, together with the Mounted Brigade under Lord Dundonald. To mask the position in front of him, he kept Lyttelton's and Coke's Brigades with a force of mounted troops, some field guns, and the naval guns. As regards the disposition of the force under General Buller's command at Potgieter's, it is sufficient for the present to note that the two naval 4·7 guns were placed on Mount Alice, and the eight 12-pounders on a lower hill to the north-west; and that General Lyttelton's Brigade, having commenced to cross Potgieter's Drift on the afternoon of the 16th, took up a position on the north bank of the Tugela. During the progress of the turning movement under General Warren, the enemy's positions on Spion Kop and Brakfontein were searched by the British artillery at Potgieter's, and threatened by the advance of the troops directed by General Lyttelton.

On the evening of Monday the 15th, Sir Charles Warren received secret instructions to command the force assigned to him. These orders were entirely unexpected. He was actually on the line of march with his division, and he believed that he was about to take part in the attack on the Boer position before Potgieter's. General Buller wrote:

MOUNT ALICE, *January* 15, 1900.

1. The enemy's position in front of Potgieter's Drift seems to me to be too strong to be taken by direct attack.

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[1] Spelt "Trichardt's" in the White Book.

2. I intend to try and turn it by sending a force across the Tugela from near Trichard's Drift and up to the west of Spion Kop.

. . . . . .

4. You will of course act as circumstances require, but my idea is that you should continue throughout refusing your right and throwing your left forward till you gain the open plain north of Spion Kop. Once there you will command the rear of the position facing Potgieter's Drift, and, I think, render it untenable.

. . . . . .

6. It is very difficult to ascertain the numbers of the enemy with any sort of exactness. I do not think there can be more than 400 on your left, and I estimate the total force that will be opposed to us at about 7000. I think they have only one, or at most, two big guns.[1]

These paragraphs contain General Buller's conception of the task with which Sir Charles Warren was entrusted. Before narrating the movements by which General Warren endeavoured to give effect to these instructions, it is necessary to know the sense in which General Warren himself understood them, and to compare General Buller's estimate of the nature and strength of the Boer positions on the line of hills west of Spion Kop with the accounts of independent observers.

In reporting to the Chief of the Staff, on January 29, General Warren writes :[2]

2. On the 15th of January I received your secret instructions to command a force to proceed across the Tugela, near Trichardt's Drift, to the west of Spion Kop, recommending me to proceed forward refusing my right (namely, Spion Kop), and bringing my left forward to gain the open plain north of Spion Kop. This move was to commence as soon as supplies were all in, and the 10th Brigade (except two companies) removed from Springfield Bridge to Spearman's Hill.

3. I was provided with four days' rations, with which I was to cross the Tugela, fight my way round to north of Spion Kop, and join your column opposite Potgieter's.

As regards the strength of the enemy it will be observed that General Buller put it at "400 on your [Warren's] left" on January 15. This is important, because General Buller in his censure of General Warren, written on January 30, makes this estimate the basis for the assertion that General Warren

[1] White Book, p. 13. [2] *Ibid.* p. 15.

by his "slowness" allowed the Boers to offer a successful defence at points which, but for this slowness, would have been found to be weakly held, or altogether unoccupied.

> By the 23rd [he writes[1] to the Secretary of State] I calculated that the enemy, who were about 600 strong on the 16th, were not less than 15,000, and General White confirmed this estimate. We had really lost our chance by Sir C. Warren's slowness.

This statement, it must be observed, like many others in the censure, is inconsistent with the account given by General Buller at the time. On January 18 General Buller telegraphed (through Lord Roberts) to the War Office:

> Five miles further west, at Trichardt's Drift, Warren has thrown a pontoon bridge across the river. Part of the men crossed yesterday, and the remainder is expected by this morning to be on the north bank. Warren hopes that he will be able to turn the enemy's position which, five miles off to his right front, is very strongly entrenched.[2]

The question whether General Warren was, or was not, "slow" will be sufficiently resolved in the narrative of his actual movements. But the allegation that with greater rapidity of movement General Warren would have found the Boer positions west of Spion Kop thus insecurely held is both inherently improbable, and refuted by positive evidence to the contrary. Its inherent improbability lies in the circumstances of the occasion. For a month the British forces had lain only a few miles below the Boer lines. For many days before January 10, when the advance towards Ladysmith was resumed, it was obvious to friend and foe alike that General Buller, after his bitter experience at Colenso, would endeavour to turn the enemy's position by a flank attack, right or left; and among the outflanking movements discussed a cavalry raid by Acton Homes was prominent. With spies in the camps and natives and disloyal farmers in the country around, how could projects, which were, after all, common gossip, fail to reach the Boer lines? Moreover, apart from any anticipation of the turning movement on their right flank, the Boers had

[1] White Book, p. 17. [2] *Times*, Jan. 19, 1900.

reasons for holding the hills west of Spion Kop. At Acton Homes the roads from the Drakenberg passes of Oliver's Hoek and Bezuidenhout meet the road from Ladysmith and the track from Trieghaardt's Drift. Acton Homes was, therefore, an important strategic point in the line of communication between the Free State and the Republican army in Natal, and its possession was necessary to secure the retreat of the Free State burghers by those passes in the event of their being required for the defence of their own borders. As such it was certain to be strongly held in view of the British advance.

So much for the inherent improbability of General Warren finding the Acton Homes position undefended, however rapidly he might have moved from Springfield. The positive evidence which shows that the line of hills west of Spion Kop were strongly held by the enemy is no less conclusive. The intelligence reports showed that there were a hundred waggons at Groote Hoek, behind Spion Kop, drawing supplies from a large base camp at Acton Homes, and that the Boers had been concentrating there—*i.e.*, at Acton Homes—since January 9. They also showed that the Boers who filled the trenches on Brakfontein were residing in camp behind Spion Kop. In short, that the enemy's main force was at Acton Homes, and behind the hills between Acton Homes and Spion Kop, and not behind the position which lay in front of General Buller at Potgieter's. Moreover, from the lofty outpost of Spion Kop the Boer signalmen could look down upon the movements of the British columns as though they had been traced on a map. No sooner had Lyttelton's brigade commenced to cross the Tugela than the news was flashed not merely to the Boer lines, but to England. A Reuter's telegram, published in the *Times* on January 22, reads as follows:

> Boer camp on Spion Kop. January 16 . . . it became known to-day that 300 British crossed the Pont Drift. . . . Towards 5 o'clock alarm was given that the British forces were advancing. . . .

Or take the evidence of eye-witnesses. Mr. Bennett Burleigh says that on Friday, January 12, he rode to the

top of Swartz Kop. Apart from the trenches at which the Boers were working immediately in front of Potgieter's,

> to the west they were crowning lofty Spion Kop, which rises abruptly 1000 feet from the Tugela, with defences and gun-positions upon its table-topped summits. . . .
>
> It was deeply interesting to watch the streams of Boers moving and working like ants upon the opposite ridges. Surely 10,000 of them were gathered to dispute our right of way.[1]

And Mr. Winston Churchill, who writes in full sympathy with General Buller, says in reference to General Warren's movements:

> I do not know why nothing was done on the 19th,[2] but it does not appear that anything was lost by the delay. *The enemy's entrenchments were already complete, and neither his numbers nor the strength of his position could increase.*[3]

This, then, was the character of the enemy's dispositions in respect of the position which, according to General Buller, Sir Charles Warren would have found practically undefended, if he had only moved a little quicker.

I propose now to relate Sir Charles Warren's operations from January 16, when the force left Springfield Camp, to the 23rd, the date of the attack upon Spion Kop. The circumstances of the actual occupation and abandonment of Spion Kop (the 23rd–25th) will be reserved for separate treatment. In this account I shall state the operations of each day as briefly as possible, adding only so much of explanation as is necessary to make the purpose of the various movements intelligible. I shall also set out the telegrams which General Buller sent to the War Office during the actual progress of the operations; since these telegrams, as I have already observed, are inconsistent in many material particulars with the statements contained in General Buller's confidential note of January 30. I shall then discuss the criticisms on Sir Charles Warren expressed by General Buller and Lord

1 "The Natal Campaign," p. 290.

2 Quite wrong. See forward; and Gen. Buller himself writes (White Book, p. 17), "On the 19th he (Warren) attacked and gained a considerable advantage."

3 "London to Ladysmith," p. 297.

Roberts, and in particular the allegation, to which I have alluded at the outset, that the failure of the turning movement was due to Sir Charles Warren's neglect to carry out General Buller's instructions.

General Warren left Springfield on the evening of January 16, and, marching by night, arrived at Trieghaardt's Drift early on the following morning, Wednesday the 17th, where the force was joined by the mounted brigade, under Lord Dundonald. He then threw pontoon-bridges across the Tugela and began to pass the column over. The mounted brigade crossed mainly by the drift (or ford), and were sent out to reconnoitre. The infantry were first passed over the pontoons, and the two brigades of Woodgate and Hart drove the Boers from the hills immediately commanding the drift on the north side of the Tugela. Under cover of these two brigades the passage of the guns and waggons was commenced. It was carried on through the night; and by 9.45 P.M. on the following day (Thursday) everything had been brought over.

On the morning of Thursday the 18th, while the passage of the column was proceeding, General Warren (who had been up all night) went to the front to reconnoitre. He found that the two brigades could not advance beyond a certain point by day, as they could not cross the fire from the strongly entrenched Boer positions. He, therefore, made arrangements for a night attack. In the evening he received a note from Lord Dundonald, who had pushed forward to Acton Homes, asking for help, and he arranged for General Hildyard's brigade (the third of the three infantry brigades of the force) to support him. Before night the artillery were placed in position by Wright's Farm, and the passage of the column was reported to General Buller. The time thus occupied in the passage of the Tugela was thirty-six hours.

On Friday the 19th, Woodgate's and Hart's brigades, advancing in the dark, felt for the enemy in the morning on the hills towards Fair View; and under cover of this action General Warren advanced with the waggons at 3 A.M. to a

convenient point on Venter's Spruit, where at 6.30 A.M. the camp and main depôt were placed. Afterwards General Warren again reconnoitred in front, and formed a plan by which he could attack the enemy's positions in such a manner as to give effect to General Buller's instructions.

Here a few words of explanation are necessary. The movement which General Warren was ordered to carry out was to pierce the Boer position on the hills west of Spion Kop, take his column through to the "open plain" behind Spion Kop, and so turn the position in front of Potgieter's, which was "too strong" for General Buller to take by direct attack. How this was to be done General Buller did not pretend to say. "My idea is," he wrote, "that you should continue throughout refusing your right [*i.e.*, Spion Kop] and throwing your left forward till you gain the open plain north of Spion Kop." That is to say, General Warren was to feel along the Boer position, working westward from Spion Kop, until he came to a weak place through which he could take his column, *i.e.*, infantry, guns and waggons. Now a glance at the map will show that there were two roads leading from Trieghaardt's Drift across the hills to the country behind Spion Kop. Both of these roads pass Fair View Farm: one takes a wide sweep to the west past Acton Homes and leads to Clydesdale, the other runs almost northwards to Rosalie Farm and Groote Hoek immediately behind Spion Kop.

The attempt to take the column round by the first of these roads General Warren at once rejected. The reasons which made the Acton Homes road impracticable in a military sense were these: (1) The so-called road from Fair View to Acton Homes was only a track—not a road.[1] (2) Acton Homes was strongly held by the Boers. (3) An advance by this road would have exposed the column to a flanking fire from the Boer positions on the Rangeworthy Hills. (4) If the column had got round, it would have been (*a*) taken in reverse by the

[1] Lord Dundonald did not take this road in his advance to Acton Homes. *See* map for Lord Dundonald's route.

Boer positions on the Rangeworthy Hills; and (*b*) exposed to a flank attack from the Boer positions on the Drakenberg. In other words, the whole line of Boer positions on the Rangeworthy Hills, as well as the immediate positions near Acton Homes, must have been taken before the column could advance by this road. (5) The Clydesdale country into which it led was shown to be especially dangerous by the intelligence reports. It would not have been necessary to state these objections thus definitely had not Lord Roberts made the amazing assumption that General Warren by taking the Fair View-Rosalie road neglected to "follow the line of advance indicated by Sir Redvers Buller," namely, "the road past Fair View and Acton Homes"—an assumption to which I have already referred and to which I shall have occasion to refer again.

The Fair View-Rosalie road seemed, therefore, to General Warren to be the point in the Boer lines west of Spion Kop where least resistance could be offered to the advance of the column. It was difficult but not impossible, he thought, to drive the Boers out of the positions which commanded the road on either side. The road itself led over a dip between the junction of the Rangeworthy Hills with the lesser eminences immediately westward of Spion Kop, and the position thus intersected formed a re-entrant which could be attacked with some hope of success. General Warren accordingly made his dispositions to thrust the column through the Boer lines at this point.

> In the evening [he writes], after having examined the possible roads by which we could proceed, I assembled the General Officers and the Staff, and the Officer Commanding Royal Artillery, and Commanding Royal Engineers, and pointed out to them that of the two roads by which we could advance, the eastern one, by Acton Homes, must be rejected, because time would not allow of it, and with this all concurred. I then pointed out that the only possible way of all getting through by the road north of Fair View would be by taking three or four days' food in our haversacks, and sending all our waggons back across the Tugela; but before we could do this we must capture the position in front of us.[1]

[1] White Book, p. 15.

At the same time he reported to General Buller:

(Sent 7.54 P.M. Received 8.15 P.M.)

To Chief of the Staff, Left Flank, *January* 19.

I find there are only two roads by which we could possibly get from Trichard's Drift to Potgieter's, on the north of the Tugela—one by Acton Homes, the other by Fair View and Rosalie; the first I reject as too long, the second is a very difficult road for a large number of waggons, unless the enemy is thoroughly cleared out. I am, therefore, going to adopt some special arrangements which will involve my stay at Venter's Laager for two or three days. I will send in for further supplies and report progress.—C. WARREN.[1]

To this General Buller replied that three days' supply was being sent.

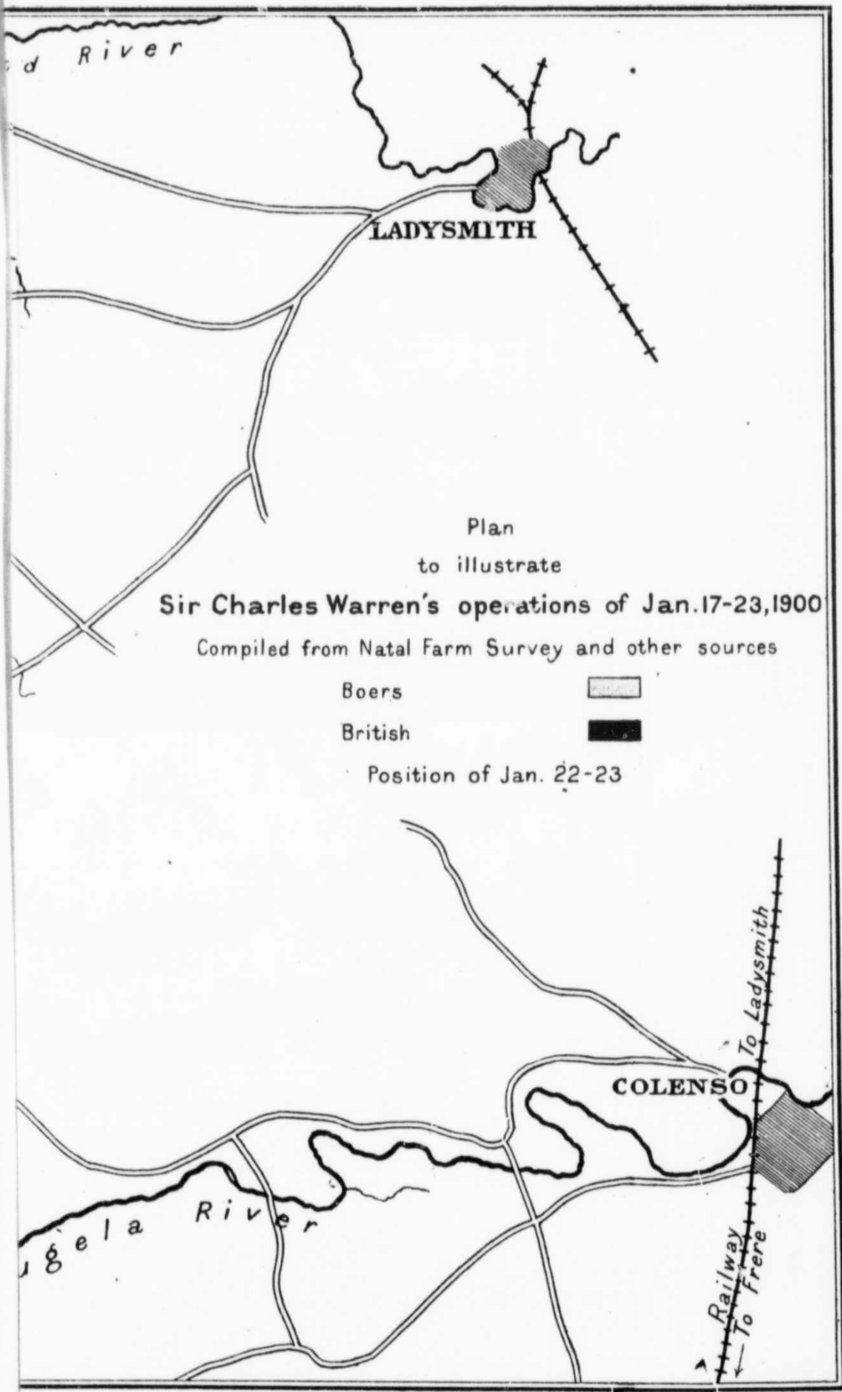
It should be added that all through the day the two brigades were working forwards, gaining a close grip upon the Boer positions:

Although the Boers [writes Mr. Bennett Burleigh] had all the advantages of commanding ground and good shelter, they were step by step forced back upon the outer semicircle of lofty ridges stretching from Fair View to Spion Kop. We sustained some slight loss, but bivouacked upon the enemy's ground.[2]

On Saturday the 20th, Sir Charles Warren launched his force in a general attack on the Boer position on the Rangeworthy Hills. The mounted brigade worked on the left, Hart's and Woodgate's brigades, under General Clery, advanced on the centre and right, Hildyard's brigade covered the camp at Venter's Spruit, reinforced the mounted brigade, and supported the left of Hart's brigade. The result of the attack was that the Boers were driven from the whole of the southern edge, or parapet, of the Rangeworthy Hills eastward from Bastion Hill, and from the high ridge running (roughly) north and south between the Fair View-Rosalie road and the western flank of Spion Kop. The main attack was delivered by the two brigades under General Clery which advanced at 3 A.M.

. . . I placed two brigades and six batteries of artillery [General Warren

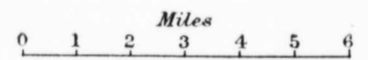
[1] White Book, p. 23. [2] "Natal Campaign," p. 306.


River
LADYSMITH
Plan
to illustrate
Sir Charles Warren's operations of Jan. 17-23, 1900
Compiled from Natal Farm Survey and other sources
Boers
British
Position of Jan. 22-23
To Ladysmith
COLENSO
gela River
Railway
To Frere

Plan
to illustrate
Sir Charles Warren's operations of Jan. 17-23, 1900
Compiled from Natal Farm Survey and other sources

Boers
British
Position of Jan. 22-23

Sard River
LADYSMITH
To Bezuidenhout Pass and Harrismith
Boer Camp
Large Boer Camp
Heavy Guns
Large Boer Camp
Acton Homes Farm
Acton Homes Road
Clydesdale (rough ground full of dongas)
Rangeworthy Hills
Bastion Hill
Rosalie
Fair View - Rosalie Road
To Oliver's Hoek Pass
Venter's Spruit
Guns
3 Tree Hill (Warren)
Guns
Groote Hoek Large Boer Camp
Boer Camp
SPION KOP
Brankfontein
Vaal Krantz
Main Depot
Camp (Jan. 19)
Fair View
Guns
Lyttelton's Brigade
Pontoon Bridge
Trieghaardt's Drift (Jan. 17-18)
12 pr. Naval Guns
Potgieter's Drift
4.7 Naval Guns
Signal Station
Mount Alice
Zwart Kop
Mounted Brigade (Lord Dundonald)
Spearman's Camp (Buller)
Tugela River
Warren's Route
Rendezvous (Jan. 16)
Springfield Camp
COLENSO
To Ladysmith
Railway To Frere
Tugela River



writes] at the disposal of General Sir C. F. Clery, with instructions to attack the Boer positions by a series of out-flanking movements, and by the end of the day, after fighting for twelve hours, we were in possession of the whole part of hills, but found a strongly entrenched line on the comparatively flat country beyond us.[1]

This method of attack was an adaptation of Boer tactics. The instructions which General Warren issued to Sir C. F. Clery (dated January 19, 1900), were these:

General Officer Commanding 2nd Division,

I shall be glad if you will arrange to clear the Boers out of the ground above that at present occupied by the 11th Brigade, by a series of out-flanking movements. In the early morning an advance should be made as far as the Hussars reconnoitred to-day, and a shelter trench there made across the slope of the hill. A portion of the slopes of the adjoining hill to the west can then be occupied, the artillery assisting, if necessary, in clearing the western side and upper slopes. When this is done, I think that a battery can be placed on the slopes of the western hill in such a position that it could shell the scanses of the Boers on Spion Kop and the upper portion of the eastern hill. When this is done a further advance can be made on the eastern hill, and artillery can be brought to bear upon the upper slopes of the western hill. It appears to me that this might be done with comparatively little loss of life, as the Boers can in each turn be out-flanked. The following cavalry are at your disposal: two Squadrons Royal Dragoons and 5th Divisional Squadron.

C. Warren, Lieut.-General.[2]

That night General Buller telegraphed to the War Office from Spearman's Camp, at 9.4 P.M.:

General Clery with part of Warren's force has been in action from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M. to-day. By judicious use of his artillery he has fought his way up, capturing ridge after ridge, for about three miles. Troops are now bivouacking on ground he has gained, but main position is still in front of them. Casualties not heavy. . . .[3]

General Warren had now thrust his force well into the re-entrant intersected by the Fair View-Rosalie road. But between the positions he now held and the second line of entrenchments upon which the enemy had fallen back—the line of entrenchments shown in the map—was a stretch of open and

[1] White Book, p. 15. [2] *Ibid.* p. 22.

[3] *Times*, January 22, 1900.

ascending ground. A further advance from these positions would entail a direct attack over this open ground. That, as Sir Charles Warren said, was "to play the Boer game." It remained, therefore, to push either the right or left flank forward, and take the Boer positions in flank or reverse.

On Sunday the 21st, General Warren swung round his left. At daybreak the troops occupied the positions on the centre and right evacuated by the enemy, and an attack was delivered on the left, round Bastion Hill, by General Hildyard, in whose command the mounted troops were now included. At the desire of General Buller, who was present in the morning, Sir Charles Warren removed two batteries of field artillery from the right to the left flank, where they were placed at mid-day by General Hildyard with their left on Venter's Spruit—a position from which they opened fire upon the enemy's right. Later in the day General Warren, finding that he could not "proceed without howitzers, telegraphed for four from Potgieter's." At 9 P.M. General Buller despatched the following telegram to the War Office from Spearman's Camp:

> Warren has been engaged all day, chiefly on his left, which he has swung forward about a couple of miles. The ground is very difficult, and as the fighting is all the time uphill, it is difficult exactly to say how much we gain, but I think we are making substantial progress.

From the activity shown by the enemy during this day on the British left, it appeared to General Warren that the Free State Boers were preparing for a "trek" across the Drakenberg, and he therefore telegraphed in the evening to General Buller, asking him to send the three battalions of Coke's brigade from Potgieter's. He asked for this reinforcement in order that he might extend his left, and, if necessary, launch a brigade against the retreating Boers.

On Monday the 22nd, General Warren searched the Boer positions with artillery fire. In the morning the four howitzers arrived from Potgieter's; two were placed by the side of General Clery's batteries on the right, and two with General Hildyard's batteries on the left.

It was in the course of this day that Sir Charles Warren decided definitely to attack Spion Kop. Early in the morning General Buller had sent a message cautioning him against the proposal to extend his left as indicated in the telegram of the preceding evening. At the same time General Buller reinforced him "by the 10th Brigade [Coke's], made up to four complete battalions by the addition to it of the 2nd Battalion Somersetshire Light Infantry and the Imperial Light Infantry, a local corps 1000 strong, for whose services he particularly asked."[1]

The situation with which Sir Charles Warren had to deal was this. The troops could not advance further from their present position except by making a frontal attack over open ground against the Boer entrenchments on the Rangeworthy Hills and the northern slopes of Spion Kop. This, as we have seen, General Warren had no intention of doing. It was obvious therefore, that if the column was to get through, a position must be found from which these Boer entrenchments could be attacked in flank or reverse, The required position was Spion Kop. I say "required," because, in the first place, the occupation of Spion Kop would allow the British to attack the Boer entrenchments on the Rangeworthy Hills in reverse; and in the second, because the capture of the Boer entrenchments on the Rangeworthy Hills would in itself be useless so long as the Boer entrenchments on Spion Kop remained to take the British line of advance in reverse. These circumstances were pointed out by Sir Charles Warren to General Buller, who was again present on the field of operations. General Buller, however, proposed that an attack should be made on the left, *i.e.*, at a point near Bastion Hill.

> During the afternoon of the 23rd [General Warren reports] the Commander-in-Chief proposed an attack upon the enemy's position on our left flank that night. I summoned at once the General Officers available, namely, Generals Clery, Talbot Coke, and Hildyard. General Clery, who was in command of the left attack, did not consider it advisable to make this attack

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[1] White Book, p. 36. But the I.L.I. did not arrive until late on the 23rd.

because, if successful, it would commit us to taking the whole line of the enemy's position, which he considered a hazardous proceeding, as we might not be able to hold it. In this I concurred, more particularly as it was evidently too late in the day to carry the operation out effectively.[1]

After this council, General Warren issued instructions that evening to General Coke for the occupation of Spion Kop. As, however, General Coke asked for a day's delay, "in order that he might make a reconnaissance with the officers commanding the battalions to be sent there," the attack was deferred until the following night.

On Wednesday the 23rd, as no advance could be made pending the deferred attack on Spion Kop, General Warren continued to search the Boer positions with his artillery. "Sir Charles Warren," writes Mr. Bennett Burleigh, "continued his steady daily hammering of the strong Boer lines north of Trieghaardt's Drift and Farm, just east of the Springfield-Acton Homes road, from daybreak until sunset."[2] General Buller was again present.

On January 23 the Commander-in-Chief [General Warren reports] came into camp and told me that there were two courses open—(1) to attack, or (2) to retire. I replied that I should prefer to attack Spion Kop to retiring, and showed the Commander-in-Chief my orders of the previous day.

The Commander-in-Chief then desired that I should put General Woodgate in command of the expedition, and detailed Lieut.-Colonel à Court to accompany him as Staff Officer.[3]

That evening General Buller telegraphed to the War Office from Spearman's Camp at 6.20 P.M. the following account of the situation as it then appeared to him:

Warren holds the position he gained two days ago. In front of him, at about 1400 yards, is the enemy's position west of Spion Kop. It is on higher ground than Warren's position, so it is impossible to see into it properly. It can only be approached over bare open slopes. The ridges held by Warren are so steep that guns cannot be placed on them, but we are shelling the enemy's position with howitzers and field artillery placed on the lower ground behind the infantry. Enemy reply with Creusot and other artillery. In this duel the

[1] White Book, p. 16. [2] "The Natal Campaign," p. 311.
[3] White Book, p. 25.

advantage rests with us, as we appear to be searching his trenches, and his artillery fire is not causing us much loss. An attempt will be made to-night to seize Spion Kop, the salient which forms the left of the enemy's position facing Trichardt's Drift, and divides it from the position facing Potgieter's. It has considerable command over all the enemy's entrenchments.[1]

As the story of this "attempt" will be separately related, it remains for me to refer briefly to the charges brought by General Buller and Lord Roberts against Sir Charles Warren in respect of the operations included in the foregoing account.

General Buller's allegation that, but for Sir Charles Warren's "slowness," the Boer positions west of Spion Kop would have been found weakly held, has been shown to be both improbable in itself and inconsistent with a mass of positive evidence that points to an opposite conclusion. His main complaint—that Sir Charles Warren neglected to give effect to his instructions—is expressed in the following terms:

I had fully discussed my orders with General Warren before he started, and he appeared entirely to agree that the policy indicated of refusing the right and advancing the left was the right one. He never, though, attempted to carry it out. From the first there could be no question but that the only practicable road for his column was the one by Fair View. The problem was to get rid of the enemy who were holding it.

On the 21st I find that his right was in advance of his left. . . . I suggested a better distribution of his batteries, which he agreed to, to some extent, but he would not advance his left.[2] . . . .

This complaint is thus endorsed by Lord Roberts in his despatch of February 13, 1900:

. . . it may be gathered . . . that the original intention was to cross the Tugela at or near Trichardt's Drift, and thence by following the road past "Fair View" and "Acton Homes," to gain the open plain north of Spion Kop, the Boer position in front of Potgieter's Drift being too strong to be taken by direct attack. . . . Sir Charles Warren . . . seems to have come to the conclu-

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[1] *Times*, Jan. 24, 1900. It should be added that the casualties for the period Jan. 17–23 were: officers, 2 killed and 29 wounded; men, 45 killed, 444 wounded and 8 missing. This number can scarcely be considered excessive in view of the duration and character of the fighting.

[2] White Book, p. 17. But see telegram to War Office *supra* at p. 94.

sion that the flanking movement which Sir R. Buller had mentioned in his secret instructions was impracticable on account of the insufficiency of supplies. He accordingly decided to advance by the more direct road leading north-east, and branching off from a point east of "Three Tree Hill." The selection of this road necessitated the capture and retention of Spion Kop, but whether it would have been equally necessary to occupy Spion Kop, had the line of advance indicated by Sir R. Buller been followed, is not stated in the correspondence. As Sir C. Warren considered it impossible to make the wide flanking movement which was recommended, if not actually prescribed, in his secret instructions, he should at once have acquainted Sir R. Buller with the course of action he proposed to adopt.[1] There is nothing to show whether he did so or not, but it seems only fair to Sir C. Warren to point out that Sir R. Buller appears throughout to have been aware of what was happening.[2]

The basis, then, of Lord Roberts' criticism of Sir Charles Warren is the assumption that his (General Warren's) decision to take his column by the Fair View-Rosalie road was a departure from "the original intention" of General Buller, and that "the wide flanking movement" recommended was an advance by the Acton Homes road.

The strategical objections to an advance by Acton Homes have been already stated.[3] But it is a question here not of strategy, but of evidence. The reconnaissance of the Fair View-Rosalie road, with its waters, had been furnished to General Warren's force. In the actual note before Lord Roberts, General Buller himself writes: "From the first there could be no question but that the only practicable road for his column was the one by Fair View."[4] When General Buller complains "he would not advance his left," he refers not to an advance by Acton Homes, but to an attack on the enemy's right at Bastion Hill. The despatch with which General Buller covers Sir Charles Warren's separate account of the occupation of Spion Kop makes this perfectly plain:

I went over to Sir C. Warren on the 23rd. I pointed out to him . . . I said it was too dangerous a situation to be prolonged, and that he must either

[1] Sir C. Warren did so. See his telegram of the 19th at p. 92.

[2] White Book, p. 3. [3] At p. 90.

[4] In view of General Warren's telegram of the 19th, it is inconceivable that this should refer to anything but the Fair View-Rosalie road.

attack or I should withdraw his force. I advocated, as I had previously done, an advance from his left. He said that he had the night before ordered General Coke to assault Spion Kop. . . .[1]

The reasons why General Warren would not advance from his left have been given already. The capture of part of the Boer position on the Rangeworthy Hills necessitated the capture of the whole; and even this, if it could have been done,[2] would have been useless so long as the Boer positions on Spion Kop remained to take the column in reverse.

It would appear, therefore, that up to this point General Buller's complaints are unjustifiable in themselves, as well as inconsistent with the telegrams which he had previously despatched to the War Office; while Lord Roberts' criticism of Sir Charles Warren, so far as it applies to the operations in question, is based upon a grave misapprehension of the actual circumstances to which these complaints refer. A study of the two following days will, I think, confirm the painful impression thus far produced.

W. Basil Worsfold.

Note.—The account of the occupation and abandonment of Spion Kop will be given in the July issue of the Review.

[1] White Book, p. 23. [2] See p. 95.

STATION STUDIES

III. IN KHAMA'S COUNTRY, BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE

SOUTH Africa is manifestly a country which, in nautical phrase, has not "found herself." There are not many men to be met between Durban and Lake Ngami, or on a journey from the Cape Peninsula to the Victoria Falls, who have attained to any degree of detachment from current difficulties and immediate problems. Unconditional surrender, the blockhouse system, when De Wet will allow himself to be caught, and whether the Cape is to keep its Constitution, such and suchlike are the topics of the hour.

Platitudes about this country are distrusted by most men of sound judgment; and long local experience begins to be regarded as a serious hindrance to right thinking. If you reflect for a moment upon the attitudes which have been assumed from time to time by the militant loyalists of Cape Colony you can scarce wonder that "Colonial experience" should be distrusted in this year of grace. This position, paradoxical still to the British public, has long since been commonplace to the private soldier and the Headquarters Staff. You think perhaps that for the man newly arrived "from home" it would be the wiser as well as the more modest course to accept on faith the dogmas and the pious opinions matured by "Colonial experience." Not a bit of it; believe the initiated. The Boer, what he is and what can be

made of him; the native and how best he can be taught or forced to work—these are still problems, and the Colonial public, long satisfied with hasty solutions, cannot longer be trusted to solve them. The British public already clings, with its usual constancy, to the view of Boer character prevalent among Colonials whose experience of this retiring and pastoral people consists of an occasional trip from Cape Town to Johannesburg. In a few years it may require materials for a judgment upon the native problem; and if Colonial experience is not by then utterly discredited there will be a plentiful supply of short and easy answers to any difficult questions which a chattering Press may be disposed to put.

The city of Palapye consists of groves of trees and tall bushes in which are partially concealed some twelve to fourteen villages, that is to say, groups of round huts, each with its wall of matted reeds or closely planted stakes. These walls being all circular, your path through a Palapye village tends to take the form of the letter S repeated indefinitely; and you are lucky, indeed, if you describe no figures of 8 in attempting a short cut.

In these villages live various divisions of the Bechuana tribes, and the inhabitants of the whole maze, which covers about three miles of a broad upland valley, might be put down at forty thousand souls. But the real title of this city would be "headquarters of the Bamangwato nation." When next I visit Bechuanaland the great chief may have moved his camp to some distant slope; and himself perhaps be gone beyond that further bourne into the "undiscovered country" where he will surely reap the reward of those who have governed men wisely and well—*Di melius velint*, long life to Chief Khama. In the meanwhile, Palapye remains a centre of teeming life; and if your guide be a man of fine intelligence, with a taste for inquiry and gossip, and a mastery of Sechwana idiom you may hear and see many things that will set you thinking and moralising.

You are set down between one and two o'clock of the night

at a diminutive station or rather siding; and you watch without regret the procession of snorting and struggling trains moving off along the endless line of single rails with which is bound up so much of what romance there is in Africa. Buluwayo, city of self-assertive enterprise and "men inured to hardship and vile pleasures," is the destination of that strange procession from the ranks of which you have just fallen out as it were by chance. You find yourself wondering why there should be any human habitation in this fever-stricken spot. Perhaps you may have asked the same question at such considerable cities as Beaufort West or Vryburg and received an answer that precludes further inquiry. It should be enough for you to know that the giant who a few years ago chained this illimitable wilderness with his double band of steel, stayed his resistless hand at certain chance points, where accordingly for some months or years the train was perforce stopped; so that he who would press on further had need of stores and oxen and a waggon, as well as a stout heart and a cool head.

Palapye siding then is a fact which you may accept for the moment; and when the weary dawn again visits Africa you will find that there is little enough requiring explanation. One store, an inn, the station, and the station post office, the habitations of a few gangers and the tents of their native underlings, complete the settlement; and its history cannot be more than three years old. You are bound for the capital city of a vigorous nation, the *stad* not the siding. But if you have never tried your hand at driving six diminutive donkeys from a Cape cart with the aid of a huge whip and ungainly reins, there are fourteen miles of deep ruts and deeper sand, three hours of bumping, lurching, and objurgation between you and the haven of your desire. And when at last you draw near this city you will enter it without knowing. Before you have traversed what seems to be the extreme suburb you will be at the centre of the Bamangwato metropolis. It will be at least a week before you realise what an orderly city this is; how its House of Parliament and the mansions of its hereditary chief

determine the arrangement of its wards and thoroughfares, and stand themselves for a symbol of that harmonious unity of law and order which our tolerant statemanship, aided by Khama's genius, has compounded of such diverse elements as tribal law and our own penal code, Christian morals and the ancestral customs of primitive Africa.

There is no happier animal in the world than the Bechuana child. A group of boys and girls in Palapye is the prettiest sight imaginable. There is none of that intense rivalry of exploit which makes the playground of the elementary school at home a compound in miniature of the battlefield and the prize-ring, the market and the representative assembly. These little black bodies were born to other things; and their dignity of bearing is the most salient point about them to the casual eye. They will sit in a circle of grave and elderly conversation revolving some weighty topic. But for the curse of Babel I would report to you faithfully what such an assembly has to say about the history of its nation, the proud resignation with which the name of its hereditary enemy, the Barotse, is mentioned, the traditional memories still cherished of those good old times before the white man came, and when the rifle and our *Pax Britannica* were alike unknown.

The delight of talking never palls for these naïve groups of little Bechuanas. But they have innumerable games as well. Their language is musical as Italian, to which indeed its sound bears some resemblance. They have a curious way of speaking more slowly at the end of the sentence. The language on a closer acquaintance has a strain of the primitive beauty of Hebrew poetry in its perpetual use of "parallelisms." As a rule they will express each idea twice, the first time in perfectly simple language, the second in some simile, or rather metaphor, that is often very recondite and sometimes naïvely poetical. I remember Khama saying to me in Sechwana on hearing some piece of news that I retailed to him about the Royal Family: "That is very good news, this hearing is to me like the sound of falling waters." So at least his words were interpreted to

me; and my friend the interpreter gave me to understand that the phrasing of it was typical of the language, although Khama was a particularly good talker. I have listened several times to the boys and girls reading the Bible in the mission schools, and could not but marvel at the beautiful sound of the sentences and at the *verve* and swing of their falling rhythms. It is strange too to be greeted with a graceful gesture very like the Christian blessing—the hand uplifted to the height of the head and the head erect. So might two nomad chiefs greet each other in the desert.

But to return to our group of children; their chatter dies away suddenly and a game begins. Before they have been at it more than a few minutes the flow of pretty sing-song words once more pours out. They seem to take their game but half seriously, as though the talk and not the play were the thing. There is a survival amongst them of that most ancient of games which Greek sculpture has commemorated—the game of knucklebones; though, when I watched them, the game was modified by an element of marbles. And then perhaps, if the day be reasonably cool, they will form into a ring and enact one of those ancient mystery plays in which the motive seems to be the search for something unseen regarded alternately with fear and desire.

The group of playing children will soon break up. Some matron swings slowly and majestically out from behind the reed-fence of a neighbouring hut, a huge bowl of earthenware on her head. Thereon every girl of our children's party glides off to her home with a gait of deliberate purpose. Presently they emerge with bowls and jars of all sizes and shapes. A procession of women, ranging between the ages of seven and fifty, is soon formed in single file, the youngest and smallest leading. Like some black caterpillar the line of supple, dusky ladies, topped by brown bowls, slowly winds its way through villages and sandy wastes to the place of wells. Most of the bowls are adorned with patterns in black or blue and white. Some of these designs, the "Meander" especially, take one's

mind back to the time when Imperial Alexander consulted Zeus Ammon on the problem of the sources of the Nile, which, as some one has said, "divided with Homer's birthplace the curiosity of antiquity." Is it too much to conjecture that a company of Greek explorers penetrated to the primitive home of the Bantu peoples in the hope of solving that absorbing problem, and left the mark of Hellas and her homely arts in Central Africa, as elsewhere, upon the industries of the peoples encountered?

The place of wells is the dry bed of a stream in which deep holes of twenty, and sometimes as much as fifty feet have been dug. There seems to be but little communism in the tribal laws of the Bechuanas—no common herd of cattle or public mealie-patch; and even water is a hard-won product of the soil which is bought and sold. As a rule it is an old man who sits on a mound or rock in sight of each well, as it were "at the receipt of custom." The currency is mealie-grain, which every drawer of water carries to the place of wells in a kind of large wooden ladle. I could never see that the size of the ladle varied with the size of the water-bowl so that so much water should be bought for so much grain. But at any rate payment was always made, the ladle being emptied into a great bowl, which the proprietor of the well kept in front of him. Unless I was much mistaken—which was abundantly possible, my knowledge of the language being so small—credit was sometimes given, and the well-owner would note that the price of one pitcher of water was owing to him from such and such a household in the village of such and such a sub-tribe. The pitchers being all filled, and big leaves of dock put on the top of the water to prevent its splashing out, the procession slowly forms itself in single file as before, the oldest and tallest again bringing up the rear. This formation has somehow become the obvious one for most of the South African natives; but it seems to be only among the women that the instinct for symmetry and order has decreed that the smallest shall lead when a company marches in single file. As our procession

moves off there is the usual rambling talk, which is carried on without a backward movement of the head, when these dusky men and women walk, like a string of cranes, threading the native tracks.

The native who lives, as do these cheerful subjects of Chief Khama, under tribal law, is not like us the slave of time. He is, of course, very much alive to the changes of weather, the procession of the seasons, and the rise or fall of temperature which they bring in their train. He knows to a nicety the precise moment of the evening when a wise Bechuana should begin to think about a rag of clothing. And it is most probable he would be able to tell you any day whether there was to be a moon that night, and, if so, how long after the going down of the sun it might be expected. But as for his food and his sleep, why should these be affected by the position of the sun or other heavenly bodies? Eat a little when you are too hungry to go without, drink water when you are too thirsty to abstain, and sleep when there is nothing to keep you awake, these are his primary rules of conduct.

The Bechuana is a moderate eater, content for the most part with a small allowance of mealie-grain or Kaffir corn. Doubtless, our vegetarian friends will expect to hear that they thrive better on this diet than they do on meat. But, alas for theories, it is not so. The little children are sometimes painful to look upon, so terribly does a diet of unrelieved mealies tend to what the vulgar call "wisible swellin'." But it is seldom that this disfigurement persists into full manhood. Thanks to the patience, tact, and zeal of Khama there is here no work for the temperance enthusiast to undertake. Kaffir beer is indeed made and drunk in most of the huts, but it is not a beverage that tempts to excess, and is as healthy and nourishing a drink as could be found. Khama's objection to it (for the prohibition covered Kaffir beer until recently the chief decided to yield to the popular demand) was not that his people got drunk on it, nor that it was bad for their health or morals, but simply that it encouraged idleness, the

pot in which the beer is fermented requiring to be watched many hours on end if the liquor is to be a success.

The real charm of the Bechuana is the childlike ease with which he glides through life. "To travel deliberately through the ages is to get the heart out of a liberal education," said R. L. Stevenson; and it is a good observe upon European life. But for the Bechuana there seem to be but two ages, only two conditions of mind—the childhood of children and the childlike manhood of men. Perhaps he has few soaring aspirations, no impossible ideals; at the least the true Bechuana never sinks into the slough of despond or suffers the torment of vain regret and bitter disillusion.

Of all South African natives the Bechuana seems to adapt himself most quickly and most completely to our civilisation. Government has been wise enough to take whatever was praiseworthy in the existing tribal law and custom and to lend to it the immense weight of the sanction of the "Great White Queen." There were, of course, certain powers which had to be reserved by the Imperial Government. But, on the whole, it is the ancient law, developed by the natives themselves during centuries of primitive existence, under which the modern Bechuana lives in our Protectorate.

To our notions some of the provisions of the tribal law seem perverse, and recall the laws of the imaginary states we meet with on the stage of comic opera. But, as a rule, there is some good explanation of such perversities. The extreme importance and strength of the tribal tie often justifies customs otherwise indefensible from the European point of view. No *corpus juris* was ever administered with such unfailing strictness and stern justice as this compound of modern law (with its background of Christian morals) and the primitive customs of savage life. If I give an instance of a mistake recently committed by a newly appointed member of the Administration owing to his excusable ignorance of tribal law, I must not be taken to imply that such cases are anything but rare.

To leave the headquarters of the tribe or sub-tribe to which

you owe allegiance is an extreme measure, requiring the special permission of your headman. To do so without permission entails under tribal law the forfeit of your goods. For there are certain classes of property which may be said to be held under the consent of the tribe; and among these are slaves, the product of wars undertaken by the tribe, and grain, the product of the "garden" allotted to each man from the tribal lands.

A native, dwelling with his sub-tribe somewhere in Khama's country, made up his mind to settle with his family at Gwelo in Rhodesia. For reasons unknown he left without leave and took with him his slaves and a large number of grain-bags. Some months later he returned to take away a few more bags of grain. His chief protested and eventually referred the matter to the Imperial authorities, not so much for decision as to secure the offender and recover the grain and slaves. But this gentleman was crafty; he went himself and complained that he was prevented from recovering property which he had left behind. Doubtless he was well aware that the official to whom his complaint was made was new to his work. On the principles of ordinary equity there seemed little doubt that the man was entitled to take away whatever had previously belonged to him. After inquiry it was decided that as the goods had really been his he was entitled to take them away. In fact, the decision completely ignored the validity of tribal law, which we do our utmost to uphold.

Not many years ago Khama's son seceded from the tribe and left its headquarters at Palapye. This is not the place to discuss his motives in detail; but it is of interest to observe that he was largely actuated by jealousy, not of Khama himself but of one of Khama's sons-in-law, who has a great deal of influence in the councils of the tribe. This son of our loyal ally Khama, may or may not follow in the footsteps of his father; it is just possible that the loyal feelings created and fostered by Khama may be strong enough to resist the counter-influence of any new chief.

Linchwe is said to be an extremely able man, quite capable

of forming ideas of his own upon the policy which his race should pursue. His secession must have been a fine piece of natural drama. The rule of the chief is by no means absolute; when any really important decision has to be made a meeting of the whole tribe is called; and this may mean an assembly of about ten thousand men. It was at a meeting of this kind, called in Sechwana a *khotla*, that Linchwe announced his secession. He complained publicly of the neglect with which he was treated by his father the chief, while his sister's husband was consulted on all important matters. Khama's reply was that he had good reasons for trusting the judgment of his son-in-law, as indeed he has. To this Linchwe answered by asking all those members of the tribes who agreed with him to leave Palapye with him and seek "fresh woods and pastures new." Nearly four thousand men are said to have left Palapye in his train; but it is probable that a number of these returned so soon as it became known that Khama had made his son an outlaw in consequence of his secession. It is easy to see that this affair would have led to a serious war if the Imperial Government had not intervened. Khama was directed by the Government to give Linchwe a certain portion of the tribal lands and to allow him to settle there. Unfortunately we did not specify the district in which he was to be allowed to settle. The result was that Khama chose the least habitable portion of his territories for his rebellious son. Now, we were in fact responsible for this award, and it was really our business to see that it was carried out. Linchwe is still on his way to the distant desert set apart for him and his followers; indeed, it is said by the gossips that he moves about ten miles a year. We ought really to have seen that he went to his portion of the territory at once; and to send him there with an escort would have been the best course of all.

There seems to be a general impression that when a supply of native labour is required you have only to transport natives to the industrial centre, wherever it may be. We have heard a good deal lately about the "compound" system in Kimberley

and Johannesburg. There is much to be said for it as contrasted with the alternative which is generally present to the mind when this system is upheld. But it is important to remember that the compound, though an immense improvement on the slip-shod anarchy which prevails in the Cape Colony and most markedly in the Peninsula, is not in itself a desirable way of meeting the difficulty. For there are natives and natives. The large number of cross-breeds, called in South Africa "bastards," should on no account be herded with pure-bred men, who have not only relations with their own tribe which keep them within the discipline of the chief, but have also their tribal dignity to maintain. At Mafeking, besides the town in which the pure-bred natives dwell, there is also a separate quarter for the miscellaneous coloured people, who are too much assorted to live under any tribal organisation. In the proper native quarter tribal existence goes on very much as it does in the Protectorates.

There is here the germ of a system which, as I believe, would go a long way to solve some of the most serious and pressing of the difficulties involved in the native question. There is at least little doubt but that the natives are the better citizens and the more useful workers if they are allowed to manage their own affairs within certain well-defined limits. Close observers agree in describing the natural dignity and pride of the native as the root of such morality as he is at present capable of living by.

The Department of Native Affairs should endeavour to aggregate the members of the various tribes and sub-tribes round the mines so that, as far as possible, all natives of any one tribe represented among the mine-workers may live together, and, what is equally important, work together in the same mine or mines. As time went on, and the native industrial population became more and more organised into tribal units, it would be possible to introduce a certain amount of self-government into these numerous small native quarters. Under the compound system, well as it works on the whole, there is a

great waste of the force which more than anything else makes for order and contentment. For the natives, like other people, exercise a restraining influence upon each other. The difficulty about drink would also be easier to solve if the "boys," living all together in small groups, were able to make their own "Kaffir beer," which, while itself perfectly harmless, makes them less ready to drink the vile spirits which are sure to be offered to them, however strict the prohibition against selling drink to natives may be made.

A great proportion of the manual labour at home in Palapye is done by the young boys and girls. The boys are away for months at a time with the cattle. The girls look after the "gardens." When you visit a family in Palapye you are generally informed that the boys are at the cattle-posts and the girls at the gardens. The consequence is that in the town itself for a good part of the year there are only the married men and women and the very small children. If you sleep out of doors at Palapye (as I did more from necessity than from choice), you will hear the same murmuring sounds at whatever hour you may chance to wake up. For the children's games and chatter go on throughout the night. You realise in what latitude of what continent chance has placed you, when you have a midnight visit from a wolf or two, harmless creatures to mankind so long as the lack of drainage ensures them their nightly due of offal in the narrow pathways. Sometimes even you may hear the distant roar of a lioness strayed south with her cubs, and roaming over the Chipwong Hills. These are but occasional sounds of the hot summer night; but the sound of children's voices is continuous and perpetual. They have, of course, no definite time for "going to bed"; they are not afraid of the dark, still less of being left alone like children at home; and the delight of talking never palls for them.

In Palapye you often see tiny girls wielding immense stakes of wood with which the mealie-grain is pounded in a large earthenware bowl. It is a charming sight to see these little

people helping their mothers or elder sisters at the heavy tasks. It is moreover probable that the amount of labour done by them has contributed much to that marvellous strength and beautiful carriage of the body which are even more remarkable in the young women than in the men. The gardens are often at a considerable distance from the *stad.* The girls have therefore to camp out for some days at a time among the mealie-patches. You see the natives at their best when you come across them near such an encampment in the middle of the beautiful bush-veldt. They wear little enough at the best of times; but when they are far removed from the restraints (such as they are) of their town life, they wear no more than the purely conventional indication of clothing which native decency requires. I remember once meeting a band of some forty women, all of them quite young, near some of Khama's tobacco plantations. They were carrying on their heads large baskets full of berries which they had been gathering; some of them had just finished washing their black persons in a stream when we rode down on them. They greeted us with various forms of words, not all of them quite as respectful as they might have been, and then began roaring with the most spontaneous laughter I ever heard. "Look at us; what sweet women we are," was what they said; and then they would become helpless with laughter. I was riding with two officials, one of whom knew Sechwana while the other did not. The higher of these two representatives of the Great White King acknowledged with the utmost courtesy a salutation which runs: *Dumela iniyazi,* and means, "greetings, paramour." He was a little shocked and not a little angry when his colleague gave him this literal translation of a greeting which he had often heard and acknowledged in the belief that it was peculiarly respectful and reserved for himself—as indeed it was. In point of fact, they meant no more than to express their feeling that he was what we might call with all respect "an old dear."

The women's one necessary garment is a fringe of leather thongs, which they wear in front of their persons. When a girl reaches the age of, I think, fourteen, the fringe of thongs, called the *makgabe*, is supplemented by the *moshesh*, a dressed skin worn behind and suspended from the same strings of light-blue beads as the *makgabe*. It is difficult to imagine a more becoming dress; nor would any one not hidebound in the prudery of European conventions consider it inadequate for the purpose of decency. It would be a great mistake to attempt any interference with the native dress, whether for men or women. These things are all matters of convention; and it is quite likely that European dress may appear meretricious in the eyes of the true unsophisticated Bechuana. It is quite certain that no influence in this matter could be brought to bear upon them with much effect from outside. Besides, there is a growing tendency among the women to wear cotton skirts. Much may, however, be done to improve their notions of the proper lines of European clothing. In the schools of the near future which will, as we hope, be provided and maintained by the Federal Government, through a Central Department of Native Education, there should be a great development of cutting-out classes, in which design as well as the technique of dress-making could be taught to every girl who passed through the school.

The average native has a great passion for teaching. It springs from the childish pride he takes in his knowledge of some purely mechanical piece of knowledge, such as the Sechwana alphabet, in the midst of a population who neither know nor care for any of these things. It has yet to be proved that their capacity to teach is at all comparable with the delight which they take in that most difficult and arduous of employments. It is a common sight to see a group of full-grown men gathered round some superior person many years their junior who instructs them on the strength of a few days schooling. For it is only of recent years, and that only owing to Khama's influence, that parents have arranged for their boys

to leave the cattle-posts for certain periods in order to attend the schools provided for them. The result is that in these schools you often see grown men; and if you ask them why they did not go to school earlier the answer is invariably that their fathers kept them at the cattle-posts, and that, now they were their own masters, they felt the disgrace of knowing so much less than their younger brothers and sisters. No sooner has a Bechuana learnt how to write the letters of the alphabet than he must find some one else to share his new-found knowledge. To see the scholars (children is not the word for this mixed assemblage) as they troop out of one of the district or village schools maintained in Palapye by the London Missionary Society is a lesson in enthusiasm. The passion for teaching their friends probably accounts for the large number of natives who can read and write a little although they have never been to any school. I have often seen a truck-load of good-humoured "kaffirs" at a siding on the northern line gathered round one of their number who is teaching a friend how to do simple addition on an old slate, probably stolen from a school which he attended in some favoured spot like Palapye.

It may be asked what improvement we can hope to make in the intellect and the morality of these Bechuanas, excellent as they are in their present sphere and to their own degree. It would be rash to hope for too much or to expect results at once. But there is just one thing which we may do without misgiving. It is the one thing which would have seemed obvious to our forbears—"Nor," as Calverley said, "am I very sure they erred, are you?" We may give them our religion, if we can do no more. There are many Christians at Palapye. The great Chief Khama is among the most sincere and devoted of them. Indeed it is only the shallowest view of native affairs which could lead one to depreciate the value of the missionary work done and still doing among them. The utmost caution must, however, be exercised by the missionary to see that the Christianity penetrates the outer husk of barbarism. For the curse of the missionary, more especially

of that evangelical type which we mainly produce in England, is the page of statistics which he is expected to forward home from time to time in order that the worthy folk of Exeter Hall or the readers of the parish magazines may rejoice over the conversion of so many more "heathen souls." What would be the feelings of these people if they knew that a goodly number of these "converted" heathen had an allowance of wives scarcely to be reconciled with the Christian faith, and allowed their children to undergo Pagan rites which could not possibly be described at a missionary meeting? Yet so it is. There is much to be said for the eclectic principle according to which men of business who deal with natives judge of religious faiths—by the power which they exercise over the lives of their native converts. There is no doubt that the Bechuana is immensely the better in every way if he has learnt to reverence the "name above all names," whatever be the sectarian aspect under which he has learnt to do so. With such people the influence exercised by the confessional is of the utmost power and value. The Catholic missions have not hitherto made much stir in these northern districts; but a little further south the Jesuits have worked wonders, and it is to be hoped that the Catholic teaching and missionary orders will soon extend their sphere to include Palapye and Khama's country generally.

There is no space here to tell the story of the first white man ever encountered by Bechuana tribes; and, if there were, would it be quite fair to give to the world a good story which is not the present writer's property? But I cannot resist recording that this first white man, who married a native woman, settled down with a small tribe of which he became the chief, "near a great mountain in the north of the Transvaal." He prospered exceedingly and gave his name to a tribe. The great mountain was not easy to identify until one very old man gave the white man's name as Machálie, or something like that. Perhaps he was a Scotchman—a MacAlister even. At all events, it is fairly certain that his name, though no longer used

by a tribe, is preserved in the name of the most conspicuous mountain in the Northern Transvaal, the Magaliesberg.

Khama will not be expecting to see a report of his conversation with me in the pages of a Review; but I hold it a pious act to record on a monument more enduring than brass, some traces of the poetry which stands him in the stead of small talk. The talk came round, as all South African talk will, to the great war then degenerating into its later phases of interminable pettiness more wearing than great losses. I knew that Khama had resisted a temptation to break his allegiance; but I was hardly prepared for the epic flavour of the story. I asked him whether he had seen anything of the Boers during the war. This was his answer; but you must imagine what follows to have been spoken very slowly with long pauses, and in beautiful sing-song Sechwana.

Khama said, "It was about the time of the going down of the sun. I was sitting in my hut. Upon the threshold there came a Boer very dirty and travel-stained. I asked him whence he came. He said, 'I have ridden without dismounting, from the Limpopo.' I asked him what he would with me. He said, 'I bear a message from Commandant Grobbelaar, whose commando is resting on the further bank of the river.' I said, 'What does your commandant wish from me?' He told me that the commandant only desired permission to traverse my territory without being molested by my regiments. I said, 'Why does your commandant wish to cross my country?' He said, 'The Boers are at war with the Rooineks and are driving them into the sea.' I said to the messenger, 'Is that all you have to say?' He said he had not eaten or drunk for many hours, and begged that he might get some food while I considered what reply I should make to Commandant Grobbelaar. I replied, 'You shall not eat or drink in my city or in my land.' He said, 'But I am so hungry that I cannot go without food.' I said, 'You shall not eat in my territory. You will ride straight back to your commandant and will say to him that I, Khosh Khama, am a son of the

Great White Queen; and that if he or his men cross the river I will drive them back into it by force of arms, to be food for crocodiles.'"

Such is the talk of Khama; and it is worthy of the man. He is a great ruler, but an old man. He has suffered not a little for his convictions, notably in regard to the question of drink. But he will die full of honours; and he himself hopes to meet the Great White Queen in the next world. Let me hope that his wish may be fulfilled; and that the Great White Queen may rejoice to hear the grey-haired king

> Unravel all his many-coloured lore,
>   Whose mind hath known all arts of governing,
> Mused much, loathed life a little, loved it more.

A British Official.

SRÁHMANDÁZI[1]

DEEP embowered beside the forest river,
  Where the flame of sunset only falls,
Lapped in silence lies the House of Dying,
  House of them to whom the twilight calls.

There within when day was near to ending,
  By her lord a woman young and strong,
By his chief a songman old and stricken
  Watched together till the hour of song.

"O my songman, now the bow is broken,
  Now the arrows one by one are sped,
Sing to me the song of Sráhmandázi,
  Sráhmandázi, home of all the dead."

Then the songman, flinging wide his songnet,
  On the last token laid his master's hand,
While he sang the song of Sráhmandázi,
  None but dying men can understand.

[1] This ballad is founded on materials given to the author by the late Miss Mary Kingsley on her return from her last visit to the Bantu peoples of West Africa.

"Yonder sun that fierce and fiery-hearted
Marches down the sky to vanish soon,
At the self-same hour in Sráhmandázi
Rises pallid like the rainy moon.

"There he sees the heroes by their river,
Where the great fish daily upward swim;
Yet they are but shadows hunting shadows,
Phantom fish in waters drear and dim.

"There he sees the kings among their headmen,
Women weaving, children playing games;
Yet they are but shadows ruling shadows,
Phantom folk with dim forgotten names.

"Bid farewell to all that most thou lovest,
Tell thy heart thy living life is done;
All the days and deeds of Sráhmandázi
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun."

Dreamily the chief from out the songnet
Drew his hand and touched the woman's head:
"Know they not, then, love in Sráhmandázi,
Has a king no bride among the dead?"

Then the songman answered, "O my master,
Love they know, but none may learn it there;
Only souls that reach that land together
Keep their troth and find the twilight fair.

"Thou art still a king, and at thy passing
By thy latest word must all abide;
If thou willest, here am I, thy songman,
If thou lovest, here is she, thy bride."

Hushed and dreamy lay the House of Dying,
Dreamily the sunlight upward failed,
Dreamily the chief on eyes that loved him
Looked with eyes the coming twilight veiled.

Then he cried, "My songman, I am passing;
Let her live, her life is but begun;
All the days and nights of Sráhmandázi
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun."

Yet, when there within the House of Dying
The last silence held the sunset air,
Not alone he came to Sráhmandázi,
Not alone she found the twilight fair:

While the songman far beneath the forest
Sang of Sráhmandázi all night through,
"Lovely be thy name, O Land of shadows,
Land of meeting, Land of all the true!"

Henry Newbolt.

M. MAETERLINCK'S NEW PLAY

("MONNA VANNA")

WHEN I learnt some months ago that M. Maeterlinck was abandoning for a while the peacefulness of his philosophic study and his country beehives and was preparing to face anew the vulgar and noisy criticism of the theatre-going public, I felt a moment's surprise, not to say apprehension. The rare serenity of the works which issued in abundance from his retirement and were received with so unanimous a chorus of approval, gave no hint of so speedy a return to more disputed fields. I was apprehensive, for I knew that in bringing himself thus to descend from the sun-lit heights of his Ivory Tower where Friendship has ripened into Love, he must have obeyed imperious and irresistible promptings from within, commanding him to employ the thrilling accents of venerable drama and so deliver to the world the secret treasure of the feelings and thoughts new-born in his poet's mind. The title of the play and the period of its action made it clear that his seclusion had prompted a bold and daring love-theme, which, for adequate dramatic expression, required more than the vaguely mediæval and sentimental setting of a tragic idyll. Then came the anxious question how, with this new development of his genius, would the thinker succeed in adapting, without injury, the broad simplicity of his first conception to the various petty necessities

incidental to the scenic reconstitution of a historical period. The period, too, was the Italian Renaissance, a time of chaos and upheaval, already explored and exploited in every sense by literary and theatrical prospectors as an inexhaustible mine of the monstrous and sensational.

It is curious to notice that the Renaissance, which formerly provided the romantic poet with a dash of culture for his local colour, and from which quite recently even contemporary dramatists have been glad to draw forth the archæological *bric-à-brac*, deemed indispensable for conferring on their melodramas, in prose or verse, some intellectual stamp, has in return morally suffered much at the hands of those who claimed to get their inspiration from it. No complete and truthful dramatic portrait has appeared to do justice to that period. Some writers, with merely decorative aims, and no thought for the spirit of the time, have lost themselves in material details. Others have been unable or unwilling to discover more than the tinsel of its infinitely complex psychology, more than its violent or morbid sensuality, a sensuality only refined and not lessened by flowery surroundings. The *Lorenzaccio* of Alfred de Musset, *La Haine* of M. Victorien Sardou, occur as instances. M. Maeterlinck scorns such frippery. More profoundly steeped in that epoch, he has wholly grasped its spirit; with admirable sense of proportion he brings into relief the two principal and apparently contradictory elements, revealing to us in the choicest minds, beyond the fever of daily struggles, a thirst for spirituality and repose; and it is on these neo-platonic aspirations which are formed objectively in Art, subjectively in Nature, that the poet here bases what I shall call his theme of spiritual epicureanism. M. Maeterlinck's drama may fail on the stage, but even its failure would mark an epoch in the annals of the stage, if for no other reason, because he brings back and recreates the historic method, reviving the inner atmosphere and the very soul of past civilisations.

But Maeterlinck, the dramatist, has other virtues of temperament, nascent in his preceding works, clearly defined

and developed in the present. Especially I would refer to that return to the simplicity of the ancients, so admirably illustrated in several French plays of recent date but various character, which our own public, accustomed unfortunately to pseudo-historical hotch-potch, seems to have failed to notice. Such was *L'Énigme* of M. Paul Hervieu, of which an emasculated version was presented at Wyndham's Theatre under the ridiculous title of *Caesar's Wife*; such was *La Nouvelle Idole* of M. François de Curel, which the Stage Society reproduced for us, a bold but ill-rewarded effort. In M. Maeterlinck in particular, whether consciously or unconsciously, but in any case most admirably, this tendency is carried to a degree of constructive perfection which is rarely found in a poet; it is equally conspicuous in the dialogue and the distribution—cleverly representative, from a social point of view—of the not numerous parts. His expository method, dear to him and, as some say, borrowed from Scandinavia, consists in the deliberate and gradual accumulation of vague fears expressed in antithetical and solemnly equivocal language. This language inspires the spectator, still impressed with the reality of his immediate surroundings, with the duly reverential awe of mysterious and threatening destiny, and prepares his receptive emotional faculties for the crowning catastrophe. Intervals of dialogue serve to punctuate the growing interest in the catastrophe which is thereby retarded or escaped. Throughout this process I would recognise the manner of Greek tragedians, the famous episode of the successive revelations in the *Oedipus Rex*, for example. Moreover, in the drama with which I am dealing this reverential awe is the result of a clear discovery, whose severe and decided outlines would gladden the most fervent adherent of French classicism in the seventeenth century.

The curtain rises on the palace of Guido Colonna at Pisa, where he is in command of the garrison. Guido discusses with his lieutenants, Borso and Torello, the desperate position of the town, which is besieged by Prinzivalle, a mercenary in the

pay of its implacable enemy Florence, and is on the point of falling short of provisions and ammunition. The conversation centres on the redoubtable personality of the hostile chief, in whom Guido sees a second Attila, a second Flail of Heaven, savage, uncertain, and ominously plain-spoken; Borso on the contrary calls him loyal and generous. Are they to surrender or resist to the end? Enter Marco, Guido's father, who had gone with a flag of truce to Prinzivalle, and had been given up as lost. This is perhaps the most charming bit of character-drawing in the play, this old man with his gentle vein of philosophy, who, having reached the end of a life in which he has seen much of men and much consequently of human sorrows, denies the wisdom of preferring death, horrible, cold death with its eternity of silence, to any physical or moral suffering whatever which may postpone it. But let us listen to his report to the officers at Pisa of how he prospered in his mission:

Marco. Savez-vous qui j'ai rencontré sous la tente du brave Prinzivalle?

Guido. Je m'en doute: les commissaires impitoyables de Florence. . . .

Marco. Oui, c'est vrai; eux aussi, ou l'un d'eux; car je n'en ai vu qu'un. . . . Mais le premier que l'on me nomme, c'est Marcille Ficin, le maître vénéré qui révéla Platon. Marcille Ficin, c'est l'âme de Platon reparue sur la terre . . . j'aurais donné dix ans de ma vie pour le voir avant de m'en aller où s'en vont tous les hommes. . . . Nous étions comme deux frères qui se retrouvent enfin. . . . Nous parlions de Platon, d'Aristote et d'Homère. . . . Il avait découvert, dans un bois d'oliviers près du camp, sur les bords de l'Arno, enfoui dans le sable, un torse de déesse si étrangement beau que, si vous le voyiez, vous oublieriez la guerre. . . . Nous avons creusé plus avant; il a trouvé un bras; j'ai déterré deux mains si pures et si fines qu'on les croirait formées pour créer des sourires, répandre la rosée et caresser l'aurore. . . . L'une d'elles avait la courbe que prennent les doigts légers quand ils effleurent un sein; l'autre serrait encore la main d'un miroir. . . .

Guido. Mon père, n'oublions pas qu'un peuple meurt de faim, et qu'il n'a que faire de mains fines et de torses de bronze.

And Marco knows well, too well, that his fellow citizens are fighting with one another for the grass that springs among the stones; he knows also that he holds their safety in his hands, in the proposal which he brings and which will save the

lives of thirty thousand men at the cost of ruin to one, but that one his own son. So he tries to gain time; but Guido insists: he can, he will hear all, and then, slowly, in the following portrait of Prinzivalle, are unveiled the features of inexorable fate:

Marco. Or, j'ai trouvé un homme qui s'est incliné devant moi comme le disciple ému s'incline devant le maître. Il est lettré, discret, soumis à la sagesse et avide de science. Il sait écouter longuement, et se montre sensible à toutes les beautés. Il sait sourire avec intelligence; il est doux et humain, et n'aime pas la guerre. Il cherche la raison des passions et des choses. Il sait regarder en lui-même; il est plein de conscience et de sincérité, et sert à contre-cœur une république perfide. Les hasards de la vie, peut-être le destin, l'ont tourné vers les armes, et l'enchaînent encore à une gloire qu'il déteste et qu'il veut délaisser; mais pas avant d'avoir satisfait un désir; un funeste désir, comme en ont certains hommes qui sont nés, semble-t-il, sous l'étoile dangereuse d'un grand amour unique et irréalisable. . . .

And so Prinzivalle—indignant and disgusted with the Republic which he serves, and ripe for treason—in spite of the formal orders received eight days before to deliver a final assault on the fortifications already stripped of defenders and at his mercy, Prinzivalle hesitates—more, he offers to save Pisa, to enter its service with all his faithful followers and to send in three hundred waggons of food and ammunition on the next night, but—on one fatal, one irrevocable condition:

Marco. Tout cela entrera dès ce soir dans la ville, si vous envoyez en échange, pour la livrer à Prinzivalle durant une seule nuit, car il la renverra aux premières lueurs de l'aurore, mais il exige en signe de victoire et d'abandon, qu'elle vienne seule et nue sous son manteau. . . .

Guido. Qui ?—Mais qui donc doit venir ?

Marco. Giovanna. . . .

Guido. Qui ?—Ma femme ?—Vanna ? . . .

Marco. Oui; ta Giovanna . . . je l'ai dit. . . .

Guido. Mais pourquoi ma Giovanna, s'il a de tels désirs. . . . Il y a mille femmes. . . .

Marco. C'est qu'elle est la plus belle et qu'il l'aime. . . .

Guido. Il l'aime ? . . . Où l'a-t'il vue ? . . . Il ne la connaît pas. . . .

Marco. Il l'a vue, la connaît; mais n'a pas voulu dire depuis quand ni comment. . . .

Guido. Mais elle, l'a-t-'elle vu ? . . . Où l'a-t-il rencontrée ? . . .

Marco. Elle ne l'a jamais vu ; ou ne s'en souvient pas. . . .

Guido. Comment le savez-vous ?

Marco. Elle-même me l'a dit.

Guido. Quand ?

Marco. Avant que je vinsse vous trouver.

Guido. Et vous lui avez dit ? . . .

Marco. Tout.

Guido. Tout ? . . . Quoi ? . . . Tout le marché infâme ? . . . Et vous avez osé ? . . .

Marco. Oui.

Guido. Et qu'a-t-elle répondu ? . . .

Marco. Elle n'a pas répondu. Elle est devenue pâle et s'est éloignée sans parler.

Guido. Oui, j'aime mieux cela. . . . Elle aurait pu bondir, vous cracher au visage, ou tomber à vos pieds. . . . Mais j'aime mieux cela. . . . Pâlir et s'éloigner. . . . Les anges l'auraient fait. . . . Je reconnais Vanna. . . .

Exquisitely expressed is this husband's reverence for the wife, the pure worship of the tender face, which blushes at a look, and on which all the emotions ceaselessly go and come, as if to freshen the brilliance of its beauty. To no purpose does Marco employ eloquence whose pathos is intense and thrilling, in vain does he appeal to feelings of patriotism and humanity, and invoke the thousands of the dead, insist on the glory and the duty of the sacrifice. How, indeed, to convince a husband beside himself that "love for a single being is happy and praiseworthy, but the more comprehensive love is better," and that "vigilant chastity and fidelity are good virtues, but there are days when they seem puny in comparison with others." Guido remains unshaken in his resolve to fight to the death and thus to engulf in his own downfall his city and his brothers. However, he consents to abide blindly by the answer which Vanna herself shall make. "A man," says Marco, "sees in another man only what he sees in himself; and every man knows his fellow in a different way and as far only as the limits of his own consciousness." Marco, then, has recognised in Vanna a force which Guido does not suspect; to the latter, if Vanna's reply is not the same as his own, it is because they have been deceiving one another from the

first hour till to-day — it is because their love has been nothing but a gigantic lie which now collapses. The unhappy man is blind to the approach of inevitable Fate, and full of confidence and love he goes to meet Vanna who comes towards him followed by a supplicating throng:

Guido. Ma Vanna! . . . Qu'ont-ils fait? . . . Non, ne redis pas les choses qu'ils ont dites! . . . Laisse-moi voir ton front et plonger dans tes yeux. . . . Ah! tout est resté pur et loyal comme l'eau où se baignent les anges! . . . Ils n'ont rien pu souiller de tout ce que j'aimais; et toutes leurs paroles tombaient comme des pierres qu'on lance vers le ciel sans troubler un instant la clarté de l'azur! Quand ils ont vu ces yeux, ils n'ont rien demandé, j'en suis sûr. . . . Ils n'ont pas éxigé de réponse; leur clarté répondait. Elle mettait un grand lac de lumière et d'amour que rien n'eût pu franchir entre leurs pensées et la tienne. . . . Mais maintenant, regarde, approche-toi. . . . Il y a un homme ici que j'appelle mon père. Vois, il baisse la tête; ses cheveux blancs le cachent. . . . Il faut lui pardonner; il est vieux et se trompe. . . . Il faut avoir pitié; il faut faire un effort; tes yeux ne suffisent pas à le dissuader, tant il est loin de nous. . . . Il ne nous connait plus; notre amour a passé sur sa vieillesse heureuse comme une pluie d'avril sur un rocher crayeux. Il n'a jamais saisi un seul de ses rayons; il n'a jamais surpris un seul de nos baisers. . . . Il croit que nous aimons comme ceux qui n'aiment pas. . . . Il lui faut des paroles pour comprendre. Il lui faut la réponse. . . .

Vanna. [*s'approchant de* MARCO]. Mon père, j'irai ce soir.

Guido. Quoi? . . . Que lui as-tu dit? . . . Parles-tu pour lui ou pour moi? . . .

Vanna. Pour toi aussi, Guido. . . . J'obéirai ce soir. . . .

Guido. Mais à qui? tout est là, je ne sais pas encore. . . .

Vanna. J'irai ce soir au camp de Prinzivalle.

Guido. Pour te donner á lui comme il l'a demandé?

Vanna. Oui.

Guido. Pour mourir avec lui? . . . Pour le tuer avant? . . . Je n'avais pas songé. . . . Cela, du moins cela, et je comprendrai tout. . . .

Vanna. Je ne le tuerai pas; la ville serait prise. . . .

Guido. Quoi? . . . C'est toi. . . . Mais tu l'aimes? tu l'aimais. . . Depuis quand l'aimes-tu? . . .

Vanna. Je ne le connais pas; je ne l'ai jamais vu. . . .

Guido. Mais tu sais comme il est? . . . sans doute ils ont parlé. . . . Ils ont dit qu'il était. . . .

Vanna. Quelqu'un m'a dit tantôt que c'était un vieillard, je ne sais rien de plus.

Guido. Ce n'est pas un vieillard! . . . Il est jeune, il est beau. . . . Bien plus jeune que moi.

"He is young . . . handsome . . . much younger than I!" . . . There is the stroke of the dramatist's genius, like a flash laying bare the weak spot of this love with all its nobility. Guido is jealous, and therefore suspicious; he has none of that confidence, that absolute abnegation of self, which alone, from the philosophic point of view, can make love perfect. Incapable himself of rising to the immaterial heights of affection where the fleshly is forgotten, he will not allow that another can attain thereto. Morally then his love is already ruined. It is upright no longer. Vanna on her side is suffering—suffering terribly in body and in soul, but a hidden and mysterious power supports her, does not allow her to speak, but urges her: "I will go, I will go, I will go." She goes because she cannot but go. When she grew pale in the first instance at Marco's proposal, she knew then that she would go. And so she goes forth to the altar of sacrifice, alone, and slowly, without a look at Guido, who staggers, breathing all his despair, all his bitterness at his deception in these words: "Who would have said that my father knew her better than I?"

In the second act we are in the Florentine camp in Prinzivalle's tent; he is impatiently awaiting Marco's return and reply. It is the decisive hour; his life turns on it.

Comme ces grands navires aux voiles éployées que les prisonniers introduisent en même temps que leurs songes, dans une bulle de verre.

And yet, we may note, his resolve is already taken, apart from the reply from Pisa. In betraying Florence, he is only countering another treason; this is made clear by his violent interview with the second commissioner, Trivulzio. The latter is a type of villain dear to the melodramatist, but raised in this play to the personification of blind devotion to the state, which leads him to neglect no means, however questionable, to destroy popular idols. A frail body is aglow with patriotic courage, as is shown by his desperate assault on Prinzivalle.

Prinzivalle, when struck in the face, generously pardons the enemy whom he admires, and has his wound dressed by his confidant Vedio, grimly remarking, "Leave the lips free!"

A far-off shot is heard; Vedio goes out . . . the curtain at the entrance of the tent is raised, and Vanna halts on the threshold, covered with a long mantle, while blood streams from her shoulder on to her hands.

Frankly I do not like this double wounding, which the author turns to quite unnecessary use in the third act. The second incident appears to me to neutralise the effect of the first, and further to render the playwright liable to the reproach of having made an appeal to sympathy, or of having been guilty of cowardice in thus opening his grand, his critical scene. But with this reserve—and the blot may be easily removed—what admirable artistic simplicity distinguishes the following dialogue, slow, concise, hesitating, with a thrill for us in every word:

Prinzivalle. Vous êtes décidée. . . .

Vanna. Oui.

Prinzivalle. Faut-il vous rappeler les termes du. . . .

Vanna. C'est inutile, je sais. . . .

Prinzivalle. Vous ne regrettez pas? . . .

Vanna. Fallait-il venir sans regrets? . . .

Prinzivalle. Votre mari consent? . . .

Vanna. Oui. . . .

Prinzivalle. J'entends vous laisser libre. . . . Il en est temps encore, voulez-vous renoncer. . . .

Vanna. Non. . . .

Prinzivalle. Pourquoi le faites-vous? . . .

Vanna. Parce qu'on meurt de faim, et qu'on mourrait demain d'une façon plus prompte. . . .

Prinzivalle. Et sans autre raison?

Vanna. Quelle autre pourrait donc. . . .

Prinzivalle. Je comprends que l'épreuve. . . . Et une femme vertueuse?

Vanna. Oui.

Prinzivalle. Et qui aime son mari?

Vanna. Oui.

Prinzivalle. Profondément?

Vanna. Oui.

Prinzivalle. Vous êtes nue sous ce manteau?

Vanna. Oui.

[VANNA *fait un mouvement pour dépouiller le manteau.* PRINZIVALLE *l'arrête d'un geste.*

As the movement indicates, the conqueror is already conquered at heart; he no longer demands the price of his mercy, no longer will he dream of asking for it; and when at his bidding, the long convoy has started by torchlight for Pisa, it is a humble, suppliant and respectful worshipper who casts himself before the astonished Vanna to tell her the long kept secret of his love.

Prinzivalle. Or, vous aviez huit ans, et moi j'en avais dix, quand je vous rencontrai pour la première fois. . . .

Vanna. Où cela ?

Prinzivalle. A Venise, un dimanche de juin.—Mon père, le vieil orfèvre, apportait un collier de perles à votre mère. Elle admirait les perles. . . . J'errais dans le jardin. . . . Alors, je vous trouvai sous un bosquet de myrtes, près d'un bassin de marbre. . . . Une mince bague d'or était tombée dans l'eau. . . . Vous pleuriez près du bord. . . . J'entrai dans le bassin.—Je faillis me noyer; mais je saisis la bague et vous la mis au doigt. . . . Vous m'avez embrassé et vous étiez heureuse. . . .

Vanna. C'était un enfant blond nommé Gianello. . . . Tu es Gianello ? . . .

Prinzivalle. Oui.

Vanna. Vous m' avez reconnue tout de suite, lorsque je suis entrée ? . . .

Prinzivalle. Si vous étiez venues dix mille sous ma tente, toutes vêtues de même, toutes également belles comme dix mille sœurs, que leur mère confondrait, je me serais levé, j'aurais pris votre main, j'aurais dit: " La voici . . ." C'est étrange, n'est-ce pas, qu'une image bien-aimée, puisse vivre ainsi dans un cœur ? . . . Car la vôtre vivait à ce point dans le mien, qu'elle changeait chaque jour comme dans la vie réelle. Et celle d'aujourd'hui effaçait celle d'hier.

Vanna, however, cannot believe in a love which has failed to force the hand of Fate. " Had I loved like you, I would have . . . Ah ! there is no telling what I would have done !" And Prinzivalle, thinking to discern in this admission some indifference towards Guido, tries to take her hand. But he is repelled. " This love," says she, " is the love which life has given me; I was not blind when I accepted it. I will have no other; and if it is stained by any one it will not be by me." Moreover she fails to recognise in Prinzivalle's conduct any sign of that unique rarity, an all-absorbing passion, save the folly of his treason. But Prinzivalle, his soul enlarged by the example

of her frankness, is ashamed of himself and tells her that his treason is but the result of circumstances and that she misunderstands the greatness of his sacrifice. "I would not purchase a single smile from you by a lie." Won by his sincerity Vanna yields him the hand which had braved his amorous advances.

Sincerity, yes, sincerity, according to M. Maeterlinck, is the foundation, the very essence of love, as of friendship; of love more than of friendship. Our modern conception of love requires, to keep it lasting, a constantly renewed dose of novelty to act as a tonic to idle and jealous curiosity, a kind of unknown x which renders the marriage state a field of incessant manœuvring where husband and wife aim to gain the maximum and yield the minimum of confidence. It is a vicious conception, bred of moral slackness, and M. Maeterlinck proceeds at once with great dramatic force to show us its weakness in the presence of true love which rests on manly loyalty, on absolute trust. The poet's description of the tardy awakening of the latter feeling is an incomparable piece of writing:

Vanna. C'est curieux, quand j'y pense. . . . Je crois que j'aurais fait tout ce que tu as fait si j'aimais comme toi. . . . Il me semble parfois que je suis à ta place, que c'est toi qui m'écoutes, et que c'est moi qui dis tout ce que tu me dis.

Prinzivalle. Et moi aussi, Vanna, dès le premier moment, j'ai senti que le mur qui sépare d'un autre être devenait transparent, et j'y plongeais les mains, j'y plongeais les regards comme dans une onde fraîche, et les en retirais ruisselants de lumière, ruisselants de confiance et de sincérité, comme si je les plongeais dans ma propre conscience et dans mon propre cœur. . . . Il me semblait aussi que les hommes changeaient; que je m'étais trompé sur eux jusqu'à ce jour. . . . Il me semblait surtout que je changeais moi-même, que je sortais enfin d'une longue prison, que les portes s'ouvraient, que des fleurs et des feuilles écartaient les barreaux, que l'horizon venait emporter chaque pierre, que l'air pur du matin pénétrait dans mon âme et baignait mon amour. . . .

Vanna. Moi aussi, je changeais. . . . J'étais bien étonnée de pouvoir te parler comme je t'ai parlé dès le premier moment. . . . Je suis très silencieuse. . . . Je n'ai jamais parlé ainsi à aucun homme, si ce n'est à Marco, le père de Guido. . . . Puis il a mille rêves qui le prennent tout entier; et nous n'avons causé que trois ou quatre fois. . . . Les autres ont toujours un désir dans les yeux

qui ne permettrait pas de leur dire qu'on les aime, et qu'on voudrait savoir ce qu'il y a dans leur cœur. Et dans tes yeux aussi il y a un désir; mais il n'est pas le même ; il ne répugne point, et il ne fait pas peur. . . . J'ai senti tout de suite que je te connaissais sans que je me souvinsse de t'avoir jamais vu. . . .

Prinzivalle. Aurais-tu pu m'aimer si mon mauvais destin ne m'eût fait revenir lorsqu'il était trop tard ?

Vanna. Si je pouvais te dire que je t'aurais aimé, ne serait-ce pas t'aimer déjà, Gianello ? Et tu sais comme moi que ce n'est point possible. Mais nous parlons ici comme si nous étions dans une île déserte. . . . Si j'étais seule au monde, il n'y aurait rien à dire. Mais nous oublions trop tout ce qu'un autre souffre pendant que nous sommes là à sourire au passé. . . .

Could there be anything more touching, anything nobler than these last words, conveying the perfection of fidelity to the husband. For we feel that a new, fatal and irresistible love is born in her. She is more than vaguely conscious of it; but she still believes in Guido, and, as long as she can believe in him, all suspicion of weakness would be a slur on her honesty. And so we fully concur when, in view of the bonfires which celebrate the saving of Pisa, Vanna touches his forehead with her happy lips and says: "That is the only kiss I may give you, my Gianello"—and we fully sympathise with Prinzivalle's answer, "Ah! my Giovanna, it passes the joys that love hoped for"—Vanna has believed in Guido, and Prinzivalle in Vanna, and Prinzivalle has followed Vanna to Pisa, giving her thus the best proof of his trust and love. There they are together, surrounded by an acclaiming and excited crowd. . . . Guido sees her, her alone, and, with a gesture, waves her aside as though she were a leper. But he will have to listen. She tells him all, the unhoped-for deliverance, the saviour's love, the kiss which she gave him on the forehead and which he returned. And Guido will believe her doubtless, for he loves her!

But Guido does not believe that the stars are grains of hellebore or that the moon may be extinguished by spitting in a well, or that a man who has but one night to live contents himself with a kiss on the forehead. He appeals to the people, who are unanimously of his opinion, "each judging others by

the standard of his own conscience." Then Vanna throws all her force, all her loyalty, all her devotion, into one last look, one last denial. But Guido becomes cynical. Though he has sworn to kill the mercenary leader for his affront, he now promises the lovers pardon and liberty if his wife will publicly admit her guilt. Vanna proudly refuses, and Guido has Prinzivalle seized for immediate execution. This is too much for Vanna; there is no longer any bar to her love for Gianello, now that Guido has himself broken the contract by his want of faith. So she will save Gianello, and to save him will lie, entangling him, for his own sake, in her splendid falsehood. Frenzied, she hurls herself upon the guards, crying aloud the shame that is not hers, the hatred that she does not feel, in language that is tragically philosophic.

Vanna. Voici ce que j'ai fait: cet homme m'a donc prise, bassement, lâchement, comme je vous l'ai dit. . . . J'ai voulu le tuer et nous avons lutté. . . . Mais il m'a désarmée. . . . Alors j'ai entrevu une vengeance plus profonde et je lui ai souri. . . . Il a cru mon sourire. . . . Ah! les hommes sont fous! . . . Il est juste qu'on les trompe. . . . Ils adorent le mensonge! . . . Quand on montre la vie, ils croient que c'est la mort! Quand on leur tend la mort, ils la prennent pour la vie! . . . . Il avait cru me prendre et c'est moi qui l'ai pris! . . . Le voilà dans sa tombe et je la scellerai! . . . Il fallait l'amener en l'ornant de baisers comme un agneau docile. . . . Le voilà dans mes mains qui ne s'ouvriront plus! . . .

Vanna claims to be Prinzivalle's executioner, and chooses a deep dungeon, with Marco, who alone has believed in her and alone fathoms her design, to be jailor, and the key in her sole keeping. And now—too late—Guido recovers his belief in her. Artlessly he hands her the key: "'Twas a bad dream!" And Vanna, though fainting, is still strong enough to answer him with this sublime equivocation: "Yes, the end of the bad dream, and the beginning of the bright."

For such a falsehood there is and there is not justification; it is only human, very human. To many, however, this somewhat hazy ending will appear unsatisfactory, and viewed, indeed, from the standpoint of the average playgoer, it is no doubt open to controversy. But to adopt the common

standard of judgment in dealing with a play of so exceptional a character were perhaps unfair to the author. In it the thinker has sought merely to embody a philosophic dogma by dramatic treatment. Hence, the psychological crisis and moral conclusions once exhausted, the more material corollaries are, in his eyes, of little or no consequence.

Such then is M. Maeterlinck's work of art, simple, grand, daring. From a literary point of view, the verdict is his already. On the stage, at the moment when these lines are written, success is less assured. But M. Maeterlinck has on his side two considerable adjuncts in the choicest intellects of theatrical Paris, and the picturesque originality of M. Lugné-Poé's staging. Above all, in the interpretation of the title-part, he will have the support of the gifted and lovely wife,[1] who has, no doubt, furnished its primary source of inspiration; having, like the Renaissance heroine, followed the bolder of two theories of love.

MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL.

[1] Madame Georgette Leblanc, the well-known cantatrice.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN ITALIAN PICTURES

IT would be difficult for the student or lover of early Italian pictures to pass by unnoticed the music-making angels, with their quaint instruments, represented sometimes as moving in rhythmic cadence, sometimes as seated in passive adoration and devotion.

When these are looked at carefully, it will be seen (more especially in pictures where angel-hosts figure, as in those of the Florentine and Umbrian schools), that, even if the instruments were withdrawn, the sense of musical rhythm would still be suggested. And the reason why this feeling suggests itself is, that these early religious painters conceived as a reality the attractive force of divinity and made all action and movement converge towards this central idea, thus creating, as it were, a symphonic whole.

How different is the character of the early Venetian pictures, still under the spell of Byzantine tradition, with an enthroned Madonna and Child and saints standing stiffly on either side, onlookers, but not participators, distracting accessories rather than compelling forces of concentration!

Music, "in its ideal, consummate moments," unlike the other arts (with the exception of architecture, which is somewhat akin to it), seeks neither to imitate Nature nor to express the effects of the inward feelings, but rather to embody the feelings themselves, "the end being not distinct from the

means, or the subject from the expression." Perhaps this is why the largest number of instruments is found in the earliest pictures, for it was in these alone that the painter sought to render purely imaginative incidents about which he felt deeply, such as Paradise and the Assumption, or the Coronation of the Virgin. The presence of angel-musicians not only gave an atmosphere of Biblical tradition to the subject, thus satisfying the Church, but it also intensified the sense of celestial happiness and glory, thus foreshadowing an eternity of bliss for the people.

There is no doubt that the instruments represented together as an orchestra in pictures of the early Florentine School were played together in reality on specially religious and festive occasions. This fact gives additional interest to these representations of angelic bands, as it helps to throw some light on the instrumental music of the Middle Ages. From them we learn the exact form of the instruments, the way in which they were held, and the manner in which they were combined. The painters made use of these combinations partly from a desire to find some material expression of the joys of Paradise and partly for the sake of the decorative help which their varied forms gave to composition. But beyond all this there must have been some more direct influence to create such a pageant of musical expression. Two influences suggest themselves at once, the dispersion of the troubadours about the beginning of the thirteenth century, after the Albigensian War which ruined so many of the nobles in the South of France (the chief supporters of these wandering minstrels), and the introduction by the Crusaders of novel instruments from the east, which were eagerly seized upon by the painters on account of their decorative forms.

Between the minstrels of Southern France and those of the north there was a marked difference. In the north, men's taste was for warlike adventures, and the songs they loved were of battle and combat. Even the minstrel himself went to the war, as is told of Taillefer, who rode first into the fight at

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FIG. 1.—*From Fresco* The Triumph of Death, *Campo Santo, Pisa*

Hastings, singing songs of the prowess of Charlemagne and Roland, and falling as he sang. In the south there was more wealth and the conditions of life were easier. Here the minstrel became the *protégé* of the fair ladies of the castle, his doughty deeds taking the form of love-songs, which were always distinguished by great reserve and reverence of style as became a servant addressing his lady. And it was these southern singers who, after the war, were soon scattered over the North of Italy and to be found at every court.

One of the earliest pictorial traces of their presence may be seen in the large fresco of the *Triumph of Death* in the Campo Santo at Pisa, where, amongst other scenes, a festive company of dames and gallants is seated in a grove of orange-trees, whilst two musicians discourse to them—one on a psaltery, and the other on a viol, an instrument which first came into use amongst the troubadours.

In the early Venetian pictures, the child-musician seated at the foot of the throne became almost an essential part of the composition, and this motive, on account of both pose and number (one, two, or three child-angels instead of a choir), with the favourite troubadour instruments, the lute, viol, and flute, seems to suggest the influence of the troubadours; the angel-musician, for religious purposes, taking the place of the minstrel playing before his lady in the castle hall.

Reminiscences of the troubadours are also to be found in pictures of the sixteenth century. But by this time the painters had waxed bolder, feeling no longer in bondage to the Church as their only patron, and they made no attempt, except in title, to disguise as a religious picture what was really an expression of the daily life of the people, and of their delight in it. Such a picture, for instance, among others, is *Dives and Lazarus*, by Bonifazio, in the Venice Academy, which simply represents a family party enjoying a meal in the cool shade of a loggia, whilst a wandering minstrel plays sweet music to them.

Perhaps the earliest written reference to a minstrel occurs

in the eighteenth book of the *Iliad*, where, in describing the scenes wrought by Hephaistos on the shield of Achilles, Homer, in telling of a dance of youths and maidens, says that "among them a divine minstrel was making music on his lyre." He further says of the dancers: "And now would they run round with deft feet exceeding lightly, as when a potter sitting by his wheel that fitteth between his hands maketh trial of it whether it run." This is worth noting, as it may have suggested to Botticelli the scheme of a circle of dancing angels in the sky in his picture of the Nativity in the National Gallery, the shape of the circle recalling a potter's wheel in motion. But the minstrel, with harp or lyre, appears throughout unwritten as well as written history, on the tomb of the Egyptian, at his marriage feast, at his funeral rites, and on the monument of the Assyrian. And from Darwin we learn of still earlier musicians. He has recorded, in the *Descent of Man*, two flutes, made out of the bones and horns of the reindeer, found in caves together with flint tools and the remains of extinct animals. In truth, wherever man has been, he has left evidence of a desire to create music; perhaps with that inward longing for harmony which he can in no way define, but of which he seems to find some faint fulfilment in the momentary transport of musical sound; perhaps with the feeling, as expressed in the Chinese annals, "that music hath the power of making heaven descend upon earth."

In studying, in their early developments, the two principal schools of painting, the Florentine and the Venetian—the Florentine under Giotto and his followers in the fourteenth century, and the Venetian under the Vivarini and the Bellini in the fifteenth century—the different use which is made by them of the musical-instrument motive is very striking. In pictures of the early Florentine school, when the idea of adoration has to be suggested, a band of music-making angels is generally introduced; whereas, in the early Venetian school, the child-angel musician, either alone or with one or two others, is the constant theme. Even when the fundamental

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Fig. 2.—Madonna and Child, *by Gio. Bellini, Frari, Venice*

difference in the internal life of Florence and Venice is borne in mind, something is still required to account for so different a use of this music motive. The important factor acting upon the life, and therefore necessarily manifesting itself in the art, of Florence, was the influence of Dante and his immortal poem.

Dante emerges from the dark night of mediævalism like Helios from the sea, illuminating and revivifying everything. Dante touched, as if by magic, the vast ocean of thought, and sent ripple after ripple into the boundless immensity. Dante was the herald of the Renaissance, in that he focused in his poem all possible knowledge, and so prepared men's minds for the return of classical learning and its development, both literary and artistic.

Dante's poem came at a time when the intellectual condition of the age demanded its religious conceptions in material form, and it exercised a supreme ascendency over the imagination, in an age when religious imagery was not so much the adjunct, as the essence of belief, the development of the imagination preceding, as it always does, the development of reason. To this want Dante's poem ministered directly, as may be seen in studying the Florentine and its allied schools, which came into direct contact, so to speak, with his personality. The Venetian school proper, which developed a century later, was no continuation of this Giottesque ideal, but a return to the hieratic character (though glorified in expression) of the Byzantine formula to which the troubadour element adapted itself.

In the pictures and frescoes of the early Florentines, we find choirs of angels filling the air with music and song, recalling the choirs who welcome the penitents on the Mount of Purgatory, and those who in Paradise rejoice over the final emancipation. Representations of such angel-choirs may be seen in the *St. Francis in Glory*, by Giotto,[1] the *Coronation of the Virgin*, by Orcagna,[2] the *Coronation of the Virgin*,

[1] Assisi. [2] National Gallery.

by Fra Angelico,[1] the *Coronation of the Virgin*, by Filippo Lippi,[2] and in many other pictures too numerous to mention.

The Church early recognised the power of music to kindle and stimulate man's emotions, and Dante, by his own acknowledgment of this power, became her Apostle. The "Divina Commedia" contains many allusions to music. One of the most touching incidents in the whole poem is a reference in the second canto of the Purgatorio, to a minstrel of the time, Casella. It shows not only Dante's love of music, but how his soul, in all its loneliness and sorrow, had found and possessed the beautiful, had been stirred, refreshed, and emancipated by it, if only for a season. Dante and Virgil, preparatory to their ascent of the Mount of Purgatory, have just crossed the river in a boat, propelled neither by oar nor by sail, but by the wings of an angel. On landing amongst a crowd of happy souls, happy in the knowledge that personal effort can now raise them to a higher state of being, Dante meets his friend, the minstrel Casella, and begs him to sing to him once more the song that had so comforted his soul on earth. Perhaps it is the most marked instance of the power which music exercised over Dante, that it could stay his steps even as he neared the moment of consummation—the presence of Beatrice.

In the "Divina Commedia," the mention of musical instruments occurs principally in the Paradise. In the Inferno there is no sound but the sighs and lamentations of those who exist, without hope, in eternal darkness of soul and body, and in the Purgatorio, the music is that of choirs of angels—angels such as the painters loved to paint—set as a nimbus of song around the Child Jesus.

The instruments mentioned by Dante are the lyre, harp, cithern, cornamusa (bagpipe), organ, and viol. These are all to be found in early Italian pictures as well as the hand-organ, tambourine, drum, flute, double flute, cymbals, lute, silver trumpets, syrinx, psaltery, dulcimer, shawn, and triangle. Nearly all may be seen in the fresco of *Paradise* by Orcagna,

[1] Louvre. [2] Florence Academy.

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Fig. 3.—*From* Dives and Lazarus, *by Bonifazio I, Venice Academy*

himself a musician, in Santa Maria Novella, Florence, and in the picture of *Paradise* by Fra Angelico, in the National Gallery, both of which contain an unusual number of instruments, but their varied groupings, forms, and developments may be studied all through early Italian art.

Much might be said about these instruments, technically and historically, but they have been so often and so ably described by others, that only those which have special significance in a few pictures or frescoes of the early Italian school need be mentioned here.

The lyre was undoubtedly borrowed by the Greeks from Egypt. An Egyptian fable ascribes its invention to the god Thoth, whereas the Greeks claimed it as the invention of Apollo. This belief in a sacred origin suggests that its real origin is unknown. In Greece it was the instrument of everyday use. Socrates speaks of "the lyre for use in our city, and for the shepherds in the country, a syrinx" (panpipes). But though both these instruments are of great antiquity and are found represented on monuments, and also in MSS. of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries A.D., neither of them is met with in Italian pictures until the fifteenth century.

This link with the classical world brings us into touch with the atmosphere which surrounded the artists of that time, an atmosphere steeped in enthusiasm for antiquity, encouraged not only by scientific study, but also by the discovery of ancient sculpture, and of classical MSS., which were being carried to Italy by refugee Greek scholars. Even fragments of the classics were valued like precious gems; and so great was the excitement over a newly acquired MS., that on the discovery of a fresh treasure, the Florentine artists assembled in the beautiful Rucellai Gardens, as if to celebrate a festival, whilst the proud owner of the parchment, or the learned patron, read to the eager and enthralled audience some old-world poem or drama. And, so, almost naturally it would seem, the lyre, the classical instrument *par excellence*, came to be represented in Italian pictures, the earliest example being

found in Mantegna's *Parnassus* in the Louvre, Mantegna himself having been the centre of a circle of classic-loving students at the Court of Mantua, one of the most brilliantly learned courts of the fifteenth century.

After the date of Mantegna's picture, the lyre is occasionally represented, but it never became common as the lute and viol did, because it was not at that time an instrument of every-day use. There are two other representations of it in the Louvre besides the *Parnassus,* one in Perugino's picture of *Apollo and Marsyas,* and the other in Lorenzo Costa's *Court of Isabella d'Este.* Both the latter picture and the *Parnassus* were painted for Isabella d'Este, and must have adorned her Mantuan palace. The lyre also occurs in a painting at Berlin by Raffaellino del Garbo, a Madonna and Child with angel musicians, and in one at Parma by Correggio of the same subject. But it remained for Raphael to immortalise it in his glorious frescoes in the Camera della Segnatura in the Vatican, in the fresco known as *The School of Athens,* where Apollo, as a statue in a niche, is represented with a lyre, and again in the ceiling picture of *Apollo and Marsyas.* In the *Parnassus,* Apollo, surrounded by the Muses, plays on a viol, perhaps out of compliment to the famous viol player, Jacopo di San Secondo, who is said to have served as model for the Apollo.

After Raphael's fresco of Apollo with the viol, the motive seems to have been generally adopted by artists, a well-known example being Lo Spagna's fresco of Apollo now in the Capitoline Museum at Rome. On majolica, the same motive frequently occurs.[1]

The trumpet, one of the oldest of extant instruments, and already familiar when the Mosaic books were written, is most usually met with in very early pictures, doubtless suggested by the allusion in the Revelation to the seven angels with the seven trumpets, and probably also owing to its common use at

[1] Examples of it may be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

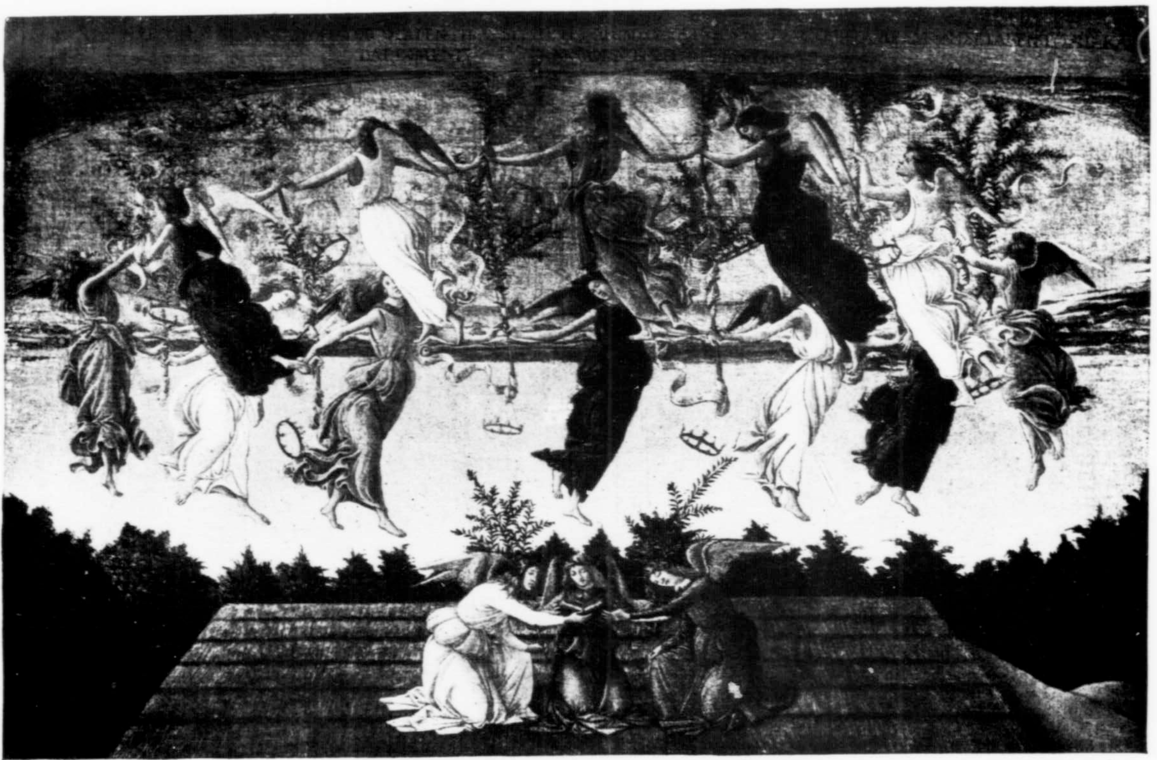


Photo Mansell

Fig. 4.—*From* The Nativity, *by Botticelli, National Gallery*

the time for processional purposes, processions having always been an important feature of Italian civic life. Some of the earliest representations of it in Italian art, in its long tube-like form, are in Giotto's frescoes in the Church of San Francesco, at Assisi, and in the Arena Chapel, Padua. Mantegna has also shown his supreme genius in his use of it in the frescoes of the *Triumph of Cæsar* at Hampton Court Palace, in which, owing to the special angle at which the trumpets are held by the players, and to their being grouped together in a mass at either end of a number of war-trophies, the sense of a forward movement, which would otherwise have been impeded by the ponderous nature of the loot, is given to the procession.[1] This marvellous scheme of Mantegna's to ensure the idea of movement, only finds its counterpart in the Parthenon frieze. Trumpets have also been used with wonderful effect by Signorelli in his fresco of the *Resurrection*, in the Cathedral at Orvieto, where giant angels sound forth to a crowd of risen and half-risen men and women, the blast of life and death.

The psaltery and dulcimer are very much alike, except that the psaltery is held in the hand, and played with either a plectrum or the fingers, whilst the dulcimer must be rested on some flat surface, the strings being set in vibration by small hammers held in the hand. Representations of the latter are rare, and probably the only picture in which it occurs is that of a Madonna and Child, surrounded by a crowd of angel-musicians, by Boccati, at Perugia. Most probably this instrument was brought from the East (where it is still used), about this time. Psalteries frequently occur in various forms and sizes, some large enough to rest in an upright position on the knee of the player, some small enough to hang by a golden cord from the neck of an angel. Some were strung horizontally, some vertically, the strings grouped in threes, each group being

[1] Since writing this, I have come across a passage in the valuable work by Professor Kristeller on "Andrea Mantegna" in which he also suggests a somewhat similar idea as to the effect produced by these trumpets.—A. K.-W.

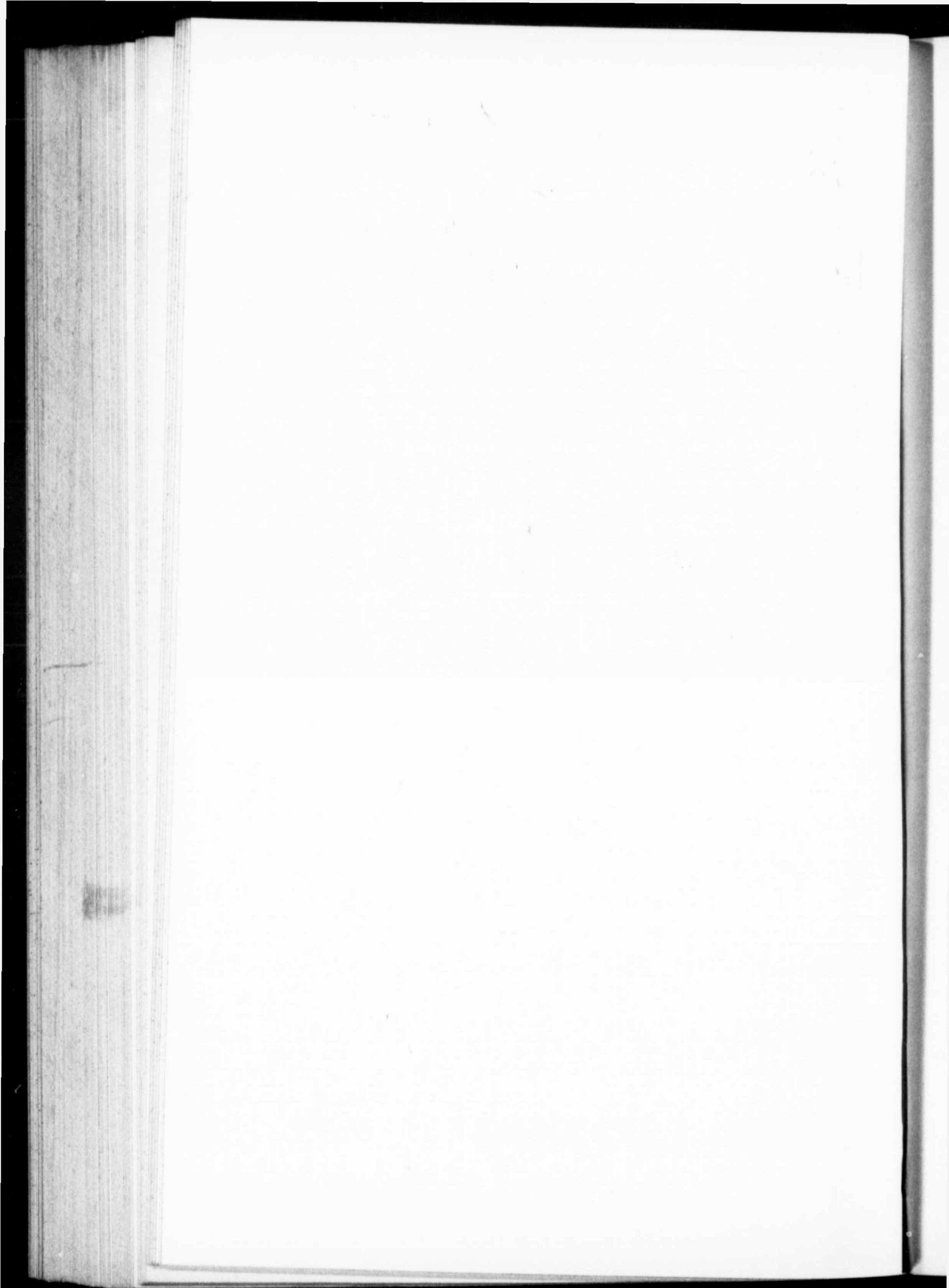
tuned in unison to give one note, as in the modern piano. An instance of this method of triple stringing may be seen in the *Coronation of the Virgin*, by Orcagna, already referred to, a picture containing many instruments so beautiful and exact in detail, that only an artist who was also a musician could have painted them.

The psaltery was probably introduced into Italy by the Crusaders, and, in the thirteenth century, almost superseded the harp, although this latter instrument was still retained in pictures where angel-musicians occur.

After the thirteenth century, even King David no longer figures with his traditional harp, but always with a psaltery. There is an example of this in Fra Angelico's *Paradise* in the National Gallery, where the good Frate, perhaps intentionally, has represented King David striking a complete chord, suggestive of the harmony of heaven as compared with the broken notes of earth.

The cornamusa, or bagpipe, is of great antiquity. Judging from the numerous examples of it in painting and sculpture, and the allusions to it in literature, it seems to have been very generally a favourite instrument. It was used by the Greeks and the Romans. It figures in the religious and social life of the Middle Ages. It was to be heard at the concerts of the gayest and most brilliant of French Courts (that of Louis XIV.) as well as in the joyous merrymaking of the peasant on the village green. It appears in two forms, the sound being produced in the one case by blowing (as seen to-day in the Highlands of Scotland) and in the other by simple pressure on a small pair of bellows placed under one arm, the bag of wind being under the other, a method still practised in Ireland. In early pictures and sculpture this latter process is common, and may possibly be accounted for by the large number of Irish monks who were to be found in Italy from the time of the foundation of the Monastery at Bobbio by St. Columba in the seventh century, or it may simply have been adopted by the painters as a more pleasing way of representing the performers.

Fig. 5.—*From* An Allegory of Parnassus, *by Mantegna, Louvre*



Certainly, from a decorative point of view, to dispense with the action of blowing is an advantage of which an artist would readily avail himself. An easily accessible example of the Irish method is in a relief on the back of the marble canopy by Orcagna, in Or San Michele, Florence, of which there is a cast in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The hand-organ (Regal), appears in most of the early pictures, and almost invariably in conjunction with other instruments. Its special use was to give singers in religious processions or choirs the note or pitch. An example of this occurs in the *Coronation of the Virgin*, by Fra Angelico, in the Uffizi, Florence, where an angel with a hand-organ kneels in the midst of the worshipping saints as if to lead them. There are numerous examples of the Regal in the National Gallery.

The harp is one of the most ancient of instruments, the earliest known representation of it being in a painting at Thebes, in Egypt, supposed to be of the thirteenth century B.C. These Egyptian harps have no front pillar, and were probably suggested by the stretched string of a bow. Though it is evident from the sculptures of the ancient Egyptians that the harp was played at entertainments with other instruments, still it was thought to be especially suited to the service of the gods, and it was sometimes even represented in the hands of the deities themselves. From the earliest times it seems to have been continuously associated with religious rites. It was a favourite instrument with the painters of the early Florentine and Umbrian schools, and will be found in all the pictures where celestial joy and adoration are to be inferred.

The troubadour instruments, the lute, viol, and flute, in the hands of a child-angel, were peculiarly dear to the Venetian school, and survived longest as material accessories of a religious picture, when angels treading the air in wind-driven garments no longer appealed to the imagination.

As everything vital has a beginning and an ending, so gradually art which sought and found its ideal in itself, took

the place of art which had sought its perfection and end in the service of religion, and angel-musicians faded away before the worship of the individual. But as we of to-day stand before these pictures of music-making angels, we seem to hear, floating across the centuries that lie between us, a faint echo as from another world, the murmuring of sweet music, like the murmuring in a sea-shell, telling us of a beautiful conception of life which has been and has passed away.

Alice Kemp-Welch.

SOME MOTHING MEMORIES

THERE have been mortals whose boast has been that they could see with open eyes the winged creatures of the night; green-clad men, fierce but courtly; snow-white women, black-eyed and yellow-haired; bloodless beings, reputed treacherous, but all the same adorable; singing troops, which swarm upon moonlit nights, circling round tree-tops, or where dark circles remain on the grass next morning to attest their passage. Such sights and sounds, however, are for the chosen. For others they may be now and then visible, but hardly with eyes open. Usually with eyes remarkably tightly closed, and ears pressed too closely to a pillow to distinguish very accurately the words of the singers.

There are winged creatures, not singers, yet musical some of them after their kind, which are less chary of their presence, or less exclusive in their selection of witnesses. Perishable mortals, built up of mere palpitating dust like ourselves, yet, given the right hour, the right environment, and the right weather, with methods of flight hardly less fantastic, hardly less captivating than the more famous fliers. To see these also as they ought to be seen some little preparation is needed. You are not obliged to be a seer of occult sights, a mystic, a visionary; nothing more poetic is necessary than that you should be a prosaic and quite ignorant naturalist. Let that claim once have been presented, and you, too, have the key of the fields in your pocket; you, too,

may roam the wood, the bog, the stone-strewn glen, and may moreover do so, at strange and unrecognised hours, in the ascetic grey of dawn, or at the blackest hour of godless midnight. Even if met and interrogated by some surprised guardian of the night — a gamekeeper or the like—you are pretty sure to escape with the very bearable penalty of the poor man's bewildered contempt.

I

It is good to find yourself upon a moonless night—always moonless, for the taste of the moths exactly reverses that of the *sidhe*—in an old, but still upright wood in West Ireland. I say upright, because many of the woods in that region have been so bebattered by storms that they have given up their upright position altogether, leaning away eastwards till it seems as if their tops were about to take root upside down in the ground. This will not do, for in such a wood you cannot manipulate your weapon as you ought. A wood large enough to provide tracks you must also have, and if it gives some central place in which you can stand, with many tracks converging towards you from various points, you can scarce do better.

The wood found, the night come, a lantern lit, the entomologist in his place, what of the moths? Light is still hovering vaguely about, a flickering pink or lemon-tinted glow between the trunks, but night, impenetrable night, has already settled in all the deeper places, turning to a narrow red lane whenever the intrusive beam of your lantern turns its policeman's eye that way. Be still now for your very life; everything depends upon your stillness. See yon burly fellow! common, doubtless, as the dust, but with what a gallant dash he comes towards you, and with what gleaming eyes, reflecting the light like pin-points as they pass. Behind him another, swerving suddenly to the right as he perceives the pencil of your beam ahead; doubtless, therefore, you say to yourself, a

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Fig. 6.—Madonna and Child with Angels, *by Gior. Boccati, Pinacoteca Vannucci*

desirable rarity. Over it an undulating grey shape—a geometer by the flap of its wings—sauntering along, steering its way between the forward stretching twigs by grace of that sensory apparatus which seems to cover every inch of it like its feathery dust. Crossing that sober flight, swift as a bat and hard as a bullet, come two or three booming beetles of the night, things to be avoided, especially when they fly full tilt against your face. Missing you by a bare half-inch, off they go, the red gleam lighting up the steel of their wing-cases, and the harsh "burr-rr-rr" of their going running after them loudly through the black and solitary glades.

Faster and faster now more moths, excited themselves, and exciting to you, as you stand and watch for them. Emerging unexpectedly into view, see yon large and quaker-coloured person, an unlooked-for visitor this, a child of deep night and the small hours, roused from his sleep in some bed of nettles by that unseemly lantern of yours. Next, lob-lobbing sideways down the track, a large underwing, showing its orange-and-black border for one minute, before hurrying away in the opposite direction. Clouds, meanwhile, of nameless things, pyrales and tortrices for the most part, are skirmishing up and down, mere dust of the air and uncounted atoms, nature's most redundant, and one would say most superfluous, offspring. Suddenly, high in air over everything and out of reach, what was that long-winged shape which shot past? Speculation goes to work; a Sphinx, you say to yourself; but which Sphinx? "Ligustri," "Ocellatus," "Elpenor"? Other names occur, but these are idle guesses. Back again, swifter than light, and with a shrill rustling, that sounds like the chance touching of some harp-string of the woods, see, it goes again. You upturn your lantern; you crane your neck to see into the topmost twigs. At first, nothing. All at once you catch fleeting glimpses of a swallow-like flight, so rapid as almost to defy the eye. Again and again, and now the impression comes to you of a bewitching dance, a wild mazurka, or serpentining saraband, being danced somewhere between you and the nearest

star-points. And, as you watch, gradually all base and brutal thoughts of capture pass from your mind, lost in mere pleasure and admiration. What the falcon is amongst birds, the stag amongst hoofed beasts, that the Sphinx-moth is amongst its rivals in the insect world; supreme in mastery, a dream of delight to those who love perfection, and can recognise it when they see it. You, who do so, stand still, and watch, and watch. And while you watch a distant clock begins slowly to toll out one of the larger hours, and the night deepens, and the world rolls in its orbit, and you wonder how many of the more intelligent of your acquaintances have ever stood as you are doing to watch such a sight?

After a while, leaving your crossways, you saunter up a track, plunging your red beam into wells of blackness to right and left of you as you go. Faster and faster, moths come flying through the tepid air. Into sight, and out again; towards you, away from you; now lost in profound darkness; now seen for a second in the glare; flit, flap, whirl, dart, op, tumble, roll; buzzing noisily, flitting silently, on they come; moths of every size, sort, colour, and description. So fast do they swarm on some nights that your eye ends by being unable to distinguish anything beyond an endless succession of swiftly gyrating wings. Brown, fawn-coloured, reddish, greenish-grey, greyish-white, full white, almost full black. In and out, up and down, to and fro they go, in a wild, kaleidoscopic twirl and tangle of living, moving, possibly enjoying, certainly vigorously palpitating life, a vision which is apt to follow you when at last you reluctantly go indoors, and to thrid once more its serpentining mazurkas and sarabands far into the recesses of your morning dreams.

II

A second mothing experience may be yours, if you will. This time you shall pursue under the shelter of a roof. That it is a weather-excluding one I will not go so far as to assert, indeed,

seeing that some two centuries have elapsed since it was slept under, that seems to be scarcely probable. You are in a castle, let that suffice; one of ten thousand castles scattered over the face of Ireland, wherever Norman marauder came, or native imitator found stones, and the men to pile them. Like others of its kind it stands close to a modern dwelling-house, therefore naturally suggests itself to the entomological mind as the very place for an extemporised moth-trap.

A few mouldering window-sashes exist, kept for the benefit of wintering plants. Push these aside, and lean out for a few minutes. The night air reaches your nostrils plainly salt, though the wind is not, from the west, but the south-east. Across the narrow encompassing cordon of trees—a mere barrier-reef of greenery—you can dimly discern, stretching indefinitely away from you, the great stone-strewn plain of Galway, a waterless sea, or grassy desert, flat and featureless for the most part as the very Sahara itself.

But the moths, you ask, the moths? "They are coming, they are coming." Hear you not that gentle humming. Hark to the flutter of wings; hark to that soft but solid "plop, plop," as a fluffy but substantial body glues itself for a moment to the glass, peering in at you with amber eyes, and the next moment, having decided to enter, goes rustling noisily to and fro amongst the onions which depend in festoons from the ceiling. Thicker and quicker now they come, from many sides, and from many occupations; from the grass and the garden; from the stream-side and elsewhere; all drawn together by that false glare and glitter, the treacherous illumination of your castle window.

And now, in place of carrying our imaginary adventure to any imaginary end, I am minded to give you the finale, the deeply humiliating finale, of a *bonâ-fide* adventure, carried out in much the same scene, and much the same conditions, upon a certain night long past and dead.

For it befell years ago that an entomologist of my acquaintance, being in just such a scene as I have depicted, and alone,

and the night an exceedingly black one, there began little by little to grow up within his entomological brain thoughts of a somewhat quaking and disquieting character, the last to be expected of any votary of natural science. For more and more, as the night deepened, and the wind rose in short gusts, making the candles flicker, there rushed with like gusts through his mind the thought that this place in which he stood was a very odd and a very lonely one, and that many strange scenes and deeds must certainly have taken place there in the old days, which scenes and deeds might well be thought to have bequeathed leavings, as it were, and after effects, calculated to perturb mortals who rashly intruded themselves upon it, especially at ungodly hours.

For the further perturbation of that entomologist, it happened that there was in this ancient castle a certain ancient clock, which clock, being like itself somewhat out of gear, had a fashion of prefacing its strikings with singular grunts and grating discordances, due to some defect in its internal economy. And such discordances, with many odd and uncomfortable croakings, having prefaced the hour of eleven, our friend's already well-strung nerves were yet more disturbed by the same. When, therefore, a few minutes after that goblin striking, there came a resounding double rap upon one of the remaining panes of glass, and, looking up, our quaking scientist beheld a face—plainly and unmistakably a face—peeping in at him through the glass; a face clothed, or it seemed to him, with long, dusky, reddish hair, having in it large, seemingly human, eyes, which opened and shut with extreme rapidity—not assuredly the face of any moth that ever came out of cocoon—at that sight the overthrow alike of reason and of zoology became complete.

What or whose that face really was; whether it belonged to night-bird, to bat, or to other natural visitor of illuminated windows, let the demons that preside over causeless panics determine. To suppose for a moment that you, my stout-hearted reader, would have shared in so ignoble an alarm is, I am well

aware, to insult you causelessly. All the same, whenever that scientific night's entertainment recurred to its projector's memory, he was unable to imagine any other finale to it except the one with which it did, as a matter of fact, conclude—namely, a swift turning away from that eye-haunted window; a rapid descent of the broken stairs, leaving the candles to gutter themselves to death as they pleased; a tremulous race across a mercifully short space of garden walk, and the loud and most consolatory slamming of a back door!

III

Here is yet a third mothing experience. This time your feet are set, not in a decaying wood, the last fragment of a once widely-pervading forest, but upon a scrap of sea-wasted rock, a tiny Kerry islet, nearly small enough to take up betwixt the thumb and finger, quite small enough, therefore, for you to call for the moment your own. A roof of some sort—cottage or cabin—is in this case a necessity, for "sugaring" is a strictly dead-o'-night's delight. That concession to sophistication secured, let me entreat you to have no other. If your islet boasts retainers—boatmen, gardeners, or the like—see that they are despatched at night-fall to the nearest mainland. By this means, and by this means only can you be sure that no human eye will survey your proceedings. The true naturalist is as shy a creature as the very prey he pursues, and of all forms of discomfort dreads most the cold, the supercilious, even the merely perplexed eye of his non-zoologic fellow Christian.

As for the preliminary arrangements—sugar, treacle, rum, and a painter's brush to put them on with—those I leave to your discretion. Two points I would, however, impress upon you. In the first place, whatever you do, do not, I pray you, spare the bottle! This is not a case, believe me, for sobriety; bid the preachers of temperance for this night betake themselves elsewhere; for this one night let Bacchus, rosy Bacchus, beloved of Ariadne, and of our moths, reign supreme over your islet.

Another point concerns the laying on of your stuff. Be artistic with it, I implore you, and do it delicately. Remember that a moth, even an intoxicated moth, is a dainty feeder. He may gorge like any Roman Emperor, but he loveth not to entangle his feet, still less his wings, in your sugary concoctions. See to it that these are laid on then in thin and dainty strips, so that, alighting silently beside it, he may delicately insert his proboscis into that glutinous stream, so miraculously provided, and be able to carouse long and deep, without hurt accruing to that marvellous feather cloak he wears.

The night has come! You are practically alone upon your islet. Your retainers have been despatched long since to the opposite shore, and the rest of its inmates are, with the exception of yourself, either asleep, or on the road to that condition. Now is the moment for you to steal from the house, stealthy as another Guy Fawkes, closing the door behind you with a careful hand, and so out into the black pervasive night.

Black, but not cold, for the month is July, and you are in the very track and chosen path of the Gulf Stream. A mild breeze, honey-scented, though salt-laden, is blowing to you from the illimitable West, and across a row of gorse bushes that bristle along the top of the cliff. Points and rills of light trickling thinly here and there, bewray the scattered habitations of the mainland. Across the narrow strip of water that lies between you and these comes a sound like slow subdued sighing. There is hardly any wind, but the Atlantic seldom really sleeps, and a thousand restless little wavelets are running in and out of the hollows, getting caught and delayed for a moment, then escaping again, and throwing themselves with these sounds of satisfied longing upon the breast of their mighty mother.

You meanwhile are making your way as you best can down a small, but very steep and rocky defile, which your lantern turns into a sort of Aladdin's staircase, all glittering points, and jewel-studded knobs. Ferns—hymenophyllums and the like—

are hanging by myriads out of the holes, but there is no time for thinking of these now. Groping and stumbling, you at last reach the lowest point in your islet, consequently the best for sugaring. Tree-trunks of any bulk it boasts not, trees yet it has, and old ones; for in all these Kerry islets plant-life flourishes, happy in having escaped that brutal devastation which has left the neighbouring shores a mere desert, wrecked and desolated. Making your way to the tree already selected, you turn your light upon it. Too quick by far! At least a dozen cautious topers have been scared by your precipitancy. Wait and do it again, this time stealing the light upon them as though it were a process of nature; as though the night for some reason had been curtailed of half its rightful hours, and you were the Dawn herself in proper person.

Behold the results of discretion—and of intoxication! Several of the company were so far gone that even your first rude onset has had evidently no effect upon them. Others which had sidled away have now returned. See that row of "Peach-blossoms," fairest and daintiest of all the daughters of Dissipation. Pill-box them swiftly, lest they repent them, and begone. Alas, the potent spirit has o'ercrowed them; they drop in helplessly, without even an effort to escape. More and more, and all in the like estate; large and small, gay or the reverse, chiefly the reverse, for your average noctua is but a dull and sober-looking dog, even when he has been up all night drinking rum. Send now for the preachers of temperance! Let them come in their myriads, and be presented each of them with a pill-box—a transparent one—in which sits a living image of the Complete Drunkard, set and framed, a warning to man, and to every other insect.

But morality must wait till the morning, when a sort of rough assize will be held, and half your captures dismissed, like other sobered drunkards, with a warning. Sugaring is not a lengthy process. If the company have not assembled of their own accord, and at the summons of intoxication, there is not much use in waiting for them. One more round there-

fore of the trees, one more exhibition of the detective lantern, of the reformatory pill-boxes, and you may go home. Again you grope and stumble along the Aladdin passage, this time upwards, glancing ahead of you as you go, and half expecting to meet—you know not quite who or what. As you come out at the top, quickening your steps, with thoughts of your neglected bed, you once more hear the Atlantic, still rolling restlessly to and fro on its own vast bed. Once more the honeyed scent of the gorse comes to your nostrils; once more you perceive the scattered, now nearly extinguished, lights of the mainland. And, as you stand for a moment on the threshold to extinguish your lantern, you turn back—at least it is my intention that you should turn back—with a very kindly feeling in your heart for your own little islet; so wild, yet so well clothed; so near shore, yet so secure against intrusion; a mere toy in one aspect, yet dignified too, in its rock-girt completeness, in its wave-encircled isolation. Lastly, as you betake yourself indoors, you heave possibly an involuntary sigh, remembering that as a matter of fact your bewitching islet is not really *your* islet at all.

EMILY LAWLESS.

A NEW ART OF THE STAGE

THE Purcell Society, not always reverent in its treatment of Purcell's music, or satisfying in its rendering of that music, has shown remarkable intelligence and enterprise in the choice of Mr. Gordon Craig for the mounting of its performance. Last year he produced *Dido and Æneas* at the Coronet Theatre; this year he has produced *The Masque of Love* and Handel's *Acis and Galatea* at the Great Queen Street Theatre. In these remarkable experiments I seem to see the suggestion of a new art of the stage, an art no longer realistic but conventional, no longer imitative but symbolical.

In Mr. Craig's staging there is the incalculable element, the element that comes of itself, and cannot be coaxed into coming. But in what is incalculable there may be equal parts of inspiration and of accident. How much, in Mr. Craig's staging, is inspiration, how much is accident? That is, after all, the important question.

Mr. Craig, it is certain, has a genius for line, for novel effects of line. His line is entirely his own; he works in squares and straight lines, hardly ever in curves. He drapes the stage into a square with cloths; he divides these cloths by vertical lines, carrying the eye straight up to an immense height, fixing it into a rigid attention. He sets squares of pattern and structure on the stage; he forms his groups into irregular squares, and sets them moving in straight lines, which

double on themselves like the two arms of a compass; he puts square patterns on the dresses, and drapes the arms with ribbons that hang to the ground, and make almost a square of the body when the arms are held out at right angles. He prefers gestures that have no curves in them: the arms held straight up, or straight forward, or straight out sideways. He likes the act of kneeling, in which the body is bent into a sharp angle; he likes a sudden spring to the feet, with the arms held straight up. He links his groups by an arrangement of poles and ribbons, something in the manner of a maypole; each figure is held to the centre by a tightly stretched line, like the spokes of a wheel. Even when, as in this case, the pattern forms into a circle, this circle is segmented by straight lines.

This severe treatment of line gives breadth and dignity to what might otherwise be merely fantastic. Mr. Craig is happiest when he can play at children's games with his figures, as in almost the whole of *The Masque of Love*. When he is entirely his own master, not dependent on any kind of reality, he invents really like a child, and his fairy-tale comes right because it is not tied by any grown-up logic. Then his living design is like an arabesque within strict limits, held in from wandering and losing itself by those square lines which rim it implacably round.

Then, again, his effects are produced simply. Most of the costumes in *The Masque of Love* were made of sacking, stitched roughly together. Under the cunning handling of the light, they gave you any illusion you pleased, and the beggars of the masque were not more appropriately clothed than the kings and queens. All had dignity, all reposed the eye.

The aim of modern staging is to intensify the reality of things, to give you the illusion of an actual room, or meadow, or mountain. We have arrived at a great skill in giving this crude illusion of reality. Our stage painters can imitate anything, our limelight men can give us any hour of the day or any

season of the year. What they do not give us is the emotion which the playwright, if he is an artist, wishes to indicate by means of his scene. It is the very closeness of the imitation which makes our minds unable to accept it. The eye rebounds, so to speak, from this canvas as real as wood, this wood as real as water, this water which is actual water. Mr. Craig aims at taking us beyond reality; he replaces the pattern of the thing itself by the pattern which that thing evokes in his mind, the symbol of the thing. As, in conventional art, the artist unpicks the structure of the rose to build up a mental image of the rose, in some formal pattern which his brain makes over again, like a new creation from the beginning, a new organism, so, in this new convention of the stage, a plain cloth, modulated by light, can stand for space or for limit, may be the tight walls of a tent or the sky and the clouds. The eye loses itself among these severe, precise, and yet mysterious lines and surfaces; the mind is easily at home in them; it accepts them as readily as it accepts the convention by which, in a poetical play, men speak in verse rather than in prose.

Success, of course, in this form of art lies in the perfecting of its emotional expressiveness. I do not think Mr. Craig has yet done much more than indicate what may be done with the material which he finds in his hands. For instance, the obvious criticism upon his mounting of *Acis and Galatea* is, that he has mounted a pastoral, and put nothing pastoral into his mounting. And this criticism is partly just. Yet there are parts, especially the end of Act I., where he has perfectly achieved the rendering of pastoral feeling according to his own convention. The tent is there, with its square walls, not a glimpse of meadow or sky comes into the severe design, and yet, as the nymphs in their straight dresses and straight ribbons lie back laughing on the ground, and the children, with their little modern brown straw hats, toss paper roses among them, and the coloured balloons (which you may buy in the street for a penny) are tossed up into the air, carrying the eye upward, as if it saw the wind chasing the clouds, you feel the actual

sensation of a pastoral scene, of country joy, of the spring and the open air, as no trickle of real water in a trough, no sheaves of real corn among painted trees, no imitation of a flushed sky on canvas, could trick you into feeling it. The imagination has been caught; a suggestion has been given which strikes straight to the "nerves of delight"; and be sure those nerves, that imagination, will do the rest, better, more effectually, than the deliberate assent of the eyes to an imitation of natural appearances.

I do not yet know of what Mr. Craig is capable, how far he can carry his happy natural gifts towards mastery. But he has done so much already that I want to see him doing more; I want to see him accepting all the difficulties of his new art frankly, and grappling with them. For the staging of Maeterlinck, especially for such a play as *La Mort de Tintagiles*, his art, just as it is, would suffice. Here are plays which exist anywhere in space, which evade reality, which do all they can to become disembodied in the very moment in which they become visible. They have atmosphere without locality, and that is what Mr. Craig can give us so easily. But I would like to see him stage an opera of Wagner, *Tristan* or the *Meistersinger*, even. Wagner has perfected, at Bayreuth, his own conception of what scenery should be; he has done, better than any one else, what most other stage-craftsmen have been trying to do. He allows more than they do to convention, but even his convention aims at convincing the eye; the dragon of the *Ring* is as real a beast as Wagner could invent, in his competition with nature's invention of the snake and the crocodile. But there are those who prefer Wagner's music in the concert-room to Wagner's music even at Bayreuth. Unless the whole aim and theory of Wagner was wrong, this should not be. I should like, at least as an experiment, to see what Mr. Craig would make of one of the operas. I am not sure that he would not reconcile those who prefer Wagner in the concert-room to this new kind of performance on the stage. He would give us the mind's attractive

symbols of all these crude German pictures; he would strike away the footlights from before these vast German singers, and bring a ghostly light to creep down about their hoods and untightened drapings; he would bring, I think, the atmosphere of the music, for the first time, upon the stage.

Then I would like to see Mr. Craig go further still; I would like to see him deal with a purely modern play, a play which takes place indoors, in the house of middle-class people. He should mount the typical modern play, Ibsen's *Ghosts*. Think of that room "in Mr. Alving's country-house, beside one of the large fjords in Western Norway." Do you remember the stage directions? In the first act the glimpse, through the glass windows of the conservatory, of "a gloomy fjord landscape, veiled by steady rain"; in the second, "the mist still lies heavy over the landscape"; in the third, the lamp burning on the table, the darkness outside, the "faint glow from the conflagration." And always "the room as before." What might not Mr. Craig do with that room! What, precisely, I do not know; but I am sure that his method is capable of an extension which will take in that room, and, if I am not mistaken, he would be eager to set his method to the task.

There is one writer of our time who has not yet been fairly seen on the stage, and whose plays could not, it is certain, compete on the stage of Her Majesty's or the St. James's with the popular drama of Mr. Stephen Phillips. I mean Mr. Yeats. I have not seen any one of his three plays, the *Countess Cathleen*, the *Land of Heart's Desire*, and the *Shadowy Waters*, on the stage. The two former have indeed been acted in London and in Dublin, but not, I think, very satisfactorily; not, certainly, in accordance with his own ideas. The *Land of Heart's Desire* has been successfully acted in America. I doubt whether such a play as the *Shadowy Waters*, beautiful as it is in itself, could ever grasp the interest of any audience not made up of mystics and poets. But in the *Countess Cathleen* I think Mr. Yeats has written a play which is, in the true sense, dramatic; which could, there-

fore, be effectively acted under proper conditions. There is in it a remote but intense life, a finely imaginative but direct and straightforward speech; the verse is organic, and grows out of the structure of the piece; nothing in it is decorative or episodical. But this story of the barter of a soul is a tragedy of the soul. It takes place among people who, if they spoke in prose, would still speak the language of poetry; and it cannot be acted realistically among realistic scenery. It wants, as a background, the vast purple cloths which Mr. Craig used last year in his setting of Purcell's *Dido and Æneas*, and, for costumes, the shadowy purple draperies which melted into that background; it wants this dim lighting from the roof, this atmosphere in which dreams can move freely, as if at home there. Here, then, in Mr. Craig, is the stage-manager for Mr. Yeats; and here, in Mr. Yeats, a playwright waiting to be staged by Mr. Craig.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE DEAR

I PLODDED to Fairmile Hill-top, where
A maiden one fain would guard
From every hazard and every care
Advanced on the roadside sward.

The busy breeze came up the hill,
And smartened her cheek to red,
And frizzled her hair to a haze.—With a will,
"Good morning, my Dear!" I said.

She glanced from me to the far-off gray,
And, with proud severity:
"Good morning to you;—though I may say
I am not *your* Dear," quoth she:

"For I am the Dear of one not here—
One far from his native land!"—
And she passed me by; and I did not try
To make her understand.

THOMAS HARDY.

DANNY

XXII

SON OF HIS FATHER AND AFFLICTED

IT was because Danny knew no fear of the Arch-fear that about that time Simon Ogg and the people began to be afraid of him.

Simon indeed feared him of old; for in the early days the Warden had met him outbye on the moor, and had words with him; and for weeks thereafter when the grey knight and his lady came through the village, linking along, arm-in-arm as was their way, he of the red eye-rims cowered in naked terror behind the door.

"What gars ye tremble that gate, John Jelly-bag?" cried his wolf-eyed mother.

"I am afraid," chattered the youth, truthful in spite of himself.

"Because of what?" cried the mother.

"Of him," whispered the youth, and pointed with the thumb over his shoulder.

The mother looked forth.

"Of Danny?" she scoffed. "He is but a dog."

"He is the Devil herself," said Simon with conviction.

To Simon then and thereafter the presence of the Warden was as a perpetual and irritating sore. Simon, though afflicted, was a mighty hunter on the marches of other people, as his

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father had been before him. That same father indeed had come upon his death at the Laird's hand, through this sporting habit; since which time the Laird had forsworn all sport for ever: and now for many years the spoiling of the Heriot baronies had been the unofficial perquisite of Simon Ogg, and the like-livered; so, as young Simon once put it, all was for the best after all.

Then had come Danny; and all had changed. The little knight preserved rigidly in his own favour and Robin's, and there was no more spoiling of the moors within the jurisdiction of the keenest-eyes March Warden north of Solway; and Simon Ogg was bitter because of it.

And well he might be. Those were bad and barren times for Simon, his mother mocking him everlastingly because he came home empty-handed from his hunting and stayed day after day huddled over the fire—cuddle-minnie that he was! —Was he feared of a bit doggie?—him, the son of Red-handed Simon. A fine son to his father, and that father's blood crying these twenty years for blood again. Ah, if she had not been a woman she would have shown him!

Simon, blinking red eye-rims, muttered that all the world knew it was his minnie's self had gone to the Laird the night before she was a widow, and warned him what her man was up to and where; begging him on her knees, so the tale went, to put out after him and get him put away from her for ever.

Thereafter, on that night, words passed between mother and son, and later, Simon, driven by her houndings, went forth, strove all night, horror at his heels, and in the morning watches, achieved a fallow-buck on the borders of the birch-woods.

As he wiped the sweat from his brow, and prepared to truss the legs of his victim, Danny came over the brow above him; saw him kneeling in the bracken, and stormed at him down the hill with merry battle-cry.

Simon rose, roaring, and fled down the brae-side; and skilled in the wiles of the hunted, dropped of a sudden, deep in a bracken-bed, and lay there to watch.

Danny did not pursue. He stood upon the body of the dead buck, and head in air, cried for his battle-mate.

Robin came to his cry, saw the kill—that it was a deer; and made halt.

"Whist, mannie!" he said fearfully. "Ye must mind your murders if the Laird's about."

Danny looked up, waggled furiously, and plunged with frank delight to gralloching his dead.

Robin bent, saw the cord tied round the dead deer's foot; and understood.

Then he stood up, turned his back upon Simon in the bracken-bed, and cried up-hill to the heavens.

"Simon Ogg, son of your father and afflicted! hearken. I see you there. And I ken you're near by," he shouted, "my buckie, for I heard Danny call for you. And I heard you hellaballooin' when he was after you. I thank you for your trouble," cried the old man. "I thank you for this bit venison: we was searching meat. And his Honour," he ended, "who killed your father for you out-bye, he too will thank you when he hears of it."

He bent, shouldered the deer, and departed down the hill, Danny at his heels.

Simon crawled away upon his belly; and his mother met him in the door of his home and blasted him with scorn.

"A fine son to a murdered father!" she cried, "who nor brings home meat for the pot nor makes good his father's murder."

Two days later Simon met Robin in the street, and leered at him with much-meaning eye.

Robin stopped.

"Am I a dog?" he asked indignantly, "that the very Abjecks mouths at me?"

"I hope ye found it to your liking," whispered Simon, and winked furiously.

"What?" asked Robin.

"My bit venison," said Simon.

"That what you stole from his Honour?" cried Robin.

"Ay," said Simon, "and what you stole from me," said he, "and ate," said he, "your lane; and never a body to share a bittock but the reek of it."

XXIII

THE OATH OF SIMON OGG

Now for Simon Ogg the bitterest sting of all lay in this: that Danny, the most jealous Warden in the country-side, who fell like the sweep of a sword on all who crossed his borders, was not himself above reproach. As Robin euphemistically phrased it—"Whiles the wee man forgets a march himself," and foraying abroad spoiled sport for Simon and his brethren for a score miles round.

At these times he doffed the Danny of the Dews. The Gentleman-in-Waiting, the Warden of the Marches, the Keeper of the Door, knew him no more. Now he was Danny the Reiver, a gentleman moss-trooper rollicking forth to harry the land from Lammer-more to the shores of the sea.

Often he would be away for days together thus a-raiding; and those would be wae days and dowie for Robin. Not only was the old man widowed of his battle-mate, and left to go his rounds forlornly in the dews, but the anger of the Laird was on him because of the absence of his Body-Squire; and the Woman's tongue never ceased from prophesying woe and that her man was gone not to return.

Yet the old man was little to blame; for as he truly said, "When the Voice cries him forth——"

"Voice?" jeered the Woman. "Whose Voice?"

"Missie's," said Robin.

"Does Missie cry him out to the bloodying?" jeered the Woman. "She that would aye wait him at the brae-foot with the whippie."

"She cries him forth to tryst her in the wilderness," said Robin; "and when she cries he will be away and nor me," said the old man, "nor mortal will stay him."

And none could; none indeed ever attempted it, save Simon in bitterness of heart; and that was after that time that, greatly daring, he broke his kirk and the Laird had come to him still cuddle-minnying in his cottage, and asked him what he had to say for himself.

Simon mumbled that he was born afflicted, his Honour having killed his father, as his Honour might call to mind.

"Ye were worse afflicted before I killed him," said the grim Laird.

"It's sore being born with no daddie to ye all the same," mumbled Simon.

"It was your gain," said the Laird, "and my loss. It's cost me a crown a week ever since."

"I've seen none of it," said Simple Simon. "Ye might as lief not have killed him," said the son, "for all the good it's been to me."

"You was best shut of him, my lad," said the Laird. "I know that who knew him. And anyway, because I killed your father, it's no reason you should break your kirks. However," he added, "in consideration of your being Simon Ogg, I'll let you off this last once with a word of warning: Keep your kirks," he said, "keep your hands from poaching and stealing; and keep clear of that old hell-hag of a mother of yours—and maybe ye'll make some sort of a misfit of a man yet," and he went forth, grim and dumb, cloak-wrapt, and Danny at his heels.

Simon Ogg that night obeyed the last of the Laird's precepts, and went forth to transgress the second. Now that night Danny, too, had put forth on bloody business; and the two clashed at dead of night suddenly by the shores of the sea a score of miles from home.

It was the place where the sea comes thrusting into the Throat of the Hills like the blade of a spear; it was the time

when the seals play on the sand-dunes in the moonlight and the dead come forth from the great deeps to feel again the breath of heaven.

What then happened by the lapping of the tide, in the stillness of the moon, the scared sea-fowl and secret stars can tell. Simon told none; and Danny never spoke of it. But for weeks thereafter, when the Laird swept through the village, his calm-eyed Squire at heel, Simon crept indoors and drew down the blind.

"What's taken you?" cried his Mother, with the wolf-eyes beholding him.

"Whisht!" whispered Simon. "He is passing."

"He who murdered your father!" cried the Mother, never tired of harping on that string.

"He who nigh murdered his son," said Simon, nibbling; and it was not till the Laird and his Squire were already at their questing on the bridge, that he came forth into the street, and there with lifted hand, under the roof of heaven, his mother's eye upon him and the village looking, swore, by the blood of his murdered father, that one day by moor or moss, on land or water, in hell or heaven, he would get back upon the Laird and the little man in grey—"Life for life, soul for soul."

Robin, passing at the time, heard, but was little moved, merely reporting the matter to the Laird; who, indeed, noticed it so far as to set Simon the Longer Penance—"for taking an oath," so ran the grim order, "which he will not keep."

"We will see that," cried Simon, as he came forth next Sabbath into the kirk-yard, pale-eyed and blinking, from being shamed before the congregation.

XXIV

THE WOMAN PROPHESIES

Now there were others besides Simon, whose souls were vexed by the red crusades of the little knight. These were wardens

to those men who came up from the South year by year, like a blight of locusts to trouble the land; and these on a day, led by one who was himself no better than he should be, speaking foreign French and taking no snuff, as Robin said, gathered in council at the Ferry Ha' by the Ford of the Weeping Bride and offered blood-money for the body of a certain soldier-saint in grey.

News of it came to Robin, and he trotted down to the village, and there gave it forth ominously that who harmed Danny had the Laird for his foe.

Hepburn was afraid, but the leader of those bloody men, loud-mouthed loud-laughing Saxon of the South, who knew nothing of the Heriot Hand, heard of it and mocked. The mother of Simon who was drinking at the ale-house at the Ferry at the time, returned to Hepburn and her son, and told him significantly of the mocking of the huge-limbed Southron.

Word of his mocking came to Deborah Awe, too, and she was amazed.

"Who is this man?" she cried, "who dares defy his Honour?"

"He is one Joliath by name," said Robin moodily.

"Goliath!" cried the Woman, "A Philistine!"

"Surely," said Robin, "and as uncircumscribed a one as ever I saw though he swears like a Christian."

"What kind o' kin would he be to him o' Gath?" asked the Woman.

"A-well," said Robin: "it seems he spells his name not justly the same: so he'd be but a far cousin!"

Now it was but a week after that gathering of bloody men at the Ferry Ha' that the Reiver went forth a-raiding.

He had been with Robin in the white dawn, going his rounds busily, bloodily, as was his wont; the old man had bent a moment to tie his shoe, and looking up had found himself alone.

Robin knew of old the vanity of pursuit, yet he climbed feverishly to his watch-tower on Lammer-more, and there under the grey roof of God, the rain-washed moors at his feet, and far

Burnwater dull and dim beneath the bulwark of the hills, clamoured; but no answer came except from a grouse-cock whirring out of the heather half a mile away.

Mindful of that dark meeting at the Ferry Ha' he set his face for home, miserably, but as he drew near the kitchen he habited himself in impudence as in armour; and rollicked into the kitchen with the conquering air of the victorious lady's man.

"And how is my wee white one the morn?" he cried playfully—"blithe as a laverock and bonnie as a gowan, I'se be sworn. Ah!" he cried, halting and looking round the naked kitchen—"a foul setting for so fair a face."

The Woman, scrubbing on her knees, looked up.

"Where is Danny?" she snapped.

"Away somewhither," said Robin, nonchalantly, and was passing on.

The Woman rose from her knees and confronted him.

"I see how 'tis," she cried. "You have lost him again."

"One of us has," said Robin, pushed by her and passed down the passage into the hall.

The Laird ceased from his lonely pacing as the other entered and turned.

"Well?" he growled.

Robin raised a warning finger.

"Whisht!" he said, and nodded significantly in the direction of the kitchen.

"What?" asked the Laird, thunder-bowed.

"The Woman," whispered Robin tactfully.

"What of her, fool?" thundered the Laird.

"She is wae at heart," said Robin.

"Wae?" thundered the Laird. "Why?"

"Whisht!" hushed Robin. "Danny is away, so she gar'd me tell ye."

"Who gar'd ye tell me?" asked the Laird, glowering.

"Her," said Robin petulantly; "our virgin. It was little fault of hers," added chivalrous Robin, and turned to go.

"I am not blaming her," said the grim Laird.

Robin turned.

"D'you blame on me?" he asked fiercely.

"No," said the Laird. "Ye're as GOD made ye, and yer mother spoilt ye. Ye can't help yourself."

"I canna," said Robin. "It's the company I keep," and went out quickly.

To the kitchen he returned, sour at heart.

"What said he?" inquired the Woman.

"It's no matter of yours," snapped Robin.

The Woman was joyful.

"He threeped at ye!" she cried. "I am blythe to hear it. One day my Danny will go, and he will not return."

"And that will be a joyful day for you!" cried Robin bitterly.

"When my Danny is dead!" cried the Woman.

"When you can say: 'I aye tell't ye,'" said Robin, going forth.

"Ay," cried the Woman, following, "and I aye *have* tell't you, and I will tell you once again: *You will lose him once ower often yet*, Robin Crabbe. I have said it before, and I say it again. *You will lose him once ower often yet.* Mark me!" she cried, hanging on his heels. "My word will come to pass. It maybe this very time, or it may not be yet a bit. But mark me! *You will lose him once ower often yet.* And that is my last word to you, Robin Crabbe."

"I would well it were," said the rude man, and trailed away to mope all day, full of uneasiness because of that gathering of dark men at the Ferry Ha'.

XXV

THE WATCHERS ON LAMMER-MORE

THOSE were dark days for Robin. The Laird indeed said little; wrapped in his short cloak, he moped about, grim and

grey and inaccessible, as an eagle shorn of his mate. But the Woman said much. Day-and-night-long at that time she might be heard, crying that that day had come of which she had long spoken; till Robin was driven forth from the kitchen to pass miserable days on Lammer-more, hand to his brow, looking forth across the unkempt land towards Burnwater lying pale and still beneath far Windy-hope and the Forest of Altyre. That gathering of dark men at the Ferry Ha' sat upon the old man day and night like the horror of Death. He would not tell the Woman of it; he dared not tell the Laird; so he must bear his burthen alone, and it was nigh to breaking him, foolish, fond, old man.

Two days passed. A third came, and began to pass away, and still the Reiver had not returned.

That evening at that tender between-time when the day is gone, and the night not yet come, and the gossamers swing across the evening like fairy tresses hung from star to star, there were three watchers on Lammer-more.

The Woman had come out of her kitchen and stood at the foot of the brae, the evening upon her hungry eyes, scant hair, and time-worn face.

On the brae-side above her on Fir-Tree Knowe was Robin. Once she called up to him shrilly to ask if the old man saw a sign of the lost one? but he stood like one deaf, his face to the West, and answered nothing.

"Nor ever will," shrilled the Woman, answering her own question. "Once ower often I aye said; and now ye see!"

Topmost of the three, in that high, lonely headland whither Missie and her knight had been wont to go on such holy evenings to exchange secrets with the Lord God walking there, stood the Laird.

Great and grim and black he stood like a blasted fir against the sky.

The moors began to smoke; the mists to steal forth from the cleughs and nether-places of the land; the glory lifted from the face of Burnwater, lying afar like a dead lily floating

in a mere of shadow; while beyond athwart the Throat of the Hills the sea lay like a barrier of beaten gold.

The hallowed silence fell about him like a raiment; the stars came out; the moon was like a silver sickle upon a field azure; and there came stealing across the forlorn dark face that tenderness that the David of the Western Isles, herding up there, had seen upon it in those earlier days.

The iron melted out of his face. He stood beneath the stars, no longer a stark Heriot, but a dreamer of soft dreams, very dear. His feet were on the heather, his face in the seventh heaven; and upon it the ruined splendour of the West like a blindness to transfigure it.

And as the dreamer had told, he began laffing and daffing with lifted face, blind eyes, and tender hands; and as he murmured, smiling, he was aware of one stirring in the heather at his feet.

Dreaming still, he looked down and beheld two eyes of love, low at his feet, regarding him.

A moment he stood amazed; as one who looks into the eyes of her he has lost and found now after many years.

"Child!" he whispered, in wonder of love—"Child!" and bent with tremulous tentative hands as though to lift her, and there was upon his face a glow that was not altogether of the moon.

Then a wet leaf, as it were, touched his wrist.

He woke.

At his feet was no maidenly white Missie, but a storm-warrior, wet, haggard, ragged with battle home from bloody doings in far lands.

Grimly the Laird stared down; and the Reiver, but an hour escaped from instant death, sat at his feet and yawned demurely and with creaking jaws.

As the two came off the brae together, one crept forth from the dark and with whimpering cry fell upon his knees, caught up the wanderer in fond arms and kissed him.

"I kent he would come!" sobbed he. "I kent he would come!"

As they came to the foot of the brae, the Woman came winging to them in the half light like Azrael with hungry eyes; nor spoke till she had him in her arms.

"My man to me!" she cried, and hugged him to her bosom.

Out of the darkness behind came the voice of Robin, nonchalant, swaggering as of old.

"So ye'll be disappointed again, Lucky."

"And no fault of yours," retorted the Woman, rocking on flat feet. "It is well this time," she cried, "but I will be right yet. Once ower often I have said, and once ower often it will prove."

XXVI

THE CURE FOR CONSCIENCE

NEXT day Danny was not himself. The Woman noticed it—and abused Robin; Robin noticed it—and moped; so did the Laird—and scowled.

The little man was troubled, absent—"all the while away," as the Woman phrased it.

Once or twice he put forth on little lonely questings about the old familiar lady-haunted spots by burn and brae; and Robin, troubled greatly, followed and tried to entice him to a bloody enterprise upon a vixen who had a lodgment under Gaunt Scaur. In vain. The Warden, though he greeted his ancient friendly, went on his questing way alone, and would not be tempted to his duty.

Robin trailed back to the kitchen.

"He cares no more to kill," he announced, "he cares no more to live," and sat down soddenly. "And I aye tell't ye."

The Woman turned on him, fierce-eyed.

"It is that is troubling him, I do think," she cried. "He

has something on his soul—some bloody murder you and he have been at in the wilderness."

"God send it's nothing on his stomach," said Robin, mindful of the oath of Simon Ogg and the Philistines of Altyre.

"It will be some crime upon his conscience, I am telling you," reiterated the Woman. "For though God made him male, he is not altogether like a man, is not my Danny. He has a conscience to him; and when he has shed innocent blood he does not glory in it, but is sore and shamefaced."

"What's he want with a conscience to trouble him?" gloomed Robin.

"What, indeed!" sneered the Woman. "You do fine without one."

"Ay," said Robin, "none o' yer foreign fandangoes for the likes o' me."

"But Danny is not the likes o' you, praise the Lord," said the Woman. "He is a Christian, or would be but for you and your enticings. And it is the thought of some family fallen fatherless through him—some poor Rachel animal mourning for her litter because they are not—that weighs him under so. Could you clear his conscience for him," ended the Woman, "all might be well yet."

Robin reflected.

"I could clear his conscience for him fine," said he at last, "but I do think I could easier clear him of his conscience. And I will just drench him," said Robin. "That should throw it off for him fine."

That night he tried his remedy, but to no seeming purpose. Indeed, he of the sick soul and drenched body disappeared; and the Woman, as was her way, raved at Robin.

In the dawn next day the sick one was home again.

Robin bore him back to the kitchen, and there the Woman received him with amazement and open arms.

"Back from the bloodying in one day!" she cried. "The Lord's wonders never cease!"

"He has not been bloodying," said Robin, greatly gloomy. "He has not so much has fleshed his teeth. I know not what he has been at. I would to God I did."

"I will tell you," said the Woman grimly and looked down into the eyes of love of him upon her bosom, "for God made him male, and there is but two things that sort puts out after. If a man has not been after some shed of blood, then has he been after some she woman. So God made them, and they canna help themselves; and there's no good talkin'."

Robin shook his head.

"Na," he said, "na; he is no vanquisher of women, as I have been," said the dim old dotard, "to my shaame be it spoken."

"You!" shrilled the Woman in the high-nickering voice peculiar to such badinage. "You vanquish us! you and your Dreep-eye?"

"Ay!" said Robin, and nodded at her; "and who should know it better than Deborah Awe?"

Now Danny was back from his night-adventuring, but in spite of Robin's drenches he was still sick of soul. There had come the old harassed hungry look into his eyes. Now he trotted at the Laird's heels with drooping tail; anon he made sudden halt and stood with ears alert, as though hearkening to the far-heard feet of the Well-Beloved: again he would start off of sudden scurrying purpose, following unseen skirts trailing over dewy lawns; and then marched warily with eyes as stars, bright to expect her, ambushed at every corner and behind each bush, to leap forth on him with loud hands and merry eyes just as of old. Even his dreams were troubled. As he lay at the Laird's feet and slept he was not hunting now, but murmuring as though loving his lady in her chamber.

The Woman fell back on furious abuse of Robin.

"You have drenched him to his death!" she shrilled. "It's that is troubling him."

"Ye said it was his conscience a while back," sneered Robin, miserably.

"So it was," cried the Woman. "And you killed his conscience with a draught; and now that same draught is killing him."

"It is better I should kill his conscience," said Robin, "than his conscience should kill him;" and went.

As he sat that evening seeking familiar comfort in the village ale-house, Simon Ogg, drinking in the door, dropped his pewter suddenly.

The potman looked up.

"What's taken the lad?" he cried. "He's all of a daddle. Ah," he added, "I'm thinking ye'll ha' taken a chill layin' out-bye last night, ma lad."

Robin woke from dim dreams.

"Who was out-bye last night?" he asked.

"Ah!" said the potman. "Ask Looney here."

"Simon Ogg, son of your father," said Robin solemnly, "where was you last night, when ye was where ye'd no call to be?"

"God's sake, man, whisht!" whispered Simon urgently, his cheek cuddled against the door-post, peering round it fearfully into the street.

"It's but his Honour," said the potman. "I heard the gate clash a minute back; and Looney got the horrors straight."

He went to the door and looked over Simon's shoulder.

"I canna see him either," he said.

He turned to the youth.

"What is it ye see?" he asked. "Is it a war-lock? that gars ye glower that gate."

Simon nodded furiously.

"Where?" asked the potman, himself not unafraid.

"Just there," said Simon, nibbling his finger-tips and nodding streetwards.

The potman looked. The street was empty save, indeed,

for a little lonely warrior figure trotting down it bent on some earnest business.

"Danny, as the Lord lives!" cried the potman.

"What of it?" asked Robin.

"His lane!" cried the potman.

"His lane?" cried Robin. "Is his Honour none there?" and tumbled to the door to see.

"Not in the flesh," said Simon, chattering.

Robin looked long. He saw the little lonely figure pass through the village, he saw him come to the bridge, and leap to the coping as of old; he saw him at search there with diligent nose; then he came back, busy, hurrying, rapt, and the trouble in his eye.

"He'll be away hunting," said the potman, "else his Honour'd be there."

"Hunting he is," said Robin, nodding, "and not the heathen."

He turned on Simon chattering in the door.

"Where was you last night?" asked he, sharply.

"In the Forest," said Simon. "And he was there and he is fey. He is fey."

Half an hour later, Robin looked in on the Woman in the kitchen with solemn eye.

"That has been shown me that is troubling our man," he announced and nodded. "He has met Missie in the wilderness."

The Woman, looked up, startled.

"How came ye by that?" she asked.

"I have seen a thing," said Robin nodding, "in a dream."

XXVII

THE PAPISH PHILISTINE

THAT night Danny disappeared; so did Simon Ogg.

Robin knew it; so did the Woman.

"It's the second twice in three days!" she screamed.

"There was never the like of it before, nor ever now will be again; for why? He has gone not to return. And it's all you and your perdition drenches. I kenn't what would come of it. I just tell't ye. And as I said and so it has proved."

So indeed she did say nine hundred and ninety and nine times in three days; and as in the morning of the fourth day she was saying it for the thousandth time, the Reiver trotted in upon her.

Then it was Robin's turn. From dawn to eve he stirred not from the door of the kitchen, jibing at the Woman for a lying prophetess, a Bald-headed Abomination, and every pet name, fair and foul, a ruthless tongue and rude wit could lay hold of. Not till evening fell did he desist to retire to the village, there fitly to celebrate the Reiver's return and the utter destruction of Deborah Awe.

He had been gone a bare half-hour, when the Woman, returning to the kitchen, was amazed to find him sitting before the fire, his head between his hands.

"Keep me!" she cried. "Back so soon! You are indeed the rapid drinker that walks to the village, gets you blind-drunk, and home again all while I see his Honour changes his feet."

"I am not blind-drunk," said Robin, chin upon his hands. "I have scarce tasted."

The Woman regarded him.

"Have you dreamed then?" she asked.

"Not to my knowledge," said Robin dully.

"Then what in God's world is it?" she cried. "Dear keep me! Ye look that widderful and wae ye might ha' heard the world had run out o' brandy, and there was no more blood to be had for the spillin'."

"It is this," said Robin, and looked her in the eyes; "last night—Tuesday night—the Forest of Altyre was moved."

"What's that to me if it was?" cried the Woman.

"To-day," continued Robin, "was to have been a great shooting at Altyre. There has been no shooting because of the moving."

"Awell," said the Woman, "am I man that I should mourn because the Lord has seen good to come between his creatures and their murderers?"

"And the countryside is being raised against the mover," continued Robin dully.

"The mover is the Lord, I say," asserted the Woman. "He is weary of this blood-guiltiness; and has moved the Forest to warn his creatures of the coming up against them of bloody men; even so He warned David in Keilah of the coming up of Saul."

"And on every brig and naked wall from here to the Ferry Ha'," continued Robin, "they have a reward out against the mover. I have seen it with these eyes."

"They may reward and reward," said the Woman, grimly, "and yet if it is as I say——"

"It is not as you say," said Robin shortly. "You say lies. It is not on the Lord they are putting it. I would it were."

"On whom then?" asked the Woman.

"On Danny," said Robin.

The Woman turned on him darkly.

"This is as I have said," she cried. "Ten thousand times ten thousand I have tell't you, and you have mocked and cried out on me 'Baldhead!' and the like. And now ye see. Our man is in jeopardy of his life because of ye."

"How will I hinder him?" cried Robin miserably. "Missie calls him; and he is just away. She trysts him in the wilderness," said the old man; "that has been shown to me in a dream. And if while he is waiting for her—and you'll mind she was never there to the stroke—he bloodies a bit, who shall blame him?"

The Woman pondered, chewing her under-lip.

"Who is it has the Forest this year?" she asked at last.

"Young Johnson," said Robin; "a young fool-man with a fair wife. It is not for him I fear," said Robin. "He is little better than as God made him. Nor for her. I have seen her in Campbell-town carousing by in chariots and horses, and

though she decks out in gaudy duds as it might be the Scarlet Woman," said Robin, "yet she is ower like to Missie to do scathe to any that walks God's earth, let be Danny."

"Who is it then you fear?" asked the Woman.

"Awe," said Robin harshly. "I fear none. But O Woman!" —he threw up dim eyes, and dropped his hand upon his knees—"I am just sore afraid."

"Because of why?" asked the Woman, with scared eyes.

"Because," said Robin, "of yon muckle slabber of a foul-mouthed foreigner."

"Goliath!" cried the Woman, wide-eyed.

"Ay," said Robin, biting home on a plug, "and full as uncircumscribed as ever his kin was when he cam' out o' Gath, with helmets on his head and targets on his feet."

"What of him?" asked the Woman, with wide eyes.

"He has sworn," said Robin.

"That's little more than the mort o' men do," said the Woman, relieved.

"No man ever did it in my hearin'," said Robin, "and lived. He cursed Danny by his gods."

"That's no matter," said the Woman, "The gods o' the Philistines aren't much."

"Wait!" said Robin. "He swore—" and swallowed, "he swore——"

"To kill him?" whispered the Woman.

"To crucify him," said Robin.

"To crucify him!" screamed the Woman, and rammed her apron to her mouth. "My man!"

"Ay," said Robin, "your man—my man—Missie's man—all our man!"

The Woman was pale as her apron.

"The papish indeed!" she cried. "The papish Philistine!"

"To crucify him," continued Robin, nodding, "along o' t'other vermin against his kennel-door. Ye may look!" said the old man. "It is truth I am telling you. Andra' Gillray who has foreign French and tongues, heard him swear it at the

Ferry Ha'. Myself," said Robin, "I have no Philistine. I am a Christian and have no dealings with barbarious tongues; and I cannot rehearse you the words, but that is the matter of it."

The Woman drew a deep breath as one emerging from icy waters.

"The Anti-Christ!" she said. "The bloody Caiaphas!"

"He is all that, be sure," said Robin, and spat upon the floor, "and worse. He is an Englisher."

The Woman turned and scurried for the door.

"Where away?" asked Robin sharply.

"To warn his Honour," cried she.

"Let be, Woman," snapped Robin. "What cares his like for his Honour?"

"If not for his Honour, for whom then?" asked the Woman, hand on the door.

"Woman," said Robin solemnly, "if there is any hugger-mugger-muddlin' over this matter it will be like to cost us our man. Is it to yon old billie——"

"Billie!" cried the Woman.

"Bletherin' and blatherin'," said Robin.

"Mind your mouth!" shrilled the Woman.

"That we will turn in our hour of need," said Robin. "Na. This is a matter for a man," said Robin, "or more than man. This is a matter for such an one as was he who slew the kin of this same Uncircumscribed—a mighty valiant man and a man of war."

"For such an one indeed," cried the Woman. "But where will we find our champion?"

Robin gathered himself and rose.

"Here is your David," said he, and stood before her, dim. "I will go up and fight with the Philistine for you."

The Woman looked at him.

Age-bowed, with dripping ringlets, he stood before her: then went out.

XXVIII

A MAN OF HIS WORD

It was night; and from the cottage of Simon Ogg proceeded merriness and shrill song.

> Three wee devils in a big black pot,
> Screamin', steamin'!
> And the ole daddy Devil stirrin' of the lot,
> Beamin', streamin'!

The door opened and a face looked in. Within all was blackness save for the light of the peat fire splashing ruddily on dingy walls, low rafters, hung with onions and fat hams. Pinned to the centre-beam and fluttering in the red light, like a huge anguished butterfly, hung a notice; and before it in the firelight danced Simon Ogg, beating with two wooden spoons a furious rat-a-tan on the sides of a fat ham, and screaming:

> He's a-pokin' and a-strokin' with a poker that is hot,
> Here one, there one!
> Particularly proddin' in a sore selected spot,
> His dear one, the heir one!

"His heir one," said a voice in the door, "Simon Ogg, son of his father."

Simon leaped round, saw one in the door, dim, ringleted and bonneted, against the night and everlasting stars, and tittered.

"Ye're fine and songful," said Robin.

"Ay," tittered Simon, and searched with blind hands at his back.

"What gars ye do that?" asked Robin, eyeing him.

"What?"

"Pluck for that notish."

"What notish?"

"The notish hanging from the beam," said Robin, "offering £10 reward," said Robin, "for information against you."

"Against me," cried Simon. "What for, why?"

"For bein' there," said Robin, nodding.

"Where?" asked Simon, blinking.

"Where you've been," said Robin.

"Who's been where?" said Simon, nibbling his nails.

"You have," said Robin, "in the Forest."

"What Forest?"

"The Forest that was moved."

"Has the Forest been moved then?" asked Simon.

"You should know," said Robin sourly.

"When was it?"

"By night," said Robin.

"What night?"

"The night you was there," said Robin.

"I wasna there," said the youth, fearful, but dogged. "And who tell't you?"

"Ah," said Robin. "I have my dreams."

"Your dreams can put no proof on me," said the youth, watching him with cat's eyes.

"And there is Danny," said Robin.

"Danny!" said the youth, and began to chatter. "Did he see me?"

"Did he not?" said Robin.

"But it was pit-murk!" cried the youth, nibbling furiously.

"Maybe," said Robin. "He sees with his nose."

"And now I mind me," said Simon, "I was never there to see."

"And now I mind me," said Robin, "he was none there to see ye."

"Indeed, but he was so!" cried the youth.

"Can ye swear to that?"

"I swear to it," cried the youth. "I just saw him."

"You saw him!" cried Robin, and transfixed him with accusing finger. "You saw him, you that was not there!"

Simon staggered but recovered.

"It was in a dream I saw him," he mumbled with the flashing genius of the insane.

"You dream dreams!" cried Robin. "The very trouts in

the poddles will be dreamin' dreams next. Na," he cried, "na: there is but one dreamer of true dreams to each parish. So it has been appointed," said Robin, "and so it is. And I am parish-dreamer in Hepburn. . . . And you was in the Forest."

Simon threw up the sponge.

"Belike I was there," he whined, "but so was Danny."

"You was there," said Robin, inexorably, and turned to stump out.

"Where to?" asked Simon following, pale-eyed even in the dark.

"To earn £10."

"What for?"

"Informing on you," said Robin.

Simon drew closer.

"See here, Mr. Robin," he whispered, nibbling, "if you will swear to tell none, I in my turn will tell you——"

Robin paused and turned.

"What?"

"A thing," said Simon, nibbling and nodding in a very ecstasy of mystery.

"I thank you," cried Robin with high scorn, "but when I would know a thing it is not to you that are afflicted that I would turn," said he: "it is to my dreams."

"Concerning Danny," said the youth, and nibbled and nodded.

Robin stayed.

"Tell on," he said with cold indifference. "I will make shift to hear you."

"Ye'll tell none o' my bit jaunt?" insisted Simon.

"Trust me," said Robin, "and see."

"Ye'll none tell Joliff, the Englishman," pursued Simon. "He has his eye towards me. He would clink me if he could."

"Ye're safe with me," said Robin. "I'll none tell Joliath. I could not if I would. I have no Philistine," said Robin. "Besides that I would not be seen talking with English in the gate."

Simon drew closer stealthily.

"Whisper!" he said and began. "I did just happen there or thereabouts."

"Where?"

"In the Forest," said Simon, "that night."

"What night?"

"Tuesday night."

"How came you there?"

"Just walkin' in my sleep," said Simon, nibbling.

"Lie on," said Robin shortly.

"And I woke and found me there."

"Where?"

"On Windy-hope above Burnwater: it's there where the great fir was that came down in the tochet storm two years gone; and as I was layin' out bye, who should come by but——"

Robin held up his hand.

"I will hear no more," said he, shortly.

"Why not?" said Simon, looking at him.

"I have heard plenty enough for my purpose," said Robin courteously.

"And what's that?" said Simon, suspiciously.

"To hang you," said Robin.

"Will ye betray on me?" screamed Simon.

Robin turned on him wrathfully.

"Am I a Judas?" he asked, "that I would break the troth I have plighted. Na," he said, "I will indeed inform on you—how else would I earn the reward? But do I not go to the Bloody Englisher," said Robin, "but to his Honour."

"But the Forest's none of his Honour's?" cried Simon.

"Is not Danny his Honour's?" said Robin sternly. "And are they not putting the moving of the Forest on him? Shall he suffer for your sin?"

"I'd liefer ye tell't the Bloody Englishman than his Honour," whined Simon.

"Na," said Robin firmly. "I have my oath that I may not break. Yet be not dismay'd," said Robin. "It will be

the same to you. For I will tell it up to his Honour, who will tell it up to the Fool-Sassenach, and he to Joliath, and Joliath to the police."

"And I will be clink't," cried Simon.

"You will so," said Robin, "if you are not hang't," and turned away.

Simon chattered.

"Mr. Robin," he began. "Need ye tell his Honour? It was him killed my daddy in Gaunt Scaur."

"Ay," cried Robin fiercely, "and for all thanks to him for doing that for you, you would kill his Danny—who is more to him than son, and little less than soul."

"I'll ne'er lay a hand to him," whimpered Simon.

"You took an oath," said Robin inexorably.

"It was minnie made me," whined Simon. "And his Honour has not forgotten that against me, though he shamed me for it."

"That he has not," said Robin, "nor will never."

"O Mr. Robin," whined the youth, "is there no way but his Honour must know?"

He stood before the old man, lank, quaking, shabby-kneed, and whimpered.

"There is one way," said Robin at last, "and but one. Go you to Altyre the morn's morn. Tell the Bloody Englisher it was you and none but you moved the Forest. And it might be well," added Robin, "to tell him that to your sure and certain knowledge Danny was not out that night."

"But he was," cried Simon, "he was there."

"I've none but your word for that," said Robin, "and you are a liar above all men but your mother."

"Ye've none but my word I was there," said Simon cunningly.

"Even you canna be lyin' all the time," said Robin, and continued, "Tell him that, just as I have tell't you. And if," said Robin solemnly, "you add to that by the half of one word, or take from it the less than that, then," said Robin, rolling

dim eyes, "may the Laird do by you as he did by your father or worse," said Robin, "or worse."

"Can he worse than murder me?" screamed Simon.

"What the Laird canna," said Robin, "there is just one that can, and that," said he, "is Robin Crabbe."

Robin stood in the door of the kitchen, and looked in on the Woman.

"I have done four things this night that should stead me well," he announced. "I have saved my Danny—and Missie will be pleased; I have made away with a malefactor out of this parish maybe for aye and may be for six weeks—and his Honour will be pleased; I have made £10 that I have not earned—and I am pleased; and I have taken an oath," said Robin, "that I have not kept, nor yet broken it—and the Lord will be pleased."

XXIX

"WHERE IS MY DANNY?"

It was dawn next day. Simon Ogg stood in the door of his cottage and shivered; and at his heels was his wolf-eyed mother, whispering.

"Who strikes Danny strikes the Laird," she was saying in his ear. "Mind that, you that are son to a murdered father! you that took an oath and was shamed for it before the congregation!"

Simon shrugged, shivered, stepped out into the silent street as one plunging into cold waters, and turned West. Once he turned, and in the silent street his wolf-eyed mother stood watching him; so he turned again and took the old drove-road that skirts the foot of Lammer-more, surging up to heaven in long slow sweep, wind-ruffled nor yet awake.

As he came out on to the cold moors, a tiny figure, black against the dun dawn on the hill-top, espied him, and came plunging down the brae, Danny at his heels.

"Where away at cock-shout?" asked the old man with upraised authoritative hand.

"I go to Altyre," chattered the youth, his eyes on Danny.

"On that business I spoke with you of last night?" asked the old man.

"The same," said Simon.

Robin eyed him critically; then he thrust forth an old hand.

"Simon Ogg," said he, not unfeelingly, "you have more heart to you than has been shown to me. It is ill to sin," continued the preacher of the weeping eye, "but some hold—and I am one—that to sin and then to confess your sin is better than never to have sinned at all. And mind," said Robin, "if they give you the £10 for informing against yourself, it is to me that it belongs, who put you in the way of addling it. But I will not forget my little friend," said Robin, tenderly, "and we will share and share alike. You shall have your sixpenny," said Robin, "if ever you come forth from clink alive; and I will have that is over. Go, my buckie," said Robin, tears in his eyes. "Go! and the blessing of St. Colomb be with you in clink or in cottage, in heaven or in hell."

Simon, son of Simon, tramped on his way, tittering; while Robin trotted home with heart uplifted.

In the kitchen he sat down and laughed so long and silently, that the Woman, coming in on him asked him sharply had he been drinking, or had he had the dreams.

"Nor t'ane nor t'ither," said Robin, hugging himself.

The Woman looked at him.

"What is it then?" she asked. "Have you killed Goliath? you that are our champion."

"I have cotched him," said Robin, "if I have not killed him," and told her all. "And so," he made end, "I have sent Simon Ogg to his fate. And I have saved my Danny,"

"And where is your Danny now?" asked the gaunt Woman.

"Here to my heel," said Robin, and looked.

"I see him not," said the Woman, and looked into the old man's eyes.

"He's there all the same," said Robin, turning and ever turning, and ever paling as he turned, "only—I just canna see him. . . . Ho the man! ho the Danny!"

"You may call and call," cried the Woman. "He is not there to hear."

"He'll just be with his Honour," he said, feigning indifference, and yet with shaking lip.

"I will see that," cried the Woman and ran.

In a moment she was back, clattering furiously along the passage.

"Where is my Danny?" she cried vengefully, and flung into the room.

Robin was already in the door, sneaking forth.

"Is he not with his Honour?" he asked, pausing.

"That he is not, nor has been!" cried the hard-voiced Woman, and stood over against him, gaunt accuser, hand on hips. "And his Honour would ken where he is."

Robin began to sneak forth.

"It is of you I ask it, Robin Crabbe!" cried the Woman dogging him. "You that are our champion! You that have saved him!"

"If he is not there," said Robin, "it is like he will be some other where."

"He is lost!" cried the gaunt Woman, "lost!" and turning called down the passage.

"Robin Crabbe has lost him again, your Honour."

"Send him here!" came the harsh voice from the hall.

"The Laird would speak with you," said the Woman, turning.

"I canna come," said Robin, hurrying away.

"He must come!" thundered the voice unseen.

"I canna!" cried Robin, raising his voice. "I've my work."

"Ye can let it go," thundered the Laird, "same as usual."

"Na," said Robin, firmly, "a man must work while he has daylight: it is in the Book. Maybe I'll come to-night. I'll see."

He sneaked away, and the Woman hung on his heels.

"Then what will I tell his Honour?" she asked, "and him shouting for Danny. God's sake! hear him!"

"Tell him," said Robin shortly, "to go look for him."

"I will tell him this!" cried the Woman: "that Danny is gone; and that Simon Ogg has gone after him, whose father the Laird slew, and who has sworn to slay again—life for life, soul for soul; and that you sent him. And I will tell him of the oath of the Englisher which you have withheld from him."

Robin turned.

"I tell't you of it!" he cried. "It was for you to tell his Honour—you that Missie bid mend him and mind him, and see he changed his feet."

"Me!" screamed the Woman. "It was you forbid me flatly. How will yon old billie, bletherin', and blatherin', serve us?" ye said. "Na," says you, "I will be your champion," you says. "I will go up and fight with the Philistine."

"I did it to try ye," said Robin. "I did it by his Honour's word."

"We will see that!" cried the Woman, turned and fled for the house; halted, and turned again, gaunt-eyed, remorseless, prophetess of woe.

"What was it was the oath of the bloody Englisher?" she cried, "word for word, that I may rehearse it to his Honour."

Robin above her on the mound quavered, bowed, and fell suddenly upon his knees.

"To crucify him," he sobbed, his old face in his hands. "To crucify him. O Missie! O my man!"

(*To be continued.*)