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FOREIGN TRADE AND THE MONEY MARKET

A QUESTION is suddenly brought before us for decision, which, rightly or wrongly, may involve a complete reversal of all the traditions under which the last two generations have been brought up. I hold that we should judge it entirely on its own merits; we must, as far as we can, rid ourselves of anything like prejudice or preconceived ideas, or submission of our own judgment to that of others with whom on questions of politics we may have been associated.

AS TO NECESSITY FOR INQUIRY.

We are told that there has been an inquiry. The only official evidence produced by that inquiry has been presented in a most admirable Blue Book, which is deserving of the closest study, but which is confined mainly to statistics, most valuable, no doubt, but which, like all statistics, are open to various interpretations, unless they are considered in conjunction with all the causes and conditions of which the figures are the outcome. Beyond this we know nothing of an official inquiry; we have had pamphlets and speeches innumerable, some of them of great ability, and containing much valuable information. These have, however, for the most part, to be regarded as the pleadings of advocates; and not as the summing up by an impartial judge; yet the jury are to be

asked for their verdict. Who is to be that impartial judge; and is there one to be found? Do you think that this is a question which ought to be made the battle-cry between various political parties? Is it too late even now for men of business to make an endeavour to have this question removed from the political arena, and without reference to party? To have this problem decided at the hustings without further inquiry appears to me as if a great question of law, involving the very highest considerations, were to be decided, not by the Lord Chancellor, but at the polling-booths; yet the consequences of a mistaken judgment must be far-reaching indeed. We have had, and we have, Royal Commissions on a number of different subjects—I believe there are over a dozen of them now sitting—and amongst them several, such as that on the Food-supply in time of War and on the Coal-supply, which are very closely connected with the Fiscal Problem; and yet there has been no Royal Commission on this, the gravest and most complicated of them all. It has been said that no men of unbiased minds and who have not already formed their opinions could be found to serve on such a Commission; I do not believe it. There are many who will be only too glad to have all the evidence placed before them, and to judge accordingly. No one, however strong his convictions may be, could possibly object to have his case thoroughly examined in all its bearings; in fact, the stronger your convictions are, the readier you must be to submit your case to an impartial tribunal of experts: and not only has there been no Royal Commission, the subject has not even been debated in Parliament, and yet an appeal to the country is looked upon as imminent in many quarters. Though the question may be primarily regarded as a matter of business, it involves, of course, even higher considerations. The unity of the Empire is, we are told, dependent on it; but if that unity is to be brought about and based on business considerations, the question must be dealt with on business lines and in such a way as to produce, not conflict, but harmony. I venture to say that the Imperial sentiment is

nowhere stronger than it is in the City of London, and that nowhere is the business community more ready to make sacrifices in order to promote the unity of the Empire; but it is strange that, so far as I have seen, in all the arguments that have been used on both sides, the interests of this great City of London have hardly been touched upon; yet it can rightly claim that the services it renders to the nation, both as regards its contribution to the general prosperity and the employment it finds for millions of workers, are equal, if not superior to those of any other centre of industry, and these surely ought to be taken into consideration in a general inquiry. We are, it is admitted, the financial centre of the world; this is more than a phrase, it is a fact. Our position has indeed been assailed, but so far without effect. I wonder how many politicians realise what it means; I wonder whether even we, here in the City of London, fully realise it. I need not give banking statistics, but I append a table (p. 33) showing the growth of the banking deposits in the United Kingdom, which indicates the truly marvellous progress that has been made during the last fifty years, a progress which not only shows increasing prosperity throughout the country, but which itself must have been of immeasurable benefit to all our industries; yet this progress of banking, and the benefits it brings to the nation, like the progress of, and benefits derived from, the other of the great commercial assets of the United Kingdom—our great merchant fleet and all that it means—are left entirely out of sight. They do not appear in the tables of imports and exports, on which so many arguments are based. These interests and many allied to them are those which do not manufacture, but they are productive, they render services, and thus contribute to what are termed “invisible exports”; a term on which something will have to be said in connection with our balance of trade. I should like to see a history written of the trade of London, and to many of us it would be a revelation. The total shipping that now enters the Port of London amounts to over one-fifth part of the total shipping

of the United Kingdom; the value of the commodities imported into the Port of London amounts to about one-third of the total value of our imports; the value of the exports is over one-fourth of the total value of the exports of the United Kingdom. Think of the vastness of the carrying and distributing trade that these figures imply, and of the employment of our working population that must follow in its train. This brings me, after an unduly long preface, to the real subject-matter of my paper, Foreign Trade and the Money Market.

LONDON, THE FINANCIAL CENTRE OF THE WORLD.

The fact of London being the recognised financial centre of the world is beyond doubt. That this is so is a matter of the very greatest moment, for it will be admitted that the prosperity of the whole of the United Kingdom must, in a great measure, depend on our being able to maintain that position. A bill of exchange on London is the recognised medium of settling international transactions, which is made use of in all parts of the world. I really think you must have lived, or at least travelled, in foreign countries, to realise to what extent this bill on London enters into daily commercial life in all foreign countries. Not only in the banks abroad but in the offices of most leading merchants, the dealing in such bills is of constant occurrence; and the names of London bankers and merchants are as well known in the important commercial towns all over the world as amongst ourselves. It is quite true that a certain number of bills are drawn on Germany, or France, or Belgium, for goods shipped there from transatlantic countries, but the number of such bills is comparatively small, and they are only used in connection with trade between those respective countries, and not as international mediums of exchange. As regards shipments of goods to the United Kingdom, the shipper almost invariably obtains payment for those goods by selling his bill on London to the local bank; but not only that, in most cases he would

prefer, when he sends goods to any part of the Continent of Europe, or to the United States, to draw a bill on London against them, leaving the purchaser to settle with the London banker. In using the term banker, I include, of course, the large number of so-called merchant bankers who make a speciality of this kind of business. Thus the China merchant who sells tea to Russia or Germany, or silks to the United States, will probably obtain payment through the medium of the London Money Market, and equally the German merchant who sends his goods out to China. It is needless to multiply instances; they may be found amongst almost every article of trade; the coffee that is shipped from Brazil into France or Italy, the cotton from New Orleans to Poland, sulphur from Sicily to the United States, and agricultural machinery from the United States to the River Plate, all these trades find their Clearing House in Lombard Street. This applies not only to goods, but to securities also. If a Dutch capitalist invests his money in an American railway, he will probably complete the purchase by a payment in London; and when the United States paid Spain for Cuba, it was through London that the transaction was settled, and the same, of course, applies to the Chinese payment to Japan at the close of the war. The fact of our being the only free market for gold, and also the credit and high standing of our bankers and merchants, have contributed largely to our attaining and keeping our position as the financial centre of the world. But this cannot be the only reason, nor even the main reason, for this position. The banker who buys a bill on London, say, in Valparaiso, does not buy it because he wants the gold; but he knows that, if he has no other use for the bill, he can obtain gold for it, though probably at a small loss to himself; he buys it because he knows he always finds a ready market for it, he can always sell it to a merchant, in his own place or in some other country, who requires it, in order to pay for goods or services rendered to him here, or to some Government that has to remit it for payment of interest. There is an absolutely free market,

because there is always a supply, and there is always a demand, and that really in every part of the world. For as the seller of foreign goods to Great Britain obtains payment by means of this bill on London, so the purchaser of British goods abroad settles his indebtedness by the same means.

But it is owing to our having first established a trade with all these countries, a trade more important than each carries on with other countries, that ours has become the supreme Money Market. It has been said that trade follows the flag, but more surely can it be said that banking follows trade, and if our trade for any reason whatsoever were to be restricted, were to be confined within narrower channels, then with absolute certainty others to whom this trade would fall would also oust us from our supreme position in the International Money Market. What a disturbance of that position would mean it is almost impossible to conceive; but in bringing this point forward and asserting for it a paramount claim in the consideration of the fiscal question, I am sure all will agree that I am not pleading in the interests of a special class; for I feel sure that all of us bankers would put the great interests of the country before our own; but as our prosperity is dependent on that of the nation, so again every one of our industries, and our whole trade, and the employment of our working population, is, in the United Kingdom more than any other country, dependent on the unimpaired maintenance of our banking system, and that again is largely dependent on our position as the bankers of the world.

It is indeed a great responsibility we carry on our shoulders; it is not beyond the mark to say that on the greatness of our banking resources, the greatness and development of our industries must depend. That the present system of unrestricted trade must increase these resources, as it must also increase the national income through our shipping trade, is, to my mind, beyond question. The part played by this bill on London in maintaining stability in our Money Market, the part it has played, and is still playing, in settling the vast expenditure of

the war, is known to all bankers, but I doubt if it is at all realised throughout the country. London bankers hardly ever invest in bills on foreign centres; the rate of discount may be 3 per cent. here, and 4 per cent. in Berlin, yet it does not occur to us to invest our money in bills on Berlin; but take the opposite case: you have money here at 4 per cent. and 3 per cent. in Berlin or Paris, you at once have a flow of investment into those bills, it is the Berlin banker who discounts, as it were, instead of the London banker, and hence the demand on our market is lessened. It is only when our rate recedes again below that of the market where the bill is held that it will come over here for discount. Thus this bill on London, this bill, the origin of which is based in most cases on purely commercial transactions, performs a most important function in equalising the value of money prevailing in the various centres, and preventing large demands for export of gold. I will not attempt an estimate of the amount of the bills so held abroad at the present moment; the figure has been estimated at anything from £50,000,000 to £100,000,000 sterling. In any case it is a very large figure, and means temporary indebtedness to other nations which has prevented calls on our gold reserves, and in consequence higher rates for money and disturbance of trade.

But in addition to the amount of foreign money thus employed in these bills of exchange, our vast foreign trade must result in the temporary employment here of the proceeds either of these bills or of goods sold in our market, to be used in the purchase of goods here, or for investment, or for safe-keeping in time of trouble, and must greatly add to our available resources. So great are the banking operations consequent on this trade that hardly a year passes without one or more of the foreign banks establishing their own agencies in our midst, not always to the unmixed delight of their older-established competitors, but yet I believe for the common good; for they bring as much as they take; they are evidence that we are supreme in the banking world; they play an

important part in the adjustment of the Money Market, and also, I believe, in promoting that friendly and harmonious understanding amongst the nations, which always follows more intimate commercial intercourse.

It is quite clear to my mind that the effect of our large foreign trade has been distinctly in the direction of lowering the value of money in our market, and consequently an undoubted aid to our industries. In fact, I believe that to it is, in a great measure, due the fact that until quite recently it may be said that our Money Market has been the cheapest in the world, though, of course, other causes have contributed. I need hardly insist on the very great importance to the whole of our commerce of low rates for money. Cheap capital, indeed, is an absolutely essential element in every industry, perhaps the most essential; that is universally recognised, but I do not think it is realised to what extent ability to supply capital must help our export trade. So long as our Money Market remains the cheapest in the world—I look upon the present abnormal condition as merely temporary—so long shall we be able to take from foreign nations and our own Colonies the loans they may have to place for the development of their own countries; and the development of our export trade to these countries will follow as a natural result. When the railways of the United States and of Argentina were built, mostly with British capital, we also sent the material to build them with. When the Japanese indemnity was paid over here, the proceeds went to Japan in the shape of warships, built in our yards.

BALANCE OF TRADE.

The importance of our remaining the principal market for foreign investments of all kinds cannot be overrated, and I shall refer to this point again when we come to consider the question of balance of trade, perhaps the most difficult question we have to deal with, and one of the most important, in

considering Foreign Trade and the Money Market. For it is only through the action of the Money Market that this balance of trade adjusts itself. I must admit that I have, for some years past, looked upon the rapidly-growing adverse balance with a certain feeling of uneasiness. I subjoin a table taken from the official figures, showing the movement of trade, sub-divided under various headings (starting from 1885, because the income from foreign investments before that year was made out on a different system).

It will be seen that the excess of imports of merchandise over exports has risen from £100,000,000 in 1885, and only £80,000,000 in 1886, to £179,000,000 in 1902. I cannot absolutely subscribe to the theory that every import of goods must of necessity imply an export of goods. It must imply an export of something, which may be an export of earning-power, either by the sale of foreign investments hitherto held here, or by foreign capital being invested in our home securities. About such processes there are absolutely no statistics, and we can only judge from observation of the facts that come before us. It has been asserted by some that if paid for by sales of investments, part of the excess of imports has been paid for out of capital; but this theory is entirely misleading. For the proceeds of such sales of investments, if not reinvested abroad, or of foreign capital invested here, are employed at home, and become, perhaps not immediately, but eventually, productive; the capital does not disappear, but the interest on that capital, instead of coming to us from abroad, accrues at home, and to that extent there is a diminution of what are termed "invisible" exports, though not of capital. I do not say that this process has already become effective; in fact, the official figures point to an opposite conclusion; but there is a possibility of it, and the point requires constant attention. The other modes of payment for the excess of imports are, of course, well known. In the first place, the difference is much greater in appearance than in reality, because of the difference in values, the imports being charged at their value

Years.	Total Imports.* Millions £	Imports of Manufactures. Millions £	Imports of Food and Drink. Millions £	Total Exports.* Millions £	Exports of Manufactures. Millions £	Excess of Imports over Exports. Millions £	Imports of Silver. Millions £	Exports of Silver. Millions £	Excess or Deficit of Silver Imported. Millions £	Imports of Gold. Millions £	Exports of Gold. Millions £	Excess or Deficit of Gold Imported. Millions £	Excess of Gold and Silver Bullion and Specie Imported. Millions £	Interest from Foreign Investments. Millions £	Total of Foreign Merchandise transhipped in Bond Millions £
1885	271	83	158	271	188	100	9	10	- 1	13	12	+ 1	—	39	11
1886	350	81	143	270	188	80	7	7	—	13	14	- 1	- 1	44	11
1887	362	82	149	281	196	81	8	8	—	10	9	+ 1	- 1	47	10
1888	388	93	157	299	206	89	6	8	- 2	16	15	+ 1	1	50	11
1889	428	101	171	316	218	112	9	11	- 2	18	14	+ 4	2	52	10
1890	421	98	174	328	228	93	10	11	- 1	24	14	+ 10	9	55	10
1891	435	97	185	309	213	126	10	13	- 3	30	24	+ 6	3	55	10
1892	424	99	185	292	195	132	11	14	- 3	21	15	+ 6	3	55	11
1893	405	98	175	277	189	128	12	13	- 1	25	20	+ 5	4	55	12
1894	408	102	172	274	184	134	11	12	- 1	28	16	+ 12	11	53	10
1895	417	108	174	286	195	131	10	10	—	36	21	+ 15	15	55	11
1896	442	117	182	296	209	146	14	15	- 1	25	30	- 5	- 6	56	10
1897	451	124	189	294	200	157	18	19	- 1	31	31	—	- 1	57	11
1898	471	125	204	294	198	177	15	16	- 1	44	37	+ 7	6	60	10
1899	485	136	205	330	214	155	13	14	- 1	33	22	+ 11	10	60	11
1900	523	145	215	354	225	169	13	13	—	26	18	+ 8	8	60	11
1901	522	143	220	348	221	174	11	12	- 1	21	14	+ 7	6	63	13
1902	528	149	218	349	227	179	9	11	- 2	22	15	+ 7	5	62	14
	Increase 42 %.	Increase 79 %.	Increase 38 %.	Increase 28 %.	Increase 20 %.	Increase 79 %.							Average 4	Increase 59 %.	

* Excluding Bullion and Specie.

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on arrival here, while the exports represent their value here, not the price at which the goods are eventually sold—the stated values are net—and the profits of our merchants should be deducted from the value of the imports, and added to that of our exports respectively.

Then there are the earnings of our carrying trade, ship-owners and underwriters, and, as pointed out in the Blue Book, not only on the carriage of our own imports and exports, but also on the carriage of goods between foreign countries, or between British Colonies; and, again, there is the income from foreign investments, both of which are included in the term “invisible exports” or services rendered, of which there are a great number not mentioned in the Blue Book, and regarding the extent of which no statistics are to be obtained. The income accruing from these services, such as banking and trading commissions, insurance premiums, and all the profits of our indirect trade, viz., trade not touching our shores at all, must amount to very large figures indeed. *I think the excess of imports over exports may be taken to be the measure of our prosperity, so long as our earning power through invisible exports is not decreased thereby.*

But we must not assume simply because we do not send gold out of the country that imports of goods are, of necessity paid for by goods. Exports of gold are prevented through the action of the Money Market, and, through such action, eventually, the balance must be adjusted. The process is somewhat complicated, and it shows how the actions of a great number of individuals are governed by a universal law. The days are gone when a merchant adventurer sent out his ships laden with merchandise, which were to bring home to him the produce of distant lands. There are, of course, a number of merchants who, having their own establishments in foreign parts, do both an import and export business, balancing their own transactions without many bills of exchange passing; but, on the whole, trade is now much more specialised, there are importers and exporters, and their transactions are entirely

independent of each other. The merchant abroad who sells his goods here does not know, nor does he care, whether any goods go out in exchange; he obtains payment, as we have seen, in a bill of exchange, which does not necessarily imply an export of gold, but which gives the holder of such bills the power of withdrawing gold from here if he so chooses. Thus we have, at certain seasons such as the present, withdrawals of gold, which can be directly traced to our imports of wheat and cotton from the United States or Egypt, or the Argentine Republic. Such exports of gold may necessitate the raising of our money rates to a level above that of other countries in order not to further deplete our stock of the precious metal; thus foreign money is attracted until such time when we can lower our rates again, through having in our turn received payment in gold for goods shipped to other countries, or for services rendered them. A prolonged period of rates prevailing here at a higher level than in other centres has an additional effect; investment stocks go down; in countries that have taken the gold from us, or have the power to take gold, the opposite takes place, money becomes cheaper and investment stocks rise, the consequence is that the home investor in, say, American railway bonds, finds the return to him is less than the return on a home investment, and he will be induced to sell; and that is exactly what has taken place with regard to the United States, and, to a very large extent, a few years ago. It is only now that there are symptoms of a reversal of that tendency. It is quite clear that the amount of interest we have now to receive from the United States must be considerably reduced as compared with, say, fifteen years ago. But it is most satisfactory to find from the returns that our investments in other foreign parts must have increased to an even greater extent.

The Blue Book gives us an approximate balance-sheet. It estimates the annual excess value of imports over exports (decennial average) at 161 millions, from which has to be deducted the excess of bullion, six millions, total 155 millions.

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It makes up this amount by an estimated earning power of our carrying trade at 90 millions, and of interest on foreign investments of $62\frac{1}{2}$ millions ; the latter amount, however, is only that apparent from the official returns, and is in all probability very considerably larger, having been estimated by Sir Robert Giffen as coming up to fully 90 millions, so that the adverse balance is more than made up. There is some doubt as to the figure of 90 millions due to us for freight ; this is one of the points which only a Royal Commission could clear up. On the other hand, profits on the purchase and sale of goods which do not touch our shores at all, of the large fire and life insurance business which our companies carry on abroad, and other similar services, are not included in the return of exports and imports ; these items must reach a very large total. The Liverpool cotton merchant, who buys his cotton in New Orleans and sells it, say, at Havre or Bremen, the Mincing Lane merchant, who sends coffee from Brazil to Italy, supplies no statistics of such transactions, which form a very large proportion of our general trade, and the profits on which must be added to our invisible exports. Then there are the earnings of all the banks which have branches either in the Colonies or in foreign countries, and not only the dividends they pay, but also the interest they allow to their customers on deposits taken here. These banks are registered as English banks, and their income swells the general income-tax returns, although, strictly speaking, it is interest on foreign investments. On the other side, income receivable by foreigners from capital invested in the United Kingdom should really be added to our imports ; but the total cannot as yet be very large. It must also be remembered, in considering our income-tax returns, that foreigners are charged income tax on their investments in home securities ; such interest appears to swell our national income, although it is really a charge on it.

In addition to these items, which by inquiry could possibly be ascertained, there are the transactions of private firms who may transfer capital from one country to another, and about

these no information can ever be obtained. The only outward indication we can have whether there is an undue excess of imports must be in the foreign exchanges, and if these are constantly adverse, without special reasons, and the value of money were to become permanently higher here than in other centres, then there would be reason to fear that our invisible exports are not sufficient. What would follow then? Either we should be gradually turning from a creditor country into a debtor country, and the official publications certainly do not warrant such an assumption at the present moment, or the higher value of money would act detrimentally on all our industries and trade generally, our purchasing power would decrease, which would directly lead to a reduction of imports, the home demand would slacken, and wages and prices generally would fall, and the surplus production of our factories, failing a market at home, would have to be exported. Thus, through the pressure of hard times, the balance would gradually be restored. This is the process, though by no means a desirable one, by which an excess of imports, if really undue, must right itself; but it would mean hard times and much distress. To arrive, however, at the conclusion that such a situation has already arisen, or appears likely to arise, does not seem in the least warranted by any evidence as yet before us. What does seem evident is that of late years the margin is not so large as it was in former years, or in other words, that we are not at the present moment in the position of placing as much capital for investment abroad as was the case previously. The importance of such investments, as already mentioned, cannot be overrated. It has been stated in some public speeches, that the working man cannot live on foreign investments, but the fact is that our having them enables him to buy his food and other necessaries at a very much lower cost; and, as shown before, we pay for such investments by exports, and they thus directly contribute to provide employment. The very fact of our Money Market during the last few years not having been conducive to the issuing of foreign loans seems to me in a great

measure to account for the growth of our exports not being equal in proportion to that of our imports. That the exports have grown most satisfactorily is undeniable, for, taking even the year 1872, about which so much has been said, as a basis, we find the total exports of that year 315 millions, of 1902, 349 millions; but according to 1872 prices, as shown by Sauerbeck's index numbers, the value of 1902 exports would amount to 551 millions instead of 349 millions, showing an increase of 75 per cent. against an increase in the population of 31 per cent. I mention this to prove that exports have grown, though imports have grown in much greater proportion. I think every one will agree that it is most desirable that there should be greater elasticity and expansion in our exports; the difficulty is to find the true reason for this comparative lack of expansion and the true remedy for improving it.

SPECIAL CAUSES AFFECTING THE DIRECTION OF TRADE.

The history of the past few years will, I think, show that there have been very special reasons why exports should have fallen off, and why imports should have risen. As stated above, foreign exchanges are the only indication we have whether there is an undue excess of imports; the tendency of the foreign exchanges finds its best expression in the average market rates of discount; so long as that rate is lower here than in other monetary centres, it is clear that the foreign exchanges have not been against us. The following is a table showing the average market rate in London, Paris, and Berlin, since 1885, and the imports of gold from South Africa:—

AVERAGE MARKET RATE OF DISCOUNT.				Gold Bullion and Specie Imported from British South Africa. 000's omitted. £
	London.	Paris.	Berlin.	
1885	2·04	2·46	2·91	543
1886	2·05	2·23	2·15	271
1887	2·36	2·42	2·32	231
1888	2·38	2·75	2·12	847
1889	2·70	2·65	2·70	1,442
1890	3·68	2·64	3·75	1,877
1891	2·50	2·58	3·00	2,490
1892	1·47	1·83	1·78	4,300
1893	2·10	2·22	3·18	5,325
1894	0·97	1·77	1·73	7,364
1895	0·80	1·59	2·01	8,354
1896	0·80	1·75	3·05	8,003
1897	1·79	1·81	3·09	13,621
1898	2·59	2·07	3·57	16,769
1899	3·25	2·71	4·47	15,015
1900	3·66	3·13	4·56	379
1901	3·16	2·44	3·04	1,962
1902	2·97	2·37	2·19	7,947

It will be seen that with the exception of the year 1890, the year of the Baring crisis, it was not till 1898 that our rate was above that of Paris, and not till 1901 that our rate was above that of Berlin. Until 1898 our rate was very materially below that of both places.

The year 1885 was a year of very great commercial depression and of stagnant trade; the year was chiefly remarkable because it is the first during which South African gold came to be shipped in appreciable amounts. Depression continued during 1886, when there were "unemployed" riots in London. It is curious to observe that this lack of employment became manifest during the year when the imports amounted only to £50,000,000, the lowest figure since 1871, the year of the Franco-German War. Towards the end of the year confidence began to return. In 1887 there was renewed activity, and a slight rise in prices. This improvement continued in 1888, when foreign Governments, especially South American, borrowed largely. Our exports in that year rose £10,000,000. There was still greater activity in 1889, and the total of new

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capital issues, which had amounted to £78,000,000 in 1885, rose from £160,000,000 in 1888 to £207,000,000, nearly all for colonial or foreign railways and undertakings. That year is also memorable because of the conversion of the National Debt. Exports, which had been £188,000,000 in 1885, rose to £218,000,000, and to £228,000,000 in 1890, the year of the Baring collapse, from which date a remarkable reaction naturally took place. In 1891 financial troubles in South America brought about a total change of feeling with regard to foreign investments, and the new capital issues fell to £105,000,000 in that year, to £81,000,000 in 1892, to £49,000,000 in 1893. From 1891 onwards there is a rapid and material fall in our exports, which continued till 1895; during that period, which we bankers remember so well as one of excessively cheap money, when all foreign enterprise was under a cloud, the seeds were sown for the very large municipal borrowings which at present give rise to so much serious reflection. The indebtedness of local authorities in the United Kingdom rose from £265,000,000 in 1894 to £376,000,000 in 1901, an increase in seven years of £111,000,000. The distrust of investors in foreign securities was increased in 1893 by the Australian banking crisis, and in subsequent years by the currency troubles in the United States. American capitalists sent money over here to keep it safe on a gold basis, and it is not surprising that a considerable advance took place in gilt-edged securities, and great activity in South African mining shares, in which a good deal of capital was invested. In 1895 peace was concluded between China and Japan, and the large war indemnity was paid to the Bank of England, raising the stock of gold to unprecedented figures. The demand for home securities increased, and record prices were reached. In 1896 new capital applied for again rose to £153,000,000. The demand was not so much for foreign or colonial securities, but mainly for home investments and industrial undertakings of all sorts. The company promoter was hard at work, and in many cases not for the benefit of the community at large or of the industries which he took in hand. We have thus a distinct change

in the channels of investment ; we deliberately turned away from foreign and colonial enterprises, in favour of investments in the home markets, and to that may be directly due part of the lack of expansion in our exports, which would have followed naturally had we placed the capital abroad, and also the increase in our imports for the home industries, which receive much of their material from abroad.

Towards the end of 1896 the memorable Presidential election in the United States took place, when that nation decided in favour of a gold standard ; the harvests in that country had been abundant, while there had been partial failures in Australasia, Russia, and the Argentine. These circumstances are of importance to our inquiry, for they explain the partial stagnation of exports to these last-named countries ; as regards the United States, the desire to settle their currency troubles led to immediate exports of gold from here, and from that time also dates the important movement, which has since taken place, of Americans buying back their securities from European markets, a movement partly caused by distrust on our side in consequence of these currency troubles, but principally by returning confidence in the United States and the remarkable revival of their industrial and commercial development, assisted by a continuous series of abundant harvests. It was assisted also, no doubt, by the new Dingley Tariff, introduced in 1897, which certainly caused a diminution in our exports to the United States, whereas at the same time a variety of other causes, such as the plague and famine in India, the disturbed condition of China, drought in Australia, rinderpest in South Africa, added to the political unrest there, and the consequent unsatisfactory condition of the gold-mining industry, political disturbances in the South American States, and war between Turkey and Greece, contributed to closing some of our best markets, or at least greatly affected our exports to them.

The year 1898 brought a revival, which showed itself in the returns for 1899 marking a rise in our exports from £294,000,000 to £330,000,000. In those years the output of every branch of

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the engineering and shipbuilding trades, and iron and steel manufactures, exceeded all records, but unfortunately the engineering, and subsequently the dock strike, lost us a great deal of business which would otherwise have come here. The year 1899 promised better still, and was a year of all-round activity and prosperity; the output of the above-mentioned trades and others again surpassed previous records, and our exports for 1900 show a further increase of £24,000,000, raising them to £354,000,000. It must be observed that the result of great activity often only shows itself in the returns for the following year. But the end of 1899 is the date of the outbreak of the South African War, and that war must naturally have had such a disturbing effect on the whole of our trade that no conclusion can possibly be drawn from the variations taking place since that period. It is evident that the purchase of war material of all sorts must have swelled our imports to a very large degree, that Government purchases abroad of food-stuffs, animals, and a variety of articles which were shipped direct to South Africa without appearing in our trade returns, must have naturally turned all the exchanges against us, and that all this vast expenditure resulted in keeping the value of money at a higher level here than in other centres. Until the outbreak of the war, there is nothing in the indications of the exchanges to warrant the assumption that our commercial condition had resulted in affecting our position as the cheapest Money Market, which is so essential for the maintenance of our supremacy as the bankers of the world. But I think the above-mentioned facts show that special and exceptional reasons closed our most important markets, or at least greatly impeded our exports to them. We declined to lend our money to foreign countries, and thus prevented their purchases from us; by far the greatest part of our savings were invested at home, mostly in loans to local authorities, and that in itself led to a very important increase in our imports; it stimulated the building trade, the development of electrical works and undertakings, and a great deal of the material had to be imported, if only for the reason

that our factories at home were not in a position to supply the demand. Again and again one heard in those days of large and important orders for railway material, for engines, waggons, bridges, having had to be declined, and having to be placed abroad, simply because our manufacturers required a period of two years or more before they could execute them. If any one in those days remarked, as I confess I did myself, that our exports were not as expansive as they might be, and that a great part of the business which then went to foreign countries might as well have been supplied at home, the invariable answer was that our manufacturers were so full of orders that they did not know where to turn. This applies mainly to the iron industry, but the textile industry also shows continuous progress from 1897 till 1901, in spite of the above-mentioned adverse circumstances.

The present year so far already indicates a distinct improvement, the first eleven months showing an increase in exports of £7,000,000, and that in spite of the Money Market still being under the influence of our huge war debt, a great part of which has not been funded, but remains as a floating debt largely held by foreigners. Considering the absence of the shipments of gold from South Africa, which before the war had reached nearly 17,000,000, and which even now are only about half that amount, it is only surprising that the value of money was not more affected; but even now it can, I think, be said that on the whole our investments in foreign securities are again increasing and not decreasing. The condition of South Africa, which as yet is far from satisfactory, must gradually improve.

A large amount of capital invested there is still unproductive; when this state of affairs comes to an end, as it must before so very long, a new stimulus will be given to trade, and the Blue Book just published, containing Mr. Birchenough's Report on the Prospects of British Trade in South Africa, affords ample proof of the possibilities and opportunities for such trade, if only we know how to avail ourselves of them.

This short history will, I hope, to some extent account for the variations in our trade, and give the reasons why our export trade of late has not been so expansive; and I hope I have proved that we are the financial centre of the world because we are the centre of its commerce, though it is impossible to enumerate the great variety of commodities to which this term applies, nor is there time to refer in detail to our great entrepôt trade; the last column in the table on page 10, which refers only to goods transhipped in bond, shows how this has grown, a trade which is entirely due to our open ports and absence of restrictions; for not only the actual duties that are payable but also all the formalities and delays connected with Custom Houses are instrumental in turning trade away. I hope I have further shown that imports, far from taking away employment, are the means of providing employment for large numbers, and that the fewer the restrictions the larger our general commerce, and the greater our prosperity must be.

GOLD RESERVES.

Before leaving this part of the subject, I must briefly refer to one intimately connected with it, viz., the sudden demands on our small gold reserves which our enormous trade may bring about, a point to which, as you are aware, I have been constantly calling attention for a number of years, beginning at a time when the reserve at the Bank of England was nearly twice as large as it is now. It seems to me almost an absurd position that the export of a comparatively small amount of gold, say £500,000, should put our whole Money Market into a tremor. We ought to be able to spare at least £5,000,000 without influencing money rates very much. To go more fully into this question would be outside the scope of this paper, although it forms part of the question of Foreign Trade and the Money Market; but I think that the time has come when a conclusion will have to be arrived at, on whom the responsibility is to be laid for keeping the gold reserve in the country

at an adequate level. I do not think we bankers ought to be called upon alone to assume that responsibility, but we should co-operate with the Bank of England towards that end. But even the Bank of England has, at present, no such specific duty imposed upon it, although it is the Bank of the Government, endowed with special privileges. But, as I said nearly three years ago, "the time cannot be far distant when a revision of Peel's Act will become necessary," and it implies no disrespect to the framers of that Act which, on the whole, has worked so well, or to those who have administered it so efficiently and conscientiously, to maintain that new conditions have arisen, to which our system should be adapted.

PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT: PROTECTION.

From the many attacks which, somewhat unexpectedly, have been directed against our whole commercial system during the last few months, three distinct policies have emerged, viz.: (1) Preferential treatment; (2) Retaliation; (3) Protection. To go into these fully in this paper is not my intention, and I am anxious to avoid anything like political controversy; yet there are various points which have material bearing on the subject-matter of this paper. It appears to me that in considering the question we must keep certain recognised facts, facts admitted by all sides, constantly before us. No matter what our opinions may be of the results of the policy decided upon sixty years ago, we have to deal with present conditions; we have a large and growing population which is, and must be, dependent on a large proportion of its food-supplies and the raw materials for its manufactures, having to be imported from abroad. A comparison with a country like, say, the United States, which produces both its food and raw materials at home, must be therefore entirely misleading; the problems to be solved are of a different nature altogether. We are compelled to import in order to find for our population both subsistence and employment; to pay for such

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imports we have to render services to foreign countries, either by sending them our own goods, or by finding them capital or means of transport, or in such other ways as our position as the central clearing house may induce them to require work done for them here.

As countries advance in civilisation, they advance gradually from the purely agricultural to the manufacturing and commercial stage of development; we cannot expect countries like Germany or the United States to allow their own natural resources to remain undeveloped. Competition was therefore bound to arise when, after the Civil War in the United States and the Franco-German War, these countries had consolidated their national existence. That competition we have to meet, not only in the countries mentioned, but in all countries where we meet them on equal terms; to meet such competition we must be able to produce more cheaply and a better article than others do, and we must safeguard our position as the world's bankers and carriers, as well as the position of our manufacturers. These seem the aims towards which we must work if we wish to keep our population fully employed and raise their standard of living. Whether any of the above-mentioned policies, the three new policies, or a system of trade with the fewest possible restrictions, is best calculated to bring about that end is the great problem that has to be solved.

The three policies are often mentioned together as if they could be carried on simultaneously; in reality they appear to be inconsistent with, in fact antagonistic to, one another. The duties to be imposed which are best adapted to a preferential tariff are not suitable to retaliation; and Preferential Treatment and Protection cannot, in the end, work together. Our imports from the Colonies being mainly either raw materials which it is not suggested should be subject to duties, or food-stuffs, preferential treatment must mean a tax on food, and food must become dearer, for this is the very essence of the scheme; if it did not, the Colonies could not derive any possible advantage from it. On the first introduction of such

a scheme, the home producer would unquestionably benefit by the rise in price, until the Colonies are enabled to increase their production through the acquired stimulus, when they would begin to gain, and if the scheme is successful in bringing about what is claimed for it, viz., the diversion of trade now carried on with foreign countries to our Colonies, then the home producer must again lose what the latter gain; in fact, in the end he will be worse off, because all the incidental expenditure, and the plant and machinery acquired under the temporary stimulus of higher prices, will be wasted when colonial imports attain such proportions as will secure the Colonies a benefit. Another consideration is suggested, viz., that the foreign producer will pay the duty that may be imposed: this is a consideration which, at this late stage of the controversy, I need only mention in order to dismiss. Men of business know only too well how much any charge, however slight, must ultimately raise the cost of the article to the consumer.

But what would follow from the carrying out of such a scheme is, that whereas we have now competition between a number of various sources of supply which keeps prices down, the inevitable consequence of a preferential tariff on food-stuffs would be the absence of all competition, our being restricted to one market only, and it is to be expected that prices would consequently rise to an extent greater than the duty to be imposed. What the dangers would be if our food-supplies were to be derived from one source only must be apparent to all business men. It is manifest how such a market would lend itself to manipulation, and, worse still, what would happen if bad seasons should occur. We have an object-lesson before us now in the shortage of the cotton crop in the United States, which may have a most serious influence on our cotton industries. What then would happen if a shortage in the crops were to occur in Canada? We could not then rapidly fall back on the various foreign markets which now supply us, for all the machinery of trade, shipping,

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and other matters, are easily destroyed, but are not quickly regained. What would happen in time of war if we had only one colonial source of supply? These are matters on which our naval experts will also have a word to say, quite apart from the question of price.

The more you restrict your markets, the more rapid must be the fluctuation in price, but, in any case, it is an essential part of the scheme that the price of food must rise; if our working population is to be enabled to maintain their standard of living, wages must rise; although I am more than doubtful whether eventually this will happen. If wages rise the cost of all our productions must rise, especially if, as is suggested, part of the scheme is taxation of foreign manufactures, which will further raise their price and increase the cost of living to our wage-earners and to the whole of our population. If then the cost of our manufactures is increased, our exports to neutral markets must decrease, and our Colonies would derive no benefit from the scheme because they would have to pay more for our manufactures than at present; their own protectionist system would only be further stimulated to the further exclusion of our goods; thus our exports to colonial markets would also not be likely to increase; I cannot therefore perceive any advantage from the scheme, either for the Colonies or for ourselves, but only greater cost of living and fewer chances of employment. Is not the best we can do for the Colonies, the maintenance of our pre-eminent position as the centre of the world's commerce, and, as the clearing house of the world, of our ability to supply them with cheap capital, cheap manufactures, rapid and economical means of communication? To be of benefit to them it is essential we should retain our own strength; which consists in carrying on a world-wide trade with the fewest possible restrictions, and our efforts must be mainly directed, while maintaining our ports open, to do our utmost to increase our exports. Can we afford to risk our trade with foreign countries, which still amounts to 75 per cent. of the whole? Can we afford to restrict our trade within

narrower channels, having regard to our great shipping industry, which carries so much of the trade of the world? Our shipping would indeed be doubly hit; through taxes which would raise the cost of living the cost of shipbuilding would be materially increased, and, owing to protective tariffs, there would be fewer goods to carry. It must be remembered that foreign countries are still our best customers, and I found it to be a surprise to many that, according to the figures of the Blue Book, our exports of manufactures to Germany last year still exceeded our imports from that country by £1,000,000.

Are the Colonies willing, are they in a position to give us as wide a market as we have now, and as we can hope to attain, if only a proper effort be made, in the many markets that are open to us on equal terms with other nations? I can only refer incidentally to the difficulties of putting the preferential scheme into operation—American corn is shipped *via* Canada during certain seasons of the year, and Canadian corn is shipped through the United States when Canadian ports are closed—and also to the loss of freedom it would cause in making commercial treaties, both to the Colonies themselves and to the United Kingdom, as well as to the difficulty in differentiating between the various Colonies and treating them all fairly. Is it not possible that the Imperial tie would be loosened rather than strengthened through a constant bargaining over duties and tariffs? Then the effect on the British exchequer will also have to be considered, for the effect on the British taxpayer must be greater than the gain to the exchequer, and the more effective the scheme becomes, the smaller the gain to the exchequer.

Our own agricultural interest at home is one with which we must all feel the deepest sympathy, both from the point of view of the economic loss caused by land being absolutely unproductive, and of the population being driven from the land into the towns; but the latter is a symptom which occurs under modern conditions, even in the most protected countries

and opinions vary greatly amongst agriculturists themselves, whether they would not lose much more than gain under a system of protection. Danish farmers certainly have resisted all attempts to impose a protective system, and have found a solution in co-operation and economy in bringing their produce to the market, a policy under which they appear to be thriving.

The danger of all protective systems, as far as we can learn from experience, is that, once established, it is most difficult to get away from them, and that they have a constant tendency to grow. The result must be to lead to higher prices all round, and consequently to general loss, and higher prices must mean diminution in our exports, which we wish to increase. What Protection means, further, is the bringing in of commercial questions into the political arena, of tariffs and bounties being made the battle-cries of contending parties, of instability and insecurity in all commercial transactions, and rapid fluctuations and variations in prices, bringing loss to the many and large gains to the few, of the growth of Kartels, and trusts, of which modern industrial life in protected countries affords so many illustrations. Germany and the United States are pointed out as countries which have prospered under a system of Protection. Go to Germany or to the United States and talk with the best informed and you may hear a different tale; look at the condition of life of the working classes in Germany, and not only of the working classes, but of the vast number of people with moderate incomes, and you will find lower wages, lower salaries, longer hours of work, dearer food, dearer house-rent, and you will then have your explanation of the vast increase in the socialist vote apparent at every election. I hear from a prominent German banker that Germany is watching our discussion over this fiscal question with intentional silence on the part of the Press, but with secret joy, and hope that a change in our fiscal system will take place, and that as soon as we put restrictions and impediments in the way of trade they will secure a large slice of it, and will

be able to compete with us in neutral markets with all the more success. In Germany there are many who would be only too glad to reduce all these restrictions, and to relieve the people from the burdens they impose; and the same tendency prevails quite as markedly and perhaps even more so in the United States. Some months ago I referred to a conversation I had in 1901 with the late President McKinley, in the course of which he expressed his opinion that his own tariff had done its work, and that gradually but inevitably the American tariff would be reduced. I further stated that this was an opinion which was gaining ground more and more amongst the American people. From the way in which a great part of the American press noticed my remarks, and challenged them, I am led to conclude that there was more ground for them than they desired to admit, and I have since had ample confirmation of the prevalence of this movement from Americans in all stations of life. In the face of these possibilities, of the tendency and desire of protectionist countries to remove obstacles in the way of trade which they know hinder them, is it wise for us, unless absolute proof were given of the necessity for doing so, to reverse a policy, during the continuance of which we have admittedly been prosperous? An American of large business experience summed up the situation in these words: "You are going to hoist the white flag just as relief is in sight."

NEED FOR SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL EDUCATION, AND IMPROVED METHODS.

I am not one of those who maintain that all is for the best, that our manufacturers have done as well as they should have done, that our exports are as expansive as they should be, and as they might be; but unless absolute proof to the contrary were given to me, I cannot see that the remedies which I see suggested can bring about the desired result. Is it not our business methods that have to be adapted to modern condi-

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tions? When Germany commenced to expand, and to nurse her industries carefully, the first thing she did was to adopt the gold standard, to create the Imperial Bank, and put it on a basis which enabled it to powerfully assist in the commercial development of the country, and to reform her system of weights and measures; she adopted the metric system, and this step alone assisted her materially in her export trade. Of German scientific methods, as adapted to her industries, I cannot do more than make a passing mention, but it is well known that the applications of science to industry, and not tariffs, enabled her to wrest many trades away from us which we ought to have retained. I might quote the opinions of Sir Henry Roscoe,¹ Lord Kelvin,² Sir Norman Lockyer,³ men prominent in the scientific field on this point. And from other eminent scientific experts I have obtained information which I regret space does not admit of doing justice to on the present occasion, and the clearest evidence that it is not so much due to the lack of means of obtaining the very best scientific training that so many of our industries have fallen behind, but to the unwillingness of employers to avail themselves of the services of scientific experts. The student on leaving college, fully equipped, has the greatest difficulty in obtaining employment in our industrial establishments, where a system of apprenticeship based on the payment of premiums prevails. In the United States and Germany industrial establishments are constantly on the look-out for the most promising students as they leave the university.

The possible and necessary improvements in the methods of carrying on our trade, and making it attractive to those whom we wish to be our customers, might well form the subject of a separate paper, but nothing could be more emphatic on this point than the Blue Book published in 1898, called Foreign Trade Competition, and embodying the opinions of H.M.

¹ MONTHLY REVIEW for November 1901.

² Speech at Cardiff, November 12, 1903.

³ Presidential Address to the British Association, September 9, 1903.

Diplomatic and Consular Officers on British trade methods. It is interesting and melancholy reading. I wonder what the circulation of this Report has amounted to, and whether its lessons have gone home. There is also a publication, issued weekly, at the price of one penny, by the Board of Trade called the *Board of Trade Journal*, which gives most useful information about Foreign and Colonial Trade. I am informed, on very good authority, that the demand for this journal from Germany is much greater than the home demand. Space only prevents me from enlarging on this topic, but, from personal experience, I could tell many a tale of trade being positively driven away through mere neglect and carelessness; also, of trade that had been lost, being actually recovered where the need for effort had been recognised and met. The company promoter has much to answer for; for it must be admitted that in many cases where private firms have been turned into limited companies, the personal interest previously taken by the partners, the pride of a business handed down from father to son, has disappeared. Where the personal element disappears, no undertaking is likely to prosper. There has been, during the last decade preceding the years of the war, a desire to grow rich too rapidly, and the slow but sure methods, constant attention and careful watching of opportunities, have, perhaps, been left too much out of sight.

“DUMPING”: RETALIATION.

Two points I have not yet touched upon: dumping and retaliation. Dumping is the sale to a foreign purchaser by the producer in a protected country of an article below the cost of production, which he is enabled to effect by obtaining from the consumer in his own country the enhanced price which Protection makes it possible for him to charge. This is certainly an undesirable and injurious proceeding, injurious principally to the consumers in the protected countries. Some of our own industries are certainly exposed to loss through the sales of these results of over-production, just as

they are exposed to loss through over-production on the part of home competitors. It is difficult to know how to meet the evil, and it is one which must correct itself, for the total of such sales below cost price can only be a small proportion of the total output; and it will only occur when the producing country is passing through a period of depression, so that the home demand is not equal to the output. Such periods of depression occur, as we all know, from time to time. And it is certain that some of our industries have derived considerable benefit, through being able to procure some of their raw material below the actual cost of production. They have thus often been able even to sell the manufactured article to the very country which has given us better terms than their own countrymen; and the feeling in protected countries against this system is so strong that it does not appear likely that it will be permitted to continue very long. If we were to take steps to prevent these imports, the country determined on dumping would dump their goods elsewhere, that is, on neutral ground, and thus compete with us to an equal extent without our having had at least the incidental advantage of making use of the cheap material so to be obtained. The system is a bad one, but while it lasts we may as well get as much good out of it as circumstances admit. Something, by the way, has also been heard about colonial dumping, which is possible through a system of bounties prevailing in some of them, and I do not know if it has been suggested that this also should be dealt with.

As to retaliation, it is impossible to express any opinion without precise definition of what that term means; it is entirely a matter of application and degree. No Government would be worthy of the name that did not make every legitimate effort to minimise, as far as possible without injury to ourselves, the effect of hostile tariffs; and to negotiate commercial treaties in such a way as to bring about that result. But in making such effort regard must be had to the question whether the injury resulting from any new duties is not greater than any advantage derived from them.

There are many who hold that our foreign trade might also be improved if our whole consular system was put on a different basis, and brought into closer touch with the diplomatic service. The functions of our consuls at the principal foreign ports appear to consist mainly in their jurisdiction over shipping matters, and the duty of furthering our commercial interests does not seem to be so clearly defined as is the case with some foreign nations. Legislation at home may also often have had the effect of hampering, instead of promoting trade, and such legislation is, we are told, responsible for our having lagged behind somewhat both in the electrical and the motor-car industries.

MINISTER OF COMMERCE.

This leads me to the last point in my paper. Is it not strange that in this great commercial country there is no special Government Department to watch over the interests of commerce? We have, indeed, the Board of Trade, and it is interesting to note that when the first Committee for Trade was instituted in 1622, amongst the principles laid down for its guidance was "the importance of encouraging the home manufacture of wool by permitting free trade and lowering the Customs." But admirably as this department is carrying on its work, the duties imposed upon it are so varied and so numerous that it is almost impossible they should be dealt with under one roof; it comprises the Commercial, Labour, and Statistical Department, which has to deal with strikes, trade unions, and all labour questions, the Railway Department, the Standards Department, the Marine Department, which is concerned with all matters of shipping, including questions of safety and health, and life-saving, and the Fisheries and Harbour Department, the supervision of electric lighting, gas, water, the Finance and General Department, dealing with patents, trade-marks, life insurance, joint-stock companies, registration, bankruptcies, and so on. Has not

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the time arrived then for a new and important office to be created, which is to deal with all industrial matters and watch over the whole commerce of the nation, and which is to be presided over by a Secretary of State who can keep in close touch with the interests of our great industries, and whose duty it would be to ensure continuity in our commercial policy and keep it as far as possible removed from the political arena? Such a Minister would have great power and influence, and is really urgently needed to represent in the Cabinet and in Parliament the great interests of the commercial community. Such a Minister would, I doubt not, before any changes affecting the commercial policy of the Empire were proposed, seek the advice of experts, and take the country into his confidence and let them know what that advice is and on what evidence it is based.

FELIX SCHUSTER.

BANK DEPOSITS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Year	Amount	Remarks
	£	
1851	250,000,000	{ Mr. Newmarch's estimate, including capital and note issues.
1874	530,000,000	
1877	159,256,000	{ <i>The Economist</i> . Deposits of all joint-stock banks publishing accounts.
1883	622,844,000	
1888	399,484,625	{ <i>The Economist</i> . Deposits of all joint-stock banks publishing accounts.
1888	470,537,865	
1893	633,806,765	{ <i>The Economist</i> . Deposits of all joint-stock and private banks publishing accounts.
1898	781,787,078	
1903	834,099,552	Ditto ditto ditto.

Foreign and Colonial Banks having London offices are not included in the above totals.

NOTE.—The above article contains the substance of a paper read before the Institute of Bankers on December 16, 1903.

THE WAR OFFICE AND SOME OPINIONS

WE have the pleasure of laying before our readers this month, under the title of "Wanted a Scapegoat," some reflections upon the case of the late Secretary for War, by a contributor of high rank and exceptional opportunities for observation. There have also come into our hands at the same moment two books and two speeches dealing with the problem of the War Office: the speeches being by the Prime Minister and Mr. Winston Churchill; the books by Lord Wolseley¹ and Mr. L. S. Amery,² the editor of "The *Times* History of the War in South Africa." We are thus confronted with five expressions of opinion upon a matter of great national importance, which will come up for discussion within the next two months; and two months is not too long a time to give to the consideration of a question whose essentials the public has always been slow to understand and unwilling to enforce.

We do not propose to repeat or reply to the argument of our distinguished contributor, that Mr. Brodrick has been treated with injustice or made to suffer for the sins of others. If this is so it is only what he must have expected. A War Minister in England is always in case of war bound to find

¹ "The Story of a Soldier's Life," by Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley. (Constable, 1903. 32s. net.)

² "The Problem of the Army," by L. S. Amery. (Edward Arnold, 1903. 6s. net.)

himself in the position of a lightning conductor; for our wars, it appears, must always bring down a heavy storm of indignation, and neither Cabinet nor Parliament will face it themselves. Lord Wolseley reminds us of the fate of Sir Richard Airey in 1855. "Some newspapers had held him up to public execration as responsible for all our misery, as being useless, ignorant of war and of how to wage it successfully." As for the Cabinet, "to save their own credit they wanted a scapegoat upon whom to shift all responsibility." If Mr. Brodrick has indeed been made a scapegoat, his would appear to be a still harder case than Sir Richard Airey's; for the latter was actually Quartermaster-General in the field, while the late Secretary of State is condemned to suffer partly for the sins of his predecessors, and partly for too hastily promising a disappointed public what they asked for, without waiting to discuss with them the reasonableness or utility of their demands. But hard case or not, it is all according to precedent; and if the holder of one office sometimes pays a penalty he has not deserved, the incompetence of a dozen of his colleagues practically escapes notice altogether. No one has ever maintained that the responsibility of Ministers is in general too heavily pressed by the English public.

For our own part then, we shall not pursue the more personal method in this discussion; and we regret that Lord Wolseley in his book should have allowed himself to do so. As a keen soldier he has strong feelings on the relative position of the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War; but it is not upon this position or those who created it, but upon the individual who happens to have last held the office of Secretary that he vents his indignation in a manner which seems to us unworthy of his reputation and his great abilities.

I shall not enter into particulars lest some Secretary of State for War, ambitious of popular applause, might found charges upon them, and try me by court-martial for my "ragging" schoolboy conduct when I was a young captain.
—Vol. i., p. 226.

Keep your hands off the regiment, ye iconoclastic civilian officials who

meddle and muddle in Army matters. Clever politicians you may be, but you are not soldiers, and you do not understand them; they are not pawns on a chess-board. Leave the management of our fighting men to soldiers of experience in our British Army of old renown, and do not parody us by appearing in public decked for the nonce in a soldier's khaki coat. You might as well put your arm in a sling, or tie your head up in the bandage of some poor maimed soldier, to whom, when wounded and unable to earn a livelihood, your regulations allow a pension of sixpence a day!—Vol. ii., p. 376.

This last paragraph is closely followed by a final reference to “the date when I gladly bid good-bye to the War Office and ceased to be the nominal Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's land forces.” *Nominal!* there is the root of the bitterness which has been brewing all through these volumes, and ends by foaming over in the last lines of the last page. The matter, after all, has nothing to do with Mr. Brodrick, and Lord Wolseley has only spoiled his own case by his irrelevance; for he speaks as if he had a personal quarrel in hand, whereas what he really means is that the principle of civilian control has been too much exalted of late, and the position of the Commander-in-Chief shorn of some of its dignity and power for good. And if he could not be content without adding a personal attack to his indictment of this principle, why does he not select, as the object of his wrath, Lord Lansdowne, the Minister who, though he had nothing to do with the “ragging” cases and did not appear in public decked in khaki, was responsible for the rearrangement, in 1895, of the War Office and the Headquarters of the Army on the civilian plan so detested by the soldiers?

For against this plan there really is a case, and Lord Wolseley might have called Mr. Brodrick himself as a witness for his own contention. Stated moderately, the argument might have run thus: “We grant that in every State the Army must be servant and not master; in a constitutional country such as this, the Parliamentary control of the military forces of the State must be exercised through a civilian Secretary. We soldiers admit further that this Parliamentary control must not be endangered or weakened by giving the

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Commander-in-Chief such dignity and authority that he will be in a position to meet the Secretary of State on more than equal terms. But we maintain that for the efficient working of the system he must be a real Commander-in-Chief, holding an undivided command, and he must be the sole military adviser of the Secretary of State, all heads of departments approaching the Government only through him. Lastly, he must have the power of laying his views, when they happen to differ from the views of the Secretary of State, before those responsible for the affairs of the nation as a whole. With the exception of this last proviso, the requirements of the case were, in our opinion, fairly met by the Order in Council of 1888. But Lord Lansdowne, in 1895, not having the strength to resist or to follow whole-heartedly the recommendations of the Hartington Commission (which included the abolition of the office of Commander-in-Chief), introduced a measure of compromise, by which the Commander-in-Chief became only one of several Heads of the Army, all of whom could equally approach the Secretary of State, but on inferior terms; and none of whom could bring their advice to bear directly upon the Ministers who conduct the foreign policy of the country. The result has been disaster in South Africa; largely because we, the soldiers, could get no hearing at the time when foresight and preparation were still possible."

That is, we imagine, Lord Wolseley's case, and he might have added that it was confirmed when Mr. Brodrick—for the Secretary of State must be given the credit as well as the discredit for anything done during his tenure of office—made it possible for the first time for the highest military opinion to be pressed directly and face to face upon the responsible Ministers. With regard to this part of the question, it is probable that we are all now entirely of one opinion; but we regret to see that in his book, which is sure to be widely read and discussed, Lord Wolseley lays greater stress on the diminished power and prestige of the Commander-in-Chief when confronted by his own military colleagues or by the

Secretary of State, than upon the importance of his being in touch with the Cabinet itself. When Lord Wolseley made much of the same point in the great debate of the House of Lords in March 1901 we argued, and we should argue still, that the difference in the Orders in Council of 1888 and 1895 is not a very essential one. The motive force is derived not from the form of the machine but from the men who work it. "All that we can hope from improvements in administrative arrangements is that the men employed may be more able to make good use of their energies." And in support of this saying we should cite the working of the Board of Admiralty, which is successful not by any means because the machinery is beyond improvement, but because the amount of energy which drives it is very great, and is generally directed by men of goodwill and clear-sighted purpose.

On the whole, then, we think it is not too much to say that Mr. Brodrick is none the worse for the attack delivered by Lord Wolseley. There are, however, not wanting other and more judicious critics of the War Office and the Army, as handed over by the late to the present Secretary of State. One of the most prominent of these is Mr. L. S. Amery, who now stands confessed as the writer of the articles in the *Times* headed "The Problem of the Army." He offers us some brilliant and attractive suggestions, as well as some incontrovertible general principles. With the former we are not now concerned; of the latter we must admit that, though they are not new, they are well worth stating again and again, and Mr. Amery states them with vigour and freshness.

The first principle is that "our Empire is an Oceanic Empire. Strategically speaking, it is an Empire the greater part of which consists of the sea. . . . Our naval supremacy is the keystone of our whole defensive position." This is familiar doctrine, constantly preached to this generation by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, Mr. Julian Corbett, and Captain Mahan; but we are grateful to Mr. Amery for restating it in a book on the Army, for it is not only the "beginning of

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wisdom," but, unhappily, a beginning upon which our soldiers have been unwilling to build. Is it too much to hope that the time has now come when we shall be found—soldiers and all—agreed upon "employing our Army, not as an expensive alternative to the Navy, but as a complement to it?"

We are troubled with doubt when we turn to the second principle; for though it follows inexorably from the first, it must be infinitely more difficult for the soldier to accept. It is the principle of "the primacy of the Navy" in its most practical application, and Mr. Amery thus states it: "Our military expenditure must always be the balance of what we can afford to spend after making sure that we have satisfied our naval needs." It is, we fear, only too probable that Mr. Winston Churchill is right in thinking that this is the point round which the controversy will rage in the coming session; and he has done, we believe, good service in reminding the public that there is no such undeniable necessity for expenditure on the Army as there is in the case of the Navy. The public, it is true, called for a large Army, and were supplied with second-hand skeletons at enormous cost, but without turning and rending those who tried to give them what they asked for they must give up the skeletons and steel their nerves to trust to the Navy for national safety. "Even with our great wealth," says Mr. Amery, "we cannot aim at being at the same time the leading sea Power in the world and a first-class military Power in the sense in which those words are understood on the Continent of Europe." In fact, no one can be everything; and we must console ourselves with the reflection that if we find it difficult to provide a quarter of a million men for a foreign expedition, we can at least take our troops where they are needed, thanks to a supreme Navy, the *sine quâ non* and therefore the most important element of success in any war over-sea; whereas the Continental armies must fight on the Continent, because, without command of the sea, they cannot go elsewhere. Russia alone confronts us on land, and even with her we are not yet face to face.

Mr. Amery's third principle is also deduced, though not so indisputably, from the first. It is that "the bulk of the regular Imperial Army is out of place in the United Kingdom." We agree that the regular Army is not needed and should not be intended for what is called "home defence"; but the question of its disposition in time of peace is one for the decision of the military authorities. Mr. Amery has some ingenious suggestions, about which we need say no more than this: that one great advantage of the absence from these islands of the regular Army, or a large part of it, would be the increased seriousness with which we should come to treat the problems of the Militia and Volunteers.

It is when we come to the questions connected with the War Office itself that we find it less easy to agree off-hand with what Mr. Amery urges upon us. He has sought and found, it appears, the solution of the whole difficulty. "In the place of the present chaotic medley between command in the field and office administration should be substituted a real business organisation. A board composed of military and civil members, on the lines of the Board of Admiralty, offers in every way the best solution of the problem." We hope that this dictum will not be accepted without a great deal of thinking. It may be sound, but the most obvious thing about it, at first sight, is that it rests upon an analogy which is by no means a perfect one. It does not follow that what is good for a man will certainly keep his wife in health. The functions of the Navy and Army are different; so is their daily life and their past history. The Navy has been continuously at war ever since it was a navy; not with men, but with the elements which are by far the most formidable part of the forces a sea Power has to meet. To the sailor efficiency is not an acquirement that can be postponed or laid by; it is the first condition of existence, and on the day when it is lost the Navy and the Empire cease for all practical purposes. All the manœuvres in the world cannot give the soldier this efficiency; all the talk of invasions and second lines of defence cannot seat the real

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responsibility upon the shoulders of his mind. It does not follow, then, because you give him an organisation exactly like that of the Navy, that he will work it with anything like the same success. The Army is not accustomed to efficiency, and it is unfairly encumbered with a quantity of material which is practically incapable of it.

Again, Lord Wolseley's book reminds us of another difficulty. A Board of sailors and civilians works well; but what reason has Mr. Amery for thinking that a Board of soldiers and civilians, meeting for Army purposes only, would work at all? It is only too easy to imagine, on the one side, a Civil Lord or Secretary, without much tact, laying down the law on military matters, and on the other, a soldier who would hiss the word "civilian" continually between his teeth, and complain of his "nominal" position. You cannot teach cat and dog to live together merely by calling them a Board. We cannot help thinking that it will be better here to give analogies the go-by, and leave the soldiers alone to develop their own General Staff and Intelligence Department. The true meeting-place of the military and civilian elements must be in a higher sphere; that is to say, in the Committee of Defence or National Council. It is for that body, and not for the War Office, or a mixed military Board, to say what the function of the Army is, and what it is to do upon the occurrence of any particular emergency. The General Staff of the Army will have its work cut out for it in the upkeep of an efficient fighting force and in the preparation of detailed plans for carrying out the expeditions for which it is most likely to be required. In the Committee of Defence their representatives will speak with authority on matters of detail belonging to their own service, but they will be relied upon to co-operate loyally with the Naval chiefs in mastering and carrying out the general plan of campaign which will be decided upon by the whole body. It is for the civilians—the Cabinet—to make or receive declarations of war; for the Committee as a whole to decide with which gambit they will open; and if Lord Wolseley will

forgive us for saying so, the forces of the nation, whether naval or military, are the pawns and pieces in the game; only they are sentient and intelligent pieces to be taken into consultation as to needs and possibilities, and entrusted with the responsibility of all strategic and tactical details.

At this point we pause; for it must occur to any one who has followed our argument thus far that, ever since the Committee of Defence was reorganised some months ago, the chief problem of the Army has been actually solved. It is no longer necessary for Mr. Amery or any other expert to devise reforms or constitutions for the War Office; all that is required is that it should be set to work as smoothly and energetically as possible upon the training necessary to fit the Army for its place in the national striking force. The attention of those who are qualified to advise us upon these matters should now be turned to criticism of the Committee of Defence, which, as Mr. Balfour lately assured us, has thoroughly grasped the truth about our Imperial position, but which in its turn may prove to be a greater national danger than any we have yet incurred. For it is not enough to grasp the truth; the Committee must act up to their knowledge, and the nation must be able to ascertain that they are doing so, with single mind and unwearied tenacity. Otherwise we may be lulled once more into a false security; and we have no right to expect that our next breakdown will not be our last.

ON THE LINE

FEW and good are the novels published by the house which now sends us Mr. Falkner's new story, **The Nebuly Coat**. (Arnold, 6s.) This time they are even more fortunate than usual; the book is one of such uncommon quality that it is hard to convey any exact impression of its merit; plot, style, characters can all be paralleled, but something very distinctive remains, and that something is alone worth more to the jaded novel-reader than all the coarser vintages of the season. This originality is made more strikingly apparent by the curious similarity in *motif* between this story and Mr. Anthony Hope's "Tristram of Blent." In both an ancient peerage with all its appurtenances hangs in the balance; in both the illegitimate claimant is a man, and starts with the advantage of possession over his cousin, the rightful heir, who is poor and a woman; in both he is resolutely determined, in spite of all that law and conscience can do, to keep the inheritance for himself. Finally, in both the struggle is ended by the marriage which unites the rival claimants. But beyond the literal sense of the words just written we see no real resemblance whatever in the two books. Mr. Hope made his dramatic situations seem possible by the realism and modernity of their setting; Mr. Falkner attempts a very different, and in some ways a more difficult feat; he hangs a romantic and improbable plot upon a romantic and improbable character—Lord Blandamer is the wicked nobleman of our

youth, handsome, unscrupulous, refined and masterful—and carries it all off successfully by the force of a more sympathetic and penetrating realism in the remaining personages and their surroundings. In the grave humour, the minuteness and the leisurely charm of his style he has made an advance upon his previous work; he has come nearer to the manner of Miss Austen, and there is a new and subtle pleasure in hearing that manner as it were transposed into the major; for there is about Mr. Falkner a kind of huge and serene masculinity, very appropriate in a book whose real centre is the great abbey church of Cullerne. The result is that this tale, for all its romance and its mysterious crime, is absolutely the reverse of sensational, and instead of dissipating the emotions of the reader, leaves him a wiser and not a sadder man. The one dramatic scene—and it is decidedly dramatic—where Westray, who has come to denounce Lord Blandamer in his own house, is beaten by the villain's subtle touch of chivalry, shows a power so easy and so gentle that the writer himself would appear to be unconscious of it. It is the power of Life itself; Life, which does not ring down the curtain upon the climax, but gradually lowers the tone of the situation to the old level of every day, and leaves an impression the more profound perhaps because it was less sudden and vivid in the moment of its forming. The mellow and haunting chimes of Cullerne Minster which fill the last four pages of the book come, like the last stanza of a great Horatian ode, to round off the sins and the struggles which make the life of men into the underlying peace of immemorial and imperishable order.

It has been thought that light or humorous verse is the most evanescent form of literature: merely the bubble on the fountain, the foam on the river of time. We see much in Mr. Alfred Cochrane's **Collected Verses** (Longmans, 5s. net) to make us doubt the truth of this. They claim no originality of any kind; the metres are familiar, the subjects trivial, the thought anything but profound; but to the tunes of Praed,

the Chippendale of Dobson, and the quaint neatness of Calverley, in which he cannot hope to excel his masters, the pupil has added something different of his own. Two things different: a temperament and a choice of subjects, both characteristic and both—it is easy to prophesy now that we know—sure of popularity. The temperament is the best mixture of the scholarly and the athletic: accurate, easy, refined, robust, cultivated, and good-humoured; corresponding to a leisurely full voice with no spluttering or high tones about it. The subjects are often antiquarian, of the dilettante kind, often they are taken from “the Pavilion and the Links”; best of all we like those which give us typical and picturesque character studies from the later nineteenth century. These, we think, will last, and will have for our grandchildren and their grandchildren a higher value than they have for us to-day. These “Everyday Characters,” as the author calls them, “The Old Squire,” “My Terrier,” “Aunt Caroline,” “My Cousin Mabel,” “The Colonel,” “My Youngest Brother,” are confessedly “after Praed”; they are all in Praed’s favourite metre, and as like his work as any son is like his father. This is their merit; it is just in this that they differ from the brilliant work of Mr. Quiller-Couch’s early days; for Q. was bent on legitimate parody, but Mr. Cochrane is born in legitimate succession. He has created for us, and we hope he will add to the collection, a set of portraits etched in slight but effective lines, and admirably representative of the period of English domestic life upon which we have just turned our backs. The old order, both of Squires and Colonels, is passing away, and none too soon; but there is the more reason why its virtues and ideals should be recorded at their best. Here is the old country gentleman, “a squire himself and born of squires”:

Exactly two-and-sixty years
Have passed since some old stable crony,
Obedient to his childish tears,
Placed him upon a Shetland pony,

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And bade him shew himself a boy
 Moved by hereditary forces,
 Fit son of those whose chiefest joy
 Was ever horsemanship and horses.

Here are his grandsires on the wall,
 Deaf to the summons of November,
 And some were short and some were tall,
 And one, I think, a county member ;
 And one declined on personal grounds
 A peerage of Lord North's persuasion,
 But one and all they rode to hounds
 On every possible occasion.

* * *

Living beneath the open sky,
 With rustic rest and peace around him,
 The world has somehow passed him by
 And left him almost as it found him ;
 He does not know what others know,
 He shuns advancement like a bogey,
 So that young Folly calls him slow
 And fancies him a dull old fogey.

Yet though he never goes to town,
 The thoughtful critic, standing sentry
 Over old virtues, writes him down
 A bulwark of the landed gentry ;
 He does his feudal duties well,
 Just as his fathers did before him,
 And, though a stranger in Pall Mall,
 His loyal tenantry adore him.

We have quoted but four stanzas out of eleven ; but they will suffice to show how the instinctive admiration which all Englishmen feel for an old national type is here tempered by fine touches of delicate criticism, such as " they rode to hounds On every possible occasion," " He does not know what others know," " Just as his fathers did before him"—a delightful amplification of the word " well " which precedes it. The same sympathy with both subject and spectator is shown in the

portrait of "The Colonel," a type we thought more of "before the war," but not to be denied his merits.

I like his clear and kindly eyes,
 I like his spruceness and his neatness,
 And, cultured under alien skies,
 A certain mental obsolescence
 That thinks in days when men would jog
 Along old lines of truth and scandal,
 And makes our complex Decalogue
 A little hard for him to handle.

These portraits are of the past; the same may, perhaps, some day be true of the pictures in which the cricket-field, the links, or the moor, give the *mise en scène*; but they, too, will enable our descendants to realise the Victorian sportsman at his best. And surely the time will never come when the most ancient and gentle of all sports will be a custom of ancestors: when "The Fishermen" will be out of date too.

The quiet pastime of their choice
 On Beaul's rocks, in Derwent's glades,
 Still seems to move to Walton's voice,
 Singing of dace and dairymaids:
 His watermeadows still are wet,
 His brawling trout streams leap and glance,
 And on their sunlit ripples yet
 The flies of his disciples dance.

We do not wonder at the welcome already given—witness a Second Impression—to Mrs. Fuller Maitland's first attempt at a novel. The success of the "Ettingham Letters," wherein moods, morals, and, above all, observation of manners were strung on a slender thread of *amitié amoureuse* or the fringe of it,—initiated the popularity of several recent works of semi-fiction made fragrant by pot pourri of the above delicate mixture. Prior's *Roothing* (Smith Elder, 6s.) belongs to the same family. We soar above the ordinary scene-shiftings of novels which ignore the unities, and see all through the loves and hates of a spectator, the narrator, who lets herself be guessed at as a refined

scholar, "verse-haunted," as she says, (in her pages quotations are for once delightful,) and who writes, she tells us, by the cross-light of candles and sunset at Lady Place in the Parish of Prior's Roothing. "The peace of an ideal religious establishment broods over all," as she begins her chronicle within old monastic brick walls. This subjective way of writing a story gives charm to the delicate portrait of Lucy Ardin, a girl-mourner after the Boer War. Why is not mourning, of which there is so much in the world, more often revealed to us in fiction as an undercurrent which bears very directly on life? Lucy Ardin could never marry because her heart was still with her first love, a soldier. But her old and scholarly father is only saved from a deplorable second marriage by the invention of motoring. This highly eclectic dilettante collects gems and falls in love with a girl for her vivacity, to the astonishment of the mellowed dwellers in Prior's Roothing. His scholarly sympathies include such by-paths as the Eton Glossary, and we congratulate the genial Christchurch student who compiled this work on the mark of fame. Dolly Walker, the disastrous *fiancée*, outdoes the Eton Glossary in slang. Fortunately Mr. Ardin keeps a few dislikes :

He detests motors, poachers, Bank Holidays, Dissenters, pro-Boers, barbed wire, the turning down of foxes, jealous and greedy shots, Radicals, parvenus, the death duties, the mis-pronunciation of words, illegible handwriting, . . . Dolly Walker has now every opportunity of becoming familiar with Mr. Ardin's weaknesses, and she is capable of making no better use of the knowledge she has acquired than consists in "pulling the Squire's leg," as she would call it.

A passion for motoring, which Mr. Ardin detests, leads the coarse-minded Dolly to engage herself to a millionaire in the neighbourhood on the eve of her wedding with the old squire. This and other episodes get themselves told through the divagations of a woman called Mrs. Lushington; this saves the scene-shifting of a professed novel, but though its absence spares us the often magic-lantern-slide jerkiness of narration without unity, there are worse pitfalls. The medium for store of communications beginning "Oh, my dear," from a

woman who sees everything, or surmises it accurately, is, we think, a worse pitfall, even when her loquacity is poured out in fragrant pannelled rooms or pleasant green lanes. We should have thought that the chronicler of "Prior's Roothing" had that "plume bien nourrie de connaissances" which she imparts so lightly to let plain statements do the duty of telling who has proposed to who. Any resource would be better than the monotonous Greek chorus of Mrs. Lushington.

Mr. Austin Dobson's welcome little book on **Fanny Burney** (Macmillian, 2s. net) is written with a silver pen. Whatever she may have been as an author, as a woman she was charming. To think of her is to recall the irresistible couplet of nursery days :

Have you seen the starling?
She's such a little darling!

Such a little darling was the "dear little Burney" of Dr. Johnson. If Burke and Sir Joshua were more ceremonious, it was not because they were less devoted. She carried the hearts of other women too, of women as different from herself and from each other as Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Delany. There is a freshness about the story of "Evelina," the stolen moments that she snatched from her stepmother to write it, the secret publication, the rush of fame, the *naïf* satisfaction of Fanny and of every one belonging to her, that makes it a pleasant memory even now. She was only twenty-five, she was young enough to enjoy everything with the keen zest of a favourite in society, it never turned her wise head nor clouded her sober judgment but after all she was a girl, and nothing that ever happened to her own heroine was half so delightful. She should have married M. d'Arblay then and there, and never written anything else except the Diary. Even "Cecilia" was an anti-climax, and the things that followed "Cecilia" seem to have been worse than that horrible word. However, except for the five years that she passed in durance vile as lady-in-waiting to Queen Charlotte, her life was happy enough, although so long

that she outlived her dearly loved husband and her only son. She never stood in a formal relation to any one; the shafts of her merry wit struck friend and foe alike—and no one, not even the odious “Schwellenberg” who teased her into an illness, was really her foe. They all subscribed largely for her worst works—regretted her absence—were enchanted (as well they might be) to see her back again. Mr. Austin Dobson’s portrait of her is drawn with the utmost grace and delicacy. Garrick and the rest are no mere names to him, but friends as visible as any living now, and he runs in and out of the eighteenth century as if it were his next-door-neighbour’s house. We cannot resist the pleasure of following him into Dr. Burney’s, to look at Fanny during the only period of her demure and spirited existence when she was known as “the old lady.”

Next door to the Burneys in Poland Street lived a wig-maker who supplied the voluminous full-bottomed periwigs then favoured by the gentlemen of the Law. The Burney girls used to play with the wig-maker’s daughters, and one day the playmates got access to the wig-magazine. They then proceeded to array themselves in what Fanny’s later friend, Dr. Hawkesworth, calls “the honours of the head,” dancing about in great delight at their ridiculous figures. Unfortunately one of the ten-guinea flaxen masterpieces soused suddenly into a garden tub filled with water, and forthwith losing all its portentous “Gorgon buckle,” was declared by the manufacturer to be totally spoiled. “He was extremely angry,” says Fanny’s father, “and chid very severely his own children; when my little daughter, the old lady, then ten years of age, advancing to him, as I was informed, with great gravity and composure, sedately says: ‘What signifies talking so much about an accident? The wig is wet, to be sure; and the wig was a good wig, to be sure; but it is of no use to speak of it any more; because what’s done can’t be undone.’” Dr. Johnson could not have been more oracular, though he would probably have said (as indeed he does in “Rasselas”)—“What cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.”

My Memoirs. By Henry Stephan de Blowitz. (Arnold, 15s. net.) M. de Blowitz, whilst he was alive, never failed to amuse the readers of the *Times* every morning, quite as much as he instructed them, with veracious stories dressed up to resemble lies; stories so cleverly constructed that the line between fact and invention cannot always be discovered. He writes of con-

temporary events as Dumas wrote of history, putting forward political views under the disguise of interviews, dramatic, or, as Carlyle would say, dramaturgic, which only lost verisimilitude when the reader discovered, as he was likely to do, M. de Blowitz himself agitating the limbs of his puppets. Thucydides did not undertake that all the speeches which he attributes to Pericles and Nicias were actually delivered by them; and M. de Blowitz, if he wanted to put a point of view, represented it in the form of a conversation between himself and some public man. All M. de Blowitz's interlocutors are equally witty, and they all speak the same dialect. It is always Blowitz, talking to Blowitz-Thiers, Blowitz-Bismarck, Blowitz-Gambetta. Discounting the dramaturgy, we always find that M. de Blowitz has said something and something true. His object was to make a point, and he succeeded. And if the infusion of Dumas is sometimes too strong for the truth-loving reader, he forgives it for the sake of the agreeable flavour.

I drove up in my brougham to the private entrance of Marlborough House. The Swiss at the gate would have disputed the passage, interdicted to all but the *élite*, but on perceiving my head at the window, "Ah, it is Blowitz!" he cried, and I entered.

"Make your master know that I am at his disposition!" I exclaimed.

At the end of two minutes I was summoned to the presence of his Majesty.

"Ah, my friend," he exclaimed, grasping me by the two hands, "we are going to talk."

I am not at liberty to record the heads of our conversation. I have been accused of indiscretion, but no one has said that I have been wanting to the honour of secrecy.

At the end of the interview the King handed to me a small casket. "You will accept this," he said, "from an old friend."

I opened it. It contained the insignia of the Victorian Order.

"Sire," I said, "permit me to say, in acknowledging with the deepest gratitude your Majesty's gracious appreciation of my humble services, that I possess already, as your Majesty knows, the Golden Fleece, given me by Alphonse XII.; the Saint Esprit exists no more;—your Majesty remembers d'Artagnan?"

"Ah, bah," said the King. "You must apply to my Minister. Garters are not in my gift. We are a constitutional country—but very constitutional."

We will not affirm that this extract is to be found in M. de Blowitz's Memoirs, but there are passages which go near it, especially the interviews with Alphonso XII., with Bismarck, and with Pope Leo XIII.

After all, M. de Blowitz was in the first place a journalist, and his principal duty in life was to know the news before anybody else. That Bismarck was inclined to be more merciful to France than the Emperor William or Moltke is known; and his fencing with the Emperor William about the "scare" of 1875¹ throws light on M. de Blowitz's account of the relations of the war and peace parties at Berlin at this time. It is interesting to know that Bismarck played into M. de Blowitz's hands in this matter, managing that the news of that plot against the peace of the world should be revealed to the *Times* through the inspired indiscretion of a Minister.

Of the interview with Bismarck in July 1878, the following extract is striking:

The Prince remarked, rather severely: "The Peace of San Stefano was one of the most thoughtless actions of modern history. Ignatieff made a blunder which no true statesman would ever have committed. He took everything that he could get. When an enemy is vanquished, and one has one's foot on his neck, he can be made to give whatever one wants; but one must think of the consequences of the victory as well as the consequences of the defeat. We should not be where we are now if, in 1866, I had acted like Ignatieff—if I had taken territory from Austria. At that time every one was against me. . . . I held my own, though, and since then I have often had cause to congratulate myself that I did so."

At these words I could not help looking the Prince in the face.

"I know what you mean," he said, "you are thinking about the last war. But in 1871 I acted in the same way. . . . If I had acted like Ignatieff I should have demanded Picardy and Champagne. . . . When I was urged to take Belfort and Metz, I refused . . . and even with regard to Metz, on seeing the despair of poor M. Thiers, I hesitated."

The account of the incident of Bismarck speaking German to Thiers and Jules Favre, too long for quotation, is admirable in its directness and truthfulness; and the portrait of Thiers, like that given by M. Hanotaux, is the portrait of a great man and patriot, whose foibles appeared the more striking because they seemed to contradict his great qualities.

¹ Vide "Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck."

WANTED: A SCAPE-GOAT

LIVING sometimes far from the madding crowd, sometimes in the thick of it, and always taking an intelligent interest in the course of current events, I have lately, in common with most of my countrymen, had my attention directed to the consideration of military problems. I have hoped that, as a nation, we were assimilating the knowledge acquired in sorrow and tribulation during the war, that we had taken the lesson to heart, and that, should we again be involved in war, the want of preparation which seems to have been hitherto the normal condition of the British army, was to be in future an impossibility.

After all, I thought, peace being declared, we should now put our house in order, we should endeavour to get a large and efficient army together, we should not grudge any expense, and the country would back up any Minister who was trying to attain that result. Reading the debates, however, on the Army Estimates in the House of Commons last spring showed me that in this I was wrong. The country seemed to have forgotten the enormous pressure that had been put on the War Minister to find men and material during the war, and how difficult it was to achieve such results. The inevitable reaction was in full swing, and John Bull, as he was admirably portrayed in an excellent caricature in *Punch*, forgetting his anxiety, which almost amounted to panic, had now no idea of paying for so expensive a luxury as a big dog to guard his

valuables in time of peace. It is possible to understand, perhaps, the view taken by the country—that since things had gone so badly, there must have been gross mismanagement somewhere. Money had been spent like water, and though we had (to use anything but a happy phrase) “muddled through” in the end, there was a strong feeling that somebody must be punished for all the country had gone through, and a scape-goat must be found. Public attention then became riveted on the Secretary for War. All the mismanagement before the war, and during the war, and every grievance felt by any soldier or civilian on military matters (and some of these grievances were small enough) were laid to his charge. Then came the Blue Book on the War Commission, enormously long, containing many contradictory opinions, with no definite conclusion drawn as to who was really to blame all these years. Then the man in the street, whose opinions are so much quoted, with that quick decision born of ignorance, and the wish to punish somebody in consequence of the fright he had undergone, settled that Mr. Brodrick was the cause of it all, and that he must be removed. Upon this it struck me that it might be interesting to inquire if the Secretary for War was in fact as guilty as was made out, if he was, as so many seemed to think, an enemy of the Army and of progress, and if he really always sacrificed the good of the Army from general wrongheadedness and for political considerations. For I remembered that this last accusation has been made against every Minister who has ever held the office of Secretary for War.

Before writing any further, it would be as well to say that I hold no brief for Mr. Brodrick, and feel that in common with us all he is human, and consequently not infallible. Our countrymen now seem so prone to scatter praise or blame without discrimination, that observers often wonder if either are wholly deserved. Seemingly there has always been constant friction between the civil and military authorities, and between civil and military opinion on Army matters. I have no intention of dealing with ancient military history, but will start fifteen

years ago, and will see what changes the late Secretary for War has introduced, compared with the condition of things at that date.

To begin with broad matters of system. Any scheme that was proposed by soldiers before the reign of the late Secretary was usually vetoed or pigeon-holed, and this will probably account for the fact that, according to the evidence before the War Commission, the Cassandra-like warnings of the soldiers (Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir John Ardagh, and others) were unheeded by the Government. As far as I can make out, the soldiers were allowed little power of initiative; there was no council at which they could make themselves heard; only the Commander-in-Chief and the Adjutant-General had direct access to the Secretary of State; everything filtered up through a succession of channels, and was liable to be stopped at any stage by the latter of these officials. The fate of a soldier who entered the War Office in those days, if he had any desire for reform, was to spend his time in fruitless endeavour. The Commissions and Committees which sat teemed with such instances of a state of things which, owing to the necessity for Parliamentary control, was considered to be unavoidable. All this has been changed. The late Secretary of State broke down the main barriers by putting soldiers into the posts immediately around him, so that military men had access through their own kind to the head of the Office. Sir Edward Ward, who had done so well at Ladysmith, furnished, I should think, a good exchange for Sir Ralph Knox, a permanent official of great ability, but naturally of stereotyped War Office ideas. Similarly, Colonel Hanbury Williams replaced a young War Office clerk, and Lord Stanley, who was a *persona grata* to the soldiers, took the place of Mr. Powell Williams, who was in somewhat constant friction with the military chiefs. The result has been, as I have heard on good authority, that not a single military proposal has been shelved during the last three years.

The main difficulty in meeting all military demands used

to be money. I find, on looking at the Estimates, that £30,000,000 was voted for the peace army under Lord Roberts in contrast to the £16,000,000 which the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley had to deal with. Indeed, only ten or twelve years ago new works for barracks had to be found out of the Estimates. In the last five years alone, loans to the extent of £15,000,000 have been voted. Practically money has been found for every legitimate demand, and the military chiefs practically have had no cause to complain of undue difficulty attending the benefits which they have had the credit of obtaining for the soldier.

The War Office Council, on which all important military opinion is represented, has enabled the soldiers to bring their united weight to bear on the Secretary of State for any demand, but it is only since 1900 that this Council has kept minutes and recorded opinions; an inconvenient practice, perhaps, if people change opinion quickly, but a great advance from the business point of view. Lord Wolseley and Sir Redvers Buller would no doubt have felt it a great gain during the six months before the war could they have met the civilian Ministers face to face, and argued their case with them. One wonders that these officers, realising the tremendous danger their country was running by going to war in an unprepared state, did not insist on their views being placed before the Cabinet. The Defence Committee, which has sat for the last year, has given Lord Roberts and Sir William Nicholson the fullest latitude. No Commander-in-Chief before has ever had a chance of meeting every week five or six of the principal members of the Cabinet.

The above are changes of system which have placed the military heads of departments in a totally different relation to the Secretary of State and the public. It was rather difficult to notice these changes from the military evidence as given before the Commission, but as I read it, such seem to be undoubtedly the facts.

To turn to other changes achieved. First, in the matter

of recruiting, a bold stroke has been made by reducing the eight years' service to three years, and by giving the soldier, whose pay has already been raised from 7*d.* clear to 1*s.* clear, a rise to 1*s.* 6*d.*, if he is willing to serve on for eight years. Except to a miner or artisan, it is difficult to see what more attractive career is open to a boy of eighteen than three years' service, with the power to extend it; or, if he chooses to go out, an allowance of 6*d.* a day for nine years for Reserve service. Yet those who have clamoured for better treatment of the soldier do not seem to have recognised, in a single instance, what has been done for him in this respect.

Secondly, as to the training of the troops. The opportunities of training at Aldershot, on Salisbury Plain, and in Scotland, which have been enormously increased, the provision made for manœuvres, the establishment of a first-rate education branch under General Hildyard, the abolition of obsolete forms of training, would themselves form a record for three years. The manœuvres, by universal consent, were a conspicuous success in consequence. Sir Evelyn Wood summed up the position in a sentence, when he said in a speech the other day that "more had been done for the Army in the last three years than in the whole previous forty-four in which he had been associated with it."

Thirdly, very important developments have taken place in the Medical and Nursing Services; but the tribute publicly paid to the reform of these departments by Sir Frederick Treves, and others chiefly concerned in them, makes it unnecessary for me to dwell here on the immense change accomplished.

We come next to the Auxiliary Forces. The Militia had undoubtedly been greatly handicapped by their long service in South Africa. Up to the end of the war, the Militia, 100,000 strong, had 30,000 of their men enrolled in the Militia Reserve, and taken away to serve with the Line when war broke out. These men had taken £1 a year to discharge the liability if called upon, little realising that they might

have to join their Line regiments for two or three years. They bitterly resented it, and on their departure left the Militia regiments hopelessly inefficient. From 100,000 Militia, 30,000 were thus taken away, and, of the remaining 70,000, 35,000, or one half, were recruits of less than a year's service. Consequently when they volunteered for South Africa, hardly any could be employed in the front line. They did monotonous work in blockhouses, and came back miserably dissatisfied. The late Secretary of State abolished this Militia Reserve. He also gave all Militiamen £3 a year extra during the winter as a retaining fee, and allowed all Militia officers to go to Aldershot at the public expense in the summer to be trained. The Militia, therefore, had considerate treatment in at least one quarter.

It would take too long to go fully into the position of the Yeomanry, but the rise of this fine force from 9,000 men, with antiquated arms and exercises, to 27,000, admirably equipped for modern warfare, is a feature of the last two and a half years, and something to be proud of.

On the question of the Volunteers there are strongly conflicting opinions. The soldiers are inclined to demand that Volunteers should be placed as far as possible on the same footing as the Regular Army, while some civilians go to the other extreme and hold up the idea of a more irregular force or "armed nation" for home defence. I have no knowledge as to the late Secretary's opinion on this question. The main point to be considered is how far the military authorities at headquarters can be induced to trust the local military authorities to decide by inspection which corps can be properly exempted from conditions which they find it onerous to fulfil. Hard and fast rules have been proved almost impossible. If soldiers were bold enough to pronounce certain corps inefficient, and to call on the civilians to disband them, much better treatment might be meted out to those who remain. The present position cannot continue. A Royal Commission is a possible way out of an *impasse*, and should it take place, we can only

hope that a *via media* may be found between the military and civil opinions, for there is at present no authority strong enough to take the risks involved in directly overruling either of them.

Discipline is another matter on which our minds have been much exercised since the war. As we have good reason to know, the Secretary of State is ultimately held responsible for all that occurs in connection with discipline cases in the Army. What the public fail to realise is that, although on some very important decision he may have a final voice, it would be deeply resented if in any one of the earlier stages of the discipline question, or the final stage of a less important decision, any one except the Commander-in-Chief and Adjutant-General were to intervene. Let us think for one moment of the cases which occurred during the last two years—the cases of Sir R. Buller, of Sandhurst, and of Colonel Kinloch. Though all these cases were openly discussed in all their bearings, and many different views taken as to the wisdom or unwisdom, the justice or the injustice of the Commander-in-Chief's decision, still the writer ventures to think that a far greater uproar would have been caused than even was caused if the late Secretary or any Secretary for War had overridden the Commander-in-Chief's decision in these cases. Yet the public consistently charges all that occurs on the civilian. Without changing the constitutional position, it would surely be possible to let it be realised that in most cases the "soldier flogs his own nigger."¹

In connection with the discipline question, some are of opinion that as the Commander-in-Chief and the military authorities claim to manage such cases entirely themselves,

¹ And we might also add, rewards his own nigger. No doubt this was another great source of unpopularity of the late Secretary for War (though I believe the honour list is compiled by a committee of military men), that after a war was ended in which over 250,000 troops were engaged, rewards were given, and many officers were, *of necessity*, passed over, who had probably done as well as those rewarded, or whose friends at any rate thought they had.

they alone should defend their decisions, and any calling in question of their judgment or justice should be treated as a declaration of want of confidence in the Commander-in-Chief, which it undoubtedly is.

And now having strung together a few of the changes, which certainly ought to be for the better, introduced by Mr. Brodrick, let us examine for one moment the position occupied by any Secretary for War. Let us remember, to begin with, the different points of view from which the soldier and the politician regard a question. The former gives an order and expects it to be obeyed, and it is difficult for him to understand that, while a politician may give an order for a change, before there is any chance of its being obeyed he has to carry the Cabinet and the country with him.

Again : people are constantly comparing the Navy with the Army, though the circumstances of the two services are very different. Think what would have occurred should the Navy have been almost constantly engaged in small wars in the same way as the Army has been between the Crimean and South African Wars. Probably we should have seen different parties proclaiming the virtues and capabilities of admirals in the same way in which public opinion in this country is divided about the respective merits of Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Kitchener, and many minor lights. The Navy not having been in active service lately, the search-light of the Press has never been focused on any particular admiral, so that the country at large pays little or no attention to what appointments are made in the Navy, while it jealously scrutinises the smallest appointment or even promotion in the sister service. Another cause which I think has contributed to the failure of the War Office to secure efficiency, or even to give the public satisfaction, apart from the various Secretaries of State, is this : When a general shows great ability as a leader of men in the field, in consequence of his success he is promptly put to a different business, viz., administrative work at the War Office : as if a man should be an expert swordsman, and

should instantly be placed at the head of a sword factory. Until it is realised that expert generalship in the field and administrative qualities are not necessarily found combined in the same individual, the department in question will inevitably continue to suffer. As I have before stated, I do not consider Mr. Brodrick infallible, nor is any other human being, yet surely it is a moot point whether the country, and the soldiers in particular, have been quite fair in their strictures on a Minister who has worked hard to increase the Army, who has done much for the individual soldier, and has made arrangements by which the voice of the soldier is both audible and articulate; above all, has made it possible that expert military opinion should be laid before the Government of the day. But history, as we know, always repeats itself, and certainly no Secretary for War during the last fifty years has enhanced his political reputation in that onerous and thankless office. In fact, as a brilliant Prime Minister once wrote, "a War Minister must find his reward in his conscience or his salary."

THE PRESENT DRIFT OF ITALIAN POLICY

BY COMMENDATORE FELICE SANTINI

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THE ideas of a statesman on the foreign policy of Italy, of which subject he has made a particular study, may prove, as I hope, not only interesting but of some importance to my readers. The question I propose to deal with at some length is the part played by Italy in the political world, and the political and economical events, Italian and foreign, which have led to the present position of the Italian kingdom among the European nations, as well as the results which may be expected from the present policy of their statesmen.

Before all, I must say that, in order to speak of this subject with some authority and knowledge, I shall not be satisfied with a study of the political situation of to-day, but I shall also have recourse to past events, which have affected the foreign policy of Italy since the time when the alliance of the three Central Powers, the "Triple," came into existence. I shall also refer to the facts that inspired, advised, and determined the Italian Government to conclude that alliance.

For I think that, by doing this and not otherwise, I shall be able to determine the real international political situation of

Italy to-day, whilst re-affirming with a clear conscience that the real and integral foundation of the foreign policy of Italy is to be found partly in her alliance with Germany and Austria, in the "Triplice," partly in her dealings with France and Russia, and still more in her old and tried friendship for England. To this friendship, I am fully convinced, the greatest importance must be given as an Italian asset of the highest value, far superior even to the importance attributed to the Triple Alliance, in consideration of our Mediterranean defence, and of the vital commercial and industrial interests that depend on this friendship. The historical ties, which bind Italy to England, will encourage me in this pleasant task. Being an old admirer of England, whose history I have studied *con amore*, and having travelled through England, I can say, without boasting, that my knowledge of that country is as deep as my love for it is unlimited; and I feel quite sure that these friendly sentiments are as universal among Englishmen as they undoubtedly are among Italians. This old friendship has now been wonderfully strengthened by the visit of King Edward VII. to Rome, and by that of King Victor Emmanuel III. to London, both these capitals having shown their delight by rejoicings that will not be easily forgotten. Such national rejoicings acquired a still higher importance from the fact that both monarchs, by such visits, gave expression in a practical way to the feelings and the thoughts of their people. These joyful and eventful facts of international politics deserve still greater consideration and derive far greater weight from the knowledge that the English people does not easily give way to open expression of its inner feelings, however deep and sincere these may be, and is naturally averse to all loud manifestations of enthusiasm. The rejoicings of to-day are the open expression of the feelings of yesterday as they will be of those of to-morrow.

The good relations so happily renewed with the French Republic should not make us forget that in the Triple Alliance is not to be found any purpose or idea of aggression against the

neighbouring Republic. That alliance was only entered into for the patriotic, powerful, and irresistible aims of legitimate defence and of protection of Italian interests. And this recalls to my mind certain movements of the English fleet among our military ports, where it was ever welcomed, not less cordially than are our men of war in English ports.

I have neither the idea nor the wish to recall, and far less to stir up, the fires of old hatreds, always fatal and nowadays happily quenched ; but history, our best teacher, should not be neglected if we are to profit by its useful teaching, so as to avoid the danger of forgetting our rights and our duties, lulled in the sleep of seeming security brought about by contemporary events.

The compelling and unavoidable necessity of the Triple Alliance devised, with happy forethought, by Mancini is proved still more by the fact that it has been twice renewed, when coming to its close by lapse of time, and that, too, by Rudini and by Prinetti, who had been both open enemies of such an alliance, and, as private members, had adversely and strenuously criticised its conclusion. They had approved it only for the parliamentary purpose of upsetting a ministry, the ministry of Francesco Crispi. For mental strength, Italian geniality, political forethought, refined sensibility as to the dignity of a government, and for services to his country, Crispi towered far above his critics and opponents. Yet, he had not the opportunity of renewing that alliance. This he would have done without doubt, as, without doubt, he would have renewed it on conditions far more favourable to Italian interests. And although it is now well known, through documents that have become public in Italy and elsewhere, that this treaty of alliance does not contain a single clause binding Italy to fixed and burdensome armaments, the extreme parties and the enemies of the Italian Government have left no stone unturned and have spared no effort to spread the idea that such is the case ; and among these most prominent are Starabba and Prinetti.

From these preliminary observations, though made without

any reference to the chronological order of recent events, it may be seen very plainly that the Triple Alliance was not due to any animosity or old grudge against France. It was concluded a long time before Crispi became Prime Minister, and after the famous occupation of Tunis by the French, which followed their bloodless war against the Krumirs. Political partisanship labours in vain to prove the contrary.

At this point I might well recall some historical facts that will strengthen still more my arguments.

It was not Crispi who denounced the Commercial Treaty with France, but the De Pretis-Robilant Ministry, although this lie has been repeated many times by Crispi's enemies. On the contrary, when Crispi became Prime Minister the first thing he did was to propose and to sign an agreement with the French Republic, by which differential tariffs were abolished, without demanding or obtaining any compensating advantage for such a surrender. And this he did because of the great wish he had to live at peace with France. He also sent the Italian Mediterranean Squadron, under the late Vice-Admiral Lovera, on a visit to Toulon. The gravest and most dangerous occurrences which imperilled the good relations between France and Italy, the murders of Aigues-Mortes, and the expulsion of Italian workmen from France, did not take place whilst Crispi was in power. I must repeat once more that the conclusion of the Triple Alliance, as far as Italy was concerned, was an unavoidable necessity of a purely defensive nature, especially at a time when Italy had suffered a diplomatic check at the Berlin Congress after the Russo-Turkish War. Whilst that Congress gave Cyprus to England and Bosnia-Herzegovina to Austria-Hungary, Italy had the melancholy consolation of leaving it "empty-handed but honest."

As the purpose of this article is to deal with the foreign policy of Italy, more especially in reference to her friendship with England, it is worth while to recall the fact that in the summer of 1882, when a barbaric and vandalic revolution broke out in Egypt under the leadership of Arabi Pasha, in

Italy this man was believed by some people to be a kind of Egyptian Garibaldi. This ridiculous and colossal sham revolution, which I chanced to have the opportunity of witnessing, the English Government proposed to suppress with the help of Italy, whose co-operation was officially requested. Francesco Crispi and Marco Minghetti, inspired by great political forethought, warmly supported this proposal. Crispi, moreover, went on purpose to London to confer about it with Lord Granville, who was then Foreign Secretary of State, and from London he sent repeated messages to the Italian Ministry, urging, as best he could, the Italian Government to share with the English its civilising work in Egypt, a country which owes to Great Britain its political and economic redemption. Crispi wanted the Italian flag with the glorious Cross of Savoy to wave by the side of the victorious flag of old England. But Mancini, though a clever man, listened to bad advisers, and, lacking the genius and the dash needed for such a policy, missed this golden opportunity. He gave way to a morbid sentimentality, according to which Italy, a newly risen nation that owed its existence to the principle of nationalities, was not to follow a policy of adventure. He misunderstood the Egyptian rising, which had the appearance of a national revolution, and was in reality nothing better than brigandage on a large scale, with robbery, pillage, and slaughter ; and thus our Foreign Minister made the great refusal, that has proved so fatal to Italy, since to it we are indebted for the policy that led us two years after to fish up in the Red Sea the famous Keys of the Mediterranean. The occupation of Massaua was not only a derisive compensation for our failure in Egypt, but was the cause of a long and almost interminable series of sanguinary disasters, hardly redeemed by some heroic deeds at the battles of Coatit, Kassala, and Tucruf, and by the victory of Agordat, so brilliantly gained over a numerous army of warlike dervishes by our worn-out troops, inferior in numbers, under the command of Colonel Arimondi, a gallant soldier who met with a glorious death on the battle-field of Adua.

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It is with a feeling of no small pride that I recall to my mind Francesco Crispi, the great statesman, the glorious patriot, my master, to whose friendship in good as in bad fortune I was ever faithful, in the last days of his useful life, which were fiercely and cruelly embittered by the disgusting calumnies of his enemies. Towards the end he was in the greatest financial straits; and I can truly say that he died of a broken heart. His death was an irreparable misfortune for Italy and for the monarchical government of Italy, to which poor Crispi, in spite of accusations and reproofs of every kind, had given the invaluable support of his genius. I can assert in all conscience that in his noble and generous mind there was not harboured the least idea of rancour towards France. If some of his actions had the appearance of being hostile to France, historical truth obliges us to acknowledge that they were due to his highly sensitive feeling for the honour and the glory of Italy, which were the principal aims of his strong policy, and against which he would brook no insult. A proof of this is found in the fact that our fellow citizens, scattered in large numbers all over the world to find an honest living by their labour, felt safe under the protection of the Italian flag; Italy was respected when its government was in the hands of Francesco Crispi. His visit to Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe was cleverly taken advantage of by his enemies, and was used as a pretext for refusing to renew the commercial treaty. The new agreement lately concluded is very favourable to France, to whom new markets were freely opened; whilst to Italy was left the doubtful advantage of hoping to create new industries or of improving the old ones. It is now a long time since really friendly relations have prevailed between France and Italy; I can say that no such relations have existed since the year 1870, when the Italians entered Rome. Among the many evidences of this, I shall only mention the irritating presence of the *Orenoque* in the waters of Civitavecchia for several years after the fall of the temporal power, and the

purposely delayed arrival of the ambassador of the French Republic—I think it was M. Fournier—to the Quirinal. It happened thus that France was the last European Power to send an ambassador to the Italian King in Rome, whilst, strangely enough, Austria-Hungary had been the first.

My noble friend the hon. Senator Nobili-Vitelleschi, a consummate politician well versed in foreign affairs, with the usual shrewdness peculiar to him, only the other day made an eloquent speech in the Italian Senate about the foreign policy of the Government, a speech which recalled that of Count de Castellane in the French Chamber. The argument on which he dwelt was the following: “The foreign policy of Italy has, during the last few years, undergone so many changes that it could be said that Italy belongs only apparently to the ‘Triplice,’ whilst it is not included in the ‘Duplice’ or Franco-Russian Alliance. Russia has shown no friendship for Italy, far from it; and France, although she has not been lacking in open demonstrations of sympathy, and even of flattery, has done nothing else for our country.” I cannot help thinking that the noble Senator is quite right in his assertion, when I observe that France, on the very eve of his Majesty the King of Italy’s visit to Paris, raised the Customs dues on the importation of Italian cattle from 20 to 30 per cent. In concluding his speech, which some may criticise as too pessimistic, Senator Nobili-Vitelleschi said: “We do not belong to the ‘Triplice’ or to the ‘Duplice,’ and we shall end by finding ourselves, as on the eve of the Berlin Congress, ‘A Dio spiacenti ed ai nemici sui’—‘hated by God and by his enemies,’ as Dante says of time-servers and political trimmers.” Thanks to the able policy of Signor Morin, the present Foreign Minister, I have some reason to believe that to-day our international position has improved. Our relations with Austria-Hungary, which were on the verge of rupture under his predecessor, have once more become normal, notwithstanding the commotion caused by the Innsbruck students. No one in Italy, at least no man of common sense,

thinks of changing our allies, and no one feels with diminished force the duty of Italy to be loyal to engagements to which the country is bound by treaty. I think, however, that although the letter of a treaty may not be altered, its spirit may undergo that partial modification which time and public opinion naturally bring about. Those men are right who assert that time and experience have most fortunately replaced mistrust by confidence, and who acknowledge the honesty of each Power in its aims and its international policy. Loyalty to alliances contracted with a free will does not admit of any treacherous afterthought, although it may not forbid full liberty of action towards other non-allied Powers and that friendly intercourse which is of so great advantage to the general peace and honourable to every nation.

Italy, with the full knowledge of her ability to deal with any future event, though with an expenditure on her army that hardly justifies the saying, *si vis pacem, para bellum*, is the most pacific factor among all the nations of the world. As such she well deserves to be taken into account, and has the right of carrying her flag everywhere. Her flag is the representative of a civilisation whose victories are in the fields of science, of literature, and of the arts. Thanks to the genius, to the courage, to the spirit of self-sacrifice, which are traditional in the glorious House of her King, and of which the voyage of H.R.H. Prince Luigi of Savoy to the Polar regions has been the last and not the least proof, Italy may well await in full confidence the gradual unfolding of a glorious and happy future.

FELICE SANTINI.

ANTI-SEMITISM IN CONTEMPORARY RUSSIA

BY M. TUGAN-BARANOWSKY¹

THE whole European Anti-Semitic press points to the fleeing of the Christian population by the Jews as the main-spring of Anti-Semitism. But certainly as regards the Anti-Semitic movement in contemporary Russia, its cause is not to be found in the working man's hatred of the Jew. I have been living for the last two years in a "Little-Russian" village of the Poltawa government. The Jews have the right of free residence in the towns of the province, but the settlement of new Jewish immigrants in the villages is strictly prohibited by law; in spite of which prohibition there is hardly a village throughout the government without a Jewish colony, whose members had no legal right to settle there. There would be no difficulty in getting such Jews turned out of their various abodes by the police; a mere denunciation of the transgressors to the authorities would suffice; and yet we find thousands of Jews who have for years been living in undisturbed enjoyment among the peasants, each of whom, if he chose to take the trouble, would have it in his power to end in a most abrupt way the friendly intercourse of Jew and Christian. Surely

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such a fact does not point to the existence of Anti-Jewish feeling among the Russian peasantry. Indeed, I may say from my personal observations that the attitude of the peasantry towards the Jew is distinctly of a friendly nature ; I have been unable to trace any instance of the alleged fleecing of the Christian population by the Jews. In former days—whether rightly or wrongly is an open question—the Jews were reproached with showing too strong an inclination for the profession of publican, whereby they ruined and corrupted the peasant. M. de Witte, in establishing the state monopoly of spirits, has withdrawn from all private enterprise this source of income, so that the Treasury is nowadays the sole and mighty publican.

The Jewish usurer is another theme dear to the Anti-Semitic press. But the usurer must needs be a wealthy person—a poor devil like the Jewish colonist settled amid the “ Little-Russian ” peasantry may possibly long for credit ; he certainly is not in a position to give it. The majority of Jews I have personally come across are honest and well-intentioned folk, who work with productive and useful industry. In this region the Jewish usurer is unknown ; but we often hear of the usury practised by a few wealthy Russian landowners. Most of the Jewish villagers are either shopkeepers or retail-dealers, and there is no doubt but that their modest stalls and trading bestow real benefits upon the indolent peasants to whom the Jewish middleman spares long and costly journeys for the purchase of necessaries. Other Jews are artisans—cobblers, tailors, smiths, &c. In brief, the Jews form the commercial and industrial element in the rural population of “ Little Russia,” and their expulsion from the villages would place the peasantry in an awkward situation. This the husbandmen well understand, and they regard the Jews accordingly as a useful portion of the village community. They have no sympathy whatever with the restrictions placed upon the settlement rights of the Jew, since they derive valued profit from the common intercourse. The village schools admit Jewish children along with the

Christian, and there are no reports of ill-feeling between the children of the respective denominations. Of course, in the eyes of the peasant, if only by reason of this religious difference, the Jew is no fellow countryman, but an alien, though not an enemy. The "Little-Russian" peasant considers himself, as compared to the Jew, the latter's superior both morally and in physique, and looks down upon him with a kind of good-tempered irony. He finds the Jew a "rum'un," scoffs at his loquacity and gesticulations, and indulges in varied and humorous tales of Jewish cowardice, but he feels himself anything but fleeced or oppressed. I have detected no sign of hatred among the villagers. And yet, in spite of all I have said, the Jew can never feel quite sure that the Russian neighbour, with whom he has been living in friendly intercourse for years and years, will not one day set upon him, rob him of his goods, ill-treat him in every conceivable way, and, perhaps, put him to death. This contradictory state of affairs calls for some explanation.

The Jew may be a "good sort," but, I repeat, to the Russian peasant he ever remains a foreigner, or what is worse, a follower of the abhorred creed. "Have not the Jews crucified our Lord?" And in Russia more particularly this time-honoured and universal source of Anti-Semitism cannot fail to tell on the popular mind. Still there can be little doubt that religious differences are in themselves quite incapable of rousing the peasantry to such cruel deeds as form the ordinary accompaniment to the sack of the Jewish quarters. I maintain the opinion that despite such differences the customary bearing of the Russian peasant towards the Jew is distinctly of a friendly kind; the Jew is a poor, hard-working and useful person, and the peasant has no personal reason to hate him. The same cannot be said of many Christian landowners, and it is an undisputed fact that the peasantry display more animosity against the wealthy landowners as a class than against the Jews as a class.

Hence, to bring about a sack of the Jewish quarters

requires the intervention of some exceptional factor. For instance, the Christian population may acquire the conviction that the Czar is in favour of such a consummation, though it must be very difficult for a Westerner to understand how such an idea can gain a hold over the masses. Yet, in truth, the Russian peasantry see nothing unnatural in the idea that the Czar has abandoned this or that social class to the plunderers. Not more than a year ago the peasantry of this government were thoroughly convinced that they were acting in full accord with the Imperial will in attacking the aristocratic manors. The series of raids on the Jewish population which followed closely upon the assassination of Emperor Alexander II. was directly connected with this event. I was a chance eye-witness of one of these raids, that of Kieff. I asked several of the assailants what grievance they had against the Jews, and invariably received the following reply: "The Jews have murdered our Czar." All were unreservedly convinced that, even if the raid had not been formally ordered, it was authorised at any rate; and, truly, what other conviction could they have acquired, considering the conduct of the authorities on this occasion? Of troops there were plenty at hand, stationed in a compact body by the very side of the raging mob; but they looked on in perfect composure and indifference, they made not a single effort to protect the Jews; so the assailants concluded, in all sincerity, that the soldiers had been stationed there, not to shelter the Jews from the fury of the plunderers, but to guard the latter against any resistance on the part of the former.

To-day, once again, the belief is ingrained in the popular imagination that the baiting of the Jews is sanctioned by the Government. Apart from this, the origin of the most recent instances of cruelty is pretty clear. The greatest share of the blame rests—and quite legitimately too!—with the local Anti-Semitic press, which, by enlarging on the pretended ritual murder of a Christian boy in the borough of Dubossary, has, with the aid of wild rhetorical outbursts, stirred up popular

rage against the Jews. The conspicuous part played by the Kishineff organ, *Bessarabetz*, in inciting to the subsequent disgraceful scenes, is universally known. The local authorities in Kishineff were perfectly aware of the long-prepared raid on the Jewish quarter, and, as it has since leaked out, encouraged it underhand, whilst the share of responsibility which lay with the central powers in the matter has, up to date, not been fully elucidated. One fact, however, is clear: the Kishineff authorities took no measures whatever to forestall the sack and massacre of the Jews. The subsequent proceedings of the Russian Government—as, for instance, the official reports on the Kishineff and Gomel disturbances—have largely contributed to the spread of the Anti-Semitic movement throughout Russia, for these reports strove to throw the initial blame of the disturbances on the Jews themselves, so that the peasants, when they read the papers, naturally see in the official *communiqués* an Imperial indictment of the guilty conduct of the Jews towards their Christian brethren. These reports have not failed to arouse feelings of profound resentment throughout the whole Russian people. In my neighbourhood, as already stated, the prevalent bearing of the native population towards the Jews is wholly a friendly one. But no sooner had the peasants inferred from the official *communiqués* that the Jews had attacked the Christians, than they began to talk openly about the necessity of raiding the Jews. On a certain day every Jew in the district was trembling for his life and fearful of leaving his abode; a petty squabble between a Christian and a Jew would then have been quite enough to bring about a general attack on the Jews. Fortunately, nothing of the kind occurred, and things soon resumed their normal course.

I should add, however, that the chief blame for the baiting of Jews does not rest exclusively with the Russian Government; far from it. True, the Russian central authorities can afford far better than their colleagues in states that enjoy political liberty to ignore popular pressure—indeed, at this very moment Russian public opinion is sincerely advocating

liberal reforms, whilst the Government cling obstinately to their policy of reaction. Yet in one direction at least of Russian policy the Government are entirely at one with the exertions of the most influential classes of Russian society, namely, in the hostile policy pursued with regard to the alien nationalities. Russian Nationalism, whose aggressiveness has led to the destruction of Finnish liberties, is not a mere Government invention. Deeply rooted in Russian society for many years, it has of late been growing apace. The sudden change of policy towards Finland had been prepared by the Nationalist agitation in the press, and in this particular respect the Government did but obey the Nationalist drift of a considerable section of Russian society.

Now, the main effort of the Russian Nationalists has ever been, and continues to be, directed against the Jew. They are not exactly mistaken in regarding him as an element foreign to the nation, and as one who, under no circumstances, can be won over to the conception of an All-Russian supremacy; an element, moreover, which, from their standpoint, is all the more dangerous since it has taken root in the very heart of the Russian national organism. Undoubtedly it would be difficult to find a greater contrast than the respective racial features of Jew and Russian, and, in my own opinion, the Nationalists are not deceiving themselves when they maintain the impossibility of ever making the Jew into a true Russian of the sound old Muscovite type. But the real backbone of Russian Anti-Semitism should by no means be sought for among the rural and labouring classes—who have no grievances against the Jews—it is supplied by the well-to-do classes of Russian society, in particular by the upper and lower middle class, reinforced by a notable proportion of the professional men. A few years ago there was held at St. Petersburg a general congress of Russian artisans, and this assembly showed clearly to what considerable extent the Russian mechanic is imbued with the Nationalist bias, by declaring in favour not only of the maintenance, but of the extension of the restrictions attached to the Jewish rights

of settlement—and this for obvious reasons. The Jewish competitor, who works for lower wages, often ruins the Russian artisan, hence the latter's prompt adhesion to Nationalism and Anti-Semitism. The tradesmen are in a similar position; their press is equally characterised by Nationalism and hatred of the Jew. Likewise, as regards the Russian contractor, the Semite is his most dangerous and accordingly most hateful competitor, and the same would apply to many lawyers, doctors, writers, journalists, and representatives of the liberal professions, wherein the Jewish competition is very strong. Endowed with unusual industry and perseverance, the Jews gradually supplant their Russian *confrères*, thus forcing the latter to join the Nationalist ranks. It is a fact universally recognised that the most violent "Jew-haters" are to be found among their unsuccessful rivals.

Of course, even among the educated classes of Russia the Jews number some sincere friends. Russian Liberals cannot sympathise with the restrictions placed on the civic rights of the Jew, and it would be well-nigh impossible to single out an Anti-Semite among the highest representatives of Russian literature, art, and science. But this consideration does not prevent the overwhelming mass of Russian minds from assuming an attitude anything but friendly towards the Jewish element. As regards the Government itself, it is singularly influenced by the Nationalist strata of Russian society. Anti-Semitism is further strengthened in official circles by the fact that in every revolutionary movement the Jews, on grounds which call for no explanation, have taken a large part. On the other hand, a counter-current in favour of the Jews is equally noticeable in the sphere of government. M. de Witte is the very reverse of an Anti-Semite, and a few years back went so far as to prepare on the quiet a radical reform in the legal status of the Russian Jew. I have had the opportunity of perusing personally a secret memoir by Witte, wherein he advocated the removal of all legal restrictions pertaining to the civil rights of the Jew within the Russian Empire. The call for so

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radical a reform was founded by M. de Witte on purely economic motives. The late Finance Minister laid stress on the supreme importance for the general commercial life of Russia, and more especially for Russian trade and industry, of the proposed liberation of the Jew from restrictive measures that seriously hamper his spirit of enterprise. In face of the prominent part played by Jewish capital in the international finance market, and of the dependence of Russia's financial situation on foreign capital, no Russian Minister of Finance can help wishing for a transformation of the present Anti-Semitic policy pursued by the Russian Government. Yet, although M. de Witte, at the time he composed the memoir, was the most influential member of the Government, his endeavours to improve the legal status of the Russian Jew proved utterly fruitless. Nationalism, then as now, was too strong throughout the country to admit of the possibility of carrying through any such reform.

TUGAN-BARANOWSKY.

CRESCENT AND CROSS

OF all the Greek isles, Castellorizo lies most apart, altogether outside the Archipelago, and nearly a hundred miles east of the mother island, Rhodes. The mainland coast over against it is the wildest in Anatolia, sheering from the surf to the snow-line, and little inhabited but by wandering shepherds. Sons of sturdy Rhodian Greeks, who would not remain under the Latins, now hold Castellorizo; and on so barren a rock, with one small sheltered harbour, they must live by exploiting the sea. The Turk is their overlord, but his representatives, a *mudir* with half a dozen Customs officers, being dependent on infidel keels for all communication with the mainland, maintain a chastened reserve, studious to conciliate quayside opinion. Finding this set strongly in our favour, they forebore to demand our papers, offered weak propitiatory coffee, and effaced themselves for the time being. The heavily sparred brigs and two-masted *caïques* were packed so close in the basin that a man might cross dryshod; but the magazines and counting-houses round the port showed that their service was no longer in that piracy which once made the Castelloriziotte a terror to the Levant. The islanders now do a large trade, as carriers between the smaller south Anatolian ports and Alexandria, where you may always see one or two of their square-rigged craft lying opposite the steamer berths; and they make most profitable commerce in firewood and charcoal, procured from the moun-

tain forests of Lycia. "The mainland then is yours also?" I asked. "Ours, as much as any one's," said the sons of corsairs. "We take what we will; whom should we pay?"

Once before, propped drowsily on my elbow on the deck of a rusty tramp steamer, which had called in vain for freight and sheered off again ere I was well awake, I had had a momentary glimpse of the island, and one thing especially had stayed in my remembrance, the singular beauty of its fisher-folk whom we passed drifting on the bay. Nor were those "dark faces pale against that rosy flame" of dawn of my imagining. For the island type is indeed the finest I have seen among latter-day Hellenes, almost that of the Praxitelean ideal. Oval face with brow low and broad below clustering hair; eyes, wide-set, long and liquid; straight and faultless nose; short upper lip and chin, and thin-lipped mobile mouth. But the straight fall of the skull behind will warn you the race is old, if a certain meagreness of flesh and over-refinement of feature and limb have not betrayed that fact already. Women, with three-year babes at their knees, show too much structure in their faces, and too little roundness of outline. But very beautiful none the less they seemed to us, who could only gaze with as little discretion as might safely be used in an Eastern society, and marvel that painters and sculptors had not happened on this waking dream of fair women. The men, who had shown off their pretentious marble church, garish with gilt carvings and Russian *icons*, led us on to the schools, and first to that of the girls. It was a high Sunday, Feast of the Annunciation, and there should have been holiday. But I suspect a class was gathered privily, when Englishmen were seen to land, for no Greek will deny himself the joy of showing his schools to a Western stranger. As we entered, serried ranks rose to greet us, and the eyes of a hundred maidens, fit to bear Athena's *peplus*, met our own. Miserably we listened to a hymn, miserably stammered incoherent thanks, and miserably fled. Who were we to patronise a choir of goddesses?

The town, more regularly laid out than most of its kind, rises tier upon tier in a horseshoe above the port, from which steep stone ladders radiate, dividing the wedges of habitation, as blocks in a theatre. We climbed from one horn of the bay to the other, amazed at the sweetness and cleanness of street and house. You may see the same nicety in the richer Cyclad isles, in Santorini for example. There, too, to be dirty is to confess social failure. The housewife of the most speckless floor holds highest her head, and in prodigality of whitewash and paint would delight a London landlord. Blue balconies overhanging the roadway, and bright-hued shutters and doors seemed fewer in Castellorizo than in other Greek towns of its pretension; and by glimpses of the interiors we were assured that more than the outside of the cup and the platter was here made clean. The houses seemed for the most part to look not on the street, but on high-walled courts, in the secretive Moslem manner; built perhaps thus in darker days when the island was a pirate nest. But the heavy outer doors of many were thrown back on that festal Lady-day, revealing garden-fringes of orange and lemon and almond about carpet-wise pavements of parti-coloured pebbles; and we had to answer laughing invitations from the women-folk, standing or sitting in their entrance-ways. Our good luck it was to see them on a gala-day in all their gauds, among whose bold tints some sure instinct introduced a dominant tawny yellow, to warm the brown-white skins.

So we came at last on to the saddle of the twin-peaked rock, which makes all the island. The further slopes looked too naked even for goats, and our self-appointed guides owned to their possession of but one precious spring of running water. Flocks, if any keep them, are pastured at large on the opposite mainland, where dwell a few small colonies of squatters, charcoal-burning, olive-gardening, farming, shepherding. All the Lycian seaboard, piled block by block to points and bars of snow, lay in distant view to northward: on a nearer plane the burnished strait of Antiphellus, with a fleet

of fishing craft becalmed; and at our feet the bright vision of the town.

Happy isle! Forced to live by and on that element which gives sobriety, dignity, calmness, constancy, courage; braces and cleanses a man, and raises him out of his local pettiness. So small that each citizen may feel the interest of the community his own, and subordinate himself to the common weal as in a City State of his forefathers. Too far from the free Hellenic Kingdom to be greatly troubled by its windy ambition to stagger the world; too near an alien overlord to forget him, but, so there be peace, out of range of his hand. A barren soil, a safe harbour, a narrow territory, parochial freedom, but imperial dependence—such are the conditions of happiness for a Greek isle; but the greatest of these is imperial dependence.

Hard saying for those who hold national liberty the first and last condition of well-being. But I have known more than one professed champion of subject nationalities in the Levant say worse; him, for example, who pronounced the Greek "happier under every government than his own." His bitter epigram, however, would be not less true of others than the Greeks, in the Nearer East. For most of its denizens, being remote heirs of old civilisations, have characters of more intelligence than strength, little capable of self-discipline. The organised opinion of the community, embodied in statute, means very little to them. While naturally among the most orderly, they are the most lawless citizens in the civilised world, men by whom, in whatever station, all acts of government are held extraneous. Taxation is mere oppression from without and a direct impost is not endured, if the indirect will produce the barest subsistence for the state. Formed in that laboratory of ideas which is constituted where very old civilisations have encountered one another from immemorial time, the imagination of Levantine peoples is stronger than their will. Their words always far overpass their deeds, and their power of perseverance and resistance is hugely disproportionate to their hopes.

Such characters need the pressure of a strong religious or political system; but it seems that the repressive influence is salutary only if not begotten of the Near Eastern peoples themselves. It should be alien, intrusive in the first instance, and always dependent for strength and vitality on some external racial centre. I know no better example of such an influence than that of the religious system of Islam, and no better foil to it than the religious system of the Greek Church. In the company of two famous champions of Christian nationalities, it has been my good fortune to visit various parts of the Levant. These distinguished Britons are among the most sincere and tenacious of their race, and they will die (in their beds, I trust, and at home) in the unshaken profession of these sympathies to which they have often given practical expression. But in the Near East itself they have not been consistently behaved, reminding one not a little of Byron, in that contrast which their theoretic enthusiasm for clients as they should be, has made with incurable distaste for clients as they are. Indeed in both cases I have observed so much practical preference for the Moslem that, if these gentlemen were to remain over long time in the Levant lands, they would be sore put to it to keep the confidence of the Christians, or indeed the purity of their own profession. For the Greek, at least, knows the inconsistency of his British champions, and is quick to suspect that their intellectual preference is not that of their emotions. "Do good to your friends, but love your enemies," says he, is the British reading of the first duty of a Christian; and I doubt not, if it came to a choice in ostracism, the British phil-Hellene would be the first foreigner to pack and go from modern Athens.

The attitude of these my distinguished countrymen towards Levantine Christians is so much the attitude of the average Briton towards Christians, wheresoever found in the East, that it cannot be an individual or even a racial accident that provokes it; but rather some common vice incident on the

Christian profession and practice in all such lands ; or perhaps the defect of something with which Christianity may be credited as professed and practised by ourselves. And when I note that the sympathy, which my friends deny to the individual Eastern Christian, is given instinctively to the individual Moslem, I must conclude that the sin of Eastern Christianity is one of omission. Something which results from or accompanies the profession of the Christian creed in the West, is consequent, not on Christianity, but to some extent on another profession in the East ; and this thing we evidently value above creed itself. Something of a practical sort it must be ; for the British mind is mostly of that temper which regards acts rather than their motives, and values works above faith.

It has often been observed by impartial and dispassionate men in India, that the gravest danger which awaits a new convert to Christianity lies in the withdrawal from him of the moral support of the particular society to which he naturally belongs. By a change of creed, which detaches an individual from the local community, the sincerest character stands to lose much ; while very many converts, being of that vacillating and insincere character which is most apt for conversion, inevitably lose whatever element of stability they had. From the inexorable moral pressure of the local communal system, organised on a basis of creed, the individuality of a convert is set free, to seek support from a moral system, would-be universal, but not specially adapted to his local or native peculiarities ; a moral system, which claims to be independent, not only of local particularism, but of all racial and national distinctions whatsoever ; a moral system based originally on the creed which the convert has now adopted, but on that creed as practised in another clime, in other ages, and, by men of other temper than the majority of the Europeans, of whom he is likely to have personal experience. In actual practice he will continually see Christian actions not based on any obvious belief in dogmatic Christianity ; and it will be a traditional and unconscious morality that he must consciously labour

to acquire under circumstances vitally different to those of its proper home. If the possibility of his full identification with this moral system would be doubtful, even were there really a universal society of the Church, how often must it be impossible at present when the "Christian Brotherhood" is broken up into wholly incompatible groups by divergence of racial and national character?

But India and the Nearer East have not much in common. At first sight it would seem unreasonable that a common disadvantage attending native Christianity in the Far East, should be held accountable for the sentiment we feel towards Levantine Christians. For in the latter case we have to do not with the faith of converts, won over by Western evangelists, but with hereditary Christianity of a greater antiquity than even our own; and not with individual sporadic Christians, but whole peoples and nationalities of Christian profession. Nevertheless though the antecedent process be different, Christian character does suffer in the Near East from just the same defect; and it is hardly doubtful that the cause of the Western preference of the Moslem to the Christian in the Levant is to be sought, as in India, in the greatly inferior influence which the social system, based on his creed, exerts on the character of the Christian.

The conspicuous feature of Moslem society in the Nearer East, and the one which is admired most by a Western observer, is its steadiness of behaviour. Up to a certain point, not hard to fix, one can trust a follower of the Meccan Prophet. His native Christian neighbour feels that not less than we; and it is become a law in the local struggle of Cross and Crescent, that if the latter prevail, the combatants, once their heat be cool, will settle down together again in confidence. For the beaten party knows that it is only in the collective, not the individual fanaticism of Moslems, that its danger lies, and, supremacy once assured, the Faithful will keep the peace as unanimously as before the war. Therefore, although Moslem communities are not wrongly regarded as nurseries of fanaticism,

and Christians, who put themselves in Moslem power, do so at some peril, yet both Christian individuals and Christian communities are safer in most territories of Islam, than Moslems in certain territories of Christendom. Since it is no merit that a Moslem attack a Christian except in *Jehad*—otherwise, whether he slay or be slain, he shall reap no special reward—massacres of many unbelievers have been of much commoner occurrence in Moslem lands than murders of single Christians. Danger seldom threatens the latter unless they are held to be fore-runners of many, as were Conolly and Stoddart at Bokhara; or the whole Moslem world has been rendered uneasy by some conspicuous encroachment on the territory of Islam. Then should a Christian individual or a Christian party, by reason of a penetrated disguise (disguise, like an alibi, can be the worst of all defences), or of actions, which are not comprehensible to the vulgar, be popularly supposed to represent a host of men, massacre may be expected with all the justification of *jehad*. So again if a whole community seems to threaten danger, as has the Gregorian Armenian more than once.

Such nervousness of Islam is usually betrayed by the coming together of some great band of fanatics, convinced that the face of Allah is turned away, because of the backsliding of the Faithful from that stern asceticism and uncompromising exclusiveness with which the Prophet is credited by the vulgar: and the bond, surviving its first impulse, may be crystallised by the genius of its founder and early directors into a permanent institution. Such is now the Senusi Brotherhood, fruit of that Western spirit of Wahabism which was provoked by the Napoleonic and the British occupations of Egypt and the French conquest of Algiers about a hundred years ago.

Yet in fanatical war, as in peace, the perfection of Moslem organisation is displayed. A dangerous Christian community is reduced with disciplined brutality to the point of harmlessness, while other Christians, if they be not expected to make common cause with their co-religionists, go scot-free. The Catholic and

Protestant Armenians owed it to the notoriety of their internecine jealousies, far more than to foreign protection, that hardly a hair of their heads was touched eight years ago. The Greek and Syrian communities were never in the slightest danger—*pro hac vice!* The last thing one has learned to expect of a militant Moslem is any assertion of himself. No wonder the British officer, to whom discipline is the first and greatest of virtues, warms to the ragged Ottoman infantryman who is hardly conscious that he has any personal rights at all as against a superior, any right to be paid, any right to be clothed or shod, any right to sleep, any right to discharge, when his legal term of service shall be up. His is what Plato would have called Discipline in the Soul.

His animal instinct of murder and rapine is almost as easily checked in mid-heat as at first it was inflamed. Half-barbarous men can not only be reined up in full course of rapine, but be compelled to abstain altogether from any indulgence of wild passions through lengthy periods of strongest temptation; and that when the policy, which dictates moderation at head-quarters, is of too subtle a sort to be understood of the rank and file. Which of the Ghegs, Kurds and Circassians, who behaved in such exemplary fashion towards conquered Thessaly in 1897, could say why the lord of Yildiz dictated a stringent order to the soldiers of the Crescent not on this occasion to rape or slay? Which again of the Senusi tribesmen comprehends that "slim" policy which has characterised their sect since its foundation? the policy which deprecates any militant action of Islam against Christianity, unless it be certain that, in the long run, Islam will be the better established for it? The motto of Kufra is, No Quixotism, no forlorn hopes, no buying of rewards in heaven by losses on earth—*surtout point de zèle!* Moslem organisation has, of course, broken down now and then; and not only have particular communities taken independent action, which was not to the interest of the whole, as did the Candiote Moslems in 1898, but so have individual fanatics. But even in those cases it may safely be assumed

that neither community nor individual was playing its game alone, careless of the rest of the society.

But, on the other hand, in these local struggles, should the Cross have won the day, the follower of the Crescent never lives easily in the land again. However bitter exile may be—and bitter it is for such as the Cretan Moslem, who is a child of the Cretan soil, speaks only Greek and knows little of the law and custom of Islam—into exile, sooner or later, he must go, not for his irreconcilable hatred, but for his distrust of the victors. For he well knows every Christian individual is a rule unto himself, and, excited, may do at any moment anything that is in his power to do. None may foresee his action, and no collective assurance from the community, however well intended, can be relied upon to bind him. Therefore, despite all promises from princes and governors, the Moslem follows the rifles of races, who have something like his own sense of law, out of Greek lands, and is fading from Crete, even as he has faded from the Peloponnese, Eubœa and Thessaly.

In this matter of discipline the very plurality of the Christian Churches places them at a disadvantage with Sunni Islam. For though there are half confessed differences among the Moslem communities on most essential points of creed, for example, on the relation of man and God, there is practical unity on that which matters most from the social point of view, religious observance. All Moslems, Deistic or Incarnationist, worship one Allah in one general way ; whereas those Christian Churches, with the least material divergences on points of creed, have the most antagonistic priesthoods and sharpest diversities of ritual. Forms avail more than doctrine to disintegrate society not in the Nearer East alone. Moreover the concentration and insistence of the Christian Churches on these forms has, it is well known, the effect of leaving them little disposition or capacity to deal with social conduct. Salvation is for them mainly a matter of the due performance of rites and ceremonies, and morals escape notice, being ordinarily regarded by priests and laity as no fit subject for clerical direction.

The divorce of religion and conduct is of old standing in the Mediterranean lands: it characterised the early tribal cults out of which the ancient Greek and Roman religions were developed, and continued to characterise these last to the end; while then, as now, systems of social morality were often evolved, independent of the formal cults.

There is, however, a feature of a more peculiar nature, which weakens Near Eastern Christianity, in the face of Islam. I do not speak of its tendency to Localism, to an infinite subdivision of its territory into domains of particular saints, who for all practical purposes represent Divinity and Providence to the peasantry, being survivors of the local deities of the previous paganism, saint having succeeded god, as church has succeeded temple. But there are local cults and local saints in the domain of Islam also; and, moreover, Localism is not peculiar to the Nearer East at all, but characterises the simple religious practice of any land which has once known tribal gods.

But of the *Nationalism* of Eastern Christianity I do speak. The Church of Greece, for instance, is national in the narrowest sense of that word, being regarded as absolutely coterminous with the nation—not with the independent nation alone, but with all communities claimed for the nationality, whatever their political allegiance. It follows nationality and cannot precede it, much less exist independently of it. Outside the nation, this Church has no thought of proselytism, regarding itself but as the mediator between a particular group of humanity and God. Without concern for any one outside that group—with no more concern indeed for alien morals than for alien forms of worship—it has no sense of being first and foremost the preacher and enforcer of a universal code of morals or of a system of conduct to which all men must conform in common to be saved. So far as it must deal with conduct and morals at all it is with the conduct and morals of its own group, and its precept and practice are naturally coloured throughout by peculiar racial and climatic conditions. That belief in ultimate universality, which makes for life and strength, is

altogether absent here ; and the Orthodox Church of Greece, content to remain no more than one expression of national life, is already ceasing to be its chief expression, and ere long may cease to be an expression of it at all.

And if his own independent Church has little power to control the Greek, scarcely more has his free national polity to repress an intellectual exuberance which is ever tending to the stars, to fall back and soar anew. Again and again Athens has transformed itself into a huge Aristophanic stage, where every uniform held a Lamachus and every frock-coat a Cleon ; and on street, square and quay there was a strutting and preening and vapouring that elsewhere has not been seen but in burlesque. Verily Herodotus knew his kin, when he took occasion to warn the Greeks in season and out of the envy of the Gods, and the bolts that are aimed at the tallest trees ! The modern Hellene is the most patriotic and the most politically-minded of men ; but the community with which he feels identity is parochial. The national obligation leaves him free to indulge a natural individualism. The blame, perhaps, for his social failure in freedom lies rather at our door than his. We, more than any others, encouraged him to hope that, in defiance of racial laws, his future might equal his past, and far outstrip his present. Our publicists preached to an effervescent face of the Rights of Man ; our pious enthusiasts urged it to raise again the trampled Cross ; our poets and our scholars made a social cult of Hellenism, and became its chief apostles. But no sooner by our artifice was a Hellenic nation galvanised into life again, than we withdrew our supporting hands, leaving it to maintain the struggle of existence in the weakness of an Idea which we knew to be fatuous. It is a practice of ours, now well known in South-Eastern Europe, to set free little racial groups by our united forces, to proclaim them nations, to endow them with a prince, a flag, liberal institutions, and a little—a very little—money ; then to give them our blessing and go our way. If it be a good thing to excite nationality in half a dozen

fragments of the Ottoman Empire, should it be done so? A happy self-governing polity is not made in a day, nor in a year, nor in five years. The men of the little new-born or re-born nations are bidden to start life as master craftsmen, without having served apprenticeships. With no practical experience of the higher walks of government, small attorneys and hedge doctors are exalted to Judges and Ministers; an army of lesser officials must be recruited from peasantry and small traders, and a system of administration too complex to be workable or healthy, unless its members have individually a strong sense of corporate responsibility, be instituted, where that sense has had no time to grow, and is neither understood nor held in honour. So there ensues on each experiment ever-recurring trouble; and every fresh start brings a similar event.

So for all that happened in 1897 we are to blame. It may be that no great harm was done to the cause of progress in the Levant by that catastrophe of Greek hopes; and that if the clock of civilisation was indeed put back thereby, as many said, civilisation was not more affected than is Time when an erring dial is adjusted. But great harm was done to one Levantine society, which lost well nigh all the corporate hope and corporate pride in which it could not merely live, but fulfil the end of society, according to its own Aristotle, by living well. To a crisis, in which so much was involved, it should never have been allowed to come; or if come it must, our support should have been more unselfishly and more frankly given.

* * * * *

It was of the sage Aristotle that one could not but be reminded that morning, looking down on the little city community of Castellorizo, which seemed so unconscious of a national ideal, but was living better than the nationalist communities of its race and clime. The society that would live well, said the philosopher, should be small, comprehensible by the eye, able to hear the voice of one herald—a City State. So he wrote when the Greek race was in its prime. What had he said now, when it has gone far down hill, and its capacity, individual and

corporate, is so shrunken? Perhaps, that no old people of the Levant is able to obey a claim of obligation wider than it knew in antiquity; and that decadent races had best not barter their native rule of social conduct for the wider rule obeyed by younger communities.

For if Nationality be indeed a more convenient social ideal than the Family, the Tribe or the City State, is it an ideal to be propagated always, everywhere, and by all means? It calls the individual to an altruism of wider range than that demanded by the lesser circles of obligation but the same in kind; and its influence on his conduct is not greater. The superior justification of the National Idea, that we in the West, accepting it as we breathe God's air, hold so sacred, lies just in its utility. The larger the groups identified with one ideal, the fewer antagonisms in the world and the more peace on the whole. But what if the national claim be not felt so strongly by the individual as the claims of the Family, the Tribe or the City State? What if by reason of its width of range, it have less potency on conduct in any region or race? What if it have next to none at all? Altruism is as holy a thing in itself in the lesser circle of obligation as in the greater, as holy when inspired by the family as by the nation, even as devotion to a common ideal is not less a good when felt towards the nation than towards all humanity—that widest circle of our obligation which, dimly and occasionally recognised since the Sermon on the Mount of Beatitudes, has perplexed the national patriot, and inspired a law of nations, which transcends a nation's law.

The present fashion with those who make and unmake the world's societies is everywhere to combine and unite. Are there not, nevertheless, some societies which would be no worse for resolution into smaller units? That was the suggestion of Castellorizo. Were there more of its like and fewer nations, in the Levant at least, there had been more peace and prosperity these hundred years. Long may it abide, as it is to-day, a City State!

D. G. HOGARTH.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF KARNAK

I HAVE thought that it might be useful to give some account of the work now going on at Karnak ; not so much for the regular student of Egyptian antiquities as for the general public in England, who probably have little idea of one of the most interesting departments under our present control in Egypt. I do this in the hope that honour may be given where honour is due ; to Professor Maspero and Mr. Legrain for their learning, skill and untiring devotion, and to Lord Cromer for setting them to work and furthering and encouraging their labours. And at a time when we so often have to accuse ourselves of inefficiency, it may do us good to be reminded that there are regions of the world in which under the rule of Englishmen work is being organised and carried out which has never been surpassed for importance and perfection. Egyptian finances, the Egyptian army, the Nile Barrage are instances ; the care of the Egyptian monuments is no less splendid an example, and should be no less well known.

Professor Maspero, as he is still called, is the present Director of Antiquities for Egypt. He is possibly the most accomplished Egyptologist the world has seen, a ripe scholar and prolific writer. He was Director of Antiquities in Egypt twenty years ago, and had retired to devote his time entirely to literary work. We may thank Lord Cromer for bringing him back to Cairo, where his presence was much required,



1. Hypostyle Hall, Karnak, October 3, 1899.
2. Hypostyle Hall; commencement of work, 1900.

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especially during the removal of the priceless treasures of the Gizeh Museum to their new home in Cairo. Dr. Maspero is one of the most modest and retiring of savants, and his uniform courtesy to every one with whom he comes in contact makes him universally popular. He seems cognisant of every language, ancient and modern, be it European, Asiatic or African. His English is as perfect as if he were a native of our country, and he speaks French as a Frenchman, and German as a German. As a matter of fact, he is of Italian origin, and was born in Genoa.

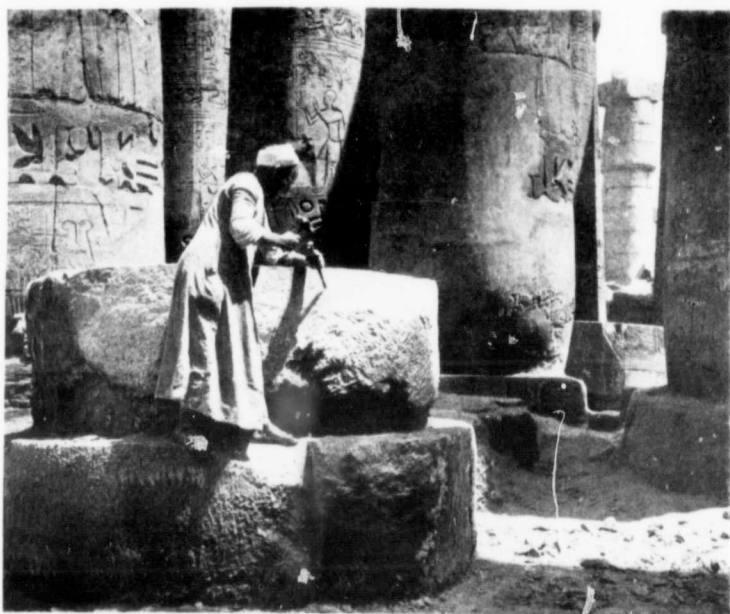
During my last visit to Egypt I spent much time visiting antiquities by the Nile. I had the good fortune to be a guest on board Professor Sayce's hospitable dahabeah *Istar*, and we were for some time becalmed off Luxor. The Director of Antiquities was in the neighbourhood, inspecting the works for the restoration—or rather the reconstruction—of Karnak, and Mr. Howard Carter's first lighting of the Tombs of the Kings by electricity. Sunday being an off-day, Dr. Maspero often spent it with his old friend Professor Sayce. The conversation turned upon the general decay of the temples at Thebes and elsewhere, which has been so much observed of late. Dr. Maspero expressed his fears that in twenty years' time most of the temples will have tottered to destruction unless prompt measures are taken for their preservation, such as have been going on at Karnak for some years.

It will be a costly business to repair all the temples of Egypt which were spared from the devastations of Mehemet Ali's days, when many of the most beautiful monuments were demolished to build sugar factories and palaces for high officials. Some of the pyramids are still, I am ashamed to say, used as quarries. The whole of Heliopolis went to supply building-stone for Cairo about a century ago, and the pyramid-field of Abu Roash as well. The Temple of Elephantine, and the great Temple of Mut at Karnak, have in this way disappeared entirely. But the only wholesale destruction under British rule is that of the Temples of Philae. They have been

left to be drowned and gradually melt away under the Nile flood. Perhaps we must condone their loss, for they will have perished in a good cause, their destruction being necessary to the scheme for giving water to the thirsty land, and thus making grass grow on barren steppes.

The temples of Karnak and Luxor cover about a thousand acres. Thebes grew into importance in the time of Usertesen I., second king of the Twelfth Dynasty (2758-2714 B.C.), when Memphis was beginning to decline. Homer mentions it (*Iliad* ix. 381) as in its prime: "Egyptian Thebes where the treasure houses are stored fullest—Thebes of the hundred gates whence sally forth two hundred warriors through each, with horses and chariots." This—say about 1000 B.C.—is probably the earliest outside reference to Thebes preserved. Chariots and horses first came into Egypt under the Thothmes about 1500 B.C. Thothmes IV. had his chariot preserved as a novelty in his tomb at Thebes; it is now in Cairo. Herodotus never got as far as Thebes, but we have full descriptions of it by Strabo and Diodorus showing its state about the commencement of the Christian era. Cambyses had burned everything inflammable in Thebes in 525 B.C. when Egypt became a Persian province, but it had been repaired and restored by the Greeks and Romans. From Usertesen to Alexander the Great, from Ptolemy to Augustus, every ruler of the land deserving the name of king loved to add what he could to the great Temple of Amon. The Persians alone, like all Asiatic conquerors, built nothing—they only held the land to squeeze revenue from it, like the modern Turk.

With all the devastations of two thousand years, yet so much remains that the ruins of Luxor and Karnak are the most wonderful of their kind. Heliopolis and Memphis have entirely disappeared, but of Thebes so much remains that it is the duty of the civilised Government which now guides the destiny of the land to do what can be done to preserve its wondrous monuments. Happily this duty is fully recognised



1. Hypostyle Hall; adjusting one of the columns.
2. The new foundations for the fallen columns.





1. Hypostyle Hall, 1903 : gradual rebuilding of the fallen columns.
2. Excavation at third Pylon : discovery of Caryatides of Thothmes I.

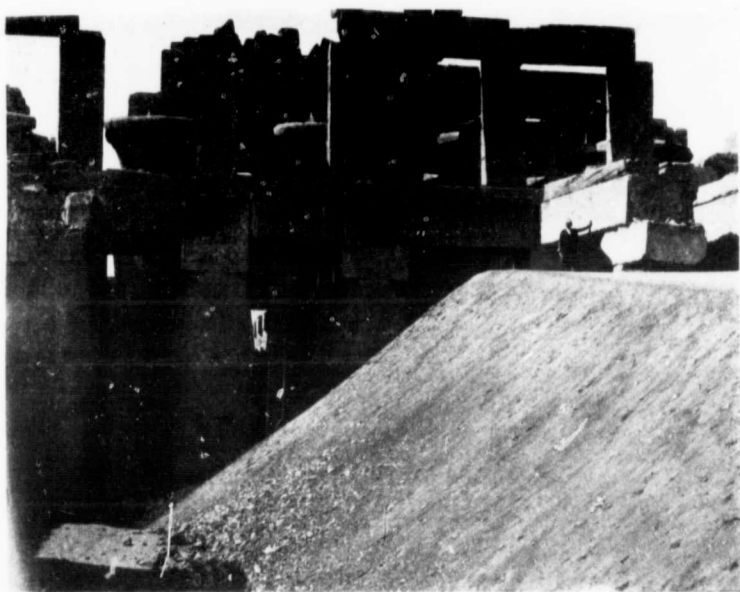
by the Administration, which is backing up all Dr. Maspero's efforts to save the ruins from crumbling away. Lord Cromer himself often visits the works of restoration at Karnak, encouraging and suggesting improvements.

Strange to say, it is the Nile, whether high or low Nile, that is now the destroying enemy of the ancient structures which so long have stood the test of time. The amount of deposit from the river is very great, amounting to several inches in a century. The bed of the Nile, consequently, in four or five thousand years, has been elevated some twenty feet above what it was in the days of the founders of the temples. All this has been worked out and fully explained by Dr. Maspero in his various publications. The entire soil of Egypt is alluvial; the water percolates and finds its level, whether at Thebes, close to the river, or at Abydos, seven miles from its present channel. The consequence is that all the most ancient temples' foundations are water-logged. At high Nile the columns of the temple of Luxor and those of Karnak are submerged several feet. At low Nile they stand on dry ground. The soft sandstone of which they are built is saturated for half the year, while it is exposed to the burning sunshine for the other half. The Nile water being highly charged with mineral salts, these crystallise on the blocks of stone, and exfoliate, reducing them to a state of sand. In this way at Luxor the great columns of Rameses and Amenhotep were found to be in danger, and experiments were tried by Mr. Legrain (the engineer in charge of the temples on the left bank of the river at Thebes) to test the possibility of underpinning and restoring the rotten substructure with hydraulic cement. These having been found to be entirely successful, Mr. Legrain was encouraged by his chief, Dr. Maspero, to undertake similar work at the great Temple of Amon at Karnak. No one could have been chosen better fitted for the task. Mr. Legrain was long a pupil of Professor Maspero in Paris, and is an accomplished Egyptologist. Young, active, and energetic, he has no European assistants. All the

apparently superhuman works of restoration he has carried out are done by a band of trained native workmen, assisted by fellaheen labourers and crowds of happy, smiling children. To come upon the genial Mr. Legrain when engaged, say, in lowering an architrave of forty tons or so is a very pleasing sight. He is in the thick of the fray, encouraging all in their own tongue. To see how absolutely the crowd obey him, and how scientific direction reigns supreme, gives a striking impression of power. I have often happened on the scene during my recent visits to Thebes, and always enjoyed it. In the heat of the day all the natives cease work, and some rest under the shade, but many throw themselves down to sleep in the full sunshine.

The works of reparation of the Hypostyle Hall of Karnak were undertaken none too soon. In 1899 about twenty of the great columns had been made safe. One had been at an angle of forty degrees ever since Karnak was depicted by the French in the great volumes of their memorable expedition about 1800. It is possible that it had been leaning over as much for centuries before. Mr. Legrain had this one taken down and re-erected. The work of repair was going on well when, on October 3, 1899—possibly in consequence of a slight shock of earthquake—eleven of the great columns of the Hypostyle Hall suddenly collapsed, and three others were shaken and cracked. No work was going on, the water was still over the floor, all labours having to be suspended during the period of high Nile. Mr. Legrain at this season is employed at the headquarters of the Antiquarian Department at Cairo. He was telegraphed for, and an inspection was at once made. It was found that all the columns that had been underpinned and repaired were uninjured. Much, however, remained to be done to remedy the damage and guard against a repetition of the catastrophe.

The Great Hall of Sety and Rameses consists of 134 columns, eleven of which had succumbed, with their capitals, carrying with them their architraves. After careful examination Mr. Legrain sorted out all the fragments, and



1. Hypostyle Hall: sandbank raised for the lowering of an Architrave of 42 tons.
2. State of the Ruins before the discovery of the Caryatides of Thothmes I.

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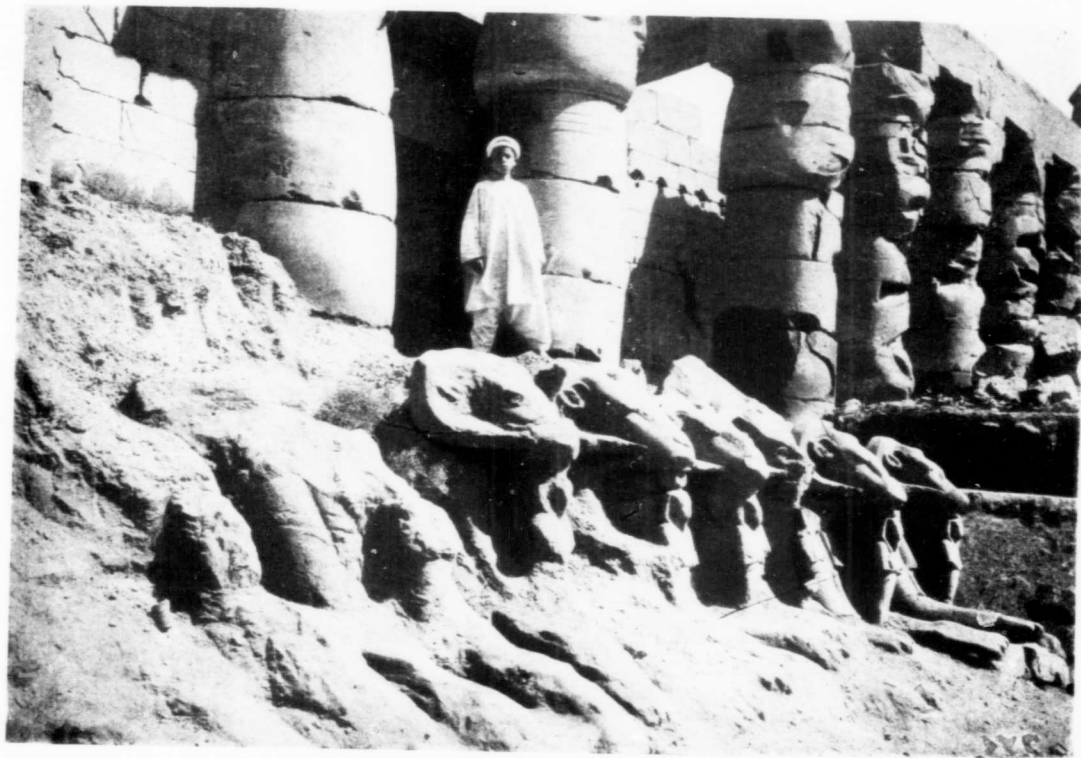
had the fallen giants arranged in rows on a bank a short way off. This was a most arduous undertaking, and was carried out by the trained workmen, every stone being selected and marked by Mr. Legrain himself. It occupied several months, and, when all the ruin was cleared and the neighbouring columns shored up (or huge banks of stone and sand reared against them), Mr. Legrain reported that he could re-erect the fallen pillars and make all the rest secure. Lord Cromer himself inspected the site, and encouraged the restoration. Dr. Maspero officially advised that Mr. Legrain's plans were worthy of all confidence and should be carried out, and the necessary funds were accordingly promised by the Government.

Mr. Legrain had lived in his modest little dwelling, within the temple precincts, for several years, and knew every pillar and inscription, and his talent was shown by the identification of the carvings belonging to each block. So gradually the work went on. The seasons of 1900, 1901, and 1902 happened to be the lowest Nile floods on record, and the new foundations could be laid "in the dry." Dangerous architraves were taken down, being slid down huge banks of sand fifteen metres high, built up for the purpose. Similar measures will be used for their re-erection. Doubtless this was the means employed by the original builders of these temples and of the Pyramids. By June 1900 Mr. Legrain had the *débris* of the eleven columns cleared, and had also taken down the three shattered columns, and all were safely stored on high ground away from the water. From September 1901 till April 1902 he was occupied in clearing out the ancient foundations, now in a state of mud or soft soapy masses of decayed stone. Preparations were made for an entirely new sub-structure, a floor of concrete. Steel beams in pairs were laid on this, crossing at right angles under the centre of each column, and all embedded in the best English cement. Lord Cromer again came to inspect the works at this stage, and Lady Cromer laid the first stone of the reconstruction. I

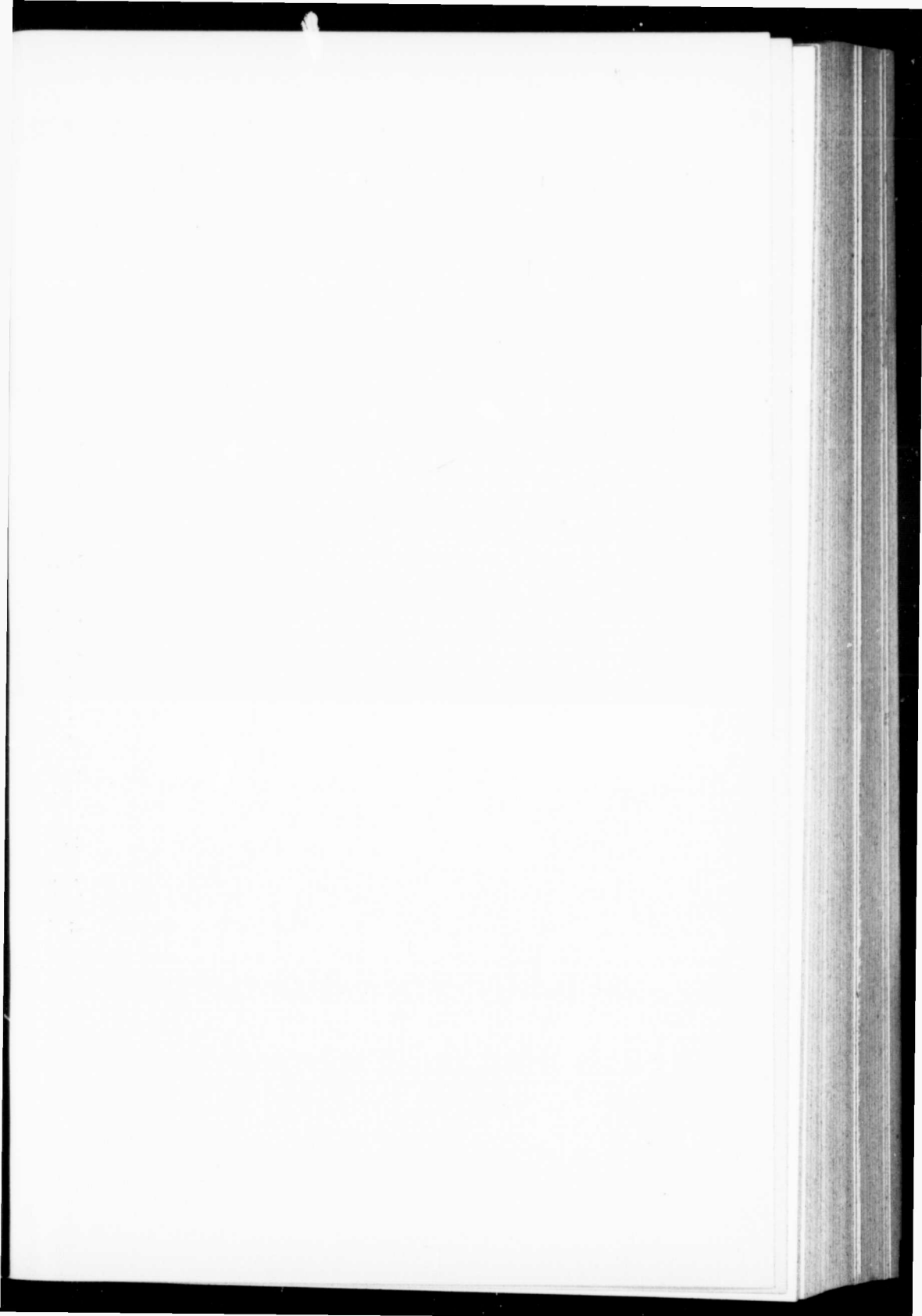
nappened to visit the place early in 1902, just after this event. Mr. Legrain told me the reconstructed columns would be several feet above ground before the summer of 1903, and would reach their full height in 1904. The photographs show something of the progress of the work.

Mr. Legrain has been in charge of the ruins of the left bank of the Nile at Thebes since 1895. He made the clearance of the splendid avenue of ram-headed sphinxes, and discovered the quay which marks the former course of the Nile. On this were found engraved the register of the height of High Nile, 670 B.C., with the cartouche of Tirhaka, the King who hailed from Ethiopia, and who is mentioned in the Bible as the deliverer of Hezekiah from the hosts of Sennacherib. Besides the avenue the strange discovery was made of a "Bergerie" or "Sheep-fold" of more than a hundred colossal ram-headed sphinxes, huddled together. When the Ptolemys had been making "improvements" here about 200 B.C., they had built a new approach and so shortened the grand avenue of sphinxes which Amenhotep III. had erected 1200 years before, but they wisely kept the sacred animals in stock. At one time there was another avenue of sphinxes to connect Karnak with Luxor, about two miles long. It is believed to exist still, underneath the fields, and beneath the dirty town of Luxor, about twelve feet or more beneath the present surface. This town is under native management, and is a filthy place. The hovels stand twenty feet above the temple itself, on heaps of foul rubbish. If Lord Cromer would take charge of Luxor, and do as he has done at Assouan, the town might be "improved" to a healthy locality south of the present site, the magnificent old road opened up, and the stately Pylons of Rameses' Temple, with its Obelisk and fine statues, exposed to view. Then the "Bergerie" of Mr. Legrain would supply any missing guardians of the sacred way.

In 1896 and 1897 Mr. Legrain cleared out the beautiful temple of Rameses III. This building retained its roof of great flat stones, many of which were cracked and in danger of falling.



The Sheepfold (La Bergerie).—*Discovered in 1900.*





1. Discovery of Usertesen I's Portal under the Temple of Thothmes.
2. Avenue of Ram Sphinxes ; looking towards the Nile.

He had them suspended by steel girders from above and bolts drilled through, which are scarcely perceptible. Part of the roof of several apartments in this and other temples where the stones were gone was planked over, and the "dim religious light" thus restored. The glare of the sun for 2000 years had faded away the paintings of the sculptured walls, but many traces of colouring remain and are now preserved.

The work of clearing out the Hypostyle Hall of the great Temple of Amon could only be done when it was in a dry state. Mr. Legrain found employment for his men and boys, when they could not work elsewhere, in clearing out the exquisite little Temple of Ptah, quite a gem of Egyptian architecture. Although mostly built in the time of the Ptolemys, part of it went back to Amenemhat I., whose altar was found *in situ*, of a date 2500 years earlier. In 1900 and 1901 Mr. Legrain found time to clear out the Temple of Khonsu, where he made some interesting discoveries, among others a beautiful statue of the deity, which is believed to be a portrait of King Hor'm'heb of the Eighteenth Dynasty (1332-28 B.C.).

In 1901-2, before the water in the great Hall had sunk low enough to allow of the foundations of the re-erected columns being laid, Mr. Legrain had turned his attention to the space before the ruined Pylon of Thothmes III. Here he made discovery of many colossal statues, and twelve feet or more beneath the foundations of Thothmes he found the pillars of a magnificent temple or palace of Usertesen I. of the Twelfth Dynasty 1200 years earlier. The structure had evidently been wilfully overthrown; the carving¹ was of the finest ever seen in Egypt. Professor Sayce, who was with me when I visited it, thought it had been destroyed by the Hyksos, but Mr. Legrain thinks it had got "water-logged" by the rise of the Nile's level, and that Thothmes smashed up the splendid work of Usertesen and filled in the ground, erecting his own inferior buildings ten feet above, on the top of it. A fine head of Usertesen was found here in 1903. I bought the gold ring¹

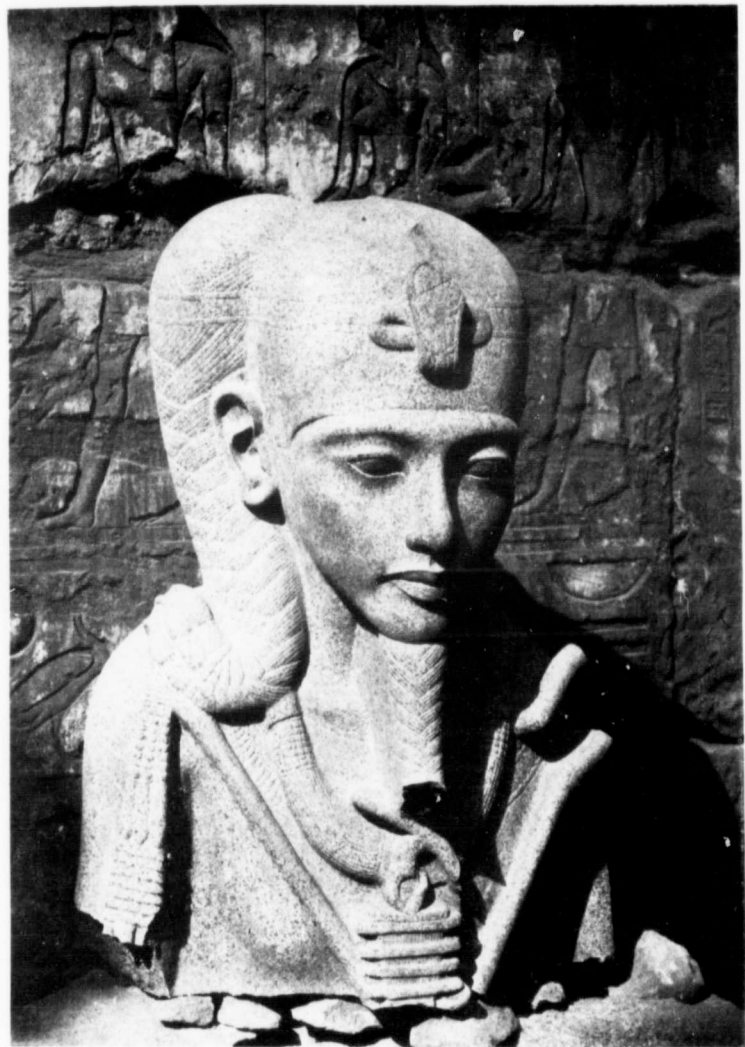
¹ Described and pictured in THE MONTHLY REVIEW for October 1902.

of the same king from an Arab, who possibly picked it up here. It may have been in a foundation deposit put there by the king himself. The pillars of Usertesen I. had been part of a grand portal twenty cubits high. Beneath this were found worked flints of pre-historic times, showing that Usertesen had been the earliest modern builder in this locality. Mr. Legrain also found the portrait of a king never before known in history—Usertesen IV.

The fallen obelisk of Queen Hatasu, with which visitors to Karnak are familiar, was lying in several pieces on the ruins of one of the pylons. Mr. Legrain wanted to re-build these walls, and discover what was under the heap of ruins. So he moved the enormous broken top of the great obelisk, by heaping up a great bank of sand, while his crowd of men and boys, shouting and singing, merrily pulled the huge block of granite—weighing hundreds of tons—to a place of security. If he is allowed money and time enough, he will, no doubt, re-erect the broken obelisk beside its fellow. If so, it will be the highest obelisk left in the world—102 feet, originally one block of Assouan granite. The story of its erection is told upon it in elegant hieroglyphs. It was quarried, carved, and erected in five months. The name of its architect is known and his tomb has been found.

Under a similar heap of ruins Mr. Legrain uncovered (in 1903) a row of colossal statues, or caryatides, of Thothmes I., and although mutilated they still have a grand effect.

Now that the temples of Karnak are enclosed and provided with gates, with guardians appointed to take charge of the precious monuments of antiquity, more of the sculptures can be left on the spot. For nearly a century the place has been despoiled to enrich the museums of Europe. Mariette was its first explorer, and it was supposed that its treasures were exhausted. Mr. Legrain, by careful examination of the temples, and by judicious removal of the accumulations of rubbish of two thousand years, has added much to our knowledge, and his works of restoration will render Karnak safe for



Finely carved youthful figure of Khonsu; believed to be a portrait of Hor'm'heb, Eighteenth Dynasty.— *From the Temple of Khonsu.*

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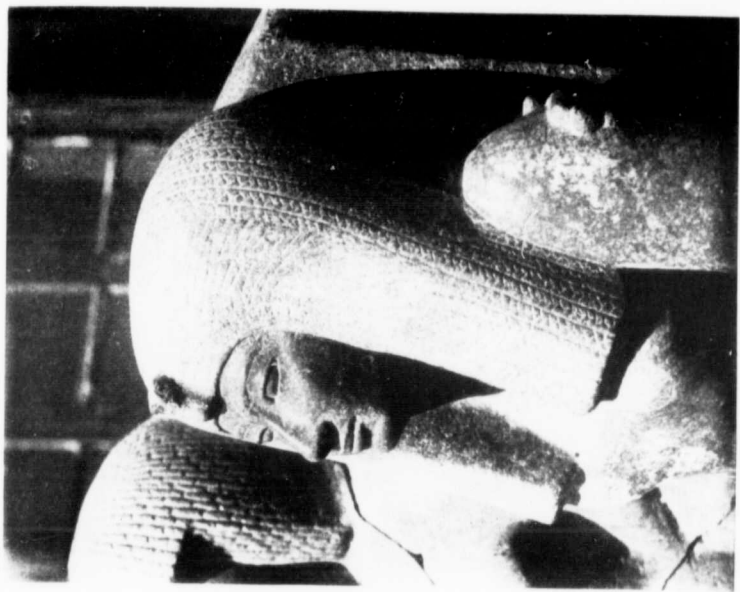
another century or two. In this respect he is a remarkable archæologist, for he not only discovers but restores the places he excavates.

There seems to be no limit to archæological discoveries in Egypt. Dr. Flinders Petrie was allowed to dig at Abydos for three seasons, and discovered the lost tombs of the three earliest dynasties, in a place already supposed to have been exhausted by Mariette. The Egypt Exploration Fund have done similar good work at the Temple of Queen Hatasu on the opposite side of the Nile. There Mr. Naville and Mr. Howard Carter laboured for five years, and the published volumes of the Society nobly illustrate their works. These excavators also left the place in much better condition than they found it. But these savants are sent by British Societies and have only a limited time allowed them. Professor Maspero and his staff are permanent officials of the Egyptian Government, and therefore their efforts are more likely to be of permanent benefit to the State, as they remain on the spot to look after the results of their labours. Mr. Legrain has now had five years of continuous work at Karnak, and if he be spared to complete his restoration of the Temples of Amon, he will have the thanks of every lover of antiquity.

Egypt was being stored with the richest treasures of art for 5000 years. It never recovered from the brutal destruction wrought by the Persians under Cambyses (525 B.C.), and although efforts were made to restore Karnak by local native princes, and afterwards by Greeks and Romans, yet the whole land has been looted ever since, till at last under Lord Cromer's rule it is on the way to become almost as safe as England from being further despoiled. At present, however, the thieving of small objects which find a ready sale by native dealers still goes on. The region is so vast—an extent of about a thousand miles, all over which ruined cities and tombs are buried—that Professor Maspero has a heavy task to watch over it. Lately two excellent Inspectors of Antiquities have been added to the museum staff: Mr. J. E. Quibell,

formerly a pupil of Dr. Petrie, and Mr. Howard Carter, the talented artist, who drew all the copies of the Deir el Baheri Temple. Egypt is divided between them. But how can Professor Maspero and his assistants watch such a vast region? Native guardians have to be trusted. Many of these are honest men, but recently when Mr. Howard Carter was on his duties elsewhere, one of these guardians and his friends robbed the latest discovered tombs of the Kings of Thebes, and when the case came to trial, swore on the Koran that robbers had seized and bound him and committed the theft. The native Court gave this wretch a slight punishment, though Mr. Carter fully proved his case. Professor Maspero hopes to get a new law passed to meet such cases. In the meantime lovers of Egypt and her past may be assured that the magnificent relics of antiquity at Karnak could not be in more competent and energetic hands.

JOHN WARD.



Thothmes IV. and his Queen ; their only known portraits. — *Discovered 1903.*

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THE CREEVEY PAPERS

LAST words linger longest. Critics who reserve their fault-finding to the end often convey a worse impression than they intended. When a book is so entertaining as the "Creevey Papers" it is probably best to say the worst of it at once, especially if that worst is comparatively unimportant.

In his self-effacement and his happy mixture of boldness with discretion, Sir Herbert Maxwell has done his work admirably. He has supplied connecting links which are terse yet adequate; he has wisely confined his notes within the narrowest possible compass. But there are a few inaccuracies which may with advantage be corrected in future editions.

Dealing first with the text, there are three points in which corrections may be suggested. Surely Creevey did not write the "indignant mercenary Canning" (vol. i., p. 9), for the point of the two epithets demands that the first should be "indigent." Creevey twice refers to the poems of "Sir Thomas Hanbury Williams" (vol. ii., pp. 38, 39), and the mistake recurs in the index. The book referred to is, of course, the three-volume edition of the works of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, published in 1822. Lastly, Sir Herbert Maxwell attributes the letter printed on page 294 of volume i. to Lord Kinnaird. He adds a query. But there can be no doubt that the letter is by Lord Lauderdale, who, as Joseph Jekyll tells us ("Letters," p. 75), brought with him to England the manuscript of Byron's "Don Juan."

Passing to the notes, it must be said that, brief as they are,

they abound in repetitions. Five times, for example, in the course of fifty pages the Duke of Wellington's nickname of "The Beau" is explained. It is also noted four times over that Mr. Coke of Holkham was created Earl of Leicester. The statement (vol. i., p. 254, *note*) that Lady Caroline Lamb was separated from her husband in 1813, destroys one of the prettiest stories connected with the career of that fascinating lady. The separation did not take place till 1825. Lieutenant Clifford (vol. i., p. 266, *note*), whom Sir Herbert cannot identify, is undoubtedly Admiral Sir Augustus Clifford, Bart. (1788-1877), whom the Duke of Devonshire appointed Usher of the Black Rod in 1832. In "The Two Duchesses" will be found letters from the second Duchess of Devonshire, formerly Lady Elizabeth Foster, expressing her anxiety for the safety of the boy, who was then serving as a midshipman in Nelson's fleet. A note (vol. i., p. 267) appended to a passage in Lady Holland's letter of September 1817, which attributes a pamphlet on the Princess of Wales to a "skillful" pen on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, is probably wrong. Sir Herbert explains this as meaning Byron. But the poet's brief stay at Geneva had ended twelve months before, and it may be suggested, with greater probability, that the allusion is to John Cam Hobhouse. The nickname of "Madagascar," applied to Lady Holland, is not Creevey's (vol. ii., p. 15, *note*); it is given her by Lady Caroline Lamb in "Glenarvon." Sir Herbert's identification of Sharpe (vol. ii., p. 275, *note*) with Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe is certainly wrong. Creevey speaks of him in the same letter as "the Hatter," and the reference undoubtedly is to Richard Sharp, generally known as "Conversation Sharp," who was a wealthy hat-manufacturer. He was a man of such a swarthy complexion that some wag suggested his darkness might be *felt*.

Other less important inaccuracies might be noted; but they amount to little more than slips of the pen. It is pleasanter to turn to the book itself, in which every class of readers may be sure of finding a store of amusement.

Thomas Creevey was born in 1768. He died in 1838. For thirty years, from 1802 onwards, he was a member of Parliament, zealously assailing Tory jobs, of which, if perpetrated by his friends, he would have been the sturdy champion. For scarcely more than twice as many months he held office, or enjoyed a sinecure. After his death his existence was soon forgotten. To the present generation he was so completely unknown that his name finds no place in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Politically, Creevey lived in times when

Nought's permanent about the human race
Except the Whigs not getting into place.

He joined the wrong side, and was too honest, or too deeply committed, to change it. The world has gained. Had Creevey become an official drudge he might not have written these entertaining papers. Nor is there any indication that his exclusion from office deprived the country of a valuable servant. From the first to the last page of these two volumes he rarely utters a dispassionate or statesmanlike criticism of public men or public affairs.

As a chronicler of political and social life in the days of George IV., as Prince of Wales, as Regent, and as King, Creevey is the Rowlandson of pen and ink. "What with your election songs and your rompings, what with your carousings with the men and your bamboozlings with the women, you are a most complete hand indeed." So, in 1795, wrote a friend of his youth to the bachelor Creevey, then reading law at Gray's Inn. To the end he lived the same life, with an amazing flow of spirits, an unflinching zest, and an unabated vigour of constitution, which enabled him, at sixty, to keep a gathering of roystering young Irishmen in a roar till cockcrow in the morning at an inn in Dublin. The politics were those of Pitt and Fox, of Canning and Brougham, of the Napoleonic wars and the subsequent crisis of Currency, Corn, Catholics, and Constitution. The carousings were those of Sheridan. The

bamboozlings were insinuated in the ears of the famous Whig ladies. All his impressions are noted down, and his confidences, even when tempered by the discretion of Sir Herbert Maxwell, are delightfully indiscreet. For the exercise of his peculiar talents he enjoyed exceptional advantages. Even his limited range of perception was useful; he seized salient features where men of wider sympathies or fairer minds might have confused themselves in trying to produce true portraits. The leaders of the party with which he was associated took themselves more seriously in public than they did in private. He went everywhere. Excellent company himself, he liked good company, and kept it. The Regent pronounced him "very great"; the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, "Old Sally" as he irreverently calls her, put off her dinner-parties till she could secure his company; his jokes, cracked through her coach window, sent Lady Holland away a happy woman. His mimicry convulsed the table, or stretched to their utmost the veins in the forehead of a Prime Minister. Ladies, waking at night, laughed out loud at the recollection of his anecdotes. His nicknames stuck like burrs. His talk was of that gay give-and-take kind which includes the whole company. Blue dinners or learned monologues were not to his taste, and he found "Conversation" Sharp "really *too*," and Macaulay a "noisy vulgar fellow." In the very centre of the political and social life of a period crowded with picturesque persons and stirring events, moved this shrewd observant chronicler, keenly alive to humorous incongruities of character, dashing off his vigorous sketches with the exaggerated truth and *abandon* of the brilliant caricaturist.

To political history the "Creevey Papers" make a valuable contribution of the back-stairs kind. They reveal the seamy side of the Opposition; they explain the longevity of a Government which continually seemed on the verge of dissolution. Creevey belonged to the Mountain, the extreme section of the Whigs, who, accepting their title from an enemy, eventually rallied to the banner of "one grand Radical

Reform." In the first volume, at any rate, he is the incarnation, not of public, but of party spirit. For his opponents he had no civil words. Pitt was an "arch-fiend," whose speeches were "the production of the dirtiest of mankind"; Addington, "a damn'd eternal fool—a pitiful, squirting apothecary"; Windham, "a scoundrel of infamous malignity and misrepresentation." His hatreds were implacable. They pursued his enemies to the death. He gloats over the physical collapse of Pitt:

I really think Pitt is done: his face is no longer red, but yellow; his looks are dejected; his countenance, I think, much changed and fallen, and every now and then he gives a hollow cough. Upon my soul, hating him as I do, I am almost moved to pity to see his fallen greatness.

Even the circumstances of Castlereagh's death scarcely moderate his exultation at the disappearance of a man whose

whole public life was spent in an avowed cold-blooded contempt of every honest principle. A worse, or, if he had had talent or ambition for it, a more dangerous, public man never existed.

Towards the politicians with whom he habitually acted Creevey is not one whit more tolerant whenever he disapproved of their conduct. But to the three men whom, at different times, he acknowledged as his leaders, he is uniformly loyal.

For Fox, Creevey seems to have felt not only strong admiration, but that warm affection which "old Charley" had the genius to inspire in his adherents and not a few of his opponents. On Fox's death, he transferred his allegiance to Samuel Whitbread. As manager of Drury Lane, as the unsuccessful poet who gave the poulterer's description of the Phoenix, he is well known in the literature which gathers round "Rejected Addresses." But if Creevey's evidence modifies any verdict of history passed on public men, it does so in the case of Whitbread. His wealth, family connection, and high character raised him above the sordid motives of many of his contemporaries. He was also an effective

debater—"the Demosthenes," as Byron calls him, "of bad taste and vulgar vehemence, but strong and English." Creevey admits his eagerness for office. Yet his attacks upon abuses of the day were inspired by the desire, not only to discredit the Government, but to maintain the standard of public integrity. The sneer of the satirist in "All the Talents,"

Rough as his porter, bitter as his barm,
He sacrificed his fame to Melville's harm,

shot wide of the mark. The correspondence on the passage of the Douro, which passed between Wellington and Whitbread, is significant. The Duke would not have troubled to vindicate himself from the charges which, as he understood, Whitbread had made against him in the House, unless he had known the high character of his assailant. Creevey, to whom the correspondence was shown by Whitbread, was forced to the admission: "I hate Wellesley, but there are passages in his letter that made me think better of him." In after years the grudging confession of the reluctant convert was exchanged for enthusiastic admiration of the greatness and simplicity of Wellington's character.

After Whitbread's death, Creevey was, for a time, without a leader, and, for a few months, without a seat. Like the rest of the world, he admired the talents of Brougham as much as he distrusted their exercise. In 1812, already secure of a seat at Thetford, he had, with Brougham as his colleague, unsuccessfully contested Liverpool against Gascoigne and Canning. Self-depreciation was not one of Creevey's weaknesses. He was thoroughly pleased with his own performances. Others thought differently. Samuel Rogers, for instance, writing in October, 1812, says: "So Scarlett has lost, and Brougham. Creevey, I was very sure, would hang as a dead weight round his neck." In after years, this Liverpool election became a favourite story of the "shrewd and amusing" Creevey. Moore heard him in 1827 "drawing out Broofam (as he calls him) . . . reminding him of their former times at

Liverpool, when Brougham, he said, was pelted with precious stones (a man having flung a ring into the carriage) and he with real ones." But, fresh from the contest, and still glowing with admiration for Brougham's abilities, he sums up his view of the character of a man whom he afterwards dubbed "Beelzebub," the "Arch-fiend," and "Wicked-Shifts"; "still I cannot like him. He has always some game or underplot out of sight—some mysterious correspondence—some extraordinary connection with persons quite opposite to himself."

Eventually Creevey settled down under the leadership of Lord Grey, whose moderate counsels he had once denounced with his usual melodramatic ferocity. With him he served till his own retirement upon his sinecure. The portrait which he paints of Grey is touched with a tender hand. Perhaps the artist had mellowed with age, or was softened by gratitude. Undoubtedly his liking for his chief was increased by his admiration for Lady Grey, of whose large-hearted allowance for the faults of other women he has made a note, in its way as charming as Lawrence's portrait :

As they never say anything to offend me, I have nothing to do with all the different lovers they are said to have had. I take no credit to myself for being different from them : *mine is a very lucky case*. Had I, in the accident of marriage, been married to a man for whom I found I had no respect, I might have done like them, for what I know. I consider mine as a case of luck.

In private life, the arrogance and artificiality, which Creevey had laid to Grey's charge in affairs of state, dropped from him like a mask. His real ambition was to "dance as well as Taglioni," and, on the only occasion when he was ever tipsy in Lady Grey's presence, "nothing would serve him but dressing himself in a red turban and trying to dance like Paripol." With most ungrudging admiration Creevey speaks of Grey as

a most natural unaffected, upright man, hospitable and domestic ; far surpassing any man one knows in his noble appearance and beautiful simplicity of manners, and equally surpassing all his contemporaries as a splendid publick speaker. Take him all in all, I never saw his fellow ; nor can I see any imitation of him on the stocks.

The politics, which make up the bulk of the "Creevey Papers," are not of an exalted kind. Creevey could boast that he had been "to a certain extent mixed up" in "the battle of Waterloo, the battle of Queen Caroline, and the battle of Earl Grey and the English nation for the Reform Bill." But the picture which he paints is that of a selfish crowd of greedy politicians, jostling and shoving for front places at the play. On the other hand, the interest of the volumes is wonderfully diversified and abundant in a variety of directions. Scarcely a page is without some broad splash of telling colour.

Of the Prince of Wales in 1805, his hospitalities at the Pavilion at Brighton, his kindness and sense of fun, Creevey writes with his usual vivacity, as well as unusual gentleness. The Prince was then the hope of the Opposition, and Creevey, not insensible to the possible advantages of the favour of the Heir Apparent, was charitably blind to his patron's faults. But when the Prince, as Regent and as King, had become the pillar of the Tory Government, he regained his clearness of vision and vigour of comment. While Creevey attended to his parliamentary duties in London, Mrs. Creevey played his hand at Brighton. Her pictures of the free life at the Pavilion are little less graphic than those of her husband. Both unite in praise of Mrs. Fitzherbert. There is a woman's shrewdness in Mrs. Creevey's comment on a conversation with the Prince :

He was talking of the fineness of the day, and said : "But I was not out. I went to Mrs. Fitzherbert's at one o'clock, and stay'd talking with her till past 6, which was certainly very *unfashionable*." Now was he not at that moment thinking of her as his lawful wife? for in no other sense could he call it *unfashionable*.

The Pavilion suggests Sheridan, and with Sheridan Creevey is naturally associated by all those who knew of his existence before the publication of his Papers. When Moore was writing his life of Sheridan, he eagerly sought an interview with Creevey as a mine of information about his subject. It was for Moore's benefit that Creevey and Brougham induced Michael Angelo Taylor "to tell his famous story about Sheridan's reply

on Hastings' trial, when Taylor was his assistant to hold his bag and read the minutes ; but neither bag nor minutes were forthcoming." From Creevey also Moore obtained his anecdotes of Sheridan's windfall as auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall, and his use of the money ; of his tearful endeavour to induce the Prince to bestow the auditorship on his son Tom ; of his introduction to Warren Hastings at the Pavilion in 1805. Both Moore and Creevey stand the test, when their versions of the anecdotes are compared. Creevey's story of Sheridan and Warren Hastings is striking enough to be retold, though Moore tells it in his "Memoirs" on Creevey's authority :

Warren Hastings and Mrs. Hastings came to the Pavilion, and I was present when the Prince introduced Sheridan to him, which was curious, considering that Sheridan's parliamentary fame had been built upon his celebrated speech against Hastings. However, he lost no time in attempting to cajole old Hastings, begging him to believe, that any part he had ever taken against him was purely political, and that no one had a greater respect for him than himself, &c. &c. ; upon which old Hastings said with great gravity that "it would be a great consolation to him in his declining days if Mr. Sheridan would make that sentence more public ;" but Sheridan was obliged to mutter and get out of such an engagement as well as he could.

Other reminiscences of Sheridan are eminently characteristic of the Regency. But it is the practical joker rather than the wit whom Creevey describes. A duller man than Sheridan might, under the cover of darkness, have plumped down in the lap of a prim Russian Princess, or, disguised as a constable, arrested Lady Sefton for unlawful gambling.

Of Waterloo it might be thought nothing remained to be said. But fact beggars fiction. Thackeray yields the palm to Creevey, the novelist to the eye-witness. Creevey had taken his invalid wife to Brussels, and, though fighting was imminent, he shrank from the risk of removing her. Early in June 1815 he met the Duke of Wellington in the Park at Brussels.

"Will you let me ask you, Duke," said Creevey, "what you think you can make of it?" He stopt, and said in the most natural manner: "By God! I think Blucher and myself can do the thing." . . . Then seeing a private soldier of one of our infantry regiments enter the park, gaping about at the statues

and images ; "There," he said, pointing at the soldier, "it all depends upon that article whether we do the business or not. Give me enough of it, and I am sure."

All that follows is described with Creevey's usual vivacity ; the crowd on the rampart listening to the cannon at Quatre Bras ; the news of Blücher's defeat at Ligny ; the conviction that a desperate struggle was imminent ; the restless, anxious Englishman walking alone on Sunday, June 18, and watching the gay crowd "sitting about tables drinking beer and smoking and making merry" within a few miles of the spot where the stupendous tragedy was being played ; the flight through the city of the Cumberland Hussars, shouting that the French were at their heels ; the arrival of wounded officers, full of foreboding that the English were beaten. So the evening ended in all the suspense of uncertainty. Yet Creevey went to bed and slept soundly till four o'clock in the morning of the 19th. Seven hours later he had the news of victory from the Duke himself. Not for the first or last time, modesty took refuge in profanity. The Duke

made a variety of observations in his short, natural, blunt way, but with the greatest gravity all the time, and without the least approach to anything like triumph or joy. "It has been a damned serious business," he said. "Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life."

As the brilliant procession of figures file past in Creevey's pages it is impossible not to feel that the chronicler himself is at least as interesting a study as any of the historical personages he describes. English society, in its most aristocratic days, welcomed talent more readily than it does in this plutocratic period. Creevey, springing from nothing and nowhere, with little he could call his own, without family connection or influence, comes to be buttonholed by the Duke of Wellington, chosen as his confidant by the Duke of Kent, welcomed as a guest at the Greys, and at half the country-houses of England. To what was the success due ? What can we discover of the man ?

Of books Creevey says little. He was "not," to quote his own words, "often in the literary line." As a young man he was fond of Voltaire; of Gibbon he had read every word; he admired Roscoe's "Lorenzo de Medici," and writes with good sense and good feeling of the author; the love of Nelson for Collingwood, as he read the latter's "Memoirs," made a lump in his throat: he was interested in Walpole's letters, though he thought him but a "trifling chap after all." Poetry sent him to sleep, unless it was in the manner of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. Of foreign languages he seems to have known nothing. "What an idiot I am never to have made myself a Frenchman. To think of this old villain Talleyrand so often within one's reach, and yet not able to make anything of it." He attended races, with a house-party: he rode, if he got a mount: he does not seem to have shot, and the only sport to which he is specially invited was fishing. "Bring a rod with you," says Sheridan, and we are sure that if he did, the two worthies bottom-fished from a punt with accessories. His interest in pugilism was so academic as to bring on his head the thunder of Thurlow. Too poor a man to gamble, he lost his half-crown cheerfully to Lord Grey at cribbage.

Neither literature, nor sport, nor family, was Creevey's passport to Society. He was admitted to its innermost sanctities on his own introduction. He was in it, but not of it. Perhaps this was why he noticed so many things which he might otherwise not have remarked. Yet it is these little touches of every-day life that make his country-house sketches so inimitable, such as the house where "a table with a barrel of oysters and a hot pheasant, &c.," was "wheeled into the drawing-room every night at half-past ten." Something similar are his portraits of the lady with "a haystack of diamonds," the "dumpy rum-shaped and rum-faced" Lady Londonderry, or the septuagenarian Lady Salisbury with a face "like a furrowed piece of mosaic," and a dress that was "infantine" in its colours.

Radical though he was in politics, he was in social things old-fashioned. He condemned slang in the mouths of ladies

as a sign of the "Pop-lolly," though he practised the principle that swearing was a grace to the conversation of men. He opposed, tooth and nail, the introduction of that "infernal nuisance" — the "Loco Motive Monster." With equal vehemence he protested against carving a dinner off the table, a practice which he first saw at Lord Durham's:—"Soup was handed round—from where God knows." His blood began to boil when the fish failed to appear. "'Lambton,' I said, 'I wish you would tell me what quarter I am to apply to for some fish.' To which he replied in the most impertinent manner: 'The servant, I suppose.'" It was all Creevey could do to remain in the house.

On the other hand there are curiously modern touches in his pages. A hostess of to-day might have written the following:

What a fool this good-natured Eddard [Petre] is to be eat and drunk out of house and harbour, and to be treated as he is. The men take his carriages and horses to carry them to their shooting ground, and leave his fat mother to waddle on foot. . . . Then dinner being announced always for seven, the men neither night have been home before 8, and it has been $\frac{1}{4}$ to 9 that Dow. Julia and her ladies have been permitted to dine.

"*Ecarté*," he tells us, "is the universal go . . . the men winning and losing hundreds a night; and as the ladies play guineas, their settlement every night cannot be a small one." Is an outbreak of card-playing the effect of relief from the tension caused by a great war?

It is impossible to reach the end of the last volume without a liking for the man who learned to practise philosophy without ceasing to be companionable. Lord Sefton's rage at finding no pheasants in a favourite covert suggests to him a contrast: "He can't exist without excitement for every moment of the day: whilst a pauper like myself can live upon idleness and jokes without a blank day to annoy me." It is a pleasure to think that he gladdened his landlady's heart by going to court in an official uniform, and that though he

was deprived of his office in the Tower, on which he built pleasant castles in the air for his step-daughters and himself, his old age was made comfortable by a sinecure.

R. E. PROTHERO.

NOTE.—The following stanzas are taken from the MS. verse-book of a naval officer, which bears the date 1816. We have failed to ascertain whether they have ever been published, but as they are unknown to Sir Herbert Maxwell, Mr. Rowland Prothero, or Mr. John Murray, and present Thomas Creevey from a point of view which is not that of his book, we venture to print them as a postscript to Mr. Prothero's article.—EDITOR MONTHLY REVIEW.

A PARODY OF "NORA CREINA."

(*Lesbia hath a beaming eye.*)

TUNE.—"CRONY CREEVEY."

MR. GEORGE TIERNEY *sings*.

BLESSINGTON hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth;
 Right and left it seems to fly,
 But what it looks at, no one dreameth;
 Sweeter 'tis to look upon
 Creevey, though he seldom rises;
 Few his truths—but even *one*
 Like unexpected light surprises.

Oh! my crony Creevey, dear,
 My gentle, bashful, graceful Creevey,
 Others' lies
 May wake surprise,
 But *truth*, from you, my crony Creevey.

Erskine wore a robe of gold,
 But ah! *too loosely* he had laced it,
Not a rag retains its hold,
 On the back where Grizzle¹ plac'd it.
 But oh! Vansittart's gown for me!
 That closer sticks for all *our* breezes;
 Were it mine—then Whiggery
 Might sink or swim, as heaven pleases.

Yes, my crony Creevey, dear,
 My simple, gentle, crony Creevey,
 Office dress
 Is gilded lace,
 A dress you'll never wear, my Creevey.

Hobhouse hath a wit refined,
 But when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely, or confound us?
 On the Treasury bench at ease
 Londonderry still reposes;
 Bed of peace! whose *roughest place*
 Is still, my Cree, a bed of roses.

Oh! my crony Creevy, dear,
 My hungry, craving, crony Creevey,
 While on roses
 He reposes
 What's the use of counting noses?
 (*Affettuoso*) Cree, Cree, Creevey!

¹ Grizzle: Earl Grey, we presume.—EDITOR.

TENNYSON AND DANTE

Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.—DANTE ("Inferno," v. 121-3).

This is truth the poet sings
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
TENNYSON ("Locksley Hall").

BOTH the voice and the echo are famous. The lines from Dante are among the most often cited of his many often cited utterances. The words of Tennyson form not the least well-known quotation from the English poet who has furnished to his countrymen more quotations than any other poet since Shakespeare.

George Eliot, as many will remember, makes signal use of both. To the central and touching chapter in "Daniel Deronda," which tells how Deronda saved Mirah Lapidoth from suicide, she prefixes Tennyson's lines, and shortly after when she makes her hero sing a snatch from the gondolier's song in "Otello," in which, as she says, Rossini has worthily set to music the immortal Italian, "Dante's words," she adds, "are best rendered by our own poet in the lines at the head of the chapter."

Such is the *versura*, the "give and take," of literature and art. But even this is not all. As Mr. Churton Collins has pointed out, the passage in Dante, had already, before Tennyson echoed it, been imitated by Chaucer in "Troilus and Cresside.

For of fortune's sharpe adversitée
 The worste kind of infortune is this
 A man to have been in prosperitee
 And it remember when it passed is.

And after all, even in Dante, it is probably not original but came to him from Boethius who, in his "de Consolatione Philosophiæ," writes, "In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem et non esse," and he again may have derived it from Pindar or Thucydides, who both have something very like it. Whence Pindar derived it we know not. It may, as Macaulay would say, possibly have been new at the court of Chedorlaomer. Tennyson himself did not apparently take it directly from Dante, but from Byron. For Byron he entertained, it will be remembered, a boyish passion. At fourteen, when he heard of Byron's death, he felt as if the world was darkened, and carved on a rock in the Holywell glen "Byron is dead." Two years earlier than this he had written to an aunt, Miss Marianne Fytche, a letter, the earliest specimen of his letters preserved, and one which it is difficult to believe is the work of a boy of twelve, so full is it of learning and of critical judgment. It is devoted to discussing "Samson Agonistes." This passage, he writes,

Restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now,

puts me in mind of that in Dante which Lord Byron has prefixed to his "Corsair," "Nessun maggior dolore," &c.¹

Tennyson's cognizance then, and in a sense his appreciation of Dante, began with his childhood, though perhaps he would hardly have said, with regard to him, what he does of Virgil, when in the culminating stanza of his famous Ode he most

¹ It may be noted that Byron prefixes other less striking quotations from "Inferno" v. to the second and third Cantos of the "Corsair."

feliculously salutes that poet with Dante's own epithet, Mantovano, and continues,

I that loved thee since my day began.

For Dante is not one of the list of authors, long as it is, which he and his brothers, as we are told, mostly read out of their father's well-stocked library. Nor do we, as far as I remember, find any allusion to Dante again, or to Italian, until he went to Cambridge and came into contact with, "his friend the brother of his soul," Arthur Hallam. Then at once, any love he may have cherished for either the Italian language generally, or Dante in particular, received a powerful stimulus alike of knowledge and sympathy.

It was in 1828 that Tennyson entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Hallam came up somewhat later in the same year. Full of poetic and philosophic interests, of literary loves and aspirations, he was full in particular of the Italian poets and of Dante. He had for them a natural affinity. Already at Eton, as a boy of fourteen, he had translated the famous and favourite episode of Ugolino into Sophoclean Iambics, although he possessed at this time, as his father says in the brief but touching memoir prefixed to the Remains, but little acquaintance with Dante or with Italian. Two years later, still a mere lad, he had left Eton and gone with his father for a prolonged tour in Italy. There he fell at once and eagerly upon the study of Italian, with marvellous rapidity mastering the language so completely as to be able to write in it sonnets on which Panizzi pronounced a high eulogy. He studied Dante especially. No poet, says his father, was so congenial to the character of his own reflective mind; and, again, "Petrarch he admired, but with less idolatry than Dante."

It was fresh from these scenes and studies that he arrived in Cambridge, to be the leader, the "master-bowman" of that wonderful undergraduate set immortalised by "In Memoriam," where, as William Cory sings,

Arthur, Alfred, Fitz and Brooks
 Lit thought by one another's looks,
 Embraced their jests and kicked their books,
 In England's happier times.

They flung themselves upon religion and politics, upon poetry and natural science, upon literature old and new, upon all things human and divine. In poetry the German school of Coleridge had much influence with them, but fortunately not the German alone.

"At this time," says the present Lord Tennyson, writing of the year 1829, "my father, with one or two of his more literary friends, took a great interest in the work which Hallam had undertaken, a translation from the 'Vita Nuova' of Dante, with notes and preface. For this task Hallam, who in 1827 had been in Italy with his parents, and had drunk deep of the older Italian literature, was perfecting himself in German and Spanish, and was proposing to plunge into the Florentine historians and the mediæval schoolmen. He writes to my father: 'I expect to glean a good deal of knowledge from you concerning metres which may be serviceable, as well for my philosophy in the notes, as for my actual handiwork in the text. I propose to discuss considerably about poetry in general, and about the ethical character of Dante's poetry.'"

It is true that Henry Hallam dates his son's definite project a good deal later, saying that in 1832, when he had now left Cambridge and was reading law in London, he had the design to make this translation of the "Vita Nuova," and rendered the sonnets it contains into verse. If Lord Tennyson were not in the Antipodes and Hallam's letters in a safe at Farringford, the question could probably be settled in a moment. Meanwhile it may be said that there is nothing improbable in the earlier date.

In 1829 the two friends competed for the prize offered by the University for an English poem. The subject was the unpromising one, how or why chosen I have often wondered, of "Timbuctoo," suited only, it might be thought, for the famous rhyme about the cassowary, or for Thackeray's well-known mock heroics in "The Snob."

In Africa, a quarter of the world,
 Men's skins are black, their hair is crisp and curl'd,

And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

.
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I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,
And sell their sugar on their own account ;
While round her throne the prostrate nations come,
Sue for her rice and barter for her rum.

Tennyson took it a little more seriously than Thackeray. His father had pressed him to be a candidate. He altered the beginning and ending of a poem he had by him upon the subject, save the mark, of the "Battle of Armageddon." He sent this in and it won the prize. If it has about as much to do with Timbuctoo as with Armageddon, it is a striking piece of rhythm and fancy, and possesses not a few points of interest, but they are foreign to this paper. Arthur Hallam took it more seriously still. He offered a poem in *Terza Rima* and containing several Dantesque lines, but he was, of course, not successful.

It was in the same year, 1829, that Arthur Hallam's attachment to Miss Emily Tennyson began. Mr. Hallam did not at first give it full sanction; but after this first year Hallam visited Somersby regularly as a recognised lover.

In 1830 Tennyson published his first individual volume, "Poems chiefly Lyrical." Of the knowledge or love of Dante in the Italian I have not myself been able to trace any noteworthy indication in its pages. But his friend Hallam, reviewing the volume in the *Englishman's Magazine*, thought he detected some resemblance.

Beyond question [he writes] the class of poems which in point of harmonious combination "Oriana" most resembles, is the Italian. Just thus the meditative tenderness of Dante and Petrarch is embodied in the clear searching tones of Tuscan song. These mighty masters produce two-thirds of their effect by *sound*. Not that they sacrifice sense to sound, but that sound conveys their meaning when words could not.

In February 1831, owing to his father's failing state of health, Tennyson left the university prematurely. His friends

sent after him his "Alfieri," which one of them had borrowed and not returned. His father died in the March of that year, and he never went back to Cambridge. But his friends came to him, and especially Hallam, for his own sake and for the reason just given.

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town :

.
.

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn !

"When Arthur Hallam was with them," says Lord Tennyson, "Dante, Petrarch, Tasso and Ariosto were the favourite poets, and it was he who taught my Aunt Emily Italian and made her a proficient scholar." Has he not left his own exhortation in verse, a sonnet addressed to his mistress ?

"Lady, I bid thee to a sunny dome
Ringing with echoes of Italian song ;
Henceforth to thee these magic halls belong,
And all the pleasant place is like a home.
Hark on the right with full *piano* tone
Old Dante's voice encircles all the air ;
Hark yet again, like flute tones mingling rare,
Comes the keen sweetness of Petrarca's moan.
Pass thou the lintel freely ; without fear
Feast on the music ; I do better know thee
Than to suspect this pleasure thou does owe me
Will wrong thy gentle spirit, or make less dear
That element whence thou must draw thy life ;—
An English maiden and an English wife."

In one of the interesting bundles of letters from Hallam to W. H. Brookfield, which were published by Colonel Brookfield

in the *Fortnightly* of last July, Hallam makes an allusion to his absorption in his attachment which is a pretty comment on this sonnet. "Even Dante," he writes, "even Alfred's poetry is at a discount."

At the end of the year, December 16, 1831, Hallam, who had obtained the first prize for a Declamation, pronounced it, odd as the venue may seem to modern ideas, in the College Chapel. It was upon the influence of Italian on English literature, and Wordsworth was, it is said, present on the occasion, Gladstone, as we know from Mr. Morley's Life, certainly was. In it the orator spoke of Dante as "an entire and plenary representation of the Italian mind."

About the same date Hallam seems to have introduced Alfred Tennyson to Moxon, a publisher of poetic and Italian proclivities, married later to Emma Isola, whose grandfather had taught Italian at Cambridge successively to Gray and Wordsworth. Moxon was just then publishing for Hallam a reply to a treatise, interesting alike on account of its authorship and its occasion, the "*Disquisizioni sullo spirito Antipapale*," of Gabriele Rossetti, Professor of Italian at King's College, known for himself, still better known for the personality and productions of his illustrious children—Maria, Dante Gabriel, Christina, and the sole survivor, William. Professor Rossetti had already published a "*Commentary on Dante's Comedia*" which contained in germ the main idea of these extraordinary volumes, the idea, namely, that the "*Divine Comedy*" is a gigantic cryptogram, conveying, under cover of an artificial jargon, an attack on the Papacy and all its works. The book evidently created, at the time, a considerable sensation, not unlike that recently produced by the so-called Bacon-Shakespeare theory, and the two volumes were in 1834 translated into English by Miss Caroline Ward, who dedicated her translation to the Rev. H. F. Cary. But Hallam had already issued his rejoinder in a brochure entitled "*Remarks on Professor Rossetti's Disquisizioni*, by T. H. E. A.," published by Moxon in 1832.

It was his last, and I agree with Mr. Le Gallienne, his strongest literary effort. He sent it in the autumn to Tennyson, who, at the end of this year, again appeared before the world as an author. He had now for some time been working at a number of poems for a new volume. Many of them were submitted to the judgment of his friends, especially of Arthur Hallam. Foremost among these was the "Palace of Art." "All at Cambridge are anxious about the 'Palace of Art,'" writes Hallam, "and fierce with me for not bringing more," and Dean Merivale writes to W. H. Thompson (the future Master) "that a daily 'divan' continued to sit throughout the term, and the 'Palace of Art' was read successively to each man as he came up from the vacation." It is fair, however, to say that in this mutual admiration society there were some who scoffed, and asked whether the "abysmal depths of personality" meant the *Times* newspaper. James Spedding was not one of these, for he knew it by heart, and spouted instead of reading it.

In this poem, as all will remember, Dante appears both directly and indirectly:

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild;
And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song
And somewhat grimly smil'd.

So runs the well-known stanza now, as it was retouched with that *curiosa felicitas* of which Tennyson is such an amazing master, it appeared in the edition of 1842.

But in the 1832 volume, and doubtless in these undergraduate recitations, it had run quite differently:

There deep-haired Milton like an angel tall
Stood linnéd, Shakespeare bland and mild,
Grim Dante pressed his lips, and from the wall
The bald, blind Homer smiled.

That the later is the happier version there can be no sort of doubt, but to any who would study Tennyson's appreciation of Dante both are interesting alike in their common element,

and in their divergence. In the earlier, the number of figures introduced was far larger than in the later. A stanza a little further on ran :

And in the sun-pierced oriel's coloured flame
 Immortal Michael Angelo
 Looked down, bold Luther, large brow'd Verulam
 The King of those who know.

In 1842 only two figures appear :

And thro' the topmost oriel's colour'd flame
 Two god-like faces gazed below :
 Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam
 The first of those who know.

"Bold Luther," one of Tennyson's youthful heroes, has given place to Plato. Some who do not consider the "Divine Comedy" a Protestant cryptogram, might, in the abstract, regret his disappearance, but all will recognise that if the poet was to appropriate Dante's famous phrase, "Il maestro di color che sanno" to any other than Dante's nominee, the great German reformer is not so suitable a substitute as Aristotle's own master.

For the rest the traditional mien of Dante so happily described here seems to have specially interested Tennyson. Bayard Taylor thought the poet himself like Dante. Something in his lofty brow and aquiline nose, he said, suggested Dante. A bust of Dante, as many will remember, was the first object that struck the visitor who was admitted through the sacred gate into the ante-room at Farringford. How long the poet had possessed it I know not, but it is in connection with these lines that Fitzgerald records a famous remark of his: "The names of Dante and Michael Angelo in this poem," he writes, "remind me that once, looking with Alfred Tennyson at two busts of Dante and Goethe in a shop window in Regent Street, I said: 'What is there wanting in Goethe which the other has?' Alfred Tennyson replied, 'The Divine.'"

The best comment, however, on the bust of Dante, and on Tennyson's "grim" epithet, is probably to be found in the

story of his friend Sir Frederick Pollock's nurse, told by Sir Frederick himself in his "Remembrances" :

Sir Frederick was laid up in 1878 with an attack of fever, and employed the services of a professional nurse. Some time afterward this same woman attended a lady of his acquaintance, and in reading a book to her came on the name of Dante. "I know him," she said. The lady was astonished, and asked, "How do you know him?" "He's a great friend of Sir Frederick Pollock's. There's a bust of him on his staircase. He's a very severe-looking gentleman."

Another poem, not unlike the "Palace of Art," is "The Dream of Fair Women," which Aubrey de Vere picks out as

A marvellous specimen of one especial class of poetry, that of Vision, which reached its perfection in Dante, whose verse the young aspirant may have been reading with a grateful desire to note by this poem the spot on which his feet had rested for a time.

To return, however, to Tennyson himself. In March 1833, writing to his aunt, Mrs. Russell, mother of the present Lord Boyne, he quotes the third line of the "Divina Commedia," and in August of the same year Hallam, leaving for Vienna, gave to Emily Tennyson an Italian book, "Silvio Pellico." But these are only tiny straws, showing the way the wind blew. A few weeks later the stroke came which was to give a bias profound and lasting to all Tennyson's life and art. Hallam left England for Austria and there, on the fifteenth of September,

Within Vienna's fatal walls,
God's finger touched him and he slept.

Fifty years later almost to a day, two men, his compeers, now two of the most famous in England, or indeed in the world, as they sate on board a steamer passing up the coast of Scotland, in a rare moment of rest and relaxation, were deploring the death of this friend of their youth, saying what a noble intellect he possessed, and how great a loss he had been to Dante scholarship; they were Gladstone and Alfred Tennyson.

At the moment Tennyson was stunned. He thought he could and would write no more. But soon, little by little, and in broken efforts, he began again. He betook himself to work

and study, minded like Dante to prepare himself to write better than he had ever hitherto done. Among his studies was Italian; and we might well imagine that in Italian Dante would hold the place he must always hold in the Italian studies of a serious philosophic and poetic mind. It is noticeable as an indication of the study of Dante in the Tennyson set at Cambridge that Dean Alford, another special friend of Arthur Hallam, writes in 1833: "I have rather of late inclined to allegory, not that of more modern times, but a mode of that of our sweet Spenser and the great and holy Dante." But there is more specific indication in Tennyson's own letters and in the poems which he published later. For the present he gave nothing to the world, writing and rewriting, but observing strictly the Alexandrine and Horatian motto,

Nonumque prematur in annum.

When, however, the ninth year brought their publication, the new pieces showed how he had been occupied at this earlier period. Conspicuous in the 1842 volume is the famous piece "Ulysses," as many think the most condensed and complete expression of Tennyson's genius at its best. It was this poem that convinced Carlyle that Tennyson was really a poet. It was this again that Lord Houghton made Sir Robert Peel read when he induced him to grant the Civil List pension. Finally it was in Dante that Tennyson found the fitting quotation when he wrote to his friend Rawnsley to tell him of his good luck and the carping of "the causelessly bitter against me and mine," and said, "Let us leave them in their limbo; non ragionam di lor ma guarda e passa."

For this was the period at which "Ulysses" was composed, as he said himself, "soon after Arthur Hallam's death, and it gave my feeling about the need of going forward and braving the struggle of life perhaps more simply than anything in 'In Memoriam'."

It is then the earliest first-rate piece written after the great experience of shock and sorrow, and drawing from that much

of its strength. This is its personal origin ; its literary inspiration is obvious. " I spoke with admiration of his ' Ulysses,' " says Locker-Lampson. He said, " Yes, there's an echo of Dante in it." And surely there is more than an echo.

Fatti non fosti a viver come bruti
Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza.

To follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

The mould of the piece is Homeric, but the mood is Dantesque. But the publication of " Ulysses " was still far off. When he wrote it, the poet was in personal need of the lesson it contains, and, indeed, it may be said to be a soliloquy addressed to his own heart. Meanwhile a new light had broken on his clouded path. He had begun to correspond with the happy bridesmaid to his brother's bride, his new sister-in-law, Miss Emily Sellwood.

With admirable and rare reticence, Lord Tennyson has given only a few brief extracts from the sacred love-letters of his father and mother ! They contain some of the most striking things the poet ever said. Among the earliest is this :

I dare not tell how high I rate humour, which is generally most fruitful in the highest and most solemn human spirits. Dante is full of it. Shakespeare, Cervantes, and almost all the greatest have been pregnant with this glorious power. You will find it even in the Gospel of Christ.

In 1840, after three brief years, their correspondence was broken off, forbidden because there seemed no prospect of Tennyson being able to marry. At last the time came when they were permitted to resume their intercourse, and finally, as Tennyson said, in words worthy even of Dante, " the peace of God " came into his life before the altar of Shiplake church when he wedded his wife there on June 13, 1850. The same month saw the publication of " In Memoriam," in some ways the greatest of Tennyson's works, possibly too the most Dantesque. Not, indeed, that " In Memoriam " can be called very Dantesque. The resemblance between it

and Dante's grand poem is of the slightest. Yet slight as it is, it has been more than once remarked, and with perhaps a little more reason than at first sight appears. Aubrey de Vere, a critic certainly well qualified to judge, seems to have been much impressed by it. He notes the similarity of occasion. "As in the case of Dante," he writes, "a great sorrow was the harbinger of a song greater still." Tennyson himself, too, had some vague idea of the resemblance in his mind. "In Memoriam," he says, speaking more particularly of the Epilogue on his sister Cecilia's marriage to Professor Lushington, "was intended to be a kind of Divina Commedia ending with happiness."

The ultimate triumph of Love over everything—sin, pain and death—was we are told a constant idea with him, and he would often quote the words inscribed on the portals of Hell,

Fecemi la divina potestate
La somma sapienza, e il primo amore,

as if they were a kind of unconscious confession by Dante that "Love will conquer at the last." Both Introduction and Epilogue certainly convey this idea, and for this reason, amongst others, I am not one of those who could miss either, or think that they do not add to the richness of the whole. It is the fashion to decry the Epilogue with its "white-favoured horses" and its "foaming grape of Eastern France," and to call it trivial or even *banal*. Were it less stately and exquisite than it is I could not have given up the lines with which it ends. These at least may claim to be Dantesque in their simplicity and sublimity.

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off Divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

Tennyson's marriage and the publication of "In Memoriam" marked his definite assumption of a settled place in life and letters, which by the happiest of coincidences was authoritatively

endorsed by his appointment, also in the same year, to the post of Laureate.

In the Memoir written by his son Dante from time to time appears. The "Divine Comedy," we are told, was usually taken with him on his travels, and his wife and he read the "Inferno" together in the Crimean winter of 1854, when he was writing "Maud."

Lady Tennyson's Journal for May 7, 1865, notes a more special reference: "Last evening in answer to a letter from Florence asking for lines on Dante he made six, and sent them off to-day, in honour of Dante's six hundredth centenary." The lines are graceful in thought and expression, but not perhaps striking, certainly not to be put into the same category with the spontaneous "Ode to Virgil." What is chiefly characteristic, especially in a man so simple and sincere as Tennyson, is their humility. They run as follows :

TO DANTE

(Written at the request of the Florentines)

KING, that hast reign'd six hundred years and grown
 In power, and ever growest, since thine own
 Fair Florence honouring thy nativity,
 Thy Florence, now the crown of Italy
 Hath sought the tribute of a verse from me,
 I, wearing but the garland of a day,
 Cast at thy feet one flower that fades away.

About them there is preserved an interesting and characteristic story. Tennyson gave them to Lord Houghton, who was going to Florence for the occasion, to recite to the Florentines. Lord Houghton repeated them to a brother of Canon Warburton. Fifteen years or more later Tennyson was talking to Canon Warburton about the probable short duration of all modern poetic fame.

"Who," said he, "will read Alfred Tennyson one hundred years hence ? And look at Dante after six hundred years."

"That," answered Warburton, "is a renewal of the garland-of-a-day superstition."

"What do you mean ?"

"Your own words!"

"Why what can you mean?"

"Don't you remember those lines which you gave to Milnes to read for you at the Dante Centenary?"

My father had forgotten the lines.

Waburton then wrote them out as far as he could remember them, and shortly afterwards Tennyson recalled the correct version. And he included them in that wonderful volume published in his seventy-first year, "Ballads and Poems," which contains "Rizpah," "The Revenge," "The Voyage of Maeldune," "De Profundis," the Sonnets on "Old Brooks," and on Montenegro, and the Epitaph on Sir John Franklin.

In 1883 came the memorable voyage in the *Pembroke Castle*. Gladstone and Tennyson began, as already mentioned, at their first breakfast, upon Hallam and Dante. Dante they discussed a good deal, not always agreeing. Tennyson, if report is true, had the better of the argument, although a letter written to Gladstone a little later he ends with a postscript: "I have totally forgotten what passage in Dante we were discussing on board the *Pembroke Castle*."

Without multiplying references then to the Life, it is evident that Dante was constantly in Tennyson's hands, and still more in his head; that when he speaks of him, he speaks with knowledge, and that we need not be surprised if we find in his writings some traces or echoes of a poet he knew and loved so well. His recorded criticisms of Dante are sound but not remarkable.

We must distinguish [he said] Keats, Shelley, and Byron from the great sage poets of all who are both great thinkers and great artists like Æschylus, Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe. Goethe lacked the divine intensity of Dante, but he was among the wisest of mankind as well as a great artist.

And again:

Ugolino, and Paolo and Francesca, in Dante, equal anything anywhere.

When he was planning Aldworth, he said he would like to have the blank shields on his mantelpiece emblazoned with

devices to represent the great modern poets : Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth.

Talking with Gladstone at Hawarden soon after the *Pembroke Castle* trip upon Dante, he expressed the view that "as the English language is much finer than the Italian for variety of sound, so Milton, for sound, is often finer than Dante." He quoted Milton, Virgil, Dante and Homer to illustrate his meaning, and then said, "What, for example, can be more melodious than the first lines of the 'Inferno,' with their 'a-s'?"

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura
Che là dritta via era smarrita ?

Of echoes or imitations of Dante in Tennyson there would not seem to be many that are indubitable, beside the two or three already quoted, and admitted by the poet himself. Mr. Churton Collins, with his marvellous memory, has, indeed, suggested several.

With the lines in the "Gardener's Daughter,"

We wound about
The subject most at heart, more near and near
Like doves about a dove-cote, wheeling round
The central wish, until we settled there,

he compares, Dante, "Inferno," v. 81-83 :

Quali colombe dal disio chiamate
Con l' ali alzate e ferme, al dolce nido
Vegnon per l' aer dal voler portate

but excepting that doves flying "to their windows" appear in both, the parallelism is hardly very close.

With the well-known

Our wills are ours we know not how
Our wills are ours, to make them thine,

he compares Dante, "Paradiso," iii. 66-87 ; the famous passage which culminates in the famous line

In la sua volontade è nostra pace ;

but Tennyson seems to emphasise rather the freedom of the will on earth than its tranquillity when it has reached the heavenly satisfaction, which is Dante's point.

A more probable parallel is his next, between the well-known passage in Dante, "Purgatory," xi. 91-117, about fleeting fame, and the passage from "In Memoriam," lxxiii. :

What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

Another passage of "In Memoriam," from Canto lxxxv.,

The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,

Mr. Collins ingeniously and very probably traces to the "Convito," ii. v. 5. :

Li movitori di quello (Cielo) sono Sustanze separate da materia, cioè Intelligenze, le quale la volgare gente chiama Angeli.

Canto lxxxvii. he pronounces to be almost a paraphrase of the very beautiful sonnet attributed to Dante, beginning

Ora che 'l mondo s' adorna.

But here again, surely, the resemblance is of the most general kind and somewhat slight.

Much closer is the parallel which he suggests between the striking passage at the end of the "Paradiso," xxxiii. 55-57,

Da quinci innanzi il mio veder fu maggio
Che il parlar nostro, ch' a tal visto cede
E cede la memoria a tanto oltraggio,

and Tennyson's

At length my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken through with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or even for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became.

"In Memoriam," xev.

I have often myself looked out for echoes or analogies. Not many have occurred to me. I think it possible that the well-known and most effective onomatopœiac repetition in the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington :

With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name,

may have its germ in the well-known repetition and play by Dante on the words "honour" and "honourable" in Canto iv. of the "Inferno," though the assonance is less marked in the Italian.

Another undoubted parallel suggested to me by a friend is the description of Merlin's beard in "Merlin and Vivian,"

The lists of such a beard as youth gone out
Had left in ashes,

and that of Cato in "Purgatorio," i. 34 :

Lunga la barba e di pel bianco mista
Portava, e suoi capegli simigliante,
De' quai cadeva al pello doppia lista.

There are, again, of course, certain commonplaces of literature and nature, which are found in both. Such is the "Wheel of Fortune," so happily utilised by both Dante and Tennyson, though Tennyson's

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud,

resembles more the well-known song ascribed to Guido Cavallanti,

Lo! I am he who makes the wheel to turn,¹

than either "Inferno" vii. 5, or "Inferno" xv. 95.

Such, too, are "the sparks flying up from the smitten log" of "Paradiso," xviii. 100, and of the Epilogue to *Morte d'Arthur*; or

The many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home

¹ Rossetti, p. 151.

of Locksley Hall, and the daws of "Paradiso," xxi. 35, in which Longfellow notes a parallelism.

But these chance parallels are of doubtful importance. As often as not they are merely a product of a common cause; often mere coincidences. It is more to the purpose to ask if there is any general resemblance between Tennyson and Dante, still more whether the study of the younger poet, whose record is so full and fresh, can help us better to understand and appreciate the elder, a line of argument which I well remember Mr. Pater, with the mixture of artistic sympathy and common sense which was so memorable in him, once introducing very effectively in a discussion as to Dante's probable manner of life and writing.

At first sight, perhaps, it would seem as if few poets could resemble each other less than the great poet of Italy of the thirteenth and the great poet of England of the nineteenth century. Dante's chief poetic effort is so grand in scale as to throw into the shade, almost at times to cause us to forget his lesser poetical productions. No one work of Tennyson's stands out, either among his pieces or in the world of letters, in anything approaching the same way. And even his larger works seem compacted of smaller, so much so that we are inclined at times to think of him chiefly as a poet of short pieces. "In Memoriam" is a collection of *canzoni*, "The Epic of Arthur" a series of idylls, "The Princess" a string of jewels on a golden but slender thread. Tennyson wanted then, or at any rate did not display, the "architectonic" genius which Dante exhibits consummately, more consummately, indeed, than any other poet, and in respect of which, if not in other respects, he is superior even to Homer and Shakespeare.

Yet poles apart as in this regard they are, they have much in common. Both are artists, and conscious artists. Both are, to use Aristotle's distinction, "finely gifted" rather than "finely frenzied"; both, too, in Leonardo Bruni's adaptation, are "poeti literati et scientifici," who compose, "per istudio, per disciplina ed arte e per prudenza." Both are idealist and realist at once.

Mr. P. H. Wicksteed, in a most original article which appeared now a little time back, called attention to the absolute indifference, nay, studied carelessness of Browning as to strict fact. The good news, he notes, was never brought by the three galloping horsemen from Ghent to Aix; there is no evidence that Raphael ever wrote a single sonnet, much less a century, while "Browning's geography and seamanship," he says, "are equally concrete and equally careless."

Dante would never have allowed himself such licence. He would have feared

Perder viver tra coloro
Che questo tempo chiameranno antico.

Tennyson had the same love for accuracy as Dante. He wanted to change a line because he found that scientific observers had altered their calculations as to the probable duration of the sun's power of giving heat to the solar system. That was exactly in the manner of Dante. Both thought that poetry should be true to fact.

Si che dal fatto il dir son sia diverso.¹

But yet both were thorough artists. Both held that poetry should be beautiful; that it was right deliberately to embellish it, to give it, as Dante said, "*dolcezza e armonia*." And both, with this end in view, laboured infinitely at technique and studied poetic diction. As Mr. W. P. Ker has brought out, it is clear that Dante was much interested in poets from whom he could learn nothing but style; that in learning his art he made distinct artistic studies, so that, like Catullus, he combined the most passionate directness with the fullest mastery of Alexandrine artificiality.

In the early poems of Tennyson, more particularly in many suppressed by him in later years, such as the "*Hesperides*," we see just the same characteristic, the cultivation of preciosity, so

¹ "*Inferno*," xxxii. 12.

fascinating to the young artist, who has not yet learned that poetry should be simple as well as sensuous and passionate. Both may be said to have passed through their pre-Raphaelite period. Both, as a result, were to the last pre-eminently careful of style, and used, what Dante so well advocates, the sieve for noble words. Both were "docti poetæ"; yet both held that poetry should be clear and have a definite meaning. For both, again, were eminently philosophic, their lore embracing alike natural, and mental and moral philosophy. They possessed, too, more than one specific interest in common. Both loved the stars. "Since Dante," says Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, "no poet in any land has so loved the stars as Tennyson." He meditated a great poem on them. Perhaps the nearest in this love is the living poet, a poet better in prose than in verse, Thomas Hardy.

Both loved the story of "the flower of kings," Arthur of Britain: "*Pulcherrimæ regis Arturi ambages*," as Dante terms it and the episodes of Mordred and Gallehault, of Guenevere and Lancelot and Tristan.

And both, as already hinted at, loved pre-eminently one of the elder poets.

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began.

Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore
Che m' ha fatto cercar lo tuo volume.

"What Horace did for Sappho, that Dante in his noblest passages, your father in his most perfect poems, have done for the 'altissimo poeta.' The one has expressed the veneration of the modern, as the other of the mediæval world." So wrote the poet and seer, lover and student both of Virgil and of Dante, recently lost to us, Frederick Myers.

Widely different then in age, in circumstance, and in almost every detail of their surroundings, they yet had not a little in common in taste and temperament. It is not without significance then that the words which his gifted son uses to

conclude his summing up of Lord Tennyson's character should be those of Dante.

If I may venture to speak [he writes] of his special influence over the world, my conviction is, that its main and enduring factors are his power of expression, the perfection of his workmanship, his strong common sense, the high purport of his life and work, his humility and his open-hearted and helpful sympathy.

Fortezza, ed umiltate, e largo core.

T. HERBERT WARREN.

THE IDEA OF PROPORTION

Ich hab vernomen wie der siben weysen aus krieckenland ainer gelert hab das dy mass in allen dingen sitlichen und naturlichen das pest sey.—DÜRER, "British Museum MS.," Vol. iv., 82a.

I have heard how one of the Seven Sages of Greece taught that measure is in all things, physical and moral, best.

La souveraine habileté consiste à bien connaitre le prix des choses.
—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, m. 252.

Sovereign skill consists in thoroughly understanding the value of things.

IN the following essay I have tried to trace the part played in human education by the idea and sense of proportion ; secondly, to explain the special use of the term in relation to the appreciation of works of art ; thirdly, in relation to their internal structure.

I

I conceive the human reason to be the antagonist of all known forces other than itself, and that therefore its most essential character is the hope and desire to control and transform the universe ; or, failing that, to annihilate if not the universe at least itself and the consciousness of a monster fact which it entirely condemns. In this conception I believe myself to be at one with those by whom men have been most influenced, and who, with or without confidence in the support of unknown powers, have set themselves deliberately against

the face of things to die or conquer. This being so, and man individually weak, it has been the avowed object of great characters—carrying with them the instinctive consent of nations—to establish current values for all things, according as their imagination could turn them to account as effective aids of reason : that is, as they could be made to advance her apparent empire over other elemental forces, such as motion, physical life, etc. This evaluation, in so far as it is constant, results in what we call civilisation, and is the only bond of society. With difficulty is the value of new acquisitions recognised even in the realm of science, until the imagination can place them in such a light as shall make them appear to advance reason's ends, which accounts for the reluctance that has been shown to accept many scientific results. Reason demands that the world she would create shall be a fact, and declares that the world she would transform is the real world, but until the imagination can find a function for it in reason's ideal realm, every piece of knowledge remains useless, or even an obstacle in the way of our intended advance. This applies to individuals just as truly as it does to mankind. And since man's reason is a natural phenomenon and does apparently belong to the class of elemental forces, this warfare against the apparent fact and the fortitude and hope which its whole-hearted prosecution begets appear as a natural law to the intelligence and as a command and promise to the reason.

The alternative between the will to cease and the will to serve reason, with which I start out, may not seem necessary to all. "Forgive their sin—and if not, blot me I pray thee out of thy book," was Moses' prayer ; and to me it seems that only by lethargy can any soul escape from facing this alternative. The human mind in so far as it is active always postulates, "Let that which I desire come to pass, or let me cease !" Nor is there any diversity possible as to what really is desirable : Man desires the full and harmonious development of his faculties. As to how this end may most probably be attained, there is diversity enough to represent every possible

blend of ignorance with knowledge, of lethargy with energy, of cowardice with courage.

So endless and exorbitant are the desires of men, whether considered in their persons or their states, that they will grasp at all, and can form no scheme of perfect happiness with less.—SWIFT, "Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome."

So writes the most powerful of English prose-writers. And this hope and desire, which is reason, once thrown down, the most powerful among poets has brought from human lips this estimate of life—

It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

No one knows whether reason's object will or can be attained; but for the present each man finds confidence and encouragement in so far as he is able to imagine all things working together for the good of those who desire good—in short, for reasonable beings.¹ The more he knows, the greater labour it is for him to imagine this; but the more he concentrates his faculties on doing good and creating good things, the more his imagination glows and shines and discovers to him new possibilities of success: the better he is able to find—

Sermons in stones and good in everything;
And make a moral of the devil himself.

¹ It may be urged that diversities of opinion exist as to what good is. The convenience of the words "good" and "evil" corresponds to a need created by a common experience in the same way as the convenience of the words "light" and "darkness" does. A child might consider that a diamond generated light in the same way as a candle does. He would be mistaken, but this would not affect the correctness of his application of the word "light" to his experience; if he confused light with darkness he must immediately become unintelligible. Good and light are perceived and named—no one can say more of them; the effects of both may be described with more or less accuracy. To say that light is a mode of motion does not define it; we ask at once, What mode? And the only answer is, that which produces the effect of light. A born-blind man though he knew what was meant by motion could never deduce from this knowledge a conception of light.

But how is it that reason can accept an imagination that makes what in a cold light she considers her enemy, appear her friend? All things impress the mind with two contradictory notions—their actual condition and their perfection. Even the worst of its kind impresses on us an idea of what the best would be, or we could not know it for the worst. Reason, then, seizes on this aspect of things which suggests their perfection, and awards them her attention in proportion as such aspect makes their perfection seem near, or as it may further her in transforming the most pressing of other evils. All life tends to affirm its own character; and the essential characteristic of man is reason, which labours to perfect all things that he judges to be good, and to transform all evil. Ultimate results are out of sight for all human faculties except the early-waking eyes of long-chastened hope; but reason loves this visionary mood, though she prefer that it be sung, and find that less lyrical speech brings on it something of ridicule; for such a rendering betrays, as a rule, faint desire or small power to serve her in those who use it.

The sense of proportion, then, is that fineness of susceptibility by which we appreciate in a given object, person, force, or mood, serviceableness in regard to reason's work; in other words, by which we estimate the capacity to transform the Universe in such a way that men may ultimately be enabled to give their hearty consent to its existence, which at present no man rationally can.

II

Now, art appeals to fine susceptibilities; for, as I have explained elsewhere,¹ the value of works of art depends on their having come as "real and intimate experiences to a large number of gifted men"—men who have some kinship to that "finely touched and gifted man, the *εὐφύης* of the Greeks," to use the phrase of our greatest modern critic. And in so far

¹ THE MONTHLY REVIEW, October 1892, "Rodin."

as we are able to judge between works successfully making such an appeal, we must be governed by this sense of proportion, which measures how things stand in regard to reason ; that is, not merely intellect, not merely emotion, but the alliance of both by means of the imagination in aid of man's most central demand—the demand for nobler life.

Perhaps I ought to point out before proceeding, that this position is not that of the writers on art most in view at the present day. It is the negation of the so-called scientific criticism, and also of the personal theory that reduces art to an expression of, and an appeal to, individual temperaments ; it is the assertion of the sovereignty of the æsthetic conscience on exactly the same grounds as sovereignty is claimed for the moral conscience. Æsthetics deals with the morality of appeals addressed to the senses. That is, it estimates the success of such appeals in regard to the promotion of fuller and more harmonious life. Flaubert wrote :—

Le génie n'est pas rare maintenant, mais ce que personne n'a plus et ce qu'il faut tâcher d'avoir, c'est la conscience.

(Genius is not rare now-a-days, but conscience is what nobody has and what one should strive after.)

To-day I am thinking of a painter. Painting is an art addressed primarily to the eye, and not to the intelligence, not to the imagination, save as these may be reached through the eye—that most delicate organ of infinite susceptibility, which teaches us the meaning of the word light—a word so often uttered with stress of ecstasy, of longing, of despair, and of every other shade of emotion that the sound of it must soon be almost as powerful with the young heart, almost as immediate in its effect, as the break of day itself, gladdening the eyes and glorifying the earth. And how often is this joy received through the eye entrusted back to it for expression ? For the eye can speak with varieties, delicacies, and subtle shades of motion far beyond the attainment of any other organ.

This art of painting is made for the eyes, for sight is the noblest sense of man.

says Dürer; and again—

It is ordained that never shall any man be able, out of his own thoughts, to make a beautiful figure, unless, by much study, he hath well stored his mind. That then is no longer to be called his own; it is art acquired and learnt, which soweth, waxeth, and beareth fruit after its kind. Thence the gathered secret treasure of the heart is manifested openly in the work, and the new creature which a man createth in his heart, appeareth in the form of a thing.

Yes, indeed, the function of art is far from being confined to telling us what we see, whatever some may pretend, or however naturally any small nature may desire to confine, teach, or regulate great ones. All so-called scientific methods of creating or criticising works of art are inadequate, because the only truly scientific statements that can be made about these inquiries are that nothing is certain—that no method ensures success, and that no really important quality can be defined; for what man can say why one cloud is more beautiful than another in the same sky, any more than he can explain why, of two men equally absorbed in doing their duty, one impresses him as being more holy than the other. The degrees essential to both kinds of judgment escape all definition; only the imagination can at times bring them home to us, only the refined taste or chastened conscience, as the case may be, witnesses with our spirit that its judgment is just, and bids us recognise a master in him who delivers it. As the expression on a face speaks to a delicate sense, often communicating more, other, and better than can be seen, so the proportion, harmony, rhythm of a painting may beget moods and joys that require the full resources of a well-stored mind and disciplined character in order that they may be fully relished—in brief, demand that maturity of reason which is the mark of victorious man.

Such being my conception, it will easily be perceived how anxious I must be to truly discern and express the relation

between such objects as works of art by common consent so highly honoured, and at the same time so active in their effect upon the most exquisitely endowed of mankind. Especially since to-day caprice, humour and temperament are, by the majority of writers on art, acclaimed for the radical characteristic of the human creative faculty, instead of its perversion and disease; and it is thought that to be whimsical, moody, or self-indulgent best fits a man both to create and apprise works of art, whereas to become so really is the only way in which a man capable of such high tasks can with certainty ruin and degrade his faculties. Precious, surpassingly precious indeed, must every manifestation of such faculty before its final extinction remain, since the race produces comparatively few endowed after this kind.

Perhaps a sufficient illustration of this prevalent fallacy may be drawn from Mr. Whistler's "Ten O'Clock," where he speaks of art:

A whimsical goddess, and a capricious, her strong sense of joy tolerates no dulness, and, live we never so spotlessly, still may she turn her back upon us.

As from time immemorial, she has done upon the Swiss in their mountains.

Here is no proof of caprice, save on the witty writer's part; for men who fast are not saved from bad temper, nor have the kindly necessarily discreet tongues. The Swiss may be brave and honest, and yet dull. Virtue is her own reward, and art her own. Virtue rewards the saint, art the artist; but men are rewarded for attention to morality by some measure of joy in virtue, for attention to beauty by some measure of joy in works of art. Between the artist and the Philistine is no great gulf fixed, in the sense that the witty "master of the butterfly" pretends to assume, but an infinite and gentle decline of persons representing every possible blend of the virtues and faults of these two types. Again, an artist is miscalled "master of art." "Where he is, there she appears," is airy impudence. "Where she wills to be, there she chooses a man

to serve her," would not only have been more gallant but more reasonable; for that "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit," and that "many are called, few chosen," are sayings as true of the influence which kindleth art as of that which quickeneth to holiness. Art is not dignified by being called whimsical or capricious. What can a man explain? The intention, behind the wind, behind the spirit, behind the creative instinct, is dark. But man is true to his own most essential character when, if he cannot refrain from prating of such mysteries, he qualifies them as hope would have him, with the noblest of his virtues; not when he speaks of the unknown, in whose hands his destiny so largely rests, slightly, as of a woman whom he has seduced because he despised her—calling her capricious because she answered to his caprice, whimsical, because she was as flighty as his error. It is not art's function to reward virtue. But, caprices and whimseys being ascribed to a goddess, it will be natural to expect them in her worshipper; and Mr. Whistler revealed the limitations of his genius by whimseys and caprice. Though it was in their relations to the world that this goddess and her devotee claimed freedoms so far from perfect, yet this, their avowed characteristic abroad, I think in some degree disturbed their domestic relations. Though others have underlined the absurdity of this theory by applying themselves to it with more faith and less sense, I have chosen to quote from the "Ten O'Clock," because I admire it and accept most of the ideas about art advanced therein. The artist who wrote it was able, in Dürer's phrase, "to prove" what he wrote "with his hand." Most of those who have elaborated what was an occasional unsoundness of his doctrine into ridiculous religions are as unable to create as they are to think; there is no need to record names which it is wisdom to forget. But it may be well to point out that Mr. Whistler does not succeed in glorifying great artists when he declares that beauty "to them

was as much a matter of certainty and triumph as is to the astronomer the verification of the result, foreseen with the light granted to him alone." No, he only sets up a false analogy; for the true parallel to the artist is the saint, not the astronomer; both are convinced, neither understands. Art is no more the reward of intelligence than of virtue. She permits no caprice in her own realm. Loyalty is the only virtue she insists on, loyalty in regard to her servant's experience of beauty; he may be immoral in every other way and she not desert him; but let him turn Balaam and declare beauty absent where he feels its presence—though in doing this he hopes to advance virtue or knowledge, she needs no better than an ass to rebuke him. Nothing effects more for anarchy than these notions that art derives from individual caprice, or defends virtue, or demonstrates knowledge; for they are all based on those flattering hopes of the unsuccessful, that chance rules both in life and art, or that it is possible to serve two masters.

Doctrines often repeated gain easy credence; and, since art demands leisure in order to be at all enjoyed, ideas about it, in so fatiguing a life as ours has become, take men off their guard, when their habitual caution is laid to sleep, and, by an over-easiness, they are inclined to spoil both their sense of distinction and their children. Yes, they consent to theatres that degrade them, because they distract and amuse; and read journals that are smart and diverting at the expense of dignity and truth—in the same way as they smile at the child whom reason bids them reprove, and with the like tragic result; for they become incapable of enjoying works of art, as the child is incapacitated for the best of social intercourse.

To prophesy smooth things to people in this condition, and flatter their dulness, is to be no true friend; and so the modern art-critic and journalist is often the insidious enemy of the civilisation he contents.

Nothing strikes the foreigner coming to England more than our lack of general ideas. Our art criticism is no excep-

tion ; it, like our literature and politics, is happy-go-lucky and delights in the pot-shot. We often hear this attributed admiringly to "the sporting instinct."

If God, in his own time, granteth me to write something further about matters connected with painting, I will do so, in hope that this art may not rest upon use and wont alone, but that in time it may be taught on true and orderly principles, and may be understood to the praise of God and the use and pleasure of all lovers of art.—DÜRER, "Literary Remains," p. 252.

Our art is still worse off than our trade or our politics, for it does not even rest upon use and wont, but is wholly in the air. Yet the typical modern æsthete has learnt where to take cover, for, though destitute of defence, he has not entirely lost the instinct for self-preservation ; and, when he finds the eye of reason upon him, he immediately flies to the diversity of opinions. But Dürer follows him even there with the perfect good faith of a man in earnest.

Men deliberate and hold numberless differing opinions about beauty, and they seek after it in many different ways, although ugliness is thereby rather attained. Being then, as we are, in such a state of error, I know not certainly what the ultimate measure of true beauty is, and cannot describe it aright. But glad should I be to render such help as I can, to the end that the gross deformities of our work might be and remain pruned away and avoided, unless indeed any one prefers to bestow great labour upon the production of deformities. We are brought back, therefore, to the aforesaid judgment of men, which considereth one figure beautiful at one time and another at another. . .

Because now we cannot altogether attain unto perfection, shall we therefore wholly cease from learning ? By no means. Let us not take unto ourselves thoughts fit for cattle. For evil and good lie before men, wherefore it behoveth the rational man to choose the good.

Every man knows, in so far as he is a rational being, who can teach him, what he can learn from this man, what from that ; and it is rational to learn and be taught. Are we to be cattle or gods ? "Is it not written in your law, I said 'Ye are Gods ?'" Reason demands that each man form himself on the pattern of a God, and God is an empty name if reason be not the will of God. Then he whom reason hath brought up may properly be called a son of God, a son of man, a child of

Light. But it is easier to bob to such phrases than to understand them. However, their mechanical repetition does not prevent their having meant something once, does not prevent their meaning being their true value. It is time we understood our art, just as it is time we understood our religion. Docility, as I have pointed out elsewhere, is one of the marks of genius. Dürer's spirit is the spirit of the great artist who will learn even from "dull men of little judgment."

Let none be ashamed to learn, for a good work requireth good counsel. Nevertheless, whosoever taketh counsel in the arts, let him take it from one thoroughly versed in those matters, who can prove what he saith with his hand. Howbeit any one may give thee counsel; and when thou hast done a work pleasing to thyself, it is good for thee to show it to dull men of little judgment that they may give their opinion of it. As a rule they pick out the most faulty points, whilst they entirely pass over the good. If thou findest something they say true, thou mayst thus better thy work.—DÜRER, "Literary Remains," p. 180.

Those who are thoroughly versed in art are the great artists; we have guides then, and we have a way—the path they have trodden—and we have company, the gifted and docile men of to-day whom we see to be improving themselves; and, in so far as we are reasonable, a sense of proportion is ours, which we may improve; and it will help us to catch up better and yet better company until we enjoy the intimacy of the noblest, and know as we are known. Then: "May we not consider it a sign of sanity when we regard the human spirit as . . . a poet, and art as a half written poem? Shall we not have a sorry disappointment if its conclusion is merely novel, and not the fulfilment and vindication of those great things gone before?"¹ For my own part, those appear to me the grandest characters who, on finding that there is no other purchase for effort but only hope, and that they can never cease from hope but by ceasing to live, clear their minds of all idle acquiescence in what could never be hoped, and concentrate their energies on conquering whatever in their own

¹ THE MONTHLY REVIEW, April 1901, "In Defence of Reynolds."

nature, and in the world about them, militates against their most essential character—reason, which seeks always to give a higher value to life.

III

When we speak of the sense of proportion displayed in the design of a building, many will think that the word is used in quite a different sense, and one totally unrelated to those which I have been discussing. But no; life and art are parallel and correspond throughout; ethics are the æsthetics of life, religion the art of living. Taste and conscience only differ in their provinces, not in their procedure. Both are based on instinctive preferences; the canon of either is merely so many of those preferences as, by their constant recurrence to individuals gifted with the power of drawing others after them, are widely accepted. The preference of serenity to melancholy, of light to darkness, are among the most firmly established in the canon, that is all. The sense of proportion within a design is employed to stimulate and delight the eye. Ordinary people may fear there is some abstruse science about this. Not at all; it is as simple as relishing milk and honey, and its development an exact parallel to the training of the palate to distinguish the flavours of teas, coffees and wines. "Taste and see" is the whole business. There are many people who have no hesitation in picking out what to their eye is the wainscot panel with the richest grain: they see it at once. So with etchings; if people would only forget that they are works of art, forget all the false or ill-understood standards which they have been led to suppose applicable, and look at them as they might at agate stones; or choose out the richest in effect: the most suitable for a gay room, or a hall, or a library, as though they were patterned stuffs for curtains; they would come a thousand times nearer a right appreciation of Dürer's success than by making a pot-shot to lasso the

masterpiece with the tangle of literary rubbish which is known as art criticism.

The harmonies and contrasts of juxtaposed colours or textures are affected by quantity, and a sense of proportion decides what quantities best produce this effect and what that. The correctness or amount of information to be conveyed in the delineation of some object, in relation to the mood which the artist has chosen shall dominate his work, is determined by his sense of proportion. He may distort an object to any extent or leave it as vague as the shadow on a wall in diffused light, or he may make it precise and particular as ever Jan Van Eyck did; so only that its distortion or elaboration is so proportioned to the other objects and intentions of his work as to promote its success in the eyes of the beholder.

There are no fallacies greater than the prevalent ones conveyed by the expressions "out of drawing" or "untrue to nature." There is no such thing as correct drawing or an outside standard of truth for works of art.

"The conception of every work of art carries within it its own rule and method, which must be found out before it can be 'achieved.'" "Chaque oeuvre à faire a sa poétique en soi, qu'il faut trouver," said Flaubert.

Truth in a work of art is sincerity. That a man says what he really means—shows us what he really thinks to be beautiful—is all that reason bids us ask for. No science or painstaking can make up for his not doing this. No lack of skill or observation can entirely frustrate his communicating his intention to kindred natures if he is utterly sincere. An infant communicates its joy. It is probable that the inexpressible is never felt. Stammering becomes more eloquent than oratory, a child's impulsiveness wiser than circumlocutory experience. When a single intention absorbs the whole nature, communication is direct and immediate, and makes impotence itself a means of effectiveness. So the naïveties of early art put to shame the purposeless parade of prodigious skill. Wherever there is communication there is art; but there are evil com-

munications and there is vicious art, though, perhaps, great sincerity is incompatible with either. For an artist to be deterred by other people's demands means that he is not artist enough; it is what his reason teaches him to demand of himself that matters, though, doubtless, the good desire the approval of kindred natures.

A work of art addresses the eye by means of chosen proportions; it may present any number of facts as exactly as may be, but if it offend the eye it is a mere misapplication of industry, or the illustration of a scientific treatise out of place; and those that choose ribbons well are better artists than the man that made it. Or again it may overflow with poetical thought and suggestion, or have the stuff to make a first-rate story in it; but, if it offend the eye, it is merely a misapplication of imagination, invention or learning, and the girl who puts a charming nosegay together is a better artist than he who painted it. On the other hand, though it have no more significance than a glass of wine and a loaf of bread, if the eye is rejoiced by gazing on the paint that expresses them, it is a work of art and a fine achievement. Yet, it may be as fanciful as a fairy-tale, or as loaded with import as the Crucifixion; and, if it stimulates the eye to take delight in its surfaces over and above mere curiosity, it is a work of art, and great in proportion as the significance of what it conveys is brought home to us by the very quality of the stimulus that is created in return for our gaze. For painting is the result of a power to speak beautifully with paint, as poetry is of a power to express beautifully by means of words either simple things or those which demand the effort of a well-trained mind in order to be received and comprehended. The mistake made by impressionists, luminarists, and other modern artists, is that a true statement of how things appear to them will suffice; it will not, unless things appear beautiful to them, and they render them beautifully. It will not, because science is not art, because knowledge is a different thing from beauty. A true statement may be repulsive and degrading; whereas an

affirmation of beauty, whether it be true or fancied, is always moving, and if delivered with corresponding grace is inspiring—is a work of art and “a joy for ever.” For reason demands that all the eye sees shall be beautiful, and give such pleasure as best consists with the universe becoming what reason demands that it shall become. This demand of reason is perfectly arbitrary? Yes, but it is also inevitable, necessitated by the nature of the human character. It is equally arbitrary and equally inevitable that man must, where science is called for, in the long run prefer a true statement to a lie. From art reason demands beautiful objects, from science true statements: such is human nature; for the possession of this reason that judges and condemns the universe, and demands and attempts to create something better, is that which differentiates human life from all other known forces—is that by which men may be more than conquerors, may make peace for the universe; for

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued
And neither party loser.

Of such a nature is the only peace that the soul can make with the body—that man can make with nature—that habit can make with instinct—that art can make with impulse. In order to establish such a peace the imagination must train reason to see a friend in her enemy, the physical order. For, as Reynolds says of the complete artist:—

He will pick up from dung-hills, what, by a nice chemistry, passing through his own mind, shall be converted into pure gold, and under the rudeness of Gothic essays, he will find original, rational, and even sublime inventions.

It is not too much to say that the nature both of the artist and of the dunghills is “subdued” by such a process, and yet neither is a “loser.” Goethe profoundly remarked that the highest development of the soul was reached through worship first of that which was above, then of that which was beneath

it. This great critic also said, "Only with difficulty do we spell out from that which nature presents to us, the *desired* word, the congenial. Men find what the artist brings intelligible and to their taste, stimulating and alluring, genial and friendly, spiritually nourishing, formative and elevating. Thus the artist, grateful to the nature that made him, weaves a second nature—but a conscious, a fuller, a more perfectly human nature."

T. STURGE MOORE.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

I. REVERIE

BRING not bright candles, for his eyes
In twilight have sweet company ;
Bring not bright candles else they fly—
His phantoms fly—
Gazing aggrieved on thee !

Bring not bright candles, startle not
The phantoms of a vacant room,
Flocking above a child that dreams,
Deep, deep in dreams,—
Hid, in the gathering gloom !

Bring not bright candles to those eyes
That between earth and stars descry,
Lovelier for the shadows there,
Children of air,
Palaces in the sky !

II. THE MASSACRE

THE shadow of a poplar tree
Lay in that lake of sun,
As I with my little sword went in—
Against a thousand, one.

Haughty and infinitely armed,
Insolent in their wrath,
Plumed high with purple plumes they held
The narrow meadow path.

The air was sultry ; all was still ;
The sun like flashing glass ;
And snip-snap my light-whispering steel
In arcs of light did pass.

Lightly and dull fell each proud head,
Spiked keen without avail,
Till swam my uncontented blade
With ichor green and pale.

And silence fell : the rushing sun
Stood still in paths of heat,
Gazing in waves of horror on
The dead about my feet.

Never a whirl of wing, no bee
Stirred o'er the shameful slain ;
Nought but a thirsty wasp crept in,
Stooped, and came out again.

The very air trembled in fear ;
Eclipsing shadow seemed
Rising in crimson waves of gloom—
On one who dreamed.

III. ECHO

“ Who called ? ” I said, and the words
Through the whispering glades,
Hither, thither, baffled the birds—
“ Who called ? Who called ? ”

The leafy boughs on high
Hissed in the sun ;
The dark air carried my cry
Faintly on ;—

Eyes in the green, in the shade,
In the motionless brake,
Voices that said what I said,
For mockery’s sake ;—

“ Who cares ? ” I bawled thro’ my tears ;
The wind fell low :
In the silence, “ Who cares ? who cares ? ”
Wailed to and fro.

IV. FEAR

I KNOW where lurk
The eyes of Fear ;
I, I alone,
Where shadowy-clear,
Watching for me,
Lurks Fear.

'Tis ever still
And dark, despite
All singing and
All candlelight,
'Tis ever cold
And night.

He touches me ;
Says quietly,
" Stir not, nor whisper,
I am nigh ;
Walk noiseless on,
I am by ! "

He drives me
As a dog a sheep ;
Like a cold stone
I cannot weep.
He lifts me
Hot from sleep

In marble hands
To where on high
The jewelled horror
Of his eye
Dares me to struggle
Or cry.

No breast wherein
To chase away
That watchful shape !
Vain, vain to say
"Haunt not with night
The day !"

V. THE MERMAIDS

SAND, sand, hills of sand ;
And the wind where nothing is
Green and sweet of the land ;
 No grass, no trees,
 No bird, no butterfly,
But hills, hills of sand,
 And a burning sky.

Sea, sea ; mounds of the sea,
 Hollow, and dark, and blue,
Flashing incessantly
 The whole sea through ;
 No flower, no jutting root,
Only the floor of the sea,
 With foam afloat.

Blow, blow, winding shells ;
 And the watery fish,
Deaf to the hidden bells,
 In the waters plash ;
 No streaming gold, no eyes
Watching along the waves,
But far-blown shells, faint bells,
 From the darkling caves.

VI. MYSELF

THERE is a garden grey
With mists of autumntide ;
Under the giant boughs,
Stretched green on every side,

Along the lonely paths,
A little child like me,
With face, with hands like mine,
Plays ever silently ;

On, on, quite silently,
When I am there alone,
Turns not his head ; lifts not his eyes ;
Heeds not as he plays on.

After the birds are flown
From singing in the trees,
When all is grey, all silent,
Voices, and winds, and bees ;

And I am there alone :
Forlornly, silently,
Plays in the evening garden
Myself with me.

VII. AUTUMN

THERE is wind where the rose was ;
Cold rain where sweet grass was ;
 And clouds like sheep,
 Stream o'er the steep
Grey skies where the lark was.

Nought gold where your hair was ;
Nought warm where your hand was ;
 But phantom, forlorn,
 Beneath the thorn,
Your ghost where your face was.

Sad winds where your voice was ;
Tears, tears where my heart was ;
 And ever with me,
 Child, ever with me,
Silence where hope was.

VIII. WINTER

GREEN Mistletoe!
O, I remember now
A dell of snow,
Frost on the bough;
None there but I:
Snow, snow, and a wintry sky.

None there but I,
And footprints one by one,
Zigzaggedly,
Where I had run;
Where gimp and powdery
A robin sat in the tree.

And he whistled sweet;
And I in the crusted snow
With snow-clubb'd feet
Jigged to and fro,
Till, from the day,
The rose-light ebbed away.

And the robin flew,
Into the air, the air,
The white mist through;
And small and rare
The night-frost fell
Into the calm and misty dell.

And the dusk gathered low,
And the silver moon and stars
On the frozen snow
Drew taper bars,
Kindled winking fires
In the hooded briers.

And the sprawling Bear
Growled deep in the sky ;
And Orion's hair
Streamed sparkling by :
But the North sighed low,
" Snow, snow, more snow !"

WALTER J. DE LA MARE.

FORT AMITY¹

CHAPTER XV

THE SECOND DESPATCH

DOMINIQUE GUYON departed shortly before noon ; and a week later half a dozen *habitants* arrived from Boisveyrac to work at the entrenchment which the Commandant had already opened across Sans Quartier's cabbage plot. The Commandant himself donned a blouse and dug with the rest ; and M. Etienne, and even old Jérémie Tripier, though grumbling over his rheumatism almost as bitterly as Sans Quartier over his wasted cabbages. Every one, in fact, toiled, and with a will, at the King's *corvée* : every one, that is, except the women, and John and Menehwehna (whose Indian dignity revolted against spade-work), and old Father Joly, the chaplain of the fort, who was too infirm.

From him, as they sat together and watched the diggers, John learned much of the fort's history, and something, too, of his hosts' ; for Father Joly delighted in gossip, and being too deaf to derive much profit from asking questions kept the talk to himself—greatly to John's relief. His gossip, be it said, was entirely innocent. The good man seemed to love every one in his small world, except Father Launoy. And again this exception was fortunate ; for on learning that John had been visited and exhorted at Boisveyrac by Father Launoy, Father Joly showed no further concern in his spiritual health.

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He was perhaps the oldest parochial priest in New France, and since leaving the seminary at Quebec had spent almost all his days at Boisveyrac. He remembered the Seigneur's father (he always called the Commandant "the Seigneur"). "Such a man, monsieur! He stood six feet four inches in his stockings, and could lift and cast a grown bullock with his own hands." John pointed out that the present Seigneur—in his working blouse especially—made a fine figure of a man; but this the old priest could hardly be brought to allow. "A heart of gold, I grant you; but to have seen the old man striding among his *censitaires* on St. Martin's Feast! It may be that, having watched M. Philippe from childhood, I still think of him as a boy. . . ."

Of Fort Amitié itself Father Joly had much to tell. It dated from the early days of the great Frontenac, who had planted a settlement here—a collection of wooden huts within a stockade—to be an *entrepôt* of commerce with the Indians of the Upper Lakes. Later, it became a favourite haunt of deserters from the army and *coureurs de bois* outlawed by royal edict; and, strangely enough, these had been the days of its prosperity. Its real decline began when the Governor, towards the end of his rule, replaced the wooden huts with a fortress of stone. The traders, trappers, ne'er-do-wells and Indians deserted the lake-head, which had been a true camp of amity, and moved their rendezvous farther west, leaving the fortress to its Commandant and a sleepy garrison.

From that time until the war the garrison had been composed of regulars, who lived on the easiest terms with their Commandant and his officers, and retired at the age of forty or fifty, when King Louis presented them with a farm and farm stock and provisions for two or three years, and often completed the outfit with a wife.

"A veritable Age of Gold, monsieur! But war has put an end to it all—war, and the greed of these English, whom God will confound! The regulars went their ways, leaving only Sergeant Bédard; who had retired upon a farm, but was per-

suated by the Seigneur to come back and drill the recruits of the militia."

"Who take very kindly to garrison life, so far as I can see."

"Fort Amitié has its amenities, monsieur," said Father Joly, catching John's glance rather than hearing the words. "There are the allotments, to begin with—the fences between them, you may not have observed, are made of stakes from the original palisade; the mould is excellent. The Seigneur, too, offers prizes for vegetable growing and poultry raising; he is an unerring judge of poultry, as one has need to be at Boisveyrac, where the rents are mostly paid in fowls. Indeed, yes, the young recruits are well enough content. The Seigneur feeds them well, and they can usually have a holiday for the asking and go a-hunting in the woods or a-fishing in the river. But, for my part, I regret Boisveyrac. A man of my years does not readily bear transplanting. And here is a curious thing, monsieur; deaf though I am, I miss the sound of the rapids. I cannot tell you how; nevertheless, it seems to me that something has gone out of my daily life, and the landscape here is still and empty."

"And how," John managed to make him hear, "did the Seigneur come to command Fort Amitié?"

Father Joly glanced nervously down the slope and lowered his voice. "That was M. Armand's doing, monsieur." Then, seeing that John did not understand, "M. Armand—mademoiselle's brother and the Seigneur's only son. He went to Quebec, when the Governor had given him a post in his household—a small post, but with good prospects for a young man of his birth and address. He had wits, monsieur, and good looks; everything in short but money; and there is no better blood in the province than that of the des Noel-Tilly. They have held Boisveyrac now for five generations, and were Seigneurs of Deuxmanoirs and Pré aux Sources even before that. Well, as I say, the lad started with good prospects; but by-and-by he began to desert the Château St. Louis for the Intendant's Palace. Monsieur has heard of the Intendant

Bigot—is perhaps acquainted with him? No? Then I may say without hurting any one's feelings what I would say to the Intendant himself were he here—that he is a corrupter of youth, and a corrupter of the innocence of women, and a corrupter of honest government. If New France lies under the scourge to-day it is for the sins of such men.” The old man's voice shook with sudden anger, but he calmed himself. “In brief, there was a gambling debt—a huge sum owing; and the Seigneur was forced to travel to Quebec and fetch the lad home. How he paid the amount I cannot tell you; belike he raised the money on Boisveyrac, but pay he did. Dominique Guyon went with him to Quebec, having just succeeded his father, old Bonhomme Guyon, as Boisveyrac's man of business; and doubtless Dominique made some arrangements with the merchants there. He has a head on his shoulders, that lad. M. de Vaudreuil, too, taking pity on a distressed gentleman of New France, gave the Seigneur the command of this fort, to grow fat on it, and hither we have all migrated. But he will never grow fat, monsieur; he is of the poor to whom shall belong the Kingdom of God.”

John did not clearly understand this, being unacquainted with the official system of speculation by false vouchers—a system under which the command of a backwoods fort was reckoned to be worth a small fortune. His mind recurred to Dominique and the Commandant's uneasiness at Dominique's mention of business.

“A queer fellow, that Dominique!” he muttered, half to himself; “and a queer fate that made him the brother of Bateese.”

The priest heard, as deaf men sometimes will hear a word or two spoken below ordinary pitch.

“Ah!” said he, shaking his head, “you have heard of Bateese? A sad case—a very sad case!”

“There was an accident, I have heard.”

Father Joly glanced at John's face, and reading the question bent his own dim eyes on the river. John divined

at once that the old man knew more than he felt inclined to tell.

"It was at Bord-a-Loup, a little above Boisveyrac, four years ago last St. Peter's tide. The two brothers were driving some timber which the Seigneur had cleared there; the logs had jammed around a rock not far from shore and almost at the foot of the fall. The two had managed to get across and were working the mass loose with handspikes when, just as it began to break up, Bateese slipped and fell between two logs."

"Through some careless push of Dominique's, was it not?"

But Father Joly did not hear, or did not seem to.

"He was hideously broken, poor fellow. For weeks it did not seem possible that he could live. The *habitants* find Dominique a queer fellow, even as you do; and I have observed that even Mademoiselle Diane treats him somewhat impatiently. But in truth he is a lad grown old before his time. It is terrible when such a blow falls upon the young. He and Bateese adored one another."

And this was all John learned at the time. But three days later he heard more of the story, and from Mademoiselle Diane.

She was seated in an embrasure of the terrace—the same, in fact, in which she had taken measurements for John's new tunic. She was embroidering it now with the Béarnais badge, and had spread Barboux' tunic on the gun-breach to give her the pattern. John, passing along the terrace in a brown study, while his eyes followed the evolutions of Sergeant Bedard's men at morning parade in the square below, did not catch sight of her until she called to him to come and admire her handiwork.

"Monsieur is *distrain*, it appears," she said, mischievously. "It must be weary work for him, whiling away the hours in this contemptible fortress?"

"I do not find Fort Amitié contemptible, mademoiselle."

She shook her head and laughed. "If you wish to please

me, monsieur, you must find some warmer praise for it than that. For in some sort it is my ancestral home, and I love every stone of it."

"Mademoiselle speaks in riddles. I had thought that every one of the Commandant's household—except the Commandant himself, perhaps—was pining to get back to Boisveyrac."

She let her needlework lie for a moment, and sat with her eyes resting on the façade of the Commandant's quarters across the square.

"It is foolish in me," she said musingly; "for in the days of which I am thinking not one of these stones was laid. You must know, monsieur, that in those days many and many a young man of family took to the woods; no laws, no edicts would restrain them; the life of the woods seemed to pass into their blood and they could not help themselves . . . ah, I myself understand that, sometimes!" she added, after a pause.

"Well, monsieur," she went on, "there came to Fort Amitié a certain young Raoul de Tilly, who suffered from this wandering fever. The Government outlawed him in the end; but as yet his family had hopes to reclaim him, and, being powerful in New France, they managed to get his sentence delayed. He came here, and here he fell in love with an Indian girl, and married her—putting, they say, a pistol at the priest's head. The girl was a Wyandot from Lake Huron, and had been baptized but a week before. For a year they lived together in the Fort here; but when a child was born the husband sent her down the river with it to his father's seigniory below Three Rivers, and himself wandered westward into the Lakes, and was never again heard of. The mother died on the voyage, it is said; but the child—a daughter—reached the seigniory and was acknowledged, and lived to marry a cousin, a de Tilly of Roc-Ste. Anne. My mother was her grand-daughter."

Why had she chosen to tell him this story? He turned to

her in some wonder. But, for whatever reason she had told it, the truth of the story was written in her face. Hardly could he recognise the Mademoiselle Diane who had declaimed to him of Joan of Arc and the glory of fighting for New France. She was gone, and in her place a girl fronted him, a child almost, with a strange anguish in her voice, and in her eyes the look of a wild creature trapped. She was appealing to him; but again, why?

"I think you must be in some trouble, mademoiselle?" said he, speaking the thought that came uppermost. Something prompted him to add, "Has it to do with Dominique Guyon?" The question seemed to stab her. She stood up trembling, with a scared face.

"Why should you think I am troubled? What made you suppose——" she began hurriedly, and stopped again in confusion. "I only wanted you to understand. Is it not much better when folks speak to one another frankly? Something may be hidden which seems of no importance, and yet for lack of knowing it we may misjudge utterly, may we not?"

Heaven knew that of late John had been feeling sorely enough the torment of carrying about a secret. But to the girl's broken utterances he held no clue at all, nor could hit on one.

"See now," she went on, almost fiercely; "you speak of Dominique Guyon. You suspected something—what, you could not tell; perhaps it had not even come to be a suspicion. But, seeing me troubled—as you think—at once Dominique's name comes to your lips. Now listen to the truth—how simple it is. When Armand and I were children . . . you have heard of Armand?"

"A little; from Father Joly."

"Papa thinks he has behaved dishonourably, and will scarcely allow his name to be uttered until he shall return from the army, having redeemed his fault. Papa, though he seems easy, can be very stern on all questions of honour. Well, when Armand and I were children, we played with the

two Guyon boys. Their father, Bonhomme Guyon, was only my father's farmer; but in a lonely place like Boisveyrac, and with no one to instruct us in difference of rank and birth—for my mother died when I was a baby——”

“I understand, mademoiselle.”

“And so we played about the farm, as children will. But by-and-by, and a short while before I left Boisveyrac to go to school with the Ursulines, Dominique began to be—what shall I say? He was very tiresome.”

She paused. “I understand,” replied John quietly.

“At first I did not guess what he meant. And the others, of course, did not guess. But he was furiously jealous, even of his brother, poor Bateese. And when Bateese met with his accident——”

“One moment, mademoiselle. When Bateese fell between the logs, was it because Dominique had pushed him?”

She wrung her hands as in a sudden fright. “You guessed that? How did you guess? No one knows it but I, and Father Launoy, no doubt, and perhaps Father Joly. But Dominique knows that *I* know; and his misery seems to give him some hold over me.”

“In what way can I help you, mademoiselle?”

“Did I ask you to help me?” She had resumed her seat on the gun-carriage and, drawing Sergeant Barboux' tunic off its gun, began with her embroidery scissors to snip at the shanks of its breast-buttons. His cheeks were burning now; she spoke with a strained accent of levity. “I called you, monsieur, to say that I cannot, of course, copy these buttons, and to ask if you consent to my using them on your new tunic, or, if you prefer to put up with plain ones. But it appears that I have wandered to some distance from my question.” She attempted a laugh; which, however, failed dolefully.

“Decidedly I prefer any buttons to those. But, excuse me,” persisted John, drawing nearer, “though you asked for no help and need none, yet I won't believe you have

honoured me so far with your confidence, and all without purpose."

"Oh," she replied, still in the same tone of hard, almost contemptuous, levity. "I had a whim, monsieur, to be understood by you, that is all; and perhaps to rebuke you by contrast for telling us so little of yourself. It is as Felicite said—you messieurs of the army keep yourselves well padded over the heart. See here——." She began to dig with her scissor point and lay bare the quilting within Barboux' tunic; but presently stopped, with a sharp cry.

"What is the matter, mademoiselle?"

For a second or two she snipped furiously, and then—"This is the matter!" she cried, plunging her fingers within the lining. "A despatch! He carried one after all!" She dragged forth a paper and held it up in triumph.

"Give it to me, please. But I say that you must and shall, mademoiselle!" John's head swam, but he stepped and caught her by the wrists.

And with that the paper fell to the ground. He held her wrist; he felt only the magnetic touch, looked into her eyes, and understood. From wonder at his outburst they passed to fear, to appeal, to love. Yes, they shrank from him, sick with shame and self-comprehension, pitifully seeking to hide the wound. But it would not by any means be hid. A light flowed from it, blinding him.

"You hurt! Oh, you hurt!"

He dropped her hands and strode away, leaving the paper at her feet.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DISMISSAL

THE Commandant tapped the despatch on the table before him, with a *rusé* smile.

"I was right then, after all, M. à Clive, in maintaining that your comrade carried a message from the General. My

daughter has told me how you came to discover it between you. That you should have preserved the tunic is no less than providential; indeed, I had all along supposed it to be your own."

John waited, with a glance at the document, which lay with the seal downward, seemingly intact.

"It is addressed," the Commandant pursued, "in our ordinary cypher to the Marquis de Vaudreuil at Montreal. In my own mind I have not the least doubt that it instructs him—the pressure to the south having been relieved by the victory at Fort Carillon—to send troops up to us and to M. de Noyan at Fort Frontenac. My good friend up there has been sending down appeals for reinforcements at the rate of two a week, and has only ceased of late in stark despair. It is evident that your comrade carried a message of some importance to Montreal; and I have sent for you, monsieur, to ask: Are you in a condition to travel?"

"You wish me to carry this despatch, monsieur?"

"If you tell me that you are fit to travel. Indeed, it is a privilege which you have a right to claim, and M. de Vaudreuil will doubtless have some reward for the bearer. Young men were ambitious in my day—eh, M. à Clive?"

John, averting his face, gazed out of window upon the empty courtyard, the slope of the terrace and the line of embrasures above it. Diane was not there beside her accustomed gun, and he wondered if he should see her again before departing. He wondered if he desired to see her. To be sure he must accept this mission, having gone so far in deceit. It would set him free from Fort Amitié; and, once free, he could devise with Menewehna some plan of escaping southward. Within the fort he could devise nothing: its four walls stifled him. He did not yet understand that his real prison was his own breast. He winced under the Commandant's kindness, but blessed it for offering, now at last, a term to his humiliation.

"M. de Vaudreuil will not be slow, I feel sure, to recognise

your services," pursued the Commandant genially. "But that there may be no mistake about it, I have done myself the pleasure to write him a letter commending you. Would you care to hear a sentence or two? No?"—for John's hand went up in protest—"Well, youth is never the worse for a touch of modesty. Be so good, then, monsieur, to pass me the seal yonder."

John picked up and handed the seal almost without glancing at it. His thoughts were elsewhere as the Commandant lit a taper, heated the wax, and let it drop upon the letter. But just as the seal was impressed, old Jérémié Tripier entered without knocking, and in a state of high perturbation. "Monsieur! Monsieur! A whole fleet of boats in sight—coming down the river!"

The Commandant pushed back his chair.

"Boats? Down the river? Nonsense, Jérémié, it is up the river you mean; you have the message wrong. They must be the relief from Montreal."

"Nay, monsieur, it is down the river they are approaching. The news came in from Sans Quartier, who is on sentry-go upstream. He has seen them from Mont aux Ours, and reports them no more than three miles away.

"Please God no ill has befallen de Noyan!" muttered the Commandant. "Excuse me, M. à Clive, I must look into this. We will talk of our business later."

But John scarcely heard. His eyes had fallen on the seal of the letter. It stared back at him—a facsimile of the one hidden in his pocket—a flying Mercury, with cap, winged sandals, and caduceus.

He pulled his wits together to answer the Commandant politely, he scarcely knew how, and followed him out to the postern gate. Half a dozen of the garrison—all, in fact, who happened to be off duty—were hurrying along the ridge to verify Sans Quartier's news. John, still weak from his wound, could not maintain the pace. Halting on the slope for breath, while the Commandant with an apology left him and strode

ahead, he turned and caught sight of Diane, and waited for her.

She came as one who cannot help herself, with panting bosom and eyes that supplicated him for mercy. But Love, not John à Cleeve, was the master to grant her remission—and who can supplicate Love?

They met without greeting, and for a while walked on in silence, he with a flame in his veins and a weight of lead in his breast.

“Is papa sending you to Montreal?” she asked, scarcely above a whisper.

“He was giving me my orders when this news came.”

There was a long pause now, and when next she spoke he could hardly catch her words.

“You will come again?”

His heart answered, “My love! O my love!” But he could not speak it. He looked around upon sky, forest, sweeping river—all the landscape of his bliss, the prison of his unutterable shame. A wild intolerable longing seized him to kill his bliss and his shame at one stroke. Four words would do it. He had but to stand up and cry aloud, “I am an Englishman!” and the whole beautiful hideous dream would crack, shiver, dissolve. Only four words! Almost he heard his voice shouting them and saw through the trembling heat her body droop under the stab, her love take the mortal hurt and die with a face of scorn. Only four words, and an end desirable as death! What kept him silent then? He checked himself on the edge of a horrible laugh. The thing was called Honour! and its services steeped him in dishonour to the soul.

“You will come again?” her eyes repeated.

He commanded himself to say, “It may be that there is now no need to go. If Fort Frontenac has fallen——”

“Why should you believe that Fort Frontenac has fallen? she broke in; and then, clasping her hands, added in a sort of terror, “Do you know that—that now—I hardly seem able to

think about Fort Frontenac or to care whether it has fallen or not? What wickedness has come to me that I should be so cruelly selfish?"

He set his face. Even to comfort her he must not let his look or voice soften; one touch of weakness now would send him over the abyss.

"Let us go forward," said he. "At the next bend yonder we shall know what has happened."

But around the bend came a procession which told plainly enough what had happened; a procession of boats filled with dark-coated provincial soldiers, a few white-coats, many women and children. No flags flew astern; the very lift of the oars told of disgrace and humiliation. Thus came Payan de Noyan with his garrison, prisoners on *parole*, sent down by the victorious British to report the fall of Frontenac and be exchanged for prisoners taken at Ticonderoga.

Already the Commandant and his men had surmised the truth, and were hurrying back along the ridge to meet the unhappy procession at the quay. John and Diane turned with them and walked homeward in silence.

The flotilla passed slowly beneath their eyes, but did not head in toward the quay. An old man in the leading boat waved an arm from mid-stream to the folk assembled there—or rather, lifted it in salutation, and let it fall again dejectedly.

This was de Noyan himself, and apparently his *parole* forbade him to hold converse with his countrymen before reaching Montreal. On them next, for aught the garrison of Fort Amitié could learn, the enemy were even now descending.

Diane, halting on the slope, heard her father call across the water to de Noyan, who turned, but shook his head and waved a hand once more with a gesture of refusal.

"He was asking him to carry the despatch to Montreal. Since he will not, or cannot, you must follow with it."

"For form's sake," John agreed. "It can have no other purpose now."

They were standing at the verge of the forest, and she half

turned towards him with a little choking cry that asked, as plainly as words, "Is this all you have to say? Are you blind that you cannot see how I suffer?"

He stepped back a pace into the shadow of the trees. She lifted her head and, as their eyes met, drooped it again, faint with love. He stretched out his arms.

"Diane!"

But as she ran to him he caught her by the shoulders and held her at arms' length. Her eyes, seeking his, saw that his gaze travelled past her and down the slope. And turning in his grasp she saw Menchwehna running towards them across the clearing from the postern gate, and crouching as he ran.

He must have seen them; for he came straight to where they stood, and gripping John by the arm pointed towards the quay, visible beyond the edge of the flagstaff tower.

"Who are these newcomers?" cried Diane, recovering herself. "Why, yes, it is Father Launoy and Dominique Guyon! Yes, yes—and Bateese!—whom you have never seen."

John turned to her quietly, without haste.

"Mademoiselle," said he in a voice low and firm, and not altogether unhappy, "I have met Bateese Guyon before now. And these men bring death to me. Run, Menchwehna; for me, I return to the Fort with mademoiselle."

She stared at him. "Death?" she echoed, wondering.

"Death," he repeated, "and I deserve it. On many accounts I have deserved it, but most of all for having stolen your trust. I am an Englishman."

For a moment she did not seem to hear. Then slowly, very slowly, she put out both hands and crouched from him.

"Return, Menchwehna!" commanded John firmly. "Yes, mademoiselle, I cannot expiate what I have done. But I go to expiate what I can."

He took a step forward; but she had straightened herself up and stood barring his path with her arm, fronting him with terrible scorn.

"Expiate! What can you expiate? You can only die; and are you so much afraid of death that you think it an atonement? You can only die, and—and—" she hid her face in her hands. "Oh, Menehwehna, help me! He can only die, and I cannot let him die!"

Menehwehna stepped forward with impassive face. "If my brother goes down the hill, I go with him," he announced calmly.

"You see?" Diane turned on John wildly. "You will only kill your friend—and to what purpose? The wrong you have done you cannot remedy; the remedy you seek would kill me surely. Ah, go! go! Do not force me to kneel and clasp your knees—you that have already brought me so low. Go, and let me learn to hate as well as scorn you. You wish to expiate? That only will I take for expiation."

"Come, brother!" urged Menehwehna, taking him by the arm.

Diane whispered a word in the Indian's ear, and, returning, looked John in the face.

"Are you sorry at all? If you are sorry you will obey me now."

With one long searching look she turned and walked down the slope. Menehwehna dragged him back into the undergrowth as the postern door opened, and M. Etienne came through it, followed by Father Launoy, Dominique, and Bateese.

Peering over the bushes Menehwehna saw Diane descend to meet them—he could not see with what face.

Marvelous is woman. She met them with a gay and innocent smile.

Her whispered word to Menehwehna had been to keep by the waterside. And late that night, when the garrison had given over beating the woods for the fugitives, a canoe stole up the river, close under the north bank. One man sat in it; and after paddling for a couple of miles up-stream he began to sing

as he went—softly at first, but raising his voice by little and little—

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t à pleurer.

No answer came from the dark forest. He took up his chant again, more boldly :

Tu as le cœur à rire
Moi je l'ai-t à pleurer ;
J'ai perdu ma maitresse
Sans pouvoir la trouver.
—*Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime,*
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

He listened. A low call sounded from the trees on his right, and he brought the canoe under the bank.

“ Is that you, Bateese ? ”

“ Monsieur, forgive me ! I said as little as I could, but the Reverend Father and Dominique were too clever for me. And how was I to have known ? . . . Take the canoe and travel fast, my friends ; they will be searching again at dawn.”

“ Did mademoiselle send the canoe ? ”

“ Yes ; and she charged you to answer one question. It was her brother—M. Armand—whom the Iroquois slew in the Wilderness. Ah, that cry ! Can one ever forget ? ”

“ Her brother ? ” John's hand went to his breast in the darkness.

“ Monsieur did not know then ? I was sure that monsieur could not have known ! For myself I did not know until four days ago. The Iroquois had not seen us, and we escaped back to the Richelieu—to Sorel—to Montreal, where I left my wounded man. Ah, monsieur, but we suffered on the way ! And from Montreal I made for Boisveyrac, and there my tongue ran loose—but in all innocence. And there I heard that M. Armand had been crossing the Wilderness . . . but monsieur did not know ? ”

"That, at least, I never knew nor guessed, Bateese. Was this the question Mademoiselle Diane desired you to ask me?"

"It was, monsieur. And, according to your answer, I was to give you her word."

"What is her word, Bateese?"

"She commends you to God, monsieur, and will pray for you."

"Take back my word that I will pray to deserve her prayers, who can never deserve her pardon."

CHAPTER XVII

FRONTENAC SHORE

"AND what will my brother do?"

For minutes before John heard and answered it the question had been singing in his ears to the beat of the paddles. He supposed that Menehwehna had asked it but a moment ago.

"I cannot tell. Let us press on; it may be we shall find my countrymen at Frontenac."

"As a child breaks down a lodge which another child has built, and runs away, so your countrymen will have departed."

Fort Amitié lay far behind. They were threading their way now among the Thousand Isles, and soon Lake Ontario opened before them, spreading its blue waters to the horizon. But John heeded neither green islands nor blue lake, nor their beauty, nor their peace, but only the shame in his heart. He saw only the dazzle on the water, heard only the swirl around his paddle, stroke by stroke, hour after hour; prayed only for fatigue to drug the ache and bring about oblivion with the night.

Coasting the shore they came at the close of the day upon the charred skeletons of three ships lifting their ribs out of the

shallows against the sunset, and beyond these, where the water deepened, to a deserted quay.

They landed; and while they climbed the slope towards the fort, out of one of its breaches its only inhabitant crawled towards them—a young dog, gaunt and tame with hunger.

The dog fawned upon Menehwehna. But John turned his back on the smoke-blackened walls in a sick despair, seated himself on the slope, and let his gaze travel southward over the shoreless water. Beyond the rim of it would lie Oswego, ruined by the French as the English had ruined Frontenac.

The dog came and stretched itself at his feet, staring up with eyes that seemed at once to entreat his favour and to marvel why he sat there motionless. Menehwehna had stepped down to the canoe to fetch food for it, and by-and-by returned with a handful of biscuit.

“He will be useful yet,” said Menehwehna, seating himself beside the dog and feeding it carefully with very small pieces. “He cannot be more than a year old, and before the winter is ended we will make a hunter of him.”

John did not answer.

“You will come with me now, brother?” Still Menehwehna kept his eyes on the dog. “There is no other way.”

“There is one way only,” answered John, with his eyes fastened on the south. “Teach me to build a canoe, and let me cross the water alone. If I drown, I drown.”

“And if you reached? Your countrymen are all gathering back to the south; until the snow has come and passed, there will be no more fighting. You are better with me. Come, and when the corn begins to shoot again you shall tell me if you are minded to return.”

“Menehwehna, you do not understand.”

“I have studied you, my brother, when you have guessed it not; and I say to you that if you went back now to your people it would be nothing to their gain, nor to yours, for the desire of fighting has gone out of you. Now in my nation we

do not wonder when a man loses that desire, for we put it away as men by eating put away the desire of food. All things come to us in their season. This month the corn ripens, and at home my wife and children are gathering it; but anon comes the Moon of Travel, and they will weary of the village and watch the lake for me to arrive and lead them away to the hunting-grounds. So the beasts have their seasons; the buck his month for belling, and the beaver his month for taking shelter in his house which he has stored. And with us, when the snow melts, it may happen that the war-talk begins—none knowing how—and spreads through the villages: first the young men take to dancing and painting their faces, and the elder men catch fire, and a day sees us taking leave of our womankind to follow the war-path. But in time we surfeit even of fighting, and remember our lodges again.”

Menehwehna paused a while, and patted the dog's head.

“Therefore, brother, were you of our race, I should not wonder that the spirit of war has gone out of you. I myself am weary of it for a season; I forget that Frenchman differs from Englishman, and think of the sound of thin ice above the beaver's wash, the blood of the red-deer's hocks on the snow, the smell of his steak over the fire. But of the pale-faces some are warriors, some are not; and the warriors fight, year in and year out, whenever they can. That is your calling, brother, is it not?”

“I am not grown a coward, I hope.”

“No,” said Menehwehna thoughtfully, “you are not a coward; else my heart had never gone out to you. But I think there is something dead within you that must come to life, and something alive within you that must die, before you grow into a warrior again. As for your going back to-day, listen—

“There was war once between our nation and the Pottawatamies, and in an open fight our braves killed many of their enemies and scattered the rest to their villages. Great was the victory, but mournful; for in the chase that followed it an

arrow pierced the throat of the leader of the Ojibways. His name was Daimeka, and he a chief in my own island of Michilimackinac. Where he fell there he lay. His people lifted the body and propped it against a tree, seated, with its face towards the forest into which the Pottawatamies had fled. They wiped the dirt from his head-dress, set his bow against his shoulder and so, having lamented him, turned their faces northward to their own country.

“But Daimeka, although he could neither speak nor stir, saw all that his friends did, and heard all that they said. He listened to their praises of him and their talk of their victory, and was glad; he felt the touch of their hands as they set out his limbs against the tree, but his own hands he could not lift. His tears, indeed, ran as they turned to abandon him; but this sign they did not see, and he could give no other.

“The story says that little by little his hot tears melted the frost that bound him; and by-and-by, as he remembered the cry of home-coming—‘*Kumad-ji-wug*, We have conquered!’—his spirit put forth an effort as a babe in its mother’s travail, and he found his feet and ran after the braves. Then was he mad with rage to find that they had no eyes for him, and he no voice to call their attention. When they walked forward he walked forward, when they halted he halted, when they slept he slept, when they awoke he awoke; nay, when they were weary he felt weariness. But for all the profit it brought him he might still have been sitting under the tree; for their eyes would not see him, and his talk to them was as wind.

“And this afflicted him so that at length he began to tear open his wounds, saying, ‘This, at least, will move them to shame, who owe their victory to me!’ But they heeded nothing; and when he upbraided them they never turned their heads.

“At length they came to the shore where they had left the canoes, and put across for the island. As they neared it the men in Daimeka’s canoe raised the war-shout, ‘*Kumad-ji-*

wug! 'We have conquered!' and old men, wives and children came running from the village, his own father and wife and children among them. 'Daimeka is dead!' was shouted many times in the uproar; and the warriors spoke his praises while his father wept, and his wife, and his two small ones.

"'But I am alive!' Daimeka shouted, for by this time he was in a furious passion. Then he ran after his wife, who was fleeing towards his own lodge, tearing her hair as she went. 'Listen to me, woman!' he entreated, and would have held her, but could not. He followed her into the lodge and stood over her as she sat on the bed, with her hands in her lap, despairing. 'But I am alive!' he shouted again. 'See how my wounds bleed; bind them, and give me food. To bleed like this is no joke, and I am hungry.' 'I have no long time to live,' said the woman to one of the children, 'even now I hear my man calling me, far away.' Daimeka, beside himself, beat her across the head with all his force. She put up a hand. 'Children, even now I felt his hand caressing me. Surely I have not long to live.'

"'I was better off under the tree,' said Daimeka to himself, and strode forth from the lodge. By the shore he launched one of the canoes; and now he felt no wish in his heart but to return to the battlefield and sit there dead, if only he could find his body again which he had left—as he now felt sure—sitting beneath the tree.

"On the fourth day he reached the battlefield. Night was falling, and as he sought the tree he came on a blazing fire. Across it he could see the tree plainly, and at the foot of it his body with the light on its face.

"He stepped aside to walk round the fire; but it moved as he moved, and again stood in his path. A score of times he tried to slip by it, but always it barred his way, and always beyond it stood the tree with his own face gazing across the blaze.

"'Fire, I am a fool,' said he at the last; 'but, fire, thou art a worse fool to think that Daimeka would turn his back!'

And so saying he strode straight through its flame. At once he found himself seated with his back to the tree in his dress of war, with his bow resting against his shoulder. 'Now I am dead,' said he, contentedly; nevertheless, he began to finger his bow. 'On what do the dead feed themselves?' he wondered; and, for a trial, fixed and shot an arrow at a passing bird—for above the tree there was clear sky, though darkness lay around its foot, and in the darkness the fire still burned. The bird fell; he plucked it, cooked it at the fire, and ate.

"'In life I never ate better partridge,' said Daimeka, 'but now that I am a real ghost I will return once more to Michilimackinac and frighten my wife out of her senses, for she deserves it.'

"So when the fire died down he arose, warm in all his limbs, and started northward again. On the fourth day he found his canoe where he had left it, and pushed off for the island. But, as he neared the shore, a man who had been standing there ran back to the village, and soon all his folk came running down to the beach, his wife in their midst.

"'Daimeka!' they cried. 'It is indeed Daimeka returned to us!'

"'That may be,' said Daimeka, as his wife flung her arms around him; 'and again, it may not be. But, dead or alive, I find it good enough.'

"Such, my brother, is the tale of Daimeka. Is it better, now, to return to your people as a ghost or as a man who has found himself?"

John lifted a face of misery.

"Come," said Menhwehna, looking him straight in the eyes, and letting his hand rest from patting the dog, which turned and licked it feebly.

"I will come," said John.

(To be continued.)