

ABDUR RAHMAN : COMMANDER OF THE FAITH

THE late Amir of Afghanistan, in that part of his Autobiography which appeared in the first number of the MONTHLY REVIEW, spoke of "several books" written by himself, "which have been printed at the Kabul Press." A copy of one of these is now in the British Museum: it is a pamphlet on *Jihad* or the Holy War against the Infidel, which was issued in 1887, and was taken at the time by certain newspaper correspondents to be a symptom of trouble brewing between Afghanistan and this country.¹ Another pamphlet was published by the Amir some seven years ago, recording the proceedings of the Durand Mission to Kabul in November 1893. It was circulated among the officials and people of Afghanistan in order that they might understand the nature and advantages of the friendship then ratified between their own country and England. "That our interests may be identical and our hearts sincere," says the Amir to his people in his own report of his own speech at the great Durbar, "I have obtained verbal as well as written promises from her Gracious Majesty the Queen, her Government, and her officials, to help us as our friends to such an extent that should there be one rupee only in the British Treasury, half of it will be spent to help Afghanistan at any time of danger, and our friendship has advanced so far that we

¹ In 1888 appeared an *authorised* treatise on "The Establishing of the Faith," which was discussed by the *Times* in September 1897.

will both join hands to oppose our enemies." He then thanks God for this "successful understanding, which causes a great pleasure to friends and a great disappointment and sorrow to the enemies whose plots for causing a quarrel between us have failed," and concludes as follows: "The agreements were signed yesterday, and I wish to tell you most emphatically that the British Government, being your true friend, is ready to give you every help by men, money, and arms, and does not wish anything in return. You are bound to hold fast to the friendship of the British Government, which is anxious to see you strong without asking anything in return. I congratulate you on your good fortune in having secured such a friendship, the fruits of which will be numerous in the interests and the welfare of the country."

Nothing is said here about infidels: nothing could be further from the preaching of war, holy or other, against England. It seems probable that the bellicose tendency of the former pamphlet was exaggerated by the Press, or that it was taken more seriously by its European critics than by the Afghan public, who understood it perhaps in some Pickwickian sense. This supposition is borne out by the tenor of the Amir's latest book on *Jehad*, published at Kabul in Persian last year, and hitherto, we believe, entirely unknown in this country. The translation of it, which we here give, has been made by Sultan Mohammed Khan, who was formerly Mir Munshi to the Amir, and to whom we are already indebted for the translations of the Amir's "Life" and of his "Instructions" to his son Nasrullah on his visiting England. The intention of the book is evidently not political: according to the very natural account given of its conception, it is an amplification of a discourse held by the Amir to his courtiers at one of his evening gatherings, and aimed in the first place at the correction of a "vulgar error" among the Afghans as to the meaning of an important word in the definition of their creed. To us, however, it is equally instructive in other ways. We learn from it that for a Moslem there are more ways than one to

Paradise: he may travel as it were first, second, or third class. If the practice of a full ritual be beyond his means or opportunities, he may fall back on a simpler and, it would seem to us, a more spiritual form of worship; failing in this again he may be saved by hatred of the unbelievers. It is this third and no doubt easier method that once constituted a danger to the Christian world, and ought theoretically even now to make an Anglo-Afghan agreement impossible. To Abdur Rahman the difficulty does not seem even to have presented itself: in the general he exhorts to a most stringent exclusion of infidels and those who consort with them; in the particular he is anxious to share their last rupee, and congratulates his people on a friendship which will bear fruit in the prosperity of the country. Is it cynicism, mere worldly wisdom, that so completely ignores the inconsistency? Miss Hamilton, we are told, found the late Amir something of a sceptic in private, though he was looked upon throughout his dominions as a loyal and sincere Defender of the Faith. We prefer to think of him as having been, like many better men, more sincere than orthodox; or rather to look upon his inconsistency as unconscious, and to take it as a welcome indication that Afghan Mahommedanism is beginning to outgrow its early ferocity; that a religion which at many points approaches Christianity is ceasing, under the influence possibly of the Sultan's envoys and the Mecca pilgrimage, to act, even in Afghanistan, up to its orthodox principles as a propaganda of hatred and exclusiveness. If this faith is really becoming, in any serious degree, a matter of long beards and big turbans on the one hand and of tacitly ignored prohibitions on the other, it must be passing out of the stage of barbarous fanaticism. Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan, before he was freed from the Wheel of Things, laid many crimes upon his soul; but he was a mighty ruler of men, and we would gladly believe that he contributed to the progress of the Church as he certainly did to that of the State, in dominions so closely connected with our own.—EDITOR.

BE IT KNOWN to the consciences of the followers of the Mahommedan religion and the protectors of the reputation and faith of that religion, that as his Majesty Abdur Rahman Khan, Defender of the Faith, is very kindly disposed towards his people and anxious to protect his religion, he always confers benefits upon them by his verbal and written advice and instructions. It is therefore the duty of all his Majesty's subjects in general to be grateful to him and strictly follow his advice.

The words of a Professor of Learning are always useful.
Happy are those who hear and follow them.

This also is one of the directions and instructions which his Majesty has preached to his courtiers and those in his presence in one evening's gathering, namely :

That for the believers of the true faith the great "honour" is their religion, and not, as some selfish people believe it to be, simply the habit of praying and a nominal religion.

If the wife, children, sisters, and other belongings of this world may be considered as a man's honour, then there is nobody who has a lasting honour, because these relatives and belongings are always changing, as in the case of marriage or divorce, and daughters and sisters take the name of their husbands the moment they are married, and are no longer members of the same family, and in the same way the other belongings of a man keep on coming and going, and nobody is considered to have lost his honour by these changes, but if anybody does anything against the teachings of his faith it will injure his honour and leave him no excuse.

"Honour" literally means the credit of one with another or with others, and that is the reason why the wife of a man is called his "honour,"¹ and an insult to her is considered as an

¹ The Mahommedans say that a man who does not give his life willingly in fighting for his *nāmūs* (honour or reputation) is a coward and an infidel. The belief of the Afghans was that by this was meant the honour of their wives: the Amir in this book explains to them that it really means their religion and faith, and therefore to save that faith they must fight for their country and their king. Sultan Mohammed Khan.

injury to the honour of her husband, because she and her husband are in credit together. Therefore an insult to his religion, which takes him to Paradise, and which is a credit between him and his God, is the greatest loss and injury to his honour, for if the faith, the means of reaching God, is injured or broken, then the means being broken there is no other way to reach God.

As the fourth chapter of Kauran gives this verse :

If any man change his Religion from Islam his new Religion will not be accepted, and he will be a loser in the Day of Judgment.

The Angel Gabriel is also called *Great Honour*, because he is the medium of conveying all religion from Heaven to the Prophet.

The other reason of my naming true religion only as the great honour is this :

That by the religious law the moment a man breaks his religion he has no legal right over his wife, children, property, or any of his belongings, and is considered an outcast from his people. In fact, he is considered as out of existence, and as if he had never existed in that community ; since all the books on religion fully agree on this subject, it is clearly proved that all belongings and honour and wife and everything are gone by the loss of religion, and therefore faith is the only honour and credit, and without faith there is no honour.

Religion is the soul and spirit, and all the other kinds of honour or good name are the outcome of this. Therefore it is the duty of every Moslem to protect and defend the dignity and good name of this great honour of his religion of Islam.

In the chapter *Shurah* the Kauran says as follows :

Your God has given to you the same rules of Faith which were the instructions given to Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Jesus Christ, namely, that you must hold fast to your belief in God and not divide or dissemble, but be united in Religion.

But in following and defending the true faith the love of God and His Prophet is necessary, because religion is not only

to be considered as "honour," but also as a love for God. The Kauran says :

Love God and love all those who have God's love ; or, God loves His true believers and the true believers love God.

In the book called *Bukhari* the Prophet says :

Not one of you is a true believer so long as he does not love God more than his parents, children, and all men else.

There are many verses of the Kauran and sayings of the Prophet to confirm this doctrine, but as it is a well-known fact to all true believers that without loving God and His Prophet nobody is considered a true believer, therefore this one reference above mentioned is sufficient.

Then the signs are proved of the love of God and His Prophet, and we are exhorted, first, to follow the sayings and doings of Mahomet and his faith, as the Kauran says :

O Mahomet, say to your followers that if they do love God they must follow your example so that God shall love them and forgive their sins.

God is most merciful and compassionate, and the highest degree of love is this—that a true believer should take a pleasure in following every step of the blessed Prophet. Sincere belief requires a true desire and comfort in following the laws of God and His Prophet, and a sacrifice of all selfish motives, desires, and even one's belongings, riches and everything, for that belief, because the essential part of all prayers is the soul of the worship or prayer and not the outward action.

In short, the true worship of God is to desire that everything that one does is done in the heart to please God and His Prophet. The Kauran says :

God requires true worship of the heart and not outward show.

The Prophet says in the book of *Bukhari* :

The reward for your good actions depends upon the intention of your heart.

For instance, if a man leaves his home with the intention of serving God and His Prophet he becomes a Champion of

the Faith, but if he leaves his home to collect plunder or to bring back a slave wife, then his fighting is not to please God or His Prophet, but for his own selfish ends, and therefore there is no reward for him near God.

A man who fights for the love of God and His Faith—he is a Gazi, and if he dies he is rewarded. What he plunders in fighting is his property, but if he goes merely for the sake of plunder he has no reward near God for fighting or being killed.

The Middle Way for the lovers of God is this, that if a man cannot follow all the details of religion and the doings of Mahomet, he must not leave the essential duties of that religion, and he must be especially careful of one essential duty, and that is not to do any injury to others, as God and His Prophet have strictly forbidden this. The Kauran says :

Be afraid of God in usurping the rights of others, and satisfy those who have any claim on you, if you are really obedient to the commands of God and His Prophet, and if you are true believers.

Mahomet says in *Bukhari* :

The best of all in the believers is that they do not do any injury to any one by their hands or tongue, by their doings or sayings.

A Fighter for the Truth is a man who keeps away from all such doings which are wrong.

Again Mahomet says :

None of you is counted as a believer of the Faith who does not wish the same good to others which he desires for himself.

Therefore to regard the rights of other believers, and to safeguard such rights, is an essential duty upon all of you, and is next to the duty of your allegiance to God, to His Prophet, and to your King, who is a deputy of the Prophet.

If any man being tempted by temptations fails to carry out this first degree and the second degree of the love of God and His Prophet, as mentioned above, there is only one third way of duty left by following which he shall be forgiven, and the Prophet will be a medium to intercede on his behalf for his error, and that third degree is as follows :

Love for the sake of God, and enmity also for the sake of God: that is to say, to love God and all those who are true believers of God, and to hate and be enemies with all those who are not followers of the true faith, and to shun the evil ones.

To explain this fully, suppose a man cannot follow all the restrictions, rules, and sacrifices mentioned in the religion of Islam, he must take up this last responsibility as his duty—he must be a supporter and well-wisher of the true faith and of those who are the supporters of the true faith openly and privately—to gain favour with God; and this is the essence of the love of God: and he must be an enemy of the infidels and of the friends of the infidels, as they are enemies of God; and this is the essence of saying that enmity for God—that this enmity—is to please God; as God says in the Kauran:

O, true believers, be not friends of your fathers and brothers if they prefer infidelity or unbelief to the true belief and if they be against Islam; and if any of you keep friendship with them he will be reckoned a sinner, and one who has gone beyond the limit and is an outcast.

On this point the command of God is so very strict that if any man's father, brother, or son becomes a friend of the infidels in his heart, you must cut him off from you.

The Prophet says in *Bukhari*:

Any man who has these three virtues is a true believer:

- (1) He who loves God and his Prophet more than all the rest of the world.
- (2) He who loves all those who love God, for the sake of God's love.
- (3) He who keeps away as much from him who joins the scoffers as one keeps away from being thrown into a fire.

This is plainly understood, that friendship with the infidels inclines one to be an infidel oneself, and to be a friend of Islam means to be an Islamite oneself, and though God is very merciful and compassionate so that all sinners expect to be forgiven by him, yet if any man does any injury to Islam, or helps those who are enemies of Islam or becomes friendly with them, he is entirely deprived of the mercies of God; and the

intercession of the Prophet according to the faith of Islam will be for those who are the greatest sinners, but not for those who are unbelievers; and to slight Islam or to lower the dignity of Islam, and to be a well-wisher of those who are against Islam and to injure those or to differ from those who are well-wishers of Islam is the grossest infidelity.

Therefore considering that this is the secret of the system whereby the Mahommedan Monarchs are to be Commanders of the Faith, as has been laid down from the time of the Prophet, and that the commands of God and His Prophet are all in the Kauran, and other books or tradition books of the Prophet, stating or ordering the oath of allegiance or faithfulness and obedience to the Islam rulers of the times, this is the reason why the religion of Islam is the greatest honour, and the sovereigns of Islam are appointed by the Prophet to protect and defend this great honour, and all the people who believe in the faith are ordered or commanded to obey or bear allegiance to support them.

God says in the Kauran :

Those to whom We give a high place near Us, and whom We honour with authority are the Kings or Commanders of the true Faith. They say their prayers, give charity, or order the people to do good, and forbid them to do wrong, and for everything the account ends with God.

This proves that the religion of Islam is the greatest honour, and is the true religion, and its kings are the protectors and God's guards of this honour, and that is the reason why the Prophet has ordered as an essential duty that

Every man should obey the orders of the Sovereigns or Monarchs of Islam.

The Prophet says in *Bukhari* :

Any man who obeys my commands obeys the commands of God, and he who rejects my commands rejects the commands of God; and any man who obeys the commands of his Amir, obeys my commands, and he who rejects the commands of the Amir rejects my commands: and in fact the Amir is a shelter for all Moslems who fight by his help and with him against the Scoffers and rebellious enemies, and he is the defender against the arms of the

enemies and rivals; and if the Amir orders you to defend the faith and bestows justice he will gain a reward for his commands, and if he does contrary to this, upon him will be the sin.

It shows that the people have no right to raise objections or to criticise the actions of their Amir, and make their own objections the cause of sinning and acting against his instructions, but in everything and in every condition they must obey their Amir, because God and His Prophet have delivered affairs to him, and he will have to answer for the good or bad results on the Day of Judgment, as he has been appointed to have the authority—to be the shepherd of God's creation—so thousands of sorrows be upon those wrongdoers who do not know the value of *the honour* of their faith and religion, and who only follow ceremonies and customs, and only trouble themselves to defend their wives and their children as their great honour, and keep long beards and big turbans as a token of true religion. If they break any of the laws of their faith, in the first place they do not understand what they have done—they pass it as a jest. The Prophet has truly said :

The true believer, notwithstanding his good works, still fears God, and a sinner, notwithstanding his wrong doings, still laughs.

As Bedil, a learned saint, says :

Men do more wrong by blindly following each other than by their own intentions they desire.

What unfortunate people those shall be who, claiming to be Moslems, and boasting of the true faith, have their hearts so far from the love of God and His Prophet that they do not follow even one of these three stages of grace. Those are the people concerning whom God says in the Kauran :

The severe punishments are for those hard-hearted ones whose hearts are away from God, and who have fallen into darkness; especially those who possess not the third and most essential virtue, which is the love of God and enmity for God. This last is the essence of the true faith, and is not one of those formalities which are of no value, but rather do harm.

HUMILIATION, REAL AND IMAGINARY

“IT is an illusion,” said Mr. Frederick Harrison in a recent address, “to imagine that the British name has covered itself with glory in the war.” To average Continental opinion, as it is to be gathered from newspapers and in conversation with friends and acquaintances abroad, no utterance, seeing its source and occasion, could be more astonishing. It was an utterance made by a man of high integrity, in devout abhorrence of the war and in transparent sincerity of conviction. It is necessary to insist on this indisputable point; for Mr. Harrison’s dictum contains the suggestion that some such feeling of pride as he reprobates exists amongst Englishmen, and such a suggestion must be so startling to the average foreigner that he might be driven to doubt the speaker’s seriousness. But a short consideration of the remainder of his lecture would convince the most sceptical of the intensity of his feeling. It carried him, historian as he is, into historical parallels so raw and unphilosophical as to leave no doubt that nothing but emotion of the most genuine and the deepest kind could have so entirely routed his scholarship. Further than this, he exhibited the spectacle of a man who, though no mean observer of national character, was trying to persuade Englishmen to give in because they were nearly beaten—surely a symptom of acute emotional disturbance. It was to this end he arrayed his instances of empires which had

broken themselves in an effort to subdue a small people. Of the instances in which empires had vastly increased their own power and the welfare of the small people by successfully carrying through the same process he naturally remembers none. It is upon the other phenomenon that his mind is fixed, and he presents us with a case in each of the four last centuries. First, in the sixteenth, he quotes the case of Philip the Second attempting, as he puts it, to subjugate Holland; and the ruin it brought to Spain, as Mr. Harrison knew quite well two years ago—the long wars to which he alludes—arose out of an attempt by the Hapsburg dynasty to revive in its own favour a modern form of the Roman Empire. It was an attempt which was naturally objected to and opposed by half the rest of Europe, and purely from the strategical conditions of the case the resultant struggle was to a large extent focused about the rebellion of some of the richest provinces in Philip's hereditary dominions. It was not Philip's attempt to reduce his Dutch rebels to subjection that ruined him. It was that this attempt was a step to ulterior designs which were perfectly well known and which involved him in a naval war with England, and land wars on all his frontiers. Yet in this vast European struggle—in which was fought out the question whether the Imperial system of Rome was to be revived or the new system of nations established—Mr. Harrison can see a parallel to the English resolve to preserve a colony and govern it on her own lines—a resolve in which she does not so much as threaten the interests of any other country. His second instance is of the same stuff—"the war," as he puts it, "which Louis the Fourteenth waged upon Holland in the seventeenth century, a war which ruined the French monarchy and almost ruined France." In spite of a suspicion that Mr. Harrison is confusing this struggle with that of the Spanish Succession, we must take him by his dates to allude to the war which ended with the Peace of Ryswick, and in which to the war with Holland were added such trifles as wars with England, the Empire, Spain, and Brandenburg. In short, it was a contest in which again Europe deservedly

punished a disturber of its solidifying national system. That it was again the strategical conditions which caused it to focus round the same "little people" is a detail to which two years of emotion have closed Mr. Harrison's eyes.

From this point he passes to his instance of the eighteenth century, and cites "the attempt which George the Third made to crush what was then called a rebellion in our colonies." There was a time when Mr. Harrison would have seen this as a recrudescence of the Seven Years War, when the three great naval Powers of the world saw a chance of using England's domestic trouble as a means of regaining what she had lately taken from them. Here the parallel is closer; and were it not that Europe has grown reconciled to England's Colonial Empire, it would be closer still. The weak point, however, is that it did not ruin England. Ruin, if there was ruin, came in the vengeance which England speedily took on the Powers that had played her such a trick. The last instance is, by some strange phantasy, the escapade of Napoleon the Third in Mexico. The citing of this case of an effort to conquer a distant little people can only be explained by the necessity of finding something to fill the nineteenth century, and is too fantastic to be considered seriously.

But we must not be unjust. A glimmer of the historian's old sagacity prompted him to protect himself. "I do not pretend," he said, "that the analogy could be carried out in details." But the entry of such a *caveat* only makes things worse. It is not the details that are at fault; it is the unscholarly oblivion and perversion of the main lines. As he proceeds the disorder of his thought reaches a culmination—even his geography goes to pieces. In a general way, he said, he would draw attention to the fact that in four successive centuries there had been four successive attempts by great and overwhelming empires to crush and subjugate a distant and small people struggling for independence, and that in every case not only had the attempt failed, but it had brought shame, humiliation, and ruin upon the people who made the attempt.

When a scholar is so far carried away by his feelings as to speak of Holland as a country distant from France in the same way that South Africa is distant from England, no one can doubt their intensity or genuineness. For this is undeniably the stone with which he crowns his pyramid of confusion.

We can therefore safely assure our foreign critics that Mr. Harrison is not jesting. Indeed, no scholar or political student abroad, when he sees an esteemed *confrère* so hypnotised out of his wits, will be able to doubt his seriousness or the honesty of his conviction. Yet here he is, as it were in the ecstasy of his deliverance, and when he has so much else to denounce, spending time and virtue on warning an audience of disciples that they must not be proud of the war. What is the explanation? Unless our foreign friends can find means to put it aside, with the fantastic history and twisted geography, they will be bound to receive it as incontestable evidence that a large section of the British nation is not ashamed of the war. To the average foreigner such a suggestion will be as incredible as the sponge which Mr. Harrison has passed over his learning. If there is one point upon which the mass of foreign opinion is agreed with regard to the present war, it is the absolute humiliation of the once proud England. They see us hanging our heads in shame. Their journals, with more or less rudeness as their temper suggests, openly gird at us, and even personal friends, for all their keenness to enjoy the satisfaction of sympathising, will approach the subject delicately for fear of giving pain. The idea that the subject is not a painful one in this aspect, or that we can by any possibility take a pride in speaking of it, never so much as suggests itself.

So far, indeed, has this view of our sufferings gone that it is passing from the region of enjoyment and beginning to present itself as a serious danger to Europe. A new note is coming from the foreign press. About a week before Mr. Harrison's lecture, the *Novosti*, by no means the most Chauvinistic of the Russian papers, sounded the alarm with all the solemnity of a greater prophet. The title of the article which bore the

weighty message to a mocking world may be rendered "Dangerous Eventualities." Its burden is that men must cease to gloat over the humiliation of England and prepare for the devastating storm it is brewing. Europe must remember that England, with all her faults, is not a nation to sit down meekly in the abject position to which she has fallen. The proud name she once held before the civilised world, and especially before her great Indian dependency, has been grievously, even dangerously, tarnished. The fame of her land forces has been dimmed, if not totally eclipsed. The British army has failed to maintain its traditions in South Africa. There is only one way in which she can recover her self-respect, and that is by her navy. A moment's consideration therefore will show the gravity of the danger. The war is on the eve of concluding, and England is only waiting for its end to pick a quarrel with some nation, probably France, in which her navy will be able to lift her from the slough of shame into which her army has plunged her once glorious name.

It must not be supposed that this queer phantom is not a real apparition to the writer. As a view of the English character and the sentiments of Englishmen in the present situation it is no more astonishing than Mr. Harrison's, and yet it is almost incredible to us that any political student can hold such views about the British people.

The truth is that Englishmen are wholly insensible to their supposed humiliation. So far, Mr. Harrison is abundantly right. They see no reason why they should feel humiliated and, this being so, the adverse opinion of foreigners is indifferent to them. Were the expressions of contempt abroad a dozen times more violent and ill-founded, it would not stir them to raise a finger to justify themselves. Naturally this is an attitude which foreigners, who for good reasons are sensitive in the matter, cannot understand. It is an outcome of the exaggerated self-reliance and isolation of our people to be at heart indifferent to adverse criticism from outside. It is simply set down to ignorance, misunderstanding, jealousy, or some

other such cause, and men are content to wait till their critics learn to know better. Nor is this characteristic in any way affected by our love and even eagerness for praise. Self-conceit is but the disease of self-reliance, and it is possible to take an almost childish delight in praise without being so much as moved by censure. So long, therefore, as Englishmen's trust in their cause and their ability remains unshaken by facts, the most persistent and widespread views of their position which are held and expressed abroad will do nothing but harden their self-reliance, if, indeed, they touch them at all.

At present the mass of Englishmen can see nothing either in their cause or the progress of their arms to arouse in them either shame or humiliation. It is even doubtful whether there is a single chancery in Europe where on either point the popular continental view is held. As to the merits of our cause, whatever may be the opinion of foreign statesmen on the way it has been managed, in no single first-rate chancery is there any doubt of its justice. In no single case is there a doubt that had they been in our position they would have done what we have done long ago, and with greater severity. Russia, Austria, Prussia, and America have all in recent times shown us how, with the applause of the mass of their peoples, they do such work; and it is but natural that the censure of the mass of those peoples on which Mr. Harrison so earnestly insists can have no possible weight with us. He assures us it is not from mere jealousy that they scold. It is from a "deep-down feeling of an outraged sense of humanity." It may be so; but in the face of their practice it is impossible to be moved by their preaching. We do not deny the sincerity of the "deep-down feeling" any more than we doubt the sincerity of Mr. Harrison's historical parallels. We only believe that there is something below both, deeper down still, and can only deal with them as they look to us. As for the cries of the smaller nations, that is different. Still, even these we can regard with no deeper feeling than we should the angry tears of children who see

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another child beaten. Had Mr. Harrison visited the Continent as recently as he has America, he would, moreover, have discerned signs of the change for which Englishmen are content to wait in impregnable patience. Since the reports of the various Consuls in South Africa have been published, and, above all, since mercenaries have returned, sadder and wiser men, the tone of society abroad has largely changed, and the leaven of understanding is spreading every day. As to the extent to which this movement has already gone opinions will differ with each man's personal experience, but few will probably have failed to observe that generally the relation of censure to sympathy is directly as the particular circle or individual is ill or well informed in political affairs.

On the military side of the question much the same may be said. Rightly or wrongly, the effects of the war, with all its blunders and disasters, has been for the bulk of Englishmen exactly the reverse of what the Russian writer assumes. It is not too much to say that most of us have been astounded at the military strength the Empire has suddenly developed. No one not in the inner circle of military administration, and few, perhaps, even there, dreamed that such a display was possible in so short a time. We had grown accustomed to regard ourselves as having long fallen out of the race with the great military Powers, and believed that the inefficient army corps were the utmost we could handle across the sea. Therefore, as we say, Englishmen are most agreeably astonished at the strength they have shown, and, what is more, they believe that their astonishment is shared by experts abroad. Such a view of our military position may be right or wrong, but the point is that it is widely held at home and suspected of being not unknown abroad. The result is that, so far from hanging our heads in shame and seeking to wipe away our disgrace with a naval war, Englishmen believe that their trials in South Africa have distinctly raised their status as a military Power.

However debatable this view of the situation may be, it is certainly not without some show of reason on more than one

ground. It is a conspicuous feature of military history that from time to time a great war or a great commander will create a tradition which, at first embraced as a revelation, is clung to till it becomes a set of shackles that deliver whole armies, bound hand and foot, into the hands of a new genius. The most widely recognised of such traditions was that of Frederick the Great; bound and bemused by it, when its science had withered to pedantry, the old monarchies entered the contest with the French Revolution and were broken to pieces. A similar tradition was created in 1870. Although between the weapons of that time and the weapons of yesterday there is as great a difference as between the long-bow and the musket, we entered upon the present war still bound and bemused by the Prussian tradition. The result was the usual disasters suffered by the disciplined troops at the hands of the undisciplined—by those who had been taught at the hands of those who had taught themselves. The lesson was severe and dearly bought, but it was understood, and thence sprang the fruit we cherish. Whatever it has done, and however it may be judged, the army of South Africa has broken with the tradition of 1870. This will be the priceless treasure it will bring back to the nation. We are conscious of a stride forward which must never be retraced, and which has placed us ahead of those we have been humbly following. The recent manœuvres abroad have shown us unmistakably that those who have not felt the rod have not learned the lesson. It is clear that for all that is so plain to us the Continental Powers are still dominated by the effete tradition. The old formations, the old movements, and the old methods remain, scarcely modified to fit the new weapons; and competent observers lead us to believe that were the army of South Africa to meet a typical continental army to-morrow, the result would in all probability be a repetition in our favour of much that happened at our first contact with the Boers. It may be a false judgment. Time only can prove its value. In any case, such reversals have happened in every age, and twice

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at least in modern times it was the genius of Englishmen that brought them about. Once it was when the chivalry of France went down before the archers, and again when "the thin red line" enabled Wellington to stultify the calculations of Napoleon's marshals. It is as certain as the march of time that other such points will be marked in military history; and Englishmen, in view of the past, can see no reason why one more should not be marked to them. The sense that this stride has perhaps been taken already is enough to justify, or at least excuse, the increased confidence and pride the country feels; and there are two more points to add. Our experiences in the war have certainly given us an increased sense of security against the possibility of a successful invasion, and they have also taught us that the fighting power of our material shows no sign of decadence.

How long this sense of advantage will last under existing conditions is another matter. It is not enough that the army in South Africa should have broken with the traditions which brought us to the brink of disaster. The War Office must break with them too. For a sign that this will be done the country is anxiously watching and watching with an ever-diminishing hope. It is trying hard to persuade itself that the treasure it has so dearly bought is not to be thrown on the dunghill. Its faith and loyalty die hard; but shock after shock has been received, and the country is reeling back bewildered into its old hopelessness. It was promised a great reform based on the lessons our disasters had taught us, and what did it get? A system based on the old army corps—the very rib of the old tradition. In 1870 the word was cast upon us like a spell, and ever since the thing has been a Procrustean bed on which our army has tortured itself to lie, and risen maimed and mutilated to do its best whenever the Empire called it forth at need. No one could doubt who marked the time in which the longed-for reform was announced that the spell of 1870 was on us still. The whole scheme was odorous with the spent air in which it was engendered. No breath of South

Africa could be perceived. Still there was hope. The new beds of Procrustes were to be handed over to the men who had learned the lesson, and there was hope that they would find a means of letting our army lie easier, of permitting it to stretch its limbs and rejoice in its own strength against the time when it should next be needed. Then came the next shock. The men who were to have the charge were not to be the new men after all. One is the man who is notoriously the embodiment in the British army of the Prussian tradition; another is a man grown grey in it, who is confessedly past active service; and the third is the man whose lamentable performance in South Africa gave the shock that set the revolution on foot, and whose only title to be a reformer is the levity with which, on his own showing, he disregarded the cardinal and unchanging principles of the art of war. Where, then, is there a sign that those to whom our army is committed appreciate the opportunity? If we turn from organisation with a hope that perhaps a great change there may come later, and look to details, it is just the same. Even a serious consideration of equipment would be a crumb of comfort; some effort, let us say, to lighten and make more mobile—anything, indeed, that we might catch at. We look for such things as these and they give us—a new cap for the Guards! How long the confidence of the country will survive such trifling it is hard to tell. And it is worse than trifling. For it is a clear sign that the machine is still grinding along the old ruts. The only hope is that when the confidence goes patience may go too.

It is hence, and not from the war itself or from its tiresome and unexpected prolongation, that humiliation threatens us, the humiliation of being unable to produce a man equal to the high occasion. Yet such a feeling would be hardly just to those who are doing the work. It is not that the men are wanting. It is the old story, that not one of them is allowed time to think. The making of what we fondly call our new organisation is an open secret. It was produced, not from the cleansing furnaces of South Africa, though again and again we

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were assured it was from there it was to come. It was produced from the desks of the War Office at a time of excessive pressure and overwork, when they were crowded and littered with detail that they could scarcely contain. It was then submitted to a man of the highest capacity and ripest experience, it is true, but still to a man whose force and vigour of mind had been exhausted in the effort of retrieving the fortunes of the war. He gave it a weary endorsement, and long before the two had had time to think, it went forth with the sanction of his great reputation. So it was that the new wine was hastily condemned to the old bottles, when, with a little thought and patience, new ones might so easily have been had. It is a forlorn hope that they may show signs of bursting before much harm is done, and that even yet we may be saved from a great and real humiliation.

ON THE LINE

IN *Kim*—(Macmillan. 6s.)—Mr. Kipling has undertaken a task which is well within his power, and within that of no other living writer. He gives us in this “story without an end” a brilliant and moving panorama of the life of India: that life in which Englishmen and the English Raj are only an element like any other. *Kim*, the son of an Irish colour-sergeant, brought up on the streets of Lahore by a half-caste woman and a mixed circle of native guardians, is found at last, as his dying father had prophesied, by “nine hundred first-class devils, whose god was a Red Bull on a green field,” and sent by the Regimental Chaplain, Father Victor, to St. Xavier’s College to be educated as a young Sahib. But his double nature never leaves him: he is half Indian through all, and ends as a valuable member of the Secret Service: not a very desirable profession, but one requiring remarkable qualities.

Something I owe to the soil that grew—
More to the life that fed—
But most to Allah, who gave me two
Separate sides to my head.
I would go without shirts or shoes,
Friends, tobacco, or bread,
Sooner than for an instant lose
Either side of my head.

It is Mr. Kipling’s secret too; he has the double gift; he sees from the outside while he knows from the inside. It is a great thing that out of all the wallahs, sirdars, shikarris, and

"first-class devils" we have poured into India, one at least should return to show us things in something like their true proportion; to show us our restlessness, our materialism, and the pettiness of our social and religious conventionalism, as well as our better qualities, dwarfed and yet relieved by the vast background of a dozen creeds and a hundred races older and more dignified than our own. "Kim" is an eloquent tract against the wrong kind of imperialism—the imperialism of the steam-roller method and the witless music-hall conceit.

To those who already know and appreciate Mr. Maurice Hewlett we need say little of his *New Canterbury Tales* (Constable. 6s.). Two of them remind us of the "Little Novels of Italy," one of "The Forest Lovers," one of "Pan and the Young Shepherd," two of "Richard Yea and Nay": and yet they are no repetitions; by their originality alone they might win a distinguished place. They are perhaps a little monotonously young and full-blooded, but the fault is a good fault: the style is no doubt what R. L. Stevenson meant by "tushery," but it is wielded with irresistible ease. We say nothing of the by-play and persons of the *Pilgrimage*: it was not meant to challenge Chaucer and it certainly does not do so; but the main characters are well dashed in, though their voices have too strong a family resemblance. We wonder too how the company, some of whom should have known better, passed without rebuke the brag of that astonishing liar the Scrivener, who dared to claim the famous Countess of Salisbury as his grandmother, after repeating all Froissart's mistakes about her, and adding many worse fabrications of his own. By the ending especially he spoils a noble story, believed and treasured by twenty generations of Englishmen.

It has been truly said that one great secret of good novel-writing is the power to develop character—to change it as it is changed by life, not suddenly and obviously, but by subtle, almost imperceptible touches, so that, on the last page, the

hero may be a different man from the man on page 1—and yet the same. Mr. Julian Sturgis has accomplished this difficult feat with wonderful success. Out of a showy, confident young prig a gentleman is evolved—not quite an English gentleman—how could he be when his name is **Stephen Calinari** (Constable. 6s.)—but a sympathetic fellow enough. Not a dull page, not a dull sentence goes to the making of him. The life-like sketch of Jowett at Oxford is followed by a brilliant picture of London society. After Lord Ranmore's refusal to allow Stephen to press his suit with Lady Elfida the Coop family comes on the scene; and of the Coop family we never can hear enough. The melodramatic death of Stephen's father, after the fighting in the Shipka Pass, strikes a wrong note; and Daria, a kind of musical Marie Bashkirtsef, might become a little tiresome if it were not for the pair of guardian aunts who are by way of looking after her. The plot is not very skilfully contrived, but what does that matter? The people of the play are worth far more than the play itself. The light, crisp, sparkling style calls to mind the crystal clearness of Cherbuliez. It is not often marred by that abuse of Biblical phraseology which is fashionable among writers of fiction. The dusty taste of disillusion is given with marvellous force in a chapter called "At the Dinner Table." As for Stephen's mother, she is beyond praise.

Few modern story-tellers are possessed of the eerie gift that makes it dangerous for people of weak nerves to read a tale by Hawthorne, or a certain chapter in a certain volume by Dickens, after 11 P.M. Scott had it not. He would have used it if he could; he knew the artistic value of a shudder; but, like the boy in the fairy-tale, he had never learnt how to shudder, and a man who slept as soundly in the room with a corpse as if he had been at Ashiestiel or at Abbotsford, could not invent a ghost frightening enough to scare even a baby. To certain breezy natures the mere idea is inconceivable, except as an effort of the brain. It would be of interest to know

whether the magician—to frighten other folk as much—must not be, to some extent, frightenable himself, but this is a delicate question. Mr. Quiller Couch has taken his degree in the Black Art; and the story called **The Laird's Luck**, which gives its title to his last volume—(Cassell. 6s.)—is a masterpiece. Perfect as the humour of it is, the reader dare not laugh. He is afraid to move—he holds his breath—he trembles—he is a haunted man for hours afterwards. There are excellent scenes in “Three Men of Badajoz” and “The Two Scouts”—they have an admirable air of the Wellington time, and the Duke lives—but they are ever full of blood; and the horrors of “The Poisoned Ice” cannot but stand condemned. The grim subject of “D'Arfet's Vengeance” is worked out with fine, fierce touches. For sixty years the wronged husband cherishes the thought that he will find the grave of the wife who deserted him in youth, so that he may be buried between her and her lover. The old sea-captain who took the “Bean Pheasant” cannot fail to make other and easier conquests. The last two stories in the book are highly poetical, and redolent of their Cornish origin.

A charm like that of scent, not powerful but sweet, hangs over **Doom Castle** (Neil Munro. Blackwood. 6s.). The name is one to attract a certain class of mind, and the style answers to the name. The arrival of the chivalrous French count, Victor de Montaignon, is the first of a series of adventures and escapes that are good reading by an autumn fire, when frost has not yet stung the brain to desire a livelier tune of words—a drama instead of a dream. There is a hint, calculated to alarm at first, of James Stuart of Appin. We seem to have heard enough of that gentleman—but it is a barren hint, and no harm comes of it. Mungo is too suggestive of Caleb Balderstone, and Mr. Munro did ill to copy the famous “*Un!*”—“*Deux!*” of “Monte Cristo.” Such words as “inadmirable,” “clamant,” “bearance,” savour of affectation, and the abundant French quotations are sometimes, like

ladies' Greek, "without the accents"; but these are trifling faults, to be forgiven lightly for the sake of such a passage as that in which Count Victor sees the light at Olivia's window :

It was so bright that it might be a star estrayed, a tiny star and venturesome, gone from the keeping of the maternal moon, and wandered into the wood behind Doom to tangle in the hazel boughs.

The writer of **Frederick Uvedale**—(Edward Hutton. Blackwood. 6s.)—has an eye for colour. The hills about Lucca are to him "those marble mountains, white and pink and heliotrope." Every one who has suffered from frequent abuse of the hue of the amethyst as applied to hills—especially to Italian hills—will recognise the delicacy of this "heliotrope." The description of the white Pope blessing the people in St. Peter's should be compared with the vivid presentation of the same scene in Mr. Bagot's "Casting of Nets," and with the still more beautiful description given by Mr. Warre Cornish some time ago in the columns of *The Pilot*. Story there is none in the book. It is the study of a gentle, mystical nature, religion-haunted, yet for ever unable to rest, either in religion or out of it. The reader yields to the irresistible spell that Frederick Uvedale throws over all who come near him, so that they unburden their hearts in confidence to one who does not seek it. The record is too long. It "goes dotty" about Rome, and something of the simple sweetness of the earlier chapters, which deal with life in Devonshire, is lost. The words "just that" and "like a dream" recur too often. But the sincerity of the hero—his love passages with Elianor and with the Princess Maria—his honourable behaviour among the dishonourable politicians of modern Italy—his meeting with the enthusiast whom the poor people of the South take to be the Messiah—all this endears him to us; and when he falls at last in the endeavour to help others during one of the awful riots at Milan, his death is the proper ending to a life spent in the pursuit of the highest.

In the difficult art of making parables the Russians are supreme. Except Tourguènief's "Poems in Prose" there is nothing that can be compared with the tales of Tolstoi. Allegories are to be found in other countries, and beautiful they may be, but they are far more elaborate. The simplicity of these tales, and the inevitable truth of every one of them, carry conviction of the highest genius. They were never made to convey a meaning. Form and meaning seem to come together like body and soul in Spenser:

For Soul is Form, and doth the Body make.

No one would venture to say, "It might not have ended like that." However hard of acceptance the moral may prove, there is nothing for it but to admit, "so it was, so it must have been." The **Tales from Tolstoi**—(Jarrold. 6s.)—just published, with a biography of the author, by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain, deserve a warm welcome. The translation is so good that, if it were but a shade better, the discomfort caused by the fact that it *is* a translation, would be entirely removed. Why is it necessary to dash into the present tense, a tense abhorrent in narrative English? Why do the peasants talk about "bee-swarms" instead of "swarms of bees?" Why do they leave off "snuffing" instead of "taking snuff?" And why, oh why, do they "knock with the door-ring?" Mr. Nisbet Bain's own style is free from these vagaries; it is clear, vivid, consistent. If he would but employ it when he translates as he does in those historical books which are the delight of many readers, we should owe him an eternal debt of gratitude. It is a great matter to have so many gems in one casket. The biography is full of interest, and a fine portrait enhances its value. Tolstoi's mother, of whom he says himself, that she was one of those "who do not so much die as fly to Heaven," would have rejoiced perhaps in these tales as in no other part of her son's work.

It is said that when she was in a ball-room she quickly gathered round

her a bevy of curious damsels who forgot their partners and everything else as they listened spellbound to the stories of the Princess Volkonskaya.

She died when he was only three.

The beautiful complete edition of the **Poetical Works of Robert Bridges**—(Smith Elder. 6s.)—has now reached the third volume, which contains the first part of “Nero,” and “Achilles in Scyros.” Of these two fine plays the first is perhaps the more interesting, the second the more beautiful. “Nero” may almost be reckoned as a new publication, for very few copies survive, we believe, of the original edition, the bulk of which perished accidentally by fire: the book has been for years unprocurable except by chance and at famine prices. It is not less rare in merit than in numbers, for the plot is an absorbing one, full of intrigue and counter-intrigue on a grand scale, and for the greatest of all stakes; while the characters have a vividness and individuality so penetrating that the action of the stage is not needed to make them live before us. This is the more fortunate, since the length of the play—some 3200 lines—makes it unsuitable for presentation in modern England, where custom now demands that serious drama shall be slowly and laboriously emphasised, and punctuated with frequent gasps of expressive silence. This play then is for the chamber, and the reader will find in it the keen pleasure of an imperial game of chess. The very metaphor is daringly put into the mouth of Seneca in Act ii. scene 1, where he is sharply contrasted with the equally clear-sighted but more loyal and downright Burrus. The end and climax of the tragedy is the assassination, long delayed, of that terrible and most imperially wicked old actress, Nero’s mother Agrippina, whose death terrified her murderers but not herself.

Then looked I to have seen

Her spring, for her cheek swelled, and 'neath her robe

Her foot moved; ay, and had she been but armed,

One would have fallen. But if she had the thought

She set it by, choosing to take her death

With dignity. Then Anicetus raised
 His sword, and I fled out beyond the door
 To see no more. First Tigellinus' voice,
 "To death, thou wretch!" then blows, but not a groan;
 Only she showed her spirit to the last,
 And made some choice of death, offering her body,
 "That bare the monster," crying with that curse,
 "Strike here, strike here!"

The "Achilles" is a comedy, and a bright and picturesque one, though the shadow of fate broods over the end of it. It is full of pregnant sayings and passages of great beauty. When the play opens Achilles is luxuriating in the island of Scyros, disguised as a girl, Pyrrha, the favourite companion of the Princess Deidamia.

ACH. See, while the maids warm in their busy play,
 We may enjoy in quiet the sweet air,
 And thro' the quivering golden green look up
 To the deep sky, and have high thoughts as idle
 And bright as are the small white clouds becalmed
 In disappointed voyage to the noon.
 There is no better pastime.

DEID. I will sit with thee
 In idleness, while idleness can please.

ACH. It is not idleness to steep the soul
 In nature's beauty: rather every day
 We are idle letting beauteous things go by
 Unheld, or scarce perceived. We cannot dream
 Too deeply, nor o'erprize the mood of love,
 When it comes on us strongly, and the hour
 Is ripe for thought.

Pages 204-5 contain a magnificent description, borrowed in part from Calderon, of the Grecian fleet coming into Aulis out of the morning mist. The old King Lycomedes has two good speeches on pages 207 and 258, very Greek and very modern in tone, discussing war and action in general, and whether the inglorious meditative life be not more truly "the best life." Lastly, Thetis foretells to Deidamia the glory of Achilles in this triumphant and unforgettable lament:

But lo, I am come to give thee joy, to call
 Thee daughter, and prepare thee for the sight
 Of such a lover, as no lady yet
 Hath sat to await in chamber or in bower
 On any walled hill or isle of Greece ;
 Nor yet in Asian cities, whose dark queens
 Look from the latticed casements over seas
 Of hanging gardens ; nor doth all the world
 Hold a memorial ; not where Egypt mirrors
 The great smile of her kings and sunsmit fanes
 In timeless silence : none hath been like him ;
 And all the giant stones, which men have piled
 Upon the illustrious dead, shall crumble and join
 The desert dust, ere his high dirging Muse
 Be dispossessed of the throne of song.

Was it not Mr. Gosse who wished that a woman, when she wrote poetry, would write it as a woman, not as a different kind of man ? The **Songs of Lucilla**—(Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d., net)—must surely delight him or any other who knows a poem when he sees it and has not deadened his soul with verse. Who but a woman could have written thus of another woman ?

'Tis with her beauty as an autumn day
 That watery sunbeams with vague splendour gild,
 When from some rose, late-bloomed on the rose-spray,
 A most soul-ravishing sweetness is distilled.

When all the land lies like Elysium,
 Lapped in a dream—daylong with dew bepearled ;
 But in a night the first mad frost may come
 And make to-morrow winter of the world !

Who but a woman would have thought of the simile in the second of these two stanzas ?

Sometimes for me decreed, meseems,
 That I in life no love should find,
 Except to dream of in my dreams,
 And muse of in my mournful mind,
 But that my songs of love, thereby,
 Might learn some strange sweet quality.

As they in damp vaults had to sit,
 Who worked old Alençon's rare lace,
 Because that so they gave to it
 Its delicate celled-seaweed grace,
 While others, homely stuffs that spun,
 Beside their doors sat, in the sun.

The last song but one—as bitter a thing as could be—the true, hateful, beautiful little song about songs that comes last of all—these are songs that only a woman could write. The flowers are not carved flowers—they are the flowers that a woman's hand gathers. A man who could venture to dedicate a song to the sky-lark after Hogg, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Robert Bridges, might be called audacious; but there are some feats requiring courage in a man which do not require it in a woman, and her birds justify Lucilla. She is a woman who has travelled and studied. She writes of pictures and statues (statues of Fauns more especially) with exquisite insight; her description of Botticelli's Venus could not be bettered. She will take a sound like "twire" or "shard" and use it as one who has read Shakespeare reverently may. She likes to look at beetles, the moon, daisies, lizards, and the sea, not for themselves alone, but because Shakespeare, Sidney, Froissart, Dante, and Homer noted them. This is a woman's way of reading nature into poetry and poetry into nature; and the arrangements and the chronology are alike feminine. She has no false shame about her songs. She knows they are good, just as a pretty woman knows she is pretty. Her little book is—from the first page to the last—entrancing.

A vivid and melancholy picture of the last years of Cowper is given by the **Letters of Lady Hesketh**—(Jarrold. 7s. 6d.)—edited by Mrs. Barham Johnson, a kinswoman of the Rev. John Johnson to whom the letters were written. Readers of Southey's "Life of Cowper" will remember Mr. Johnson as "Johnny of Norfolk," or "the wild boy Johnson, for whom I (Cowper) have conceived a great affection." From

these letters and from the excellent portrait which faces page 38, we get some idea of the devoted cousin who during those trying years was the friend, host, nurse, counsellor, and correspondent of the poet's sad little circle, and the sole contributor of whatever life and health it may have possessed. The real point of the book is, however, strange to say, a humorous one. The character of Harriet, Lady Hesketh, as revealed by herself, is one of the most exquisitely feline we have ever met. Miss Austen alone could have done her justice. Never once does she mention Mrs. Unwin without the claws peeping from the velvet: "the Enchantress . . . those inexplicable sounds she makes, poor Soul, and which, when one has by dint of painstaking found out her meaning, pays one so ill for one's trouble." ". . . We looked into futurity, and making two *very long necks* contrived to peep over the old Lady's grave." "She is not the least trouble in the world in regard to *talking*, . . . as nobody can understand her except those who have been quite used to her." "That he (Cowper) always considered her in the light of a *Mother*, I am ready to make Oath if necessary." There are also some rapturous purrings over George III., "this good and Gracious Monarch" and his "Sweet family"—the Queen's face is "full and convincing proof of the triumph of *Countenance* over *features*," and she "has the most Superior Talents for Conversation." The portraits are of unequal merit, but they include a fine drawing of Cowper by Romney, which appears never to have been reproduced hitherto.

A Garden Diary. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.) This book has a pleasantly misleading title. If the public were to name it anew, it should, by rights, be called "The Diary of an Original Woman who has a Garden." Those who expect in it an apotheosis of "Sutton's Catalogue" will find themselves disappointed. They had far better have a horticultural consultation with one of the amiable feminine Faculty who have lately been publishing so much floral advice.

Miss Lawless' volume has its seed-lists and its garden plans, but for all that it is a human document, and the house and the copse and the rose-beds that she talks of become adjuncts of herself, untainted by professionalism. She is inspired by a *grande passion*, and it is for Nature. There are few who have written about Nature with the same concentrated sentiment, the same romance and knowledge; for, like all true Nature-worshippers, the love of beauty and the love of science are almost equal forces—make really one force—in her. She herself speculates as to whether the singer or the man of science has the deeper insight into Nature, and she comforts us by reflecting that our prosaic age has come nearer to uniting the two types, and may be preparing the way for “feats of reconciliation.” Some of her more lyric passages even recall, in their eloquent sincerity, the writings of that eldest daughter of Nature, George Sand.

A hundred hours of intolerable dulness and stagnation pass over our heads [says Miss Lawless], then comes the hundred and first, and lo! the dull brain wakes, and the deaf ear hears. A new perception of the unperceived relationship of things, a new perception of the invisible splendours lying unnoticed around us, becomes for the moment almost startlingly visible. . . . For the suggestiveness of what lies about us is no mere fancy, but is absolutely real; real as the light upon yonder tree-tops; real as the sorrow in our hearts; real as the love that makes all things endurable; real as the death which puts an end to pain.

Miss Lawless gives us her thoughts about many things besides Nature—about the war, about friendship, about Sir Thomas Browne and Jean François Millet. She suggests much, and is wise enough to conclude little. Such conclusions as she makes cannot be better summed up than in her own last words:

An attitude of despair [she writes] hardly befits fast disappearing mortals—life has a hundred compensations. Enchanting things spring up by thousands in the ugliest of clefts, and the barren trees may serve as a perch for some winter-singing robin.

La Comtesse d'Houdetot. Par Hippolyte H. Buffenoir.
(Calmann Lévy. Paris. 7fr. 50c.) There are many lovers of

the eighteenth century, and the eighteenth century is summed up in Sophie, the Comtesse d'Houdetot. Its state and its graciousness, its sound sense and absurd sensibility, its moral lightness and intellectual seriousness, its Crébillon and its Jean Jacques, are all expressed in her name—a name which, in itself, is like an air of Grétry's, like a world of bygone music. Only in the eighteenth century could a sweet and good woman have given more than fifty years of devotion to her adoring lover, Saint-Lambert, with the countenance of her amiable husband, the Comte d'Houdetot. Saint-Lambert's love for her was so faithful that, when she was seventy-two, she had only to knock three times with her high-heeled slipper on the floor, to bring him from below to converse with her. Yet she duly celebrated her golden wedding with the count in the company of Saint-Lambert. She was sixty-eight, her husband was eighty, her lover eighty-four; but he became so jealous at the notice that was taken of Monsieur le Comte that his fury was apparent to all the guests—and this, although his lady had propitiated him long since by a *fête* on the forty-first anniversary of *their* union. All readers of the "Confessions" know that Rousseau also had a *grande passion* for her, and that she repaid it by a fervent friendship; but after three years, the violence of his feeling and her loyalty to Saint-Lambert, obliged her to break with him, though they continued to correspond occasionally. Madame d'Houdetot had a salon, from which her poor military husband was glad to escape. He even begged a guest to take his place. "Vous me remplacerez, entendez-vous? Cette surabondance d'esprit souvent si bruyante me fatigue. J'irai dîner rue de l'Université avec de bons amis." Yet he was ever his wife's warm friend, and would have been more had not his heart also been engaged elsewhere. Indeed it was impossible not to love one who made it her profession to love others and to be loved by them; one who used all her tenderness and brilliance to bring happiness wherever she went. If she is representative of the eighteenth century, her indulgent spirit and sweet gaiety make her an exception in all ages.

Her once famous verses are mediocre; her letters are the pretty letters of her day. But her deeds and her wit remain to charm us, and her *bons-mots* are often delicious, with the radiant grace of Boucher Cupids swinging on ropes of roses in the blue. Madame d'Houdetot had not a tragic or intense nature, and after Saint-Lambert's death, when her husband also had passed away, she cheered her declining years by a "maternal attachment" for her neighbour, M. de Sommariva, to whom she sent bouquets every day. She died in 1813, talking to the last of the enjoyment she had had in living. All this M. de Buffenoir has told with a deftness and a charm—an almost lyric charm—that he has caught from the century he loves. Perhaps he longs a little too much that he too might have held the hand of Madame d'Houdetot under a tree beside a stream; but this is a fault of sensibility, and Sophie would have been the first to forgive it.

GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY: A STUDY IN EDUCATION

IT is more than twenty years since Mr. Matthew Arnold succeeded in attracting for a time the attention of thoughtful people to certain problems of British government. Of these problems one was the condition of Ireland. His diagnosis of that condition was that it was due to certain differences of temper and outlook between the people of Ireland and ourselves. The desire for Home Rule he set down as a consequence rather than a cause, as the outcome of our failure to blend Ireland with ourselves in national feeling, as we had succeeded in blending Scotland and Wales, and as Celtic and Catholic France had once succeeded in blending German and Protestant Alsace. The adequate remedy of the disease, he predicted, would not be found in the results of Irish Church Disestablishment, or yet in land legislation, proper and useful though these might be. Nor yet in either governing Ireland as a Crown colony, or, on the other hand, casting her as nearly as practicable adrift. What we really had to do was to put intelligence and courtesy into our mode of dealing with the people of Ireland, to shake off certain habits of mind which were but too characteristic of the governing classes in England, and particularly of the great middle class.

The temper [he wrote] of the Irish must be managed and their good affections cultivated. If we want to bring the Irish to acquiesce cordially in

the English connection, it is not enough even to do justice and to make well-being general; we and our civilisation must also be attractive to them.

And this involved nothing less than that we must, "and that as speedily as we can, transform our middle class and its social civilisation." Prophetically he pointed out in passing ("Irish Essays," p. 75), that we should be confronted with an evil, similar to that in Ireland, in the Transvaal, where the English

will all be commercial gentlemen—commercial gentlemen like Murdstone and Quinion. Their wives will be the ladies of commercial gentlemen, they will not even tend poultry. The English in the Transvaal, we hear again, contain a wonderful proportion of attorneys, speculators, land-jobbers, and persons whose antecedents will not bear inspection. Their recent antecedents we will not meddle with, but one thing is certain: their early antecedents were those of the middle class in general, those of Murdstone and Quinion. They have almost all, we may be very sure, passed through the halls of a Salem House and the hands of a Mr. Creakle. They have the stamp of either Murdstone or Quinion. Indeed we are so prolific, so enterprising, so world covering, and our middle class and its civilisation so entirely take the lead wherever we go, that there is now, one may say, a kind of colour of Salem House all round the globe.

Yet he was not as one without hope. He knew, he wrote, that the most flagrant narrowness of the British middle-class mind in its attitude in Irish affairs would be hard to get rid of. What he held to be of several things the one most wanted, the establishment in Ireland of "schools and universities suited to Catholics, as England has public schools and universities suited to Anglicans, and Scotland such as are suited to Presbyterians," could not at the moment be done even by Mr. Gladstone. But the English people were, he believed, improvable. "Slowly this powerful race works its way out of its confining ruts and its clouded vision of things, to the manifestation of those great qualities which it has at bottom—piety, integrity, good nature and good humour." Commenting on the friendly Goethe's criticism of our race, "Der Engländer is eigentlich ohne Intelligenz," he remarks that Goethe did not say that the Englishman was stupid, but only that he is particularly apt, from a certain insularity, from some want of suppleness in his mind, and indeed from his very strength, to take as the rule of things

what is customary, or what falls in with his prepossessions and prejudices, and to act stoutly and without misgiving, as if it were the real natural rule of things. What he needs most is, in the language of Arminius in "Friendship's Garland," to get "Geist," a larger outlook and understanding.

It was not only Ireland that Mr. Arnold had before his mind when he wrote to this effect. It was the great subject of education, in which he saw his countrymen sadly fallen behind other nations. The battle for State regulation of elementary education he knew was virtually won. But he pointed out that the battle for middle-class education was yet to be fought before we could enter on the process by which alone the want of "Geist" in our middle and governing classes could be made up for. Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since he wrote, and but for one circumstance this battle would still be remote, but that one circumstance has arisen, and it is a circumstance fraught with potency. Our middle classes find their position threatened by a new commercial combination. They have been forced to realise that courage, energy, enterprise are in these modern days of little more avail against the weapons which science can put into the hands of our rivals in commerce, than was the splendid fighting of the Dervishes against the shrapnel and the Maxims at Omdurman. It is not wonderful that instead of having, as a few years ago we had, the lead of the world in the manufacture of iron and of steel, we have fallen behind the United States with their natural resources. But it is startling that we have also been beaten in this particular race by Germany. Great Britain regards herself as the leading industrial nation. She has been so for long, and until recent times her place has not been seriously disputed. She *must* continue to increase her commercial output. For it is the foundation on which rest her financial resources, her fleet, her hold on her colonies and dependencies. And yet, if anything is clear, it is that she is under the necessity, in these early days of the twentieth century, to make a resolute and successful effort if she is to hold her own. Continue to surpass the United States

she may not. Nature has handicapped her in the race with America. But Great Britain has got, not only to maintain the volume of her trade, but to increase it, as the demand for expenditure goes on increasing.

Let us glance at one or two instances of the phenomena which are causing national concern in these islands. I will start, as a good illustration, with the brewing industry. Thirty years ago Germany exported no beer, to-day she exports almost as much as Britain. In former times the knowledge of brewing was at a low ebb in Germany. The whole brewing process was carried out empirically, according to the ideas of the individual brewer. There was no understanding of the chemical changes which took place in the process, no estimate of the output of the malt, very little machinery, no ice cellars, no saccharometer. At last two German brewers, Sedlmayr of the Spatenbrauerei in Munich, and Dreher of Vienna, visited England in order to learn our methods. In England the then methods were still empirical, but the native skill of our brewers had been greater than that of the Germans, and their efforts had been much more successful. Sedlmayr and Dreher learned a great deal before they returned to Germany, and they realised that there was more still to be learned from science. In 1862 the "Brauerbund" was formulated for the promotion of the common interests of the German brewers, and by 1871 it was thoroughly organised. Its motto was this: "Die Wissenschaft ist der goldene Leitstern der Praxis; ohne sie nur ein blindes Herumtappen in dem unbegrenzten Reiche der Möglichkeiten." The result of the efforts of the "Bund" were twofold. Scientific stations were established, notably a great one at Munich, to which the technical problems which confronted the practical brewer could be referred, and where these problems were solved. As we shall see presently, this kind of institution has taken root in Germany in other industries also with great results. In the second place, brewing schools were founded. There are now, if Austria is included, ten of these in different parts of Germany and Austria. The largest

are those at Weihenstephan near Munich, at Worms, in Berlin, and in Vienna. These schools, and this is so with the six smaller ones also, are provided with class-rooms and laboratories, and have in all cases experimental maltings and a brewery attached to them, and their teachers are the most competent that can be got.

Now let us look at the education which a young brewer gets in them, but in order to appreciate the situation let us glance first of all at his preliminary general education.

In this country elementary education is compulsory, and is provided and organised under the supervision of the State, largely by local authorities. Secondary and technical education is not compulsory. The State in a limited measure assists, but does not organise or control it. Education of a University type is in a small measure assisted by the State, but it is not organised by the State at all.

In Germany it is quite otherwise. Not only are elementary, secondary and technical, and University education, all three of them, controlled and organised and brought into close relation to each other by the State, but they are in a large measure made compulsory, either directly or indirectly. Primary education is given in the Volksschulen. Attendance there or at a higher school is compulsory up to the age of fourteen, and after fourteen the pupil must, as a rule, attach himself to an evening continuation school for three years longer, where his elementary education is continued and developed. Nearly 9,000,000 children are just now being educated in the primary schools of Germany, and these number about 60,000 schools with about 138,000 teachers. The cost of these schools is £17,500,000 annually, of which the State governments provide £4,780,000. The balance is raised locally out of rates. Secondary education is not directly compulsory, but indirectly it is made difficult to dispense with. On a satisfactory leaving certificate from one of these secondary schools depends (1) the right of entering on the further courses of study in the Universities and tertiary high schools which have to be pursued by the student who

would enter certain very important professions, and (2) the title to exemption from one year of compulsory military service. The secondary schools are of two kinds, classical and modern. The classical schools are known as *gymnasien*. The modern schools are divided into those where Latin is taught, the *Real-gymnasien*, and those where Latin is not taught, the *Realsschulen*. The *gymnasien*, as a rule, prepare for the University, and the *Realsschulen* for the High Technical Schools. There are in Germany 1100 secondary schools for boys, and 300 for girls. These schools educate about 375,000 pupils under about 20,000 teachers. The cost is upwards of £4,000,000, of which a great part comes from the local authorities and the fees. Secondary education in Germany is not in general free, though primary education is so. But few of these schools are private; all are inspected, and no one is allowed to teach in them without having obtained a certificate of competency. A pupil may go into a secondary school as young as ten or eleven. He remains there about six years, during which he studies, if he is in a *Realsschule*, German, English, French, Mathematics (including such higher subjects as logarithms and trigonometry, &c.), physics, chemistry, and certain other sciences, and freehand drawing.

Of the Universities and technical schools to which this training is the portal we will speak presently. It is time to return to the young brewers. In Germany these begin their work when and not before they have reached the status of the pupil who has had in a secondary school a scientific training up to the Standard which exempts him from one year of military service. Besides producing evidence of this, the would-be student in the brewing school must show that he is over seventeen years of age, and that he has had at least two years of practical experience in a brewery. Indeed, he has often had more experience than this, and the result is that his average age is upwards of twenty-four. As to what follows, I will quote from a description of the course of study at the *Weihenstephan* school given by Dr. Frew in a paper read before the Society

of Chemical Industry three years ago. This course lasts for a year, which is subdivided into a winter and a summer session.

During the winter session there are lectures on physics, general machinery, brewery machinery, inorganic chemistry, botany (with special reference to yeast), hops, brewing practice, attenuation theory and control of work, book-keeping and the theory of exchange, taxation of beer. There are also practical courses in the chemical laboratory and in the use of the microscope, besides practical work in the maltings and brewery attached to the school. In the summer session lectures are given on brewery machinery, organic chemistry, fermentation chemistry, zymotechnical analysis, barley, brewing, faults in working, pure yeast culture, architecture, and theory of exchange. Then there is practical work in the chemical laboratory (zymotechnical analysis), in the physiological laboratory (pure yeast culture), and in the maltings and brewery as before. Besides all this, the student may also, if he so wishes, hear lectures on law, outlines of political economy, commercial geography, and distilling, but these are not obligatory. At the end of the summer session examinations are held in the various subjects and the successful men receive their diplomas; the student's work for a whole year is taken into account and is thrown into the balance along with his written examination, thus rendering the cramming system more or less useless. After leaving the brewery school, the brewer works for a year or two in different breweries, so as to get the maximum of experience, or else he may take the position of brewer (*braumeister*) in one of the smaller factories. He then gradually works his way up, perhaps taking a position as maltster (*Obermälzer*), foreman in the fermenting-room (*Gährführer*) or washroom-man (*Biersieder*) in one of the larger breweries, until at last he attains the aim of his ambition, and is chosen as brewer or brewing director in one of the large breweries.

I have dwelt thus upon the teaching of brewing in Germany because I wanted to illustrate how the industrial life of that country is in close contact with its academic life. The case of the brewers is but an illustration of the need which those engaged in commerce there feel for the education of a University type which produces the teaching and organisation of their own technical schools. I have chosen brewing as a good illustration of this, because it is a less familiar illustration than certain others, while hardly less striking. Throughout the industrial world of Germany one finds science applied to practical undertakings by men who have learned, if not in the

Universities and high technical schools, at least under teachers produced by these institutions. This is true of a multitude of trades. In electrical engineering, in the manufacture of chemicals, in the production of glass, and of iron and steel, and of many other articles for which Britain used to be the industrial centre, we are rapidly being left behind. A striking case is that of the aniline colours, discovered and first produced in England and manufactured out of English coal tar. The industry has almost wholly shifted to Germany, although the dyers in this country are the largest consumers. And why? Because in Germany the manufacture has been fostered by research in the University laboratories, and by careful teaching in the technical schools, with the result that great producing institutions, such as the Badische Anilin Fabrik, have an endless supply of directors and workmen trained in a fashion which we have not the means to imitate.

But the school is in Germany by no means the only point at which the professor comes to the aid of industry. Too little is known in this country of that type of institution sometimes called the "Central-Stelle," which has no parallel among our business men. I will give one illustration to serve as an instance of numerous others, such as that already mentioned in the case of the brewers. In this country and in Germany alike, a very important branch of industry is the manufacture of explosives. In Germany, as here, the manufacturers of dynamite, nitro-powders, &c., are rivals, excepting in so far as prices are (and this is often the case) regulated by a mutual arrangement of Groups and Trusts. But while the rivalry of the Englishman is without stint, the German knows a better way. He is aware of the enormous extent to which he is dependent, in such branches of manufacture, on high science, and further that the best high science cannot be bought by the private firm or company. Accordingly the rival German explosives manufacturers, to follow out the illustration chosen, several years ago combined to subscribe about £100,000, and to found close to Berlin what they call their Central-Stelle. This establishment,

which is maintained by subscription at a cost of about £12,000 a year, is presided over by one of the most distinguished professors of chemistry in the University of that city, with a staff of highly trained assistants. To it are referred as they arise the problems (in this industry these abound) by which the subscribers in their individual work are confronted. By it is carried on a regular system of research in the field of production of explosives, the fruits of which are communicated to the subscribers. The great manufacturers, men like Herr von Duttenhofer, are in constant communication with the establishment, in which they take the keenest interest. In this country, it is needless to say, there exists nothing of the kind. And yet we have to compete with the Germans, not only at home, but in such important markets for explosives as South Africa, where their use is the life of the huge mining industry.

I have lingered thus long over the practical side of the relation of science to industry in Germany, because I do not think that any one can appreciate the form and fulness of University life there without having this relationship before his eyes. I want now to turn to this life itself.

In Germany Academic institutions, just as is the case with her educational institutions of a secondary nature, fall into two groups, that of the University proper, and that of the Technical High School. In the latter the education is in the main of the tertiary or University type, almost as much as in the case of the former. Indeed the connection between the two is very close. Any one who visits Berlin to-day may see in the middle part of the city certain huge buildings. At first he will take them, from their size and appearance, to be factories. But if he inquires what industry the tall chimneys serve he will be told that they belong, not to factories at all, but to the laboratories of various University teachers. In the University of Berlin the professors of chemistry, instead of numbering one or two as with us, consist (I take the figures from the list in the latest edition of the "Minerva Jahr Buch")

of three ordinary, seven extraordinary, and twelve *privat-docenten*, who arrange their work so as not to overlap. Specialised work is thus possible. The great laboratories are places where every kind of research is carried on, and the student has not the hopeless feeling that he has, say in Edinburgh or in Glasgow, where a single professor gives a stereotyped course of instruction to all the students of chemistry, however various their aims in life. No wonder that Berlin has been the theatre of marvellous conquests by science of the secrets of nature. It was, to mention a single instance, by patient use of the means placed at his disposal in these laboratories by the State that one of the best known of modern chemists, the late Professor Hofmann, developed so enormously the theory of the aniline colours and their production from coal-tar that this industry has passed from British into German hands. He completed a great career by showing how to produce indigo synthetically. His pupils extended the process from the laboratory to the factory. Whereas in 1886 Germany imported over 1000 tons of natural indigo, in 1896 she imported none, but exported 256 tons of the artificially produced article. One of the great natural products of India is in consequence in serious danger. At the present moment a capital of nearly two millions sterling has been devoted in Germany to its supersession. Taking the coal-tar colour industry as a whole, the comparative figures are only less remarkable than their consequences. In Germany there has been invested in this trade by the six largest firms, such as the Badische Anilin Fabrik, over two and a half millions sterling. They employ about 500 chemists, 350 engineers and technical men, and over 1800 workpeople. The total capital invested in this manufacture in England (a manufacture, as already observed, of English origin) is about £500,000. It employs only some 30 or 40 chemists and 1000 workmen. What has been the result? The exports of coal-tar colours from England have fallen from £530,000 in 1890 to £360,000 in 1900. The imports, on the other hand,

have increased from £509,000 in 1886 to £720,000 in 1900. According to the figures as given in an address on the coal-tar industry, delivered this autumn by Dr. A. G. Green, in the Chemical Section of the British Association, the colours used by the Bradford Dyers' Association are now 10 per cent. of English make, 80 per cent. of German, 6 per cent. of Swiss, and 4 per cent. of French.

But the provision for chemistry in the University is not the only provision made for the would-be student of its applications to industry. Near at hand, on the other side of the Thiergarten, is that Technische Hochschule, the reputation of which is now world-wide. Here there are six departments, manned by professors of University rank. Architecture, civil engineering, marine engineering, mechanical engineering, chemistry and general technical science are, mainly at the cost of the State, taught on a scale which has no parallel in this country. So great has been the public appreciation of this institution that the magnificent buildings which were erected in 1884 are already quite inadequate to the needs of the three or four thousand students who attend the lectures and work in the laboratories. The studies of these students, who are of University age, and can only enter on production of proper certificates of competency from the secondary schools, are directed by a great staff of professors and *privat-docenten* of University rank. I visited the school last spring and found it crammed to overflowing, not only with students but with all kinds of specimens and apparatus. Every new invention of importance, *e.g.*, in electrical machinery appeared to have been procured and its "begriff" made the subject of practical study.

This kind of alternative University (the Kaiser has recently conferred on the Berlin School the right to grant diplomas of certain kinds) has taken firm root in Germany. There are ten of them (including the one in course of establishment at Danzig, eleven) in addition to the twenty-two Universities of the ordinary kind. They have been established because the Government has thought it a good investment to pay seventy

per cent. of the cost of equipping and running them. They are not free, but the fees are low, and the students appear to make no difficulty about finding these fees. When people in this country talk of the remarkable decrease of the attendance at the Scottish Universities and ask whether the remedy is not to find the fees of the students, they would do well to study what has taken place in Germany. It is evident that the popularity of the Universities and technical schools there is not that they are free, for they all charge fees, but that they help the student to a position in life. In Berlin I was told that the manufacturers regularly watch the careers of the promising students and offer them employment as they leave, in the great chemical and engineering establishments. How little inducement do we here offer to our manufacturers to act similarly, and how little inducement to the student to come to the University, if his aim be to go into business afterwards!

The double aim of the German University system, pure culture on the one hand, and the application of the highest knowledge to commercial enterprise, is a growing feature of German life. In Berlin it has been developed with the aid of the taxes on a magnificent scale. In Leipzig, where alongside of the existing great University a new commercial University has recently been established, the same thing is to be witnessed. Over all Germany the Minister of Education is constantly on the watch, and his business is, wherever he deems it necessary, to establish a new school of tertiary education or to add to an existing one, to approach the Minister of Finance and get out of him the requisite funds. The Germans grudge expenditure at least as much as we do, but this kind of expenditure experience has taught them not to grudge. Besides the 22 Universities with their 2500 professors and 22,000 students, and the 10 Technical High Schools with their 850 professors and 11,000 students, there are 18 other technical schools of a lower grade, and also a number of Commercial High Schools or colleges. Of smaller institutions there are 259 Schools of Agriculture in Prussia alone, attended by 10,000 pupils, and

1000 schools where instruction in agriculture is given. Taking primary, secondary and tertiary education together, the expenditure of public money (including rates) on education and instruction amounts to £25,000,000 annually. In 1898, out of 250,000 recruits for the army and navy there were only 200 who had not been to school—in other words, 1 in 1250. It shows how the huge system thus slightly sketched has made education progress that ten years ago the proportion was 1 in 141, and twenty years ago 1 in 59.

He would be a pedant who thought that education alone could determine the commercial position of a nation. Yet more than ever, as science tends increasingly to reduce nature to subjection, education becomes important. In the United States a highly practical people are taking this view, and it is noticeable that the rapid increase there of Universities and technical schools is largely due to the faith in their efficacy of practical men of business. The millionaire in America seeks to save his soul by building, not churches, but colleges, and if he insists on embodying in their constitution ideas of his own which are not always the highest ideas, this shows his zeal. The British people are not yet a decaying race. The Anglo-Saxon, here as in America, is probably in energy, in courage, and in doggedness of purpose the superior of all his European rivals in commerce. If proof of this be wanted it will be found in the way in which the absolute volume of our trade continues at a high level. It is a remarkable tribute to our race that the assessments to income tax purposes have, during the last ten years, shown an increase of about 20 per cent., while the population has increased only 10 per cent.

But organisation and instruction have been carried to a far higher pitch in Germany and Switzerland than with us, and if we are to hold our position we must furnish ourselves with the discipline and the weapons with which the foreigner has prepared himself for the contest.

Now I am far from desiring, in thus suggesting that reform of our education, and particularly of our tertiary education, is

essential, to convey that we ought to wish to see it subordinated to utilitarian considerations. Culture is an end in itself, and if it is to be won it must be sought for its own sake. But the Germans have shown us how the University can fulfil a double function without slackening the effort after culture. In a certain exquisiteness the flowers of scholarship which Oxford and Cambridge have produced are probably without examples to rival them, unless it be in France. But for breadth and understanding who will dare to place the record of the work done in Oxford and Cambridge in the department of classical literature above what has been turned out in Germany? Take the editing, and with it the criticism, of Greek philosophy, and compare the shallow formalism which did duty in the English Universities up to about thirty years ago, when German ideas began to penetrate, with the work of German scholars. The memories of Plato and Aristotle owe the influence they have to-day to a Hegel, a Schwegler, a Prantl and a Zeller, and certainly not to the commentators who until about thirty years ago ruled in the Universities of this country. But it is not right to try to exalt one phase of scholarship at the expense of another. And when we turn to the history of mathematics and of physical science we may well be proud of the series of great thinkers whose spiritual mother Cambridge has been. Only let no one imagine that in the record of the German Universities in pure scholarship and pure science alike, in the pursuit of knowledge for the sake of knowledge alone, the work done at Berlin, at Leipzig, at Jena, at Göttingen, during the past hundred years, has not been of a quality as high as any that the world has seen.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that we could establish in Great Britain and Ireland a system of teaching of a University type, with the double aim of the system of Germany, and that without injury to quality in culture. Oxford and Cambridge we are proud of. They have taken centuries to grow up, they are rooted in splendid traditions which we seek not to disturb. But that does not make the

educational reformer desire the less to see the expansion of another kind of teaching which they are not adapted to give, and which is yet no less than a national necessity. The Victoria University and the University of Wales have taken the way we want. Let us assist still further the magnificent private efforts which made them what they are to-day. Why should not Liverpool and Manchester, with their public spirit and rapidly increasing populations, possess, as in Germany they certainly would, their own Universities? How ridiculous it is to dread that such Universities would prove Lilliputian! Why should Leeds not be the headquarters of a Yorkshire University? Why should Birmingham, where the energy and influence of Mr. Chamberlain has brought about a very interesting fresh development, not be the centre for the Midlands, and why should not Bristol, where the soil so far has proved somewhat less fertile, be made by State cultivation the centre for the South-west of England? Why should the four Scottish Universities, by their very nature of a popular and accessible type, but in the main, owing to the sluggishness and want of ideas of their governors, of little use from the point of view of the application of science to industry, remain as they are to-day? Their students are falling off, and why? Because the young men of our Scottish middle classes are more and more turning their minds to careers in commerce, at home and abroad, and their native Universities offer them but little opportunity of special training. No amount of freedom from the obligation to pay fees will meet the necessities of the case. But the splendid gift of Mr. Carnegie has in it other possibilities which should not fail to be recognised. Why again should we not establish in Ireland say two teaching Universities, one in Belfast and the other in Dublin, adapted to the local requirements? We can make them open Universities. The Hierarchy has solemnly and explicitly accepted, in the resolutions passed at Maynooth in the summer of 1897, the principles of the Test Acts, of a preponderance of lay government, of non-employment of State moneys for denominational purposes, and of security of tenure

for the teachers. The Presbyterians of the North are ready to follow suit. No doubt it is true that in Ireland undenominationalism means, and apparently can only for the present mean, the equal treatment of denominations. No doubt the University at Dublin would have a Catholic savour, while that at Belfast would be redolent of Presbyterianism. We may regret this, but we cannot help it, and it is no reason for denying what would at all events be new light in the dark places in Ireland. After all Ireland is not the only country where education has to take its chance in the struggle with prejudice. We govern here according to English ideas, and our business is to govern Ireland, as far as possible, consistently with the ideas of Ireland. We have hardly yet realised how much of our difficulties in that unhappy island has arisen from neglect of this useful but forgotten maxim of statesmanship, to how much of failure the constant yielding to the British cry of No Popery has condemned us in our struggle to improve the condition of Ireland. Lastly, but not least, why should not the great teaching University of London, called into existence by the Act of 1898, but so far only a somewhat unruly infant in swaddling clothes, become the educational centre of our Empire? It was only the other day that the Government of New Zealand publicly suggested that the best form of memorial to Queen Victoria would be the establishment in the new University of the British metropolis of a post-graduate research college, where students from every part of the Empire could come to carry their scientific training further than was possible in the less specialised colonial and other Universities and colleges. The fear of local jealousies will doubtless prevail over the somewhat mild enthusiasms of our rulers, and the memorial will not be permitted to assume any such useful form, and thereby will be lost one more opportunity of establishing a new link in Imperial Federation of probably the only type, apart from that of sentiment, that is possible—the type that consists in linking the colonies to us by ties of interests and institutions which they may possess in common with us.

London, with its vast industrial population, with its colossal enterprises in commerce and finance, with its huge gas production, its great industries, such as tanning and brewing, its ship-building, is surely of all cities the one where the application of science to industry ought to be developed in special forms without equal elsewhere. How far off we are from the realisation of the idea of a great post-graduate teaching centre for the Empire those know best who have had most to struggle with the apathy, the ignorance, and the jealousy that retard the most strenuous efforts.

The truth is that work of this kind must be far more largely assisted and fostered by the State than is the tradition of to-day if it is to succeed. Probably we have a greater capacity for local effort than almost any other nation. Our municipal life is becoming more and more permeated by intelligencé. But the work is not only far too great, but far too important to be left to local or private enterprise. It concerns not localities merely but the nation, and the effort must be the effort of the nation as a whole to gain its feet. The expenditure cannot but be great; but it will be salvage expenditure and cannot be stinted, however desirable economy in other directions may be. For it goes to nothing short of the sources to which our people have to look for the future of that commerce which is their life-blood as a nation.

R. B. HALDANE.

IRELAND AND THE GOVERNMENT

SIGNS are not wanting that, despite the momentous questions which the nation expects will engross its attention, Parliament will be compelled to turn to Ireland and her affairs in the next session. The policy known as killing Home Rule with kindness, lauded at the Castle as the perfection of wisdom, and cried up for years by ignorant and thoughtless partisans, has, as ought to have been anticipated, proved a dismal failure. The United Irish League has sprung into vigorous life; and while it keeps parts of Ireland in a state of veiled rebellion, it has sent eighty-three men into the House of Commons, who have been as successful as Parnell and his satellites were in degrading that assembly and obstructing its functions, and whose loquacious foolishness has never been equalled. It deserves special notice, too, that if Home Rule has, for the moment been withdrawn from the politics of the day, reflecting minds cannot pass away from the subject; even the Imperialist Liberals have not disavowed Home Rule; the Opposition, forlorn and shattered as it is, keeps the question in reserve for a more convenient season, and evidently believes that it may yet restore it to office. And while the dismemberment of the three kingdoms is at least possible under the existing conditions and the distribution of power in Parliament, the state of Ireland herself causes grave misgivings, and holds out but little promise of hope for the future. Catholic Ireland, three-

fourths of the community at least, remains utterly disaffected to our rule, though attempts at conciliating it have been made, especially of late years, in the shape of excessive and unjust concessions, which have been ruinous to loyal and most important interests. We see the result in the development of the United Irish League, an organisation, which has nearly all the representation of Ireland in its power, which boasts that it is a State within the State, and which, if not yet as formidable as its predecessors were, is as hostile to Government and law as the Land and other National Leagues, and actually holds large and expanding districts in a state of terror. And at the same time, Protestant Ireland, that is the people which in all ages has been the mainstay of our power, despoiled, discountenanced, and wronged as it has been of late, is seething with just and profound discontent; it can now hardly be relied on as the "British garrison"; parts of it avow that it does not care for the Union. Nor is this all, or even nearly all; an old order of things has been broken up in Ireland, but there is little that is solid or stable in the new order; a cry, backed by Catholic and Presbyterian Ireland, has gone out for a wholesale confiscation of the Irish land; demoralisation and a restless desire for change prevail far and near; whatever may be said, the country is making hardly any progress; its principal industry is palpably on the decline.

The condition of Ireland, it is unnecessary to say, runs up ultimately to causes that have been at work for centuries. But the peculiar phenomena that are most apparent may be mainly ascribed to events in the last twenty years. Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy happily failed; the Bill of 1886, and, notably, that of 1893, would have destroyed the constitution of these realms; have made Ireland a thorn in the side of England; have led to anarchy from the Giants' Causeway to Cape Clear; have placed Protestant under the heel of Catholic Ireland. But this policy has not the less had disastrous results; it has strengthened Irish disaffection in an extraordinary degree; it has weakened the forces of Irish loyalty; it has inspired the

“Nationalist” leaders with a fixed belief that they will yet wring Home Rule from a reluctant Parliament, by taking advantage of the strife of parties. The fatal extension, too, of the Irish franchise, made in defiance of all precedent, and justified on the absurd pretence, that Ireland and Great Britain must have the same institutions, though the two communities differ in nearly all respects, has turned the Irish electorate into a huge raw democracy, filled with revolutionary and socialistic ideas, and tossed hither and thither by priests and demagogues; and, in the three southern provinces at least, it has all but deprived property and intelligence of a voice in politics, as in the case of the French National Assembly of 1789–91. Mr. Gladstone, again, who, in 1870, announced that agrarian reform in Ireland had reached its utmost limits, was the author, only eleven years afterwards, of an agrarian revolution in Ireland, complete and violent, effected at the bidding of a conspiracy against the State. His ill-starred legislation of 1881, that set the philosophy of Adam Smith at naught, and is unexampled in societies that call themselves civilised, has not only transferred property in the Irish land, from one class to another, on an enormous scale, without a shadow of right and against the national interest, it has caused demoralisation profound and widespread, has turned the Irish land system upside down, and has reduced it into a mere formless chaos. These things, operating together within a short space of time, largely account for the existing state of Ireland; and for this Mr. Gladstone must be held responsible. Yet even before 1895 a Unionist government has not been wholly free from blame in the conduct and the direction of Irish affairs. It manfully upheld the Union, indeed; all honour is due to the grand alliance which, at a grave crisis, saved the integrity of the State; and the Irish administration of Mr. Arthur Balfour was a marked instance of successful wisdom and energy. But even in those days a Unionist government extended the legislation of Mr. Gladstone as regards the Irish land, which, in opposition, it had vehemently denounced; and it set on foot a

scheme for settling Irish landed relations, and for solving what is known as the Irish Land Question, which appears to me to be essentially bad, which has been productive already of much mischief, and which is pregnant with grave dangers and ills in the future.

It would thus be unfair to lay to the charge of the Unionist Government in office, during the last six years, all that is evil and ominous in the existing state of Ireland. But it has aggravated a situation that might have been greatly improved; it has not dealt with Irish questions as it ought to have dealt with them; its policy has been in some respects a series of mistakes, in others a hand-to-mouth and short-sighted optimistic policy. When it came into power in 1895, at the head of an enormous majority in the House of Commons, it had an opportunity such as has seldom presented itself, to treat, wisely and yet boldly the great case of Ireland, greater now than in the days of Molyneux and Swift; for the Opposition had been routed at the polls; the "Nationalist" conspiracy, after the fall of Parnell, had been split into discordant factions, if it was by no means a thing of the past; and Ireland was imperatively in need of many kinds of reform. It would be unjust to conceal the fact, that Lord Salisbury's Government has been thwarted and crossed, in its domestic measures, by the great war in South Africa, and by foreign troubles; and it may be admitted that it has done some good for Ireland. It has carried out, if only on a small scale, and to a very imperfect extent, the policy inaugurated by Mr. Arthur Balfour; it has had the material progress of Ireland in view; the Department of Agriculture it has set up in Dublin, if made a subject of extravagant praise, may foster and promote several Irish industries. But commendation I believe must end here; the Government, in the management of the affairs of Ireland, has erred in what it has left undone, and in what it has done; its legislation and administration have not been well conceived. Let us glance one by one at the different Irish questions which it ought to have taken up, and treated in the true spirit of statesmen. It could

have directly redressed a grave evil, and have attempted to restrict the Irish electoral franchise; there is no return from democracy, or from the grave. But it cannot have been blind to the immense mischiefs this reckless and unjust concession has caused, especially since the General Elections of the last fifteen years; and, indirectly, it might have in part removed them. The over representation of Ireland in the House of Commons has been long acknowledged; taking the test of population alone, she has an excess of twenty-three members; taking the test of population and property combined, she has an excess of from thirty to forty; and this illegitimate excess gives the "Nationalists" utterly undue power; makes the Irish Unionists much weaker than they ought to be; prevents enlightened Irish opinion from having its true influence; contributes largely to the exclusion of Irish property and intelligence from the sphere of politics; and, what is perhaps, most important of all, distinctly impairs the securities that uphold the Union. The Government, nevertheless, has hitherto declined to redress this great constitutional wrong, and to bring the representation of Ireland within its proper limits; ominous words, indeed, have been dropped on the subject, though the reform is required in the interest of Ireland and of Great Britain alike.

History, I am convinced, will record that a Unionist Government has, in this matter, been untrue to the Union, because it had committed itself to a false Irish policy. Take again the question of Irish Local Government, and let us see what has been its achievements. The whole system of Irish Local Government had, as reflecting minds long ago acknowledged, rested on a narrow and oligarchic basis, and was not in accord with the spirit of the age. The Irish Grand Juries were a survival of the Protestant ascendancy of the eighteenth century; Irish Poor Law Administration had many defects; Irish Urban Government was without popular elements, and was confined within somewhat exclusive limits. The results were seen in grave anomalies in county government; in

maladministration of various kinds ; and in many shortcomings in the Government of cities and town, notably in the want of the municipal spirit. The Unionist Government of 1886-92 brought in a measure to reform this system ; but it was let drop, partly because it was not without great faults, partly in deference to mere "Nationalist" clamour. Lord Salisbury's Government returned to the subject in 1898 ; nearly a session was spent on carrying through Parliament the scheme of Irish Local Government it proposed. This has been exalted as a specimen of statesmanlike wisdom. Parts of the measure, no doubt, have been skilfully designed ; it has provided against the plunder of the Irish landed gentry, on which "Nationalist" patriots were intent ; it has been, in some respects, a judicious reform. But the mistake that had been made as to the Irish franchise was repeated. The Government applied to Ireland the legislation it had applied to Great Britain. As the result, the whole system of Irish Local Government has fallen under the control of a mere rude democracy untrained in self-government, and openly hostile to the State and the law in the greatest part of the country. It is too soon as yet to affirm with certainty how this new scheme will eventually work ; but some of the consequences have already been made manifest. In Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and in a large part of Ulster, the Local Boards have passed into the hands of "Nationalists" ; the landed gentry are not represented on them, or are only represented to no purpose ; landed property paying the rates has hardly any influence. This is an absolutely unnatural state of things. It should be added that in many instances a clean sweep has been made of loyal and Protestant holders of places, without regard to economy, or to the simplest justice. This boasted reform, it is unnecessary to say, has greatly increased the power of the "Nationalist" faction ; the evidence of this is but too apparent. The Local Boards, in more than three-fourths of Ireland, have become agencies of the United Irish League. They urge revolutionary and socialistic demands. Like the assemblies of the communes of

Jacobin France, they echo with cries against the institutions under which they exist, against the social order they see around them, against the upper classes, and all kinds of dignities. The Government has here sown the dragon's teeth. What has already been the ill-omened harvest?

With respect to two other Irish questions, the Government has shown worse than hesitation, and double-minded weakness. The Childers Commission, appointed by Mr. Gladstone, but really owing its origin to Mr. Goschen—a Unionist in no doubtful sense—reported in 1896, and that almost with one voice, that Ireland was enormously overtaxed, and had been for a long series of years. It is impossible here to examine this famous judgment, and the voluminous evidence on which it rests; enough to say that it expressed the conclusions of well-known experts, nearly all Englishmen, whose interests were the other way; that it took its stand on the Treaty of Union, and drew from it the inferences that are most cogent; that it only confirmed the ideas of distinguished Irishmen—the names of Butt and Judge Longfield may be referred to—who insisted, years ago, on the fiscal wrong that was being done to Ireland; that it is sustained by the universal concurrence of Irish opinion, which, divided and discordant as it usually is, is completely unanimous in this matter; and that, if it has been denounced and carped at in England, the attempts that had been made to refute it have been grotesque failures. The conduct of the Government has been but too characteristic: it has not ventured to deny that the Report is justified by the Treaty of Union, which being Unionist, it is bound to maintain; it has not grappled with the arguments of the Commission; it has made paltry concessions inadequate to the requirements of the case, which, however, prove that it is conscious the case is just; and then, having made a solemn promise that it would set on foot another inquiry upon the subject, it has not taken a step for years to redeem this pledge! The other question to which I allude is that of education of the higher kind in Ireland, long ago admitted to be in a

discreditable state by every thinker who has considered the subject. In this province shallow Liberalism and blind bigotry have combined to do Ireland unquestionable wrong. Trinity College has been thrown open to all comers without distinction of creed, but it is still a bulwark of the Protestant ascendancy of the past; the Queen's Colleges are free to students of all faiths and of none; but Catholic Ireland, that is the great mass of the people, avoids both institutions, on grounds which Burke and Newman would have certainly taken; it regards the one as essentially anti-Catholic, and the other as essentially "godless," in accord, in this respect, with our High Church party; and here it has a real, if almost its only grievance. The Government is confessedly at odds with itself in this important matter; it has agreed to leave it an "open question," as Catholic emancipation was left in another age; has it forgotten that this trifling brought Ireland to the verge of revolution in 1829, and has ever since been a cause of mischief to the State? It has, no doubt, after long delay, appointed a Commission, formed of able men, to inquire into the subject, and to make a report; but in Ireland, at least, it is generally believed, that, as to practical legislation that would be effective, the labours of this body will be wholly fruitless.

But of all Irish questions that of the land is the one on which the Government is most open to censure. Its members had nearly all predicted, when in opposition, what would be the results of the agrarian legislation of 1881; six years ago these had been more than verified. In spite of Mr. Gladstone's optimistic phrases, the Irish landlords had been stripped of their property wholesale; they had been converted into mere annuitants, while their tenants had been made largely owners of their estates; and this revolution had been effected through the agency of courts, which, going back to exploded mediæval principles, fixed the rate of rent and the modes of land tenure. The Irish land system, in a word, had been transformed in defiance of justice, and there had been a huge confiscation of the Irish land; but this had been by no means the worst; Irish

agriculture had, in many ways, been injured by the operation of a vicious law ; and demoralisation had been spread through the landed classes, by litigation of the most sinister kind, which set landlords and tenants against each other and encouraged false swearing to an enormous extent, and by the legalised annihilation of the most solemn contracts. The Government, however, with the fullest knowledge of the facts, made what was already bad, by many degrees worse ; in 1896 it brought in a Bill which greatly extended and aggravated this disastrous system, and contained principles ominous to the rights of property in the three kingdoms ; it is significant that the House of Lords all but rejected the measure, loyal as it has always been to Lord Salisbury's Ministry. The conduct of the Government, nevertheless, did not stop at this point ; the courts instituted by the Legislation of 1881 began, some years ago, to make such immense reductions in Irish rents that even the men in office expressed surprise ; they appointed a Commission charged to report on the subject, not generally but from the narrowest point of view ; and the scope of the inquiry was so limited that it was generally believed to be a mere desire to keep the question out of sight. The Commission, however, had a fearless judge at its head ; Sir Edward Fry and his colleagues, cabined and confined as they were, dragged a part of the truth at least into the light ; as the result, they placed on record such a damning sentence on the Irish Land Commission and its sub-Commissions, as has never been passed on judicial bodies in modern times ; they intimated that gross wrong had been done, and they made a series of recommendations which, they hoped, would mitigate the unjust administration even of an unjust law. The Government has practically refused all redress ; it has made trifling improvements in the procedure of the Courts, but it has ignored the grave censure that has been pronounced on them, and it has disregarded all that is important in the suggestions the Commission has made. It has even turned a deaf ear to urgent requests for a further and fuller inquiry, on pretexts puerile and offensive alike.

Unionist statesmen, however, have long had their scheme for solving the problem of the Irish land. With little real knowledge of Irish land tenure, they announced, in direct contradiction to fact, that Mr. Gladstone had "created" a "dual ownership" in Irish landed relations; and in order to abate what they deemed this nuisance, they have been effecting an agrarian "reform" in Ireland, the increasing mischiefs of which have become apparent. Removing the only limitations which made it safe and just, they inaugurated a system of so-called "land purchase" in Ireland essentially ill-designed and even immoral. They have enabled Irish tenants to become owners in fee of their farms through the medium of advances made by the State, subject only to the payment of terminable annuities much lower than anything like rents. The transaction, therefore, is not a "purchase" but a bribe; and from 1885 to the present time about a tenth part of the tenant class in Ireland has acquired the proprietorship of the soil under these conditions. And what have been the results of this policy, which history, I believe, will severely condemn? It has not "abolished dual ownership," for the fund applicable to this purpose cannot extend to even a quarter of the Irish land; and "dual ownership" will always prevail in Ireland. It is the natural mould of her land tenure. It has not produced, as its authors expected, a peasantry well affected to the State, for hundreds of these "purchasers" are agents of the United Irish League. It has not produced a body of thriving farmers, for hundreds are steeped in debt, and the prey of local usurers. On the other hand it has wronged the Irish landlord, for the difference between the terminable annuities and even the present rents has created a false standard of rent against him, exactly of the nature of a base coinage. It has been very injurious to Irish agriculture, for these "purchasers" have cut down the woodland on their holdings, disafforesting many thousands of acres, a ruinous thing in a rain-drenched climate; and by its artificial lowering of the scale of the renters of land, it has encouraged subletting, subdivision, and mortgaging wholesale,

inveterate evils in Irish land tenure, and it is fast reproducing the middleman of the eighteenth century, the oppressive lord of downtrodden serfs. The worst result, however, has yet to be noticed. This system of "land purchase" is as yet "voluntary," that is effected by contract between landlords and tenants; but it draws, we have seen, a marked distinction between "purchasing" and rent-paying holders of land. It separates them into classes, favoured and neglected by the State. It has, therefore, from the very nature of the case, produced the demand now heard far and near in Ireland, for what is called the "compulsory purchase" of all her rented lands, that is, for the forcible expropriation of the landed gentry, and the forcible placing the peasantry in their stead as owners. The present Government, it is only fair to say, has declined to sanction a confiscation of this kind; but it refuses to see that land purchase, on voluntary lines, provokes and causes the cry for compulsory purchase; and it contemplates, it is said, promoting its present agrarian policy. Has it considered how, half a century ago, a Government passed the Irish Encumbered Estates Act, with the approval of Parliament and the applause of politicians, and thus accomplished the worst spoliation that has ever been effected in the Irish land?

Much of the conduct of the Government just reviewed is to be ascribed to the policy of "killing Home Rule with kindness" that is "killing Irish Unionism with unkindness," in Sir Edward Carson's language. This kind of policy has often been tried before; Henry VII. exclaimed: "If all Ireland cannot rule this man, let this man be the ruler of all Ireland;" the great Geraldine rebellion soon followed; Mr. Gladstone threw the reins to the Land League; agitation in Ireland has ever since been perilous. It consists in weakly deserting your friends in the hope of making peace with your enemies; in trafficking with disloyalty at the expense of loyalty; in abandoning right for the sake of a base expediency; and in Ireland it has always been a calamitous failure. The attitude of the Government, in this respect, has been

strikingly illustrated in the course it has taken, as regards the maintenance of order and law in Ireland. It has over and over again refused to afford to property the protection to which property has a right; it has over and over again neglected to give law-abiding subjects the security to which they have an indefeasible claim; it has turned a deaf ear to warnings of well-informed men who told it that a bad conspiracy was growing up in their midst. We see the result of this disregard of duty, the condition, be it observed, of allegiance, in the development of the United Irish League within the last two years; this successor of the Land and the National Leagues has been permitted to acquire power without an attempt to check it, as if "Parnellism and crime" had been never heard of; and though it is much less formidable than its prototypes were, it is equally hostile to government and law; it professes to have the same objects in view, the annihilation of British rule in Ireland and of the landed gentry; and it has established a system of terror in not a few counties. Its operations, if we look to Ireland alone, are seen in increasing agrarian crime; in incendiary fires over whole districts; above all, in the hideous persecution known as "boycotting," carried out with an ingenious pertinacity never witnessed before, and bringing misery and ruin on hundreds of innocent victims. Very few persons not in Ireland can understand what this wicked tyranny is; it blights industry, checks agriculture and trade, subverts contracts, defies law, poisons social life; it is absolutely incompatible with the general welfare. Just now it is the favourite weapon of the United Irish League, which seeks through it to compass its ends, and trusts less than its fore-runners did to open agrarian crime, and to the servile war of 1881-88. Yet the Government will not suppress the League, even in the counties where practically it is supreme, though it can do so with the stroke of a pen; it has lately prosecuted some of the League's agents; but as these prosecutions have nearly all failed, owing to the sympathy or the fears of juries, what is bad has only been made much worse.

Partisans and sciolists have been loud in their praises of the Irish policy of the present Government, because Ireland has been quiescent of late years compared to the evil days of the Land and the National Leagues. But under a surface only serene from a distance, ominous fires are ready to break out; to babble about peace when there is no peace is mischievous trifling. The condition of Ireland is, in some respects, worse than it was even in the time of Parnell; it is distinctly worse than it was in 1895. Disloyalty, if less stained with crime, is as defiant as ever, since attempts at conciliation have failed; Parliament is bearded as it was twenty years ago; power and property in Ireland have been transferred wholesale by processes utterly unwise and unjust to a wild democracy hostile to our rule; the mainstays of our authority have been probably fatally weakened; all that is best in Irish opinion has fallen away from the Government. The structure of society, too, has been shaken to its base; it has been destroyed in some of its chief parts, and nothing permanent has been placed in their stead; a sense of insecurity prevails in many of the relations of life, especially in the most important, those which spring from the land; revolutionary cries for change and confiscation are often heard; the sober and fruitful works of industry are much neglected; there is a decline in the healthy elements that contribute to real progress. Meanwhile, the numerous questions which, to some extent at least must be settled, if there is to be any hope for Ireland, remain unsettled and of late have dropped out of sight; it is scarcely possible to doubt but that they must be taken up and treated by Parliament within a short time.

“STAT NOMINIS UMBRA.”

A PLAIN MAN'S POLITICS

RUMOUR has it that Mr. Kipling's famous "Recessional" was rescued by one of his household from the waste-paper basket, to which he had consigned it; and there are those who suggest that the publication of his latest manifesto, "The Lesson," must be due to a less fortunate raid upon the same receptacle. That is not my own sentiment. There are other things in the world than literature, and other things in literature than poetry. If Mr. Kipling can get the multitude who have no ears for poetry to listen to his spirited patter, why should we expect or desire him to confine his talent within the limits of classical tradition? If you want to produce your effect here and now, it is useless to address yourself to posterity. Mr. Kipling is above everything a man of the moment. It may very well chance that some of his rhythms for the moment may be heard by the ages; but on that point, one fancies, he is tolerably indifferent. At any rate, such a piece as "The Lesson" is to be judged as journalism, not as literature; and its merit as journalism depends, not on its diction or its rhythm, but on the validity of its message. "Let us admit it fairly," he says, "as a business people should: we have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no end of good." If this is true, it is a message of great comfort; but is it true? I have one slight but not unimportant emendation to suggest: for "will," read "ought to."

A lesson has been writ large for us, granted. It has been written in letters of blood and fire, plain for all folk to see. But have we learnt it? Is there any sign that we are even beginning to learn it? Are we not the same foolish, inert, improvident people to-day that we were two years ago—only that our improvidence is now flustered and apprehensive, instead of sanguine and serene?

We must wait until this war is over, some people tell us, before we can settle down to putting our house in order. For my part, I see no "must" in the matter. It is true that we are too busily occupied in recriminations over the war to have much energy left for anything else. But that is just where our error—our fatal weakness—lies. The war has made us, no longer a nation of sane men, but a greater and a lesser horde of monomaniacs, about as fit for sober self-discipline as the legendary Kilkenny cats. Is there any reason, I ask, why we should wait till the war is over before returning to sanity? And, if we cannot do so now, is there any guarantee that we shall be able to do so then?

The most convinced supporter of the Government will admit, I presume, that the impotence of the Opposition is a national misfortune. At any rate, there can be no doubt that this is the view—and the plausible view—of the Opposition itself. Well, at a juncture when there seems to be some hope of restoring unity of action to the nerveless, leaderless Opposition, what does the most eminent of its potential leaders do? He lays it down that the war is either just or unjust, either humanely or inhumanly conducted, and that he cannot possibly co-operate, towards any end whatsoever, with persons who do not unreservedly, and on both points, accept the affirmative proposition. As a plain man, trying to exercise his common sense upon the facts before us, I suggest that Lord Rosebery's dichotomy—I use a pedantic word for a pedantic thing—is worthy of a mediæval schoolman rather than of a philosophic statesman on the threshold of the twentieth century.

The war is "morally, either just or unjust," we are told. Would it not be much truer to say, of this war as of so many other wars in history, that it was neither just nor unjust, but the inevitable outcome of a state of things for which both parties were pretty evenly to blame? Lord Rosebery is the first to admit that we have made many mistakes in our conduct towards the Boers. One (at least) of them was a generous error, one (at least) was a criminal blunder; the remainder, we may roughly say, were more or less stupid, negligent, short-sighted, perhaps even unprincipled actions. On the other hand, I do not think there is any Boer, or even any pro-Boer, so fanatical as to maintain that the actions of the Transvaal Government were invariably guided by superhuman wisdom and virtue. Their mistakes were of a different order from ours, and proceeded from a different kind of stupidity; but they were like our mistakes, and every other mistake, in that they had one day to be paid for. If we must apportion moral responsibility, I, for my part, am willing to admit that the greater share of blame lies with us, inasmuch as wisdom and generosity were more reasonably to be expected of us than of the Boers. But that is a purely academic argument. Blindness is blindness, and its consequences do not depend on its conditions. It may be that A. has reprehensibly neglected opportunities of having his cataract removed, whereas B. has had no opportunities to neglect. But B. is none the less likely, on that account, to fall into the ditch. And if it come to a fight between the two, the battle will be, not to the one whose blindness is less reprehensible, but to the one who has some glimmer of light.

It is equally idle, at the present moment, to argue as to the precise point of time at which the misunderstanding between Briton and Boer became incurable. Was it before Majuba? Was it after? Did the Raid render conciliation hopeless? Or was it the South African Commission? The one essential fact is that at some period—it matters not whether we place it weeks, months or years before the outbreak of the war—the

Boers had got into a frame of mind absolutely incompatible with the safety of the British Empire in South Africa, and consequently throughout the world. That frame of mind I shall try to analyse later. In the meantime, the point to be noted is this: either the Boer enmity had to be rendered impotent (in other words the Republics had to be disarmed) or else we had to pay with our Empire for our share in the errors and stupidities which had brought the Boers into this temper. Now it must be clear to every man, British or foreign, who does not actually desire the disintegration of the British Empire, that this was a disproportionate price, which we could not for a moment be expected to pay. Were we to stand before the world and say: "Our errors and stupidities in South Africa have been so monstrous, and so utterly unexcused by any contributory errors and stupidities on the part of our opponents, that we hereby confess ourselves incapable of empire, and proclaim to all and sundry the failure of this experiment in the aggregation of self-governing states"? That this was really the alternative that faced us is proved by the unhesitating and eager adherence of the colonies to our side of the quarrel. No one can reasonably accuse the colonies of slavish and uncritical partisanship for the mother country. They were conscious of our errors, and, being in no way responsible for them, were under no temptation to minimise their gravity. But they felt that a point had been reached at which, had we pocketed Mr. Kruger's stolid defiance, they would have ceased to value their imperial citizenship. Here we have the plain and definite line of cleavage in the world's opinion regarding the war. Admit that the British Empire is, in the interests of the world, an experiment worth continuing, and you cannot but admit the right, nay, the duty, of the Empire to pluck this thorn from its side. Start from an attitude of hostility to the British Empire—the instinctive attitude of most foreigners, the reasoned attitude of some Englishmen—and you naturally prefer that the thorn should rankle until the part affected gangrenes and drops away.

“But,” say certain politicians, “we maintain that a more skilful and conciliatory diplomacy would have secured all that the Empire could reasonably demand in South Africa, without the spilling of a drop of blood.” That is conceivable enough. It is conceivable that the last straw which deflected the balance in favour of war was the Boers’ not unnatural hatred and distrust of Mr. Chamberlain. Supposing it was so, what then? Why, we are paying very dearly for whatever faults in our policy inspired the Boers with these feelings; but does it follow that the Boers were right in demanding that we should pay dearer still, with (as aforesaid) the abdication of our paramountcy in South Africa, our prestige in the eyes of our colonial fellow countrymen throughout the world? The fact that I distrust the man I am bargaining with does not justify me in declining to make a reasonable bargain, and taking the first convenient opportunity of hitting him in the eye. It may render my action natural, comprehensible, excusable; but I am none the less debarred from posing as a martyr if I fail in my appeal to the strong hand.

Does any one believe: (1) That the British Government (or even Mr. Chamberlain in the recesses of his Machiavelian brain) was determined upon war from, say, the failure of the Bloemfontein Conference onward, and deliberately worked to bring it about? (2) That at any time after the Bloemfontein Conference the question of peace or war turned on the skilful or unskilful wording, the exact or inexact interpretation, of any particular despatch? If any one, in the light of subsequent events, believes either of these propositions, then I say that his insight into human motives, his reading of the human heart, differs hopelessly from mine. But the first of these propositions must be maintained if England is to be accused of wantonly picking a quarrel; the second, if she is even to be reproached with having inexcusably blundered into bloodshed.

The truth is (I suggest) that the mixture of exasperation and triumph which Mr. Kruger—in this respect accurately representing his fellow countrymen—felt after the Jameson

Raid, in some degree turned his head. He saw the position of moral advantage that miserable adventure gave him, and he hastened to secure, as he thought, a corresponding position of physical advantage. That done, he went forth with the deliberate intention of humiliating the hated and despised Englishman, by policy if possible, if not, by force of arms. His action was very human and very natural. I do not see that Lord Rosebery can even prove it "unjust," for the abstract right of the Transvaal Executive to manage its internal affairs was incontestable. All one is entitled to say is that in insisting on exercising this abstract right to the humiliation of Britain (limited only by the necessity of not exasperating the other world-powers) the action of the Transvaal Executive was neither—as its admirers would have us think—saintlike, nor—as the event has proved—wise.

Here, then, I come to the gist of my argument. Let us get rid, in this context, of the terms just and unjust, right and wrong. They have really no relevance in such a clash of racial instincts—the progressive and the pastoral, the democratic and the oligarchic—as underlies this fated struggle. Neither cause is just, neither unjust. No one is wholly in the right, no one wholly in the wrong; and the nice apportionment of moral responsibility is impossible, at any rate to contemporaries.

This, above all things, let us realise: it is not the trivial overplus of right or wrong that determines the event of such a contest: it is the power to see, apprehend, and be guided by fact. To restate in proverbial form what I have already said: "In the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed"—nay, even the sand-blind—"is king." During the incubation, and during the progress of the war, both we and our adversaries fed ourselves with illusions; but theirs were the further and more fatally remote from the truth. Here is the place for my promised analysis of the Boer "frame of mind" which rendered the war inevitable. If it be correct, it will show that the people of the two Republics are at this moment paying the penalty of an inveterate habit, in themselves and their rulers, of believing

that which is not and disbelieving that which is. It seems clear that some of the rulers were not guiltless of making confusion worse confounded by the propagation of deliberate falsehoods. But this element in the case has no doubt been considerably exaggerated in our partisan reports. To establish my point, at any rate, I need not travel beyond the record of indubitable errors and self-deceptions.

The basis of the Boer mood, of course, was a deep-seated dislike for the Briton, proceeding partly from difference of prejudices, manners, and ideals, partly from resentment for actual or imaginary wrongs. Then came one, two, three victories over small British forces—victories which naturally became Marathons and Morgartens in the popular imagination. Soon after the Jameson Raid, a party of Boer boys were disputing as to the colour of the British flag. "It is red!" cried one of them. "No," said an old burgher who was standing by; "no, my boy—I have seen the British flag three times—at Majuba, at Potchefstroom, and at Krugersdorp—and each time it was white!" This story may or may not be literally true—it is certainly typical. The dislike for the Briton in general was supplemented by contempt for the *rooinek* in particular—a contempt which was, to say the least of it, exaggerated as regards the individual *rooinek*, and was childish wide of the mark in respect of the *rooinek* considered as a symbol of the power of Britain. In short, the Boer people had neither the acquired knowledge nor the instinctive wisdom to see these petty successes in their true proportions. They were puffed up with a military pride, entirely natural under the circumstances, which reinforced their disinclination to give the Outlander any voice in the councils of their sacred and invincible caste. I know of no good evidence of anything that can be called a "conspiracy" to drive the English into the sea; but can it be doubted that the vision of this resplendent and comparatively easy exploit haunted many an ignorant and adventure-loving brain? Under the influence of such dreams, the Boers were the reverse of eager that their statesmen should

listen to reason, and so baulk them of the glorious and fascinating alternative.

We committed the same error of underestimating the enemy. Did not even the omniscient Mr. Kipling think that "fifty thousand horse and foot" were going to settle the business? But while we estimated the difficulties before us at one-fifth, one-seventh, one-tenth if you will, of what they proved to be, the Boer conception of the power of England fell a hundred or a thousand times short of the truth—in fact, bore no measurable relation to it. We paid the penalty of improvidence, in initial disaster; they are reaping in ruin the consequences of inveterate and arrogant ignorance.

But, it may be objected, whatever was the ignorance of the rustic Boers, many of their leaders, and Mr. Kruger himself, were by no means in such utter darkness as to the power they were defying. Some of the leaders probably—it is said that General Joubert was one of them—went into the war with their eyes open, well knowing that the delusions of their countrymen were hurrying them to disaster, but powerless to stem the torrent. Mr. Kruger, again, and his familiars, though the resources of England were not unknown to them, fatally mistook the temper of England, and at the same time the temper of Europe. They believed that the infirmity of purpose incident to party government would debar England from putting forth anything like her whole power. They knew the strength of their own armament; they knew the weakness of the British garrison in South Africa; and they knew that any serious attempt to strengthen it could be made, at any moment, a pretext for declaring war. Thus they had the first stages of the war in their own hands; believed that they could reach Pietermaritzburg, Durban, even Cape Town, without serious difficulty, before our troops had arrived in sufficient force to stop them; and trusted that these disasters would mean the fall of the hated Chamberlain and his Government, and the accession to power of the Liberal party, which, judging by the utterances of its extreme wing, they held pledged to

peace, concession, and surrender. They might not at this one stroke drive the British out of South Africa; but they would demand an accession of territory and an indemnity; and after that the federation of South Africa under a Dutch president and executive could only be a matter of time. This calculation erred incidentally in underestimating the tenacity of the British garrisons, which prevented even the carrying out of the first part of the programme—the triumphal march to the sea. But it erred fundamentally in the assumption that any number of initial disasters, due to our unpreparedness in South Africa, would bring a party of peace and surrender into power. There was no such party in England that could for a fortnight carry on the government of the country. The Salisbury Government might conceivably have fallen, but only to give place to a Government which the nation believed more competent, and more resolute, to carry the war to a successful close. In listening, then, to the flattering voice of the peace-at-any-price party, and so misjudging the temper of England, Mr. Kruger and his Cabinet committed one of those errors that infallibly bring their revenge.

To another flattering voice, still louder and still emptier of significance, they lent an even readier ear. The journalists of the Continent, never too amiably disposed towards England, and regarding the complex case of Briton *v.* Boer (when they gave it any thought at all) entirely from the Boer point of view, were fierce and furious in their partisanship. The Continental public, too, knowing nothing of the questions at issue, and seeing a small, virtuous and heroic people at odds with a great, grasping, arrogant world-power, were free and emphatic in the utterance of sentimental sympathy. Mr. Kruger failed to distinguish between the multitudinous babble of Anglophobist quidnuncs and the views, interests and potentialities of responsible governments. He buoyed himself up with the belief that, even should his military plans to some extent miscarry, European intervention would save him from having to pay the price of his temerity. Here again he made a fatal

blunder. He misread the political situation in Europe no less than he misread the temper of England; and the two illusions lured him to his doom.

But behind them both, and conditioning them both, lay a third and fundamental illusion, common, it would seem, to Mr. Kruger and to a large number, at any rate, of his followers. It was not, ultimately, in Krupp and Creusot guns, in the political vacillation of England, or in the intervention of Continental powers, that Mr. Kruger put his faith. He trusted in the intervention of a greater Power than Empire or Republic. He believed that that Power would point the Boer guns, would strike panic to the hearts of the English people, and would inspire the nations of Europe with generous and effectual enthusiasm for the cause of God's little flock in South Africa. It was no overweening confidence in his own human sagacity that led him astray. Armaments and political combinations were in his eyes only the instruments of the miracle that was going to accomplish itself. The greatest miracle requires a certain mechanism. When David went forth against Goliath, did he not arm himself with a sling and smooth stones from the brook? Mauser rifles, siege-guns, and mountains of ammunition were but the sling and stones of the burgher champion. His true strength lay in the countenance of the Lord, who would guide his hand and eye aright.

Mr. Kruger, in a word, fell into precisely the error of thought which is obfuscating the minds of so many of our own politicians. He set up two absolute and mutually exclusive conceptions of "justice" and "injustice"; he (quite sincerely) believed the Boer cause to be "just," the British "unjust"; and he was confident that God would fight on the side of "justice." This, be it noted, is no conjectural interpretation of his state of mind. It was, and is, his clearly and repeatedly formulated faith. That faith, and nothing else, has devastated, and is still devastating, South Africa. "I believe in a miracle," said Mr. Kruger, not many weeks ago, to an interviewer for whose good faith I can personally vouch. "Is not the miracle

happening?" he continued. "Are not 15,000 men holding 250,000 at bay? What is that but a miracle?"

We know that there is no miracle in the matter: that resolute and skilful guerilla leaders, taking advantage of their thorough knowledge of a vast expanse of country, eminently suited to their tactics, can by perfectly natural means keep that country disturbed and miserable for an indefinite space of time. The Boer faith in divine interposition merely means that we are fighting on the Vaal a fanaticism as blind as that which, a few years ago, we were fighting on the Nile. As blind, and scarcely more admirable; for if there goes less savagery to its composition, there goes far more pharisaism and self-righteousness.

This fanaticism is shared by many people in England, who, at the outset of the war, convinced that their country's cause was "unjust," went about prophesying, and even openly praying for, calamity to the British arms, and the downfall of the Empire. Such persons may still maintain that the fulfilment of their prophecy is only deferred, and that we are, in fact, at the beginning of the end. It is quite possible that, though their premises are wrong, their conclusion may be right. The Boer War may prove ill-omened for England, not because it was "unjustly," but because it was unwisely, gone about. But let them apply their principle from the Boer point of view, and no sane intellect can find it work out correctly. If the condition of the two Republics at this moment be the result of fighting for a "just" cause, we can only conclude that the virtue of states, like that of individuals, meets with its reward in the next world, not in this. The Governments are overthrown, one President is an exile, the other a fugitive, every family is broken up, thousands of men have died on the battlefield, thousands are prisoners over seas, the remnants are leading an outlaw life in crevices and caves of the hills, women and children in multitudes have inevitably suffered agony of mind and privation of body, farms have been laid waste, herds destroyed, the country reduced to a blood-stained wilderness—

and yet we are to believe that the Boers were fighting in a "just" cause, sanctioned and countenanced by a just and omnipotent God! Who can wonder that a superstition so flagrantly in conflict with the facts should involve nations in misery? Suppose a miraculous turning of the tables were to occur to-morrow, and that Mr. Kruger, like that other just man, Job, were restored to the pinnacle of prosperity—would that compensate the generation which has agonised and died for his pharisaic faith in justice? Wherein is a just cause safer than an unjust if the miracle which is to vindicate it lags so cruelly? Should the South African War prove the beginning of further and direr troubles to England, the people who choose to read history in terms of theology may say that heaven has used the Boer Republics as a rod to chasten our imperial pride. It may be so; but, if so, we are bound to complete the parable, and add that the rod has been broken to shivers across the culprit's back.

Does my argument seem to imply that might is right and that there is no such thing as justice in human, or at any rate in political, affairs? Not so. History records many iniquitous wars—wars of the wolf on the lamb, of the kite on the pigeon, which were as flagrantly unjust as are most of the operations of "Nature, red in tooth and claw." Had this been such a war, Mr. Kruger's "miracle" would indeed have come about by perfectly natural means; for the conscience of England would have revolted, the Liberal party would have gone solid against the war, and, fighting a country divided against itself, the Boers would have secured the victory on which they counted. As a matter of fact, the moment Mr. Kruger definitely showed his hand, he found himself—for all practical purposes—confronted with a united country and a united Empire. The dissentients were only those who so violently hated all war as to be incapable of seeing reason on any question which could possibly lead to that issue, or those who so consistently shrank from the idea of empire as to oppose every measure that made for its permanence. This party was vehement in proportion

to its impotence, and in proportion to its faith in its own exclusive moral inspiration. But its effect upon the conduct of the war was nil, except in so far as it helped to prolong the life of the Boer illusions. The first weeks of the war proved very clearly that this was no case of the wolf and the lamb, but rather of the lion and the wolf-in-sheep's-clothing; and from the moment that was realised, all possibility of an effective pro-Boer revulsion of feeling was at an end.

The majority of wars, at any rate in modern times, are not mere wars of brute appetite or insensate ambition, but arise from the conflict of irreconcilable instincts, each of which has a perfect right to assert itself. That this was the case in the present instance, fanaticism only—pro-Boer or pro-Briton—will deny. The Boer instinct of oligarchic conservatism clashed with the British instinct of democratic liberalism; and each had undoubted right on its side. The Boer right was the clearer in law, the British right the stronger in equity; but that, I think, is not the essential difference. The difference is that behind the British right there was an imperative duty to a great, impersonal idea, while behind the Boer right there was nothing more imperative than a clinging to personal preference and what seemed personal advantage. If, in using the word "duty" I seem to beg an essential question as to the moral merits of the Imperial idea, let us put this question aside and say that England was compelled to vindicate her right by an ineluctable destiny residing in the very greatness, even if it be the baneful greatness, of the interests entrusted to her care. This compulsion the Boers, had they been wise, would have recognised. Blinded by the illusions above enumerated, they failed to recognise it, and are paying the penalty.

Our cause, in a word, is the more just, inasmuch as we were under the more imperative and impersonal obligation to enforce it; but to lay any claim to a more absolute and transcendental justice than this is surely to obscure the issue, and play into the hands of the pro-Boer rhetorician.

Behold, a parable: Two men were compelled by a destiny

over which neither had any control to travel in the same railway-carriage. One of them was a big (perhaps an overgrown) man, who required a great deal of fresh air, else he would have died of suffocation. The other was a little man, inured to a vitiated atmosphere, who suffered a certain discomfort from draughts. The big man, clinging to his life, insisted on having the window open; the little man, clinging to his comfort, insisted on keeping it shut. Their enforced companionship was the misfortune of both, the fault of neither; so that technically their rights were equal. The big man could not give way; it was a matter of life and death to him. The little man either could not or would not recognise this. Moreover he cherished a grudge against the big man, whose manners had not, indeed, been above reproach, and who had sought to open the window by stealth, in a fashion at once impolitic and unworthy. Relying, therefore, upon a loaded revolver concealed in his pistol-pocket, the little man declared that rather than open the window he would open the door, throw the big man out of the carriage, and thenceforth have it all to himself, to keep as stuffy as ever he pleased. In the struggle that necessarily ensued, the little man did indeed manage to inflict some flesh-wounds on the big man; but when last heard of he was writhing under the big man's foot, still swearing fiercely that his cause was just, and that, on a well-managed railway, the guard would have interfered in his favour. Perhaps the communicator was out of order; but it seems more probable that the little man had misread the company's by-laws.

Let us pass now from the question of justice to that of humanity, which may be more briefly dealt with. The methods by which the war has been conducted, says Lord Rosebery, are either "uncivilised or legitimate"; and he will have nothing to do with any one who maintains the former alternative. But why, I ask, why insist on absolute unanimity with regard to the highly debatable points involved in this decision? No sane man doubts that we have desired and endeavoured to conduct this war humanely. If there be any one who holds that

our methods have been consistently and deliberately "uncivilised"—any one, in fact, who takes seriously the vampire-generals and ogre-soldiers of the continental caricaturists—he is surely a negligible quantity. Must the Liberal party sit helpless and inactive because it is not in perfect harmony with Colney Hatch? If, on the other hand, we are asked to declare that nothing has been done in South Africa that humanity must deplore, nothing left undone that humanity could reasonably enjoin, I do not understand how any one with the slightest knowledge of human nature can make the required asseveration.

So far as I can see, there is every reason to believe that our individual soldiers have, in the main, conducted themselves with a humanity hitherto almost unknown in warfare, and that the enemy have, in the main, met them in a similar spirit. It is not in the least surprising that there should have been on the enemy's part a few instances to the contrary—instances of treachery and brutality. I am not aware that any serious allegation of treachery has been made against our soldiers; and as for brutality, the great mass of the cases industriously chronicled by the pro-Boer press have been patent and preposterous fables. Still, there is no army without its black sheep; and men who are not absolutely black sheep may be carried away in moments of rage, or still more probably of panic, to do things they can scarcely look back upon with complacency. War is not a school of saints, and though one can honestly believe our record to be far less stained by individual excesses than that of most armies of the past, to declare it spotless would be to assert a miracle.

More dubious than the question of individual conduct are certain questions of policy and organisation. Once admit—and the whole theory of war compels the admission—that there are cases, not a few, in which momentary inhumanity is the true humanity in the long run, and you introduce a principle which it would need superhuman wisdom to apply unerringly. Farm-burning may or may not have been a necessary measure.

I do not believe it is possible for any one not actually on the spot, and conversant with all the circumstances, to form a valid judgment on the point. If (as seems only too probable) it has in no way helped to shorten the war, then it was evidently a deplorable mistake for which we shall pay dearly. On the other hand, it may conceivably have been, after all, the true, the only possible, policy; but even in that case it is hard to resist the conviction that it was sometimes indiscriminately and injudiciously carried out. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? In a long series of acts of summary jurisdiction, executed with little time for inquiry and none for thought, is it conceivable that there should not have occurred many miscarriages even of that rough-and-ready justice which was supposed to preside over the operations? Farm-burning, in brief, may have been bad policy from first to last; and even if we believe it to have been, on the whole, good policy, we cannot but admit the probability that it was in some instances misapplied. Why must we be all of one mind on this extremely difficult question—on which not fifty men in England perhaps are capable of giving a competent opinion—before Lord Rosebery will consent even to take council with us on matters of the gravest urgency?

So, too, with the concentration camps. It seems evident that much of the talk we have heard about them has been one-sided and exaggerated, that statistics have been misinterpreted, and that even where the mortality has been greatest it has been mainly due to causes over which we had no control. On the other hand, when we remember how, at one stage of the war, we treated our own sick and wounded, there is too much reason to fear that there may be a substratum of justice in the complaints of bad organisation, perhaps even of carelessness and callousness on the part of those in authority. That the British army, like all other armies, contains a certain proportion of stupid, lazy and inefficient officers, there is no reason to doubt; nor is it questionable that even zealous and efficient officers are sometimes overworked, and sometimes find their hands bound

by red-tape. There must be many details in the conduct of immense operations like those of the past two years in South Africa that are open to just criticism; and the people who make criticism their business, so long as they keep within the bounds of sanity, perform a useful function. Even if we hold that their partiality for the enemy's cause approaches monomania, is that a good reason for declining to co-operate with them in matters on which they are unquestionably sane? In thus making the war an obstructive test-question, are we ourselves quite free from the error of over-absorption in one idea?

I say "we" because I recognise in Lord Rosebery an indispensable force in the political world, and would fain rank myself under his banner if only he would let me. The difference between him and the whole working body of the Liberal party is, I believe, a difference of words, not of essential thoughts. For some reason or other, to me unfathomable, he has laid down his position in a defiant instead of a conciliatory formula. I do not believe that his trenchant dilemmas—"just or unjust," "uncivilised or legitimate"—mean anything essentially different from the qualified statement of rights and wrongs which I have attempted above. But his use of absolute and unqualified terms makes the large body who really agree with him seem to disagree; while the small body who really disagree with him are thrown into an irreconcilable antagonism which the circumstances do not in any degree justify.

It seems to me, in short, that the time has come to put this war behind us as a practical issue in politics, to leave history to weigh its rights and wrongs, and to set ourselves to learn and apply those invaluable lessons of which Mr. Kipling sings. Wrangling over spilt blood is as ineffectual as crying over spilt milk. The war, as we all foresaw from the outset, will never rank among our great national glories. Whether it is to rank among our national calamities we ourselves must decide; and the best way to answer this question in the affirmative is to allow it to palsy our energies in other directions. Let us realise as soon as possible that our squabbles over the war are

idle, inasmuch as they are retrospective. There is practically no party which proposes, or would permit, the restoration of independence to the Boer Republics; even the handful of extremists who regard this as an ideal must see that it is for the present unattainable, and is to be compassed only by the gradual education of the people in political righteousness, as they conceive it. In South Africa, then, there is at the present moment really nothing to quarrel about. Discussions will of course arise in due time over the details of the settlement; but that time is not yet. One would think, then, that this was eminently the opportunity for the Liberal party to display a united front on the pressing needs of the day, unconnected with South Africa, and so to force the Government into effective action, while paving the way for their own return to power.

It is no pessimism, but a mere recognition of obvious, inevitable truth, to say that England's place among the great nations of the world is precarious. Her insular position, and the responsibilities of her Empire, make it essential that she should fall behind no other nation in enlightened energy and force of character. There is too much reason to believe that several of her competitors have of late been outstripping her in all-round national efficiency. We have lee-way to make up, and that quickly; and instead of setting about it with all the strength and insight we possess, we give ourselves up to impotent bickerings over the rights and wrongs of a thing which is done and can by no possibility be undone. In so far as there is any reason at all behind this babbling inertia, it proceeds from a false and superstitious philosophy, identical, in the last analysis, with Mr. Kruger's faith in miraculous intervention. Obscurely, inarticulately, we feel that if the war was "just" it will bring a blessing with it, apart from any effort of our own, whereas if it was "unjust" its results are fatally accurst, whatever we may do. This is the conscious faith of a few, the instinctive feeling of multitudes. But it is utterly apart from the facts. The war was neither just or unjust, and its results have yet to be shaped by whatever wisdom and

energy we may possess. If it was a necessary war—as the Empire at large believes—we should have the less difficulty in “reaching a hand through time to catch the far-off interest of tears.” If it was an unnecessary war—as a minority maintains—there is all the more reason for us to set to work as soon as possible to repair the error, and profit by the experience. And the course of action to be pursued is not practically affected by the question whether the war was necessary or unnecessary. We are not in the least bound to answer that question before putting our hands to the plough; nor is there any reason why, until it can be answered in perfect unanimity, we should each toil along a solitary furrow.

National defence, in the largest sense of the term, is the great duty that lies immediately before us. We must defend our coasts, our colonies, our dependencies and our markets. To that end, the first and fundamental necessity is education. Without a thoroughly modern system of education, general and technical, we are certain to be left hopelessly behind both in commerce and in war. What, then, are we doing? Tinkering miserably and impotently at the existing system, and wasting over trifles year after year of irrecoverable time. Is there not here a demand for united action that might well draw the Liberal party together, in the face of far more vital grounds of dissidence than any that can be found in South Africa? Of other pressing domestic measures I say nothing; but what of army reorganisation, confessedly huddled up in a perfunctory and provisional fashion by the party in power? What of the questionable state of the navy in regard to ships and material, the unquestionable deficiency in sailors to man the ships? Is there no government that will take in hand the measures necessary to check the decay of that class, or rather that race, without which all our battleships and torpedoes are worse than useless—the race of hardy and expert British seamen? When one sees the almost total inaction with which we confront these, and a hundred other, vital questions of national well-being, one cannot but think that

England, if not absolutely decrepit, has somehow or other gone stale. A stale Government and a stale Opposition wrangling over the dregs of a stale war—is not this a spectacle for gods and men!

Victor Hugo once called Paris “the crucible of God.” I think the term might better be applied to England, to the British Empire. That is the Great Experiment of modern times. It is our duty to keep the Empire unassailable from without in order that it may develop freely from within. Nowhere else—except in that marvellous sister-community of self-governing states, our transatlantic partner in destiny—do the traditions and aspirations that make for progress exist in such abundance and in such strength. If the problem of human happiness—or at any rate of material well-being—be soluble at all, it has a better chance of solution in and through the English-speaking world than it has ever had before, in the history of mankind. No nation is all-wise or all-virtuous. England will no doubt err, and suffer for her errors, in the future as in the past. But it will be an evil day for us, and no good day for the world, when England is no longer able to say, with one of her poets:

I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

TAMMANY HALL

A BOOK lies on my desk in which it would be inhuman for an Englishman not to find a certain Rochefoucauldian pleasure. It is a "History of Tammany Hall," written by Mr. Gustavus Myers, and published a few months ago by private subscription. There is a lifetime of quietly malicious contemplation to be had out of it, a fund of sardonic enjoyment such as only a full catalogue of the misfortunes of our dearest friends can hope to dispense. And a full catalogue Mr. Myers' book is—that and little else. Sober historical summary is the task he has set his hand to. Mr. Myers is neither a Mugwump, a Tammanyite, nor a Republican. He has on occasion voted the Tammany ticket; his book is written without bias. It is a disciplined, somewhat colourless, wholly unemotional *précis* of Tammany's record, and he who runs may read his own moral into it. So far as facts and figures go, Mr. Myers is microscopic and exhaustive. And here and there in paragraphs of the kind one would willingly have more of, some light is thrown on the inner workings of the machine—on how the thing grew and holds together and attracts voters, and what the average New Yorker thinks of it. But in the main Mr. Myers is not a commentator, and an Englishman needs, perhaps, some personal knowledge of New York to see the right significance of everything he puts down. One feels as though an opportunity had been somewhat missed in his wilful abstinence from criticism, that, knowing as much about the subject as he

does, Mr. Myers might have made his book a really illuminating treatise on local government in the new world, had he cared to throw into it rather more of the philosophical spirit. Meanwhile, and it is much to be grateful for, here are the doings of Tammany Hall from 1789 to to-day, transcribed accurately and in detail, and with a virtuous avoidance of partisanship. Considering, indeed, the temptations to a lively polemical violence that Tammany offers, Mr. Myers is almost tantalisingly abstemious of adjectives and reflections; and yet subdued as the narrative is, treating only of the facts of Tammany rule that official documents disclose, and handling them as gently as they can be handled, no American publisher dared to put his name on the title-page. A book that might almost be called pro-Tammany in its moderation had to make its appearance hole-and-corner fashion or not at all, the regular firms, as one of them put it, not feeling "warranted in locking horns with Tammany Hall." An interesting side-light, this, on the systematised terrorism that rules New York under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. We may yet live to see Tammany with an *index expurgatorius* of its own.

Tammany came into being on May 12, 1789, and is therefore only a fortnight younger than the Federal Government itself. The original charter described it as a charitable and benevolent body. It still answers to the description if charity begins and ends at home. But from the first it had at least a semi-political basis. Mr. Myers, who has delved into its origins in most painstaking style, finds it to be a reincarnation of some of the patriotic societies that sprang up during the Revolution to counteract the influence of the English "Tories." The "Sons of Saint Tammany" were an offset to the "Sons of Saint George" and "St. David," and so on. Tammany was an Indian chief who is said to have been present at William Penn's council under the elm-tree, and whose legendary wisdom, benevolence, and love of liberty made his name an easy refuge for revolutionary lodges in search of a patron saint.

Most of these societies died out when the war ended, only to

be revived a little later when the controversy over the Constitution split the country into Federalists and anti-Federalists, into those who, like Hamilton, favoured, and those who, like Jefferson, opposed a strongly centralised government. "The Society of St. Tammany" was founded by one William Mooney, an ex-soldier and upholsterer. His object was "to fill the country with institutions designed and men determined to preserve the just balance of power." Each member at his initiation took an oath to "sustain the State institutions and resist a consolidation of power in the central Government." As the supporters of Hamilton and centralisation came mainly from the old English aristocracy, the large landowners and the bankers whom they controlled, Tammany was from the first anti-English and democratic. It represented what in England we used to call a reform movement, aiming at the abolition of aristocratic privileges, the establishment of universal suffrage, the repeal of the law that allowed imprisonment for debt, and desirous of being known to stand for the masses against the classes. It was also, in a sense, a combination of traders and business men against the landed proprietors, and partly, too, a declaration that henceforth America was for the Americans. Tammany was strong on spread-eagleism in public. The national habit of holding a parade or procession if the day is fine, and of calling a meeting and passing resolutions if it happens to be raining, had its birth in the Wigwam. Its members had the American turn for a convivial and ebullient patriotism, and announced their immaculately native and American origin by parading the streets on Independence Day in full Indian war-paint and carrying papooses. Foreigners and Catholics, Irish Catholics especially, were quaintly enough considering its present composition and the nationality of its glorious dynasty of Bosses, for long excluded from the society and its club-house. It was not until 1809 when Tammany was in its twentieth year that a Catholic found a place even on its State Assembly ticket, and the Irish only won their footing in the Wigwam by breaking in upon a meeting of the General

Committee in 1817 and carrying their point under pressure of a couple of hundred blackthorns. Tammany not only shared, but led the prejudice against the interference of "adopted aliens" in American politics. It took for many years particular pains to emphasise its aboriginal character. The parades with their accompaniment of tomahawks and feathers, the use of Indian titles—still affectionately preserved—and the little fits of energy for collecting Indian relics, were all intended as so many demonstrations that young and Republican America stood cleanly apart from the colonial *régime*.

In its beginnings Tammany was rather a political club than a political organisation. Its meeting-place was the upper room of a tavern, where honest fellows drank success to the French and confusion to the English, and grew sentimental over freedom, tobacco, and beer. Its interest in politics hardly strayed beyond the commonplace lines of speeches, pamphlets, and argument. The power of organisation was as undreamed of then in America as it still is in England, and Tammany was not at first a strictly partisan society. But the stress of the long campaigns between the Federalists and anti-Federalists soon drove Tammany into a decisively party attitude. At the end of ten years it had drifted from a generalised enthusiasm for liberty and democracy towards an attachment to "Jefferson doctrines." In 1800 it turned the Presidential election in Jefferson's favour, and in 1801 carried the City Council, not to lose it again except at rare and brief intervals for the next hundred years. By 1805 it was dictating nominations to, and claiming to speak for, the entire Democratic-Republican party in the city. Four years later, to stave off the reproach that it was aiming at a dictatorship, and to give at least the show of consulting the people, it devised the system of primaries, nominating conventions and ratification meetings which is still its structural basis, as, indeed, it is the basis, and the bad one, of all American politics. Since then the policy and *personnel* of Tammany have radically changed while its organisation has merely developed. Up to nearly 1840 Tammany was ruled by

bankers, merchants, and tradesmen, in about equal proportions ; that is to say, by men who had businesses of their own to attend to, and made politics a mere avocation. It was at that time a socially respectable organisation—sufficiently so, at any rate, to enrol no less than seven Presidents among its Great Grand Sachems—standing about halfway between the labouring classes whom it manipulated, and the old aristocracy whom it aped and envied. Moreover, it stood for definite and useful political principles. There is, indeed, something quite pleasantly incongruous in the thought of Boss Tweed's predecessors helping to lay down the lines of the Constitution, battling for universal suffrage, abolishing imprisonment for debt, standing firmly by their country in the war of 1812, and raising a regiment for the Northern cause in 1860. But herewith Tammany's services to the country come abruptly to an end, and even in this brief list of the causes it espoused are two or three only taken up under threat of defeat at the polls. One may trace in its subsequent career that decay of faith and that deification of machinery which have marked the downward course of politics in America since the war. "There are no politics in politics," said an American statesman, condensing into an epigram all the evils of American public life : and to understand Tammany even superficially one must first rearrange one's English vocabulary, and get rid of the notion that "politics" have anything to do with public questions. To Tammany, as to all the professional politicians of the country, the word denotes nothing but problems of mechanical organisation, a series of tactical dispositions in the great game whose goal is the spoils. From the time it gave itself up to the work of getting into office by hook or by crook, Tammany's interest in public questions has been purely capricious and incidental.

The change that came over its *personnel*, and consequently over its whole spirit and character, began when the naturalised aliens forced their way into its councils, and was completed when the advent of universal suffrage converted it from a middle-class into an unmitigatedly popular institution.

The immense rush of immigrants, which has made New York one of the most composite cities in the world, set in after the Irish famine, and grew prodigiously when the discovery of gold in California became known. Tammany was the first to perceive their usefulness as canvassing agents, and having a pliable and complete organisation always ready, soon swept them into its net. The licensing laws of New York in the fifties were even a greater force than they are to-day. Any one could go into the liquor business who wanted to. Very little capital was required, in fact hardly any, as credit for liquor was easily obtained from brewers and distillers, and in those simple days the furniture and fixings of a "rum-hole" or "gin-palace" involved little outlay. With a barrel of cheap whisky, eked out by adulteration, and a few kegs of beer on hand, a shiftless, lazy immigrant was at once in possession of a means of livelihood, and soon found himself a prominent social and political figure in his ward. In all really democratic countries politics and drink have been closely connected, but nowhere so intimately as in New York. Says Mr. Myers of the New York of 1854 (and what he says is all but as applicable to the New York of to-day):

The saloon power had grown until it controlled the politics of the city. In every groggery could be found a crowd of loafers and bruisers who could always be relied upon to pack a primary, or insure or defeat the election of certain nominees. In these saloons the ward politicians held their meetings, and the keepers were ready at all times to furnish voters to parade, carrying partisan banners they could not read, or to cheer at mass meetings at the drop of a handkerchief. The saloon-keepers also furnished cheap illegal voters, ballot-stuffers, and thoroughbred "shoulder-hitters" to intimidate peaceable citizens, or, as a last resort, to smash the ballot-boxes.

It was from among these worthies and their hangers-on that Tammany aldermen used to recruit gangs of prize-fighters and "toughs" to manage their electoral contests. They formed a sort of body-guard, like the gladiators attached to a Roman patrician, and were ready at any moment to keep opponents away from the polling-booths and break up hostile meetings. Sometimes contending factions within the Wigwam itself

brought down their champions to the sacred precincts and fought the matter out to a finish: but as a rule the arguments of the bludgeon and the knife were reserved for Republicans and Reformers and foolish people who wanted to have the votes properly counted. Tammany was never so finished and ingenious in its devices for carrying elections as when it could call in the assistance of this army of ruffians. Unless it be Toulon, no city has amassed so choice a collection of electoral frauds as New York. Tammany has adopted, and with ultra-American ingenuity improved upon, every electioneering dodge that was practised in England during the palmiest age of corruption; and it has invented a good many new ones on its own account to suit the special circumstances of New York. Personation, bribery, ballot-stuffing, illegal registration, and false counting have probably been known in all constitutional countries; but Manhattan Island alone has seen them made the scientific basis of politics. Tammany has opened the Tombs on election day and rushed the prisoners to the poll; the "Island" has disgorged its convicts to swell the Tammany vote; almshouses, hospitals, asylums, and reformatories have been ransacked for pliant "personators." So well has the work been done that Mr. Myers is able to give instance after instance where more votes have been recorded than there were names on the register. But it was the perception of the value of the foreign vote, and the employment of bands of roughs on polling day that really marked out Tammany as the grand master of the electioneering craft. To naturalise immigrants in droves as they step on to the dock, and drive them off in polyglot and heterogeneous procession for the polling-booths, is a fine stroke of business; but after all, not quite so consummate as to organise and arm several corps of "plug-uglies" and "hoodlums," and send them out to sweep the city of opponents.

Fraud before and during election, and thieving and jobbery after, are with Tammany not so much a foible as a deliberate plan of life. It was so when New York had only fifty thousand people and a revenue of less than £100,000. It is so to-day

when the mayor of the city controls an annual budget of more than £18,000,000, governs over three million inhabitants, and is served by an army of sixty thousand employés. Whether guided by bankers and merchants or by professional politicians, whether ruled by Americans or by aliens, whether directed by groups and committees or by an autocratic Boss, under a limited or under universal suffrage, Tammany has always and consistently held true to its principle of taking all the offices and all the pickings. The first "revelations" came in 1809 and have only multiplied with the years. From the time William Mooney, its founder, was discovered to be spending some thousands of public money on "trifles for Mrs. Mooney," down to the Tweed ring and its haul of £35,000,000, to the exposures of the Lexow and Mazet Committees, and to the sudden rise in wealth of the Tammany leaders of to-day, the history of the organisation is a guide to the whole art of corruption. Methods have changed but not ideals. Tweed's methods were direct, immoderate and unblushing robbery and could not last. Tammany to-day is more respectable and more adroit, but not therefore the less rich. The introduction of the secret ballot has stopped some of its most glaring malpractices at the polls, though voters are still "colonised" for special elections, repeating is a common offence and some queer tricks are played even to-day with voting-papers and ballot-boxes. But there is no such uproarious illegality as marked the decade between 1860 and 1870. Both in their conduct of elections, and in their behaviour in office, Tammany's leaders have laid the lesson of Tweed's downfall to heart, and, in public at least, "pander to the moral sentiment of the community."

Tammany's last structural development was the evolution, in the early fifties, of the Boss. Except, perhaps, during the reign of the malodorous Aaron Burr, the organisation during its first sixty years, was directed by boards, committees, and wrangling groups. Fernando Wood was the first man to gather to himself all the reins of power. As a tactician and

organiser he has never been surpassed, and in the "fixing" of primaries he was supreme. Both his name and the extent of his pickings have been unduly thrown into the shade by the colossal operations of his successor, Tweed. The Tammany of the scope and character we know to-day is really Wood's product. Tweed and "Honest" John Kelly and Croker the Silent have merely flattened down the broad path he was the first to tread; and to him must go the prime credit of discovering that if only the outer forms of democracy are observed, an absolute despotism may be safely and easily built up even in the stronghold of Republicanism. The discovery of course was not entirely original to Wood. The American Boss was no more than a reproduction under new conditions of the Italian *podesta*, with Tammany re-enacting the rôle of the "Parte Guelfa" and its Bosses following all unconsciously in the very footsteps of Cosimo de Medici. Both Florence and Milan in the Middle Ages had their Tammany and their Crokers, as the pages of Symonds, Hallam, Armstrong, and Scaife, abundantly testify. For fifty years Tammany has been an unmitigated autocracy, and its Bosses, I verily believe, more immediately and personally powerful than Kaiser or Czar. Like all other political bodies it has had its Adullamites, its rival offsprings, the product usually of personal jealousies. Some it has re-absorbed by the gentle persuasion of a division of the spoils; others it has felt strong enough to disregard; still more it has crushed by the sheer weight of its organisation.

What that organisation is it is important to know. New York is split up into thirty-six Assembly Districts and each district into an average of twenty-seven wards. Over each ward is a Tammany captain, and over each district a district leader who is *ipso facto*, a member of the Executive Committee of Tammany Hall. A finance committee of five is selected by the thirty-six leaders, and the chairman of the committee is the commander-in-chief of the entire organisation, the Boss. There is a graduated, descending scale of power and responsibility to which each active worker in the society finds it to his

interest to conform. First, the Boss; then the thirty-six leaders, one for each Assembly District; under them 892 ward captains; under them again the rank and file of canvassers and agents known as "ward heelers," or, more affectionately, "the boys." The enrolled membership of Tammany Hall totals up to 90,000; these, while not necessarily actual workers, are the regulars and stalwarts whose votes may always be relied upon. Outside of them are, perhaps, 160,000 others, who, in normal times, may be induced to vote the Tammany ticket. The secret of Tammany's internal efficiency is the secret of the Roman Curia or of the German Army. It may be put in three words: discipline and individual accountability. Each active member is held personally responsible for the vote in his area, be it a "block" or half a block, or a single tenement house or an entire district. Tammany listens to no excuses. A man who fails in the work set him to do is unhesitatingly "turned down." It is one of the fundamental rules of the organisation that obedience should be implicit and unquestioning; the "kicker" is shown no mercy. On the other hand, for faithful and adequate service there is always a tangible reward, in office, hard cash, or "pull." Tammany is a pure democracy with all careers open to talent and nothing to prevent a man with the requisite powers from rising to the top. It disdains nothing that will help it towards its goal. A popular saloon-keeper, a foreman who is liked by his men, an immigrant who has influence over his countrymen, whoever and whatever he may be, white, black, or yellow, Protestant, Catholic, Confucian, or Jew, Tammany will stoop to him, flatter him, do him a good turn and enrol him among its workers. "Politics," says Mr. Dooley, "is the poor man's college." But to the festering East Side Tammany is far more than a college. It is a club, a church, a centre of charity and benevolence. In each Assembly District is a Tammany clubhouse, often most elaborately appointed, radiating good fellowship and practical help. To many a poor immigrant the power and authority of the American Commonwealth are summed

up in the Tammany District Leader; to many thousands more he, or one of his lieutenants, is the only helpful friend they have ever known. Tammany succeeds where most amateur philanthropy fails; it gets among the poor and befriends them without once seeming condescending or self-righteous. "In New York," writes Mr. E. L. Godkin, "it is quite within the truth to say that, as a moral influence on the poor and ignorant, the clergyman and philanthropist are hopelessly outdistanced by the politician." As one is so constantly told in New York, "Tammany is good to the poor." It takes hold of the newly arrived immigrant, watches over him, sometimes pays his rent or his doctor's bills or gives him a start in trade and makes him feel, as no charitable society can, that he has a chance in life. With "clam-bakes" and picnics and excursions to Coney Island and Christmas and Thanksgiving turkeys, small wonder that to thousands upon thousands Tammany is a sort of infinitely multiplied Santa Claus. Its list of beneficiaries is longer than that of any charitable institution in the city. No one who has once been admitted a member of Tammany Hall, and remains faithful to the organisation, need starve, for Tammany never goes back on a friend. If he is hard up, Tammany will advance him money; if he is in difficulties with the police, Tammany will pull him through; if he is out of work, Tammany will find a job for him. It is not done out of charity—no true Tammanyite is in politics "for his health." Tammany gets its return in votes; but that does not alter the fact that its interested benevolence does a very considerable service to the whole country.

An organisation that reaches all voters and covers every inch of the city needs a deep purse. Tammany's income is raised from innumerable sources, most of them devious. The largest sum comes from the protective tariff on poolrooms, gambling dens, disorderly houses and so on. All candidates for whatever office, from a judge to a policeman, have to pay for their nominations, and are afterwards assessed a percentage on their salaries. Public companies and corporations pay to avoid hostile legislation. Party men pay because Tammany is

the official organisation. Every one who wants to break a law with impunity has to pay for the privilege. Every one who fears that a new law may hurt his business pays to get it blocked. At the time of the Lexow Committee in 1894 it cost a man £60 to get placed on the police force, £300 to become a sergeant, and in some cases not less than £3000 for the post of captain. Before the Mazet Committee of 1899 Judge Pryor testified that he had been asked for £2000 for his nomination to a vacant half-term in the Supreme Court. Other judicial candidates paid from £2000 to £5000 for their nominations. To-day it costs a poolroom £60 to open, and from £20 to £30 a month to keep open; a gambling den is assessed at from £10 to £60 a month, the total amount of revenue from this source alone being estimated at about £600,000 a year; disorderly houses disgorge from £10 to £30 a month according to the number of their inmates, and are heavily fined for starting at all; and the tribute from the saloons for the privilege of selling drink at illegal hours has been stated to reach between £10,000 and £12,000 a month. Tammany therefore is never pinched for money, though of course only a moderate percentage of the blackmail fund goes into the exchequer of the organisation. The rest is stopped and scattered on the way up, most of it clinging to the palms of policemen, politicians, and that mysterious class of people who have a "pull." An ordinary election campaign only costs Tammany Hall about £60,000, so that there is always a handsome surplus to dispose of after official expenses are provided for. Regularly each year Tammany makes a contribution to a charity or to some cause of worth. "Within the past four years," says Mr. A. H. Lewis in his study of "Richard Croker," "there have in this manner gone, to the poor of this town, £8000; to the cause of Cuba, £8000; almost as much to the Galveston sufferers; almost the same sum to rear a monument to Parnell, and to pay the mortgage on the Parnell estates in Ireland, and save them to the family of that dead liberator."

The sources of revenue noted above do not by any means

exhaust the list. The contracts that have to be made, the concessions and franchises granted in the administration of such a city as New York, are all quietly twisted under Tammany's hands into so many instruments of gain. Nor do the profits of the organisation cease with Manhattan Island. Its influence under Mr. Croker's leadership has been extended over the entire State, and is at all times a powerful and not rarely the dominant factor in the Albany legislature, and the incalculable hinterland of spoils that lies behind it. One notes with a significant absence of surprise that the Boss, who is also the Chairman of the Finance Committee, of Tammany Hall finds it better to keep no books, and renders return to no one of the money that passes through his hands.

Just as the "heeler" obeys the ward captain, and the ward captain the district leader, so the latter obeys the Boss. Every part of the organisation, indeed, obeys the Boss. There is a general committee of 5000 members elected by the Democratic voters in each Assembly District, but it exists simply to ratify the Boss's decisions. There is the finance committee, but the Boss is both its chairman and its despot. The whole electoral machinery is really in the Boss's hands. It is he who draws up the slate—that is, chooses the candidates for all the offices, with a single eye, of course, to the interests of the machine. On paper everything looks democratic enough, and not a step is taken which could not logically claim the authority of popular sanction. All the party voters in a district are allowed to vote at a "primary" meeting for delegates to attend a "nominating convention," whose business it is to decide on the party candidates. Theoretically nothing would seem fairer or more in conformity with the doctrine of majority rule. But in practice it has been found, not only in New York but all over America, that the system makes too great a demand on the average, busy, well-intentioned, but not over-earnest citizen. He will not attend the "primaries," and by not attending them forfeits his chance of influencing the choice of candidates. The work for one thing is dull, distaste-

ful, offers no sort of chance for distinction; the atmosphere in which it is carried on is offensive to a fastidious man who finds himself among strange surroundings, jostled and elbowed by rough associates; and the almost infinitesimal interest of the ordinary individual in good government, and the engrossment of private affairs make abstentions from the primaries the easy and therefore the general course. In London it is difficult enough to induce the citizens even to vote at local elections; but in New York the amount of labour exacted from one who would interest himself in politics is three or four times as heavy. He has to collect a strong body of adherents from the district in which he lives, invade the primary and there offer battle to the professional politicians. If he carries the day—and the odds at all times are greatly against his doing even that—he or one of his lieutenants proceeds as a delegate to the nominating convention where, if he is able to discover a single colleague not owned by the Boss, he will be lucky. He finds himself at once isolated, impotent, the veriest fish out of water, without power to do anything but enter an ineffectual protest against the candidate nominated by the convention in obedience to the Boss. The programme that the Boss, in consultation with his district leaders, has agreed upon is invariably the programme to be carried out. The candidates are his candidates, all the proceedings are pre-arranged, and all the actors but puppets at the end of a string. And that string is tied on to the finger of a man who is not in any way accountable to the people, who holds no office, and is legally nothing but a private citizen. A very curious commentary on government of, by, and for the people. But in this respect Tammany is no better and no worse than a host of other machines, Republican and Democratic, all over the country. Tammany overshadows them in notoriety simply because it is vastly better organised. Its hold over the Democrats of New York city is indeed so unshakable that even the hardiest "Reformer" no longer thinks of contesting it. To attempt to down Tammany in its chosen field of primaries and conventions is to court

manifest failure, and the "good citizens" when they wish to put forward a candidate for the mayoralty have been driven to the ancient system of nomination by petition—a process which the law in the interests of both the regular parties has made as difficult and expensive as possible.

Democracy asks for its successful working three things at least—public spirit, intelligence, and leisure. These conditions were pre-eminently fulfilled in Athens, and partially, at any rate, they are fulfilled to-day in Scotland and the English provinces. They are not fulfilled in New York, because New York has the metropolitan indifference to civic affairs, because the leisured class is too small to count, and because the electoral machinery throughout America has been so bewilderingly over-organised that only experts, giving their whole time to the business, can hope to manipulate it. That is why politics in New York and elsewhere have become not merely a trade but a monopoly, in the coils of which "the man in the cars" who prefers good government but is too busy to see that he gets it, is almost as helpless as a small trader against the Steel Combine. This is of advantage to the professional politicians of both parties, but it helps Tammany especially because of its age and prestige, and the extraordinary ability with which its organisation has been developed. Tammany, moreover, derives immense assistance from many other conditions of public life in America. It is for one thing the "regular" Democratic organisation, and "regularity" is the saving principle of American politics, the one strong quality which has kept the great parties, though devoid of anything in the nature of a political faith, from falling to pieces. Tammany's candidates and programme are binding on Democratic voters in a way Englishmen can hardly conceive. The ticket that has once been formally evolved from the machinery of primaries, conventions, and so on, has a sacredness in the eyes of the average party man that is almost comical. Tammany never puts itself in opposition to the national Democratic party. Before the Chicago Convention of 1896 Tammany came out strongly for

gold; after the Convention decided for Free Silver, Tammany, in obedience to the principle of regularity, threw overboard its six weeks old programme and announced itself for Free Silver, too; and in 1900 it actually carried New York City for Mr. Bryan. This explains why, in spite of all revelations, Tammany still maintains its hold on Democrats of standing and respectability. The New York Democrat must either vote Tammany or not vote at all, or else vote against his party. And to vote against one's party is an offence even in England; but in America it is sacrilege.

There are in New York many more people against Tammany than for it. The fact seems surprising when one remembers Tammany's almost unvarying success at the polls, but it is nevertheless the truth. When the Republicans and Independents join their forces together, there is always a reasonable chance of Tammany's being defeated. Why this does not happen more frequently is easily explained. The Republicans of New York are controlled by a machine and a small knot of professional politicians and a Boss, just as the Democrats are controlled by Tammany Hall. Boss Platt in his party is as omnipotent under ordinary circumstances as Boss Croker in his, holds the same views with regard to spoils, and is equally outraged by the doctrine of the Independents that New York should be governed in the interests of all its inhabitants instead of for the benefit of a political clique. A fusion between the Republicans and Independents is therefore something he cordially detests, and will only yield to under the direst necessity. The Bosses, though politically opposed, have a warm professional feeling for one another, and are equally concerned in heading off the meddling, interloping Mugwumps who are merely for good government without a thought of party. The Republicans have therefore time and again played deliberately into Tammany's hands by running a candidate of their own, thus splitting the anti-Tammany vote, and handing over the city to their political opponents. They have their reward, first, in the discomfiture of the Independents, and secondly, in

being allowed a share of the spoils in return for their assistance. This was done four years ago at the time of the election of the first Mayor of Greater New York, and I could not observe that the average respectable Republican voter was in any way revolted by the spectacle. It struck him rather as a necessary assertion of party dignity. Americans are in fact so utterly under the curse of "politics" that they would rather see a great public enterprise bungled in the name of a party, even if it is not their own, than successfully prosecuted by "Independents."

Another thing that makes not for Tammany success, but certainly for Tammany impunity, is that police magistrates and justices are elected by the people. There are too many lawyers in New York and they are too clever, for justice to work efficiently, even under the best circumstances; but when the bench is merely the annex to an unscrupulous political organisation, to expect impartiality from it is quixotic. And yet another thing that favours the professional politicians at the expense of the amateurs, the wise at the expense of the good, is that New York, like the majority of American cities, has not even the semblance of Home Rule. It is wholly dependent on the State Legislature at Albany and may at any moment find its entire system of government upset by a party vote in that body. Since 1846 no less than twelve distinct charters have been drafted and promulgated at Albany for the administration of the city of New York; and a charter, directly it is in operation, is at once bombarded with amendments—no fewer than 399 such amendments were passed at Albany between 1880–1889. This system, says Mr. Godkin, "has ended in converting the interests of the city into gambling-stakes for Albany politicians to play with. They oust each other from city offices with no more reference to the interests of city taxpayers than butchers on killing-day to the feelings of the oxen." As the Independents and "good citizens" are never by any chance able to carry the State Legislature, this is a weapon which they cannot use themselves, but which may always be

used against them, if and when they succeed in capturing the city.

It is illuminating to discover how far corruption may penetrate into the administration of a city or a state without affecting the average citizen. Corruption and inefficiency are not by any means synonymous, and one could live a life-time in New York as it is to-day without suspecting that it was badly governed. One must never forget that Tammany does the ordinary work of government well enough to satisfy the average New Yorker and to fill the English visitor, especially the London visitor, with envy. It may be and indeed is anything but respectable behind the scenes, but outwardly it furnishes a capable and even admirable administration. The New York streets are infinitely cleaner than those of London, indeed Paris alone can show a counterpart to the street department of Manhattan Island. Their fire brigade is unequalled, so are their methods of transportation, the health inspectorship is rigorously enforced, no absurd laws hinder the erection of buildings on a sensible scale, the public schools would put the best organised municipality in England to shame, the supply of gas, water, and electric light is abundant and cheap, telephones pervade the city and the police force is a capitally disciplined and most workmanlike body of men. It is too much to expect that the good-natured New Yorker should be for ever reminding himself that these things come to him through fraud and jobbery, that there is "another side" to them, a side he never sees himself, but only reads of in the newspapers. What he is acquainted with is the general excellence of the results Tammany contrives to produce. The administration of London is, generally speaking, honest and incapable; that of New York immoral and efficient. Would the average Londoner, one wonders, be so very indignant if the police, by the practice of a little judicious blackmail, made of Piccadilly a respectable thoroughfare? I lived for five years in New York and during that time never saw one hundredth part of the flaunting indecency to be met with inevitably any evening in London.

It is a problem of municipal casuistry on which one can easily pass judgment too quickly.

In a few days Greater New York will be electing its second mayor, and the issue may conceivably end in Tammany's defeat. But the experience of the past century warns us that nothing can hold Tammany permanently down unless and until there is a clear appreciation among Americans generally of the real nature, objects and conditions of city government. Some more than usually scandalous revelations may for the moment stir the New Yorker from his merry and well-nigh imperturbable cynicism, and set him earnestly canvassing a Reform ticket; the "good citizens" may carry all before them at a single election, but when the storm has blown by, Tammany is discovered intact and in the next campaign recovers all and more than all it has lost. The feverish and fitful efforts of the Reformers can never score more than a temporary success against Tammany's discipline and perfect cohesion. What is wanted is a revolution in the American attitude towards the place of politics in municipal administration.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

WEALTH, POVERTY, AND SOCIALISM IN ITALY

THE development of Modern Italy since the achievement of her independence is one of the subjects that arouses most interest both in the student of history and of economics. The slowness of that development, the not always satisfactory lines along which it has proceeded, the serious financial and social difficulties with which the country is beset, have disappointed many of her most sincere well-wishers, and even some who were most optimistic are inclined to be disheartened. But within the last few years two facts of considerable importance have struck all observers. One is the revival of Italian prosperity. The other is the growth of Socialism. A recent book, "Italy To-Day," by Messrs. Bolton King and Thomas Okey, gives a picture of the conditions of modern Italy, dwelling chiefly on these two phenomena. They have collected a large amount of interesting matter, and many useful data, the accuracy of which they have generally done their best to check; they have studied the literature on the subject and interviewed many of the leading men in Italy, and have taken much expert evidence. The book makes us realise the recuperative energy of the Italian people, and the revival of trade and agriculture, and the consequent increase of general wealth which has occurred within recent years. Agricultural conditions are improving, though slowly, and industry has assumed a sudden and almost startling development. The

land of the *dolce far niente*, of love and song, of natural beauty and historic tradition is turning out iron and steel goods, electrical plant, which competes with that of the most civilised countries in the world markets; large workshops are springing up all over the Lombard and Piedmontese plains, and from the yards of Genoa, Leghorn, and Venice swift and powerful steamers are launched every year. When one remembers that Italy is not naturally a very rich country, and that centuries of misgovernment, evil political traditions, wars and revolutions, and bad economy have made her still poorer, this revival bears witness to a very considerable vital energy. Yet much remains that is evil and rotten; there is heart-rending distress in many parts of the land, and the people are not contented with their lot. But we have heard and read so much about the evil that it is a relief to find proofs of an improvement.

Still sore as is his poverty (the Italian's) and grievous the burden of misgovernment, Italy has gained since 1860. . . . There is a slow gain in wealth. The country is richer by £2,000,000 a year; the savings banks alone show annual accumulations nearly to that figure. At whatever present sacrifice, the nation has covered itself with railways and roads, has built harbours, has reclaimed large stretches of land, has given itself a system of education, has laid the foundations of an industrial future" (p. 161).

Speaking of the growth of industry, Messrs. King and Okey says :

In the last three years there has been a startling change. The exports from an average of less than £39,000,000 in the previous decade rose to £48,000,000 in 1898, and £57,000,000 in 1899, though they have fallen off to £53,000,000 in 1900, partly owing to the failure of the olive crop. The imports from an average of £48,000,000, rose to £56,500,000 in 1898, £60,000,000 in 1899, and nearly £67,000,000 in 1900. The great bulk of the increase in exports has been in manufactured articles, especially in silk, and more than half the increase in imports has been in raw materials, machinery, and coal (pp. 143-144).

In agriculture, too, the progress is no less marked, although its rate has been slower. "There is a revival, almost as notable as that which has awakened the country's industry to new life.

Conscription, emigration, increasing intercourse with the towns, have broken up the old benumbing apathy of the peasant."
 . . . Methods of agriculture improve."

The co-operative movement too is a most interesting feature of modern Italian life. By saving a little here and a little there, by clubbing together with others who have also saved, by forming unions and syndicates for objects of common utility, a vast system of thrift and small finance has grown up and extended its ramifications all over the country, adding not a little to the happiness and prosperity of the small tradesman, the working man, and the peasant.

In the part of the book which deals with politics and especially with Socialism, the authors are not quite convincing. It seems a pity that with all their labour and care Messrs. King and Okey should have failed to give a really impartial view of Italian political life. They say in the preface that in the outward manifestations of Italian life—political, social, and literary—"the foreigner starts with the advantage that he is, at all events, comparatively free from bias. We have approached the various problems without prepossessions, and we have done our best to understand and describe the point of view of each party." Unfortunately, what should have been "an accurate and fair account of political and social questions in Italy at the present day" has turned out to be a Socialist tract. That there may be a good deal to be said for the Socialists is perhaps true, but it is to be regretted that their view alone should have been accepted in what professes to be an impartial foreigner's description of modern Italy, and that what are merely the assertions of the Socialists should on several occasions have been given as facts.

The political life of modern Italy is confused, and in many respects profoundly unsatisfactory. A striking feature is the decline of the old parties, and the gradual disappearance of the former lines of demarcation. The Right, which was moderately Conservative, and the Left, which was more Democratic, have ceased to have any practical significance. Party life consists

mostly of small groups attached to the person of some leader, and depending on their personal allegiance to him for their cohesion. Men like Di Rudinì, Sonnino, Zanardelli, Giolitti, have each their own little coterie of adherents, and form so many political parties. The ability of a politician is measured by his capacity to manipulate a greater or less number of these group-units so as to create a majority for himself. During the last quarter of a century there have been many Cabinet crises, many changes of Ministry. There has always been a party in power with a majority in Parliament and an Opposition. But both sides have little by little been losing all homogeneity. One group would to-day be on the side of the Government, and to-morrow go over to the Opposition. The very form of the Chamber, in which the benches are arranged in a semicircle instead of being divided into two separate sides as in England, favours this state of affairs. A Government which has obtained an overwhelming majority at the polls may be ejected from power a few months or weeks later by the same Chamber without any startling programme or any radical change in the political situation. Both the old parties and the group-units, into which they have degenerated, are, on the whole, faithful to the Monarchy and alive to the necessity of national unity.

But there are two other parties in the State which profess to base themselves on some sort of definite principles. The one is centuries old, and Conservative by instinct—the Clerical Party. The other was born yesterday, and is essentially revolutionary—the Socialist Party. Both are hostile to the existing form of Government, the one professedly on religious, the other on economic grounds. The Clerical Party and its aims are for the present outside practical, or at least Parliamentary, politics, and we shall not discuss them.

The growth of Socialism as a political force is regarded by the authors of "Italy To-Day" as "the master-fact of modern Italian politics." Its progress has in reality been most remarkable. At the General Election of 1882 the first Socialist was

returned, Signor Andrea Costa; in 1886 the party consisted of two members, and in 1890 of three. In 1892 seven Socialists sat in the Chamber, and with the elections of 1896 and 1897 these numbers grew to fifteen and sixteen members respectively. Since the last election of June 1900, Socialism has thirty-three representatives at Montecitorio. If to these we add the thirty-four Radicals and the twenty-nine Republicans who, after hovering in a limbo of uncertainty as group-units, have thrown in their lot with the Socialists, it will be seen that the extreme or revolutionary deputies attain the respectable number of ninety-six. The actual votes polled by the extreme parties are no less significant. In 1897 they amounted to 214,057 out of a total of 1,208,140. For 1900, they were 333,945 out of a total of 1,269,061. From this development Messrs. King and Okey deduce that Italian political life has once more formed itself into two distinct parties. On the one side there is the party of reaction and militarism, of political corruption and dishonesty, of the wealthy and oppressive capitalist and the extortionate landlord; and on the other the Socialists who are the champions of freedom and progress, of political purity, of social reform, the party of the working man and the peasant. These men are fighting for the abolition of bribery and of Government pressure at elections, and for the political and economic redemption of the lower orders.

The Socialists undoubtedly have a very good *primâ facie* case to show. Italian politics, since the death of Cavour, of Sella, of Minghetti, and of the other great men who made the Italian Kingdom, have been the game of professional politicians and unscrupulous lawyers. The Italians, it has been said, are always either above or below their own average. When there was a great cause to be fought for they rose to the greatest heights of heroism and self-denial. But the moment the object was achieved all the selfish passions, the petty intrigues, the general want of regard for the country's welfare, reappeared. In some cases the very men who, in the days of storm and stress, had been ready to sacrifice all for their country, were

now capable of sacrificing their country for their own private ambitions. Politics have consisted of the manipulations of party-groups, of discussions on extensions of the franchise, and of other manifestations of doctrinaire liberalism, while but little has been done to improve the lot of the starving Sicilian peasantry, or to protect the hard-worked and ill-paid artisan. A well-known authority on political and social matters declared that when he spoke in the lobbies of the Chamber about emigration, or the question of employers' liability, the average deputy would yawn and pay no attention, but when he spoke of a probable Cabinet crisis or the next general election, he was eagerly listened to and regarded as a sensible person. Of late years a few measures of social reform have been passed, such as the Employer's Liability Act and the Pensions Act, but it is a meagre record. Italian politics have not been for the lower classes.

Then in the question of corruption and illicit Government pressure there is urgent need of reform. When a general election takes place the whole machinery of the Government is set in motion to secure the return of Ministerial candidates. The prefects (provincial governors) are merely electioneering agents in the interest of the party in power, and in the South the Camorra and the Mafia are freely made use of. Private individuals spend large sums of money to be elected. Deputies avail themselves of their influence to obtain Government appointments for their relations and lucrative contracts for themselves. Vast sums are squandered on useless objects; railways are built to please local magnates without adequate advantage to the community. All this and more is set forth in "Italy To-Day," and it is not unnatural that a party which, like the Socialists, professes to combat corruption and to advocate useful social legislation should find many adherents. But there is another side to the picture which Messrs. Bolton King and Okey have ignored. One must first see how the Socialists propose to remedy these evils and how they carry out their plans before endorsing their policy *en bloc*.

The Italian Socialist party owes its origin to the anarchist and "internationalist" sects of the early seventies. The members of those groups were men of desperate character who aimed at the total subversion of existing society. They attempted to gain their ends by the most atrocious crimes, and were greatly influenced by Bakounine's maniacal theories. However, no real party could be formed on those lines, and it was only with the spread of German doctrines that Italian Socialism developed. It proved particularly attractive to young men, and those who had begun as Anarchists soon abandoned the more violent creed and became "scientific" Socialists. But to-day most of Marx's pet theories have been abandoned or, at least, put in the background, and other tendencies have arisen. The party's practical aims have been set forth in various documents, of which the most important is the so-called "minimum programme." Its chief proposals are: Universal suffrage for adults of both sexes; the Referendum; the payment of deputies and municipal councillors; complete liberty of the press, of speech, and of association; the neutrality of the Government in labour disputes; an eight hours day and a minimum salary; the substitution of a national militia on Swiss lines (*la nazione armata*) for a standing army; a single progressive income-tax and succession duty, and a reduction on the interest of the Debt. In all this there is nothing very startling or very revolutionary, and many of the measures proposed have already been adopted in other countries. Still, there are serious objections to some of the clauses. The question of the extension of suffrage, while the mass of the people are still uneducated and ignorant, would be merely another concession to doctrinaire liberalism, and there have already been far too many of them. The payment of members would, in the opinion of eminent authorities, tend to make of politics still more a trade than they are; although the Socialists profess to be the enemies of political dishonesty, they begin by proposing to supply a further motive for

electoral corruption. The other propositions are more or less acceptable.¹

But one cannot help asking oneself: is this all? A party which declares that it aims at the regeneration of Society cannot be content with reforms of this sort. The very name "minimum programme" implies that there is a good deal more to come; and, in fact, there are other vital articles of the Socialist creed which are not mentioned in this first programme, and it is in these that the gravest objections to the whole Socialist theory are to be found.

In the first place there is the question of the Monarchy. The authors of "Italy To-Day" seems to think that the Socialists do not wish to abolish it, or, at least, that their attitude on that point is doubtful and uncertain. On the other hand they declare that the Democrats regard the King as "the head of a faction, the centre of all the reactionary interests, of the army, of the big landlords and capitalists," and they often allude to the "Court Party" as synonymous with militarism. Now the "Court Party" in modern Italy has never existed save in the imagination of a few doctrinaire Jacobins, and as for the late King's alliance with militarism, whatever his private opinions may have been, all the opposition to the reduction of the army came from the Chamber itself. In any case, one has but to follow the actions of the Socialist leaders within the last year or two to understand what their attitude really is. The Socialist municipality of Milan refused to greet King Humbert when he passed through the city in July 1900 on his way to Monza, which, in Italy, constitutes a studied insult. After the murder, to which the Socialists appeared cynically indifferent, the party refused to take part in the commemoration. In June last the leaders, especially Signor Ferri, made speech after speech in Parliament in which they declared themselves unequivocally hostile to the Monarchy as one of the chief obstacles in the way of the realisation of their objects. This

¹ The reduction of the interest on the Debt is, of course, a question of financial expediency and cannot be decided on off-hand.

in spite of the fact that, in the opinion of all that is best in Italy, the Monarchy is the securest bond of national unity.

A second most important point in the Socialist doctrine is the theory on property. There is no doubt that the party is collectivist in its tendency. Collectivism does not appear in the minimum programme, but Socialist professors in the Universities and Socialist orators in the Chamber and on the platform never cease to denounce the existing form of property, nor to tell their audiences that the poor are ground down and oppressed because the bourgeoisie has stolen what by rights belonged to all. Moreover, this doctrine has been officially proclaimed by Signor Turati, one of the leaders of the party, in a recently published pamphlet. The Socialist party is, he declares, collectivist, that is to say, "it wishes to substitute collective enterprise for property and private enterprise." An actual realisation of collectivism would be impossible, especially in Italy, for the Italians are individualistic to a fault; but the danger lies in the effect produced by the "collectivist" agitators on the minds of the people. We note here a curious contradiction between the arguments of the Socialist politician and the interpretation put upon it by his hearers. The orator speaks first of the wrongs of the poor, and the sins of the rich, and this is understood by everybody. When he comes to speak of the remedies he preaches collectivism, but the audience translate it into division of property. When once they are worked up to the right pitch of discontent the obvious remedy in their eyes is not the nationalisation of land but its division among themselves. While the platform politician speaks of Marx, Lassalle, and State Socialism, the peasants are thinking of how they can best divide the landlord's property into a number of small holdings. The ambition of the Italian peasant is to become a landowner. In Tuscany there is less discontent because the land is held on a system of co-partnership between landlord and peasant. In Sicily the peasant is thoroughly discontented, but he does not want the abolition of property in general; he aims at the

division of property. An Italian professor, who was in the island shortly after the riots of 1894 to study social questions, asked one of the leaders of the *Fasci* (Socialist unions) if when he preached Socialism he was understood by the peasantry? He replied that they understood not a word of it. When asked whether his principles would be accepted if they were understood, he was obliged to admit that they would not. In some districts the *contadini* even went so far as to draw up maps of the various estates, dividing them up among themselves. "He thinks he owns this field," a peasant would say, pointing to the landlord of the estate; "but in a few days it will be my very own." Why they listen to the Socialist orator and support his policy is because they understand that he means to dispossess the actual landlord. Then they draw their own conclusions as to who is to own the property. In fact, in spite of numerous agitations, ending sometimes in riots, the Socialists have rarely succeeded in obtaining a majority in the purely rural districts. The contradiction between their theories and the peasants' desires is too great.

It is in the large towns that Socialism has made the greatest progress. At the last election all the six constituencies of Milan returned Socialist members, Rome returned two Socialists out of five, and Turin did the same, Florence one out of four. The movement has extended to the south, and even in Naples one Socialist was elected. It is natural that in the centres of Italy's new industrial activity the atmosphere should be favourable to democratic principles, and the Italian's love of abstract theory has made those principles take the form of Socialism. Also, it is in the towns that the largest number of the "educated unemployed"—university graduates who can find nothing to do—are to be found. These lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, literary men without readers, all congregate in the towns where they lead lives of misery and idleness. Instead of emigrating to America, Australia, or South Africa, as Englishmen of the same class would do (only peasants and artisans emigrate from Italy), they clamour for

Government and municipal appointments, and if they cannot obtain them they drift into Socialism, hoping to get by revolution what they have failed to get by work. Socialism for such as these is a form of employment, or a hope of it.

Another Socialistic tendency, which is in glaring opposition to the real needs of Italy, is the proposal to grant enormous powers to the Government. Italy has not been so happy in her Governments that she requires their interference in every single department of national activity. Nearly all the progress which has been achieved in modern Italy is due to the good sense, industry, and intelligence of her people, who have had to fight constantly against the paralysing action of the Government. The Socialists calmly propose to do away with individual initiative altogether and to establish a Government which will take its place. A truly enlightened and progressive programme! They seem, moreover, to imagine that when they have succeeded in destroying every vestige of respect for authority in the masses, the latter will quietly submit to a Government which will regulate all their movements and activities in a manner undreamt of even by the most paternal despotisms of the past.

One of the gravest failings of the Socialists lies not so much in their theories, fantastic and impossible as some of them are, as in their methods of propaganda. The basis of their agitation is always class hatred. They are constantly hounding on the lower orders against the bourgeoisie, the *non-habentes* against the *habentes*. The bourgeoisie¹ is the enemy which must be crushed if the people are to enjoy their rights. This sort of diatribe is far more calculated to bring about a second Jacquerie or another '89 Revolution than the peaceful and gradual "evolution" which many of the most prominent Socialists declare to be their aim. And yet men like Signor Turati still profess to believe that all this agitation will have no further effect than to bring about a gradual purifying of public life and a general and equally gradual improvement in

¹ The Socialists use this term to designate all those who are neither peasants nor artisans; it is applied equally to the aristocracy and the middle classes.

the condition of the lower classes! One may well ask how they explain such movements as the Milan and Carrara riots, and it is instructive to hear the explanation offered by Signor Turati in the above-mentioned pamphlet. Ever since Socialism became an important party a double current of thought and action began to appear. On the one side there are the Socialist leaders, like Signori Turati, Costa, De Andreis, and others, who profess to be in favour of peaceful means by which to gain their ends; on the other, there is the rank-and-file of the party who are more avowedly revolutionary.

It is a general opinion among the Socialists that the social transformation (from an individualistic to a collectivist *régime*) cannot be realised by means of decrees from above, nor of sudden impulses from below, but that it presupposes a slow, gradual transformation, first of the framework of industrial enterprise (which is already taking place of itself, and the individual actions of the parties can do little or nothing), and at the same time an equally gradual transformation and elevation of thought, habits, and capabilities in the masses.

But Signor Turati is bound to admit that there is another tendency in the Socialist camp of a more subversive nature.

That which in some of our unions has the appearance of discord, and which divides and paralyses the Milanese (Socialistic) Federation, is not a question connected with the Socialist party; it is the trace of the old anarchical spirit, transformed and modernised, which the Socialistic education of the masses has not yet succeeded in completely uprooting. . . . It is our task to free the party from the impulsive currents that here and there still pervade it.

Thus, whatever the Socialists do which has a revolutionary character is to be attributed to the old anarchical (*anarcoïde*) tradition. Signor Turati is doubtless in earnest and convinced of the truth of what he writes, but it is strange that he should so utterly fail to see that a propaganda which declares that the people have been robbed by the bourgeoisie, that the capitalists and landlords are the enemies of society, and that the existing forms of property and social order are rotten and must be done away with, naturally leads an ignorant and passionate audience to revolt and pillage.

Another weak point of modern Italian Socialism, to which

Messrs. King and Okey have not even alluded, is the complete transformation of the party. The Socialist party arose from a real need of social reform and of improvement in the condition of the lower orders. It has now become a purely Parliamentary and political faction, with Parliamentary and political aims. Social reform has been put on one side, and party intrigues, obstruction, manipulation of groups, and unholy alliances have become the only questions of real importance. The end has been neglected for the means. It is suffering from the same disease which has ruined the other political parties in Italy—opportunism. Not the opportunism which consists in judging each question on its own merits, but the opportunism which consists in looking at everything from the point of view of Parliamentary expediency. Although the Socialists profess to be the champions of the proletariat against capitalist and landlord, they never do any really useful social work among the poor. They take not the slightest interest in charities, they do not visit the poor in their homes to try and make their poverty less and their general condition more tolerable. They never study the real needs of the people, nor teach them how to better themselves save by shrieking about the crimes of the bourgeoisie and by exciting class hatred. When some Socialist university students were asked why they did not devote themselves to charitable work by going among the poor as social reformers in other countries do, they replied that it would be bad policy, for every poor man who was made less miserable would be a recruit lost to the party! A more cynical and immoral declaration was never made. "Our desire," they say, "is that discontent should continue to increase, and that the oppressed should be even more ground down, so that we may in the end utterly destroy the existing form of society." On another occasion an Apulian Socialist was describing the party's action in his own province, where there was great distress. The population was divided into three classes: There were the fishermen who were too poor and too degraded to be of any use, so the Socialists let them alone. Then there

were the small landowners and farmers, who, owing to bad land systems, taxation, and poor harvests were in great difficulties, thoroughly discontented, and ripe for agitation. To these the Socialists devoted their attention and excited them in every way against the third class, the large landed proprietors.

When the Socialists had obtained a majority in certain municipal councils of Romagna, they never attempted to carry out reforms. The only thing they did was to provide free meals for the pupils of the *secondary* schools, frequented almost exclusively by the sons of the bourgeoisie. Even the Socialists when they are in power become *odiosi borghesi*.

The one object of the party leaders is to increase the numbers of their adherents without regard for the character or principles of the new recruits. The earlier Socialists were at least sincere in their convictions, as some of them are to this day, but the mass of the party is recruited from the most dangerous elements of society. The discontented, the educated unemployed, the men with grievances, those who have got into trouble with the authorities, all these join the Socialist party. It is supposed to be the working man's party and the peasant's party, and yet there are no peasants and no working men among its leaders, and only two of the Socialist deputies belong to the lower classes at all.

In order to swell their ranks still further, the Socialists have not hesitated at unholy alliances, and the party which is called the Extreme Left is constituted of the most heterogeneous elements; moreover, outside the Chamber it has connections that are diametrically opposed to democracy. Of the ninety-six deputies of the Extreme Left only thirty-three are Socialists. There are twenty-nine Republicans, and thirty-four Radicals. The Republicans base their principles on Mazzini's theories, and Mazzini's last words were a declaration of war against Socialism. The Radicals call themselves Monarchists, while their Socialist allies are the enemies of the Monarchy. Both Republicans and Radicals are strictly individualistic, the Socialists are collectivists. It is easy to see that there are

profound differences of principle between the Socialists and the other sections of the Extreme Left, and a party which can admit of compromise on such vital questions cannot be regarded as sincere. Their attitude, too, with regard to the present Ministry is by no means consistent with their professions of faith. One prominent Socialist in the Chamber described the Giolitti-Zanardelli Cabinet as the representative of the illuminated and progressive bourgeoisie as opposed to the reactionary bourgeoisie of the Conservatives. It has received the support of almost all the sections of the Extreme Left, and is regarded as the champion of Socialism. It is strange that the very men who pose as the greatest enemies of political corruption should support an Administration of which the chief representative (although he is not nominally the Premier) when he was last in office brought that corruption to a higher pitch than it had ever reached before.

Still more significant is the alliance of the Socialists with the Clericals. Every one who knows Italy knows what Clericalism means ; even its most firm adherents would hardly describe it as favourable to advanced Radicalism. And yet for the last three or four years the Socialists have been working more or less in harmony with those who favour the re-establishment of the Temporal Power. Before the Milan riots of 1898, Socialist and Clerical pamphlets were being circulated at the same time and evinced the same tendencies ; the two agitations worked on identical lines throughout. The campaign of the "Secolo," which though nominally a Radical paper has always upheld Socialism, found its counterpart in Don Albertario's *Osservatore Cattolico*. Since then the two parties have been coquetting and patting each other on the back. Extremes have met literally !

That the Italian upper classes have much to answer for cannot be denied, and the Government has undoubtedly neglected the working classes. But it by no means follows that the party of class hatred, of social revolution, of internal disorder, from which Messrs. King and Okey hope so much,

would remedy the evil. Moreover, if the authorities are guilty of sins both of omission and commission, they are not the bloody reactionaries which are portrayed in "Italy To-Day." The real hope for the welfare of Italy lies in her industrial development and her agricultural revival. The recuperative power of which she has shown herself possessed will probably enable her to weather the many dangers which surround her. But what the country most needs is peace, internal not less than external. The Socialists in Italy as elsewhere are always prone to forget that after all production is more important than distribution, and that agitations which threaten the security of capital and the binding force of contract are fatal to national prosperity. In the case of a poor country like Italy, where wealth is only now beginning to develop, they are particularly dangerous. Italian statesmen and social reformers should devote all their energies to fostering every form of commercial, industrial, and agricultural activity, so that all the resources of the country may be fully developed, instead of making pompous declarations of doctrinaire liberalism or hounding the lower against the upper classes to the ruin of both.

It is impossible to prophesy what the future of Socialism in Italy will be, but two developments suggest themselves as likely to be realised. If the increase of wealth, which has been such a marked feature in recent years, continues at the present rate, it is probable that with the disappearance or attenuation of those economic causes which gave rise to the Socialistic movement, the movement itself will be considerably weakened and end by ceasing to be a force in practical politics. It is true that a small increase of wealth and education is favourable to the growth of the extreme parties, but a steady and important increase is not. On the other hand, Socialism itself may continue to transform its character with increasing numbers, and become like the German Socialist party, which is no longer subversive, and cease to be a serious danger to the State. Both these developments may take place contemporaneously. There is a third possibility which we do not regard

as probable, but which still has to be considered, and that is that the Socialists should succeed in bringing about a class war, the *lotta di classe*, on which many of them wax so eloquent, with all the attendant horrors of massacre, arson, and pillage. This is what the Clericals, than whom no other party is more out of touch with public opinion, believe will occur. They rejoice in the prospect, for they imagine that after chaos will come a reaction, and that with reaction they will be chosen as leaders of the people—unless they, too, are swept away in the storm. This contingency, however, does not appear to us a very probable one, and Italian Socialism, in spite of its great numerical increase, is already showing signs of weakness. In Milan, the stronghold of the party, there is a split between the more moderate section headed by Signor Turati and the extreme section represented by Signor Lazzari. Like all other Italian parties even the Socialists cannot work together for long.

In the meantime, what of social and economic reform? There is progress, but it is very slow. Two useful measures have been passed, an Employer's Liability Bill and an incomplete Old Age Pensions Bill; other measures are promised, but much remains to be done. In any case, this is, as we have shown, no longer a question connected with the Socialist party, which has dropped all interest in the matter. It is now left to the efforts of a few genuine reformers who are outside party politics.

L. VILLARI.

THE MODERN THOROUGHBRED: HIS PAST AND FUTURE

CONDEMNATION is an easier thing than praise; so the twentieth century has dawned amid a louder chorus of depreciatory criticism than is perhaps its due. Sportsmen will hardly need to be reminded that the turf, for instance, is "going to the dogs." Fairly general rumours were afloat, over a hundred years ago, that this decadence had begun. Now, however, the thing seems certain. The craze for records, the thirst for doing everything against time, the passion for immediate and lucrative results—all these deplorable tendencies, we are told, are producing the saddest possible effect upon the horse. "Fill his skin with electricity," writes an indignant pessimist in one of the best magazines, "and let him run about the racecourse as the 'sportsmen' recently ran from Paris to Berlin. Then we may encourage modern industry; and if the horse survives only in collections with zebras and wild asses, at least no disrespect will be paid to the deity of pace." Elsewhere we read the scarcely less depressing utterances of "an expert" to the effect that our horses "are trained merely for speed. They can last neither in distance nor in time. Short races and selling handicaps have left their mark upon them. Some can stay a mile; others discern their limit in five or six furlongs; and it is not likely that such animals as these, trained to acquire speed without bone or muscle, will hand on the ancient blood unimpaired." Such opinions may,

of course, be worthy of a respectful hearing; but they should be considered in their proper perspective; and any one who knows a little of the past history of racing will look forward to the future with considerably greater encouragement than a critic who merely emphasises the ephemeral weaknesses of the present. When he remembers the disadvantages under which racing and breeding laboured in this country during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and when he quietly estimates the facts and possibilities of the present day, I do not think he will come to the conclusion that the last page in English racing has been written, or that the English thoroughbred is on its last legs.

It is of very little consequence what the aboriginal horse was which Cæsar's legions found drawn up against them as the first Yeomanry of Kent. Whether the creature was brought here by Celts or Germans as a purely northern product, or as a result of that mixed breeding which undoubtedly arose after Hannibal's incursions into Spain and Gaul and Italy, or after other such migrations, it is certain that the men who invaded this country under the banner of the White Horse attached a certain value to the animal beyond that of the mere *totem*. The victories of these men's descendants in later centuries were celebrated by the carving of the animal in uncouth and conventional form upon such great expanses as the Berkshire Downs near Ilsley and Wantage.

Englishmen soon discovered the admirable sport of racing. There is a horse stamped upon the earliest coins used by the Iceni (who dwelt where now is Newmarket), and they were the tribe whom Boadicea led against the Roman invaders. That invasion had far more successful and permanent results than is sometimes realised, and there is no doubt that one result was the imported Arab. Alexander Severus, for instance, brought some over. In the time of the Saxon kings an Arab steed had become a recognised royal present. William the Conqueror brought over a famous barb with him. By the reign of Edward II. John Gyfford and William

Twety had already written two treatises in rhyme on hunting and horses, which remain in manuscript in the Cottonian Collection. It was not till almost exactly a century later that the first sporting publication ever issued in England was printed in 1481 for Dame Julyana Berners, the predecessor of a long line of lusty followers, who have been, most of them, quite unconscious that a petticoat had led the way. This lady insists that a horse should have fifteen "properties," to wit :

Of a man : bolde, prowde, and hardy ;

Of a woman : fayrbrested, fayr of heere, and easy to leape upon ;

Of a foxe : a fayr taylle, short eeres, with a good trotte ;

Of a haare : a grete eye, a dry hede, and well runnyng ;

Of an asse : a bygge chyn, a flatte legge, and a good hoof.

This at least suggests that the clumsy creature we see in English drawings of a date before the middle of the sixteenth century, was probably not quite so useless for a turn of speed as his unwieldy proportions might lead one to imagine.

Clearly also the possession of staying power had soon become a boasted attribute of our horses. Perhaps there is not much authenticity of detail in the first long-distance ride that seems to have attracted definite attention ; but it was certainly his speed in carrying an important message from Richmond to the emperor, involving a journey across the Channel, which brought the energy of Thomas Wolsey to the notice of his sovereign. In 1599, Sir Robert Carey, whose pedestrian feats had already won him a handsome wager, rode from London to Edinburgh—on shocking roads—in sixty hours, in spite of a heavy fall, and got to Doncaster the first night after doing 162 miles. His hurry was caused by the somewhat indelicate ambition to be the first to bring the news of Queen Elizabeth's death to James I., and of course he must have changed horses on the way many times. In the reign of the new king, his son, the promising and unfortunate Henry, Prince of Wales, rode from Richmond to Sir Oliver Cromwell's property near Huntingdon "before noon" one day, a distance

of some sixty miles; and he did another forty miles the next day. In 1604 a performance by one of the king's grooms, called John Lepton, is recorded in Fuller's Worthies. Within five days he rode the full distance between London and York five times, and, finishing his task in the northern town on a Friday, he rode back the following Monday and appeared next day at the Court in Greenwich, "in as fresh and cheerful a manner as when he first began"; being no doubt much encouraged by winning the wagers which must have depended on so good a performance. In 1619, Bernard Calvert of Andover is said to have ridden from Southwark to Dover, sailed across the Channel to Calais and back, and ridden home again to St. George's Church in seventeen hours. He probably made a fair crossing for it was in July; but there is no record of the number of horses he used.

I quote these instances to show that before the arrival even of the Markham Arabian, the first of the famous Eastern sires, men could make very good travelling when necessary, and could rely upon the good qualities of their animals; and such facts are worth remembering in any estimate of the stock existing in England before the Darley Arabian and his famous successors began that long and baffling process which has resulted in what we call the "thoroughbred."

I have by no means that distinct aversion to this word which has sometimes been displayed by supporters of the Arab, the whole Arab, and nothing but the Arab. It seems as convenient to recognise the word now generally applied to the ideal every breeder has long desired, as it is to accept the equally faulty, but none the less widespread phrase of "gothic" architecture when applied to buildings of a certain style. Nor am I quite clear that it would mend matters at all, even if it were remotely possible, to limit "thoroughbred" to pure Arabians such as Mr. Wilfrid Blunt patriotically imports. For the best breed of horse ever produced was the result of the cross between the pure Arab and whatever definition may be given to the animal existing in England towards the end of the seventeenth century.

Unless the actual condition of affairs, when deliberate breeding from Eastern stock was first continuously fashionable, is as clearly grasped as surviving facts will permit, the real meaning of the "English thoroughbred" can never be truly appreciated. It is possible that one or two horses may, like Flying Childers, have had a successful career on the English turf without a drop of other than Eastern blood in their veins. But though his sire, the Darley Arabian, was a pure Managhi (not, as Captain Upton states, of the Ras-el-Fedawi breed), his dam, Betty Leedes, was descended from Eastern horses who had lived so long in England as to undergo precisely that change which can be noticed in pure-bred descendants of the modern sire who has been imported to the Colonies. Nor is the argument that all the pedigrees of modern bloodstock can be traced back to the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, or the Godolphin Arabian, at all equivalent to a proof that the English thoroughbred is a pure product of Eastern blood alone. As a matter of fact, the assertion is no more true than it would be true to say that the best Englishmen are a pure product of nothing but English blood. Long before Burke was heard of or Debrett was born, there was an aristocracy in these islands. What was its origin? Was it pure Norman, pure Saxon, or pure Dane? What is our highest family of all? Is it Celtic or Teutonic or of what unmixed race? Of none, for it is better than any. Our most representative families are the result of the happiest blend ever concocted in Nature's great Laboratory of Race, the composite of various strains known as the English.

Much the same holds good of the English thoroughbred horse. It is impossible to say that any racer on the English turf is descended from the same pure Eastern strain (whatever that may have been in each case) as the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, or the Godolphin Arabian, until you can prove the purity of those great sires Matchem, Herod, and Eclipse, through whom the blood of these Eastern ancestors has been transmitted to their modern descendants. Eclipse, for example, was the result of a very fortunate mixture of the Eastern



From the painting by Charles Furse

The Right Hon. Earl Roberts and 'Vonoltz.'

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animal, who had been improved by residence in this climate, with the English animal who already possessed a touch of Desert Blood, and who had reached a very considerable pitch of excellence before the real result of such unions had been scientifically appreciated. Nothing is more baffling than breeding, and I can easily believe that if men had begun to breed a racer on preconceived theories we should never have had the "material" to produce such a magnificent creature as Stockwell, or Persimmon, or a dozen more, at all. But the old racing men were very justly favoured by a Providence which has looked fairly well after their interests ever since. They were rewarded for their pertinacity in racing hard with all the material they had, by suddenly discovering that this material, crossed with imported Eastern stock, produced something infinitely finer than either. The rapidity with which they produced good results is only less astonishing than the fact that no other Europeans could do the same, even after the success of the cross between Arab and English blood had been demonstrated. The supply appeared when the demand had become pressing. What Englishmen already had in endurance they improved in speed. What was fast was made to last as well.

In the middle of the eighteenth century Lord March (as "Old Q." then was) especially delighted in snapping up short, quick races, with the help of his jockey Richard Goodison of Newmarket, familiarly known as Hellfire Dick from his skill in winning such matches for his crafty employer. And it is said that Mr. John Hutchinson of Shipton, who was Miss Weston's boy in 1751 (and afterwards trained for Lord Grosvenor, and bred Hambletonian), was responsible for the first suggestion of two-year-old racing, which he instituted at York, after a match under those conditions with a sporting parson named Goodricke. But neither the duke nor the famous trainer was able to bring into fashion the innovations connected with their names. Before the institution of the Derby and the Oaks as annual fixtures, even the three-year-old was scarcely raced at all. He

was in very much the same position as the yearling of to-day. Some of the best horses in the reigns of William III. and Anne won their first race in a Six-year-old Plate, and went on running matches till they were ten or twelve years old. The distances they ran were far more punishing than is now the case, though I am not sure that the pace was so hot all the way. Still, races of six or even eight miles each must have been a fair test, and four heats of a mile each was a common performance for one horse on the same day, though this practice was of course given up as soon as the number of animals in training enabled the Jockey Club to legislate against it. It is obvious, at any rate, that owners were contemplating a very different goal for their endeavours in 1715, for example, from that to which breeders are looking forward in 1902, and any comparison between results so inevitably different would be extremely misleading even if the requisite data had come down to us.

As many horses are now nominated for the Derby every year as were in training during the whole twelve months two centuries ago. The great prizes of our turf are given to young horses. The services of fashionable sires are so much in request that a stallion with a first-class record and of high descent is sure to be sent early to the stud. Even if he were not, the system of handicapping, on which all modern racing is rightly founded, would soon drive him off the course whatever might have been his owner's wishes. The high price of a good yearling in these days practically necessitates, in most cases, a quick return for the outlay of so much capital, and if that return is not secured by entering him for ten times more racing, and much younger racing, than was the case even a century ago, it must be reaped by getting early stud fees. Then, too, the enormous percentage of expensive failures in the yearlings purchased is an equally strong incentive in the same direction, while the fees now charged for the services of a stallion—as much as six hundred guineas for a fashionable sire—is a far heavier risk to take than the sixty guineas charged for Touchstone, or the ten guineas asked for Herod.



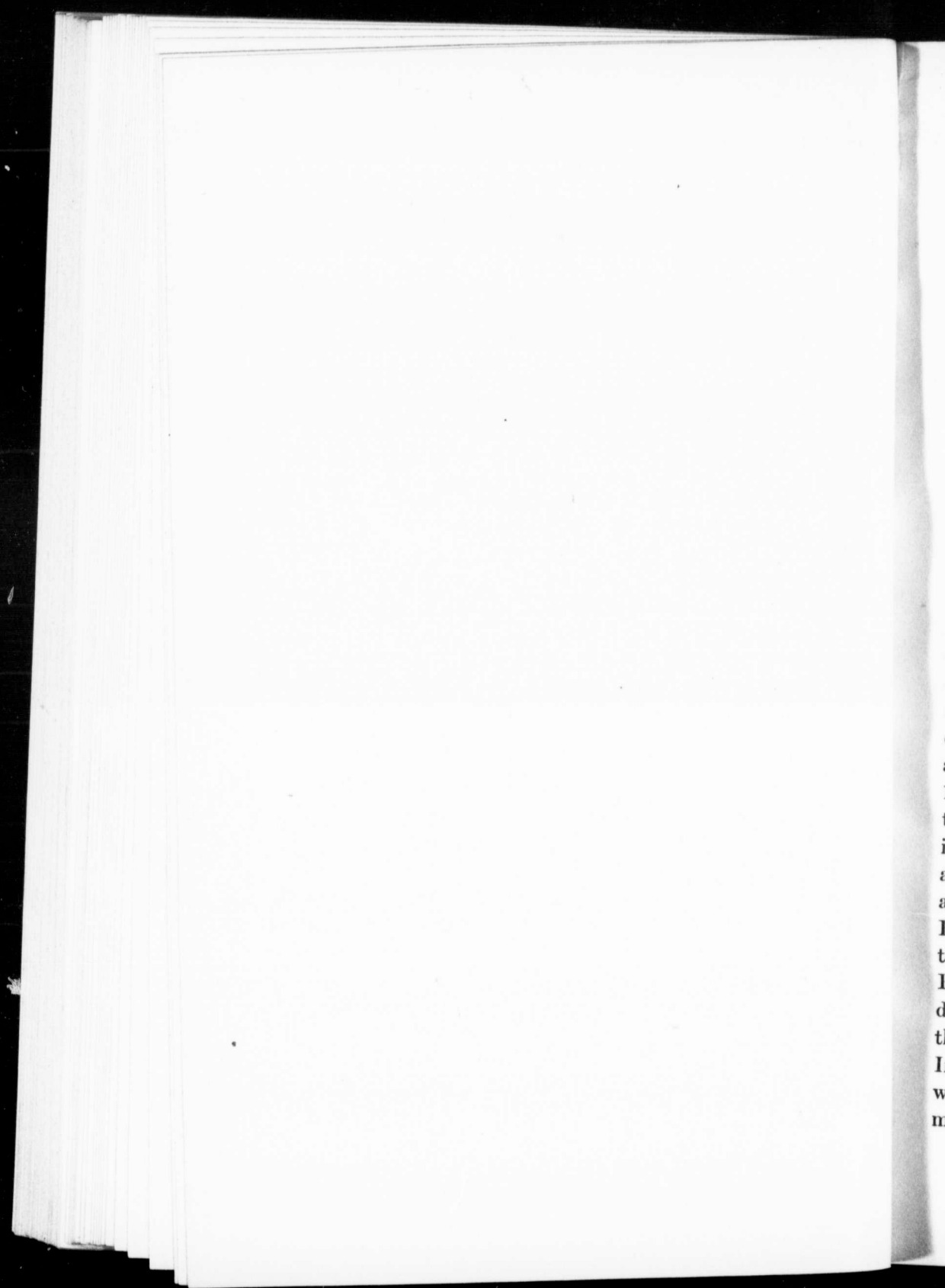
From an engraving by J. B. Peart of the life-size picture by George Stubbs at Wincanton Park

Sir H. Vane Tempest's 'Hambletonian' being rubbed down after his race with Mr. Joseph Cook's mare's 'Diamond' (1739).



From a photograph by W. A. Rouch

Boelm's Statue of 'King Tom.'



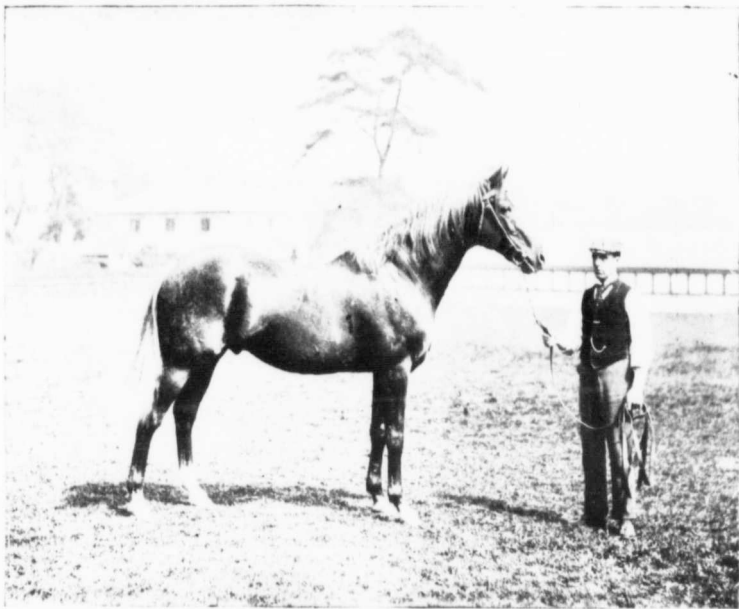
Many and complicated have been the theories by which breeders have endeavoured to avoid these losses and produce a "certainty." But year after year the animals under their charge have refused to be treated as so many four-legged multiplication tables, and the foals thrown have shown much the same proportion of "rank bad 'uns." Nature deals out the cards by processes known only to herself. The hand takes a good deal of playing, even when it happens to be extraordinarily strong in trumps; but the time has not yet arrived when the game will be spoilt by every player knowing what he is to get out of the pack and how to get it.

Before the Committee of the House of Lords on horse-breeding, in 1873, some very interesting evidence was given by the best experts of the day. For fifty years previously Admiral Rous had seen every thoroughbred on the turf, and for thirty years he had carefully noted all their performances. His opinion was that we had enormously improved upon the crude productions of our ancestors, and he adduced the relative size of racehorses at different periods as a proof of his contentions, a method of argument which takes it for granted that size and substance are indispensable. This may or may not be true in certain cases, but it is by no means axiomatic. The gallant admiral's figures are, however, of the highest interest. "In 1700," he is reported to have testified, "the average size of the thoroughbred was thirteen hands three inches, and it has increased an inch every twenty-five years since. Now the average height of our racehorses is fifteen hands three inches, and twelve are in training of no less than seventeen hands." Prince Charlie at once occurs to me as an example of a seventeen-hand horse, and extraordinarily fast he was too, for a mile. But he was a roarer, as so many animals of his size seem disposed to be. On the other hand, it was no later than 1740 that what may be described as pony racing was made illegal. In 1758 Herod was fifteen hands three inches. In 1764 Eclipse was over fifteen two. If Gimcrack (just over fourteen hands) may be taken to reduce the balance, there is plenty of evidence

that it was corrected again. In fact, as soon as the imported Eastern horse had become accustomed to the best climate in the world for horses, he undoubtedly increased in size from his usual height of fourteen two or thereabouts. He was deliberately mated to a larger stamp of native breed which had already casually benefited by Eastern blood at various periods. The result could never be anticipated with certainty as far as size alone was concerned.

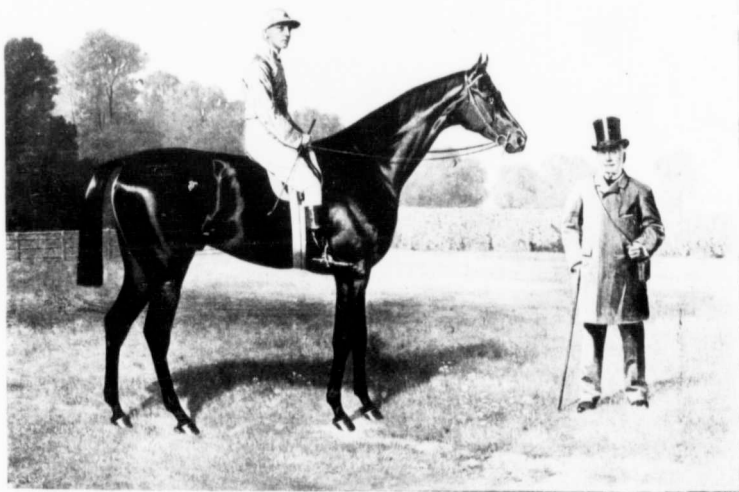
There was a time when a big horse was the only thing a trainer cared about. But height cannot be accepted as a sure indication of merit, and even if a constant increase in average size could be accurately proved, it would not alone be sufficient evidence of all-round improvement in thoroughbred stock. The value of a blood horse cannot be calculated at so much a yard. Nor is it possible to make any comparison between the performances of the animals we know and those of much earlier days, for the simple reason that sufficiently accurate records do not exist. I have seen it stated that Eclipse did the Beacon Course of 4 miles 365 yards in under eight minutes, and that the horse which can cover the Liverpool Grand National Course (which is 897 yards longer), "obstacles" and all, in ten minutes, must therefore be a better animal. The conclusion may very possibly be correct; but I doubt the accuracy of the premisses by which it is reached.

General Peel, in giving evidence before the committee which I have already named, thought that the bloodstock of 1873 was just as good as any ever bred, "but there are more bad ones bred in proportion to the whole number in consequence of the whole system of breeding being altered." The observation is as sound as it was sagacious. When it was made, and to a large extent for the next quarter of a century, nine-tenths of the yearlings registered in the "Stud-Book" were bred for sale instead of for their owners to race. The large prices offered revolutionised the methods of stud sales. Breeders put their mares to stallions without considering so much the propriety of the union as the possibility of its fruitfulness. Nature has now



From a photograph by W. A. Roub

Pend Or' at Eaton.



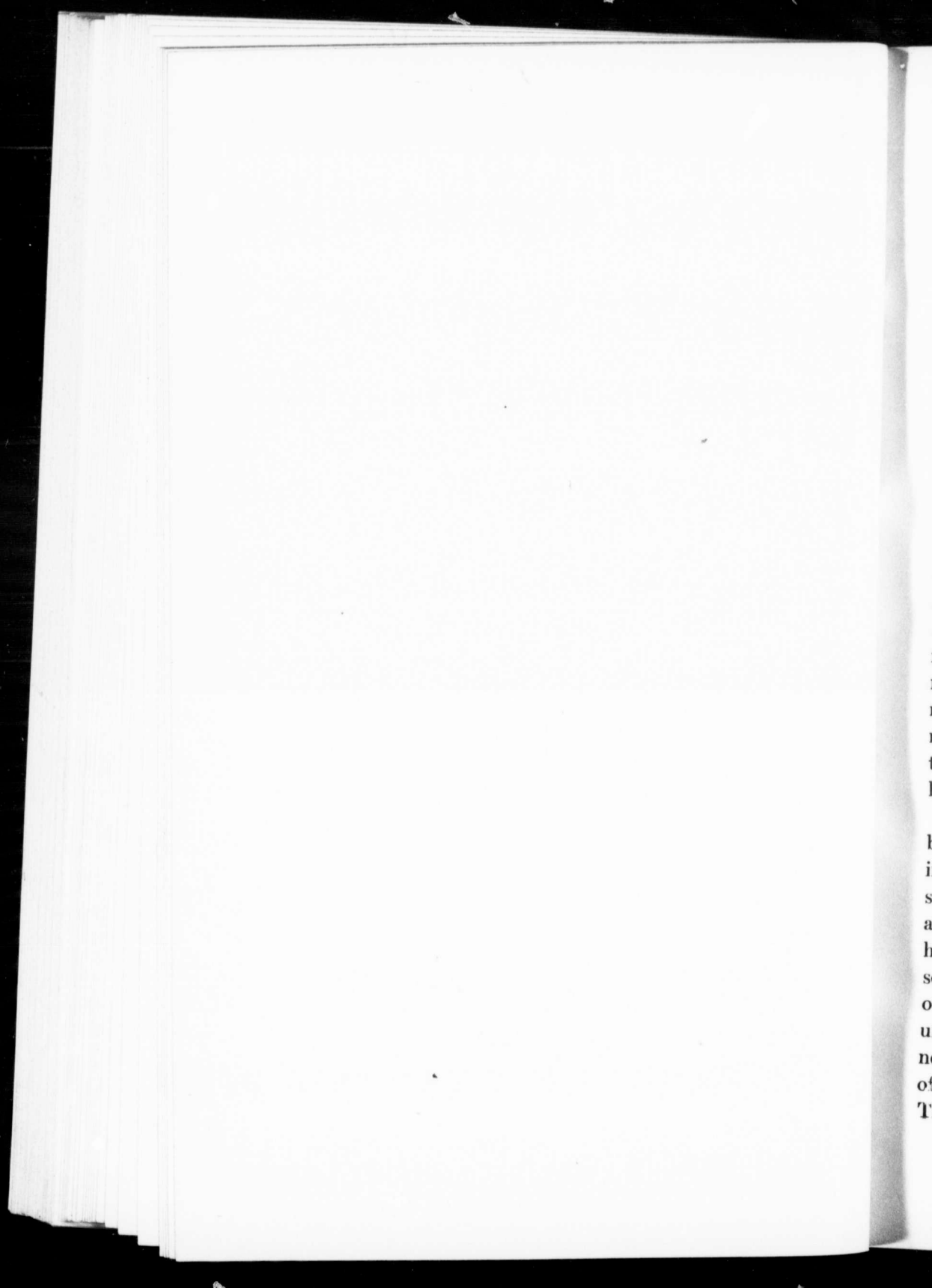
From the painting by Emil Adair in the possession of the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery

'Ladas' (with Watts and Matthew Dawson).

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and then taken an appropriate revenge by awarding the best stakes to private owners of comparatively small stud farms who bred and raced their own stock. But one inevitable result has been the enormously increased production of a racing machine, which, if it were not fast for a few furlongs under a light weight, was utterly worthless for everything else, and was very often not given the chance of proving whether he was a stayer or not.

The utilitarian point of view embodied in the last sentence was that which was upheld before the same committee of the Lords in 1873 by the Earl of Stradbroke. "There are not four horses in England now," said this witness, "that could run over the Beacon Course in their eight minutes, which in my younger days I used to see frequently done." But what could be expected if, as actually happened in the year this evidence was given, one man was able to land no less than £80,000 in bets on a single short race? Was it likely that owners who preferred money to stamina would bother about long races and the numerous and costly preliminaries they involved? The five-furlong scurry just suited them. Their two-year-olds began to make something more than their corn bill with satisfactory rapidity. The change from the days of Eclipse could hardly be more clearly emphasised: for that great horse had nothing taken out of him till full maturity, and never raced at all till he was after five.

Perhaps one great reason for the quick success of the old breeders is that in the early eighteenth century, which was as innocent of enclosed meetings as it was of two-year-old scurries, nearly every man who raced a horse had bred him, and very often both trained and rode him too. An owner with his own brood mares in his own paddocks, who carefully selected his sires in every case and kept the produce for his own racing, was not likely to have an establishment too unwieldy for his own personal supervision, and never felt the necessity of overstraining a colt by racing him too soon or too often, merely because he wanted to "get his money back." That most probably had some effect upon the value and life of

the horse later on at the stud. It certainly had a direct influence upon the colt's form.

Those modern trainers, who deliberately train a young brute into the cramped and unnatural habits necessitated by a hurried bucket off the instant the flag falls, are not likely to encourage the long, low, sweeping action and powerful stride which are associated with stamina over a long course. In other even more important details too, many modern trainers and breeders seem to me to affect artificial methods of education and training which cannot benefit the breed. In the early eighteenth century a horse was at least naturally treated as a natural animal, and I believe he was the better for it. Without the faintest desire to encourage the doctrines of "deterioration," I am still unable to conceal my conviction that a persistence in modern methods would, in the long run, exercise a prejudicial effect upon blood stock, and that the best horses to-day are not only those which are best bred, but those whose breeding is given the best chance of showing its quality and value by a natural upbringing and an unstrained atmosphere. It is very rare nowadays to see a horse like Common make his first appearance as a three-year-old. He was bred in 1888 by Isonomy (grandson of Stockwell) out of Thistle (great grand-daughter of Sweetmeat), and was therefore as much inbred to Blacklock on his dam's side, as was that great sire himself in the same way to Pot-8-os. His maternal descent traces back, through Expectation, to the Layton Barb mare ("Stud-Book," vol. i. p. 12), who is also the common ancestress of Thormanby, Kisber, Iroquois, Sir Visto, Thebais, Throstle, and Sibola. He won the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger for Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone, his joint owners. In the list of winning sires for 1901 he was twenty-first (between St. Serf and Ayrshire) on the 12th of this October, with eight winners and over four thousand pounds to his credit. He was an overgrown, backward colt of sixteen hands, showing great power and bone and splendid quality; and the wisdom of his owners in

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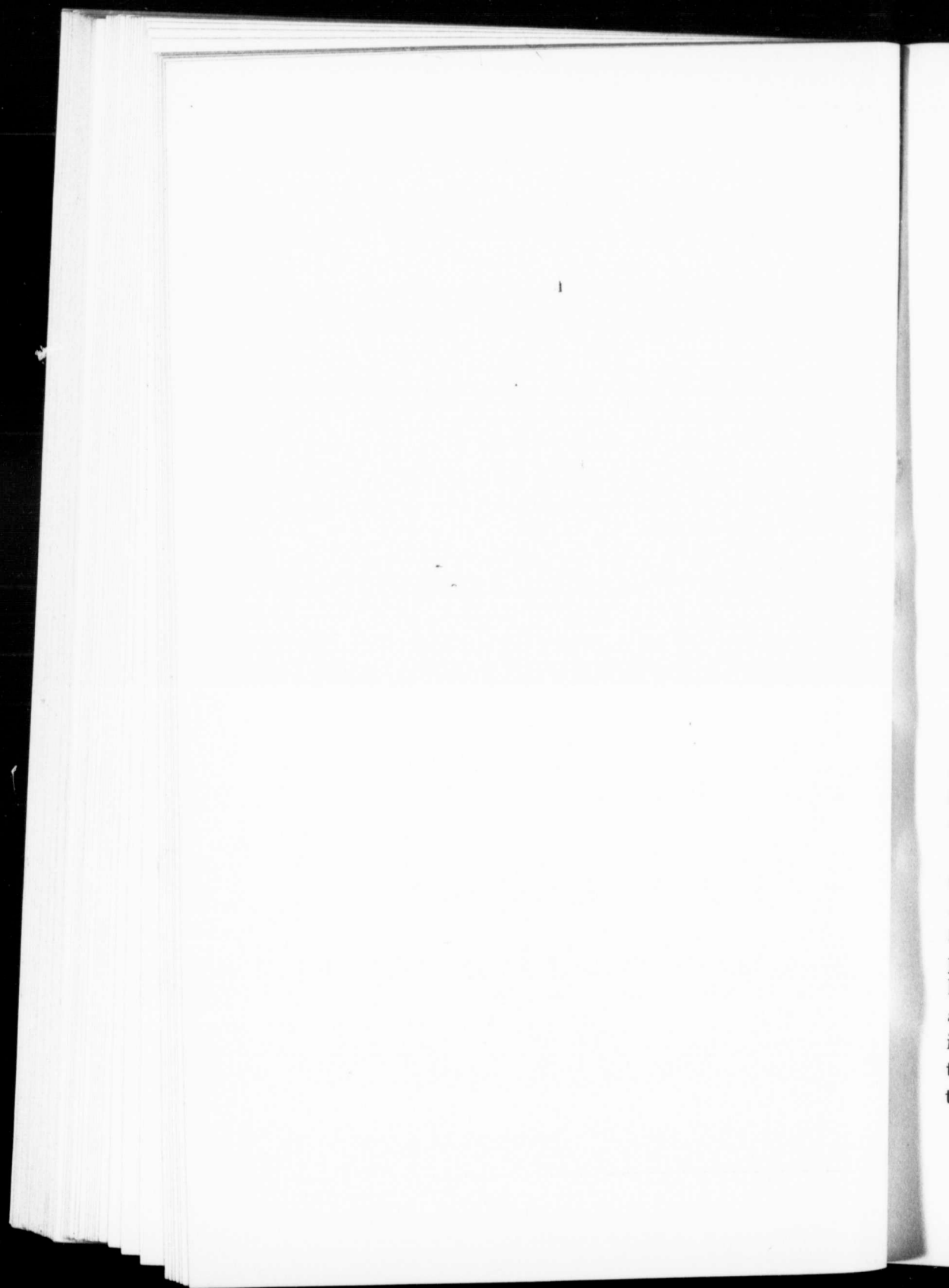
From a photograph by W. A. Rouch

‘Carbine.’



From a photograph by W. A. Rouch

‘Common.’



paying forfeit for all his two-year-old engagements was amply justified.

The same policy, carried, of course, a good deal further, has been suggested as one reason for the extraordinary vigour of Eclipse's blood, and the influence it still exerts on every descendant who can boast a large proportion of it in his veins. But this does not mean that no better horse than Eclipse—or than Flying Childers—has ever been bred. To come no nearer to the present day than Blue Gown, or Blair Athol, Rosierucian, or Cremorne, or Harkaway, I think it will hardly be challenged that the usual cry of the degeneracy of horses has no more basis now than it had in their times, or than it had a hundred years ago; and that in fact just as we long ago improved both the imported Arab and the native breed, so we have gone on steadily improving the produce of them both, sometimes by fortuitous circumstances, sometimes by careful choice in mating, but always by continued racing from generation to generation, and, in the end, by the rude, fundamental test of the survival of the fittest.

It would take away much of the romance of the turf, and almost all interest in its history, if breeding were an exact science. Such awkward yet inspiring facts are constantly recurring as the sudden appearance of a good one after all hope of fast foals out of a great mare had been abandoned. On the other hand how is it that such sons as St. Gatien or Robert the Devil stood alone, or that Thebais was in a different class to all the rest of the family produced to Hermit by Devotion? Out of a mare who was so crippled that she could never race was born a common-looking son who was never in perfect health, and was often lame. Among other races which he won were the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the Leger; and his name was Gladiateur. But such instances are innumerable. If I have mentioned them at all it is to show that after two hundred years we are not so very much wiser than our ancestors were in the matter of breeding.

Mr. William Allison has just published an extremely

interesting book, which is a perfect monument of industry in the collection of facts and figures. In "The British Thoroughbred Horse" he goes very fully into the proofs, results, and data of the theory started by Bruce Lowe, called the "Figure System." I am not concerned either to attack or defend that system here, but I draw attention to the book as the best guide I know to the value of the mares chosen by the breeders of the early eighteenth century, as tested by the performances of their descendants down to the present day. The first of these historic matrons is Tregonwell's Natural Barb mare who was great grand-dam of Ramsden's Byerly Turk mare ("Stud-Book," vol. i. p. 5). Four hundred and ninety-nine mares in the new volume (xix.) of the General Stud-Book are descended from her, and as there is a total increase of six hundred and fifty-one mares since the issue of the last volume, combined with a decrease of forty-five in the particular family mentioned, it looks very much as if foreign buyers had begun to realise the value of this strain for brood mares at the stud. What that value is may be judged from the facts, elicited by Mr. Allison's researches, that if all the winners of the Two Thousand, One Thousand, Derby, Oaks, Leger, Ascot Cup, Goodwood Cup, and Doncaster Cup be added up and distributed in their various lines of descent, this family can claim no less than ninety-eight, which is thirteen better than any other. It may therefore be fairly argued that, other things being equal, a descendant of that family is more likely to tread in such victorious footsteps, than a descendant of any other. Among the long list of famous racers and sires which it possesses is Hambletonian, winner of the St. Leger of 1795 and ancestor of Volodyovski, who could not have lost the St. Leger of this year "with a good butcher boy on his back." Another is Ladas (by Hampton out of Illuminata) who was second of the winning sires this October 12th with £25,133 from ten winners in eighteen races. A third is Bend Or (by Doncaster out of Rouge Rose) by Thormanby who is twenty-fourth in the same list with over £3500 from nine winners. He was bred in 1877, sixteen

hands one inch, with a remarkably consistent formation, beautifully moulded shoulders, lengthy quarters, and only just room for a saddle on his back. He was unbeaten during his two-year-old career, and beat Robert the Devil for the Derby by a head after a terrific race in 1880. The verdict was easily reversed in the St. Leger, in the Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket (by a head), and in the Champagne Stakes a fortnight later. But he beat his great opponent again, by a neck, in the Epsom Gold Cup (a mile and a half, even weights) and when he went to the stud at Eaton he became the sire of Ormonde. His own sire, Doncaster, was by Stockwell, and had four crosses of Waxy blood in him, and there were three crosses of the same strain in Rouge Rose. In 1901 nineteen of his daughters had won £27,440 by September 7, which puts him well at the head of a list that contains Galopin, Isonomy, Hermit, Wisdom, Rosicrucian, Barcaldine and St. Simon, in that order behind him. Certainly no one who has stood, as I did this spring, in Bend Or's loose box at Eaton would be inclined to believe that the best English breeders are taking less care than ever they did, or are less likely to reap a due reward. This splendid animal looks good for several more years yet, though he is a bit gone in the back now, and the tabby cat who sits and purrs where Archer rode that slashing race so long ago, is probably about the weight the old fellow would prefer to carry for any considerable distance.

In the last list I quoted the name of St. Simon occurs perhaps lower than some of his admirers may have expected. But this gallant son of Galopin out of St. Angela (by King Tom) has more than his revenge when a comparison is made on other lines. I am told that there have been better horses and better sires than the Duke of Portland's famous stallion, but I am sure that no animal ever showed a better return when tested by the figures of his winning stock. Without including place-money or races abroad (and a slight difference occurs also in counting Irish races) his descendants won £417,750 in the twelve years from 1889 to 1900 inclusive, which gives the

astonishing average of £34,212. In 1901, he not only headed the list of winning sires on the 12th of October with £28,567, but his own sons, Florizel II. (out of Perdita II.) and St. Frusquin (out of Isabel), were third and fifth.

St. Simon's career on the turf, though not so brilliant as his extraordinary record at the stud, was remarkable for the style in which he beat all his opponents outright. His two-year-old victories have rarely been paralleled. As a three-year-old he remained unbeaten, and his victory over Tristan for the Gold Cup at Ascot showed his true quality, for the death of Prince Batthyany had prevented his running in the classic races. The hard ground at Newcastle no doubt tried his legs, but he won the Goodwood Cup afterwards in a common canter by twenty lengths, and his constitution was entirely unimpaired when he began his wonderful success at the stud. He stands an inch over sixteen hands and measures nearly eight and a half inches below the knee (a fraction less than Common). Through Galopin (a grandson of the Flying Dutchman) he inherits three crosses of the Blacklock blood, and through St. Angela he gets three crosses of Whisky. His maternal grandfather was King Tom, by Harkaway out of Pocahontas, a magnificent stallion whose statue by Boehm I have reproduced. He was foaled in 1851, and is one of the forty-three sires foaled before 1860, whose daughters appear in the new volume of the "Stud-Book." Only Lascelles (1850) and King of Trumps (1849) are older. It will conclude the life-history of St. Simon if I add that on the dam's side he traces back to the Sedbury Royal mare ("Stud-Book," vol. i. p. 15), who is also the maternal ancestress of Birdcatcher, Royal Hampton, and Orme.

One of St. Simon's most famous sons is Persimmon (by Perdita II.). His performances on the turf are too recent to need recapitulation, but his future at the stud is an interesting subject of speculation. Without a blemish in him, "short on the leg and lengthy in all else," his coat is beginning to show the rich and beautiful "Bay Middleton Mottles." He exhibits the Hampton or Melbourne class of his dam much more than



From a photograph by W. A. Rouch

‘St. Simon.’



From a photograph by W. E. Gray

‘Persimmon.’



the typical qualities associated with St. Simon; for he shows all the size, power, and substance of King Tom, and of the Rataplan and Stockwell crosses which he gets through Perdita II. Through her too he traces back to the Black-legged Royal mare ("Stud-Book," vol. i. p. 16), who is the ancestress of Cotherstone, West Australian, Wild Dayrell, Parmesan, Donovan, and Flying Fox; and he has already made his mark upon the list of winning sires for 1901 (coming between Winkfield and May Duke) with £2455 on the 12th of October. In the new volume of the "Stud-Book" the mares of the family from which he comes have sunk from 203 in the last issue to 196, though Diamond Jubilee, Wildfowler, and Flying Fox are of the same strain. This again seems to show that foreign breeders know how to choose their mares.

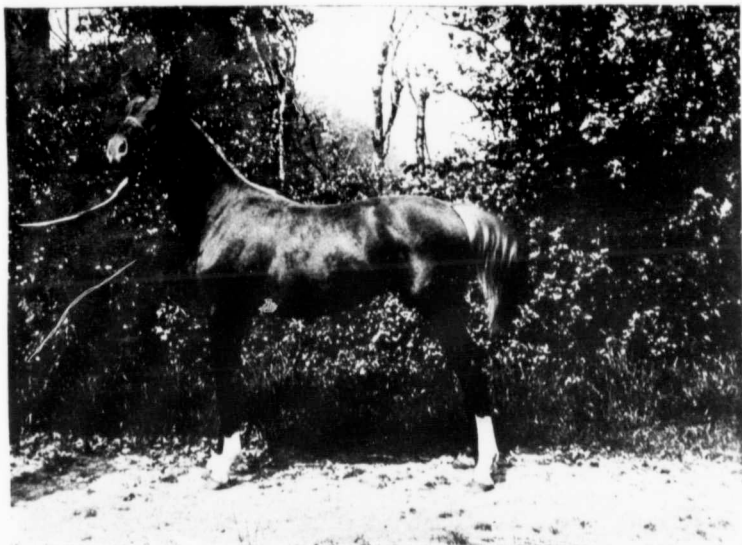
In this same new volume of the "Stud-Book" it may be noted that the list of "foreign-bred" sires is unusually long, no less than twenty being given, without including Trenton, Carbine, Carnage, and Dobbins, who appeared in the last volume. As to the possibilities of these sires, and I have chosen Carbine as a typical example of them, there is no doubt now that a change of climate and surroundings has produced in them a change which is no less real because its causes are so little understood. A good instance of what I mean is given by Mr. Allison, who quotes the colonial horse called "The Grafter" (known as "His Ugliness"), who was by an imported sire out of a dam whose parents had also both been imported from England. He showed all the characteristics of a "Waler," even to a ridiculous extent. Another instance is that change in the Arab already mentioned, which was produced by his sojourn in this country.

The gradual development of the horse that we know from the small five-toed creature of prehistoric ages is not within my province. But it is evident, from many traces in the oldest literature and the most ancient carvings in the world, that the perfection of the Arab breed was reached at a comparatively early stage in the domesticated history of the animal,

and this is only what was likely if we consider the careful treatment and constant association with his master which he enjoyed in those deserts where a perfect understanding between the two was a question of life or death to both. Something of its persistence in type may be traced from the Elgin marbles, through the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, and on to modern times. At the date of Mohammed's death the district of Nejd was the great centre of the purest breed of horses, and when we see their true descendants to-day it is not difficult to believe that they have remained pure and undefiled, at least ever since the Prophet's death. In Vonolel I have been permitted the privilege of reproducing a pure example of this Nejd breed, which was bought at Abdur Rahman's stable in Bombay, as Earl Roberts has been kind enough to inform me, in March 1877, when it had been but shortly landed from Arabia as a five-year-old; it died in Dublin in 1899. The loose, pliant throat, the strong sloping shoulders, and the swell of the back ribs are all typical of the breed that did such wonders when it was first crossed with the English horse of the early eighteenth century.

But for some inexplicable reason that fortunate moment in breeding seems never likely to recur. There is no doubt that at that time no better stock could have been chosen for the improvement of the stock we had. But now we seem no longer to possess a breed which can be enormously improved by Eastern importations. It will therefore only be possible to recruit our exhausted stock—when that becomes necessary—by calling upon some thoroughbred outcross from a country which originally chose its blood horses from among our own. The open prairies of the American continent have been suggested as one source of this new fecundation. But the limestone pastures of Australia and New Zealand seem to me to be more likely, and the list of sires imported into this country in the last few years seems to indicate that this will be the course chosen by breeders in the future.

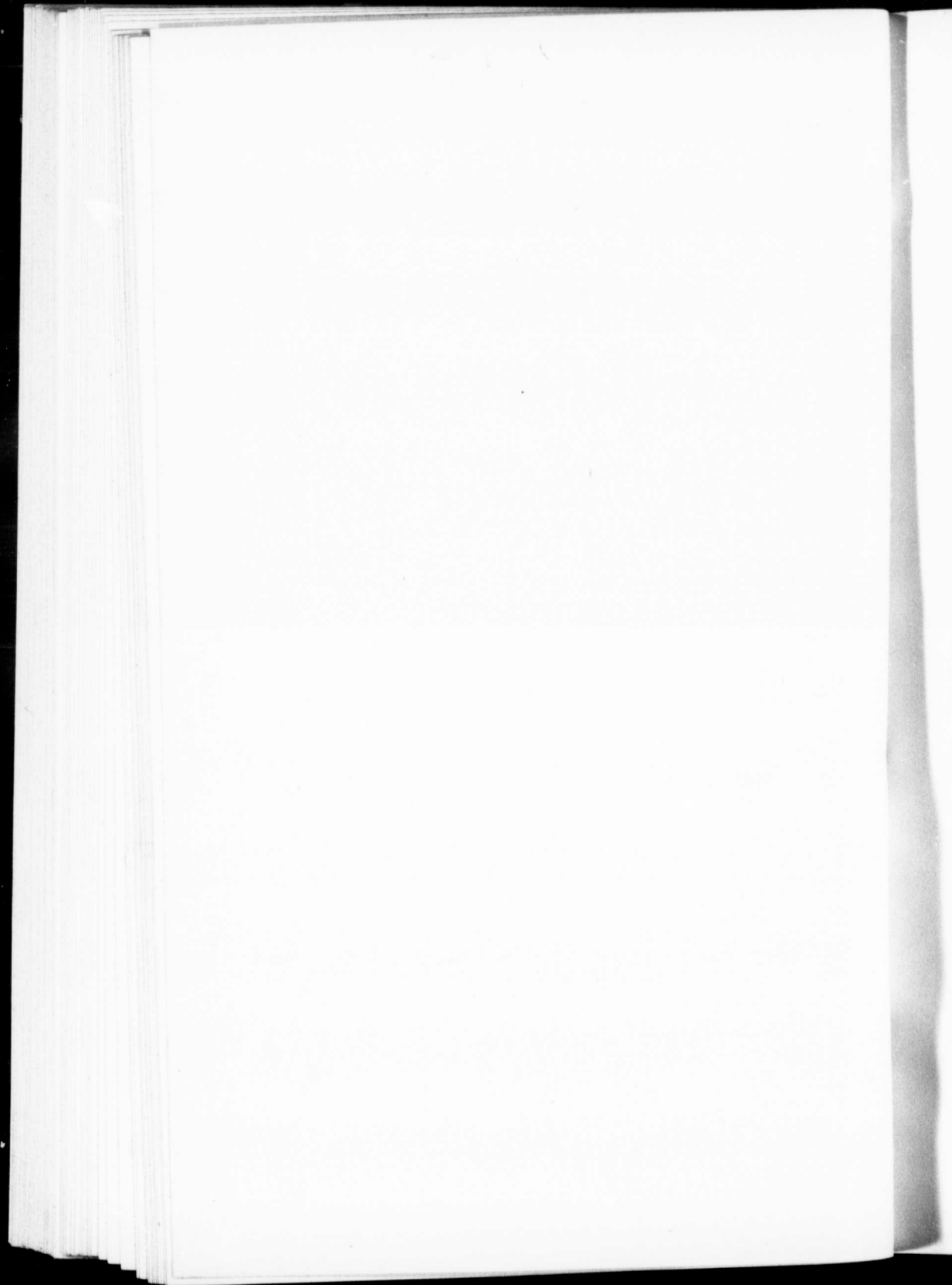
Blood may be everything; but the best blood may lose its



Mr. W. Brodrick Cloete's chestnut colt by 'Persimmon' out of 'Fine Lady'
by 'Isonomy' out of 'Sonsie Queen' by 'Musket.'



Mr. W. Brodrick Cloete's brown colt by 'Cherry Tree' out of 'Acidalie'
by 'Rosebery' out of 'Fleur de Marie' by 'Hermit.'



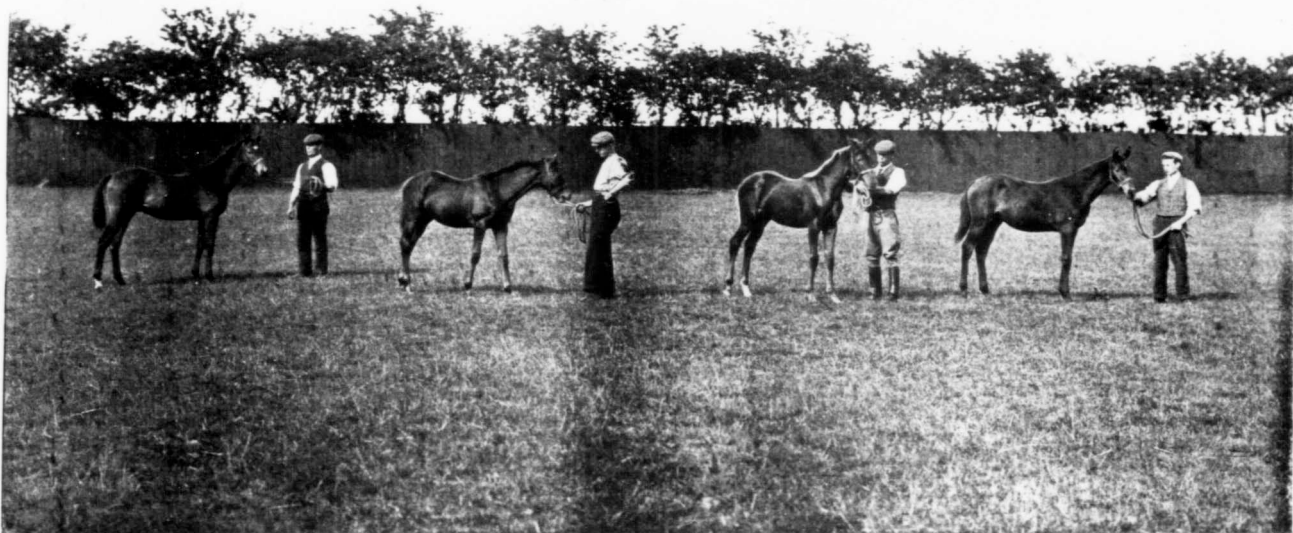
virtue and effectiveness by continued inbreeding or by ill-judged mating. Though we have the Stockwell line through Doncaster, we need it through Blair Athol; and we need the Fisherman branch of Herod too. Both these are to be found, fresh and reinvigorated, in Australasia. We have the Whalebone branch of Eclipse through Touchstone and Birdcatcher, but we lacked the famous Musket branch of Eclipse until the Duke of Portland brought it back here with Carbine. Musket traces back to the dam of the two True Blues ("Stud-Book," vol. i. p. 5), who is the ancestress of such sires as Sir Peter, Flying Dutchman, Stockwell, King Tom, and Galopin, and of such winners as Isinglass, Hannah, Memoir, and La Flèche; that is to say, the blood is stronger in sires than in runners, though both are first-class.

Carbine, the son of Musket out of Mersey, traces back through his dam to Burton's Barb mare ("Stud-Book," vol. i. p. 4) who is the ancestress of Whisky, Sir Hercules, Harkaway, Voltigeur, Teddington, Cremorne, Crucifix, Surplice, and Amiable. Carbine was bred by the New Zealand Stud Company in 1885, and is a bay, an inch over sixteen hands, his power and splendid action being more observable when he is moving than in the photograph I reproduce. On the other side of the world he had a very remarkable racing career, out of which I can only quote the year 1891, when he won ten out of the eleven races he contested, including the Melbourne Cup, of two miles, for which, carrying 10st. 5lb., he beat a field of thirty-eight opponents. Of him, of Trenton, and of their lusty comrades from Australasia I am convinced we shall soon hear great things as far as their influence upon the future of the English thoroughbred is concerned; and it is for this reason that I do not look upon the exportation of some of our most fashionable stock to other countries with so much alarm as other observers have expressed. If they do what Carbine and Trenton have no doubt shown to be possible, if they give back the good blood to this country refreshed and reinvigorated through their descendants, no better thing could happen for the future of the English turf.

The return to the system of having more long-distance races, which is observable at the present time, is, I think, another good symptom of the desire in influential quarters for stamina and bone as opposed to flashiness and speed over a short course. If so, a return may well be thus made possible to those days when the king's plates exercised an undoubtedly beneficial influence upon breeding. At any rate, these races afforded the strongest argument possible to those who maintain that, if racing served no other purpose whatsoever, it would invariably improve the general breed of horses. These plates have now lapsed into premiums under a royal commission, and I do not think it can be maintained that the objects proposed by that commission have been so well attained as in the times before the opportunities for long-distance racing were thus diminished. Efforts have been made to supply the deficit as far as the modern turf is concerned, and the entries for the autumn handicaps have certainly been sufficiently large to encourage the veriest pessimist; but it is unfortunately none the less clear that the general horse-supply throughout the country does not attract the attention of racing men as it used to do.

The increasing practice of gelding "difficult" horses, and the apparently undiminished running powers of such animals as Osboch, Epsom Lad, or O'Donovan Rossa, are also serious dangers to the extended usefulness of the best stock. Even a son of La Flèche, whose sire was also an Ascot Cup winner (this must be almost unparalleled) is not permitted—as we have seen in the case of Strongbow—to hand on such famous blood to posterity; I must confess to seeing with regret that the entry of a gelding for the Derby is not received with that disfavour which it undoubtedly deserves.

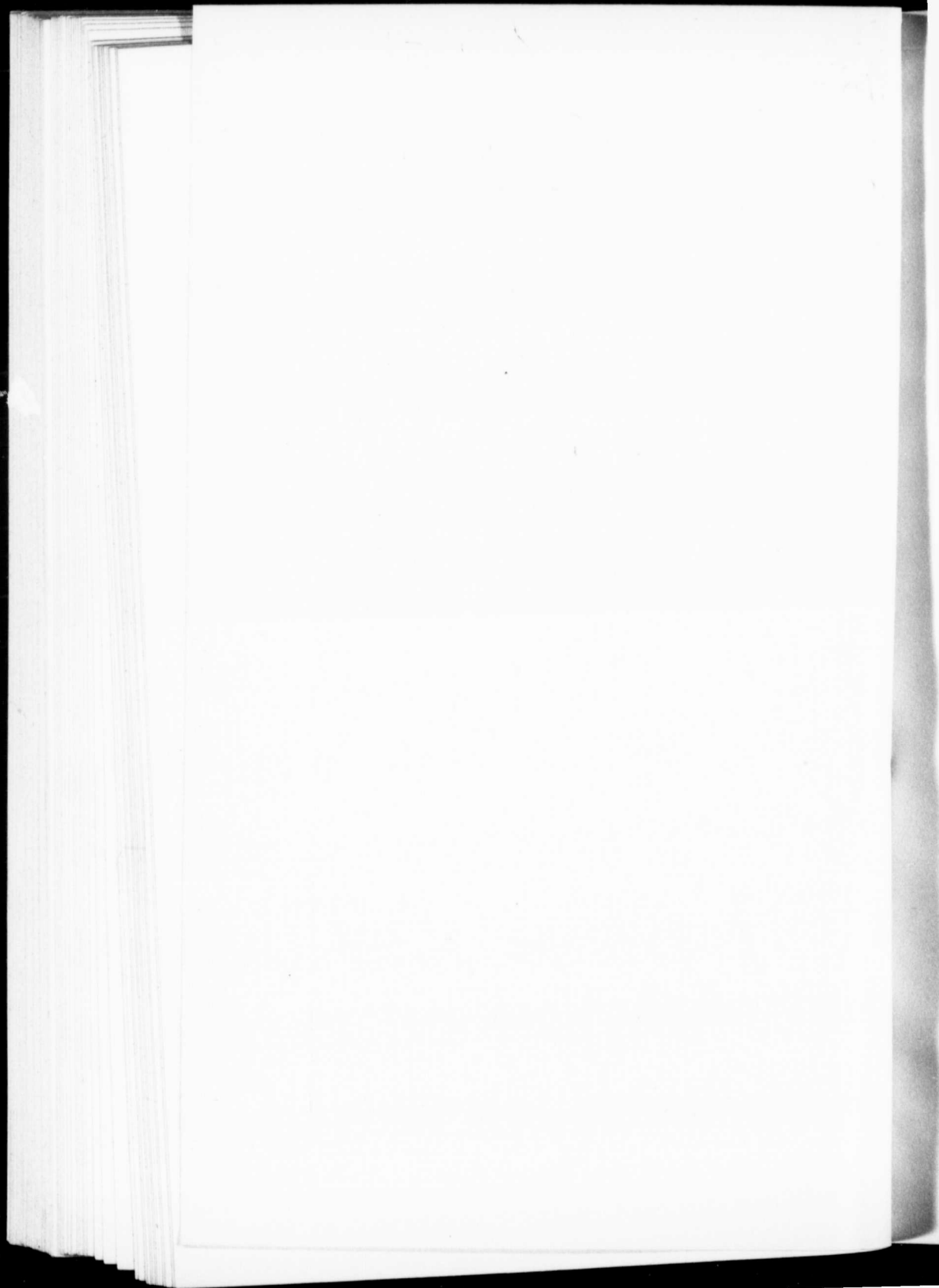
We may still have the best racers in the world. But have we got the best hacks, the best cavalry horses, the best coach-horses, and the best hunters, as was once the case? If not, it may well be argued that we do not deserve to have them if we neglect the useful animals who produced them. Mr. Hodg-



A Group of Foals at the Royal Stud, Sandringham.

From a photograph by W. E. Gott

- From left to right (1) Colt by 'Persimmon' out of 'Laodamia.'
(2) Colt by 'Orme' out of 'Leverel.'
(3) Filly by 'Persimmon' out of 'Fanchette.'
(4) Colt by 'Persimmon' out of 'Laodamia.'

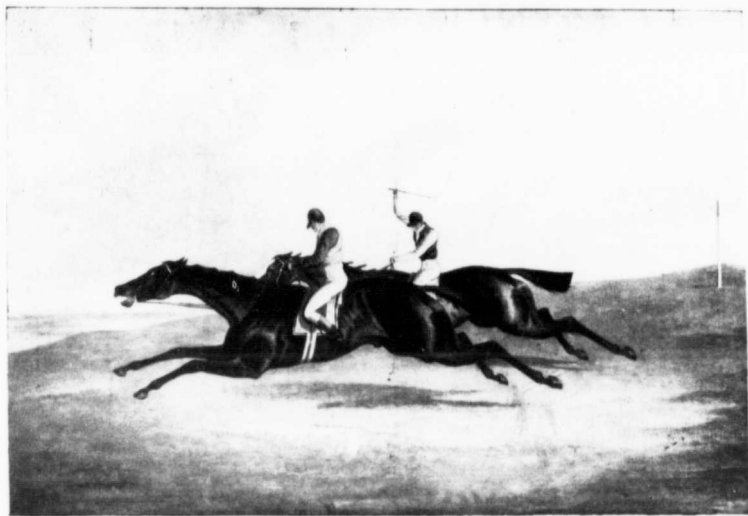


man's interesting new volume records that his Victor, who won the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot as a four-year-old, became one of the best hunting sires ever known in Ireland after he had sold him for £28 at Tattersall's. If railways and motor-cars have lessened the imperative need which the eighteenth and most of the nineteenth century felt for good general stock, our colonies and our soldiers, at least, have not yet ceased their continuous demand for serviceable horse-flesh; nor, in spite of countless jeremiads in the last twenty years, have our Masters of Hounds all sold or stopped their packs. Yet I doubt very much whether we can call upon such good sires for our hunters nowadays as could Sir Robert Walpole at the beginning of the eighteenth century, or the Prince of Wales at the beginning of the nineteenth.

One more small point and I have done. It is connected with that comparison between past and present horses which is always so fascinating a pursuit. It is also almost invariably fruitless, owing to the imperfect records which exist before photography. The question of what we "see" when a horse gallops at full speed across our field of vision is complicated by the fact that "sight" is composed of several other things than the mechanical processes of the retina. Judgment enters into it, and the trained habit of observation. A great factor, too, may be expressed as "what we expect to see." In the first half of the century what people "saw" coming round Tattenham Corner on the Derby Day was largely conditioned by the conventions which the artist of the period had stereotyped as those appropriate to speed. To illustrate this, I reproduce a fine picture, by Barenger, of Cadland (Derby 1828), and Colonel (St. Leger 1828) racing for the Derby of 1828. Herring's magnificent painting of *The Flying Dutchman* at full stretch will also at once occur to all lovers of this form of art. In neither case is the attitude in the least correct according to nature. But it certainly gives the idea of pace, and the convention arose, I may suggest, because the artist took the convenient (and more common) example of the greyhound,

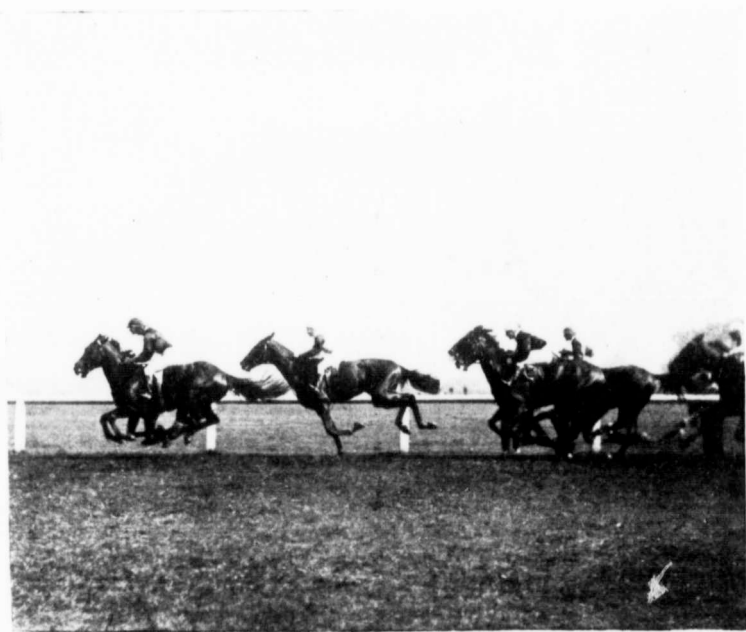
and copied its action without further inquiry. He was permitted to give an idea of pace in a whirring wheel by putting in a large extra number of spokes because very few people know how many spokes a wheel ought to have. But the intelligence of the youngest critic would revolt at the picture of a horse with many extra legs. So the public were shown Colonel's legs in the same position as those of "Fullerton" would be under similar circumstances, and the public was perfectly contented.

Then came the photographer, and his further development, the instantaneous photographer. As a contrast to Barenger I have reproduced a photograph taken for *Sporting Sketches*, which is peculiarly successful with such pictures, of the race for the Open Plate at Hurst Park in August. Uncle Mac and Paramatta are leading, close together. But it is the third animal to which I would especially draw attention. If a horse had been painted in that position fifty years ago the artist would have been loudly derided. Yet the camera has certainly revealed a position which the animal took at full pace, and has further demonstrated that speed in a horse is a constant succession of movements in which it would be overbalanced except for its continual thrust forward. This also shows another reason for Barenger's convention. Though fore and hind legs are never really stretched out at the same time, yet the point at which each in turn is fully outstretched is the point of suspension, as it were, or rather the moment when the eye has a better opportunity allowed it of observing something definite. As a matter of fact the human eye never saw, and never will see what this photograph has revealed, for the action registered by the camera is too quick for the mechanism of our eyes. The result of these considerations is that in the beginning of the twentieth century we have never had put on paper a horse galloping at full speed *as we see him*. It should surely not be impossible, in the near future, so to strike the balance between a biograph machine and the operations of the human retina, as to combine upon one photographic plate the exact



From the painting by Breugnot in the possession of Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.

The Duke of Rutland's 'Cadland' and His Majesty's 'Colonel' racing at Epsom for the Derby of 1828.



From a photograph taken for "Sporting Sketches"

The Open Plate at Hurst Park in August 1901.

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number of "biographic movements" which occur in the fraction of time necessitated for the transmission of an impression to our brain.

It has often been a subject of astonishment to me that the exquisite problems involved in painting the thoroughbred have been so seldom faced by artists of the first rank. The debt which modern racing men owe to older artists like Stubbs, Sartorius, or Herring, and to the painters who nowadays devote themselves to the horse and nothing else, is not what I wish to emphasise here. How great is only a portion of that debt may be seen in the Jockey Club Rooms at Newmarket, where there is a fine series by Emil Adam, who inherits his special talent from his grandfather. Of modern painters great in other ways, Dégas is almost the only one I can recollect who has evidently thoroughly enjoyed painting the glorious effect of sunshine on a light chestnut colt at the start of a race. The kind of work of which we cannot get too much is that typified by the picture of Lord Roberts on his Arab, which I owe to the skill of Mr. Charles Furse. But such a combination of love and knowledge of horses with brilliant artistry in other directions is rare. Mr. John Charlton has it too, and has nobly grappled with the artistic problem of the horse in motion as the camera has revealed him. But these two stand almost alone. When are we to see one of the classic winners on the walls of the Royal Academy, whether in repose, or in the full splendour of his breathless triumph?

Much the same opportunities, it seems to me, have been missed in our examples of the sculpture of horses in London. Very few are aware that the horse on which Charles I. sits at Charing Cross is an exact model of a "great horse" in his Majesty's stables. Many used to laugh at the charger which the Duke of Wellington bestrode opposite Apsley House. But it was modelled by Wyatt exactly after the lines of Recovery, the most beautiful son of Emilius, whose offspring were all beautiful. The statue of King Tom by Boehm which I have reproduced here, is an admirable example of what can

be done in this way by a skilful artist. But it is of course too much to ask that London should be decorated with examples of our Derby and St. Leger winners, though they would form an appropriate adornment for many of our great stud farms, even if there be no truth in the old theory (still to be seen exemplified in the gardens of Buen Retiro in Madrid) that a pregnant mare should be able to see such noble forms for the benefit of her progeny. All I wish very humbly to suggest is that when next the authorities give a commission for the statue of a man on horseback, the sculptor should politely be requested to see whether some famous thoroughbred would not serve his purpose as a model. In this way we might at least permanently secure the lines of a few of our best horses for the delight and instruction of posterity. Our ancestors had not much care to do the same for us. Yet that, perhaps, is just as well; for they might otherwise have removed one difficulty from that delightful and never-ending discussion about "the best horse ever bred, bar none."

It is a pleasant task to conclude by acknowledging my debts in the matter of the illustrations which have so much helped to make this little paper more intelligible and interesting. I have to thank Messrs. H. Virtue and Co. for permitting me to use several pictures from a "History of the English Turf," which they are now publishing; and the proprietors of *Country Life* for the excellent photographs by Mr. W. A. Rouch of five famous sires. Lord Rosebery very kindly permitted me to use his picture of Ladas by Emil Adam in these pages; and for the privilege of reproducing Barenger's spirited painting of Colonel and Cadland, I am indebted to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. To the courtesy of Mr. W. Brodrick Cloete I owe the photographs of two of his colts; and the line of foals at Sandringham were photographed by Mr. W. E. Gray, by the gracious permission of his Majesty the King, the owner of Persimmon.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

SOME NURSERIES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

A SIX-YEAR-OLD lady who honours me with her friendship came to tea with me one day recently, and being offered a choice of toys to play with afterwards, chose unhesitatingly the typewriter. Such a decision is indeed invariable among her contemporaries, to whom all walking dolls, jumping snakes, steam-engines and even a bath full of floating fishes, and miniature fishing-nets wherewith to catch them, are slight fleeting joys compared to this wonderful machine which prints your thoughts by mysterious invisible clicks, and then suddenly displays them (and a good deal of extraneous lettering with them) to your admiring eyes. My present guest elected to write a story, and the mysteries of spacing having been explained to her and some experimental words written, a small curly head and pursed-up lips and serious eyes were bent over the typewriter for ten or fifteen minutes. Then I was shown the result: which was, however, rather the beginning of an essay on life or of a new volume of philosophy than of a story. The words, correctly spaced and spelt, were simply: "A sad life it is here, it may be better soon": and the small face was looking shyly up at me scarlet with the pride of composition.

The author's home, parents, governess and nurses being all ideally perfect, I do not think that this brief but comprehensive

philosophic treatise meant, in her case, anything worse than the advent of bed-time, or (if she was looking yet further forward) of arithmetic day. The little lady held with Emerson that there is something wrong with a person's brain who likes mathematics, and an approaching conflict with this loathsome and despicable science could cast a gloom over many previous hours. But the sentence, staying irrationally in my mind as chance words will, has seemed to me at last to form rather a large and serious indictment against the conditions of modern young life, drawn up by this lady on behalf of her contemporaries. She herself, as I have said, is personally unconcerned in the case, as a counsel for the prosecution should be. She gets up at half-past seven, goes to bed at seven, spends ten months of the year in the country, and for preference during her leisure hours reads fairy books—to herself, you understand, with small lips murmuring the words, and one ridiculously small finger pointing along the line, and an occasional toss of the head when tiresome curls obscure her sight. Her judgment is very sound:—could I say less when she professes a warm admiration for my fairy-books?—and I would not give a farthing for a book, toy, man, woman or child whom she condemned as vulgar or silly. So it is that her indictment of the era, formulated on behalf of her generation, has weight with me, and as I look round on a modern nursery full of nervous children satiated with amusement, puzzling their own way through life with only a constantly-changing and carelessly-chosen nurse and governess to guard their minds and bodies and souls, I see that if the baby critic wished to call witnesses for her case she would not have far to seek. I have it in my mind now to enlarge somewhat upon her text. There is an unreasonable belief prevalent even in quite enlightened countries that nursery affairs are exclusively the concern of women. This Eastern superstition becomes the more ridiculous when one looks round and sees that in a large portion of all classes of society it is the mother, aunt or feminine friend who permits and encourages every sort of silly indulgence, late hours,

abstention from school, general unpunctuality and grown-up amusements; while the father or male guardian insists on regular school attendance, punctuality, and such sane amusements as pantomimes and the Zoological Gardens. During a period which included the first few months of the war, *i.e.*, when the absence of male guardians would be perceptibly felt in London, the average attendance at evening continuation classes under the London School Board decreased, and the percentage of average attendance on the average roll in the ordinary schools also decreased; while, in another class of life, is there not a regular family quarrel at the beginning of every school-term between the man who insists that his children shall go back to Winchester or Paris or Cheltenham on the right day, and the woman who asserts that their colds are not well or their clothes not ready? The idea that women are infallible and best left alone in their judgment of nursery affairs is mediæval and oriental nonsense; and in these days when women assert (and very clearly prove) that they can do what used to be thought men's work, men-folk need surely have no hesitation in making such a counter-claim as I now suggest.

The nursery world, like Gaul according to Cæsar, may be divided into three parts, which extend through all classes of society: (1) neglected children, (2) actively ill-treated children, and (3) children who are tended to the very best of their parents' ability. Cynics, I am told, profess to confound the second and third of these divisions, but as both divisions are outside the scope of this article, we need not argue the point. A mother's tender care can indeed produce some extremely alarming consequences to mind and body, and if you like cheap sarcasm, you can probably lay a finger on a score of persons who are hopelessly sickly or irredeemably wicked for life owing to parental solicitude, and you may so pass an hour in easy jesting about the system. Yet, taken as a whole, this careful English home-life cannot be described as a conspicuous failure in the world's history. Occasionally a parent, with erratic theories about education, has twisted some young mind all

awry ; a half-witted man, out of his mind with vanity, has wearied his children, and wasted valuable years of their life by preaching some ill-digested idiotic doctrine to them ; a woman with medical theories and a medicine-chest has killed and maimed one or two members of her family before her husband has time to interfere ; or the children are forced to live solely with the companionship of grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins who are dull, half-witted, uneducated bores, saturated with dreary country-village scandal, and without an intelligent interest in any subject in the world. You see blunders ; but much more widely and frequently you see the long successful years of this happy English home-life, the generations of men and women, pure, strong-limbed, high-minded, cultivated, brave, who emerge from it to rule one half of the outside world and extort unwilling admiration from the other half. Even among the blunders, among parents who are painstaking, well-intentioned imbeciles, it is extraordinary how little real lasting damage is done. Perhaps conspicuous good intentions are in themselves worth something in the scheme of education ; maybe the honesty which is mostly obvious in such persons counterbalances their injustice, and shows it to be the result of mere stupidity ; perhaps one parent is sane and strong-minded, or good-natured relatives interfere and insist on school. However it may be, kindly Providence mostly arranges the rescue of the brood and gives them their chance. Sometimes it forgets altogether, but not often, and the exceptions may mitigate their bitter anger by reflecting that they are no worse off than actively ill-treated children. With regard to these latter I have equally little to say here. Laws, which are becoming every year more numerous and more strict, deal with their hard lot to a great extent, and the splendid work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is proving yearly to parents with greater emphasis that the active ill-treatment of children is a very costly and dangerous business in all classes of society. The gentleman who sends his son up a drain in search of a favourite pigeon, and applies lighted matches to the boy's

feet when he asserts that he can get no further, finds with surprise that his plea—"It was my own son, your worship"—is regarded by the magisterial mind as an aggravation of his offence; the woman who is guardian to a ten-year-old owner of a fortune which is to come to the guardian if the child dies, and who accordingly sets to work to kill the child by prolonged cruelty, finds, to her wrathful amazement, that in the house which was her grandfather's inviolable castle she is an object of keen, disrespectful and pressing attention from Mr. Waugh's ubiquitous officers. Very possibly the work might be done faster and better; that is a matter of money; but it is being done fast and well, and needs no recommendation from me. After this long list of matters which I do not propose to discuss, I come to the one which I do.

If some virtues are new all vices are old, as a philosophic story-writer remarked when loaded dice were discovered at Pompeii; and the neglect of children by their parents is a very old story. Men and women who are too occupied with amusement to see or notice a child from month's end to month's end form a permanent class, whose numbers may or may not be increasing, but always have been and always will be considerable. Lately, however, there has been added to this another class, far larger and most unmistakably and rapidly increasing, of women who, without strict necessity, on behalf of a cause or a charity, to earn more money or assert liberty, for the sake of pleasure, profit, or advertisement, or for a score of other reasons, good, bad, and indifferent—have plunged into work and become completely absorbed in it. Isolated examples of such absorbed women workers, who are labouring from choice and not from necessity, have of course always existed. Dickens was very fond of caricaturing them, and apparently thought nothing too rude to say about them. Mrs. Jellaby in "Bleak House," as described by that dreadful young person Esther Summerson, is to my mind one of the few pieces of witless unredeemed vulgarity in his books. But I do not think that I am misusing words when I speak of such workers to-day as a

new class, for they have been multiplied by ten thousand within the last few years, and are rapidly changing many of the social and economic conditions of English life. They have taken with grateful hands the liberty which has been won for them hardly and sternly by still living workers; they do not mean to misuse such liberty in "having a good time;" but neither, on the other hand, have they had time to fit in their new labours with the old-fashioned ones, which they do not wish to ignore, but which they cannot wedge in between a score of other important appointments. Committee meetings, literary and scientific tasks, meals, dressmakers' business, and social engagements can be, and, in several cases which I know, are combined with managing a nursery and superintending the rest of the household, but it is not a day's work which the average person would care to repeat 300 times a year. I should not. Once, while rather busy, I was left for some days with a six-year-old person, so I know what happens. A nurse bathed and dressed the creature in the morning, and at intervals during the day dusted it and did its hair; but otherwise I was in sole charge. First she complained of "eternal" pains, and when I had diagnosed these to mean internal pains of a trifling character, and promised ginger at lunch if the sufferer was good for the rest of the morning, she posed me and claimed half an hour of time by the old theological difficulty: "If God wanted me to be good, and I wouldn't be good, which would win?" The moral teaching included in my answer was hopelessly wasted, for out of doors later on, when a small boy was picked out by his nurse from the middle of a fight and carried screaming away, she remarked to me with envious sympathy, "I'm often naughty like that," and evidently expected me to admire. Later still, when the necessity of finishing a certain task had become rather pressing for me, my little miss remarked casually (her temporary residence being at the sea-side): "I'm going out to paddle; please to keep an eye on me;" and a prolonged tempest followed my demonstration of the impossibility of this proceeding. Finally came her evening prayers, which meant

an hour of stern and intricate theological argument. Her mother disapproved of her war-prayer, which, learnt from a martial nurserymaid, ran simply: "Bless our dear, darling, beautiful soldiers and our lovely sailors, and send old Kruger to 'ell;" and the maternal corrections (including an edict that the Boer wounded were to be prayed for as well as the British) of course had to be enforced. The point was gained at last, though at the end of the prayer a very low little voice whispered some words which sounded remarkably like: "Never *mind* about the Boers." And at the end of the day it did strike me that if I were this lady's mother, engaged in scientific studies or political intrigues, either the studies and intrigues or the lady would have to go to the wall.

The difficulty of doing two women's work is no lighter than the difficulty, about which my sex complains, of doing two men's; and it is not likely obligingly to disappear from this case. Neither is it, I imagine, at all likely that modern women will suddenly return *en masse* to the mediæval occupations of jam-making, embroidery, tea-parties, and child-prattle, any more than I myself propose to return to the occupations of the same period—*i.e.*, to put on a helmet and sword and go forth to dispute with Messrs. T. Cook and Son the possession of Palestine. I do not despise jam and I love child-prattle, but when I hear a totally uneducated young gentleman, who has idled through five years at Harrow and three at Oxford, telling his sister or sweetheart that these two matters, varied by a little dressmakers' business, are their proper occupation in life, I marvel that the young women do not box his ears. When lecturers and writers, male and female, preach sermons on the same text I take time to consider which is the more wonderful, the stupidity and impudence of the preachers or the toleration of their audience. The future of marriage and population in this country is certainly a very serious matter if these preachers are to be believed, and a highly-educated, highly-cultivated woman is by her marriage to abandon valuable work, or even make it subservient to a cook with whims or a child with

measles. A man coming to some girl who is fresh from the lecture-rooms of Cheltenham and Cambridge, and proposing to make her a sort of combined housekeeper, monthly nurse, dress-makers' model, sick nurse, and hostess of his dinner parties, is likely to be sent about his business with scant politeness. Love has been a dominant influence in the lives of young women for many generations, because, except in a few rare cases, it has had no rival; but a passion for work is a very serious rival, and if the other influence is to be handicapped by such penalties it will hardly be included, if I may be permitted such a lapse into the picturesque parlance of Newmarket, as a "probable starter" among the influences of life, and will be knocked out in the betting to "1000 to 1 offered."

Without exactly putting forward my own experiences as typical, I suppose no one is concerned to deny that two healthy intelligent children can distribute attentions which will furnish most ample employment for a mother, governess, nurse, and nursery-maid; and that an average woman who is occupied with scientific work, political juggling, literary undertakings, charitable management, and a host of social duties besides, with an occasional nervous breakdown to further complicate matters, cannot possibly give proper attention to these children. If she is extremely fond of them she will give up a portion of her work or pleasure for their benefit; but if she prefers her political *salon*, novel writing, charity committees, Ascot, Henley, Goodwood, Scotch shooting box, yachting trips, and month at Monte Carlo, I cannot conceive why she, any more than her husband, should abandon these in order to give the children their Bible lesson or see that their rice puddings are properly cooked. I myself like the latter occupations—for a few days at any rate—but my young Cambridge neighbour prefers the Differential Calculus, and the young and beautiful Duchess of A— prefers to play at making and unmaking Cabinets in London and Washington. Grave Ambassadors and Ministers pace the lawns of A— Castle whispering toy secrets to her, asking with admirably grave faces what she

thinks about Russia's designs in China ; would you have her dismiss them all and risk a European war in order to play spillikins with May in the nursery, and hear about Jack's first battle with the Eton Latin Grammar ? One woman will manage both the secrets and the spillikins, but the other says she can't and won't, and (unless you assert roundly that in marrying she is once for all to place all other interests second to her maternal ones) who has any right to make her try ?

Nobody, I think ; but she might take some measures to safe-guard these babes. One cannot, as I venture to think, in reason protest against the mathematicians and the politicians marrying ; because, granted that they are perfectly healthy persons, the world will be worse for it if some portion of their brains, beauty, or other advantages are not transmitted to another generation. Neither can one force them to care for their children more than for any other interest or amusement. In point of fact you have only to pay visits in a dozen country houses, or lunch, dine, and have tea in a score of London houses, in order to discover that, to a considerable number of busy women, children are simply a nuisance ; while to many others they are mere playthings, pretty ornaments for the back seat of a carriage, amusing toys to relieve the *ennui* of a tea party, picturesque additions to the costume in which the hostess receives the Princess or the desirable millionaire. I stop there, and say nothing about the women who have their children taught *risqué* dances and songs for the amusement of afternoon callers ; because, since the rash and foolish abolition of the ducking-stool, there is no cure for persons of this description. I am merely demanding guardians for the child of the student and business-woman and reputable pleasure-seeker.

A nurse is very often a most sensible and charming person, and in that case her guardianship for a few years leaves nothing to be desired. She is extremely practical. When she hands her small charges over to me at the Zoological Gardens she does not vaguely request me to take great care of them, but gives brief specific directions about each : " Miss

Alice wants to go and paddle with the penguin in the pond ; please don't let her. Master Jack always tries to shake hands with the chimpanzee ; please stop him. Miss Kate says she wants to go into the cage and play with the cobra because it looked at her so kindly last time she was here ; please hold her hand in the snake-house." The babes will tell you reassuringly that they were only "funning," but their nurse knows better. When she reads aloud she goes straight ahead through fairies, escapes, disappearances, wrecks, desert islands, philosophic reflections, and historical allusions, so that her small hearers can attach to each incident an explanation evolved from their own strange little minds, and so treble the wonders of the story. I liked the candour of a seven-year-old listener who said to a too explanatory story-teller : " Oh do go on ! I can understand so much better when you don't explain." The confiding simple mind of this kindly soul is a very restful change from the drawing-room world. When one of her nurslings goes to school for his first term, and having lost a shilling in a bet and also been tossed in a blanket, writes to her that " my School-room is a Gambling-hell and my Bed-room a place of Torture," she weeps in sympathy and sees to it that the next hamper is full of balm for such woes. I have heard complaints made of the grammar and pronunciation affected by her charges after prolonged residence with her and a nursery-maid ; but small people have in fact a resolute preference for this style of speech, only equalled by their readiness to drop it suddenly and completely later on. It was a lady who, throughout her four years of life, had been surrounded by careful and adoring relations, who announced to her fellow stall-holders at a bazaar : " I've tooked six pound and I'm awful 'ungry." It was this person or an equally cared-for relation who, during a stay at Southsea, told us that she and her nursery-maid had " bin to Paartsmouth," where " it was bilin' 'ot." But a well-chosen nursery-ruler, with her attendants, approaches so near to perfection that her government, even without superintendence, for the first six or seven years of her

charges' life, cannot safely be replaced. Do not all of us know such a person, with strong steady face, and quiet firm voice which seems to begin all sentences with "dearie," and arms which seem to be always round some one, and eyes which are magnets to draw all children to her side ?

Unfortunately, however, her powers have limits. Her babes become animated notes of interrogation ranging over the whole field of theology, physiology, social etiquette, and ancient and modern history, and it is but occasionally that they can be distracted now by offers to make toffee or silenced by "that's not for a little boy to know, dearie." New theories and new lessons are introduced to her charges ; overwhelming quantities of new amusements, which the woman has no authority to refuse, are offered to them, and merely create a demand for more ; new maladies called "nervous," but affecting no nerves with which she has ever been acquainted, invade her nursery and defy her remedies ; she becomes in her own language "flustered" and requests a conference with the mother, who sends for her accordingly while dressing for a State concert, and says that she can now spare half an hour. The conference over, the woman—much the wiser, do you think ?—goes back to her ten-year-old nursling, who during the past week has been at three garden parties with her mother, two children's dances, two natural history lectures, and a theatre, has acted in some theatricals, been bridesmaid to a cousin, sold at a bazaar this afternoon, danced this evening to amuse some guests of her mother's who arrived early before dinner, and is now lying in bed sleepless, crying, deadly tired, complaining of hunger, headache, and half a dozen other pains. What would you have ? The mother has compressed ten, twenty times that amount of entertainment into the same week, and addressed or presided over half a score of political meetings besides. She will come up to the nursery to-morrow if she has time ; the child must have a tonic, or see a doctor if she is really unwell, and go to Folkestone for a week if she is tired. Two or three ladies at the concert have heard the story

and have sympathised and given advice. Princess — has recommended a new doctor. Every one, you understand, is anxious to do right and is being as kind as possible. But time is short and calls on it are many. To suggest cruelty or wrong-doing in connection with this commonplace story is ridiculous. The mother and father have simply neither time nor inclination to study the extremely intricate phenomena of the nursery.

No one, however, themselves least of all, would deny that they owe some care and consideration to these young lives. To choose a nurse, and watch her behaviour carefully at first till it is obvious that she is trustworthy, takes time and trouble, but as the result is to last, with good luck, for a considerable period, no one need, or probably does, grudge the time and trouble. The next stage is, I humbly venture to think, a failure. Private governesses and tutors, whether they come by the day or as residents, are nowadays brilliantly educated women and men, intimately acquainted with and capable of teaching more subjects than I know the names of. English education has had its dark days, but I should think that, to-day, few except the most discontented critics would deny that it is equal to German education, and that the two systems are very easily first in the world. But in proportion as a teacher's work improves, his or her sphere of labour must contract. Their work, like all other good work, becomes specialised, their exact status in the house and family becomes more decidedly fixed, and their pay increases. You can find a hundred ladies to teach your little maid astronomy, Latin, logic, and other modern essentials; but will two out of this hundred see to it that her clothes are at once smart enough to please her mother, and warm enough to be wholesome? Will they return a decided refusal when her cousin calls to take the picturesque little person to an at-home for the third time that week, or when the Princess wants to carry her off to raffle dolls at a bazaar? Will they take her to a Cornish seaside village for six months and soothe her racked nerves when the bazaars and

at-homes have been conceded, and the inevitable end of all this business arrives? And will they do the same for the eight-year-old brother and the seven-year-old sister? How can you expect them to do such work? They have never studied it, and it has nothing whatever to do with their present difficult and exacting profession.

Apparently, then, we want another profession, the deputy-mother, the guardian with plenary powers, the mother's-help enlarged and glorified into a lady with authority over governess, nurse and dressmakers, with power to refuse the requests of aunts, and to send the Princess' carriage empty away. I know two such persons among the homes of my clients, and their work is a brilliant success. The two mothers here are, in their children's eyes, clever and beautiful and favourite playmates with whom they occasionally have tea and romp; the father (or uncle, as it is in one case) provides pocket-money, takes the party to the pantomime, chooses schools for the boys, buys guns, ponies and fishing-rods for the holidays, and joins their sport whenever he has time. I cannot describe the exact work of these ladies more simply than by saying that it is the doing of everything which I have described in these pages as being now left undone. If the new guardian could add to this a little elementary teaching it would be useful, but my idea—doubtless a very incoherent one—is that for educational purposes her little charge should either have a general day-governess or be taken the round of classes on different subjects, as is frequently done with children in London, and nearly always in Paris. To any one who may suggest that day-governesses are not procurable in the country, I can but reply that my proposal only applies (1) to intellectually busy women, and that these, in the nature of things, mostly live in towns; (2) to socially busy women, who probably live in London, and, if they have country houses besides, can obviously afford to engage a resident governess, and fit up rooms for her in the village or house, according to their joint pleasure. As regards the cost of this arrangement, a difficulty certainly presents

itself. For the position which I have attempted to describe, you must have a refined lady, with experience, resolute will, patience, tact, and a score of other qualities which, to put the matter plainly and coarsely, command a price in the market. When a daily governess, and a nurse and maid, and a school-bill for the boys have been added, the cost of two or three children has mounted up to a somewhat large sum. I can only repeat, however, that I am addressing this suggestion to persons who cannot or will not attend to their nurseries themselves, but quite recognise that such places require and merit attention, and are ready to do anything in reason to secure a proper amount of such attention. The matter may not be a pressing one, but it is not a fanciful difficulty. Numerically, these children are not of great importance; such a vast majority of small persons have got parents to look after them that these others seem comparatively but a small handful. But although, as a matter of numbers, they are "nobody much" (as a four-year-old friend of mine answered diffidently when she had knocked at her mother's study-door during forbidden hours and was asked sharply, "Who's there?") they are bound to have inherited rather more than an average amount of brains, and would appear therefore to merit a more than ordinary amount of attention.

EDWARD H. COOPER.

MAKSIM GORKY

IN the early autumn of 1892 a young man in a labourer's loose blouse entered the office of the journal *Kavkaz*, at Tiflis, and offered for insertion a MS. tale entitled "Makar Chudra." The neatly written MS., and the personality of the author, a tall, thin, pale youth with stooping shoulders and narrow chest, favourably impressed the editor, who at once read the MS. in the author's presence, took a fancy to it, and promised to print it in the following number of his paper.

"But there is no signature to the tale," he observed at the moment of parting.

"Print 'Maksim Gorky' at the bottom of it," said the youth in the workman's blouse.

"Your family, eh?" inquired the inquisitive editor.

"No; my family name is Aleksyei Pyeshkov, but I don't want to mix it up with this story."

Only eight years have since elapsed, and already the name of Maksim Gorky is a household word in Russia, from Archangel to the Crimea, and from Warsaw to Vladivostock, and more criticisms have been devoted to him than to any other Russian writer except Tolstoi. Opinions differ widely as to the quality of his talent, but none ventures to question its genuineness. At the very beginning of his career he is at the height of his fame. There can, however, be little doubt that Gorky's extraordinary popularity is due as much to curiosity as to admiration. A traveller from an unknown country, where

he is understood to have had strange experiences and endured terrible sufferings, is always sure of a sympathetic audience, and Maksim Gorky's early career is unique of its kind, as will be seen from the following sketch of his life, mainly taken from his autobiography.

Aleksyei Maksimovich Pyeshkov was born at Nizhny Novgorod on March 14, 1868. His father, an upholsterer by trade, died at Astrakhan when the lad was five, and four years later he lost his mother also, but not before he had learnt his letters from the Psalter and other church-service books. His grandfather, to whom he had been entrusted, apprenticed him to a cobbler; but the lad was by nature a rolling stone, and took charge of his own destiny at a very early age, becoming successively a mechanical-draughtsman's assistant, a gardener's help, and finally a turnspit on a river steamer. On the steamer he unexpectedly met with a friend in his master, the cook Smurny, a thoughtful, bookish man, who first taught young Pyeshkov to love literature. "Till the cook appeared," Gorky tells us, "I could not endure books, or, indeed, any scrap of printed paper—passports included." The cook's library was a somewhat miscellaneous collection, comprising the works of Gogol, Eckkarthausen and Glyeb Uspensky, together with "Lives of the Saints" and treatises on freemasonry; but it sufficed to give his disciple such "a mad desire for learning" that in the innocence of his heart he presented himself at the Kazan University, "fondly imagining that learning was there given gratis to every one who wanted it. This, it appeared, was not the case," he continues with pathetic irony, "so I entered a biscuit factory at 3 rubles (6s.) a month." But the labour, the heaviest he ever experienced, was too much for his feeble frame, and he was at last driven to sell apples in the streets of Kazan, saw timber, carry parcels, and do other odd jobs. So extreme indeed was his misery at this period (1888) that he tried to commit suicide. Fortunately the bullet struck no vital part, and as soon as he was on his legs again Gorky tried his luck at Tsaritsin as a railway-porter, would have entered the

army, but was rejected as physically unfit, and after selling Bavarian kvas in the streets of his native place, found a generous and sympathetic friend in the advocate A. I. Lanin, whose secretary he was for a time, and whose influence on his development was enormous.¹ But even now Gorky could not long remain still in one place. Quitting Lanin, he travelled on foot from Bessarabia to Tiflis, suffering unheard-of privations, and consorting with all manner of strange bedfellows, till he finally settled down at Nizhny, and became a regular contributor to the newspapers and magazines of the various Volgan cities. He now made the acquaintance of Korolenko, who had a decisive influence upon his career as an author, and helped to make him known in literary circles. The first of his stories which attracted general attention was *Chelkash*, undoubtedly one of the pearls of the Russian literature. A collection of all his scattered tales, in five volumes, is still in progress, and in 1900 appeared his first romance, *Thoma Gordyeev*.

Maksim Gorky is the poet and chronicler of the pariahs and the vagabonds of Russian civilisation, the poet and chronicler of those outcasts, from every rank of society, who stand altogether beyond the pale of law and order, and are generally regarded by the well-to-do, well-fed, respectable, members of the community with horror and loathing. Yet these people, though they form a class apart, are, to use Gorky's own words, "well worthy of attention, for they are ravenously hungry and thirsty, very wicked, and far from stupid." Gorky, indeed, is not the first Russian writer who has made the proletariat the object of his particular study. His principal predecessor, A. J. Levetov, in *Bezpechalny Narod* ("Careless Folks"), and many other stories, also went to the dregs of the population for his theme. But between the realism of Maksim Gorky and the realism of A. J. Levetov there is all the difference between drama and melodrama. The realism of the former is as genuine and convincing as the realism of Mr. George Gissing

¹ Yet the man who first urged him to turn author was A. M. Kalyuzhny, significantly described as "a person outside society."

in "The Nether World" and "New Grub Street," whereas the realism of Levetov is not without a semi-sentimental, exaggerated tinge, reminiscent of "The Jago," to take a familiar modern instance. Not but what Gorky, as we shall see presently, occasionally idealises his heroes, exalting them into *Übermenschen* or demigods, nay, in his very earliest work he is even romantic and artificial; but, as a rule (except when he falls a-dogmatising or ventures on symbolism), the grim, naked truth always confronts us in his best pages, truth, all the more impressive because unrelieved by a spark of humour or a gleam of tenderness.

Gorky is one of those rare geniuses whom life can teach, but books may spoil. This restless, expansive, elemental nature would have been stifled in the atmosphere of class and lecture-rooms. He was obeying the strongest instinct of his being when he chose the life of a tramp and a vagabond. A love of liberty in its widest, freest, sense is the cardinal point of his character. His feeling for Mother Nature is passionate in its intensity; her beauty, her grandeur, have an inexhaustible and overwhelming attraction for him. Take, for instance, the following characteristic description,¹ with its almost pantheistic force and fervour. The scene is a summer's night in Bessarabia, and the author, in the growing dusk, has been watching some Moldavian peasants returning home from the vineyards:

Some one began playing on a fiddle; . . . a girl sang in a soft contralto; there was a sound of laughter, and the imagination pictured all these sounds floating through the air, like a garland of parti-coloured ribbons, over the dark forms gradually being swallowed up by the deepening mist. The air was pregnant with the sharp scent of the sea, and the fat exhalations of the earth not long ago drenched with abundant rain; even now splendid fragments of cloud were roaming about the sky, clouds of strange shape and hue, here bluey-black or indigo azure and soft as balls of smoke, there dull black or cinnamon coloured and as sharply defined as sections of rock. And betwixt these cloudy fragments gleamed, magnificently, dark blue patches of sky adorned by the golden points of the stars.

And the whole scene—all these sounds and odours, clouds and crowds—

¹ From the tale *Starukha Izergil* ("Old Izergil").

was magically beautiful but melancholy, it seemed to be the beginning of some strange fairy-tale. All was wondrous and harmonious, but seemed to have been arrested in mid-growth and death-smitten; and there was so little noise, so little of the nervous din of life, bursting forth indeed sharply from time to time, but seeming to grow ever fainter and fainter, frequently breaking off and ceasing altogether, but ever growing remoter and dying into pitiful sighs of regret for something, may be for happiness, which is so evasive and so casual.

And as I surveyed the scene, all sorts of fantastic desires arose within me. I longed to be turned into dust and scattered in every direction by the wind. I longed to flow over the Steppes dissolved into a warm stream. I longed to be merged in the sea, and to breathe the sky in the shape of an opal mist. I longed to give the finishing touch in my own person to this beautifully melancholy evening, and therefore I was sad.

And his passion for absolute liberty accounts for another dominant characteristic of Gorky's, his passion for pure force; for, of course, only the strong can be really free. This worship of might in all its manifestations pervades Gorky from end to end, is invariably professed with brutal frankness, and often assumes bizarre forms enough. Take for instance the following glorification of force in its most material aspect, blind, mechanical, inert force. The passage, taken from the noble tale *Chelkash*, is in every way remarkable. It is a description of the dockyards at a Black Sea port.

Granite, iron, the stone haven, the vessels and the people—everything is uttering in mighty tones a madly passionate hymn to Mercury. But the voices of the people, weak and overborne, are scarce audible therein. And the people themselves, to whom all this hubbub is primarily due, are ridiculous and pitiful. Their little figures—dusty, strenuous, wriggling into and out of sight, bent double beneath the burden of heavy goods lying on their shoulders, beneath the burden of the labour of dragging these loads hither and thither in clouds of dust, in a sea of heat and racket—are so tiny and insignificant in comparison with the iron colossi surrounding them, in comparison with the loads of goods, the rumbling waggons, and all the other things which these same little creatures have made! Their own handiwork has subjugated and degraded them.

Standing by the quays, heavy, giant steamships are now whistling, now hissing, now deeply snorting, and in every sound given forth by them there seems to be a note of ironical contempt for the grey, dusty little figures of the people crowding about on the decks, and filling the deep holds with the

products of their slavish labour. Laughable even to tears are the long strings of dockyardmen, dragging after them tens of thousands of pounds of bread, and pitching them into the iron bellies of the vessels in order to earn a few pounds of that very same bread for their own stomachs—people, unfortunately, not made of iron and feeling the pangs of hunger. These hustled, sweating crowds, stupefied by weariness and by the racket and heat, and those powerful machines, made by these self-same people, basking, sleek and unruffled, in the sunshine—machines which, in the first instance, are set in motion, not by steam, but by the muscles and the blood of their makers—in such a juxtaposition there was a whole poem of cold and cruel irony.

The din is overwhelming, the dust torments the nostrils and blinds the eyes, the heat burns and exhausts the body, and everything around—the buildings, the people, the stone quays—seems to be on the stretch, full ripe, ready to burst, ready to lose all patience and explode in some grandiose catastrophe, like a volcano, and then one feels that one would be able to breathe more easily and freely in the refreshed air; one feels that then a stillness would reign upon the earth, and this dusty din, benumbing and irritating the nerves to the verge of melancholy mania, would vanish, and in the town and on the sea and in the sky everything would be calm, clear, and glorious. But it only seems so. One fancies it *would* be so, because man has not yet wearied of hoping for better things, and the wish to feel himself free has not altogether died away within him.

Notice that there is *some* compassion for the grey, dusty little figures. But it is distinctly contemptuous, and obviously Gorky thinks much more of the “iron colossi,” “the powerful machines basking, sleek and unruffled, in the sunshine,” than of the worms of earth that crawl about them. Extreme suffering either hardens or softens, and, evidently, Maksim Gorky emerged from ten years of horrible misery with the iron of rage and resentment biting deeply into his soul¹ and the ineradicable conviction that, in this world at any rate, might is always right and weakness always contemptible. Nay, he goes further still. With him might and morality are often synonymous terms, and *pecca fortiter!* seems to be his motto. Only be strong enough and you may do what you like and men will respect you. Let me take a few instances. In *Moi Sputnik* (“My Travelling Companion”) we are taught that the strong man is a law unto

¹ The very pseudonym he has adopted means “Maximus *Bitter*.”

himself, and the whole moral of the story seems to be that self-sacrifice is sheer stupidity. In *Na Plotakh* ("On the Barges") the hero, Silyan,¹ is a vigorous, healthy old pagan "with a large aptitude for life," who lives openly with his daughter-in-law, and thus flouts the timid remonstrances of his pious and sickly son, Metya. "Let them look, let them all look. I'm sinning, eh? All right. I know all about that. What then? . . . I overstep all bounds, do I? I know it. It's worth it. One can only live in this world once." And when Metya adjures him to abandon his sins he bids him be off or he will tear him to bits like a dirty rag. "I begot thee in order to torment thee, thou abortion," he cries. In another story, *Toska* ("Anguish"), the representative of goodness and morality is a poor teacher dying of consumption, in other words, a failure, while the strong and lusty hero, Kuzma Korysk, pursues the even tenour of his pleasant and prosperous way, through no end of fugitive *liaisons*, with all the impertinent nonchalance of a well-fed, vigorous young dog. Similarly, in Gorky's romance, *Thoma Gordyeev*, the hero fails miserably in life, simply because he has inherited an inconvenient dose of conscience from his Molokdne² mother, which disqualifies him from competing on equal terms with his fellows, the crafty merchants of the Volga. Even the wolves of life are preferable to the sheep because they better fulfil the conditions of existence. "Though we kill them we fear them," says Gorky, "they have claws and teeth for self-defence, and—the main thing—their hearts are softened by nothing. This last point is very important, for in order to triumph in the struggle for existence one ought to have much wisdom or the heart of a beast." Everything, therefore, which softens the heart or clogs the will is incompatible with the free exercise of power, with full animal enjoyment: hence Gorky's curious dislike of conscience, which he would eliminate from life altogether if possible. His views on this interesting subject are most clearly expressed in his famous characteristic of the titanic

¹ Strong.

² A sect similar to the Quakers.

Ignat Gordyeev, the father of Thoma Gordyeev, in the opening chapter of that story :

Built on heroic lines, handsome, and no fool, he was one of those men who succeed always and in everything—not because they are talented and industrious, but rather because, possessing an immense reserve of energy, they are not, and indeed cannot be, particular in the choice of the means necessary to their ends, and recognise no law but their own will.

Now and then, indeed, they speak with terror of their conscience ; at times even their struggle with it gives them torments ; but conscience is a power which only feeble souls find invincible. The strong are not so easily subjugated by it ; nay, they wield it according to their desires, for involuntarily they feel that, if once they give it space and freedom, it will break up their lives altogether.

The morality or immorality of this teaching does not here concern me, but it certainly has had a prejudicial effect upon Maksim Gorky as an artist, causing him far too often to magnify and idealise his scamps and loafers into Nietzschean Overmen. For that Gorky has studied the writings of Nietzsche there can be little doubt, though I am inclined to think he owes far less to that source than many Russian critics imagine. A generous indignation at the heartless way in which the world at large tramples upon its outcasts would, of itself, as L. E. Obolensky well remarks,¹ induce a sympathetic man of genius of their own class, who has lived among these reptiles and suffered with them, as Gorky has, to idealise the type, by way of indignant protest against the complacent tyranny of its oppressors.

The unhappy creatures immortalised by Maksim Gorky form a world of their own, and fall into several well-defined categories. First came the so-called *buivshie lyudi* or “have-beens,”² that is to say, persons who, from having occupied a recognised position in the world, have sunk into utter degradation, and are only too glad to hide their despair in the lowest sort of night lodging-house where common misery reduces them all to a dead level—the sort of people of whom

¹ *Talant Maksima Gor'kago.*

² *Lit.* “Those who have been.”

one of their own class, says (in the tale *Buivshie Lyudi*): "We live without any justification for living." There, for instance, is Sergeant Kuvalda, the watchman of the doss-house, a cynical philosopher and an incurable optimist to boot. There is the typical ex-tutor, an educated man with some business knowledge, feeling more keenly than the rest the wretchedness of the abyss in which he must end his days because he has no longer sufficient strength of will to renew the battle of life, and no hope of any change for the better. Children and vodka are now the only things in the world which interest him: children because they are still innocent and unspoilt, and vodka because it brings oblivion. And round these two central figures are grouped numerous other waifs and strays, every one of them depicted by a master-hand. It is all inexpressibly touching and life-like. The dreary philosophy of these poor *buivshie lyudi* is thus set forth with bitter irony by the ragamuffin Konovalov, the hero of another story:

We are a peculiar people and belong to no class. We should be reckoned with in a peculiar way; we want rigorous laws, very rigorous laws, which would root us out of life. For we are of no use, we only take up room, and stand in other people's way. Who owes us anything?—nay, we are guilty in our own eyes, guilty of being alive. Therefore we have no desire to live, and no feelings. An unlucky miasma exudes from me. When I draw near to a man I immediately contaminate him. I can only bring misery to every one I come in contact with. If you come to think of it, have I ever been satisfactory to any one all my life long? No, nobody has ever been satisfied with me. And yet I have had to do with a good many people. I am a human leper.

Gorky extends to the *buivshie lyudi* the same sort of contemptuous pity we have seen him give to the dock-workers: he has suffered with them and therefore understands their sufferings—but that is all. His real heroes, the men after his own heart, are the restless, voluntary vagabonds known as the *brodyagi*¹ or *bosaya komanda*,² who not only never have been, but are never likely to be, anything in this world.

One of the most curious phenomena in contemporary Russia

¹ Wanderers.

² The ragged brigade.

is that passion for vagabondage which undoubtedly prevails there. Still more curious is the involuntary reverence with which these houseless, thriftless vagabonds are regarded by the stationary and productive population as something superior to themselves, something in the nature of the traditional *bogatuiru* or heroes of popular song. Sympathy with suffering may have something to do with it, but Professor Maksimov explains¹ the circumstance as due partly to the traditions of the past history and exploits of the prototypes of these strange birds of prey, and partly to their own superior energy and individuality. It is a fact that long after Muscovy was welded into a homogeneous State, a small proportion of the Russian people preferred a life of adventurous vagabondage to more indolent comfort and dull prosperity, and in pursuit of their own enjoyment they accidentally rendered essential services to the Empire. It was they who colonised the North, subjugated Siberia, and prepared the way for the conquest of the Crimea and the South by their outposts and settlements on the Don and Dnieper, whence they disputed the possession of the steppes with the Turks and Tartars, and laid the foundations of the Cossack commonwealth. These irresponsible nomads still exist, but the march of civilisation and the appropriation of all the spare land have driven them beyond the limits of a society to whose usages they still refuse to conform, and they are now to be found only in out-of-the-way parts of the country or in the darkest holes and corners of great cities, whence they are recruited from the more desperate spirits of the submerged industrial population. Weariness of life combined with an untamable self-will, poles apart from any rational love of liberty, are the characteristics of these degenerate descendants of the free Cossacks. Gorky was, at one time, one of them in actual fact, and it is clear from all his *Razskazui* ("Tales") that his heart still goes out to them. By seizing and crystallising this strangely fascinating type just as it was at vanishing point, he has enlarged the domain of literature, and opened up to us a new world of ideas and impressions.

¹ In *Sibir i Katorga*.

The most vigorous and characteristic type of these *brodyagi* is Chelkash, the hero of the tale of the same name. This vulture of the steppe, ragged, barefooted, his dry bones and parchments skin exposed rather than protected by the tattered plush hose and the ragged cotton blouse in which he is huddled, is an habitual loafer, a confirmed toper, an adroit robber; yet sordid at heart he is not, for he values liberty above all things in the world, he would not part with it at any price, and we not only involuntarily respect him for it, but are made to feel the immense superiority of this poor outcast over the other chief character of the story, the plodding, relatively respectable, peasant Gabriel, whose hunger for land makes him humble himself for the sake of filthy lucre before even such a vagabond as Chelkash, whom in his shoddy little heart he despises. Another representative of the same type is Orlov in the story *Suprugui Orlovui*.¹ It is true that Orlov is a cobbler by trade, and therefore, necessarily, not an actual vagabond; but he is of the same kidney as Chelkash after all, for he values mere comfort and security not a rush. A ceaseless restlessness torments him. He is not content with a relatively happy life, an affectionate wife, a fairly good business. He has everything which a man of his class aspires to, and yet he is not happy. He is perpetually plagued with all manner of abstract questions such as, Why is there such a thing as life? In what does it consist? How shall I explain it? He wants something more than his narrow life—but what, he knows not. Freedom, enthusiasm, liberty, the larger life, are what this really superior spirit needs. For a moment there is a bright break in the dull monotony of his existence. He obtains, during an epidemic, a responsible post in a fever hospital, which none else dared to accept, and he is happy. He rises to the situation, his conduct is heroic, he receives a hero's reward, and then, when the danger is over, he is released and returns to his old monotonous "life in a ditch" as he calls it—and the man is ruined. He has tasted of a higher life, and

¹ "The Consorts Orlov."

can no longer reconcile himself to mere sordid insignificance. He is the victim of superior individuality. He becomes a drunkard, a wife-beater, a blackguard, from sheer *ennui*, and the end is tragical.

Nearly all Gorky's *razskazui* dwell upon this theme. Their central characters are restless seekers after absolute liberty, for the most part miserable, unfortunate creatures cursed with a superabundance of energy for which they have no adequate outlet, or perpetually and vainly on the look-out for a fulcrum to cling to. Always seeking something higher than the common lot, and never finding their proper place among their fellow men; always sighing after extraordinary exploits at the very moment when they are wallowing in the gutter, no wonder if they find existence insupportable and the world no place for them. Yet it is a great mistake to suppose that these heroes have any very high, definite ideals. Quite the contrary. Their energies are mostly destructive, and an absorbing egotism is nearly always the pivot of their superabundant individuality. They have no love whatever for mankind at large, and would obliterate everything which obstructs their personal liberty, while liberty itself means, with them, absolute licence. Orlov, one of the best of them, would smash the whole world to bits, and "collect together all the merchants and Jews in it in order to cut them down to the last man." Another character wishes to see all the world at his feet that he may spit upon and revile it. For the pacific, stationary, conservative *muzhik*, rooted to the soil and content to live upon it, these *brodyagi* naturally have an intense, an almost insane loathing, and not only rejoice at his hardships and sufferings, but would gladly add to them if they could.

There is, of course, exaggeration in all this, and it is not without reason that Gorky has been reproached for making his *brodyagi* monstrous creatures—not merely vagabonds and loafers, but *nietzchian*, "Over-vagabonds" and "Over-loafers," if the expressions may pass. He is at his best, I think, when he discards philosophy altogether, and simply embodies actual

experiences in his stories as, for instance, in *Zazubrina* and *Dvadtsat' shest i Odna* ("Twenty-six of Us and a Woman").

Zazubrina, a perfect gem of vivid yet restrained realism, is a most harrowing tale, although the victim is but a plump yellow kitten whose friendly ways and merry tricks delight the sad hearts of a gang of convicts employed as navvies, whom it accompanies every day to their work, returning with them in the evening. Unfortunately this feline wag has unconsciously wounded the susceptibilities of a rival artist, the convict *Zazubrina*, who, until pussy's arrival on the scene, was the exclusively recognised humorist of the prison-yard. Now, however, he is left moping in a corner while the sportive kitten monopolises the general attention and applause. But *Zazubrina* recovers his prestige and his popularity at the same time, by an ingenious idea worthy of his past reputation. He invents an entirely original joke. "Let us paint the kitten *green*," he says. The insidious proposal is heedlessly and instantly acted upon. Puss is thrown into a pot of green paint by her former admirers, while *Zazubrina* comically declaims over his fallen rival. But the sufferings of the poor little animal are no sooner realised than a revulsion of feeling ensues in its favour, and the navvies turn on *Zazubrina* and almost beat him to death.

Still more pathetic is *Dvadtsat' shest i Odna*, obviously a reminiscence from Gorky's biscuit-factory days. Six and twenty wretched bakers work day and night in a dark, hot, stifling baking-cellar. The sole ray of light which relieves their gloom is the occasional visit of a pretty young milliner who trips slyly every day up to their grating and chirps like a little bird: "Prisoners, prisoners, give me a cake." They give her the cakes at the imminent risk of detection, and idealise the bright visitant who thus wings her flight to them in their misery till in their loving eyes she assumes angelic, saintly proportions. And then their ideal fails them—she forsakes and even reviles them for the sake of the moustache of a handsome, commonplace sergeant, and the one ray of happiness which lit up the wretched existence of the six and twenty bakers has gone

for ever. The tale is simple enough, but it makes one's heart bleed to read it.

Gorky's latest and most ambitious work is *Thoma Gordyeev*, which appeared in 1900 and has already been translated into all the principal languages of Europe, English, so far, excepted. The scene of the story is the Volga, the characters are all taken from the merchant class, and those who desire to know what manner of man the native Russian merchant really is, cannot do better than study the pages of *Thoma Gordyeev*, where the Muscovite trader who has amassed, or is amassing, his millions is depicted to the life by the nervous, unfaltering hand of a great master of strong effects and brilliant colouring. There are in the same book vivid descriptions of river life and scenery unsurpassed by any living European writer. One feels that Gorky has done for the Volga what Jókai has done for the Danube and Mikszáth for the Theiss—it runs through his pages almost like a real, sentient creature, and dominates the whole story. But *Thoma Gordyeev* is far too long, at least half of it might very advantageously have been omitted. We are wearied to death by endless philosophising, sermonising, and dogmatising about all things in heaven and earth and under the earth. The feeble, impossible hero is a persistent drag upon the narrative; second-hand Nietzscheanism is rampant throughout, and, oddly enough, the religious influences which play so large a part in Russian middle-class life are represented as practically non-existent. Mr. Pyeshkov doubtless knows, far better than I do, that the prototype of Thoma's father, the astute, grasping, violent, despotic merchant prince, Ignat Gordyeev, was a real person, the well-known Volgan shipowner and self-made millionaire, Gordyei Chernov, who, not so very long ago, died a monk in the monastery of Athos, after freely abandoning, in the very heyday of his envied prosperity, a fabulous fortune and a world-wide influence in obedience to a higher call. Yet in *Thoma Gordyeev* Mammon is represented as absolutely supreme, and Christianity as little more than an effete anachronism!

R. NISBET BAIN.

MAKAR CHUDRA

A DAMP cold wind was blowing from the sea, carrying all across the steppe the dreamy melody of the waves breaking over the shore and the murmur of the bushes that grew near it. Sometimes gusts of wind would bring cold withered yellow leaves and throw them on the fire, making it burn brighter, so that the darkness of the autumn night, as if frightened, would shrink farther away, and show for a moment on the left side the boundless steppe, on the right the boundless sea, and right opposite me the massive figure of Makar Chudra, the old gipsy, who was guarding the horses of his camp that lay spread out some fifty feet from us.

Without paying the slightest attention to the fact that cold gusts of wind opening his tchekmen¹ left his bronzed hairy breast naked, and pitilessly beat against it, he reclined in a pose full of grace, freedom, and strength with his face turned to me; and puffing at his immense pipe let great clouds of smoke pass through his nose and mouth, and with his eyes fixed somewhere over my head in the deathly silent darkness of the steppe, he talked to me without stopping and without making a single movement to shield himself from the strong gusts of the wind.

“And so you tramp along? That’s good. You have chosen a glorious part, my hawk! That’s right. Go and look; have you looked enough, lie down and die—that’s all!”

¹ *Tchekmen*, a kind of Caucasian overcoat.

“Life! Other people!” he continued sceptically, after having listened to my remonstrance against his “that’s right.”

“And what is that to you? Are you not ‘life’ yourself? Other people live without you, and without you they will die. Do you believe that anybody wants you? You are neither bread nor stick, so you can’t be wanted. You say: to teach and to be taught! Do you really believe you can learn how to make people happy? No, you cannot. Get grey hairs before you speak about it. You want to teach! but what? Every one knows what he wants. The clever ones take what they can and the others get nothing, and every one can only be taught by himself.

“They are funny, your people. They crowd in one place, crushing one another, when there is so much space on the earth!”—he made a large movement with his arm to show the steppe—“and they always work! why? For whom? nobody knows. You look when a man is ploughing and you think: he is dropping a bit of his life into the earth with every drop of perspiration, and when life is done he will lie down and rot in it. Nothing will remain of him; he has seen nothing beyond his field and dies as he was born, a fool. Is he really born only to pick the earth a little, and then to die without even having had time to pick a grave for himself? Does he know freedom? Does he understand what the width of the steppe means? Does the murmur of the waves gladden his heart? Eh! he is a slave from the moment of his birth, and remains a slave all his life! What can he do for himself? Only hang himself if he gets cleverer. And now look at me, in fifty-eight years I have seen so much, that if it were written on paper a thousand sacks such as yours would not hold it. Where do you think, in what countries, have I been? You can’t tell! You do not even know the names of the countries where I have been! That’s the way to live; to go on and on—to the end. Don’t stay long in one place—what is there in it? As day and night are running for ever one after the other round the earth, so you must run away from thoughts of life in order

not to cease loving it. But once you begin to be thoughtful you'll cease to care for life, it always happens so. It happened so with me too. Eh! yes, once with me too, my hawk. It was when I was in prison in Galicia. Why do I live? thought I, out of sheer dullness, for it is very dull sitting in prison, my hawk! oh, how dull! and anguish seized my heart when I looked on the fields out of the window, seized it and held it firmly. Who shall say why he lives? No one, my hawk! And you must not ask yourself; only live, and go about and look at things, and anguish will not come near you. I nearly strangled myself with my sash then! I talked once with a man—a strict man, one of your Russians. You must live, said he, not as you wish yourself, but as it is told in the Scriptures. Submit yourself to the will of God, and He will give you everything you ask for. And he himself was all in rags. So I told him to ask for a new coat, but he grew angry and sent me away, swearing at me. And just before that he had been telling me that all people must love one another and forgive injuries. Now was the moment to forgive me if I had offended his mightiness. A teacher too! They teach one to eat less, and themselves eat ten times in the day."

He spat in the fire and grew silent stuffing his pipe. The wind was moaning plaintively and low. The horses were neighing in the darkness, and from the camp of the gipsies came floating to us the tender and passionate accents of a song. That was beautiful Nonka who sang, Makar's daughter. I knew her voice well with its full rich tones that sounded always so strangely dissatisfied and exacting—whether she sang or simply said "Good morning." On her dark face was stamped the haughtiness of a queen, and in her dark brown eyes, always partly veiled as if by a shadow, flashed the consciousness of the charm and irresistibility of her beauty and disdain of everything that was not herself.

Makar offered me his pipe.

"Have a smoke? Doesn't the girl sing well? Yes. Would you like to be loved by one like her?"

“No.”

“Well, you are right. Stick to that. Don't believe in women and keep at a distance from them. A girl delights more in kisses than I find pleasure in smoking my pipe—but once you have kissed her, freedom dies in your heart. She will tie you to herself with something invisible and not to be torn asunder, and you'll give away your whole soul to her and keep nothing for yourself. It's true, beware of girls! They always lie. 'I love you more than the whole world,' they say, but try to prick them with a needle; they'll tear out your heart. I know that. Oh! I know much. Well, my hawk, you want to hear something that happened not long ago? And don't forget it, and that remembrance will help to keep you free as the birds in the air.

“There lived once a young gipsy named Nobar, Loïko Nobar. All Hungary and Bohemia and Slavonia, and all the country round the sea knew him—he was a bold fellow! There was not a village in those parts where there were not five or six persons who had vowed to kill Loïko, but he lived on, and if he took a fancy to a horse you could put a regiment to guard it—it didn't matter, you were sure to see Nobar caracoling on it. Eh! as if he feared anybody! Even if Satan had come to him with all his train, if he had not thrown his knife at him surely he would have sworn badly enough, and as to the devils—why! he would have bored their ears, that's sure enough! And all the gipsy camps knew him or had heard about him. He loved only horses and nothing else, and not even them for long—he would ride a horse and then sell it, and everybody was welcome to the money who wanted it. He had nothing that he kept for himself—would you have had his heart, he would have torn it from his breast and given it to you. There! that's how he was, my hawk!

“Our camp was wandering on the banks of Boukowino at that time—it was ten years ago. Once, I remember it was during a spring night, we were sitting: I and Daniel the soldier that had been fighting with Koshout and the

old Noor and all the rest of them, and Radda, Daniel's daughter.

"You know my Nonka? She is a queen among girls! But you can't compare her to Radda—that would be too much honour to Nonka! But you could not describe Radda with words. Perhaps her beauty could be played on a violin, but that too, only by somebody who knows his violin as his own soul.

"Many brave fellows' hearts had she scorched, oh, a great many. Once in Moravia an old magnate saw her and was struck. He was sitting on his horse and trembling as in a burning fever. Handsome he was like the devil on a feast day, his joupan¹ was all embroidered with gold, at his side his sword flashed like lightning every time his horse stamped his foot . . . the whole sword was covered with precious stones, and the blue velvet on the top of his hat was like a piece of the sky—he was a fine fellow this old lord! He gazed and gazed at her and said: 'Kiss me, young girl, and thou shalt get a purse full of gold!' But she haughtily turned her head aside. 'Forgive me if I've offended thee, only look more graciously,' said he, at once becoming humbler, and flung his purse at her feet—a big purse, my brother! But she only pushed it with her foot into the mud as if not seeing it, and that's all the answer he got. He groaned and lashed his horse so that only the dust stood out like a cloud.

"And next day he came again. 'Who is her father?' rolled like thunder through the camp. Daniel stood out. 'Sell thy daughter; take as much as thou wilt!' But Daniel answered: 'It is only lords that sell everything, from their pigs to their conscience; but I have fought with Koshout, and do not trade in anything!' The other yelled out and clutched at his sword, but one of us thrust a piece of lighted tinder in his horse's ear, and off it flew with his rider. And we took our tents and moved away from the place.

"We tramped on, one day, two days, when, look, he had

¹ A kind of coat worn in Russia Minor.

overtaken us! 'There, you fellows,' he said, 'my conscience is clear before God and before you. Give me the girl to be my wife, and everything I have I'll divide with you; my riches are great!' He was as if consumed by fire, and waving on his saddle like feather grass touched by the wind. We grew thoughtful. 'Well, daughter, answer,' said Daniel. 'If a she-eagle came by her own will into a crow's nest, what would she become?' asked Radda. Daniel laughed, and we all laughed with him. 'Well answered, daughter! Thou hast heard, my lord. It can't be. Look for doves, they are more yielding.' And we went our way. And that lord seized his hat, dashed it on the ground, and galloped away, so that the earth shook.

"There now! that's how Radda was, my hawk! Yes, so we were sitting on that night when hark, there came music floating from the steppe, glorious music! It made your blood boil in your veins, and seemed to call you somewhere. That music—we all felt it made us wish for something after which life itself would be useless, or if still lived on, it would be as the life of kings over all the earth—that was the kind of music, my hawk.

"And it came nearer and nearer. And out of the darkness came a horse with a rider, who went on playing as he approached. He stopped before the fire, ceased playing, and looked down at us, smiling. 'It's thou, Nobar,' joyfully exclaimed Daniel. So that was Loïko Nobar! His moustache mingled with his raven black locks that lay on his shoulders, his eyes shone like stars, and his smile was like sunshine, I vow. He seemed to be forged out of the same single piece of iron as his horse; and in the red light of the fire he stood smiling and showing his white teeth. Well, if I did not love him already as much as myself before he told me a word or even remarked my presence!

"There are such people in the world, my hawk. They have but to look in your eyes to make you their slaves and you don't feel ashamed of it, but proud as kings. With such people you feel you grow better yourself immediately. But there are very few such! And so much the better, isn't it?

The good would not be counted good any more if it were not so rare. But listen further!

“Radda said: ‘Thou playest well, Loïko! Who made for thee a violin so sounding and sensitive?’ And he laughing—‘I made it myself! and I made it not out of wood but of the breast of a young girl I loved, and the strings were twisted by me out of her heart. It plays false sometimes, my fiddle, but it does not matter, I know how to wield the bow. See.’

“You know a fellow always wants to blind a girl’s eyes so that they do not burn his heart, and that’s why Loïko spoke like that—but he counted without his host. Radda turned, yawned, and said: ‘And I had always heard that Nobar was clever and skilful; how people lie!’ and went away. ‘Eh! my beauty, thy teeth are sharp.’ Loïko’s eyes flashed and he jumped from his horse. ‘Good evening, brothers, I have come to you!’

“‘An eagle is a welcome guest!’ was Daniel’s answer to him. They kissed, talked a little, and then everybody went to sleep. We slept soundly. And in the morning we see that Nobar has his head tied up. What’s that? Eh, that’s a horse that kicked him when he slept.

“Eh! Eh! Eh! We understood who that horse was and smiled in our moustaches, and Daniel smiled too. What, was not Loïko Radda’s equal? Well, no! A girl, even the best, has but a narrow shallow soul, and even if you put a hundred stones of gold round her neck she won’t be any better. Well, we went on living at that place; we did good business at that time and Nobar remained with us. That was a man! Wise like an old man, and knowing everything, even how to read and write in Russian and Hungarian! Sometimes when he began talking you would discard sleep and listen for ever! And when he played! may lightning strike me if anybody has ever played before as Nobar played! He would touch the strings with his bow and your heart would tremble, he would touch them a second time and it would sink away listening, and he played on and smiled. You would like to cry and to laugh

listening to his songs. Now, it seems, somebody is moaning, bitterly moaning, crying for help, and it cuts your heart as with a knife. And now the steppe is telling fairy tales to the sky, such quiet sad tales! Now a young girl is crying at parting with her sweetheart! Now the sweetheart is calling to her to meet him on the steppe. And suddenly—hey! like the roll of thunder sounds the free lively song, and it seems the sun itself is going to dance in the heavens to that song! Every vein in your body responded to it, and the whole of yourself got under its dominion. And if Loïko had cried at that moment: 'To your knives, brothers,' we would have marched with our knives wherever he wanted us to. He could do anything with a man and everybody loved him, loved him truly; only Radda alone turned away from the young man; and not only that, but mocked at him. Strongly had she touched his heart, very strongly. He gnashed his teeth, pulling his moustache, did Loïko, and his eyes looked darker than an abyss, and sometimes you would see in them flashes that would make you afraid for his soul. In the night he would go far away on the steppe, the brave Loïko, and till morning you could hear his violin crying, crying and burying Nobar's freedom. And we would lie listening and thinking; 'what can be done?' But we knew that nothing could be done; for when two stones roll one against the other you must not stand between if you do not want to be crushed. So time went on.

"Once we sat all of us talking about business. It grew tedious, and Daniel, he turned to Loïko: 'Sing us a song, Nobar, cheer our souls!' Nobar looked to where Radda was lying face upwards gazing at the sky, and struck the strings with his bow. The violin began to speak just as if it were truly a girl's heart, and Loïko began his song:

" 'Hey, hop! fire is burning in my breast,
And the steppe is so wide!
My horse is swift as the wind,
And firm is my hand.'

“ At that moment Radda turned her head to him and, getting up, looked in his face with a smile. He flushed all over but went on :

“ ‘ Hey, hop, hey ! well, comrade, come !
Let's gallop all away.
The steppe is covered with mist
And the dawn waits for us !
Hey ! hop ! Let's fly and meet the day !
Soar as high as you can,
Only don't touch with your horse's mane
The beautiful moon.' ”

“ How he sang ! nobody can sing like that now ! And Radda said, letting fall each word slowly and deliberately : ‘ Thou oughtst not to soar so high, Loïko, for thou mayest fall in the mud and dirty thy moustaches ; look to it.' ”

“ Fiercely Loïko looked at her, but did not say a word, and went on singing :

“ ‘ Hey ! hop ! if the day comes to us
And finds us asleep
Eh ! What shall we do then ?
We shall burn in the fire of shame.' ”

“ ‘ There's a song,' said Daniel, ‘ I never heard such a song before ; let Satan make a pipe out of me if I don't speak the truth ! ’ The old Noor was moving his moustaches and shrugging his shoulders in sign of satisfaction, and we all enjoyed Nobar's bold song. Only Radda did not like it. ‘ Once a mosquito droned trying to mimic the eagle's cry,' said she, as if she had thrown cold water over us. ‘ Perhaps thou wantst to feel the whip, Radda ? ’ said Daniel, moving towards her ; but Nobar threw his cap on the ground and spoke, looking black as thunder. ‘ Stop, Daniel ! For a fiery horse a curb of steel ! Give me thy daughter for wife ! ’ ‘ What a speech to make,' said Daniel with a smile. ‘ Take her if thou canst and wilt ! ’ ‘ All right ! ’ answered Loïko, and turned to Radda : ‘ Now hear me, young girl, and don't puff thyself up. Many girls have I seen, a great many, but not one has touched my heart as thou hast done. Radda, thou

hast taken hold of my soul. What is there to do? What is written must be . . . and there is no horse that can carry thee away from thyself! . . . I take thee to wife before God, my honour, thy father and all these people. Only take care, do not cross my will—I am a freeman yet and will live as I will!’ and he came near her, his teeth set and his eyes flashing. We looked; he stretched out his hand; now, we thought, has Radda put a bridle on the horse of the steppe. When suddenly we saw him swing his arms upwards and fall down on his back! . . .

“What could it be? it seemed as if a bullet had hit him right in the breast. And that was simply Radda who had caught his feet in the big leathern whip and pulled it to her—that was why Loïko fell.

“And the girl stretched herself out again and lay silent, smiling to herself. We were waiting for what was coming next, but Loïko sat clutching his head hard as if he were afraid it would burst. Then he stood up quietly and went away on the steppe without looking at anybody. Noor whispered to me: ‘Go, look after him!’ and I crept after Nobar on the steppe in the darkness of the night.”

Makar knocked out the ashes from his pipe and began to fill it again. I wrapped myself closer in my tchekmen, and looked at his old face tanned by exposure to the sun and wind. He was sternly shaking his head and muttering something to himself; his thick grey moustache was moving and the wind was beating the hair on his head. He looked like an old oak that the lightning had struck, but still grand, powerful, and proud of his strength. The sea went on whispering with the shore, and the wind went on carrying those whispers all over the steppe. Nonka had ceased singing, and the clouds that had gathered made the autumn night still darker and more dismal.

“Loïko went slowly with his head down and his arms hanging inertly at his side, and coming to the bank of the river he sat down on a stone and groaned. Groaned so that my

heart bled in pity for him, but I did not come near him. What grief can be helped by words? Is it not so? One hour he sat, two hours, three—without moving, and I lay at a little distance from him. The night was clear, the moon overflowing with silver the whole steppe, and you could see at a great distance.

“Suddenly whom do I see coming quickly from the camp but Radda herself. My heart was gladdened. ‘Ay,’ thought I, ‘she is the right sort of girl is Radda.’ Now she came up to him quite close, but he did not hear. She put her hand on his shoulder; Loïko started, unclenched his hands, lifted up his head, and seeing her jumped up and seized his knife. ‘Oh!’ thought I, ‘surely he’ll murder the girl,’ and I wanted to run up to them and to give a shout to the camp, when I heard: ‘Leave that, Loïko, or I’ll smash thy head!’ And I see in Radda’s hand a pistol, and she is pointing it at his head. A she-devil that girl! Now I see they are equally strong, what’s going to happen next?”

“Listen! Radda put her pistol in her belt, and said to Nobar: ‘I did not come here to kill thee, but to make peace; throw down thy knife!’ He threw it, and looked gloomily in her eyes. A wonderful thing, brother, to see two people looking daggers at each other, and both so splendid and bold. And only the moon and I looking at them. ‘Now, hear me, Loïko,’ said Radda, ‘I love thee!’ but he only made a movement with his shoulders as if his hands and feet were tied. ‘I have seen fine fellows, but none of them was so splendid of body and soul as thou. Each one of them would let his moustache be shaved if I would only look at him—they would grovel at my feet if I wanted it, but I don’t. They are not bold fellows as it is, and I should only make women of them. Few bold tzigans¹ are left in the world, Loïko, very few; I never loved any one, Loïko, but I love thee, and I love freedom. My freedom, Loïko, I love more than thee, but I could not live without thee, as thou canst not live without

¹ Gipsies.

me, and so I want thee to be mine, body and soul. Dost thou hear?’

“The other smiled grimly. ‘Oh yes, I hear. It gladdens the heart to hear thee. Well, go on.’ ‘Well, what I want to say is that, do what thou wilt, thou shalt not escape me, Loïko, thou shalt be mine. So don’t lose time—my kisses and caresses wait for thee . . . deep will my kisses be, Loïko. Those kisses shall make thee forget thy free life . . . and thy bold songs that gladden the hearts of the brave tzigans will not be heard on the steppe any longer; and thou shalt sing only tender love songs to me, to thy Radda. . . . So don’t lose time any more. I have said, so to-morrow thou must submit thyself to me as to an elder brother. Thou shalt bow to my feet before the whole camp, and kiss my right hand, and then only shall I be thy wife.’

“That’s what she wanted, that devil of a girl! An unheard-of thing; only in olden times in Montenegro, say our elders, such was the custom, but between the gipsies—never. Well, my hawk, try to invent something more absurd than that! If thou plaguest thy head a whole year thou wouldst not find anything!

“Loïko sprang aside with a cry as of a wounded creature, that resounded all through the steppe. Radda shuddered but did not give way. ‘Well, good-bye, and to-morrow thou shalt do as I ordered thee. Dost thou hear, Loïko?’ ‘I hear, I will,’ moaned Nobar, and stretched his arms to her; but she did not even turn to him, and he wavered like a tree broken in a storm, and fell down on the earth laughing and crying.

“To what a state had she brought him, that cursed Radda! I had all the work in the world to bring him to himself. Eh! but who is the devil that delights in human woe I should like to know? Who is it that loves to hear how moans and breaks a human heart? Think about that! . . . I came back to the camp and told everything to the elders. They thought it out, and decided to wait and see what would happen. And what happened was this. In the evening when we all assembled

round the fire Loïko came too. He looked troubled, and in one night had grown frightfully thin. His eyes were sunken; he did not lift them up when he began speaking to us. 'My brothers, I looked in my heart last night and did not find in it room for my old free life. Only Radda lives there alone. There she is, the beautiful Radda, smiling like a queen! She loves her freedom more than me, and I love her more than my freedom, and I have decided to bow to her feet as she has commanded, so that every one may see how her beauty has enslaved the bold Loïko Nobar, who to this time has only played with young girls; and after that she will be my wife, and will caress and kiss me, so that I shall not want to sing any more, and shall not regret my freedom. Is it not so, Radda?' He lifted his eyes and looked at her darkly. Silently and rigidly she nodded, and pointed to her feet. And we looked on and could not understand. We wanted to run away somewhere only not to see how Loïko Nobar would fall at the feet of a girl—were that girl Radda herself. We felt ashamed and sad and sorry. 'Well!' cried Radda to Nobar. 'Eh! Eh! don't hurry, time enough, it will bore thee yet' . . . laughed he. As if steel had clashed—he laughed. 'So that is the whole story, brothers. What is left? There is left only to try if my Radda's heart is as strong as she showed it to me. So I'll try. Forgive me brothers.'

"Before we could guess what Nobar wanted to do, Radda was lying on the ground and in her breast was stuck to the hilt Loïko's crooked knife. We stood benumbed. And Radda seized the knife, drew it from her breast and throwing it away stopped the bleeding of her wound with a tress of her black hair, and smiling, said loudly and distinctly: 'Good-bye, Loïko. I knew thou would'st do it!' and died.

"Have you understood the girl, my hawk? She was a devilish girl, I am damned if she wasn't. 'Eh! but let me bow to thy feet, my proud queen!' shouted Loïko, and throwing himself on the ground he pressed his lips to the feet of the dead Radda. We took off our hats and stood silently.

“What do you say to that, my hawk? Noor said: ‘He ought to be tied.’ But no one would lift a hand to tie Loïko Nobar, no one; and Noor knew that. So he only waved his hand resignedly and moved away. And Daniel picked up the knife that Radda had thrown aside and looked at it a long time, moving his grey moustaches; on that knife Radda’s warm blood had not yet had time to cool, and it was so crooked and sharp. And then Daniel came to Nobar and thrust the knife in his back just opposite the heart. After all he was Radda’s father, was the old soldier Daniel! ‘That’s right,’ said Loïko serenely, turning to Daniel, and went off after Radda.

“And we stood looking on. Radda was lying holding her hair pressed to her breast and her open eyes were fixed on the blue sky and at her feet lay stretched out the bold Loïko Nobar. His locks had fallen on his face so that you could not see it.

“We stood there in deep thought. Old Daniel’s moustaches were trembling and his bushy eyebrows were knit. He looked at the sky silently, and Noor, whose hair was white as snow, lay down face to the ground and sobbed so that his old shoulders heaved violently.

“There was reason for crying, my hawk, wasn’t there? If you have chosen your path in life, then go. Don’t turn aside. Go straight. That’s all, my hawk!” Makar finished speaking, and hiding his pipe in his pouch crossed his tchekmen over his breast. It was beginning to rain: the wind grew stronger and the sea was roaring dully and angrily. One after the other the horses came round the sinking fire, and after having looked at us with their big, intelligent eyes stopped there surrounding us with a ring.

“Hop, hop!” Makar addressed them caressingly, and patted his favourite black horse on the neck, and turning to me said: “It’s time to go to sleep”; wrapped himself with his head in his tchekmen and stretching himself out, lay quietly. But I had no wish to sleep. I gazed through the darkness of the steppe to the sea, and before my eyes floated the queenly

beautiful and haughty figure of Radda. She had pressed her hand with the tress of her black hair to her wound and between her slender fingers the blood was oozing drop by drop and falling on the earth like fiery red stars.

And behind her came the bold fellow Loïko Nobar; his face was covered with his thick black locks, and behind them tears were dropping, thick and cold and large tears. . . .

The rain grew stronger and the sea was singing a solemn and triumphal dirge for the proud couple of handsome gipsies—for Loïko Nobar and for Radda, the daughter of the old soldier Daniel.

And they were turning round and round in the darkness of the night lightly and silently and it was impossible for the beautiful singer Loïko to come up to the proud Radda's level. . . .

MAKSIM GORKY.

(Translated from the Russian by M. MOJAYSKY.)

THE HAPPY VALLEY

NO common road invades this narrow glen,
Little it gives or takes of this world's spoil ;
Enough for these slow-footed husbandmen
And their unhasting toil
The silent track across the grass,
Where waggons indolently pass
With aching axle straining home,
And crush with deep-sunk wheels a fragrance from the
loam.

The moss-grown gate to the first comer yields,
And from the staple hangs the rusty chain ;
And cattle moving homeward from the fields
At evening, or in rain
Blowing abroad a fragrant cloud
Of breath, about the gateway crowd
And lick their flanks and knead the mire,
Until the loitering hind shall drive them to the byre.

Large is the leisure of their peaceful days ;
For summer is a dream of flowers and bees,
Till autumn puts forth lengthening ivy sprays,
And from the orchard trees
With golden apples falling one by one
Counts the slow lapsing hours till all be done,
And winter tempests turned to sleep
Safe 'neath the shining stars the Happy Valley keep.

Small is the homestead, and a vapour thin
Thriftily oozes from the chimney stack ;
Behind, the high-roofed granaries hem it in
All orange-tiled and black ;
Like silent barges pilèd high
With golden grain, that moveless lie
About the craft, whose fires run low
Had power to draw them there but may no farther go.

O track too little for an empire's wheels,
Too humble for the gorgeous car of state,
All Heaven-high thoughts that human spirit feels
Find entrance at thy gate :

Thy lowly hills blot out the sea ;
Wealth, power, contention, victory,
These perish and thou know'st not these ;
Yet God dwells in thee here among thy flowers and
trees.

PERCIVAL FORD.