

138B

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CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

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## INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
BAILEY, H. C. . . . .	Beaujeu (Chaps. XXXIII.-XXXIX.) Oct. 143
	<i>(Concluded)</i> Nov. 156
BEALE, MISS SOPHIA . . . . .	Punic Sculpture in the Lavagerie Museum of S. Louis at Carthage . . . . . Nov. 85
BENSON, ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER . . . . .	Public School Education . . . . . Dec. 31
BRIGHT, CHARLES, F.R.S.E. . . . .	Imperial Consolidation by Telegraphy Oct. 104
CARTWRIGHT, JULIA (MRS. ADY) . . . . .	A Tomb at Ravenna . . . . . Oct. 85
CLAY, SIR ARTHUR T. F., BART. . . . .	The Unemployed and the Unem- ployed Workmen Act . . . . . Dec. 78
CLERKE, MISS A. M. . . . .	Evolution in the Heavens . . . . . Oct. 29
"COLONIENSIS" . . . . .	The Seamy Side of the Alliance . . . . . Nov. 1
COPE CORNFORD, L. . . . .	The Imperial German Navy . . . . . Oct. 48
DILKE, RT. HON. SIR CHARLES WENT- WORTH, BART., M.P. . . . .	The British Frontier towards Russia Dec. 9
"EX-NON-COM." . . . . .	Individualism in the Ranks . . . . . Dec. 103
FELLOWS, ALFRED . . . . .	Forbidden Marriages and Inter- national Law . . . . . Dec. 108
FRANCILLON, R.E. . . . .	Underground Jacobitism . . . . . Dec. 17
GREGORY, LADY . . . . .	Living Legends of the Saints . . . . . Nov. 63
HAMILTON HOARE, H. N. . . . .	Notes on Charity Organisation . . . . . Nov. 142
HART-DAVIES, T. . . . .	The Khunapur Murder . . . . . Dec. 113
HOGARTH, D. G. . . . .	The History of the Cretan Discontent Oct. 118
HOLLANDER, BERNARD, M.D. . . . .	The Asylum Treatment of Insane Nov. 115
HUTTON, EDWARD . . . . .	Italian Painting in the Prado Gallery Dec. 50
IVES, HERBERT . . . . .	William Blake at Felpham . . . . . Nov. 123
JERROLD, LAURENCE . . . . .	"Monsieur Parapluie" . . . . . Nov. 130
JOHNSTON, SIR HARRY HAMILTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. . . . .	The Anglo-French Agreement and What it may lead to . . . . . Dec. 1
LAWLESS, HON. EMILY . . . . .	Yet Wherefore . . . . . Oct. 1

	PAGE
LAWRENCE, C. E. . . . .	In the Astral Arden . . . . Oct. 96
" LEMON GREY " . . . . .	By an Irish Stream . . . . Oct. 111
MARZIALS, SIR FRANK T., C.B. . . . .	The Lark . . . . . Dec. 122
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN . . . . .	To the Lamp-bearers . . . . Dec. 44
PRATT, E. A. . . . .	Workmen's Trains . . . . Oct. 130
SOLANO, E. JOHN . . . . .	India and Imperial Control . . Oct. 7
" " . . . . .	The World Influence of Britain and Japan . . . . . Nov. 11
STAPLETON, STEPHEN . . . . .	Society Journalism . . . . Nov. 102
SYMONS, ARTHUR . . . . .	Pisa . . . . . Oct. 39
" " . . . . .	Charles Lamb . . . . . Nov. 38
TOZER, BASIL . . . . .	The Decay of Self-control . . Nov. 92
" V. " . . . . .	The Naval Power of Germany . . Oct. 68
VACHELL, HORACE ANNESLEY . . . . .	A Face of Clay (Chaps. I.—III.) . Dec. 129
WHITE, ARNOLD . . . . .	The Invasion of England . . Nov. 57

## INDEX OF SUBJECTS

	PAGE
A Face of Clay (Chaps. I.-III.) . . . . .	HORACE A. VACHELL . . . . . Dec. 129
A Tomb at Ravenna . . . . .	JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. ADY) . Oct. 85
Alliance, The Seamy Side of the . . . . .	"COLONIENSIS" . . . . . Nov. 1
Anglo-French Agreement and What it may lead to, The . . . . .	SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G. K.C.B. . . . . Dec. 1
Astral Arden, In the . . . . .	C. E. LAWRENCE . . . . . Oct. 96
Asylum Treatment of Insane, The . . . . .	BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D. . . Nov. 115
Beaujeu . . . . .	H. C. BAILEY . . . . . Oct. 148, Nov. 156
Blake, William, at Felpham . . . . .	HERBERT IVES . . . . . Nov. 123
British Frontier towards Russia, The . . . . .	SIR CHARLES W. DILKE, Bart., M.P. Dec. 9
By an Irish Stream . . . . .	"LEMON GREY" . . . . . Oct. 111
Carthage, Punic Sculpture in the Lavigerie Museum at . . . . .	SOPHIA BEALE . . . . . Nov. 85
Charity Organisation, Notes on . . . . .	H. N. HAMILTON HOARE . . . Nov. 142
Charles Lamb . . . . .	ARTHUR SYMONS . . . . . Nov. 38
Cretan Discontent, The History of the . . . . .	D. G. HOGARTH . . . . . Oct. 118
Decay of Self-control, The . . . . .	BASIL TOZER . . . . . Nov. 92
Education, Public School . . . . .	ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON . Dec. 31
England, The Invasion of . . . . .	ARNOLD WHITE . . . . . Nov. 57
Evolution in the Heavens . . . . .	MISS A. M. CLERKE . . . . . Oct. 29
Face of Clay, A (Chaps. I.-III.) . . . . .	HORACE A. VACHELL . . . . . Dec. 129
Forbidden Marriages and International Law . . . . .	ALFRED FELLOWS . . . . . Dec. 108
German Navy, The Imperial . . . . .	L. COPE CORNFORD . . . . . Oct. 48
Germany, The Naval Power of . . . . .	"V." . . . . . Oct. 68
Heavens, Evolution in the . . . . .	MISS A. M. CLERKE . . . . . Oct. 29
Imperial Consolidation by Telegraphy . . . . .	CHARLES BRIGHT, F.R.S.E. . . Oct. 104
Imperial German Navy, The . . . . .	L. COPE CORNFORD . . . . . Oct. 48

	PAGE
In the Astral Ardea . . . . .	C. E. LAWRENCE . . . . . Oct. 96
India and Imperial Control . . . . .	E. JOHN SOLANO . . . . . Oct. 7
Individualism in the Ranks . . . . .	"EX-NON-COM." . . . . Dec. 103
Insane, The Asylum Treatment of . . . . .	BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D. . . . Nov. 115
Invasion of England, The . . . . .	ARNOLD WHITE . . . . . Nov. 57
Irish Stream, By an . . . . .	"LEMON GREY" . . . . . Oct. 111
Italian Painting in the Prado Gallery . . . . .	EDWARD HUTTON . . . . . Dec. 50
Jacobitism, Underground . . . . .	R. E. FRANCILLON . . . . . Dec. 17
Japan, The World Influence of Britain and . . . . .	E. JOHN SOLANO . . . . . Nov. 11
Journalism, Society . . . . .	STEPHEN STAPLETON . . . . . Nov. 102
Khunapur Murder, The . . . . .	T. HART-DAVIES . . . . . Dec. 113
Lamb, Charles . . . . .	ARTHUR SYMONS . . . . . Nov. 38
Lamp-bearers, To the . . . . .	EDEN PHILLPOTTS . . . . . Dec. 44
Lark, The . . . . .	SIR FRANK T. MARZIALS, C.B. . . . Dec. 122
Living Legends of the Saints . . . . .	LADY GREGORY . . . . . Nov. 63
Marriages, Forbidden . . . . .	ALFRED FELLOWS . . . . . Dec. 113
"Monsieur Parapluie" . . . . .	LAURENCE JERROLD . . . . . Nov. 130
Naval Power of Germany . . . . .	"V." . . . . . Oct. 68
Navy, The Imperial German . . . . .	L. COPE CORNFORD . . . . . Oct. 48
Notes on Charity Organisation . . . . .	H. N. HAMILTON HOARE . . . . . Nov. 142
On the Line . . . . .	. . . . . Oct. 140, Nov. 151, Dec. 123
Pisa . . . . .	ARTHUR SYMONS . . . . . Oct. 39
Punic Sculpture in the Lavigerie Museum	
of S. Louis at Carthage . . . . .	SOPHIA BEALE . . . . . Nov. 85
Public School Education . . . . .	ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON . . . Dec. 31
Ravenna, A Tomb at . . . . .	JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. ADY) . . Oct. 85
Russia, The British Frontier towards . . . . .	SIR CHARLES W. DILKE, Bart., M.P. Dec. 9
Saints, Living Legends of the . . . . .	LADY GREGORY . . . . . Nov. 63
Seamy Side of the Alliance, The . . . . .	"COLONIENSIS" . . . . . Nov. 1
Self-control, The Decay of . . . . .	BASIL TCZER . . . . . Nov. 92
Society Journalism . . . . .	STEPHEN STAPLETON . . . . . Nov. 102
Telegraphy, Imperial Consolidation by . . . . .	CHARLES BRIGHT, F.R.S.E. . . . Oct. 104
To the Lamp-bearers . . . . .	EDEN PHILLPOTTS . . . . . Dec. 44
Tomb at Ravenna . . . . .	JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. ADY) . . Oct. 85
Underground Jacobitism . . . . .	R. E. FRANCILLON . . . . . Dec. 17
Unemployed, The, and the Unemployed	
Workmen Act . . . . .	SIR ARTHUR T. F. CLAY, Bart. . . Dec. 78
William Blake at Felpham . . . . .	HERBERT IVES . . . . . Nov. 123
World Influence of Britain and Japan, The . . . . .	E. JOHN SOLANO . . . . . Nov. 11
Workmen's Trains . . . . .	E. A. PRATT . . . . . Oct. 130
Yet Wherefore . . . . .	THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS . . . Oct. 1

AGE  
96  
7  
103  
115  
57  
111  
50  
17  
11  
102  
113  
38  
44  
122  
63  
113  
130  
68  
48  
42  
23  
39  
85  
31  
85  
9  
63  
1  
92  
92  
94  
14  
35  
17  
8  
3  
1  
0  
1

# THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

OCTOBER 1905

	Page
YET WHEREFORE—THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS	1
INDIA AND IMPERIAL CONTROL—E. JOHN SOLANO	7
EVOLUTION IN THE HEAVENS—MISS A. M. CLERKE	29
PISA—ARTHUR SYMONS	39
THE IMPERIAL GERMAN NAVY.—L. COPE CORNFORD	48
THE NAVAL POWER OF GERMANY—"V"	68
A TOMB AT RAVENNA—( <i>Illustrated</i> )—JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. ADY)	85
IN THE ASTRAL ARDEN—C. E. LAWRENCE	96
IMPERIAL CONSOLIDATION BY TELEGRAPHY—CHARLES BRIGHT, F.R.S.E.	104
BY AN IRISH STREAM—"LEMON GREY"	111
THE HISTORY OF THE CRETAN DISCONTENT—D. G. HOGARTH	118
WORKMEN'S TRAINS—E. A. PRATT	130
ON THE LINE	140
BEAUJEU (CHAPTERS XXXIII—XXXIX)—H. C. BAILEY	143

## CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (SEPTEMBER).

- MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS AND CANADA—J. S. EWART
- THE DIPLOMATIC BALANCE-SHEET OF THE WAR IN THE EAST—  
L. VILLARI
- ALPHONSE DAUDET—MARY F. SANDARS
- THE INCREASING POPULARITY OF THE EROTIC NOVEL—BASIL  
TOZER
- MR. GLADSTONE AND THE DISSOLUTION OF 1874—RONALD  
MCNEILL
- CAN PLANTS FEEL?—G. CLARKE NUTTALL
- NEW LIGHT ON THE DEATH OF MURAT—J. HOLLAND ROSE
- EAST AND WEST—F. CARREL
- ON CATALOGUE READING—DORA GREENWELL MCCHESENEY
- SAVAGES AND CLOTHES—FREDERICK BOYLE
- DEAN CHURCH—ALGERNON CECIL
- TO JAPAN—RICHARD STRAHAN ROWE
- BEAUJEU (CHAPTERS XXIX—XXXII)—H. C. BAILEY

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## YET WHEREFORE

[In the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries Ireland played a really great part in European history. It was the bright morning of a dark day.—GOLDWIN SMITH.]

**Y**ET wherefore was this early light,  
This glowing hope, this promise sent,  
If, ere 'twas even marked aright,  
It sank—it went ?

We ask, but silence, grey, sedate,  
Cold answer proffers as is fit  
To questionings importunate,  
Devoid of wit.

Mere probings of the how and why,  
Poor words, scarce stronger than a moan,  
Yet answered, if at all, then by  
A God alone;

Who in the blade perceives the grain,  
And in dumb flesh the dreaming soul,  
Gathers the ends of joy and pain,  
The foreseen whole.

And yet we ask, why thus allowed  
This dawn, these hopes so fondly nursed,  
These nascent gifts so high endowed,  
Yet subtly cursed ?

## THE MONTHLY REVIEW

Cursed too by no mere vacant breath,  
No priestly ban, or seer's vain rhyme,  
Cursed by a doom as old as Death,  
As deep as Time ;

Writ in some dull foreboding star,  
Which, hovering o'er man's little life,  
Diffuses poison from afar,  
Cold hate, dull strife.

Oh, lost the goodly growing years !  
The years that shape a nation most !  
Wasted in faction, drowned in tears,  
Lost, lost, all lost !

" Yet stay ! " some urge, " such words estrange,  
Hope's freer, happier spirit blights,  
Wisdom would take a larger range,  
Climb loftier heights ;

" What if the weeds your fields have marred,  
What if your barns show vacant floors,  
Are there not other lands unscarred,  
Brighter than yours ? "

" True, " we reply, " on alien shores  
The weeds by hostile breezes sown  
Men all unmoved see round the doors,  
*Not round their own !*

" Not on the long-loved homelands, where  
The child drew in its earliest breath,  
For which the old hearts cease to care  
Only in death. "



We hope, hope, hope ; but whence, how brought,  
New light shall dawn, who may declare ?  
We stumble on, too dark for thought,  
Too dim for prayer.

“ First last, last first,” so ran the word ;  
As, dull and bent, we slowly grope,  
Above us, like some song of bird,  
Carols that hope.

“ First last, last first,” our hearts repeat ;  
An azure gleam invades the ground,  
As when—heaven breaking 'neath the feet—  
Bluebells are found.

As when, sore burdened, weary, we,  
With feet deep sunk in miry sod,  
Lift suddenly our eyes, and see  
The Hills of God.

Hoping we pass. In grief, in mirth,  
Like wind-torn clouds our days flit by,  
Thin shadows of a shadowy earth,  
And a pale sky.

We, and this land we tread, grow old,  
Its thoughts, loves, ways are strange and dark,  
Its ancient wrongs—a tale oft told—  
Men cease to mark.

Its future ? Nay enough, enough !  
See where the hills o'ertop the plains,  
So smooth and vast, so poor and rough,  
Man's lot remains !

## THE MONTHLY REVIEW

Not long their light the motes retain,  
 The chequered arrows, towering all,  
 Kiss the loved gleam ; then find it wane,  
 And, turning, fall.

Striving we sink, fighting we fail,  
 Stout soldiers in a losing cause,  
 Out-fashioned knights whose ancient mail  
 Breaks in new wars.

Follows the dark, and sleep is dear ;  
 Dearest to those, the Hope Forlorn,  
 Who, having toiled, scarce wait to hear  
 The notes of Dawn.

Who spent their day to heal the night,  
 Who sowed that other men might reap,  
 Whose simple guerdon is the right  
 Soundly to sleep.

Fetch laurels then, ye luckier swains,  
 Who in some later hour are born,  
 Whose barns brim over with the grains  
 These sowed in scorn !

Who, wandering through the Promised Land,  
 And noting how its ramparts fall,  
 Scarce heed where lies that earlier band,  
 Hard by the wall.

The men that fought, the men that failed,  
 The men that struggled through the night,  
 Remember !—ye whose eyes have hailed  
 Their longed-for light.

Have seen it touch the smiling plain,  
 And waken every lake and rill,  
 Have watched its standards proudly gain  
 Hill after hill.

To you the prize, but theirs the praise,  
 Coequal heirs in one wild Past,  
 Spent mid the circles of a maze,  
 Now 'scaped at last !

Is *that* a dream ? Ah ! who shall say,  
 Save One whose name we do but guess,  
 Whose office—so we humbly pray—  
 Is to redress ?

Whose coming ? Nay look up, afar,  
 Through seas whose brineless waves immerse  
 The shores of that mysterious star  
 Our Universe,—

Our measureless “ sidereal whole,”  
 To Him perchance as to some plain,  
 Where sands mile-deep for ever roll,  
 Appears one grain,—

Behold a gleam. The end ! the end !  
 O dream of dreams. O hope immense,  
 On which thought, heart, love, soul attend,  
 All life, all sense !

Leave it close wrapped in silence, lest  
 By some ill-omened note we mar  
 A spell which, linking east to west,  
 Binds star with star :

## THE MONTHLY REVIEW

And sweeps in one all-mastering flood  
Ocean and rill to the same goal,  
Gathers the tides of ill and good,  
Completes the Whole.

With us meanwhile the rill still flows  
With us the little days speed fast  
And fast our changeful Present grows  
Our changeless Past.

Island of faith, of hope, of pain,  
Home of a thousand varying fears,  
See *you* no light beyond your rain ?  
Across your tears ?

Forbid it all the good, the strong,  
True friends, true lovers, grave or gay,  
Hatred and wrong endure for long,  
But not for aye.

And not for ever bare and brown  
The boughs despoiled by autumn swing,  
Time, which draws down the winter's frown,  
Restores the spring.

Brings comfort to the wreck-strewn strand,  
To men long pressed by evil right,  
And to a weary, cloud-girt land  
At Evening, light.

EMILY LAWLESS.

## INDIA AND IMPERIAL CONTROL

AS regards both administration and defence, Hindustan is at once the most difficult and dangerous ward of the Empire. Both for the statesmen and the soldiers of Britain that continent presents the gravest problems of imperial dominion. Its three hundred millions of population constitute a vast economic and political equation of the greatest complexity. Its long land frontier is the vital gap in the sea-armour of the British Empire. This frontier is flanked not only by the territory of a great military power, but also by the territories of peoples whose wealth and whose weakness are the exciting causes of constant and perilous political unrest. Therefore both these offices—of the statesman and the soldier—are, in Hindustan, so heavy with grave responsibility, and of such vital importance to the nation, that it is nothing short of a necessity that they should be filled by the fittest and most capable statesman and soldier that can, at the moment, be spared in its service.

Accordingly it was a matter for congratulation when Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener were appointed, respectively, to the posts of the Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief in India. No men in the world were more properly placed. In working together towards a common aim—the welfare and security of India—their duties seem so entirely complementary that it is difficult to consider them separately—or comparatively as

regards importance. And it is hardly conceivable that the performance of these functions for the safety of the State should give rise to a conflict between them which would make it impossible for one or other of them to continue in its service. This, however, is exactly what has occurred. A business matter—a departmental difference—between two men of genius and character has been aggravated in some way into a bitter personal feeling which has dulled their sense of proportion as to its effects upon the world-wide interests of which they are the trustees. And the contemplation of this fact naturally gives rise to certain questions—what is it that has banished the force of restraint and common sense together with the grace of compromise from the counsels of India, and made it impossible for two great Englishmen to work together for the good of their country? Who is responsible for this inconceivable result through which the nation has lost the services of one of its foremost statesmen in a post for which his natural gifts and experience especially fitted him—a post, moreover, which is the most responsible of any in Greater Britain?

It is not proposed in this paper to enter into analyses of either detail or recrimination in regard to this matter. This has been fully done elsewhere. Also this is a national—not a personal question. Its true importance lies in its effects upon the national interests which are involved. Moreover, the primary cause of it is not to be discovered in the issues as to details which have culminated in a crisis, but in certain conflicts of opinion with regard to broad questions of policy and constitutional principle. Consequently, it is proposed to recall the main problems of policy and constitutional principle which confront the King's Viceroys in India, and then shortly to consider the differences in regard to them which have arisen between the Home Government and Lord Curzon—which ultimately have resulted in the resignation of the latter. In this broad view of the question not only will its magnitude and importance become apparent, but it will be possible to

judge justly of the attitude and conduct of the men concerned in it. If one or other of them is in any way at fault it will be clear. And also if, to any extent, this mischievous incident is the result of a fault in the method or mechanism of imperial administration—the fact will also become clear.

The problems which lie within the scope of British Indian policy cover a vast space of the earth and sea. They may be classified under four heads according to the separate spheres in which they arise. Two of these spheres fall under the head of frontier policy and two under the head of internal administration. The problems of frontier policy include, firstly, the question of the security of India from invasion through the isolation of her frontiers and home seas from the advance towards them from other Powers; and secondly, the maintenance of peace and order upon these frontiers and home seas. Under the second head—that of internal administration—are included the problems involved by the Government of an alien subject population, consisting of many communities, diverse in race and creed, and also the problems of inter-relation with over two hundred feudatory states in Indian territory. It does not require the gift of imagination to realise the magnitude of the task involved and the responsibility incurred in these vast complex problems of Government. The problem of the isolation of the Indian frontier may be said to span the world across fifty-five degrees of longitude. It covers a chain of kingdoms and states extending from Arabia through Persia, Afghanistan, Central Asia and Thibet to Siam. The problem of the maintenance of peace upon the Indian frontier implies the control of many warlike and independent peoples, who live along two thousand miles of the world's highest and most tremendous mountain range. The problems of internal administration embrace a territory of one million and a half square miles and a population equal to one-fifth of entire humanity. One single province of the Indian Administration contains a population almost equal to that of the United States of America, while among the feudatory states are Principalities

exceeding in area and population some of the Kingdoms of Europe.

These facts at once impress the mind, not only with the magnitude of the problems which confront the rulers of India, but also with the vast value in material interests and the heavy burden of responsibility which are involved in questions affecting the security and welfare of that great dependency. It is natural then to suppose that the system of Imperial Administration, which provides for the supreme control of Indian affairs, must certainly ensure that the men entrusted with the power of ultimate decision with respect to them would be most carefully selected from among those best qualified to discharge this onerous duty. By this it is meant that the essential qualifications for either a Secretary of State or Viceroy for India, would be, at least, that of knowledge and experience of the peoples and problems of Asia—if not also some proof of diplomatic skill together with an aptitude for constructive policy. However natural the supposition may be, it is without foundation in fact. No experience or knowledge of either Asia or India is considered necessary for the two men who are primarily responsible for the guidance and control of the Indian Empire—with all it signifies. The only qualifications necessary for an Indian Secretary of State or Viceroy—posts which most obviously require both expert and sympathetic skill—is either title and family or the previous service of Government in some Home or Imperial department. Even if it happens that a Viceroy is appointed who has both knowledge and experience of Asiatics, there is nothing in this system to prevent his judgments from being stultified or overruled by a Secretary of State who is devoid of both. This system of imperial administration seems strange among a people famed for their practicality and common sense. It is impossible, for instance, to conceive them possessed of a system of naval administration by which a cook could be appointed to command a battleship. But the British complacently accept, in respect of wider interests and greater responsibilities, the



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appointment of men no less devoid of the technical knowledge which is essential for the safe and proper exercise of their judgment. It is true that the cook would have a crew of competent sailors and artificers to guide and, in a sense, control his orders in regard to the battleship. It is also true that in India, under the Viceroy, there are the competent officials of the Indian bureaucracy, and that, under the Secretary of State for India, there is an advisory board of some of these officials who have retired. Their lives, however, have been spent in concentration upon an infinite variety of departmental detail. These men have grown to think in routine. Even if they are innocent of either prejudice or folly they do not possess the breadth of view, the habit of mind, or the initiative that enables them to think with that flexibility and comprehensiveness which is essential for statesmanship. And the Secretary of State or Viceroy who is not able to consider questions in the light of his own knowledge and experience, is entirely dependent for guidance upon these subordinates. Then he is no more truly the sentient brain and eye of the State than the cook is truly in control of the battleship. And in either case—that of the ship of state or the ship of war—the natural result of this system of supreme control would be the same, namely, that the internal economy would be carried on according to routine, while, as to direction and external perils, the body corporate would drift instead of being steered upon a steady and considered course.

If this analogy holds good, here—in this system of Imperial control—is at once a source of danger in respect of possible misunderstanding, cross purposes and lack of sympathy between the supreme authorities in India and at home. And the test of the truth of it is to be found in the recent history of India. If the analogy is true, the facts of history will prove it by actually constituting the natural results of an unscientific and haphazard policy of supreme control. These results, again, would be continuity in the routine of internal economy, together with a neglect or

absence of continuity, initiative and constructive effort in regard to the broad questions of policy—either domestic or foreign. For the purpose of this test, the four main problems of Indian administration will be considered—of necessity most briefly—in their developments before the appointment of Lord Curzon, and contrasted with their developments at the time of his resignation.

The first of these problems is the isolation of the Indian frontier from the approach of Russia, through either her paramountcy or actual occupation in respect of the chain of independent States that lie from west to east, between Arabia and Thibet. From west to east, along the whole of this fateful chain, Russia had been allowed to encroach—in her advance southward—either by the establishment of her influence or by territorial absorption. This movement was apparently unheeded and was unopposed by any effectual protest or counter-policy on the part of the British. Indeed, the British seemed to be without any policy except in regard to a single link in this long chain—namely, Afghanistan. Upon Persia, Russia had placed her hand, but not as yet her foot. Her campaign of military, financial and commercial measures had made her the paramount power in Teheran.<sup>1</sup> Further to the eastward the Russian military railways had been extended southwards across Turkestan—and at present mass two army

<sup>1</sup> “The series of large loans made by the Russians to Muzaffer-ed-in; the agreements between the same parties in restraint of outside borrowings and of foreign railway enterprise; the organisation of a brigade of Persian Cossacks, officered by Russians, as the single efficient unit in the Persian army; the making over of the collection of the customs revenue to a staff of Belgians who play the part of jackals to the Russians; the secret revision of the Persian tariff in the interests of Russia, with consequences disastrous to British-Indian trade; the multiplication of Russian consulates; the employment of Russian officers to check the overland trade with India, under the pretext of enforcing quarantine—all this is but a part of the list of audacious enterprises by which the Government of the Czar is compassing the complete Russification of Iran.”—See *The Middle Eastern Question*, by Valentine Chirol—and also “India under Lord Curzon,” *Quarterly Review*, July 1904, to which the author of this article wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness for information.

corps of men against the north of India. Eastward, again, Russia had placed her foot upon the soil of the Central Asian States, and to-day her influence is paramount in Turkestan, Bokhara, and the Pamirs—while Eastern Turkestan and finally Thibet—under the circumstances brought to light in recent history—had become the spheres of her political activity and intrigue. Therefore, along the whole of that line the neutrality of which safeguards India by preventing her frontiers from becoming co-terminous with the Russian frontier, Russia had made her advance persistently and slowly southward. No single link in the chain remained free from her influence, occupation or intrigue. In regard to the second problem of frontier policy—that of the maintenance of peace and order along the frontier itself, the facts of recent history are no less eloquent. A criticism of the treatment of this problem by those responsible for the government of India is unnecessary—it is summed up in a single sentence. In the fifty years which preceded 1897, the Indian Government had waged no less than forty wars upon its frontiers. They ranged in magnitude and importance from minor expeditions to the employment of great armies. As regards the two remaining problems—those of internal economy—it is sufficient to state that the facts regarding them also constitute proofs of the truth of the analogy in point, in that the continuity of a mechanical routine had been maintained. It is not necessary to consider the Indian policy in regard to these latter problems, because a sufficient criticism of its efficacy will be found in the consideration of the reforms instituted by the policy of Lord Curzon, both in regard to the administration of British India itself, and with respect to his influence and inter-relations with the feudatory chiefs and ruling classes of India. But—as regards the test of the analogy in point—this, at any rate, is clearly proved by the facts of the recent history of India—that they are exactly those results which would be the natural consequences of an unscientific system of supreme control. The continuity of routine has been rigidly preserved upon the

ship of State. And, as regards the avoidance of those great dangers which beset its course, the ship has been allowed to drift. No proper look-out has been kept upon it, nor have the helmsmen steered it in a statesmanlike manner.

In passing to consider the results of Lord Curzon's policy in regard to these various problems, two facts will at once become clear. Firstly, the great value of an expert Viceroy—that is, a Viceroy who is at once a statesman and a man possessed of knowledge, experience and sympathy in respect of Asiatic peoples. And secondly, those definite principles of his policy which Lord Curzon has applied to the solution of the respective problems of Indian Government, and upon which he has found himself at issue both with his colleagues in India and at home. Firstly, in regard to the frontier, Lord Curzon, in defining his policy, likened Hindustan to a fortress, sea-swept upon all sides but one, which was defended by the high rampart of the Himalayas. The glacis of this rampart he rightly held to be a vital factor both for the safety and defence of the Indian fortress. This glacis stretched across Asia from Arabia to Siam, and Lord Curzon asserted that, for the security of India, it is absolutely essential that it should remain free from the trespass of foreign powers. In this picturesque way he affirmed the great principle of British frontier policy in India—namely, that of its isolation by a great neutral zone from the territories of other great powers. Having affirmed this principle, the Viceroy set to work to give it practical effect throughout this zone, which the neglect of British statesmen had partly converted from a neutral to a danger zone. There is not space for more than a mere mention of the series of swift strokes of policy by which Lord Curzon strove to counteract the political dangers, and to arrest the wane both of British prestige and commercial activity throughout that chain of neutral states which is so vital a factor in the security of India. With regard to Persia, the prestige and the rights of Britain were reasserted through the visit of the Viceroy to the Persian Gulf. The possible political significance of the

proposed railway terminus at Koweit has been met by a clear declaration of British policy in regard to the Persian Gulf,<sup>1</sup> and the construction of the Quetta-Nushki railway together with a commercial mission has brought the interior of Persia into the purview of the Viceroy's policy. While he worked strenuously to assert his frontier policy along the western flank of India, the Viceroy also brought the far eastern flank within its scope. To the east, Siam and Thibet, as factors in the defence of India, may be compared to Persia and Afghanistan upon the west. In the case of Siam security has been assured by the terms of the Anglo-French agreement, and with respect to the one remaining sphere in the strategic zone—namely, Thibet—it required strong and persistent efforts before the Viceroy succeeded in rousing the British Government from their careless lethargy with regard to it. A military expedition to Lhassa then vindicated the prestige of Britain, and asserted her rights in regard to the violation of territory and of treaty rights by the Thibetans. At the same time the intrigue of Russia, through her political agents in the palace of Potala, was met, as in the case of Persia, by another clear declaration of British policy with regard to this no less important eastern sphere.<sup>2</sup> Thus, through the foresight, statesmanship and tenacity of Lord Curzon, those territories, the freedom of which from foreign predominance and intrigue is essential for the security of India, had come for the first time within the purview of a comprehensive and practical British policy with respect to them. From end to end of this long chain not one important link remained in which the

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lansdowne declared that "the British Government would regard the establishment of a naval base or of a fortified port in the Persian Gulf by any other Power as a very grave menace to British interests, which it would certainly resist with all the means at its disposal."

<sup>2</sup> Lord Lansdowne thus defined the vital principle of British policy in regard to Thibet—"that British activity must always exceed that of Russia with respect to Thibet, where British interests are greater than Russian." "Therefore," he stated, "if they sent a mission or expedition (to Thibet) we should have to do the same, but in greater strength."

Viceroy had not counteracted the influence, aggression and intrigue of a foreign power and asserted definitely the vital principle of British frontier policy. And, further, upon the actual Indian frontier itself, Lord Curzon's policy has bestowed a peace, for the space of the last six years, the like of which it has not known for the last half century. A blockade and two small sallies have sufficed to keep the King's peace upon this frontier of formerly incessant war.

In passing to the problems of internal administration, the most cursory consideration of Lord Curzon's policy shows as clearly as in the case of his frontier policy both the grasp of a master mind and the comprehensive application of definite and consistent principles. While these principles are instinct with the spirit of reform, they are also strong in respect for the constitution which is the bed-rock of all good government. These two main principles of Lord Curzon's policy are definitely referred to in the last of his speeches upon the Indian Budget (March 1904). With respect to reform he said :

I say, in no spirit of pride, but as a statement of fact, that reform has been carried through every branch and department of the administration, that abuses have been swept away, anomalies remedied, the pace quickened and the standards raised.

And with reference to the facts of progress in India, he asserts his adherence to the principles of the constitution in these important words : “. . . progress will be imperilled and thrown back if it is associated with . . . clamour for constitutional change. . . .” These features of Lord Curzon's domestic policy—namely, the principle of reform together with respect for constitutional principle—must be clearly borne in mind, owing to the fact that it is a conflict between the principle of a reform and a principle of constitution which has ultimately led to his resignation.

There is not space to do more than mention a few of the most important among those reforms which Lord Curzon has “*carried through every branch and department of the admin-*



*istration.*" Only those with an intimate knowledge of India can at all appreciate the meaning of this short italicised sentence which epitomises his work. But it means that the whole internal economy of the huge Indian Empire has been raised from the habit of mechanical action to one of intelligent energy. The problem of education, which embraces the enlightenment of one-fifth of mankind, has been advanced "a definite stage" and purged of "tendencies that were leading to demoralisation if not to ruin." Those great factors of material wealth—the railways and irrigation schemes—have been largely and consistently extended. In the department of justice an exhaustive inquiry has been instituted with a view to remedy the abuses and irregularities of police administration. Both science and sanitation have been applied, with due regard to religious susceptibilities, to the problems of public health, especially with respect to the endemic diseases of malaria and plague, while the measures which minimise the ravages of famine have been perfected to the saving of innumerable lives. And, apart from the reform of existing departments, two entirely new provincial governments have been called into existence in respect of unsuitable and unwieldy administrations in the north-west of India and in Bengal. To all these vital forces of the public constitution, provincial administration, education, justice, public health and communications—the Viceroy has imparted new vigour—vigour which he has declared flows freely throughout the system of Indian administration.

In respect of the second of the problems under this head—that of inter-relations with the Indian chiefs and ruling classes—the policy of Lord Curzon has been one of vast and far-reaching importance. It is so rich in beneficent possibilities for the future of India, that even a reference cannot be made to it adequately within the limits of this paper. Within the confines of India immense potentialities for good or evil—for strength or weakness—lie latent in the feudatory Indian States—in their chiefs—and in the Indian ruling classes. Lord Napier, in 1849, wrote of this potential power that the native

princes regarded the British "with venomous hatred." Their attitude was not likely to be changed by the policy of the British towards their territories—which was that of "non-interference, and annexation by lapse"—though it was said to be ameliorated by the subsequent reversal of the policy of annexation by lapse. For the rest, the native states alone remained stagnant amidst the broadening currents of Indian progress. Contact with the British seemed to have given to every other class in the community new opportunities and wider scope for their activities. Modern civilisation, through industry and emigration, had drawn the immemorial peasant from the soil into the ranks of labour. It had given the markets of the world to the village traders. Education had opened the gates of power, through knowledge, to every peaceful caste—the power of the learned professions, and even the power to sit in Government. To the proud warrior peoples, caste-isolated from other men, the British Army had given scope for their genius in their natural and hereditary profession of arms. But for their superiors, equally caste-isolated—the Indian princes and nobles—there seemed no scope for effort in the universal progress of India. They were given over to the devils of Europe, or to decay in their own stagnation, until Lord Curzon set himself to remedy this injustice and abuse. He claimed the Indian chiefs and nobles as his fellow workers for progress in the following definition of his policy regarding them :

The native chief has become, by our policy, an integral factor in the Imperial organisation of India. He is concerned not less than the Viceroy or the Lieutenant-Governor in the administration of the country. I claim him as my colleague and partner.

In furtherance of this policy Lord Curzon sought to imbue the younger generation of the Indian nobility with the sense of their new responsibilities—and to fit them for these responsibilities—by a thorough reform of the colleges founded for their education. His personal interest and encouragement in regard to these colleges resulted in the co-operation of a committee of Indian princes in the matter of educational reform,



and in a larger and more general attendance of pupils. To provide the Indian aristocracy with a new scope for their energies, and an opportunity for their co-operation with the British, Lord Curzon founded the Imperial Cadet Corps, by which the noble classes may serve the State as military officers in their natural and hereditary profession of arms, as other classes already serve it in the civil administration, and as their own inferiors serve it so splendidly in the ranks of the Indian Army. With respect to the Indian chiefs themselves, it is impossible to estimate the benefit of Lord Curzon's policy, not only in regard to the Empire, but in regard to those millions over which they rule. For it seeks to inculcate principles of government among them, which completely revolutionise their conceptions of their own office and the order of their interrelation with their subjects. The despotic conception of rule, in Asia, has ever been to control with rigour, and to exploit, without consideration, a subject population. Lord Curzon has impressed upon the Indian ruler that

his gadi (throne) is not . . . a divan of indulgence, but a stern seat of duty. He cannot remain *vis-à-vis* of the Empire a loyal subject and *vis-à-vis* of his own people a frivolous or irresponsible despot. He must be the servant as well as the master of his people. By this standard shall I judge him . . . by this test will he, as a political institution, perish or survive.

That these lessons of imperial responsibility and domestic reform have been taken to heart, has been proved by the co-operation and interest of the Indian chiefs in connection with imperial matters. The development of conscience and public spirit among them, in regard to their subjects, has been evidenced by their efforts and sacrifice in combating the scourge of famine within their borders, upon the lines of British famine relief. And finally this policy has resulted in feelings of confidence and friendship in regard to the head of the suzerain government, in which lie possibilities of incalculable good.<sup>1</sup> These results are due not only to the initiative

<sup>1</sup> These sentiments were strikingly exemplified both by the general attendance of the Indian chiefs at the great Durbar, and by their common expression of sorrow at the resignation of their friend and ruler.

of Lord Curzon, but to the personal influence which he has exercised through direct relations with chiefs whose realms lie scattered across the Indian continent from the farthest plainlands to the hills. This fact implies a knowledge on his part of Asiatic human nature as varied as it is deep. It is certain that without that knowledge—and the sympathy born of it—these good results could not have been achieved. But for an accident they might, under the present system of Imperial control, have been lost altogether to India. And it is doubtful whether, under that system, it will be possible even to preserve the good, in respect of new and potential forces, which Lord Curzon, as much by the knowledge of the peoples he ruled as by the moral influence of his great and earnest personality, and by the strength and wisdom of his government, has brought into harmony of effort for the well-being of the Indian Empire.

The whole conduct of Indian affairs, before and since the appointment of Lord Curzon, have now been briefly contrasted. They constitute an eloquent testimony to the value of a practical Viceroy, as opposed to one that is merely a mouthpiece of Government. It is not right, however, to claim that this great and beneficial change is solely due to the appointment of a Viceroy with a knowledge of India. Lord Curzon's personality is a most valuable factor of success in these results. But this, at any rate, is clear—that no man, however great his genius, however strong his personality, could have achieved these results without the practical knowledge which Lord Curzon possessed. In this fact there is food for thought with respect to the Imperial control of India. But as regards any practical result of that thought there is no great hope—for this depends upon the interest of the British people in the question. Not the least of the dangers in regard to India is the complete ignorance and carelessness in regard to that land which prevails in Britain. And, with regard to the subject under consideration, it is this ignorance which chiefly prevents the British from appreciating certain conditions essential to

the government of India, in respect to which the present system of Imperial control—particularly with regard to the appointment of an Indian Secretary of State—may occasion infinite mischief. A short consideration of these conditions is therefore necessary for the proper comprehension of either the causes or the consequences of the interruption of Lord Curzon's work.

Lord Curzon has said of the different sections of the Indian people that they do not desire general administrative reforms from the Government—they desire from it political concessions to themselves. In other words, they desire that the political machine should work so as to benefit their class at the expense of the rest of the community. The same charge, in a sense, would be true in the case of any other people in the world. But in India social bias reacts with peculiar force and danger for two reasons. In the first place, the Government is not the choice nor the kin of the people of a country. It is the hold of foreign conquest upon the many nations of a continent. Power, and justice—not programmes—are the essential elements of inter-relation between the Indian Government and people. Secondly, between the people themselves, separated by vast barriers and distances, there is not only the force of class bias to combat, but also the fiercest racial and religious antagonism, aggravated by ignorance and superstition, and untempered by the sense of unity in patriotism, nationality or constitution. Indeed, if, in a rational and strictly comparative analogy, the continent of Europe be conceived as subjected to the rule of an alien race, incorporated as a single province of its empire and controlled by a supreme ruler as its Viceroy, then imagination may hold some practical conception of the administrative problems which confront an Indian Viceroy. This analogy further makes clear not only the difficulties of Indian administration, but two essential conditions by the force of which it becomes possible. Both are essential elements of the Indian Constitution. They are, firstly, that no class in the community—either European or native—should be given an undue preference in respect of the rights, privileges, or benefits of

government. And the second—which follows from the first—is that the Governor-General should be absolutely secure of his authority, both in regard to popular agitation and in regard to his departmental subordinates. The value of the first of these conditions is patent; that of the second, in relation to India, can only be fully realised by the light of a knowledge of Eastern peoples. It is not sufficient to admit that the Governor-General must be assured of his authority, through the loyal and sympathetic support of his superiors, in all matters that may militate against his personal prestige, his full control of the administrative machine, or those principles of the Constitution, by which he co-ordinates, in government, the subject nations of a continent. It is essential, in the case of the Viceroy, to assert that principle of personal prestige which is the secret of government throughout Asia. It is not a matter of sentiment. The sense of supreme authority, which invests the personality of the King's representative with that dignity and power which oriental usage attaches to its rulers, is an essential element of the Indian Constitution—for it affects both discipline and efficacy as regards government. If it were thought that by clamour or cabal it were possible to subvert the authority of the Viceroy, to rescind his orders, or to create factions against him among his subordinates, those instincts of intrigue which are so strong in Asiatics would certainly give rise to incessant unrest in opposition to the supreme authority. It follows, therefore—and it cannot be too strongly affirmed as a principle of Indian Constitution—that wherever it is necessary to act against the opinions and wishes of the Governor-General in Council, it is essential that his superior, in the Home Government, should deal with the matter with scrupulous nicety, finesse and tact, so as to preserve the prestige of the Governor-General in the eyes of those alien millions over which he rules as their Emperor's representative. It is certain that no man with a knowledge of the East to sober him would officially differ with the Viceroy, except with consideration and respect. No man of capacity, sense and polish would, in any case, do

otherwise. For then not only would the position of the Viceroy become impossible through loss of his prestige and power in the eyes of the people; but the mainspring of the whole machinery of government would be weakened.

These two principles—that which combats class preference, European or native, and that which preserves the prestige of the Viceroy—are both so obviously essential for the safety and good government of India that it is impossible to conceive them set aside by those in supreme control of India. With men of even ordinary capacity such a thing would be impossible. Capacity, however, is not an essential quality for a British minister. On the contrary, the proof of incapacity helps rather than hinders a Cabinet career. This sounds nonsense, but it is the truth. It is a canon of Cabinet construction, both in the imperial and the insular political parties, that the failure and proved ineptitude of a man is to be taken by his colleagues as befitting him at once for promotion to a wider sphere for mischief. To have worn the fool's cap in the War Office is especially valuable. Thus his mismanagement of this department, together with the cordite scandal, has resulted in the promotion of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to the possibility of presently governing one quarter of the globe, and Mr. Brodrick's incapacity to deal with a problem affecting half a million men in England—together with the war stores scandal—has resulted in his promotion to the control of problems affecting three hundred million men in India.

The results of this idiotic system of administration, which rewards failure with increased responsibility, are reflected in the mischief and mismanagement which have arrested the developments of progress in India. When Mr. Brodrick assumed office, the Viceroy was at issue with the Home Government upon a principle of frontier policy—in regard to Thibet.<sup>1</sup> This section of the Indian glacis had become a

<sup>1</sup>For facts which constitute a complete justification of Lord Curzon, see the articles upon Thibet by the author of this paper in *Blackwood's Magazine*, May, and the *National Review*, July 1904.

sphere of foreign influence through the intrigue of a Russian agent in Lhasa. Also, the prestige of Britain had utterly lapsed owing to the submission of its Government, for nine years, to the violation of treaty rights—to violation of territory, and finally to gross insults to its Envoys and Viceroy. In regard to foreign intrigue, Lord Curzon proposed—in accordance with the vital principle of Indian frontier policy—to render India for ever secure by establishing a British Resident in Lhasa. To enforce the vindication of British prestige and treaty rights, he proposed the despatch of an expedition to Lhasa. The British Government, however, refused to take any step to safeguard India against the possibility of future foreign intrigue in Thibet. As regards the vindication of British prestige, they hesitated—partly in fear of Russia—till circumstances forced their hand, and an expedition proceeded to Lhasa to enforce their demands and extort compensation for wrongs. Thus the prestige of the British, at least, was vindicated. And, moreover, the Gate of Thibet was to remain for a considerable period in their keeping. The Viceroy was loyally giving effect to the orders of the Government, and there was nothing in the situation, from first to last, that ordinary official routine—courteous, if cumbrous—could not have concluded so as to preserve the prestige of both the Viceroy and the nation. But the Secretary of State impressed his individuality upon it at the cost of the prestige of both. Without the slightest necessity that intelligence can discover, he introduced the drill-sergeant into his communications with the Viceroy in a note of aggression and offence. And in his unjust and reiterated censure of the British Envoy for using his proper discretion—and for not carrying out orders sent to him too late—and finally by his practical surrender of the sole substantial fruit of the Thibetan War—the occupation of the Chumbi Valley—by which, in addition, he made the British Envoy eat his words, Mr. Brodrick has acted to the prejudice of his country to an extent which only those in touch with Asia can fully appreciate.



In the next matter which called for serious intervention by the Secretary of State, the Viceroy and the Home Government were again at issue—this time as to certain principles of domestic policy and constitution—through the question of military reform. The principles—as well as the issues—involved in this question were of vital importance to the Indian Empire—the details, however, are immaterial to this argument.<sup>1</sup> On the one hand, the Indian Commander-in-Chief pressed for certain military reforms as essential to the safety of India. So far as these reforms were purely military, the Viceroy—the principles of whose policy were also reform and the security of India—co-operated with him to the extent that—under a system criticised as impossible—he helped, in two years, to accomplish military reforms which ordinarily would have filled an Indian Commander-in-Chief's quinquennium. But, in so far as these reforms impugned certain essential principles of the Indian constitution and the prerogatives of the Viceroy, together with certain principles of his domestic policy as to the co-ordination of the classes under his rule, as well as the proper control of his departmental subordinates, the Viceroy, rightly, stood firm against them. Here was a situation which called not only for infinite care, patience, and diplomatic skill on the part of the Secretary of State, but also for an essential technical knowledge. It was his duty, in the first place, to adjust the difference between the two officers of State, so as to harmonise their functions for the service of the State. And, in the second place, he had to see that the benefits of the modifications in military administration did not result in compensative loss as to the efficacy of the administration as a whole. In other words, he had to see that the repair of a cog did not result in straining or throwing out of gear the rest of a complex machine. But, where tact was essential to success, the Secretary of State again addressed the Viceroy in a manner offensive to a proud and sensitive personality. In considering the problem, his attitude towards the parties was that of a special pleader for one of

<sup>1</sup>The reader is referred to an admirable statement of the facts in *Blackwood's Magazine*, September 1905.

them, not that of an impartial judge or mediator between them. Thus, he brought a personal element into a national question which militated against a just consideration of it, upon its merits, and rendered compromise difficult. And finally, the solution of this complex problem by a Secretary of State—devoid alike of constructive power and technical knowledge—is amazing. Two skilled experts—of statecraft and of war—have advised the nation, each in his province, as to matters essential for its welfare and security. The advice of neither of them has been taken. With regard to the military reforms, Lord Kitchener, the experienced soldier, is overruled—upon matters of crucial principle—by Mr. Brodrick, who has proved his incompetence with regard to this subject. While in regard to the Government of India, Lord Curzon, the experienced statesman, is overruled—also upon matters of crucial principle in regard to policy and constitution—by a Secretary of State who is ignorant of India and its conditions.

What, then, are the consequences to India of Imperial control—as lately exercised—in relation to those great problems which Lord Curzon's policy had redeemed from neglect with such fine and beneficent results? With respect to the frontier—which he strove to make secure—it lies still open to danger through Thibet. The British Government has refused to safeguard this sphere against the possibility of foreign intrigue, and the Secretary of State has, otherwise, completely stultified all that the nation spent its blood and treasure to obtain. While, as regards the problems of administration, the decision of the Government and the conduct of the Secretary of State constitute wholly needless breeches of essential principles of the constitution and government of India, as well as of the Viceroy's policy, the true significance of which is to be measured not by the arguments of Mr. Brodrick, but by their effect upon the native mind in India. The administrative machine has been dislocated and given over to friction. The man in control of it has been deprived of both advice respecting technical matters of vital importance, and of full control of



the subordinate officer in charge of them. But dislocation and friction in the administrative machine are trivial things beside the damage which has been occasioned to its mainspring—through the loss of the Viceroy's prestige. For the fact has been proclaimed to India that the power of the "Burra Lât Sahib" is no certain thing. The idea of the Viceroy's supreme authority, which has helped to hold all India in unity through the sentiment of allegiance, has now given place to the knowledge that one favoured class—the military caste—has shaken free, in something, from his control, and that, henceforth, other factions among his subordinates—and perhaps popular intrigue and agitation—may succeed in rescinding his orders and setting his authority at naught. While Mr. Brodrick has niggled in London over his "checks upon the Indian Government," he has destroyed an essential factor and first principle of good government and peace in India—through the prestige and authority of the King's representative.<sup>1</sup>

These considerations make it abundantly clear that, in regard to India, reform is more necessary in the system of Imperial control than it is in the actual government of the country. It will be said that the system of unskilled control is a principle of the British Constitution, and that at the head of every other province of the Empire, at the head of the Army and the Navy, are men without special or technical knowledge of the organisations they control. That is true. But India is not a self-governing colony. It is not a white community and a sister nation. It is alien, it is Asiatic—it is

<sup>1</sup> The consequences and perils of this imbecile act are exemplified in the agitation concerning the partition of Bengal. As the true dividing lines between the Indian peoples are not geographical, but religious and racial, Lord Curzon has partitioned Bengal into Hindu and Mahomedan administrations. These two sections of the people are antipathetic and careless of one another. They are devoid of any sense of unity or the patriotism said to inspire the anti-partition agitation, which is due solely to sedition-mongers, who hope to rescind the Viceroy's orders by the force of popular unrest. A dangerous element of this agitation is the boycott of British manufactures, by which the Indian agitators are able to bring pressure to bear upon the British electorate.

the spoil of conquest. Its human nature, its thought, its physical conditions, all present problems distinct from those in the rest of the Empire. India, lying grim, ancient, inscrutable, upon the girdle of the world, is a far greater peril as the subject of unskilled experiment than is the battleship to which she has been compared in analogy. None but skilled and sympathetic hands should ever serve her. The experiments of unskilled control would be hardly possible—they would not be tolerated—in regard to the Navy. Have they been a success with respect to the Army? Have they succeeded in the case of India? And, finally, does the constitution of a people exist for their good health—or to make them sick? Those who have sought to defend Mr. Brodrick have disclosed a further and abominable evil with respect to this system. It is said that his hand was forced regarding Lord Kitchener, owing to political exigencies at home. Which means that the Indian Empire is no more than a pawn upon the chess-board of insular party politics. As to the ethics of Mr. Brodrick's promotion from the War to the India Office—they can only be brought home to the British people in one way. Can they conceive a man who spoils the chances of England by bungling badly in one Test Match, being importantly placed in the eleven for the next match of the rubber? Yet, what would be intolerable to the national pride and sense of justice in regard to cricket, is a matter of routine in regard to their Indian Empire. In conclusion, let it be said that Lord Curzon passes from India, secure of the sympathy and honour of all thinking men. For him, there is consolation in the fact that there is something in what the strong build into the fabric of nations, which the inept and weak can never destroy. But there is no hope of better things for India and her people, through conscience and reform in the Imperial system of Great Britain, until the British people give to their responsibilities upon one quarter of the globe, a measure of that serious interest which they now concentrate upon the antics of twenty-two men and a leather ball upon a field of grass.

E. JOHN SOLANO.

## EVOLUTION IN THE HEAVENS

WE are just now passing through one of those recurring epochs of transition during which old forms of thought are extensively broken up and recast. The air is dense with novelties; a ferment of speculation is working everywhere; the most authentic scientific doctrines are called in question, or denied. Of the fresh constructive process that must ensue one can scarcely yet forecast the upshot; meanwhile, the shackles of prescription have been loosed, dogmatism is at a discount, and fancy roams unrebuked through the boundless tracts of physical nature. The wisest do not venture to define the limits of what is possible. So much has been negatived that was held to be indubitably true; so much has had to be admitted that seemed demonstrably false, that authoritative voices are, for the moment, silenced, and no trumpet-call summons into camp the scouts and sharpshooters of the advancing army of science.

The mixed character of the time—its adventurousness and its prudence, its large outlook and careful tolerance—are faithfully reflected in Professor Darwin's bisected Presidential Address to the British Association, one half delivered at Cape Town August 15, the other, fifteen days later, at Johannesburg. It is interesting both for what it says and for what it leaves unsaid. Its reticences are full of significance. On some points it is bold and uncompromising. The Daltonian atom is remorselessly made to step down from its place of primacy as

the irreducible minimum of physics and chemistry. And the promised extension of cosmic time through radio-activity is accepted, and welcomed to the last minute of an uncertain number of hundreds of millions of years. On other subjects the neutral poise of Will Wimble's mind is preserved. Reconciliation is sought between the nebular and the meteoritic hypotheses of planetary origin; the relationships of the various types of stars are left purposely indeterminate; while a doubt is hinted, although no opinion is expressed, as to the unqualified efficacy of gravitation throughout the universe. This attitude of philosophic suspense has much to recommend it. Absolute truth is rarely all on one side of a question; and confidence is apt to be felt in the candour and judgment of a guide who reserves expressions of satisfied conviction for cases in which the evidence is sufficiently clear and strong to justify them.

Professor Darwin is no sanguine speculator. To "follow knowledge like a sinking star," without ever really overtaking it, is, in his view, the utmost to be expected from human endeavour. Our information about the Cosmos is a thing of shreds and patches; we catch glimpses here and there of the mighty expanse, but fail to reach the elevation required for embracing it in a continuous survey. Yet these shreds and patches are of incalculable value both in themselves, and as suggesting the eventual possibility of their unification into a large, though certainly not an all-comprehensive whole.

Upwards of a century ago, Sir William Herschel propounded a sidereal nebular hypothesis, and Laplace, independently and almost contemporaneously, a solar nebular hypothesis. Herschel looked abroad into the heavens, and found the process of stellar development from nebulous matter to be exemplified there in each of its stages, without perceptible break or stoppage. Laplace took account of only one star; but of that star he took very particular account; and it presented itself to him as the mainspring of a mechanism bearing the unmistakable stamp of unity of design and origin. The sun had then, palpably to him, given birth to its train of

planets as it shrank, during the efflux of uncounted ages, from its primitive condition as a diffuse fire-mist to its actual compact dimensions. Yet Laplace's solar nebula somehow evades distinct apprehension; whether we regard it as gaseous, or as made up of discrete solid particles, we meet apparently insurmountable obstacles to its realisation. It refuses to fall into line with any of the objects ranged in Herschel's ideal series; hence ill-success has so far baffled efforts to bring into essential harmony the stellar and the planetary schemes of development.

Yet in a certain sense, they are sureties one for the other; they show a fundamental correspondence; their dissonances may not perhaps exceed what should be allowed to the boundless variety of nature; and thus, while they presuppose, they may also be said to supplement one another.

Most of our readers are familiar with at least the photographic aspect of the mysterious objects called in pursuance of the Ptolemaic tradition, "nebulæ." What we know about them does not amount to much; but their vast remoteness has been ascertained, and their inconceivable extent follows as a corollary. Those among them that are of gaseous composition are obviously in the last degree tenuous; double stars revolve in their midst as if in empty space; their materials appear to be too subtle even to offer resistance to motion. Their temperature, unquestionably very low, must however exceed the boiling-point of hydrogen, which always contributes a quota of bright rays to the nebular spectrum. Associated with it are divers other substances, likewise in the gaseous state, notably helium, and the unknown form of matter designated "nebulium." The light by which they dimly intimate their existence is thought to be of electrical production; radio-activity, the effectiveness of which is unchecked by cold, might equally well be in question.

The glow of nebulæ, however, is not a mere vague effusion. It resembles rather an elaborate drapery, which discloses both its own sheeny texture, and to some extent the form of the

structure it envelops. Some nebulae are filamentous, like solar prominences; they seem composed of delicate silver threads set close together in bundles or fringes. Others show a flocculent surface. Nearly all include knots or nuclei, more or less advanced in condensation; and on the way, presumably, to become finished stars. This relationship is illustrated on a colossal scale by the great Orion nebula. The entire formation is thickly studded with points of light, some sharply stellar, some dubiously nebular. Now these quasi-stars are, in a large proportion of cases, variable. They flicker out almost to extinction, then rapidly resume their pristine brightness; and their cycles of change are, in general, brief and precisely followed. This strange prevalence of luminous instability, rendered evident by Miss Leavitt's examination of photographic documents accumulated at Harvard College, is a frequent characteristic of crowded star-collections. Virtually, then, the Orion "portent" (as Huygens called it) is a forming cluster. Year by year, though with inordinate slowness, the contained stellar nuclei will, we may presume, grow at the expense of the argent haze in which they are now embedded, until they come to predominate over it as decisively as do the radiant oros of the Pleiades over the fragmentary nebulae still attached to them. They too, perhaps, started on their careers as mere eddies in a nebulous ocean; and they will finally attain, we are warranted in supposing, to the advanced state exemplified by the Hyades, when their glimmering trains having been absorbed or otherwise abolished, they will shine in keen relief against an absolutely black sky.

The argument from a continuity of specimens, which leads us to infer that the Pleiades were formerly a nebulous formation destitute of stars, and will in the future become a stellar system freed from entangling nebulae, is of wide application in the heavens. Some degree of method is traceable in the indefinitely varied relations of stars and nebulae. From an initial condition as vague nodosities on nebulous branches, stars seem to advance to maturity through successive stages



of condensation and disengagement from the swathing-bands of their infancy. The progression was strikingly illustrated by the late Dr. Roberts in a series of photographs of spiral nebulae, in which the basal coils of the structures thinned off and vanished, while the knots they had primarily served to connect stood out at last as independent stars arranged along curving lines. And this, in a manner, appears to explain many of the curious "star-patterns" noted as of perpetual recurrence in the Milky Way. Stars in rows, stars in circlets and ellipses, stars in wreaths and crescents, may fairly be concluded to indicate, by the express nature of their distribution, the original courses of dried-up nebular streams. They stake out, as it were, desiccated channels.

That stars are veritable suns is universally admitted. Their diamond-bright lustre, notwithstanding the prodigious distances at which they are situated, implies their possession of radiative energy often greatly exceeding that of our chief luminary. Moreover, their radiative machinery is of the same kind and works on the same principle with that of the sun. This we know from spectroscopic evidence, which informs us that starlight emanates from surfaces of condensation, overlaid by vaporous strata, cool enough to absorb minute sections of it. Nearly all stars, that is to say, are provided with photospheres and "reversing layers." Yet the solar resemblance is not precise or unvarying. It is much closer in some stars than in others; and the modifications of spectral design, by which we determine degrees of affinity, are finely graduated according to a settled order. They are held to depend largely upon growth-changes in the bodies exhibiting them; so that the relative ages of the stars are, if we interpret the phenomena aright, marked by the spectral "types" to which they severally belong.

This inference is mainly based upon facts of continuity, such as lead us to believe the Orion nebula, the Pleiades, and the Hyades to form a developmental series. Thus helium-stars, such as we see aligned in the Belt and Sword of

Orion, are connected by close links of imperceptibly altering examples, with hydrogen-stars like Sirius and Vega; Sirian stars slide along an inclined plane of change into solar stars; solar stars into red stars with fluted spectra. Further, the order of transition is fixed; the stages are never jumped or inverted; a white orb cannot, it would seem, acquire the absorptive peculiarities of the ruddy Antares without traversing the intermediate phase represented by our sun, the light of which is sifted through a serried array of Fraunhofer-lines, and tinted yellow by a "smoke-veil." Stars have then a life-history; they march in procession from youth to age; nor is there much difficulty in determining the direction of their movement. Helium-stars are clearly at the outset of their course. There is no known exception to the rule that "burred" or nebulous stars give light of this particular quality. It is distinctive, accordingly, of the youngest among the suns; for we can almost watch their precipitation from the turbid cosmic medium which to some extent realises our idea of the primeval chaos.

The inexorable sweep of time is operative upon the stars, as upon fragile human bodies. Like them, albeit at an indefinitely slower rate, they grow, attain maturity, and decline, as Shelley saw by intuition when he wrote:

Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light  
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,  
In what cavern of the night  
Will thy pinions close now?

The problem of "dark stars," however, did not seriously preoccupy him. He put his question to the heavens, not, as we do, in the hope of eliciting a definite answer, but with the instinctive purpose of intensifying his poetical despondency by universalising the doom of mortality.

Yet our interest, too, is attracted rather by the flux of things than by their statical interdependence, while to most of our intellectual predecessors classification was an end in itself. Their curiosity was allayed by the registration of differences; ours demands knowledge as well of their source, cause, and



outcome. We view the world, not simply in the present, but as implicating the past, and as pregnant with the future. The march of the heavens is, nevertheless, portentously slow; its steps cannot be registered by the ephemeral inhabitants of the earth; and conclusions derived from momentary experience must, at the best, be tentative and uncertain.

Cosmogonists in the nineteenth century employed, as the agencies of change, condensation under the influence of gravity, combined with dissipation of energy through the wasting effects of radiation. Their pharmacopœia comprised only "two simples." With these restricted means at command, they found it possible to conduct and terminate the whole course of cosmical affairs. Sir William Herschel, it is true, entertained the idea that other kinds of central force besides gravity might act in sidereal space; but the results of a clustering tendency, somehow produced, were patent to him throughout the heavens, in "tides of stars setting towards a centre," in gathering groups, in stellar vacuities corresponding to stellar aggregations, in files and branching rows of stars advancing, as he thought, to reinforce companies already densely crowded. And he measured by degrees of compression the antiquity of the separate, or separating, sidereal systems, progressing, by indraughts from surrounding space, towards segregation and independence. Nebular transformations were similarly interpreted. Under the sole dominion of their own internal attraction, "diffuse nebulosities" would, he considered, gradually assume more and more compact forms. Since his time, however, the reverse of the medal has partially come into view. Visibly before our eyes, in 1901, Nova Persei threw off a vast, though evanescent, nebular structure (for we can hardly believe that pre-existent spires were merely illuminated by the glare of the outburst). Nebular photographs, too, supply unequivocal evidence that repulsive action has had a share in moulding the singular shapes they record. Gravity, in fact, no longer carries all before it in cosmic theories. The persuasion continually gains ground that, in the last resort,

when matter is reduced to a certain degree of tenuity, it can be held in check, or overcome by forces of an opposite nature. The rigid law of condensation has thus ceased to claim unqualified obedience; we can discern the activity of counter-vailing powers; and our emancipated thoughts, diverging from the old prescribed direction, are at liberty to pursue many heretofore neglected paths.

Professor Darwin regards the history of worlds more expressly from the standpoint of mechanical stability. Natural selection in the Cosmos, as he understands it, means the elimination of orbits, systems, or masses that lose their balance, and topple over to destruction, leaving the field to those that prove capable of maintaining themselves in equilibrium. But this principle, as he willingly avows, though fruitful in certain departments, is of limited applicability; nor is there much likelihood that one universally valid will ever be forthcoming. Having demonstrated, as nearly as might be, the origin of the moon by actual fission of the parent terrestrial globe, he found, on extending his inquiries, the case to be exceptional in the solar system; and we may doubt, guided by this analogy, whether any single recipe of evolution was followed in the variously conditioned stellar systems brought, year by year, to the more detailed notice of astronomers. In one extensive class of bodies, instability appears normally to prevail. It has not, at least, yet reached the term of a readjustment of equilibrium. These are the spiral nebulae, and they form a large majority of the whole. Each unquestionably sprang from the disruption of a primitive spheroid; for they are two-branched formations; they are composed each of an approximately globular nucleus, enveloped in a double wreath of coiling folds issuing from opposite ends of the same diameter. The explosive force which produced them must, accordingly, have acted from the centre outward, to the right hand and to the left; and the tremendous crisis of their origin is now and again faintly imaged within the sphere of our immediate observation by the development on the sun of antipodal prominences. Duplex

spirals, it is easily seen, peremptorily assert expulsive action to have been their producing cause; the alternative hypothesis is excluded by the obvious consideration that matter drawn in from space would descend, not just at two precisely corresponding points of the attracting body, but indiscriminately over its surface. On this ground alone, then, Dr. See had warrant for his pronouncement in 1902, that, "in the future study of the heavens, repulsive forces must be considered before forming any final estimate of the destiny of the physical universe."

To what extent they have been and continue to be operative remains, nevertheless, undetermined. Still, it is much to have become aware that gravity, although it has acted efficaciously, has not acted alone, in bringing about the present state of things. Matter is subject to pushes as well as to pulls. Its particles, when very minute, may be dispersed by light-pressure, by electrical stress, by the impulsive forces of atomic disruption. We are unable, it is true, to estimate with even approximate exactitude the share of each in any given cosmic event; but we have, at least, learned that current evolutionary theories need revision to bring them into harmony with newly detected, yet fundamental facts. Estimates of time, moreover, based upon the supposed steady advance of contraction incidental to a determinate loss of energy by radiating bodies, are under a cloud of uncertainty. Heat-expenditure may not, it is now held, be wholly uncompensated; and if so, it supplies no time-standard. Atomic energy constitutes a store sensibly inexhaustible, which the suns of space most likely draw upon to an unknown extent, for recuperative purposes. The presence of helium affords in itself a presumption of anterior disintegration and disengagement of heat; and helium is copiously diffused among sidereal objects. Its occurrence in gaseous nebulae adds perplexity to the enigma of their constitution. For the astonishing experiments of Sir William Ramsay oblige us to regard it, not as an original element, but as a product of the interstitial decay of radium. There is a

long history behind it; yet nebulae are believed, with every show of reason, to be absolutely the most primitive form of cosmical aggregation.

Well then may Professor Darwin say that generating nebulae "stand in as much need of explanation as their stellar offspring." A real beginning evades our keenest scrutiny of material things and their relations. But we are not compelled thus to restrict our contemplations. Just because the universe appeals to our minds under its dual aspect, material and spiritual, it has for us an irresistible and inexhaustible fascination. "So long as man shall last," our author continues, "he will pursue his search" into its intricacies, "and will, no doubt, discover many wonderful things which are still hidden. We may, indeed, be amazed at all that man has been able to find out, but the immeasurable magnitude of the undiscovered will throughout all time remain to humble his pride. Our children's children will still be gazing and marvelling at the starry heavens, but the riddle will never be read."

This is the last word of cosmical science in the year of grace 1905.

A. M. CLERKE.

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## PISA

### I

**A**T the extreme edge of Pisa, in a corner of its battlemented walls, there is a meadow, with daisies among the bright green grass ; a dusty road goes along its whole length, leading from the town into the flat country outside the gate ; and on the other side of the meadow is the white low wall of the Campo Santo. Between, in the midst of the grass, there are two miraculous buildings in white marble, which the weather and the ages have turned to the yellow of old ivory, faintly banded with black : the Baptistery and the Cathedral. Beyond the Cathedral, leaning fourteen feet out of the perpendicular, away from it, a white miraculous toy, the Campanile ; and beyond, over the house-tops, the placid outlines of the hills. From the top of the Campanile you can see the whole brown city, ruddy with roofs, enclosed by its battlemented walls, nested in the smooth green hollow between the mountains and the sea ; the white roads on the plain, the shining curve of the Arno, and then, beyond a line of brown woods, the faint blue streak of the sea, and what seems like a great hill coming up sheer out of it, the island of La Gorgona. Landwards, all round, there is a circle of hills, which on one side close in almost upon the town, and you catch the sparkle of the hills of Carrara.

And between this unparalleled corner and the eager modern life of the busy town there seems, at first, no kinship. The people of Pisa are wild and untamed, with something

gipsy and a little savage in their aspect. Children run barefoot, or in wooden clogs without heels, and at night there are cries and clatterings in the streets, asleep so early, which lie aside from the busy main thoroughfares. The faces of girls and women, with their straight eyebrows and eyes set high under them, are often very handsome, at times lovely; and they have a wild charm, a kind of engaging impudence. The men are rough, hot-tempered, loud-tongued; the quality of the peasant as if sharpened, set on edge, soured perhaps, by town life. On the other side of a pine-wood there is Leghorn, where there are sailors, Jews, the sea, one of the ways into the world.

And Pisa itself, as one roams in it, under the arcades of the Borgo, or coming out of narrow streets into broad vacant squares, or following the delicate windings of the river, has something fragile in its aspect, a quiet enveloping subtlety, which is not in keeping either with that modern life or with what is solid and unworn in the age of its vast white monuments of marble. What is it that seems to be concealed here, an alluring and quite innocent mystery in things, unconscious of itself, and made out of many contraries? After Ravenna, where the whole place is subdued into a kind of sepulchral melancholy, and seems to brood feverishly over its tombs, Pisa, which is also the guardian of so much ancient death, seems to be irrelevantly awake and alive. It keeps this holy earth and these white glories as a possession, not subdued to their mood, with a life wholly apart from them.

And so it is always with the same sensation of surprise that one turns aside from the river, passes through vague streets in which the sense of life and movement dies gradually away, and comes out suddenly upon that green meadow folded into the angle of the town wall, with its three white marvels, the Baptistery, the Cathedral, and the Campanile, rising into the sky at different heights, but with the same dainty massiveness, and behind them the long low white outer wall of the Campo Santo, as if it hid something formidable and mysterious. I do not know any corner of the actual world which seems so



improbable, when one is actually there. A street's length away peasants shout angrily on their way from the railway-station to the market-place; the river is flowing on continually from the hills beyond Florence to the sea; and that trivial eager life and that soft continual passing away are equally remote, as one lingers among these relics that seem the work of magic, and to have been kept white and untouched by some magical intervention.

## II

Nothing, in this group of marvels on the grass, has a separate beauty quite equal to its surprising beauty as a whole. It is composed on a vast scale, and to give the effect of daintiness; and impresses one first as some kind of giant's play-work in ivory. The aspect of the Campanile, an immense, inexplicable tube, with its pillars and rounded arches as if carved in a pattern round and round something that one could take up in one's hand, is fantastic by day, for its strangeness, its whiteness, its mocking bias; but by night it becomes ominous, overpowering, and seems to lift itself into the darkness like a solid column of grey smoke, which bends over to precipitate some vague ruin. On the other side of the meadow the Baptistery has been laid down on the grass like a jewelled casket, the largest and most splendid casket in the world. It shelters jewels, the carved pulpit of Niccolò Pisano, and, far lovelier, the baptismal font, with its lace-work in black, white, and yellow marble, circle within circle and square within square, on each of its eight sides. The most part of the Baptistery dates from the beginning of the twelfth century, and, in spite of some later additions, adding needless decoration, it has a sober grandeur, a large and elaborate simplicity, which gives one the complete satisfaction of a thing wholly organic, a natural growth. The Cathedral is faultlessly constructed, and has been a pattern to most other work in the Tuscan Romanesque manner, yet, seen from the ground, and

from in front, it is difficult to feel the same sense of satisfaction. Inside, "no place of equal splendour," says one who knows more of churches and their qualities than most men, "is quite so devout." The structure, of white marble alternating with black marble, is itself a decoration of an exquisitely severe richness. Outside, especially about the choir and transepts, the same structure (so plain, undecorated, as it seems after the stone forests of French Gothic) is no less delicate in its pale colours. But in the façade, so famous and in truth so original, with its ascending and diminishing rows of slender columns, there is, in the design, an admirable symmetry, yet a symmetry whose elegance is hardly thrilling. The lower part, in the patterns around the doorways, and in the frieze of beasts which runs across above the first row of pillars, is carved finely, and the colours inlaid in the stone are used carefully, in subordination to the structural work in carving; but, higher up, inlaid patterns are substituted, with a somewhat crowded, merely prettifying effect, for the firmer and finer outlines of carved stone. I like best to look down on the Cathedral from the top of the Campanile, for from that point it is wholly beautiful, and one sees its characteristically Pisan design, like the painted crucifixes in the Museum, the choir and transepts making the curved top and side-pieces, and the dome the raised head-piece or halo. Seen from that height it seems to be laid out on the grass carpet like an immense crucifix of tarnished silver or old ivory.

By the side of the Cathedral, inside a low white wall, the painted cloisters of the Campo Santo, with their precious marbles, surround a long and narrow space of green grass, open to the sky. The Campo Santo is the "Memento Mori" of the Middle Ages to Italy. The paintings on the walls of these cloisters can be compared only with the German "Dances of Death," and the like, and there is in the contrast all the differences of the two races. The imagination of Orgagna, or of the Pisans who painted the *Triumph of Death*, the *Last Judgment*, and the *Hell*, is less naturally fantastic than the



German imagination ; it is logical, faithful to a conception, and desires only to be very real in turning into visible shape what it has come to believe of invisible things and of things to come. The remembrances of death are brought in with crude physical horror, as the tortures of the mediæval hell are also, with a pitiless straightforwardness : the knight who stops his nose over an open grave, the horse that neighs and snuffs at the worms there. The saved folk in heaven are folk out of the painter's own city, making music and caressing their lapdogs under the trees in a Pisan meadow in summer. It is very real, old men and beggars and halt and maimed folk, who hold out their hands in vain supplication, as the scythed angel passes over them, on other business, in the air. And to the painter there is a tragedy not less literal and actual in the flight of angels and devils over the little male and female souls that fly upwards out of the open mouths of sleepers. "Hell is murky," and he sees it in just such circles of bodily agony, with these prongs and snakes and flames, and devils no less scaled, and clawed, and elaborated for all the parodies of hate. These pictures on the walls are pictures secondly, and first of all teaching, a warning to those about to die. It is their intention, not their pattern, that makes them pictures ; it is by their literal rendering of the beliefs of their time, it is by their sheer force as a homily in paint, that they appeal to us now, in these cloisters of this chapel of death, with a poignancy which is still contemporary.

### III

Pisan art, as one sees it in the Museum, begins with miniatures, strange bright stains on parchment, of the eleventh century. Two centuries later come the paintings on wood and those singular crucifixes with their gilt haloes raised from the wood of the cross, throwing the head forward. The Christs are all Jews, and Mary is a Jewess, with a simplicity untroubled by the irrationalities of tradition. The finest crucifix is one

attributed to Giunta Pisano, splendid in design and colour, with its sombre richness, its elaborate decoration, its rim of heavy gold nails; the whole horror made passionate and austere, with a tragic beauty in the lean, contorted figure, the agonised attendant faces.

And these crucifixes are seen in room after room, together with panels with gold backgrounds, set in decorative frames; all minutely painted in crude bright colours, with an earnest attempt to render the reality of earthly things and to invent some ideal beauty for spiritual things. There are works by artists of Pisa, Siena, and Florence; and one passes from picture to picture a little dazed and disconcerted by their conventions which no longer mean anything, forgotten formulas, discovering a beauty of colour here, a *naïveté* of design there, but seeing them for the most part as one reads verse in a language only partially known. There are fragments of marble among the pictures, an exquisite rose-window from the church of the Spina, a broken but still lovely and terrible monster crouched and leaning over a wall, wooden statues out of churches, with jointed hands and arms, and with a quaint conscious charm in their suggestion of slim bodies. Nothing among the pictures touched me so closely as a series of small panels from the high altar of Santa Caterina, by Simone Martini. In their dainty architectural gilt frames, against their backgrounds of gold, they have a calm, severely rich beauty of design and colour. A lovely Magdalen holds a chased casket, and there is subtlety in the long oval of the sleepy, faint, and morbid face with its ruddy hair and jewelled band across the forehead. All these saints have plaintive, formal, expressive faces, there is a delicacy in their eyelids and long fingers, and they make sensitive gestures.

#### IV

Poets have loved Pisa, and are remembered there. It was its peace, says Mrs. Shelley, that suited Shelley; "our roots,"

he says himself, "never struck so deep as at Pisa." Byron, Shelley, and Leopardi all lived and wrote in Pisa, and there are marble tablets recording them on the houses in which they lived. Leopardi's house was in the Via Fagiuoli; Byron's and Shelley's almost opposite one another, on each side of the river. The Palazzo Lanfranchi, now Palazzo Torcanelli, is a simple, massive house of plain brown stone, the doors and windows outlined in white stone; it stands on the sunny side of the river, not far from the Ponte di Mezzo. The inscription says: "Giorgio Gordon Noel Byron qui dimorò dall' autunno del 1821 all' estate del 1822 e scrisse sei canti del 'Don Giovanni.'" Shelley's house is on the Lung' Arno Galileo opposite, a little eastward, part of a big building with yellow plastered walls and windows; and the inscription says: "Percy Bysshe Shelley trascorse in queste mura gli ultimi mesi del 1821, l'inverno del 1822, qui tradusse in versi immortali gli affetti e le imagine che Pisa gli ispirò, e compose l'elegia in morte di John Keats, 'Adonais.'" Shelley has captured much of the soul of Pisa in two lovely poems, "Evening: Ponte a Mare," where the "slow soft toads out of damp corners creep," and the lines on "The Tower of Famine," which render the whole aspect and atmosphere of the fourteenth century Arsenal tower, heavy and ominous, which he took to be Ugolino's. Ugolino's tower was pulled down long ago, and an inscription on the house which replaced it, at the corner of the Piazza dei Cavalieri, tells you where it stood.

In Pisa the Middle Ages are felt everywhere, but for the most part as an echo, an odour, rather than in any actual stone, literally surviving. Many of the streets keep their old quaint names unspoilt; as the Via delle Belle Torri, with its two side-streets, the Via l'Amore and the Via del Cuore. The arcades of the Borgo remind one of Padua, and as one walks under them there are glimpses, here and there, of pillared church-fronts, or of the carving on old houses. There is the eleventh-century church of S. Pierino, with its shops leading up from the street, its heavy pillars and fine floor of mosaic;

S. Michele in Borgo, with its façade in three tiers, of pillars and trefoliated arches, severer in design than the façade of the Cathedral; there is the admirable S. Paolo a Ripa d'Arno; and there is the thirteenth-century Santa Maria della Spina, the sailor's church, set down like a white and black trinket on the banks of the Arno. Begging brothers of the Misericordia pass you in the streets, with their black livery, black hoods, and vast black hats slung upon their backs. Girls and women stand chattering about the many fountains, drawing water, and carrying it in small copper cans, all of one pattern, shaped delicately, like ancient vases. But, for the most part, that sense of peace, that placid melancholy, which comes to seem the natural atmosphere of Pisa, harmonising whatever is new, active, and stirring in it with all that remains, not only in its one enchanting corner, of past ages, is a kind of intangible charm, made up of many elements and softly transfiguring them: the languid evenings when the lights begin to come out along the river, the lovely curve of its course between red-roofed and green-shuttered houses, the boats that float down helped by oars and sail, the sight of misty hills beyond the water; sunsets that burn the sky to soft fire above the roofs; and the wind that comes up the river every night from the sea, tempered to softness as it drifts through Pisa.

## V

A large part of the beauty of Pisa comes to it from the Arno, which winds through it from end to end, and can be followed into the leafy country, by a grassy path which goes beside it, always within sight of the hills, which, on a misty evening in March, are like banks of solid smoke. Under a grey sky, in the faint mist which veils the outlines of the hills, spring budding overhead in the trees and starring their brown branches with green, among which tiny bats fly restlessly, the night comes on gently, with a peaceful and slightly mournful charm. Coming back, I saw the long curved line of the Lung'

Arno, the brown and yellow and green of the houses, under a low-hanging thunder-cloud about to burst; a rich, deep, complex effect of colour, sombre, and with a dull sort of intensity, as if some fierce heat smouldered there. After a rain storm in the hills the river awakens violently, and rushes downwards, swollen, yellow, and curdled, creased and wried into wrinkles and cross-eddies. At night, looking down on it from a high window, the water is oily black, streaked with white, and the reflections of the gas-lamps along the quays plunge downwards like long stakes of gold, planted in the river. Where the light strikes it one can see the tide flowing swiftly; but for the most part it is a black pit of water, dividing the town.

If you follow the river to the sea you will come to one of the loveliest places in Italy, Bocca d'Arno, where the Arno freshens into little waves as it meets the sea-waves and mingles with them. On one side of the river the sand begins, and, beyond the grass, there are pine-trees, green to blackness as they thicken and cut off the sky. On the other side of the river there is a flat green marsh, ending upon a dark line of trees. Above, there are jagged peaks against the sky, hills white with snow where they rise into the white rain-clouds. Towards Pisa the hills darken, softening into gentler curves. And it seems as if nothing that is supremely beautiful in nature is not here. Here, at this lovely meeting-place, are hills, woods, valleys, a river, and the sea.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

## THE IMPERIAL GERMAN NAVY

**T**O the courtesy and kindness of H.I.M. the Kaiser I owe the honour of his permission to visit the Imperial Dockyards at Kiel and at Wilhelmshaven, and the Active Battle Fleet. I was privileged to see the Active Battle Fleet during the few days it remained at Wilhelmshaven at the beginning of September, before proceeding to sea upon its annual manœuvres. As the guest of the Imperial Navy, and as a naval student, every information was given to me, every arrangement was most carefully made for my convenience, and, it is needless to say, except as an expression of sincere acknowledgment, the most generous hospitality was shown to me.

In treating of the German Imperial Navy it will be well to define the point of view. My point of view is, not political but, naval. It is with the Navy, as a Navy, that I have to deal. But, since military force at sea represents one of the instruments by which national policy is enforced in the last resort, it is impossible wholly to ignore political considerations. It would, of course, be easy enough to leave them aside in dealing with the Navy; but, in so doing, the reader's mind would necessarily include them. There would be an element of doubt as to the writer's attitude towards a question of international politics. It will conduce to clearness if that doubt be resolved at the outset.

The Imperial German Navy is undeniably regarded as a



“menace” to this country, by many persons who believe it to be their duty and their privilege to publish that belief. Let us endeavour to discover upon what foundation it rests. The word “menace” seems to imply a definite threat. For it is obvious that every military force of every Power is potentially a menace to another Power. Yet the word is not applied to characterise (for instance) the Navy of the United States, which has at this moment thirteen battleships under construction, as compared with two in Germany. It must therefore carry a special signification with regard to Germany; implying that the purpose for which the Imperial German Navy is being built and organised, is to threaten the sea-power of England. This theory has been often stated in the public press. It seems reasonable to inquire upon what evidence it rests. So far as I have been able to discover, the evidence resides, first, in the statements of those profound thinkers upon the subject who have, by processes known only to themselves, arrived at the conviction that a menace is intended; and, second, in the irresponsible and quite fallacious newspaper articles and sporadic speeches of rash people, published both in Germany and at home. The value of the evidence first mentioned, that of the statements of persons who have attained conviction, is strictly personal. It depends on the value of the person holding the belief. The value of the evidence of the newspaper press can—it is only an opinion, of course,—scarce be underrated, as evidence. It is, for instance,—or it ought to be—notorious that extracts from the foolish and excited diatribes in German provincial papers of exceedingly limited circulation, are telegraphed to the great dailies over here, where they are printed without distinction in the same column with extracts from newspapers of high standing. It is not to be supposed, either that these excerpts represent intelligent German opinion, or that the British public can discriminate between them. The result is a vague irritation on both sides the water; which is apparently fostered with care by those to whose interests it is to excite that kind of emotion.

So, at least, one is driven to suppose ; since it is perfectly obvious to the least observant that, on the one hand, if—to put it broadly—Germany intends war with England, the English policy should be to affect ignorance of that sinister design ; while, on the other hand, if Germany does not desire war with England, it must be a disastrous folly to provoke it.

And all the time the great proportion of the intelligent and educated persons in both countries continue to deplore this injurious posture of affairs. The German and the Englishman are of the same blood, when all is said. It is scarce unreasonable to suppose that an alliance between the two nations should be both natural and enduring—as it can never be between peoples of a different race.

The objection will of course be raised that the question is one of high international politics, not of the domestic affections ; that each nation must play for its own hand. Let us grant the premiss, for the sake of argument. Let us grant that politics are a game of chess. But, even so, it is surely time to perceive that the attitude of a roomful of noisy on-lookers and partisans, who continually interrupt the game with rude remarks, is not a dignified pose to adopt in the eyes of the world.

It would really almost seem, upon consideration, that the true evidence as to whether the Imperial German Navy is or is not a “menace,” would be found to reside in that Navy itself. If so, it will be worth while to consider the German Navy in some detail. It is my purpose, therefore, to present as complete and as impartial an account of the Imperial German Navy as I may ; premising that, personally, I do not believe in the menace. That, again, is merely an opinion. Every one is free to form his own.

The reader shall strike the trail of misrepresentation and misunderstanding at the same point as did the writer. This extraordinary conspiracy of folly has grown to so fantastic a pitch that, when the British Channel Fleet put in at Swinemünde the other day, there was a proportion of the holiday folk



who honestly feared bombardment. As the guns did not begin, they put off joyfully in boats, late in the evening as it was, to visit the English. The incident was entirely characteristic of a press-ridden country.

And when, the next morning, the Active Battle Fleet of Germany arrived, by express order of the Emperor, to greet their visitors, the newspapers affected to perceive a counter-threat in that simple act of courtesy. So it goes on. But the smart light-grey ships of the Imperial German Navy rode peacefully side by side with the big lead-coloured ships of the Channel Fleet, and the customary friendly official visits were interchanged. The next day the Active Battle Fleet proceeded through the Kiel Canal to Wilhelmshaven, where the writer was privileged to examine the ships.

The fine five flagships of the Active Battle Fleet lay in the harbour basin, alongside the quay where the smart, black torpedo-boats were coaling. The German battleships are lighter than the British, if we except the British *Canopus* class, which were constructed of light draught for the purpose of passing the Suez Canal. The first-class battleship lying alongside the quay has clean fine lines, but she has a towering bulk of superstructure forward; a fault, in German naval opinion, which will not recur in later ships. One immediately remarks that the German warship carries no torpedo-nets.

The midshipman who was kind enough to take me over the ship spoke excellent English. There are not many English midshipmen whose German is equally intelligible. The whole ship was thoroughly clean and smart. And cleanliness in a ship is one of the signs of sound discipline. The quarter-deck is narrowed in from the full beam of the ship, so that the main deck below forms a broad ledge on either side. This arrangement not only saves weight, and therefore expense, but enables the two 5·9 guns to port and the two to starboard to fire directly astern. The saving in weight is probably obtained at the cost of a proportion of stability, as in the French ships; which, however, carry the principle further. The mess-

decks, where the big, clean-limbed bluejackets are dining, are roomy enough. The men keep their kit in metal lockers ranged amidships. Plans of the ship, showing the leads of various pipes, and other plans showing the fire-mains, are posted in the bulkheads. A large model of the ship itself, constructed so that it can be taken to pieces, is provided in all vessels. The junior officers are berthed two a cabin; the midshipmen swing hammocks, as with us.

The turrets for the 5.9 guns are worked by hydraulic gear; the ammunition hoists, enclosed in steel tubes, are worked electrically, with spare hand-gear. The breech of the Krupp gun, instead of opening upon a hinge, slides out at right angles to the barrel at the turn of a lever. The fire-control is usually conducted from the bridges, with electric and voice-pipe communication to the turrets. The conning-towers are the reserve fire-control stations. The German battleships and cruisers are fitted with three screws, the third screw being fixed under the stern-post. It may be used alone for the purpose of economical cruising at low speed. Its use is said, however, to be apt to damage the stern-post.

It is sometimes asserted that the German bluejacket is over-drilled into depression. Such was not my impression. All through the mess-decks the men were talking, laughing and singing. They were not in the least depressed, although they were undoubtedly disciplined to a very high degree. They carry themselves more like soldiers than like sailors; their uniform is spotless; they are, to all appearance, as fine and smart a body of men as any service in the world can boast. The strictest punctilio is, of course, observed throughout the service in matters of etiquette; which is more elaborate in observances than in our own service.

Such are the notes of an impression which may serve to give a general idea of a German warship, before proceeding to consider the severe technical details of construction, equipment, organisation, and training. It will be convenient to begin with the ships themselves. The salient point to be grasped is

the number of effective ships which are in the first fighting-line at this moment.

The Active Battle Fleet of the Imperial German Navy consists of twenty-two battleships, including two which are not yet ready for sea. It must be borne in mind that all statistics of this nature are more or less approximate; since there are always ships passing into the dockyard and out of it for repairs and refitting; so that the absolute number ready for sea must always be considered as carrying a small margin subject to separate detailed calculation.

The twenty-two ships, then, consist of five classes. Enumerated according to the order in time in which they were built, these classes are:—the *Deutschland*, *Braunschweig*, *Wittelsbach*, *Kaiser* and *Brandenburg* classes. The *Deutschland* class numbers three, counting the two still under construction. There are two more projected; but, as they have not yet been laid down, they may be left out of consideration for the moment. The *Deutschland* class thus consists at present of the *Deutschland*, the "P" and the "O." To it will eventually be added the "Q" and "R." The German custom is to designate ships still under construction by letters. They are named when they are launched. A letter, therefore, in the Navy List signifies a ship either still under construction, or projected.

There are five ships in the *Brandenburg* class: the *Lothringen*, *Preussen*, *Hessen*, *Elsass* and *Braunschweig*; five in the *Wittelsbach* class:—the *Mecklenburg*, *Schwaben*, *Zähringen*, *Wettin* and *Wittelsbach*; five in the *Kaiser* class:—the *Kaiser Barbarossa*, *Kaiser Karl der Grosse*, *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, and *Kaiser Friedrich III.*; four in the *Brandenburg* class:—*Wörth*, *Brandenburg*, *Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm*, and *Weissenburg*.

Before considering these in detail, it may be observed that all ships, despite their differences in displacement and in armament, have the same speed; so that a vessel of earlier construction may still manœuvre with a squadron, which, so far

as speed is concerned, is homogeneous. This is an important tactical advantage; and it is the more important because the rate of speed, which is eighteen knots, is, for battleships, a high degree.

The *Deutschland* class have a displacement of 12,997 tons, a main armament of four 11-in. guns, and a secondary armament of fourteen 6.7, and twenty-two 3.4 guns. It is probable that the projected ships "Q" and "R" will be of greater displacement and heavier armament.

The *Braunschweig* class have the same displacement, and main armament. In the secondary armament they have twelve 3.4 guns instead of twenty-two, as in the *Deutschland* class. It was considered advisable to increase the number of small quick-firing guns in the later class, as an improved defence against torpedo attack.

The *Wittelsbach* class have a slightly lower displacement and a lighter armament. Their displacement is 11,613 tons, their main armament four 9.4 guns, their secondary armament eighteen 5.9 and twelve 3.3 guns. The *Zähringen* is officially reckoned to have an extra knot in speed.

The *Kaiser* class have a lower displacement still. Their displacement is 10,976 tons. Their armament is the same as that of the *Wittelsbach* class.

The *Brandenburg* class, of the small displacement of 9874 tons, has a powerful main armament of six 11-in. guns. These are mounted in pairs, in turrets disposed forward, amidships and aft. They have a secondary armament of eight 3.4 guns.

These details may serve to give a general idea of the fighting power of the Active Battle Fleet. To multiply details is merely to confuse. But, as all values are relative, we have next to consider what is the relative position occupied by the Imperial German Navy with regard to other navies of importance. This position depends, theoretically, in the first place, upon numbers, and in the second, upon what is called the "comparative fighting-value." Actually,

other things being reasonably equal, the value of any given fleet depends upon the way in which it is handled, and upon the skill of the fleet gunners. That is why all theoretical comparisons must be accepted with reservation. But, the personal equation cannot be expressed in terms of statistics ; so that we are shut up to the theoretical estimate.

As to numbers, then, the German *Taschenbuch der Kriegsflootten*, 1905, gives the number of battleships in the effective fleets of Great Britain, France, Germany and the United States as follows: Great Britain, 56; France, 33; Germany, 21; United States, 14. That, as an approximation, will serve to give a general idea of relative numerical force.

And as regards "comparative fighting value," Mr. F. T. Jane's estimate, based upon elaborate calculations of relative speed, weight of gun-fire, and armour protection, may be quoted; always bearing in mind that the calculation must necessarily leave out of account the essential factor of the personal equation. Mr. Jane, then, regards the *Deutschland* and *Braunschweig* class as equivalent in "fighting-value" to the *Formidable*, *Swiftsure* and *Duncan* classes in the British Navy, the *Suffren* and *Jena* in the French Navy, the *Idaho* and *Maine* classes in the Navy of the United States, the *Mikasa* and *Shikishana* in the Japanese Navy. The *Wittelsbach* class is regarded as equivalent to the *Royal Sovereign* class, the *Hood*, the *Drake* and *Cressy* classes in the British Navy, the *Jauréguiberry* and *Gambetta* in the French Navy, the *Kearsage* and *California* in the Navy of the United States. The *Kaiser* class is regarded as equivalent to the British *Trafalgar*, the French *Brennus* and *Henry IV.*, the American *Indiana* and *Iowa*; and the *Brandenburg* class to the British *Renown* and *Centurion*.

Human ingenuity can no further go; and still it is probable that a fleet action would surprisingly contradict these conclusions.

With regard to armour protection, which may be considered as a subdivision of the elements of fighting-value, it

may be said that, generally speaking, the ships of all nations which are contemporary one with another, will be equipped with the particular type of armour which has been invented at the time when the ships are laid down; so that ships of the same date will have the same kind of armour. But the degree of protection adopted will vary in the case of each nation, according to the naval opinion of the nation in question. Captain Tresidder, in the course of an article contributed by him to the "Naval Annual" of the current year, has calculated the relative values of armour protection adopted by the Navies of the great Powers. "Taking the averages of heavy armour protection adopted by each nation for the last ten years, and arranging the nationalities in order according to value of belt protection on battleships," Germany is placed fifth on the list, and Great Britain last. The order is—France, United States, Japan, Russia, Germany, Italy, Great Britain. It does not, of course, necessarily follow that the comparative inferiority of belt protection lowers the efficiency of the ship, considered as a fighting-unit. A ship must always be the result of a compromise; and there is no such thing as finality in naval construction. Here again, therefore, the figures are to be accepted with a reservation.

Another subdivision of the elements of fighting-value is gun-power. And in reckoning gun-power, the unknown quantity of the personal equation must, of course, count very high. Given a certain range and a certain rate of fire, all the rest must depend upon the skill of the gun-layer. And it is especially difficult in dealing with the material of gunnery to establish any conclusion as to comparative values. For not only is the science of gunnery extremely technical, but the evolution of the gun is continually progressing. The striking energy of the heavy projectile, for instance, has increased by 110 per cent. during the last ten years. A general indication, therefore, must suffice. The British, French, and American Navies are equipped with the 12-in. gun as their main armament. The German Navy hitherto has preferred the 11-inch



gun. It is stated that, in order to be in the same proportion as the British or American 12-in. gun, the German 11-in. gun should have a shot weighing 650 lbs., whereas it only weighs 595 lbs. Thus, theoretically, it would seem that the German Navy stands at a small disadvantage in this respect. But none save a highly-trained professional gunnery officer is competent to pronounce a definite judgment in such a matter.

Such, in general outline, is the constitution of the first line of the Active Battle Fleet. It is divided into two squadrons, each under the command of an admiral and a second in command. Two armoured cruisers are in attendance upon the Battle Fleet. Each cruiser is at the head of a division of third-class cruisers. Two flotillas of torpedo-boats, each consisting of two divisions of five boats, are attached to the Active Battle Fleet. There are two tenders, and two torpedo-boat despatch-boats.

Under the Act of 1898 it was provided that the official life of a battleship should be twenty-five years, of an armoured cruiser twenty years, and of a small cruiser fifteen years. So soon as a ship becomes superannuated, she is removed from the first line. The battleships are placed in the Reserve. There are in the Reserve the five second-class battleships *Oldenburg*, *Baden*, *Württemberg*, *Sachsen*, and *Bayern*, which may be regarded as obsolete. There are also eight coast defence ships—*Hagen*, *Heimdal*, *Odin*, *Hildebrand*, *Ægir*, *Frithiof*, *Beowulf*, and *Siegfried*—which have recently been lengthened and refitted. Two of these—the *Ægir* and *Frithiof*—are in commission in the Reserve, and are stationed at Danzig.

There is a Cruiser Squadron for foreign service upon the Mediterranean, West African, East African, East and West American, Australian, and East Asian stations. On the East Asian station are four cruisers, two torpedo-boats, a tender, four gunboats, and three river gunboats; on the Australian station, one cruiser and a surveying ship; on the American

stations, three cruisers ; on the African, two ; in the Mediterranean, one.

Such, then, is the constitution of the Active Battle Fleet, the Reserve, and Cruiser Squadron for Foreign Service. The number of effective battleships has been already stated in enumerating the ships of the Active Battle Fleet. But the cruisers and torpedo-boats attached thereto, and the ships in the Cruiser Squadron, do not include the whole number of those vessels. There are, then, six armoured cruisers altogether, including the *Yorck*, which is not yet completed, and excluding the "C" cruiser, which is still under construction. These are the *Yorck*, *Roon*, *Friedrich Carl*, *Prinz Adalbert*, *Prinz Heinrich*, and *Fürst Bismarck*. Their displacement varies from the 10,570 tons of the *Fürst Bismarck*, which was laid down in 1896, to the 9350 tons of the *Yorck*, laid down in 1903. They have a speed of from 20 to 21 knots. The main armament of the *Yorck*, *Roon*, *Friedrich Carl* and *Prinz Adalbert* consists of four 8·2 guns, the secondary armament of ten 5·9 guns. The main armament of the *Prinz Heinrich* and *Fürst Bismarck* consists of four 9·4 guns, the secondary armament of ten 5·9 guns, and small quick-firers. It is said that the "C" cruiser, now under construction, and her class, and the projected "D" class, will have a larger displacement and a heavier armament.

There are altogether twenty-two third-class cruisers, of speeds varying from 23 to 18 knots, two torpedo-gunboats of fighting-value, and fourteen small cruisers and gunboats, which are chiefly used in policing foreign stations. The *Lübeck* third-class cruiser is fitted with turbines.

The torpedo-boats, of which two flotillas are attached to the Active Battle Fleet, number, approximately, forty-seven large boats, or, as we should say, destroyers, and forty-seven small boats. There are twelve large torpedo-boats building, and six small boats. They are all armed with the 1·4-pounder gun. The large boats carry three, or four, torpedo-tubes ; the bow tubes in the "D" class of the large boats



being submerged. The small boats carry two tubes. It is proposed to increase the artillery armament, and to provide an extra torpedo. An extra sum of £15,000 has been provided in the estimates for torpedo practice and exercises connected therewith, and an extra sum of £8000 for torpedo experiments.

Three flotillas are kept constantly in commission, two of which are exercised at a time throughout the year. The torpedo-boat service of the German Navy is said to reach a high degree of training and skill. Some ninety odd boats in full training make a sufficiently formidable force.

Experiments in submarine instruction have been for some years in progress; and a sum has been provided in the estimates for the establishment of a mining-corps, to be quartered at Cuxhaven. At the same time, the British Admiralty has apparently decided to abolish a vast and particularly efficient submarine mining establishment.

To sum up: the effective strength of the Imperial German Navy may be approximately stated to consist of 22 battleships, 6 armoured cruisers, 22 small cruisers, and some 94 torpedo-boats.

By the Act of 1900 it was provided that, by means of a system of definite increase and periodical substitution of new ships for obsolete, the Imperial German Navy should, by the year 1920, consist of 34 battleships, 8 armoured cruisers, 24 small cruisers, and 80 torpedo-boats. This force will be organised in two main squadrons, one of which will be based on Kiel, the other on Wilhelmshaven. Each squadron will consist of 17 battleships, 4 armoured cruisers, 12 small cruisers, and 40 torpedo-boats. In addition, there are to be provided for foreign service, 3 armoured cruisers and 10 small cruisers.

An increase to the Foreign Service Squadron was in 1900 refused by the Reichstag. The Secretary of State for the Navy, Admiral von Tirpitz, stated in February that he would renew the demand in the autumn of this year. Admiral von

Tirpitz will, it is said, ask for six armoured cruisers and seven divisions of torpedo-boats, six to a division, 42 in all.

No other increase has been suggested by the authorities. When the German Navy League proposed to put forward a demand for a large addition to the Navy, their action met with unmistakable disapproval.

In the gradual building up and establishment of the fine Fleet and admirable service of to-day, we see a great military power advancing into the domain of sea-power, and occupying it, as it were by force of arms. For the German nation has not lived and thriven by the sea, as the English people has lived and prospered. The Imperial German Navy of to-day began as the Prussian Navy in 1848, but fifty-seven years ago. At that time there was no dockyard in all Germany in which a warship bigger than a gunboat could be laid down. There were no officers, and no men. The notion of sea-power was utterly foreign to the race.

To-day, there are some eighteen private yards engaged in shipbuilding for the Mercantile Marine, and five private yards for the Imperial Navy. All German warships are required to be built in German yards. There are Imperial Dockyards at Kiel, Wilhelmshaven and Danzig, which are being enlarged so that the biggest ships may be built and docked there, and which have been equipped with electrically-driven machinery. The Imperial Dockyards employ between 17,000 and 18,000 men. In the Service itself are nearly fifty thousand officers and men. In the Mercantile Marine are employed nearly sixty thousand men who have served their time in the Navy, who have passed into the Reserve, and whose very occupation serves to keep them in fair training. It is an instructive contrast—the fact that in the British Mercantile Marine are shipped some 49,000 aliens.

The genius and courage of this sober, sagacious and determined people have built up in half a century a great shipbuilding trade, a prosperous mercantile marine, and a splendid Navy; and, perceiving that the true basis of sea-power must

ever include a right relation between the Merchant Service and the Naval Service, they have been swift to establish that relation from the beginning.

But the vital factor is, not ships or trade, but men, and the leaders of men. First, with regard to the men. Every German is obliged by law to serve either in the Army or in the Navy. "Every German is in duty bound to defend his country, and he cannot discharge this duty through a substitute"—such is the plain and dignified statement of the National Code of the German Empire. The whole seafaring and semi-seafaring populations are excused service in the Army, but are obliged to serve in the Navy. The terms connote a wide definition. They include professional seamen, fishermen, engineers and stokers, the trades followed on shipboard, such as those of cook, steward, lamp-trimmer, baker, and so forth. Should the supply drawn from the seafaring and semi-seafaring populations not suffice, landsmen are taken. In practice, about two-thirds of the total number are landsmen.

The conditions of service are both compulsory and voluntary. Men are liable for service from their seventeenth year to their forty-fifth year. Conscripts are usually enlisted in their twentieth year. The compulsory service is arranged as follows: Active service, three years; Naval reserve, four years; Seewehr, equivalent to Landwehr in the Army, first levy, five years; second levy, seven years; Naval Ersatz Reserve, or Supernumeraries, composed of the seafaring and semi-seafaring populations, liable for special service in time of peace, and to be taken to replace vacancies in time of war, under obligation from the conscript's twentieth year for twelve years; Landsturm, which is composed of all those who belong to the seafaring or semi-seafaring population from their seventeenth to their forty-fifth year, the first levy being composed of those from seventeen to thirty-nine years of age, the second levy of those from thirty-nine to forty-five years of age.

At the expiration of the three years of active service men are permitted to re-engage, as in the Army, for one year;

when they may again apply to re-engage, and so on for each succeeding year. They receive a special grant, and are almost always promoted to the ratings of Petty Officer (Unteroffizier) and Warrant Officer (Deckoffizier). These are the men whose highly trained and practically continuous service, together with the service of the volunteer and of the men who entered in the Ships' Boys' Division, goes to compensate for the inherent weakness of a short-service system, as such.

Upon enlistment, the recruits are distributed to the dépôts of the three departments of the seamen's divisions, or Matrosen-Divisionen; the torpedo-boat division or Torpedo-Abteilungen; and the technical and administrative division, or Werft-Divisionen, including engineers, engine-room artificers, stokers, mechanics, carpenters.

There are three divisions of voluntary service. There are those who, having obtained a "leaving certificate" at school, are privileged to volunteer for one year's service; those who volunteer for three, four, five and six years; and ships' boys.

The Ships' Boys' Division, which is established at Friedrichsort, near Kiel, is the most important part of the voluntary service; since it provides opportunity for boys who desire to make the Navy service their occupation. They must pass an elementary education test, and the medical examination. The course of training at Friedrichsort extends over a year and a half. During the first six months the boys are trained ashore. They are then drafted aboard the school ships, in which the naval cadets are also under instruction. The ships cruise for a year or so. Upon their return, the boys are granted a month's leave; after which they receive further training ashore in infantry drill and naval subjects. At the age of seventeen they are received into the Navy as ordinary seamen, or Leichtmatrosen, when they take the oath of allegiance to the Kaiser. In due course, according to their conduct and capacity, they are promoted to the rating of A.B., to that of petty officer, and that of warrant officer. They are obliged to

serve for nine years, at the expiration of which they may re-engage. Like the re-engaged conscript and volunteer, they are long-service men.

To attain promotion to the warrant rank of chief gunner, or Ober-Stückmeister, the gunlayer must receive a course of training in an artillery school-ship, and must rise through the petty-officer ratings of Bootsmanmaate and Ober-Bootsmanmaate. As petty officer, he must receive a course of thirty months' training as captain of gun in the secondary armament, and must gain his certificate. He is then eligible for promotion to the rank of captain of turret or Stückmeister. After serving at sea for ten months as captain of turret, he is eligible, provided that he shows proficiency, for promotion to the chief warrant rank of Ober-Stückmeister. By that time he will have acquired a high degree of training. It is upon the men thus trained that the gun-practice of the Fleet depends. Prizes are awarded by his Majesty the Emperor to the best shots; and it need hardly be said that there is a very keen competition.

The guns' crews are constantly practised at tube-cannon drill, and aiming drill. The range is given from the bridges by the officers in command of the fire-control.

Second, with regard to the officers. In Germany, the naval cadet completes his general education before he enters the service. He may not enter before the age of sixteen, or after the age of nineteen. He must either have gained his leaving certificate, or a certificate showing that he is fit to be in the first form, or "prima." In the first case, candidates are admitted without examination; in the second case, candidates must pass an entrance examination, and they must not be more than seventeen years of age. Should they pass their entrance examination they will gain a certain amount of seniority, as there is no element of selection in promotion. But, should they be found unfitted for the service, they will be disqualified from entering one of the higher careers in civil life, since they will not have gained their leaving certificate.

During the first month cadets are trained ashore, being instructed in the use of the rifle and in naval subjects. They are then sworn in. The cadets who are being trained for executive officers are then told off to the training-ships; while those who have entered for the engineering branch are drafted into the workshops.

The training-ships are rigged ships with auxiliary steam. German naval opinion, which differs from that of the British Admiralty, holds the training afforded by masts and sails to be worth retaining. The ships cruise for a year, during which the cadets are learning their duties side by side with the ship's boys.

At the end of the cruise those cadets who have gained the requisite certificates are recommended as candidates for the midshipman's examination. The cases of those cadets whose qualifications are doubtful are reported by the captain of the ship to the Inspector of Naval Instruction, who decides whether the cadets shall be dismissed the service, or be directed to cruise for another year. A cadet may, if he will, elect during his first year to change from the executive to the engineering branch.

Those cadets who have gained their certificates are sent to the Marine-Schule at Kiel, where they remain for a year. Their course consists of instruction in navigation, seamanship, steam, mathematics, infantry drill, naval architecture, routine, French and German, and boat-sailing.

The engineer cadet, at the end of his first year, is rated petty officer, engine-room artificer, and is sent to sea for a year or more.

At the expiration of their year's course at the Marine-Schule, the cadets who have passed their examination receive a six months' course of gunnery, torpedo, and land warfare with the Marines, or See Soldats. The See Soldats no longer serve at sea. There are three battalions, one of which is quartered at Kiel, one at Wilhelmshaven, and one is upon foreign service. They are first on the roster for foreign service.

The engine-room artificer, at the end of his cruise, goes to

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the petty officers' engineering school. At the expiration of his course he goes to sea again, and his promotion to commissioned rank follows in due course. The German system both ensures the entrance into the service of men of the same class as that from which the executive officers are drawn, and their training as specialists. It remains to be seen if the British Admiralty scheme will effect a like result.

The midshipman, having passed his examination at the expiration of his six months' course, also goes to sea, where he remains for one or two years, during which time he is trained in each branch of his profession by the officer at the head of that branch. When he obtains his certificate he is elected an officer of the Imperial Navy, with the rank of sub-lieutenant. As midshipman, he ranked between a petty officer and a warrant officer. The training of a midshipman thus extends at the least over three and a half years.

Having attained commissioned rank he may, if he has the right aptitude, proceed to the Marine Academy at Kiel, for a two years' course in strategy, tactics, and political economy. He is then eligible for a Staff appointment.

The gradations in rank above that of Sub-Lieutenant are: Lieutenant of under eight years' service, or Ober-Leutnant; Senior Lieutenant, or Kapitän-Leutnant; Korvetten-Kapitän, which is a rank nearly equivalent to First Lieutenant in our service; Commander, or Fregatten-Kapitän; Captain, or Kapitän-zur-See; Rear-Admiral, or Kontre-Admiral; Vice-Admiral, or Vize-Admiral; Admiral; and Admiral of the Fleet, or Gross-Admiral.

There are two Gross-Admirals: the Emperor, and Admiral von Koester, Commander-in-Chief of the Active Battle Fleet; 5 Admirals, 6 Vize-Admirals, 16 Kontre-Admirals, 67 Kapitäne-zur-See, 447 Fregatten-Kapitäne and Korvetten-Kapitäne, 833 Kapitäne-Leutnants, Ober-Leutnants, and Leutnants, and 39 pensioned officers. There are 2040 officers in the Imperial Navy, and 271 Paymasters, who are included in the Werft Divisionen, or Dockyard Division.



The organisation of the Imperial Navy is constituted as follows: His Majesty the Emperor, who holds supreme command in peace and in war. He is Gross-Admiral, or Admiral of the Fleet. He has a Naval Cabinet, which is charged with duties similar to those performed by the Military Cabinet. It deals with the personal relations of the officers of the Service, such as appointments, promotions, transfers and leave.

The Admiralty Staff, which is charged with the duty of preparation for war. The officers of the Staff must have passed the Marine Academy.

The Reichs-Marine-Amt, or the Imperial Navy Office, which corresponds roughly to the British Admiralty.

It is charged with the duties of administration, under the direction of the Secretary of State for the Navy, who is of course a naval officer. He is a Minister of State; he represents the Navy in the Reichstag, and in the Federal Council, in which he has a vote. The present Minister of State is Admiral von Tirpitz.

The Admiral of the Active Battle Fleet.

The Admiral in command of the Ostzee, or Baltic station, with headquarters at Kiel. His Royal Highness Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia holds this command.

The Admiral in command of the Nordzee, or North Sea Station.

The Inspector of Naval Instruction, who is charged with the supervision of naval education.

The Chief of the Cruiser Squadron for foreign service.

Such is the outline of the scientific and admirable system of the organisation of a great Service. But the finest system can but provide the best kind of instrument. It cannot produce men; it can but give them proper scope. But that the officers and men of the Imperial Navy are inspired with the inflexible and disciplined devotion to duty which alone teaches the right use of their formidable and splendid instrument, must be the conviction of all, who, like the writer, have had the privilege of their acquaintance.

THE IMPERIAL GERMAN NAVY 67

The official statement of naval policy is to the effect that it is purely defensive. To venture upon a last expression of personal opinion, at the end of a somewhat close study of the Navy itself, I see no reason to doubt that statement.

L. COPE CORNFORD.

## THE NAVAL POWER OF GERMANY

SO much has been written about the great German fleet of the future, which, according to the naval programme of 1900, will be completed by 1920, that the present state of the German Navy has almost escaped attention. In view of the uncertain and somewhat disquieting political outlook, it seems, therefore, worth while to investigate the present position of the German Navy, to study Germany's naval policy, to ascertain how the German fleet compares with the fleets of Germany's possible opponents, and to inquire how the German Navy is likely to fulfil its tasks, supposing that it should, at an early date, be called upon to serve the purpose for which it has been created. Such an investigation seems all the more timely, as a very erroneous opinion as to Germany's naval strength is rather widely held in this country.

The destruction of Russia's fleets in the Far East has shown that ships and guns alone do not make a fleet, that the human factor is most important in naval organisation and naval warfare, and that it is idle merely to compare navies by mechanically comparing the ships' hulls and their equipment. Consequently, it seems necessary first of all to cast a glance at Germany's naval past, in order to become acquainted with the spirit which prevails in the German Navy, and in order to be able to see what we may expect of Germany's naval men.

Germany has practically no naval history, but only a naval

past, and her naval past is a very short one. Germany's navy, like that of Japan, is of yesterday. In 1849 Prussia began the creation of her navy, and as she was then purely a land power, she had to appoint a foreigner, Commodore Schröder, a Dutchman, to the command of her fleet, which, at the beginning, consisted of two armed steamboats and twenty-seven rowing gun-boats. This fleet, which hardly was worthy of a South Sea potentate, mounted together sixty-seven guns, and was manned by thirty-seven officers and 1521 men. From these ludicrous beginnings sprang the present German fleet.

Prusso-Germany's maritime experience was so small that, until lately, military officers, not naval men, had to be entrusted with the supreme command of her navy.

After the foundation of the German Empire, in 1871, Lieutenant-General Von Stosch was made Chief of the Admiralty. His successor was Lieutenant-General Von Caprivi, who became Chief of the Admiralty in 1883. Only since 1888 has the German Admiralty received an Admiral for its head. In Cromwell's time, the British Navy, which then was in a very bad state, was handed over to Blake and Monck, "Generals at Sea," who reformed it by adapting Cromwell's excellent army organisation to the sister service. Germany did likewise, and she has no reason to regret that she put two of her ablest Generals at the head of her new navy. Both Von Stosch and Von Caprivi proved themselves excellent organisers, and under their command the German Navy became thoroughly up-to-date and absolutely ready for war.

Until 1888, when the present Emperor came to the throne, the German Navy remained relatively very unimportant, though it always was well organised, but since then it has enormously increased, as the following figures prove :

PROGRESS OF THE GERMAN FLEET UNDER WILLIAM II.

1888 . . .	189,136 tons	182,470 h.-p.	15,573 men.
1905 . . .	500,893 „	682,670 „	40,862 „
Increase . . .	311,757 tons	500,200 h.-p.	25,289 men.
Ships building . . .	174,450 „	308,000 „	

The foregoing figures show that under William II.'s rule the German Navy has almost exactly been tripled, and that, in about two and a half years from now, it will be quadrupled, and probably much more than quadrupled, because the German ship-building programme is likely to be very considerably increased and accelerated in the near future.

Although William II., through his personal intervention and unceasing agitation, has given the most powerful impetus to the movement in favour of a strong navy, that movement arose spontaneously in Germany before William II. came to the throne. Many thoughtful and influential men desired that Imperial Germany should possess colonies for disposing of her surplus population, but, as all the best colonial lands were already in the hands of strong naval powers, it was perfectly obvious that Germany would not be able to acquire first-class colonies, except by force. Hence, it was thought that Germany's future greatness depended upon her ability to acquire valuable colonies by force. Treitschke, the great historian, fearlessly expressed that view with his usual directness in his book, "Politik." He said :

A fleet is bound to be nowadays of increased importance, not for European war—for nobody believes that a war between Continental Powers can be decided by battles on the sea—but for the protection of trade and of colonies. To-day, the task of the European fleets has again become the mastery of trans-oceanic lands, for the aim of civilisation is the domination of the white race all over the globe. Hence, the greatness of nations will depend upon the share which they have in the possession of lands over-sea. This is the reason why the importance of the fleet has again increased at the present time.

Guided by these considerations, Germany entered in 1884 and 1885 upon her over-sea policy by acquiring colonies in West Africa, South-West Africa, East Africa, New Guinea and the Marshall Islands, and by subsidising her steamship lines. In March 1886, a Bill for the construction of the purely strategical Baltic and North Sea Canal was passed, which marks the turning-point in Germany's naval policy. The building of that canal, which cost £7,800,000, was opposed

by Moltke, who was of opinion that this large amount had better be spent in building ships, but Bismarck strongly supported that scheme, because "the canal would enable the whole German fleet to come out of one hole for attack," instead of being divided in two sections by the Danish Peninsula. Bismarck's energetic views prevailed, and Frederick the Great's principle, "the best defence is the attack," became henceforward the watchword of the German Navy.

Although many German writers pretend that Germany requires a strong navy for the defence of her coasts, it is perfectly clear that the new German fleet is not meant to be a defensive but an offensive weapon. The German harbours lie, not on the sea border, but far inland, out of the reach of a hostile squadron, and the German coasts are protected by enormous sand-banks, which are intersected by tortuous channels, and these change their shape and course continually. Owing to these strong natural defences, and to an abundance of strong coast fortifications, the German coasts are practically unassailable. This view is confirmed by the highest German authorities. For instance, the former Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, Admiral von Stosch, wrote in his Memorandum of 1888, "The North Sea harbours defend themselves. If the buoys are removed from the endless sand-banks which change their shape from year to year, even the most expert pilots would not dare to take a ship through the tortuous channels;" and Secretary of State, Admiral Hollmann, declared, in March 1897, before the Committee of Ways and Means, "We require no navy for coast defence; our coasts defend themselves."

Up to the eighties Germany constructed many ships which were primarily meant for coast defence, but since the construction of the North Sea and Baltic Canal, Germany's ship-building policy has been completely changed, for since then Germany has steadfastly pursued the aim to build a fleet meant to search out and to defeat the enemy upon the high seas. Consequently, the building of armoured gunboats and of



small ironclads, which used to be a feature of the German Navy, has been completely abandoned, and Germany has even disdained to possess herself of that purely defensive weapon, the submarine-boat.

The gist of Germany's naval policy and the aim which she pursues on the sea may be seen from a few of the declarations of William II., and of his principal advisers. The Emperor said, on April 24, 1897, at a banquet in Cologne, pointing to the figure of Neptune, "That trident must be in our fist." And, on another occasion, he uttered the celebrated words, "Our future lies upon the water," which since then has become Germany's watchword. Prince Bülow declared on December 11, 1899, in the Reichstag, "We must create a fleet strong enough to exclude attack from *any* power"; and Admiral Tirpitz, the Minister of Marine, stated a few days later, "We do not know what adversary we may have to face. Therefore we must arm ourselves with a view of meeting the most dangerous conflict possible." Lastly, the preamble of the German Navy Bill for 1900 stated, "Germany requires a fleet of such strength that a war against the mightiest naval power would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that power."

These few announcements, made by Germany's leaders, prove that it is Germany's deliberate aim to rule the ocean. So clearly has Germany shown her ambition, that Monsieur Lockroy, who three times has been Minister of Marine in France, declared in a recently published book :

Germany will be a great naval power, in spite of her geographical position and history. Her claim to rule the waves will bring on a war with Great Britain, earlier or later. That war will be one of the most terrible conflicts of the twentieth century. What its result will be no one can foretell; but so much is sure, that Germany does everything that human forethought and the patience and energy of a nation can suggest.

Germany's determined naval policy has naturally dictated the composition of her fleets and the distribution of her ships. Thinking not only the destruction of the enemy's commerce, but even the protection of her own huge and very valuable



sea-borne trade, merely a secondary object as compared with her principal aim of obtaining command of the sea, Germany has, in the first place, completely neglected her cruiser fleet, and has decided before all to possess herself of a huge and most powerful fleet of homogeneous battleships. In the second place, she has determined not to keep any of her battleships on foreign stations, as other powers do, but to keep them in constant readiness, concentrated in her two principle war harbours, Kiel and Wilhelmshafen. The defence of the few vulnerable spots on the coasts of Germany is left entirely to the land fortifications and to her old coast-defence ships. Her coast-defence ironclads, for instance, are stationed at Dantzig, facing Russia, and her whole naval power is meant to strike westward. The German merchant-marine and Germany's commerce must, in case of war, shift for themselves as best they can, for Germany sees the best defence of her commercial interests not in the defence of her cruiser squadrons, but in the attack of her battleships upon the enemy's fleets.

Germany is, by her geographical position, by her constant preparedness, and by the concentration of all her naval force, much stronger for naval attack than is generally assumed.

It is a well-known fact that Germany can mobilise her army much quicker than can any other European state, but her navy is no less ready for war than is her army. Her navy is most admirably organised; everything is arranged with the one end in view—absolute readiness in case of war—and Germany's naval organisation has, according to M. E. Lockroy, who has carefully studied the naval organisation of all European powers, the most perfect naval organisation in the world. In organising her navy, Germany has had the great advantage over other nations that she was not hampered by a naval history, by naval traditions, and by the possession of old naval bases which, through the lapse of time, had grown cramped, awkward, or out of date, as have some of our own naval bases. Hence, Germany was able to create at once an organisation which, in every respect, was most up to date, and which was almost free

from those numerous historical and traditional impediments which hamper all older navies, our own included.

As regards the strength of the various European navies, it is generally assumed that Great Britain holds the first place, France the second place, and Germany the third place. Before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, only the fourth place was assigned to the German navy, because, on paper, the Russian fleet was more powerful than was the German fleet, for it had a greater tonnage. On paper the French fleet is still 50 per cent. stronger, especially in battleships, than is the German fleet, as may be seen by the following comparison :

BATTLESHIPS LAUNCHED SINCE 1881.

France . . . . .	28 battleships—	280,247 tons.
Germany . . . . .	17 „	186,631 „

At first sight it would appear from the foregoing figures that the French fleet of battleships possesses an overwhelming superiority over the battle-fleet of Germany, but if we carefully compare the French and German battle-fleets in detail, it would appear that, almost unnoticed, the German battle-fleet has acquired a distinct superiority over the French battle-fleet. This fact is of so very great and of so very far-reaching political importance, and this startling fact so greatly affects the calculations and the combinations of British statesmen, that it seems necessary first to compare the naval position of France and Germany, and then to compare the fleets of the two countries.

If we look at the map of Germany, we find that a hostile landing is most difficult, because of the extensive sand-banks already referred to, and we find, furthermore, that no important German town lies close to the sea border. Hamburg, Bremen, and other big harbour-towns lie on a river far away from the sea, and the few small coast-towns which are found near the sea in Germany are out of the reach of naval guns, and lie, for all practical purposes, far inland. If we now look at a map of France, we find that France has a perfectly open coast, on which a landing could easily be effected, and that a very large

number of important French towns lie on the sea. Furthermore, those who are familiar with the aspect of the French coast-towns know that nearly all French coast-towns can be bombarded from the sea. Whilst, as Von Stosch wrote, "Germany's coasts defend themselves," the French coasts are, unfortunately for France, almost defenceless, and the majority of French coast-towns offer as good a target as does Brighton.

Germany has a fleet in the Baltic and another one in the North Sea, and owing to the Baltic North Sea Canal the two fleets can join hands within a few hours. In fact, the whole of Germany's naval strength might, with careful managing, be concentrated in the North Sea unnoticed, and Germany's naval opponents must be prepared suddenly, and almost unexpectedly, to be attacked with Germany's full naval might. France, on the other hand, has to divide her fleets between the Mediterranean and the North Sea, for in both seas she has important interests to defend, and owing to the long distance which lies between her Northern and her Mediterranean fleets, their junction, in case of a war with Germany, cannot be undertaken without the gravest risks, even if the two French fleets combined should actually possess a very decided superiority over the fleet of Germany. France must, therefore, in case of war, reckon with the possibility that Germany will try to prevent a junction of the two fleets, and that her opponent will either endeavour to defeat both French fleets singly, or that he will, at least, try to destroy or cripple one of the French fleets whilst the other one is far away. Therefore, it follows that, even if the superiority of the French battle-fleet over the German battle-fleet would, in reality, be as great as it appears on paper, the superiority of France might be unavailing because it could, perhaps, not effectively be established at the moment when war breaks out. Immediately on the outbreak of a war with Germany, France might find so large a German battle-fleet on her coasts that her two separated fleets would be incapable of effecting a junction. In the meantime, Germany would have the com-

mand of the French coasts, and she might proceed to ravage the numerous coast-towns of France with her cruisers, or even to land an expeditionary corps. Many German generals, among others, General Von Verdy du Vernois, are of opinion that it will be very difficult for a German army to advance into France, because the French frontier is almost closed to Germany by a very large number of fortresses and separate forts. Consequently, they are in favour of turning these French defences by landing a large army on the French coast and plans for such an expedition have been prepared in Germany. Thus France might, owing to her unfavourable geographical position, at a critical moment not be able to avail herself of her naval paper superiority against Germany.

Unfortunately, the necessary distribution of her naval forces is not the only disadvantage under which, in a war with Germany, France would labour. If we closely compare the French and German battle-fleets, we find that the superiority of France exists rather on paper than in reality. Of the French battleships which are less than twenty-five years old, a large number, such as the ships *Furieux*, *Terrible*, *Requin*, *Indomptable*, *Caiman*, *Valmy*, *Jemappes*, *Bouvines*, *Tréhouart*, *Henri IV.*, are too small to be of much service. These ships range from 6000 tons to 8950 tons, and their average size is 7200 tons. Battleships of such small size are nowadays generally considered not to be of much practical value, and both the French and the German admirals agree that these small battleships are not of much utility in battle.

The French admirals speak of these small battleships, of whom Admiral Gervais sarcastically said, "Deux hommes faibles ne vaudront jamais un homme fort," in terms approximating contempt. M. Lockroy said of these ships, "These small ironclads are, according to the reports of their own commanders, notwithstanding their bilge-keels, so unstable that they cannot use their guns in the swell of the North Sea." Nevertheless, some of these small ships are still kept in the North Sea, whilst the remaining ships of the North Sea

squadron, of which they form part, are battleships of 12,000 tons. Of these incongruous units which are made up into a squadron, M. Lockroy recently said, "Neither by their tonnage, nor by their strength, nor by their speed, nor even by the arrangement of their artillery, are the ships which make up the Escadre du Nord able to fight together." This squadron, which, unfortunately, is composed of ships of so very different type and value, may at a moment's notice be called upon to bear the whole brunt of a German attack.

The Russo-Japanese war has conclusively proved the worthlessness of small, slow and ill-armed battleships, and the battle in the bay of Tushima has shown that inferior ships are rather a source of weakness than of strength to their modern fast and powerful consorts. Consequently, France cannot count much on her small battleships. The battle for naval superiority would, therefore, have to be fought probably exclusively between the eighteen large battleships of France and the seventeen large battleships belonging to Germany. Of these battleships we herewith give a list, for the sake of comparison, on the next page.

A glance at the following table shows that the French have one more battleship of 10,000 tons than have the Germans, but that majority of one should soon disappear, as several German battleships of the most modern type are near completion. If we look more closely at the following list of ships, we find that the German ships consist of four squadrons, which are composed of ships of the identical tonnage, and these ships are also identical in every other respect, and are absolutely homogeneous. On the other hand, the French ships are all of different tonnage, and they differ almost as much in other respects as they differ in size. One might almost say that of the French ships hardly two are alike. The French have, as they say themselves, *une flotte d'échantillons*, and they may find it very difficult to manœuvre their incongruous units against the uniform German squadrons.

If we compare the dates when the French and German

ships were launched, we find that the German ships are, on an average, seven years old; whilst the French battleships are, on an average, no less than fourteen years old. The German ships have, therefore, the advantage, not only of uniformity, but also of age.

It would lead too far to compare in this place speed, armour and gun-power of the French and German battleships, but if

FRENCH AND GERMAN BATTLESHIPS LESS THAN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD.

Name.	Date of Launch.	Tons.	Name.	Date of Launch.	Tons.
République . . .	1902	14,870	Deutschland * . .	1904	13,200
Suffren . . . . .	1899	12,730	Lothringen † . . .	1903	„
Jéna . . . . .	1899	12,050	Preussen † . . . .	1903	„
Bouvet . . . . .	1898	12,030	Hessen . . . . .	1903	„
St. Louis . . . . .	1896	11,300	Elsass . . . . .	1903	„
Gaulois . . . . .	1896	„	Braunschweig . . .	1902	„
Charlemagne . . .	1895	„	Mecklenburg . . .	1901	11,800
Massena . . . . .	1895	12,320	Schwaben . . . . .	1901	„
Carnot . . . . .	1894	12,150	Zähringen . . . . .	1901	„
Charles Martel . .	1893	11,900	Wettin . . . . .	1901	„
Jauréguiberry . .	1893	11,800	Wittelsbach . . . .	1900	„
Brennas . . . . .	1891	11,370	Kaiser Barbarossa .	1900	11,150
Magenta . . . . .	1890	10,850	Karl der Grosse . . .	1899	„
Neptune . . . . .	1887	10,980	Wilhelm der Grosse	1899	„
Marceau . . . . .	1887	10,850	Kaiser Wilhelm II.	1897	„
Hoche . . . . .	1886	11,000	Kaiser Friedrich III.	1896	„
Formidable . . . .	1885	11,570	Wörth . . . . .	1892	10,060
Admiral Baudin . .	1883	11,620	Brandenburg . . . .	1891	„
			Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm . . . . .	1891	„
			Weissenburg . . . .	1891	„

\* Building.

† Completing.

such a comparison should be made, it would be found that the battle-fleet of France is hardly superior, but probably inferior, to that of Germany. If we now take into account the fact that these French ships, taken together, are not only inferior to the German battle-fleet, but are besides distributed over two seas, and have to protect much coast, whilst the uniform German ships are united and have no duty to perform except



that of attacking the enemy, it would seem that, compared with the German fleet, the inferiority of the French fleet is so marked that the latter would have to restrict itself to a very cautious defensive attitude in case of a Franco-German war.

It is true that France has more cruisers than has Germany, but it seems doubtful whether France's superiority in cruisers will make up for her inferiority in battleships. It also seems doubtful whether France's wealth in torpedo-boats and submarines will balance her inferiority in big battleships.

The new ships which France has lately added to her navy have given rise to many complaints among those who are best qualified to express an opinion on them. The new armoured cruisers are said to be too long, too weak, and badly designed. They put their nose under water, use too much coal, manœuvre badly, and some of the new ships are believed to be failures. The newest battleships, those of the *Patrie* type, are said to be too weak, and in consequence of structural weakness, the body of *La Patrie* bent 75 mm. when being launched. Besides, loud complaints have been heard about there being too many types of guns in the fleet, and dissatisfaction has been expressed as to the quality of the powder, as to the cramped space for manœuvring the guns and for handling the ammunition, &c. Under these circumstances, it appears that Admiral Bienaimé was quite justified in writing: "The state of the French Navy is bad. Without exaggeration, it can be asserted that if the navy was to-morrow called upon to do those duties which, in view of the sacrifices made for it, can be expected, our hopes should be seriously disappointed."

The frequent changes of Ministers of Marine in France have, unfortunately, brought about frequent changes of naval policy, which have been fatal to France's naval armaments and to her preparedness. M. Pelletan's period of office has been particularly harmful to the efficiency of the French fleet. In the words of the German *Jahrbuch für Deutschland's* Seeinteressen, "There has, perhaps, never been a Minister of Marine in France whose activity has been more harmful to the



healthy progress of the French navy." During the time of his ill-starred administration, this man stopped the building of battleships and the holding of naval manœuvres, he kept the ships in harbour for the sake of economy, and by his wanton interference he destroyed, or at least, undermined, the discipline in the navy. His only achievement was the building of a large number of submarines, in which he placed an unlimited confidence both for defence and attack, and so greatly blinded was M. Pelletan by his personal predilection, that he made himself supremely ridiculous a few weeks ago. Immediately after the battle of Tsushima, a report was current in St. Petersburg that a battle had taken place between the Russian and Japanese fleets, that the Russians had lost many ships, but that they had destroyed sixty Japanese torpedo-boats. On the strength of that mendacious report, which bore unmistakable signs of being a fabrication, M. Pelletan rushed into print, and he proved in some of the foremost Parisian and provincial papers that the time of the gun had passed, and that the era of the torpedo-boat and of the submarine had arrived, because the Japanese had, with their torpedo-boats and submarines, destroyed the Russian fleet. Only a few days after M. Pelletan had thus proved the correctness of his pet theory, the report of the Japanese Admirals arrived, from which it appeared that they had destroyed the Russian fleet by gunfire in the first instance, and that they had not made use of any submarines.

At present the French navy is administered in a saner fashion than it was in M. Pelletan's time, and France will make an attempt to keep her fleet at least on a level with that of Germany. However, it is very much to be feared that she will not succeed in attaining that end, especially as the French authorities appear to be under a grave misapprehension as to the relative naval position of France. Therefore we find that, according to the French Minister of Marine, the French navy has still a great superiority over that of Germany. This statement, though it is correct on paper, if we merely compare the

tonnage of the two fleets, is hardly in consonance with the facts. Still, France has begun to understand that her position towards Germany has become gravely compromised, and that she has fallen behind in the race, and she has recognised that her position is particularly serious in view of the fact that the Russian navy has ceased to exist. Therefore, M. Bos, the reporter of the *Budget*, said :

Germany who, but a few years ago, did not possess a navy which had seriously to be taken into account, is about to equal and perhaps even to exceed ours. As the Russian fleet has been weakened by the Japanese war, that possibility is all the more disquieting, for our Eastern neighbour (Germany) might, in a naval conflict with us, receive assistance from her allies, whilst we cannot reckon upon similar assistance on the part of Russia.

If we drop the unattainable ideal of ruling the seas, it is necessary for us not to allow other navies, and especially the German Navy, to become to such an extent stronger than ours that our independence might be threatened thereby. Therefore, we must maintain a fleet which commands respect among the navies of the world, and we must be so strong that, upon our participation or non-participation depends the result of a naval war, for the surest means to preserve peace among the nations is to preserve the balance of naval power.

Admiral Bienaimé recently wrote : "A navy cannot be created and not even remodelled in a day. Reforms will take a long time, and must be effected upon a comprehensive plan which, once well drawn up, must be executed with that spirit of logic which, so far, we have lacked." But will France reform her navy and bring it up to date, and will she be able again to obtain for her fleet the second rank in the world? It must be doubted whether France will succeed in achieving this.

France will find it very hard to bring her fleet up to the level of the German fleet, especially as, according to M. Bos, "The French battle-fleet will, in 1908, comprise eighteen modern ships of the line and twenty-four armoured cruisers less than eighteen years old, whilst Germany will have twenty-four battleships and eleven armoured cruisers." France having allowed Germany so much start, will, for various reasons, find it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to make up for the

time she has lost and to regain her position. In the first place, the Germans appear to be the better ship-builders and managers, as may be seen from the splendid record of the German ocean greyhounds and of the German Trans-Atlantic lines; in the second place, Germany can build warships much faster than France can build them, Germany's biggest battleships having been built on an average in only a little more than thirty-seven months; in the third place, the meagre financial provisions made by France seem, according to the highest German authority, to indicate that France has, for financial reasons, arrived at the limit of her ship-building capacity, whilst Germany does not feel financially exhausted through her heavy naval armour; in the fourth place, Germany is determined to redouble her efforts for increasing her navy and for further out-distancing France.

The German naval authorities are perfectly aware that they need no longer fear the French fleet, but although the German Navy compares exceedingly favourably with that of France, it cannot be compared with our own fleet. The German Admiralty recognises that, if a collision should take place between Great Britain and Germany, the homogeneous German squadrons would meet equally homogeneous British squadrons, and not only would the British ships be in an overwhelming numerical superiority over the German ships, but every individual British ship would, in size, speed, and, before all, in gun-power, outclass the individual German ship which it might have to meet. This inferiority of Germany as compared with Great Britain will lead to considerable demands of funds for the further and more rapid increase of the German fleet. According to the *Flotte*, the Reichstag will be asked in autumn for a grant for building six battleships, which are to have a speed of 25 knots, and which are to carry four 12-inch guns, and from fourteen to sixteen 9.65-inch guns. Besides, the German Admiralty desires to accelerate the execution of the ship-building programme of 1900, and to obtain permission for substituting far more powerful ships for those originally contemplated.

When it recently became known in Germany that a large British fleet was going to visit the Baltic, a considerable agitation arose in Germany, and much alarm was expressed with regard to Great Britain's intention. One of the highest authorities in Germany told me at the time that the despatch of the British fleet was a godsend to the German Navy and to the German Admiralty, for it supplied an ocular demonstration to all Germany that an enormous increase of the German fleet was an absolute necessity.

Of course, all thinking Germans are perfectly well aware that it will be exceedingly difficult for Germany to rival Great Britain on the sea. Nevertheless, the Germans mean to continue increasing their fleet as rapidly as possible, hoping that, in case of a war with Great Britain, they may be able to avail themselves of both army and navy against this country. Many prominent officers in Germany are of opinion that a landing in Great Britain is by no means as impossible as is frequently assumed in this country. Among the numerous pronouncements that an invasion of Great Britain is possible, that of General Von der Goltz is particularly interesting, because he is one of the foremost generals of Germany. General Von der Goltz wrote :

We must contradict the opinion, which so frequently has been expressed, that a war between Germany and Great Britain is impossible. Great Britain is forced to distribute her fleets over many seas, in peace as well as in war, and her home squadron is surprisingly weak in comparison with her fleets in the Mediterranean, and in India, the Far East, Australia, the Red Sea, South Africa, the West Indies, and the Pacific. In that necessary distribution of her strength lies Great Britain's weakness. Germany is in a better position. Her navy is small, but it can be kept together in Europe. Our colonies want no protection, for a victory in Europe would give us our colonies back at the conclusion of peace. With Great Britain matters are different. If India, Australia, or Canada should be lost in a war, they would remain lost for ever. For the moment, our fleet has only one-fifth the fighting value of the British fleet, and Great Britain's superiority over us is striking; but when the projected increase of our fleet has been effected, the outlook for us will be bright. The British home squadron with which we should have to deal amounts to forty-three battleships and thirty-five cruisers. Even if that

fleet should be increased in the future, it would no longer be an irresistible opponent to us. Numbers decide as little on the sea as they do on land. Numerical inferiority can be compensated for by greater efficiency.

As places are not wanting where England's defences are weak, it would be a mistake to consider a landing in England as a chimera. The distance is short enough, if an admiral of daring succeeds in securing supremacy on the sea for a short time.

The material basis of our power is large enough to make it possible for us to destroy the present superiority of Great Britain, but Germany must prepare beforehand for what is to come, and must arm in time. Germany has arrived at one of the most critical moments in her history, and her fleet is too weak to fulfil the task for which it is intended. We must arm ourselves in time with all our might, and prepare ourselves for what is to come without losing a day, for it is not possible to improvise victories on the sea, where the excellence of the material, and the greater skill in handling it, are of supreme importance.

From the foregoing details, it appears that, at present, Germany occupies no longer the third or fourth place among the navies of Europe, but that she has already obtained the second rank, and that she is endeavouring with all her might, as rapidly as possible, to strengthen her fleet to such an extent that she need not fear a war with this country. In the words introducing the Navy Bill of 1900, "Germany requires a fleet of such a strength that a war against the mightiest naval power would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that power." Germany has given her programme, and she means to execute that programme.

"V."

## A TOMB AT RAVENNA

**R**AVENNA belongs—more than any other Italian city—to the early ages, when the Christian Church was in her first vigour and the Roman Empire was tottering to its fall. Her great churches and noble tombs had their origin in that troubled period when the old order was slowly giving place to the new and the human race was entering on a fresh phase in its career. The mosaic pictures of Galla Placidia's shrine, the portraits of Justinian and Theodora in the apse of San Vitale, the long procession of virgins and martyrs in the nave of S. Apollinare, and the sculptures of the ancient sarcophagi that meet us at every turn, all tell the same story. The enthusiasm of apostolic days breathes in the types and symbols that we see carved in stone or set forth in the jewelled tints of mosaic—the cross of salvation and peacock of resurrection, the Good Shepherd leading his flock to rest in the green pastures, the hart no longer panting after, but at length tasting, the water-brooks. These things make Ravenna unique among the cities of Italy.

But although her great days ended with the fall of the Exarchs and the Lombard conquest, Ravenna once more enjoyed a period of peace and prosperity under the rule of the House of Polenta in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the once imperial city still retains many memorials of mediæval times. The palace where Guido da Polenta received Dante during his exile has vanished, but the church of S. Francesco, which was the favourite sanctuary and burial-

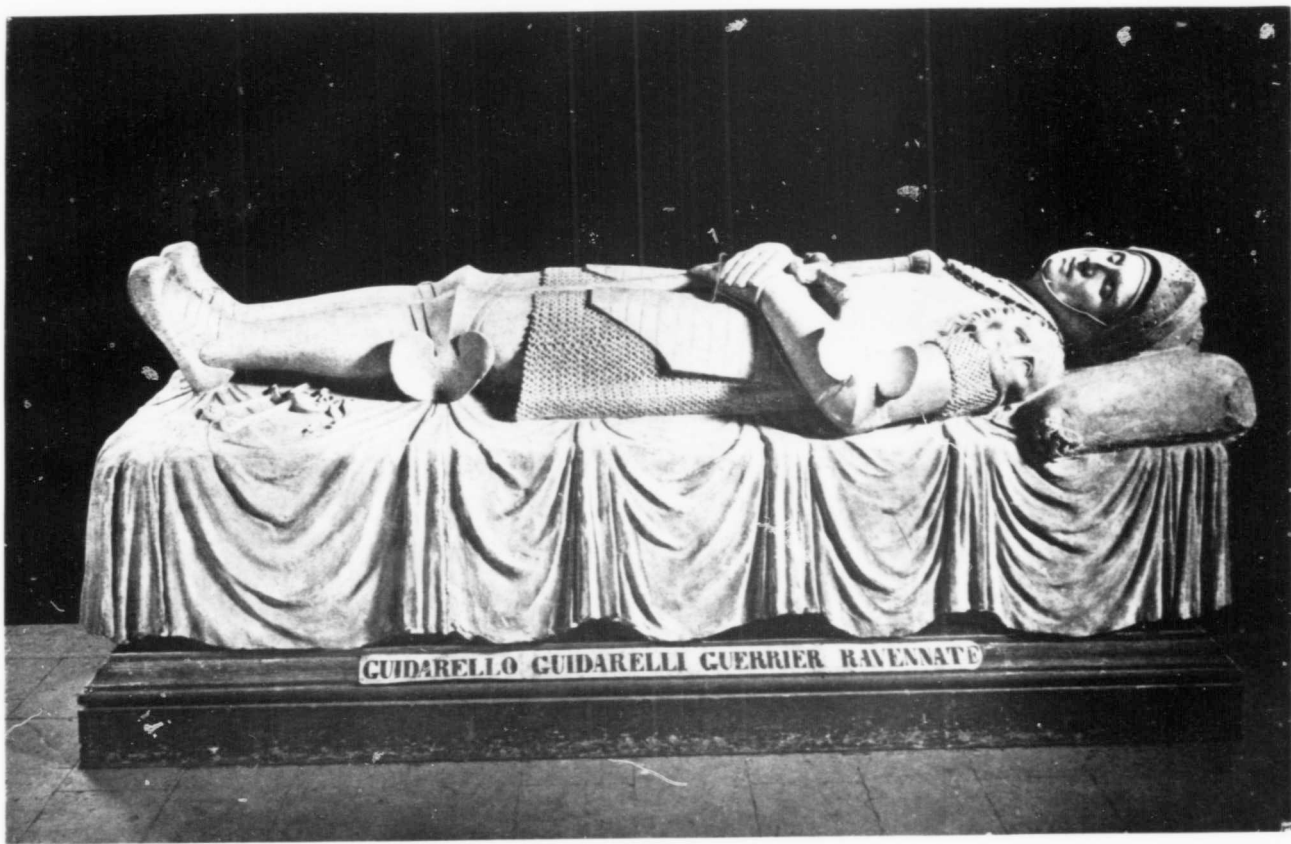


place of his family, is still standing. Here Dante himself was laid to rest, by his last prayer, clad in the habit of the Franciscan Order; and here, close under the walls of this ancient Christian basilica, stands the monument raised to his memory by the Venetian governor Bembo, and the "little cupola, more neat than solemn," which now protects his tomb. Beyond the gates of the city is the Pineta where the poet loved to wander, that vast forest, so full of memories, which still stretches its vivid green between the blue of sky and sea. We can see the spectre-huntsman of Boccaccio's time, that "Nastagio degli Onesti," whose tragic tale was painted by Botticelli and sung by Dryden and Byron in turn, driving his hell-hounds through the long avenues. We think of the hapless Francesca riding along these grassy glades in the May morning, by her "bel Paolo's" side, on the way to Rimini. And we repeat the familiar lines in which Dante likens the murmurs of "the divine forest" in Paradise to the rustling of the wind and the joyous singing of the birds in the pine-trees on the shore of Classis.

But the tomb which forms the subject of our illustration belongs to a later age. The old Franciscan church, round which the proudest memories of mediæval Ravenna cluster, once held another sepulchral monument, which has lately been removed to the neighbouring museum known as the Accademia di belle Arti. It is the effigy of Guidarello Guidarelli, a soldier of renown in his day, and was the work of a great sculptor, Tullio Lombardi. Of Guidarello himself we know little, but both his valiant deeds and the mysterious and tragic fate which ended his career in the flower of his manhood are typical of the age in which he lived, while the statue which the Venetian master carved in his honour is of surpassing beauty.

The family from which our hero sprang originally came from Florence, and settled in Ravenna early in the fifteenth century. Here they soon acquired wealth and renown. Their palace stood near the Duomo, in the old street now called the Via Guidarello, and they owned considerable property in land and houses in the neighbourhood. Francesco Guidarelli held





The Tomb of Guidarello Guidarelli, the Effigy the Work of Tullio Lombardi

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several important posts under Government, and was sent on one occasion as ambassador to Venice. When, in December 1468, the Emperor Frederic III. visited Ravenna, Francesco's son, Guidarello, was one of eighteen noble youths who received the honour of knighthood at the hands of their imperial master. Soon after this the young knight married Benedetta del Sale, a daughter of one of the oldest and proudest families of Ravenna, which the chronicler Fiandrini describes as "il nobilissimo casato del Sale."

At this time Ravenna had already lost her independence. The last of her Polenta rulers had been deprived of his principality by the Signory of Venice, and sent to die in exile in the isle of Candia. The twin columns still standing in the Forum, remind us that during seventy years Ravenna was numbered among the subject-lands of Venice, although the winged lion which formerly crowned one of these pillars has been replaced by a statue of San Vitale. Guidarello, however, proved himself a loyal servant of the Republic, and the fidelity which he showed to the Venetian Podestà of Ravenna was probably the cause of his early death. His first laurels were earned in the service of the Republic, and he soon rose to considerable renown as a wise and valiant captain. Contemporary writers describe him as being not only a brave soldier, but a cultivated scholar, learned in the Greek and Latin tongues, and the poets who lamented his premature end spoke of him as dear alike to Minerva and Bellona—a Mars in war and a Cato in peace.

Unfortunately we know little of Guidarello's early life, and the few details of his exploits which have been preserved all relate to his last years. In April 1498 he sold land to the value of thirty-five florins, and raised a troop of horse, at the head of which he set out for Tuscany to join the Venetian army under Duke Guidobaldo of Urbino. Marino Sanuto, whose Diaries afford us so much valuable information concerning this period, mentions Guidarello repeatedly in his chronicle of passing events. From him we learn that this knight of Ravenna was among the chief captains of the forces in Val

d'Arno who met in the camp during the last week of September to decide on the measures necessary for reducing the fortress of Marati, then held by the Florentines. On this occasion Duke Guidobaldo himself was present, as well as Piero and Giuliano dei Medici, the sons of Lorenzo, who had recently been expelled from Florence by the partisans of Savonarola, and were now fighting in the enemy's ranks against their native city. "And here, too," writes Sanuto, "were present Signor Bartolommeo d'Alviano, Paolo Manfron, my lord Annibale Bentivoglio of Bologna, and one Guidarello of Ravenna."<sup>1</sup>

On January 20, 1499, the same chronicler mentions the arrival in camp of a Florentine refugee, who was a friend of Guidarello and who brought news of importance concerning the state of parties in Florence and the confusion that reigned in the city. Soon after this the Venetians abandoned the campaign, disgusted with the lack of support which they received from their allies, Lodovico Sforza and the Emperor Maximilian, and turned their arms against the treacherous Duke of Milan and his niece, Caterina Sforza, "that tiger," as Sanuto calls this heroic lady. The next we hear of Guidarello is in the following August, when the French invaders were already at the gates of Milan, and the armies of Cæsar Borgia were fast closing round the Rocca held by the brave Madonna of Forlì. Then, we read in Sanuto's records, there came one day to Venice "Domine Guidarello da Ravenna, who was in the Pope's pay,"<sup>2</sup> but who openly expressed his dislike of foreign service, and wished the Signory would undertake the expedition which the Pope's son was leading against the cities of Imola and Forlì.

During Cæsar Borgia's second invasion of Romagna in the autumn of 1500, Guidarello again proved his loyalty to the Doge and Signory by supplying Antonio Soranzo, the Venetian Governor of Ravenna, with constant information regarding the progress of the conqueror. In October he wrote from the camp before Faenza, giving the Podestà full particulars of the

<sup>1</sup> "Marino Sanuto Diarii," ii. 8.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* ii. 1082.

situation. Duke Valentino's triumphant campaign had just received an unexpected check before the walls of this little city, which its young prince, Astorre Manfredi, and his gallant subjects vowed to defend with the last drop of their blood. The eyes of all Italy were upon the brave little town, which alone among the cities of Romagna dared to offer a determined resistance to the arms of the dreaded Borgia.

I rejoice [wrote Isabella d'Este to her husband, the Marquis of Mantua], I rejoice to hear that the citizens of Faenza are so loyal and constant in their lord's cause, and feel that they have saved the honour of Italy. May God give them grace to persevere! Not that I wish Duke Valentino any ill, but because neither this poor Signor nor his faithful people deserve so hard a fate.

In his despatches to Ravenna, Guidarello informed Soranzo of the desperate efforts which Duke Valentino was making to obtain possession of Faenza by intrigue or force of arms and of the steadfast opposition which he had encountered. On November 7 he wrote again from Forlì, telling him of the arrival of Cæsar and his chief captains, the three Orsini brothers, Vitellozzo Vitelli, Annibale Bentivoglio and Paolo Baglioni. At the same time he gave a full and accurate description of the troops and ammunition at Borgia's disposal, adding the following significant note: "This army is very mediocre in quality and especially poor in foot-soldiers, but Fortune does everything, lays the siege, place the ladders against the walls, gives the battle and finally carries cities."<sup>1</sup> Such was the unconscious homage which the warrior of Ravenna paid to Borgia's imposing personality and extraordinary force of will. "The Pope's son," wrote a Ferrarese envoy from Rome, "has a great soul and is bent on attaining fame and power, but cares more to conquer cities than to govern and preserve them." For a while, however, even Cæsar's boundless ambition and untiring energy were foiled by the courage and loyalty of Astorre's subjects. Guidarello describes the gallant sorties made by the little garrison, and tells how, one winter morning, he himself rode up to the city

<sup>1</sup> "Marino Sanuto Diarii," iii. 1050.

gates with twenty crossbowmen. No one came out to meet him, but the walls bristled with men and artillery, which discharged their shells repeatedly and compelled him to retire. Still Duke Valentino, contrary to the opinion of his captains, was in favour of an immediate assault, and with this intention held a grand review of his forces, including a large body of newly levied infantry. But the increasing severity of the winter forced him to abandon the siege, and on November 23 he broke up his camp and left Forlì abruptly. "The Duke's camp has been suddenly raised," joyfully wrote Astorre Manfredi to the Signory of Venice, "owing to the bad weather, and Faenza is saved as it were by a divine miracle."<sup>1</sup>

The besieging army was disbanded and ordered into winter quarters. Cæsar himself went to Cesena, Paolo Orsini to Imola, and the remaining leaders and men-at-arms were sent to Rimini, Pesaro and Fano in order to relieve Forlì. "Guidarello Guidarelli," writes the Podestà of Ravenna, "has been appointed chief of the lodgings and superintended the disposal of the forces in their separate quarters."<sup>2</sup> That he made some attempt to maintain order and protect the defenceless citizens from the depredations of the soldiery is evident from the decree which he issued at Forlì, in which it is expressly stated that the garrison is only to be provided with fuel and lodging by the inhabitants. But this was no easy task, for Borgia's lawless troops were the terror of the whole district. They seized cattle and corn, plundered houses, and put to the sword owners who dared to resist their greed and insolence. Again and again in Sanuto's pages we find reports of their violence and rapacity, and of the Duke's refusal to hear the prayers of the unhappy peasants who came to him for redress. From Pesaro, from Rimini and Forlì, from all parts of the distracted land we hear the same cry. "The Duke's soldiers have no money and do all manner of damage wherever they lodge. These men are given over to the devil and do his work, and the Duke listens to no complaint and does no justice."<sup>3</sup> Meanwhile

<sup>1</sup> "Marino Sanuto Diarii," iii. 1125.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* iii. 1241.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* iii. 1064.



Cæsar himself was spending his brief interval of leisure in feasting and dancing, and in his favourite pastime of patrolling the streets at the head of a troop of masked men-at-arms. In January he was still at Cesena, "giving himself to pleasure, and taking an active part in hunting expeditions and masquerades." In February he rose up suddenly like a lion from his lair and stormed the Rocca of Ressi and took and sacked the prosperous little town of Solarolo near Faenza. Early in March he was back at Imola. There he summoned his chief captains together and held a council of war to decide the fate of Faenza. There were two parties in the camp, Soranzo heard from his trusted knight at Imola. Some of the leaders were in favour of an immediate assault, but the more prudent advised delay until the expected French reinforcements had arrived. "And on Sunday, March 7, they held a *festà* and danced all night, and the Duke danced." Three weeks later letters from Ravenna informed the Signory that Duke Valentino was still at Imola, "taking his pleasures and enjoying himself after his wonted fashion, in the old way."<sup>1</sup> Now and then darker rumours reach our ears. A fair Venetian lady, the wife of the captain of infantry at Cervia, was suddenly carried off to the Rocca of Forlì one night by a Spanish officer acting under the Duke's orders. The injured husband appealed to the Doge for redress, and appeared in the College "very melancholy and almost in tears" to beg for help. Nothing had been heard of his wife for a fortnight, and the most sinister reports were abroad. Great was the indignation aroused on all sides and many the letters that were exchanged on the subject between Ambassadors at Venice and Rome. The Pope himself pronounced the act to be "infamous" and pressed his son for explanations, while he publicly maintained the Duke's innocence. But Cæsar kept silence and the matter was allowed to drop. Only it served to increase the hatred of the people throughout Romagna for their oppressor. "Cesena, Forlì and Imola," we learn, "bitterly resent the wrong that has been done, and impatiently await the Duke's ruin."<sup>2</sup> The star of the

<sup>1</sup> "Marino Sanuto Diarii," iii. 1616.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* iii. 1530.



Borgia, however, was still in the ascendant. All through these months of apparent idleness Cæsar was collecting money and troops, and early in April he once more took the field at the head of a large army supplied with fresh guns and ammunition. This time the doom of Faenza was sealed. On the last day of April the exhausted garrison surrendered, and its brave leader, Astorre Manfredi, was taken prisoner to Rome and strangled by Cæsar's orders in Castell' Sant' Angelo. But we hear no more of Guidarello. He was not present at the last siege of Faenza, and no further letters from his hand reached the Podestà of Ravenna. A dark mystery overshadows the hero's fate. All we know is that he was murdered one night at Imola by an assassin's hand, and fell a victim to some foul conspiracy. This we learn from an elegy composed by a Venetian poet, Bernardino Catti, and published in the following year. "Here," sings the bard, "lies the good knight Guidarello, the glory of warlike Mars and the boast of learned Minerva. Imola, with secret steel, took the life which Ravenna gave to be the pride of Italy." And in another poem we read: "Once Guidarello was the flower of Italy and of the whole world; born and bred on the ancient soil of Ravenna, he fell at Imola, treacherously murdered by the hand of a proud Roman." Dr. Corrado Ricci, the able and learned director of the Uffizi, who has devoted much time and study to the antiquities of Ravenna, is of opinion that Paolo Orsini was the assassin by whose hand Guidarello died.<sup>1</sup> But there can be little doubt that Duke Valentino instigated the crime if he did not actually strike the blow. Up to the close of 1500, the knight of Ravenna, it is plain, had enjoyed Cæsar's confidence and held a high post in his councils. But Guidarello's secret correspondence with the Signory of Venice may well have excited his suspicions, and Valentino was said by those who knew him best never to forgive a wrong, and never to allow an enemy to live. His vengeance was apt to be swift and sudden, and eighteen months later the same fate befell Guidarello's most distinguished colleagues, Paolo Orsini, Vitellozzo, Gravina and

<sup>1</sup>"Italia Artistica: Ravenna," p. 83. "La Statua di Guidarello," p. 21.

Oliverotto da Fermo, who were treacherously seized and put to death by the Duke's orders—an act described in a famous phrase of Machiavelli as "il bellissimo inganno di Sinigaglia" (the magnificent deceit of Sinigaglia).

So the good knight Guidarello came to his end, and Ravenna wept bitterly over "the flower which had been plucked before its time" and lamented her warrior's untimely end. His body was brought home to his native city, and buried in the church of S. Francesco, a sanctuary for which he cherished especial devotion. By his will, he left a sum of six hundred ducats for the decoration of the chapel and altar of Archbishop Liberius, whose ashes rest in this ancient basilica. But these last wishes were never obeyed, and after the death of his widow, twenty years later, the Franciscan friars obtained the Pope's leave to divert to their own uses the money which he had bequeathed.

Meanwhile Guidarello's remains were laid in an early Christian sarcophagus, and by his wife's pious care the tomb was enriched with his armorial bearings and adorned with an effigy of the dead knight in armour. Some Ravennese writers have described this statue as the work of a local sculptor, but there seems no reason to dispute the old tradition which assigns it to the Venetian, Tullio Lombardi. Not only does the marble bear a close relation to this gifted sculptor's other works in Padua and Venice, but the tradition is confirmed by a contemporary chronicle—preserved in the library of S. Apollinare di Classe—where the writer expressly states that this admirable statue was the work of Pietro Lombardi's son. The artists of this family, to whom we owe the finest Renaissance sculpture in Venice, were often employed in Ravenna. Pietro himself executed the bas-reliefs on the columns in the Forum and the delicate ornament of the pillars which support the chapel of the crucifix in S. Francesco. His son Tullio, there can be little doubt, was the sculptor chosen by Benedetta to carve the effigy of her dead lord. Unfortunately his statue was not long allowed to remain in its place. After the death of Benedetta in 1520, this tomb, which may still be seen on the left of the door in S. Francesco, became the

property of her kinsman, Bartolommeo del Sale, who substituted his own armorial bearings for those of Guidarello on the sarcophagus and removed the warrior's effigy to the chapel without the walls, known as the Capella Braccioforte. The name of Braccioforte, however, does not, as we read in some modern guide-books, owe its derivation to Guidarello's strong arm, but to a miracle wrought in early Christian times, according to a legend recorded by Agnellus in the ninth century. Here Tullio Lombardi's statue remained for the next two hundred years with a Latin epitaph, commemorating the splendour of the hero's acts and the glory of his name, inscribed on the wall above. At length, some thirty or forty years ago, the statue was removed to the Accademia, where it still remains, the one supremely beautiful thing there.

Throughout the greater part of the fifteenth century the Christian traditions of mediæval ages still influenced the form of sepulchral monuments, and found expression in the statues of angels watching by the dead man's bier, and in the bas-reliefs of the Annunciation and the Resurrection that were carved on altar-tombs. But by the close of the century a change of style became evident, and the increasing realism of the age made itself felt in this branch of monumental art. To represent the dead as nearly as possible as they appeared in their last sleep, clad in the robes or armour in which they were carried to their burial, became the sculptor's aim, the object upon which his highest skill was lavished. Then Lodovico Sforza, in his grief and remorse at his wife's death, bade Il Gobbo carve the fair face and form of the young duchess wearing the rich brocades and jewels in which she had been borne to her last resting-place. Then Amadeo's skilful hand designed the marble effigy of the dead girl Medea, in the Colleoni Chapel at Bergamo, with the short locks curling over her innocent brow, and the string of pearls at her throat. Then, too, Agostino Busti represented the youthful victor of Ravenna, Gaston de Foix, lying on a mortuary couch in full armour, clasping his sword to his heart, as he died on the battlefield which he had won for France.

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The same spirit moved the Venetian sculptor when he carved this figure of Guidarello in his last sleep. He may have been present when the warrior's corpse was brought home from Imola amid the lamentations of the people and the tears of Benedetta. This at least is the impression that we receive from his work. The good knight lies on a richly draped bier, clad in a complete suit of armour, with his helmet on his brow and the collar of knighthood on his neck. The coat of mail is adorned with lion heads, and his hands, in their steel gauntlets, are folded over the long sword which reaches down to his feet. Only the vizor of his helmet is raised, and the dead warrior's face is exposed to sight, as if it were but yesterday that the fatal blow had fallen and put an end to his life. The head has dropped a little on one side; the eyes are closed and the lips parted with an expression of momentary pain, as if the bitterness of death had not quite passed away. "I have never seen so marvellous a work of art!" exclaimed the historian of Florence, Gino Capponi, when he stood before this tomb at Ravenna. "The expression of the face gives the effect of a violent end with a truth and reality that are sublime beyond words. It is the very life of death."<sup>1</sup> And so much did the Florentine patriot admire Tullio's statue, that he kept a cast of Guidarello's head in his study to his dying day.

Capponi's words express what we all feel when we look on this masterpiece of Renaissance sculpture. Were it not for this effigy, Guidarello's name would be unknown to-day, and his great deeds would have been forgotten long ago. Even Sanuto's chronicles and the Venetian poet's elegies could hardly have saved the hero's fame from oblivion. But the love of Benedetta and the skill of Lombardi's chisel have combined to keep his memory green, and to make his name immortal.

Tout passe. L'art robuste  
Seul a l'éternité. Le buste  
Survit à la cité.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

<sup>1</sup> Marco Tabbarini, "Gino Capponi," p. 233.



## IN THE ASTRAL ARDEN

IT began at the Gaiety. It was Mr. Stead's sober and reasonable laudation of the dramatic work there presented which, inducing me to visit that theatre, caused the bodily presentment of the late Mr. Shakespeare to become evident to my mind. That and the mysterious circumstance of the same Mr. Stead's invisible lady-friend, Julia, whispering a revelation to me on the way home, have produced this prose.

This was the revelation Julia made: In the next existence—in the astral something—'tis not we who live, but the fiction puppets of the human brain. Hence the existence of—Julia!

I certainly was in Craven Street, breathing the ozone of the river Thames, when—I was not in Craven Street, but in—the astral otherwhither.

It was a large and lovely garden, full of light. The sun was shining, not intolerably, as it has done in England a few times, but naturally, in golden streaks, like stage moonlight, only more beautiful. Birds were singing. The call of the cuckoo, the pipe of the robin, the rich, full-throated songs of other birds, whose names I do not exactly remember, made a banquet of music like unto I know not what. There was a golden gateway on the O. P. side. At the right centre was a silver fountain with real water, which looked well, but would have been better filtered. Flowers grew plentifully in the grass: and there were trees. But I am tired of describing.



Presently I heard high-pitched voices, and then, hurrying close behind the noise they were making, two entered. I knew them at once; the elder, who might have been forty, though perhaps he was but thirty, was dressed in sables. He was fat and scant of breath. Ungartered stockings hung untidily about his ankles. On his chin was a straw-coloured beard, which looked artificial: but he continually plucked at it without pulling it off. He was unpleasantly restless; evidently avoiding any possibility of studied posing. His mouth was full of smiles.

His companion was the most melancholy creature I have seen since I last saw a Tariff Reformer [or Free Trader, as the reader wills] heckled. His long plain face was an unhumorous caricature. A sword at his waist was perpetually getting between his knees. He wore a crown too large for him, and, oh, it was so heavy! "Uneasy lies the head, *etcetera*," was his perpetual plaint. He was an over-conscientious man. The wearing of the crown was a self-imposed punishment. He had stolen it from the bedside of his father.

"Come, Hal," said Hamlet jollily, "cheer up! Be your Gadshill self again!"

"Hamlet, I have my father much offended—and I do wish you would not call me Hal"—he burst out, petulantly. "I have forgotten Gadshill. Since then I've been King of England and made love in French. It isn't respectful of you."

"Respectful of me! Aren't I royal, too?"

"An alien immigrant!"

"Now look here, Harry, be reasonable! Remember—this isn't England. This is—well, *you* know!"

"Wherever I am is England. I am England. I made England. Have you forgotten the impassioned speeches I delivered in France—before Harfleur?"

"Not one whit, Henry, I remember them only too well. When you and John of Gaunt meet, it's nothing but a competition in rant and cant, pose and prose, until I feel my own dead self reviving, and yearn to express my newly re-born melancholy in soliloquy. But, soul prophetic! here comes

that mountain of fustian—that too too solid flesh—Falstaff—I'm off! Mercutio and I are going to practise fencing. Mercutio talks of the 'immortal pasado' and the 'punto reverso,' and everything else the copy-book teaches; but when it comes to the crossing of the foils, methinks this royal Dane knows a trick or two! I cannot stand fat Jack!"

Hamlet hurried away, adjusting the stocking of his right leg as he went. King Henry breathed an uncharitable sigh of sincere relief.

He turned to look very severely at the new arrivals. Who would not know them instantly? Falstaff, the prince of impudent and astute rascality, whose mere appearance roused kind ridicule and laughter, and Bardolph of the blazing nose.

"Ah, Hal, I've decided to forgive ye," said Sir John in the inimitable twang of the Elizabethan cockney, "though the way you treated me broke my heart and caused me to die—'off.' I wish the hot Douglas had killed me at Shrewsbury, I do!—I do! I might then have died with some fine phrase, such as 'The rest is silence,' on my lips, instead of going out like a ninny babbling incoherently of green fields from the Psalms! Well, I forgive ye!"

"Sir John! Graceless misleader of youth on earth, you retain your effrontery here! And you, *you* presume to instruct the youthful idea on the virtue and necessity of temperance!"

"I do, Hal, I do—and here," pointing to Bardolph, "is my horrid example. In the old life I loved sack—ah, the intolerable deal I drank of it: but here 'tis poundsworths of bread that I consume, to but one half-pennyworth of sack. Nay—not a half-pennyworth! Not one drop of the pestilent fluid now enters my mouth. I drink water from the purling streams and fountains, and this—Bardolph whom I dismissed from my service, I then thought for ever—this is my horrid example."

"Yes, *I* got the sack!" growled Bardolph, who forthwith burst into a *basso-profundo* bellow of laughter.

The King glared at him, then glanced inquiringly at Falstaff.

"His own, original, only joke! A pun!" was explained.

"He *is* a horrid example," murmured Henry.

"The best in Arden. I wanted ancient Pistol to be his brother—they were always a pair. But I cannot get the phrase-maker away from the leek-beds; he eats leeks raw ravenously, while Hugh Evans and Fluellen sit beside and teach him the elements of Welsh."

"Pshaw!"

"Yes, and St. Bernard, too. The three of them have joined the Shaw Society, and are studying his plays because they think him the re-incarnation of our Master."

"To think we should have so many cranks!"

"Steady, Hal, steady! Remember, I'm a crank too against the liquor; and you're a crank for making windy speeches. By the by, you go quite against the rule here in repeating the characteristics of the earlier existence! There you made speeches, and then—the curtain fell. Here you orate—and there is no curtain!"

"Sir John! I have been enduring your impertinences to-day simply because I wished—as your King and master of manners—to draw your attention to what I consider a grave discrepancy in your good behavior, and to ask you to mend it. In everything but one thing you are different from your earthly self. You are now a psalm-singer, a pragmatistical superior person, an intolerant temperance lecturer; but—woman still makes a fool of you!"

"Hal, Hal!"

"Your Majesty! please! I've learnt that there is now on earth such a thing as *lèse majesté*. There shall be *lèse majesté* here! I am "Hal" no more to any one—not even to Katharine. But to leave better persons and return to fat you. On earth there were Mistresses Ford, Page, Quickly, and, faugh!—Tearsheet! Here those—even including the last—on the whole endurable dames are ignored, snubbed, cut dead; while

you are perpetually running, puffing and panting, after Lady Macbeth!"

"She's a dream, Hal! A joyful vision! Ah, Hal, to hear her laugh——"

"I prefer not to. I avoid her, and that living advertisement of mountain dew, her bare-kneed husband—the insufferable prig!"

"He is a prig, Hal—your Majesty! And his passion for the fluid food of inebriation makes me more than ever wish to be a good example to his ladyship."

"A good example!—you!"

"A good example—I!—and she! You have no idea what a pattern that woman is! Soft-hearted, retiring, nervously scrupulous; her one fault want of ambition. All she seems to care to do is sit at home, write tracts for the social betterment of Nick Bottom, Flute, Quince and Company, talk nursery, and hear me rehearse my water-built oratory! But why do you frown, my liege? Why do you frown? Bardolph, lean against the gateway and rest your face. Why do you frown, Henry: my king and bully boy?"

"More in sorrow than in anger do I frown. Oh, Falstaff. Falstaff! If only you would give up admiring married ladies what a pattern—what a pink of copy-book perfection—you would truly be! I would call you friend once more."

"Would you, Hal, would you? My heart yearns for you, my lad of gold, my prince of choice companions. Would you, perhaps, take the chair at one of my meetings?"

"Aye, and speak! I believe politics would suit me. I can see myself addressing a meeting on Army Reform, telling in my own blank verse how English soldiers fought in the brave old days. Ah, we were wonderful! Without a War Office we won Agincourt. With a War Office what might we not have won! But while you are tangled with that Scots woman, Falstaff, there can be no favour shown you by Harry!"

"I cannot give her up, Hal! Her influence is so good. Her great heart and her little white hand——"

"That's it! the hand. Do you not know why she is beyond the pale? Do you not see why well-mannered princesses cannot forgive her, nor receive her at their garden-parties and at-homes? What did she call the spot?"

"The spot? what spot? I know she was a Woman with something of a Past, and prefer to be on that subject as innocently ignorant as a Judge—don't you remember?—oh dear!—how Gascoyne when trying us asked what a 'lidy' was?"

"Don't bluff, Sir John. You know the spot—the speech—the adjective, I mean!"

"Not I, forsooth, good youth!"

"Not you, forsooth! Sir John, I blush for you. To think you can look Harry of England in the face, and pretend you do not know every word of the Master's writings. Baconian!"

"Hal, when necessary I blush naturally. The bloom on my cheeks in these superlative days is not like the colour in Bardolph's nose, immortal and immovable. When Mrs. Grundy calls for it I blush the fleeting flush of innocence and goodness. And now, in all the fulness of my ingenuousness, I look you, Harry of England, straight between the eyes, and assure you I have no idea whatsoever of the nature of the adjective in question. Was it—was it very bad?"

"Princes only whisper it. Were I—Harry the Fifth of England—to utter it aloud, the leaves of the trees about us would put on autumn tints and think it time to fall. No lady who is a lady ever says it. Ariel is said to have done so the other day when Timon in a fit of his tantrums tore her flying-machine—but Ariel is no lady. It was——" and tip-toeing he whispered a word in Falstaff's ear.

"Lady Macbeth said that?"

"She did."

"My heart is broken! Bardolph, if you have tears prepare to shed them now! Old Jack is touched in the spot—the place where he feels it most. My heart is pierced—as with a bare bodkin. Oh, woman, woman—what mummies you make of us men! Henceforth, nothing shall keep me from the Cause.

John Falstaff tears from his remembrance the kisses and the sighs—*Amo* is torn from his heart's vocabulary—and raises anew the banner of water! Hal, forgive me; in the emotion of the moment I was nearly delivering to-night's oration. Bardolph, about-turn! We will go back to the 'Wilfrid Lawson!' My loving liege, farewell!"

Bardolph saluted, turned with comparatively military precision and marched through the gateway. The King, straightening his crown, and holding his sword so that he should not stumble over it, strode in the opposite direction. Falstaff alone remained, a troubled expression on his jolly countenance. He sighed, and with heavy hand beat himself on the chest—somewhere near where the heart of man should be.

"The adjective!" he murmured, "*the* adjective! Oh, dearest love!"

Just then there was a soft whistle from a bush behind him. It was not a bird's call, but emanated from human lips. No bird could whistle that way—for a melody came from the bush, a melody which was a popular quotation.

"Oh, Harriet, I am waiting!"

Falstaff's eyes flashed with new humour, the trouble in his face faded. "Now then, Ophelia, no jokes! Where are you?" he demanded.

The bush parted, and out crawled a maiden widely smiling, a huge bunch of wild flowers under her arm.

"I heard you, Jack, every word I heard. I was on a new botanical ramble—see the flowers? I'm gathering them as specimens for the course on Botany which starts to-night in Bedlam—when I found a lovely specimen of *ranunculus Polonii* behind that thicket. I crept for it. No sooner was I there than Hamlet—that enormity!—how glad I am I never married him!—ran in talking loudly with the prim egotistical speech-making King. I couldn't resist listening to them. Then you and Bardolph came—and I had to smother my laughter! It was hard work not to—ha, ha, ha! Excuse me! so Lady Macbeth used the adjective, did she? And moral



Jack Falstaff is shocked, he is—and gives her up! Poor lone lady! ‘Oh, dearest love.’ No more will the good and slender Knight help her unravel wool, quote Mrs. Grundy, and be a shining example, a ponderous pattern, to her! Oh, Jack. ’Tis a good story to tell the next meeting of our Shakespeare Women’s League!”

“No, Ophelia, you won’t do that!”

“Won’t? You wait!”

“Ophelia! You wouldn’t be so cruel as treat your loving Jack Falstaff so!”

“But, Johnnie, it would appeal to them so strongly.”

“No, little Ophelia, no! Be mum, be absolutely, positively mum—without any ambiguous giving-out; and—I’ll marry you!”

“Marry me? Make me Lady Falstaff?”

“I will, Ophelia.”

“And let Papa live with us!”

“Oh—but I will—if you won’t tell. On second thoughts I think I rather enjoy listening to Polonius’s moral maxims.”

“Then seal the title with a loving kiss.”

I felt a poke in the side. Is that Julia? I thought. It was not: it wore a helmet. But in the moment of waking—as I returned from the astral state to the Thames Embankment—I realised this further revelation: It is Julia who writes Mr. Stead’s dramatic criticisms! That is why they are so unprejudiced.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

## IMPERIAL CONSOLIDATION BY TELEGRAPHY

IF it has accomplished nothing else so far, the fiscal controversy has at any rate set thinking from an Imperial standpoint a large proportion of our people throughout the Empire.<sup>1</sup> But individual thinking, without interchange of thought, will avail nothing; and interchange of thought effected through the mail is of but little use—it is altogether too slow in these days of rapid movement and rapid action.

The suggested Imperial Intelligence Department should do much towards furthering this highly desirable tendency, but its scope is at present strictly limited for want of the proper machinery for carrying out a really useful programme. It may be doubted, indeed, whether Imperial Unity will advance any further until the entire Empire is brought into closer communication by means of the Press as well as individually—until, indeed, we know and understand each other. In the present day, constant misrepresentations take place in one corner of the Empire or another, owing to a lack of systematic, accurate and full telegraphic reports (condensed afterwards where desirable) of important speeches made in

<sup>1</sup> The term, "Little Englander," although of earlier origin, came first into common use, I believe, in connection with the South African War controversy. Surely it is equally applicable to all those who approach our present subject merely from a United Kingdom aspect. I do not suppose that any real statesman does, whichever side he ultimately takes.

other portions of the Empire. Friendly advances are frequently brought to a standstill owing to misunderstandings due to an indirect, and, at the best, a costly cable service. It is, therefore, on political, as well as on strategic grounds, of the utmost importance, at the present moment, that all the outlying portions of the Empire should be brought in to direct telegraphic communication free from the prospects of interruption or "eaves-dropping" by outsiders.

Our initial effort in this direction has not, of course, achieved this end; and even so far as its scope allowed, the present state of things in connection with our Pacific cable can scarcely be termed satisfactory. The cable itself, from Vancouver to Australasia, is certainly "All-British," being, indeed, under joint control of the Home and Colonial Governments concerned; but the connecting links on this side are by means of submarine cables and land-wires, open to interruption or confiscation in the event of war, and the terminal rates in Australia are out of all proportion to what they should be. The present writer drew attention to these facts in the course of an address to the London Chamber of Commerce as far back as December 1902, as well as in the *Quarterly Review* of the following April, and again, in evidence before the Cable Communications Committee in the same year.

It has, however, always been urged in the above communications that the "All-British" Pacific line was only justified (a) as a political and strategic necessity, and (b) because the cable companies would not undertake it themselves. Thus, whilst strongly advocating this route being rendered strictly and invulnerably "All-British" the whole way from the home country to Australasia, and whilst also advocating all necessary extensions, such as will produce a complete connecting link betwixt the various important units of the Empire, the present writer considers that the entire system should be solely regarded as a political-cum-strategic requirement, whilst always viewing with disfavour any proposal which would involve absorption by the State of the existing English cable properties. Such

a measure, indeed, would almost certainly prove to be a false step politically. The cable companies—the nature of whose business is essentially different to that of our Inland Telegraphs—have to act somewhat in the position of diplomats in regard to their cables landing on foreign territory ; and if once our Government took over all the cables belonging to English companies, a deadlock would be likely to ensue in regard to further English cable-developments with foreign countries. Let us remember, too, that the principle involved would be the same as that of municipal trading. Submarine telegraphy is still a somewhat speculative business, involving risks (quite foreign to inland telegraphy) such as the State should avoid undertaking at the expense of the British taxpayer, quite as much as certain municipal corporations should avoid the doubtful commercial enterprises which they are anxious to carry out at the expense of the ratepayer. But there is another objection to such a step—viz., that the cable companies know their business better than any government could for some time. The Pacific Cable has been administered on entirely different lines to those adopted by the companies. This disregard for precedent can scarcely be said to have justified itself, so far, from an economic standpoint, or in any other way.<sup>1</sup>

Turning to the advantages that might accrue from competition, or [expropriation of the cable companies' business by the State, it may be quite true that no such return would be looked for as that which is expected by shareholders in the form of more or less large dividends ; and either step would permit of, or effect, substantial reduction in the rates. It should always be remembered, however, that the shareholders in the cable companies—in bearing the heat and burden of the day, so to speak—risked their capital at a time when

<sup>1</sup>The administrators themselves started with a previous experience such as was peculiarly foreign to the business of submarine telegraphy—as foreign, indeed, as the difference between the business of steam laundries and the latter. Why this was so is, perhaps, best known to those who made the preliminary arrangements.

submarine telegraphy was a distinctly hazardous business. The protection of vested interests should, indeed, always be an accepted principle in this country, for England's pre-eminent greatness—what is left of it—is largely due to private enterprise. If that were ever to receive a really serious check, it would, assuredly, be an evil day for this country. We have, unfortunately, no *bushido* here to fall back upon, being a highly individualistic people both by temperament and by tradition. Most of us agree in considering the rates to certain places higher than they now should be; but that does not, in the writer's opinion, justify Government competition at the expense of the British taxpayer even as much as it might justify State Railways. The Government of the time, when granting subsidies, or landing rights, should have made stipulations for a reduction of rates on a sliding scale; but, because they failed to do so, affords no sufficient reason for enforcing such abatements by means of competition on State-trading principles. The writer is, indeed, all in favour of healthy and justifiable competition between different representatives of private enterprise on equal terms, but entirely opposed to the State undertaking work which has formed a suitable subject for private enterprise from the very start.

But while contending that it would be unwise—as well as unfair—for the Government to step in as general traders in the matter of submarine telegraphy, it is greatly hoped that the cable companies will see their way to lowering their tariffs, and that no agreements will be entered into by the State in future without such being provided for on a sliding scale. The writer ventures to think that, in many instances, the reduction of rates would, in the long run, be found advantageous to the cable companies as well as to their customers, the general public. Is it not possible—will not the cable companies endeavour—to establish such a tariff as will popularise the use of the cable, and thus draw more attention to its Imperial importance? An Inter-Imperial understanding and closer contact with our Colonial cousins

will be difficult to attain officially unless backed up by personal interest. In the present circumstances, no one ever dreams of communicating to another across the high seas on a purely private matter, unless it be of the greatest urgency. On the other hand—for the purposes of Imperial consolidation and colonisation—we ought to achieve that state of things by which one member of a family in England can communicate with another in an outlying portion of the Empire as readily as could be effected if they were both in the Mother Country. The main objection to a reduction of rates on the part of the cable companies is—I believe admittedly—that it involves the laying of more cables to meet the increase of traffic that would thereby ensue. But surely that objection can be overcome, even though implying temporary expenditure, where both large reserve funds are at hand and big dividends paid. Moreover, is there not such a thing as meeting a demand a little in advance—sometimes even creating it by means of supply—in order to forestall competition?

To return to the main purpose of this article, though unfavourable to the State taking over the existing cable service as a commercial business, the writer considers there are overwhelming arguments in favour of a single trunk-system of cables all connecting up the more important points of the British Empire under direct control (by ownership) of the State. The All-British Pacific Cable was but the first step in this project for girdling the entire Empire. Amongst several others associated with Submarine Telegraphy, the present writer had the opportunity of giving evidence, and reporting in favour of such a project; but all honour is due to Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G., the veteran railway engineer and statesman, for unremittingly—even at the age of 78—urging the desirability of active steps being taken in this direction. A cable system of this character—owned or controlled by the State—would, *inter alia*, be free from all possible objections on the score of foreign shareholders.

But in the writer's opinion—for the reasons already stated



—this All-Red line should be reserved for Government service and news purposes, including, of course, its special mission for the navy. In other words, such a service should not be contemplated as a commercial concern to compete with, or absorb, vested interests.

A cable system of this character should be regarded as a political and strategic necessity of the age, in the same way that we regard our navy—or, indeed, our army, or any of the necessary services and expenses of the nation for which “safe-guard” is our only return in times of peace, but which we could not do without as a provision for war and, therefore, also as a provision for peace. Let us not forget, too, that whereas one first-class battleship eats into about a million sterling, all told, an Atlantic cable only costs about half a million; and in certain circumstances, if the battleship cannot be called to the point required for want of telegraphic facilities, the million spent on her might as well be at the bottom of the sea.

If Imperial consolidation is to get beyond the talking stage, further alternative means of communication, on different routes, between important Imperial centres will become everyday more and more essential to meet the contingency of war, as well as for the purpose of identifying the British and Colonial communities. As the result of the London Traffic Commission's report, we are at present contemplating the question of establishing certain avenues through the heart of London, and it is estimated that two of these highly desirable avenues—with their accompanying subways, railways and tramways—would involve some twenty-four millions sterling. The result would certainly be pleasant—from the point of view of personal comfort—for we should thus secure more elbow-room in the greatest city of the Empire—aye of the world; but surely the Imperial mind should recognise that these costly avenues (with a total length of nine miles) must not interfere with the prospects of completing our Imperial telegraphic chain running into several thousand miles at a tithe of the above cost.

To effectively "girdle the Empire" under this scheme would be of immense advantage to the cause of a truly national and imperial policy—partly through the establishment of a sure service of rapid and secret communication between the various governments concerned, but also through that of a systematic and more or less continuous service of news, freely transmitted under proper restrictions, to every newspaper published in any portion of the British Empire.

It will be apparent that, even thus, the cable companies will suffer by being deprived of the Government and Press work; but, no doubt, means would be found of compensating them for that drawback. This is a case of "Where there's a will, there's a way."

It is to be hoped that this project will develop a little faster than some government movements. The report of the recent Pacific-Cable Conference was issued with quite unusual promptitude; so perhaps that may augur well. We have, on the other hand, a good recent example of the time it takes for Government to come to an active decision in such matters, in the negotiations for a proposed German cable to land on the shores of Queensland; for it appears that the subject was first brought up *five years ago*, and only within the last few weeks has the Australian Commonwealth refused, for Imperial reasons, to allow the landing of the cable on their territory—and then only acting on the strength of a strong message from the Colonial Office!

Close details have been studiously avoided in this article, but it is thought that the views expressed may be of some interest in connection with the forthcoming Colonial Conference.

CHARLES BRIGHT.

## BY AN IRISH STREAM

ONE of the driest seasons on record was the one now gone and unregretted by the angler in Ireland. We had cast our lines and lures on various waters with results of the lowest average in our own experience. Late in the autumn a change came in the weather which gave promise of better things, and we started for a pleasant angling resort known to us for years, not many miles from the Atlantic seaboard. Here the fish run fresh and strong, and when a "take" is on that "take" is good. The morning after our arrival Dan intruded on our meditations over a fly-book and first pipe with, "It rained in the night, sir, and there's a bit of a breeze from the south." The news of the death of your worst enemy, a sudden rise in your latest investment, even a letter announcing acceptance of your first article, hardly give the same keen delight as the news of a spate in the river and a ripple in your favourite salmon pool. Hope in the heart, the smell of the heath's bloom in the air, and the fresh morning breeze on the cheek, make life worth living to the angler, that is if the angler is allowed an opinion on the immortal problem.

A walk of half a mile led to the river; the path lay over a rugged descent of the spurs of low hills forming the southern rampart to the valley through which the river wound its tortuous way to the lake and thence to the sea. Mountain masses bounded the valley on all sides, their heather-clad slopes now steeped in purple and their jagged ridge tops of granite and quartz glistening in the morning sun. Thick woods covered the strath to the east which provide good sport

in winter, when angling gives place to shooting in this old-world quarter until the early spring run of fish calls forth the rod and line again.

The Huntsman's Pool looked well: the river, somewhat flooded after the rain, came foaming down at the head, tearing over the dark masses of rock that lay strewn in volcanic confusion over the sharply inclined bed of the rapid stretch. Legend tells of a mighty red deer, monarch of its herd, that, hunted by an ancient Irish chief and his hounds, jumped the river at this spot, thirty yards wide at the least! He escaped, as he deserved to do, and a bedded rock in the river bank with the print of his hoofs attest the truth of the legend, while the name "huntsman's pool" speaks to the fate of his pursuer in attempting the flying leap of the great antlered stag.

Dan is critical of the city-dressed fly. He would not be a true gillie if he wasn't. There was too little or too much stuff in the body, more yellow and less grey in the wing, too much claret and not enough blue, too short a tippet and not enough silver, or he preferred the Shannon type of hook. Familiar with all this we listened with the patience begotten from experience to the caustic comments on the fly-dressers' art of our valued Dan. "We'll try the lemon-grey," he remarked at last, "the water ought to suit it." The beneficence of Providence in suiting the water to the fly and not the fly to the water was not lost upon us, as we cast according to Dan's injunction "under the holly-bush and beside the black rock," the latter now covered by the river. A dozen yards below a roll in the water betrayed the presence of a salmon. "That's a takin' fish by the show of his back," said Dan, "another cast under his nose now and you ought to be into him. I saw two passin' under the bridge this morning before breakfast when they lay for a while in the shadow, and if there's any luck in creation, sir, ye ought to get the two." A run of the line, a plunge, a jump in the air, and whirr went the reel, sweeter music to the ear than the strain of an Eolian harp, or the melody of "the song the sirens sang," to adapt

an illustration of Lamb's. Fifty yards of line out as the fish went in a splendid run up stream. "Mind the tree, sir, and give him the butt," cried Dan, as the fish made, as if knowing our danger, towards the head of the pool over which a fallen tree had made a treacherous trap for tangling a line. The necessary pressure and a slight roll in of the line, and the captive turned, with a clean jump in wild anger, and then ran across the river to escape, if possible, from the strain and choking sensation of his jaws. A sudden double towards our own bank and a cry from Dan, "Back, sir, and reel up for the devil's own," and the slacking of the line was quickly saved. "Take him aisy now, sir," said Dan, "the spunk is out of him." But the "spunk" was by no means out of him, and it took some fifteen or twenty minutes more before Dan, superintended by a new arrival on the scene, gaffed the captured fish. "Nineteen pounds and a half," he said, as he scaled the salmon; "I thought he'd do the twenty when I saw him taking his mornin' doze under the bridge," he continued, with an air of oracular disappointment. "The exercise he took in the last half-hour," said Thady Byrne, the newcomer, "knocked the other half-pound out of him, Dan. Yer just as right as if ye had put the scale under him then," he continued, "and it does credit to yer incriminative judgment, Dan, and I wouldn't like to be sellin' oats or hay to ye by bulk and you to be judge and jury of the weight, without a friend to add a few pounds to whatever ye'd make it, by way of being on the safe side of the bargain with ye, Dan." Too much occupied the latter made no reply, but with line adjusted he produced his pipe and said, "We'll give the pool a rest now, sir, and if there's any compensation for labour and trouble in this world it is in tobacco." A gentle hint not lost on us, for Dan knew of odd pieces of plug we carried for the purpose of easing the wheels of intercourse and smoothing the ruffles and disappointments incidental to those who have to deal with weather, water and fish, all three of which are more erratic than perfect, and, from the gillie's point of view, the angling visitor is too often the same.

"Thady is a great believer in the fairies, sir," said Dan,

and, turning to him, asked, "Have you seen anything lately, Thady?" "Nothing worse than yourself," retorted Thady, "and sure God knows you're ugly and bad enough to frighten the devil himself if he had the good luck to meet you on a dark night. Sure his honour believes in the fairies, and knows more about them (and the saints come betune him and them in harm!) than any man or woman in the seven parishes. Didn't he send me a grand book about them, and a bottle too to cure the rheumatics I got last winter was a twelvemonth, when I was led the devil's own dance by the fairy piper round Knocksheenbhin until cockcrow one night as I was comin' home from the fair of Cultra. I have the twisted jint since, sir, and may I never dance another step but the queen of the fairies and myself waltzed the sod to the tune of Tattther Jack Walsh in a style that would shake the stones out of a church steeple." "Did you ever meet them nearer home, Thady?" I asked. "No, yer honour, but me uncle did, who lived in the little house beyant I own now under Lisgaunmore." The rath in question was a fine example of the many thousands which dot the hills and plains of Ireland. It had a double rampart and deep fosse, the ramparts magnificently clad with high furze bushes, which are a shower of golden glory when in full bloom. "Tell me how that was, Thady;" and we lit fresh pipes and gave the salmon, which we fully believed lay in the pool, a further spell of rest. "Well, yer honour," began Thady, "me uncle was a grate hand at settin' bones, doctorin' horses, and had wonderful cures for cuts and the bites of mad dogs, which were handed down in the family for generations. One night, as he was asleep in bed, a thunderin' knock came to the dure, and a voice said, 'Get up, Owen Rhu Byrne, you're wanted.' Me uncle was a foxy little man with a hooked nose, and it was only his own relatives that called him 'rhu.' 'There's somethin' the matter, Biddy,' he said, as he dressed himsel' and got ready. When he wint to the dure there was a splindid carridge and a pair o' horses as black as Culdheen bog of a winter's night. They tied a hankercher over his eyes, and he got into the carridge, which druv at a tarin'



rate, and afther a long time they came gallopin' up a hill. Me uncle was a brave man, but, not knowin' where he was, he crossed himsel' and said a bit o' a prayer to the Virgin and St. Joseph, and the carridge druv into a grate passage, and he stepped out into a grand hall. They took off the hankercher from his eyes, and he saw the place all lit up, and hundhreds of quare little people dressed in green and goold and little red caps, walkin' up and down, and he knew sum o' thim who had died as childhren years before. He thin knew he was among the 'good people,' and he was brought into a grand room full of goold and silver things, and at last they tuk him to a bed where the king lay with a broken shin-bone, which he got in a hurlin' match, as me uncle knew by the look ov it. He set the bone, dressed and bandedged the leg without a word. and was handed a heavy purse for his throuble. All kinds o' mate and dhrink were offered him in the next room, but Owen Rhu knew too much to tuch thim. As he came out they blinded him again, but the tail of one eye was uncovered, and he saw that he was outside his own 'forth' by the little thorn bush that grew in the middle. As he got back to his own dure afther a terrible hard dhrive, the little coachman said to him, 'Tell no one where ye have been or what ye have seen, or it will be the worse for ye.' Well, next mornin' his wife was at him to tell her where he was the night before, he was so silent in himself. Me uncle tried to put her off, but what won't the persuadin' tung of a woman do? So Owen up and tould her all about it. 'Get me the purse down, dear,' says she, 'and let us count the money.' He took the purse out o' the thatch, and all at onst he said, 'Begorra, it's very light this mornin', Bidy, but it was heavy enough last night;' and when he emptied it out on the table the sorra thing was in it but dandelions and daisies. 'Oh, ye blessed Omadhaun, ye missed yer futin,' says she; 'why did ye tell me?' just like the aggravin', tormentin', bully hectorin' way some of them have. 'Well,' says Owen, who was an aisy goin' man, trying to make the best ov it, 'there's no use cryin' over spilt milk,' and out he wint to get clear of the wind ov Bidy's tung, which wint

like the clapper ov a mill whenever her timper was up. Owen looked up at the 'forth,' and saw the thorn-bush thrown down by a storm that blew in the early mornin'. 'A bad sign,' says he, and sure enough trouble soon followed. A cow died in calf; the mare slipped a foal; the pigs got the measles; and, what with bad crops, by the heel ov the season Owen was nearly beggared. He sould out what he had, and he and Bidy went to America. He settled in New York in the public house way, and there he became a friend ov Boss Croker, a grate man out there, sir, if ye have ever heard tell ov him. Me uncle has done well, and he sends me a few dollars now and then. 'There's bad luck in the forths,' said he in a letther to me not long ago. 'Never stick a spade in Lisgaunmore, Thady, for ye'll have pins and needles in every bit of yer body,' says he, 'and yer jints will be as stiff as a gate post if ye ever stir a sod of it.' But the palace is inside ov it," said Thady convincingly, "if any man has the courage to try."

"Now for the pool," said Dan, "and we'll try the claret and blue, as the light is strong." The breeze ruffled the surface of the river, playing the fly as no manipulation of the rod and line can do. Casting again to Dan's instruction, we beat the pool through its whole length without success. Coming to the head of it again and beneath the rapid a fish rose; and then a rush, a lightning flash of silver in the air, and the line swept from the reel with a speed and pressure that tested the tackle to the utmost, and then a downward pull showed a sulking fish. Reeling in to play him with what we believe in—a short line—we gave him the "butt" with Dan's approving nod, and another ascending rush was the result. "Head him from the rock," cried Thady, "and may the curse of Crummle be on him if he gits ye behind it." Too late, he had rounded the rock, and the strain on the line was felt against its jagged edge. There was no dislodging him from our side of the river, and a short time of the struggle of the strong fish would inevitably sever the tackle. "Wade, sir," said Dan, "and I'll give you a hand." Playing out the line with care, we approached

the head of the pool, avoiding the branches of the fallen tree, and took to the ford. Well over ankles and soon well over knees, assisted by Dan, we safely accomplished the somewhat difficult passage, and soon eased the line from the edges of the sunken rock. The rest had given the fish a good breathing space, and another magnificent rush brought him to the bottom of the pool. Another sulk; the same tactics were repeated, and he soon showed signs of yielding to the treatment of rod and line. To Thady, who followed, Dan willingly gave the gaff, and he deftly used the instrument, and the fish soon lay on the grassy bank. "Twenty-one pounds as I'm a livin' sinner," cried Thady; "and Holy St. Pether, who was a fisherman himself I'm tould, couldn't have played him better."

Several good white trout rewarded our efforts in the upper stretch of the river, and as we strolled homeward in the evening, I asked Dan had he any objection to explore the rath next morning. "None whatever," said he, "and I don't mind sharin' in the bad luck." I was wakened by him at dawn, and, armed with a small crowbar and spade, we walked to Lisgaunmore. A white mist lay on the river and the grass was covered with dew, glittering like pearls in the early morning light. A few trials with the crowbar near the centre of the rath and we struck a flagstone; skinning the sod, we reached it at a depth of a couple of feet and soon had it lifted, revealing a low passage. Lighting a candle we entered, and found the usual set of chambers connected by low narrow passages, built of microlithic field-stones and roofed with large flags. A small hole in the rampart where the end chamber had fallen in admitted fresh air. The whole was of the usual type of souterrain with which we were familiar, and such only were the palace of the fairies and the underground passages extending for miles to some other rath or castle, with which the Irish peasant throughout the length and breadth of the land associates the myths and legends of bygone days.

"LEMON GREY."

## THE HISTORY OF CRETAN DISCONTENT

**P**REOCCUPIED as she is with the fortunes of her largest unit, Europe has little attention to spare her smallest ; but one of these is making frantic efforts to arrest her distracted ear. The rebellious plaint of Crete is one which she has heard so often for the space of three generations that it irritates and wearies her, and, grown to a certain degree callous, she treats it, like the idle gods, as a tale of little meaning. None the less it is an "ancient tale of wrong," which does not become any less well founded as it becomes more ancient ; and it has a serious meaning not always understood for lack of acquaintance with the historical background of it.

It is disappointing, to say the very least, to hear in the summer of 1905 that the British troops, which were sent to Crete in 1897 to inaugurate a new era, and remained after 1898 with the enthusiastic approval of the newly liberated islanders to support their first steps in national life, are being employed in repressing something very like a general insurrection. They have had to be reinforced ; there have been conflicts ; and our men have been hit by Cretan bullets. All of which untoward facts are put down by most people to the account of Cretan original sin. As is proverbially said in the Levant, *ἡ Κρήνη κρητίζει*, Crete is behaving after her kind. Five years is her normal interval between revolutions. The islanders, it is said, have been from all time false and graceless. There is no contenting them. They have

been granted all, and more than all, they deserve by the beneficence of the Powers, but it is useless to expect them to say thank you and behave nicely for kindness. Now they need, and are to get, a taste of the rod.

What the Cretans have or have not deserved would be a contentious question, whereon we are not going to enter. What they want is open to no doubt. But the fact that what they want now they have always wanted, and never, in spite of much encouragement, received, is less well understood, and perhaps, if better understood, would modify the general attitude towards their plaint. This is not to say that it would lead to the granting of their request. Ministers of Foreign Affairs and Chanceries must weigh the diplomatic difficulties, insuperable or not, which are raised by their request, and decide the question how far the fate of Crete can be separated from that of the Ottoman Empire as a whole without making international trouble of far more importance than the discontent of one Mediterranean island. Merely observing that the word "impossible," so common on diplomatic lips, is not really found in the diplomatic dictionary any more than in the Napoleonic, we will address ourselves to the task of showing that, from the Cretan side, the present plaint proceeds neither from ingratitude nor unreason. It was inevitable that it should be raised anew after 1898, and inevitable that it should lead to trouble by 1905. The Powers have done much for Crete; but they have always done so much less than they ought, and might reasonably have been expected, to have done, that they cannot be surprised if, human nature in the mass being what it is, they receive less gratitude from the islanders for those things they have done than objurgation for the things they have left undone. They have been concerned in the fate of Crete for the last eighty years. The island's tale of wrong is, indeed, more ancient than that; but up to the opening of the nineteenth century its grievance was solely against its actual invaders. The Concert of Europe did not come into the matter before the war of Greek Independence.



When the Christian population of the Morea rose against the Turks in 1821, the Cretan Christians, being three-fourths of the inhabitants of the island, rose with them. They had precisely the same reasons for rising; they began and carried out their revolt in precisely the same way, in the same spirit, and with the same general idea; they identified their cause completely with that of the mainland, acted in concert with the insurgents of the Morea and Archipelago, and proposed, if successful, to maintain for ever the same community with them, which they had already proclaimed. They quickly made their pretension at least as good as did the Peloponnesians. By the end of the year no Moslems remained in any part of the interior; the fortified coast towns were alone holding out, like Patras and Nauplia in the Morea; and the Christians had established an independent provisional government, which was supreme over nine-tenths of the island. Nor did they, from the beginning to the end of the War of Greek Independence, make a general submission. The Sultan, unable after two years to recover any of his lost ground, called in his Viceroy of Egypt, promising him the Candiot pashalik *de jure* if by his own efforts he could get possession of it *de facto*. In this Mahmud II. anticipated by just two years the arrangement of despair which he would make with the same Viceroy about the Morea. The history of the Egyptian effort in Crete also anticipated very exactly the history of the Egyptian effort on the mainland. Mehemet Ali's troops overran the island again and again, but it always rose behind them. The insurgent government never abjured its functions, and when Codrington persuaded and Maison forced the Egyptians to leave the Morea in 1828, the interior of Crete was still in full rebellion, and the Viceroy, failing in the following January to revictual the towns, in face of the Greek fleet, offered to return his unacquired acquisition to his suzerain. In 1829, when the Powers, who had long ago recognised the insurgent Greeks as belligerents, occupied themselves with the consummation of Greek hopes, the Cretan Christians were successful belligerents



on precisely the same footing as the Moreotes and with precisely the same object in view. They were one in the tradition of eight years and the hope of all time to come with that new Hellenic nation, whose actual and future existence had been explicitly recognised by the concert of the Greater Powers—Russia, France and Great Britain.

Naturally they expected that in the final settlement there would be but one Hellas containing themselves. The demand made to Europe by the Greek Assembly, over which Capodistria was lately come to preside, included Crete, with the same assurance as the Morea. There were admitted doubts about the northern limit of the free state to be, but none about the southern. Nevertheless, to the surprise of almost every one and the consternation of all Greece, the Protecting Powers barred Crete from the first as they also barred Samos, and resolutely refused to listen to the outcry which was raised on all sides. So loud was that outcry that it affected all the future fortunes of Greece by depriving it of the leadership of the future King of the Belgians. Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was so strongly impressed by the injustice of the exclusion of Crete from the principate offered to him by the Powers, and so convinced that this injustice would sow a seed of bitter trouble, that, in replying to Lord Aberdeen, he made the redressing of the wrong a condition of his acceptance. For which act of presumption, as the British Minister affected to regard it, the prince remained unrepentant enough to insist in a second letter that Greece could not be satisfactorily pacified if Crete were not set free. By strong pressure Leopold was induced presently to give way so far as to stipulate only for the "amelioration" of the lot of the two islands, but he returned finally to his first thoughts, after learning through Capodistria the real state of public opinion in Greece; and, deaf to Lord Aberdeen's protest that he had accepted the Greek throne without Crete, definitely refused it in May 1830, because the Powers were still obdurate on the disputed point. His refusal cost Greece two more years of

internal disturbance, the life of Capodistria, who alone could have guided a young king, and the selection by the Powers of the weak and foolish son of the King of Bavaria to occupy the throne.

Why the Powers, or rather two out of the three "Protectors," with the strong approval of Austria, guided by Metternich, were obdurate on the subject of Crete is well known. The island was sacrificed simply and solely to the Russophobes in the British Cabinet. Ever since Wellington had "gone back on" Navarino, declaring Codrington's victory an "untoward event" and an outrage on our "ancient ally," British policy had been guided by the Austrian Chancellor's fear of Russia, or rather of the reigning Czar. Then and there, our "money was put on the wrong horse" as a Tory Prime Minister would one day confess; and when compelled by the inexorable logic of facts to end the long anarchy of the Levant by creating an autonomous Greek state, the action of the British Cabinet was influenced entirely by two principles. First, the Ottoman Empire must not be diminished by a foot of land that could be saved to it; second, if a new Christian state, Orthodox and therefore presumably of Russian sympathies, must come into being on the flank of Turkey, it should not be increased by a foot of land that could be denied to it. The attitude which Lord Aberdeen took up toward Greece was equally ungenerous and unforeseeing. Believing that a kingdom which included Crete and Samos would threaten danger to Europe, he tried to pare it down to the straitest limits consistent with present peace in the Levant. It is an ignominious story of diplomatic pettifogging. The Russophobes were forced from one point to another. First, they had to give up all idea of an indemnity for the beaten Turk; secondly, the original limitation of the new state to the Morea and the coastal islands was stretched, by the bold action of Church in Central Greece, first to the line from Lamia to the mouth of the Aspro, and finally to that from Arta to Volo; thirdly, and with great difficulty, the provision as to Ottoman suzerainty was with-

drawn. After two years of bartering the Greeks, deprived of Capodistria, were fain to take what they could get, and, alas! threw up the game without stipulating on behalf of their brothers-in-arms of Crete and Samos for more than "political amelioration." So in defiance of all international justice and contrary to obvious political expediency Samos and Crete were left outside the pale.

As soon as the Hellenic kingdom was an established fact a sensible "amelioration" was offered to Samos, and accepted after protest. Samos was then, except for a few officials, almost as purely Greek an island as now. It was, moreover, comparatively small, and closely hemmed in by coast and islands which remained in Ottoman power. There was little risk in granting it a large enough measure of autonomy to satisfy a population not very vigorous or warlike, which had been softened, like the Chiotese, by the privileges the island had long enjoyed as a private fief of the house of Othman. The case of Crete was less easy. There was still a considerable Moslem population in the island, holding the chief towns, and that population, despite its religion, was of Greek origin and speech, and rooted to the soil. The chief difficulty, in fact, which has always complicated any attempt to introduce autonomy into Crete, confronted the Powers in 1832. Moreover there was Mehemet Ali of Cairo to be considered as well as his suzerain in Constantinople; for Crete had once more been offered to the former and partially reoccupied by him in 1830. Lastly, the size of the island and its important geographical position in the Eastern Mediterranean made the Powers unwilling to grant it so complete and final an autonomy as Samos. The result was that nothing was offered to the Cretans after their ten years' struggle but a few minor privileges under an inadequate guarantee—so inadequate that in practice they can hardly be said to have ameliorated the lot of the islanders at all. At best they amounted to little more than an amnesty and a return to the *status quo ante bellum*. The Cretans can hardly be said

to have accepted them, but they acquiesced in them as a condition of continued existence, and never ceased to urge their claim to share in the full freedom of the Hellenic kingdom. Within ten years a part of the population was in arms again, and this time the insurgents refused a further measure of autonomy for fear it might delay indefinitely the realisation of their true desire. They preferred to lay down their arms in 1841 and remain as before.

Those arms rusted for a quarter of a century. Encouraged by the vague promises and assurances of the consuls, the Cretan Christians waited and hoped. They saw at Sebastopol France and Great Britain extinguish their last hope of help from the Czar ; and having already watched the failure of an insurrection in Northern Greece, they received with an indifference, which from their point of view was deserved, Abdul Mejid's *firman* of 1856 in favour of his *rayahs* and the famous *Hatti Humayûn*. Finally, they heard that the Seven Islands, which had taken no part in the War of Independence, sacrificed nothing and suffered nothing, had been united to the Hellenic kingdom at their own request, in order to increase the popularity of the new king chosen by the Powers. Then they rose, and began, in 1866, the greatest of all Cretan insurrections. In the course of that three years' war the islanders showed a determination, a devotion and an indifference to suffering and terrorism which redeem many sordid episodes of their modern history ; and not only those qualities, but also an ability in guerilla fighting which at one time brought the Turks so low that the Porte, by the mouth of Ali Pasha, the Grand Vizier, offered Samian autonomy to the island if it would abjure its demand for union with Greece. It should not be forgotten now that the Cretans deliberately refused that offer, and declared that, as in 1821, they had risen for Union not for Home Rule. Doubtless they had good reason to suspect the Turk's good faith, knowing well what the devil will promise when sick. But, whether or no, the fact remains that they flatly refused then the concession for which Europe thinks they ought to be humbly grateful now.

The huge armies which the Powers allowed Ali Pasha to throw into Crete, wore down its resistance by 1869, and, to quiet public outcry in Europe, a measure of much modified autonomy was presently promulgated; but, once again, for want of other guarantee than the diplomatic assurances of the Porte, it resulted in no beneficent change. Thereafter, up to their final rising *en masse* in 1897, the islanders never ceased to agitate and disturb the peace. Theirs was always the old cry, Union and nothing less than Union. Discouraged by the Congress of Constantinople, they rose sporadically during the Russo-Turkish War in the hope of being regarded as belligerents at its close: but the Congress of Berlin once more offered them certain domestic privileges only. This time, and for the first time, the Cretans formally accepted the offer without further protest, and expressed their gratitude, the fact being that, in common with the rest of the world, they believed the Sick Man to be nearing his last agony. Like the rest of the world, they had yet to appreciate the vitality of Turkey and the ability and determination of its new ruler. They soon realised their mistake, and, after 1883, repeatedly formulated the old demand for Union; but the mistake was to bear fruit later on. It supplied the representatives of our Foreign Office with one-half their justification when they declared in both Houses that the claim for Union and nothing less made by the leaders of the final revolution was a new demand, inconsistent with formal engagements entered into between the Powers and the Cretans themselves.

This brings us to the last stage—those events in Cretan history which the short memory of the general public alone recalls. The other half of the justification for the statements made by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Curzon in 1897 was supplied by the prelude of the final rising. The agitators and insurgents of 1895 and the following year accepted the internal privileges offered by the Porte and the Powers in what was known as the Pact of Halepa, without any express reservation in favour of union. We know now that their object in signing the Pact at all



was solely to gain time, the better to complete their organisation and to make that arrangement with Greece which would be carried out by Vassos' invasion in the beginning of the following year. The general insurrection of 1897 swept the Pact into oblivion, together with all that led up to and conditioned it. But on what happened when that insurrection had closed in liberation, and the Cretans knew that the Ottoman power had departed never to return, it is necessary to say a few words; for the fact that the Cretan Christians, in their hour of triumph, accepted Home Rule of the Samian type, accepted, in fact, what they had rejected more than thirty years before, and drew up a Constitution as for an autonomous hereditary principate, has been taken to justify the subsequent attitude of the Powers towards their larger demand, and has done more than anything else to create a general disbelief in the urgency, the unanimity, and even the genuineness of that demand.

First, as to the attitude of the insurgents while still in the field and uncertain of the intentions of the Powers. They made the demand for Union at the very outset, and it was to deprecate that demand that the Secretary and Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs rose, as has been said, in our two Houses. They proceeded to circulate their claim in Europe by means of a manifesto signed by twenty Cretan Deputies, who spoke of Union and nothing short of Union. Early in the summer of 1897 the present writer had an interview with the insurgent leaders on Akrotiri, near Canea, and found them still of one mind on this subject, despite the miserable disasters which had meanwhile befallen the Greek forces on the mainland. "If our Mother," said they, "has fallen into poverty and disrepute, are we to desert her?" Nearly a year later, when autonomy had been decided upon by the Powers, the same language was held at Arkhanes, the headquarters of the insurgent provisional government in the Candia province. There had been, and was to be, some difference of opinion as to the details of the union. Many Cretans looked forward to a sort of insular Home Rule



under the Hellenic crown, and deprecated so unconditional a Union as would involve the island in the European control lately imposed on a part of the Greek finances, and in the financial obligations of Greece. But the warmest partisans of Crete for the Cretans never for a moment confounded municipal with political independence. Crete, however much ruled by herself, was to be an integral part of the Hellenic kingdom.

Now for the ultimate acceptance of the principate at the end of that year, 1898, and for the Constitution of 1899. To understand that neither one nor the other implied in Cretan eyes any retraction of the original demand for Union, but rather that both were believed by all to involve the speedy realisation thereof, it is only necessary to recall who was the Prince designated, and under what circumstances he came to the island. All further declarations for Union seemed superfluous when the second son of the King of Greece landed on the mandate of Europe and with the forced acquiescence of Turkey, to take supreme control of Crete. This could only lead, after the briefest interval, to the establishment of that Home Rule under the Greek crown to which the wisest heads in the island looked forward. For what other conceivable reason, it was asked, did the Powers send to Ottoman soil a Greek Prince, who had lately been a belligerent against Turkey and shared in the ignominious defeat she had inflicted? Thus the Cretans interpreted Prince George's mission; and they saw a confirmation of their belief in the immediate abolition, not only of Ottoman control, but of all outward and visible sign of Ottoman suzerainty. There was no question of tribute, and none of any Ottoman representative resident in the island. The Turkish flag vanished, and the Powers suffered its provisional successor to show, as to three quarters, the Greek colours, and as to one, a star on a red ground, which was promptly and without protest perverted into a star of Bethlehem. They also suffered their High Commissioner to be designated by the first Constituent Assembly, Heredi-

tary Prince of Crete; and, indeed, it is more than doubtful if the majority of the islanders was aware at that epoch that technically he had ever held any other position since his arrival. Presently the Cretans saw postage stamps and coins appear with his image and superscription, and all seemed well.

That was in 1899. The first disturbance of the dream followed a proposal to effect certain harbour improvements at Retimo and Candia, and pay therefor by a surtax on imports. The Consuls were bidden to remind the Cretans that they were precluded from increasing their port-dues by the general engagements of the Ottoman Empire. The full awakening resulted from Prince George's circular tour of the European Courts. He was told everywhere that no further change would be made in the political status of the island during the term of his commission; and presently he was constrained to accept a prolongation of that term with no better prospect. From that moment the present trouble began to brew. The grumbling and complaints which reached the ears of Europe during the years 1900 to 1904 were ostensibly directed against internal abuses—first the absorption of public money by officials, the grievance of the Have-nots against the Haves; then the starving of Public Works; finally the arbitrary administration of the Prince himself. But what Europe failed or refused to understand was that this grumbling was a symptom of a general discontent, proceeding, not from the particular abuses, but from the discouragement and disappointment of the political hopes formed at the Prince's landing. The mood of Crete was that of a woman crossed. She found one grievance after another, but was not to be comforted by redress: redress made even one grievance more. She wanted Union with the obstinacy and the blind obsession of a lover, and, failing that, was to be contented with nothing else.

This is neither to deny the existence of those particular abuses nor to suggest that there was no real occasion for the particular complaints that were made; but it is to say that

certain of the abuses, for instance the arbitrary action of the central government, and almost all the disposition of the Cretans to be quick in finding fault, proceeded from the delay in satisfying the hopes which the advent of Prince George had encouraged. Those hopes have been imbibed by two generations with their mother's milk. After immense efforts and sacrifices they seemed on the brink of fulfilment in 1899. Six years later the islanders found Europe not only making no visible effort to realise them, but repudiating their ideal, and continually fixing her attention elsewhere. They are as deaf to argument and reason as any lover, and not less hasty and reckless of consequences. What wonder that the antecedents, character and particular ambitions of the leaders of the present revolt, "men of Therissos," weigh nothing in the balance against the fact that they are in arms for the Union? What wonder no offer of financial and administrative amelioration, made by the Powers, has led to those arms being laid aside?

D. G. HOGARTH.

## WORKMEN'S TRAINS

IT is a reasonable assumption that in the next Session of Parliament some attempt will be made to give legislative effect to the recommendations made by the Select Committee appointed to inquire into and report on the working and administration of the Cheap Trains Act, 1883; and, although I do not propose to enter upon a detailed criticism of these recommendations, there are, nevertheless, certain facts and economic considerations bearing on the general subject which I should like to put forward before any such legislative action assumes definite form.

Much misconception exists, for instance, in regard to the circumstances under which "cheap trains" were first run, and, also, as to the remission of passenger duty by the Act of 1883, which is erroneously supposed to have started, and been the foundation of, the cheap trains movement.

Legislative provision for cheap fares for the poorer class of railway travellers really dates back, not simply to 1883, but to 1844. In this earlier year an Act of Parliament was passed which required every railway company to run, each day, at least one train the whole distance of the line, and stopping at every station, the fare charged to third-class passengers not to exceed one penny per mile. In return for so doing the companies were not to pay on the third-class fares by such "Parliamentary" trains (as they came to be called) the five per cent. duty which an Act passed in 1842 had imposed on the fares paid by all passengers on a railway. Thus the first series of

"cheap trains" was really started by the Act of 1844, to which was given the same title of "Cheap Trains Act" that was subsequently borne by the Act of 1883.

But, with the improvement of railway services, and the more frequent running of express trains, a serious anomaly arose. The railway companies which gave to third-class passengers the advantage of travelling express were penalised by being required to pay the 5 per cent. duty on the fares received from such passengers, an express not being a "cheap train" "within the meaning of the Act," inasmuch as it did not stop at every station. Much litigation followed in the years 1874, 1876, and 1880; but the law courts upheld the view that no train was a "cheap train," entitling the railway company to exemption from the 5 per cent. duty on third-class fares, unless it fulfilled the requirements of the Act of 1844 by stopping at every station.

The position brought about in regard to the imposition of the tax was so absurd that it could not possibly be maintained by any reasonable Government, and the Cheap Trains Act of 1883 was introduced mainly for the purpose of getting rid of the anomaly in question. But the Act did not abolish the tax altogether. In regard to third-class travellers it relieved the companies of the duty so long as the fares charged did not exceed 1*d.* per mile, no matter whether the trains were fast or slow. On fares over 1*d.* per mile on urban railways the companies were to pay only 2 per cent. instead of 5. On the other hand, it was also enacted that if at any time the Board of Trade had reason to believe that a due and sufficient proportion of the accommodation was not available for passengers at fares not exceeding 1*d.* per mile, or that "proper and sufficient workmen's trains" were not provided, then the Board should have power to inquire, and refer the matter to the decision of the Railway Commissioners, any company neglecting to comply with an order made under the Act in respect to such trains to be liable to pay the same amount of passenger duty as would be payable if the duty had not been varied. The

companies were further required to convey at reduced fares officers or men in the army, navy, reserve, auxiliary, and police forces, and their wives, widows, and children, when entitled to be carried at the public expense, together with their luggage, stores, arms, ammunition, and necessaries; though if the companies failed to carry out an order under the Act by the Railway Commissioners, and were called upon to pay the duty in full, they could charge for the forces and their baggage, &c., the ordinary rates.

Considerable discussion has arisen as to whether or not this Act of 1883 represented a "bargain" between the Government and the railway companies. The leaders of the movement for the extension of workmen's trains affirm that it did, but there is ample evidence to show that it was not so regarded at the time. Assuming, however, for the sake of argument, that a "bargain" did enter into the question, there is the further point—"What benefit have the railway companies derived from it?" On the one hand it is declared they have gained huge sums, and this fact, or alleged fact, is held to justify the demand that they should run more and still more workmen's trains. On the other hand the railway companies say that, when the duty was enforced under the Act of 1842, they added the amount thereof to the fares paid by the passengers, thus becoming simply tax-gatherers for the Government; and when the tax was repealed in respect to third-class fares not exceeding 1*d.* the mile they reduced the fares to 1*d.* the mile, the difference between the fares at that sum and the amount previously paid going into the pockets of the public. There was still, it is admitted, a certain pecuniary advantage to the companies, representing (say) about one-half of the duty saved; but, against this there was the obligation, first, to run workmen's trains at fares so low as to yield little if any profit; and, secondly, to carry the forces, their wives, children and impedimenta at rates which represented a distinct loss of revenue; while the increase in the suburban traffic, due in a large measure to the running of the said workmen's trains, has, in the case of



some companies, necessitated extremely costly enlargements of stations, widenings of line, alterations of rolling stock, &c. Still another set-off claimed is the fact that when a new suburb of working-class dwellings springs up, as the result of running workmen's trains to a particular district, it is the railway company who have created the place upon whom falls the chief burden of the local taxation.

Another important factor in the general situation—though a factor that is generally omitted from consideration—is to be found in the special obligations under which certain companies have been placed by Parliament, irrespective, altogether, of the Cheap Trains Act of 1883. Much, indeed, of the discontent that has arisen is due to the fact that some of the railway companies, which are under no statutory obligations beyond those of the Act in question, have made what are regarded as less generous concessions to workmen than those granted by other companies under altogether exceptional conditions. The most fertile source of complaint is the fact that railways in general have not followed the example set by the Great Eastern in carrying workmen for distances up to eleven miles or so for twopence the return ticket; but those persons who feel strongly on the subject of this particular grievance may not be aware of the circumstances under which the said twopenny fares were originally conceded.

For the history of the fares in question one must go back to the year 1864, or nineteen years before the Cheap Trains Act of 1883 came into operation. The Great Eastern Railway Company promoted in the Session of that year a Bill authorising them to construct Liverpool Street Station, and such construction involved the taking down of many working-class tenements. The Great Eastern thus came under the ordinary legal obligation on railway companies, in these circumstances, to re-house the ejected people within one mile of the spot from which they were being expelled. This obligation has been a serious one for various companies, who have found themselves forced to construct fresh dwellings of such a type that the low

rents fixed by the Home Office have left them wholly unremunerative; while the dwellings themselves have been so far superior to the previous slums that the people ejected from the latter have refused to go into them, and the new dwellings have been tenanted instead by artisans, clerks, and others who had been in no way concerned in the cleared area. It further happened that in 1864 the Great Eastern Railway Company could not raise the necessary capital for re-housing purposes, and Parliament accordingly compromised the matter by saying—"If you do not re-house these people you must carry them out to Edmonton and Walthamstow for a 2*d.* return fare." To this the company agreed.

It was under these altogether exceptional conditions—which obviously had nothing whatever to do with any repeal of the passenger duty—that the Great Eastern Railway Company were required to convey workmen between the stations in question at 2*d.* return fares, and it was this special enactment of 1864, in regard to a particular company, rather than the Cheap Trains Act of 1883, that really started the Workmen's Trains movement, the argument raised, and still persisted in, being that because the Great Eastern carried workmen eleven miles for 2*d.* return, therefore other companies (which may themselves have fully met their obligations with regard to re-housing) should do the same.

Of late years, various of these other companies, and especially "tube" companies, have also come under special statutory obligations in regard to workmen's trains. The promoters of Bills for new railways find, in effect, the intimation given to them: "Workmen's trains on such and such conditions, or your Bill shall not pass;" and considerations of prudence suggest the acceptance of what are regarded as unreasonable requirements rather than the running of any risk of seeing the desired measure rejected. Once again the exceptionally favourable terms for workmen secured under these conditions are held up against the older companies as a reproach.

The abuse to which the issue of workmen's tickets has been

subjected is a matter on which there is much that could be said; but on this point it may suffice to quote the following from the evidence of Mr. Philip Burt, deputy general manager of the North Eastern Railway Company:

Prior to 1898 we used to issue workmen's tickets in batches of six, but without any distinction of days. If they were not used in one week they could then be used in subsequent weeks, and practically there was no attempt to restrict the use to *bonâ-fide* workmen. The result of this, what I call rather, want of system was that nearly everybody travelling between Newcastle and Tynemouth travelled with workmen's tickets during the prescribed hours, and the company found their revenue from the ordinary tickets being prejudicially affected. It was quite a common practice for persons travelling in the district to equip themselves with scores of workmen's tickets, and I remember myself finding over one hundred on one man. The tickets were distributed haphazard. It was quite a common thing for pleasure parties to travel with these tickets. On one occasion we had to put on a special train for footballers to attend a football match; they practically all had workmen's tickets. In many cases ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, clergymen, doctors, and professional men, and ladies and gentlemen travelling to dinner-parties used them regularly in the district.

The complaints commonly made against railways in respect to workmen's trains refer mainly to (1) the times of departure; (2) overcrowding; and (3) fares.

On the first of these points it is regarded as unjust to compel people to travel to town earlier than their work requires, and it is asked that workmen's trains should run later than at present. But the carrying out of this proposal would make confusion worse confounded in regard to early morning travel. A large proportion of those who now go early would naturally start later, overlapping the people who already pretty well fill the later trains, while not only would most of these individuals also want to travel with workmen's tickets, but the people now arriving in town after 8, 8.30, or 9 in the morning (assuming one of these times to be fixed on for the extension) would start earlier, so as to pay only workmen's fares. Under these conditions it would scarcely be possible on most of the London lines to work the

morning traffic at all, and, even if this could be done, the financial loss to the railway companies would be most serious.

As regards complaints of overcrowding of workmen's trains, the explanation given by Mr. Gooday, General Manager of the Great Eastern Railway, is that the people will wait for the last train by which they can travel for a certain fare. "We have," he said in his evidence, "put on a train within three minutes of the last train, and the last train is crowded while the train three minutes before is practically empty." He told, also, how he had seen the front carriages of a workmen's train overcrowded while those in the rear were empty, the reason being that people preferred to stand in the front, so that they could get sooner through the barrier at Liverpool Street, rather than sit at the back, and be the last to leave the station.

On the subject of fares, London County Council advocates have recommended a scale under which workmen would pay 2*d.* up to 10 miles (return), 3*d.* for from 10 to 15 miles, and 4*d.* for from 15 to 20 miles. Demands of this type are based on the contention (1) that the railway companies are making a good profit out of workmen's trains; and (2) that the workmen cannot afford to pay more. The first of these contentions meets with an emphatic denial from the railway managers. The second gives rise to various considerations which are deserving of investigation.

It is an axiom in the economic world that the rates of wages paid to different classes of workpeople should depend—among other considerations—on (1) rent, and (2) cost of transport between home and place of employment. This principle is well shown by the fact that trade union rates of wages are based on higher scales in London than in the country. Factories and workshops established in the metropolis in years gone by gathered colonies of workers around them, and, as the demand for house accommodation increased, rents went up, and wages rose more or less in proportion. Had these conditions been allowed to follow a normal course, rents and

wages would alike have risen so high that the occupiers of the aforesaid factories and workshops would have found it impossible to remain in the crowded districts of London, and been forced to adopt the policy that would absolutely have been the best for them to pursue, from the point of view of every one concerned—that is to say, they would have gone into the country, and set up their works afresh, taking the toilers with them. But, just as this stage was likely to be reached, Parliament was induced by various well-meaning people to take a course of action that afforded relief to the employers at the expense of the railways, checked the removal of old-established factories into the country, and (in the first instance) solved the “increased rent—increased wage” problem by compelling the railways to run workmen’s trains at abnormally low fares, so that the toilers could live in the suburbs, but still work in London.

Employers thus had an excuse for not further increasing wages, and even to-day the cry that “workmen cannot afford to pay more than twopence a day for travelling expenses” is generally followed by the contention, not that employers should give a slightly higher rate of wages, but that railway companies should regard twopence a day as the recognised amount a workman should pay, for practically any distance, trains being also run to suit his convenience, irrespective of that of other travellers. Certain it is that many of the companies or firms by whom the workpeople are employed get much bigger profits out of their businesses than the railway companies are able to make, and why they should expect the latter to enable them to keep their wages lists down is by no means clear. Alternatively, if those of the said employers who occupy factories and workshops in London cannot, or will not, pay a better wage, and cannot, or will not, remove into the country, could they not, in the interests of their workers, and to meet the exigencies of the general situation, follow the example of factory-owners in the North of England, and start work at an earlier hour?

Another class of people who have profited from workmen's trains at the expense of the railway companies is represented by the landowners and landlords in new suburbs. At first, no doubt, the workers who went out of London to live benefited financially by the cheaper accommodation, combined with the low fares. But every fresh advantage conceded by the railways has taken more and more people into the new working-class districts, where the speculators who put up miles of houses (so that these "suburbs" are themselves rapidly approaching the condition of congested areas) have of late years been exploiting the artisan residents for all they can get out of them. Rents in these suburbs have increased to such an extent that any gain on the railway fare is swallowed up by the landlords, and it is doubtful if—from a monetary standpoint—the workers are now better off than when they lived in London. Railway guards, signalmen and others have themselves asked the railway companies for increases of wages because the workmen's trains have caused rents to go up to so high a figure. Rents are raised, in fact, with each fresh concession made by the railways.

In 1899 the London, Tilbury and Southend Railway Company began to carry workmen from Plaistow and East Ham to London at *2d.* return, instead of *3d.* The rents in those places were at once raised *6d.* a week, so that the landlords gained by the exact sum the railway company had conceded to their working-class patrons. Then, in April 1899, the Railway Commissioners imposed on the Great Eastern Railway Company the obligation of running two threepenny trains from Edmonton, arriving in London between 7.30 and 8 A.M., to suit the convenience of workers who could not, or did not want to, pay fourpence for a return ticket enabling them to travel between those hours. To meet this obligation the railway company had to provide two fresh trains of third-class carriages, and these trains, as it happened, could be used only for the one trip each day, standing on the sidings, and representing so much capital lying idle, for the remainder of



the twenty-four hours. Still, the concession enabled the people who had been coming to London by the earlier twopenny trains (and arriving too soon for their work) to travel half an hour later at a cost of only another penny per day, instead of another twopence. So it made Edmonton a more desirable place to live in, from the point of view of the worker, and the landlords showed their appreciation of the situation by at once raising the rents 1s. the week.

Two questions that arise from a review of the facts and considerations here presented are: (1) Has the general policy of running workmen's trains achieved the success, and brought to the working classes themselves the benefits, originally anticipated? (2) Would it be fair, or desirable, to play still further into the hands of employers, landowners and landlords by imposing additional burdensome obligations on the railways under the delusion that the latter have reaped substantial advantages from a partial remission of passenger duty, of which, as already shown, a large proportion went direct into the pockets of the passengers themselves, while the balance has not in any way compensated for those additional facilities which have already been conceded? Connected with these questions of principle are the various matters of fact as to whether or not it is physically possible to run more trains on certain lines at stated hours; whether the safety of the travelling public might not be endangered by risky experiments in this direction; and whether it would be wise to encourage the increase of workmen's trains to such an extent that a London railway terminus would become—to repeat a phrase used by the General Manager of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway before the Select Committee—"An Elysium for workmen, and a Hades for the rest of the community."

EDWIN A. PRATT.

## ON THE LINE

NEITHER the title nor the outward appearance of *The Lure of the Labrador Wild* (By Dillon Wallace, Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) does justice to the power and fascination of the book. It is the record of an expedition into an unknown land, which ended tragically. It tells the story of three men penetrating into Labrador, losing their way, struggling on doggedly under every hardship until it was too late to hope; then returning as best they could to "humanity's reach," one—Hubbard, the leader of the expedition—to die on the way; the second—Wallace, the author of the book—to be rescued only just in time. It is seldom we read a volume so full of unconscious irony as this, which preaches a pitiless sermon on the smallness and weakness of man among the mountains. The third of the explorers was a Canadian half-breed, George Elson, who combined the way-lore and fatalism of the Indian with the grit and pluck of the Anglo-Saxon. Had the two Americans followed the advice of their servant-comrade, they might have escaped the fate that beset them, but, unfortunately, they did not.

They landed in Labrador early in the summer of 1903, and with the least possible delay penetrated to the interior. All that human fore-knowledge could do in the way of preparing plans and equipment was done; but Nature is still beyond propitiation, and during that season her mood was unusually harsh. Game was scarce, the weather was very bad; conse-

quently, there were expensive — nay, fatal — delays. Unfortunately the explorers had to trust to native information for their course—their only map being inaccurate—and lack of precision in the information supplied led them astray almost at the beginning. Their aim was early in the summer to reach the Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, situated at the mouth of the North-west River, to ascend that river to Lake Michikamau, and then, from the northern end of the lake, to beat across the country to the George River. The first necessity was to find and journey up the Nascaupee River, which flowed into the Grand Lake. They reached the lake, but by a fatal miscalculation missed the Nascaupee, and found instead a river, the Susan, which led them to a stony valley, which, from the hardships they encountered and their ultimate experience, was not misnamed by Wallace the Valley of the Shadow of Death. However, strong in the erroneous faith that they were travelling aright, they struggled along, portaging the canoe over the rocky ground, still looking ahead for Lake Michikamau; buoying up their hopes in the brave man's way, and gaining inspiration from Mr. Kipling's poetry and the Bible. They suffered from hunger and hard travel; but not until from the heights of a mountain they saw Michikamau in the distance, very far beyond, did they realise the hopelessness of their quest. Reluctantly they turned back. "Michikamau or bust!" had been their war-cry. Michikamau it was not to be. Could they avoid the contrary fate they were pledged to meet? They made a brave struggle for it, retracing their footsteps along the dreadful passage. Starved, ragged, weary almost to death, still they haled along. They came to a river which they had not journeyed along earlier, and considered whether they should go by canoe down that instead of returning through the dreaded Susan Valley. There was a long discussion over the question, continued to the next day, when George Elson said quietly:

"I had a dream about that last night, fellus."

We urged him to tell us what it was.

"It was a strange dream," he repeated, and hesitated. Then: "Well, I dreamed the Lord stood before me very beautiful and bright, and He had a mighty kind look on His face, and He said to me: 'George, don't leave this river—just stick to it, and it will take you out to Grand Lake, where you will find Blake's cache with lots of grub, and then you'll be all right and safe. I can't spare you any more fish, George, and if you leave this river you won't get any more. Just stick to this river, and I'll take you out safe.'

"The Lord was all smiling and bright," continued George, "and He looked at me very pleasant. Then He went away, and I dreamed we went right down the river, and came out in Grand Lake, near where we had left it comin' up, and we found Blake there, and he fed us and gave us all the grub we wanted, and we had a fine time."

As ultimate investigation proved, there was truth in the dream of the half-breed. Had Hubbard and Wallace accepted the wisdom which the Indian part of his being gave them, they might have escaped. As it was, they returned to the Susan Valley, and found it the Valley of Death.

This is in many ways an unusual and remarkable book. It will not be forgotten by those who read it: for the story its author tells with so much power, pathos, and graphic simplicity is one that must appeal to man's humanity. Here is a tale of pioneers braving Nature and perishing. That is—as Kipling reminds us—not seldom the fate of pioneers. But these men who failed will not be all forgotten. They succeeded in breaking open the door of the land of "bared boughs and grieving winds" for others in the future to pass through.

# BEAUJEU

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### A GENTLEMAN WITH TIDINGS FROM THE KING

MY lord had little pleasure of his drive in the dark. To hold in his arms a body cold and still, a body that swayed helpless with every jerk of the coach, to kiss a chill cheek sometimes, was scarce the victor's pleasure he had worked for. The curst wench would not even struggle, would not give him even the joy of conquering her writhing limbs again. When they stopped to change the horses she made no motion nor sound. When they came to his house at Grateley in the bitter cold of the early morn she let him lift her from the coach and bear her in and set her down in an upper room.

"Zounds, you might be a corpse!" cried my lord angrily.

Rose lifted her face to his. Great dark eyes gazed at him deep-sunk below her white brow. The dainty curves of her cheeks were gone: he saw them haggard and dull and damp, and she stooped in her chair, and the graceful form was shapeless. Such was the creature he had won for his desires.

My lord turned away with a muttered oath and went out.

The same French valet that had beguiled her brought her a tray of meat and wine, and putting it down with a flourish and a bow saw her dull eyes gazing at him, and started and stammered something, and fled.

She tasted nothing, she sat still, leaning forward, her hands

on her knees, gazing at nothing, while the morning light broke pale through the misty air. There were no thoughts, no fancies to torture her, for her mind was numb. And at last, when the sun was high and bright above the plain, her weariness brought her sleep.

Twilight was falling when my lord's hand on her shoulder woke her. She started up. "You?" she cried, flushing, and then, "Ah, yes, yes," in a low, piteous voice, and sank down again.

"Art rested, child?" says my lord tenderly, and bent to kiss her. She shuddered and shrank away. Now she could feel, and she started up and faced him.

"You dare, my lord?" she cried.

My lord chuckled. "Faith, child, 'tis a thought late to talk of daring," says he, and moved to take her.

She put her hand on his arm: "I am in your power, my lord," she said coldly. "If it pleases you to know that—that——" she choked a sob—"and to know that I pray God for death," she cried loud—"then—then, my lord, you have that pleasure."

My lord flushed, but, "Rose, why will you take me so?" he said, not ungently. "I mean you well, but you make me mad with your taunts. And have I given up nought for you? At this hour I should be with the King. He had summoned me, and but that I cared for you more than honour I'd be with him now. Child, I've cast my very honour away for you—is it like that I do not love you?"

"Your honour!" said Rose, in a low, scornful voice, and her pale lip curled: an instant her dark eyes flashed.

My lord's arm gripped hard on her waist, but he bit his lip, and after a moment, "Ay, you can sneer at me," he said, "but what would your Beaujeu have done for you? Not that, nor the least part of it?"

"Oh, indeed you are right," cried Rose, and a little colour came to her dull cheek; "M. de Beaujeu had some care for his honour."



"Had he ever a care for you?" cried Sherborne, flushing darker. "And, egad, his honour—a traitor, a liar, a nameless——"

"Need you make yourself fouler yet?" Rose cried. She drew herself up and looked down proudly at his glaring eyes: "Sure you take a strange way to commend yourself, my lord—to show yourself in all your vileness, to tell me you have no honour left."

A light kindled in Sherborne's eyes, his hand clenched and unclenched. Then he sprang upon her and tore open her dress and buried his face in her bosom. She let him do his will, her cheeks were dull white again, she was limp in his grasp. "And this is love, my lord!" she said very quietly.

His arms fell away from her, and he started back. She reeled a moment, catching at her dress, then drew herself up unblushing and with one hand hiding her bosom, "Before God, my lord, I had rather be myself, even myself, than you—you!" she cried.

My lord scowled at the ground: he was trembling a little, then: "Bah, we will see that, mistress!" he cried hoarsely, and moved towards her. And she waited him very still.

But his bloodshot eyes met her proud scorn, and he checked, and, "Ah, Rose!" he cried, and flung out his hands to her.

There was loud tapping at the door, and "Pardon, milor, pardon," and the head of the French valet appeared. "Gentleman say 'e 'ave tiding from ze King."

"From the King?" cried Sherborne, turning.

"Milor," says the valet, bowing and held open the door. My lord gave one backward glance at the girl's proud eyes, and turned with a groan and hurried out.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

## MR. HEALY WEARS A WHITE FLOWER

MISTRESS NANCY LEIGH and Mr. Healy met in the narrow wainscoted passage. With an air of great awe Mistress Leigh shrank away into a recess and drew her skirts tight about her and made room for him to pass.

"Sure, you have a most delectable grace," says Mr. Healy, smiling down at her.

Mistress Leigh's eyes were modestly downcast before his magnificence. "Sir, sir, I doubt I detain you," says she in a still small voice; and she remained fixed in the narrow recess, but let her skirts fall to hide the golden broidery on her slim ankles.

"'Tis purely scandalous in you, indeed," says Mr. Healy, and composed himself against the opposite wall to look at her, for the light was falling glorious through the dark golden hair to the cream-white of her neck, and a dimple was trying to come in her cheek.

"I do trust, sir, I am not in your way," she murmured.

"Will you tell me now, am I like a mouse?" Mr. Healy inquired gravely. Her bright eyes were lifted to his. "'Tis yourself is so like a kitten," Mr. Healy explained.

Mistress Leigh came out of her corner to curtsy. "La, sir, you are too kind!" she cried. "And how soon shall I be a cat?"

"My dear," says Mr. Healy, approaching her, "I think you will be a kitten still when you are a grandmother." The dainty colour in her cheeks darkened a little, and she drew away. Mr. Healy put forth his long arm and surrounded her. "Sure you have run away often enough," says he with decision.

She leant back against his arm. "La, sir, could I dare impede your magnificence?" she cried, looking up at him, and the dimple would not be denied.

"You have led my magnificence a dainty dance, indeed. Have you a reason for it at all—Kit?" Mr. Healy drew her closer, and looked down into her eyes.

"Sir," says she demurely, "I love my own name."

"Nancy," says Mr. Healy, and appeared to think about it. "Nancy—sure 'tis as daintily naughty as yourself. Now why do you run away continuous, Nancy?" He paused for a reply.

Nancy hung her head. "I think Mr. Healy is the dullest man in all the world," says Nancy.

"Sure, Nancy dear, but you'll let him look at you, for 'tis the daintiest sweet face in all the world that you have and——," she lifted her dimpling blushing face, and Mr. Healy concluded with kisses.

Then there broke upon them Beaujeu's voice. "Healy! Healy! Here, for God's sake!" and there was something wild in his cry.

"Nancy, dear," says Mr. Healy, "I had better find him than he us," and kissed her again and departed, crying, "Wait me now!"

For on M. de Beaujeu there had broken a woman, red-faced and distraught, crying: "Mossoo, mossoo, is my mistress here? Your man he says she be not."

Beaujeu stared at her a moment and knew her for Rose's maid. "Here? How could she be?" he cried.

"There was a Frenchy man come to her last night, did tell as how you was wounded and was crying for her and did take her away in a coach."

"Where was she then?" cried Beaujeu.

"She was biding in ferryman's cottage by Isleworth. And have she never come here, then?" the elderly maid sobbed. "Dear heart, dear heart!—and I never did like they Frenchies."

Beaujeu sprang up and rang the bell. "What hour was this? What like was the coach?" he said sharply.

"Sunset time he come," the maid sobbed. "My lord

Sherborne had been with her the night before and she did pack him out in a stamping rage indeed. Ah, mossoo, do 'e think then ——

“Healy! Healy! Here, for God's sake!” cried Beaujeu. And as Dubois came in answer to the bell, “A horse, at once!” and he moved to his pistols.

Mr. Healy came in and stared at the sobbing woman.

“That scoundrel Sherborne has dared kidnap Mistress Charlbury,” growled Beaujeu, busy over his pistols. “I must go. Healy——”

“But the work here?” cried Mr. Healy.

“Curse the work!” growled Beaujeu.

“Eh, and the King and the Prince?”

“Curse the King and the Prince!”

Mr. Healy looked at him a moment smiling, then sprang to the door: “Two horses, Dubois!” he cried.

Beaujeu looked up from his pistols. “You?” he asked.

“She may well need the pair of us.”

“Thank you,” said Beaujeu.

Mr. Healy ran upstairs to Mistress Leigh: “I will have to be going,” says he.

She gazed a moment wide-eyed, then drew away frowning. “Oh, you want no more of me now,” says she with some scorn.

“My dear,” said Mr. Healy, taking her hand, “There is a very noble lady lying in the power of a nasty knave. 'Tis not you will blame me for riding to free her.”

The girl turned away from him: “I—I doubt you will often find me hateful, Mr. Healy,” she said unsteadily. Mr. Healy caught her in his arms and held her a moment, then kissed her hand and hurried off to his boots. As he tramped downstairs again, a white gillyflower, the last of the year, fluttered past his eyes. He caught it, and looking up saw Nancy smile from the shadow, and he kissed her flower and set it in his breast.

Beaujeu was ready and Dubois ran up to announce the

horses. Beaujeu laid his hand a moment on the sobbing woman's arm. "Try to be calm," he said, "rest here: we go to save her," and he strode out.

But Mr. Healy took Dubois by the button: "Dubois, my friend," says he, "while I am gone, let no man pass the door-posts unless you know him—and if you do, doubt him like the devil."

As they turned the steep corner into the Strand, four men, who appeared to be drunk, lurched into Beaujeu's horse, and one swearing caught at the bridle and there rose the cry, "Lug out, boys!" and the lurching gentlemen reached like one man for their swords.

But M. de Beaujeu was in a hurry. He gave his horse the spur and brought his whip handle crashing down on the wrist at his bridle. So the horse plunged forward, and Captain Hagan was overturned in the kennel, and thus failed of his contract. He arose with a bloody wrist, and very foul, and thereafter his friends found him morose. Captain Hagan had been touched in his honour.

It was Mr. Healy who came clattering to the door of my lord Sherborne's town house and demanded my lord in the name of the King. But all the windows were shuttered and dark, and Mr. Healy must needs believe the porter, who swore that my lord had gone to Grateley.

Galloping westward they took post-horses at Staines, and there heard of a coach that had passed in the night. A guinea to an ostler at Bagshot brought them news of it again, and as they walked their horses up the steep hill to the heath: "We'll be with her by sundown, Beaujeu," says Mr. Healy, glancing at the grim, set face.

Beaujeu gave a short, sharp laugh: "By sundown!" he said scornfully.

Soon they were up on the level track, bare and dark through the heath. Then down for miles they sped, and on through the bronzed bracken of the flats. In Basingstoke Mr. Healy, boasting himself a King's courier, was most urgent to know where

the King's army lay. "Odso, master, ye'll find the whole at Andover," it was told him.

And Mr. Healy, springing dust-begrimed on a fresh horse, chuckled, "Sure now I'll be careful to do that." Round the hill's shoulder, above the silver line of the river, they spurred their reeking horses into Whitchurch, and took fresh beasts at the "White Hart." Delicately now, sparing the horses with all skill since they must bear them to the end, they rode up hill and down under a glory of dying leaf, lemon yellow and crimson and brown. The sun was drawing to the west when they came out on Andover Down, and the two peered keenly through the gathering haze. From afar came flashes of scarlet and steel. The little town was alive with troopers. Off to the right, down hill by a bridle track, went Beaujeu. Under the hedges they skirted round Andover town, and cautiously, fifty yards apart, came out again to the high road on the crest of the hill beyond.

Then the humour of things overcame Mr. Healy, and he laughed aloud: "Sure 'tis a Julius Cæsar of a general there," says he. "Devil a picket and devil an outpost at all! Oh, the kind soul!" But Beaujeu hunched his shoulders and said nothing. For Rose had been in Sherborne's power a night and a day.

In the last pale light of a November sun they spurred on that infinite straight white road. The lean horses were going heavily after ups and downs a score, and M. de Beaujeu's had stumbled more than once before high above them on the right the rose-red walls of my lord Sherborne's house broke glimmering through sparse golden leaves. Then a sound came down wind to Mr. Healy's quick ear, and he turned peering. There was a party galloping at them across the short turf on the left, a party that gained on them fast, and a "Halte là!" was borne to their ears, and swords waved pale at them. Mr. Healy, holding the pace, still gazed. "A quartette of the Blues," says he at last, and turned and sat down in his saddle.



"They ride three yards to our two," says Beaujeu, and began to pluck at a pistol.

"Just that," Mr. Healy agreed calmly. "'Tis purely inconvenient. Well, we will be getting over the breast of this hill, my dear; and when we have dropped out of their sight you will get on my horse and incline to your right—and God speed you!"

"Your horse?" says Beaujeu, staring.

"She has less yearnings to progress on her nose," Mr. Healy explained.

"But you, man?" cried Beaujeu.

"Since the two of us cannot get to the lady you had best be the one," says Mr. Healy, and another shout of "Halt!" came clearer.

"Can I leave you to them?" cried Beaujeu, with a jerk of his head backward.

"I am a man, and she is none," says Mr. Healy: they were in a dip of the land, and he reined up sharply and sprang down. "Come on now!" he cried, as Beaujeu stared at him, "Will you leave her to hell?" Beaujeu sprang down and up again in an instant, gripped at Healy's hand, and was off at a gallop on the better horse. He thundered down to the bottom of the dip, and far out of sight of pursuit lifted his horse to the palings. Then even from Mr. Healy he vanished as he turned craftily and used the waves of the park to hide him.

Mr. Healy and his white gillyflower were left to meet four angry troopers coming over the crest of the hill to take him in the name of the King.

And so in Grateley Manor, as my lord Sherborne came hastily down the wide stairway he saw a figure white with dust standing in the gloom of the hall. "You come from the King, sirrah?" cried my lord. "What is your errand?"

At a bound the tall figure sprang upon him, a fierce gripe caught his throat, a pistol-barrel was pressed to his head, and "This, my lord!" Beaujeu said sharply. "Take me now to Mistress Charlbury or I shoot you here!" And as Sherborne

strove against him, "Be still, my lord!" he hissed, and the barrel pressed closer.

Sherborne's hands fell. He grinned in the dark. "So murder is one of your trades?" he said thickly through the choking gripe.

"I am not very patient, my lord," says Beaujeu. "I desire Mistress Charlbury at once."

"But not she you," Sherborne gurgled. "She——"

"One lie suffices. No more words." The pistol always touching my lord was moved swiftly to the back of his neck, "No sound, no flight, or you die. Take me to her," and the gripe was moved from throat to collar. "Walk!" cried Beaujeu. My lord turned without a word, and led on down the hall through the gloom.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### MY LORD SHERBORNE MAKES AN END

MY LORD SHERBORNE tripped, stumbled, and fell forward, dragging Beaujeu after him to the ground. "O'Gorman!" my lord yelled. "Norris! Rutter!" And then Beaujeu's pistol flashed and cracked above him. Beaujeu sprang up and tossed the empty pistol clattering down, and flung back his cloak and snatched out his rapier. For oaths resounded, and my lord's men came at a run. But my lord groaned from the ground.

Beaujeu sprang to the stairway, and "Rose!" he shouted, full-voiced. "Rose! Answer me! Rose!" and breathing short he drew his second pistol in his left hand. Mr. Rutter's rapier was darting at him out of the gloom ere he heard a faint answering cry from above. Beaujeu fired into the breadth of Mr. Rutter, and hurled the pistol at his face and turned and darted up. Mr. Rutter flung up his arms and fell thudding on his back.

"Rose!" Beaujeu shouted again in the corridor.

"Here! Here!" she cried, and beat upon the panels of the locked door.

At a run Beaujeu hurled himself against it, and the lock was rent rasping, and he reeled into the room. Rose was dashed behind the door against the wall. He sprang to her, and, with the rapier held on guard across the doorway, caught her in his left arm. "Hurt, child?" he gasped.

"No! no!" and she clung to him and laughed happily. "Quite, quite safe! Ah, but——"

But Beaujeu sprang away from her no whit too soon, and lunged at a venturesome gentleman who was coming in. The fellow sprang back against the wainscot of the corridor, and even so was pinked. He gurgled and reeled sideways, and his fellows were heard to check and slide along the floor. And Beaujeu laughed loud in the darkness, and "Another, gentlemen, another!" he cried. For as he stood shielded in the doorway none could assail him, save from his front, and his long arm, as he knew, and they by proof, reached easily to the farther wall. My lord Sherborne's army appeared to dislike the position. They remained out of sight muttering. An unsteady step approached. My lord Sherborne's voice rose in hoarse rage. "Pox on't! Why do you wait? Do you fear one man? Oh, curse you for cowards! Give me a sword!"

"Easy, now, easy, my lord——" it was Mr. O'Gorman. "Sure, you have had enough of him already——" and he lowered his voice muttering swiftly. Others joined in, and for a long while Beaujeu stood idle on guard in the dark, straining his ears vainly. At last:

"As you will, as you will," he heard my lord growl. "Only make an end."

Hurried footsteps sounded in the corridor, and Rose stole up to Beaujeu and laid a trembling hand on his arm. "Back, child, back to the window!" he whispered. "Watch there!"

But the footsteps came again after a while, and now a dim light shone past the doorway. "I'll thank you for that!"

cried Beaujeu with a laugh, and there were long mutterings yet again.

The light grew brighter a little. Holding wooden chairs before them like bucklers, Mr. Norris and Mr. O'Gorman edged along the wainscot. Then with a yell they ran together upon Beaujeu's point. But Beaujeu sprang aside and shortened his sword and stabbed Mr. Norris swiftly under the arm, who went crashing down with his chair as two more swordsmen broke in on Beaujeu, and my lord came shuffling with two lanterns to light the fray. The two lunged fiercely in the flickering yellow light, and Beaujeu must needs break ground again and flap his cloak in their faces. While they fought stamping about the fallen chair and the dead, Mr. O'Gorman had cast his own chair away and drew near slyly, cocking a pistol. Rose ran upon him with a cry and caught his arm. Swearing, he turned upon her, and at that my lord flung away his lanterns and sprang to them. All was dark suddenly, but the pistol flashed red and roared and a body fell with a thud.

"Holy Virgin, 'tis himself!" gasped Mr. O'Gorman.

"Odso, have ye shot my lord?" cried Beaujeu's foes, and their blades met his no longer, and he heard them jump back. But Mr. O'Gorman yelled an oath and ran empty handed on Beaujeu, who heard him, and moving to one side drove out his fist through the dark. Mr. O'Gorman crashed down against the door and lay clucking. Beaujeu kicked him out to the corridor, and, breathing hard, stood again on guard.

"Art hurt, Rose?" he panted.

"No, no indeed, but my lord——" the girl gasped.

"Give him water," said M. de Beaujeu. He heard Rose murmur softly:

"My lord, my lord——" and then give a cry and sob.

"Give him water," said Beaujeu again.

But my lord had no mouth.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

## MR. HEALY DESERTS A CONVERSATION

FOUR angry troopers of the Blues came over the crest of the hill and saw a dusty gentleman trudging on leading an unwilling steed.

“’Od rot ye! Halte là!” cried their corporal.

Mr. Healy turned and smiled upon them and waited: “Can you lend me a horse now?” says he.

At which the corporal became profane, and reining up close on Mr. Healy’s toes, “And where in hell is the knave that was with you?” he cried.

“The knave that was with me?” Mr. Healy repeated in pure amazement—then laughed. “Sure, ’tis early hours to be seeing double.”

“Rot your bones, there was two of you,” growled the corporal.

“There is myself and my horse—sure now if you look at the beast like that he will fall down,” says Mr. Healy.

“Stick me!” growled the corporal and scratched his head, and the troopers stood in their stirrups to peer all ways through the gathering gloom. But Beaujeu was not the man to be needlessly visible, and never a sound of him came over the turf. So they sat down again and stared at one another and gaped. “Look ’e,” says the corporal, “I take you for a dirty Oranger.”

Mr. Healy laughed. “Faith, you are a wit,” says he. “Will you tell me now am I going to Winterslow?”

“And what a pox have you to do at Winterslow?”

“’Tis a bit of a message from the King to Colonel Salkeld.”

The corporal laughed hoarsely. “You’ll tell that to my lord Feversham, my bully.”

“’Twill be purely joyous for me. But I have told him once to-day, my dear.”

"What?" roared the corporal. "And Feversham sent you to Winterslow?"

"He did that."

"Why, stick me, the Orangers are at Winterslow!"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" says Mr. Healy. "But faith, now, you are bubbling me?"

"Rot me if I am. We saw Klopstock's horse ride in at noon."

"Klopstock?" cried Mr. Healy: and then swiftly added, "Tis a jewel of a name indeed! And where will I find Salkeld then? Oh dear, oh dear! I'll have to be getting back to Andover."

"Odso, you will, my bully," growled the corporal, frowning at him. "Stick me if I like your tale. Up with you now."

"Mount, is it? No thank you, my dear. I am not wanting to break my nose."

"Gadsbud, what ails you with the brute? He was carrying you well enough when I saw you."

"Sure 'twas when you saw two of me, that," Mr. Healy remarked. "Why, my dear, there is a stone in his off fore and the Bucephalus is lame to boot."

"Fetch the stone out then, curse you."

"I have broke all my fingers already. Egad, do you think I would be walking for my health?"

"Oh, rot you for a bumpkin," growled the corporal, and swung down. "Let me see it now." As he stooped to the leg, Mr. Healy craftily twitched the nostril of the steed, who reared indignant and came down on the corporal's toe. Whence a dance and much profanity. "Here, you, Bowdon, come hold the brute," cried the corporal at last. "Stand off, you lean put."

Mr. Healy obediently retired as trooper Bowdon approached. Mr. Healy retired slowly, talking fast: "Be easy now! 'Tis Beelzebub's own temper he has. Oh dear, oh dear, be easy or he'll stamp on you both. Sure now——good luck to you." He had sprung at one bound on the corporal's horse, he



snatched the bridle of Bowdon's, dashed in his spurs and went galloping off with the pair.

There were yells and oaths behind and the two mounted men started after him. Mr. Healy found his stirrups and began to unbuckle the strap that held the musket bucket. In a moment musket and all crashed down behind him and his horse sprang forward more lightly.

So Mr. Healy and his white flower deserted the conversation. Mr. Healy thundered on through the twilight over that lean country and the lusty troopers spurred after him in vain. Mr. Healy was thinking hard, but he rode like M. Duval. The burdened troopers were out of sight and hearing when a "Halt, thou!" rang out from the gloom in a German voice.

"Quarter guard!" roared Mr. Healy in German, reining up violently.

The guard started up out of the ground, and Mr. Healy dismounting cried: "Colonel Klopstock?"

"Colonel Klopstock commands," says the sergeant.

"Take me to him, my friend."

"So!" says the sergeant, something surprised, "You ask for what you would get without asking, sir. Files!" and between two pair of troopers Mr. Healy was ushered into the kitchen of Winterslow inn. Colonel Klopstock was aiding and abetting a buxom maid to butter eggs: he turned and his long red face was dark in the firelight when Mr. Healy remarked blandly from the gloom:

"Klopstock, my dear, do you know Jim Healy yet?"

Colonel Klopstock, his loose belt jingling, sprang to him and dragged him forward into the firelight, stared at him a moment and straightway embraced him.

"Aw, dear," says the buxom maid, and giggled.

"I have little time for it indeed," says Mr. Healy extricating himself. "Do you recall Beaujeu, Klopstock?"

"Thunder of heaven! Will I forget ——?"

"Well, my dear, he is being murdered a four mile away. Will you give me a troop now?"

Colonel Klopstock jumped to the door: "Trumpet of the first troop!" he roared. "First troop saddle!" A trumpet blared, the turf boomed with hurrying feet and hoofs and: "A troop was enough for you?" says Klopstock turning to Mr. Healy.

Healy nodded: "Ay, but I am tied to seconds now."

"My troops turn out in three minutes," says Klopstock simply, and walked out with him to the street. "I move to support you, if you choose, my dear."

"I'll not need you, indeed," says Mr. Healy.

"So. God be with you. They are there!" he took Mr. Healy with him to the ranks. "Franz, dismount. Healy, a horse for you. Captain Hegel, you act under this officer's orders. March." The old soldier watched them clatter off, and "So," says he again philosophically. "There was not enough eggs for two," and walked back to eat them.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### IN DEATH

IN the bloody doorway M. de Beaujeu still stood on guard. Away in the dark corridor the two that alone were left to meet him muttered together, and behind him a sob broke ever and again from Rose. But he dared not go to her, and he waited, tortured by her pain, every sense and muscle strained to meet those foes in the dark. At last Mr. O'Gorman began to draw himself along the ground, like a creeping thing, gasping, and he came to his friends, and the mutterings grew louder. "God blast me to hell, if I leave him now," he heard Mr. O'Gorman growl.

"Then meet him yourself, Pat! My lord is gone, and there is half of us down, and we be no match for the devil."

"Nor I've no quarrel with him, neither. My lord is on his back——"

"Rot ye, do I not know it?" yelled Mr. O'Gorman.

"Ye should!" and strife began in the corridor, when there was a great shout.

"Orange! Orange!" and the clatter and clank of steel and the three bullies scurried together past Beaujeu's door and down the back stair. Mr. Healy's voice was uplifted over the thud of many boots. "Beaujeu! Beaujeu!"

"Here!" cried Beaujeu amazed. "Here!" and Mr. Healy running hotfoot stumbled over the bodies into his arms.

"My dear, is she safe?" Healy panted.

"Safe," said Beaujeu very quietly, holding him.

"God would be thinking of her," said Mr. Healy in a moment. Then turned and cried in German, "Bring lights, lads!"

"Not yet," said Beaujeu quickly, and turned and said, "Rose!" She ran to him through the dark, and dropping his wet sword he lifted her and carried her out over the dead. He bore her away down the corridor, and tried a door on the farther side, and passed on to a moonlit room, and shut the door on the turmoil and the noise. Then he set her down, but he held her to his breast, and she clung to him, laughing and sobbing wildly.

At last she grew calmer a little, and "Art safe now, love!" he whispered in her ear, "safe!"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, and clung the closer—then sobbed again.

"Love, dear love, try to forget."

There was much noise without, the sound of dragged bodies and hoarse laughter. "What are they doing?" she cried, lifting her head, and he saw her wan, worn face. "Dear—go—go—see they do not dishonour my lord. 'Twas for me he died."

And Beaujeu, gazing down into the wet, dark eyes, said slowly, "I think he was glad, love. I go," and gently he set her in a chair and went out.

Klopstock's Horse were arranging the dead in a line, mirth-

fully, and flickering candle-light fell on the blood and the grinning faces. Mr. Healy turned. "Sure, Saul has slain his thousands," says he, with a chuckle and a jerk of his head.

"My lord died to save her," said Beaujeu simply, and Mr. Healy gaped. Beaujeu laid his kerchief over that ghastly wound in the jaw, and looked down at the dead man's eyes. They were wide open and fearless. "Help me, Healy," said Beaujeu, and the two bore my lord Sherborne away and laid him upon a bed. Beaujeu went out, and Mr. Healy brought candles and set them at head and foot and drew his sword to salute the dead.

Rose came softly in with one hand in Beaujeu's, the other clasped to her breast. And while Mr. Healy stood, with his long sword agleam, the girl knelt by the bedside and kissed the damp forehead and laid her hands upon my lord's dead eyes. She knelt, and her bosom was white where the torn dress fell away.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### CONCERNING DUTY AND M. DE BENTINCK

IN the mellow light of a November afternoon they came over the gaunt downs with the troopers clattering in escort. The warm wind met them from the west, and a dainty light tinge of colour stole to Rose's pale cheeks. She felt Beaujeu's eyes upon her, and turned and smiled to him: "'Tis like summer again."

"Summer at last," said Beaujeu softly, and she blushed and made no answer.

Beyond Winterslow Mr. Healy shouted an order in German and touched his hat to Captain Hegel, who rode out to the flank, and half the troops wheeled away, a medley of lemon yellow, and dark blue, and steel, all flashing and shimmering in the sunshine. Then as they halted in line on the grey green turf the Captain spake, and the long swords flashed out in salute while Beaujeu and his lady rode by.

Beaujeu, touching his hat, leant over to her, and " 'Tis for you, dear."

"For me?" she flushed dark as she turned on him wide-eyed.

"The first time," says Beaujeu, smiling at her, "not the last," and again she made no answer. Looking straight before her, she rode down that long line of steel, and she bit her lip and her brow was furrowed. But M. de Beaujeu was very well content. Such honour was proper for the lady of his love.

Indeed, he was happier than for many a day. It was pleasant to think that he had saved her—*pardieu* 'twas the first fair service he had ever done her—but 'twas good to have done something, at least. And now he had her safe by his side, and he would never let her go. Now he was riding triumphant to the Prince, to the army whom he had brought, whose way he had made easy. M. de Beaujeu had achieved. M. de Beaujeu rode with his love to be glorified.

But his love had no word for him. His love gazed wide-eyed into the golden west, and her fair face was very calm.

Past the outposts and over the bright river and into a street thronged with soldiers, through bear-skins, buff coats, and blue and gleaming cuirasses, they rode to an inn. Mr. Healy was waiting at the door and ushered them in, and departed to announce to the Prince M. de Beaujeu.

In a little parlour, fragrant with lavender and thyme that overhung the street, the two were left alone. Beaujeu smiled at her and said softly, "Rose!" and took her to his breast.

She did not deny him, she was very still in his arms; but she did not answer his kisses, and the eyes that sought his were sad and dark.

He made her sit beside him in the window. His arm was about her still, and, "We'll not part again, dear heart," he whispered low in her ear. "Wilt not deny me now?"

But her sad eyes gazed steadfast into his. "You forget," she said gently. "You know——"

"Ah, do you still doubt?" cried Beaujeu. "Child, when

you fled because I did not come, when you wrote that letter, you were unjust! Ay,"—as she started—"God knows you might well think me so base! Dear heart, I was not—that. I never meant to fail you—never a moment dreamed you less than my queen. Dear, what man is there in all the world but would hold me unworthy, not you? Rose, Rose, will you ever wrong yourself so?"

"Truly, truly did you not—not think it best?" she cried, and she was blushing, and tears were bright in her eyes.

"I was coming to you that morning when a fool must needs speak foully of Nell d'Abernon—my cousin, child, you remember? Well, I could not but challenge him, and the fool made me meet him at once. But for that fight I'd have been with you at noon." She gazed at him unanswering. "Before God, 'tis true, Rose!" he cried, flushing. "Should I lie to you?"

"Dear, I did not doubt," she said quickly, and laid her hand on his. "'Twas like you." Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "And yet—and yet I am right, you know," she murmured piteously.

"Oh love, love——" He gathered her in his arms.

But a hurried step sounded on the stairs, and a man broke into the room without knocking, a lean fellow with a sallow bony face.

"M. de Beaujeu!" he cried. Beaujeu had started up, and stood before Rose.

"M. de Bentinck!" says Beaujeu.

"Oh, send your wench away," said Bentinck sharply.

"If M. de Bentinck cannot speak as a gentleman I will desire his Highness to use other messengers."

"Do you talk of his Highness's affairs in the stews?" snarled Bentinck.

M. de Beaujeu, who was very white, approached him: "You will ask pardon of this lady and of me, M. de Bentinck," he remarked coldly. "Or you convey to his Highness my regret that I serve him no longer."



"What?" cried Bentinck, drawing back.

"I never repeat myself," Beaujeu observed, and as Bentinck waited, glaring and biting his lip, "I assure you, you will speak or you will go," Beaujeu informed him.

So M. de Bentinck, Dutch aristocrat, bowed himself, and, "Madame, I regret——" he growled, and glared at Beaujeu, who waited, "M. de Beaujeu, your servant."

"*Bien*," says Beaujeu, and turned to Rose, who sat very still and pale. "Mistress Charlbury, M. de Bentinck prays your leave to withdraw."

Rose bent her head, and the two men went out. When they were in another room, "I shall remember this, Beaujeu," Bentinck cried.

"It should be gratifying," Beaujeu sneered.

"I have to tell you that his Highness is displeased with you," says Bentinck, with satisfaction.

Beaujeu stared a moment, then: "His Highness is too exacting," he sneered.

"I shall report that," cried Bentinck.

"Certainly you will report that," said Beaujeu swiftly. "I, and I alone, have made this chance for his Highness—I have brought him the friends without whom he was weak as Monmouth—I have wrought for him success. But he is pleased to be displeased. *Bien*, inform him that I consider him too exacting." He spoke with careless scorn, and Bentinck cried anxiously:

"What does that mean?"

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "What his Highness pleases," said he.

"Do you desert us now?" cried Bentinck.

Beaujeu's lips curled in a sneering smile: he allowed Bentinck to look at it for a moment: "M. de Bentinck," says he amiably, "when you want help it is wise to ask politely."

Bentinck's sallow cheeks darkened. "You will confess that His Highness has cause of complaint?" he said more mildly.

“Believe me, I confess nothing.”

“You promised to stay in London, to keep the town in hand, and you come here riding after a wench——”

“M. de Bentinck—when a boor offends me I thrash him.”

“Oh, let her be the Virgin Mary then! Still you have failed in your duty——”

“I take that from his Highness only.”

“What else can you say?” cried Bentinck. “There is London left without a man to speak for His Highness——”

“*Bien*, march on London. Let his Highness speak for himself.”

“You allow you have failed us?”

“A trifle.” Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. “I say, monsieur, march at once. You may march over Feversham.”

“The King is still at Whitehall,” said Bentinck—and as Beaujeu stared: “Ay, monsieur, still! You told us the King would flee. We had counted on that. That was the foundation of all. And he does not flee! Tell me, then, what is to do.” M. de Bentinck warmed to his subject. “We march, as you bid us foolishly, and take him. And what then? Shall we hold him captive? There would be a hundred plots in the year to free him. Shall we kill him? You know well that we dare not. These, our so good friends of this present, they would all turn against his Highness, they would all be champions of King James if one sought to cut off his anointed head. We dare not do that, and so we dare nothing. You perceive, monsieur, you have brought us to an *impasse*. His Highness desires to know if you have now any resource.”

And Beaujeu stood biting his lip a long while.

Bentinck laughed at him—then watched with a sneer—and at last broke out: “Ay, you boast and bluster, M. de Beaujeu, and this is the end of it all! You have misled us, you have failed us. We stay here like sheep, we can neither move on nor back. And then in your insolence you tell me you have helped his Highness to success! God help him from your help! You——”

"In fact you become eloquent," says Beaujeu quietly. "Take this to his Highness from me: I have brought you to Salisbury. By God, I will bring you to Whitehall." And he turned short on his heel and went out, and M. de Bentinck gaped.

But Beaujeu could find Rose nowhere. A maid told him at last that she was gone to her room. He sent a message to beg her see him. She sent a message to beg him excuse her. He wrote her a note insisting that he must see her now, for the Prince bade him go incontinent to London. The note came back with "Dear, good-bye" scrawled upon it in an unsteady hand.

M. de Beaujeu swore and sought Mr. Healy: "Healy, I'll leave Mistress Charlbury to you." Mr. Healy opened his eyes. "The Prince requires me to go to London." Mr. Healy grunted. "Care for her. Bring her to me," said Beaujeu, in a low voice. Mr. Healy took his hand.

"You'll recall myself to Mistress Leigh?" he inquired: then laughed; "'Tis a topsy-turvy world indeed, and each of us wants to be t'other."

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### M. DE BEAUJEU ACHIEVES SUCCESS

A LONG détour in the night brought M. de Beaujeu safe past Andover and my lord Feversham. But, had he gone straight, there had been little to fear, for my lord's army was vanishing like snow in the sun, and the morning showed him soldiers straggling all across the countryside, begging food at the cottage doors. M. de Beaujeu received an idea.

Night was falling again when he rode slowly into town. He was not ambitious to be seen, and he came by byways through the gloom. The town was still noisy and feebly riotous. In his own hall he was received by three. Dubois, smiling largely, bowed and bowed again, but Rose's maid ran to him crying, "Mossoo, mossoo?"

Beaujeu took her outstretched hands. "Your lady, I thank God, is safe," he said gravely. "She is coming to town," and the woman gave a cry, and fell to kissing his hands. "I have to thank you that I won to her in time." He saw Nancy standing pale in the flickering light, and came to her. "Mistress Leigh, Mr. Healy begged that I would recall him to you." A dimple trembled in her cheek, and her eyes shone. "Believe me, he deserves your memory well," said Beaujeu softly. "And he too is coming."

"When?" said Nancy.

"I seek to hasten him," said Beaujeu smiling, and bowed and passed to his own room to hasten Mr. Healy.

M. de Beaujeu began to write a most interesting document. It set forth plainly, shortly, in the words of the people, that my lord Feversham had turned his army loose upon the country side. The Papists were marching at their own will, taking toll of what they would. So M. de Beaujeu, telling nothing but the truth. And then came a craftier sentence: sure, this wrong was grievous for good Protestants to hear, but what had they not to fear when thousands of armed Papists were let loose to work their own will?

M. de Beaujeu sent it off to Wharton's news-writer with the message, "Let it work!" and went with a good conscience to bed.

So by the next night the wild rumour had set the town aflame. Good honest citizens had heard much, and believed more. Now, behold, 'twas an army of wild Irish marching, murdering and ravaging through the land, and no man's strong-box, nor life, nor wife, nor child, was safe. Pury householders girded themselves and walked the streets in ranks with ancient broadswords, howling "No Popery!" till they had no voices. They marched to Whitehall, and yelled "Lilliburlero" to serenade their King; they burnt a waxen Pope and a waxen devil before his windows. They exceeded even the anticipations of M. de Beaujeu.

There was little sleep in London that night, and the morn-

ing found the mobile still afoot in the streets. M. de Beaujeu, eating his breakfast to the sound of the roar in the Strand, smiled to himself. It was now time to appear. M. de Beaujeu demanded his coach.

Slowly he progressed westward through the noisy crowd. Greasy faces were thrust in at the window, and "Hey for the Orange!" or "Hell for Feversham!" howled at him. To both sentiments M. de Beaujeu touched his hat. So he came at last to Sam's, the Tory coffee house. M. de Beaujeu desired to show himself to the friends of the King.

There were not many of them in Sam's (nor, indeed, in any place else at the end of that November), and what there were looked askance at M. de Beaujeu, a wolf in the fold. M. de Beaujeu, who desired merely to be looked at, sat down and lit a pipe. After a while a graceful back and two admirable legs caught his eye; they turned, and M. de Beaujeu surveyed the Roman beauty, the kindly sneer, of my lord Halifax. My lord Halifax raised his eyebrows and in a moment approached.

"Faith, M. de Beaujeu, you amaze me," says he in French.

"Without intention, my lord." Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "Pray, why does my humble presence amaze you?"

"It is in fact your presence that amazes."

"Oh, oh, I understand. Yes, my lord, my friends have all run off to save their country. But you see I have no country to save, and I stay in town."

My lord's grey eyes appeared amused. "*Pardieu*, monsieur, you have a sufficient courage. But since you are here you might let us sleep o' nights."

"I shall be charmed to ease your conscience."

"Do you know, I doubt my conscience is as good as your own," says Halifax, smiling. "No, monsieur, 'tis the physical turmoil that keeps me awake. You might let your mobile know that they need not howl the night long."

M. de Beaujeu opened his eyes very wide: "*Corbleu*, do I guide the rabble?" he cried. "My lord——"

Halifax flung up his hands, laughing: "Monsieur Innocent, Monsieur New-born-babe—this becomes a little tedious. In great seriousness—before the mobile gets out of hand and rabbles us all, pray calm them. Let them know these romances of Papists and murder and rape are—romances."

Beaujeu shook his head. "I do not understand. Why I? Faith, my lord, it is for your King to act, to speak. If his people are unjust—*bien*, let him tell them so."

"*Pardieu*, but who would believe him?"

Beaujeu gazed steadily into my lord's eyes and spoke very slowly: "My lord, if his Majesty has so comported himself that there is no longer a man to believe his word—whose is the blame?"

Halifax stared back at him a moment. Then, bowing, left him.

M. de Beaujeu sought his coach and therein fell to smiling. Slowly through a thicker crowd he was borne along the Strand. Above the steep turn to his house the horses were stopped an instant: then, as they began to slide down over the pebbles, two men lounged out of the court on the left. The one was sallow and lean and tall, the other rubicund and fat, and one hustled the other back to the shadow of the court again while M. de Beaujeu alighted. "'Od rot me! 'Tis himself," muttered Captain Hagan to Mr. O'Gorman, and he rubbed his big hands together. But Mr. O'Gorman grew purple and swore. He was not pleased with M. de Beaujeu.

But soon another gentleman came down the street, and my lord Halifax was announced to M. de Beaujeu, who came in upon my lord with every feature striving to express amazement.

My lord Halifax rose laughing, "Pray do not affect surprise, monsieur," says he in English. "I think you guess my errand. Let us not waste time. I come from the King. You can speak for the Prince. Then——"

"Eh, pardon. You do me too much honour. Moreover, the Prince of Orange, as one tells me, is in England—doubtless to speak for himself."



“How well you speak English!” says Halifax artlessly, and then laughed. “Monsieur (since you choose to be monsieur), I speak to you as gentleman to gentleman—I wish only to end this unhappy turmoil. In fine, I ask you—what is your purpose?”

Beaujeu shook his head. “My lord, I do not understand one word.”

Halifax shrugged his shoulders. “You hate the King?” he asked bluntly.

But Beaujeu’s eyes were cold and his voice passionless as he said, “I know no cause that you have to love him, my lord.”

“The King is vastly afraid,” Halifax remarked. Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. “Ah, but what has he to fear?” says Halifax. “Will you answer that?”

“I answer, my lord, I answer,” says Beaujeu in a low voice, frowning—“three years of murder, three years of broken faith are not to be wiped out by a month of folly.” He paused while Halifax watched him closely. “And that I would say to his face as I say it to you,” cried Beaujeu.

Halifax stared at his flashing eyes: “And what does that mean?” he inquired.

“It means, my lord, justice.”

“What! Would you kill him?”

“Ah, you know then what justice demands?”

“You dare not.”

“Confess, my lord, we have dared a little, my friends and I.”

“Why, ’twould raise the country!”

“I had thought the country was raised already—in another cause.”

“Ay, but the King’s murder would turn all men against you.”

“*Bien, bien*, it is possible. But at least the King would be dead.”

And my lord Halifax gazing found the grim face harder than the words. My lord appeared puzzled and ill-pleased. At last he rose. "Monsieur—the King insisted that I should bring you to him," he said in a formal tone.

"If I go, my lord, I go in your care," says Beaujeu carelessly.

Halifax bowed, and as they moved together to the door he looked curiously at the immobile hawk face: "Beaujeu," says he, "I have wondered sometimes—what is your quarrel with the King?"

Beaujeu turned to him: the grim face was outlined sharp against the light. "Believe me, I have one," said he.

The roar of the mobile in the Strand came to them as Beaujeu opened the door. "I do not admire your friends," says Halifax with a shrug.

"Shall we take oars, my lord?" Beaujeu suggested, and Halifax nodded and they went in again. The door was shut, and at the sound of it Captain Hagan's sallow face started out of a doorway. "Burn him! Bubbled again!" says Captain Hagan. For Beaujeu and Halifax passed through the house to the river stairs and called a wherry, and therein were rowed to Whitehall.

They were brought to King James's cabinet, and again Beaujeu beheld the long sallow face of Majesty. It was grown darker and the nostrils twitched and the mouth. "Well, my lord, well?" the King cried in his high peevish voice.

Halifax bowed. "I bring M. de Beaujeu according to your Majesty's command. Monsieur is in the counsels of the Prince."

The King flung round on Beaujeu: "Ay, sirrah, ay," he cried. "And you said you were loyal. You lied to me! You——"

"I give no account to your Majesty of my words, or my deeds," said Beaujeu coldly.

"But you are a traitor!" cried the King shrilly, and grew swarthier yet. "You are foresworn, fellow! You——"

Beaujeu turned away from Majesty with a shrug of his shoulders. "There is no profit in this, Halifax," he remarked, and moved to the door.

"Wait! wait! Can you not wait a moment? Mary! Is no one to heed me?" His voice broke and the heavy underlip lolled down. Beaujeu waited.

"Your Majesty desires to ask something of me?" he inquired.

"Well, fellow, and if I do? Are you to break in upon me? Are you to cut off my words? Know your position!" Beaujeu smiled. "Now, fellow, what is your master's intent?"

"I conceive it has become clear."

"Does he seek my realm?" cried the King. "He does seek my realm? You know that he does. I gave him my daughter to wife and he seeks my realm. He——"

"Your Majesty then knows his intent."

"I thank you for that, fellow," Majesty was indignant. "Do you boast of his villany to my face?"

My lord Halifax deemed it time for a word of sanity. "His Majesty would ask whether the Prince of Orange would consent to treat," he explained: and the eyes of Majesty turning on Beaujeu expanded.

But Beaujeu laughed. "Treat? For what? How does one treat with him who already possesses, my lord?" The King gasped and stammered.

"Already?" Halifax put up his eyebrows. "You are hasty. We are not yet all in your power."

"Are you not? *Bien*, who lives will see," and there was a sneer on his lip as he turned and his cold eyes sought the King.

The King paled. "What? what?" he gasped, and wrung his hands. "Our Lady of Loretto!" he muttered to himself. Then, "Will he take my life also?" he cried.

"I know not why your Majesty should expect mercy from others," said Beaujeu coldly.

“Bah, this is child’s talk, Beaujeu,” cried Halifax.

“You think so?” said Beaujeu, and laughed.

The King eyed him sideways like a frightened beast and his mouth opened and shut as he drew his breath. There was silence awhile in the little room, and from the street below came the roar of “Lilliburlero.” The mobile were a-singing to their King.

Beaujeu went to the window and opened it, and the roar came clear.

The English confusion to Popery drink—  
Lilli burlero bullen a la !

“Is that child’s talk?” said Beaujeu pointing out. Majesty came delicately and peered. Full across the wide road to the Cockpit the crowd was stretched. Naked swords and long heavy cudgels were brandished aloft, and on the points of them, spots of bright colour in the gloom, oranges.

And I no longer in England will stay—  
Lilli burlero bullen a la—  
For by God, they will hang us out of the way.

The King started back and retreated to a corner.

“Why do they hate me so, why do they hate me so?” he muttered, wringing his hands.

Beaujeu shut the window on the chorus, and turned to him with a sneer. “Your Majesty is pleased to forget your Bloody Assize.”

“They were rebels,” cried the King.

“These are rebels. The sons, sir, of men that you hanged. These—conquer.” He turned on his heel and went out.

The King stared after him a moment, then hid his face in his hands and muttered “Deus, Deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me?”

My lord Halifax allowed himself a smile; the cry of Calvary appeared to him inappropriate. Then: “Sure, your Majesty will not heed these threats. How can they dare harm you?”

If 'tis attempted all parties will rally about you. Nay, face it out. Dare the Prince to his worst."

"I thank you for that, my lord Halifax," cried the King, starting up. "You would have me stay to be murdered."

"Faith, sir, the Prince has much more to fear from your staying than you. He dare not hold you prisoner, he dare not——"

"He dares all things," cried the King. "He is an infidel. He is possessed of a devil. Shall I wait to be destroyed? Nay, my lord, I have been too rash already, too venturous."

"I implore your Majesty to stay," cried Halifax.

"What, my lord?" Majesty's heavy brows came down. "You, too, are in league with the heretic? You would compass my death. Go, my lord, go! I wish you joy of your new master. Serve him as you have served me!" Majesty laughed at his jest.

My lord Halifax had drawn himself up haughtily, and looked down at the King, and the sneer deepened on his lip. "Sir, you forget your dignity," he said coldly, and bowed.

"One word, my lord," cried the King, and Halifax waited. "'Had Zimri peace—' ask yourself that my lord, 'had Zimri peace —'" and Majesty nodded wisely and frowned.

My lord Halifax, who alone had stood by him when the Whigs were triumphing, whom he had cast off in the years of his power, who alone, again, stood by him now that his power was gone—my lord Halifax allowed himself another smile ere he went out.

In the courtyard he found Beaujeu lounging, who turned at the sound of his footsteps, and waited for him. "You knew your man, Beaujeu," said Halifax with some scorn, and Beaujeu smiled. "Will you wait a little? I think we shall see something." So they paced together up and down the courtyard while the darkness gathered and the mobile still howled. "What will your King be like?" said Halifax.

"He is at least neither fool nor coward."

"I was wondering if he is grateful," said Halifax smiling;

and Beaujeu, who intended that his King should be grateful, smiled also.

Through the night, over the heaving dark water, a barge gay with bright colour and gilded carving came to the Palace stairs. Across the courtyard came a little company all muffled from knee to chin. In the midst was the King, hurrying in quick short steps with downcast head. The two tall gentlemen, watching curiously, lifted their hats as he passed. But he saw nothing, and stumbled down the steps, and catching at the outstretched hands was dragged into the barge. His servants sprang aboard. Slowly the great hull swung out on the ebb-tide and vanished into the dark.

M. de Beaujeu was back again in a foul little room, saw again a yellow haggard face—then the yells of a crowd rang again in his ears. In a moment my lord Halifax turned to him smiling: "Is revenge sweet?" Halifax asked.

And M. de Beaujeu smiled back.

*(To be continued)*