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INDEX OF AUTHORS

			PAGE
AFLALO, F. G.	The Decision of Hurlingham	July	88
BAILEY, H. C.	Beaujeu (XXIV.—XXV.)	July	154
	(XXVI.—XXVIII.)	Aug.	155
	(XXIX.—XXXII.)	Sept.	151
BARNICOAT, C. A.	Imperial Co-operation in Education	Aug.	142
BAUGHAN, E. A.	Richard Strauss and Programme Music	Aug.	47
BOYLE, FREDERICK	Savages and Clothes	Sept.	124
CARREL, F.	East and West	Sept.	98
CECIL, ALGERNON	Dean Church	Sept.	139
CLAY, SIR ARTHUR	Free Meals for Underfed Children (A Reply)	July	94
"CLERK OF OXENFORD"	John Davidson: Realist	July	36
COPE CORNFORD, L.	The Battle of the Sea of Japan	July	62
	The Government, the Army, and the Nation	Aug.	1
CROMER, R. BOSTOUN	The Questionable Parentage of Basil Grant	July	105
DEMPSTER, H.	The Patriot Duke of Sermoneta	July	133
EWART, J. S.	Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals and Canada	Sept.	1
HUDSON, W. H.	The Serpent in Literature	Aug.	118
HUTTON, EDWARD	Cordova and Seville	Aug.	131
J. C.	The Defence of Naval Bases	July	22
JERROLD, LAURENCE	The Fall of M. Delcassé	July	50
KINLOCH, A.	Russia's Dominions and Policy in Asia	Aug.	62
MACDONAGH, MICHAEL	The Craft of Newspaper Advertising	Aug.	102
MACFARLANE, HAROLD	Cricket in the Year 2005 A.D	Aug.	37
MANSON, E.	The Criminal Liability of Directors	Aug.	94

			PAGE
McChesney, Dora Greenwell . .	On Catalogue Reading . . .	Sept.	109
McNeill, R.	Mr. Gladstone and the Dissolution of 1874	Sept.	60
Muller, The Late Professor F. Max	Some of My Visitors . . .	Aug.	8
Nuttall, G. Clarke	Can Plants Feel?	Sept.	79
Pollock, Col. A. W. A.	The Problem of Military Training .	July	75
Rose, J. Holland	New Light on the Death of Murat .	Sept.	90
Rowe, Richard S.	To Japan	Sept.	150
Sandars, M. F.	Alphonse Daudet	Sept.	35
Shrimpton, R. J.	Land Settlement System in Canada .	Aug.	70
Solano, E. J.	Scandinavia in the Scales of the Future	July	1
"Stratiotes"	The Defence of the Empire . .	July	30
Symons, Arthur	Gustave Moreau	July	125
Tozer, Basil	The Increasing Popularity of the Erotic Novel	Sept.	53
Villari, L.	The Diplomatic Balance-sheet of the War in the Far East . .	Sept.	20
Westall, A. St. L.	Nelson and the Trafalgar Centenary .	Aug.	17
Wylly, H. C.	The Soldiers of the Sirkar—II. .	Aug.	81

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

			PAGE
Advertising, The Craft of Newspaper	MICHAEL MACDONAGH	Aug.	102
Alphonse Daudet	MARY F. SANDARS	Sept.	35
Battle of Sea of Japan, The	L. COPE CORNFORD	July	62
Beaujeu	H. C. BAILEY . (XXIV.-XXV.)	July	154
	(XXVI.-XXVIII.)	Aug.	155
	(XXIX.-XXXII.)	Sept.	151
Can Plants Feel?	G. C. NUTTALL	Sept.	79
Canada, Land Settlement System in	R. J. SHRIMPTON	Aug.	70
Canada, Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals and	J. S. EWART	Sept.	1
Catalogue Reading, On	D. G. McCHESNEY	Sept.	109
Church, Dean,	ALGERNON CECIL	Sept.	139
Cordova and Seville	E. HUTTON	Aug.	131
Craft of Newspaper Advertising, The	M. MACDONAGH	Aug.	102
Cricket in the Year 2005 A.D.	H. MACFARLANE	Aug.	37
Criminal Liability of Directors, The	E. MANSON	Aug.	94
Daudet, Alphonse	M. F. SANDARS	Sept.	35
Davidson, John: Realist	"CLERK OF OXENFORD"	July	36
Dean Church	ALGERNON CECIL	Sept.	139
Decision of Hurlingham, The	F. G. AFLALO	July	88
Defence of the Empire	"STRATIOTES"	July	30
Defence of Naval Bases, The	J. C.	July	22
Diplomatic Balance-sheet of the War in the Far East, The	L. VILLARI	Sept.	20
Dissolution of 1874, Mr. Gladstone and the	R. McNEILL	Sept.	60
East and West	F. CARREL	Sept.	98
Education, Imperial Co-operation in	C. A. BARNICOAT	Aug.	142
Erotic Novel, Increasing Popularity of the	BASIL TOZER	Sept.	53

			PAGE
Fall of M. Delcassé, The	LAURENCE JERROLD . . .	July	50
Free Meals for Underfed Children . .	SIR ARTHUR CLAY . . .	July	94
Gladstone, Mr., and the Dissolution of 1874	R. McNEILL	Sept.	60
Government, The, the Army, and the Nation	L. COPE CORNFORD . . .	Aug.	1
Gustave Moreau	ARTHUR SYMONS	July	125
Imperial Co-operation in Education . .	C. A. BARNICOAT	Aug.	142
Increasing Popularity of the Erotic Novel, The	BASIL TOZER	Sept.	53
Japan, The Battle of the Sea of . . .	L. COPE CORNFORD . . .	July	62
Japan, To	RICHARD S. ROWE . . .	Sept.	150
Land Settlement System in Canada . .	R. J. SHRIMPTON	Aug.	70
Military Training, the Problem of . .	COL. A. W. A. POLLOCK, C.B.	July	75
Moreau, Gustave	ARTHUR SYMONS	July	125
Murat, New Light on the Death of . .	J. HOLLAND ROSE. . . .	Sept.	90
Naval Bases, The Defence of	J. C.	July	22
Nelson and the Trafalgar Centenary . .	A. ST. L. WESTALL . . .	Aug.	17
New Light on the Death of Murat . .	J. HOLLAND ROSE. . . .	Sept.	90
On Catalogue Reading	D. G. McCHESNEY . . .	Sept.	109
On the Line	. . . .	July 147, Aug.	152
Patriot Duke of Sermoneta, The . . .	H. DEMPSTER	July	133
Problem of Military Training, The . .	COL. A. W. A. POLLOCK, C.B.	July	75
Questionable Parentage of Basil Grant, The	R. BOSTOUN CROMER . . .	July	105
Richard Strauss and Programme Music .	E. A. BAUGHAN	Aug.	47
Russia's Dominson and Policy in Asia .	A. KINLOCH	Aug.	62
Savages and Clothes	F. BOYLE	Sept.	124
Scandinavia in the Scales of the Future .	E. JOHN SOLANO	July	1
Sermoneta, The Patriot Duke of . . .	MISS H. DEMPSTER . . .	July	133
Serpent in Literature, The	W. H. HUDSON	Aug.	118
Seville, Cordova and	EDWARD HUTTON	Aug.	131
Soldiers of the Sirkar, The—II	COL. H. C. WYLLY, C.B. . .	Aug.	81
Some of My Visitors	The late Professor F. MAX MULLER	Aug.	8
Strauss, Richard, and Programme Music .	E. A. BAUGHAN	Aug.	47

SCANDINAVIA IN THE SCALES OF FUTURE

IT were well for the shallow statesmen who regard the crises of current history as if they were shadows in the sun of a passing day—without the guiding force of consequence far into the future of a nation's life—to consider that the Scandinavian crisis of to-day is, in truth, an echo of the distant thunder of Napoleonic wars. For the union of Sweden and Norway may be said to have been born upon the battlefields of Europe. The personal hatred of Buonaparte which animated Gustavus IV. led him, reckless of consequence, to embroil Sweden with the great dominant power of the day. She paid the price in the loss of Finland, revenged herself by dethroning her king, and ultimately elected to her vacant monarchy that son of a French lawyer of Béarn who, in his youth, enlisted as a private in a regiment of marines, rose in time to the command of the armies as Marshal Bernadotte of France, and lived to rule a nation as King Charles XIV. of Sweden. In the great coalition campaigns of 1813 and 1814 Bernadotte, as King of Sweden, fought against Napoleon, and is said, with his Swedish contingent, to have decided the decrees of fate at the Battle of Leipzig. In the latter year he added Norway to his realm, thus compensating Sweden for the loss of Finland, of which Russia had despoiled her, and also for the subsequent cession of her Pomeranian territories to Prussia. This marriage of the Scandinavian States was

registered at the Congress of Vienna, when Great Britain, Russia, and Prussia were parties to the contract—a fact which it is of interest to recollect at this moment. And now after ninety years this Union, cemented by unrest and war, was peacefully dissolved on June 8, 1905, by the Norwegian Storthing, and a new factor, pregnant with possibilities of deep consequence, passed quietly into the future of European peoples.

It is said in Stockholm that the ambiguity regarding the basis of the Scandinavian Constitution which has led to such mischievous results was due to the lawyer blood of Bernadotte, which caused him naturally to cloud phraseology. It is also said that he took warning from the dethronement of his predecessor, and, in accepting kingship from a people capable of unmaking kings, secured for himself an alternative throne through the Constitution of an "independent" Norway. Whether it be deliberate or fortuitous, this ambiguity has given rise to a crisis, which, in the field of practical politics, is confined to Scandinavia. But the true significance and importance of this crisis lies in its relation to international polity. It is as the primary cause of a possible world-conflict consequent upon a future disturbance of the balance of international power that the Scandinavian quarrel assumes permanent importance and universal interest. For, if the forces of discord and disintegration finally undermine the constitution and sap the strength of the Scandinavian race, another nation will be added to those weak peoples of the world whose possession of natural wealth or positions of commercial advantage and strategic value excites the dominant nations to desire, and leads to that mutual jealousy and distrust among them which constantly imperils peace. Then, to those other dangerous zones of earth —Morocco, Turkey, Persia, and Manchuria, there may—at some future time—be added the Norwegian littoral.

The purely domestic issues of the Scandinavian crisis have been fully dealt with by the respective champions of Norway and Sweden in the pages of an English journal. Both men

have won world-fame as travellers—the one as a wanderer over the great ice-lid of earth, and the other as an explorer of the mysterious regions in the heart of Asia. But it is the latter, alone, who regards this question in its true perspective —from an international rather than a domestic point of view. Sven Hedin has warned both countries to guard, in this controversy, that essential condition of their common strength and independence—their unity—from peril consequent upon their quarrel. He has clearly defined this peril—which is incidental to the natural expansion of the Russian Empire.[1] And the fate of the weaker peoples on the fringe of Russian Empire to the east gives emphasis to the warning he addressed to the little States whose frontiers touch upon the fringe of Russian Empire to the west.

Sven Hedin bases his argument upon that well-known factor of world-policy—the quest of Russia for access to ice-free seas. This quest is the secret of her restlessness and policy of aggression. Its success is essential for her future destiny and for her economic development at the present time. The three main objectives of her quest, Sven Hedin asserts, lie east, south and west, in the three great oceans of the world, the Pacific—the Indian—and the Atlantic. They are the Yellow Sea, the Persian Gulf and the Lyngen Fjord. In regard to the southern objective, which lies upon the flank of Hindustan, Russia encounters the opposition of the world-power of Great Britain. In the east, the instinct of self-preservation has compelled Japan to confront Russia with the opposition of armed force, with the result that Russia is driven from the goal she had all but reached, and has lost the Pacific arsenal and port which was the gift of her long and patient policy and exceeding sacrifice and effort. And, at the moment, when the currents of Russian expansion are dammed in from the south and forcibly diverted from the east, and when, as a result, it is natural for them to rebound in a wave towards the

[1] "Sverige och den Stora Östern." By Sven Hedin. Published in Stockholm.

west, the strife in Scandinavia weakens the wall that should hold that wave from breaking into the Atlantic Ocean.

Sven Hedin proceeds upon this general statement to sum up the reasons for a Russian Atlantic policy, together with the possibilities of a Russian attack upon the Scandinavian Peninsula.

He indicates the startling fact that Russia, at her Finnish frontier to-day, is actually only eighteen English miles distant from ice-free waters in the Atlantic Ocean—near the Norwegian ports of Lyngen and Tromsö. A Russian military road already runs up to this far frontier, and some day the Russian railway system, despite the winter snow, will extend to this point—eighteen miles from the open sea. It is not difficult to realise the significance of this thin strip of earth to Russia. It does far more than give her the wide Atlantic for the argosies of trade from all her northern territories. It means freedom for her ice-imprisonment upon the Baltic. It liberates her war-fleets from both the ice-barrier and the perilous passage of the crowded islands in that sea. It means that the gates of Kiel can close no longer upon the doors of Kronstadt, and that the German fleet no longer lies between the ships of Russia and the open seas. These are the gifts in store. If pretext were ever needed for their gain, some sudden crisis, such as the Russo-Norwegian conflict of interest in regard to whale-fisheries and the reindeer grazing-grounds, would easily suffice. Then Norway would confront the giant of North Europe—a pigmy—stripped by her own insensate act of two-thirds of her present bulk and strength in unity of national existence with the State of Sweden. The immediate result would be the loss of Norwegian territory—the ultimate result, the loss of Norwegian independence. For the inevitable Russian encroachment would set southward till Norway was a province of the Russian Empire—and Sweden—completely surrounded by the Slav—lay in the hollow of his hand.

In discussing the possibility of this calamity, Sven Hedin was already hopeless in regard to the union which is the chief

source of security against it. He regarded the separation as inevitable. Even an alliance for Common Defence he considered impracticable with a people incapable of respecting the alliance of Union. But his prophetic warning of a "Nemesis for Norway," isolated, by her own act, in a future which hung in the balance of scales counterweighted with the forces of separatism and sanity—is robbed of something of its value by the want of insight and practical statesmanship which Sven Hedin betrays when he proceeds to consider its effects, as an actuality, upon international polity. He conceives the concert of the Powers as condoning the Russian conquest of Norway for the following motives of self-interest—anxiety to retain the friendship of Russia on the part of Germany; composure in France at the presence of her ally in the Atlantic; relief in Austria and Turkey at the diversion of the Russian menace from the south to the north of Europe; and pleasure in Japan at the diversion of this menace from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Britain alone remains an uncertain factor—partly prepared already for this eventuality through the establishment of her northern naval base in the Firth of Forth. Sweden, therefore, to all intents and purposes, stands isolated and alone, to face, in the future, the possibility of a single duel for her independence with the Slav, her sole hope of salvation in which lies, according to Sven Hedin, in the accession by her of sea power.[1]

These startling statements in connection with the ultimate results of the separation of Sweden and Norway will not, for a moment, bear the scrutiny of thought. The domination of her northern coasts and highway of commerce is a heavy price for Germany to pay for nothing more solid than the amity of

[1] Since the publication of his book Sven Hedin has modified this opinion and compares Scandinavia, under separation, with Korea—as "open to the political speculation of the Powers"—"Tromsö or some other Atlantic seaport will play the *rôle* of Port Arthur, England will demand compensation, and occupy Bergen, equivalent to Wei-hai-Wei. Germany also will demand compensation and occupy Christiansand, as equivalent to Kaio-chau."

a neighbour who already constitutes a peril on her eastern flank. And the possible diversion of Russian pressure upon the Persian Gulf will hardly compensate Great Britain for the presence of a Russian fleet in her home waters. Further, so sudden and heavy a disturbance of the balance of international power as that entailed by the Russian annexation of Norwegian territory would, at any time, result rather in an international concert of opposition than in a concert of complacent connivance. Finally, with or without the union, it is not possible to conceive a rivalry in sea power or land force between the Russian Empire and the Scandinavian States. In the event of a conflict between them in the future, Russia need not risk a single ship in the intricacies of the Scandinavian Archipelago —a summer campaign—the passage of the Torne Elf, defended, at present, by the single unfinished fort of Buden— and her armies would sweep the peninsula from sea to sea.

But despite the fact that Sven Hedin has miscalculated the political consequences of his gloomy prediction, he has most clearly indicated the vital importance of the Scandinavian Peninsula in connection with international polity. And in passing to consider the exact value of Scandinavia in regard to certain future and inevitable modifications of world power, it is difficult, at this moment, to define the situation in the peninsula with that precision which is necessary if it is to form the basis of any argument or theory. The Norwegian Storthing has dissolved the Union. The Swedish Riksdag is presently to meet and

> to seek to devise some acceptable compromise placing the future relations of the two countries on a workable legal basis which will enable them to continue to live side by side without friction or danger of collision, and to join eventually in defence of their common interests.[1]

Thus apparently the Riksdag still seeks to preserve, in some form, the principle of the Union. And true finality in this affair lies in the action of the Swedish King and Riksdag

[1] See the *Times*, June 12, 1905.

rather than in the initiative of the Norwegian Storthing.[1] Therefore, it is logical, firstly, to determine whether there are good grounds for hope that the deliberations of the Riksdag, or further negotiations, may result in the maintenance of the *status quo* through the preservation—in whatever form—of the principle of Union in the future relations of Sweden and Norway—and then to pass on to consider, in the event of separation, how Scandinavia, as an element of possible unrest, may react upon world polity in the future. To these inquiries may be added a third—whether, if the further negotiations between the two states fail to preserve the principle of the Union, there exists any other means equally honourable and acceptable to both of them for settling the issues between them so as to preserve — in principle — the *status quo*.

In regard, then, to the possibility of maintaining the principle of the Union through further negotiations—it is not proposed to discuss the domestic issues involved in this question. It has been perfectly clear, upon the face of them, that they give rise to a conflict of intention as well as of issue between the two peoples. Evidence of this is afforded by the manifestoes issued during the negotiations just previous to the present rupture, by the Swedish and Norwegian authorities respectively.[2] These statements prove that while Sweden

[1] "It rests with Sweden and with me, as King of the Union, to decide whether this violation of the compact of the Union shall be followed by a legitimate and legal dissolution of the Union."—See the address of King Oscar to the Storthing. The *Times*, June 14, 1905.

[2] See the *Times*, April 7 and 26, 1905. The Prince Regent of Sweden called upon the Cabinets of the two kingdoms to enter into free negotiations to bring about a new adjustment of all matters concerning *the Union* of the two countries on the fundamental principle of their full equality. The Norwegian Government in reply refused to negotiate upon issues affecting Norway as a sovereign country. As to these issues she reserved the right of free action. She was prepared, however, to enter into free negotiations regarding the *status quo*, provided that, if they failed, *there should be no question of reverting to the status quo*, but that each country should have the right to determine the future form of its national life.

regards the issues of the controversy from the point of view of preserving the principle of the Union, the Norwegians consistently and entirely subordinate that principle to the direct issues of the controversy. And at the present stage of the crisis they have translated this intention into action by dissolving the Union to attain their immediate ends. Therefore, by reason of the fact that the Norwegian States are obviously at cross purposes, there seems little hope that further negotiations will result in maintaining, in any form, the principle of their union. On the contrary, a final rupture between the states seems inevitable—for this fundamental reason. It is apparent to all unprejudiced observers that the Scandinavian crisis does not arise so much upon the concrete question to which it is apparently confined, as upon a matter of broad principle; in other words, that the question of the consuls was merely a form chosen by the Norwegian people for the assertion of the principle of their independence—through their separate sovereignty. It is a principle, not a solitary right which the Norwegians are determined to vindicate. It follows, then, that this question is not likely to end with a settlement of the consular question. If the Norwegians unanimously and absolutely insist upon asserting the principle of their independence, they will not be content with the exercise of their sovereign rights upon this single occasion. And once they have exercised their right to regard their common interests with Sweden from the point of view of a separate national entity rather than as an integral part of a single nation, then from that moment the soul of unity dies out of the Constitution of the Scandinavian people. They may hold together in corporate Constitution for a time, but that Constitution will not long withstand the physical strain of disintegrating forces in its internal economy, in addition to the ordinary strain of external influences upon its health and strength. For the first binding force—the cement of modern nationality—is no longer blood, language, nor religion—nor even the sense of common danger. It is the constructive force of a single community of

interest throughout the whole complex organism of modern nationality in respect of those essential elements of national Constitution—government, defence, and trade. And the moment this constructive force of a community of interest gives place to the disintegrating force of the conflict of local interests, throughout the parts, in respect of these essential elements of their unity—the strength of a nation is sapped, its vitality diminished, and its Constitution given to the dangers of debility and ultimate decay. In the case of the Scandinavian States, disintegrating forces have been long at work among the peoples in regard to two of the essential elements of a national constitution—those of trade and defence—as witness the system of hostile tariffs between them, and the separate organisation of their armies and fleets, in addition to the object-lesson of the Glommen line of forts set up by Norway against her Swedish frontier. And now that the cancer of conflict has involved that first and most essential element of common nationality—a common Government—there is no good ground for hope that the future negotiations between the Governments of Norway and Sweden will result in the maintenance of the *status quo* in any form whatever, for the simple reason that there is no element of national unity left to the two peoples which can serve as the basis of any principle of their constitutional Union.

This fact brings the mind, naturally, to the consideration of the general and certain particular effects upon international polity of a change in the *status quo* in Scandinavia. This is, of course, an entirely hypothetical field of inquiry. But there are certain principles which govern the incidents of polity, the application of which to given political conditions enables men, by the light of experience and probability, to gauge, with some measure of accuracy, the effects of any change upon the present conditions of international polity. In these days, when the telegraph wire pervades the whole of the body corporate of humanity like the threads of a nervous system, making men instantly sensitive to influences which electricity transmits

among them with spontaneity throughout the world, any fact which tends to complicate the already delicate adjustments of modern international relationship is a matter for anxiety and regret. A divided Scandinavia is, in comparison to an united Scandinavia, a disadvantage to the world inasmuch as the separation of its people into different nationalities invites the possibility that the peninsula may become a focus of the political conflicts and unrest which are naturally incidental to international relations throughout the world. On the other hand, the mere fact of union confines questions which might well constitute international issues to mere domestic friction, and such friction is not only less dangerous, but it is far less likely to occur. Apart from this broad principle, it is difficult to follow the results of a separation between Sweden and Norway at all precisely; firstly, by reason of the fact that these people are not, in truth, possessed of a common nationality. They are no more in fact a single nation than are the peoples of the Iberian Peninsula, who dwell in an identical geographical contiguity. Therefore, it is not open to argue concerning the consequences of separation among them from the consequences of disruption in the case of other living nations, the Constitutions of which are subject to the action of separatist forces—nor is it fair to draw analogies between the separatists of Norway and the other separatists of the world—such as the Home Rulers of the United Kingdom, the Catalonians of Spain, the various parties in Austria Hungary, and the Little Englander sect of Greater Britain. These political parties are all examples, in relation to the physical constitution of nationality, of what may be termed the destructive elements of force as opposed to the constructive elements of political force. These antagonistic forces of course exist in the constitution of nations as well as of individuals, in obedience to that universal natural law by which the counter-activity of the forces of vitality and decay is incidental to all organic life. But, whereas the various political parties which have been named all constitute, so to speak, the virus

of disease—the bacilli of debility and decay in the Constitution of their respective nationalities—the Norwegian separatists, although they are inspired by the same mischievous political principles, and, in fact, constitute the destructive element of force in the constitution of the Scandinavian people, are not, for the reason already stated, in exact analogy to any of these parties. Despite this fact, however, it is quite logical to draw general conclusions as to the results of their political acts in connection with the evidence of past and contemporary history as to the usual effect of discord or disruption in any united community or State. And apart from any particular instance which may afford proof to the contrary, the general evidence of history goes to show that where the interests, welfare and safety of the whole community are in any of the essential elements of national life subordinated to the interests of a single class or section of the community—or where the virus of discord has eaten into the fibres which unite empires or nations in the single unity of life, and results in actual separation—that these conditions presage the death of empires and the decay of nations. And further, with reference to the particular point at issue, the evidence of history indicates very clearly that this process of disruption in any community or State is dangerous because the unrest to which it gives rise tends to engender unrest among the neighbouring peoples, whose instincts of rivalry or whose material interests are touched by the developments of change. Indeed, in former times, the one conclusion of a disruptive movement in any important community lay in the bloodshed of civil strife into which neighbouring peoples were frequently drawn in widespread and stupendous wars. In these later days, when the entire territories of the world may be said to have become almost equally politically important, all great nations are equally sensitive in regard to any political change which appreciably affects one or other among them in respect of any territory however small or distant. Strong evidence of this fact, in Europe alone, is afforded by the constant international anxiety caused through the domestic crises in the

Balkans, Macedonia, Crete and Morocco. And it is conceivable, in the case of the calmer among unsettled European communities, that the more subtle action of disruptive forces may also result in conflict or unrest or induce impotency through national debt or insolvency,[1] which may directly or indirectly precipitate a crisis which shall imperil the peace of nations.

It is clear then that the Scandinavian crisis is pregnant with anxious possibilities of a general nature with respect to the future. If, however, the powers of speculation be diverted from these generalities to the more direct international possibilities in regard to the future of a divided Scandinavia—made possible by strife or insolvency in regard to an independent Norway, or by the mere fact of her impotency before an opportunity chance offered to a great neighbouring Power for the realisation of its necessities at her expense—the line of thought gives rise to very interesting, if prophetic, considerations. It must strike all students of contemporary history that the whole balance of European power is slowly and surely shifting to the north of that continent. In the past, that western zone of European power which lay so long against the British islands in a line from the Netherlands, through France to Spain, may be said to have proved the spine of the present fabric of world power. In the future, the power of Europe will lie along a northern zone running from the British Islands —the heart of the British Empire—through the heart of the German and Russian Empires. And, if this line be followed either to east or west, it will be seen that it merges into the great line of world power which encompasses the earth—passing eastward through Asiatic Russia and Japan, through the

[1] In connection with this point it may be noted that seventy-five per cent. of the total area of Norway is said to be wholly unproductive, twenty-two per cent. is forest land, and three per cent. only is under cultivation. In regard to national prosperity through industrial development, Norway must depend doubly upon foreign capital for the absence of coalfields necessitates the costly harnessing of her numerous waterfalls for the necessary power.

Anglo-Saxon empires of America, back again to the British Isles. Thus the zone of European power will still remain, in the future, the spine of the fabric of world power in its modern developments. And it is clear that any serious modification in this line of the zone of European power must react in effects throughout the world. Therefore, the vital importance of the Scandinavian Peninsula as a factor of world polity will be fully realised when it is seen that not only does it lie directly on the line of the earth's great girdle of human might, but that it also lies, so to speak, in the very focus of world power at a point roughly equidistant and of equally critical importance to Britain, Germany, and Russia.

Further particularisation in regard to this subject is obviously a matter of pure conjecture. But it is also one of fascinating interest. And, therefore, a very general and short consideration of the value of Scandinavia in relation to the possible problems of international polity, in the future, may be attempted. In every phase of the world's history there has always existed among the powerful nations, one, which, by reason of its ambitions or its necessities, has proved the great disturbing factor of the world's peace. In the future, that disturbing factor of the peace of nations, by reason of both ambition and necessity, will undoubtedly prove to be the German nation. This fact is perfectly clear upon simple and scientific grounds. The great expanding races of the world, who, as three great coalitions or race-nations, will constitute its future dominant powers, are the Anglo-Saxon, the Slav, and the Teuton. Of these three, both the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav are to-day possessed of vast spaces of the world, which will serve in the future as home lands for the multitudes of their unborn generations. In the future, these "empty" regions will also provide unlimited fields for the development of the national wealth and economic power. At the present day they serve not only for the settlement of surplus populations, which would otherwise become alienated from the parent stock and be lost to the nation through absorption into

the lands of emigration—but, as they are rich fields of potential wealth, they serve to satisfy the constant increase of industrial activities, and also ensure that the developments of economic power which result shall constitute an accession to the national power. In every one of these matters—*which are the very essentials of national existence*—for which Fate has sent men forth to war since long before memory in the writings of history, it is of vital importance to note that *there is no conflict of interest between two at least of the great race nations of the world—the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav.* But these very causes which make for the mutual content and safety of these two races, are the very necessities of national life, of which the third great nation of the future—the Teuton—is in most desperate need. And in this respect it is of vital importance to note that not only is the Teuton in every one of these matters essential to his national life and prosperity *in conflict of interest with both the Anglo-Saxon and Slav—but that he can only satisfy himself in respect of these necessities at the expense of either one or other of them.* And consequently, in the future, it is probable that the world's foci of danger will lie particularly in certain fields of Europe and of Asia which are at present indicated by the ambitions and necessities which inspire German policy, at the present time, in both these continents.

These facts become more definitely clear if they are considered in connection with the national necessities of the German nation at the present day, and in connection with the present principles of German policy. Shortly stated, territorial aggrandisement is the first of the aims of German policy, which is dictated by the necessities of national existence. Territory is necessary to Germany not only for the development of German commerce, but for the placing of that large surplus population which is now largely lost to her through emigration and subsequent absorption in Anglo-Saxon and other communities. The second aim of German policy is the extension of her world commerce and its essential condition of sea-power. With respect to her aim of territorial aggran-

disement, in so far as it concerns her over-sea colonial empire, Germany will come into conflict throughout the world with the superior world-forces of the Anglo-Saxon race. The same may be said of her ambitions in regard to sea power and world commerce. With respect to her commercial expansion in Asia Minor, and the near East, Germany will come directly into conflict with Russia, while, with respect to her aims and ambitions generally in the far East, she comes again into conflict with Russia and the Anglo-Saxon races—and with the future world-force of Japan. Finally, in Europe itself, the ambition and the aggressive policy of Germany in regard to certain possibilities in connection with the future of Austria Hungary will bring her into conflict with the other nations of Europe in respect of a possible modification of frontiers, and the heavy disturbance of the balance of power which it must entail. It may be these future possibilities—already and not vaguely foreshadowed by Pan-German policy, which have caused the new grouping of European Powers—a curious feature of which is the fact that all the Latin and, in the main, the weaker among the great nations of Europe are now instinctively drawn in relations of either friendship or confidence towards the British, who, alone, of the three great northern Powers, are innocent of the least suspicion of aggressive policy in regard to European territories, and to whom, therefore, they evidently look for aid in counteracting German aggression—and possibly Russian aggression—upon the continent of Europe. And an instance of the practical value of this union of the Latins of Europe with the Anglo-Saxon world power, in respect of German aggression, has been afforded very recently in the matter of Morocco.

According, then, to this general analysis of the far politieal future—international policy will lie in a balance of power between the three great dominant race nations of the world—the Slav, the Anglo-Saxon, and the Teuton. And whereas the Slav and Anglo-Saxon races are not in conflict, in respect of matters essential to national growth and development

except upon one vital and concrete issue, which is mentioned hereafter, the Teutonic race is in conflict, in respect of these matters, throughout the world with both these races—to the eastward with the Slav, and north, west, south, and east with the Anglo-Saxon race. Now there is only one very obvious course open to the Teuton in this situation if he is to hope for survival in the future inter-racial struggle for existence. It is a course suggested by the situation itself alike either to men or to nations—and, indeed, it is prompted in either case by the instinct of self-preservation, which is common alike to men and nations. This obvious future policy of the Teuton is to play his powerful rivals against one another so as to dissipate the strength which must otherwise completely bar him from that world expansion which is the future condition of all world power. And it is in regard to this particular political operation that the Scandinavian peninsula may, in the future, become a most vital factor of world polity in connection with that conflict of interest which, it has been stated, exists at the present time between the Slav and Anglo-Saxon peoples.

At the mention of an element of Anglo-Russian conflict the minds of Britons will instantly revert to India. But the mere fact of the possession of Hindustan by Britain does not of itself imply a conflict of interest with Russia.[1] Even if

[1] The question of the isolation of Hindustan from other Powers is undoubtedly a very vital one for Britain. But it is not one which is impossible or even difficult of solution, except for the fact that there is neither consistency nor continuity of any British policy regarding it. If this were not the case the isolation of India through a chain of independent States in respect of which the British Government openly declared a *Monroe doctrine for Hindustan*, would define the position clearly, and go far to remove the one indefinite cause of suspicion and ill-will between the two great Asiatic Powers—and the benefit of good understanding between them needs no comment of recommendation to make it clear. But while—as by the recent history of Thibet—the Russian is assured that behind the bombast bellowings from Britain there may, in the end, be nothing—but a Brodrick; and while he truly conceives British statesmen with solitary exceptions as a mixed company of political hares and moles, so long will the Indian peril prevent all sane relations between the British and Russians—to the ultimate advantage of Germany.

Russia possessed a coterminous frontier with Britain in Asia, that fact, of itself, need not give rise to actual conflict, any more than her coterminous frontier with Germany in Europe is the cause of conflict. Indeed, if territorial vicinity of itself implied conflict, peace would be for ever confined to the islands of the earth. And if this question is considered clear of preconceptions due to panic, it is evident that while Russia possesses vast territories—rich, fertile, and climatically suited for the settlement of white men—it is not conceivable that she should challenge the richest and most powerful people in the world to a terrific war solely to gain possession of the most densely populated tropical continent, the wealth of which is largely agricultural, and which is totally unsuited for the settlement of a white population. Such a war is only conceivable as contingent upon some other and distinct conflict of interest.

This conflict of interest exists, quite apart from the question of Hindustan, in respect of the great national necessity which inspires the policy of Russia—the quest for access to ice-free seas. And if it be conceded that, for Russia, this question of access to open seas—altogether apart from those vital considerations of strategy—the power of offence and defence—involves the whole question of her industrial development and economic power in the future, it will be seen, at once, how increasingly critical this conflict of interest between Britain and Russia must, in the future, tend to become, and how, through its influence in the past, it must constantly serve to embitter the feeling of Russians against Britain—because they may well conceive her as an evil genius who exists simply to thwart the destinies of Russia. For Britain has barred Russia, at Constantinople, from the sea. Her power holds Russia back from the Indian Ocean at the Persian Gulf. And the power of Britain has helped Japan to drive Russia back from the Pacific Ocean. If the British will, for a moment, call to mind the bitter feeling still roused in them by distant memories of history in the attempts of

Spain to thwart the destiny of their race, and by the memory, in modern times, of the encouragement given by the present ruler of Germany to the Dutch republics in their attempts to thwart the destinies of Britain in the continent of Africa, they will be able to understand the bitter enmity of which, in the future, they may easily become the object in popular conceptions among the Slavs. And, given these elements of animosity and conflict of interest, it is not difficult to conceive the use to which a clever and determined enemy of either people may put them, should ever opportunity occur. It is certain that this opportunity must some day occur unless the policies of both Britain and Russia are directed towards obviating the peril which it constitutes. It is impossible to conceive Russia as remaining for ever shut from all the oceans of the world. At one or more of those points which are the present objectives of her policy, she will, ultimately, at all costs, and against all obstruction, gain access to the ocean. And while this legitimate national desire of Russia remains unsatisfied, there will always remain the danger that circumstances may arise in which the Russian nation, with or without the help of Germany, may find it easier to satisfy both their animosity against an hereditary enemy and their national aspirations in gaining ice-free waters by conquest of that shore of the Atlantic Ocean which lies so close against their frontiers, and which, at the same time, gives them access to a harbour which dominates the home seas of Britain. It would be difficult to conceive any disturbance of the balance of naval power at once so great, so easy for Russia to accomplish and so impossible for Britain to prevent. And it would be difficult to conceive any menace to the British Islands more grave than the establishment of a Russian base in the Atlantic Ocean only a few hundred miles distant, across a strip of open water, from the Scottish coast. If the Japanese rightly considered Korea as an arrow aimed at the heart of their country, the British, for a kindred reason, may well consider Scandinavia as an arrow aimed at the heart of their

empire in connection with this happily now remote and problematical possibility. For, if to the menace of the German navy were added in the future the menace of a Russian navy, the hands of time would seem to be set back to the naval problems of past days, when the British kept an anxious watch and ward upon the long western coast-line of Europe, from the harbours of which issued those armadas which constituted the chief perils of their existence, just as their victories over them constitute the chief and greatest glory of the nation. But the later perils of that coast-line would lie in the nearer harbours of the north—instead of in more distant havens of the south.

It is true that at the present time these prophecies of peril seem alarmist and unnecessary. The danger indicated lies in a far distant future—from a Russian people leavened with liberty, industrially prosperous and infinitely powerful, pent up within eighteen miles of the open waters of Norwegian shores. Yet—against that future—the problem of a weak or unsettled Scandinavia becomes a factor of vital importance both to the security of the British Islands and to the peace of the whole world. The particular peril as well as the value of Scandinavia in respect of future world polity lies firstly in the danger to Britain which that Peninsula might constitute in the possession of a great Power, and secondly by reason of the fact that it may, some day, prove a lever in the hands of the Teuton which he may use to drive the pathway of his progress wedge-like between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav. For it is clear that while the present necessities of the Russian people endure, the Norwegian littoral will constitute a constant temptation to the Russian nation. And that, as a factor of political exchange in respect of this national demand, Scandinavia may some day provide a make-weight in the balance of scales which Germany shall hold and regulate to her own benefit. She also, it is stated—however wrongly—has an objective of ocean in Trieste, and a dream of empire in the Far East. It is conceivable, therefore, that she may set off, to the detriment of Britain, both

Tromso and Constantinople, to secure the co-operation of Russia against opposition in respect of her pan-German policy in Europe and as against the Anglo-Japanese alliance in the Far East. These are, of course, simply excursions into the fields of vague conjecture. At the best they are prophecies in respect of shadows which lie behind the veil that covers every certainty of future time. But they serve one useful purpose. They clearly define the value of the Scandinavian Peninsula in respect of world polity. And all consideration of the international aspects of the Scandinavian crisis brings the mind back to two most definite conclusions. That any disturbance of the *status quo* makes for the possibility of peril in the future. And that Britain is the great Power most menaced by possibilities connected with a change of the *status quo* in the northern Peninsula.

In conclusion, it remains to consider whether, if all further negotiations between Norway and Sweden fail, there remains any practical means by which the issues between them may still be adjusted so as to preserve—in principle—the *status quo*. If the Norwegian people have finally decided on separation, the situation is indeed hopeless. But if they are truly desirous of maintaining the principle of the Union—which their Ministers have stated to be the case[1]—and, at the same time, determined to vindicate, peacefully, their right to stand as an independent sovereign State—there is one practical way for the attainment of both of these ends. They have now declared that the issues with Sweden are international—not domestic. Then, through the present admirable and conciliatory attitude of Sweden, they may, without loss of dignity or prestige, follow the precedent of other independent States and propose to seek final arbitration upon the issues with Sweden—from a friendly and trusted foreign ruler, with a view to preserving the principle of the Union in whatever form it may be both possible and acceptable. For such

[1] See statement by Norwegian Ministers of this fact in the *Times*, April 26.

an office King Edward VII. of Greater Britain may well be preferred both by reason of his relationship to the future Queen of Sweden—who would have been the joint-queen of Sweden and Norway—and his reputation as an advocate of peace. Such an arbitrament would further set the seal of Britain upon the essential condition of the future safety of Scandinavia—the Union, to which she gave her sanction when, through her fleets and armies, she gave peace to Europe—a century ago. This suggestion—if all others fail—is at least worth the attention of Scandinavian statesmen. For, no matter how important this crisis may be from an international point of view, it cannot be more vitally important to any people than it is to the Scandinavians, for it involves their future security and their very existence as an independent people. But, as is common with all matters of a family or domestic dispute, whether they arise amongst individuals or nations, this question has excited one of the contending parties to a bitterness which invests it with false value and disproportionate importance to such an extent that it entirely diverts attention from matters of real moment and lasting consequence which vitally concern the common interests, welfare, and safety of the men whose minds are concentrated upon a relatively petty squabble. A section of the Scandinavian people are so concentrated upon the purely domestic issues of their difference that they fail altogether to appreciate the wider national interest which it involves. And for these men, by a strange coincidence, there is to be seen in Stockholm to-day a strange but eloquent admonition—in a warning from the past history of Sweden. It is contained in the posture of a mute mould of bronze. In a garden facing the Royal palace is set the statue of King Charles XII. of Sweden. In his right hand he holds a naked sword, and with his left arm—tirelessly outstretched—he points, eastward, in the direction of the Russian Empire.

E. John Solano.

THE DEFENCE OF NAVAL BASES

MANY conflicting opinions have been expressed with regard to the defence of Port Arthur; at one moment its defenders were held up, to the admiration of all, as heroes who had exhibited superhuman valour and endurance; at the next, the surrender of the fortress was declared to be premature. We need not concern ourselves with the details of the defence, until accurate and impartial accounts of it are published; but on the strategical policy that brought the huge fortress into existence, and designed to hold it at all costs, we can already form an opinion.

The wholesale fortification of this point was an illogical proceeding, and can have had its origin only in a confusion of ideas. Russia maintained a large fleet in the Far East in order to obtain command of the sea, and if the fleet was not strong enough for this purpose it should have been strengthened. This is so obvious that we can only assume the responsible Ministers considered that the fleet in the China Seas could hold its own against the Japanese navy. The command of the sea being thus ensured to Russia, plainly Japan could not lay siege to Port Arthur, therefore why make it impregnable? Perhaps it was thought that the Russian fleet might shelter there till reinforcements arrived from Europe; but even this solution is impossible, for no reinforcements sailed until eight

months after the outbreak of war, and their final destination is still—at the moment of writing—uncertain.

Russia's determination to construct an impregnable fortress in the Far East was the beginning of all her misfortunes. Port Arthur demoralised the navy; Port Arthur crippled the field army; Port Arthur spoilt the Russian strategy; Port Arthur swallowed up Russia's fleet and 40,000 of the best troops. During the first year of the war the whole of the Russian disasters had their origin in the policy which fortified Port Arthur.

The Russian mistakes arose, apparently, from a lack of co-ordination in their naval and military preparations; there was no master mind in a position to control the whole. The confusion of ideas that prevailed among the superior commanders who designed Russia's war policy, was faithfully reflected in the actions of their subordinates. Had Russia decided to rely for her supremacy in the Far East either solely upon her fleet or solely upon her army, she would have fared better than in placing her trust in both. Army and fleet would have fought better, and to better purpose. While attempting to be strong everywhere she failed to concentrate an overwhelming force either on land or sea. Half-measures ruined her.

There is, however, no merit in holding Russian strategy up to derision; it is so very easy to be wise after the event, so easy to criticise when you have not been called upon to perform. Had we occupied Russia's position, would we have acted very differently? Our warlike preparations for the last few centuries have hardly scintillated with strategical sagacity. It is in the light of our past history difficult to believe that if we had been in Russia's place, with Russia's naval and military resources at our disposal, we would not have followed exactly the same course that commended itself to her. We, too, would have succumbed to the temptation to fortify Port Arthur.

We are frequently beset by similar temptations, for we have many potential Port Arthurs scattered over the face of

the globe, nor is there any lack of false prophets to destroy us with their counsels. A leading English newspaper, commenting on Japan's elevation to the rank of a first-class naval Power, asked whether it might not therefore be necessary for us to increase the defences of Hongkong! No suggestion was made that our fleet in the China Sea should be strengthened. The weight of Japan's navy was to be counterbalanced by more guns mounted on land. The proposal must have made Nelson turn in his grave. Could any more faithful reproduction of Russia's Port Arthur policy be possible?

Russia during the Boxer rising obtained, in various ways, a large number of heavy guns from the Chinese forts and arsenals, and sent them to Port Arthur. Many civilians, and a good many of our own officers, suggested that we might have secured some of those guns and mounted them at Wei-hai-wei. The Port Arthur policy again! Fortunately for us it was never more than an impious wish in the brains of some irresponsible individuals. Yet such a course would probably at that period have earned popular approval. It is easy to imagine a solemn and weighty article in our leading newspaper voicing the public sentiment, and applauding the illogical proceeding.

Among many other illustrations of the value of naval supremacy, the present war has given us some indication of the possibility and probability of the inferior sea power attacking the naval bases of the superior. Though Japan established her naval superiority when the first blow was struck, yet the Russian fleet for many months after was still a force to be reckoned with, and under the circumstances we might have expected that raids would be made on the Japanese naval bases. Nothing of the sort was attempted. Though at the very commencement of the war Japan formed a naval base within a few hours' steaming of Russia's main fleet, yet its exact position was not discovered by the Russians. Even a slight superiority at sea has proved to be decisive. A little more and how much it is, a little less and how far away.

The course of the war has so far absolutely justified the position taken up by the Blue Water school. It must therefore be a matter for congratulation that their views have received official approval, and now form the basis of our naval and military policy. To illustrate that policy I cannot do better than quote the words with which the Secretary for War introduced the Army Estimates to the House of Commons:

> We have been adding million on million to our naval expenditure. Are all those millions wasted? Are they thrown away? If it be true, as we are told by representatives of the Admiralty, that the Navy is in a position it has never occupied before—that it is now not only our first line of defence, but our guarantee for the possession of our own islands—is it to make no difference to a system which has grown up avowedly and confessedly on the basis of defending these islands by an armed force against invasion? Is that to make no difference? . . . . The naval view is that the crew of a dinghy could not land in this country in the face of the Navy.

There is nothing to be gained by questioning the Navy's deliberate estimate of its own capabilities; to do so would be to accuse our naval authorities of idle boasting. The course of the present war has so far justified our frank acceptance of the naval view.

The Navy is our guarantee for the possession of our own islands. Are we to narrow down the phrase "our own islands" to the United Kingdom and Ireland? Is the Navy not also a guarantee for the possession of the thousand and one other islands over which our flag flies? We have a right to demand an answer to this question, for upon it we must organise the defences of our Colonies, and of our coaling-stations and naval bases abroad, the defences of every portion of the Empire except the land frontiers of India and Canada.

If the dinghy theory applies to the whole of the Empire it is time that we revised our estimates of the vulnerability of our naval bases and coaling-stations. Many of these appear to have been fortified and garrisoned on the supposition that large hostile fleets roamed at all times, unobserved and unmolested by our Navy, across the seven seas.

If we devote a moment's thought to the question, it will be evident that an attack on any of these points must take one of two forms; either it will be an attack in force, entailing the presence of a flotilla of transports carrying troops and stores, or it will be a raid by a few war-ships, relying on secrecy for success.

The first alternative presupposes that the command of the sea has gone from us. In that case, *Vae victis!*

The second implies that our Navy has lost touch with the enemy, and that our naval intelligence system has broken down. Yet it should be extremely easy for us to obtain early and accurate information of the movements of every foreign war-ship. We have six times as many sea-going steamers as any other nation; even on foreign vessels, including perhaps the Baltic Fleet, the Scotch engineer is to be found. With these unrivalled sources of information, supplemented by our very complete system of cables, it should be impossible for a foreign Power to collect even a local superiority of war-vessels unobserved. The best remedies for hostile raids are more ships and more intelligence.

The Admiralty furnishes the military authorities with an estimate of the nature of attack which each of our Colonies and foreign possessions must be prepared to withstand, and this estimate forms the basis of the military defensive preparations. With the Admiralty, therefore, ultimately rests the responsibility for the distribution of a large part of our Army.

There are at present some 31,000 British troops serving abroad, exclusive of those in India, South Africa and Egypt. It is not very easy to arrive at the exact figures, but the total is rather over than under 31,000; nor does this figure include any of the local or Colonial troops, which form a considerable part of our garrisons. Practically the whole of these 31,000 men are employed in guarding the ports, harbours, and shores of our Empire. Is it possible to believe that the dinghy theory is correct, but that we nevertheless require, in times of peace, 31,000 British troops, and a large contingent of native and

Colonial troops as well, to protect our foreign possessions from surprise by sea? The Navy must either renounce the dinghy theory, or largely modify their demands on our military resources.

If we even go so far as to assume that the dinghy theory is a picturesque exaggeration, and that some hostile vessels might attempt to surprise one of our naval bases, a few guns, a search-light or two on shore, a boom, if the Navy thought it necessary, and some mines, should be an adequate preparation to resist such an attack. It is in the last degree improbable that the enemy would attempt to land. Such a proceeding, with the possibility of a superior naval force arriving on the scene, would be far too hazardous to be attempted.

The defences I have enumerated would require a very small garrison; some gunners, a section for the search-lights, and a company or two of infantry to furnish patrols. If we reorganise our defences on these lines we shall gain for our field army a large proportion of the 31,000 men now employed on longshore duties.

Of late years the burden of foreign service has weighed so heavily on our Army that it has become almost intolerable. Our present military system can do little more than comply with the demands made on it by our garrisons abroad, nor can any attempt to organise a mobile force at home meet with much success as long as our foreign stations swallow up every recruit we can obtain.

The 31,000 troops who are scattered through our foreign garrisons are among the best in the British Army; they are fully trained and physically fit. It is a deplorable necessity—if, indeed, it be a necessity—that so many mobile troops fit to go anywhere and do anything, should be cooped up in sea-bound, often unhealthy garrisons, till their training and health deteriorates, and their hearts grow sick of the Army. The belief, now officially confirmed, that the British Navy can hold the sea against all comers does not relieve the monotony prevailing in such garrisons, nor is the heat of Aden rendered

more bearable by the suspicion that one might be more usefully employed elsewhere.

At the time when we began to acquire and fortify our coaling-stations we had no land frontiers to defend, and the provision of garrisons for our naval bases was, during peace at any rate, the chief duty of the Army. Now, however, the defence of the Indian frontier necessitates the maintenance of a large mobile force in that country, and the formation at home of still larger mobile reserves to reinforce it at short notice. At no previous period of our history have we been in more urgent need of troops for the field army.

We do not always remember that of all our military forces it is our field army alone that can strike a decisive blow; our garrison troops will meanwhile be cooped up in island fortresses far from the scene of action. We shall appreciate our present situation more clearly if we attempt to see ourselves as others see us. A foreign strategist, wishing to estimate the value of our military resources, would prepare a rough balance-sheet. On one side he would enter our military asset, the might of the British Army—I had almost spelt it *mite*—and to it he would add as many half-trained troops as he considered the war enthusiasm in England and the Colonies would furnish. On the other side, under the heading "Liabilities," would be shown the garrisons which we maintain in peace and war at various points throughout the Empire. The difference between the two sides represents our balance credit, our margin available for offensive action, our striking force, or call it rather our striking weakness.

No system can be economical that is administered in a half-hearted manner. As we have adopted the policy of the Blue Water school, we cannot do better than follow it to its logical conclusion. By doing so, we shall economise at a point where economy is most needed, we shall increase our field army without adding anything to our expenditure, and we shall reduce to a minimum the most irksome portion of the soldier's service.

I do not propose to discuss in detail the vexed question of whether the Navy should or should not take over the entire defences of their own bases. The advantages to be gained by their doing so are obvious; the disadvantages will have largely disappeared if the garrisons are reduced as I have suggested.

It might perhaps be possible to organise what I must describe for want of a better term as "a floating garrison" for a group of naval bases. On each naval station there would be a floating garrison for the naval bases in those waters. The garrison would form an integral part of the fleet, and would be consequently under command of the admiral. It would move from port to port and carry out gun practice, laying of mines, &c., at each. In time of war it would be responsible for fighting the normal armament of the naval bases, including guns, mines and search-lights. For defence purposes, the admiral would distribute his garrison among the various naval bases, or concentrate it at one or two as the exigencies of the situation demanded.

It is sometimes put forward as an argument against handing over our naval bases to the Navy, that a naval commander should be free from the anxiety of defending them. His anxiety should surely be reduced to a minimum when he knows that they are held by a garrison which he himself has trained, organised and distributed. If the Navy really entertain as scant a regard for the capabilities of the Army as they profess, they can never feel their bases to be secure when the defence is left to the land service. The present system, which contains the radical defect of dual control, can never inspire much confidence. That defect can only be removed by the elimination of one of the services, namely, the Army. Then, and not till then, will ships, coast batteries, search-lights and mines be fought as a homogeneous whole; then, and not till then, will the greatest efficiency and economy be attained.

J. C.

THE DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

IDEAS on the subject of national defence have undergone many changes in recent years; and to-day there is small likelihood that Mr. Balfour's pronouncement will be final, although the Blue Water school has many adherents, some of whom now also seek to apply its maxims to the defence of our naval bases and coaling-stations. Not so many years ago our main efforts were directed to home defence; and when in 1888 we first took stock seriously of our military position, Mr. Stanhope, in his celebrated memorandum, defined home defence requirements as paramount, and the obligation to send a large force abroad as problematical. This, however, was not in accordance with the advice tendered by the Duke of Cambridge, who, as Commander-in-Chief, had frequently pointed out the necessity of possessing a force fully equipped and prepared for over-sea service. These views were also supported by the other military experts of that period; and the whole subject was admirably summarised in a weighty memorandum prepared by Lord Wolseley as Adjutant-General, which bears the date of June 8, 1888. In this document the provision of a striking force for over-sea purposes was placed in the foreground; but Mr. Stanhope did not adopt this view. He accorded it, on the contrary, a secondary place, with the disastrous result that the provision of an "over-sea" force was placed in the background for some years after. Thus, although when the South

African War broke out we had men, stores, and departmental services sufficient for two Army Corps, everything beyond that had to be improvised. This, then, was perhaps a good test of the value of political judgment on military requirements, modified with a due regard to Parliament and Estimates. Mr. Brodrick's ill-fated Army Corps scheme was the next stage. It was a compromise between the two views, which, whilst providing an "over-sea" force of three Army Corps, still left three others, mainly composed of auxiliaries, for home defence.

Finally, the Blue Water school has arisen, which contends that the invasion of Great Britain is impossible—a doctrine which, as already mentioned, it is now sought to apply to the Empire generally—since no mobile force could ever reach our shores. This view happened to fall in with ideals of reduction, which were being pressed on the Government from both sides; and which, whilst affording primary grounds for reduction, were at the same time popular in the House of Commons. Can it be wondered, then, that they should have been adopted? Most Ministers are supremely ignorant of military history, or of what war means; and even the much-belauded younger Pitt was no better than the rest. Few Prime Ministers since have taken the trouble to study the subject seriously; and Mr. Balfour deserves much credit for having done so. That he has so applied his great abilities is shown by his now famous speech, and the familiarity with geographical considerations which his utterances displayed. He has also had the good sense to obtain expert advice. But the real question is, has he obtained the best? On the Defence Committee sit Lord Roberts, as a kind of additional member, Sir Neville Lyttelton, the Chief of the General Staff, and General Grierson, the head of the Intelligence Department. Lord Roberts lays down that no enemy would attempt to land on these shores with less than 70,000 men, and we are told that his opinion is endorsed by those of the other military members. Now this is a highly

contentious matter, and Lord Roberts' previous training hardly qualifies him to form an authoritative opinion. Of course, he is a great authority on Indian defence questions. But during his long career in the East his time must have been fully occupied in studying Indian rather than Imperial problems. It is true that in very mature years he came to the War Office as Commander-in-Chief. But it is now a matter of common knowledge that he had not got thoroughly in touch with the greater Imperial problems, or even with the ordinary War Office routine, when his three years' tenure of office was completed. Nor can it be supposed that the other experts on the Committee would have the courage to contradict him, even if they had the knowledge, which is at least doubtful. For a due appreciation of these problems great knowledge of history and familiarity with home defence conditions are required, and these could only be acquired after years of study, such as Lord Wolseley and others have devoted to the point.

It is by no means certain that raids can be dismissed with such scant ceremony which Mr. Balfour vouchsafes them. The history of nearly all wars—our own against France, for instance—shows that raids are a most effective weapon; and if we really get into great straits, such as in March 1900, and are in addition involved in war with a great European Power, or a combination of them, it is quite certain that these would risk the loss of a few thousand men, or even of all their raiding party, in consideration of the immense moral results which would ensue. Mr. Balfour did not apparently have these issues placed clearly before him when he made his celebrated pronouncement that invasion was impossible—a most dangerous proposition to propound, as the invariable uncertainty of war has proved in all ages, and one which, in view of our traditional apathy towards such matters in peace-time, is likely to do considerable harm.

Mr. Balfour had to decide between the Blue Water enthusiasts and their opponents; and in the outcome he

chose a compromise. He assumes that an invading force could reach these shores; but that, having done so, they could not land, because torpedo-boats, destroyers, &c., would render such a feat impossible, and that forty-eight hours at least would be required for disembarking. Moreover, apart from this, he has reduced the initial difficulties to be encountered into the form of a Euclid proposition. Let seventy thousand men be the least which could be landed, and two hundred and fifty thousand the tonnage required. But one hundred thousand only is in French ports. Therefore the shipping would not be available, and invasion is impossible.—Q. E. D. But there is this difference between Euclid and Mr. Balfour. The former's premisses are sound and the latter's are not. It is true that only that amount of shipping may on any given day be in French ports. But numerous steamship lines run to and from France; and in a few days many of their ships could undoubtedly be obtained by the Government without much notice. Nor would they, as Mr. Balfour supposes, all start from one port. Moreover, the Admiralty estimates of the required cubic space, based on the medical statistics—to which at present, both in the army and the navy, we pay far too much attention—are practically worthless in the matter. For a short journey troops would be packed as close as they could stand, and all considerations of the cubic space required would be absolutely ignored.

Another result of the Government's tentative adoption of the Blue Water theories now demands some attention. It is proposed by some to extend these conclusions to all our Colonial stations. It is contended that fortifications did not save Port Arthur; and that consequently we can dispense with large garrisons at naval bases, &c., which could quite well be worked by an ambulatory garrison, which an admiral in time of stress could dispose of as he thought best. This plan would relieve some 30,000 men from arduous and uninteresting duties, and add them to our too diminutive striking force. This is so tempting, and its obvious advantages are so considerable, that

it is distressing to remember that no man or nation can blow "hot and cold." It is clearly impracticable. To leave our shores and coaling-stations practically undefended would surely be to invite insult. One need not be an opponent of the Blue Water contentions to admit this. Before accepting this ideal, we must assume that even if only a few stray warships were about, a landing anywhere could not be effected. But we must remember that the Japanese were able to land their armies in Manchuria and Korea whilst a considerable portion of the Russian fleet was still in existence. Thus it is to be feared that, tempting as the prospect of releasing 30,000 men seems, it is not within the bounds of practical politics.

On the auxiliary forces, and the Volunteers especially, the effect of declaring that invasion is impossible cannot fail to be disastrous. The Militia, it is true, according to the new plan, are to be held liable to serve abroad. But after this, how can we expect any one to take Volunteering seriously? Invasion is impossible. So what can possibly be the use of the Volunteers? What incentive is there for them to work, if they are never to be used as a serious military body? The whole thing is a farce. In his statement on Indian defence policy, Mr. Balfour was treading on surer ground, and his description of the possibilities of the case was sound. But then again the effect on the public will probably not be good. They will assume that so great are the difficulties of reaching India that we need not seriously trouble ourselves about such a contingency. That this has already happened is shown by the necessity to which Mr. Balfour was put in the House and Lord Esher in the Press, subsequently to explain these views more clearly.

It is almost too much to expect that succeeding politicians will not take Mr. Balfour's pronouncement as affording ground for reduction and relaxation of effort till another great crisis demonstrates the futility of these views. Politicians necessarily are almost always opportunists in such matters, and

oblivious of the more inconvenient teachings of history. It is only three years since the close of the South African War, when all our resources were strained to the uttermost, and our leading politicians (Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour included) felt the gravest anxiety on the question of home defence. Now all this is forgotten, and the soothing lotion has been applied. Let us hope that the future will not, as in the case of many other nations, rudely contradict such crude and boastful utterances as those we are in the habit of making on the impossibility of invasion.

STRATIOTES.

JOHN DAVIDSON: REALIST

A POINT OF VIEW.

THREE moderns, Ibsen, Nietzsche, and John Davidson all cry with one voice that as an antidote to our quiet, self-satisfied, ill-founded idealism, we require the great virtues of strength and self-realisation. Indeed, they often forget that any other virtues have existence. Thus, Ibsen has portrayed Peer Gynt with an onion in his hand, peeling off husk after husk as he attempts by analogy to find his true self. Also he has told the tale of Brand, terrible idealist, destroying all that love him by his self-denying devotion to duty. Again, "Whoso loveth his God chastiseth him" this is the sneer of Nietzsche, who evolves the "Overman," whose strength justifies his power. And John Davidson, in a passage which may be considered the crude germ of everything he has done in Ballads, Eclogues, Songs, Plays, Testaments, makes Smith say to the woman he loves:

> Think my thought, be impatient as I am
> Obey your Nature, not Authority;

and describes

> The hydra-headed creeds, the Sciences
> That deem the thing is known when it is named;
> And Literature, Thought's palace-prison fair;
> Philosophy, the grand inquisitor
> That racks ideas and is fooled with lies;
> Society, the mud wherein we stand. . . .

Of such extreme importance, then, is Mr. Davidson's outlook, and his criticism of life, that we shall best do him justice if we somewhat neglect the technical merits of his poetry, glancing at them rapidly, and passing on to his matter as soon as possible.

As a beautiful prelude I quote a lyric from *Scaramouch in Naxos:*

> The boat is chafing at our long delay,
> And we must leave too soon
> The spicy sea-pinks and the inborn spray,
> The tawny sands, the noon.
>
> Keep us, O Thetis, on our Western flight,
> Watch from thy pearly throne
> Our vessel, plunging deeper into night
> To reach a land unknown.

Even the bare recital of these faultless lines, not to mention those already quoted from "Smith," are enough to show that from the first, Mr. John Davidson was no minor poet.

The questions a critic must answer, if he would attempt to estimate his Author's rank are—How lofty is his ambition? and, next, How far does he realise it? It seems to me that Mr. Davidson's ambition rivals that of any Author who ever took up pen to write. In fact, one sometimes has an uncomfortable feeling that he is not great enough to carry out his aims. But he so far succeeds that his imperfections surpass the perfections of other men. So we must deal with him as we would deal, say, with Keats, Shelley, or Tennyson.

First of all, then, we will acknowledge Mr. Davidson's faults. They are quite obvious, being chiefly due to a strained desire for simplicity, and to perpetual over-emphasis of his point. Sometimes he will spoil a ballad with lines too colloquial for the hurrying metre; sometimes he will just mar a fine speech in blank verse by getting it involved, and hard to follow, or by the unnecessary introduction of some abrupt phrase from common parlance. This is naturally more apparent in his earlier works: a conspicuous example of both

of these faults is the great dying speech of Hallowes in Smith. Ballads like "An Exodus from Houndsditch," or the "Vengeance of the Duchess," fail because their language is too commonplace for their thought; and, generally, Mr. Davidson is liable to lapse into the grotesque. Besides this, he is often led away by some fantastic simile, especially if he can haul in head and shoulders a reference to Nature.

Speaking generally, if one must find a purely technical fault in Mr. Davidson, that fault will be an impetuousness that leads him sometimes to disregard the symmetry and form of his work. He has too little restraint or power of self-criticism in matters purely artistic. Nevertheless, of his blank verse I will say simply that it is the best since that of Milton. Its majesty and grace cannot fail to impress all readers. It is packed and terse, like Marlowe's, varied yet without Tennysonian thinness or the monotony of Shelley.

Perhaps the most interesting point about Mr. Davidson's poetry is his extraordinary objectivity. Mr. Davidson is the first realist that has appeared in English poetry. One is pleasantly surprised at that, as on first realising that Milton was a Roundhead. Indeed, poetry has no greater foe than a gaudy veil of romance, which easily obscures the import of facts. And let me not forget to notice the extreme originality of the man. One or two of his earliest plays seem more or less influenced by the Elizabethans, but are so fresh and vivid that some of us would wish him to cast aside his purpose, and abandon himself once more to the Venus of pure delight. But there is little enough that resembles his eclogues, ballads, testaments, or plays; and we may still hope for a masterpiece greater than these; his work has, after all, only just begun. All Mr. Davidson's work is dramatic; the eclogues are so in form; the testaments are dramatic monologues; even the ballads breathe of drama. His most splendid dramatic achievment, *Self's the Man*, is remarkable for extreme restraint and careful writing; it is not, like many plays in verse of to-day, a series of dialogues in decorated English. This "tragi-

comedy" is quite stageable, full of incident, masterly in composition and form. The character of Urban, the tyrant-hero, is strongly drawn. In one fine scene, where Urban and his former mistress, Saturnia, meet in peril of their lives, we may experience that strange, almost physical thrill, that sense of the world being in harmony with the verse, which is only to be found here and there throughout literature, and which cannot be explained, save as a recollection of things experienced in a former existence. I have seen the *Cenci* called the best play since Shakespeare. A play in which one perpetually feels that the author is struggling to write lyrics cannot surely be compared with the *Duchess of Malfi*. It is as certainly inferior to *Self's the Man*.

The first work in which Mr. Davidson displays his characteristic attitude towards life is "Smith," the tragic farce, written in 1886. This play opens in a public-house. Brown, from Oxford, Jones, and Robinson are discussing the character of Hallowes, a poet. Brown, the very apostle of compromise, blames the poet for his absurd enthusiasms, and begins abusing Smith, who has a peculiar way of talking literature and philosophy with barmaids. Then Jones describes Smith as

> A mere savage, barbarous as a Lapp,
> A handsome creature, but elliptical.

In this triumvirate of fools, Brown is cultured and foolish, Jones epigrammatic and foolish, and Robinson, who has "points" to raise, and exclaims "fair, very fair" at intervals in sympathetic inanity, is fatuous and foolish; and they agree well together. Just as Brown has announced the fact that he is to wed his cousin Magdalen in a month, Smith bursts in upon them like a whirlwind. Smith is annoyed with their idle talk about Hallowes, and finally calls them

> The commonest type of biped crawling here.

And at length clears them out with

> You sots, you maggots, shavings, asteroids!
> A million of you wouldn't make a man!
> Out, or I'll strike you, monkeys, mannikins.

Hallowes enters and tells how he is going to his new-found retreat of Garth,

> In the North, a hamlet like a cave,
> Nestling unknown in tawny Merlin's side.

There, he says, he will write poetry, be it but one line a day. He rejects Smith's advice to "let fame alone": Fame, says Hallowes, is the "breath of power," and he continues, clearly voicing the ideas of the dramatist himself:

> Give me to dream dreams all would love to dream;
> To tell the world's truth; hear the world tramp time
> With satin slippers and with hob-nailed shoes
> To my true singing: fame is worth its cost,
> Blood-sweats and tears, and haggard, homeless lives.
> How dare a man, appealing to the world,
> Content himself with ten! How dare a man
> Appeal to ten when all the world should hear!
> How dare a man conceive himself as else
> Than his own fool without the world's hurrah
> To echo him!
>
> SMITH. But if the world wont shout
> Till he be dead?
>
> HALLOWES. Let him address the street:
> No subtle essences, ethereal tones
> For senses sick, bed-ridden in the down
> Of culture and its stifling curtains.

They decide to go to Garth together, and Smith agrees with Hallowes in the last lines of the act:

> You are right—one must become
> Fanatic—be a wedge, a thunderbolt
> To smite a passage through the close-grained world.

The next act introduces Graham, father of Magdalen, and Magdalen herself. With Magdalen Smith falls in love at first sight, and in four pages of remarkable and splendid dialogue, he makes her confess that she is being made to marry Brown against her will, and that she finds in him, Smith, the masterful nature women love.

The passage contains the lines quoted above (p. 36)—

Think, my thought, be impatient as I am.

The next scene takes place on the top of Mount Merlin where Hallowes is discovered lying with a note-book by his side. He has opened one of his veins, and is dying. After cursing his unhappiness and poverty, he speaks these glorious words, feeling death upon him:

But I have chosen Death. Death—and the noon
Hangs low and broad upon the eastern verge
Above a mist that floods the orient,
Filling the deep ravines and shallow vales,
Lake-like and wan, embossed with crested isles
Of pine and birch. Death—and the drops of day
Still stain the west a faintest tinge of rose
The stars cannot o'erwash with innocence.
Death—and the mountain tops, peak after peak,
Lie close and dark beneath Orion's sword.
Death—and the houses nestle at my feet,
With ruddy human windows here and there
Piercing the velvet shade—deep in the world,
Old hedge-rows and sweet by-paths through the corn!
The river like a sleepless eye looks up.
Pale shafts of smoke ascend from homely hearths,
And fade in middle air like happy sighs.
Death—and the wind blows chill across my face:
The thin, long, hoary grass waves at my side
With muffled tinkling . . . Not yet! No; my life
Has not ebbed all away. I want to live
A little while . . . Is the moon gone so soon?
They've put the shutters to, down there . . . The wind
Is warm . . . Death—is it death? . . . I had no chance . . .
Perhaps I'll have another where I go . . .
Another chance . . . How black! . . . (*Dies.*)

After this Smith is seen carrying Magdalen up to the summit of the mountain and the summit of their own "mad happiness." While he is still standing, amazed at the death of Hallowes, Graham and Brown rush up in pursuit. A splendid scene follows. Smith uses force to prevent them

from taking Magdalen from him. "Can we not go?" asks Magdalen. "Yes," Smith replies.

> Yes, we can go where none will follow us.
> We two could never love each other more
> Than now we do; never our souls could mount
> Higher on passion's fire-plumed wings; nor yet
> Could laughter of our children's children pierce
> With keener pangs of happiness our hearts.
> I have a million things to tell my love,
> But I will keep them for eternity.
> Good earth, good mother earth, my mate and me—
> Take us.

[*He leaps with her over the precipice.* GRAHAM *rushes forward, but falls fainting. Enter* VILLAGERS, *shouting and laughing.*

I think enough has been said, enough extracts given, to show that *Smith* brought something strong and vital into our literature.

All Mr. Davidson's work carries this same message of deliverance. Take the most powerful and the best written of his ballads, "The Ballad in Blank Verse of the Making of a Poet." It is a story told with intimate observation, and is perhaps drawn from experience. The scene is a Scottish port. A boy, whose romantic materialism seems to combine the types of Smith and Hallowes, is the source of all his parents' grief, because he refuses to acknowledge himself a Christian. When his parents talked to him of Christ, he used to see

> The Cyprian Aphrodite, all one blush
> And glance of passion, from the violet sea
> Step inland, fastening as she went her zone.

His mother dies, heartbroken at his sinfulness. In a moment of weak contrition he takes the eucharist, and suddenly it crosses his mind,

> I eat and drink damnation to myself
> To give my Father's troubled spirit peace.

Yet there was no peace for the boy himself.

But in the evening by the purple firth
He walked and saw brown locks upon the brine,
And pale hands beckon him to come away,
Where Mermaids, with their harps and golden combs
Sit throned upon the carven, antique poops
Of treasure-ships, and soft sea-dirges sing
Over the green-gilt bones of mariners.

He wanders on till night, pondering how all creeds are one creed—the creed of slavery. Bidding them fly away like evil vultures, he is inspired by the idea that he is after all God to himself. That every man is his own God, has a right to will as he desires, he feels to be a doctrine of salvation, which he ought to proclaim to the world.

At home, where millions mope, in labyrinths
Of hideous streets astray without a clue,
Unfed, unsexed, unsoulled, unhelped, I bring
Life, with the Gospel— Up, quit you like Gods.

With this message he breaks in upon his father's new-found happiness, and plunges him in the bitterness of despair and sorrow.

This was the sin of Lucifer
To make himself God's equal.

And his father also dies of grief, crying out to his Saviour, wishing even to be sent to hell, if so he might see his boy again.

There follows a long passage of stately verse, wherein the boy, after cursing creed and dogma, proclaims the Gospel of "Self's the Man."

I am a man set by to overhear
The inner harmony, the very tune
Of Nature's heart ; to be a thoroughfare
For all the pageantry of time ; to catch
The mutterings of the spirit and the hour
And make them known ; and of the lowliest
To be the minister, and therefore reign
Prince of the powers of the air, lord of the world
And master of the sea. Within my heart

> I'll gather all the universe, and sing
> As sweetly as the spheres; and I shall be
> The first of men to understand himself . . .

Nor can too high praise be given to the "Ballad of Heaven." Here a musician "toils at one great work for years." His wife and child die: he cannot feed or maintain them: he lives but for his music. Yet he is welcomed to Heaven by God himself, and by his wife and child.

> God, smiling, took him by the hand,
> And led him to the brink of heaven:
> He saw where systems whirling stand.
> Where galaxies like snow are driven.
>
> Dead silence reigned; a shudder ran
> Through space: Time furled his wearied wings;
> A slow adagio then began.
> Sweetly resolving troubled things.
>
> The dead were heralded along;
> As if with drums and trumps of flame,
> And flutes and oboes keen and strong
> A brave andante singing came.
>
> Then, like a python's sumptuous dress
> The frame of things was cast away,
> And, out of Time's obscure distress
> The conquering scherzo thundered Day.
>
> He doubted; but God said "Even so;
> Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears.
> The music that you made below
> Is now the music of the spheres."

Of the other ballads, many of them, as also the "Ordeal," treat of that fine type of woman which Mr. Davidson has created for himself—a woman strong in her loves and hates, fit wife of a strong man—a woman of the force of Agrippina without her malignant cruelty—a woman naturally queen. Besides these, I will only mention the fine Ballad of Tann-

haüser. Mr. Davidson gives the tale a different ending from what we know best. In it Tannhaüser returns to his first mistress in the Venusberg, having been rejected by the Pope, and lives with her in immortal happiness.

> As he lay worshipping his bride
> While rose-leaves in her bosom fell,
> And dreams came sailing on a tide
> Of sleep, he heard a matin-bell.
>
> "Hark, let us leave the magic hill"
> He said, "and live on earth with men."
> "No; here," she said, "we stay until
> The golden age shall come again."
>
> And so they wait, while empires sprung
> Of hatred thunder past above,
> Deep in the earth, for ever young,
> Tannhaüser, and the Queen of love.

Mr. Davidson adds an interesting note, as follows:

> The story of Tannhaüser is best known in the sophisticated version of Wagner's great opera. In reverting to a simpler form I have endeavoured to present passion rather than sentiment, and once more to bear a hand in laying the ghost of an unwholesome idea that still haunts the world,—the idea of the inherent impurity of Nature. I beg to submit to those who may be disposed to think with me, and also those, who, though otherwise minded, are at liberty to alter their opinions, that "A new Ballad of Tannhaüser," is not only the most modern, but the most humane interpretation of the world-legend with which it deals.

We now come to the "Testaments." The first is the amazing "Testament of a Vivisector," which neither upholds nor reprobates vivisection. The vivisector vivisects himself. Mr. Davidson indeed has been praised for condemning vivisection, for is not vivisection "an infamy too gross for the common terms of scorn, contempt, and abhorrence?" but we shall see that we have only to read the Author's prefatory note to find that any such view is false.

> The "Testament of a Vivisector" is the first of a series of Poems I propose publishing at intervals in this form . . . and the new statement of Materialism

it contains is likely to offend both the religious and their religious mind. This poem therefore, and its successors, my Testaments, are addressed to those who are willing to place all ideas in the crucible, and who are not afraid to fathom what is subconscious in themselves and others.

"The Testament of a Vivisector" to many will appear repulsive, for the Vivisector proclaims and brazens out the fact that he loves vivisection because it fills him with a pleasing sense of mastery, and because it satisfies his lust for inflicting pain. Few things more grimly straightforward have been written. Any one reading it will appreciate the title, "John Davidson, Realist." In the "Testament of a Man Forbid" we have Smith once more, struggling against an unsympathetic world exclaiming against the men

> That balance libraries upon their polls.

The exordium is superb.

"The Testament of an Empire-Builder" opens humorously after the old fashion of "Scaramouch." The Empire-Builder has a vision of the beasts, who are talking about man. They discuss his infirmities, his selfishness, his power. Nennook the Polar Bear explains to the Mastiff that he is unhappy about his prospects of immortality, and of the endless heavenly feast

> On blubbered seals that slumber on the floes.

In reply,

> A flea, ensconced behind the Mastiff's ear,
> Chirruped aloud, "Nennook, my friend, take heart:
> I, for example must be soundly squelched,
> But the idea of the flea remains;
> For race continues always: permanence
> Of species is established theory."
>
> "Established Nonsense, neighbour: hold your tongue,"
> Snorted the domineering Elephant,

who goes on to catalogue extinct species of beasts—the mammoth, the pleisiosaur, and so on. A bumptious groundling ape is informed that man would exterminate him if he

had any sense. The hackney and the lion also detail their woes, and the skunk makes occassional interpolations by way of comic relief. The nightmare over, the Empire-Builder discovers himself in an English lane, watching Butcher-birds with interest and admiration. The rest of the Testament contains quite a novel idea, that is also worked out in the "Prime Minister," namely, that the proud in spirit are quartered in heaven, while the poor in spirit are dismissed to hell. Mr. Davidson's whole doctrine seems to me to lie in the title of his play—*Self's the Man*. He goes even further than Ibsen, as he has himself hinted in the preface to "Godfrida." Ibsen's message was "Break conventions if they hinder true happiness or noble action." He has perhaps blurred the outline of his doctrine by his natural mysticism—strange voices of earth and air that call Brand, as he dies amid the avalanche of his broken ideals. Those people who will be apt to say that Mr. Davidson's rationalism is now out of date, and who continue to acquiesce in what they know to be a palpable lie, will probably think that the message "Break convention" is an old one, now obsolete. To such people unconventionality seems to mean little more than wearing a cap on Sunday. It was no freakish foolery that Ibsen commended; his message was as fresh as dawn. He urged the overhauling of all our social machinery; he attacked with terrible precision the shoddy idealism and the prudish self-complacency that still pervades modern life. How can Mr. Davidson go even further than this? It is in this way. He says not only "Break conventions that stand in your way," but "live as if convention, as if Christianity, as if thirty centuries of literature had never existed." He puts a new and far more difficult interpretation on the "Know thyself" of old. To this his doctrine, he assigns as metaphysic not mysticism, but materialism.

Intimately connected with Mr. Davidson's philosophy of life is his passion for the country. He loves Nature for her simplicity and beauty, and writes about it as if it were a new and particular revelation, as if it had never become a hackneyed

theme, as if Spring-Poets had never been by-words. We have seen how it is sometimes a hindrance. He can never turn his thoughts away from the fields for long. As for the sea, what could be more convincing than these lines from the "Man Forbid"?

> The bosomed plain
> That strips her green robe to the saffron shore,
> And steps into the surf, where threads and scales
> And arabesques of blue and emerald wave
> Begin to damascene the iron sea.

I doubt if the most ardent admirer would stand by this Reformer in his utter condemnation of Christianity, convention and culture, and take refuge in a Materialism that says the body and soul are one. But more might be inclined to agree with the fascinating theory held unconsciously by the Greeks, and held very consciously by this least Greek of poets—the theory of Man's natural sinlessness. If Calvary has a meaning for Mr. Davidson, it means the death of sin. Many again would strenuously deny that culture is evil, claiming perhaps that nothing leads a man to Reality, to the examination of Self and of Conventions, to a broad and catholic view of life, with more inevitable sureness than a liberal education, and the tolerance that only culture can instil. Yet have we not all been at times disgusted by the men that display an apathy proportionate to their learning? Do we not know and hate the type of individual that takes Holy Orders out of a vague desire to improve humanity by his miserable assistance—that is by preaching a creed which he neither firmly believes nor thoroughly understands? Do not the courts of the temple swarm with those who fear to commit themselves to anything in heaven above or earth beneath? I have observed it is with this apathy that Mr. Davidson has had to contend. For twenty years he has been preaching a sermon of great meaning, and he has received nothing but compliments on his poetical "cornucopia." No wonder he finds little consolation in culture, as he writes Play, Ballad, Eclogue and Testament, repeating

his tremendous tale with magnificent variety. There is a hard lesson for us in the writings of Mr. Davidson. We are convinced by him that if we want to found our idealism on some basis less flimsy than that of sentiment, we must strip off the ideals that now obsess us. If we desire to arrive at a true appreciation of life or literature, we must criticise as if no one had anticipated us in the work. To compensate for nineteen hundred years of error, we must cultivate the neglected virtue of strength. Only thus can we be ourselves, and fully realise our latent power.

After all, the thesis of Materialism that we find set before us here is not so repellent as it seems. After years of what is little better than Manicheeism we are at last told that Matter is not impure but lovely; that man should be "one with the mountains"; that the landscapes of the world are beautiful not, because of a soul residing in them nor, because their creator had æsthetic ideals, but because they are what they are—lovely in themselves.

A Clerk of Oxenford.

THE FALL OF M. DELCASSÉ

ANY stick has been good enough to beat the unfortunate M. Delcassé with, in his own country, any stone has served for pelting him. Never has there been such a fall since Jules Ferry fell over the defeat of Lang Son. French public opinion has not made a pretty show in this circumstance. None so poor for the time being to do reverence to the Minister who was a great man to two-thirds of France during nearly seven years of office—traitor though he were according to the remaining third. Of all the Paris papers, only the *Débats* had the decency, at least, to give him one consolatory pat on the back, when he was kicked out—for kicked out he was. Every other helped in the kicking with shameless gusto. Some turned against him in a night. The Paris press has hardly ever before during the Third Republic been so well agreed in any one purpose as it was in rending M. Delcassé. Not months, but weeks ago, he was the one French statesman in the view of millions of Frenchmen, probably the majority of the people. He alone held the threads of France's foreign policy. Not another man living was supposed to be capable of disentangling them. He was supreme and unapproachable. To nearly all the Republican press he was the great augur. He hinted, and was obeyed on the instant. If a paragraph displeased him, patriotism immediately commanded that it should be blue-pencilled, or, if already published, apologised for. In the Chamber and Senate his word was law. Not

even the most truculent Royalist, or the most iconoclastic Socialist-Revolutionary ventured to have an opinion when he had spoken. He incarnated France, his voice was France's, and true Frenchmen bowed their heads listening to the oracle. To the general public he was the one Cabinet Minister who knew his business. The average citizen—not of course the Nationalist suffering from hypertrophy of the patriotic fibre, nor, more recently, the Socialist of the Jaurès shade, or the Clemenceau-coloured Radical, but the plain, Divine Average—conceded to you that all the rest of the Cabinet might be, and probably was, more or less incompetent. "But we have Delcassé. He knows his business—*he* knows!" M. Delcassé's reputation was impressive, he has been the one French Minister for many years who has impressed the foreign observer. He fell; not the least pretence of diplomatic indisposition was put forward, the Premier coolly announced that, the Cabinet having unanimously dropped M. Delcassé, he had been got rid of; and all France jumped upon him with fierce glee.

A dozen different political influences meeting, practically for the first time, at one same point, brought about M. Delcassé's downfall. Had the conjunction not occurred, he would still be a great man. Different parties attacked him for totally different, often contrary, reasons for years, and he flourished. Morocco suddenly provided the common ground on which opposite factions met to join against him, and, meeting, drew behind them the majority which had looked upon them as mere minorities before. Consistency then was of no importance so long as M. Delcassé were "disembarked." Politicians who had cursed him long for one failing now cursed him louder for an opposite fault. His former supporters, who were ready to champion him to the death twenty-four hours earlier, instantly closed up the ring round him, on any pretext. The President of the Republic, his last stand-by, had to let him go, and he went, in a storm of execration, with hardly a two or three voices even of damning faint praise. The story of the conjunction of political influences

which overthrew M. Delcassé is one of the most intricate chapters of modern French public life, and not an edifying one. When a public man is denounced for a rabid Revolutionist by one critic and damned as a hidebound, toadying Tory by another, there must be some flaw somewhere in the judgment of either of the two critics, and probably of both. When both shake hands and make friends to fall upon the public man together, one is driven to have serious doubts of their honesty as well as of their sense. That is the exact story in simplified outline of the hounding of M. Delcassé. The actual facts are, of course, much more complicated. Not two opposite parties, but a dozen all in varying degrees at daggers drawn with one another joined against him. But any one party should in honesty have stood by him through thick and thin, if what the eleven other parties said of him had been true. That precisely was the humour of the situation. One man told you, "Down with Delcassé, autocracy's henchman"; another cried, "Impeach the traitorous Radical Declassé," and you were bewildered to find the two shouters agreeing that their two shouts amounted very much to the same thing, and that their conflicting views for any practical purpose coincided. What the practical purpose was the unhappy Delcassé soon learnt. Yet to the ordinary mind the proposition that M. Delcassé was sold either to England or to Russia seems a fairly rigorous dilemma. That proposition sums up in their two extreme terms the political opinions under which he fell, innumerable shades of difference being set aside. The views even of some of the level-headed among his enemies inclined to one or other of the two extreme terms. That M. Delcassé has long thrived on the modern equivalent of "Pitt's money" has been, of course, repeated in print daily since he took office. Of late the other side has said, though it has not actually published, that he took Russian money over the Baltic Fleet neutrality affair. To estimate how far such pleasingly fanciful assertions are believed in by those who make them, and to determine who among the outside public takes them to contain

one grain of truth, is a nice study for the assiduous and long-practised student of French life. In the present case the two extreme terms are stated only for the purpose of "clearing the situation," and of planting at least two plain sign-posts in a bewildering maze. As for that, the common French mind, fond of simplicity, is often led to believe in such straightforward propositions as that which accounts for a public man's actions by his having been bribed, precisely of its love of a good, honest, logical fiction and repugnance for the subtleties and inconsistencies of reality. Hence even the more acute minds in French politics either honestly hanker after such finely simple explanations, or disingenuously assume them to approximate the truth, so that their more ingenuous readers or hearers may have "some plain fact to go upon"—plain facts of the kind being generally fables—and that is why the scandalous dilemma mentioned represents the two poles between which the influences which have overthrown M. Delcassé oscillate.

The Nationalists, for whom M. Anatole France found the delicate name of "les Trublions," and whom every enemy of the French people ought to support heartily, have branded M. Delcassé as a traitor for abandoning the allied Russian Government in its hour of need. The Radical-Socialists have held him up to execration for having truckled to the effete Russian autocracy. Royalists have called him stingingly a worthy Minister of the Republic and a worthy colleague in a Cabinet which has torn down the pillars of society and generally "disorganised everything." Socialists have denounced him as a worshipper of despotism in his heart who rode rough-shod over the elected representatives of the people. M. Delcassé must laugh rather bitterly when he reviews it all. The game of contradictions was carried on with the greatest elaborateness. Nationalists for years, of course, called M. Delcassé "Fashoda Delcassé." As he did not get France into, but got her out of, the Fashoda morass, the assumption must be that he ought not to have got her out of it, but to have then stood for war

instead of peace. But the present greatest grievance against him is precisely that he did not give in to Germany. When the Franco-Italian understanding was formed, largely through M. Delcassé's policy, little was said by the Nationalists. Now it is discovered to be his worst blunder, because the Triple Alliance has, apparently, been just remembered, and the failure of the late Minister's great political scheme of detaching Italy, as a step towards isolating Germany, is ridiculed. The Anglo-French understanding was first received with mysterious warnings of "We fear the Greeks. . . ." Then it was accepted by Nationalist politicians, because popular feeling forced them to accept it. Now they cry, "We told you so. Delcassé gave the substance for the shadow; worse, gave up comfortable rights in Newfoundland and Egypt (of all places!) for a hornets' nest in Morocco." Had he done the reverse, and allowed Great Britain a free hand in Morocco, one shudders to think what the Nationalist outcry would have been. Finally, ever since the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war, the fallen Minister had been called upon to "stand loyally by the ally"—how, was never explained—and told daily that the yellow peril threatened French Indo-Chinese possessions; was cursed loudly for "leaving Russia in the lurch," and scorned for truckling to the Rising Sun. One hundredth part of the patriotic advice given to M. Delcassé would, if he had followed it, have brought on general war instantly. But now he has fallen because he is thought to have offended the Kaiser. So much for Nationalists.

Radical Republicans, Radical-Socialists, and Socialists pure have not been much more self-consistent, apart from the fact of the utter contradiction between their grievances and those of the Nationalists against M. Delcassé. Nearly all the purely Republican party frankly welcomed the understanding with Italy and more particularly that with England. The hostility of the pure Socialists was against "le Delcassé du knout"; and it grew as Russian defeats accumulated. After Liao-Yang they had no hesitation in branding M. Delcassé as a traitor to

his own country for not denouncing the Russian alliance instantly. After the Hull outrage, he was told that he was a Macchiavellian firebrand, burning for war. He was underhandedly fanning the desperate desire of the Russian Government to drag anybody and everybody, and first of all England, into the conflagration. When Japan protested in the question of French neutrality, he was instantly condemned for having slyly and determinedly connived at helping along the halting Baltic Fleet. When that fleet was no more, he was asked what his unfairness had served, except towards a Japanese triumph. All the while he was being held up to opprobrium by all true sons of freedom for having done his best to support the Russian Government against its Russian enemies, the Liberals and Revolutionists, by putting pressure on the French Home Office to increase police supervision by the Sureté Générale, acting with the Russian secret police in France, of Russian exiles in Paris. In short, "Delcassé and his little father the Czar" were throughout coupled together, in thickly humorous satire, at the very time when another party was railing at "Delcassé the Anglomaniac." What sort of a figure France would have cut had she coolly dropped the Franco-Russian alliance in the midst of the war, Socialists never stopped to inquire. Whether her position now would be a very comfortable one, without the Entente Cordiale, Nationalists never stop to inquire.

The Minister continued to reign over the Quai d'Orsay with apparently ever blander serenity. Between the two opposite poles of political opinion the Moderates wobbled as weakly as the Extremists in their attitude towards the awe-inspiring Foreign Secretary. Now pacific penetration into Morocco was an idea worthy of a Richelieu; now it was fatuous folly. On this point, Socialists only, headed by M. Jaurès, were consistent, and opposed M. Delcassé's Moroccan policy. But Nationalists, Royalists, Moderates, even quite steady heads, never could decide whether to call him rash for going too far in the enterprise, or pusillanimous for not going

far enough. When all the political influences met and the Minister fell, all agreed to jump on him, each for an essentially different motive. It was an extraordinary and, as already observed, not a pretty sight.

Was the man's own personality a factor in the strange product? He has had a breakneck fall, but after a giddy rise. The amiable and active journalist, with a serious turn of mind, who had trotted about the lobbies of the Chamber of Deputies, and had been at intervals a conscientious Colonial Secretary, was suddenly called to the helm and, piloting France, weathered the worst storm which had ever threatened her since 1871, for the Schnaebele incident was naught compared with the Fashoda crisis. The history of Fashoda days is so well known that it is almost forgotten, but in an instant, in every mind, the two pictures can be called up and contrasted, of France's position in Europe then, and of her position now. Every one in Europe knows that the contrast proves what M. Delcassé was worth. None knew it better than himself, and he showed that he knew it. His rule over France's foreign policy was Olympian. During the past four or five years he was a deity in the clouds to the rest of France. There had never been such sovereignty in his country under the Third Republic before.

Of course at the Quai d'Orsay he was prophet, and few Foreign Secretaries have ever been so devoutly looked up to by "la carrière" as this ex-journalist who was not of it, and who had once trotted about the "Hall of Lost Footsteps" at the Chamber. He acquired the diplomatic mind with immediate and brilliant ease. Outwardly he never learnt or attempted to learn the diplomatic manner, and the merest attaché could give him points on that score. Outwardly, also, he always remained simple of bearing, and still reminded one of the "little journalists" who used to buttonhole Messieurs les Députés in the lobbies and converse with them in a grave whisper. But morally and mentally he set an example which the whole "carrière" felt it safe to admire and to imitate. No one was a more devout and jealous believer in State secrets

than he. Diplomacy became a religion to him, and no one was ever more loyal than he to his faith. Trickery he had a gentlemanly objection to, like most really convinced diplomatists. His religion was that of faith in the farseeing and lofty diplomatic brain which plans policy like a game of chess, but always plays the game. It is no secret that some curious moves of the Russian Foreign Office, generally inspired, if not commanded, by some other office of the infinite bureaux of the Russian Administration, distressed him. Of late he learnt to like having to do with Downing Street, because it does play a good, honest, solemn game. But he insisted on being the independent champion of France at the board. He knew the secrets of State, he must order each move unadvised, not even spoken to. Not one Cabinet Minister, in the five successive Cabinets to which he belonged, was ever allowed more than an outsider's glimpse into M. Delcassé's mysteries. He treated with Sovereigns like a Sovereign. He was the ideal Great High Diplomatist in the eyes of "la carrière." Parliament to him was an article for home consumption only. No one who has not followed foreign policy debates closely in the Chamber and Senate can imagine the hushed awe which fell on either House when M. Delcassé spoke. Again and again a Nationalist or a Socialist made ferocious efforts to "interpellate" him, and succumbed in the religious, paralysing atmosphere which enveloped the Foreign Secretary. Nothing was more delicious than to watch the "interpellator's" bounce and to hear his big words when he had (which was seldom) succeeded in drawing M. Delcassé into accepting a question. The member would walk down from the tribune bursting with pride. Up would walk little, eyeglassed M. Delcassé, and in a plain voice would "make a declaration," often read, always written out beforehand, in which the interpellator's question was severely ignored. A lofty allusion to certain matters of France's foreign policy which it would have been inexpedient to divulge, a stereotyped patriotic passage, and the House was dumbed, passed meekly to the Order of the Day, and once more con-

secrated M. Delcassé. For the first time, a few weeks ago, in the House, M. Delcassé was actually heckled, in the mildest way, and M. Rouvier had to, or thought he had to, speak after him. That was the beginning of the end. M. Delcassé never forgave M. Rouvier or the House.

What the general public thought of the great prophet of the Quai d'Orsay was simple enough. The man in the street looked upon M. Delcassé as an Olympian in the clouds utterly beyond his ken. The Foreign Secretary passed through the Dreyfus case, the first Nationalist crisis, the sixth or seventh Déroulède affair, the anti-Loubet campaign, the burlesque conspiracy and the High Court trial, and the Church *v.* State, or State *v.* Church fever, and preserved his majesty unscathed, his ethereal fastness inviolate. The man in the street saw only what he took to be the tangible results of M. Delcassé's high works, King Edward's visit, Vittorio Emanuele's visit, and approved. Hardly a word in editorial or in Parliamentary report ever enlightened him as to the inner workings of the Foreign Secretary's policy.

Then Morocco, and the Kaiser's cruise to Tangier: it was a thunderbolt. England talked of French neutrality in the Far East; nobody cared a rap about that in France. Placid elderly ladies in their drawing-rooms looked perturbed. "What was thought in political circles of the situation? Very grave, was it not?" One hoped the Baltic Fleet would clear out of Kamranh Bay. "Oh, not that—that is a detail. But Morocco—ah, Morocco!—and the Kaiser!" The general public in Paris thus thought, and still thinks, in fearful interjections with shakes of the head. The Kaiser would be delightfully surprised to learn what a great man he is to the Parisian in the street. Under the Linden he is often looked upon as a joke, occasionally grim. On the Boulevards, he is always taken seriously, as a big, brainy, far-sighted statesman, with frequent flashes of genius. The haste with which M. Delcassé has been hounded off because he is considered to have annoyed the Kaiser, the funk—there is no other word for it—inspired by the idea that

the Kaiser was annoyed, have not been pretty phenomena in French psychology. They are due to various distinct mental causes, besides circumstances. The main outside circumstances, of course, is the pricking of the bubble of Russian might. The psychological causes are many and conflicting. Nationalism, a morbid growth of patriotism is one. The Nationalist burthen is that France has gone to the dogs. She has no army—it has been systematically destroyed; she has no navy—it has been deliberately ruined; she has no power, influence, or credit worth speaking of. The average public has so often been told all this that a percentage—say a third—has come to believe it, and to believe that France would be instantly smashed by Germany in an armed conflict! The unprejudiced foreign observer is not at all so sure on the point, nor is, to all appearances, the German Headquarters Staff. In short, any one wanting to know the lowest opinions held in the world at the present day of French military power must read the French "patriotic" press. This kind of patriot will apparently stick at nothing to prove his point. If he be logical, he would rejoice to see France defeated by Germany, because the Nationalist party is at present in opposition. Hence his indecent joy at the downfall of M. Delcassé. Exactly two Nationalist leaders (MM. Paul Déroulède and Marcel Habert) discovered, after the event, that Germany had scored, and tried, vainly, to restrain their partisans' exultation. The only wonder is that the average civilian and the average army officer in France have remained, take them for all in all, coolheaded and sensible. If every French officer joined a "Lay-down-your-arms" Peace Society, he would be hardly more handicapped in his calling than if he were to yield at last to the persuasions of the party which tells him that, whenever he does fight, he is bound to be beaten.

The second psychological reason why the French public has been thrown off its balance by the mere idea of the German Government's displeasure is almost the exact contradiction of the former. The level-headed Frenchman who thirsts for good

sound, sensible actions in tune with the sound, sense which he himself possesses naturally loves peace in the first place. But there is a further cause for his objection to a disagreement with Germany. He worships efficiency, and nothing will get out of his head the notion that the Kaiser and German organisation incarnate efficiency. For sheer admiration of the Kaiser and of his beneficent, enlightened rule, go not to Russia, where it is laughed at, not to England, not to the German professional and business middle classes, but to France. Seen from the boulevards, the German railways are perfect, the German post office is perfect, German trade is perfectly managed. The army must be an equally perfect organisation, and the navy for its size must be the most perfectly organised in the world. Organisation: that is the average, level-headed Frenchman's shibboleth, and Germany stands for it. "We have dash, we have brains, we have money, but where is our organisation?" he asks. "We could not stand against German method and system." What he would say of British systems and methods it is impossible to imagine, if he knew them, but he does not. He looks only at British private enterprise and activity and takes them to be the fruits of far-reaching organisation. Towards Germany his attitude often works out much the same thing as that of the Nationalists, of whom he is properly afraid, but it comes from different, almost opposite causes. For he deplores the wild fancies of some patriots among his countrymen as much as anybody. Yet he has been as wild as the rest in excommunicating M. Delcassé. That is because he thought he found the late Minister out in a high-flying attempt at "adventurous policy," and of such he has by now a holy horror. M. Delcassé's unfortunate foible for mystery, and his shrouding himself in a cloudland far above the eye even of Parliament, had something to do with the sudden turning of the average sensible French public round to rend him when he descended from the clouds in a bit of a fix, from which, however, the country might have successfully extricated him if it had loyally backed him.

The present psychology of the ordinary level-headed Frenchman is the surest pledge that M. Delcassé's fall will not have dragged down with it a single brick of the Entente Cordiale. The Prime Minister, M. Rouvier, may have felt a little jealousy of his late omnipotent colleague during the recent visit to Paris of a Sovereign in semi-incognito, but he personally has English likings, and above all he is a good man of business. Wild adventure, he knows, is exactly what the quietly thrifty, active, workaday majority of his country-men do not want, and it is the last thing the understanding with Great Britain could bring.

LAURENCE JERROLD.

THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN

A RETROSPECT AND A MORAL

MUCH is being written of naval affairs to-day; but, it is all to little service, unless the principle, by whose operation alone the subject of sea-power is brought into direct relation to the layman, is by him clearly understood. For the professional sailor needs not to concern himself with the disquisitions of the amateur student; while the layman has his own absorbing occupations, whether of business or of pleasure. He is perfectly willing to believe, in an abstract kind of way, that upon the maintenance of sea-power depends the wealth and safety of these realms; and, secure in that belief, he is ready to pay high salaries to the Ministers of Government who undertake to manage national affairs; and he grudges not to defray the vast sums which those Ministers constantly demand for the purpose of carrying out their task. Having done so much, he falls into the natural supposition that all is well, or, at any rate, as well as can reasonably be expected, and he goes back to his work or his play. Hence it is that discussions upon naval affairs, for instance, and sudden alarms concerning the national readiness for war, by sea or land, leave the average man comparatively cold. It is not, he says, his business; let the people in authority, who are charged with that responsibility, see to it. For himself, he has other things to do. He cannot stop work at will (unlike the strange being called the

British workman, that amateur of elegant leisure) to investigate and to reform. If he did, who would settle the bills, both private and national? The reasoning is natural and logical. But it is based upon the assumption that a Government will adequately perform its task without that constant and minute supervision which is only to be given by an intelligent public opinion. And experience demonstrates that the assumption is fallacious. The men who pay the taxes must still do in public affairs what they are accustomed to do in private business: they must get an understanding of the right principle of their conduct, and they must see that it is carried out. But this they will never do until, as I have said, they clearly perceive the relation of such a principle to themselves individually. With regard to Army matters, for instance, the nation has either never perceived the direct personal bearing of them upon the interest of the individual; or, having perceived it, has estimated such matters to be of small importance, which may therefore be left wholly to the caprice of Ministers.

But, the essential moment of the maintenance of sea-power has become a conviction. It is not enough, however, to hold that conviction, and to expect the Government to act upon it—as Governments are at present constituted. The main principle which alone will secure that maintenance must be understood and insisted upon. What, then, is this principle? It is the purpose of this article to make one or two suggestions towards a better understanding of it, taking as text and inspiration, the Battle of the Sea of Japan.

For principles must ever be deduced, in the first instance, from the practice of the past. They then become a guide to the practice of the future. But the practice came first. And our difficulty with regard to formulating the principles of the maintenance of sea-power, since the invention of steam, of long-range guns, of armour and mines and torpedoes, has been, that but little practice has occurred to guide us. We have been waiting since Trafalgar for a great exemplar. And on May 27 that exemplar was given us.

The first practical embodiment of the idea of the armour-clad ship was due to the Emperor Napoleon III. The effect of shell-fire upon wooden hulls was exemplified at Sinope on November 30, 1853, when a fleet of Turkish ships of the line was knocked to pieces by shell-fire from the Russian forts. In September of the following year the Emperor Napoleon ordered the construction of five armoured vessels, part ship, part floating battery. These were the predecessors of the New Navy. In October 1855 the new ships reduced the Russian forts at Kinburn to surrender. Henceforward, we are to remark the process of evolution which has resulted in the battleship, the cruiser, the torpedo-boat, the destroyer, and the submarine. In that process armour has been toughened, the gun has terribly increased its striking force, the power of speed has been greatly enlarged. The engine of warfare has, in a word, grown to a high degree of perfection. At the same time, the training of the fighting men who use it has been carried, in the case of certain nations, to a point of adequacy comparable to the standard attained by British seamanship in the days of the Old Navy. In our own case, the tradition has continued without a break. In other cases, a new tradition is in course of formation. And from time to time the forces wielded by one nation and another have come into violent collision; and still, until the battle of the Sea of Japan, somewhat inconclusively; so that the naval officer must hitherto base his preparation for war upon the experience—known to him alone and inaccessible to the student amateur—of experiments in peace-practice rather than upon the stubborn facts of war itself. It is true that the principles of strategy remain unaltered and unalterable; it is in tactics—the art of using the results of strategical dispositions to the best advantage—that the new conditions enforce adaptation and modification. The duty of the student and of the layman is not so much to attain the comprehension of those adaptations and modifications themselves—that is the business of the professional—as to get the understanding of the principles upon which depend the power to

make any use whatsoever of the art of either strategy or tactics.

Accurately to disengage those principles we must make a brief retrospect, in order that we may better appreciate Admiral Togo's brilliant action. Such a retrospect cannot be better outlined than by quoting Mr. H. W. Wilson's account of the matter, in his "Ironclads in Action."

> We may now sum up the world's experience since the introduction of the ironclad. There have been two pitched battles: Lissa, in 1866 and the Yalu, or Haiyang, in 1894. . . . Actions of single ships are rather more numerous, and fairly numerous, too, are actions of ships with forts. The American Civil War abounds in this last type of engagement, and since then there has been the bombardment of Alexandria, when, however, the Egyptians, being Orientals, did not make the resistance which we should have to expect from Westerners; and the various actions at Rio. Of single-ship actions the most important are the fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*; between the *Tennessee* and Farragut's fleet; between the *Alabama* and *Kearsage*; between the *Shah* and *Huascar*; between the *Vesta* and *Assar-i-Chevket*; the two engagements in which the *Huascar* faced the Chilians; and the encounter of the *Tsi-Yuen* with the Japanese Flying Squadron. Of torpedo actions, the French affairs with the Chinese on the Min and at Sheipoo, are of little value, as in this case the torpedo-boat encountered enemies who were careless to an extreme degree. The Russian attempts upon Turkish ironclads in the Black Sea, and the sinking of the *Blanco Encalada* and the *Aquidaban*, and the repeated attacks of the Japanese at Wei-hai-Wei are more instructive, but cannot be said to have definitely decided the powers and limitations of the torpedo-boat.

So far as tactics are concerned, it is obvious that only the two pitched battles, that of Lissa and that of the Yalu, can afford material for tactical consideration. But in the battle of Lissa, in 1866, between Italy and Austria, the tactics may be described as a reversion to mediæval methods; for the Italian Admiral, Persano, was apparently ignorant of the art; and the Austrian, von Tegetthof, having a fleet inferior in numbers and in artillery, chose the mellay as the order of battle most likely to succeed, and ordered his ships to ram; and in the fight of the Yalu, in 1894, between China and Japan, the Japanese apparently made an obvious mistake at the outset, which prevents us from forming a just estimation of their plan;

while the Chinese, so soon as the firing opened, abandoned any attempt at a concerted manœuvre.

Again, so far as the estimation of the value of methods of construction, weight of armour and power of gunfire is concerned, the ships engaged in the fights of Lissa and of the Yalu, and in the single-ship actions enumerated, differ so widely from the ships of our day, that the results afford no evidence of any particular worth to ourselves.

There is, however, one conclusion of essential moment to be drawn from the fights both of Lissa and of the Yalu. In both cases, wholly irrespective of the material employed—the engines of warfare themselves—the victory, such as it was, went to the side whose training and discipline were the best.

Inconclusive, too, though not in the same respects, were the naval actions off Port Arthur, and within it, early in the present war between Russia and Japan. Strategically, they demonstrated anew, what hardly needed another example, that a fleet locked up in harbour is only one degree better than no fleet at all, since it leaves the command of the sea to the opposing fleet. Tactically, they illustrated the practice of harbour-attack by night, torpedo work and mine-laying, while the battle squadron maintains the blockade at a distance. In this first phase of the naval operations Russia, lost seven battleships, two armoured cruisers and six protected cruisers, three more cruisers being severely damaged; while Japan lost two battleships, two cruisers, two gunboats and two destroyers.

We all remember the sailing of the reinforcements from the Baltic. The circumstances under which they started and the long delays in harbour and at anchor during their voyage suggest nothing to our present purpose, save two incidental considerations. The one is that the fleet was hastily manned and hastily equipped. It follows that a proportion—probably a large proportion—of both officers and men were wholly or partially untrained, and that the ships were ill-found. For, adequately to mobilise a squadron, large or small, a practised and sound organisation and an efficient reserve are requisite.

The other consideration is that, with such manning and such equipment, the time spent at sea would probably tend to demoralise the crews, rather than to give them training and discipline. For, defects in machinery, in fittings, in stores, in armament would presently become notorious; the result apart from the practical inconvenience incurred, would be to dishearten the men. Add to these things, the grinding monotony of sea-life, the hardships, the suspense, the nostalgia of the exile, and (very probably) a spreading disaffection. The circumstances under which the Japanese fleets awaited the enemy differ extremely. The fleets were, in the first place, a victorious squadron; and there is no elixir like the draught of hard-bought success. They were based on their own fortified ports; fully manned by crews in high training, inured to the sea and to the conditions of sea-warfare; completely equipped; completely supplied; confident in themselves and in their leaders, and—what we never are in England—secure in the knowledge that the designs of those leaders would be supported by a united country and strictly hidden from the enemy by an impenetrable curtain of secrecy.

Bearing these two sets of circumstances in mind, we are now to remark the Russian fleets concentrated at Kamranh Bay, off the coast of Cochin-China. The whole fleet consists of eleven battleships, nine cruisers, some thirteen destroyers, and eleven armed auxiliaries, besides one tank-vessel, one repair-ship and two hospital-ships. Where the Japanese fleet is we do not know. No one knows—no one can find out. While every movement of the Russian is advertised up and down the world like a royal progress, not a word comes of the Japanese. Here, incidentally, is a thing immediately worth our own consideration.

But, every one knows the strength of the Japanese fleet. It consists of six battleships, twenty-four cruisers, some twenty destroyers, and sixty-seven torpedo-boats, and perhaps forty armed auxiliaries. The main fighting unit being the battleship, it is immediately obvious that the Russians are superior

in that arm. But here we must distinguish. The battleships are of various fighting value, both nominal and actual, on both sides; so are the cruisers.

Their actual fighting value depends upon the administration that manned them and equipped them, and upon the quality of the officers and men. But, as these are indeterminate factors, we will take, as usual, the nominal value, dear to the naval statistician.

Of the Russian battleships, four are first-class homogeneous vessels—the *Kniaz Souvaroff*, *Alexander III.*, *Borodino* and *Orel*; four are smaller, slower and less powerful, and each of them differs from the other in these respects—the *Oslyabia*, *Sissoi Veliky*, *Navarin* and *Nikolai I.*; three are coast-defence ships, one-third the size of the first-class battleship—the *Admiral Oushakoff*, *Admiral Seniavin*, and *General Admiral Apraxine*. Of the Russian cruisers, three only are armoured—that is, equipped with a belt of armour in addition to the steel protective deck—the *Dmitri Donskoi*, *Vladimir Monomakh*, and *Admiral Nakhinoff*. The Russian fleet, therefore, falls naturally into two categories—one a squadron of four first-class battleships, the other a miscellaneous force of seven, whose manœuvring power is regulated by the slowest ship. To the miscellaneous squadron may be added the three armoured cruisers as partly fit to lie in the line of battle, leaving six protected cruisers of varying speed and fighting power, and eleven auxiliaries for scouting purposes, and the thirteen destroyers. A formidable fleet, but with an obvious weakness due to lack of uniformity.

Of the Japanese battleships, four are first-class homogeneous vessels, fit to match the Russian four—the *Asahi*, *Shikishima*, *Mikasa* and *Fuji*, and two inferior battleships. Of the Japanese cruisers, eight are armoured, making a practically homogeneous squadron of five ships; and the remaining sixteen vary in speed from 16 to 22 knots. A powerful fleet, evidently strong in the article of uniformity.

Reckoning the four first-class battleships on either side as

fairly matched, the Russian miscellaneous battle squadron of seven ships, together with the three armoured cruisers, is to be matched against the eight armoured cruisers and the two inferior battleships of Japan. The remaining six protected cruisers of Russia are set against Japan's sixteen.

Taking the numbers as they stand at their nominal fighting value, it would seem that, on the whole, the result of a fleet action might be considered highly dubious. Yet the event was absolutely decisive. We are thus led to the conclusion that there is an element of the fallacious in the accepted method of measuring naval force by numbers of nominal fighting value. The writer may perhaps be forgiven if he quotes from an article contributed by him to the Press before the event:

> Such a comparison (as the one given above) can give no more than a general notion of the balance of forces, since it is extremely unlikely that the whole forces of one side will be opposed to the whole forces of the other at one time. Nor does it take into consideration the difference in gun-power existing between the two fleets, because any such calculation must be largely neutralised by the skill of individuals and the circumstances under which the action takes place.

As a matter of fact, the Russians had an advantage in actual weight of artillery; and the writer was severely criticised for having ventured to hint that there were other factors besides statistics which decide battles. But one does not, in real life, estimate the comparative merits of, say, two skilled surgeons, by weighing their respective equipments of knives and lancets in a pair of scales.

The main facts of the historic sea-fight of Tsu Shima are known to all. For the sake of clearness, we may, however, briefly recapitulate them. From first to last the only chance the Russian Admiral, had was to force a fleet action. If he won, he could repair in safety to Vladivostok, his only base. From thence he could command the sea. If he lost, the end would only have come rather more swiftly than if he had reached Vladivostok without destroying the Japanese fleet. Admiral Rozhdestvensky decided to strike for Vladivostok

direct, through the Tsu Shima passage, after fetching a compass in the Pacific, a manœuvre which might deceive the enemy as to his objective. So he sailed from Kamranh on May 14, passed through the Ballintaog Channel on the night of the 17th, stopping a Norwegian steamer consigned to Japan to tell her captain that the fleet was proceeding to Tsu Shima. Admiral Rozhdestvensky doubtless hoped that when Admiral Togo received this intelligence, he would suppose that another destination was intended. But, Admiral Togo's reasoning led him to suppose the contrary. He remained at Tsu Shima, waiting. And early in the morning of May 27, his scouts reported by wireless telegraphy the presence of Russian ships off Quelpart Island, which lies at the entrance of the Korea Strait. There was fog upon the water and a heavy sea, and the number of the Russian ships could not at first be ascertained. Admiral Togo despatched a small squadron of second-class ships to meet the Russians. This decoy-squadron retreated before the Russian fleet in order that Admiral Rozhdestvensky might suppose that the Japanese battle-fleet was elsewhere. Had the weather been clear, the Japanese decoy-squadron might have been expended in this manœuvre. As it was, the Russians failed to inflict damage. Upon nearing Tsu Shima, Admiral Rozhdestvensky was proceeding at 12 knots, the four first-class battleships leading his line. The wind, freshening, blew away the fog, and the sea began to run high. At about 1.30, Admiral Togo rounded the north of Tsu Shima, steaming at 14 knots in single column line ahead, and bearing down on the Russian port-bow. Admiral Togo's squadron consisted of his four first-class battleships and two armoured cruisers. A little after, Admiral Kamimura's squadron, composed of the remaining six armoured cruisers, rounded the south of Tsu Shima and bore down on the Russian port quarter at 16 knots, while the decoy-squadron, reinforced by more cruisers, bore upon his starboard beam.

Admiral Rozhdestvensky altered his formation into two columns line ahead, his auxiliaries being disposed between the

columns and somewhat astern of them. The east column, facing the reinforced decoy-squadron, consisted of battleships, led by the *Alexander III.*; the west column, facing Admiral Togo's squadron, consisted of cruisers. "The Russians," says the correspondent of the *Times*, "opened fire at 12,000 mètres" (about 13,000 yards—an extreme range), "but it was wholly ineffectual. The Japanese, on the other hand, reserved their fire until the range was 7500 mètres" (a little over 8000 yards —a practicable range), "when they fired six trial shots and scored three hits. The battle now became general. The Russians perpetually essayed to force their way northward, but the Japanese, steaming at a higher speed, constantly headed them back, so that the Russian course described a loop, the ships filing past the Japanese, who poured in a deadly fire from three directions. Admiral Rozhdestvensky's gunners maintained a much higher rate of fire, but their projectiles nearly always flew high or buried themselves in the sea, evidently owing to the gunners' want of experience in gun-laying in rough weather. Before evening five Russian warships had been sunk. . . ." As the dark fell sixteen squadrons of torpedo-boats attacked the broken fleet, "reserving their missiles until they were within 300 mètres at most, and making a practice so deadly that it redeemed all previous failures . . . so that dawn found only five remaining—namely, the *Orel*, *Nikolai*, two coast-defence ships, and the *Izumrud*." These were captured later in the day, with the exception of the *Izumrud*, which escaped, only to be run aground and blown up. The protected cruiser *Almaz* got through to Vladivostok, and the protected cruisers *Aurora*, *Oleg* and *Jemchug*, after a run of some 1200 miles, fetched up in Manila harbour, where they have been interned by order of the United States Government.

Inside of three days the whole Russian fleet was annihilated by a force nominally about equal to the Russian force. The Japanese lost three torpedo-boats, and their casualties were about 800. They gained, in material, a valuable first-class

battleship, the *Orel*, one of lesser value, the *Imperator Nikolai I.*, and two coast-defence ships; and in prestige, everything. Admiral Togo won the greatest sea-fight since Trafalgar.

As the first naval power in the world, upon whose maintenance of sea-power our existence depends, we are deeply concerned in this matter. With the details of strategy and of tactics, with the considerations regarding ship construction, armour-resistance, power of gun-fire, and the use of torpedoes, the professional may be safely left to deal; for he alone possesses the requisite special knowledge and training. Leaving these aside, what is the ordinary citizen, who cheerfully pays his forty millions a year for his Navy, to think of these things? Is there any general conclusion to be drawn from them, by the light of common sense, which may serve the layman in defining the general principle of which we are in search: a simple, intelligible, indefeasible principle underlying the right conduct of that part of the national business which has to do with naval affairs—a principle which it is the duty of every citizen to understand and to enforce?

Surely one conclusion is inevitably and triumphantly disengaged. It is that the victory went to the side which possessed superior skill. In other words, it is the personal equation which comes before all. Greatly absorbed in perfecting the mechanical means, we have perhaps been too apt to take the personal equation for granted. So many ships, so many guns have figured year by year upon the lists, and we have reposed contentedly upon that formidable enumeration. A single instance will suffice. When the Naval Defence Act was passed, some sixteen years ago, the Treasury, forced by the Admiralty and by public demand to grant the money for the ships, withheld the money required to enlist and to train the requisite number of men to man them. No question was asked—the thing was taken for granted. That monstrous piece of political chicanery went wholly unremarked. And from that day to this the Navy has been short of men. All honour to the naval officer, bound to silence by the King's regulations,

that he contrived to "make do," as he always does. Until last year, when Lord Selborne's new scheme of redistribution came into force, the Channel Squadron was practically a training-school for young seamen. For not enough men were enlisted to man the fleet with trained men.

Under the new policy, how do we stand? Ships are commissioned for two years instead of three; the Reserve ships are kept in commission in harbour, manned only by nucleus crews; and even so, short-service men, a kind of sea-militia, must be enlisted to fill up the complements of the fleet. And at the same time two thousand men less are provided in the current Navy Estimates; and the Admiralty have announced that, in their opinion, the Naval Reserve has reached its required numbers. The arrangement by which a proportion of the light dues were remitted to the shipowners, on condition that they carried a certain number of British boys, expired last April, and the Admiralty have withdrawn the support which they had extended to the Mercantile Marine under that scheme. Meanwhile, there are over 40,000 foreign seamen employed in the Mercantile Marine: the number is increasing; and, unless decisive action be taken, the divorce between the merchant service and the Navy will presently, for the first time in English history, be complete. And here, pat to the occasion, is the undesigned commentary of a profound scholar and brilliant critic:

> From the sea England had been peopled by successive waves of conquest or immigration; to the sea, after a long interval, she gave back a race who had learned that there, and there alone, could her safety be secured and her name upheld. As a people—to borrow a phrase from the poetry of common speech—we follow the sea; it will be an ill day for us when the tides that work the world run their ancient courses and we may not follow.

So writes Professor Raleigh, in the conclusion of his admirable essay upon the English Voyages chronicled by Hakluyt. We cannot ponder too much that weighty saying.

For here, surely, is the point that touches each of one us. Ships and the art of war are for the professional;

but the men who direct and man them are our affair, too. The men we know and understand; for they are of our own household. We are ready enough to see that they are provided with weapons and engines of war; that is easy; it costs no trouble beyond the signing of a cheque. But, that is to place the last first, and the first last. The fight of the Sea of Japan, if it proves anything, proves the inestimable and prime importance of the man as distinguished from his weapons. Here, then, is the principle for which we have been looking—the principle that brings the maintenance of sea-power into direct relation to the layman. It is for us, each one of us, to see that the right men are provided; that enough men are provided; that their training is not stinted for lack of money, while thousands of pounds are being wasted on things that do not matter; that the politician does not misuse the moral of the Japanese victory to reduce the strength of the Fleet; and that Parliament is kept informed, by responsible persons, upon all these points, instead of being studiously kept in ignorance by official evasions. No system or organisation will serve. These things must be the individual concern of every man.

The forces that conspire to ruin a nation are silent and furtive in their operation; they act upon the social organism, not in one regard, but many; and they can never be defeated in detail. But, if a sound spirit inform the body politic, a constant vigilance will secure its welfare and its strength. A fervent spirit, together with a minute and unsleeping vigilance, has won for Japan the command of the sea, and a high place among the nations. That is the meaning for the layman of the Battle of the Sea of Japan.

L. Cope Cornford.

THE PROBLEM OF MODERN MILITARY TRAINING

THE chief military reason why our Army is trained in the present day with less satisfactory results than formerly is that we have not yet realised the true significance of the changes in the application of strategical and tactical principles necessarily demanded by modern developments. The art of war indeed continues to be governed by rules precisely the same as those which have prevailed from the beginning; but the methods by which we should now conform to them are in many respects different. With the influences which have compelled or promoted modifications in strategy, such as steam and telegraphs, we are not now directly concerned; the remarks which follow will be devoted principally to tactics. Yet it may be permissible to observe, in passing, that in strategy as well as in tactics there has been a dangerous tendency to rush to extremes, to make war by steam and telegraph regardless of the chances which may suddenly deprive us of those valuable auxiliaries. In short, combinations based entirely upon the assumed invulnerability of railways and telegraph lines are essentially unsound, and it is to a great extent because this fact was overlooked that many "regrettable incidents" took place in South Africa. War is still war, though railways save time and fatigue in marching, and though telegraphs enable orders that formerly would have needed hours or even days for transmission to reach the

required destination almost as quickly as they can be dictated. The proper *rôle* of railways, telegraphs and other modern contrivances, is that they should be employed as convenient aids, not that an entire dependence should be placed upon them. War must be made exactly as Julius Cæsar made it, but at the same time with the assistance of inventions to which that great captain was a stranger, and so long as they continue available; but the cutting of a telegraph wire should not result in throwing the combinations of a Commander-in-Chief into disorder. The subordinate leaders of detached forces should be sufficiently acquainted with the intentions of their General to be enabled to act on their own initiative in accordance with his plan of operations, in case they should suddenly be cut off from communication with him. A telegraph wire is not a string to the end of which mere puppets can conveniently and profitably be attached; and as a springboard is an aid to jumping, although a leap can be accomplished without it, so also should telegraphs and railways be employed in war; they should be used, when available, in order to assist the execution of strategical manœuvres, but rarely permitted to become indispensable to success.

As in the case of strategy, so also in that of tactics; it is not in the principle but in the methods that modifications have become necessary, in consequence of the magazine rifle having displaced weapons of shorter range and inferior accuracy. David slew Goliath because he understood the principle that tactical superiority rests with the soldier who knows best how to take advantage of the particular weapon in his own hands, by denying to the adversary the chance of using effectively that which is in his. Whether the weapons are of equal quality or otherwise, the idea is the same; and when one first-class missile-weapon is opposed to another, and the soldiers of both armies are equally skilful in the actual handling of them, victory will attend the side which exhibits, as the result of natural aptitude or training, the better understanding of the "use of ground." For example, if savages armed with spears

are opposed to European or other regular troops armed with modern weapons, the proper object for the leader of the savages to keep always before him is that he should never expose his men in the open to the rifles of their adversaries, but await an opportunity to fall upon them under circumstances that will ensure reaching close quarters within a few seconds. For the leader of the regular force the object is exactly the opposite; he will desire to fight in conditions that will enable his men to shoot down the spearmen before they can close. In a word, the last thing permissible in sound tactics is to fight, avoidably, upon terms otherwise than the most favourable to yourself, and in applying this thesis to an action between soldiers armed with modern weapons the aim should be to use the ground so as to secure the best chance of shooting with the least danger of being shot. In but one respect does the application of this latter rule admit of any qualification, and this is that the desire for self-preservation must never be permitted to interfere with the paramount obligation to shoot the enemy. If the damage inflicted is one iota less than the attainable maximum, any caution from which it has resulted has been utterly misplaced. A complete annihilating victory, won at great cost, is always preferable to an indecisive success, however cheaply earned. To dislodge an enemy from his position or to beat off his attacks is not enough; the proper object is to *destroy* him, though in doing so your own losses should reach a higher total than his.

One hundred years ago the drill of the barrack-square corresponded exactly to the tactical evolutions employed in actual contact with the enemy, and, because this is no longer the case, a school has sprung up which volubly proclaims its own lack of common-sense appreciation of altered conditions, by ascribing every failure to the "stultifying influence" of the barrack-square. The talk is of "machines" and so on, utterly regardless of the fact that it is just because our soldiers have deteriorated as machines, of the ancient type, and have not been efficiently converted to up-to-date patterns,

that ill-success has in recent years so often attended them. We seem to have realised that the old order should be changed, while we have failed to understand that it requires to be replaced by the new. "Go-as-you-please" is the slovenly alternative too generally accepted in place of genuine up-to-date reform of tactical formations and expedients; it is ignored that "go-as-you-please" generally results in the majority doing that which of all things they should not do, and that which ought to be done being scarcely ever accomplished even by a few. It is thoughtlessly assumed that because the ancient tactics of the barrack-square are no longer applicable, the need for drill has passed. No greater mistake was ever made; the greater the emergency and the greater the consequent demand for speed in meeting it, the greater is the need for drill and discipline. Common sense should suffice to yield an understanding of the fact that a formation previously rehearsed at drill can be more rapidly assumed and consequently in an emergency more satisfactorily, than if it has to be not only improvised but explained on the spur of the moment or left merely to evolve itself in accordance with the chapter of accidents. Let us take for example the case of a company marching unsuspectingly in fours upon a plain and covered by skirmishers perhaps a mile in front of it. Suddenly, from a hill some three or more miles away, comes a shell which strikes the ground in the immediate vicinity; ought not that company to have a ready made *drill* suitable to such an occasion? Not so very long ago the present writer put this very question to a well-known commanding officer and elicited the reply that the situation would be met by the one word "scatter," an easily given but quite unsatisfactory answer. If there is no fixed system, how are the men to know, individually, whether to "scatter" to the right or to the left? Will not delay, confusion, and "bunching" result? Because none will know in which direction to run, and the company which was a moment before composed of two half-companies, four sections and eight squads, will have been dissolved into a disorganised

mob, owing to the extension having been executed without method. By drill, and very simple drill too, such confusion is easily prevented. If the men have been taught how to "scatter" those of the one half-company will extend to the right, whilst those of the other will extend in the opposite direction, every man in his proper place. Here we have an example of elementary "battle-drill" as readily and as profitably to be learned on the despised barrack-square as when a battalion in line, in the days of close order fire-tactics, changed front to the right or left upon a central company, thus obliging the companies on the pivot flank to fall back upon the new alignment. The latter evolution represented the most expeditious method of wheeling a battalion to a flank, the former is the most rapid means of extending from fours, and for the same reason that the minimum distance to be traversed necessarily involves the minimum waste of time in the execution of the manœuvre.

Every tactical emergency, whatever be its exact nature, must necessarily require that the troops concerned shall in the least possible space of time be prepared to meet it effectually. The rifle is the weapon to be employed, and the effective use of it demands compliance with one or other of two conditions: (1) The men, if not already so disposed, must expeditiously adopt a formation suitable to the occasion; (2) or, regardless of drill formations, run at the utmost individual speed to positions from which to use their weapons to immediate advantage. That drill is required to enable men to take their proper places in the ranks, in any recognised formation, will, I trust, be admitted without question; and a moment's consideration should suffice to convince the least military of readers that if, for the sake of saving valuable seconds, men are sent running independently to occupy a position, an even higher standard of training is required in order to prevent hopeless confusion. With properly trained soldiers the end of a race for a position should, if successfully accomplished, find every man, not only in position, but in his own squad, section, and

company. Thus the emergency having been met, by a rough and ready expedient the disciplined control is immediately resumed in order to secure full advantage from the position seized. However naturally intelligent men may be, they require to have experience added to their intelligence, and this is similarly the case with their officers. It is frequently alleged that drill, with its stereotyped foundations, cramps the "initiative" of the officer, and that in any case it is impossible to have drill formations suitable for all emergencies. To the former of these objections I reply that the officer who cannot make drill his *servant* in place of allowing it to be his *master* would in any event be without initiative, and that it is better to allow his memory to serve him occasionally than that he should be always without resource. As for the latter, I fail to see that a possibility of being without food to-morrow is any reason why we should anticipate the evil by fasting to-day. It is true that we cannot, by drill, provide against every eventuality, but it must be apparent that whenever a familiar word or words of command will suffice to explain what is required, there must be a saving of time, and to save this, in an emergency, is often vital. Why, therefore, throw away an advantage merely because it may not invariably be at our disposal?

The training of the modern soldier is complicated by the fact that owing to the increasing pressure of population, and still more owing to the tendency to concentration in the towns, the raw material joins the army without any of the instincts that rendered their forefathers so readily adaptable to the soldier's individual business. Formerly the military instructor had only to teach drill and the art of combination to a man who, in consequence of his familiarity with rural life and field sports, was already provided with just the very knowledge that is indispensable in the present day when wide extensions throw every individual so much upon his own resources. Hunting to kill is very closely analogous to fighting to kill. In the first case the man requires to approach his quarry unobserved,

so as to get his chance to use his weapon, be it a stick, stone, or gun, or, by his knowledge of its habits, to entrap it in some way. Should he disclose his presence or be otherwise wanting in skill, the quarry runs away and escapes him, or kneels upon, horns, or eats him. It is just the same in war, when the enemy will either make his escape or do the shooting instead of being shot. The recruit of old times was already a sportsman, and needed only by drill and other instruction to be taught how to apply his instinctive faculties to the practice of the art of war; but the recruit of to-day requires to be taught *everything*, and as a rule is taught by men no better qualified by nature than himself, and the result is consequently unsatisfactory. Not only so, but the modern recruit is not the lusty countryman of former days, but an undersized, underfed weakling, drawn from the slums of some great town. This much we have realised, and great attention is devoted to physical development, not without success.

Such being the situation, the lines upon which training should be conducted seem readily to suggest themselves. First and foremost, steps require to be taken to provide really competent instructors, and as the number of graduates in this great subject of common-sense war training increases, so that every unit possesses at least one of them, the little leaven thus provided will gradually leaven the whole lump. Do what we may, we shall never succeed in fully reviving the natural hunting and fighting instincts of primitive man, but if we take the trouble and work upon sound principles we can most certainly obtain a colourable imitation that will more or less answer the purpose. *Drill* of a nature suitable to modern requirements will do the rest, just as the drill that is now obsolete was the complement to natural aptitude in times past.

Having provided ourselves with competent instructors, our next proceeding is to train the whole mass of our officers and men. The first treatment required for the recruit is to make a man of him, and all the while that this is being done it must be borne ever in mind that we are making a man who is intended

to be a soldier; therefore, bit by bit, knowledge of the soldier's duties in the field must be imparted as we go along, a little instruction in this or that being constantly interpolated with the drill and physical development by which the man's body is being gradually fitted for its future work. Similarly, in the case of the officer, it is necessary that he should fully qualify in all the duties of the private soldier, but at the same time it must not for a moment be overlooked that his future *rôle* is to instruct in peace and to lead in war, and therefore that the exercise of his future functions must be included in his preparation, frequent opportunities being afforded him by his instructor to take the reins for a short while and display the extent of his progress.

Of instruction upon the lines suggested we have at present little or none, and no general attempt is being made in that direction. Moreover, except at isolated stations where he is free from staff interference, a Commanding Officer, however capable, is powerless to effect any improvements, or raise his unit above the common level of unspeakable incompetence. The Commanding Officer may be ever so able and zealous, but his talents are wasted; because at any large station the command of his men is taken out of his hands, and he is not permitted to train them. Most Generals imagine that "messing about" at field days represents training, and are utterly unable to understand that only to trained officers and men are the manœuvres of comparatively large bodies of the very smallest instructional value. This results from the fact that never having been trained themselves, the Generals are naturally ignorant of what training means; they do not understand its potentialities, nor the dismal absurdity of manœuvres conducted in such circumstances. There are, indeed, a good many quite capable Generals in the British Army, but the majority are otherwise; few have been properly trained, some are entirely without natural aptitude for war, and others have risen to the command of brigades without having previously enjoyed any experience whatever in handling even so large a body as a

company, since the days when they were going through their "drills" as recruit officers! This assertion may appear at first sight rather astounding; but it can easily be verified. There is not the slightest doubt that the tactical shortcomings of the British Army are chiefly attributable to the fact that ignorance resulting from lack of experience has become a standard institution in the higher ranks of the Army. The competency of regimental officers who present themselves for examinations for promotion is judged chiefly upon paper, often and often by men who, except upon paper, are themselves inconceivably incompetent—so incompetent that they are unable to realise the extraordinary absurdity of the very schemes which they themselves set for solution by the candidates. The only practical outcome of the so-called "education" of the British Army has hitherto been "regrettable incidents," involving surrenders to the enemy. The honour and glory won in South Africa—and of it, in spite of so much that was shameful, there was not a little achieved—belongs almost entirely to young officers who had not soldiered long enough to become degenerate; but by the time our next war comes, these same brilliant young soldiers will have deteriorated out of all recognition, to be put to shame, like their seniors, by a younger generation.

Weary, stale, flat and unprofitable is the general course of military education in the British Army. Constant and necessarily unavailing attempts are made to promote unlimited versatility of talent, as if no wise man had ever suggested that "a Jack-of-all-trades is master of none." Why waste time in trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and why twist the tail of the silkworm who would in any event spin his cocoon if only let alone to do it?

The Army is a big concern in which there is room for all sorts and conditions of men, provided only that in some branch of the profession of arms they were permitted to specialise. It is not given to many men to play well a number of different parts, even of a purely military character,

and yet the unfortunate British officer is continually harried by useless efforts to make him a "hundred-handed Admirable Crichton." Subalterns are expected to know everything, from the price of bacon in the canteen to the dispositions of an Army Corps, though in many cases nothing but their own mother-wit is available to guide them when placed in command of a picquet of fifty men. There is just at present a marked improvement in the tactical proficiency of the Army, but this is a transitory benefit that, if matters are allowed to pursue the normal course, must expire like a flash in the pan, for it is due solely to the presence of so many officers and other ranks who for once in a way have been enabled to learn for themselves something of the practical side of war during the conflict with the Boers. The Generals, however, remain much as they were, and temporary improvement has resulted in spite of them—as it is likely to vanish in course of time because of them. Incompetency in the higher ranks is with us hereditary; it is deep-rooted, and by the luxuriance of its growth it chokes the too slender plants of efficiency. The "selection" from which so great things are expected results chiefly in the promotion of men resembling those by whom they are selected. Success based strictly upon real merit has attended only a few whose rare qualities are so generally known that it would have been dangerous to ignore them. Fortunately, in spite of every disadvantage, a not inconsiderable number of really first-rate leaders of men have places near the top of the Army List; but the majority are paper soldiers, or owe their advancement to the magnetic attraction that draws like to like, incompetence to incompetence. Oh, happy Bulgarians! How great was the benefit to your army when a very landslip of secession deprived it of almost all above the rank of captain!

History proves incontestably the wonderful excellence of the raw material from which the commissioned ranks of the British Army are recruited. The British Subaltern is a "Handy Man" indeed, as Lord Cromer's Report upon the past year's work in Egypt abundantly proves, in reference to

those suddenly called upon to exercise, and almost without selection, administrative functions. Similarly the readiness of resource, glorious courage, and general aptitude displayed in South Africa, and in "The Subaltern's War" (Burmah, 1887), and in countless other campaigns of earlier date, have never been surpassed in any army in the world. The child is proverbially the "Father of the Man"; how is it then that the bright, the brilliant promises of early youth are so generally falsified? The answer is easy to give; the stultification of the British officer is effected by the pressure of his surroundings, just as a once luxuriant plant becomes "pot-bound." In the small place which he at first occupies the officer has, in war, reasonable scope for the exercise of his natural talents; but later on, as these mature, so *pari passu* does the circle of red tape and superior incompetence by which he is environed, tighten its hold upon him, instead of yielding as it should to the expansion of his intellect and his consequent fitness, as well as readiness, to assume wider responsibilities. A few, thanks to transcendent merit backed by quite exceptional force of character, burst their bonds; others, by means of "influence," obtain a certain degree of liberty, and others throw up their commissions in disgust; but the great majority resign themselves helplessly and despondently to their fate—incompetency. The talents possessed in youth cannot be revived in later years after having been long in desuetude. Sandow, were he to be deprived of exercise for a year or two, would become comparatively weak; and Patti could never have succeeded in retaining her incomparable voice, had she even for a short while ceased to practise singing. It is the same thing with the British officer. If each were allowed to "run his own show," and promoted or "fired out" according to results, we should have, instead of deterioration, improvement, and in place of incompetency an abundance of talent and a fair proportion of real genius. Fleet Street "experts" love to rail at the British officer; but these are the very men who, by their deception of the people, are responsible for nearly all his failings. Weak Governments and weak officials

at the War Office alike yield to Fleet Street in the promotion of shams—*worry* substituted for *work;* and the selfishness of the nation in declining to permit proper training in the United Kingdom is covered by a cloak of false verbiage, whereby the officer who has not been permitted to work at his profession practically is made to appear blameworthy for his lack of proficiency. It is all very sickening, and indeed the prospects of real improvement seem almost hopeless. The fact is that the nation does not care whether the Army is efficient or not, though it rather enjoys pouring abuse upon it—now and then, when the newspapers are otherwise dull reading.

A. W. A. POLLOCK.

[P.S.—Since the foregoing was written, Lord Roberts has published his appeal for funds in aid of the Rifle Club movement. It need scarcely be said that the greater the number of men who are taught to shoot, the better for the country, because the greater will be the number of prospective recruits who will thus have already mastered a very essential part of their training. But a man who has learned to sharpen a chisel is not thereby qualified as a cabinetmaker, nor does knowledge of how to adjust a great telescope in an observatory necessarily include proficiency as an astronomer. Unless we teach our men, collectively as well as individually, not only how to shoot, but how to fight and generally to make war, we merely throw a lion's skin over the proverbial donkey. We are not ready-made *individual* soldiers, like Boers, backwoodsmen, and up-country colonials, but the degenerate product of civilisation, luxury, and congested habitation. Had we compulsory national *training* (a different thing from compulsory *service*—which we do not require), then, indeed, rifle clubs would be invaluable. But in existing conditions the advocacy of rifle clubs merely involves drawing a *stinking* red herring over the line of national duty, and placing a stumbling-block in the way of efficient preparation for the crucial tests that lie before us. How absurd to talk of rifle clubs as a "vent for patriotism!"

Where is the "patriotism" in that which demands no self-sacrifice? Rifle clubs may not improbably do much to hinder recruiting for the Volunteers, and must certainly add another non-fighting branch to the divers forces which already support precarious existences by preying upon each other, but for the defence of India and the Empire they can effect nothing whatever.

How utterly have the lessons of the Boer War and of the American Civil War been blindly misinterpreted! At Bull's Run mobs of armed men faced each other, and the best, though the smallest, mob won. The Confederate forces engaged in that battle contained the larger proportion of "born soldiers," proficient in field sports and good shots—hence their success. But included in the Federal Army was a small detachment of United States regulars, and had there been even one battalion more of them, the Stonewall Brigade would have been beaten and the day ended differently. Or, had the Confederate Army had discipline and organisation, in addition to individual quality, Washington could have been occupied next day, almost without resistance.

The Boers frequently beat our troops, regular and irregular, because, individually, the Boers were more clever in the "use of ground," and were generally superior in judging distance. But the Boers failed to drive us into the sea, as they might have done before our reinforcements arrived, solely because they were collectively untrained and without discipline. After twelve months' warfare, Federals, Confederates, and Boers alike became really formidable troops, because they had acquired training and discipline. The Americans, by 1863, had become regular troops in all but name, and as good soldiers as any the world has ever known. The Boers beat our regulars, not because even a Boer irregular is superior, *per se*, to a regular soldier, but because our regulars, being untrained, were regulars only in name, and were, moreover, extremely ill-commanded. But for the devotion displayed by our regimental officers and soldiers we should have lost South Africa and the Empire.]

THE DECISION OF HURLINGHAM

THE man who to-day kills animals for amusement is a survival of Esau when he went forth to slay venison. Just as business men who have made a fortune often haunt the scenes of their former labours with a strange affection for occupations no longer necessary, so does man feel the old hunting spirit strong upon him and do for pleasure that which once his forefathers had to do in order to live. This, with the collateral warfare against big game and other vermin, was the origin of sport. No one would seriously claim that foxes are hunted for the benefit of farmers, but they were undoubtedly persecuted on economic grounds before their chase was recognised as a pleasurable exercise; and the serious consequences that may result from the discontinuance of such sport is appreciable from the analogous case of wolves in Dordogne, where these fierce brutes make such destructive raids in winter time that the peasantry, though good Republicans, bitterly regret the abolition of the once puissant "Grand Veneur de Louveterie."

For shooting pigeons from traps no such respectable origin can be found by its historian. It is indeed exceedingly difficult to trace its beginnings. It has come down to us to-day as a bastard offshoot of legitimate sport, its procedure codified by rule, its chief attraction lying in the opportunities afforded for gambling in the form of either private bets or public sweep-

stakes. Its origin is as obscure as that of all those artificial imitations of sport which have captive animals for their object. The coursing of bagged rabbits and the hunting of carted deer have their following in these islands, while other countries favour coursing bigger game. Indian rajahs sometimes slip their cheetahs at a carted buck, though they prefer wilder prey, and the Russians course wolves with their borzois. The wild boar is sometimes enlarged for sport in Germanic countries, and the second Earl of Malmesbury relates in his sporting journals, which are shortly to be published, how he witnessed in the year 1800 the coursing of wild boars on the estate of Prince Schwartzenburg.

To enlarge carted game, coursing it with dogs, and leaving it a margin of escape, is one thing. To let a small bird out of a trap and stand over it with a gun is another. In calling attention to the contrast, there is no intention of emphasising the respective merits, for neither can be held to rank very highly as sport. Nor is the accompaniment of a contest for money stakes in itself sufficient to condemn any recreation, from bridge upwards. Yet it is often desirable to distinguish very carefully between sport and gambling, and surely no one will deny that the handicaps and *poules de series* of Hurlingham and the Gun Club are as much an excuse for a gamble as the humbler Sunday matches with trapped starlings and sparrows, which delight men of analogous temperament in other walks of life.

There are some who claim that pigeon-shooting is the best possible practice for shooting game, yet to assert that men shoot pigeons as practice for partridges is as untrue as that they hunt foxes to save the poultry. It is indeed open to question how far the conditions of the one recreation can be said to approximate those of the other. Hedged in by all manner of rules, as to the boundary within which the bird must fall, and the moment at which he may put the gun to his shoulder, the pigeon-shooter, handicapped according to his record, stands at a specified number of yards away from five

traps, and cries "Pull!" An attendant then releases one bird or two; up goes the gun, and the shooter kills or misses one, or both, and scores or otherwise. What has this to do with even walking up birds in roots, the only kind of game-shooting with which it will bear comparison? So little, that good game-shots notoriously fail to keep up their reputation at the traps, while even the crack pigeon-shot often fails under natural conditions. A few men, it is not to be denied, shoot with distinction in all circumstances. The present writer once shot side by side with the late Major French-Brewster, in his day one of the front rank at Hurlingham, and the way in which he shot high, curling pheasants was superb.

It is less with the actual cruelty of pigeon-shooting than with its social influence as a spectacular function that the present article is concerned. So much has been written about its cruelties by worthy men who never fired off a gun that it is unnecessary to discuss that aspect of the subject further than to hazard the opinion that far greater cruelty is committed in ordinary game-shooting. The reason of such a result is obvious. The cruelty of any shooting, other things being equal, is in inverse proportion to the skill of the man with the gun; and whereas game is shot with every degree of skill, and the want of it, pigeons are shot by only a comparatively small *coterie*, every individual of which may be regarded as a master of the art. As a direct consequence of this difference, one sees and hears agonies of rabbits dying in hedges, with which Hurlingham and Notting Hill have no horrors to compare.

But we do not make a spectacle of game-shooting. Ladies, it is true, are allowed by hosts, whose affability masters their judgment, to walk with the guns, but as a spectacle for a crowd the shooting of pheasants and partridges has no place in the social programme. At a club like Hurlingham, on the other hand, it must, in order to meet expenses, necessarily be exploited in that light. One condition of Hurlingham's usefulness was to be an agreeable country resort, not alone to those who take part in

pigeon-shooting and polo, but also to their families and friends; and this, without putting it in so many words, plainly envisages an audience for those who shoot.

Yet for some time it has been clear that the spectacular attraction of pigeon-shooting is on the wane. How far, indeed, the encouragement of this dominant craze for "looking on" is worthy of encouragement is a moot point, but at least it may be claimed that the magnetism of resorts like Hurlingham and Ranelagh draws only the leisured class, and is not therefore open to the same criticism as the seduction of Test Matches or Cup Tie Finals, which lure the breadwinner from his work.

That polo is the finest spectacular game ever invented can hardly be denied. Its origin lies far back in those semi-civilised Asiatic tribes which revelled in earlier equivalents of powder-play and other exhibitions of daring horsemanship. Cricket will always have in this country a sentimental interest as the national game, but it can be amazingly uninteresting to watch. The only other game which for tense, sustained excitement can bear comparison with polo is perhaps lacrosse, and how much this loses by the lack of ponies it is unnecessary to point out. Polo and pigeon-shooting stand very far apart in point of spectacular interest, though it has taken time to realise how far. In his lately published work on "Polo: Past and Present," a conscientious piece of written history, Mr. Dale makes frequent allusion to the early days of Hurlingham, "when the pigeon-shooters, who had been in possession there for some years, regarded the polo players as a secondary and intrusive element in the club. The polo players regarded pigeon-shooting as an antiquated and not too defensible form of recreation."

The rise of Hurlingham was due to Mr. Frank Heathcote, who, in 1869, when the older centres of pigeon-shooting, the Red House and Hornsey Wood, were no longer available, acquired the lease of Hurlingham House, erst the residence of prosperous bankers. He acted as secretary of the popular Fulham resort until his death in 1870, when he was succeeded

in office by Mr. Wiss, who held it for four years. It was in 1874 that polo was added to the list of attractions, and it has since been the mainstay of the club. Hurlingham is not the only club in which polo and pigeon-shooting have met under one control, for a similar condition existed at Brighton. At Ranelagh, on the other hand, the first London social club founded exclusively for polo, it was with golf that the game at first threatened to clash.

The decision of the Hurlingham authorities, on the motion of a distinguished sportsman, to throw over its minority of shooting members, and henceforth devote its resources exclusively to polo, would, under any other circumstances, be a matter of internal interest to members only, and no useful purpose could be served by giving the measure wider notice. The committee recognises that pigeon-shooting is a source of weakness rather than a financial asset, and, with the object of assuring future success, determines to sacrifice it. Certain of the shooting members, holding to tradition, maintain that such a reform is invalidated by the original articles of the Club, and have announced their intention of testing this contention.

This controversy, which in the case of any other pastime and any less influential club might have no public interest, cannot be so lightly dismissed in the case of pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham. For many years this recreation has, with some others, been the special object of attack with a section of the community which calls itself Humanitarian, and which its critics call by another name. While much of its campaign is characterised by immoderate propaganda, it would be idle to deny that in respect of pigeon-shooting it has not met with whole-hearted opposition from sportsmen generally. Its criticism has in great measure been directed against the "spurious sport" of the wealthier class. The beagles kept at our premier school, the carted deer hunted formerly by the Royal Buckhounds and still by several private packs, have been singled out for its fulminations, while it studiously ignores the many cruel Sunday diversions that give unconcealed pleasure to pitmen in the North and others of the working class every-

where. An eminent statesman, who recently added another to his long list of sporting triumphs, once declared that his critics had no objection to his racing, but could not bear to see him win; and something of this spirit sensibly infuses the diatribes hurled at all manner of sportsmen by enthusiasts who find their amusement in indoor recreations.

Hurlingham and its pigeon-shooting have hitherto been favourite objects of their frontal attack. Now, behold, on purely financial grounds, the patrician home of trap-shooting voluntarily abandons it for an athletic pastime that not the most rabid opponent of sport can find much to say against. There remain, it is true, the Gun Club and some minor centres of pigeon-shooting, which have hitherto been voted too insignificant to condemn.

That they should remain is, after all, a pity. If men must shoot trapped pigeons for money prizes, can they not in future do so in their back gardens? These "not too defensible forms of recreation," however out of place they may be as public functions, do comparatively little harm when cultivated on a small scale in private. It was said by a famous critic that the immorality of the French Court, at a period, too, in which its immorality was not half-hearted, lost half its grossness by reason of its privacy, and the same may be said of the pastime under notice. The law draws a distinction in respect of games of hazard. Cannot society recognise that the time has come to extend the principle to pigeon-shooting?

The decision of Hurlingham is even a fine opportunity for a general relegation of a discredited pastime to the limbo whither cock-fighting and bull-baiting have preceded it. If, however, the devotees of the Gun Club resent so sudden and so sweeping an extinction, can they not lay their heads together and arrange to shoot their birds in future in each other's back gardens? After all, it is only an open-air gamble, and they do not throw open the card-room of their clubs to a mixed audience.

F. G. Aflalo.

FREE MEALS FOR UNDERFED CHILDREN

A MEANS TO AN END—A REPLY

IN his kindly article under the above heading Mr. Barrow sets out what appears to him to be a satisfactory solution of the problem, how to relieve the "underfed child," and at the same time avoid the infliction of injury upon the community by destroying the sense of parental responsibility.

To the socialistic school of thought the matter is quite simple; to them the idea of parental responsibility is an exploded superstition, and in their opinion the duties of parents ought to be confined to producing and handing over their infants to the State; but to those who recognise the fact that as human beings we are all subject to natural laws, which cannot be violated with impunity, the problem is indeed a difficult one, and it is not made less difficult by the fact that on this question public sentiment is easily roused, and there is much reluctance to apply the lessons on social questions taught by experience when their application apparently involves the suffering of children.

It is the prevalence of these feelings which induces the public to support a demand for legislation which they are assured will remedy the evil, although the measures advocated are, to those who study social questions, obviously inadequate as a remedy, and in all probability must lead to a continuous increase of the evil in the future.

It is difficult to judge from his article whether Mr. Barrow is fully conscious of the underlying social difficulties of the subject he deals with, or how inextricably it is bound up with the whole question of poverty. Like many others who speak and write on this subject, he appears to think that distressed children can be dealt with apart from their parents, and from the rest of the community, and that measures for their relief may be safely adopted without danger to the social condition of the nation generally.

Even when the far-reaching character of this problem is appreciated, the temptation to relieve immediate distress, at the risk of increasing similar distress in the future, is to those in touch with the poorer schools very difficult to resist; apparently Mr. Barrow has succumbed to this temptation. Here and there in his article there are sentences which show an uneasy consciousness of the possibly dangerous social effects of the views he supports; indeed he states with much force the arguments against universal free meals for children, but he does not appear to realise that his scheme, if carried out, would be a long and irrevocable step in this direction, and throughout the article it is obvious that he is struggling to reconcile this sense of possible social danger with the course dictated by his natural sympathy with the suffering he sees. In this struggle it is the larger considerations of public welfare that have suffered. One can only feel sincere sympathy with him in his efforts to reconcile this work with the duty incumbent upon those who undertake the distribution of charity.

This feeling of sympathy however cannot blind one to the social danger of a scheme such as that put forward by Mr. Barrow with so much moderation. Extreme views expressed in strong language at once arouse public apprehension and opposition, whilst views thus temperately expressed, especially by one who, like Mr. Barrow, has been actively engaged in the work he describes, commend themselves to those who have had neither time nor opportunity for the study of social questions, but whose sympathies are strongly aroused

by the description of the suffering of children, and a scheme apparently so moderate may secure the support of many to whom the peril involved in its adoption is not apparent.

The danger to the national character in mistaken public action on this question is a very real and serious one, and it is well that a proposal such as that advocated by Mr. Barrow should be carefully examined, and to consider

(1) Whether there is any real necessity for the action suggested?

(2) Whether it would have the desired effect? and

(3) Whether it would be dangerous to the social well-being of our community?

First.—Is there any necessity for such a scheme? In other words, is the distress amongst school children, caused by underfeeding, so serious and so general as to call for exceptional legislation to deal with it?

It is quite impossible to form a trustworthy opinion as to the number of elementary school children suffering from this cause, for the reason that no statistics which will bear examination are available.

No definition of what constitutes an "underfed" child has yet been agreed upon, and the more that is known of the matter the more evident it becomes that no satisfactory definition is possible.

The number of children returned as being underfed in any school will therefore vary according to the interpretation put upon this word by the person making the return. Sir John Gorst, in his evidence given before the Physical Deterioration Committee (Q. 11,982), in reply to a suggestion that the numerical returns of underfed children are very vague figures to deal with, says: "Very. I think all attempts to get at the actual percentage of children are altogether vain"; and certainly a comparison of the evidence given on this point, by the various witnesses examined by the Committee, strongly supports his opinion. In London an immense amount of trouble has been taken to obtain statistics giving the number

of underfed children in the Metropolitan elementary schools; and for the last four years returns from the provided schools have been published by the "Joint Committee on Underfed Children" in their annual reports.

These tabulated returns present an imposing appearance, but in fact their accuracy is affected not only by the absence of any consensus of opinion as to the precise meaning of the term "underfed," but also by the widely divergent views taken by the teachers of the moral effect of this form of charitable relief. How this divergence of opinion affects the number returned may be judged by the fact that it is not unusual to find schools in which lavish relief is given in one of the departments whilst little or none is given in the others, although the children come from the same neighbourhood and frequently from the same families. It is a curious fact that this difference of treatment does not show itself as might be expected in a difference in the physical appearance of the children. Thus in the Johanna Street school, which has lately been so much in evidence, very liberal relief has for years been given to the boys, but comparatively very little to the girls, yet when Sir John Gorst and his friends paid their historical visit to this school it is reported that they "found the girls to be in better case." There is indeed abundant evidence to show that, however generous may be the view taken of what constitutes an underfed child, the numbers publicly quoted are largely in excess of the truth, and when (as has been done in many cases) a thorough investigation has been made into the home circumstances of the children upon the dinner list of a school by efficient inquirers the result has always been to show that only a small proportion (not more than a third at the outside) of the children on the list can be truly described as being in want of food, and that even in their case the provision of meals alone cannot be considered an adequate or satisfactory remedy for their distress.

No trustworthy inference as to the extent of under-feeding can therefore be drawn from the published returns, and it is

unfortunate that these figures, incapable of proof and based upon vague assertion, should be quoted by public men of position, with no warning as to their unreliability, and made use of to induce the public to call for exceptional legislation to relieve the distress they are thus led to believe exists to so vast an extent.

The experience of the Joint Committee on Underfed Children, established by the London School Board, and continued by the London County Council,[1] has shown conclusively that there is no ground, so far as the Metropolis is concerned, for the assertion that private charity is unable to meet the demand, even when it is swelled by the inclusion of large numbers of children not really in want of the relief given. Nor is there any reason to think that the case is different outside the Metropolis.

Mr. Barrow himself seems to have found no difficulty in relieving the distress in his own schools, and the description he gives of his own work is a convincing proof that even in so poor a district as that to which he refers, and when so large a proportion of the children are considered by him to require meals, private charity is quite able to meet the demand.

It is clear, therefore, that those that say that legislation is necessary, owing to the vast number of school children suffering from want of food, have entirely failed to make out their case, whilst on the other hand there is abundant evidence to show that the numerical statements on which they rely are grossly exaggerated, and that private charity properly organised is fully capable of dealing satisfactorily with the distress arising from under-feeding.

Secondly.—Would the scheme have the desired effect?

Shortly stated, Mr. Barrow's scheme appears to be that a list of underfed children should be compiled by the Managers' Attendance Committee, assisted by the School Visitors; that

[1] See an interesting article by Sir Charles Elliot on "The Gratuitous Feeding of School Children," *Empire Review*, May 1905.

the Local or Educational Authority should provide a kitchen and cooking, and should send the meals to the schools; and that two paid and two voluntary assistants should receive the food and distribute it.

It is also suggested that a guild of servers should be formed to supply the voluntary workers required.

The essence of the plan is said to be that the State would supply funds, authority, and a guarantee of continuity, "while charity would supply the personal interest and enthusiasm to soften the harshness of the law, and to adjust the machinery to the circumstances of each case."

So far as State assistance is concerned, this scheme is very similar to that suggested in the report of the Physical Deterioration Committee, and would, no doubt, secure that all the children attending school would receive food at school if not at home. The want of food, however, is by no means the only or even the principal cause of suffering, and the relief provided would be but partial, and would fail to accomplish in any real sense the object aimed at, namely, the relief of suffering children.

Incidentally Mr. Barrow gives a striking example of the way in which his system of school feeding may operate to the detriment of the children themselves. Writing apparently with the object of illustrating the "severity" and deficiency of the methods of the Charity Organisation Society and the inadequacy of the Poor Law as a resource, he gives five instances in which the provision of occasional meals seems to him to be the only appropriate remedy, "short of forcibly deporting the whole family to a farm colony." As the parent referred to in each of these cases is the mother, the fathers being either dead or absent, it is not easy to see what advantage would be gained by deportation to a "farm colony."

In all these cases the position is the same, the widow or the deserted wife is making a gallant effort to perform an impossible task; we are not told the sequel in the last case, but in all the others the end is the same; after a struggle more or

less prolonged some of the children are taken by the Guardians, and in place of the whole family dragging out a miserable existence the children taken by the Guardians are well maintained and those remaining with their mothers are receiving adequate nourishment; in each of the cases described the only result of the gift of meals was to prolong a hopeless struggle at the expense of the children.

Now in such cases as these the Charity Organisation Society would first ascertain whether there was any possibility of securing that the earning power of the mother could be made equal to the adequate support of her children, and failing this she would be advised to apply to the Guardians to take one or more of her children, leaving her with those only which she could properly maintain, assistance being refused in the event of her declining to make the application.

However deeply one may sympathise with the mother, it is surely mistaken kindness to assist her to prolong a hopeless struggle at the expense of her children, and yet this was all that was accomplished by the provision of meals!

Thirdly.—Would such a scheme be dangerous to the social well-being of the community?

The proposal involves acceptance of the principle that, apart from the poor-law, it is the duty of the State to provide for the feeding of school children neglected by those responsible for their maintenance.

When once this principle is admitted, it is difficult to see what limit can be placed on its extension. The suggestion made by the Physical Deterioration Committee and adopted by Mr. Barrow assumes that if the State would supply the buildings, appliances, and service, private charity would supply the food, but voluntary contribution would soon cease when it became known that public funds were being used, and before long the State would certainly find it necessary to supply the food as well as the means of preparing it. The fact that meals were being thus provided for the children supposed to require them would rapidly become known, and

would be a standing temptation to the parents to avail themselves of the relief offered. Many parents who would struggle to fulfil their duty rather than apply for "charity" would feel no hesitation in availing themselves of aid offered by the State, which they do not consider to be "charity," and to which they are so frequently told they have a "right," and the difficulty of a just discrimination between the applicants for this relief would be insuperable, and could not be efficiently performed. The natural and inevitable result would be that a continually increasing number of parents would avail themselves of the assistance offered by the State, and thus the tendency of the measure would be to weaken and destroy family life and the sense of parental responsibility.[1]

It would soon become apparent that occasional meals are far from being all that is required to effect a real improvement in the condition of the children, and it would be recognised that insufficient clothing, want of boots, overcrowded dwellings, and many other causes of distress call for remedial treatment fully as much as under-feeding.

The difficulty that would be met with in attempting to limit the assistance when once the principle is admitted, is well shown by the following extract from a pamphlet recently issued by the Social Democratic Federation. Commenting upon the scheme for the State feeding of school children, it is said: "The proposal is a most revolutionary one, since its adoption would be a step, impossible to retrace, towards the establishment of the Great Commonweal which is the goal of Social Democracy."

There is, indeed, no logical answer to arguments for extending the relief, and the pressure, certain for political reasons, to be steadily applied, would ensure the gradual extension of the principle of State assistance. Nature has her own methods

[1] The importance of the "family" as a factor of social well-being and stability, and the danger of its injury by a system of free meals for school children is admirably described by Canon Barnett in an article on the "Public Feeding of School Children" in the *Independent Review* for June 1905.

of securing the due observance of her laws; methods slow in operation, but inevitable and irresistible. The well-being and progress of a nation and its position in the world depends upon the qualities of the individuals of which it is composed, and legislation that tends to undermine the independence and self-respect of its citizens must endanger the position of the nation which adopts it.

Such legislation as is proposed would, however safeguarded, make it easy for parents to repudiate their responsibilities for their children, thus tempting them to violate one of the most important of natural laws, and the children of these parents would from their earliest years be taught by an impressive object-lesson that the most sacred responsibilities, voluntarily incurred, may be safely repudiated. Nature thus flouted will have her revenge, and the nation which disregards her teaching will have to pay the penalty.

Apart, however, from consideration of the effect such legislation would have upon national character, it seems to be constantly forgotten by those who propose it that all burdens added to the rates must fall ultimately upon the poorest self-supporting classes, and that one result of such legislation would be that the burden repudiated by neglectful and vicious parents would be largely borne, either in the shape of increased rents or diminished demand for their labour, by their almost equally poor but self-supporting and self-respecting brethren.

The scheme under consideration is a type of many similar proposals for dealing with the question of underfed children, all of which contain in some form or other a demand for State aid, and to all of them the same criticisms are equally applicable, namely, that there is no necessity for them, that they will not effectually relieve such distress as does exist, and that they are socially dangerous.

Mr. Barrow's objection to the methods of the C.O.S. in dealing with this question seems to show an incomplete comprehension of the procedure advocated by that society.

The main difference between its methods and schemes such as those recommended by Mr. Barrow is, that whilst the latter offer a temporary and partial remedy for one of the causes of child distress, the C.O.S. endeavours, not only to relieve distress arising from want of food and other causes, but also to prevent the recurrence of the distress in future by striving to arouse the feelings of responsibility in the parents, and by assisting them to attain or regain the power and the will to maintain their children.

A striking example of what may be accomplished by these methods is afforded by the result of the work done by a school relief committee in Tower Street, one of the poorer London schools drawing its children from the streets and courts of the Seven Dials district, and having about 350 children on its roll. For years about sixty dinners on four days a week had been given in this school during the winter months. No systematic visiting of the homes of the parents of the children thus assisted had been carried out, and no real amelioration of distress resulted from the relief given.

This system ceased after Easter 1897, and since that time relief has only been given after complete knowledge of the home circumstances has enabled the Committee to judge of its necessity, and of the kind of relief required adequately to remove the distress. The result of the change of system has been that friendly communication with the parents showed their ability and willingness to feed their children, and that in very few cases has it been found necessary to give meals (the report for 1903 states that "in the past year only four children were fed"), but no complaints of the cessation of free meals were made, either by the parents or by the children; the health of the children has remained good, the attendance has improved, the inspector reports very favourably on the work done and the good tone prevailing in the school; the nurse inspecting the school stated "it was the cleanest out of fifty-one schools visited," thrift has been encouraged, and the school savings bank and boot club have flourished.

What has occurred in Tower Street will occur elsewhere, and the history of what has happened in this school surely indicates a more satisfactory way of relieving the distress of children than the establishment of a system which offers so strong a temptation to parents to neglect their duty.

ARTHUR CLAY.

THE QUESTIONABLE PARENTAGE OF BASIL GRANT

THE only occupants of the office of the Disentanglers' Company were the lemon-coloured sunshine and the rare thinness of a long black cat. The office was furnished by Mr. Andrew Lang, and needs no describing, being as familiar to those who read as is a Maple advertisement to those who travel—always remembering the inner chamber used for the seclusion of the third party or the typewriter. Mr. Logan, the partner who was not investigating the interesting distresses of an aristocratic client in an historic country-house, was lunching somewhere off galantine and gorgeous Burgundy.

The bell tinkled, and the diminutive office-boy ushered into the room two gentlemen of length and breadth. The gentleman of length may be described from a contemporary portrait by an eminent author-artist (I do not mean D. G. Rossetti). Length was his: the length of his huge furred overcoat, the length of his legs, the length of his nose, the length of his curly red hair, the length of his pale face, the length of his friends' patience: all were visible as he set these lengths together collectively upon one office chair. The same eminent artist-author has left a portrait of his companion. Breadth was his: breadth of his waist, breadth of his trousers, breadth of his face, breadth of his views: they stared you out of countenance as he piled these cumulative breadths on the clients' chair, which Mr. Andrew Lang upholsters sympatheti-

cally in the colour of hope. The black cat of a rare thinness rose and stretched himself; then, with the diabolic intuition of his race, walked deliberately across the floor and rubbed his sides against the trousers of the gentleman of breadth, as the more fervent cat-hater. The breadth of view came automatically to the front, and the cat-hater nonplussed the subtle beast, and cleverly disguised his own disgust, by stroking its fur the wrong way and addressing it in sentences of idiotic pity.

The duel between cat and man was progressing, watched in a lordly manner by the gentleman of length, when Mr. Logan returned. He held two cards in his hand, and with an air of pleasantness bowed, saying "Mr. Rupert Grant, Mr. Gully-Swinburne?"

Both rose, and the gentleman of length said with swift directness, "I am Rupert Grant, and this is my friend, Mr. Gully-Swinburne. We have ventured to call upon you, Mr. Logan, well knowing, through your excellent magazine advertisements, the success you have had in unravelling the most uncompromising facts."

"Ah," said Mr. Logan, with the same pleasant look of alertness, "you mean Lang. Good old boy, he did start us off well. I see you hate cats," he went on, turning to Mr. Gully-Swinburne. "That one is called Gowmys. Queer name, is it not? Portmanteau for Gowrie Mystery—because he's lang, ye ken! I'm a Scot mysel'—and so are you, Mr. Grant, from your name."

Mr. Grant had evidently a good deal of the sensitiveness of the artistic temperament, for his face paled at the question, and he answered, with grave emotion:

"The romance of life is its unexpectedness. You are a poet, I perceive, Mr. Logan. What was I saying to you, Swinburne, as we came along?" (turning to the gentleman of breadth with a manner of swaggering success) "Didn't I bet you half a crown that before we had been ten minutes in this room Mr. Logan would have put his finger on the very reason

of our visit, and we have now been here nine minutes point five!"

"A most extraordinary coincidence," said Mr. Gully-Swinburne in his second-best voice, "and one which we might turn to immediate account by giving Mr. Logan some idea of what lies under his finger."

"All right," said Rupert Grant. "Mr. Swinburne, at my request, is collecting materials for a biography of my brother Basil Grant, of whom you may have heard."

"Mr. Justice Grant?" said Logan with interest. "Of course I have heard of him; and perhaps to his brother I may say that we happen to belong to the same club."

"Oh yes," said Rupert with quick impatience, "the C.Q.T.—I know all about that. I'm a detective myself, and in the exercise of my profession I have come pretty constantly across its members—always in disreputable circumstances too," he added grimly.

Logan laughed gaily. "'Queer' is not a word in the dictionary of respectability. But I am delighted to hear that such is Mr. Swinburne's project. How can I help you?"

"My friend, Mr. Cosmo Burden, told me that your firm was of the greatest assistance to him in his genealogical researches concerning the origin of his family, and that you established its identity with that of the noble family of the same name through the coat of arms borne by both. Now, as it happens, my brother has always passed as 'of Chesterton,' and it has been accepted as an unquestionable fact that he is closely related to the gentleman from whom he received that modest and respectable estate. My brother's personality is such as to swamp an abortive question as to his origin. You might as well question the existence of the Deity." Rupert's voice took an awed tone and his face paled with excitement as he talked of this brother, who always seemed to him a mysterious cross between a Winchester schoolboy, a Red Indian medicine-man, and the editor of a Liberal Review.

"It is extremely kind of Mr. Cosmo Burden—" began Logan.

"Not at all, not at all." Rupert Grant waved his hand in the air with a hawk-like hovering of his long fingers. "To come to the question. As a matter of fact—" here he stopped. "What the deuce does that mean?" he said distractedly. "Swinburne, what is Basil always saying about facts?"

> "Then sighing said the Queen hersel',
> 'That thing's too high for me!'
> But she applied to an auld woman,
> Who had mair skill than she,"

murmured Logan, while Mr. Gully-Swinburne circuitously extracted a notebook from his coat-tail pocket, and read aloud with ponderous emphasis, "'Facts obscure the truth. Facts point in all directions, like the thousands of twigs on a tree. It's only the life of the tree that has unity and goes up—only the green blood that springs, like a fountain, at the stars.'"

"Marvellous, Mr. Logan, marvellous!" commented Rupert Grant eagerly.

Logan, who had sat with a dazed expression, assented, and murmured politely, "Family tree, I presume, or else perhaps the Golden Bough?"

"Just so!" cried Grant in a delighted way, "didn't I tell you you were a poet? As I was about to say, our father's name was Florizel Grant; that much we know for certain. There is a vague echo in my mind that we have an Edinburgh judge in the family, two back. Oh," he cried in distress, "if I could only ask Basil! He knows everything worth knowing by intuition, and would make you a genealogical tree as soon as look at you—correctly, too. No trouble at the Heralds' Office—in fact, Scott-Gatty has sent Americans to him before now. But you see," he went on with that impetuous earnestness which, together with his romantic appreciation of every situation, was his greatest charm, "I can't ask Basil, for the

book Mr. Gully-Swinburne is going to write about him is to be a birthday surprise, and it would spoil it all if he knew."

Rupert Grant looked wistfully at Logan, who smiled like the sympathetic Scot that he was at the fascinating donkey, and said, "You want us to undertake to collect the data for the genealogical part of Mr. Gully-Swinburne's book, is that it? But pardon me, do you think you need trouble about Mr. Justice Grant's parentage? Such a man is his own ancestry," he finished up grandiloquently, but wondering what he really meant.

"O yes, yes!" said Mr. Gully-Swinburne and Mr. Rupert Grant in quick syncopation.

"Mr. Emmanuel Burden's life began that way, and I cannot have Basil's family and mine considered of less importance than his," said Rupert Grant with simple dignity.

"As you will," said Logan. He took up his note-book and wrote hurriedly, as they do on the stage. Then he pushed the writing across the table to Mr. Gully-Swinburne, who, having balanced his glasses on his nose, read it and passed it on to Rupert Grant.

"That's the situation in two lines, Mr. Logan," said the latter. "'Father Florizel Grant, dead, Edinburgh judge two back, mother unknown, Mr. Kay of Chesterton in Essex distant relative.' I can add one fact, though. Our mother's origin is as yet unknown to us, but I must tell you the painful fact that shortly after my birth she left my father."

"Ah," said Logan with more vivid interest than he had hitherto shown," any tangible reason?"

"Basil once told me," said Rupert Grant reluctantly, "that she was eccentric and had a peculiar passion for mysticism and the open air. Basil is like her in the first, but he hates open air life. He says it's made up of rude birds and fiendish hedgerows."

"Hysterical, I suppose," said Logan in a businesslike tone. "When did your father die, and where?"

"May 24, 1888—Bohemia," answered Rupert Grant with

a kind of vehement slam. With all his romanticism he did not like to be cross-questioned on his family.

"Thank you," said Logan, after he had added the date and country to the other two lines in his note-book. "We shall communicate with you when we have discovered a promising clue."

His clients rose and bowed themselves out, received at the door by the diminutive office-boy, in response to Logan's ring and his murmured

> "Oh where are a' my porter boys
> That I pay meat and fee,
> To open my gates baith braid and wide. . . ."

"'Tisn't an interesting case in itself," thought Logan. "But Basil Grant's name would make a full-grown Norman castle, portcullis and all, out of a box of bricks. Queer sort he is too. Went off his chump the same way as Dr. Caliban, not long after. And so Rupert is a detective. Fancies himself a kind of Sherlock Holmes, I suppose, or, rather, probably considers Holmes a bungler, as Holmes did Lecoq. By George, that's a curious thing, now—a very curious thing! Rupert and Basil, Mycroft and Sherlock! Jolly old coincidence!"

"It was perfectly simple," said Logan airily. "I just went to the office of the Hardy Coffee Pension Company and looked up their list of widows."

"Why, you told me that you were going to the Scottish Widows' Assurance, as I advised you," said Merton, rather aggrieved. He had returned the night before from his historic country-house entanglement (which still remained one) to proffer counsel in the new case which Logan immediately laid before him.

"I know I did. But just think, my dear chap, what millions of Mrs. Grants they must have on their books. It simply made me shudder when I thought of it. Besides, you did mention the Hardy thing, too. So directly I got out of reach of your eagle eye I went there."

Merton lit a cigar. "Well?"

"They made objections at first, but I talked about a distinguished client and gave the clerk what newspapers call a gratuity, and he fetched me the G. book. It was fat, but alphabetically arranged, and Florizel being a somewhat unusual name, I found his widow in a minute."

"She's alive then?"

"She's alive, and receiving a Hardy pension this very minute. She has done so for years. I've got her address. Now how's that for a morning's work? I wish all our cases were as easy. And to think that it never entered Mr. Rupert Grant's red head to go and look there! Detective forsooth! *Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!* 'Tis not he shall play Elisha to the late lamented prophet of deduction."

"Nor you either," observed Merton drily, striving to bridle this exultation. "You're an infernally lazy beggar, and you go bounding to conclusions like the swiftest kind of kangaroo, *hinnuleo similis*. Suppose this is the right Florizel Grant, how do you know that the woman was really his wife? and if so, what was her maiden name?"

"If you were as well up in present-day literature as in the French or Homeric," retorted Logan severely, "you would know that the very newest detective work is done by intuition entirely, by what you'd call being lazy and kangarooing to conclusions. You rely implicitly on your own God-given convictions, beg the question without flinching, and talk about atmosphere like the veriest reviewer. Mr. Basil Grant says—so Mr. Swinburne read out yesterday—that 'Facts are the green life-blood of the stars,' or something of the sort (I can't remember the whole piece), but he seems to think pretty poorly of them all the same. Well, as I looked over those dry pages, each with its average record of five bereavements and compensations, I felt, as surely as I was sitting on a very hard office stool—I felt that she was the right woman." His cheerful voice sank for an instant into a misty minor key of awe, as of one who recalls and venerates a strange moment of bacchic

possession. "But of course," he went on in his usual tones, "I took the ordinary precautions, too. When Mrs. Florizel Grant applied for her pension—I forget the year, but I've got it down—she sent up her marriage lines, as they all have to do. Naturally, though, the Coffee people didn't keep them. And as for her maiden name, when I asked the clerk he said, 'We have 16,000 widows on our books, and we couldn't possibly keep 16,000 maiden names on the premises too; ground rents are too high here.' So I just murmured, 'My maiden name's Tamson, but they ca' me Breeks,' and came away."

"Not straight back here though," remarked Merton suspiciously.

"*Connu*," said Logan. "I went and had lunch at the British Museum."

The impassive Merton leaped up in his chair "Lunch—the British Museum," he gasped. "Logan, this has been too much for your brain!"

"Not at all," returned his partner serenely, pleased with the effect he had created. "As a matter of fact, I did not trek to Great Russell Street for the purpose of consuming those buns so suitably placed by the authorities amid the contemporaneous sarcophagi of the Egyptian Department, but to meet a client. Are you aware, Merton, that unless things look up a bit we shall have to resign our membership of the C.Q.T., and that you will be forced to part at last with your first editions of Lang?"

"I took my 'Ballades in Blue China' to Tregaskis just before I went away," said Merton grimly. "*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?* They said they preferred books in better bindings."

"You might show them your school prizes then," suggested Logan, grinning. "But to continue. My noble client had exacted absolute secrecy, so that not even to you can I reveal his identity, but he's sib to McCallum More himself, and a forbear on the spindle side left a black mark on the darkest page of Scottish history." A justifiable patriotic pride pierced through

the narrator's voice as he made this statement. "He is a very rum old party, and when we had finished our interview he insisted on my lunching with him—there. After the Lucullian feast was over it came into my mind that I had never properly inspected the Watson Bequest, which has lately been installed in one of the upper galleries, so I went to have a look at it." Logan paused.

"Well?" said Merton. "Well?"

His partner got up and took a turn round the room. "Merton," he said, impressively, "do you remember hearing Mr. Basil Grant say at our last club dinner, that coincidences were 'the sole splendid certainties of life, the warp of romance but the whole web of reality?'"

"I don't think you've got it quite right," returned the person addressed, "though he certainly used the word coincidence. For heaven's sake don't walk about like a hyena."

"Well, whatever it was that he said," proceeded Logan impatiently, "I never felt the truth of it so strongly as when I bent over that case of relics. I've seen them before, and you've read about them in the *Athenæum*, so you know what's there—Holmes's monograph on the multitudinous varieties of tobacco ash, and some of his old pipes, and Irene Adler's photograph. It is always impressive to come into contact with the master-minds of the past, and a thrill ran through me as I gazed upon those trivial possessions of a personage whose name and influence, with all their splendid traditions, will endure, I am certain, as long as the illustrated periodicals of our island race. Yes," said Logan reflectively, though Merton showed signs of restiveness, "we must acknowledge, after all, how much our generation—nay, you and I ourselves—owe to that great man. In my madder moments I feel that we owe him our profession, almost our very existence, and that only you and I are thus indebted, but——"

Merton stretched out a wrathful arm and seized from the sofa a ponderous cushion, weighty as the spear of Turnus. To

avoid this Logan, jumping up, trod with violence on the tail of the long black cat, who manifested both anger and surprise.

"There, you've hurt Gowmys' feelings," said Merton, when placidity was restored, "and I am sure it was less with your boot than with your silly havers. In the name of all that's merciful, let's have some solid healthy facts, if you have any to give."

Logan, lifting Gowmys to his knee, resumed with magnanimous freedom from resentment.

"My remarks, you gomeral, were nicely calculated to lead up to the climax of my story. Now I shall curtly inform you that when Dr.—I mean Sir James—Watson left the bulk of the Holmes MSS. to the Public Record Office, that eminent biographer picked out one or two for the British Museum, and they've got them in the case with the other things. And when, on the open page of the Adventure of the Greek Interpreter, my eye was caught by the name Mycroft, my transient idea of yesterday rushed back upon me twofold more potent. Do you remember Mycroft Holmes, Merton? He was the even more gifted brother of that gifted man, *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*, as the late Horace exclaimed of another occasion and relationship, but he lived in retirement, scarcely stirring from his rooms, or his select club, the *Diogenes*, of which he was a founder. But when Sherlock could not solve a case he went to his brother, as to an acknowledged master. So, I very strongly suspect, acts Mr. Rupert Grant! Do you see what I mean?"

"You mean, I suppose, to institute a parallel between the two sets of brothers," returned Merton placidly. "Yes, it's quite striking."

"I mean more than that," said Logan, the wild blood of Restalrig aflame in him. "I mean to institute a relationship!"

Merton stared at him. "Unless you refer to the Blood Covenant as practised by many savage tribes, I don't see how you can. The Holmeses are dead, unmarried—for nobody (save perhaps the class of persons ensnared by Mrs. Gallup) can believe the preposterous drama on that subject to be other

than apocryphal. And for the matter of that, don't you quarter the Grant crowns yourself?"

Logan had drawn his note-book from his pocket, and paid no attention.

"Just listen to this," he said hastily. "It's what Watson says of Mycroft Holmes, reporting Sherlock's own words: 'The Diogenes Club is the queerest club in London, and Mycroft one of the queerest men. . . . If the art of a detective began and ended in reasoning from an armchair, my brother would be the greatest criminal agent that ever lived. . . . What is to me a means of livelihood is to him the merest hobby of a dilettante.' Then Watson himself gives a description of this paragon. 'Mycroft Holmes was a much stouter man than Sherlock. His body was absolutely corpulent, but his face, though massive, had preserved something of the sharpness of expression which was so remarkable in that of his brother.' Watson subsequently goes on to relate how in this particular case the elder brother surprised the younger by suddenly turning up in his rooms to help him, though, as a rule, he never went anywhere except from his lodgings in Pall Mall to his work at Whitehall, and to the Diogenes Club. Now, if that doesn't fit Basil Grant—allowing, of course, for the idiosyncrasies of his own stupendous character, and for all the influences of the other side of his parentage, about which, as yet, we know nothing—if that doesn't fit him, as I say, I'm—I'm a Protectionist!"

"To me," said Merton reflectively, "it is just that other side which is of interest. Of the late Holmes *je ne suis pas le fervent*. But Florizel Grant, now? What does the name Florizel suggest to you?"

"The music-hall stage," replied Logan flippantly, "hair-restorer, or possibly even the divine Williams, as the Frenchman called him. And by the same token the name of the gentleman's lost love should be Perdita—Mrs. Perdita Grant, *née—née—what?*"

But Merton was not listening to him. "Florizel, Florizel,

Florizel," he kept repeating to himself, in a kind of passionless invocation, and at last, with a catch of the breath, "Prince Florizel of Bohemia!"

Logan sprang to his feet, and the black Mystery on his knee went headlong to the carpet.

"Do you know what you've said?" he cried excitedly. "By Jove, you've got it! Another shining coincidence! And Florizel Grant died in Bohemia!"

There was trembling silence for a space, while Merton, leaning back in his chair, looked thoughtfully up at his fellow Disentangler. "I fancy we've got into rather deep waters," he remarked quietly at last. "I'd like to think this over. It does open up vistas, doesn't it? I wonder—I wonder— Do you think Basil Grant has ever heard of the Suicide Club?"

Logan gazed at him without answering, and sank slowly into his chair again. "I think I understand Mr. Rupert Grant a bit better now," he said thoughtfully. "I think I see now why he plays at being a detective, Jacobites being out of date, pirates *vieux jeu*, and the 'bright face of danger' hard otherwise to get a glimpse of. Yes, you're right; the other side's the more arresting. And the Scotch judge? *Que sais-je?*" He went off into silence, knitting his brows.

Merton was the first to recover himself. "This speculation," he said with an effort, "is all very well, but it is not our business at present, I suppose. To-morrow, perhaps, we may set forward on the main of discovery, *cras ingens iterabimus aequor*, and finally, by the help of Dr. Caliban's invaluable 'Guide,' write up a piquant family history for the Napoleon of Lambeth. *Mais à l'heure qu'il est*, what are you going to do about finding this interesting widow?"

"I shall merely send one of our people to look her up," said Logan carelessly.

"And if she's not at the address given?"

"She'll just have to be. If she isn't, we'll e'en pursue her, as d'Artagnan the fair Constance. Isn't it nearly time to shut up shop? Where's that cushion you shied at me?"

"In the far corner," said Merton, "on top of 'The Religions of the Dead' and 'Totem-Worship in a Future State.' And by the way, you shouldn't bring those books to the office; they frighten clients."

"Precious few clients to frighten," grumbled Logan as he picked up the fallen missile. "I say, Merton, if things worked out as they do in magazines, instead of our having to hunt up the lady she'd come here a' her lane, and tirl the pin, like Annie of Lochroyan."

"Why should she?" asked the practical Merton, putting away letters in an enamelled casket, emblazoned with the arms of Hepburn.

"They always do," said Logan sighing. "Just at the psychological moment, when the sleuth-hound is off the scent, and his creator can't for the life of him see how he is to pick it up again, comes a ring at the bell, the missing link is propelled into the room by the long, long arm of coincidence, and the readers in a billion middle-class homes lightly draw untrammelled breath once more."

"That must be convenient," observed Merton, not unsmilingly. "Ring then, and tell the boy to show Mrs. Grant up."

"*D'accord!*" said his partner, grinning. "But remember I'm neither a popular writer nor a judicial mystic." And without awaiting further comment he pressed the bell with Sadducean but unfaltering finger.

Merton uttered a sentence containing the word *idiot*, and locked the casket with a key of antique design. In the very act the door swung fatefully open, and the diminutive office-boy flattened himself against the wall to give passage to a female figure.

"A lady to see you, sir," he piped, and shut the door behind her.

The lady advanced into the gaping silence. Merton was the first to recover his presence of mind, coming bang out of his

amazement into a kind of calm courtesy, but Logan remained in a half-way state, a purgatory of choking laughter, which he sought to escape from the more quickly by depositing Gowmys upon the sofa with exaggerated care.

The lady for whom Merton was now placing a chair on the clients' spot on the carpet, directly in the light, was somewhat remarkable to look at. Fifty years ago her dress and expression would have suggested genteel poverty of the low-living, high-thinking order (the upper and the nether millstones of the intellectual poor), but to-day they might have belonged to the head of a women's college or a C.O.S. worker. She had a general air of strenuous high principle—which her straight, white hair and pale face accentuated, but which was at variance with her Medicean nose—at once intellectual and businesslike. For the rest, her figure was stayless but upright, and her dress suggested a practical concession to climatic possibilities rendered incoherent through the influence of Ashmolean lectures on Minoan art. An archaic smile turned the corners of her mouth and gave an air of benevolent detachment.

As she seated herself she raised her eyes and looked keenly at Merton, who, disillusioned Oxonian as he was, felt like a school-boy at fault before this splendid vision of sea-blue originality.

"Mr. Merton, I presume?" she said in tones of gentle authority.

Straight there fell madness from the gods on Merton, and he found himself answering, "No, madam, I am Mr. Logan."

"Don't tell me!" said the lady, smiling into his face like a mother. "Mr. Logan is a Scot and you are not, for there was some joke between you two gentlemen as I came in, and I never yet met a Scot who could get the brake on his laughter when once he had seen the joke and it had taken charge. No, you are the other gentleman of the firm, from the way you brought your coach up at the moment. I don't belong to my family for nothing?" she added proudly.

Logan, the Scot, had by this time come out of his fit.

"In what way can we be of use to you, madam?" he inquired in the thin frayed voice he kept for the traducers of his nation.

"All in good time," said the strange old lady. "Furnished by Andrew Lang, evidently," she said to herself, looking round. "You smoke Melachrino No. 4 cigarettes, Mr. Logan," shaking a playful finger at him, "and Mr. Merton, Borneo cigars. Mr. Logan lunched at the British Museum to-day and forgot his umbrella."

"Bless me," said Logan, "are you a witch?"

"Not yet; we know what we are, but know not what we may be," said this mysterious and elderly Ophelia, nodding her head. Then, with a sudden change to a business tone, "I understand this firm undertakes the solving of genealogical difficulties, heraldic tangles as well as matrimonial. They referred me to you at the British Museum."

Merton bowed in a bewildered way.

"I am a professional research agent," she went on, "and I would like to offer you my services, for I have only a small weekly insurance in a somewhat unstable company as my means of living."

Merton took a long breath and glanced at Logan, who was staring moodily at a cracked crystal ball. "We make it a rule," he said gently, "to know our staff personally, or else to have them recommended by our friends. Have you any testimonials, and will you be good enough to supply us with a few personal details?"

"Yes," said the old lady, "but I think you have probably heard of my immediate family, whose talents did not lie in the money-making line, or else—— But it's no good, Marion," she went on, giving herself a shake.

Logan was wide awake now. "Thank God!" thought Merton, "he's finished saying that ballad."

"My maiden name," said the old lady, "was Marion Holmes. My brothers were Mycroft and Sherlock, and I am now dependent on a Hardy Coffee Insurance for my only

means of support—10*s*. a week, or rather 8*s*. 10*d*., for I have to continue to buy my half-pound a week."

"God bless my soul!" nearly shouted Logan. "In Heaven's name don't tell me you're a widow and your name is Mrs. Florizel Grant?"

"And why should it not be, I'd like to know?" said Mrs. Grant in amazement.

Now was a racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee, that is, Logan was pirouetting on one leg in the middle of the room crying, "I say, Merton, who's the kangaroo fool now? Mrs. Perdita Grant!"

Merton had sprung to his feet in horror at his partner's sudden seizure, and stood like a rock half in sunshine, half in shadow, smiling reassuringly on the old lady, who had risen with an affronted air, and frowning on Logan, who was spluttering to a close.

"Pray, pray forgive my friend's conduct!" he exclaimed in a distressed tone. "He is a Celt, and those hielan' loons are not bred to conceal their emotions. It's only joy at seeing you, for you happen to be a necessary factor in the case we were discussing when you were announced."

The old lady reseated herself, and in so doing revealed the fact that the stout and ancient umbrella she had been clutching firmly for possible self-defence concealed a sword. The handle had worked loose, and at that moment parted from the stock and fell to the floor, leaving her with the naked blade in her hand. The extraordinary appearance presented by Mrs. Grant, seated thus with her waterproof cloak thrown back over her right shoulder, had a homœopathic effect on Logan, and reduced him to sobriety, while Merton, his brain being now only capable of reflex action, stooped, and with a polite air returned the unusual sheath to its owner.

"Thank you," she said simply, as she slipped back the blade. "Perhaps Mr. Logan will explain *now*," she added severely.

"I apologise," said he penitently. "Please forgive me,

Mrs. Grant, if you can. I have been horribly rude. You see we had been wishing you would appear, as necessary clues do in magazine stories, and in you walked."

"But," asked the old lady in a bewildered way, "what is this affair in which I seem to be mixed up? Am I wanted for anything, Mr. Merton?" She appealed to him as the more normal of the two partners.

"The case is Mr. Logan's," returned he, "and I think he will now be able to give you what particulars he has collected."

Logan had already taken out his note-book, and hurriedly scanned several pages of stray notes. "Perhaps," he said nervously, "if you will be so good as to answer some questions, I may afterwards be able to describe the case with greater coherence. Do you know anything of a gentleman called Mr. Rupert Grant?"

"Mr. Rupert Grant?" repeated the old lady. "No, I don t know any gentleman of that name, but thirty years ago it was the name of my infant son."

"This Rupert Grant has an elder brother called Basil," went on Logan with an effort to preserve his conventionality of demeanour. He felt a little more would make him stand on his head (as he would already have done had he not feared Mr. Lang). "And Mr. Rupert Grant has just told me that his father's name was Florizel Grant, and that his mother's name was unknown to him. She left his father when he was a mere baby, and her name had evidently never passed Mr. Grant's lips from that day."

"Then," said Mrs. Grant with no undue excitement, "I suppose I must be their mother. But I trust to your honour, young gentlemen, to keep my secret. You can easily produce official proof without mentioning that you have seen me. I've lived a free woman, and such I shall die, hampered by no sons. Before Nora was, I was."

"Nora! Who's she?" exclaimed Logan.

"Nora Helmer, who lived in a bijou residence called The Doll's House," said she grimly.

The Disentanglers were horrified to see the smile of a fanatic creep about her lips, and the bright keenness of independent womanhood light up her splendid blue eyes.

"Why couldn't Logan have let her alone—the fool! She's as bad as his ballads," thought Merton desperately.

The enthusiast went on in a kind of chant. "I lived for facts, ignoring their foundation, dreams. One day my feet touched the bed-rock of life, and I saw the great cosmic vision, which is—that facts obscure the truth. I whispered this to my first-born, Basil; I sang it to him as he lay in the cradle. I meant to make it the foundation of his moral and intellectual life. And I *did*. He became an impossible member of the Bench and of society. Where he is now I know not, but that is an obscure detail. The routine of female life had become abhorrent to me. I stifled in the fœtid atmosphere of domestic economy. My husband, Florizel Grant, an incurable Romantic, could not understand the mysticism stirring within me. Romance cloaks facts; mysticism strips them bare and turns them out of creation. Life became unbearable—one long misunderstanding in a London flat. One day I just went away—quietly, no fuss, kissed Florizel and left him, it being understood that he was to make no effort to reclaim me. The children were his; that was the law——"

Here Merton and Logan, who had listened gravely to the confessions of the old lady, simultaneously took advantage of a natural breathless pause in her monologue to inquire: "What was the name of your husband's father?"

"Weir Grant of Hermiston," said the enthusiast mechanically, adding hurriedly, as she mounted and set off again at a canter—"It was Nature I wanted, not human nature. How does a larch grow to straight and strong maturity? It shoulders others down. I wanted to shoulder, to trample on, if necessary to destroy others that *my* life might be perfect. I have shouldered, but now, alas, I am shouldered."

Her voice fell, and there was no sound in the office. Logan's pen worked noiselessly. Merton sat with the expres-

sion of a man who has his head bent against a sharp shower of hail. Mrs. Grant was absorbed in her thoughts, and he was afraid to move for fear of setting her off again.

"Who is Mr. Kay of Chesterton?" suddenly said Logan.

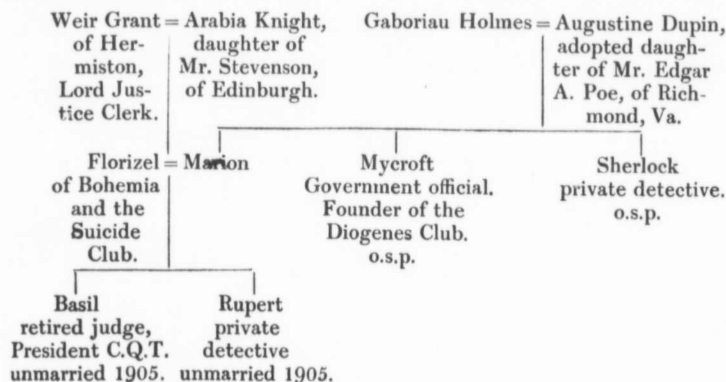
"A friend of Mr. Grant's. He brought up Basil. My husband as a Romantic found two boys too great a burden and handed over Basil to Mr. Kay."

> "Up has he ta'en that bonny boy,
> Given him to nurses nine;
> Three to sleep and three to wake,
> And three to go between,"

hummed Logan, who was quite himself again.

"Mr. Weir Grant of Hermiston was as remarkable on the Bench as Basil has been," volunteered Mrs. Grant, still mechanically. "He married Arabia Knight, daughter of Mr. Stevenson of Edinburgh, of the lighthouse family."

"Thank you," said Logan gravely, and he wrote in a name on what seemed a genealogical table. This he passed to Merton. Mrs. Grant's mind, with the disordered impetuosity of old age, was still absorbed in some other problem, and this gave the firm a chance of consultation. This was what Merton read:



"Good," he said. "Now, if we dared, we need only submit it to Mrs. Grant for verification."

"Chuck it here," said Logan; "I'll do it."

"For heaven's sake don't let on that you're related to the Grants," said Merton anxiously.

"Mrs. Grant," began Logan loudly, "may I trouble you to look at this?"

The old lady recovered her original businesslike attitude with a suddenness that startled Logan. "What is it worth?" she asked shrewdly.

Logan was still further taken aback, but, when he saw the drift of her question, burst out laughing. "Oh, that'll be all right. We'll give you five per cent. on our client's fees and the next genealogical case we have."

"Done!" said the strange old woman. "Give it to me. Yes, it's quite correct. Now I shall leave you my address, and you can send me the percentage in a postal-order. Good day, young gentlemen."

"One moment, Mrs. Grant!" said Merton, jumping up, too late to open the door for her. "Who is Mr. Gully-Swinburne?"

"His mother was a Boswell of Auchinleck. I thought every one knew that," came faintly through the closing door.

Logan, exhausted but satisfied, was stretching himself in the middle of the room. "By the help o' the Lord we hae loupit ower a stane dyke," he observed with reverence; adding hastily, "Let's pour libations!"

R. Bostoun Cromer.

GUSTAVE MOREAU

I

IN two pictures of Chassériau in the Louvre we see the origin of both Gustave Moreau and Puvis de Chavannes. *La Chaste Suzanne* does what Moreau tries to do, with a certain artificial but attractive grace; the conception much more pictorial, the drawing much more sensitive. The colours are a little faint, dry even, but this slender, romantic figure in a romantic landscape makes a picture. In the fresco which hangs beside the Botticellis on the staircase, there is the suggestion of a fine decoration, anticipating Puvis. Both followers went further, each on his own way, than Chassériau, and have eclipsed his fame; and for the most part those who accept Puvis reject Moreau, and those who exalt Moreau, like Huysmans (to whom he owes the wider part of his reputation), can seem to themselves to have said all when they have said scornfully: "Comparer M. Puvis et M. Gustave Moreau, les marier, alors qu'il s'agit de raffinement, les confondre en une botte d'admiration unique, c'est commettre vraiment une des plus obséquieuses hérésies qui se puissent voir." With which it is possible to agree, in a sense not Huysmans'.

The art-criticism of Huysmans is remarkable as literature, and it is Huysmans who was one of the first to fight on behalf of Degas, of Forain, of the impressionists. But, just as he has written a book on the cathedral of Chartres, and Rodin can say of it, "One does not get much benefit by reading it";

just as he has written of religion without convincing most Catholics that he is really a sincere Catholic; just as he has written elaborately about plain-song without making it clear that he understands music; so, in his eloquent and picturesque writing about pictures, it is rarely from the painter's point of view that he approaches them. In the first edition of "Certains" there was an essay on a picture in the Louvre, a *Virgin and Saints* of Bianchi, a mediocre picture, which seems to have interested him solely because, as he says, "de cette toile s'exhalent pour moi des émanations délicieuses, des captations dolentes, d'insidieux sacrilèges, des prières troubles." In an essay on Félicien Rops, finer as literature than any of the designs about which he writes, he overlooks all that is cold, trivial, and mechanical in this "diabolic" art, in his delight in its homage and learned eulogy of evil. He writes of Odilon Redon as one would hardly be justified in writing of Blake; and, finally, seems to find in Gustave Moreau the painter of all others best suited to evoke his own eloquence, a painter at last really palpable, a mine of literature, and he has praised his *Salome* with this elaborate splendour:

A throne, like the high altar of a cathedral, rose beneath innumerable arches springing from columns, thick-set as Roman pillars, enamelled with vari-coloured bricks, set with mosaics, incrusted with lapis lazuli and sardonyx, in a palace like the basilica of an architecture at once Mussulman and Byzantine. In the centre of the tabernacle surmounting the altar, fronted with rows of circular steps, sat the Tetrarch Herod, the tiara on his head, his legs pressed together, his hands on his knees. His face was yellow, parchment-like, annulated with wrinkles, withered with age; his long beard floated like a cloud on the jewelled stars that constellated the robe of netted gold across his breast. Around this statue, motionless, frozen in the sacred pose of a Hindu god, perfumes burned, throwing out clouds of vapour, pierced, as by the phosphorescent eyes of animals, by the fire of precious stones set in the sides of the throne; then the vapour mounted, unrolling itself beneath arches where the blue smoke mingled with the powdered gold of great sunrays, fallen from the domes.

In the perverse odour of perfumes, in the over-heated atmosphere of this church, Salome, her left arm extended in a gesture of command, her bent right arm holding on the level of the face a great lotus, advances slowly to the sound of a guitar, thrummed by a woman who crouches on the floor.

With collected, solemn, almost august countenance, she begins the lascivious dance that should waken the sleeping senses of the aged Herod; her breasts undulate, become rigid at the contact of the whirling necklets; diamonds sparkle on the dead whiteness of her skin, her bracelets, girdles, rings, shoot sparks; on her triumphal robe, sewn with pearls, flowered with silver, sheeted with gold, the jewelled breast-plate, whose every stitch is a precious stone, bursts into flame, scatters in snakes of fire, swarms on the ivory-toned, tea-rose flesh, like splendid insects with dazzling wings, marbled with carmine, dotted with morning gold, diapered with steel-blue, streaked with peacock-green.

. . . .

In the work of Gustave Moreau, conceived on no scriptural data, des Esseintes saw at last the realisation of the strange, superhuman Salome that he had dreamed. She was no longer the mere dancing-girl who, with the corrupt torsion of her limbs, tears a cry of desire from an old man; who, with her eddying breasts, her palpitating body, her quivering thighs, breaks the energy, melts the will, of a king; she has become the symbolic deity of indestructible Lust, the goddess of immortal Hysteria, the accursed Beauty, chosen among many by the catalepsy that has stiffened her limbs, that has hardened her muscles; the monstrous, indifferent, irresponsible, insensible Beast, poisoning, like Helen of old, all that go near to her, all that look upon her, all that she touches.

In these pages of "A Rebours" the art of Moreau culminates, achieves itself, passes into literature.

II

Gustave Moreau is haunted by the image of Salome, and he paints her a hundred times, always a rigid flower of evil, always in the midst of sumptuous glooms or barbaric splendours: a mosque, a cathedral, a Hindu temple, an architecture of dreams. She is not a woman, but a gesture, a symbol of delirium; a fixed dream transforms itself into cruel and troubling hallucinations of colour; strange vaults arch over her, dim and glimmering, pierced by shafts of lights, starting into blood-red splendours, through which she moves robed in flowers or jewels, with a hieratic lasciviousness. A sketch (painted, almost carved, on wood) shows her swathed in savage fripperies, advancing on the tips of her toes, her feet and ankles tattooed

with jewels, holding the lotus in her right hand, her head crowned by a tiara; cloths, ribbons, all sorts of coloured streamers swing heavily about her, heavy as lead, the image of an idol. He sees her always with flames, flowers, and blood about her.

And he is haunted by other tragic women: Delilah, Judith, Messalina, Cleopatra, Helen on the walls of Troy; he sees even Bathsheba tragically. Unachieved as pictures, coming into existence through all manner of borrowings, they remain graven images of the spectral women that haunt the brain of the student. Helen becomes an image of stone or salt, greenish-white against stone pillars and a sky with white stars; the face blotted out, a spectre seen by the brain with shut eyes. He paints Cleopatra, and you see an explosion of fierce colour, a *décor*, and then, vaguely, a mere attitude, the woman. He paints Francesca da Rimini, and you see an immense room, with a black window at the back, menacing with light; then, gradually, a red spot huddled in a corner, which is Francesca. It is the theatre of life which interests him, not life, and not nature: an architecture of the brain, an atmosphere called up out of unrealised space.

Moreau is the mathematician of the fantastic, a calculating visionary. In his portrait of himself one sees a sickly dreamer, hesitating before his own dreams. His effects are combined mentally, as by a voluptuary who is without passion. His painting is sexless and yearning, and renders the legends of sex with a kind of impotent allurement. Leda and the swan recur as a motive, but in the rendering of that intense motive there is no more than decorative toying, within landscapes crackling with ineffectual fire. Sometimes colour is sought, sometimes line; never the kernel and passion of the story. And it is the same with Helen, Bathsheba, Messalina, Eve and the Serpent, and the eternal Salome: always the same strengthless perversity, fumbling in vain about the skirts of evil, of beauty, and of mystery. What he tries to suggest he has not realised; what he realises he has not seen; his emotion is never fundamental, but cerebral; and it is only when he shuts it wholly

within his colour, and forces his colour for once to obey his emotion (as in a little *Magdalen on Calvary*, with the three crosses black against hills corroded out of sunsets) that he is able to produce a single imaginative effect, that he is able to please the eye by more than some square or corner of jewelled surface, into which life comes surreptitiously.

Moreau, I have heard Rodin say, was a man of science, a great combiner, one of a generation which was taught to study art in the galleries, and not from nature. Out of this art life is rigorously excluded. His figures, prettified from the antique, are uninteresting and express nothing; interest comes into the picture from the surroundings, and in the wake of the title. His landscapes are made of rocks, trees, water, hills, and chasms, neither drawn nor coloured after nature, nor composed on any of nature's plans. His light is neither that of the sun nor of the moon, but a light imagined in a studio, and fitted into the pattern of a design. And this artificial world is peopled with reminiscences. He does not even choose among schools or among ages; but will be Greek or Hindu indifferently, and with an equal incapacity for reflecting any faithful image. He seems to look through coloured glasses, and when I stand before his pictures I am reminded of those travellers who, when they cross the sea, put on red spectacles that they may not see the moving waves as they are, but after some unnatural and comforting compromise of their own.

Moreau has this in common with all visionary artists, that he sees in nature only what he brings into it. But is it really vision which he brings, and under what imaginative light has he seen these feeble shapes and arbitrary brilliances? Are they not laboriously sought out, made to order, in a sense, not even records of a fever or of a delirium (as in the vast and violent canvases of Henry de Groux), but painstaking fantasies, the rendering of moods in which all the excitement has come mechanically, by the mere "will to dream"?

When Blake fails, it is the failure to translate a thing seen into a visible thing. Moreau's failure is not that of a vision

unachieved, but of a plan imperfectly carried out. Geometry breaks down, a bit of the mosaic has been wrongly placed; patience or skill has given out before the end is reached. When he paints in pattern, as in the Chinese architecture of his *Chimères*, I cannot feel that he really sees in pattern, but that he has worked it out by a kind of dovetailing, square inch by square inch. He says, I will paint Venice in a symbol; and he sets towers and domes against the sky, and fills the foreground with a nude figure, clay-coloured and with folded wings, lying at full length among inexplicable bushes. He paints a *Fée aux Griffons*, and it is a Bouguereau transposed into the terms of enamel. He takes a subject of Blake, and paints *Christ in the Garden of Olives*, with a similar flame-winged angel in downward flight. But even here the Parisian ideal of prettiness cannot be driven out of his head, nor the Paris art-student's timid correctness out of his hand. Beauty, to him, is bounded on the one side by prettiness, on the other by the fantastic and the unnatural. At a touch of nature his whole world of cold excitement would drop to pieces, scatter into coloured fragments of broken glass.

The world of Moreau is made of coloured glass and jewels. His colour is always startling, sometimes intense; like his whole work, it aims at effect, and it is that portion of his work which most often or most nearly succeeds. He encrusts his canvases with gesso, with metal, and with glass. In the Palazzo Martinengo at Brescia there is a quaint picture of *St. George and the Dragon*, attributed to Giovanni Donato Mont' Orfano, which is like an anticipation of this part of Moreau. The armour is of actual steel and iron, the lance of iron, and pointed with steel; there are brass and steel knobs and nails and circlets on the horse's harness. Thus, in Moreau's *Fleur Mystique* there is a design built up like Le Puy with rocks and halos and jewelled crowns and tiaras and petals of tin and stems of coloured glass. But with Moreau nothing is painted for its own sake, but for the sake of some enigmatical transformation. He paints a tea-rose, and the flower petrifies, turns

into a jewel. The cactus, which should be his favourite flower, becomes a menace of rosy flame; but he tries to make the leaves mysterious, not by painting them as they are, and thus loses much, softening what is sharply artificial and unreal in the actual thing. He is at his best, nearest to imagination, when he sees almost nothing but colour, setting mass to cry against mass. Thus it is only in his small compositions, his sketches, that he makes any genuine appeal as a painter. In the "Grande Salle" of what was once his house, and is now the "Musée Moreau," he has let in daylight on vast canvases, and that light shows us all that is threadbare in them, their cold frenzies, their gaudy commonness. In the small, bright, sombre things, in the lower rooms, there is the effect, strange, disconcerting, attractive, of a kind of transposition of whole picture-galleries of pictures. All are translated into another language, in which they speak with a fascinating foreign accent.

III

In one of the rooms of the Musée Moreau there is a copy of Carpaccio's *St. George and the Dragon*, and by its presence there it seems to make criticism easier. By the side of what is youthful and naïve in Carpaccio's realising imagination, all these laboured inventions seem to drop away into some sick region of no-man's land, where an art of spectacular illusion sets a tragic ballet, tragic and Parisian, posturing uncertainly across the footlights of picture-frames. A note which I deciphered on the margin of one of the drawings indicates enough of the aim: "Orphée mourant, toute la Nature en pleurs, tous les animaux—les satyrs, les faunes, les centaures, &c., toutes les créatures des poètes—dans des mouvements de déséspoir. Nature en deuil." The stealthy snarer is seen setting his traps for attitudes.

It is not in this way, from the outside, that great art, above all great visionary art, is made. There is equal need of "fundamental brain-work" in a picture and in a poem, if either is

to be properly imaginative. All Moreau's pictures are illus trations of legends; it is only rarely, as in the eternal Salome, that they create a new, personal form for legend, and even Salome is for the most part seen meagrely, a costumed doll, to whom Huysmans must add meaning as he adds a rarer colour. At times the painter can produce an effect of actual hallucination, but the effect is superposed upon a purely Academic groundwork; his drawings are all of studied poses, carefully and unsensitively copied; colour is called in to give heat and singularity to a structure at once cold and commonplace.

When Moreau is at his best, when his colour is almost a disguise, and the conventional drawing, the doll-like figures, the forced emphasis, the prettiness, are buried out of sight under clots of paint, out of which the sunlight sucks a fierce brilliance, there are moments when it is possible to compare him with Degas, the painter of modern things, whose work is to be seen not far off on the walls of the Luxembourg. What Moreau does with colour combined outside reality, Degas does, and more discreetly, with colour caught in real things: a hanging on the wall, a carpet under the feet, a frame of theatrical scenery, which becomes a vision as he looks at it, and the equivalent of imagination. And in Degas the beauty is a part of truth, a beauty which our eyes are too jaded to distinguish in the things about us. Degas finds in real things, seen at the right moment, all the flames and all the jewels of Moreau. And thus, in his acceptance of reality, he has created a new and vital form of art; while Moreau, in his rejection of time and space, has but combined pictures out of other pictures. His art was sterile from the first, and but repeats the ineffectual spells of a solitary magician. But at least he lived his own life, among his chosen spectres.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE PATRIOT DUKE OF SERMONETA[1]

IF in 1848-9, a prophet's voice had risen above the crash of falling thrones to predict the unification of Italy under a king and of Germany under an emperor, such a man would have been regarded as a dreamer of dreams. In Europe the principle of monarchy was fairly discredited: democracy had come to stay, and in those States which had suffered shock so much was disorganised, and so little had been re-organised, that anything was rendered possible, from the reddest of red republics to the *coup d'état* of some pretender of the hour. In France the return of her periodical convulsions was ever to be expected, and the emissaries of revolutionary committees, furnished with French gold and having their headquarters in Paris and in Switzerland, managed to spread a propaganda of unrest from Madrid to Moscow, from Mount Etna to Siberia. How, in spite of all their endeavours, and of endemic local jealousies an empire did arise under a Hohenzollern and an Italian kingdom under a Prince of the House of Savoy, are tales that belong to the history of the nineteenth century, and to the history of a civilisation which however modern is not yet absolutely

[1] "Epistolario del duca Michelangelo Caëtani, di Sermoneta," vol. i. Firenze, 1902. "Alcuni ricordi de Michelangelo Caëtani, duca di Sermoneta, raccolti della sua vedova," vol. i., Firenze, 1904. Edizioni non venali. (Published for his Centenary, and for private circulation only.)

converted to Atomism, in either politics or religion. In both countries we have seen the hard-won sceptre devolve on a third generation, and to Italy a son has recently been born. The boy has the best wishes of the world that he may live to manhood, and, in the power of his hereditary monarchy, defy the demoralising and disintegrating forces at work in the Peninsula.

Italian unity had been won by the efforts of all classes in all parts of the country—by pens, by sermons, by tears, and by swords. It was wrung from Fate by the extraordinary sacrifices of which a nation is capable when possessed by a deep sense of injury under foreign rulers, and when it is animated by radiant ideals. Yet no sooner was the goal in sight than the difficulty of difficulties presented itself. By whom was this newly launched *Italia una* to be steered?

How was the unity to be maintained, where a dozen small States preserved different idioms, and cherished memories of old grudges in a very varied past? Nor was the Roman question the only gulf that threatened to open. There were many sensibilities to be considered, many claims to be met, or quashed. Was Italy to become a vast field for small ambitions, the happy hunting-ground of a place-seeking middle class? Garibaldi was its popular idol, yet he, as an American citizen, had done and dared things that would have been impossible for him had he started with a commission in the army of Piedmont. What now was to be done with Garibaldi? and what was to be done without him? Then there were the journalists, so full of patriotism, but full, alas! of those frothy and sonorous abstractions about light, liberty, and virtue which entail no duties. They taught dangerous ideals, and it had come to pass that the word "DUTY" was cited much more rarely in Italy than the word "*Rights*." On looking closer it was too apparent that these rights were not all for civil and religious freedom, nor solely for the free and happy exercise of each man's gifts for the common weal; they were rather claims for a state-conducted regulation of capital and labour; to say nothing of

an equal participation in material prosperity. A slippery foundation this on which to build a new commonwealth! and liberty so easily passes into licence that that must be a very exceptional Revolution which, along with many necessary reforms, does not also bring up a crop of undeserved hardships and of short-sighted measures. The whole object of the political life of the patriot Duke of Sermoneta was to achieve those reforms, and to prune away those exaggerations. To accomplish this it behoved the provisional governments, the Senate at Turin, the Giunta in Rome, and all the true friends of Italy, to walk warily among the falsehoods of extremes. They felt that a stable, limited, and hereditary monarchy was necessary, and that such a monarchy was ever secured was due to the passionately courageous ambition of Victor Emmanuel, who succeeded where his father failed, to the statesmanship of Cavour, to the devotion of Costa and Azeglio, to the prudence of Pantaleoni, and to the personal influence of the best of the Roman princes, of Don Michel-Angelo Caëtani, Duke of Sermoneta. Of course, these men, who not only thought out the problem but carried out the programme, made many enemies. All the doctrinaires and members of secret societies in Italy and abroad were scandalised; all the demagogues were furious. Why was Mazzini not in power? Why was the Fiery Cross of Republicanism dropped? Was the struggle for freedom and equality to end in a common and commonplace reverence for a crowned head? Was it for *this* that they had fought with kings and kaisers, with archbishops, field marshals, and grand dukes: that they had deprived Jesuits of their pupils, and monks of their convents, and were now as ready to rob St. Peter of his patrimony as they had been to deprive the Duke of Parma of his life? It was hard, they said. It was so hard that Milan is to this day a hot-bed of dissatisfied Socialists; that Italian assassins still stab kings, queens, and presidents, and that in social life the old rancour of *bianchi* and *neri* parties has by no means died out. So much is this the case that the correspondence of the Duke of

Sermoneta cannot yet be published *in extenso*. Between Vatican and Quirinal there is a gulf fixed. A large party feels itself outraged by the loss of the territory, and consequent freedom of the Pope. The race of monopoly-loving cardinals is still represented, and by no clerical could the pages be relished in which Sermoneta wrote about misgovernment in the Romagna, or about the mistake (as he considered it) of mixing up the highest spiritual authority with temporal powers. The Republicans would be still less edified to see all their portraits drawn by that caustic pen which had no good to say of their improvised constitutions, and of what he called *les anthropoids parlants*, the talking patriots of clubs and senates.[1] The very powers that be, owing as they do, their pride of place to revolutions in the Peninsula, are unable to deny their democratic parentage, and they must prefer to let the closer degrees of it become obliterated, not only by time and by the services that the House of Savoy has rendered to Italy, but by those semi-paternal traits which are surely the true ideal of kingship.

It follows from these considerations that the "Epistolario" and the "Ricordi" are full of lacunes, and only on some other day, and by some other hand, can the life and times of the patriot Duke of Sermoneta be written. He fully deserved that title. From revolutionary changes he gained nothing, for he had nothing to gain. Such as he had—time, health, strength, reputation, and influence—he gave them all to his country; and he gave them that she might reap what was, in his opinion, the best result of her passage from the old *régime* into the new. He lived sparingly, almost penuriously, and only those who knew him best were aware how, out of the limited means at his command, he not only built up the fortunes of his children, but year after year supplied the wants of multitudes of the poor *artisti* and priests of both Rome and Florence.

[1] Cardinal Antonelli said one day to a liberal member, "I am delighted to hear that Don Michel-Angelo now speaks of *you* in the same terms that he used to apply to us."

Almsgiving was the tender side of a nature inclined to a sarcastic pessimism, and his duchess, besides continuing his private charities, has done well to preserve these characteristics of her husband in her too slender volume of "Ricordi."

The large volume of the "Epistolario" is pleasant reading, while in the correspondence with the late M. de Circourt, we have the answers to the Duke's letters, and so get, as it were, the picture of one scholar as he appeared to another nearly as gifted. His letters to Lady William Russell have not been included in this volume. It is to be hoped that they are reserved for the next issue, for as iron sharpeneth iron, so Sermoneta's wit, always acute and amusing, must have flashed its brightest when he wrote to the remarkable woman of whom Baron Hübner said that he did not think it was possible to have more intelligence than she possessed.

The depth of Sermoneta's family affections was remarkable, and so was the strength of his friendships. Let us take the family first. Don Michel-Angelo Caëtani, Prince of Teano, and Duke of Sermoneta, was born in Rome in 1804. His house was illustrious. Out of it had come three Popes—Gelasius II. and Boniface VIII., while the mother of Paul III. was a Caëtani, who had contracted, with a Farnese, a marriage that in those days was regarded as more or less of a *mésalliance*. There had also been seventeen Caëtani cardinals, one of whom was in France as legate when Henry IV. was asking himself whether Paris was worth a Mass? As for the laymen of the house some had been governors and some viceroys in Sicily. These had generally intermarried with their equals, with a Chigi, or a Corsini, only occasionally permitting themselves an unequal alliance, say with a man of business, like Di Pietro (the father of the Cardinal), or with the daughter of a man of letters, like Gherardo de' Rossi. Don Michele was the grandson of Rossi, and there can be no doubt but that to this maternal grandfather he owed the intellectual resources which distinguished him from the Roman nobles of his day, and prepared a solace for his blind old age.

His father was born and died poor. He let the second floor of their palazzo Caëtani to Cardinal Consalvi, and when the Cardinal went into exile there succeeded him, as an *inquilino*, the General Miollis who had been with Buonaparte in Egypt.[1] Before the handsome young heir of the palazzo Caëtani issued from boyhood the Napoleonic terror had blown away in the smoke of Waterloo, yet no public career seems to have been thought of for the lad. He grew up in plain living and high thinking; learnt goldsmith's work, collected knowledge at its varied Roman sources, and in the house of Dante's great enemy, Pope Boniface VIII., he committed to heart the whole of the *Divina Commedia*. It was his first love and his last; his intended commentary never saw the light, for blindness prevented its accomplishment, but in all the serious schools of Italy those curious *Tavole*, which he drew up to illustrate the Heaven and Hell and Purgatory of Dante, are now in use as a classic. Don Michele was good-looking, with a finely shaped head, and a voice that could thunder with anger, but that was also so sweet and so sonorous as to add a charm to his recitations of some favourite *Canto*. English institutions early attracted him, and the best English in Rome were in their turn attracted by this scholarly young patrician. Among his friends were Lord Beverley, and the family of Miss Bathurst. The fate of that lovely girl, betrothed at the age of seventeen to Algernon Percy (sometime Secretary of Legation at Berne), was tragic indeed. She was drowned when out riding at the Acqua Acetosa. The body was found later by another of her admirers, and these incidents, along with the mysterious disappearance of her father, Mr. Bathurst, after the peace of Schönbrun, and finally the death of the bereaved Mr. Percy from cholera, in Portman Square, in 1833, naturally made a great impression on Don Michele, and served to deepen the friendship between himself and the Percy family. In 1830, the circle in

[1] Miollis was the brother of the saintly bishop of Digne, whom, under the name of Bienvenu, Victor Hugo has described in his "Misèrables."

which he lived was as cosmopolitan as it was brilliant. There were the Dalbergs, Horace Vernet and a daughter, the Duke of Rovigo, M. de la Ferronays, the two brothers Henry and Edward Cheney; Lord Lovaine and his family, the Bunsens, Mr. Morier, and Lord Compton, and Sir William Gell. Through this company of gifted and sympathetic people passed, in May 1830, Sir Walter Scott. He was weary and sick already, well-nigh unto death, for this was the year of his decease; as it was also that of Cuvier and of Goëthe.

We have said that public life had not been thought of for Don Michele, yet in 1833, he found a scope for his energies as well as for his love of mechanics. He was named to the command of the Fire Brigade, the *Corpo di Vigilie*, so called in memory of the ancient *Vigili Romani Augustuli.* The rules of his corps, and the purchase, in England, of new engines, pumps, and fire-escapes were not only a perpetual source of interest to him, but they prompted his first visit to England. At one time he personally rescued a woman and her child; and during the siege of Rome he had, so to speak, the safety of the Eternal City in the hands of his *Vigili.* His widow writes:

> While other Roman princes were to be met on the Corso, or at church *funzioni*, or in the theatres, this good public servant was ever present where there was a work of salvage to carry through. The populace adored him, and used to say, "perhaps there have been many Dukes of Sermoneta in Rome, but *never* another Don Michel-Angelo Caëtani."

On one cold night in January 1839, happened the eighth fire at the Palazzo di Venezia, at which the Emperor of Russia was present. There the conduct of the *Vigili*, under their fearless captain, was watched by a beautiful Polish girl, who lived in the Torlonia Palace, on the other side of the street. When Don Michel-Angelo Caëtani and Countess Callista Rzeweska met, admiration already existed on her side. It grew to mutual sympathy, and in spite of a lack of fortune on the bridegroom's part, it ended in a marriage that was ideally happy as long as it lasted. A daughter, Ersilia, was born in 1840. She has inherited her father's learning. Then the heir,

Onorato, came, who was to inherit much of his mother's beauty, but six months after his birth Duchess Callista died. In the same year Sermoneta was fated to lose his mother and his favourite sister, and from this epoch (though total blindness did not overtake him till 1867) dates the sober and saddened tone of the Duke's mind. It had been formed on no trivial lines, bnt by sorrow, by hard work, by the study of Dante, and by the consciousness that for a quarter of a century Italy had been striving, now in one way and now in another, to achieve unity and freedom. In England he found the most congenial correspondents, and his letters are full not only of public or literary matters, but of grave anxiety about his two children, about the most judicious ways of investing their moneys, about their ailments, and about his own. These domestic themes occupy him till a public charge was added to his already considerable burdens. He was elected President of the Roman Club, no small compliment to his popularity; and he was named Minister of Police to Pius IX. in 1847. There was by that time no love lost between the Liberal leaders and Mastei Ferretti, whom they had once acclaimed as one of themselves, but whose temper had become distinctly reactionary. A curious courage ever animated the Pope and served to blind him to the coming storm. There was a riot one day. His Minister of Police judged this outbreak to be grave—even dangerous. The Pope waved his hand and said, with a smile: "They are making a demonstration!" but Sermoneta replied, drily: "His Holiness, who is afraid of reforms, has no fear of revolutions!" Revolution had come, and Cardinal Bofondi's Cabinet, of which Sermoneta, like Pasolini, was a member, fell in April 1848. The manner of Don Michel-Angelo's rupture with his master was characteristic, and he was fond of relating it.

One day a *sospetto* desiring to come to Rome on family business asked for and got, through one of the heads of the Liberal party, a safe conduct, good for this occasion only. The same intermediary waited ere long on the Minister of Police, and complained bitterly of the want of probity by which

his friend had, in spite of the *pass*, been arrested. "Not with *my* leave, or by any connivance of mine," replied the Minister, who immediately ordered an inquiry which proved the complaint to be founded on fact. Then without loss of time, Don Michele sought the Pope, from whom, not so long before, the *pass* had been obtained, and asked how such a thing had happened? "Be at ease, I have given the order." "But, your Holiness, how *can* this be. I had given my word that this man might enter Rome unchallenged—my honour is at stake." The Pope then showed him an anonymous letter, which said that the man in question was dangerous. "Does your Holiness know who wrote this letter?" "I don't know. It came from London: but I had an inspiration." "But if your Holiness acts on inspirations a Minister of Police becomes a superfluity"; and so they parted.

A letter of February 14, 1848, speaks for itself.

I beg you then, my dear friends, Henry and Edward (Cheney), not to accuse me of coldness or of ingratitude, as I may tell you that for more than a month I have again and again set myself to write to you, and have always been turned from it. This last most distasteful post of Minister of Police has oppressed my spirit to the last degree, so that even the body has been ill for some time. Seen from abroad, and from the newspapers, you would certainly suppose that my office was a possible and a useful thing; but I would have you know that it is just the contrary. My presence is only apparent, and even that would be no such great harm if that presence were not a terrible fag, and of no real importance as far as obtaining from the government the improvements which are of absolute necessity in my department. It was through courteous force that I was compelled to become minister, but in return I have not been enabled to force the Government to amend its condition. I hope soon to go back to my old post, and to attend to my health, which gets daily worse, and then I may be able to write to you with less haste and confusion, and then I may be able to describe to you the state of our affairs, which is very much more grave and difficult than it appears to you abroad. At the present time a Ministry of Police is an anachronism. In Rome, what is worse, is that the police is just a barometer to mark the degrees of political weakness. The old Government resists secretly, as if rather in expectation of anarchy than of those constitutional reforms, which would oblige it to renounce its old arbitrary action. I am without the power of doing any good, were good still possible to be done, nor can I see where we are getting to; so much has the old Government fought, and still fights. You can picture to yourself, among so much irresolution, and so much dubiety, what anarchy reigns in our state, and if you consider what a grave cause exists in this old Government, you will grant that any disorders that arise are yet less by far than what might reasonably be expected . . . Speaking of this Ministry of Police I will tell you that it was put upon me as by force: I not accepting it; and that in less than a month's time

I had to exhort the Pope every day to receive my demission. I wish to leave, because at all times, and especially in those which are upon us, I detest heavy public charges which place you between the people and the rulers. Now I detest them very especially because I grow more and more ill, and there are but few hours in which I can endure this fatigue, now of spirit and now of body. From now I must tell you that our political situation has reached the acme of difficulty, because of its complications. The old Roman abuses are known to you, and to all the world. I need not enumerate them. The populace is ill governed, and worse educated, never warned, and often unjustly punished . . . These are conditions full of terror for the present, and for the future . . . What Ministry of Police could exist among such circumstances and such passions? Pius IX. will be always loved, and will often triumph, but alone among the rest. His goodness will render him ever beloved and accepted, but this universal affection for him is a fatal condemnation for those who do not resemble him. This perfect goodness of Pius IX. is also the cause that just as the lay liberals and in like manner the most illiberal clericals both trust in him, so do the Christian and exemplary virtues of Pius IX. seek to bring about a harmony between the most opposite principles and the most marring personalities. Pius IX. is a rare model of heroic and Christian virtues, and he is worthy of a country less given over to politics than is our own. Pius IX. has no political knowledge, and every determination that he forms is mystical and provisional. You will then easily understand that the doings of the present Cabinet oscillate between the mysticism of our most pure-minded Head, the *curialism* of a secret *carnarillo,* and the exasperated fanaticism of a public that is tinged with many colours, and stained by many passions . . . When this letter reaches you I trust that I shall be no longer a minister but a spectator.

It was as a spectator that Sermoneta retired with his children to Florence for a time, but he retained his charge of the *Vigili*, and thus, in June 1849, was brought in contact with Garibaldi. In a letter, dated San Pancrazio, the General demanded twenty firemen, and this obliged the Duke to go out and confer with Garibaldi, and to judge for himself both of the useless ruin being brought on the city by the French bombardment, and of the cruel martyrdom of more than one poor priest. He says that about fourteen of these were shot and shovelled into the ground without any ceremony by the soldiery and the rabble. It was not to be supposed that the ex-minister of police, so clear-sighted where the Vatican was concerned, should be much more easily pleased with the Liberal

theory and practice. But as time went on another factor was added to the sum of Italian hopes and fears. Louis Napoleon, ex-conspirator and ex-*carbonaro*, was Emperor of the French, and the question was, what would his attitude be towards his former friends? Would he be Napoleonic and dream of wars and laurels? Would he exhibit conservative and clerical tendencies, after the manner of *possidenti* who have achieved position and fortune? Or would he show sympathy with the secret societies of which he had originally been a member? We know that he arrived at trying a little of all these methods; that Orsini's bomb and Pianori's pistol reminded him of what his old friends were capable should he disappoint them; that he led French troops into Italy to assist in Italian unification, and seemed disposed to revenge on Austria the old grudge of the *parvenu* to whom the address of "*Monsieur, mon frère*," had been refused; and that, finally, having fought beside the flag of Piedmont he demanded, and received, Nice and Savoy as the price of his intervention. For obvious reasons the *Epistolario* does not contain letters treating of these campaigns, of the men who arranged them, or of the men who fought in them. Sermoneta's mind was not military in its bent. Yet unmilitary as were his instincts he did not fail to perceive that after the campaign on the Adige, and the cession of Lombardo-Venetia, the occult and irregular forces of Italian democracy had not been gainers. Here is an extract:

It is said that Lamoricière will take the command of the Papal militia. I do not think that he can do much . . . If the old rulers conquer new, and always new, revolutions will arise: and if the Revolution run its course I do not know where it may think right to stop.

Sometimes he dilates sadly on the painful theme of public life in Rome; sometimes he sums up his impressions in such satirical sentences as: "*Our Government moves by the opposition of two contrary and contrasting factions, secure in its place between them of the aversion of the whole country.*"

. . . Every throne is eaten by the worms of democracy . . . the only ideal political position possible is that of a limited monarchy ; but the real difficulty lies in finding the person who could be universally acceptable, without having recourse to military violence.

In these lines is contained, so to speak, the political testament of the patriot whom M. de Circourt used to call "the best and most valuable citizen in Italy."

In some respects the Italians might possibly reproach him for being English rather than Italian in his social leanings. In the first place he was a stranger to the old pathetic and narrow patriotism of the petty States, and his admiration for English constitutional government he certainly retained to the last, even when years of acquaintance with parliamentarianism in France, Spain, and Italy might have tempted him to exclaim, with Baron Hübner, that "parliamentary government is but democracy under a fresh disguise." Then in 1854, Sermoneta married an English woman, a Miss Knight; his son, the Prince of Teano, following his example, married Miss Ada Wilbraham; and, finally, in 1875, when the Duke married for the third time, he chose Miss Harriet Ellis, daughter of Lord Howard de Walden, so long British Minister at Brussels. He was happy in both his English alliances, and his *salon* was frequented by the best and most intellectual foreigners. Lady William Russell and her sons, the Duchess Castiglione Colonna[1] (the *Marcello* of the studio) and her family, Lady Marian Alford, the two brothers de Circourt, Mr. Hare, and Dr. J. P. Richter, with Mr. W. W. Story, and Mr. Nassau Senior, were among its *habitués*, to say nothing of the Père Hyacinthe Loyson or the Padre Curci, two of those "strange bed-fellows" that the *scomunica* (like adversity) supplied. A Senator since 1848, the Duke had been not only a member of the Provisional *Giunta*, but he it was who was chosen, albeit stone-blind, to carry up to Florence, and place in the hands of Victor Emmanuel the result of the solemn

[1] Adèle d'Affry, of Fribourg, widow of Don Carlo Colonna. She bequeathed her sculptures to her native city.

plébiscite. Master and man remained excommunicate, *ipso facto*, because of their respective shares in that day's jubilation, but that sentence of excommunication Sermoneta considered to be as the seal of his exertions for an Italian monarchy whose "relations with the Holy See it would require time and the ecclesiastical lawyers to arrange."

With Pius IX., under whom Sermoneta had once served, no reconciliation was possible, and many faces in Roman society were turned away from the Duke and from his third wife when he brought her from Florence to the Palazzo Caëtani. After both the King and the Pope were dead, Leo XIII. was approached by one of the cardinals, and asked to render sacramentally valid the Duke's union with Miss Ellis. His Holiness replied that this was the first favour asked of him since his election, and that it would give him extreme pleasure to do what might be agreeable to so distinguished a Roman; and a nuptial benediction, at the villa of the Cardinal, followed in due time.

The Duke of Sermoneta, captious and *frondeur* as he had ever been, and endowed with a Voltaire-like power of seeing the laughable side of serious things, was never an irreligious man. He had drunk too deep of that Pierian spring, the philosophy of Dante, to have missed those principles which Dante had imbibed from the Angelic Doctor. He was also wont to notice that children brought up without religion will soon tire of duty, and are wanting in tenderness; while a populace that does not believe in immortality is peculiarly ready to be liberal with the property of others. About relics and miracles he was a sceptic, but nothing provoked him more than flippant atheism. To a man who had been contending, with the most cheerful assurance, that there was not, and never could be, any proof of the existence of God, Sermoneta replied angrily:

> Are you mad? When I arrive at an inn, order my dinner and eat it, does it ever occur to me to argue about the existence of a cook? Any man, who is not an idiot, knows quite well that where there has been a dinner there must have been a cook.

When this redoubtable descendant of Boniface VIII. lay on his death-bed he received from Pope Leo XIII. a message of fatherly concern for his sufferings. The Duke was infinitely touched, and words passed that day between the Roman Pontiff and the Roman Prince that must have been soothing alike to the dying man and to his devoted nurse. Once during that last illness there had been a rally that gave hopes of recovery, and the Duchess said to him, "If this goes on we shall soon betake ourselves, as is wont, to return thanks at St. Peter's." "No," he replied, "but at Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. They say that they possess there a relic of the true Cross. I do not know if it is genuine, but that is a quiet little church, and I should prefer to go there to return thanks." No recovery was vouchsafed, and the patriot Duke of Sermoneta died about sunset on December 11, 1882. His widow adds: "The last thing that I did before leaving Rome after his death was to go alone to that church, and there ask God for the strength required to bear the desolation of so great a loss."

Harriet Caëtani has not only lived to put together these *Ricordi*, but she has founded, in her husband's name, a *Sala di Dante* at Or San Michele in Florence. It will serve to keep the Duke's memory green, while as the *Cattedra* and seat of study it will assist all such scholars as may be possessed of a noble curiosity to know more and more of the mind of Dante.

C. L. H. Dempster.

ON THE LINE

IT is not very often the case that after reading a history book we wish for another volume. But Mr. George Trevelyan's **England under the Stuarts** (Methuen & Co., 1904) is at once so solid and so brilliant a piece of work that we wish it had been expanded into a more detailed account of the facts and personages which he treats with so much clearness and estimates with such mature judgment. Generalisation is an easy pitfall for the impressionist, the maker of paradoxes or the mere mare's-nester, and we are disposed at first to withhold assent from a writer who generalises so much as Mr. Trevelyan. But our confidence increases as we read on, and we find that he has bottomed his subject, and can reason from one part of it to another, and is misled neither by Puritan or Cavalier sympathies, nor by respect for a majority or a minority to do injustice to the age of James I. or William III. Such impartial treatment brings with it the danger of monotony, as if black + white = grey were a true formula. But Mr. Trevelyan keeps his blacks and whites distinct enough, as becomes a kinsman of Macaulay, and is by no means an indifferentist. If heroes and villains do not play so great a part in his history as in some others, this is not because he denies them their due proportion, but because he regards the game more than the pieces, and sees that the match played and won by England was part of a larger game

in which the Thirty Years' War and the War of the Spanish Succession are the decisive passages, the transfer of preponderance from Spain to France, the rivalry of France and Germany, the rise and fall of Lewis XIV.'s empire, the establishment of England in the Mediterranean, are the successive stages, and Richelieu, Gustavus Adolphus, Maximilian and Lewis XIV. the chief players. The English actors occupy a smaller place, on account not of their own greatness, but of the *rôle* for which they are cast. England is growing into greatness. Her domestic quarrel with the Stuarts is the shaking of Samson's locks, her ousting of James II. is the prelude to the birth of constitutional liberty and the death-knell of absolutism; when Oliver burst into the Mediterranean he opened a door never to be closed again, and founded England's sea power; when Laud's persecution drove the Puritans to New England the little man sowed a mighty seed; when Marlborough cheated the Dutch and marched upon Bavaria he saved Europe from a century of despotism.

The events seemed small at the time, but the greatness of England was in them, and Mr. Trevelyan's history is an epic on that theme. The nation is always before him in its country life and city business, its religious and political health and sickness, its internal growth and European position.

We have no space to select passages; but we would mention as especially worthy of notice Mr. Trevelyan's estimates of Cromwell, Strafford, Pym, Charles II., Marlborough and William III.; his appreciation of political atmosphere (as, for instance, if we compare the despotism of 1628–1641 with that of 1683–5), his summaries of military epochs, especially the wars of Marlborough. As we said above, he has the power of generalising well, and this will make his volume acceptable to those who in reading history desire not merely facts and pictures, but consideration of causes and effects.

Mr. Trevelyan is a considerable master of style. But his style is not equal—he sometimes allows himself to be careless, and slip on the one side into colloquialism, on the other into fine writing. At his best, which is very often, he is eloquent, dignified and pregnant, and touches a height to which not many writers of to-day attain.

Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of J. H. Shorthouse. Edited by his wife. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co. 1905.)—Some books are more interesting than their writers. But we are inclined to think that the supreme interest of "John Inglesant"—and that is no slight thing to say of so notable a book—is John Henry Shorthouse. How comes it that a man, born in Birmingham in the early Victorian era, nurtured in the ceremonial baldness of the Quaker worship, surrounded by men who were leading the narrow commonplace lives of the commercial middle-class of the provinces, himself immersed by day in the mechanical routine of business, should have been from the first instinctively conscious of the world of mystery which he so vividly realised? What innate impulse forced the boy out of the groove in which circumstances seemed to conspire to imprison him? From what internal source sprang his passionate delight in beauty of colour, sound, or form? What voice, heard almost in childhood, interpreted to him the secret glamour of the historic past, and emancipated him from the individualistic detachment of the Society of Friends? What inborn aspirations lifted him out of his prosaic circumstances into the region of poetry and romance, taught him to discern the Divine reality in material facts, trained him to read the spiritual symbolism of familiar and domestic occurrences.

A similar problem confronts us in the case of Sir Edward Burne Jones who, amidst the same uncongenial surroundings, came into the world an Italian mediævalist. The ordinary solution is that the ways of genius are incomprehensible.

With that explanation, inadequate though we know it to be, we are in the last resort obliged to be content. Yet there is a fascination in trying to supplement the incompleteness of the answer from biographical details. That is the opportunity which Mrs. Shorthouse gives in her suggestive record of her husband's life. "John Inglesant" is the vehicle which Shorthouse chose as the expression of his own reading of the seventeenth century and of its influence on the thought of his own times. In the first of her volumes Mrs. Shorthouse gives us "John Inglesant" in the making. The second volume contains a number of miscellaneous essays and articles which, here and there, illustrate trains of thought and feeling habitual to Shorthouse; but they will not enhance his literary reputation.

A patient hearing for an original and thoughtful observer in the crowd of writers on Russian and Japanese warfare is what the reviewer must claim for the volume entitled **With the Russians in Manchuria.** (Maurice Baring. Methuen & Co. 1905.) There are so many volumes now appearing about the heroic struggle in the East, the struggle is so big, and the war jottings are so small—or shall we say the subject is so tedious, and we are so sensitive?—that we inquire closely into the qualifications of our war correspondent before we read this book. Let it be said at once that Mr. Baring is a master of the Russian language. He was living in Moscow at the outbreak of the war, with the intention of writing a book about Russian literature, when he was sent to the front as war correspondent of the *Morning Post*. In this capacity, with unusual opportunities for good and intimate relations with Russian officers and soldiers of all ranks, he displays a remarkable power of seeing facts about men and events and then describing them so as to make the facts live for us, and in such a plain and unexaggerated

narrative that the volume is filled with sketches ot nature of rare beauty and truth.

In the first page of his modest Preface, in which Mr. Baring expressly bids us not look for the judgments of the serious student of war, nor expect him to go beyond his *métier* as war correspondent, he gives a Russian trooper's justification of that *métier* ·

The man who rode beside me asked me if I was a doctor. I said I was a war correspondent. He remained pensive for a while, and he then explained to me the nature and the first cause of war correspondents in the following terms: "War correspondents," he said, "are people who are sent to see that neither side *add* anything." He meant that war correspondents were there to check the military authorities, lest either side should invent a furious exploit or an imaginary battle. (Pp. ix., x.)

In a subtler sense Mr. Baring does not "add anything" to his impressions. He is endowed with truthful insight, originality and simplicity, so that we get the very truth of landscape and of human nature in a novel world of men and races, it is the *page arraché à la nature* of the faithful impressionist. Clear observation and clear thinking combine to give a view at once personal and complete of the campaign which began for him with General Samsonoff's division of the First Siberian Army Corps at Ta-shi-chiao, and unrolled itselt before the eyes of the world in the vast and prolonged battle of Liao-Yang. This battle was fought over an area corresponding in extent to that of the Thames valley. Here is an impression received amidst the roar of artillery:

From the spectator's point of view everything was spoilt by the dense, tall kowliang, or giant millet: from a hill you could see the infantry disappear into the kowliang; you are deaf with the noise, and the battle seemed to be going on underground. One seemed to be in a gigantic ant-heap where invisible ants were struggling and moving. In the evening the result became apparent in the streams of wounded and mangled men who were carried from the field to the ambulances. At sunset, if one could have had a bird's-eye view of the whole field, it would have given one the idea of a hidden and bleeding heart,

from which, like the spokes of a wheel, red arteries composed of the streams of wounded on every road, radiated in every direction.

The following are portraits of Russian artillery-officers in this battle; they are chosen out of many portraits of soldiers in Mr. Baring's book.

On the side of the hill was Colonel Philémonoff, and with him Lieutenant Kislitzki. The Colonel was too ill to do much himself, and during the greater part of the day it was Kislitzki who gave out the range. Kislitzki was not second in command. He was a young man twenty-five years old; but his knowledge of gunnery, and his talent, amounting to genius, in discovering the enemy's batteries and estimating ranges were so exceptional that when the Colonel was too ill to work he put everything into this young fellow's hands. The Colonel lay wrapped up in a Caucasian cloak on the side of the hill, and every now and then, as he gave out, checked, or slightly modified Kislitzki's orders . . . I cannot conceive it possible to be pluckier than the Colonel was both in his utter disregard for dangers and in the manner he endured terrible suffering without giving in . . . He created the battery, the officers were his pupils, and his personal influence pervaded it. He was always there, and ready, if things went badly, to surmount any physical suffering to deal with the crisis. He also loved his profession, and was at the top of it; and it was bitterly ironical that now, when he had such a good opportunity for exercising his skill, that he was too ill to avail himself of it. Once, as he was lying on the hill with his battery in action and had sunk back exhausted on the grass, he said to me, "I love my business; and now that we get a chance of doing, I can't; all the same, they know I'm here, and if any difficulty, any crisis arose, they know that no physical pain would prevent me from doing all I could."

Kislitzki, however, equalled him; the Cossacks used to say he was an "eagle." He was certainly the most brilliant officer I saw; the most cultivated and thoughtful; he knew his business and loved it. It was an art to him, and he must have had the supreme satisfaction of the artist when he exercises his powers and knows that his work is good. He was also absolutely fearless and without the suspicion of thought for himself, or his career, or what would be advantageous to him. He was responsible for the battery's splendidly accurate firing in nearly every engagement; but he has not got the credit, nor does he need it; his wages are fully paid to him while he is at work.

We follow Colonel Philémonoff and Kislitzki after Liao-Yang on to the second great battle fought by Kuropatkin last October, that of the River Shaho, when the

battery was successful (in driving the Japanese away) at Lonely Tree Hill. The names all remain in our memory after reading Mr. Baring's book, with some of the clearness and reality of the portraits and landscapes of the great Russian masters of narrative whom he has not studied in vain; but to quote is to spoil the portraits, which are completed only by the narrative, saturated with his own sense of what is both grand and servile in military service.

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XXIV

MEN AND A WOMAN

MY lady Sunderland remarked that my lady Laleham had done better to put off her rout till the Day of Judgment. Ladies and gentlemen would then be more at their ease. For that famous rout was upon the night of the day that saw King James clap seven Bishops in the Tower and his Queen delivered of a son. Wherefore wild looks and rushings to and fro and whisperings, and my lady Laleham in despair.

M. de Beaujeu was at once assailed by ladies and gentlemen who desired to know why monsieur was adorned with bows of white to his breeches. Monsieur blandly explained that a Prince of Wales was born, and he dutifully rejoiced. The ladies and gentlemen looked at each other sideways.

"You believe it, then?" said my lord Manchester.

"*Corbleu,* my lord, I believe in miracles, I. I remind myself of the late Abraham. He was a hundred years when he rejoiced in the little Isaac. One tells me that no Protestants were admitted to the chamber of her Majesty." (M. de Beaujeu caught lady Sunderland's eye, and bowed and smiled.) "One talks to me of a warming-pan capacious to bear another woman's babe to her Majesty's bed. One tells me the butter-woman of Jermyn Street had the honour to have her son born

a two hours only before the Queen." (Mr. Wharton was heard to snigger.) "One says *enfin* that the Prince of Wales, he is to be seen, but the butter-woman's boy, he has vanished!" So, M. de Beaujeu, creating consternation. "*Bien, bien, cela se peut!* I say. But remind yourselves always of father Abraham and his little Isaac." M. de Beaujeu passed on to publish his gospel. My lady Sunderland made eyes at him, but Beaujeu, like an honest Huguenot, would have nought to say to a renegade's wife. He vanished with some fair Tory dames.

And Mistress Helen d'Abernon, having no taste for these pleasant debates, had escaped from her mother (who enjoyed them vastly), and attained to the honour of her cousin's society. Mr. Dane—he was always a gentleman of admirations—affected M. de Beaujeu in his dress. His round face looked out of a black periwig, he had the violet velvet of Beaujeu. A stiff soldierly air was oddly wedded to his sturdy plumpness. He endeavoured to bow with Beaujeu's favourite exaggeration.

"Mistress Helen d'Abernon? Nay, 'tis Mistress Helen of Troy!" says he, with a smirk.

"'Tis just plain Nell," said she, and held out her hand, and her big grey eyes laughed at his airs.

Mr. Dane took her hand delicately with the tips of his fingers, made another great bow, and kissed it. "I amend the phrase," says he. "'Tis nothing less than Venus' self."

Venus pulled her hand away. "Why will you talk as if we were two fools?" says she.

Mr. Dane made a gesture of despair. "You kill me with a sentence—it is, ma'am, a sentence of death."

"And 'tis the like of that you have learnt in town," said Nell, and her little full lip curled. "Do you know, Jack, you were more of a man in the country."

"These censures break my heart." Mr. Dane smiled at her benignly, and arranged his lace cravat.

"Oh, 'tis still the fashion to have a heart?"

"I have one for every fair lady, ma'am."

"And never a head withal."

"'Tis lost," says Mr. Dane amorously, "while I look—" and looked at her bare throat, where a single row of pearls lay pallid against the pure warm tint of life.

"For the sake of your poor wits then—a good night, Mr. Dane," cried Nell.

"I am left, ma'am, desolate," says Jack with another sweeping bow, and smiled after her. At the moment Beaujeu passed. Without looking at him Beaujeu murmured, "*Chez moi. Vite!*" and was gone.

Mr. Dane walked across the room, exchanged a jibe with the Marquess of Twyford, and slid out unostentatious by another door. At which precise moment my lady Sunderland sailed up, a stately marvel in rose-pink, to Mistress Nell. My lady was a thought flushed: "La, child, what roses!" says she breathless, tapping Nell's cheek with her fan. "I must have your receipt for them. Tell me now——" Nell was drawn away to an alcove. "You are fond of your cousin, child?" says my lady in another tone. "He is in danger." She glanced round and dropped her voice still lower. "He and his friend Beaujeu. Like to be hanged. I dare not speak to them before this crowd. Tell him—spies are abroad. Bid him give that to Beaujeu." She slipped a scrap of paper into Nell's hand, and closed the girl's fingers on it. "At once! Let none else know or see. 'Tis life and death." Then, more loudly, "So 'tis goat's milk you use for a wash? Lud, I must have one goat more in Whitehall!" She rustled away, leaving Nell wide-eyed and eager.

Twice Mistress Nell searched the rooms. Finding a friend at last in Twyford, she was told that Mr. Dane had gone. My lord Twyford, however, professed himself her most devoted. He was desired to get her some tea. When he came back Nell was gone.

She had slipped out, and bidden one of the footmen call her a hackney coach. As he handed her in, she bade the coachman drive her home; but, once out of St. James's

Square, she stopped the coach and gave the direction of Essex Street. Letters at least had found Jack there. And the coachman winked at his whip.

But M. de Beaujeu was not gone to Essex Street. Passing through a crowd that was roaring "Lilliburlero," he came to Adam's in the Piazza.

> Hoo! All in France have taken a swear,
> Lilli burlero bullen a la,
> Dat dey will have no Protestant heir,
> Lilli burlero bullen a la.

—it rose thunderous on the air as M. de Beaujeu passed up the stairs and into a shuttered room.

"Damn that song of yours, Wharton," says he.

Wharton laughed and whistled the chorus, beating time with his hand. "You take things so devilish hard, Beaujeu. Begad, you eat plots and drink plots and sleep plots—but—

> "'Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a la!'"

he broke off with the comical tune—"why not plot like a gentleman?" Beaujeu started: he was very white and grim. "Zounds, man, do you never laugh at yourself?" cried Mr. Wharton.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders: "I have not the time."

"Oh lud!" Mr. Wharton groaned over this humourless soul with a humorous twitching of his ugly mouth. "I like your butter-woman of Jermyn Street, though. How little of that was true?"

"The butter-woman of Jermyn Street, who was expecting a child, has mysteriously disappeared. I sent her to the country for her health." He smiled and nodded at the street, whence rose still loud the roar of treasonable songs. "But I infer 'tis thought the affair looks very ill for the King."

"So we are all to rave at the King for a lie of yours?" said Wharton, looking him in the eye.

"I am vastly honoured."

"Damme, but you know how to hate! Humph! Well, I could near be sorry for the King."

Beaujeu's eyes flashed in the light. "I think that he has not killed your father, Mr. Wharton," he said coldly.

Mr. Wharton, having no answer to that, made none; and without rose loud his song. The mobile was marching up and down Covent Garden shouting it:

> "But if Dispense do come from the Pope,
> Lilli burlero bullen a la,
> They'll hang Magna Charta and ourselves in a rope,
> Lilli burlero bullen a la!"

Into the room came stamping a lusty gentleman, plump and rubicund, and slapped down his hat on the table, and, "Zounds, gentlemen, the country will never bear this!" he cried. "What is to do?" thus my Lord Bishop of London.

"Te hee," says Mr. Wharton. "The country has borne much."

"But never aught like this, sir. Seven of my brethren, seven Bishops of the Church, seven of your fathers in God——"

"You embarrass me, my lord," says Mr. Wharton.

"They lie in chains in the Tower, sir!"

"Where many a good Whig has lain before them, my lord. But, begad, I do not recall that you had any zeal for them."

"Ah, but now we have all forgot the little disagreements of the past," cried Beaujeu.

"Your own forgiving spirit has taught us," says Mr. Wharton, with a grin—and there appeared the magnificence of my lord Devonshire, with the most handsome Earl of Shrewsbury and Mr. Russell's lean scowl to support him.

The Bishop, a lamb among wolves, one Tory among many Whigs, appeared uncomfortable. But a figure came in, thin as a lath. He gave one quick glance round the room, then took off his hat, and they saw tiny bright eyes and sharp features seared with wrinkles. "M. de Beaujeu, your obliged," says he. "Gentlemen, your most obedient."

And the Bishop, one wide smile, sprang to clasp his hand, and,

"Danby? The devil!" muttered Mr. Wharton. For the Earl of Danby was Tory of all the Tories, and Mr. Wharton had of old been active to impeach him.

"Pardon, gentlemen all," said M. de Beaujeu. "You did desire me to visit you. Eh, I could not visit you all at once—so I have asked you to visit me. And if also you visit each other—perhaps, *tant mieux*."

The company studied the face of M. de Beaujeu, and at last: "You mean we are all in one ship?" growled Mr. Russell.

"Ah, ah! I mean nothing. Gentlemen, you know whom I serve. You have said all that you want me. *Bien.* I am here. What do you want?".

A silence succeeded him—no gentleman was anxious to be the first to want. But my lord Bishop (it was plain) restrained himself difficultly, and at last, purple in the face, "Gentlemen, shall England be vassal of Rome?" he burst out.

"Those who be of that opinion say 'Aye,'" murmured Mr. Wharton.

"I conceive, gentlemen," says my lord Danby, "we are agreed that to-day has changed all. While the Princess Mary was heir to the throne we could endure, we could wait until nature worked our freedom. But now that the King seeks to give us a base brat as his own so that his Papist tyranny may not end with his life, now, gentlemen, I say——"

"To hell with the King!" growled Mr. Russell.

"Why, I would leave that for my lord Bishop," said Danby smiling. "I say, M. de Beaujeu, you spoke of one who knew how to wait. Does he know how to act?"

"*Bien*, my lord," cried Beaujeu. "And, I say—ask him!"

"I take you," says my lord Danby, and took snuff. And again came silence.

"Gentlemen, I owe no loyalty to one who persecutes the Church!" cried the Bishop.

"Nor I none to a King that would put the crown of England on a butter-woman's brat," said my lord Devonshire haughtily. Mr. Wharton, who was looking at Beaujeu, was heard again to snigger.

"Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton. "A curst ingenious King, indeed."

Then my lord Shrewsbury, with his air of saying something vastly noble: "I for one would see England free, gentlemen," and was answered by the roar of the mob without:

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

"I think," says my lord Danby, and his little eyes twinkled, "I think we are all in one ship, gentlemen," and he held out his hand. There followed much wringing of fingers, to the small edification of M. de Beaujeu, who at last tapped my lord Danby on the shoulder.

"*Enfin*, my lord, if you desire a guest you invite him," says he.

And so at last my lord Danby took pen and paper and therewith implored the Prince of Orange to come and to come soon. Honour was put in pledge that those who signed would aid him and bring many more to aid. One by one they signed; one by one, each with some private message for the Prince, they took their leave of Beaujeu. Mr. Wharton alone was left, leaning on the mantel, eyeing Beaujeu. To him Beaujeu turned, and "At last!" says he, and tapped his breast where the precious paper lay and laughed.

"Begad, Beaujeu," Mr. Wharton drawled, "James was a knave and a fool by right divine, but I doubt we'ld have thought him a decent rogue but for you."

"What?" cried Beaujeu.

Mr. Wharton grinned. "You make Sunderland set him on the Bishops; you tell us he has given us for Prince a brat of the kennel; and so we are mightily moved and we pull the poor devil down." Mr. Wharton chuckled. "But I trust

I'll be there when you and Black James settle accounts in hell."

"Have no fear," Beaujeu sneered, and then gripped Wharton's shoulder: "Man, is it you ask mercy for the King of the Bloody Assize?"

"Mercy? From you? Oh, damme!" laughed Wharton. Then drew back a little, and looked curiously at Beaujeu. "But, begad, I never heard you excuse yourself till to-night," says he, in a tone of surprise.

Mistress Nell's hackney coach made its way eastward slowly. All the good people of London were out in the streets, cheering for the Seven Bishops, groaning for the Pope and King Louis of France, and, failing all else, howling "Lilliburlero." So they were too much occupied to make way for Nell's coach readily, and as it jolted through the press Nell lay back on the musty linsey-woolsey, a little frightened, a little excited by the noisy crowds, and most heartily anxious for her cousin.

Mr. Healy had worked out Turenne's last campaign with Montecuculi, and was devoting his own mind to making a picture of the ideal garden. He held his paper at arm's length, he put his head on one side, and regarded his artistry with some complacency. Then, judging it too gaudy, put it down, and bent over it to mitigate the splendour with patches of saxifrage, and as his pencil worked he hummed or sang:

> It was a lover and his lass,
> With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
> That o'er the green corn-fields did pass,
> In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
> When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,
> Sweet lovers love the spring.

To whom Mr. Dane entered swaggering and nodded. "Beaujeu not here they tell me?" says he, tossing down his hat. "D'you know why he wants me, Healy?"

"Sure, 'twill be for the pure joy of your presence," said Mr. Healy meekly; and Mr. Dane, after thinking it over,

concluded to laugh. He crossed the room to Mr. Healy's small library—vainly essayed Cæsar and the Georgics, and found at last "La Fontaine"—which appeared to Mr. Dane very childish, and which he read with a pleasant feeling of superiority, stimulated by some glasses of the excellent Burgundy of Beaujeu.

Dubois appeared in the doorway. "Pardon, Mr. Dane, a lady."

Mr. Dane struck an attitude. "Dubois, a miracle!" says he. Mr. Healy looked at him curiously. "Well, Dubois, well, the wench's name?"

"The lady desired herself to give it to monsieur."

Mr. Dane laughed. "Begad, Healy, the wenches give a man no rest," he remarked, looked in the glass to settle his cravat, and went out.

"Beaujeu, my dear," says Mr. Healy to the void, "I do not admire your family."

Mr. Dane, with his swaggering strut, with his practised cynical smile, strode into the lady's presence, and then "Nell!" he cried in pure amazement: and for a moment the smile was gone. She was very lovely in her frightened blushing grace as she sprang to meet him, holding out her hands. Mr. Dane accepted them.

"Dear heart, you make me proud," says he.

"I could not help but come, Jack," she murmured, and looked up at him with tears in her eyes.

"*Ma belle*," said Mr. Dane, smiling. He put his arm round her, and made her sit on a couch close beside him. "Art incomparable sweet, Nell," said he, bending close. She blushed and drew away. Then looking into his eyes:

"You have another tone now, Jack," she said, very quietly.

"I doubt I am a cruel tease," says the complacent Mr. Dane. "Dear, forgive me!" and he pressed her hand and clasped her closer.

"I looked for you, and then—then you had gone—and I could not but come." Mr. Dane was smiling still, and his

eyes agleam. Under her drooping head the light shimmered and fell about the pearls on her neck. He could see her white bosom rise and fall.

"So you came, sweeting!" he whispered and laughed, and caught her to him and kissed her face and neck. She struggled to free herself, but he held her and laughed and kissed her again and again. "Nay, nay, will you deny yourself now?" he laughed.

Her cheeks were hot and dark: with all her strength she forced herself a little away. "Coward, Jack!" she cried fiercely. "Coward!"

"Mr. Dane, I had supposed you a gentleman!" the voice rang sharp. M. de Beaujeu stood in the doorway.

Mr. Dane's arms had dropped limp. He sat with hanging head and crimson cheeks, a boy ashamed. Nell had sprung away from him and stood breathless, pale now and defiant, turning flashing eyes from one to the other.

"M. de Beaujeu!" she cried, "Lady Sunderland bade me tell you spies are abroad. You and Mr. Dane are in danger. I was to give you this." M. de Beaujeu received the paper with a bow. "That is why I am here."

"I do not know how to thank you," said Beaujeu, simply. "I am ashamed."

Nell made him a curtsey. "It needs not, sir. By your leave—my coach waits."

"Do you permit me the honour to escort you?"

"I thank you. I had rather be alone."

Beaujeu bowed gravely, and moved to take her hand. Jack stepped back out of the way: "You think no worse of me, ma'am, than I of myself," he muttered. But Nell swept on, with her head borne high.

On the stairs the mellow voice of Mr. Healy was uplifted.

> "This carol they began that hour:
>   With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
> How that life was but a flower,
>   In the spring-time——"

with that ringing in his ear, with a very white face, Beaujeu bowed to kiss Nell's hand.

He returned to find Jack looking through the curtains at the departing coach, and Mr. Healy with a whimsical smile looking at Jack. Jack started round: "I make no excuses, monsieur," he said sharply, looking Beaujeu in the eye, and Mr. Healy's eyebrows rose up.

"You have none," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice, and went on: "You will go at once to the Hague, Mr. Dane. The cutter waits you at Blackwall:" and he held out the precious composition of my lord Danby.

Jack started back: "No, by God! I must see her again!" he muttered.

"Is she like to desire it?" said Beaujeu, sneering.

Jack stared at him, flushed, and then: "Give it me!" he muttered, snatched it and flung on his heel. They heard something like a groan. The door slammed.

"I'll have been contemplating a romance?" Mr. Healy inquired with a smile—and was surprised at the pallor of Beaujeu's face, who turned and said:

"The fool insulted his cousin Nell."

Mr. Healy shrugged his shoulders: Mr. Healy permitted himself a sneer. "It would grieve and surprise you," he said, with some scorn.

Beaujeu appeared moved. He flung out his arm in a gesture of disgust. "Oh, you have told me already I am mightily like him," he cried.

"You perceive a similarity?" says Mr. Healy, improving the situation. "Sure 'twas the same bad education for you both." Beaujeu turned away, biting his lip. "But what would his cousin Nell be doing here at all?"

Beaujeu started. "*Mordieu*, I had near forgot. That from the Sunderland." He held out to Healy the scrap of paper.

Mr. Healy smoothed out its creases: "'Hide or fly.—S.,'" he read aloud, and stared.

But Beaujeu laughed. "*Bien*, my lady, I fly," says he, and took up his hat and went out.

CHAPTER XXV

M. DE BEAUJEU LEAVES BY THE WINDOW.

M. de Beaujeu was honourably received by my lady and my lord Sunderland with an impressive display of agitation. My lord's face was livid. He palpitated. My lady flushed, and wide-eyed met Beaujeu at the door, and pushing it to in her negro's face: "You?" she cried. "You, and did you not get my note?"

"*Pardieu*, yes," Beaujeu admitted, smiling. "'Hide or fly.' *Bien*, I have flown—to you."

"You are mad," muttered Sunderland.

"On the contrary, I am most admirably sane," says Beaujeu, and sat down between the agitated pair.

"Have you forgot Sherborne?" cried my lady.

"I remember him in my prayers."

"He has had you spied upon——"

"I am aware of it," says Beaujeu blandly.

"Lud, have you a devil?" cried my lady aghast.

"My lady, I am a bachelor."

"Your admirable wit," says Sunderland, showing his teeth, "will have opportunity soon in hell."

"Let us practise our repartees, my lord."

"Oh, will you play the fool now?" cried my lady. "I tell you he has spied on you—he has found out your secret meetings with Wharton and the Whigs——"

"Not with the Sunderlands I do trust?" Beaujeu inquired, with an air of great anxiety.

My lady frowned. "He brought the news to my lord here first—my lord promised to carry it to the King——"

"Can I ever repay?" Beaujeu murmured.

"To-day Sherborne charged my lord that the King had not been told——"

"Ah, heartless! Ah, cruel Sherborne!"

"Ay, fool it to the end!" my lady snapped. "Well, the end is that my lord Sherborne is with the King at this hour. So the devil help you now!"

"You refer," says Beaujeu blandly, "to my lord?"

"Fool, will you go?" snarled Sunderland.

Beaujeu leant back in his chair. "I applaud the comfort of your furniture," says he.

"Will you be so mad?" cried my lady. "How can we save you when the King himself acts?"

"I have wondered myself how you will do it," Beaujeu, smiling, confessed.

"Fool! fool!" my lord Sunderland's voice rose high. "If you are taken here it is death to us all."

"And if I were taken otherwhere, death only to me. You perceive clearly why I am here."

"Why could you not fly?" cried my lady.

"It did not fall with my plans."

"And where are your plans if you are taken here?"

"I have not inquired. For, you see, I shall not be taken here." My lady drew away from him. Her cheeks grew paler, but brighter yet shone her grey eyes, and her quick breath came slower. My lord's fingers clasped and unclasped. He looked all ways. "Pray appreciate the situation," says Beaujeu, in his passionless voice. "'Tis fixed now the Prince of Orange will come. I despatched the last invitation before I came here. In two months your King James will be in exile. Where you will be, my lord, depends quite entirely upon where I am. For, my lord, if I am taken now there will be found in my breast a letter from the Prince of Orange to my lord Sunderland——"

"You brought that here?" screamed Sunderland. "Fool! fool! fool!" and he wrung his hands.

"I see that you do appreciate the situation. *Bien*, if I am

taken, my lord Sunderland is hanged. If I am saved, I have the honour to save my lord Sunderland." He paused to laugh. "Believe me, I anticipate salvation."

My lord could only wring his hands and mutter: "But what can I do? Tell me that! What can I do?" and Beaujeu smiled upon him. But my lady had drawn away and stood very still by the mantel. Her white arm lay along it, and she gazed down at Beaujeu and her eyes sparkled. Then the door opened a little, the scared head of a waiting-maid appeared.

"My lady, my lady, the King!"

"The King?" my lord gasped.

"He is crossing the court!"

Beaujeu threw back his head and laughed. "'Tis a situation full worthy your wits, my lord."

But my lord had fallen into a chair and gasped and stared wildly round. He spake, but was not articulate.

Then: "Save you?" cried my lady. "Ay! I'll save you. But I'll shame your very soul!" Beaujeu stopped laughing. My lady sprang, a whirl of drapery, across the room: "Nanette! Take a coach—drive madly——" the rest was a murmur in Nanette's ear, who vanished. Then my lady whirled round on her lord, and whispered fast in his ear. My lord put up his head: his pale lips curled back from his teeth, and he looked for one instant straight at Beaujeu. Then nodded to his wife and looked down into his breast. My lady stood up bright-eyed, smiling.

"'Tis vastly impressive indeed," says Beaujeu coolly.

My lady gave a curious laugh. "It will be more so," says she. "Lud, I never knew a man my master yet."

"Oh, my lady! My lord blushes!"

There were footsteps in the corridor, and, "M. Lucifer, come!" cried my lady, and caught Beaujeu's hand and drew him after her through one door while the footman knocked at the other. M. de Beaujeu found himself in darkness perfumed with roses. He was gently compelled to a seat, then saw my

lady's white arms moving against the wall. The faintest creak of a panel, and he heard with great clearness the usher announce his Majesty.

Beaujeu turned to my lady's dim presence. "My compliments," says he, and laughed.

My lady's hand fell swiftly on his lips, and she murmured in his ear, "*Bête, bête.*"

My lord Sunderland was discovered by his Majesty reading the *Imitatio Christi.* His Majesty indeed was twice announced before the sound pierced my lord's devout thoughts. Then he started up, his lean face all a smile, and "Pardon," he said, "pardon," bowing with the book in his hand. "I am oft lost in this good gift of your Majesty."

Majesty scowled at Thomas à Kempis from the doorway. Majesty's big mouth was drawn downward, and his lean sallow face even uglier than it need be. "I have to complain of you, my lord," says he, in a high peevish voice.

"At least not before lackeys and my lord Sherborne, sir?" Sunderland inquired blandly, and bestowed a small bow on Sherborne in the background.

"Before whom I will, my lord," cried his Majesty.

Sunderland bowed his head: "I am your Majesty's man—to shame if you will so," he said meekly.

"I tell you that my lord Sherborne must be here," said the King, with the voice of an angry child. My lord Sunderland bowed and set two chairs. His Majesty sat down, my lord Sherborne on a nod from him also sat down, and the pair of them glowered at my lord Sunderland, who remained meekly standing. "Sit, my lord!" the King cried.

"In my lord Sherborne's presence? Oh, sir, 'tis honour indeed!" Sunderland murmured, and sat on the edge of a chair.

"What does that mean, my lord? My lord Sherborne is my friend."

"Your Majesty is more fortunate than I," says Sunderland, bowing.

"And why is he your enemy? Because, my lord, you ——"

"—— would not assist him in his amours, by your leave, sir," Sunderland said quickly, and Sherborne flushed.

"What?" Majesty twisted round upon Sherborne. "You did not tell me that, my lord, you did not tell me that," he said querulously.

"Because it is a curst lie, sir," cried Sherborne.

The King's sallow face darkened: "You forget our presence, my lord," said he.

"Then pardon, sir. I will say it is one of my lord Sunderland's truths."

"Oh, my dear lord," says Sunderland, shaking his head more in sorrow than in anger, "oh, my dear lord, what a bad memory you have!"

"Have I that, my lord? Zounds ——"

Majesty was again shocked: "My lord Sherborne!" he cried.

"Oh, sir, I must speak my own way or not at all. I say, my lord Sunderland, I remember, at least, that I told you of a traitor and his treason—and you did nought, nor even warned the King."

Majesty nodded to the words. "Nor even warned us," he repeated shrilly, "nor even warned us. 'Tis of that I complain."

My lord Sunderland appeared to struggle with mirth. "Indeed, sir. I did not desire aid my lord Sherborne to make your Majesty ludicrous."

Majesty started up flushing. "Ludicrous, my lord, ludicrous?" he cried.

"Why, sir, if you declare it treason to make love to my lord Sherborne's mistress, is there another word?"

"Do you tell me I am ludicrous?" cried his Majesty.

"Nay, indeed, sir. But that my lord Sherborne would have you be."

Majesty sat down to think it over. "I shall not deny,"

says Sherborne glaring at Sunderland, "that the fellow Beaujeu is my private enemy."

"As your rival for the possession of Mistress Charlbury—why, now we have it," says Sunderland, smiling.

"But you did not tell me that, my lord Sherborne!" cried the King, angrily.

"My lord has so bad a memory," Sunderland murmured.

"I think, sir, a man may be my enemy and a traitor none the less," said Sherborne bluntly.

"It is so," says Majesty, nodding wisely; "it is so."

"And I say, that whether he be my rival for a woman or not, 'tis still no excuse for him to be hand and glove with Wharton and all the snarling Whigs in England."

Majesty nodded again, and Sunderland cried, "Oh, faith, I've no love for the gentleman's choice of friends, but I should be a butt for the town if I arrested a fellow for dining with Wharton."

"You would, my lord, you would," Majesty again agreed, and looked from one to the other and rubbed his forehead.

"I told you, my lord, and I tell you again," cried Sherborne, "there is more than dining here. I doubt the fellow's name is not his own. I doubt he is no Frenchman at all——."

"My dear lord," says Sunderland blandly, "you may doubt he is the devil. But 'tis in no sort evidence against him." Again Majesty nodded.

"Well, my lord, and did I tell you that on Wednesday se'nnight——" my lord Sunderland's footman entered, and Sunderland with a bow to the King beckoned him nearer, and the footman spake to my lord's ear and withdrew. "Did I tell you that on Wednesday se'nnight, and again on Friday, the fellow Beaujeu met Wharton and Russell and Lumley at Wharton's house after midnight, and that after that second meeting Lumley rode away post to the country? Did I tell you that? Is that evidence?"

"Why certainly you told me," says Sunderland smiling.

"Well, my lord, well! And is that not cause enough to lay the knave by the heels?" cried Sherborne: and turned to his Majesty. "Sure, sir, for your own sake you will make the rogue give account of his practices?"

Majesty nodded. "I am obliged to you, my lord." And twisted round on Sunderland. "And you, my lord Sunderland, I complain of you," he cried. "Make me a warrant for the knave speedily. I am displeased that you did nought in the matter."

Sunderland put up his hand. "Nay, by your leave, sir. I have done something," says he smiling. "I feared that my lord Sherborne would dare to deceive your Majesty thus——"

"Deceive, my lord?" Majesty's voice was uplifted.

"Zounds, my lord Sunderland!" Sherborne roared, springing up, flushed. "By God! do——"

"Silence, my lord!" cried austere Majesty.

"And so," Sunderland continued quietly, "I have summoned Mistress Charlbury—who also may have some evidence concerning M. de Beaujeu."

Sherborne grew pale. He looked askance at Sunderland. And on the other side the curtain my lady Sunderland had come very close to Beaujeu and put her hand on his shoulder. It was stiff and still. "Sir," says Sherborne in a low voice turning to the King, "I will swear that of any treason Mistress Charlbury is guiltless. I will put my life on that."

"La, his chivalry!" my lady murmured in Beaujeu's ear.

"Her story is then quite beyond suspicion—you confess it, my dear lord," says Sunderland smiling, and lifted the bell.

"Enters Delila," my lady whispered: and felt monsieur move under her hand, and smiled in the dark.

Rose came with her easy grace, and stood a moment a tall white statue, then curtseyed to the ground before his Majesty. Majesty, who appeared vastly puzzled, nodded without dignity. My lord Sherborne set her a chair, but she scarce bent her

head to thank him, and stood with her hands clasped before her, fronting them all.

"I shall be plain with you, Mistress Charlbury," says Sunderland (my lady tittered genteelly), "you are summoned to tell his Majesty what you know concerning a M. de Beaujeu, who is accused of treason by——" he paused.

"My lord Sherborne, doubtless, my lord," cried Rose.

"How! You knew it?" cried Majesty, and Sunderland smiled.

"I knew, your Majesty, that my lord Sherborne would accuse M. de Beaujeu of anything."

"And why, ma'am?"

"Because my lord is jealous of monsieur, sir." Majesty nodded wisely.

"And who is this M. de Beaujeu?" said Sunderland.

"A Huguenot gentleman from Auvergne."

"Huguenot? Huguenot?" cried Majesty angrily.

Sunderland turned to him laughing: "Indeed, sir, between a Huguenot and a heretic," the renegade indicated Sherborne, "the lady is ill bested." So Majesty looked gloomily at Sherborne.

"Ay, ay," sighed Majesty, "my lord, I must speak with you on these matters. I will commend you to Father Petre." But Sherborne only scowled at Sunderland.

"I am no renegade, sir," he growled.

Sunderland appeared horrified. "My lord Sherborne! Do you dare this?" cried Majesty, dark with wrath.

"Your Majesty perceives the depth of my lord Sherborne's loyalty," murmured Sunderland.

"I do, I do!" said Majesty nodding.

"Sir—" cried Sherborne.

"Enough, my lord!" Majesty turned his back, and was going. Then, "Nay, but the other was heretic too," he muttered, and stayed to rub his puzzled brow, while Sunderland watched with narrow eyes. At last he put his hand on Sunderland's trusty shoulder. "Come, Sunderland, bring me

the truth out," says he wearily. My lady again tittered. There was the pause of a moment while Sunderland sucked in his breath. Then, "Mistress Charlbury, have you ever supposed," Sunderland put his finger-tips together and looked at them, "that M. de Beaujeu might be other than he declares himself?"

"I, my lord? No, indeed!"

"Oh, Delila, Delila!" my lady sighed in monsieur's ear.

"Ah. Never thought that he might be concerned in plots against his Majesty?"

Rose seemed amazed. Then she laughed. "M. de Beaujeu, my lord? Oh, if you knew him! 'Tis a gentleman concerned only with his pleasures and himself!"

"Neatly true, faith," my lady murmured.

"It appears you know him well?" said my lord sharply.

Rose blushed: "I have cause," she said in a low voice.

"Oh, has he wronged you?" the King asked curiously.

"I make no complaint of him, your Majesty."

"Then if you know him well," cried Sunderland, "how do you dare say he is not intent on treason?"

"'Tis because I do know him well that I say it, my lord."

"What?" Sunderland drew down his narrow brows. "When my lord Sherborne tells us that he spent Wednesday se'nnight and Friday till the small hours plotting with Whigs?"

"It cannot be," Rose murmured: and Sherborne laughed.

"Nay, we have it on my lord Sherborne's word. Do you answer that, Mistress Charlbury?"

The three men stared at her, and she at the ground a moment: then a blush rose swift from her bosom. "I know well why my lord Sherborne should say it," she said. Then looked up defiant: "I know well, my lord!"

"So, ma'am, so. Why?" says Majesty, much interested.

"On those nights M. de Beaujeu was with me." Her voice was clear, and she met Majesty's eyes, but her cheeks flamed.

"A lie!" roared Sherborne, starting up.

"Your Majesty!" says Sunderland hastily. "Your Majesty!" in polite horror.

"Another such word, my lord Sherborne," cried Majesty, rising too, "and you leave the Court for ever. Back, my lord. Silence, my lord. Know your place." He was shrill and dignified. Then he turned, frowning on Rose. Majesty was stern to the peccadilloes of subjects: "You are his mistress, woman?" he cried. The girl's bosom heaved, and she made no answer.

And behind the curtain my lady, clinging affectionately to Beaujeu, said in his ear: "You had settled accounts with Delila, I think?" and laughed low.

"You are his mistress, woman? Answer me!" cried impatient Majesty.

"Your Majesty has said it!" the girl murmured, hanging her head.

"Delila—to the last, Delila!" whispered my lady, but monsieur started away from her.

A casement creaked. M. de Beaujeu had left by the window.

(*To be continued*)