

JAPANESE BARBARISM

MANY people, especially in Germany and France, who stand under the influence of a philo-Russian press, assert that European civilisation is to Japan only a weapon for war, an instrument for developing her wealth, and an outward veneer; that she is savage at heart, revengeful, bloodthirsty, cruel; that she possesses adaptive talent and artistic genius, but no real civilisation.

Those who hold the view that Japan is a barbarian nation, which has adopted only the outward signs and trappings of civilisation in order to be admitted into what is technically called "the comity of nations" and to be considered as an equal of civilised countries, point with some apparent justification to the various atrocities which Japan has committed in the past. Therefore it is worth while to look somewhat closely into those deeds of cruelty with which Japan is so frequently charged by some, and which cannot be gainsaid though they can be explained and perhaps even justified.

Those who assert that Japan is barbarian at heart point to the pitiless war of extermination which she waged against Christianity in Japan, during which several hundred thousand native converts were killed for the sake of their religion, and not a few of the missionaries were tortured; they recall the time when Japan was closed to the world, and when those who landed on the Japanese coast were punished with death; they dwell on the number of inoffensive foreigners who in the 'sixties

were hacked to pieces by those terrible two-handed swords; they recall the fact that death used to be the punishment for most crimes in feudal Japan; they speak with horror of the frequency and the ghastliness of the national form of suicide by cutting the belly open, the celebrated Hara-Kiri, and they mention the killing of the Chinese at the storming of Port Arthur in 1894.

These charges of barbarity which are preferred against Japan are numerous and grave, and it behoves to answer them, not in general, but in detail, dealing with each in its turn.

It is quite true that during the sixteenth century almost 300,000 native and foreign Christians were massacred in Japan, and that from that time onward the country was closed against all foreigners, excepting the Dutch, who were allowed to reside for trading purposes on a small isolated spot, the artificial island of Deshima in the harbour of Nagasaki, where they were kept as prisoners. This enormous massacre of 300,000 men seems to sully for ever the fair fame of Japan. Hence we shall investigate why these cruel persecutions were undertaken, and why the country was hermetically closed against all foreigners, and especially against all Christians.

The first Christian missionaries who landed in Japan were exceedingly well received by the Japanese, who eagerly sought to benefit from the newcomers in science, industry, and art. Besides, Christianity itself appealed to the Japanese, and among an intelligent and well-disposed population numerous converts were quickly made by the zealous missionaries. The character of the intercourse between the Japanese and the Christian missionaries is clearly expressed in a letter of St. Francis Xavier, who wrote about 1550:

I really think that among barbarian nations there can be none that has more natural goodness than Japan. The Japanese are wonderfully inclined to all that is good and honest, and have eagerness to learn.

As a matter of fact, Christians were not only well treated in Japan, but they were shown the greatest trust and were

treated with distinction. For instance, when Hideyoshi waged a great war against Corea, Konishi Yukimaga Settsu-no-Kami, a distinguished Christian, was appointed by him one of the generals in chief. However, these pleasant relations were not to continue for long. Japan found out the truth of the words of the Bible :

Think not that I came to send peace on the earth. I came not to send peace but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.

A man's foes shall be they of his own household.

The end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century was the time when the Roman Catholic nations had arrived at the height of their power, and tried to convert the whole world to Roman Catholicism, by conquest, and subjection by fire and sword. It was the time when Alva ravaged the Protestant Netherlands in the name of Christ, when the Inquisition in Spain burned its victims by the thousand in *auto-da-fés*, when independent England was assailed by the great Armada, and when, in the name of religion, the Thirty Years War was begun, which devastated Germany and which cost the lives of at least 10,000,000 people.

The spirit of intolerance and of tyranny and the lust for power which characterised the policy of Roman Catholic nations during the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century became speedily apparent also among Christian missionaries in Japan, who ill requited the hospitality and toleration with which they were received by the Japanese. According to the evidence of Bishop Cerqueira, christian traders robbed Japanese subjects and sold them into slavery to Macao. Christian missionaries destroyed native temples, and incited the converted populace to violence against the non-Christian community. Buddhist priests were robbed of their temples and their lands and ill-treated, and converted native princes, such as Takeyama, gave, at the instigation of

the missionaries, to their subjects the choice of either becoming Christians or being expelled from their territories.

In Japan religion had hitherto, on the whole, been considered to be a private affair, and revolt against the State in the name or under the cloak of religion was unknown. Hence the rulers of Japan viewed with grave concern and anxiety the progress of Christianity. Though they admired the Christian doctrines, they recognised that the tendency of Christianity was in practice distinctly revolutionary and dangerous to the continued peace of Japan, that the religion of mercy and pity had neither mercy nor pity for the infidel. Therefore, after a lengthy experience of the aggressive and irreconcilable spirit of Christianity as it manifested itself in its actions against all non-Christians, the same Hideyoshi who had heaped favours and honours on foreign and native Christians at last, on July 25, 1587, issued the following edict :

We have learned from our faithful councillors that foreign clergy have come into our estates, where they preach a law contrary to that of Japan, and that they have even had the audacity to destroy temples dedicated to our *Kami and Hotoke*. Although this outrage merits the most extreme punishment, we nevertheless wish to show them mercy. Therefore we order them to quit Japan within twenty days under pain of death. During that space of time no harm or hurt will be done to them. But we order that if any of them be found in our states at the expiration of that term they shall be seized and punished as the greatest criminals. As for the Portuguese merchants, we permit them to enter our ports and to continue there their accustomed trade, and to remain in our estates provided our affairs need this. But we forbid them to bring any foreign clergy into the country, under the penalty of the confiscation of their ships and goods.

Hideyoshi was perfectly justified in taking this step, which, considering the spirit of the times, was incredibly moderate ; for we cannot help asking ourselves what would Philip II. have done if Christian Protestants or Buddhist priests had attempted to act as missionaries in Spain and to incite the populace to revolt against their ruler. According to Llorente, the learned Spanish historian and the celebrated author of "The Critical History of the Spanish Inquisition,"

31,912 people were burned alive by the Inquisition, and it can hardly be doubted that death at the stake would have been the fate of missionaries who at that period should have tried to convert Roman Catholic Spaniards to another faith.

Hideyoshi's distrust of the ultimate aims of the Christian missionaries, which was awakened by their violence and by their intrigues, was strengthened by the indiscretion of a Spanish captain named Landecho, who was wrecked off the coast of Japan. According to Charlevoix, he forgot himself so far as to boast :

Our kings begin by sending into the country they wish to conquer their priests and monks, who induce the people to embrace their religion, and when these have made considerable progress, troops are sent to combine with the new Christians, and then our kings have not much trouble in accomplishing the rest.

When this speech was reported to Hideyoshi, he cried :

My states are filled with traitors, and their numbers increase every day. I have proscribed the foreign clergy, but out of compassion for the age and infirmity of some among them I have allowed them to remain in Japan ; I shut my eyes to the presence of several others, because I fancied them to be quiet and incapable of forming any evil designs, but they are serpents which I have been cherishing in my bosom. These traitors are entirely employed in raising enemies against me among my own subjects, and perhaps even in my own family, but they will learn what it means to rouse me ! I am not fearful for myself, and as long as the breath of life remains within me I defy all the Powers of the earth, but I may perhaps leave the Empire to a child, and how can he maintain himself against so many foes, domestic and foreign, if I do not provide for everything ?

Unfortunately the Christian missionaries tried in every way to elude Hideyoshi's law. Missionaries who could no longer openly land in Japan were smuggled in under various disguises and their aggressive agitation, of which Hideyoshi had complained, continued in an accentuated fashion. Nevertheless, Hideyoshi endeavoured to avoid employing the utmost rigour of the law against the rebellious and dangerous intruders and their misguided native adherents. However, generosity

failed to affect the trend of the missionaries' action in the slightest degree.

It cannot be doubted that the missionaries considered themselves the political agents of their country. In 1617 a ship was captured at Sakai which brought letters from the Portuguese, by which orders were given that the Japanese Christians should be stirred up into a revolt. The despatch of men-of-war was promised as soon as the news of a successful rising should come in. Unfortunately the information contained in this letter was confirmed by the reports which Japan had received from independent sources. Various Japanese rulers had, with that thirst for knowledge that has always been characteristic of Japan, sent emissaries to Europe in order to study the countries of the West. Their reports describing the terrible persecutions which in the name of religion took place in Europe and in the Spanish colonies through men like Cortes and Pizarro made, no doubt, a deep impression on the rulers of Japan. They were terrified when they learned of the religious fanaticism of Spain and Portugal, which more often than not was a cloak for their lust of conquest and of gold, which dictated their merciless treatment of Holland, Mexico, and Peru.

In the year 1637, occurred the bloody Shimbara revolt which devastated Japan. According to Japanese chroniclers, this revolt was a purely Christian upheaval, in which about 100,000 people lost their lives. These experiences of the action of Christians in Japan, together with the reports which the Japanese princes received from their emissaries abroad as to the destructive action of Christianity in various non-Catholic countries, naturally made Christianity appear, not as a power of light but as one of darkness, favouring and causing revolt destruction and desolation. Consequently it can hardly be wondered that at last the rulers of Japan became exasperated by the growing danger to their country which they saw in the spreading of Christianity.

At last, when in 1640, fifty-three years after the proclamation of Hideyoshi, the Portuguese again tried to insinuate

themselves into Japan by sending, in contravention of the repeated and most stringent edicts, a ship to Japan, the whole ship's company was sentenced to death in order to give peace to the country. In the sentence it was said :

The crimes committed by these men during a long series of years are very numerous and exceedingly serious. Last year (1639), the Shogun has under the gravest penalty forbidden any one to sail from Macao for Japan, and he has decreed that in case any vessel should disregard this prohibition, the said vessel shall be burned, and all her crew and passengers be put to death without exception. . . . In view of the fact that the Shogun has rigorously forbidden this navigation exclusively on account of the Christian religion . . . all who have come in this ship merit the extreme penalty, and not even one should be left to announce the catastrophe. It is decreed that the vessel shall be burned, and that the Chiefs of the Embassy with all their suite shall be put to death, in order that a report of this example may reach Macao and Europe, so that the whole universe may learn to obey the Emperor. . . .

The survivors who were sent back to Macao to tell the tale were shown an edict in which it was said :

So long as the sun warms the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that King Philip himself, or the God of the Christians, or the great God of all, if he contravene this prohibition, shall pay for it with his head.

The curious fact that "the God of the Christians" and "the great God of all" was threatened with beheading if He should come to Japan, indicates that the Japanese were taught to consider Christ and God Himself as human personalities.

In dealing with the Spanish and Portuguese Christians, the Japanese had discovered the truth of the Spanish proverb: "Detras de la cruz está el Diablo."

Henceforth Japan was rigidly closed against all foreign intercourse which, during a long period of toleration and hospitality, had proved so unfortunate and dangerous to Japan. In order to make all intercourse with foreigners impossible, the rulers of Japan not only punished with death foreigners who landed in Japan, but also Japanese who came in from abroad. Detailed regulations as to the building and rigging of

ships were issued which made it impossible to build big or seaworthy vessels, so as to make the deliberately chosen seclusion complete. The effect of these regulations was that Japanese ships were since then so small, cumbrous, and crazy that it was impossible for them to sail the ocean.

From the foregoing short description, it seems that the Christian missionaries brought about the persecution of the native Christians and the exclusion of all foreigners by their misplaced zeal, their aggressiveness and their political intrigues.

After the persecution of the Christians and the closing of the country against the foreigner who had proved so meddling, quarrelsome, and dangerous, peace reigned in Japan during two centuries. Art, literature, and learning were assiduously cultivated, and the classic period of Japan of the sixth and seventh centuries found a glorious renaissance in the revival of all the arts. Peace and happiness reigned in the secluded islands of Japan, but suddenly the Russians appeared on the scene, and brought the spectre of war in the midst of the happy people.

In 1806-1807 and following years the Russians attacked and raided Japanese islands in order to frighten them into subjection, and such was their brutality that, though all foreigners were hated and despised, the Russians were most feared and most hated by the Japanese. Unprovoked murderous attacks on peaceful Japanese, and the bombardment and conflagration of many villages on the coast, were committed in order "to open Japan to trade and to introduce civilisation," and in a famous declaration the Russians promised that they would return and ravage the coast of Japan year by year until the country was opened to trade. The brutality of the intruders exasperated the Japanese Government to such an extent that it issued in 1825 the following order, which evidently sprang from despair :

In case there be any foreign ship approaching the coast of Japan, the officer in charge need not ask the reason why they have come, but should fire at once on such ships.

Japan's first experience of Europeans and their ways had been an unfortunate one. The agitation of Christian missionaries had convulsed the country and plunged it into revolution. When Japan came in contact with Europeans for a second time she fared even worse, for she saw her people attacked and butchered and their villages conflagrated without even a pretext.

Under these circumstances, it is but natural that the people were greatly incensed against the foreigners, and it is significant and perhaps natural, that the first murder which was perpetrated in Japan was that of three Russians in August 1859.

However, the Japanese masses could hardly be expected to discriminate between the Russians who had murdered, burned and pillaged defenceless villages, and who had by force taken possession of Saghalien, which was considered to be Japanese, and which was inhabited by the Japanese, and the British, who had frustrated Russia's attempt to annex the—strategically—most important island of Tsushima, through the vigilance and energy of Admiral Sir James Hope.

The masses had been taught to hate and to despise the foreigners regardless of their nationality, and they were aware of the sufferings through which Japan had gone in former centuries owing to the invasion of foreigners. Consequently the blindly patriotic and conservative samurai, the warriors of Japan, tried singlehanded to rid their country of the foreign barbarians who had by force and cunning gained a foothold in Japan, and of those Japanese who sympathised with them. Therefore, the swords of the fanatical samurai were as much turned against those who were in favour of opening the country to foreign intercourse as against the foreigners themselves. It is true that in isolated cases foreigners were attacked and cut down by fanatics, who considered their country endangered and disgraced by the presence of the despised and hated foreign intruders; but the fact that in 1860 the enlightened Prince of Mito also was murdered shows that these murders in the early 'sixties were acts of individual fanaticism which were not exclusively directed against foreigners.

The isolated instances in which foreigners were attacked by ultra-patriotic and irresponsible free-lances were revenged by the European Powers upon the Japanese nation with incredible and unpardonable severity. For instance, a Mr. Richardson, who for many years had been a merchant at Shanghai, rode on September 14, 1862, with a party on horseback from Kanayawa towards Yedo, and met on the road the *cortège* of the great prince of Satsuma. The etiquette of the road in Japan was that all people meeting a prince's procession had to dismount and stand at the side of the road in order not to "look down" upon a daimio, and the punishment for offering to a prince the grave insult of looking down on him was death, according to the custom of the country.

Mr. Richardson and his friends nonchalantly rode through his procession, little heeding the irritation which was clearly visible on the faces of the prince's armed retainers, and approached the prince himself. Seeing from the infuriated faces of the Japanese that a collision was to be feared, and, dreading the consequences, one of his friends, according to the evidence, implored Mr. Richardson. "Don't go on, we can turn into a side road," whilst another entreated him, "For God's sake, let us not have a row." But Mr. Richardson answered, "Let me alone. I have lived fourteen years in China, and know how to manage these people," thinking the Japanese would as meekly submit to insult and ill-treatment at the hands of Europeans as the Chinese at Shanghai. However, Mr. Richardson misunderstood the temper of the Japanese, and he had to pay dearly for his stupid and wilful provocation. At the moment when he had passed the prince, a retainer sprang towards him and cut him down. Thus Mr. Richardson brought the punishment on himself by his own folly, notwithstanding the warnings of his alarmed friends.

Dr J. C. Hepburn, who attended the wounded in the Richardson affair, confirms that Mr. Richardson himself was to blame for this affair, for he wrote :

It was the common report at the time that Richardson did ride into Satsuma's train. It was the general belief that Richardson brought the whole catastrophe on himself.

It was clear that Mr. Richardson's foolhardy provocation had led to his death. Nevertheless, the British Government exacted from Japan the staggering indemnity of £100,000, burned three valuable new steamers bought by the Daimio, destroyed by fire Kagoshima, a flourishing town of 180,000 inhabitants, and demolished its fortifications. A single man had been killed by a fanatic, owing to his own folly, and the Government of that man not only exacted a money indemnity from Japan which was out of all proportion to the slender resources of the country, but destroyed a large, populous and peaceful town. The attack on Mr. Richardson was a rash crime of a single man, but it was a greater and more deliberate political crime of the Government to avenge it in the way in which it was avenged.

Another serious collision between Japan and foreign nations occurred in 1863. Batteries on the sea-coast belonging to the rebellious Prince of Choshu had fired on foreign ships which passed by, without, however, doing more than trifling damage. The Government at Yedo, apprised of the occurrence, disavowed the action and apologised for this attack of a rebel, whom it promised to punish. The Government at Yedo acted in *bonâ fide*, and meant to fulfil its promise, but before it could do so the united fleets of Great Britain, France, Holland, and the United States took the law into their own hands, bombarded Shimonoseki during five days, and exacted an indemnity of 3,000,000 dollars from the impoverished Japanese.

The Prince of Choshu had wantonly fired on foreign ships, but he had done no serious damage, and Japan could not properly be held liable for this isolated act of folly. Therefore, the punishment meted out to the country by the bombardment of Shimonoseki was certainly unjust. Besides, it was out of all proportion to the trifling act of aggression and

to the damage done. Great Britain, the United States, France, and Holland are rightly considered far more to blame for their merciless proceeding than Japan for the Prince of Choshu's rash act of aggression, for which, rightly considered, the country was not responsible. As a matter of fact, the British Government disavowed the action of the fleet after it had taken place.

It is true that death was in feudal Japan the punishment for most crimes, for the law merely discriminated between law-abiding and rebellious citizens, between law-supporters and law-breakers. A citizen who was unruly enough to break one law was considered equally ready to break any other law. Consequently, no nice distinctions were made with regard to the "degree of criminality." Jurisprudence was not then thought of in Japan.

Since the Restoration, Japan has taken to studying jurisprudence as it is taught in the West, and has, among others, introduced a most excellent criminal code, in the compilation of which the criminal legislation of the most enlightened countries has served as a model. At the present moment crime is punished in Japan no longer indiscriminately, but with the same leniency, the same humanity, and the same conscientious discrimination with which it is punished in the most advanced European countries.

Those who declaim against the barbarity and the frequency of the death penalty in Japan during feudal times and do not mention the humanity of her present laws, probably do not know the cruelty with which minor transgressions were not so long ago punished in Western countries. Blackstone mentions no less than 160 offences which are punishable by death, among which were thefts from a house to the value of forty shillings, thefts from a shop to the value of £5, counterfeiting stamps, forgery, and many minor offences. At present there are only four offences which are punishable with death in England. A hundred years ago sheep-stealing was punished with death in England. On December 31, 1829, the last execution for forgery took place, and in 1831 no less than 1601 persons were

sentenced to death in England. Therefore those who condemn the former barbarity of Japanese justice might be reminded of the Japanese proverb, which says: "Sweep the snow from your doorstep, and do not trouble yourself about the icicles on your neighbour's roof." In Japan suicide is not merely an act of self-destruction as it is in Europe, but it has a deep ethical foundation and justification. If by the suicide of a subject a ruler could be turned from an evil purpose, the memory of the man who committed suicide would be honoured for all time. This was, perhaps, the most frequent cause of suicide in Japan. Suicide was also often committed for expiation. A typical and touching case of suicide for expiation occurred when an obscure young girl committed suicide in a grove for her country's sake after a murderous attempt had been made by one of her countrymen on the present Czar when, as Czarewitch, he travelled in Japan. By her death she hoped to expiate the crime and to save her country from the wrath of the gods and of Russia, as she said in a letter which she left behind her.

Suicide by ripping up the belly is, no doubt, the most horrible form of suicide existing, because it is by far the most painful one. Whilst any coward can take poison or shoot himself, it requires the nerve and spirit of a hero to commit hara-kiri deliberately, slowly, and without flinching, as it had to be performed in accordance with the established rule. Thus hara-kiri became the favourite mode of suicide of the samurai who had disgraced himself, who had fallen out of favour with his lord, who did not wish to fall alive into the hands of the enemy, or who wished to sacrifice his life for ideal purposes, such as changing the mind of his master or the policy of his country. By committing the most gruesome and the most painful form of suicide, a soldier could show his fearlessness at the supreme moment and die like a man. By a final act in which he could show bravery and contempt of death, he would live in the memory of his people, who would glory in his memory. In a country where ancestor-worship is practised

like Japan, such an opportunity of improving one's reputation was naturally often made use of. Surely the national institution of *hara-kiri* is rather a proof of the spirit of heroism, though it may appear useless heroism, than of barbarism in Japan.

In Japan suicide is very frequent, but not so frequent as it is in various other countries, as the following figures prove :

AVERAGE NUMBER OF SUICIDES PER ANNUM PER MILLION INHABITANTS:

France . . .	1894-1897	...	246 per million.
Denmark . . .	1894-1898	...	238 " "
Switzerland . . .	1894-1898	...	233 " "
Germany . . .	1894-1898	...	206 " "
Japan . . .	1894-1897	...	177 " "

Though the proportion of suicides in Japan is large if compared with the suicides occurring in Anglo-Saxon countries, it is much smaller than in France, Denmark, Switzerland, and Germany. Consequently Continental observers are hardly justified in seeing in the frequency of suicides in Japan a sign of her barbarism.

During the Chinese-Japanese War, Japan treated her Chinese prisoners with the greatest humanity in accordance with civilised usage, whilst the Chinese inflicted unspeakable tortures on the unfortunate Japanese soldiers who fell into their hands. Exasperated by the cruelties practised by the Chinese upon their countrymen, the Japanese soldiers got out of hand at the storming of Port Arthur and massacred many Chinese without pity. It may be possible that the Japanese officers did not try to stop a revenge which was not unnatural under the circumstances. If they did so, they acted exactly as the British did in burning the Summer Palace at Peking because some British emissaries had been tortured by the Chinese.

From the foregoing facts, it would appear that the charge of barbarism which is so frequently brought forward against Japan on the continent of Europe has little or no foundation in fact.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT

THE hand of one who has viewed political life during the last five-and-twenty years from the Conservative benches of the House of Commons, may not be deemed the fittest to deal with the memory of a contemporary Liberal leader; and when, in addition, the present writer confesses himself an agricultural county member, a landowner, and a disciple of the sect known as "Whole-hoggers"—then, indeed, it may be thought that arrogance, rather than confidence, is his chief qualification for the attempt. Yet the House of Commons, with all its faults (and many there be who love to dwell thereon) is a school of unconscious discipline, imparting a spirit of philosophic detachment to those who live through two or three parliaments, enabling men on one side of the Speaker's chair to view the action and character of those on the other through no distorting medium. It is surprising, considering the language sometimes heard in the House, what dispassionate criticism may be heard spoken of political opponents, when the coloured spectacles of party are laid aside in the confidential atmosphere of the dining- or smoking-room. Fear lies at the root of all hatred. There was a time when we Tories (the rank and file, anyhow) really hated Mr. Gladstone, because we feared what he might do next. The Liberals of to-day, to judge from their ordinary conversation, entertain much the same feelings towards Mr. Chamberlain, because they fear that, if he prevails, their field of action will

be greatly contracted for many years to come. But strike out the element of fear, and there remains no hindrance to a man fairly exercising upon the character and career of a political opponent such critical faculties as he may have at command. There may be some not unwilling *ab hoste doceri*—to hear the estimate of a leader by one who never followed his lead.

With such brief apology let me make a few respectful observations upon the great parliamentary figure which has just passed beyond the sight of men.

Of the high lineage and early life of Sir William Harcourt, every one who cares to know must be fully informed by this time, so fully have they been dealt with in the daily press. The less need to refer to them here, save as they may seem to have had influence upon his character and conduct. A scion of the Norman house of Vernon, he traced direct descent from that Richard de Vernon who came with William the Conqueror, and was created Baron of Shipbroke by Hugh of Avranches, Earl of Chester, whose ferocity among the Welsh gained him the title of *Lupus*—the Wolf. Supposing that position and disposition allow the spirits of the departed to concern themselves with current mundane affairs, how grimly must Hugh *Lupus* have smiled in 1900 to see a Norman Vernon elected representative of the Welshmen of West Monmouth, by a majority of 5287 over one of their own race!

The name of Harcourt was assumed in 1831 by Sir William's grandfather, Archbishop of York, whose third wife brought him the Oxfordshire estates of Stanton-Harcourt and Nuneham-Courtenay. She traced descent, not from Anguerraud de Harcourt, one of the Conqueror's army of invasion, but from Anguerraud's brother Robert, who stayed at home and built the castle of Harcourt in Normandy. Claims to Norman lineage are often and lightly made, but well-authenticated descent in separate lines from two barons of the Duke of Normandy's court is rare indeed; and nobody was less inclined to despise the distinction than Sir William himself. Add to all this that Sir William's father was for forty-seven

years Canon of York, his grandfather for forty years Archbishop of York, and here is a set of associations little favourable, you will say, to the development of a militant radical. "Train up a child and away he will go," was the village mother's pious rendering of the Scripture when her son ran away to sea; but William's elder brother, Edward, better exemplified the authorised version, recording docile, and mostly dumb, votes as Tory member for Oxfordshire during many years. "William," Edward would say to his peccant brother, "I wish to goodness you would give up your ideas about land." "Ah, my dear Edward," was the younger son's reply, "you have got the land; leave me the ideas."

In one respect William Harcourt was at a disadvantage in entering public life. The enervating effects of aristocratic birth and environment meet their surest prophylactic in the rough-and-tumble of a great public school. In a bygone age, the younger Pitt is the only statesman of note who occurs to random memory as having missed that wholesome experience. Among Harcourt's own cabinet colleagues there were men who had been educated as Quakers, like John Bright and W. E. Forster, men who had received a sound commercial training, like Mr. Chamberlain, and, on the other side of politics, men like the present Lord Cross and the late Mr. W. H. Smith—the Marshall and Snelgrove of Lord Randolph Churchill's petulant flout—who had never been at a public school; but none of these, except Pitt, was born in the close aristocratic atmosphere, which requires the bracing draughts of public school life to purge a lad of prejudice and self-consciousness, and bring him into right relation with the workaday world. University life does not serve this purpose. We have testimony from the few persons who now remember Harcourt in early manhood, that he brought with him from Cambridge, after taking a first-class in classics, intolerable airs of superiority and a dangerous habit of sarcasm, untempered by tact or experience. The most unpopular young fellow in London, they say; in proof whereof runs the story about four friends

who, dissatisfied with the result of conventional amphitryonic effort, resolved each to invite to dinner the most disagreeable man he knew. The table, of course, was laid for eight, but three places remained vacant, for the only guest was Mr. William Vernon Harcourt, who had received *four* invitations. The tale is sure to be untrue, but the fact that it was current at the time shows how Harcourt's acrid wit must have mellowed with maturity and his native kindness have overcome youthful asperity and truculence; for the present generation remember him as a charming dinner companion.

Harcourt's slashing humour and facile pen made him a likely recruit for Mr. Beresford Hope, whose weekly journal was about earning for itself the title of "Saturday Reviler." Here the young barrister found himself rowing in the same boat with Lord Robert Cecil, his junior by three years. Both men were to work their way to the forefront of politics; both chose the same means—ruthless belabouring of friend and foe, friend for choice—as the surest way to gain attention.

Called in 1854, Harcourt soon was in lucrative practice at the parliamentary bar; but his ambition lay in the senate, not the forum. Perceiving the Liberal star to be in the ascendant and that Providence apparently had created Scotland for the purpose of providing Liberal seats for English lawyers (purpose which it fulfils to this day), he contested the Kirkcaldy Burghs in 1859, but without success. Then came the American civil war, people in England taking sides according to their circumstances and sympathies. Earlier in the century, popular revolt against authority always had commanded Whig and Liberal support; had not Canning's recognition of the independence of the Spanish-American colonies and the suspicion that he covertly encouraged the Greeks in their struggle against Turkish dominion, been chief grounds of his quarrel with the High Tories in 1822-27? But now the boot was on the other leg. The Conservatives and upper classes generally hoped for Confederate success, the South being vaguely understood to be more aristocratic than the North. Besides this, many persons

beheld poetical justice in the United States grappling with a revolution on the lines of that which won for them their own existence as a nation. Even Mr. Gladstone inclined to concede belligerent rights to the Confederates, on the old Whig principle that "Jefferson Davis had made a nation."

This view was trenchantly handled and its fallacy exposed in a series of long and remarkable letters to the *Times*, over the signature "Historicus." These carried great weight, both in this country and abroad, proclaiming, as they did, the sound doctrine that a friendly State had no right to recognise an insurgent government "until all substantial struggle for sovereignty had ceased," and supporting the policy of non-intervention by a wealth of historical precedent and close argument. It was not long before "Historicus" was identified as young Harcourt (he was thirty-two in 1862), and political seers pronounced him to be a coming power in Parliament.

Let me, as a Tory, bear willing testimony to the valuable service rendered to the country in these letters. Public opinion was in a dangerous state of flux upon the American question, and was far more amenable forty years ago to the influence of the *Times* than it is now; peoples required a clear, confident statement of principle to steady them among mere gusts of sentiment, and that was exactly what these letters supplied. Had Harcourt's career closed with the last of them, he had been entitled to a lasting meed of gratitude from his countrymen.

It was not till 1868 that Harcourt entered Parliament as member for the city of Oxford. His first speech in the House was on February 23, 1869, in opposition to a proposal to relieve ministers from the obligation of re-election upon accepting office—an antiquated precaution, dating from Queen Anne's reign, against the undue influence of the Crown. Eleven years later he took a fall at this very fence. Having accepted office as Home Secretary under Mr. Gladstone in 1880, he presented himself to his constituents for re-election, was opposed by Mr. Hall, and was beaten by fifty-

three; Oxford suffering disfranchisement during the rest of that Parliament because of the flagrant corruption proved before an election commission.

The House of Commons is never predisposed to listen with favour to a lawyer, but it soon conceived a relish for Harcourt's style; the more so that, so long as he was a private member, it was never certain when he rose whether he would attack his own leaders or the Opposition. Perhaps it is doing no injustice to Harcourt to say that he differed from the ordinary Radical in his want of earnestness. Not of earnestness in manner; he never lacked that, having at command a vehemence of speech and gesture to which his towering stature and handsome features lent unusual dignity; but in earnestness of conviction he was in striking contrast to Gladstone and Bright, Forster and Fawcett. In truth, one can recall but two periods in Parliament when Harcourt seemed to be speaking, not from a brief, but from honest conviction. The first—when he supported Russell Gurney's bill, described by Disraeli as one "to put down ritualism"—the Public Worship Regulation Bill of 1874—and the second during those stormy years 1881-83, when Mr. Gladstone's government was grappling with Irish sedition and outrage, and Harcourt had the conduct of the Arms Bill, the Crimes Bill, and the Explosives Bill in three successive sessions.

In the first of these periods it seemed as if Harcourt was about to throw over his allegiance to the Liberal leader. In November 1873, Mr. Gladstone had muzzled his turbulent and formidable follower by making him Solicitor-General. The dissolution in the following year disclosed a strong Conservative reaction; Disraeli going into power with a majority of over one hundred in the House of Commons; Harcourt regaining his independence in the brisk air of opposition. Mr. Russell Gurney, a Liberal, having moved the second reading of his Public Worship Regulation Bill, Mr. Hall, Harcourt's Conservative colleague in the representation of Oxford, moved its rejection, and was seconded by Mr.

Gladstone himself—deeply moved by the threatened interference with priestly privileges. Here was a fine cross-firing of parties; and the confusion was complete when Harcourt rose from beside Gladstone on the front opposition bench, and proclaimed the Erastian principles of a Whig churchman. It was a scene such as will always absorb the excited attention of the House, and it was re-enacted many times during the debates in Committee. No one who heard is likely to forget the castigation bestowed by Mr. Gladstone upon his subordinate colleague; no one can supply, except from memory of the thing seen and heard, the necessary complement of unflinching fluency, flashing eye and stately gesture.

Finding that he has delivered to the House most extraordinary propositions of law and history that will not bear a moment's examination, my hon. and learned friend has had the opportunity of spending four or five days in better informing himself upon the subject, and he is in a position to come down to this House, and for an hour and a half to display and develop the erudition he has thus rapidly and cleverly acquired. . . . I will not, however, follow my hon. and learned friend over the ground he has taken. I do not think it would be to the edification of the House, or of the public, or of the party to which, I believe, we both belong. . . . I cannot, moreover, say that the three canons of good taste, good feeling, and courtesy, which we are accustomed here to regard, and which may be very old fashioned, are entirely conformable to those of my hon. and learned friend, and therefore it is better that the controversy should be carried no further.

Whereupon he devoted what fills four or five columns of "Hansard" to the further pulverisation of his hon. and learned friend. It was a notable chastisement, but it did not daunt him whom Gladstone declared to be "the last of the Erastians." Harcourt spoke forty times save one in the debates on that Bill, and with evident sincerity. It was in consultations over that measure that his acquaintance with Disraeli warmed into an intimate friendship, and men foretold his speedy enrolment among the followers of the Conservative leader. Certain it is that visits to Hughenden were very frequent in 1874 and 1875, seeming of deeper significance than they would suggest in these days, when week-end visits have

received official recognition; but nothing came of it, and Sir William Harcourt soon developed into one of the staunchest party men that ever stood in shoe-leather. Nothing, at least, except this, that from that day forward Harcourt always refrained from attacking Disraeli in debate or on the platform—singular forbearance on the part of one who revelled in rough-handling other Conservative Ministers. That it was deliberate and intentional appears from an incident related by one now living. Harcourt had been describing to him a visit at Hughenden from which he had just returned, and finished by saying: "Now mark what I am going to say: you will never hear a word from my lips hostile to Disraeli, either in Parliament or anywhere else."

He did not extend the same consideration to his dissentient colleagues after the Home Rule split in 1886. One of those with whom he had been most intimate proposed that they should agree not to attack each other in their speeches; but Harcourt would consent to no such understanding. Indeed it would have been difficult to keep to it, for, after the country had pronounced emphatically against Home Rule, what argument remained to the promoters of that policy except denunciation of Liberal Unionists and their Leaders?

It were a profitless office to enumerate the occasions on which party served Harcourt for a motive in place of principle, and vain to reproach a politician for fidelity to party in default of all stable principle. Men of the most sensitive honour and inflexible fidelity in private life have been known, times without number, to hold themselves free, under altered circumstances, to depart from a course in public affairs to which they were deeply committed. Wellington and Peel were leaders of the two Houses in that Parliament which emancipated the Roman Catholics. Wellington, it is known, had always been privately convinced of the justice of that measure, and resisted it for long years only on the ground of what was expedient. Peel, on the other hand, had opposed it on principle, and only yielded to expediency and what he saw to

be inevitable. Harcourt's attitude to Home Rule was what Peel's had been to Catholic emancipation. If there was one subject besides Church discipline upon which he held strong conviction, it was upon the government of Ireland by the Imperial Parliament. Let those who were intimate with Harcourt in that perplexing winter of 1885-6 describe his indignation when his chief's rumoured conversion to Home Rule was confirmed. "Let them stew in their Parnellite juice!" had been his contemptuous allusion only a few weeks before to the alleged negotiations between Conservative Ministers and the Home Rule leaders; yet he followed Mr. Gladstone with touching fidelity through the discouragement and reproach of the coming years. He accepted the Home Rule brief and flung the Union cause aside; though he never succeeded in concealing that his heart was not in the work.

In the end, he missed the palm to which most men thought he was better entitled by his services than any other of the Liberal leaders. He made stormy expression of indignation against the House of Lords for their "contemptuous" rejection of the second Home Rule Bill in 1893, and cared not to conceal that his Budget of 1894, inflicting the heaviest blow that was ever struck against the landed interest, was something to account of retaliation. Mr. Gladstone's sands were running low. In his frequent absence from the Treasury Bench, Harcourt acted as leader of the House. Members grew accustomed to him as the natural heir and successor to his chief, and, when the Prime Minister's resignation was announced in the spring of 1894, the turn of events came as a surprise to most men. Harcourt, if he had disquieted the Whig mind, at all events had travelled very far to conciliate the Radicals. He had denounced the Imperial renaissance as Jingoism; he had encouraged Mr. Gladstone in his disastrous Egyptian and South African policy, culminating in the abandonment of Gordon and the disgrace of Majuba Hill, and he had atoned for his stout defence of the Union by revoking everything he had uttered upon the Irish question down to the close

of 1885. Nay, was not the very Budget which he was in the act of driving through the House—the memorable Budget of the Death Duties—peculiarly designed to gratify the masses at the expense of the classes? What more would the Radicals have? Yet they turned against him, and acclaimed Lord Rosebery as the true heir of Gladstone. Harcourt had been more or less than human had he not felt the slight; yet he carried a proud front; he brought his Budget to a successful issue, and during the next four years the public had to nourish its curiosity by nothing more substantial than rumours of intestinal trouble in the Liberal councils. Lord Rosebery's brief administration came to an end with the Unionist victory of 1895; Harcourt continued leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons until he wearied of the barren strife, and resigned his position in what he described in his letter to Mr. Morley as "a party rent by sectional disputes and personal interests."

None would have blamed him if, after the treatment he had received, he had spent his declining years in ease and retirement; but the silvan charm of Malwood, dear as it was to his wounded spirit, could not hold him back when the fray was joined. A private member, "with all his future behind him," as an Irish politician is reported to have described Sir William's position, he might have ridden a free lance as of yore; yet so deeply had party discipline become engrained in his habits, that there is little to be learnt of his private opinion upon public affairs from his votes and speeches during his last few years. Upon the question of the Boer war, he steered a middle course. He detested the war, and condemned the policy that led to it, but he never attempted to embarrass the Government in their conduct of it. He expressed himself, as no doubt he felt, very angry with Ministers for the device of a "Khaki election" in 1900; but he never denied the obligation upon Great Britain to take over the administration of the South African Republics when they were reduced to subjection. If he swayed rather to

the line of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Morley than to that taken by the Imperialist section of the Opposition, that came naturally out of his previous estrangement from Lord Rosebery. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that he entertained very serious misgivings about the increasing burden of empire. Unfortunately, the statesman who can contribute nothing but misgiving ceases to be of much service to his country, and Sir William Harcourt, like the other critics of the Government, had no alternative to recommend but a policy of scuttle. This found little response among the people of Great Britain; but the Boer leaders read the speeches in Parliament and on platforms as diligently as Napoleon did during the war of 1801-15; misunderstanding, as he did, the peculiar nature of the British Opposition, they drew encouragement from what appeared to them the divided councils of their enemy.

While we gladly exonerate Sir William Harcourt from the recklessness into which some of his party were betrayed in their anxiety to discredit the Government, it cannot be forgotten that, although he was present, he made no protest when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman accused our army of pursuing "methods of barbarism" in the field. Harcourt would have played a greater part had he sunk the personal grievance and taken his stand on this question beside Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith.

As a platform and parliamentary speaker, Harcourt, until ten years ago, was very effective. His massive figure, lofty crest and fine countenance commanded the attention of any audience; fiery sally and witty phrase were not wanting to hold the interest of hearers; while fastidious listeners relished the agreeable classical flavour of his discourse, which, without a trace of pedantry, revived echoes of that indefinite golden age of Parliament, ever lying a couple of generations behind the present. But the effect was sadly marred when Sir William's sight began to fail. He always wrote his speeches out at length and spoke from the manuscript—read them, in

short—and would even be at the pains before addressing a public meeting to recite his discourse before a press reporter. So long as his eyes served him well, he had the art to read from papers carefully arranged beforehand out of sight of the audience, and none could detect that he was not speaking *extempore*. But of late years the effect was sadly marred by a halting delivery, result of failing sight, and the House of Commons listened only out of respect to the veteran gallantly bearing up against the infirmity of age. He lunged as fiercely as ever, but there was an end to the exciting sword play and adroit parry.

Of Sir William Harcourt in private life, others can speak with far fuller knowledge than I. Etonians—probably all public school boys—know the special meaning of “knowing a fellow at home.” Well, I never knew Sir William at home—can only tell of an acquaintance formed in Parliament during the early 'eighties. But the manner in which that acquaintance was formed reveals something of the kindly nature underlying the frowning official front he turned upon the Tory Opposition. I had been put up by Sir Stafford Northcote to move the rejection of one of the Irish Land Bills introduced by Mr. Gladstone's Government. It was near midnight: the House was very full and excited—trying to a young member who had by no means rid himself of that paralysing “House fright.” I floundered through my twenty minutes' task and sat down. After the division had been called, I was surprised by the Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, with whom I was not then personally acquainted, crossing the floor and taking me by the hand. “That was very well done,” said he, with a kind look, and passed into the Aye lobby. Over and above the flattery, which of course was extremely agreeable, there was something of old-fashioned chivalry in the words and action, which has been associated ever since with my regard for Sir William Harcourt.

He was a delightful man to meet in society, having the art of imparting his ample lore, social and historical, with none of

the *pose* or other vices of the regular *raconteur*. As a smoker he was as insatiable as Mr. Chamberlain, but, unlike his old colleague, absolutely indiscriminating in the quality of his cigars, consuming tobacco in quantity and of a quality which would lay most men low.

It will be long before the House of Commons ceases to miss the figure so closely associated with its life. Members will remember it latest accompanied by another figure, as tall, but more slender—the son, with whom the father was seen taking counsel more and more frequently as the shadows deepened—the son, of whose touching devotion much might be said, were this the place.

In parting with Sir William Harcourt, one will pronounce him a powerful statesman—not a great one. With intellectual gifts far above the parliamentary average, he never possessed that inappeasable conviction which raises a leader above the mere exigencies of party, nor that concentration of purpose which draws his party after him to any cost of sacrifice. Peel showed the first, when he wrecked his party over the Corn Laws; Gladstone the last, when he forced upon his reluctant colleagues his new-born purpose of Home Rule. One cannot imagine Harcourt prevailing in like manner over the immediate circumstances of his environment; yet he will be long remembered as one who did honour to the House of Commons, and one whom the House of Commons delighted to honour—one to whom his most resolute opponents willingly assign a high rank among British statesmen.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

EXCEPT by way of emphasising, and, perhaps, here and there expanding, the remarkable article which Mr. A. Maurice Low contributed to the October issue of this REVIEW,¹ there is really little to be written about the Presidential Election. It was Mr. Low's thesis that the two great American parties have virtually merged, not, of course, in organisation, but in doctrine and principle; that though their respective platforms breathe a fiery antagonism, it is for form's sake merely, and corresponds with no real vitality of belief; that both Republicans and Democrats have approached a practical identity of Conservatism which is yearly making it more difficult for "the man of extreme views" to associate with them; and that a new and sinister Radicalism, the inevitable reflex of the overwhelming and remorseless power of organised wealth, is destined to shatter the mechanism and revolutionise the spirit of the older organisations, splitting the politics of the country into the party of the Haves and the party of the Have-nots. All that in Mr. Low's article comes within the category of assertion is not merely true, but has long been true. All that belongs in it to the category of speculation has to support it the evidences of a strong and cumulative probability. Like the Guelfs and Ghibellines for the two final centuries of their warfare, like the inheritors of

¹ "The Coming Radical Party in America." By A. Maurice Low. THE MONTHLY REVIEW. October, 1904.

a Highland clan feud, Republicans and Democrats go on delivering attack and counter-attack from sheer force of habit. They are a singular instance of how little, under modern conditions, it is essential for a party to have a reasoned faith. Cement of some kind there must be; and we in England have succeeded for two hundred years in manufacturing it out of principles, tradition, and the ascendancy of individual leaders—not, however, without signs that the stock of material is nearing exhaustion. In America it has long since been worked out. What keeps American parties from falling to pieces is simply the strength of party ties and particularly the strength of party organisation, reinforced by, if not based upon, the hope of office and the influence of mere use and wont. "The American parties," says Mr. Bryce, "now continue to exist because they have existed. The mill has been constructed, and its machinery goes on turning even when there is no grist to grind." The very complexity of the machinery is in itself a preservative. Men feel that there must be a purpose and a use in what has been so laboriously and intricately fashioned and may so often be seen alive and whirring; and the belief is one that the Bosses, whose hands are on the levers, do all they can to encourage. Their task is not a difficult one in a country like America, where political discussion is in inverse proportion to political education, where the average man passes for something of an intellectual authority, and is quite happily convinced he "knows it all," where quick views and short views attain to a mastery unparalleled elsewhere, and where the people have a positive genius for mistaking appearances for realities. I believe, with Mr. Low, that the time must come when a great and vital issue will arise to penetrate the monstrous pretences that now enfold political parties and the political system; and I think, as he does, that Bryanism, purged of its heresies on the currency question and standing on its merits as a movement of social protest against "the despotism of plutocracy," is a forerunner of what that great and vital issue will be. There will then be a genuineness, possibly a desperate genuineness, about

American parties and an American Presidential Election that no one at present can affect or discover in either.

Nor is it merely the flaccidity of parties that gives to the present campaign an air of such stupefying unreality. Important issues there cannot be when neither party has convictions, and when each is engrossed with the problem of playing for position. But to run a campaign to the satisfaction of the American people it is not essential to have any important issues. It so happens, however, that there is a dearth of even secondary questions. The normal conflicts of the party in power with the party in opposition, and the ordinary routine of events, have alike failed to produce anything that at once interests the electorate and divides the two parties. An election is not taking place because there is any political or popular desire for one, but simply because the Constitution decrees that every four years a President has to be voted for. To the general agreement on all large matters of policy that exists between Republicans and Democrats, and to the all but total absence of specific minor questions, must, therefore, be added as a further influence in the direction of apathy and make-believe, the excruciatingly depressing fact that they are fighting one another to order. I have never been able to decide why the Constitution, having insisted on a fight, does not go a step further, and provide something to fight about. A "live" and "hustling" Constitution, such as Americans ought to be charmed to live under, should surely be supplied with an assortment of stock issues, harmless schoolboy-essay subjects, "popular" problems of the light domestic or religious order, that it could authoritatively propound to the contestants. There are plenty to be had, and everybody would enjoy discussing them. Parties would line up, each taking its appointed side, every wheel in the electioneering machinery would revolve, primaries and conventions would be held, and the votes would be counted, just as usual; and all the bother of deciding what the issue is, or whether there is any issue at all, would be saved. As a rule, I must admit that American versatility rises to the

emergency without extraneous assistance. There is no healthier industry in the country than the manufacture of campaign issues, and during these quadrennial elections it works overtime in its patriotic eagerness to state a case. But this year something appears to have got seriously out of order, and even the meticulous ingenuities of American platform framers have failed to establish a *casus belli*.

It is, therefore, almost a waste of time to examine the Republican and Democratic platforms with any hope of finding out what they really stand for and wherein they differ. Even the Republican platform, which is for the most part a record of achievements and singularly abstemious of pledges for the future, contains two planks, one of which—threatening to reduce the representation of such Southern States as have disfranchised the negroes—it knows, and everybody knows, there is not the least intention of acting upon, while the other is platitudinous to the extent of being absolutely meaningless. What *can* a voter who wishes to know something about the Republican attitude towards the Trusts make of this?: “Combinations of capital and of labour are the results of the economic movement of the age, but neither must be permitted to infringe upon the rights and interests of the people. Such combinations, when lawfully formed for lawful purposes, are alike entitled to the protection of the laws, but both are subject to the laws, and neither can be permitted to break them.” One would think that puerility could go no further, but one has only to turn to the Democratic platform to find that it can. The truth is that these documents are composed simply in view of the electioneering present, and not of the legislative future. They must never be taken to mean what they say, but should always be judged in the light of political conditions, of what is and what is not possible. Unless this is constantly borne in mind, there is a grave risk of missing some of their exquisite humour. It is, for instance, perfectly well understood that the United States intends to keep the Philippines, and to govern them with at least a modicum of respect for local needs. The

Democrats realise this just as fully as any other Americans. Nevertheless, when they find themselves in national convention assembled, they at once proceed to incorporate in their platform this amazing plank :

We oppose as fervently as did George Washington himself an indefinite, irresponsible, discretionary and vague absolutism and a policy of colonial exploitation, no matter where or by whom invoked or exercised. We believe with Thomas Jefferson and John Adams that no Government has a right to make one set of laws for those "at home," and another and different set of laws, absolute in their character, for those "in the colonies." All men under the American flag are entitled to the protection of the institutions whose emblem the flag is: if they are inherently unfit for those institutions, then they are inherently unfit to be members of the American body politic. Wherever there may exist a people incapable of being governed under American laws in consonance with the American Constitution, that people ought not to be a part of the American domain. We insist that we ought to do for the Filipinos what we have already done for the Cubans, and it is our duty to make that promise now, and upon suitable guarantees of protection to citizens of our own and other countries resident there at the time of our withdrawal, set the Filipino people upon their feet, free and independent, to work out their own destiny.

That is an excellent specimen of the average platform plank. It would be cruel to examine it in detail, to point out that the Supreme Court has settled once and for all the question of abstract right, to weigh the full deliciousness of the proposal to govern the Philippines as though they were a larger Wisconsin, or to gauge the advisability of making a promise that eventually the Filipinos are to have independence dumped upon them. It would not only be cruel to do all this but unnecessary, because every American knows that were the Democrats to come into power, they would at once proceed to carry on without a break or change the policy of the Republicans; and that a Democratic President, who tried to act up to the platform pledges, would find himself openly abandoned by nine-tenths of his party. But then it is supposed, for a reason I have never been able to fathom, to be "good politics" to fill up a platform with such planks as this, to promise what you have no idea of performing, to be exceedingly definite on sub-

jects that are infinitely remote, vague on such as the near future may bring into pressing imminence, and magnificently non-committal and diffuse on those that are immediately before the country. Thus the Democrats are whole-heartedly and enthusiastically in favour of the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people, a question that may conceivably come up within the next half-century; but when the relations between Capital and Labour are mentioned, or any other subject with which the very next Session of Congress is as likely as not to be concerned, they fly at once, like the Republicans, to the safe shelter of generalities. The only planks in either platform which it is safe to take at something like their face value are those which appear in both and are virtually identical. When Republicans and Democrats unite as they do in the present campaign, in advocating the building of the Panama Canal, the development of irrigation in the Western States, the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, the extension of civil service reform, the protection of American citizens abroad, the open door in China, and a system of liberal pensions, one may assume, not necessarily that either party is quite sincere, but that it is afraid to fly in the face of public opinion.

There is this much excuse to be made for the Democrats, that they are not really a party, but an assortment of odds and ends. The Southern States are always referred to by American politicians as the stronghold of Democratic strength. I should rather call them the source of Democratic weakness. Southerners are Democratic, not positively and inherently, but simply by the power of reflex action. They are Democrats because they are not Republicans; and they are not Republicans because it was the Republicans who waged the Civil War, who were responsible for the horrors of the Reconstruction Period, and who still show a desire to worry the South over the negro question. That is to say, their allegiance to the Democratic party is determined by the race issue alone; and the race issue, so far from being a party, is not even a

political question, and stands in no tangible relation whatever to the programmes and policies of the day. High-tariff Southerners and low-tariff Southerners, Southerners who are for gold and Southerners who are for silver, Southerners who are Imperialists and Southerners who are anti-Imperialists, Southerners who stand on every side of every public question, all join the Democratic party, because that party took the Southern side during the war, and is supposed to be "sound" on the race issue. A more factitious and unhealthy alliance could scarcely be imagined. It is fairly safe to say that the development of Southern manufactures has made the opinion of the South predominantly Protectionist, and therefore in sympathy with the cardinal doctrine, not of the Democrats, but of the Republicans. Nevertheless, the South, in obedience to tradition, still automatically supports the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, even on a platform that advocates a sweeping revision of the tariff. They will put him in the White House if they can, but, when there, they will not allow him to act on his convictions or carry out his election pledges. Mr. Cleveland discovered this. The Southern votes that were mainly responsible for his victory were turned against him the moment he tried to fulfil his promises to the people and reduce the tariff; and the result was a measure that so utterly belied all the Democratic professions that Mr. Cleveland angrily refused to sign it. The significance of that incident still endures. It will probably continue to endure until the South splits up into political parties that correspond to its real opinions, not on the policies of the sixties or the seventies, but on the policies of the present. That time, however, is still far distant—Mr. Roosevelt, with a certain belligerent clumsiness, has made it more distant than ever—and the Democratic party will continue for many years yet to depend on the South for its electoral votes, to be thwarted by the South should it ever elect its President, and to owe to the South its proverbial quarrelsomeness and impotency in office and its hesitancy in attack.

And besides this fundamental flaw at the very root of its being, the Democratic party is at this moment still further weakened by the after-effects of Bryanism. I wonder whether Americans themselves quite realise how great a political miracle was performed at St. Louis, and how enormously the Convention system contrived to justify at least one phase of its usefulness. For what was the outcome of the St. Louis Convention? It was this, that a party repudiated, or, what amounted to the same thing, silently ignored the men and the measures that eight years ago roused the delirious enthusiasm of all but a section, and that four years ago were again formally inscribed on its banners. That is an achievement which must surely be almost unique in the history of party. As a rule, the most difficult of all operations in politics, as in warfare, is a retreat. To ask a party to erase a policy that has once been incorporated in its programme is to ask what is nearly impossible. A measure, once accepted, once made the battle-cry of a party, acquires by that fact alone an unnatural longevity. It is not the way of political parties to come out in the open, recant, repent, and confess they have erred. In a moment of panic, rashness, or subserviency a party pins itself to a certain policy. That policy is repudiated by the country, not once or by small majorities, but repeatedly and overwhelmingly. Even those who have subscribed to it realise its hopelessness, and confess among themselves that until the unprofitable cargo is thrown overboard they can never expect to make the haven of office. Nevertheless, the zeal of some, the half-heartedness, timidity, or sense of shame of others, and the vigilant taunts of the opposing party, combine to prevent the sacrifice; and for a period altogether irrational in length the party continues to represent and suffer by a cause in which it has lost all faith, which it acknowledges to be fatal to success, and which it is yet debarred from disowning. This has been conspicuously the case with the English Liberals in their relation to Home Rule, and with the American Democrats in their relation to Free Silver; and a party situated as these two

have been inevitably splits into two sections. One section prides itself on recognising facts, realises the folly of perpetually advocating policies to which the country is hostile, and endeavours to steer the party back to its old anchorage. The other section, from nervelessness or conviction, or under pressure from a commanding and indispensable leader, or in obedience to the blessed principle of "party regularity," reaffirms the new programme, braves the country's hostility once again, and, of course, is roundly beaten for its pains. Among English Liberals these sections have been roughly represented by Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and among American Democrats by the Conservative element and the Bryanite element. The Rosebery movement—an attempt at regeneration from within, an effort of a great party to conquer, not its opponents, but itself—precisely corresponds to the movement of the Conservative Democrats, who, after the defeats of 1896 and 1900, set themselves to eliminate Free Silver. But in English politics there is nothing that at all resembles an American Convention. There is no representative body that is qualified to speak for the party as a whole. There is, therefore, no sharp and decisive method of discarding an issue that has once been raised, or of rejecting a measure that has once been adopted. The Liberals have no means of freeing themselves from their entanglement with Home Rule. They can but wait until time or chance or the growth and predominance of some other question obscures and overlays it. It must have been with an envious amazement that they watched American Democrats, in the short space of eight years, shaking themselves free from the grip of Free Silver.

Many things helped the Conservative Democrats in their effort to extricate the party from the control of the extremists. Time had accentuated the political hopelessness of Bryanism and raised fresh issues to compete with and overshadow it. Prosperity had taken the edge off the social discontent which was the real backbone of the Free Silver movement; and Mr. Roosevelt, rightly or wrongly, had earned a reputation for a

militant and somewhat Radical activity. This gave the Conservative Democrats a capital cue. If the chief complaint against Mr. Roosevelt was his "rashness," the obvious thing for the Democrats to do was to put forward a candidate in whose cautiousness and moderation every one would have confidence. The more people talked of Mr. Roosevelt's impulsiveness the less possible it became for them to think that safety could be found in Mr. Bryan's fanaticism. If the electorate could be induced to prefer a Democratic President it could only be on the ground that he was a safe and unalarming man, constitutionally incapable of anything at all resembling Mr. Roosevelt's belligerency. The Conservative Democrats set themselves accordingly to unearth a candidate whom they might present to the country as an attractive alternative both to Mr. Bryan and to Mr. Roosevelt. Their search was undoubtedly furthered and favoured by Wall Street, which has its own reasons for disliking Mr. Roosevelt. Electioneering considerations made it essential that the proposed candidate should be a New Yorker; and that was how Judge Parker, the Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals, came to be nominated. Under the circumstances the nomination was, perhaps, as good a one as could have been made. Judge Parker is a man of character and position, and there is absolutely nothing to be said against him. He has displayed throughout the campaign a keen and almost un-American sense of political honour and the proprieties of public life. The famous telegram in which he declined the nomination unless the Convention endorsed his attitude on the Gold Standard showed as much courage as sagacity, and revealed a man where people had suspected only an enigma. As the figure-head of Democratic reconstruction on Conservative lines, and as a comfortable, impassive negation of Bryanism, Judge Parker appears to me entirely adequate. For all electioneering purposes the contrast between him and Mr. Roosevelt is complete enough. His career has been nothing like so wide as his rival's, but within its limits he has invariably succeeded. In

independence and resolution he has not shown himself Mr. Roosevelt's inferior. He has not Mr. Roosevelt's force, but then neither has he his tendency to extremes. He has not his experience, but neither has he his "impulsiveness." He approaches mediocrity; Mr. Roosevelt approaches sensationalism. He has the reputation for being calm and judicial; Mr. Roosevelt has the reputation for being brilliant, pyrotechnical, and full of surprises. Both are Conservatives—but with a difference. If Judge Parker had been an Englishman he would have been a follower of Lord Salisbury; if Mr. Roosevelt had been an Englishman he would have proved a second Randolph Churchill. Both are drawn to an open-air life, but again with a difference, the one belonging to what we should call the country gentleman type, the other to the soldier, explorer, hunter type. Judge Parker's mind is the slower of the two, his temperament more sluggish and restrained, and his manners more dignified. I have read his campaign letters and speeches. They are careful and rather humdrum performances, the efforts of an essentially provincial and circumscribed mind to expand beyond its normal capacity. I cannot detect in them any real grip of affairs, national or international, and they are exasperatingly deformed by a tendency to thin and lamentably elementary generalisations—the uniform characteristic of American "heavy" men. Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, is anything but "heavy." He is a man of swift decisions, immediate action, and an intense and tingling energy that cares little for appearances and is almost devoid of tact. Judge Parker in the White House would probably prove a steady-going, defensible President in whom all would have confidence. Under his rulership one conceives that the nation would enjoy four years of quietude and comfort, without any great achievement, but also without any adventures. Under Mr. Roosevelt the history of the last three years would be again repeated—the same go-ahead and decisive policies, the same spirit of militant reform, and the same vague sense of insecurity.

But it is obvious that being what he is, and representing

what he does, Judge Parker cannot be acceptable to the convinced Bryanite. In the Convention the Bryanites fought hard against his nomination, and displayed a strength which even the closest judges of American politics had failed to anticipate; and throughout the campaign their support of his candidature has been at best half-hearted. It may easily prove on election day that a good many of them have preferred to vote [for the Populist—that is, the extreme Radical—candidate, Mr. Watson, who is certainly far more representative than Judge Parker of the social side of Bryanism, and whose programme may quite conceivably be adopted hereafter by the Radicalism of the future. It is indeed difficult even for the quick-moving American to accommodate himself all at once to the revolution that has overtaken official Democracy. Eight years ago—even four years ago—that party stood on a platform that administered the severest shock the country has sustained since the Civil War. To-day it professes to be not merely Conservative but more Conservative than the Republicans. Four years ago it was shunned by Wall Street and all the capitalist interests; to-day its candidate avowedly owes his nomination to the same influences that tried to depose Mr. Roosevelt and turn over the control of the Republican party to Senator Hanna, and the magnates of “the Street” are conspicuous in its councils and in the direction of its campaign. Four years ago it was the irreconcilable foe of the plutocracy; to-day its Vice-Presidential candidate is himself a “plutocrat” of the first water. The revolution is so sweeping as to arouse suspicion. Do parties, can parties, become “safe and sane”—for these are the adjectives the Democrats now apply to themselves—with such incredible speed and completeness? I imagine the judgment of the average American, while entirely endorsing Judge Parker as a man who might safely be trusted, looks beyond him and his immediate *entourage* to the rank and file of the party, and pronounces it to be still Bryanite at heart.

All this gives the Republicans an immense initial advantage. They are a homogeneous party, they know their own minds, and

they have behind them a record of eight years' singularly successful administration. The Republican party preserved and buttressed the Gold Standard; it annexed Hawaii; it waged the war with Spain, freed Cuba, seized Porto Rico and purchased the Philippines; it passed the Dingley Tariff Act, and presided over the greatest expansion of prosperity that any country has ever known; it has completely restored public credit; it arranged for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and it has since turned the dream of American statesmanship into fact by actually beginning the construction of an Isthmian Canal; it settled, on terms that no American could find fault with, the vexed and perilous question of the Alaska boundary; it steered a masterly course through the complications of "the Venezuela mess"; it has upheld American interests in China with a vigour and effectiveness that even a decade ago would have been impossible; it has reorganised the army, greatly strengthened and developed the navy, and for the first time in American history has done something to restrain the power of the Trusts. Incomplete as it is, this is a list of achievements which, one would think, is all the guarantee that any nation could require that the party to whose credit it stands deserves a renewal of confidence. There is something, of course, to be set on the other side of the account—the failure to pass reciprocity treaties, and the corruption in the Post Office, for instance—but on the whole it is a record of remarkable practicality and success. For much, if not for most of it, the credit must go to Mr. Roosevelt, and it is chiefly around his actions during the past three years that the campaign has revolved. The Democratic case against him falls, so far as I can make out, under two main heads. He is charged, first of all, with a desire to upset the Constitutional balance of power and to exalt the Executive at the expense of the Legislature and the Judiciary. To substantiate this, the Democrats point to Mr. Roosevelt's settlement of the coal strike and to his recent Pension order, but they know perfectly well that in the first case he acted as a private

individual, and that in the second he merely extended a principle that had been laid down by President Cleveland and adopted by President McKinley. The other charge against Mr. Roosevelt is that he is an Imperialist, believes in the necessity of a bigger navy, wishes to enlarge the American sphere of interests and action abroad, and is altogether too abrupt and ambitious in his handling of foreign questions. The Democrats are trying their hardest to persuade the country that the atmosphere surrounding his Administration is too militant and Imperialistic for the sober-minded Conservatism of the American people. In a sense there is possibly some basis for this indictment, but it is not a sense that should greatly perturb even the most stay-at-home of Americans. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay probably realise, with greater clearness than the majority of their countrymen, that for America the days of "isolation" are passed, and the policy of perpetual "non-interference" outworn. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that while all Americans realise that this is so, and that a change has come over America's international position, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay go a step further in drawing from the new state of affairs its legitimate and inevitable inferences. In doing so they are bound at times to prod with some severity the inveterate provincialism of the bulk of their countrymen—a provincialism nourished by the practice and precept of a hundred years' self-contained existence, and confirmed by the secluded conditions of American life. Americans, taken in the mass, like to speak of themselves as a "World Power," but they do not greatly relish the responsibilities of the position. They like to talk about the American Empire, but so far they have hardly even begun to cultivate a real spirit of Empire. In other words they have not, as Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay have, accepted facts and their consequences. It at once gratifies and disturbs them to hear of one American squadron being ordered "on business" to Smyrna, to Tangier, and to Beirut, of another assembling near the scene of the Far Eastern war, and of a third cruising off Panama. And it disturbs with-

out in the least gratifying them when their President suddenly announces that

if a nation shows that it knows how to act with decency in industrial and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, then it need fear no interference from the United States;

but that

brutal wrong-doing or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilised society may finally require some intervention by some civilised nations, and in the Western hemisphere the United States cannot ignore its duty.

These words are certainly peremptory, but with Mr. Roosevelt it is always advisable to pay less attention to what he says than to what he does. His foreign policy, while eminently vigorous in its maintenance of American interests, has never, so far as I can see, incurred a single unnecessary risk, and needs no other defence than its resplendent results. Judge Parker does not arraign it in detail, but what he says on the subject is undoubtedly the outcome of an attitude and a point of view to which it is hard to imagine Mr. Roosevelt subscribing:

I protest [says the Democratic candidate] against the feeling, now far too prevalent, that by reason of the commanding position we have assumed in the world, we must take part in the disputes and broils of foreign countries; and that because we have grown great we should intervene in every important question that arises in other parts of the world. . . . The people of the United States stand at the parting of the ways. Shall we follow the footsteps of our fathers along the paths of peace, prosperity and contentment, guided by the ever-living spirit of the Constitution which they framed for us, or shall we go along other and untried paths, hitherto shunned by all, following blindly new ideals which, though appealing with brilliancy to the imagination and ambition, may prove a will o' the wisp, leading us into difficulties from which it may be impossible to extricate ourselves without lasting injury to our national character and institutions? . . . It is essential more than ever to adhere strictly to the traditional policy of the country as formulated by its first President—and never in my judgment wisely departed from—to invite friendly relations with all nations, while avoiding entangling alliances with any. Such a policy means the cultivation of peace instead of the glorification of war, and the minding of

our own business, in lieu of spectacular intermeddling with the affairs of other nations.

This, it will be seen, does not to any marked degree possess the quality of pertinence and "actuality." The spirit behind it is different, but would there be necessarily a difference in fact and policy? I do not believe there would be. In foreign policy, in colonial policy, just as in dealing with the Tariff and the Trusts, a Parker Administration would, I am convinced, be indistinguishable from a Roosevelt administration. Methods and manners might change, but the net result would be virtually identical. The contest, indeed, is not over facts, but over quibbles and personalities, and it makes remarkably little difference how it ends. The policies which the Republican party has pursued for the past eight years have been so widely approved of, and acquiesced in, by the people as to have almost lost their party character, and to have reached the position of really national policies. They will not be reversed whatever happens, not even if America turns from the known to the unknown, from Mr. Roosevelt to Judge Parker. There is very little likelihood of her doing so; but even if she does, the ship of State will not swerve a fraction from her present course, and the signal will still be flying, "Full steam ahead!"

SYDNEY BROOKS.

SULTAN MURAD V.

THE recent death of ex-Sultan Murad removes from the political stage of Turkey the last man but one of important actors in a strange and mysterious drama-tragedy. The only survivor now is Sultan Abd-el-Hamid, the present reigning monarch. All the others have long since gone to their eternal rest and are no more. Abd-el-Hamid alone carries in his breast all the secrets of a terrible tragedy. So much mystery enshrouded that eventful period that, after all has been written and said on the subject, it yet remains an enigma the veil of which the hand of history has not yet uncovered. It is as dark as night, deep as the abyss, and fateful as the hand of destiny.

Murad was perhaps the gentlest and most broad-minded reform-lover of all his dynasty. His gentleness was almost feminine in its softness and delicacy; while his comely, ruddy, round face, and big black languishing eyes, gave him an unusually dignified and tender expression. His political aspirations were of a very high order. He longed for and aimed at giving Turkey a Constitution, and striking dogmatism and despotism a fatal blow. But the man lacked that firm will, daring heart, and iron arm essential in an Oriental ruler who seeks for radical cures.

His predecessor and uncle, Abd-el-Aziz, was a wild, passionate, extravagant man, who brought the Turkish Empire to the verge of complete ruin. In his youthful days his brutal

nature was even more prominent. He delighted in all kinds of cruel and savage acts, and when he fell into a fit of rage his rage was a thing to be dreaded. In one of these mad fits he actually tore a Greek girl alive because she did not yield to his passion. The crisis of his reign and life was accelerated by his desire to change the succession in favour of his son Izz-el-Din. Murad was often solicited to waive his right as heir to the throne, but without any effect. In this dilemma Abd-el-Aziz sought the help of Russia; and General Ignatieff, who was only too eager for a pretext to land Russian troops in Constantinople, gave him full and hearty support, and twenty thousand Russian soldiers were held ready to march at a moment's notice.

While Ignatieff was perfectly satisfied with himself at this grand *coup d'état*, which was to place both Sultan and Constantinople at the mercy of Russia, the three great men of Turkey, Midhat, Auni, and Kaiserli, were at that moment plotting the destruction of their Sultan. Ignatieff's spies, however, kept him acquainted with every move of theirs; even the day and hour when the conspiracy was to be put into effect were known to the Russian general. But the conspirators were too quick and smart for him. Fearing surprise and unexpected developments, they advanced the time by thirty-six hours. On May 29, 1876, at two o'clock in the morning, the Turkish soldiers fell in, and marched on the Sultan's palace, with Auni, the Serasker, at their head. Simultaneously with this movement, Kaiserli drew in with the Turkish fleet towards the shore to prevent the Sultan's escape by sea. Aziz was roused from his sleep to find himself a State prisoner.

Though he declined to relinquish all claims to the throne, Murad never dreamt of plotting against his uncle. That was against his gentle, generous, and loyal nature. At the same moment when Abd-el-Aziz was roused from sleep to be dethroned, Murad heard a hard knock at the door of his chamber. He rose to find before him Auni, stern and des-

perate. "Rise, Sultan Murad!" said he to the frightened prince. Murad stared at him, and turned deadly pale. He always felt a repugnance towards this cruel-featured, unscrupulous Auni, and his first fears were that this man was commissioned to murder him. "Why does my uncle, Sultan Abd-el-Aziz, seek my life?" said he to the Serasker; "what have I done against him? A loaf of dry bread and a cup of water are all I ask; why does he want to murder me?" In vain did Auni protest. In vain did he call him Sultan. The words sounded like strange mockery in the prince's ears. "Kill me in my bed," rejoined he to the Serasker. "Why take me to be strangled somewhere else?" "Hesitate a moment longer and it shall be even so," answered the impatient Serasker; "your uncle is deposed; you are his heir and successor. If you hesitate we shall be obliged to murder you before inviting your brother to the throne. Here," continued the stern commander-in-chief, "here is my loaded revolver. Take it, and the first moment you suspect treason kill me with it." Murad at last yielded and took the proffered weapon. On the way, in a moment of suspicion, he was on the point of throwing himself into the sea, but he soon checked this impulse, and regained his self-control. However, not till he stepped on shore, and there was met and saluted by the highest Turkish officials as their Padishah, were his fears dispelled.

Ignatieff was sound asleep, dreaming, probably, how the Turkish Capital was, in a day or two, to fall under the sway of Russia; he could almost hear the well-known tread of his Cossacks already resounding in the streets of Constantinople, and see the aspirations of centuries realised in one single *coup d'état*, when deafening thunders of salvoes from forts on land and fleet on sea suddenly echoed and re-echoed as the sun of another morning rose to dissipate the visions of the night. The Russian Ambassador rose from sleep to find Constantinople in panic and wild confusion. The startling truth, however, dawned upon him when the public criers passed by crying, "Long live Sultan Murad!"

The ovation which Sultan Murad received on this occasion from all classes of his people, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Bulgarians, plainly showed how beloved he was, and what great hopes his subjects held of his future reign. Cheers burst forth on all sides, like an overwhelming tide. Never had Constantinople heard such a deafening pæan of loyalty. On all previous similar occasions the crowds had to stand on both sides of the road, mute and motionless, with their arms crossed on their breasts, and their heads hung down, as if they were marble statues. None dared to lift his voice in token of loyalty, for this would have been a fatal breach of etiquette, for which the transgressor might have paid with his head. The procession resembled more a funeral than a coronation ceremony. But, on the present occasion, the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. "*Padishahim chok yasha!*"—long live our Sultan!—burst from hundreds of thousands of throats, and was carried far and wide, making the very hills and valleys resound. The people believed that a new era in their life and history had just dawned, and that the long-expected age of reform, equality, liberty, and fraternity had arrived. Contrary to all old-established royal etiquette, the new Sultan returned the salutation of his subjects, at which the multitude, drunk with joy and happiness, rushed in and tried to unharness his carriage and drag the royal chariot to the palace. It was the greatest, but the last happy, day in Murad's life.

When he retired to his palace, Sultan Murad was worn out with fatigue and excitement. The terrible shock of the previous night and the long tedious ceremony of the day had told severely on his delicate and susceptible constitution. Early in the morning, while his boat was approaching the royal palace, he caught a glance of his unhappy uncle just leaving the royal abode in another little boat. Murad's kind heart melted within him, and his eyes were wet with tears. The fate of his uncle haunted him day and night. He was in constant fear and alarm lest his unscrupulous Ministers might plot the destruction of the dethroned Sultan. He accordingly issued

strict orders that every wish of Abd-el-Aziz should be gratified, and every attention paid to his personal comfort. But he nevertheless knew the unscrupulous and treacherous conduct of those that surrounded him. Auni, the Serasker, was Murad's nightmare. The mere sight of that cruel man was repulsive to the new Sultan, and after each interview with the Serasker Murad shuddered with well-grounded apprehension.

The fears of Sultan Murad regarding the life of his uncle were, unhappily, too soon realised. On the morning of May 3—five days after Murad's accession—ex-Sultan Abd-el-Aziz was found dead on the floor of his bedchamber, with a pool of blood round him and two cuts on the bend of both elbows, which opened the arteries and veins. To this very day his death remains a mystery. It is alleged that he committed suicide, and the official announcement of the time was that Abd-el-Aziz, rising up early in the morning, called for a pair of scissors to clip his beard. When left alone he took off his coat, tugged up the sleeves of his shirt, and inflicted the wounds upon himself, till he bled to death. However, the rumour that found popular credence in those days, and which is still believed by a great majority of people, who are better acquainted with the modes of death in Turkey, is that the three conspirators themselves, Auni, Midhat, and Kaiserli, fearing counter-revolution and the reinstatement of the ex-Sultan, resolved to do away with him. Disguised, and with muffled faces, they entered into the ex-Sultan's chamber with a few powerful wrestlers and overpowered Aziz. Throwing him on the floor and kneeling on his knees and elbows, they opened his veins and waited there till he bled to death.

Murad spent the previous night in sleepless anxiety. He rose up in the morning feverish, irritable, and exhausted when the three conspirators suddenly entered into his presence. Their wild looks and agitated manner terrified him, and a vague dark presentiment took birth. When they broke the news he fell into such a wild rage that, mild by nature as he was, they trembled at this unexpected burst of righteous anger. In vain

did Auni produce the doctor's certificate; in vain did he establish Aziz's previous attempts at suicide. Murad overwhelmed them with contempt and reproach. He told them that they had covered his name and memory with infamy; that Europe would henceforward look upon him as a murderer and assassin, and with a dignified wave of the hand dismissed them from his presence. From that hour Sultan Murad was doomed, and his righteous and noble indignation cost him his throne.

This last terrible shock completely shattered his already exhausted nervous system. Murad developed intense irritability, and became a prey to obstinate insomnia, great prostration, and occasional hallucinations. His temperature was high, his eyes bloodshot, and his brain unsteady. The ghost of the dead Sultan haunted him day and night. He firmly believed that Abd-el-Aziz was murdered by, or through the instigation of, his Ministers. He felt that this crime was in some way or other reflected upon himself, and that he was held in horror by all European Courts. He furthermore feared the verdict of history, which, he imagined, would hand his name down to posterity as that of an assassin. He also felt himself more of a State prisoner than a sovereign. His intimate friends were kept away from him through the agency of the conspirators, and all his attempts at reform were thwarted by the strong-willed but narrow-minded and bigoted Auni.

After the departure of his Ministers the Sultan's wrath continued to boil, all the more because he felt himself impotent to punish these malefactors and criminals, who formed themselves into a dangerous triumvirate. Once, while he was pacing his royal saloon and nursing his wrath, another incident happened, which greatly aggravated his condition. A wild, rash, reckless young officer, of high military grade, rushed unannounced into the Sultan's presence. Murad instantly drew his revolver and directed it towards the intruder, who was Abd-el-Aziz's brother-in-law—the brother of the

ex-Sultan's wife. He came to demand justice on the heads of the assassins of Aziz. The interview was short and stormy and left the Sultan perfectly exhausted, with his nerves worse shattered than ever, and his brain in a whirl of confusion.

Hassan Effendi—for this was the name of the officer—was a dissipated, reckless, hot-tempered, but brave and daring man. He belonged to one of the wildest tribes of the Circassians. Feeling the weakness and impotence of Murad he resolved after his stormy interview to take the law into his own hands, and wreak full vengeance upon those men whom he felt convinced to be the murderers of his Sultan and brother. Armed with a gama—a sharp triangular Circassian dagger—and three revolvers, he directed his steps towards Auni's house. Auni had already issued orders that Hassan be transferred to Bagdad, and the latter under the pretext of taking leave of the Serasker sought an interview with him. Auni, however, was not at home—he had gone to Midhat's. An instant of disappointment, an instant of reflection, a determined smile on his flushed face, and Hassan's resolution was made. He went straight to Midhat's, all the Ministers were duly there at an official *séance*. Hassan asked admission to the Serasker; "*Yasak!*"—forbidden—said the porter. The Circassian, affecting calmness and compliance, took a seat for a little while, and then, profiting by the carelessness and indolence of the sentry, ran upstairs. "*Yasak*" was again the order from the other sentry. Unceremoniously pushing him aside, he rushed into the spacious saloon. Midhat was seated on the sofa, with Auni to his right, the other Ministers forming a semi-circle round them. "Keep your seat, Serasker," cried the stern voice of Hassan, and rapidly drawing his revolver he first aimed at Auni and fired. The bullet struck but failed to kill. Throwing himself with all his strength and impetuosity at the assassin, Auni rushed forward like a wounded tiger. But Hassan was too quick for him, and lodged another bullet in Auni's breast, and this time the latter fell motionless on the floor. An indescribable panic ensued, and the Ministers in wild confusion

trampled each other as they rushed towards the door and took refuge in the opposite saloon, which they promptly locked. Midhat fled through a secret door to the harem chambers. Kaiserli, one of the triumvir, and Rashid Pasha alone were left behind. With a single shot Hassan killed the latter and mortally wounded the former. He then rushed towards the opposite saloon, where the trembling Ministers had taken refuge, and began to hack the door with his gama, firing at the same time several shots, which pierced the wood and struck the opposite wall. By this time Auni, who was not yet dead, gathered his last remaining strength and made a supreme effort to reach his assailant. No sooner did Hassan see this than he turned like a maniac upon his victim. Before the very eyes of the other Ministers, who were tremblingly witnessing the scene from the opposite locked saloon, Hassan, holding his victim by the left hand, drew his gama and gashed at the face of the unhappy man, cutting off all the lower jaw, which he actually amputated. Then, plunging the weapon several times into his bowels, he ripped open the abdomen till the intestines protruded from the horrible wounds; the unhappy Auni still moaning and groaning in the very grip of death.

On his way down the steps, the Circassian met another brave officer, who was hurrying with a drawn sword to the rescue of the Ministers, but the Circassian left him no breathing time, and shot him through the head, the unhappy man falling dead on the steps. In the court below, the assassin met a body of gendarmes, who had been urgently summoned to the aid of the pashas. But before they could stop the enraged Circassian he had killed several of them; and not till a whole regiment was on the spot, and not till he was covered with wounds and fell exhausted to the ground, were they able to arrest him. In the hospital Hassan declined all surgical help, and expired towards the morning in terrible agony.

When these painful details were related to Murad he was horror-struck. It was fuel to his burning brain, and not until now had he realised the great danger he had incurred by the

sudden entrance of that wild, reckless Circassian into his presence. Neuralgic fits produced exquisite and excruciating headache, and he was often seen applying both hands to his temples and pressing tightly against them. Insomnia was one of his most painful symptoms, and whenever he had a snatch of sleep he woke up suddenly, terrified by oppressive dreams and the ghost of his murdered uncle; so that he preferred wakefulness to nightmare, and by degrees fell into that morbid mental condition where it is impossible for the patient to distinguish between the real and the imaginary, and his mind began to give way.

As bad luck would have it, Murad's treatment was entrusted to a certain Neapolitan quack, dignified with the title of a doctor—Capoleone by name. Trying to aid nature by art, Capoleone ordered repeated hot baths and debilitating drugs, followed by the application of forty leeches to the temples. This disastrous treatment was the very one needed to complete the Sultan's ruin. The royal patient woke the next morning quite exhausted, with a pale face, trembling limbs, weak pulse, and indescribable apathy and melancholy. His nervous system was so weakened that the least noise disturbed him, and his illusions and hallucinations increased to an intolerable extent. The Sultan's mother, who placed unbounded confidence in this great physician, began at last to feel alarmed at the desperate condition of her son. She accordingly sent after a certain famous dervish, known by the name of Ali. If there was anything left undone by Capoleone to undermine the health of Sultan Murad this pious dervish finished it. His diagnosis of the case was prompt and final: the Sultan was possessed with evil spirits, which the good dervish took upon himself to drive away. He so filled Murad's morbid mind with dreadful stories of demons—genii and supernatural beings—that the poor Sultan was overwhelmed with awe and superstition, as if his illusions and hallucinations were not enough to drive him mad!

It was in this deplorable condition that the expert Vienna alienist, Dr. Leidersdorf, found the Sultan, when he arrived in

Constantinople to take charge of the case. He at once saw that the aberration of mind was only temporary, and quite curable. The moment Murad was out of the hands of Capoleone and Ali, and put under proper and sensible treatment, he at once began to improve. The hot baths and leeches were done away with, and the demons, genii and evil spirits, driven from his mind. Excursions on the sea of Marmora, where he could breathe the pure invigorating breeze, gave him fresh life and vigour. His hallucinations disappeared, and his mental faculties became clearer and clearer every day. In brief, Murad was on the sure way to perfect recovery.

However, about this time a fatal interview between the Sultan and Midhat took place. The latter had hitherto been deceived regarding the former's feeling towards him. Midhat was all along a great favourite of the new Sultan. Both had a high and refined education; both read the French Revolution, and learned much by it; and both aimed at giving Turkey a Constitution. But there was this difference between them: Murad's programme for reforms was too sweeping and too liberal for Midhat's ideas, who was loth to relinquish the privileges and prerogatives of the Turk and put the other races of the Empire on equal footing with him. Murad wanted to strike at the very root of the evil. Midhat only wanted to parade the Constitution to disconcert Russian intrigues and gain England's support; he desired a slow and superficial reform. Murad wanted to lift up Turkey from decrepit rule, decay, and corruption, and to place her among the respected Powers of the world. The Minister wished to throw dust into Europe's eyes; the monarch, to regenerate and revivify his Empire. Midhat Pasha was a *formula*; Sultan Murad was a reality!

This difference of opinion would not have led to any rupture between the Sultan and his Minister had it not been for one vital thing. Sultan Murad, after his short stormy interview with Hassan, the Circassian, was confirmed in his

conviction that Sultan Abd-el-Aziz did not commit suicide, but was murdered by the conspirators. Midhat believed that Murad attributed his uncle's murder only to Auni, and that the latter having now been despatched by the gama of the Circassian, there was no longer any displeasure in the Sultan's mind regarding himself. Midhat and Rashdi, the Grand Vizier, had an interview with Murad after the latter's mental improvement. When the name of Abd-el-Aziz was mentioned, Sultan Murad's face flushed red. He knew that Rashdi was a puppet, and consequently innocent. But he poured his wrath on Midhat, and told him plainly that he had abetted Auni in Aziz's murder, or at least acquiesced in it. After this burst of indignation, Murad left his visitors alone and entered his private apartment.

This fatal interview was the great crisis in Murad's life. Midhat read his disgrace in the Sultan's eyes. One way was left this unscrupulous statesman to extricate himself from this dilemma: to dethrone the Sultan he had just made, and to set in his place his brother Abd-el-Hamid, little thinking that in so doing he was planning his own destruction.

When Midhat undertook to do a thing, he did it well. He went about the business coolly and systematically, as if he were solving a geometrical problem. He first of all sent back Dr. Leidersdorf and placed the poor Sultan once more under the care of Capoleone, who was a tool in Midhat's hands. No sooner did Leidersdorf leave Constantinople than Capoleone gave it as his opinion that the Sultan's mental aberration was incurable, and took good care to spread this report. Acting on this authority, Midhat proceeded to the residence of Abd-el-Hamid Effendi, and made him acquainted with Capoleone's verdict on his brother's case. He represented to him the dangers that beset the Empire, both from without and from within, and implored him to be the saviour of Turkey. Having gained assent, he next extorted a *fatwa* from Kheirallah Effendi, the Sheikh of Islam, for the dethronement of Murad. The new Serasker was easily won over.

This done, the Grand Vizierate—Midhat's goal, the height of his ambition—was awaiting him.

One night, while the Sultan was in deep meditation, his chief *agha* entered with an *Irade* from the Sultan Abd-el-Hamid! It was to the effect that his brother, Murad Effendi, should quit Yildiz and repair to the palace Tschegaran, whither poor Abd-el-Aziz had been escorted some three months ago. Murad read the letter without any visible emotion, and stoically resigned himself to fate. A few hours later he left the Yildiz palace—for ever!

Little is known of ex-Sultan Murad in his palace-prison except this: that he was of perfectly sound mind. Several plots and conspiracies were hazarded in his favour, but they all failed. Only once were his lingering hopes and those of his party on the point of being realised, but destiny had decreed otherwise.

KHALIL SAADEH.

CAIRO, EGYPT.

THE SALVATION ARMY

A REVIEW

“**T**IS true,” says Bunyan’s Mr. By-ends, “we sometimes differ in Religion from those of the stricter sort, yet but in two small points: First, we never strive against Wind and Tide: Secondly, we are always most zealous when Religion goes in his Silver Slippers; we love much to walk with him in the Street, if the Sun shines, and the People applaud him.” About the causes which, in July 1904, led the Sun in his strength to shed his kindly rays upon the Salvation Army, instantly dispelling the “thick and palpable clouds of darkness” that, to the eyes of some careful and not unfriendly observers, had enveloped it for years, there is, unfortunately, nothing supernatural. When worldly enterprises are in a bad way an expensive advertisement will sometimes bring them round the corner, and even facilitate reconstruction by bringing the public in. Nothing succeeds like success—except the appearance of it; and if either advertisement or appearances are indifferent to the present General of the Salvation Army, then my study of his 600 odd pages of “Orders and Regulations for Field Officers,” and of their operation in practice, has been in vain. When, a few months ago, a great and curious building of symbolic form and corrugated iron began to spring up on the costliest site in London, when it became known that it was destined to be used by the Salvation Army for an International Congress lasting a fortnight, and then to

be pulled down, the Londoner, imagining he had seen and known a good deal of the Salvation Army in his lifetime, was dazed, asking himself in his simplicity how all this could possibly pay. If he knew the Army, he certainly did not know its General. When some thousands of warriors of all colours from "forty-nine countries and colonies," mostly British, and "speaking thirty-nine languages," began to flood the Strand, the word Empire was made flesh, and the Londoner was fain to admit that he had not seen and known everything. The association of the Salvation Army with the Empire was a master-stroke, not without its influence on others than the mere Londoner, and not without its part in inducing the august and grateful radiance shed upon the opening of the Congress, as well as the antics of officialdom throughout the country during the wonderful tour which followed its close. That the Press, too, in these circumstances, should—with a few hardened exceptions, like the *Times*—have had a conviction of sin suddenly borne in upon them is not surprising, for an intelligent anticipation of the circumstances of their own conversion could hardly have been vouchsafed even to them. If, however, the doctrine of Justification by Works possesses any virtue, it is reassuring to be able to entertain hopes of the Press, for their indefatigable and unremitting attention of late to the sayings and doings of General Booth must surely go far to outweigh the journalistic indifference and neglect of a quarter of a century.

This new-born interest of Press and public in the Salvation Army impels one to ask whether any essential fact relating to the Army's work has recently come to light—some fact designed to convince the British public that its apparently well-established attitude of tolerant unconcern has in the past been unjust. It can hardly be said that the methods of the Army are either unobtrusive or inaudible. Indeed, there cannot be many men, women, or children in our cities and towns who have not had innumerable opportunities of hearing its message, and estimating the merit of the means

employed to attain its end. Even the provincial mayors and councillors who have recently tumbled over each other in their tardy haste to do honour to its General cannot all have enjoyed a seclusion quite beyond the reach of its shrill evangel. To keep itself ever before the public is, in fact, indispensable to the Army's existence, for from the general public it has always drawn a considerable portion of its sinews of war. Even the publicity of the great Congress taught us nothing new—unless it be the peculiar need of any Congress at all under an autocratic *régime* like the Army. The answer must be, then, that no essential fact of a nature adequate to change public opinion has been brought to light, that everything remains precisely as it was before, and that the cause of the supposed turn in the tide is purely adventitious.

The deeper cause (observes the *Westminster Gazette*) is, we think, a general recognition of the work done by the Army in rescue work and amongst the poorest. . . . Gradually people have come to see the excellent work done by the Salvation Army amongst classes almost untouched by older religious denominations.

That any such general recognition was latent in the public mind a few months ago, I, for one, venture to doubt; if it did exist, then I fear it had little substantial basis for its existence. Nevertheless, it is quite true that a tolerably large number of people outside its ranks do take the Army at its own estimate, supporting it more or less liberally and good-humouredly, for the most part cordially approving its aims while reluctantly tolerant of the peculiar means by which those ends are alleged to be realised. It seems not a little strange that such good people should believe the result of means so universally disliked by them to be so generally beneficent, but there is little reason why their faith should be shaken so long as the "vile bodies" operated upon are not their own, or of their own kindred or class. Of the still larger section of the public, which the astuteness of General Booth has now enabled him to rope in, it is fair to assume that they are enamoured of his methods still less, although their faith in

his "excellent work" would seem—for the moment at least—to be, if possible, greater. But now that the General, flushed with a success beyond his dreams, aspires to make the public his paymasters to a yet greater extent than before, and even to obtain funds from the State for the furtherance of his projects, is it not time to pause and, refusing to take the glowing assertions of interested persons for granted, consider seriously what we are asked to do?

Of late years the public have been led to regard the Salvation Army as being engaged largely, if not mainly, in so-called "social" work, rather than in the work of religious propaganda. This confusion of mind on the part of the public is not, of course, without its advantages to the Army, for the public are, as a rule, well content to leave the cost of spreading particular forms of spiritual truth to those who happen to believe in them. It is true that those officers of the Army who are not exclusively employed under the "Darkest England" scheme are required to spend some portion of their time in this "social" work, and the particular value of this work is one of the things into which I propose to inquire. But I am not aware that the golden harvest of the General's motor tour was understood to be ear-marked for the "Darkest England" scheme, or for any other "social" purpose whatsoever. When a member of the public subscribes to the Salvation Army at large, whether through the local, divisional, or general funds, if he imagines that his money is going solely to propagate "social" work he is labouring under a monstrous misconception. It ought not to be forgotten that the Army is, before everything else, a spiritual body, committed to the dissemination of certain definite forms of religious doctrine, belief in which it deems essential to the welfare of society and of the individual. The Salvationist argument may be stated thus: An immense class of people exists throughout these islands to whom the truth, as we present it, cannot but prove of the utmost spiritual and moral benefit—a class touched, or at least, effectually embraced, by no other

religious denomination ; with this class our special organisation, our special training, and our special methods have enabled us to attain a remarkable measure of success in the spiritual sphere ; it follows, therefore, that we, of all people, are the most fitted to deal with the products of that " social " disease which so largely permeates the same class, and to return to society the largest possible percentage of material salvage.

Before examining this argument and the assertions it contains, it may be well to illustrate and make good my assertion that the Army is a spiritual body before everything. General Booth's " Orders and Regulations for Field Officers " give, or gave, the following explicit directions for the guidance of his Prison Gate Brigades in the prosecution of their " social " work :

The Brigade must understand that, when a man gives himself up to their care, they are under obligation to look after him until he has had a *good chance of being saved*. At the same time, no substantial help is to be given him until he shows proof of the genuineness of his desire for reformation *at the penitent form*, and by what appears to be to them a sincere profession in public, and corresponding proof in private, that he has given up his old life. *When he gives evidence of being really saved*, he must be provided with employment, and with some trifling help in the way of clothes, or payment for lodgings, until his own wages provide these things.

If any one interested in prison-gate work expects, under this ingenious test system, to get more than a shilling's worth of criminal reformation and less than nineteen shillings' worth of the crudest proselytising for every sovereign he invests, he is certainly more sanguine than I am.

Granting the existence of the immense class for whose spiritual benefit the Salvation Army was created, the adequacy and value of the means employed must be judged by the success attained. The only proper test in such a matter appears to me to be growth—not so much intensive as extensive. I greatly fear that the simple method of counting heads can hardly commend itself to General Booth, inasmuch as he does not deem it advisable to issue any annual publication giving

the location of corps throughout the country, with the number of officers and soldiers attached to each. If such a return were issued, the increase or shrinkage of individual corps would be apparent from year to year, the effective strength of the whole Army might be seen clearly at any given period, while the precise impression made upon the enemy's ranks would at the same time be manifest. For it must not be forgotten that, with the Salvation Army, every captured prisoner is made to serve in its ranks. The Salvationist himself would admit that, otherwise, the work has not been effectually done; indeed, it is only reasonable, on Salvationist hypotheses, to conclude that, if the convert who gets as far as the penitent form does not ultimately join the Army, the work has not been done at all. Any one who has cared to interest himself in the open-air work of the Army of late years cannot but have been struck by two things: the increasing respectability of the officers and soldiers, both male and female, and their increasing inability to interest grown persons of any class to the point of getting them to march with them to barracks. The reformed cracksman and the penitent wife-beater of twenty years ago are now conspicuous by their silence, and in comparison with their picturesque "testimony" that of Methodist maid-servants and seceded class-leaders is tame. So far, then, as observation can help one to a conclusion, the Army now makes no impression whatsoever on the immense class for whose reformation it is alone supposed to exist. Yet few other religious bodies can compare with them in zeal and self-sacrifice. "This being so," writes Mr. Charles Booth ("Life and Labour in London," vol. vii. p. 326), "it becomes the more remarkable that, as regards spreading the gospel in London, in any broad manner, the movement has altogether failed." While agreeing with this conclusion, I cannot see that the Army's failure to influence the masses is more remarkable than that of any other army, however zealous and self-sacrificing, which persists in using obsolete and ineffective weapons. The supposition that the good results of Salvationist propaganda are to

be looked for in suspension throughout the masses, rather than crystallised in the Army itself, is altogether inadmissible in view of so much visible evidence of impotence. The supposition, on the other hand, that such good results go to strengthen the other religious denominations is also at variance with facts. "Among those who join the Army in England," says Mr. Charles Booth on this point, "many, if not most, have come to it from some other religious body, and may even have been ardent Christians previously." The explanation of this transfer is that such persons find in the Army a more suitable atmosphere for a "forward" spiritual life, and a better means of satisfying their consuming passion for "testifying" publicly than is furnished by their own particular sect. The Army is, of course, quite entitled to "take its goods where it finds them." But while the public might conceivably find it worth while to pay a fair price for the spiritual redemption of the unleavened masses, it is not easy to see why anybody should be expected to finance a scheme which, in practice, resolves itself into the double conversion of a certain number of good people who need no conversion.

Whatever be the sources from which the Army derives its recruits, it is important, on several grounds, to inquire what its actual strength really is. No field more favourable to the Army could be selected than London itself. There it began its operations and there it has an almost unlimited potential harvest everywhere at hand ready for the gathering. If, after twenty-five years of unceasing labour and the expenditure of millions of pounds, the Army could muster in its ranks even a fair proportion of the many hundreds of thousands of souls alleged to stand in need of its ministrations within the capital, then, I admit, society might possibly be justified in responding to General Booth's appeal for further powers and more money. I propose to supplement Mr. Charles Booth's opinion by an analysis of an inquiry of another kind, promoted by an organ which cannot possibly be accused of lacking sympathy with evangelical undertakings generally, and with

General Booth's in particular—I mean the religious Census recently carried out by the *Daily News*, the voluminous results of which are now published under the title of "The Religious Life of London." This Census dealt with all sects, enumerating the morning and evening attendances at every place of worship in the metropolis, and distinguishing men, women, and children—a "child," for the purposes of the inquiry, being any worshipper of fifteen years and under. As presented by the *Daily News*, the details appear as follows:

SALVATION ARMY.

	MORNING.				EVENING.				Total for the Day.
	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.	
Fern Street, Devons Road .	14	4	8	26	8	12	62	82	108

It will be seen that the totals for the day here given represent attendances, not individuals. But it was established by an ingenious system that the proportion of "twicers"—*i.e.*, worshippers attending both morning and evening service—was 39 per cent. of the morning attendance for the whole of London. The following tables are based upon the *Daily News* figures, and as they are designed to show and compare the effective adult strength of the various religious bodies dealt with, children have been omitted throughout, and the requisite deduction on account of "twicers" has been applied equally to all denominations. The figures are summarised for the four great divisions of London, East, West, North, and South (Tables A, B, C, and D), while a further table (E), supplemented by a diagram, gives the results for the whole metropolis. The percentage accompanying each denominational total is a percentage, not of population, but of the total adult effective of all denominations in the whole division

or in the whole metropolis, as the case may be. Similarly, the percentages at the foot of the columns in the four divisional tables represent the proportion borne by the effective adult strength of the Salvation Army in the various boroughs to the total adult effective of all denominations in those boroughs. In the four divisional tables the Church of England has not been shown separately, the purpose being to compare the results attained by those bodies working on lines, doctrinal or otherwise, as nearly similar as possible to those pursued by the Salvation Army. For a similar reason missions are shown separately, these comprising Church of England missions as well as Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, and Presbyterian. As the aim is to show voluntary attendances only, certain deductions (noted in Table A) have been made from the Army figures in Stepney and Hackney, on the same principle which requires the exclusion of children.

These tables (pp. 65-69) might almost be left to speak for themselves. They certainly seem to explain the absence of official details of strength. What, one must ask, has become of the religious influence of the Salvation Army upon the "submerged" masses—that vaunted influence upon which its claim to conduct the work of "social" reclamation for the entire nation is based? Its influence, far from being the strongest, is everywhere far and away the weakest of any separate religious influence worth mentioning; it is startlingly weak everywhere; and it is, with but few exceptions, weakest of all just in those districts where, if its pretensions were founded, it ought to be strong, not only individually but relatively. Even the editor of the *Daily News* Census is troubled over the wretched Salvationist muster in East London.

Another point that emerges (he writes) is the extraordinary weakness of the Salvation Army. . . . This is a wretchedly inadequate total for a population of nearly a million after all these years of unremitting work, and points to some serious weakness in Army methods. . . . When we remember that the Congress Hall in Linscott Road, Hackney, furnishes 2549, and Mare Street, Hackney, 708, we can easily see how powerless the Salvation Army is in the remaining districts of the East End.

TABLES SHOWING THE ADULT EFFECTIVE (ESTIMATED) OF RELIGIOUS BODIES IN LONDON, AND THEIR RELATIVE STRENGTH IN THE FOUR DIVISIONS AND THEIR COMPONENT BOROUGHES:

A.—EAST LONDON

—	Poplar.	Stepney.	Bethnal Green.	Shoreditch.	Hackney.	Total	Per cent.
SALVATION ARMY ¹ .	370	200 ²	61	470	1,963 ³	3,064	3·4
Methodist	2,210	1,894	891	750	3,520	9,265	10·4
Baptist	1,933	2,001	1,810	1,026	2,723	9,493	10·7
Congregational . .	1,057	1,891	1,469	782	6,110	11,309	12·8
MISSIONS (various) .	587	3,762	579	709	1,531	7,168	8·0
All other Bodies (including Church of England)	7,422	17,526	4,881	4,360	14,424	48,613	54·7
Totals	13,579	27,274	9,691	8,097	30,271	88,912	100
ARMY Percentage in Boroughs . .	2·7	0·7	0·6	5·8	6·4		

¹ 22 stations.

² Deducting 2 shelters (432 inmates), where attendance is regarded as being "practically compulsory" (*vide Daily News Census*).

³ Deducting "about 600 officers" in training at Congress Hall.

B.—WEST LONDON

	Marylebone.	Paddington.	Westminster.	Kensington.	Chelsea.	Hammersmith.	Fulham.	City of London.	Total.	Per cent.
SALVATION ARMY ¹	410	262	1,536	314	103	247	260	...	3,132	2.1
Methodist	973	1,299	3,819	1,163	291	1,147	1,097	...	9,789	6.7
Baptist	2,118	2,437	226	1,363	644	1,273	310	19	8,390	5.7
Congregational	1,063	1,452	1,420	1,403	935	807	801	5,766	13,647	9.3
MISSIONS (various)	806	225	774	396	418	74	240	...	2,933	2.0
All other Bodies (including Church of England)	21,133	13,600	23,527	22,173	7,016	6,061	6,286	9,196	108,992	74.2
Totals	26,503	19,275	31,302	26,812	9,407	9,609	8,994	14,981	146,883	100
ARMY Percentage in Boroughs .	1.5	1.3	4.9	1.1	1.0	2.5	2.8	...		

¹ 16 Stations.

C.—NORTH LONDON

	Stoke Newington.	Hampstead.	Islington.	St. Pancras.	Holborn.	Finsbury.	Total.	Per cent.
SALVATION ARMY ¹	461	168	1,111	657	27	100	2,524	2·3
Methodist	1,825	1,244	4,166	2,325	286	1,930	11,776	10·8
Baptist	1,794	942	3,315	3,238	1,346	2,675	13,310	12·2
Congregational	814	1,764	6,671	2,357	...	918	12,524	11·4
MISSIONS (various)	233	467	4,735	1,060	334	404	7,233	6·6
All other Bodies (including Church of England) .	5,006	8,710	23,099	14,925	5,908	4,323	61,971	56·7
Totals	10,133	13,295	43,097	24,562	7,901	10,350	109,338	100
ARMY Percentage in Boroughs	4·5	1·2	2·5	2·6	0·3	0·9		

¹ 16 Stations.

D.—SOUTH LONDON

	Wandsworth.	Lambeth.	Camberwell.	Jewisham.	Deptford.	Greenwich.	Woolwich.	Battersea.	Southwark.	Bermondsey.	Total.	Per cent.
SALVATION ARMY ¹ . . .	412	987	1,023	291	156	190	377	321	166	98	4,021	1·9
Methodist	2,850	3,669	2,458	2,579	1,431	958	1,693	2,712	2,101	3,045	23,496	11·1
Baptist	3,679	5,059	6,099	2,027	1,154	1,607	2,811	1,736	5,116	561	29,839	14·1
Congregational	2,641	4,579	4,282	3,236	1,501	703	1,114	1,029	657	331	20,073	9·6
MISSIONS	877	2,550	4,957	204	388	386	258	428	1,212	1,446	12,706	6·0
All other Bodies (including Church of England)	20,622	20,537	16,208	15,207	6,227	8,230	9,917	8,406	8,977	6,601	120,932	57·3
Totals	31,081	37,381	35,027	23,544	10,857	12,074	16,170	14,622	18,229	12,082	211,067	100
ARMY Percentage in Boroughs	1·3	2·6	2·9	1·2	1·4	1·5	2·3	2·2	0·9	0·8		

¹ 37 Stations.

THE SALVATION ARMY

E.—ALL LONDON

Table showing the Adult Effective (estimated) of Religious Bodies in London and their Strength relative to the total Religious Effective

—	East.	West.	North.	South.	Total.	Per cent.
SALVATION ARMY ¹ .	3,064	3,132	2,524	4,021	12,741	2·3
Methodist	9,265	9,789	11,776	23,496	54,326	9·7
Baptist	9,493	8,390	13,310	29,839	61,032	11·0
Congregational . .	11,309	13,647	12,524	20,073	57,553	10·4
MISSIONS (various) .	7,168	2,933	7,233	12,706	30,040	5·4
Church of England .	27,556	73,656	39,315	84,426	224,953	40·4
All other Bodies . .	21,057	35,336	22,656	36,506	115,555	20·8
Totals . .	88,912	146,883	109,338	211,067	556,200	100

¹ 91 Stations.

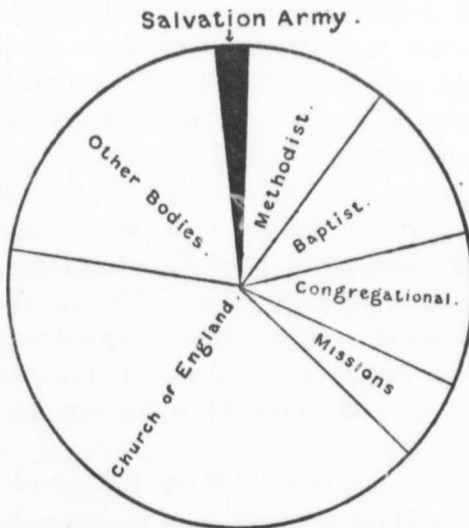


Diagram showing the relative Adult Effective of Religious Bodies in London.

In regard to the Army's percentage of 3·4 for the whole of East London, which, though small, is slightly higher than the percentage in the three other great divisions, it is necessary to point out that, but for the abnormal attractions of the Congress Hall in Hackney, the figure would have been lower than anywhere else, viz., 1·8 per cent. In London almost any evangelistic mission capable of doing the thing on a grand scale, as it is there done, will draw tolerably well; but in such cases, as the Churches know only too well, it is from their doors that much of the attendance is usually diverted. These figures, moreover, go far to confirm Mr. Charles Booth's assertion—reached, I believe, before the *Daily News* Census was taken—that many, if not most, of the Army's members have come to it from other bodies. The Salvationist shoots seem, in nearly every borough, to be, if possible, least feeble where Nonconformity—and especially such kindred bodies as the Methodists and Baptists—is fairly vigorous. But this parasitic growth is nowhere of any real strength, simply because the particular mentality that goes to the making of the Salvationist is by no means unlimited even among those bodies. One other important point that emerges from the tables is that the Army is outnumbered between two and three times, except in a single division, by the missions of the Churches. These missions, of course, represent the special effort made by the much-maligned “older religious denominations” to reach the masses. The exceptional division is West London, which the other religious bodies apparently regard either as hopeless or else very safe. Here the Army succeeds in more than equalising matters by means of an abnormal force of over 1500 in—Westminster. To show in detail the relation of the Army's strength to population is hardly necessary, inasmuch as in no single borough does it exceed 0·5 per cent., even when children are taken into account.

It would seem that General Booth is disposed to question the applicability to his organisation of the methods and results of the *Daily News* Census upon which these tables are based.

I am led to think so by the report of an interview with him published in the *World's Work* for August, from which I quote the following passage :

. . . How can you take a census of the street meetings which are of the essence of the Army's spiritual methods? If you want a religious census, look in at the public-houses, where "we pay eight thousand visits a week and nothing for the good of the house." And then the General told me of a barmaid who had joined the Army, but still took an interest in her customers. So, with a companion, she gained permission to hold short meetings in public-houses—twenty-five or so a day—and it was found that only about 8 per cent. of publicans raised any objection.

The suggestion here is, apparently, that an enumeration of the worshippers at the Army's various halls or barracks on Sundays is misleading, because officers and soldiers are then largely employed elsewhere. But throughout the whole Army the outdoor meetings are merely a prelude to the indoor meetings, and are held for the very purpose of getting people into the halls. General Booth himself, in his "Orders and Regulations," warns his officers that, unless they can secure good indoor meetings, their labours are not likely to be blessed in any way, and certainly not with satisfactory collections. To be a soldier of the Army, one reads further in the same authority, "you must be regular in attending its meetings, outdoor and in, as often as you can." With regard to the eight thousand visits a week to public-houses, certainly none of them could have taken place during the time of morning service. As for the evening, all I can say is that, in order to test the value of the criticism just quoted, I have myself visited several hundreds of public-houses in the vicinity of Salvation Army halls in different quarters of London during the time of their indoor evening services, and I am able with confidence to assure General Booth that any soldiers in or about the licensed premises observed by me neither wore the uniform of his legions nor were they engaged in anything that could be described as holding "short meetings." If, then, the Salvationists supposed to be unenumerated were not in the

public-houses, where were they? Certainly not engaged in holding street meetings. The banner of the Army, as far as the outside public is concerned, appears to be furled by seven o'clock, whereas innumerable open-air missions of all descriptions, promoted by the "older religious denominations," may be seen holding bravely on at street corners—in many cases with at least an appearance of success—well on towards ten o'clock. I do not for a moment question the Army's eight thousand visits a week to public-houses. That public-houses—in the West End, if not in the East—are regarded by the Army as a favourable field for the collection of funds during the week, I can myself testify; but I have not yet had the fortune to encounter any of the "short meetings" to which the General alludes. In any case, as the number of visits made might be comfortably performed by a couple of hundred soldiers working two hours a day, I do not see that they can affect in any degree my estimate of the Army's strength in London. But when we are informed that "only about 8 per cent." of publicans raise any objections to such visits or short meetings, it seems to me that the moral is only too clear. If there is one class of tradesman more than another that can be depended upon to oppose anything designed to be detrimental to its own particular interests, that class is surely the publican's. There is little virtue in holding "short meetings" anywhere unless they have some results, and the results are certainly not apparent at the Army's halls, where, according to the "Orders and Regulations," they ought to be. This being so, there is no reason why even 8 per cent. of publicans should object. The good-natured toleration of the other 92 per cent. is only explicable on the hypothesis that, whether the Army does good elsewhere or not, it is incapable of doing any harm to the publican, and that the publican is well aware of the fact. The public-house theory, therefore, is not very much to the point. The theory that the Army's strength goes to fortify other denominations is even less so in view of the fact that a Salvationist, on joining the ranks,

declares his "full determination, by God's help, to be a true soldier of the Army till he dies." Moreover, it must not be forgotten that in a disciplinary body like the Army the proportion of "twicers" is much more likely to be nearer 100 per cent. than the 39 per cent. allowed for in these tables. Finally, the figures given embrace not only enrolled soldiers but also adult adherents and the casual friends of members. Therefore, in spite of General Booth's antipathy to counting heads, and the warning against becoming the "slave of statistics" which he has directed at his distinguished namesake, I am disposed to hold that the figures I have compiled, far from misrepresenting the actual strength of his organisation in London, give, on the contrary, a decidedly magnified representation of it.

Even Mr. Charles Booth is constrained to admit that the Army does show growth, although the belief in its doctrines does not spread. The explanation of this somewhat anomalous statement is that, while the whole Army appears to show a marked falling off in influence from year to year, the number of officers and corps increases and multiplies in a fashion at least as remarkable. The table on p. 74, constructed from the particulars given in "Whitaker's Almanack" each year, gives some idea of this process. These figures, which have no doubt an official origin, do not seem to be obtainable every year, and they are given here only for those years in which some difference is marked. It will be noted that the paid officers have been much more than doubled since 1888, and that the unpaid local officers have been practically doubled since 1894. No return of enrolled soldiers is available since 1896, although, according to the interviewer of the *World's Work*, "this is the best organised army in the world." Can the intention be to convey the impression that the rank and file are increasing with the same breathless rapidity as the officers? If not, the sooner a proper return of all ranks, with the location of corps, is issued the better.

It is only with the Army in the British Isles that this

review is concerned, and the figures of this table relate to it only as a whole. But Mr. Bramwell Booth has ("Chambers's Encyclopædia") given the number of officers in Great Britain as 4539 for the year 1891, while the article on the Salvation Army in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" gives the figure for 1901 as 4859. Comparison with the table will show, therefore,

Year.	Corps and Outposts.	Officers.	Local Officers.	Enrolled Soldiers.
1888	2,158	6,663	—	"About 300,000"
1890	2,865	9,560	—	"About 500,000"
1891	3,144	10,833	—	"
1892	4,341	11,109	—	"
1894	4,524	10,740	23,117	"
1895	3,386	11,740	25,126	"
1896	5,469	12,035	25,126	"
1897	5,818	12,769	30,646	No return
1898	6,318	13,894	33,623	"
1899	6,882	13,894	36,224	"
1900	6,882	13,894	44,165	"
1902	7,405	15,710	45,321	"
1903	7,505	15,224	45,730	"

that any increased energy displayed since the earlier of these two years has not been in Great Britain. It would seem, in fact, that the maximum number of paid officers capable of obtaining support for themselves in this country under the conditions that have hitherto affected the Army has at length been nearly reached, and that fresher and as yet more generous soil is being sought elsewhere. Little wonder, then, that General Booth should seek to mitigate the precarious position of his officers at home by finding them something resembling genuine work, for which the public or the State may, with some show of reason, be asked to pay. The total adult strength in London being less than 13,000, it is not easy to see how, on the most liberal estimate, the total adult strength for the

whole country can exceed 50,000, or 60,000 at most, including adherents. The national strength of few religious bodies is greater than four or five times their London strength, and the Army, unlike some of the others, can hardly be said to exist throughout the vast stretches of rural population in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Taking 60,000, then, as the strength, it follows that close upon 20,000 of this total are officers, nearly 5000 being paid and some 15,000 unpaid. So that, of the whole Army, one man or woman in every three is an officer, while one in every twelve is paid. In case this statement should seem a mere burlesque, I must again quote from the "Orders and Regulations": "Just as Captains are appointed without having any men to command, with a view to their raising a new corps in the town to which they are sent, so it is proper to appoint Sergeants without waiting till it is known whom to place under them" (chap. vii., "The Construction of the Army"). My estimate is at least consistent with this principle.

But captains and lieutenants "without any men to command" must live. Taking twenty-five shillings a week as the average, and excluding staff and Headquarters officers, it is not unreasonable to set down the wages bill of this well-officered army at £300,000 a year at least, for Great Britain alone. How does this compare even with the Churches? If our 60,000 Salvationists were split up into 200 congregations of, say, 300 adults each, every one of them would have to pay its minister £1500 a year in order to get rid of this enormous sum. Obviously they could not do it. Yet, when all is said and done, every one of the fifteen or sixteen hundred Salvationist corps in the country is nothing but a congregation of worshippers, existing, like the others, for no other effective purpose than its own spiritual gratification. If the Army really exists to quicken religious life generally for the benefit of other bodies, it is strange that it does not collaborate directly with them for that purpose—always supposing the other bodies to desire the aid of its special gifts and methods, which, so far

as can be judged, is far from being the case. But if such direct collaboration were desirable, I fear it would be found rather costly when it came to counting results. The Evangelisation Society, which does its work in this way, drew over 10,000 adults to its meetings in London—as against the Army's 12,741—and the salaries of the Society's evangelists for the entire country amount to only £7193, the total expenditure for the year being under £12,000. What the total expenditure of the Army is annually no one outside Headquarters appears to know. The receipts from all sources at home and abroad in 1899 were, according to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "reported as £1,659,782." The total annual cost of the Army in this country alone, therefore, can only be conjectured, for the Balance Sheet and Statement of Accounts issued to the public cover only a comparatively small portion of the whole ground—practically only the money received and expended by Headquarters. But if salaries amount to £300,000, the remaining expenses, such as rents of halls, gas and water, rents of officers' quarters, cleaning, advertising, &c., may very well bring the British total up to £600,000, or even three-quarters of a million. Taking the lower of these sums, it would be instructive to know just how much of it the general public contribute on the strength of the Army's "social" pretensions. This, the most important point of all, is just the thing which no one, whether inside or outside Headquarters, can possibly tell. The public are appealed to in innumerable ways; they are induced to contribute to outdoor collections, to self-denial funds, harvest festival funds, the general funds, and even to the "grace before meat" boxes of the soldiers themselves. The ingenious division of the Army's finance into three great distinct but interdependent departments—local, divisional, and central—and the practice of permitting neither the public nor the members of the Army themselves to see more of the accounts than is held to be each individual's particular concern, effectually debar any one from knowing precisely what the whole organisation costs, and where the money really comes

from. General Booth would seem to be anxious to minimise the public's contribution. Referring to his unpaid officers, he says (*World's Work* for August): "There are thousands who give five shillings a week out of a wage of five-and-twenty shillings." If so, it would not be very strange if a goodly portion of these unpaid officers aspired to become paid, for, although officering has its hardships and humiliations without men to command, it is still a career open to the talents—as the "Orders and Regulations" are careful to point out—which cannot be said of many occupations at five-and-twenty shillings a week. But, allowing that thousands do give five shillings, the average can hardly exceed two shillings a week, which would account for only about £300,000 a year on my estimate of the number of adults. This would seem to indicate that, in one way or another, some hundreds of thousands annually must be obtained from the public.

The part played by collecting in the Army's operations is necessarily immense, and if the so-called "training" of officers comprises any other subject, I am sorry that it has so far escaped my notice. In the "Orders and Regulations" the subject is treated at great length and with extraordinary minuteness. It is sufficiently important to occupy some twenty pages, and the study of the details is absorbing. How to select the people "most likely to contribute"; how a little "attention" will be found to give a good return; the necessity of repeating the appeals again and again, while at the same time guarding against the risk of overdoing it; the desirability of discovering the plan people "enjoy" in particular districts, such as battering the big drum with their pence—nothing bearing on the subject is neglected. True, there is a passage reminding officers that their "main business" is "not to get money, but to save the people," but it appears to have been interpolated by some one who, coming fresh to the perusal of the dissertation, entertained a fear that it might, in practice, have the effect of causing this business to be overlooked. It is the rule that all liabilities of a corps must be paid before the

officers draw their salaries. Moreover, officers must not get into debt: "Where officers are willing to suffer instead of going into debt, the way to keep out will seldom or never be wanting." Yet, in his public appeals for money, "the F.O. should let it be known in a straightforward and respectful manner that he is not asking money for himself, but for the Kingdom of God." Those who, at seaside resorts not remarkable for submersion, are disposed to marvel at the consummate art with which an officer, after starting an apparently impossible collection, will succeed in transforming coppers into silver and silver into gold at the expense of the curious onlooker, do not all perceive the motive power behind the operation. Clearly, to collect money it is by no means necessary to have many "men to command."

The fact that the Army accounts are carefully kept, and that those relating to Headquarters are duly audited and partially delivered to the public when demanded, sheds but very little light on points of real public interest. No doubt the professional auditors do their work carefully and conscientiously, but the fact remains that they are appointed and paid by the General, and are not required to represent the interests of the public at all. While it may be within their competence to certify that an annual depreciation of 33 per cent. on £6000 worth of furniture and fittings is reasonable, they cannot be expected to say whether or not the £10,000 paid in salaries to staff officers in Great Britain, out of a total of £46,000 comprised in the General Income and Expenditure Account, bears a suitable relation to useful work done, or whether the amount of wages (not shown separately in the accounts) paid under the "Darkest England" scheme is a fair equivalent for the labour done by the submerged. That not a single penny should be allowed to go astray in its transit between local corps, divisional centres, and Headquarters is, no doubt, essential, and there is no difficulty in believing that the means employed are adequate to that end. What is required, both in regard to the Army proper and the "Darkest

England" scheme, is a committee of honorary auditors, in whom the public might have confidence, to re-audit, not only the accounts, but the actual work which they are supposed to represent, and to furnish an impartial report upon the finances and work, not merely of Headquarters, but of the whole Army, from year to year. To this, of course, the present General is irrevocably opposed. Yet he does appear to see the advantage of making the public think they are getting some guarantee of this kind in connection with the "Darkest England" scheme. "The accounts and funds . . .," says one official publication, "are kept quite separate from the other accounts and funds of the Army. The books are independently audited." As the name of the same firm of chartered accountants figures on the Statements relating to both sections for last year, I fear my idea of independence differs somewhat from General Booth's.

The General has recently declared, in an interview published in the *Daily News* of September 9, that "every arrangement has been made that human initiative can devise and legal knowledge produce for the continuance of the Army on the same lines and for the use of its property for the same purpose as we have observed since the Salvation Army was created," and also that three eminent lawyers, "Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. Sargeant," have "admitted that nothing better could be devised" to ensure those ends. I have not been able to trace the delivery of the opinion of these three gentlemen, but in 1888 Sir (then Mr.) John Rigby, Mr. J. Horne Payne, and Mr. Charles H. Sargant committed themselves to the following: "We are of opinion that, under the present arrangement of the Army, it is reasonably clear that the property of the Army is held by General Booth, and will be held by him, and by any successor of his, as a trustee for the Army, and not beneficially." This might be reassuring if one could be reasonably clear who or what the Army legally is. Even Mr. Haldane might now be disposed to concede that, after all, the identity of an Army may be at least as uncertain legally as the identity of a Church. In view of the General's

absolute power over his officers, and of the fact that, before becoming officers, they are called upon to sign away everything in the shape of possible claims upon the General or the property of the Army, it is difficult for the mere layman to see how the Army can consist legally of any other person or persons than its General. The *Daily News*, in criticising the judgment of the House of Lords in the case of the Free Church of Scotland, remarks: "There is a great principle involved in this struggle. It is nothing less than the power of religions to develop—to evolve into a fuller growth with the growing knowledge of the human race." If this apparently desirable influence should ever come, by any chance, to affect a majority of the Salvation Army, or if, as is probable, the withdrawal of the founder's commanding influence should be followed by internal dissensions of another kind, some curious property-holding problems may yet be raised.

To deal in detail with the "Darkest England" scheme is not my present purpose. All that Mr. Charles Booth cares to concede in favour of the "elevators" and the Farm Colony at Hadleigh is that they must be regarded rather as "a weapon to be used in dealing with indigence or vagrancy, than as providing a cure." There is, he maintains, in criticising the successes claimed, "no real attempt to follow cases up," in order to ensure that they really are successes, and that the same man is not liable to turn up again and again. Canon Horsley, of Walworth, states (*Daily News*, September 14) that the Southwark Board of Guardians¹ "not only sent men from their 'able-

¹ This growing practice ought to be profitable to the Army. The value of a man's work is given as a guinea a week (*vide* case of W. Tarbutt, *Daily News*, Oct. 6), while the Army hands him sixpence a week wages, the Guardians being required to pay 10s. 6d. a week for his maintenance. The Army's arrangements with the Mansion House Committee of the Unemployed (1903-4) had a similar basis. The men and their families were supported by the £4000 subscribed to the fund by the public. The Army, while it did not maintain the men, received the entire value of the labour, giving each of them in return a token valued at sixpence a week. Most of the abstracts of the Committee's report that have appeared in the Press overlook the 10s. 6d. a week per man received by the Army from the Committee.

bodied' workhouse hopefully to the Salvation Army Hadleigh Farm and paid anything required for them, in the anticipation that they might be made fit and willing for work here or in Canada, but also allowed the Salvation Army official to come and pick out the most likely men. But the experiment proved a failure." Evidently the "Darkest England" scheme stands in need of a really independent audit quite as much as its parent.

The Army's short way with sceptics as to its "social" work is to confront them with some tabular arrangement showing, in millions, the number of meals distributed or sold during the year. It needs no undue subjection to statistics, however, to see that, compared with the entire expenditure, the actual cost of this seemingly stupendous exertion assumes the proportions of a mere item of petty cash. How much longer is this illusion respecting spiritual and "social" influence to be maintained? General Booth has boasted that his Army is now the only religious body that "believes in Hell fire." Are the public prepared to establish the imposition of such religious tests in the "social" work of the nation—upon officials and the submerged alike? How long will the other religious bodies be content to countenance the propagation by others of doctrine which they themselves either openly reject or shamefacedly avoid, and which, instead of being in any degree congenial to the masses, plainly constitutes an insurmountable barrier between them and those who would influence them for good? Why should we continue to cherish the fiction that the best thing to do with a body which has failed wretchedly in its main business in life is to set it up permanently in another sphere, for which it is still less suited—at the public expense, but with as little public control as ever? Is the serious treatment of a problem vitally affecting the nation to be vitiated or postponed indefinitely by the spurious pretensions of an autocratic organisation which, in the delusory strategy of its public presentment, and its virtual non-existence on the real field of battle, combines the characteristics both of a stage and a phantom army?

JOHN MANSON.

TIBET: THE TREATY AND THE TRADE

WHAT will be the outcome of the Tibetan Mission and Treaty? Will they secure the (a) political and (b) commercial ends which the British Government have throughout desired to achieve?

The answer to the question, so far as (a) is concerned, may be given more or less unreservedly in the affirmative. Although trade relations were the original bone of contention between the Tibetan and Indian Governments, the political aspect of the question overshadowed its commercial side in the end and compelled immediate action. And on the results, so far, the Government have every right to congratulate themselves. Indeed, the issue was scarcely in doubt from the time that Lord Lansdowne put down his foot, extracting an admission from Count Lamsdorff that Russian policy "ne viserait le Thibet en aucun cas." It was obvious that this conceded at once the predominant interest of Great Britain over the whole region. But it does not follow from this that we have acquired, as *Le Temps* alleges, a virtual protectorate over Tibet. Indeed, we could not venture to do this without infringing on the suzerainty of China. The situation, however, is peculiar, for Great Britain is far more concerned in the future of Tibet than China is. The Celestial Empire might easily part with Eastern Turkestan or Tibet at no inconvenience at all; in fact it would probably be much relieved by such an amputation, for

the enormous distance of these dependencies from Peking makes their retention by the mother country a practical farce. On the other hand, British India is so close to Tibet, and so accessible, that it can never be indifferent to what goes on at Lhasa.

"*Quæ cum ita sint*," Great Britain is really bound from motives of interest in not only resenting the intrusion of any foreign Power into Tibet, but also in asserting her predominance there. She has been forced to issue a declaration much to the same effect in the case of the Persian Gulf. But geography, as usual, is a bit of a stumbling-block, and it is this apparently that prevents the British public taking more genuine interest in Colonel Younghusband's expedition. At least, that is the conclusion I am forced to, after hearing the views of some of our chief London publishers. I thought last spring the opportunity was propitious for a popular work on a huge country which is at last to be thrown open to the trade of the British Empire, and indirectly to that of the world at large. But I was assured that the subject was one to which the reading public was quite indifferent. I was a little bit shaken in this view by finding that one conspicuous member of the publishing fraternity was under the impression that Tibet was a division of Afghanistan, while another still more experienced senior partner had it so firmly identified or mixed up in his mind with Corea, that my repeated efforts to differentiate the two were hopeless. Conceding, however, that a book may be too heavy to attract general attention, I feel certain that a brief article on our future intercourse with Tibet would not be inappropriate or unacceptable on the approaching conclusion of our treaty with a homogeneous country of considerable extent and close to our Indian Empire.

It is this that makes Tibet of supreme importance to those responsible for the government of India. Although it has been officially declared that the Tibetan question "concerns trade on the Indian frontier in which general Imperial interests are not involved," such an explanation certainly does not square with the Government of India's policy as set forth in the Blue

Book. Moreover, it is inconsistent with the declarations of the Home Government. In February 1903 Lord George Hamilton wrote to the Indian Viceroy :

Her Majesty's Government are entirely in agreement with your Excellency in thinking that having regard to the geographical position of Tibet on the frontiers of India and its relations with Nepal, it is indispensable that British influence should be recognised at Lhasa in such manner as to render it impossible for any other Power to exercise a pressure on the Tibetan Government inconsistent with the interests of British India.

Coupling this with the Secretary of State's announcement that

The question at issue is no longer one of details as to trade and boundaries, though in these it is necessary that an agreement should be arrived at, but the whole question of the future political relations with Tibet,

we can better appreciate the Imperial side of the problem that confronts us.

But it is impossible to realise the various aspects of the question without clearly bearing in mind what may be called the "inaccessibility" of Tibet, because this extraordinary physical fact governs the whole matter. From a political point of view, Tibet proper is confined to the lower reaches of the Sanpu and Blue Rivers and intermediate streams, but northward and westward lie the bleakest, most unproductive, and difficult tracts of the whole world, outside of the Polar regions. Consequently, when Tibetan trade (in the ordinary sense of the word) is talked about, it practically refers to trade with India on the south, or China on the east. Caravans do traverse at long intervals the inhospitable and lofty wastes to the north, but the distance and difficulties are so great that all supplies have to be conveyed *en route* for five hundred miles or so from the starting-point. Owing to the monopoly of the tea traffic so jealously maintained by the Chinese, that trade is practically confined to the eastward trade route from Lhasa. But the natural commercial route, at once both the easiest and shortest, lies to the south into Bengal. Therefore, when we hear about Russian anxiety regarding the future of Tibet it is diffi-

cult to refrain from experiencing amusement, not unmixed with some impatience, at the hollowness of the pretence that Russia has any real interests at all in the country.

Ever since I joined the India Office in 1869 I have had to read and study Russia's gradual southward movement in Central Asia from the Caspian in the west to Manchuria in the east. In the seventies every fresh step in this advance was regularly greeted with an outcry from the British Press, and Khokand, Tashkend, Khiva, and Merv imparted successive shocks to our national solicitude for India's security, because nobody saw clearly what could stop the wave of aggression from surging right up to the Indian frontier. It was not then realised that a stable government in Afghanistan and an international demarcation would form for that section of the line a fairly substantial and effective barrier and guarantee for peace. Happily this policy has been successful. But no one acquainted with Russia's methods can be surprised at seeing that, headed off in one direction, her activity has burst out with fresh vigour in another. Her designs in Persia and Manchuria need no comment here. But there was one section in the belt of independent territory south of her long frontier, which promised to remain exempt from any possible danger of annexation, and that was the enormous and sterile mountain mass south of Eastern Turkistan. From the north there was little hope of profitable trade with Tibet, especially as England was bound to succeed sooner or later in opening up commercial relations from her side. Therefore, any coquetting on the part of Russia with the Dalai Lama could only portend those political or military hankerings which have always been the dominant motives in the history of Russia's expansion.

It is due to Lord Curzon's watchfulness and sagacity that this danger is now effectually scotched. But the important question of the hour is, Are the provisions of the new treaty satisfactory, and are the guarantees for its observance adequate? On these points one can hardly feel thoroughly at ease. So far as the exclusion of Russian influence at Lhasa is concerned,

there is not so much need for anxiety. Lord Lansdowne's declaration to the Russian Ambassador and the Secretary of State's despatches to the Viceroy had made this clear enough; and Russia, so far as can be gauged from the tone of her organs, has quietly acquiesced in what she is powerless to prevent.

But is Tibet able and willing to act up to the engagements her *de facto* rulers have entered into? The whole fabric of administration and the political constitution of the country are most admirably organised to secure its hitherto cherished aim, *i.e.* the exclusion of the foreigner in general and the Englishman in particular. There are two Chinese Residents with a small escort, representatives of the Suzerain Power, convenient puppets to push into the forefront in case of any foreign pressure; in the background there is the Pontiff, ostensibly concerned with ecclesiastical matters only, but through the support of his hundreds of thousands of monks, wielding the real power in the land. As Lord Curzon put it in his despatch:

China has been always ready to break down the barriers of ignorance and obstruction and to open Tibet to the civilising influence of trade, but her pious wishes are defeated by the short-sighted stupidity of the Lamas. In the same way Tibet is only too anxious to meet our advances, but she is prevented from doing so by the despotic veto of the suzerain.

Truly, this is a "solemn farce," as the Viceroy calls it. But what prospect is there that we shall not see it renewed when once the moral and material influence of our Expedition is withdrawn? We have been at pains to impress the many-sided native mind by solemn durbars, horse-racing, doles of coin, and the more powerful object-lesson of experiments with bursting shrapnel. But the extraordinary crassness and ignorance of the Tibetans are manifest from every page of the Blue Book, and, regret it as we may, this has practically sufficed to keep the explorer, the missionary, the trader and the dreaded foreigner out of the land for over a century. Can we expect that this settled policy, ingrained as it must be in the minds of the rulers and the monkish hierarchy, will disappear for ever, simply because a few of the highest authorities have signed

a paper arranging certain terms with the British? Sixteen years ago we had a war with Tibet wherein we inflicted signal castigation on the forces sent against us. The quarrel eventually ended in a treaty, the terms of which were fully discussed beforehand and agreed to by the National Assembly, the Shapas, the Dalai Lama and the Imperial authorities at Peking. It was followed a few years later by a set of regulations also agreed to by representatives of the contracting parties. The whole thing, as everybody knows, came to nothing, because the Tibetans repudiated and nullified the treaty, alleging falsely that they had never been consulted about it. What guarantee have we that history will not repeat itself in the present instance?

It is of course still uncertain what form the forthcoming Treaty will assume. The usually accurate and well-informed correspondent of the *Times* at Peking has supplied us with a detailed version of the document as laid before the Chinese Government, but the German Minister at Peking appears to have objected to Clause IX., giving Great Britain prescriptive rights in "an integral portion" of the Chinese Empire. The inconsistency of this pretension, in attempting to extend to the remote and isolated region of Tibet a principle which the German Chancellor expressly repudiated with regard to Manchuria, has been already exposed. To this it may be added that it is an obvious exaggeration, if not a misnomer, to speak of Tibet as an integral part of China. Integrity with regard to territory is a much-abused phrase, for it is generally brought on the *tapis* and lauded as a *sacro-sanct* canon of international politics by those who, when their own interests or those of their friends are concerned, have shown themselves most indifferent to its observance. But, apart from that, Great Britain, as we have already pointed out, has the predominant interest, and cannot, even if she would, abandon that position. The establishment of new trade marts at Gyangtse and Gartok is absolutely necessary, for without it no effective commerce can be carried on between

the two countries, and it is the strangling of the trade that caused all the initial trouble. As to the indemnity, the amount seems of less consequence than the plan of paying it by instalments, for by that means we retain hold of the Chumbi Valley and a sort of a hold on the good faith of the Lamas. But from Chumbi to Lhasa is a far cry, and the loss of that tract, even if it were permanent, could hardly produce much effect on the Tibetan Government. The whole outcome of the recent expedition is thus a matter of uncertainty, depending on the particular section that eventually gives the uppermost hand in the Lama councils. It is quite on the cards, therefore, that if the irreconcilables come out on the top—and it is generally the anti-foreign party that is the popular party in China and Tibet—a fresh expedition may become necessary in a year or so to take more stringent means for the observance of the treaty. This may sound pessimistic, but it is better to prepare for eventualities than to delude ourselves with the comfortable assurance that everything must go right and cannot go wrong, now that the expedition is home again.

It is very necessary to glance at the resources of Tibet to enable us to realise the trade that may and ought to arise. From the Parliamentary Return, No. 48, Tibet (Trade Statistics), granted on the motion of Sir Mancherjee Bhowmaggree, it would appear that the total value of the exports and imports of merchandise between the two countries is a little over £209,000 per annum. I cannot help believing, however, that this is below the mark, for the Chinese returns, *viâ* Yatung, seem to indicate a higher figure, while we have no exact knowledge of the value of the trade which does not pass directly from India to Tibet, and *vice versâ*, but flows through Nepal and Bhutan on the one side and Ladak on the other. The Parliamentary Return does not specify exactly whence its figures are derived, but I am pretty certain they include solely the trade passing through the Punjab passes on the west and the Sikkim and Bengal passes on the east.

Viewing the articles separately we note that along the

north-western route, which starts from Leh, in British territory, and runs through Gartok, Tadum, and Shigatze, to Lhasa, the goods conveyed are salt, wool and woollen cloths, borax, yaks' tails, and miscellaneous goods. Musk is an important product, as may be inferred from the statement that the agent of one firm at Shanghai purchases over £15,000 worth annually. These, too, are the chief items in the returns of the trade passing into Bengal.

But the most noteworthy of Tibet's resources is its mineral wealth. So far back as the days of the Capuchin missionaries this was common knowledge, and Fra Orazio della Penna, who knew the language well and resided in the country for twenty-two years, says there are many gold and silver, as well as iron and copper mines, while cinnabar, cobalt, turquoise stones, borax, rock salt, and other stones abound.

North of Lhasa and four miles distant is situated a long hill, called Totiphu, stretching from east to west, and reported to contain immense quantities of silver, but a Government order prohibits any one from exploiting the metal. The Government itself will not undertake the working, as there is a general superstition that in such an event the country would be impoverished and the men would degenerate. Nevertheless, Nain Singh was informed that some years previously a Chinaman did work it and extract a large quantity of silver. Eventually he was denounced and carried off to Peking, where his hands were cut off. Gold is reported to exist in the same hill and near some of the adjacent monasteries, where the priests work it in small quantities. Should, however, a large nugget be unearthed, it is replaced in the ground under the idea that the large nuggets have life and germinate in time, producing the small lumps which the priests are privileged to search for and extract. Gold workings also exist at Thok Jalung in the west, and at several detached places on the fringe of the Kashgar and Mongolian deserts. The Mongols do not even know how to wash the gold: they dig it out, earth, gravel and all, and sell it in that crude state to the Chinese.

It is in the east of Tibet that gold would appear to be even more plentiful. Mr. Rockhill states that there and among the Tibetans gold washing is one of the commonest occupations. Captain Gill says much the same, adding that the gold from Litang and the neighbourhood is exceptionally pure.

Huc's account is interesting. He says :

Tibet, so poor in agricultural and manufactured products, is rich in metals, and gold and silver are so easily obtained that the humblest shepherds are acquainted with the art of purifying the precious metals. They may be seen sometimes at the bottom of the ravines or in the fissures of the mountains, crouching over a fire of goats' dung, purifying in crucibles the gold dust gathered while leading their flocks to pasture. The result of this abundance of metals is that specie is of little value, and in consequence all commodities remain at a high price.

Mr. J. A. H. Louis, the author of "The Gates of Tibet," is one of the most recent authorities. He declares that the country is perhaps the richest gold country in the world ; its resources in this respect are practically inexhaustible and untouched. Almost every river and rivulet carries gold dust, which is generally washed, quartz crushing and digging for metallic ores being unknown. He refers also to the laws against extraction by digging ; but adds that the people have no idea whatever of the wealth to be gained by scientific mining. Even as to gold washing a very large number of those engaged in the pursuit are profligate Chinese adventurers of the worst class. Between ten and fifteen lakhs of gold is said to be annually taken by the Newars of Nepal, and it is impossible to estimate the quantity exported to China. An interesting list of mines—gold, silver, mercury, copper, and salt—is given by Mr. Louis in his book, but he expressly mentions that the list is far from exhaustive, as it includes only the localities actually visited by missionaries, who have, of course, only touched the outer fringe of the country.

The late Colonel Prejevalsky, who travelled for many years in Northern Tibet, declared that in process of time the country would form "a second California."

The staple product of Tibet, however, is wool. In the northern and western parts are enormous areas of pasture land over which countless herds of animals breed and roam. From these might be obtained many thousands of maunds of *pashm* or shawl wool—a soft, costly wool much prized in the East and elsewhere. Mr. Hennessey, formerly head of the Great Trigonometrical Survey, who trained many of the native explorers, remarks that *pashm* can only be grown in cold countries, and the conditions of the Jang-Thang, as the vast expanses of undulating highlands covered with short succulent grass are called, are exactly suited for graminivorous animals, *e.g.*, yak, antelopes, goats, sheep, deer, &c. Nevertheless, the Tibetan neither knows the value of the wool nor how to collect it; in fact, the industry has yet to be taught them, as has been done already in some localities, such as the Manasarowar Lake, whence is derived the wool for the true Kashmir shawls that form part of the tribute to the British Crown.

To enumerate the articles that could be exported from India to Tibet would be merely to repeat the list of most of the goods that figure prominently among the imports into India from the United Kingdom, with the addition of tea, grains, indigo, and other native products. The tea would, of course, require to be made up into bricks, so as to meet the Tibetan taste, as the pure Assam beverage would be quite unsuitable. But bearing in mind the absolute passion of the Tibetans for tea-drinking, the proximity of the Assam tea-gardens as compared with the distant Chinese gardens of Darchendo, and the fact that the Indian tea-planters would thus be able to utilise profitably the very lowest grades of tea which are at present next to worthless, there can be no doubt that a great and important trade could be fostered so as to supply the greater part of the 11½ million pounds of tea said to be annually drunk by the Tibetan folk.

I cannot refrain, in conclusion, from quoting the views of Captain Elwes, who is one of the few who, previous to the late expedition, had actually visited Southern Tibet and made

a close study of the country and its people. He says that the prospects of trade are, in his opinion, much under-estimated by most writers. Tibetans want tea and cloth, which we can supply much better and cheaper than others can. In return they can send two things which Bengal cannot produce of good quality, viz., wool and mutton. He adds :

The samples of Tibetan wool which I brought home and showed at a meeting in Bradford in 1887, were considered by the merchants there as equal to Cheviot wool. I have a blanket made from it which, after thirty-three years hard wear on my camping trips, is still as good as when made, and if flocks of Tibetan sheep were driven down to the plains and killed there, mutton of excellent quality might be in Calcutta in twenty-four hours time. From what I saw in 1870 and 1882, and from what I have heard since, I have no doubt that the Tibetan people, as distinguished from the Lamas who have a practical monopoly of the trade, would welcome free intercourse, and as there is no other known point on the whole range of the Himalayas, where the passage is so short and easy, and where the dry climate of the highlands comes so close to the plains as in the Chumbi valley, I look forward to this route becoming in the not very distant future one of the great land routes of the world.

CHARLES E. D. BLACK.

THE SECRET OF THE TEMPLARS

WHEN Paris awoke on the morning of October 13, 1307, the citizens learned that their "dread lord" Philippe le Bel had perpetrated in the night a *coup d'état* of a very surprising kind. But a few months before, irritated by his repeated debasement of their current coin, they had chased him into the strong fortress of the Temple, whence the proved valour of the Knights in residence quickly made the mob retire. There was something appropriate in the rescue, for the Templars were in those days the bankers of Christendom, and the French branch of the Order were known to be large creditors of the Crown. Hence, when Jacques de Molai, the Grand Master of the Temple, soon afterwards arrived in Paris from Cyprus, with, it was said, a great train of treasure, the attentions showered on him by the King were looked upon by his subjects as but the ordinary cajoleries of the borrower towards the lender. De Molai was received at Court with all the honours of a sovereign prince, and on the 12th held the pall at the funeral of the Countess of Valois, the deceased wife of the King's brother. The next day, he and a hundred and forty of his followers were in prison, and the persons and property of all the Templars in France were seized by order of the King.

Then began what has been described, with justice, as one of the blackest crimes ever committed under form of law. The

charges brought against the Templars were the convenient ones of heresy and unnatural vice, the trial of which rested with the recently established Inquisition; and the Inquisitors, driven on by the King, and delegating in many places, in defiance even of Inquisitorial law, their powers to his creatures, quickly dragged from the accused confessions to support them. The Grand Master, his four principal assistants, and then Knight after Knight, and serving-brother after serving-brother, avowed that on their admission into the Order they were compelled to spit upon the Cross, to deny Christ, and to swear to confess only to priests affiliated to the Order. To this some, but not all, added that at the same time they received licence to commit the darker offences charged against them; that in their secret conclaves they adored an image called Baphomet;¹ that their priests, in saying Mass, habitually omitted the words of consecration; and that their chiefs, although laymen, arrogated to themselves the right of absolving their inferiors from their sins. At first Pope Clement V., horror-struck, as one would gladly believe, at the terrible cruelties by which these confessions were obtained, suspended by Bull the powers of all bishops and other ecclesiastical persons who had taken part in the process, and summoned the King to deliver to two cardinals appointed for that purpose all the Templars and their property then in his hands. In December, Philip wrote to Clement that he had obeyed his wishes so far as the prisoners themselves were concerned, while their goods were in safe custody, a separate account being kept of them. In the meantime, letters had been sent, at first by Philip and afterwards by Clement, to the other crowned heads of Europe, praying that similar proceedings might be taken for the arrest of the Templars out of France; and these were eventually complied with in every country except Aragon, where a long siege of the "houses" of the Temple was necessary. In July 1308, the Pope, after

¹ Much learning has been expended on this word, which, as will be seen later, is probably a corruption of Mahomet.

hearing a number of witnesses, took off by Bull the suspension of the powers of the Inquisition in France, so that henceforth the trials of the Templars proceeded in the ordinary way before the provincial councils, with the exception of those of the Grand Master, the Grand Visitor, and the three chief Preceptors of France, whose cases the Pope reserved for himself. Somewhat later, Philip and Clement seem to have agreed as to the disposition of the Templars' property, the King claiming that he had relinquished at any rate all their goods to the Papal Commissioners. In August 1308, it was decided to call a General Council at Vienne to discuss, among other things, whether the Order should be suppressed, and the Bull *Faciens Misericordiam*, calling upon all primates and lesser ecclesiastics throughout Europe to collect evidence as to the offences already confessed, was promulgated. In pursuance of this Bull, an inquest—or, as we should now say, a Commission—was opened in Paris by Papal Commissioners appointed *ad hoc*, before whom hundreds of Templars appeared and complained bitterly of the terrible tortures and imprisonment to which many of the accused had already succumbed. The proceedings before this Commission have been preserved, and were printed in full by Michelet in 1841. They show that, while many of the witnesses made the same avowals as before, its deliberations were more than once interrupted by the burning as relapsed heretics under the decrees of the provincial councils of the Inquisition, of many Knights whose evidence would have been especially valuable, and that the remaining witnesses, some two hundred and thirty in number, thought they had nothing to fear from the Commissioners, to whom they looked for a protection that they did not get. The Commission sat for a year and a half, and four months after the termination of its labours the Council of Vienne met. As is well known, it came to no decision as to the fate of the Order; and Clement, who had long since determined on its suppression, abolished it by the Bull *Vox in excelso* while the Council was still sitting. In 1314, the Pope having

referred the reserved cases of the five dignitaries of the Order (now reduced by death to four) to a Commission of cardinals and prelates, they were all condemned to perpetual imprisonment. On hearing their sentence, the Grand Master and the Preceptor of Normandy withdrew the confessions they had made, whereupon they were promptly burnt alive by order of the King. The fate of the remaining two is not known, but they probably died in prison. Only in Portugal, where the Templars were allowed to pass into the newly-created Order of Christ with the rank that they had held in the Order of the Temple, was any organised remnant of it allowed to exist.

Such are the facts as generally accepted by modern historians,¹ but the theories founded on them have been nearly as numerous as the commentators. Even among their contemporaries, the Templars found many who did not believe them guilty; and while they were acquitted in Aragon and Germany, the English courts pronounced them only "diffamed" of heresy. Of the great writers, Villani, Boccaccio (whose father was in Paris during the trials), and Dante, all thought them unjustly convicted; and the Pope found it necessary in his Bulls to contradict the popular rumour that the King of France had persecuted them for the sake of confiscating their property. Since then, their guilt has generally been asserted by the partisans of the Roman Church and denied by its opponents, while the most extraordinary guesses have been made as to what their secret doctrine really was. Voltaire, as afterwards Sir Walter Scott, thought them freethinkers, Wilcke and other German writers pre-Reformation Protestants. Some writers have said that they were Mahometans in disguise, having picked up Islam from their old opponents, the Assassins; others that their inspiration was to be looked for among the Albigenses, whose propaganda in Languedoc had been

¹ Some discrepancies in the dates are got over by M. Loiseleur's supposition that Clement dated the years of his pontificate from his coronation, and not from his election.

stamped out by Simon de Montfort just before the persecution of the Order. Napoleon, speaking before the details of their process had been disinterred from the archives, thought the problem insoluble; while Mr. H. C. Lea, the talented author of the latest "History of the Inquisition," declares that they had no secret doctrine at all. As the work of the learned editor of the *North American Review* is much in favour at the present moment, and his conclusions on this subject have been largely adopted in M. Lavissee's monumental "Histoire de France," now in course of publication, there is much likelihood that his view of the case may prevail with the general reader.

I am not sure, however, that Mr. Lea has in this matter taken as much pains as he generally does to keep his essentially judicial mind open. The very name of Inquisition has such a maddening sound in English and American ears, that its proceedings seem to demand a different rule of criticism from that applicable to other institutions. Mr. Lea, for instance, thinks that all credence must be withheld not only from the statements made by the Templars tortured by it, but also from those made by the same persons to the Papal Commission at Paris, where they received what was, for those days, a fair hearing. Moreover, he confesses that he has not seen "*La Doctrine Secrète des Templiers*" of M. Jules Loiseleur, the well-known archivist of Orleans, in which is printed for the first time the proceedings of a similar Commission held at Florence in virtue of the Bull *Faciens Misericordiam* mentioned above. This work, of which only two hundred copies were printed, was communicated in substance to the Académie des Inscriptions shortly before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War; but in the commotion which followed naturally received very little attention, Dr. Prütz being, so far as I know, the only writer who has consulted it. It contains, beside a clear and temperate statement of the reasons which induced M. Loiseleur to conclude that the Order of the Temple possessed a secret doctrine in contravention of the faith of the Church, the evidence in full of three preceptors and three other Knights of

the Tuscan branch of the Order, over whom neither the King of France nor the Pope of Avignon were likely to have had any influence. The notarial attestation states that the answers there set down to the Papal Articles were made publicly and without compulsion or torture ("sine coactione aliquâ vel tormentis"), a fact which seems to be supported by the great diversity of statements which they contain. Thus the preceptor of San Geminiano, while confirming most of the charges against the Order, will not allow that a Templar was forbidden to leave it for another, and instances his own cousin, who, after being a Templar, became a Cistercian; but Lanfranc of Florenzuola says that he swore at his reception not to leave the Order save for a stricter one; Bernardo of Parma, that the prohibition was absolute; and Jacopo of Pighazzano, that the leave of the Grand Master was necessary. So, too, the Preceptor of Grosseto deposed that he had once seen a black cat standing in the midst of the chapter of Bologna and adored by the brethren, which cat presently vanished; but the other five witnesses, when questioned as to this cat-worship, swore that they knew nothing about it. And with regard to unnatural crime, while two of the three Preceptors deposed that it was allowed or even enjoined, di Pighazzano had only heard of one case, and di Florenzuola said boldly that it was strictly forbidden, and that any brother found guilty of it would have been turned out of his Preceptory. Even if we suppose, as anti-Catholic writers are by their own theories compelled to do, that these witnesses were bribed or frightened into giving this evidence, it is a just inference that it was not a concocted story, and that they were describing with more or less exaggeration what they had actually seen or heard.

The chief value to us of this new evidence, however, is that it reveals to us, for the first time, something like a gradual initiation into the mysteries of the Order. Di Pighazzano says that his own reception was in accordance with the Rule of St. Bernard, although later and at the reception of other brethren he was compelled to deny Christ, the Virgin Mary,

and the saints, and to spit upon the Cross. So, too, Di Florenzuola, who seems to have been the most frank of the witnesses, says that, unless the reception took place in full chapter, even strangers might be present at it, and no denial was required from the recipient. This is partly confirmed by the Preceptor of Caporsoli, who says that the chapter was secret when twelve or more brethren were present, but not when there were half that number, and that he himself was not called to the chapter at Bologna and there required to deny Christ until he had been a year in the Order. Bernardo of Parma, on the other hand, says that, although he was thirty years in the Order, he was never present at any reception but his own, and that, although he had once denied Christ, he can only tell what others did from hearsay. In the same way, two out of the three Preceptors, although very anxious to make out that the abnegation and the rest of the ceremonies of reception were universal in the Order, yet say as to the charge against the Templar priests of omitting the words of consecration in saying Mass, that some of them did, and some did not. That there was some sort of Inner Circle in the Order seems, too—for whatever the argument be worth—to have been the impression of the Commissioners, for they state in their return that they have not inserted therein “the answers or denials” of seven other brethren whom they have examined, because these last never had any standing or preferment (“*statum seu prelationem*”) in the Order, and as they were all either menials or very recent initiates had probably no secrets to reveal. Altogether, the Florence evidence affords a strong presumption that those concerned in twisting the Order to their own purposes chose their men carefully from the mass of those admitted or affiliated to it, that it was only after some observation of their characters that they admitted them to the secret conclave at which they were induced to deny the Christian faith, and that it was only those who were, so to speak, hearty in their denial who had a chance of again witnessing it or of promotion to the governing ranks of the Order. If we

add to this that all the witnesses at Florence are agreed that the acts of denial and idolatry took place, not in their own Preceptories, but in provincial chapters held at Bologna, Rome, or Piacenza in the presence of the Grand Preceptor of Lombardy or his "vicar," we have a perfect explanation of the fact that the Order might with good faith be acquitted in some places and not in others.

If this be accepted, it will, I think, show a very different motive in the Papal Court for the suppression of the Order from that generally put forward by anti-Catholic writers. If this motive, indeed, had been merely a desire to share in its plunder, it was doomed to disappointment, for Mr. Lea is probably right when he says that Philippe le Bel succeeded in keeping all the landed property of the French Templars for himself. But if Clement and his advisers had rightly or wrongly persuaded themselves that the heads of the Order were endeavouring to give it an anti-Christian turn, they had hardly any alternative left them but swift and thorough suppression. The Catharist or Albigensian heresy had just been quenched in Southern France by an almost incredible expenditure of blood and treasure, while the Franciscan Order, which had been called into being to combat it, had, as the sequel was to show, itself become honeycombed with heresy in the process. Yet the Cathari were an undisciplined body, either loosely organised or not organised at all, of whom only a very few were earnest practisers of their strange doctrine, and who had always mixed freely and on equal terms with their Catholic neighbours. But the Templars were a body apart, knit together by the iron discipline which had served them on many a battlefield, and made all the more formidable from the pains taken by the Papacy itself to free them from all outside control. Responsible to the Pope alone, they had always disdainfully rejected the jurisdiction of king or bishop, while they had interfered at will in the politics of every kingdom in which they found themselves. As, moreover, their wealth was enormous, and their absolute obedience to their elected heads

more blind, if possible, than that of their successors the Jesuits, they were probably even then politically stronger than the feeble Popes of Avignon; and the great number of their serving brothers and other affiliated menials had enabled them to set up a small *imperium in imperio* wherever a "house" of the Temple could be found. Their ostensible reason for existence had come to an end with their abandonment of the Holy Land; but what if they were bent on carving out a kingdom for themselves, as their comrades-in-arms, the Teutonic Order, were even then doing in Prussia, but, unlike them, were to choose a well-settled and civilised territory in Southern Europe? In that case, the Papacy might find their chief a master harsher and with wider-reaching ambition than Philippe le Bel. And the Templars more than anybody had seen in the steady advance of Islam what forces the enthusiasm attendant on a new religion could put at the disposal of a few skilful men. Had the Grand Master of the Temple any views of the kind he might hope to succeed, as Macaulay said of the leaders of the English Reformation, in transferring to his own hands the full cup of sorceries from the Babylonian enchantress, while spilling as little as possible by the way.

What such a new religion would have to be, there could also be no doubt. Religions, like other institutions, find some environments in which they can develop, and others in which they cannot, and before the revival of learning, no form of Christianity other than the Catholic was possible. As for Mahometanism, it would have required a great number of miracles to have convinced the rough soldiers of the Temple that the faith against which their Order had been fighting since its foundation was, after all, the right one. But there remained a third faith that had waged no unequal battle with the Catholic Church since its foundation, and which, although always beaten, seemed always to spring phoenix-like from its ashes. This was the dualism which taught that, if the supreme God were the author of the spiritual world, his adversary was responsible for the material, and that all earthly benefits were therefore in the

devil's gift. The doctrine was not unknown in Pagan Rome, where it seems to have been secretly held by the worshippers of Mithras, a god very popular with the army; but the form in which it became most dangerous to Christianity was that into which it was cast by the Manichees. These sectaries, who seem to have made their first appearance about the middle of the third century, had always been extremely powerful in those Eastern provinces of the Byzantine Empire which formed the battle-ground of the Crusades, and had even succeeded, according to some writers, in corrupting the stern unitarianism of the Mussulman invaders of Asia and Africa. At length, in the tenth century, the Byzantine Emperors transported a large colony of them to Bulgaria, whence they soon began to send missionaries into Western Europe. Working their way, generally as weavers or travelling handicraftsmen, these devoted men spread their doctrines through Italy, France, and Spain until nearly all the South seemed lost to Catholicism. Then the Church, roused at length, struck hard and quickly. When the Albigensian Crusades were over, Manichæism as an organised faith no longer dared to show itself. But the struggle continued in secret, and until the rise of Protestantism, heresy meant for the Inquisitors some form of Dualism. If the Templars were to throw their swords into the scale against her, the Church might in a few years be fighting desperately for her very existence.

Was any such scheme in the minds of the chiefs of the Order at the time of their arrest? Unless we are utterly to disbelieve all the evidence taken by the Papal Commissioners in Paris and Florence, I think we must conclude that there was. All the witnesses whose evidence is recorded agree that they were forced soon after their entry into the Order to deny Christ and to spit upon the Cross. It does not follow that this course was taken with every Templar; for the Florentine witnesses averred, as we have seen, that this was done only when the aspirant was received in full but secret conclave. But that certain initiates were called upon sooner or later to perform

these acts there can be little doubt, and Mr. Lea finds the evidence in favour of this so strong that he is compelled to admit that something of the sort may have happened in a few cases out of sheer brutality on the part of the initiator, or by way of testing the obedience of the initiate. In this he is no doubt relying upon the evidence of one of the Paris witnesses, who said that on his refusing to do as ordered, it was explained to him that it was only a "truffa" or pleasantry introduced by "a bad Grand Master," and, apparently, continued by the other members for the fun of the thing. But such a joke would have been an extremely dangerous one in an age when the figure on the crucifix was looked upon as actually and in itself divine, and when instances of ambitious men turning from Christianity and becoming Mahometans were by no means unknown. Moreover, the Florentine evidence, if trustworthy, leaves no doubt possible as to the purpose with which these acts were enforced. The recipients, it is there said, were told that Christ was not the true god, but a false prophet, and that he suffered not for the salvation of mankind, but for his own sins. The real god that they were commanded to adore in the "Capitula provincialis" at Bologna or elsewhere was represented by a head or bust having a human face with black and curling hair and a short beard. This, it was told them, could save them and make them rich, and it was also said that it "made the trees to grow and the earth to bring forth, and could do everything like God." These last are, as M. Loiseleur notes, the exact words used by the Manichæans of Toulouse before the Inquisitors to describe their secondary or evil deity, to whom they paid worship only as the source of material benefits. But it need not be supposed from this that those who, by the hypothesis, were endeavouring to pervert the Order of the Temple to anti-Christian tenets, were thereby imposing upon their followers any subtle speculation about the origin of evil. Understanding thoroughly the rude superstitions of the military caste from which their initiates were drawn, they must have felt that it would have been unwise to deprive

them of one material object of their idolatrous devotion without giving them another in its place. "Adore this head, for it is your god and your *Magumeth*," were said by one witness to have been the words of the initiator at Bologna. Similar corruptions of the name Muhammad or Mahomet are to be found in the Paris evidence. The whole phrase probably implied, "This is the image of the deity who corresponds for you in future to the God of the Christians or the prophet of the Saracens."

Such concessions to the superstitions of their converts were not only well known to, but form the best explanation of the extraordinary vitality of, Manichæism. Even in the lifetime, it was said, of its mythical founder Manes, the Manichæan Church was divided into the two classes of "Perfect" and "Hearers." The Perfect, from whose thin ranks the missionaries of the faith were drawn, were subject to such austerities as can never have been practised by any but fanatical believers in the truth of their doctrines. They might never be alone by night or day, must shun the touch of woman, abstain from meat and wine, and get their bread by some honest livelihood. They must never possess private property, nor wilfully take the life of the smallest animal, nor lie, nor give evidence in a court of justice. As these last provisions made it easy for the Inquisitors to recognise them, and the total number of the Perfect in Europe never exceeded 4000, the success of the Roman Church in suppressing the public propagation of the heresy is easy to explain. But of the Hearer hardly anything was required. After being once girt with the sacred thread, which formed, apparently, the evidence of his reception,¹ he might pretend to be a Catholic or Mahometan, or a member of any other faith convenient for the moment, and he might commit any sins he pleased, in the confidence that they would all be wiped away by the *Consolamentum*, or Manichæan sacrament, which he pledged himself to receive before his

¹ The Templars were also, according to both the Paris and Florence evidence, girt with a thread at their reception.

death. Now, to die shriven was about the most that a man-at-arms, trained in all the licence of the wars of the period—could in the fourteenth century look forward to; but the priests who, according to the general belief at that time, could alone give him this death-bed absolution, were apt to demand from the penitent not only a more or less sincere repentance, but the fulfilment of a good many religious observances and a good deal of expensive submission to themselves during his life as well. The offer of indulgences—which were in effect the assurance that their donees would escape in the next world the consequences of their sins in this—had proved sufficient bait to lure half the chivalry of Europe into the Crusades; and here was the Manichæan Church offering the same future benefits, with the absolute freedom from all moral and religious restraint in this world into the bargain. If the chiefs of the Order of the Temple had been for some time undermining the faith of their subordinates with such offers as these, we have the explanation at once of the anti-clerical attitude which brought upon them the hatred of both regulars and seculars, and of the immoralities which, according to the gossip of the time, clustered round every settlement of the Knights Templar.

F. LEGGE.

“CONCERNING ONE OLD WOMAN”

“AND who can the old woman be talking to?” the old army pensioner asked himself in perplexity, as he sat mending an old boot in one of the “corners” of a rotten Petersburg tenement-house, and listened, whilst an old woman, a newly-arrived lodger, talked to some one behind the chintz curtain of another “corner.”

“Seems to me,” thought the soldier, “that I hadn’t noticed any one with her, and yet she talks.”

And he listened.

The new lodger was hammering a nail into the wall, and was really talking to some one.

“Just listen to her!” said the soldier.

“At least I’ve managed to earn an ikon of my patron saint in these forty years!” could be heard from behind the chintz curtain, together with the noise made by the driving-in of the nail. “You and I, we’ve no ‘parent’s blessing.’¹ But at least I’ve got my ‘angel’ . . . now, is that right?”

The hammering ceased, and every moment the soldier thought that some one would respond and tell her whether she had hung her ikon well. But no one answered; all

¹ The reference is to the Russian popular custom, according to which the dying “bless” each of their children with an ikon; the latter is preserved as something sacred by the recipient.—TRANSLATOR.

that one could hear was how the old woman sat down on her ramshackle couch, made of packing-cases and firewood, and sighed.

"And I've no one to give my angel to, my friend!" sighed the old woman. "Oh, and where are my darling children now? Where are my dear little children? Oh, where? You tell me where?" . . .

The last question was accompanied by a loud and sudden sob, and, as if in answer to this, some one else's sympathetic sigh—so it seemed—was audible.

"There's some one there!" ruminated the soldier in perplexity, pausing in his work. "Crying, too!"

For really it seemed that there were tears in the voice that came from behind the curtain.

"Crying it is—can't be anything else!"

The soldier carefully put his work—a ragged boot—down on a block of wood heaped with various cobbler's tools, and commenced to approach the curtain with the utmost stealth, at every step stooping lower and lower, and then squatting down on the floor.

"I'd like to know [who it can be," he thought, creeping up on all-fours.

"Oh, and the Lord will call me to account for my little children! He'll call my masters to account! What account can He demand from the like of us? We aren't free folks! We were never free for a single little minute, not the wee-est bit! There was only fear—that was all! What wouldn't one do out of fear? Why, if any one were to start beating you and knocking you about, you'd clear out too. . . . And I used to run away, but I was foolish and didn't know where to run to! Oh, my little children! Where are you? Not one left! Now they've given us our freedom, and I am lame, alone in the world; oh, if one of them were alive, a boy . . . he'd come to me now! . . . None, none!"

With sobs the lodger wept aloud, and some unknown person's weird and agonised sigh, full of woe, answered her,

after which a deafening peal of barking broke forth, and the soldier, who had all but put his head through the curtain, flew back helter-skelter to his block.

“Dourdilka! Silly thing! Down! What is it, silly? At whom are you barking? . . .” said the old woman, and stopped the dog.

“A Jew eat you up!” cried the soldier, quite out of temper, rubbing his cheek, which had been scratched by the dog. “Talking to dogs, the blockheads! I thought . . . Ah, you anathema, you! . . . How can you go on talking to a dog? . . .”

“Why, I’ve no one else to talk to, little father! I’d always lived in my master’s house, I was a ‘house-serf,’¹ and now they’ve set me free. . . . My masters, God give them health, had heard that all would soon get their freedom, so they let me go away wherever I pleased, because I had grown old . . . gone lame . . . with a bad leg. . . . What was the good of feeding me for nothing? Well, and so they set me free! Neither father nor mother . . . no children! Our mistress was a strict one. . . . Well, well, who could I go to stay with? This little dog is all that I have . . . Dourdiloushka! what are we two going to do now, eh? . . .”

“Ha, ha, ha!” laughed the soldier, now quite pacified. “Set you free, did they? . . . The jokers! that’s what they are, my word!”

“Oh, yes! oh, aren’t they jokers? . . .” acquiesced the old woman. “Turned a body out into the cold! . . .”

“Ha, ha, ha! Well, and how will you manage now, little old woman?”

“I don’t know, Mister Cavalier! I suppose I had better await my latter end in patience! . . .”

¹ “House-serfs,” styled *dvorovi*, were those peasants of the estate that were retained for domestic service in the houses of their masters; in each household there was generally a considerable number of these retainers, who led a more or less parasitical existence. Serfdom was abolished in Russia in 1861 by Alexander II.—TRANSLATOR.

"Humph! . . . On your arrival, to start our acquaintance, you might at least treat a soldier to a little drop, now. I guess you've got *something*, in any case. . . ."

"Oh, well, I'd be glad to; I have a silver spoon. . . ."

"One of your master's?"

"One of my masters', I won't conceal it from you, soldier! I wasn't to die, was I? You just think for yourself. . . . I was set free without a boot to wear, I tell you!"

"Well, never mind. . . . You just give me that spoon and I'll do the job for you and bring you back the change!"

The soldier quickly put on his things, and, whilst waiting for the spoon, which the old woman was getting out from amongst her rags and bundles, looked at the dog and said:

"Not a bad little dog! . . . They're faithful, too, sometimes, dogs are. . . . And understand you when you talk! Never fear. . . . I'll bring you back the change for the spoon. . . ."

The soldier departed. In expectation of his return, the old woman once more tied up her rags into little bundles and cried, whilst Dourdilka sat opposite in morose silence, without taking her eyes off her mistress.

II

Nastacia, so the old woman was called, was truly in a helpless case. Entirely friendless and ailing, she was additionally unfortunate in her ignorance of life, old woman though she was. For, in all conscience, there was a great difference between the life of a "house-serf" and "free life," even that led by a drayman, a journeyman, even by a beggar. All these knew their fellows and equals, knew how to do business with them, knew for whom it was that they should work. Because one and all had their families, or, at least, they none of them wished to die of hunger. Each had his own way of making both ends meet in his hard life. Nastacia possessed none of

these. All her life she had eaten her master's bread,—and now she did not know how to earn it. She did whatever work she was ordered to, but she worked for others, not for herself; and, at the same time, she lived with people “anyhow.” In a word, in all mundane affairs she was a pure child. In the course of the two years spent by her in “corners,” one day she was detected in the theft of a shawl, and for a long time she was called thief, although personally she did not see anything wrong in her act. She had become accustomed to that sort of thing whilst a “house-serf.” And a multitude of other habits, which she had acquired whilst a “house-serf,” had eaten into her; and, now that she was free, spoiled her relations in the life which surrounded her, and which, although beggarly, was more or less independent. For instance, she would slave untiringly for a whole week at twenty kopecks a day (about 5*d.*) in a laundry, rising at four and returning to her corner at nine in the evening; and when she had earned a little she would spend it on drink, although she was long in need of new boots. When she was drunk, people looked upon her with contempt (and she *was* unpleasant, to be sure); whilst she knew no other pleasures: till the age of forty she had been accustomed to have a “wee drop” whenever a ten-kopeck piece came her way and she could find a minute to spare. The other inhabitants of the corners treated each other to coffee, gossiped, abused their employers, called the storekeeper names; whilst she had no taste for any of these things, she was not used to stand up for herself. And, oh! how dull she was, now that she was free! How she grieved seeing the way people lived, and looking back at the way she had spent her days! Why should she struggle and strain, stand with her bad leg knee-deep in the water of a cold wash-house? . . . Neither friends nor children. Her friends of her native village were, perhaps, themselves ending their days somewhere or other, just as she was. And her children? She was even afraid of thinking of her children . . . What had she done with them? And why? She was afraid of her severe mistress, when she ought to have feared God

more! Loneliness of the soul is always terrible, and, oh! how terrible it was to Nastacia! . . . During her two years' existence in "corners," not an evening passed without Nastacia, whether sober or drunk, crying to herself, her hoarse, unpleasant voice arousing her neighbours' indignation; not an evening passed without her complaining of her bitter lot to Dourdilka. . . .

"Mind!" she would say to Dourdilka, "just you think of running away—I'll hunt you out and strangle you with my own hands! . . ."

"I'll give it to you!" the soldier would answer back. "Just try!"

"And so I would! What have you got to say here? Is she your dog?"

"Mine or not, I won't let you! . . . The authorities are there to kill dogs,—not you. I won't let you! . . . I'll take her for myself!"

"You take her? . . . Why, you may cover her with gold. She won't go to you."

"Oh, you old fool! . . . If I give her a bit of something she'll come to me in no time! . . . Sweet life she leads with you, I declare! . . . Doggie! . . . Here, come here, rascal!"

"Now then!" says Nastacia, gazing at Dourdilka. "Just you try and go!"

"Come here, come! here's some meat!"

"Go to him, Dourdilka; take the meat from the Cavalier; it's been sticking in his teeth since the time of the Frenchman . . ."

"Old woman! don't kick up a row!" the soldier admonished the old woman rather sternly.

"You call the dog, now! . . . Why, call her! . . . what are you waiting for?"

"Old hag!" winds up the soldier, for Dourdilka decidedly holds aloof from temptation.

"Took it, did she?" Nastacia throws at her neighbour in

high glee. "That's right, that's right, Dourdiloushka! There's a crust for you, on—on, my credulous servant!"

In conversation Nastacia sometimes employed words that were quite out of place; that was because in her lifetime she had not heard very many words, and, now that she was free, she indiscriminately appropriated every word that came her way.

"Credulous," according to Nastacia, Dourdilka was really a faithful dog, and not because she had been loaded with favours by Nastacia, but owing to their being in an identical plight. She, too, was a "hanger on," a dog without a kennel, without a master. There was much moroseness, indifference, and, at the same time, distrust in her character. "There's a bone!" some kindly inmate of the tenement-house would say. But Dourdilka would look at him darkly, without coming. "There now, fool!" She would barely wag her tail—never budging an inch. One had to throw the bone down and go away; and then, having waited a little and assured herself that the bone was by itself and no one watching it, she would slowly approach it, take it up, and as slowly carry it away to some corner, where no one would ever find it again. In her life Dourdilka had come across various adventures and various cooks. At one time she would become used to having free access to the kitchen, and of being sure to get a bit; at another, upon entering it in a merry mood, she would receive a ladle-full of boiling water on her back. When she was beaten she neither yelped nor growled, but merely put her tail between her legs and slunk away. She was used to it. She knew Nastacia, and was sure that if Nastacia had anything eatable, that she, Dourdilka, would get some too. That was why she was faithful to her mistress; and then again, she felt that she was no more a dog to be of any use in a house, and that there was nothing for her to do in the street. She would only just peep out and return to her "corner" and lie down. Not a single dog in the whole house or yard had any sympathy for her. If, now and again, some "squire" would rush up to her,

Dourdilka would simply walk away from him with lowered head, as if ashamed on the “squire’s” behalf that he should have been mistaken in her. And, in fact, the “squire” would just take a tiny look at her as she went away, and depart likewise. Nastacia was pleased at this estrangement of Dourdilka from canine society. “You’re of no manner of use to them,” she would say to her; “what company! They’ll tear what’s left of your skin! There’s a bone—stay where you are!” And Dourdilka stayed in her corner. Only once did Dourdilka permit herself to intrude into some one else’s affairs. On going into the yard she saw a young puppy about six months old playing with a little dog about two months its senior. The dog had thrown the pup over on its back, and was kissing it most tenderly, whilst the puppy pushed its head right into the dog’s mouth. Dourdilka growled at the dog. At that very minute she was overtaken by Nastacia, who was returning home. Like an unhappy mother who had suffered much from an unsatisfied craving for love, she took the situation in at a glance.

“Ah, you rascally dog!” she fell upon Dourdilka, “jealous, are you, you rogue, you! What do you mean by coming out here?—off home!” (Dourdilka went, her tail between her legs.) “Ah, you rascal!” continued Nastacia, going to her corner and addressing Dourdilka, who had taken refuge in a dark recess under the bed. “What were you up to now? As if it was your business, old fool, to poke your nose into other people’s affairs? You ought to lie still, old fool, and await your death” (a sigh from beneath the bed). “You’re also envious! D’you think I’m happier than you are? Well, and so now I also must needs think why we two old curs, you and I, have no children; none! . . .”

And again began a long monologue about her hard lot, waxing ever more dramatic, as her vodka bottle (a disused eau de cologne *flacon*—also pilfered from her former masters) was gradually emptied,—a little bottle Nastacia was wont to bring back with her, when she returned from work.

"Oh, you accursed one!" she cried at Dourdilka, late at night. "I'll beat you to a jelly! lie still, stay hungry! . . ."

When in her cups, occasionally Nastacia was very repulsive: no teeth, great big eyes, black and spiteful; sunken, flabby cheeks livid with anger; voice vicious, hoarse, raucous, nasty . . . and oh! how miserable she was all the while! Dourdilka—even she had some hopes left—why, she had even wanted to defend the puppy, whilst Nastacia was so worn out, so ill, so lonely, that she was beyond the thought of being on any terms—either friendly or inimical—with any one except Dourdilka.

"When will you stop your jaw, old hag?" the soldier shouted at her, his patience exhausted. "I'll call a policeman! . . . What does all this mean?"

But Nastacia kept on abusing and cursing Dourdilka, weeping to herself the while. Afterwards she called Dourdilka, fed her, and still wept on . . . But the soldier heard no more.

III

It chanced one day that Nastacia was hired to scrub the floors in the house of a certain young couple who had only just been married and were in the best of humours. The entire staff in ordinary of the Petersburg house¹ that is wont to solicit and receive tips, praised them. The *dvorniks*,² the janitors, the cooks, the newspaper-boy, &c., all said: "They're gentlefolk of the right sort, they are!" because the gentlefolk flung their money about right and left. . . They were well disposed to all and sundry. Some of this amiability fell to Nastacia's share. The lady questioned her as to how much she earned, where she lived, why she did not have her leg seen to. The gentlefolks were surprised, commiserated, promised to send her to a doctor of their acquaintance, gave her an extra half-rouble, treated her to tea, presented her with a pair of

¹ In St. Petersburg, as in most of Russia's large cities, the flat system predominates.—TRANSLATOR.

² *Dvornik* = house-porter.—TRANSLATOR.

shoes, and told her to come to them when she had no work. In a word, in Nastacia's opinion, the gentlefolks had understood her and pitied her; in her soul she felt very good. It seemed to her that she was living alone in the world, hanging in mid-air, as it were, no more—she felt the earth under her feet. She could "go out visiting." And she "went out visiting," only, somehow, in a peculiar kind of way.

In her box there was some wondrous finery, also, of course, belonging formerly to her masters. Among these there was a short skirt, just like a ballet dancer's, silk stockings darned with worsted; there was also a certain basque of black lustring, built with cane and iron, the ends of which had long poked themselves through the stuff. In a word—the most amazing finery. Having donned all this harlequinade, she felt well, and *went out visiting*, where she comported herself in the following manner: she at once went off to the "young gentlefolks'" kitchen, turned up the sleeves of her basque, tucked up her ballet skirt, took off her silk stockings and shoes, and started washing, scrubbing, sweeping, in fact—started doing all that it is a cook's duty to do. When *out visiting* she would clean all the knives, wash all the plates, would be bathed in sweat a couple of dozen times over, and, having drunk some coffee, would go home. Thus, she enjoyed herself in a very queer way, but, nevertheless, she was wonderfully happy at heart. She would have been glad to show her gratitude to the "young gentlefolk" in any other way, if she could have done so, but she had nothing at her command except the wash-tub.

She *went out visiting* in this manner for rather a long time and, subsequently, she also brought Dourdilka round with her, who, one evening when the gentlefolks felt very bored, even diverted them and took their fancy very much.

"Why shouldn't we have a little dog?" proposed the young wife.

"Y—yes!" agreed the husband. "We ought to have some pet. . . . Something or other . . . why, even two . . ."

Nastacia hunted up two pups, but ceased to bring Dourdilka round.

A considerable time passed in this wise, and Nastacia felt very happy, when suddenly the following incident occurred.

Once, during the carnival, a large party of friends and acquaintances unexpectedly arrived at the young gentlefolks' house, uninvited and quite as a surprise. Of a sudden there reigned such gaiety as never could have been got up on purpose; wine began to flow, the piano struck up, dancing, joking and laughter commenced. Nastacia had not seen such merry-making for many a long day. She felt as gladsome and gay as it is only possible to feel in early childhood. She forgot that her leg hurt her, a dozen times over she ran for fresh wine, drank herself, and again she ran. And once some joker from amongst the company suddenly caught her up and waltzed round the room with her, whereupon all laughed. Nastacia was given wine, made to crack jokes and say quaint sayings, of which she possessed a sufficient store. The servants from all the landings had packed themselves into the hall; some unknown persons in rather decent sibirkas¹ came to see the fun, and having looked on for a bit and picked the whole company to pieces, departed. Nastacia did not hear these criticisms and enjoyed herself as a child, oblivious of all, exciting the unanimous laughter both of the gentlefolks and the onlookers in the hall. Once she danced some extraordinary dance, kissed hands, showed how "the light post" drives along, and in so doing, for some reason or other, galloped round the room sideways. In a word, she did all manner of foolish things. But Nastacia's *répertoire* of these was not extensive, whilst she wanted to go further and further.

She was sent out to fetch some tobacco, or it might have been some wine. Nastacia flew down the stairs like a bird and suddenly saw that the dvornik had forgotten a hatchet on the landing. Instantly she experienced a mortal longing to steal

¹ *Sibirka*, a kind of great-coat often worn by the well-to-do lower classes of Russia.—TRANSLATOR.

that hatchet; she pictured to herself how wonderfully jolly it would be, and in an instant she had seized it, hauled it into the room and announced: "I've stolen it from the dvornik!" bursting out into a loud laugh. This was so silly that all held their sides for laughter—Nastacia, of course, laughing more than any one else. Without noticing that during her absence the mirth had taken another direction, on returning from her errand she recounted, still continuing to roll about with laughter, that on the stairs she had met the dvornik looking for his hatchet (she imitated him) and swearing at not finding it. As this continuation of the history of the hatchet, breaking in on the new phase taken by the merry-making, was entirely unexpected, the company once more laughed, and Nastacia felt still jollier. How that merry day and night ended none of the guests could very well remember next morning. No one remembered about Nastacia either. And only a week and a half later some one—the lady or the cook—recalled her to mind. "I wonder why we haven't seen Nastacia for so long?"

Another week passed, still no Nastacia.

The cook went to her abode, but she wasn't there either; there the cook was told that a fortnight ago she had gone to the baths and since then hadn't been back. Her "corner" was let to some one else, her landlady had her box and "angel," whilst Dourdilka was roaming about at large. The landlady didn't speak very endearingly either of Nastacia or Dourdilka, who, be it said, listened to this conversation very attentively.

This is what happened to Nastacia.

On the day following that of the carouse, Nastacia went to the baths, intending to go from there to the "young gentle-folks," to scrub their floors after "yesterday's," to tidy up—in fact, she intended to *go out visiting*. The recollection of the merry-making of the day before did not leave Nastacia. She had developed such a zest for the attention and laughter which she had aroused yesterday, that to-day she was itching every instant to play some funny prank. When on the point

of leaving the baths, she espied a great pile of tubs, and, quickly seizing one, hid it underneath her skirt. She imagined how the gentlefolks would burst out laughing when she came and boasted about this new theft—as they had laughed yesterday at her theft of the dvornik's hatchet. Having seized the tub, she ran off at full speed; but thinking that it would be still jollier if she brought two (the owner of the baths had plenty more, she thought), she came back, seized another, then suddenly a third, then a broom. . . .

“What are you doing here?” severely but calmly asked the dvornik, unexpectedly appearing on the scene.

“Little father, I was doing it for fun.”

“For fun!” repeated the dvornik, and immediately, with the same calmness so peculiar to the Petersburger, called the junior dvornik, who was clearing away the snow: “Ivan! keep an eye on the old woman, see she doesn't run away; I'll fetch a policeman . . .”

“Oh, my little fathers! My darlings! For Lord Jesus' sake!”

“The public steal two thousand tubs a year from us also—for fun. See there, hold her!”

Nastacia's screams gathered a crowd that shamed Nastacia very much. She was taken to the police-station.

IV

Nastacia had been taken to the lock-up just by way of a warning, in jest, for one night only. But in the morning, when they wanted to let her out, she was lying in high fever, seriously ill. After the bath she did not get the chance of warming herself with vodka, whilst it was rather cold out-of-doors and in the police-cells. In addition, she was frightened and deeply mortified. Sitting in company with thieves and drunkards, she cried bitterly and thought of Dourdilka, who would be fed by no one now and who, since the springing up of Nastacia's acquaintanceship with the young gentlefolks,

every now and then received some choice morsel, and had even got used to receive such dainties. By the morning Nastacia had become quite ill. She was taken to hospital, and there she lay, almost without rising, for six months. Her leg, of which she had forgotten to think during the jolly times that had latterly fallen to her lot, her back, her chest and heart—all went wrong. All these, worn out and old, were formerly sustained by vodka. Now everything went to pieces and fell asunder. Nastacia awaited death every moment, recalled her life, her children, thought that she would burn in hell, constantly thought of Dourdilka, pictured her driven from the yard, conjured up the picture of her death. In a word, during those six months she suffered extremely, both physically and mentally. Instinctively she felt that death was approaching, that it was not far away. And that premonition made her brace up in order to give the wide world a last look, to take one last look at Dourdilka and the gentlefolks.

Feeble, irritably nervous, she took her discharge from hospital. The hope that now—in a few moments—she would see the young gentlefolk, who would show her compassion, somewhat encouraged Nastacia. On quitting the hospital, she drank some vodka and slowly wended her way to the gentlefolks. It took her a long time, she got fatigued, was tired out. At last she reached her destination.

But the gentlefolk had moved elsewhere; others were living there.

This discovery stabbed Nastacia to the heart like a knife: she had nowhere to rest, even to sit down.

"Where have they gone to, the so-and-so's, good man?" she asked the dvornik.

"Left for Moscow . . . for the country!"

Nastacia's courage slipped from her suddenly. All at once she was overcome with faintness and sat down near the entrance right on to the pavement. Long she sat there, breathless. But as evening was approaching, she had to go somewhere.

She went to Dourdilka, to her old "corner."

It was late at night when she arrived.

And, in fact, it was only her love for the dog that kept her on her legs. We used not to encounter our dearest, our best friends, nor have we hurried to their embraces with such fiery love as that which filled Nastacia with the desire to hasten to her meeting with Dourdilka.

But Dourdilka was not in the "corner."

"Where is she then?" whispered Nastacia almost inaudibly.

"Where? Why, your soldier took her. . . ."

"And she went? Dourdilka ran away with the soldier?"

"What did it matter to her? There was no one to feed her here."

Nastacia was petrified by such perfidy. Dourdilka might have starved to death, but to play the traitor! Nastacia had never expected that.

"O-oh! accursed image!" she cried in a passion. "I'll strangle her, together with the soldier! Shameless robbers! Where has the soldier gone to? give me the address. I'll go and disfigure both robbers!"

It turned out that the soldier had shifted his quarters to some very distant part of the city, and to go there now, that night, was quite out of the question. Nastacia, in an angry and excited state, passed the whole night in the landlady's kitchen, having, as a preliminary, drunk rather a large quantity of vodka, in exchange for her basque, which she had ceded to the landlady. The whole night she wept and swore, only dozing off now and then for a minute; the whole night she was abused by the dwellers in the "corners," whom she herself had treated. In the morning, with the vinous vapours in her head, and still more ill and feeble than before, she started off to the soldier's. She was so ill that she could not continue to be angry with Dourdilka, having reflected upon her helpless state; she was convinced that the dog would be overjoyed on seeing her, and that once more all would be as of old. All she need do was to give her a glance.

"Where's the dog?" she inquired of the soldier rather peremptorily, having run him to earth in a "corner" on the "Petersburg Side."¹

"What dog?"

"What dog? My dog! Where's Dourdilka?"

"She's not yours now!" calmly and ironically answered the soldier.

"Not mine? How's that? You thief, you!"

"Don't kick up a row, old woman! I tell you plainly, she isn't your dog now! She won't go to you, not even if you were to shower her with gold!"

"You lie, robber! . . . I'll tear your thief's throat for you!"

"Hark, old woman! Now if only once I start. . . ." The soldier showed his fist. "Mind that! I'm talking sense. There's your dog, go and see whether she'll come!"

In the corner, behind a box, Dourdilka's muzzle actually showed. Nastacia felt faint for joy—no sooner had she set eyes on that muzzle.

"Darling!" she whispered, with truly maternal tenderness, carefully approaching Dourdilka and perplexed why she did not come to her herself, why it was that that muzzle and those eyes did not seem to be the same as formerly.

"Dourdiloushka!" whispered Nastacia, stretching out her hand towards the dog.

But Dourdilka suddenly showed her teeth, and, choking with rage, growled at Nastacia, as if she had been her deadliest foe.

"Got what you wanted, eh?" remarked the soldier, delighted. "Now then, step a bit nearer! . . ."

"Dourdiloushka! Little mother!" whispered Nastacia, stunned, beside herself. "It's I . . . what is it?"

But Dourdilka's growls grew even more menacing. The fur on her head and back erected itself.

¹ The oldest part of the city of St. Petersburg, situated beyond the two main branches of the estuary of the Neva. Rather a poor part of the metropolis.—TRANSLATOR.

"Now, what have you done, you barbarian, you?" suddenly shrieked Nastacia despairingly, turning to the soldier. "What have you done to my dog? . . ."

"Fool!" interrupted the soldier. "She has pups! . . . What are you getting at me for? If I give you one on the head, you'll croak! . . ."

"Pups!" whispered Nastacia, turning pale.

And then began a revolting and horrible scene.

Scuffling, cries, barking, the squalling of the puppies, blows, the ring of broken glass resounded in the soldier's corner.

The police put a stop to this scene.

"She killed all the pups," next day the people in the "corners" told each other. "Laid the soldier's cheek open. . . . Smashed everything up. . . . Broke the dog's leg. . . . Afterwards they took her away to the lock-up. They say she was mad."

Probably Nastacia died at the police-station; because she had absolutely nothing left to live for now.

GLEB OUSPENSKY.

THE REVIVAL OF GAELIC IN IRELAND

THE movement, the object of which is the resuscitation of the Irish language in Ireland, is one of the most curious things connected with linguistic matters that has occurred in this or in the last century. It is safe to say that no other language so fallen to decay as the Gaelic of Ireland has ever been brought back to vigorous life. To know the extraordinary decay of Gaelic in Ireland, one would have to be, like the writer, born and brought up in the country parts of the island, and old enough to remember what the state of that country was fifty or sixty years ago.

Up to 1846, the beginning of the famine years, more than half the population of Ireland spoke Irish; and up to the year of the rebellion of 1798 there was hardly any English spoken by the peasantry in any part of the country except where the Scotch and English planters had settled in Ulster; and even there, Irish was currently spoken for many years after the plantation had taken place. It is stated on good authority that about the year 1680, after George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, had been in Ireland, a woman named Briget McLaughlin preached a sermon in Irish on the bridge of Portadown, in the county of Armagh, and that her eloquence made two hundred converts to Quakerism. Eugene O'Curry, the well-known Gaelic scholar, says in an unpublished letter which may be seen in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin,

that in the year 1337 he found in the village of Tallagh, and within five miles of Dublin, a family, natives of the locality, who spoke Irish fluently. They were elderly people, and told O'Curry that when they were young they never heard a word of English spoken by any one in their locality, and only heard it used by carmen from Dublin.

But it is not necessary to go back to 1837 to understand the extraordinary rapidity with which the Irish language has died among the Irish peasantry, for the writer of this article was at a market in Athlone in the county Westmeath, in the year 1842, and heard, at the very lowest calculation, five people speaking Irish for the one who spoke English. One might be in Athlone during a hundred market days now and not hear a word of Irish. It is as dead there as Cornish is in Cornwall. Never, in modern times, has a national speech faded away so quickly as Gaelic has faded away in Ireland. So far as can yet be ascertained from the last census, there are hardly more than half a million of people in Ireland with even an imperfect knowledge of it as it is spoken; and there are less than thirty thousand in the whole island who speak only Irish.

There is something sad and pathetic in the fading away of a national speech in a time of profound peace and complete absence of anything bordering on persecution. And Gaelic is so old, and has such a vast mass of ancient literature—a literature so unique and so “racy of the soil” that it has attracted the attention of many of the most illustrious savants of continental Europe—that the death of such a language can hardly be thought of without a sigh; and the heroic efforts that are being made to save it from death must awaken the sympathy of most educated and reflecting men.

If Ireland has been an unfortunate country, the Irish language has been still more unfortunate. It has received harder blows from those who should have been its friends than from those who were its natural enemies; for the decadence of the Gaelic language in Ireland was largely brought about by the Gaels themselves. No Act of Parliament against the

Irish language can be shown since the year 1363, when the Parliament of Kilkenny banned it. But the Parliament of Kilkenny legislated only for the English Pale, a very small part of Ireland in those days. After the close of the Jacobite wars, the greater part, in fact almost all, of the class of the old race who could, by their social position, have cultivated and sustained the national language, had been banished or slain. There were few of the Celtic race left except the poor and the ignorant, and they could not keep Gaelic from neglect and decay; it consequently sank to a mere peasant speech. But still more misfortune followed it, for the Catholic clergy ignored it, and ceased to preach in it in most places where even a minority of their congregation understood English. There was some excuse for the Catholic clergy having adopted such an unnatural course in reference to the national language of their country, for the Protestant Church tried to make Protestants of the Irish-speaking peasants by means of tracts and pamphlets printed in Irish, and sent Scripture readers all over the districts where Irish was the vernacular. This roused the ire of the priesthood, and they discouraged the use of Irish by almost every means in their power, and in some cases went so far as to make their parishioners destroy or give up all the Gaelic books or manuscripts that they had. Looked at in a sectarian point of view, the Catholic clergy can hardly be blamed for having adopted a hostile position with regard to Gaelic. It is pleasant, however, to be able to state that the present attitude of the Catholic clergy of Ireland is one of extreme friendliness to the resuscitation of Gaelic; and some of them are among the most active of those who are working so enthusiastically and so unselfishly to save it from death.

When one thinks of all the misfortunes that have followed the Irish language for centuries, he wonders that it still lives. Of all the misfortunes it has encountered, Daniel O'Connell's total neglect of it was, perhaps, the greatest. He wielded more power over his Catholic and Celtic fellow countrymen than any man ever did, or probably ever will; but not one word did he

ever utter, not one line did he ever write, favourable to the cultivation of the language of his country and his race. He never made a speech in Gaelic but once, when he wanted to puzzle a reporter, and even then he uttered only a few dozen words. O'Connell knew Irish well. In his youth he heard no other language spoken by the peasantry and farmers of the locality in which he was born. It is said on good authority that his grandmother never spoke a word of English. The real decadence of Irish as a spoken language commenced when O'Connell reached a position of popularity. Thousands learned English in order that they might understand his speeches. Emigration and the famine of 1846-7 have been named as the chief causes of the extraordinarily rapid disuse of Gaelic in Ireland during the nineteenth century; but if the famine had never come, the decadence of the national language would have been, in proportion to the population, just as rapid. It seems absolutely true that Daniel O'Connell, a Gael of the Gaels, and a Catholic of the Catholics, did more to abolish the Irish language and to Anglicise the Irish people than any other man that ever lived. He could have given the native speech such a hold on the people that it could never have faded away. There were, at the lowest estimate, three millions and a half of people whose vernacular was Gaelic when he commenced his career. He could have founded schools for teaching it, and established newspapers in it. He did neither, but discouraged its use both by example and precept. He did that which no other man, supposed to be a patriot, ever did—he sought to destroy the national language of his ancestors, his country, and his race, and he very nearly accomplished its destruction.

The state of utter contempt into which the Irish language had sunk in Ireland before efforts were made to resuscitate it can be fully known only by those who, like the writer, were born and reared in a part of the country in which it was spoken sixty years ago, and understood by almost all elderly persons. The very beggars were ashamed to speak it; and many of them who could speak it, would protest that they did not know

a word of it. In those places where it was known only by the elderly people, they would hardly dare to speak it in the presence of the youths, for they would be sure to be laughed at and ridiculed. This contempt for the national language of Ireland could not have originated with the Saxon or have come from him. It must have originated with the Irish themselves; for had the Anglo-Irish or the Protestants habitually ridiculed the native Irish for speaking the Irish language, the effect would have been to make the native Celtic Irish and the Catholics all the more devoted to their own idiom. The ridicule, intensified by persecution, which Irish Catholics experienced from Protestants, only made the Irish more intensely Catholic. We are, then, forced to the conclusion that the contempt, almost amounting to hatred, that the larger part of the Irish peasantry had for the Irish language in the past originated among the Irish themselves, and that the Catholic clergy and Daniel O'Connell are to be blamed for most of it.

The tremendous difficulty of resuscitating a language that had fallen into such contempt and neglect must be apparent. Never had any European language of even moderate antiquity, and possessing even a scanty literature, fallen so low; and the heroic attempt that is being made to revive it becomes, when everything is considered, absolutely sublime. Irish has no commercial value; the few thousands who speak only it are the very poorest of the peasantry. It is the national idea, and it alone, that can bring back the Irish language to vigorous life. Savants may study it, and scholars may translate its most ancient and interesting monuments, but it will die a lingering and disgraceful death unless the patriot, helped by the scholar, and influenced by the national idea alone, rescues it from the very brink of the grave.

The first society formed in recent years to resuscitate Gaelic in Ireland was the "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language." It was founded in 1874. The "Gaelic League" was founded in 1898. The "Comann na nGaedheal" was founded more recently; and as the writer assisted at the

foundation of two of these societies, and is a member of all of them, he should know a good deal about what they have done. The Gaelic League is by far the most important society that was ever formed for the revival of Gaelic; but it has to be admitted that the other societies that have been mentioned have done, and are doing, good work. For some years after the foundation of the Gaelic League very few branches of it were established, and not much progress was made in spreading a knowledge of the language. But in 1897 a patriotic Irishman in New York, named Mullen, left nearly £2000 to be used for teaching the Irish language in Ireland. The Mullen bequest gave an extraordinary impetus to the study of Irish, and has shown in the clearest manner the wonderful power of money. Many who had never thought seriously about studying the language of their country saw that it might put money in their pockets, and they became enthusiastic about that which had never previously occupied their attention. This semi-selfish sort of patriotism may be unpleasant to think about, but it is natural. The Gaelic League is paid a certain amount out of the Mullen bequest every year, has rented a house in Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and opened a fine shop where all sorts of Gaelic books can be had at cheap rates. The same society have had processions through Dublin every Patrick's Day during the last two years, and have raised considerable sums of money by donations from the public. Last year they got £1500 from the whole of Ireland, but all of it went into the hands of the Gaelic League. Many think the subscriptions should have been divided among all the societies founded for spreading a knowledge of Gaelic.

The great question to be considered is, will the Irish language ever be brought back to vigorous life? There are tremendous difficulties in the way, and it has to be admitted that those who are at the head of the movement for the resuscitation of the language are, while working earnestly, working on wrong lines. They are catering too much to ignorance and localism, printing incorrect dialect Irish as

correct Irish, and, to a large extent, ignoring everything in the nature of scholarship. The one great hope for the language of Ireland is to establish a respectable neo-Gaelic literature in it. Unfortunately, very little has yet been accomplished in that line. With the exception of some wonderfully beautiful lyrics by one who writes under the *nom de guerre* of "Patraic," and a few by one or two others, hardly a line has been lately produced in Irish verse that reflects credit on the writers or does benefit to the language. The same may be said of the large quantity of Irish prose that has appeared in newspapers and pamphlets during the last six or eight years. It is too often incorrect, dialectic, and vulgar. Most of those who write it are native speakers. As a rule, they write only in the dialect of the locality where they were born, and pay very little attention to grammar or orthography. Those who generally write the most correct Irish are those who are not native speakers of the language, but who have learned it from books. Such writers do not use dialect, and, as a rule, try to write the language of Keating, Bedel, Donlevy, and other authors who were really learned, who lived at a time when Gaelic was spoken all over Ireland, and before neglect and ignorance had given rise to the many corruptions and dialects that are now so detrimental to the language and such stumbling-blocks to students. To keep Gaelic alive in the localities where it is still spoken is one of the prime objects of all the societies that are working for its preservation; but in spite of all their efforts, it is fading away with astonishing rapidity in many places where, even as late as twenty-five years ago, it was in the mouths of old and young. Every year that passes by sees a diminution in those with whom Gaelic is a vernacular. They find that except at their own hearths English is an absolute necessity. It seems, then, more than probable that Irish is doomed as a vernacular, and that in the next generation there will not be any one in Ireland who will speak only Irish.

But if proper steps are taken, and if men really learned and patriotic guide the movement for the resuscitation of Gaelic in

Ireland, an interesting, possibly a great, neo-Gaelic literature may spring up. The language in its best modern form, such as was written by Keating, Donlevy, and others in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and in the early part of the eighteenth, is a powerful, a ductile, and an excellent form of speech, with a grammar simple, regular, and logical; with just enough inflections to make it clear, and of idioms to make it interesting. Such a language, possessed by a man of genius and learning, might be made a medium in which to build up a great future literature.

But there is, unfortunately, a dark side to the picture. Gaelic is a guttural language, and it is undeniable that guttural languages are at a discount. The gutturalness of German makes it unpleasing to the ears of English and French speaking peoples. There are also sounds in Gaelic which, though not guttural, are cacophony itself to English ears; and it is a fact that too many of those who have spoken it from the cradle, make it unnecessarily harsh. If Gaelic had not sunk to be a peasant speech; if it had been spoken for centuries by refined and educated people, it would be very different in sound from what it is, coming from the mouths of most of those who speak it now. The sound of a language has a great deal to do with its popularity. The generally harmonious sound of French has been a prime cause of its being so widely known, and the harshness and gutturalness of German have been the great and leading causes of its neglect by people of German descent in the United States, where such a large part of the population are of German origin. There are many towns in the northern States of the Union whose population is almost entirely of German origin, but where the German language is scarcely heard except from old people or from newly arrived immigrants, while French in Lower Canada is not only holding its place, but in some localities, even where there is a large number of people of British and Irish birth and blood, it is getting to be more popular than English. It has, however, to be admitted that in spite of this drawback,

Irish is well adapted for singing, owing to the many broad vowel sounds it contains; and a language that vocalists admit to be well adapted for singing can hardly be called a harsh one.

The immense quantity of ancient Irish literature that exists in manuscripts is well known to those who are interested in the language. Most of these manuscripts are written in that form of Gaelic known as Middle Irish, and date from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. Old Irish, or the language of the seventh to the tenth century, is much less voluminous than Middle Irish, and is, of course, more archaic in construction. If these old manuscripts could be easily read by those who know the Irish of to-day, the resuscitation of the language would be much more easily brought about. But, unfortunately, Middle Irish is nearly as different from modern Irish as is the language of Chaucer from that of Tennyson. All Old and Middle Irish would have to be modernised to be fully understood at present; and it seems to the writer, and it is the opinion of good Gaelic scholars, that to modernise the language of the historical romances, tales, legends, and annals of ancient Ireland, would be one of the surest ways to create an interest, not only in the language but in the history of the country. Hardly anything has been done in this line as yet. The only attempt may be said to be one made by the writer, who has put the history of the Leinster Tribute, as narrated in the books of Leinster and of Lecan, into modern Irish. It need hardly be said that to turn the language of those old manuscripts into the modern one, and to do it well, would require an amount of scholarship very hard to obtain at present. There are a good many Old and Middle Irish scholars, but they are not well acquainted with the modern language, and many years must elapse before men will be found who shall be well versed in both the ancient and modern forms of Gaelic.

It seems that the idea uppermost in the minds of most of those who guide the movement for the resuscitation of Gaelic in Ireland, is to write it in every possible form in which it is

spoken in every part of the country where it is still used as a vernacular, and without much care as to whether it is written correctly or not. This plan bids fair to interfere disastrously with the movement, for it disheartens students and disgusts scholars. If dialect Irish is written, a full explanation of what dialect it is should be given. The educated classes, without whose help no language ever became popular or respected, will never lend their aid to the resuscitation of a form of speech in which incorrect and vulgar dialects are printed as correct language. Every living tongue has its dialects; a knowledge of them is generally interesting and often useful; but one, and only one, form of speech should be put before students, unless the object is to disgust them instead of enlightening them.

In spite of the mistakes that may have been made in the endeavour to save the Irish language from extinction, it is pleasant to be able to state that the number of people who have acquired a knowledge of it during the last eight or ten years is, considering all the difficulties attending its acquirement, very large. Of all places in Ireland, Dublin and its vicinity seem to be the most favoured in having the greatest number of students of Gaelic, and the most diligent and enthusiastic in their studies. It is really extraordinary what a host of young people of both sexes have acquired a good knowledge of Irish during the last few years in the very city which was the first place in which the English language took root in Ireland. Although Gaelic is now taught in a large number of the national schools throughout the island, Dublin seems to be the place where the learning of the national language is making most headway, and where the masses are most enthusiastic about it.

The Gaelic revival has extended to the Highlands and even to the little Isle of Man. It is, however, unfortunate for the language that in the revival of Gaelic the Highland Scotch and the Irish can be of but little help to one another, because the Gaelic of Ireland and Scotland has drifted apart so much that there are two languages now where there was but one

language two centuries ago. This has been a real misfortune, for Irish Gaelic is no longer fully understood in the Highlands, and Highland Gaelic cannot be fully understood in Ireland. The Highlanders prefer to write their language in Roman characters, while the Irish prefer the Celtic; but in the most important monuments of Old and Middle Irish that have been translated into English, French, and German, the Irish transliteration always appears in Roman letters.

Whether the attempt to revive Gaelic in Ireland will be successful or not depends on so many things that few would like to prophesy about it. If it is successful, if the mass of the Irish people become bi-lingual, and if an interesting neo-Gaelic literature springs up in Ireland, it can hardly fail to add to the general intelligence and well-being of the Irish people.

T. O. RUSSELL.

INSTINCT IN THE MAKING

ON A CAITHNESS MOOR

BUT why Caithness? Why not any other moorland more favoured for grouse than the extreme north country, whereon stands John O'Groat's house? The reason is that it is here, beyond all other districts, where the old-time shooting over dogs is to be found in all its traditional science. Of course there is shooting over pointers and setters everywhere in the Highlands, or very nearly everywhere; the sport also flourishes in Wales and Ireland: it is even supported by Mr. Walter Morrison, along with a few others, in Yorkshire, but there only as a link with the past. But in Caithness and the Western Islands of Scotland it is dog-work, or no grouse. Shooting over dogs in this country started—I do not know when. Certainly Henry VIII. passed laws and ordinances to prevent the use of "hail shot," but shooting game on the wing over dogs came in only with the House of Hanover, whereas it had existed for many years previously upon the Continent.

The English grouse has become an earlier breeding bird than he was, and the reason of it is that for a century the shooters over dogs, not willingly, but by the force of circumstances, took the tamest birds and therefore the latest hatched. The natural outcome, under the laws of the survival of the fittest, was that birds would sooner or later become too wild to shoot over dogs, and that is precisely what had happened by the middle of last century. The grouse cocks of forty years

ago were lords of broad acres in Yorkshire, fearing nothing in the sky or on the earth. The falcons had been killed off, and the men and dogs were beaten in a combat of wits with the birds of many seasons that kept watch and guard upon the heather hillocks. But away north at that time the gunner was only just discovering Caithness, and instinctive grouse education was only just beginning. For one thing, there was no railway to Caithness until late in the 'seventies, and only slightly before that had one been made through Sutherlandshire up to Helmsdale. The first time the writer travelled that line his English ideas of railway precision and punctuality received a shock when the train pulled up at Dunrobin station, some quarter of a mile from the Sutherland Palace on the cliff above the sea.

"Will I go on?" asked the guard.

"You will not," replied the station-master.

"Is there any one coming up?" asked the guard.

"I shall send down and ask," replied the station-master.

So we got out upon the platform and pranced about for half an hour; then the train was allowed to proceed on its way to Helmsdale, the terminus in those days. From the latter point to Wick was a forty miles coach drive along the coast and past Dunbeath Castle; it was a lovely tour; far preferable to the dreary scenes that the train now traverses to Thurso.

But Wick itself is a place to live out of; to put it very mildly, it smells of fish. Five miles out of the town, at Stirkoke, dwelt Major Horn, from whom the writer took the shooting of his compact little estate. It was this gentleman's grandson who was one of the victims in the Eton fire a short year ago. But my story is not of thirty-three years ago, but of the Caithness of to-day.

To me the greatest charm of a visit to the moors is to live upon them, and to hear the grouse cocks challenge through the open bedroom windows before one is up in the morning. Probably Strathmoor Lodge is the best situated in the county, for from its windows one can see the grouse "becking," and

also the most famous of all spring salmon rivers—the Thurso. There is no climbing to get up to the moors in Caithness; every shooting lodge is built upon them, and you have but to open the front door and kill a grouse, if you will. It is paradoxical that those who are most anxious to slay the birds should also best like them in life; so that it is probable the grouse that are bold enough to challenge all comers, within range of a shot-gun from the bedroom windows, will be deemed as sacred as Jove's bird in the deer forests. The golden eagle is not often to be seen in Caithness though. He prefers to make his eyrie in mountain rocks where human feet have never trodden, and, excepting the pigeon and seagull-haunted rocks of the coast, there are none such in Caithness.

These sea-gulls are not an unmixed blessing, although their eggs are protected by Act of Parliament. They are hunters of game eggs and slayers of the young grouse, and, besides that, are so bold that I have seen them take the fish from above the cottage doors, where they hung in strings to dry for the support of poor folk in the long dark days of winter. For the latitude of Caithness is nearing that of the midnight summer sun, and the long dark night from autumn to spring. But not only the old but the young sea-gulls—in spite of their boldness amidst unarmed fisher folk—have an instinctive knowledge of the range of a shot-gun.

Caithness is unique in this: it is the last left breeding-place of the wild geese in Britain. The species that inhabits these vast solitudes, and finds safety in the big lakes, is the grey-lag goose, probably the founder of our own domestic variety. They are in every way alike except that the partial albinism of domestication is absent, but one can see the process of domestication proceeding every day. The natives are very fond of adding a few wild eggs to those of their own domestic geese, and the resulting birds are in every way interesting. They are as tame as their foster-parents, but cannot resist an aerial voyage upon the smallest provocation. The domestic geese, too, have a look of wildness that suggests a later evolu-

tion than we see in the farmyards of the South and in the cages at the poultry shows. The grown wild goose is a match for anything on earth: he fears no foe beyond that point of fear where "discretion is the better part of valour." His long neck, stretched upward to the fullest, when his mates are feeding, provides safety on the land. In the water he affects that part farthest from possible dangers, but this is when he is fully grown. There is a period before he can fly when he makes most excellent green goose and is not difficult to poach. Half-fledged geese have to feed upon the land, and if found by the shepherds they are in danger. It is surprising how they can flap and run waterwards, but not fast enough to prevent the sheep-dog "rounding them up" and cutting off their retreat. Then they crouch in the heather, and would succeed in deceiving the man's eyes, but they fall victims to the dogs that hunt for them by scent.

The later breeding of Caithness grouse at the present time may not be entirely the reason of their greater reliance upon hiding than upon flight. This must be so, for not even late in the season do they approach the wildness of Yorkshire August grouse. It may be that the Iceland falcons pay winter visits to the far north mainland, and teach the birds that the foes of the air are more to be dreaded than that arch-enemy, man himself. Even the wild geese up in those lands stand in awe of that winged enemy. On one occasion an artificial kite, being flown for the purpose of making grouse lie to the dogs' points, actually had the same effect upon a wild goose, which was seen lying with neck stretched out upon the ground, and head turned aside, to watch the dreaded aerial counterfeit. It is the only case of the sort I ever heard, and before then I thought that nothing in the world could scare a wild goose out of its wits and make it lie to the point of a dog.

A grouse appears to know the looks of a fox, and his methods, much better than those of a dog; but sometimes the grouse mistake an Irish red setter for a fox, and I have seen

them, instead of crouching out of sight, as they usually do from a dog's point, stand up, flick their tails, and walk away, as who should say, "Keep your distance, pray, and I do not mind, but I am ready to fly instantly if you make a rush." But when grouse are as much alive to danger as this behaviour in the presence of a supposed fox implies; when they have all their wits about them; they have but to catch sight of a falcon in the air and they appear to melt into the earth instantly and all at once. They have merely crouched among the heather, well knowing that their only chance of escape from the peregrine is not to fly, and they do this, although they are instinctively aware that the fox can kill them where they hide. Perhaps they think (if it is thinking) that the greater terror in the air will hush all nature, just as the "Hough! hough!!" of the tiger silences the Indian jungle voices, from the scream of the peacock to the "I-smell-the-blood-of-a-dead-Hindu" wail of the prowling jackal. But the fox cares nothing for the falcon.

Farther south, in the Highlands of Perthshire, where the eagle is preserved, how differently do the grouse behave on his approach! Jove's sacred bird—miscalled the King of the Air—is an earth-grubber, he will even condescend to live upon carrion when he cannot kill for himself, and I am not certain he does not prefer his game high and killed for him. The grouse upon sight of him take wing for safety's sake, knowing that the lordly bird is but a slow-coach, and can never catch a grouse that has a good start. It is true that these birds, and ptarmigan too, have been knocked down, when rising from the ground, by an eagle on the wing, but the feat is almost as seldom performed as that greater one, when the eagle buffets and scares a stag until it drives him headlong over some precipice, and so kills him. The Duke of Portland has a fine deer forest in Caithness, and is not as unsportsmanlike as his predecessor, who would employ an army of watchers rather than let one stag stray in autumn on to the ground upon which so many had obtained their winter's food. Few shooters in

that county could claim a deer in those days, but now it is different, as it should be, and one of the most useful of the sportsman's impedimenta is a telescope, wherewith to scan the hills for deer, before proceeding to disturb them with dogs for grouse. Every Highlander seems able to manage a telescope and spy deer, whereas it takes an English novice a considerable educational period to find the hill on which they are lying. Then when they are found and Sandy has *made* you see them, the question of the value of their heads is only remotely connected with your inspection. Sandy, on the contrary, shuts up his glass with a slam and proclaims "there will be just wan muckle beastie amang 'em, and she doots if she'll 'a ten points or a Royal head."

Then we discuss the situation; we are upon sheep ground, which implies that such a chance of a ten, or twelve, pointer will probably not be obtained again for this season; possibly not for half a dozen years. It ends as it was bound to do. The Highlander proposes the method, and I follow it, and him. It appears that the nearest way to these deer is to turn our backs to them, and go in the opposite direction for some two miles; we cannot cross the flat between us and them because of their eyes, and must get round to the back of the slope on which they are lying. But if we do that the wind will be blowing from us to them, and, as Lord Breadalbane's forester once observed: "All the baths you gentlemen have do not seem to do you much good with the deer." So we have to compromise matters, and go in with the wind on the right cheek, although this will be difficult too, seeing that "our big beasty" will then be farthest away from us of the herd, and we shall have to pass several hinds and smaller stags to get to safe shooting range.

Is it chance, I wonder, that places the stag where his eyes protect him from the north, his nose from the south, his harem from the west, and impossible ground from the east? Is it education in the making, or adding to the instinct inherited from a hundred generations? Apparently we shall

succeed, for we manage to keep the most dangerous hind well down wind of us, and also well out of sight, as we creep past her. Suddenly, however, a grouse cock soars into the air eight feet from the ground, "becking" proudly; but at an untimely hour, for it approaches noon. It alarms the stalkers but not the deer, for the language of the forest is better known to them than to us. Farther on we creep; now confident of success, although another cock grouse rises, and goes away challenging; this one we flushed in fear, the other was but soaring in the natural exuberance of his joy. It is necessary to have another look at the hind to see if her suspicions have been aroused by the bird's alarm. They have; she has marked our locality, and is circling around us to get our scent; soon she will cross our line, and "give us away" to her lord and master. What is to be done? We might try a shot at three hundred yards, but it is not sportsmanlike to do so, and we refrain. There is no chance if we do nothing; there is little in any case. "Shoot into the pool 'beyont' him, and likely she'll coom this way," exclaimed Sandy. Shoot I did; and remained motionless. Back came the stag, straight after the wary hind. Was it that he was following her, or was it that he saw the splash of the bullet in the water? Luckily it was the latter, for when he got opposite to us he turned and looked behind him to make out what he had seen. He was an easy shot then, but it had been a difficult stalk, and his head has ten long even tines on widespread beams.

But it is for its dogs and its grouse-shooting that Caithness is mostly celebrated. I have brought up, besides old dogs, a yard-broken puppy; she has never seen a grouse when I take her out for a walk to see what she thinks of them. Evidently she suspects a bit more yard-breaking, and loafs around with no particular object in view except, apparently, tumbling about on the long heather. Suddenly I walk up a brood of grouse. She sees and watches their flight. When they have totally disappeared over the horizon she goes to the spot whence they rose, sniffs at the place, then races for all she is worth to the

point where they disappeared over the horizon. I am pleased with this ; it shows that she can connect cause and effect, so I sit down and wait for her return. In ten minutes she comes, in a terrible state of excitement, once more to examine the place whence the grouse rose ; she seems to have forgotten my presence entirely. However, I put a lead on her and take her farther into the moor, walk full into the wind, and let her go once more. This time she quarters right and left at right angles with the wind ; she has had no teaching, but does it instinctively. But instinct is not a perfect teacher, for although she turns properly into the wind on the left side of me, on the right side she cuts a figure of six, starting the hook by turning down wind. She will not do this when she gains sense, but will keep the wind "in her teeth." The puppy finds more grouse, rushes in and chases them out of sight. Again she returns and finds, and this time points, her bird, with the promptings of a thousand generations quivering her nerves. She is calling up some dormant recollections of a past state perhaps, and becomes more perfect at every new experience ; and as yet I have not cautioned her in the yard-breaking method.

But this youngster is not the only one that finds new instinct as she works. Here, for instance, is her grandmother, five years old and wise. She goes up to her birds, and at gunshot distance away, points them ; then draws on by my side, leading me quicker and quicker, for she knows the grouse are running hard. What now, I wonder—not a false point surely ! Not a blink ! Still she has cast away to the right, gets on forward, turns again, and points directly at me from two hundred yards ahead. This will make them lie ; but who taught her to do it ? She has had four seasons upon the moors, and never hinted at this business before ; perhaps she will not again for many a long day, but when she does, it will certainly be the only way to stop the running birds and make them wait for the gunning biped, who is much too slow even for the inclinations of a five-year-old pointer. This, again, is instinct in the

making; will that puppy's puppy of hers inherit it from a remoter past, born as she was before it developed, or will the old grandmother's next offspring prove better than the last? In either case they will be good enough for grouse that have an instinctive education of one hundred years to make up before they behave like the Yorkshire grouse and the Arabs. The latter have a proverb which declares that "There is one devil, and there are many devils; but there is no devil like a Frank in a round hat." The Yorkshire grouse have but to see a man's head on the horizon in the far-off distance to increase the space by miles.

They have a hundred and fifty good reasons for their wildness—a hundred and fifty generations in which only the wildest have survived to impart their fears of man. In Caithness the grouse fear man but little more than the gulls fear the fisher folk, whose drying fish they steal at the front doors of their cottages. But, unlike the gulls, that learn wisdom as they fly, the birds of the heather have not seen enough of men to differentiate between those with guns and others without them.

G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

EVIL

THE problem of evil has its philosophical as well as its religious side, and the two cannot really be separated; but it is chiefly in its religious aspect that it has caused so much perplexity to men's minds. Epicurus, as quoted by Lactantius, concisely sums up the difficulty:

God is either willing to abolish evil and cannot, or He can and will not, or He neither will nor can, or He both will and can. If He be willing yet unable to do so He is—what cannot befall to God—weak; if He be able but unwilling, He is malign, which is equally foreign to the Divine character; if He neither will nor can, He is both malign and weak, and consequently not Divine; if He be both willing and able, which alone accords with His Godhead, how come evils to exist, or why does He not abolish them?¹

Lactantius replies that evil is necessary for the acquisition of wisdom: "Nam si malum nullum sit, nullum periculum, nihil denique quod laedere hominem possit tolletur omnis materia sapientiae." But how this necessity can be imposed on omnipotence does not appear.

The simplest explanation of the problem is that offered by Dualism, which in its boldest form, Manichæism, represents the universe as the arena of a perpetual struggle between two rival principles of good and evil.

This doctrine has by no means lost all hold on belief, but the difficulties which beset the conception of two opposing

¹"De Ira Dei," ch. 13.

first principles are considerable, and, on the whole, the tendency has been to seek some explanation of evil more compatible with a Monistic interpretation of the universe. Origen and others tried to soften the antagonism of good and evil by insisting on the negative character of the latter, and holding out the hope of a final *apokatastasis*, or restoration of all things to their natural unity with God. Moral evils, according to him, were not created by God, but were, so to speak, the waste products of creation, like the shavings and sawdust produced by a carpenter's work ("Contra Celsum," vi. c. 55); external evils were merely means of discipline and purification (*Ib.* c. 56). The question tortured St. Augustine, who at first turned to Manichæism, but afterwards became its most resolute opponent. Denying that evil was an absolute principle or substance, he adopted and developed the doctrine of its negative character, declaring it to be merely a privation of the good, but without admitting a final *apokastasis*. Evil cannot indeed be a substance, for if it were it would be good, the good being the only true substance ("Confessions," vii. 12). Evil has no natural existence; it is merely a name given to the loss of good ("De Civ. Dei." xi. 9). The most corrupted nature possesses some element of good, or it could not exist. Even the devil and his angels owe their existence to a certain participation in that goodness which is the source of all life ("De Trin." xiii. 16). Evil is to be regarded as a sort of corruption, and it is plain that corruption itself is not a substance, and cannot exist independently of the substance which it corrupts ("De Mor. Man." 7). Such arguments are not very convincing, for, even if evil be metaphysically unsubstantial, its presence in the world of our consciousness has still to be reconciled with the benevolence and omnipotence of God. Here, as might be expected, the argument breaks down. It is maintained that, though God is indeed the author of all being, yet He is not the author of evil, which is non-being ("De Mor. Man." 3). Evil and sin spring from the wrong exercise by man of his free-will, but they are permitted by

God, partly because they can be turned by Him to good purposes ("De Civ. Dei." xi. 18; "De Continentia," 15); and partly because, though in themselves blemishes, they are necessary to the beauty of the whole scheme of creation, as a judicious mixture of dark colour is necessary to the beauty of a picture ("De Civ. Dei." xi. 23), or the antithesis of contrary ideas to that of a poem ("De Civ. Dei." xi. 18). The latter notion — which was adopted also by Bruno — accorded closely with St. Augustine's stern view of the relations of mankind to God. Most people now would recoil from the conception of a deity who could torture his creatures for his own glorification, or out of a regard to the æsthetic fitness of things. But for St. Augustine all men deserved eternal damnation for the sin of Adam, and the mass of them who would actually incur it (*Hinc est universa generis humani massa damnata*) would be only a fitting monument of God's righteous retribution, though some few would be delivered from this fate to serve as manifestations of His mercy ("De Civ. Dei." xxi. 12). It is true that punishment after death was, according to him, in some cases temporary only ("De Civ. Dei." xxi. 13); but where it was everlasting it plainly involved an eternity of that evil which he declared to have no positive existence. He is, in fact, driven to admit into the final disposition of things that very dualism of good and evil which at the outset he denies, thereby furnishing a signal instance of the difficulty of explaining evil on rigorously Monistic lines. In the same struggle to acquit the Deity of the responsibility for evil, Erigena was carried to the curious length of placing it entirely outside His cognition. In the Divine mind, he thought, was contained all existence, and nothing but existence. Consequently, evil, which has no real existence, being merely a privation or defect, has no place there, and forms no part of the Divine design.

Divinus itaque animus nullum malum, nullamque malitiam novit; nam si nosset, substantialiter extitissent, neque causa carerent. Jam vero et causa

caerent; ac per hoc in numero conditarum naturarum essentialiter non sunt, ideoque omnino divina alienantur notitia.¹

Coming to later times, Archbishop King's monumental treatise on the origin of evil is, in spite of its learning and ingenuity, crowded with contradictions which shout defiance at each other. It is only possible here to deal with his argument in the briefest manner. He declares God to be infinite, omnipotent, omniscient, and free. "And hence it manifestly follows that the world is as well as it could be made by infinite power and goodness." This was held also by Leibnitz. "God might, indeed, have refrained from creating, and continued alone, self-sufficient, and perfect to all Eternity, but His infinite goodness would by no means allow it." Hence any created thing must needs be imperfect, since absolute perfection belongs only to God: an argument also used by Voltaire. As it is quaintly put, "A creature is descended from God, a most perfect Father, but from nothing, as its Mother, which is imperfection itself." Accordingly "we may affirm that God, though infinitely good and powerful, could not separate things from the concomitant evils of imperfection." Here the omnipotence ascribed to God in the first part of the sentence is denied in the second; and the essay abounds with similar inconsistencies. He argues at great length that only such evils are permitted by God as could not be removed without giving rise to greater evils, and the treatise closes with the following passage:

Epicurus then is both a Deceiver and deceived himself, when from the present Evils he concludes against the Omnipotence and Goodness of the Deity. Whereas on the contrary God would neither have been powerful nor good if he had not tolerated Evils. From a competition or (if we may be allowed the expression) a conflict of two Infinites, *i.e.*, Omnipotence and Goodness, Evils necessarily arise. These attributes amicably conspire together, and yet restrain and limit each other. There is a kind of struggle and opposition between them, whereof the Evils in nature bear the shadow and resemblance. Here then, and nowhere else, may we find the primary and most certain rise and origin of Evils.

¹"De Divisione Naturae," v. 27.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this rather pathetic conclusion to the author's labours involves the assumption of two limited infinities and an omnipotence which is subject to restraint.

Theological apologists naturally devoted their attention chiefly to moral evil; but the evils which are wholly unconnected with human conduct equally require an explanation. Philosophers have attempted to deal with the question in various ways, but with no more success than the theologians. Whether it be said that evil has a relative existence only, or that it is a consequence of the necessarily finite nature of creation, or that it is morally necessary as a condition of free-will, the mind, and still more the heart, remains unsatisfied by the explanation. Though evil may be relative only to our consciousness, it is none the less real to us on that account; and any explanation which makes it a necessary element in the scheme of creation thereby limits the assumed omnipotence of the Creator. As to this, Lotze says frankly:

It would be quite useless to analyse the attempts that have been made to solve this problem. No one has here found the thought which would save us from our difficulty, and I too know it not. . . . Let us therefore . . . say that where there appears to be an irreconcilable contradiction between the omnipotence and the goodness of God, there our finite wisdom has come to the end of its tether, and that we do not understand the solution which yet we believe in.¹

Among modern poets, Tennyson finds no answer to the question beyond the faint hope that good may prove the final goal of ill. Browning wrestles with it continually:

Wherefore should any evil hap to man—
From ache of flesh to agony of soul
Since God's All-mercy mates All-potency?
Nay, why permits He evil to Himself—
Man's sin, accounted such?²

He brings to the struggle a passionate faith in God's omni-

¹ "Microcosmus," 2, Book ix. ch. 5. (Hamilton and Jones.)

² "Mihrab Shah."

potence and man's "impuissance" ("Cherries"); but in the end he can only exclaim :

Put pain from out the world, what room were left
For thanks to God, for love to man ?

And to the same effect is the Pope's apostrophe in "The Ring and the Book" (Book x. 1675).

Clearly none of these are answers at all. At the best they are only suggested explanations of the presence and purpose of evil in the existing scheme of things; they in no wise explain the deeper question as to how such a scheme could originate from a Deity who is at once benevolent and all-powerful. No such explanation is, in fact, possible, and men are usually driven with Lotze to abandon the problem in despair, as one of the painful mysteries of existence. Mystery no doubt it is; but it may be well to consider whether it is not to some extent a mystery of our own creation.

Speaking broadly, the belief in a Deity seems to be a necessity of human nature. As Voltaire put it: If God did not exist it would be necessary to invent him. There are exceptions, no doubt, yet, in one shape or another, the belief obtains a practically universal assent, and, after passing through lower forms, finally evolves into the philosophical conception of an absolute Deity. But, besides this, man finds himself under an obligation, almost if not quite as imperious, to *worship* the Deity of his belief, and hence arises the conception of a Deity of religion. Now, in dealing with the Divine qualities, we do not always fully realise that the Deity is presented to us under these two aspects—the Deity of philosophy and the Deity of religion. The ultimate reality is in either case the same, but each presentation must be kept distinct; and it is our neglect of this distinction which makes the problem of evil such a tangle of perplexity to us. For in our speculations about evil we usually confuse the two presentations, and attempt, first, to treat the Deity of religion as identical for all purposes with the absolute unity of Monism,

and then to invest him with moral attributes which are necessarily relative. Thus the omnipotence ascribed to the Deity of religion is only predicable of an absolute and infinite Deity—the Deity of philosophy. On the other hand, the benevolence ascribed to him, being a particular quality, cannot be predicated of an absolute Deity; nor, since it implies a relation between himself and creatures external to him, can it be predicated of an infinite Deity, for whom nothing external can exist. It can only be predicated of one who, like the Deity of religion, is conceived of as being distinct from his creatures—in fact, a Deity who is in some sort finite. The Deity of philosophy may be regarded as omnipotent, the Deity of religion as benevolent; but unless—which I submit is not the case—the two presentations are identical, the Deity cannot properly be described in general terms as being at once omnipotent and benevolent; and if this be so, the most perplexing element of the problem forthwith disappears.

The attribution of omnipotence to the Deity of religion probably originated in a well-meaning but misdirected reverence which deemed it a dishonour to impose limitations upon him, and accordingly made him “not only a supernatural and moral spirit, but also an almighty and all-embracing cause.” This tendency, as Mr. Ernest Myers points out, found a congenial soil in the social and philosophical surroundings of early Christianity.

The growth of Monotheism out of Polytheism, suggesting that as each of the many gods represented some power of nature, so the one God who absorbed them must include all powers (*serpens nisi serpentem comederit non fuit draco*), the naturally easy assignment of creative and regulating powers to an object of worship, would account for this, even had not Greek metaphysics and Roman law been pressed into the service of Christian theology; the former finding in God the supreme abstraction, the One; the latter investing him with the legal attributes of his kingship over men, and expounding the relations between the two parties in a whole system of formulæ; thus not unnaturally leading to the attribution of absolute power over the Universe.¹

¹ “A Plea for Dualism,” *Theol. Review*, vol. xi. p. 182.

Now absolute unity is a natural and appropriate presentation of the Deity of philosophic thought, but it is hopelessly un-serviceable as a presentation of the Deity of religious worship. It is not possible to worship, in any ordinary sense of the word, the infinite or the absolute as such. The religious sense of mankind will not be satisfied with an abstraction; it demands a *personal* Deity, who can enter into relations with the worshipper. Whether this idea be a flash of divine truth, or an *ignis fatuus* born of human ignorance, is for the moment immaterial; for in either case the yearning for a personal Deity is a religious need of human nature which every religion must satisfy if it hopes to endure. But with the conception of a personal Deity all the inseparable limitations of personality are introduced, and these are quite irreconcilable with the boundless range which the infinite, the absolute, and the omnipotent demand. Again, all our most cherished ideas with regard to the Deity of our worship depend entirely on his personality, and consequently on his finiteness. Goodness, holiness, love, mercy, justice, and so forth, are qualities or conditions which are relative and particular, and therefore altogether inapplicable to the absolute, the infinite, or the unconditioned. No quality can be specifically ascribed to that in which all qualities are merged, without *pro tanto* conditioning its absoluteness and limiting its infinity. An absolute Deity can be neither good nor bad, moral nor immoral, for all alike are conditions which cannot be imposed on the unconditioned.

Thus we are confronted with the question, How, if at all, can these conflicting presentations of the Deity be reconciled? Can the infinite Deity of philosophy coexist with the finite Deity of religion? The answer seems to be furnished by the spectacle of creation. The finite things of which creation is composed cannot lie outside the infinite, nor can they be limitations imposed upon the infinite by any power external to it. How then do they come by their finiteness? The only conclusion seems to be that finite things, or creation as we know it, are caused by a self-limitation of the

infinite. And this creation, which exists under conditions of space and time, which is finite in its order, and finite in its possibilities, seems to demand for its due administration the government of a Deity adapted to its limitations. May it not therefore be that, to meet this need, the infinite Deity has, by an act of self-limitation, akin to that from which finite creation sprang, induced an aspect of finiteness, so as to ensure the due fulfilment of his purpose, and a system of close, harmonious, and intelligible relations between himself and his work? This surely is the truth enshrined in the obscure saying of Heraclitus: "Ἐν τῷ σοφῶν μόνῳ λέγεσθαι οὐκ ἐθέλει καὶ ἐθέλει Ζητῶς ὄνομα."

No name or personality can rightly be given to that absolute unity wherein alone wisdom resides, but to the end that it may become in some wise intelligible to us, it "is willing, though it wills not to be called by the name of Zeus."

It may be said, however, that our conception of a personal Deity does not in fact relate to any objective reality, does not imply that there is any actual personal presentation of the Deity corresponding with it, but is merely a human device to provide an intelligible object for man's religious aspiration. Be it so; it is certainly an objection which cannot be disproved. But let us observe that, if it tells against the belief in a personal Deity, it tells also against the belief in a Deity at all. Neither belief is demonstrably true; yet each alike is attested by an almost irresistible tendency of thought; and if this is not to be trusted in the one case, there is no sufficient reason for trusting it in the other. But in truth we are under no obligation to discredit the validity of our belief in a personal Deity. Our knowledge is of course conditioned by our limited faculties, but a conception is not necessarily false because it is relative. As a well-known writer has pointed out:

Human knowledge, no doubt, is relative in a very genuine sense: it is *I* that know, else that knowledge were not mine. No doubt, also, man is to himself "the measure of all things," in the sense that he can understand only what he has the ability to understand. But the very point in question is, *what* has man the ability to understand? And it will not do summarily to exclude

from this ability knowledge of God, or ingeniously to plead that because it is I that know God, it is not God that I know.¹

Again, Martineau writes: "It all comes to this, that we cannot know God out of all relation, apart from His character, apart from His universe, apart from ourselves. . . . True God so regarded will not, in the rigorous metaphysical sense, be absolutely infinite. But we know no reason why he should be."²

With this I respectfully agree: but that which is not absolutely infinite is, in fact, finite, and it seems simpler to say so at once. If this be so, the inexpugnable persistence with which human thought clings to the idea of a personal Deity may rest on a true insight into reality, and we may be permitted to contemplate the God of Creation—the God who deals with the world and mankind—as being *in relation to that creation* personal in nature, conditioned in character, and—what is chiefly important for our present purpose—finite in power. To recognise that the Divine power is in this sense limited will not really do violence to religious feeling, because some such limitation is tacitly admitted already. Few people, for instance, can really believe that the Deity of their worship has power to alter the multiplication table or to recall the past. While with regard to the existence of evil, this recognition, if it does not completely explain the mystery, at least brings it within the possibility of explanation. The evil which is wholly inexplicable as the work of an omnipotent benevolence, may be compatible with a benevolence whose energy is subject to limitations of power, and may be regarded as a necessary element in the scheme of a Deity whose general purpose is nevertheless benign. We can thus escape from the mockery of belauding a love which, though armed with the fulness of power, hurls evil upon us in a myriad forms; while evil itself loses all its malignity when it is seen to be the rod of God's discipline, not the scourge of His vengeance.

¹ "Theism"—Davidson.

² "Science, Nescience and Faith."

The goal of human evolution is far beyond us yet, but a glance at its past progress may enable us to perceive its trend, and how evil has helped to keep men's footsteps to the track. We need not attempt to unravel the story of that pre-human ancestry from whose obscurity man emerged, though even in these early stages evil, in the form of suffering, want, strife, danger, and fear, fulfilled its beneficent purpose of developing body and quickening mind. Indeed, it is still to be found in this form in the pains by which Nature protects us from many kinds of injury. We might roast to death at our firesides if heat had no sting for us, or bleed to death unconsciously if a wound gave no pain, or perish without the help of a physician but for the warning pangs of disease. In cases such as these, where our own conduct is a factor, it is easy to recognise the utility of evil as an educating influence. But in the case of evils which are not connected, or not directly connected with conduct, the question is certainly more obscure. The earthquake or the hurricane, for instance, are wholly unrelated to human action, and their havoc brings no intelligible message to us. The same may be said of the hereditary disease which burdens its victim with apparently unprovoked evil, or the so-called accident which strikes down a useful life, thereby spreading misery which seems both unmerited and aimless. To what useful end, it may be asked, do evils like these minister, or what tokens do they reveal of a benevolent purpose? The answer is not easy: but before passing judgment, we must remember that we have only a fraction of the facts before us. Rarely, if ever, can we know in full even the present conditions of the particular case, and of those which belong to the past or the future we can know nothing. Moreover, even where the mystery seems darkest, good is not seldom seen to arise from the evil which appeared to be purposeless or cruel, in the form of energies stimulated, character braced, or latent qualities brought to light. Consequently, though we may not be able to apprehend the full import of such evils as these, it is not unreasonable to suppose

that a more complete knowledge might reveal to us their value in the Divine scheme, by which creation works under its appointed conditions to its appointed end.

But when the stage of distinctive humanity is attained, evil which is related to conduct speedily assumes the most important place, and becomes a powerful influence in shaping that moral development which is peculiarly and exclusively human. Animal evolution is confined almost entirely to the interests of the individual. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, since it is worked out in that stern struggle for survival in which the interests of the individual must be paramount, even though, in the transient parental instincts, we may find the germs of the altruism which is to come. But the full growth of this only becomes possible when animal consciousness is replaced by human self-consciousness, and there dawns upon the Self an awareness of other Selves, full of the same riotous egoism, and equally bent on asserting it. Collisions between these primitive human units are frequent and violent, till, taught painfully by the evil which such collisions engender, the conflicting Selves are schooled into a rude respect for each other's interests. From this moment the principle of altruism, which is at the root of all moral progress, is established, but without evil it could hardly have seen the light. It matters little in this connection whether some germinal idea of the distinction between right and wrong is innate in us, or whether these conceptions are wholly derived from our experiences of pleasure and pain; for in either case pain or evil to the offender is the sanction by which the moral law is enforced. Where man's duty to his neighbour is concerned, the penalty of the savage's wrongdoing is to be found in the retaliation inflicted upon him by his injured fellow savage. A similar penalty awaits the wrongdoing of the civilised man in the organised retribution of public or social law; but apart from these external penalties, he has also to reckon with the subtler pain which springs from the reproaches of conscience or the pangs of remorse. And at this point morality enters upon a higher

phase. In the earlier stages of moral development the authority of the right rested on a basis of sullen dread, or, at best, a peddling calculation that honesty was the best policy. Low as this standpoint may seem, no other was then possible. It would be idle to preach the beauty of holiness to a savage who was still learning the first lessons of duty under the stern discipline of evil. But from this compulsory observance of duty there gradually springs up a sense of approval of the right, independently of the penalties which avenge its violation; and in the goodness to which we have been driven by the wholesome chastisement of evil, we now recognise a treasure to be prized for its own sake. Shepherded by these influences into the right path, man finds it grow easier beneath his feet, till at length the moment comes when he begins to perceive whither it is leading him. And in the light of this new dawn he can discern the outlines of the Divine purpose which is working to its end in creation, and that he too, as God's agent, may minister to its achievement. Morality, in its deepest and broadest sense, is now seen to lie in the furtherance of this purpose, and as conduct grows ever more conformable to it, duty will melt into love, and evil, its weary task accomplished, will fade away into the mists of the past. It may be said that egoism is the incentive to all progress, and cannot be eliminated from human society without laying the whole fabric in ruins. But this threat need not dismay us, for when altruism in its perfection shall be attained, mankind will have transcended their humanity, and will be ready to pass onwards into conditions of existence where egoism is needed no more.

When we recognise frankly, what all the facts point to, namely, that the Deity in His relation to man works under conditions—self-imposed it may be—but still conditions, which preclude the exercise of omnipotence, then, and not till then, can we dispel the doubts which cluster round the conception of a Divine author of evil. By this means only can we escape the conclusion that creation must be tainted with a Divine malignance, or frame any explanation of evil which does not

outrage the intelligence by its unreason, or shock the moral sense by its injustice. We may treat with all tenderness the uncritical devotion which thought to honour the Deity by a lavish ascription of attributes, some of which were meaningless as applied to the absolute, and others were impossible as applied to any personal manifestation of it. But we have swept out of the shadow of this past into a newer day, which brings with it fuller knowledge and clearer thought; and we cannot with reason assent any longer to misconceptions which are possible only to a cruder faith. There is mystery enough in the world around us from which we cannot escape, and before which we can only bow in silence, but we need not add to this a mystery which lies, not so much in the truth of things, as in the vagaries of human thought. The mystery of evil owes its mysteriousness chiefly to the incongruous attributes with which earlier thought invested its author. Clear away these disfigurements, and the moral reproach of the mystery will disappear with them, and evil, freed from all that is malignant, may then find place in the Divine scheme, as a stern but faithful minister of its benign purpose.

NORMAN PEARSON.

ON THE LINE

The King's Threshold : and On Baile's Strand. Being Volume III. of Plays for an Irish Theatre. By W. B. Yeates. (Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.) It seems to us a strange thing, that the poems and plays of Mr. Yeats can be bought for money. They are of such ethereal quality that we might look to pay for them in rays of the sun or the moon. Yet, as he says himself, it was the poets who first invented gold and silver :

If you are a poet,
Cry out that the king's money would not buy,
Nor the high circle consecrate his head,
If poets had never christened gold, and even
The moon's poor daughter, that most whey-faced metal,
Precious.

Mr. Robert Bridges once used the beauty of silver and gold as a powerful argument against a Socialist; here it is thrown in the face of a king, the reproof lying apparently in the fact that he would never have found out the value of money, if poets had not happened to take a fancy to it, on account of the colour. However that may be, the little book itself is fairly gold in everything except the tiresome tendency to vanish. There is nothing for lovers of poetry to do but to buy it, and it is not their fault if they get something that money could never buy.

Of the two plays, the first is, to our thinking, the finer. Although there are several persons, there are only three

characters—a king, a poet, and a rickety, rheumatic old man, who speaks the prologue and makes all the objections that would be rife among an audience, if he had not made and answered them at the beginning. It is a most ingenious plan, since it completely forestalls criticism. Stevenson did something of the same kind in a spirited preface to "The Wrecker," reviewing his own work with a frankness and a grace that no critic from the outside could have approached. The struggle is between the will of a king of things visible, and the will of a king of things invisible, *i.e.*, the poet. Definitions of poetry are common enough elsewhere. Mr. Yates gives an exquisite specimen.

One of the fragile mighty things of God
That die at an insult.

Was ever the undefinable joy of all the earth more beautifully defined than in those lines ?

The right to sit at the king's table has been the poet's always—a sign of the esteem in which poetry is held in the land. The courtiers, the bishops, the soldiers, the sailors, grudge him this right, because he is not a practical man. They persuade the king (so the king says), that he ought to do away with it. The poet may sit at any other table that he likes—not at that table. Very well then, says the poet, he will eat nothing, he will drink nothing, and he will die on the king's threshold; and he begins to die forthwith. When the play begins, he has been dying these three days, to the great annoyance of the king, for the country people are fond of poets, and the death of this one will literally lie at his door. One after another, all his friends come to Shanahan,¹ begging him to yield, tempting him with food and with wine. His father entreats him; only his mother will send no message, for she alone knows it to be useless. His favourite disciple tells him (tenderly) that it is nonsense, but goes away, confuted out of his own mouth. The little princesses, the daughters of the king, come to him,

¹ We prefer to spell the poet's name as it is pronounced.

their hands full of gifts ; he thrusts them forth as if they were contaminated. At last his sweetheart comes.

If I had eaten when you bid me, sweetheart,
The kiss of multitudes in times to come
Had been the poorer.

Here is faith in her glory. The heroism of dying for what every one sees to be a good cause looks pale beside the heroism of dying for what every one thinks folly.

Un fou qui meurt nous lègue un Dieu.

There are a few who understand. After Fedehm come the pupils, with halters round their necks—and word from the king that he will hang them if Shanahan will not give way. The pupils, however, are true to their master. From the eldest to the youngest, they bid him stand firm.

Die, Shanahan, and proclaim the right of the poets.

At the supreme moment the king yields. With his own hand he sets the crown on the head of the poet, who has greater power over men than he. And then Shanahan gives it back to him.

O crown, O crown,
It is but right if hands that made the crown
In the old time should give it when they will.
O silver trumpets be you lifted up
And cry to the great race that is to come.
Long-throated swans among the waves of time
Sing loudly, for beyond the wall of the world
It waits and it may hear and come to us.

He ought to have died, say some of the modern representatives of the poet who do not sit at the king's table—and do not see why they should. But, as the rickety old man explains at the beginning, he could not die ; he is poetry.

The motive of the other play, "*On Baile's Strand*," is the eternal Theseus-and-Hippolytus, Sohrab-and-Rustum, Father-and-Son motive—the slaying of his first-born by Cuchullain, which was sung by Mr. Yeats, long ago in a fine lyric. It is a greater subject than Maeterlinck chooses, as a rule, but the

treatment of it often recalls his earlier manner. There are so many kings! There are young kings and old kings, and a fool and a blind man, and there were "two dragons fighting in the foam of the sea, and their grandam was the moon, and nine Queens came along the shore," and "their right hands were all made of silver." We seem to have been wafted into the queer country of the Belgian Shakespeare, a very different country from that of the English. However, it is only Ireland; these things happen quite easily over there, and they happen to the accompaniment of far more musical words. We are baulked of the fight itself, which seems a pity. They will not like that in the Emerald Isle. The lines in which another, a more enduring conflict, is described, must be loved everywhere.

CUCHULLAIN : What manner of woman do you like the best ?

A gentle or a fierce ?

FIRST YOUNG KING : A gentle, surely.

CUCHULLAIN : I think that a fierce woman's better, a woman
That breaks away when you have thought her won,
For I'd be fed and hungry at one time.
I think that all deep passion is but a kiss
In the mid battle, and a difficult peace
'Twixt oil and water, candles and dark night,
Hill-side and hollow, the hot-footed sun,
And the cold sliding slippery-footed moon,
A brief forgiveness between opposites
That have been hatreds for three times the age
Of this long 'stablished ground

One is content awhile

With a soft warm woman who folds up our lives
In silky network. Then, one knows not why,
But one's away after a flinty heart.

THE YOUNG KING : How long can the net keep us ?

CUCHULLAIN : All our lives

If there are children, and a dozen moons
If there are none, because a growing child
Has so much need of watching, it can make
A passion that's as changeable as the sea
Change till it holds the wide world to its heart.
At least I have heard a father say it, but I
Being childless do not know it.

William Shakespeare, His Family and Friends. By the late Charles Isaac Elton. Edited by A. Hamilton Thompson. With a Memoir of the Author by Andrew Lang. (Murray. 15s. net.) The late Mr. Elton was an antiquarian of large research and considerable judgment. This interesting volume sheds abundant dry light on its fascinating theme. The dryness of that light is due partly to the state in which the contents were found. They are, in fact, archæological rambles—*mémoires à servir*, rather than ordered essays. They form notes random yet precise, full yet pregnant, with regard not only to the domain of their subject, but also to its boundaries and border-lands, and they must remain invaluable to any future depicter of the poet and his friends in their habit as they lived. The outlines are wide, varied and minute, rather than large and lively. The whole book is more a work of survey rather than of art, and from such a map neither atmosphere nor portraiture are to be expected. Even if Mr. Elton had lived to shape his material, we doubt if his temperament would have enabled the explorer to turn painter. His extraordinary acquaintance with the laws and customs of land-tenure, with pedigree and phraseology, while it illuminates much that has been obscure in Shakespeare's origin and connections, is hardly a source of strength when Mr. Elton comes to consider coincidences and sidelights. His rod, in fact, is of the sort that demarcates far more than divines, and there is occasionally something of the conveyancer in his style. And so it happens that these "curiosities of Shakespeare," as they might well be called, lack that poetic perception which is perhaps necessary for the portrayer of a poet. But, if the enchanter's wand be missing, a judicial faculty of the highest order, a broad grasp of difficult details, an untiring and informing knowledge, a wide acquaintance with the contemporary literature, an intimate familiarity with local nature, are in striking evidence, while the curious union of extreme accuracy, with some want of connected sequence, gives one the impression of a gypsy scholar. It would be ungracious to cavil, but

we must not omit the drawbacks while we glance at the perfections. Mr. Elton was a master of technicalities not only archæological and legal, but also grammatical and etymological. He shows us, for example, that the word "rooky," even when used in relation to the "night bird," has nothing to do with "rooks," but owns the same derivation as "reek," and means "steamy" or "vaporous." He is anxious to prove that the word "russet" does not signify "red," and he maintains by illustrations that its true meaning is "homely." He does not perceive that this is a derivative sense, and that "russet" is "homely" because common cloaks were red. Much of this kind of half-perception is scattered throughout the volume. He constantly discovers resemblances to Shakespearean turns or proverbs in similar language elsewhere, which manifestly owns not a copied but a common origin. A crowning example of this defect is to be found in his elaborate comments on the Latin epitaph ascribed to the poet's son-in-law, Mr. (or Dr.) Hall:

Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.

"Olympus habet" is surely a trope trite enough, yet fully two pages are devoted to tracing its assumed origin. "Was it then from London, or from Friesland, or, with far less likelihood from the Isle of Cyprus, that Mr. Hall derived his Olympian metaphor?" asks Mr. Elton, and he answers his own riddle by quoting from Francis Rous:

That soul which mounted on Olympus' hill
In sacred spirits and the Muses' traine.

So again in his most interesting chapter on "Ward's *Diary*," and the influences of Shakespeare's writings upon it, Mr. Elton goes out of his way to connect Ward's "No comet or prodigie tolls us the bell of our departure" with Shakespeare's

Never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire;

and his emphasis of "fires in the element" boding Cæsar's

death. Surely the signals of portents are trodden ground in all the literature of the period without any need of being tracked to a particular source. Then again in his charming essay on Shakespeare's *Natural History*, where Mr. Elton, pressing Gerard into service rightly, tells us that "Heart's Ease" or "Love-in-Idleness belongs to the yellow wall-flower used for a cordial against melancholy, he goes strangely astray with regard to pansies. "'That's for thoughts,' said Ophelia," comments Mr. Elton, "but 'pansy' and 'fancy' are not unlike in sound, and it was probably to this accident that the 'pretty Pounce' owed its amatory character." He shuts his eyes to the obvious derivation from *pensée*. We cannot, however, resist quoting from an admirable passage in this portion of Mr. Elton's treatment:

We may note that Shakespeare evidently loved strength and brightness in his trees and flowers. He prefers the bold oxlip to the pale-faced company in the primrose path; the dim violets are loved for their marvellous sweetness, "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes;" his daffodils are not the twin-bellied flowers of the South, but the old Crusader's daffodils, "white as the sun, though pale as a lily," which Ray found growing in crowds on his journeys through Arden. If we looked with the poet into the cottage gardens, we should find among the favourites the bright and jewelled Crown Imperial, the great Mary lilies in sheaves, and the golden Flower-de-luce. . .

But the class of imperception indicated is not confined merely to pedantries. It peeps out in many biographical criticisms, notably, we think, in the attempt to prove that Shakespeare's bequest of his second best bed to his wife does not imply anything but unchequered affection; though the surmise that Mrs. Shakespeare may have suffered during her later years from derangement of mind is ingenious and has many slight indications to support it. In these regards, too, there are some striking omissions. We should have expected Mr. Elton, for instance, to have remembered and mentioned the trial of Dr. Lopez, and the substitution of one "Daniel" as judge in commission. To these events there are many covert allusions in the *Merchant of Venice*, notably "A Daniel come to judg-

ment" and *wolfish* cruelty. Nor does Mr. Elton include any reference to the treatise on madness—a problem which evidently haunted Shakespeare both in *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*—by Mr. Hall, his son-in-law.

For all that Mr. Elton has to tell us of the origins and surroundings of the Shakespeare family our praise is unqualified. We have no space to pursue the recondite and most interesting details presented with convincing force about the Ardens of Wilmcote and the Shakespeares of Snitterfield. The history, too, of Shakespeare's daughters, their husbands and descendants, is pursued with extraordinary and certain conversance, and much hitherto unknown or forgotten is unearthed. We can follow the Halls and Quineys through all their vicissitudes, till our regret for the loss of those Shakespeare letters which disappeared after Lady Barnard's death becomes one of experience. The exact date of Shakespeare's own marriage is fixed with unerring patience; none the less, however, we long to know more of Anne Hathaway's personality, which is untouched. Very enlightening, too, is Mr. Elton's complete exposition of the forms and ways of the theatres, of the careers and characters of Shakespeare's brother actors, of the "Boys' Horse Brigade" which Shakespeare joined when he came to London, of the poet's various residences, of Ben Jonson's arrogant exuberance, of the real date and occasion of the Masque in the *Tempest*, the philosophy of which, however, escapes treatment in the complications of the story's lineage. This is a real disappointment; we might have hoped for some mention of Giordano Bruno's visit to England, and that philosopher's probable intimacy with Sidney and Southampton. Very interesting, too, are all the many notes made by the author as naturalist. We see how observant of bird and beast, of falconry and hawking, was this most intuitive of poetical creators; how, too, he mastered without effort and with exactness every department of knowledge which he gleaned from others. Mr. Elton accompanies the dramatist on his road through Buckinghamshire to London; he dwells on the

traditional connection of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* with the still unaltered village of Grendon; he sketches the vanished palaces and pleasaunces of the now vast city with masterful faithfulness; he shows us its laws and landmarks, even to the curious account of Income-tax assessment in 1598. He lingers, moreover, with fond familiarity over everything relative to Shakespeare's native resting-place, and reproduces Dowdall's curious description of it in 1693. In these days of Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, it is amusing to find that even at this period it was maintained that Marlowe was Shakespeare.

We lay down Mr. Elton's volume with a desire to peruse it again. We seem to have been wandering in a maze which is also a museum. Every object is in order, but the paths are devious. Our only lack is one of bright skies and warm colours; but of what avail are these when the structure of the landscape and the measurements of the perspective are awry?

This short review should not be closed without a tribute to Mr. Thompson's admirable editorship; the task of identifying so many and so many rare quotations must have been especially difficult. Nor should we omit a mention of Mr. A. Lang's graceful and appreciative memoir.

A Channel Passage and Other Poems. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto & Windus.) The trite criticisms of Mr. Swinburne's style—its trained vehemence, its monotonous lilt of metre, and alliteration, its spasmodic frenzy of phrase—too often ignore the temperament of his poesy, and survey him wholly, as it were, from the outside. Mr. Swinburne is eminently the poet of moods and phases and sensations. It would be as vain to exact from him sustained passion, plastic creativeness, or subtle lights and shades of thought or feeling, as to demand outbursts from Wordsworth, dramatic power from Burns, philosophy from Byron, or fantasy from Pope. Mr. Swinburne is a lyrical poet, and as a lyrical poet he should be judged.

"Oh for a life of sensations instead of thoughts!" once

wrote Keats to a friend. Luckily for his own gift it was not wholly in this orbit that Keats moved. Luckily for Mr. Swinburne's, it is wholly in this orbit that he moves, or rather swings himself drastically along; while he has shown the true instinct of genius, seldom attempting to transcend his native sphere; and if he employs an artificial medium it is to express and heighten rudimentary instincts.

This last volume of a now veteran favourite displays the old qualities. Here are all the familiar and violent enthusiasms, for liberty, for love, for living, for republicanism, for patriotism, for Greek fire, for the beauty of tempest in the elements alike of nature and existence. The tone is occasionally more subdued, the paganism is a trifle less aggressive; there is perhaps more glimmering of the love heavenly, and less of the love profane. But Mr. Swinburne is the old Mr. Swinburne still. He is eminently what Heine called "a protestant of the flesh," and in this sense he continues to be a child of the renaissance. But it is in this sense only. For all his conversance with the classics, for all his Attic dithyrambs, Mr. Swinburne is not classical. He is wholly "subjective." And although his Gallophobia is so pronounced as sometimes to become ridiculous he is really at the root a child of the French Revolution. It is just this union of the humanist and the humanitarian that makes a dispassionate survey of his romping child's-play with the gods so interesting. Nor should one other point be neglected in this slight prelude. It has been the fashion to taunt Mr. Swinburne with sound and fury. This taunt is hardly one born of true insight. With Mr. Swinburne, as with all strictly lyrical, or even with mainly rhetorical singers, feeling rushes impetuously into sound; the sound in its turn prompts fresh feeling. It would be as vain to reproach Keats with the sound-suggestion of his "Silent upon a Peak in Darien," or Shelley with his unearthly music, as to impugn as empty the comparative patter of

Living and lustrous and rapturous as love that is born but to quicken and
lighten and die.

in the medley of emotions which heads the collection before us, and transforms the prose of a Channel passage (with all its incentives to parody) into a wild psalm of the mad thunderstorm. It is just in episodes of this description, but at times and in lines when the sound neither exaggerates nor belies the feeling, that the poet shines. Take this from his "Hawthorn Tide":

Never was amaranth fairer in fields where heroes of old found rest,
 Never was asphodel sweeter; but here they endure not long,
 Though ever the sight that salutes them again and adores them awhile is blest,
 And the heart is a hymn, and the sense is a soul, and the soul is a song;

or this, of the Divine Master in "The Altar of Righteousness":

A presence passed and abode but on earth a span,
 And love's own light as a river before him ran,
 And the name of God for awhile upon earth was man;

or these from the ringing "A Word for the Navy":

At the gate of the sea, in the gateway
 They stood as the guards of thy gate;
 Take now but thy strengths to thee straightway,
 Though late, we will deem it not late.

Thy story, thy glory,
 The very soul of thee,
 It rose not, it grows not,
 It comes not save by sea.

Each of these three instances prove of what the very defects of Mr. Swinburne's choric style are capable, when the sounds do not outjump the meaning, and when the meaning rises from a swell of soul instead of from a froth of anger. Of the latter, unfortunately, instances abound. Mr. Swinburne's faults are not without a certain vulgarity, and they lend themselves to, as it were, a melodrama of the passions. His right-minded worship of Nelson does not excuse, to our mind, tirades like the following from "The Centenary of the Battle of the Nile":

The strong and sunbright lie whose name was France,
 Arose against the sun of truth, whose glance
 Laughed large from the eyes, fierce as fire,
 Whence eyes wax blind that gaze on truth askance ;

or these from " A Word for the Navy " :

Dark Muscovy, reptile in rancour,
 Base Germany, blatant in guile,
 Lay wait for thee riding at anchor,
 On waters that whisper and smile.

Nor can we hold that Shakespeare's praise is enhanced by

None that hate
 The commonweal whose empire sets men free
 Find comfort there, where once by grace of fate
 A soul was born as boundless as the sea.
 If life, if love, if memory now be thine,
 Rejoice that still thy Stratford bears thy sign ;

nor Gladstone's blame by

No ; the lust of life, the thirst for work and days with work to do in,
 Drove and drives him down the road of splendid shame.
 All is well, if o'er the monument recording England's ruin
 Time shall read, inscribed in triumph, Gladstone's name.

The fact is, that something of the elfin clings to Mr. Swinburne and occasionally prevents his public from taking him as seriously as we think that he ought to be taken. His raptures too often do not compel reverence, least of all when he exalts the Titanic. Nor is his wonderful swing of metre without blemishes in this volume. There are occasions, doubtless, when long monosyllabic lines heighten or relieve effect. Yet what are we to say of this one ?

Shoots up as a shaft from the dark depths shot, sped straight into sight of the sun.

But here cavil ends. We are grateful for much that is beautiful and ennobling. Mr. Swinburne is a true lover of English freedom, and his are freeman's verses, although, like Landor, he is always " *Ultimus Romanorum.*" In politics a

republican stoic, in outlook a turbulent epicurean, at heart a devotee of self-sacrifice, and peaceful homesteads, and lovely children, he presents strange contrasts ; but at one point these contrasts are reconciled. No one, not even Carlyle or Ruskin or Disraeli, has combated the hard materialism of Mammon with loftier scorn, or warred against mere utilitarianism with fiercer onslaughts. We cannot illustrate Mr. Swinburne's gentler and quieter aspects more aptly than by quoting a few stanzas from what seems to us the most exquisite poem of this series—"At a Dog's Grave," which rivals another on babyhood—"Three Weeks Old" :

Good night, we say, when comes the time to win
The daily death divine that shuts up night,
Sleep that assures for all who dwell therein,
Good night.

Shall friends born lower in life, though pure of sin,
Though clothed with love and faith to usward plight,
Perish and pass unbidden of us, their kin ?
Good night.

If aught of blameless life on earth may claim
Life higher than death, though death's dark wave rise high,
Such life as this among us never came
To die.

White violets there by hands more sweet than they
Planted shall sweeten April's flowerful air
About a grave that shows to-night and day
White violets there.

A child's light hands, whose touch makes flowers more fair,
Keep fair as these for many a March and May
The light of days that are because they were
It shall not like a blossom pass away ;
It broods and brightens with the days that bear
Fresh fruits of love, but leave as love might pray,
White violets there.

It has become the fashion lately to accuse Mr. Kipling of a

growing tendency to obscurity, and even of a deliberate affectation of "Browningisms." Some critics find in him a mere collector of curious philological ware; of words selected after great pains and much research; or, haply, picked up by lucky accident; words recondite, obsolescent, or abstrusely technical. Of these the present volume (*Traffics and Discoveries*. By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan, 6s.) contains some very fair specimens, e.g., "thranite and thalamite," "dromond and catafract," "gadgets and tiffies"; although we are more inclined to quarrel with him for the manner in which his plots sometimes "keep you guessing"—as the hero of his first story would put it—than for any virtuosity of diction. Others there be who revolt against the raw realism of his descriptive details, and it must be confessed that to these the new book will give occasion to blaspheme. In four out of the first six tales, some one or other of the *dramatis personæ* is "overcome with nausea,"—we use a pale euphemism which the author himself would be the first to contemn. In a fifth, the drunken marine, who is sitting cross-legged upon the floor, announces more than once that if he opens his eyes he also will succumb. Mr. Kipling's titles are generally striking, though their exact connection with the subject-matter is sometimes a little to seek; but we were tempted to think that "*Traffics and Discoveries*" was a second choice, his first having been anticipated by the eponymous poem of Mr. Swinburne's latest volume.

There are still other critics who hold that the line of demarcation between the author's prose and some of his verse is occasionally so faint as to be scarcely distinguishable. These again will probably note with satisfaction that the phrase

She flung up her tail like a sounding whale

is not an intentional parody on the "Ballad of East and West,"

He trod the ling like a buck in spring.

but occurs in a dazzlingly vivid prose description of a flying motor-car.

The first story tells of an enterprising American, who is

smart enough to invent an automatic gun and a new explosive, with but one fault, the too mathematical uniformity of its propelling power; but who is frankly unable to understand either the methods of British warfare or the mentality of British officers. The second is pure farce, but farce of a very admirable kind. The third is of higher quality. Umr Singh, who has picked the marks of rank, and the silver chain, and the Order of British India from his uniform, and become bearer, butler, sweeper, grass-cutter, "any or all of them," for the sake of "Kurban Sahib, my Kurban Sahib, dead these three months," is a very lonely and pathetic figure at the beginning of his long desolate journey from Kroonstadt to "Sialkote in the Punjab." The plot is marred, to our thinking, by the introduction of that touch of mysticism which Mr. Kipling usually wields with such subtle effect. The sudden appearance, just "beyond the camp," of their dead Sahib's ghost, when Umr Singh and Sikandar Khan are on the point of hanging his traitorous murderers, is a trifle theatrical. It is also somewhat disappointing to all true lovers of poetic justice.

"Private Copper" is irritating for one of the reasons mentioned above. We have read the story carefully, and are still unable to see why a prisoner taken from the Boers should be made to talk *pukka bazaar chi-chi*, and to fall into fluttering hysterics, after the traditional manner of the nervous Eurasian, in face of the fact that his captor has examined his finger-nails (an infallible test) and definitely pronounced that "there is not a sign of it there."

If "The Finest Story in the World" had never been written "Wireless" would probably have attracted more attention. As it is, this latter dallying with the theory of reincarnation lacks that element of conviction which was the strongest factor in the author's earlier masterpiece. Many civilised people—instance the Japanese—believe that the veil is occasionally lifted between themselves as they are to-day, and as they were in a former state of existence. These glimpses of forgotten dreams have a fascination for most of us, but the

"Herzian wave of tuberculosis," *plus* Fanny Brand, *plus* chloric ether, *plus* "the superb glasses—red, green, and blue"—which throw up temporarily an induced Keats, all these touchings of things common come perilously near to burlesque, and again the *deus ex machinâ* reminds us of a pantomime goblin. In the course of the story the author affirms that

in all the millions permitted them there are no more than five—five little lines of which one can say: These are the pure Magic. These are the clear Vision. The rest is only poetry.

Two of these are from the "Ode to a Nightingale," three from the "Vision of Kubla Khan." We wonder if Mr. Kipling forgot, or if he purposely omitted, what De Quincey calls

that unique line—the finest independent line through all the records of verse,

'A lady of the lake
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance'?

The very striking allegory entitled "Below the Mill Dam" appeared in our own pages.

"They" is, to our thinking, one of the best stories Mr. Kipling has ever written, from the opening verses of "The Return of the Children"

Neither the harps nor the crowns amused, nor the cherubs' dove-winged
races—

Holding hands forlornly the Children wandered beneath the Dome,
Plucking the radiant robes of the passers-by, and with pitiful faces
Begging what Princes and Powers refused:—Ah, please will you let us go
home?

Over the jewelled floor, nigh weeping, ran to them Mary the Mother,
Kneeled and caressed and made promise with kisses, and drew them along to
the gateway—

Yea, the all-iron unbribeable Door which Peter must guard and none other.
Straightway She took the Keys from his keeping, and opened and freed them
straightway.

to the last scene of all, a passage which few whose best-beloved have gone before them will read without a swift, stabbing pang:

The little brushing kiss fell in the centre of my palm—as a gift on which the fingers were, once, expected to close: as the all-faithful half-reproachful signal of a waiting child not used to neglect even when grown-ups were busiest—a fragment of the mute code devised very long ago. Then I knew.

And the blind woman, whose great unsatisfied love had summoned back the spirits of dead children,

recovered herself and half rose. I sat still in my chair by the screen. "Don't think me a wretch to whine about myself like this, but—but I'm all in the dark you know, and *you* can see." In truth I could see, and my vision confirmed me in my resolve, though that was like the very parting of spirit and flesh. Yet a little longer I would stay, since it was the last time.

It is only a few years since the readers on two continents were following, day by day, the newspaper bulletins which told how a father and child lay sick unto death in a New York hotel. The one was taken, and the other left. He is not much given to self-revelation, but we think we know why Rudyard Kipling could never return to the ancient house with mullioned windows and roofs of rose-red tiles; and why he wrote "They."

Lectures on European History. By W. Stubbs, D.D., formerly Bishop of Oxford, &c. Edited by Arthur Hassall. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)—It is impossible to do more in a short article than point out some principal features in so weighty a book. Bishop Stubbs was known to historians as their superior, to undergraduates preparing for examination as the hardest nut in the dish set before them, to the reading public generally as a remote literary or perhaps scientific fact, but to humble students of history a light in the darkness and one whose knowledge gave him a right to generalise.

"These three Lectures," says the Editor, "form an historical drama, in which the reign of Charles V. is the first, the period from his death to the beginning of the seventeenth century the second, and the Thirty Years War is the third act"—the period of the Reformation and Anti-Reformation, and of the struggle between the two.

No reader of Bishop Stubbs would expect to find these events treated of entirely from the religious point of view.

He knew as well as any one that wars of religion and ecclesiastical settlements have a secular side. Charles V. was King of Spain as well as Catholic King. The Reformation was neither entirely a contest of light with darkness nor a rebellion against religion. The Catholic reaction was a reaction to the profit of absolutism, the Protestant interest in the Thirty Years War became the interest of France, and her success laid a foundation for Lewis XIV.'s wars of aggression. Roughly speaking, the settlement of 1648, which extended the French frontier, also fixed the limits of Catholic and Protestant States, and gave the German princes a relief from Imperial interference, and so perpetuated that difference between Northern and Southern Germany on which 1871 set the seal. The people counted for nothing in these proceedings: but from the sense of independence secured by the princes might and did grow up among the northern principalities a sense of German unity, in spite of jealousy and particularism, to be fostered by preachers, poets, and dreamers, and bear surprising fruits.

The Bishop is less cautious and neutral as a lecturer than as a writer of history. His sympathies are with things established. He parts from Charles V. "with some little liking, and some considerable respect." He seems to think that to be "an unrelenting, unscrupulous persecutor" like Tilly may be excused by "strong convictions." We imagine that the devil has strong convictions. On the other hand he allows Gustavus Adolphus the praise of "transcendent ability and perfect honesty."

No historian is more averse than Stubbs to cheap and easy results, showy generalisations and stage-light effects. He is the antipodes of Macaulay, and more sober than Freeman, in whom the scholar and the partisan never quite settled their differences. Such balance of opinion, when we want to hear a judgment from one who has authority, is tantalising. It is refreshing, then, when we find him sometimes giving us a view with something of a bias; for even if we do not like the bias, there is likely to be more truth in a warm opinion than in a cold one.