

## THE EMPIRE AND MILITARISM

ON a former occasion we have endeavoured to point out how ill-founded is the apprehension that the idea of empire involves something essentially antagonistic to democracy and civil liberty. We sought to show how the fallacy seemed to be due to a loose habit of thought, which hastily judges every form of empire by the phenomena exhibited by empires of the Byzantine type. The truth is that the form and method of government are no inherent parts of the political idea which we now express by the word empire. In our own time the word connotes not a constitutional system, but an organism. The only common idea that is essentially inherent in the modern conception of empire is a world-wide group of states or quasi-states under one supreme government. The degree of individual liberty, the degree of autonomy in the parts, and all the details of constitutional organisation which distinguish one national government from another, are but the accidents and not the essentials of empire, just as they are the accidents and not the essentials of nations. It does not follow that because the later Roman Empire—from which some empires have sprung and upon which some empires have modelled themselves—was a semi-Oriental despotism, that all empires must tend in the same direction. In the case of empires which, like the British and the American, are fundamentally expansions of constitutional nations, no tendency

towards an Oriental despotism has exhibited itself. The tendency hitherto has been rather in the opposite direction, and has resulted in the highest degree of local autonomy which any political organisation has yet developed. The apprehension then that Imperialism necessarily involves a loss of civil liberty would seem to be due to a failure to appreciate the fact that empires may be of many kinds; and to the same confusion of thought is probably due the cognate apprehension that Imperialism necessarily tends to militarism.

Still, so strong and deeply felt is this apprehension, that the cry of our anti-Imperialists against militarism and aggression is fast becoming one of those pernicious catchwords which do more than any false argument to obscure political issues. We have had too many of them in recent years to be ignorant of their dangerous effects. Where such phrases once enter reason flies out of the window, and it is incumbent upon every earnest man to do his best that the great Imperial questions with which we are now confronted should not be darkened by any similar cloud.

The great political fact of the world, to which the closing years of the century have floated us, is undoubtedly the increasing clearness and vigour of the movement which is grouping the peoples of the earth into a few great empires. So far as the study of the past will shed a beam for us into the future, it seems to reveal to us that the system of nations has had its day, and that a system of empires has begun. If this be so, we cannot escape the task of deciding what our attitude to that movement is to be. All parties must accept the fact and take their lines of relation, and, above all, they must take them with open eyes, so far as human reason will permit, and beware of phrases falsely axiomatic, that are not incontestably true.

Let us, then, try to consider how much of truth and how much of falsehood is contained in this insidious phrase, "militarism and aggression." In the first place, what does it

mean? What is the danger men apprehend when they speak of militarism, of which aggression would appear to be the mere corollary? There are probably beneath it in many cases memories, more or less precise, of the Pretorian revolutions of the Roman Empire, of the ruin and oppression wrought by such empires as those of Louis XIV. and the first Napoleon, of the sacrifice of individual liberty which is entailed by the ideal of the Continental military empires of to-day. More particularly there is certainly an apprehension of a conception of government which gives the military forces an undue predominance in the State; which subordinates to their force and efficiency the interests of trade, of civil administration, and of individual freedom; which, in short, tends to regard the State as existing for the army, and not the army for the State. It is, in fact, an apprehension of a condition of things analogous to that which led to the political revolt against the Church at the time of the Reformation, and to that which the sectaries of Cromwell's army set up for their ideal when Monk finally broke it in pieces.

Now, without prejudging the question whether such a military type of government may not be the best devisable for certain civilised communities in certain positions and in certain stages of political development, it is certainly one that is acutely repugnant to the Anglo-Saxon temperament. Throughout modern English history this ineradicable antipathy to militarism has been one of its leading motives and one of the most fruitful causes of disaster. But such disasters Englishmen have again and again shown themselves willing to face and repair rather than give an inch to their paramount aversion. The sentiment has been universal. It has not been confined to any one party in the State. In the early days of our standing army it was the Tories who were the loudest to decry and the first to thwart the dreaded innovation, while, as for the rest, present-day Liberalism is so radically opposed to all that a military constitution means that many Liberals will be found to claim the anti-military attitude as the special attribute of their own

party. If Imperialism were to show any real signs of tending to militarism, all parties would certainly throw it over without hesitation and without counting the cost, just as they have each sacrificed so much else to maintain their respective ideals of civil liberty. On this point political sentiment in England is as sensitive and vulnerable as ever it was to "Popery," and to brand a policy hastily and without trial as tending to militarism is therefore extremely dangerous, and should be resolutely avoided by all men who sincerely desire to see the country adopt a sober and sagacious course on a great issue.

If we wish to examine a question apart from the disturbing influences of party politics, we can approach it in two ways. We may test it by the ascertained principles of political science, and we may test it by what its actual history reveals. We have only to apply these tests to the notion that Imperialism necessarily means militarism to see at once how little ground is to be discovered for the current apprehension.

The almost uninterrupted progression from the small to the large unit, which is a cardinal feature of the development of political societies, will be found to have been accompanied almost from the outset by a correlative diminution in the constitutional importance of the military organisation. It is a simple question of the division of labour. In a purely tribal state of society, every citizen of full age is first of all a warrior. Self-preservation amongst hostile neighbours is the eternal pre-occupation. The prosperity of the tribe depends entirely upon its military resources, and the structure of society is based inevitably on a military foundation. Everything is subordinated to the well-being of the warrior, and here we have militarism in its only pure state. After the slender needs of religion are satisfied, every one who is unworthy to be a warrior is a slave. The warrior is the citizen and the rest are his possessions. With every advance towards confederation, however, his position is sapped. As tribes unite, their military power necessarily increases in a higher ratio than their military

necessities, and the eventual result is the discovery that a certain proportion of the male population are not required for military purposes and can be permitted to devote themselves to productive pursuits. The further the process of confederation advances the greater must become the relative importance of the non-military element. Nor does there seem to be any point in the progress of society at which this process ceases to operate. It may be seen as vigorously at work in the early stages of the present European system. So long as a petty chief relied on his own tenants for the preservation of his position, his preoccupation was always to maintain his military strength. Everything had to be sacrificed to that vital need. But so soon as he had brought himself to accept the protection of a superior lord by commendation, and became a member of a feudal principality instead of an independent chief, his military requirements were ascertained, and the balance of his strength could be freely devoted to production. His importance tended to be measured rather by his wealth than his military strength, and the inevitable result was the elevation of the productive element in the social scale. It was actually during the process of forming these feudal principalities that the towns and commercial classes began to make themselves felt as political powers. As the process continued the non-military element filled an ever-increasing place in the community, until, when the next stage commenced and the mediæval principalities began to cohere into nations, the men who were making history had come to rely for their success mainly upon the non-military element, the feudal system came to an end and the structure of the society was finally committed to a frankly civil basis. It is at this point that the army ceases to be, even in name, the framework of the community, and becomes a profession. The formation of standing armies of professional soldiers marks the final severance between the civil and the military sides of government, and the appearance of standing armies is the direct outcome of the final grouping of European communities into nations.

Such are the broad phenomena relating to militarism which political science is able to detach from a study of the development of societies. In the one case where we are able by clear historical evidence to follow the development of a society from its infancy to its death, the same phenomena appear with incontestable vividness. Through the mist of legend we see the Roman state begin as a predatory tribe, where every man is a warrior. We see it next federating with others, and forthwith beginning to divide into a military and a non-military caste. We see the first step in the decay of militarism as the military caste becomes a patrician oligarchy, and supplants the chief. Then follows a contest between the quasi-military oligarchy and the non-military elements, during which, as the community continues to expand, the military caste has to make concession after concession to its pushing rival, until finally its superior position is only a memory. So strong was the tendency of the civil element to rise in the scale as the Roman State developed into a world-wide empire, that even the establishment of a military monarchy could not stop the flow. It is a common error to look upon the later Roman Empire as though it were an essentially military state, but in truth it was not so. The error is, no doubt, largely due to the way in which our attention has been disproportionately directed to the military revolutions to which it was a continual prey. But though these revolutions could change the head of the State, yet they could not change the structure of society. So far, indeed, did Rome continue to drift from militarism that by the time the death of Theodosius marked the beginning of her end no Roman citizen was liable to military service in the modern sense. There was hardly even a militia. In her absorption in civil pursuits Rome had come to rely as completely as Venice on mercenaries for her security, and when at the end of the fourth century the final movement of the barbarians began, it was only with great difficulty and large bounties that Stilicho, all-powerful as he was, could raise an army for the defence of Italy herself.

Thus, neither in the abstract principles which seem to govern the expansion of political societies, nor in the actual history of the only concrete instance which is really comparable with the British Empire, can we discover any direct relation between the growth of an imperial commonwealth and the growth of militarism. Indeed, if the two cases of the British and the Roman Empires are closely enough analogous to justify us in arguing securely from the one to the other, our present danger is rather the atrophy of the military spirit, on which alone militarism can subsist, than its hypertrophy. Almost all observers are agreed in setting down the decay of militarism as the direct cause of the fall of the Western Empire. As with the incessant growth of the Roman territory the danger from foreign enemies receded farther and farther from the centre, the instinct of self-preservation was naturally dissolved in a habit of security that was never disturbed. It was an inevitable consequence of territorial expansion in days when communications were comparatively so slow that what was happening on the frontier was a matter almost of indifference at Rome. Probably at the present time this particular danger is less. Improved communications, and the rapidity with which intelligence is transmitted and spread, have morally reduced the size of our Empire to something much smaller and more closely knit than that of the Romans. A disaster or a danger on the remotest frontier speedily knocks at our door. The shock is felt with a living meaning, and the inmost cells of the organism are set tingling till the distant wound is healed. This consideration relieves us from any apprehension of the conditions of which Rome sickened. At present at least there is no indication of an unhealthy decay of the military spirit. Indeed, if we may judge by recent phenomena, it is not one whit less exuberant than it was three hundred years ago when the foundations of the Empire were dug. From these points of view, therefore, there seems to be as little reason to fear the decline of militarism as there is to fear its unhealthy growth.

There is still a final test by which we may judge the question. What has been the actual effect of the growth of the British Empire on the condition of militarism? Can we discover any indications that the one has fostered the other? The answer may be a very confident negative. The most lamentable feature of our military history, from a soldier's point of view, is that, after every one of those great efforts that have successively added to the Empire, there has been a marked and immediate relapse into commercialism. The lessons of the war are forgotten. The splendid forces it has trained are suffered to melt away, the material it has brought to perfection is left to decay. The mass of the national energy flings itself eagerly into the task of reaping where the war has sown, of developing the new fields that it has opened, and every call upon the national resources which tends to restrict the freedom of commercial action is resented and opposed, and the military strength of the commonwealth is left in neglect. The fact is undeniable. Throughout the whole period during which the Empire has been built up, almost every war which eventually added to it large tracts of the earth found us in a state of complete unpreparedness. An instrument fitted for the work in hand had to be forged anew, almost from the beginning. With the first success militarism seemed once more to have seized hold of the country as completely as though it could never again be cast aside, and yet no sooner was peace signed than the whole process began again.

The meaning of the phenomenon is by no means clear. It would be rash to set it down to a mere reaction, to a levity of purpose which is universally admitted to be foreign to the Anglo-Saxon character. A more probable explanation is that it has its origin in something that is quite the reverse, in a certain steadfastness of purpose which is capable of reasserting itself the moment it is given free play. The rule would seem to be that where an Empire like the British has grown mainly in response to the outward thrust of commercial activity,



where almost every new acquisition has been made in the name of commerce, every healthy expansion goes mainly to nourish the spirit that prompted it. Thus, though a war of Imperial expansion may, for the time, force the military spirit into a seeming predominance, yet its deeper and lasting effect will always be to swell the strength and influence of commercialism. But whether or not a law can be established, the fact is certain that hitherto the expansion of the British Empire has been accompanied step by step by a corresponding increase in the influence of commercialism, and we may assert with considerable confidence that this third test shows as little ground as the others for fearing that Imperialism has an inherent tendency to militarism.

But in asserting so much we must carefully guard ourselves against misinterpretation. The above considerations will not hold good for all Imperialism. They are only applicable in empires which have grown slowly in response to the long and continued pressure of internal forces. Where an empire is suddenly created by the genius of one man, like that of Charlemagne and of Napoleon, the case is quite different. Such empires inevitably imply militarism. It is their life-blood. They could not live a day without it, at least until a long period of rest and peace has suffered the non-military element to make itself felt and permitted the rapidly compounded whole to cool down into solidity. Many of the phenomena exhibited by the German Empire to-day are probably due to its being in this stage of development. But such empires have little more than their name in common with commercial commonwealths like the British. They are not formed by commercial pressure or directly for commercial ends. They are born of military necessity, and their aim is first military strength, and mainly to secure the military position of the paramount state. Militarism is the breath that gave them life. It is their cause and not their effect. And, as we have said, even upon these there seems to come a change in the course of settlement, a change which brings them nearer to our own

type. The main political effect, now recognisable, of the successful formation of the German Empire is not the predominance of militarism. It is, rather, in accordance with the apparently universal law, the yearly increasing influence of the commercial element both upon its internal and external policy.

## ON NATIONAL CHARACTER

“IT is not English.” All of us probably have at one time or another used the expression. When spoken of conduct it is intended, and is always received, as a strong condemnation: a judgment by reference to an acknowledged standard. The interesting point about this standard is that it is referred to as a standard not so much of ideal obligation as of custom: we are to act in a certain way not only because a good man would so act, but because a typical Englishman always does so act. There is here a double opening for inquiry: we may ask not only whether the typical Englishman is practically one with the good man, but an even more far-reaching question, whether there can still be said to be any such thing as a clearly-marked national character among the greater and more civilised peoples of Europe?

To take the latter question first: it is not a very startling discovery, but it is one which the insular and untravelled Englishman has been long in making, that human beings, at any rate when living under similar conditions, are a good deal more like than unlike to one another. For instance, with regard to our nearest neighbours, the French, we began by finding out after the Peace of 1815 that they do not as a nation habitually subsist upon a diet of frogs: we have gone far since then, and have long acknowledged their prose literature and their surgical science as worthy of our notice; but it was only last year that we received the final lesson of the Dreyfus affair.

Common-sense, dogged patience, high moral courage and independence, deep love of justice : these qualities, which we had regarded almost as forming together our own national differentia, we saw displayed in many instances and on the highest possible plane. The intense and horrible gloom of the storm-cloud which then overhung France distracted our attention too long from the splendour of these fixed stars in her firmament, but we shall end by remembering the good when much of the evil is finally forgotten. It is thought and is beginning to be said by some who have a right to be heard, that a less pleasant change of traditional belief is being prepared for us by the Germans. Duty has been called the Englishman's god : we have repeated of our heroes that they "sought but Duty's iron crown" : we have kept in our hearts the dying words of Nelson. And now we are told that in the German army, and even more in the German navy, officers and men alike are impelled by an unresting, everyday, habitual sense of duty not present in the same degree in our own services. Whether this state of things is actually so, or whether it will ever lead to a disaster for us, we need not here consider ; the fact is at any rate becoming plain that the possession of a sense of duty is not a dividing line between our character and that of other nations.

The doubt thus raised in our minds as to the reality and permanence of national types is not in any way lessened if we turn from the general to the particulars, from the outside to the inside view of the same question. Of all the men, or classes of men, with whom we are acquainted, how many can be said, with any truth, to represent the typical Englishman ? He would be a singularly unfortunate man who, living in this country and taking an ordinary share in its life, could not enumerate from his own experience many admirable types of character ; but, if we could clear our minds of all traditional generalisations, can we be sure that the composite impression which we should form after careful reflection would in any marked degree resemble

the Englishman in whom we have all believed so firmly and so instinctively ?

If, then, the class of those who possess moral courage, sane judgment, love of fair play, and even our cherished "bull-dog tenacity" and sense of duty, is no longer limited to men of English birth, while on the other hand the qualities of actual Englishmen, when enumerated, do not seem to make up any distinctive character at all, are we to conclude that modern men, in becoming more complex and more civilised, have ceased to be fundamentally divided by their nationality and are distinguished only by the superficial differences of speech and manners ?

Put in this form, the question invites an immediate negative. For ourselves we would even go further, and maintain that on the contrary an Englishman was never so much an Englishman as he is at the present day. To see that the type is a real and not an imaginary one, we have only to give our inquiry a wider sweep and look back upon the history of England and of Europe. After all possible concessions have been made to the other side, the fact remains that from the end of the thirteenth century to the end of the nineteenth the English people have, broadly speaking, acted as anyone, knowing them as we now know them, would have expected them to act: they have followed their leaders, loved their queens, faced their kings, fought their wars, endured their sieges, wrestled with their pastors, traded, worked, adventured and succeeded, in a curiously consistent way, and the way is distinctly on the whole a way of their own. Since Englishmen are more interested in a fight than in anything else, the instances most commonly given of this permanence of character have been taken from the battles and sieges, not altogether with advantage to our teachability in the methods of war; but equally good evidence may be found in the history of our political and religious life, and the freshest of all, perhaps, in that of our literary and artistic development. An original and acute critic has recently compared us with the Germans in this respect :

A faith in the ordeal of strength, distrust of elaborate precaution, the union of a lionlike indolence with a rapidly calculated and successful daring, are just the characters to look for in men who have indeed had the winds and waves, with their long sleeps and reckless violence, for nursing mothers and nursing fathers.

Our art astonishes, by the suddenness or its developments and the desultoriness and lack of method with which it has been in general pursued. We have had our Elizabethan drama, and minor burst of foison, but what we have had always with us is singularly aimless and somnolent. But to an inland Continental people nothing comes; what they want, they must go and fetch. They cannot indolently ride across the waves; and if they may, at times, glide down some majestic river, all the labour of towpath and lock must be resorted to in order to reascend, not to mention mail and blackmail by the way. It is such things that form the temper of a race; that school foresight, industry, and application.<sup>1</sup>

This writer helps us not only with an instance, but also with an *a priori* argument of great force. Human beings may tend to become more like other human beings under similar circumstances; but the circumstances of life among the principal nations of the world have been and still are so widely various, that if environment has any influence on the organism, the divergence of national types is a foregone conclusion. And if it is objected by anyone reading the passage above quoted, that even inland Germany, for instance, has acquired fleets of battleships and merchantmen, and has mastered, as we are told, the whole art of seamanship, so that that characteristic difference between the two countries no longer exists, we reply that there remains all the difference still between the long-descended and legitimate sons and the children of adoption, however worthy in themselves the latter may be. If half the population of Germany turned sailor, we should still be the more truly maritime people of the two. The Russian navy is older than the German, but Russia remains an empire of landmen; even France, with her immense seaboard and her roll of illustrious captains, is still as far as ever from being an island: her vast plains and landward frontiers forbid the magic of the sea to

<sup>1</sup> "Altdorfer." By T. Sturge Moore. Unicorn Press. 1900.

work upon her. Her literature has produced a Loti and a Hugo, but for all their power we cannot think of either writer as being a sea-born citizen. The sea gives a mood to the one, and machinery to the other; life and natural breathing to neither of them. On the other hand, there are two or three small and almost fragmentary scenes in Shakespeare which are nearly sufficient by themselves to prove our title: the more so because they are evidence given without knowledge or intention.

After the historical and the *a priori* arguments comes another, no less forcible and probably more fruitful. The true type of any nation is to be found not only in their common actions or outward characteristics, but even more certainly in their common ideals. There is a sense in which the life of every man is a failure; none that ever offered in sincerity the prayer, "Make us all we would be," has lived to feel it fully answered. In the face of this defeat, finally and inevitably waiting for us all, man strengthens himself by the recollection that he is greater than his actions. If he is just he also remembers to judge his fellows by the same light, knowing that *being* almost always loses when it must be translated into *doing*, and that of human nature, as of other secrets of divine wisdom, the half has not been told us. If, then, the individual is not truly or fully represented by his actions, but rather by his ideals or aspirations, this is still more the case with nations, made up as they are of many more numerous and more inconsistent parts, each capable to a certain extent of independent action. A national type, in fact, is not an inherited tendency to exhibit fair hair and blue eyes, to attain five feet or six, to be jealous, deceitful, grasping, or cold-blooded; it is a sort of spiritual greatest common measure, a family likeness of the conscience, a brotherhood of hope. Looking at our own people from this standpoint, we see in their history an unbroken succession of common admirations, directed towards heroes not always closely resembling each other, but none of whom exhibited as his chief or fundamental characteristic any quality

incompatible with what his countrymen would have to be their national type.

If this is so, it is evident that we cannot and ought not to see ourselves as others see us. Nevertheless there may be times when an unusually wide-spread or outspoken opinion about us is prevalent, and when it might be useful, either for our own comfort or for the amendment of our ways, to compare this opinion with our character as we know it in secret. The present is undoubtedly such a time, and our only difficulty is to select among our many critics the ones who seem to be most serious and best qualified. We have ourselves exercised some self-restraint in our choice of the following passages, and have passed by many exquisite blossoms which our dialectic might have more easily mown down. But these are plants of considerable growth, and must be either rods for our chastisement or staves for us to walk with.

Mr. Michael Davitt says of us in a recent magazine :

The national characteristic of the English is a domineering disposition. Conceited by nature, masterful by the consciousness of power, and made proud through long records of conquest, they are convinced that they are unequalled among ruling peoples, and that they are destined to become the greatest world-power of the earth. Unscrupulous to the last degree as a nation, in bending weaker races to their rule and interests, they are, as individuals, in the ordinary relations of life, conciliatory in social intercourse, tolerant in feeling, and gifted with more than an average share of the good-fellowship of enlightened humanity.

Christian by profession only, materialistic in practice, agnostic in creed, the English have reduced God to a Scriptural entity of plaster-of-Paris disposition that can be manipulated as required in order to impart Divine sanction to Imperial missions in Asia and Africa. Providence, in fact, has been annexed to the British Empire, and this is why it has grown so great and powerful in the hands of the Chosen People of the Gentiles. Godless themselves, they are persuaded, nevertheless, that the world will become more "Godly," be better and happier, the more their Godless rule is spread by wars, conquests, capital, Bibles, missionaries, and gin, and all the other things that follow in the footsteps of English commercial civilisation round the world.

M. Victor Bérard, in his book "L'Angleterre et L'Im-



périalisme," divides us into two nations: a North-western and a South-eastern one. Of the former he says:

Sa population, tout urbaine, est bariolée de races et de cultes. Tous les vaincus et tous les *outlaws* des siècles antérieurs, Gallois, Écossais, Irlandais, Danois et Saxons, y ont mêlé leur sang. Chacun d'eux, dans le Bible, s'est taillé une religion à sa mesure. . . . Mais ce peuple si divers s'est fait un idéal commun et, surtout, des habitudes communes. Sa pensée indépendante et sa morale puritaine lui ont donné la réflexion, le flegme, le calcul, la maîtrise de soi, et la sobriété presque austère. Amaigri et affiné, il s'est lentement "entraîné" vers un but librement choisi, et ce but est la conquête du bonheur matériel par le libre développement, physique et mental, des individus et de la communauté. Depuis un siècle, poursuivant cette course au bonheur, il est toujours arrivé le premier.

Of the latter, more picturesquely:

Dans les plaines de l'est, la vieille Angleterre verte garde à Londres sa capitale, mais elle vit surtout à la campagne, dispersée à travers champs ou groupée dans ses vieilles petites villes et dans ses fermes. Autour de ses châteaux, elle maintient ses énormes *estates* (propriétés). Autour de ses clochers gothiques, de ses évêques et de ses universités, elle maintient l'orthodoxie officielle de son Église établie. Sa race unifiée et surnourrie perpétue le type de John Bull à l'encolure de taureau, âme violente et corps sanguin, au poing toujours tendue vers l'expansion brutale, au ventre toujours prêt pour l'absorption énorme, gros et gras homme engraisant toujours, toujours crévant de colères tyranniques ou d'apoplectiques ripailles.

To the voice from the Continent and the voice from our own country (if Mr. Davitt will pardon us the phrase) we will add the voice from America. Mr. Richard Harding Davis has contributed to *Scribner's Magazine* a paper entitled "Pretoria in War-time," which contains the following sentences:

The British officers, in their contempt for their captors, behaved in a most unsportsmanlike, ungentlemanly, and, for their own good, a most foolish manner. They drew offensive caricatures of the Boers . . . and were rude and "cheeky" to the Boer officials, boasting of what their fellow-soldiers would do to them when they took Pretoria. Their chief offence, however, was in speaking to, and shouting at, the ladies and young girls who walked past the school-house. . . . Some people say that the young girls walked by for the express purpose of being spoken to; and a few undoubtedly did. . . . But on the other hand, any number of older women, both Boer and English, have told me

that they found it quite impossible to pass the school-house on account of the insulting remarks the officers on the verandah threw to one another concerning them, or made directly to them. At last the officers grew so offensive that . . . they were removed from their comfortable quarters and sent to the camp. . . .

It was a great surprise to me. I had thought the English officer would remain an officer under any circumstances. When one has refused to fight further with a rifle, it is not becoming to continue to fight with the tongue, nor to insult the men from whom you have begged for mercy. It is not, as Englishmen say, "playing the game." It is not "cricket." . . . Some day we shall wake up to the fact that the Englishman, in spite of his universal reputation to the contrary, is not a good sportsman, because he is not a good loser. As Captain Hanks said when someone asked him what he thought of the Englishman as a sportsman, "He is the cheerfulest winner I ever met."

. . . What I liked best about them was their genuine and keen interest in the welfare of the Tommies of their several commands, who were imprisoned at Waterval. "Is it true they're sleeping on the ground?" they whispered. "Do you know if they have decent medicines?" "Do they get their money?" "Won't you go and see them, and tell us how they are?"

It was good to find that most of them suffered for their men even more keenly because unselfishly, than for themselves.

We have no doubt as to the feelings with which Englishmen have read, or will read, these passages. Over the utterance of Mr. Davitt they will ponder quietly: they will say "This is not true; it could not be true altogether; there may be something in it; at any rate it sounds dispassionate and fairly intended." Over that of M. Bérard they will laugh good-humouredly: it is a witty and up-to-date example of the old principle, "Give a Bull a thick neck and hang him." But over the third paragraph they will be silent; the blood will flame in the face and rush back clamouring to the heart. If he lived in days of trial by battle, nothing but a gift of immortality could save Mr. Richard Harding Davis. Happily we are agreed—in brutal domineering England at least—that it is better to answer charges of this kind than to fight about them. Have we an answer ready?

Certainly we have; there are here all the materials for "a good defence." It is not our purpose to elaborate it now, but

it may be outlined for the use of those who care to plead. First, there is the issue on the facts: Mr. Davis in particular should note that his charges have been publicly and entirely denied. Secondly, there is the question of prejudice to be gone into: Mr. Davitt and M. Bérard are declared enemies of England; Mr. Davis was the friend of our enemies, and his article contains some undeniable inaccuracies on matters which we have not mentioned. Thirdly, all three of these witnesses admit points in our favour which are strikingly inconsistent with their main contention. On the whole, it would be hard to imagine a more promising case for cross-examination and rebutting evidence.

But this answer, however complete and logical it might be made, is of a kind which is seldom profitable to the defendant or convincing to his adversary. It is, moreover, in any event, not the right answer for us to make: it is not English. If we have not misjudged the temper and the underlying character of our countrymen, the true tenor of their reply will be this: "It is not probable, or historically true, that we are a godless, tyrannical, unsportsmanlike, or unchivalrous people. Is it likely that we should be godless who have for over a thousand years owed our living and our safety to the sea? Or tyrannical, who have fought more battles for liberty than all the rest of mankind together? Unsportsmanlike, to whom the world owes all that it knows of sport? Or unchivalrous, when we have given our women a higher place and power than any race on record? As for our history, of which the acts you bring against us would form an infinitesimal part, we know it, and we know ourselves, and this is what we say. Prove what you can against individuals, against whole classes even; for whatever you can prove we shall urge no excuse or palliation. We are on your side; we hate the faults you hate, and at least as deeply, since we have been hating them far longer. We welcome your correction with a humility none the less sincere because it is not abject, but rooted in a fearless pride. But it is for us, and not for you, to say whether these things are typical of us, part

of our ideals, consistent with our aspirations. In the face of conscience, that last judgment before which all men and nations perpetually stand, we say that they are not ; we undertake that, as far as in us lies, they shall never be. And there, gentlemen, we must bid you good-bye, for we have work to do."

## CECIL RHODES

NO man certainly has written his name in larger characters across the history of the last twenty years than has the founder of the State of Rhodesia. We are enabled, by the present excellently edited collection of his speeches, to take a general view of his aims, actions, and character.<sup>1</sup> Looked at in relation to the art of oratory, they are at the opposite pole to speeches of the grand or classic style, to the eloquence of Burke or, in their different ways, that of the two Pitts. Mr. Gladstone was the last survivor of this school in England. It has been succeeded by a colloquial style, which has been yet further democratised in Colonial Parliaments. Mr. Rhodes in his speeches, as Rudyard Kipling in poetry, uses the language of the street. His speeches, moreover, are evidently delivered with the least possible amount of preparation. If there is a bygone English speaker whom he resembles, it is Oliver Cromwell. There is the same rough, homely language, the same awkwardness, the same chaotic structure, the same force of character struggling to express itself through an imperfect medium. There are the same long divagations from the main theme into personal reminiscences and extraneous topics. The boldness, frankness, and almost cynical scorn for polite circumlocution recall the oratory of another great man of action—Prince Bismarck. This complete absence of art

<sup>1</sup> "Cecil Rhodes: His Political Life and Speeches: 1881-1900." By "Vindex." London: Chapman & Hall. 1900.

gives one all the more confidence in the speeches as revelations of character.

Mr. Rhodes once said: "I have found out one thing, and that is, if you have an idea, and it is a good idea, if you will only stick to it, you will come out all right." His life has been occupied in the chase of three main ideas. The first was that of the amalgamation of the rival diamond interests at Kimberley, with a view to maintaining an artificial price by regulating the supply of this luxury. He effected this after a long struggle, culminating in a private war of the modern financial kind waged against the late Barney Barnato. "It was this great work," wrote Lord Randolph Churchill, "accomplished in the teeth of unheard-of difficulties and almost insurmountable opposition, representing the conciliation and unification of almost innumerable jarring and conflicting interests, which revealed to South Africa that it possessed a public man of the first order." This victory was achieved in 1888, and Mr. Rhodes then had leisure and wealth to devote to the realisation of his second dominant idea, formed in his early youth. It was, in his own words, "the seizure of the interior." Some twenty-two years ago, at Kimberley, moving his hand over the map from Cape Town to Egypt, he said, "All that English, that's my dream." In practice the incarnation of the dream was limited by European treaties, and the establishment in Mid Africa of the Congo Free State and German territory, so that, as things stand, a railroad cannot pass from Cape Town to Cairo entirely over British territory. But Cecil Rhodes went forward as far as he could, and did succeed in marking red a vast territory reaching up to Lake Tanganyika. He obtained the grant of the Chartered Company in 1889, and used the diamond mines' revenues to establish his sway in Mashonaland in 1890. In the same year he became Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, and stood at the highest point, so far, of his fortunes.

"Having read," he said, "the history of other countries, I saw that expansion is everything, and that the world's surface

being limited, the great object of present humanity should be to take as much of the world as it possibly could." Every section of European humanity would, he believed, see and act upon this truth, and, as an Englishman, it was his business to forestall the foreigner. Whether or not it is in fact true that "expansion is everything," and whether, as the old Romans found, increase in bulk may not involve after a certain point diminution in intrinsic strength, yet remains to be seen. No doubt the advent of the Germans in Africa drove on the English to take effective possession.

The third dominant idea of Cecil Rhodes, now of most interest, was that of the federal union of all the South African colonies and republics under the Imperial Crown. In one speech he said :

I have often stated it, but if you were to go up in a balloon, how ridiculous it would appear to you to see all these divided states, divided tariffs, divided peoples; the Almighty made them one, and it is our work also to unite them.

And again, in another speech :

One thing I am quite clear about, that we human atoms may divide this country, but Nature does not and the Almighty does not; and whether you reside here or at Durban, Johannesburg, or the newly formed State of Rhodesia, the interests are the same, the language is the same, those who form the States are the same, connected in family, thought, and domestic relations, and any one who tries to separate them in thought, dealing, and connection is attempting an impossibility.

It is, perhaps, rather a delicate argument for an Englishman to use, because for three thousand miles Canada is divided from the United States by a frontier as artificial as that which separated the Dutch Republics from the British Colonies, and yet the argument is effective and powerful. The "United States of South Africa" is an idea so natural that it was bound in the end to realise itself. Some of the Dutch, no doubt, in Cape Colony as well as in the Republics, dreamt of an independent United States, after the American model, but Rhodes, and most of those of British origin, insisted upon the Imperial

keystone to the arch. "I know myself," he said at Kimberley in 1890, "I am not prepared at any time to forfeit my flag. . . . If I forfeit my flag, what have I left? If you take away my flag, you take away everything." Once he was tempted by a certain Mr. Boreckenhagen, who offered him, as it were, the kingdom of South Africa, if he would but lead South Africa to independence. He replied: "No; you take me either for a rogue or a fool. I would be a rogue to forfeit all my history and my traditions, and I would be a fool, because I would be hated by my own countrymen and mistrusted by yours."

Mr. Rhodes long thought that the unification of South Africa might be gradually effected by the preliminary unification of tariffs, railways, native legislation, and so forth. The overwhelming English immigration into the Transvaal gold-fields must, he believed, lead by a pacific process, in no long time, to complete political federal union. There has undoubtedly been a deep, though very unequal, division of opinion in England as to the policy which led to the war of 1899-1900. But the important division is not as to the ultimate end in view—namely, the federal union of South Africa under the British crown, but as to the means of achieving it. Some have thought, wrongly perhaps, that, with more patience and forbearance, the end might have been attained without the cost, and misery, and bitter memories involved in a war. Mr. Rhodes said in January 1894, with reference to the question of federal union with the Transvaal: "When you ask for immediate movement in this matter, I think of the words of Sir Bartle Frere, 'You must never hurry anything. You must go step by step in accordance with the feeling of the people as a whole.'" Mr. Rhodes was, perhaps, conscious that he had himself deviated from this wise principle when, in a speech made at the beginning of the fateful year 1899, he said: "The only awkward thing is the progress of Time. We do get older, and become a little hurried in our ideas because of that terrible Time."

If there was a chance of pacifically achieving the desired admission of the Transvaal English to a fair share in political



power, with a view to the ultimate federal union of South Africa, it lay in bringing to bear on that side the feeling and influence of the Dutch majority at the Cape and in the Orange State; and if any man could have brought this to pass, it was Cecil Rhodes. He said himself that he had never met a man whom it was not as easy to deal with as to fight. He had a larger power of imagination—the faculty of placing himself in the position of, and so understanding, an antagonist—than have most men. He could understand and even sympathise with his great African rival, President Kruger, of whom he said in 1888:

I regard him as one of the most remarkable men in South Africa, who has been singularly unfortunate. When I remember that Paul Kruger had not a sixpence in his treasury, when his object was to extend his country over the whole northern interior; when I see him sitting in Pretoria with Bechuanaland gone, and other lands around him gone from his grasp; and, last of all, when he, with his whole idea of a pastoral Republic, finds that idea vanishing, and that he is likely to have to deal with a hundred thousand diggers, who must be entirely out of sympathy and touch with him, I pity the man. When I see a man starting and continuing with one object, and utterly failing in that object, I cannot help pitying him. I know very well that he has been willing to sacrifice anything to gain that object of his. If you think of it, it has been a most remarkable thing that, not content with recovering his own country, he wished to obtain the whole interior. His intention was to obtain the whole interior for a population of his own, and he has been defeated in his object.

And on another occasion Mr. Rhodes said: "I have always felt that if I had been in President Kruger's position I should have looked upon the Chartered territory as my possession."

As late as 1898 Mr. Rhodes said that the true means of solving the Transvaal difficulty was for him and Mr. Kruger to "meet and arrange matters peaceably by mutual concessions." So it would have been, had he not disqualified himself to act as pacificator by his share in the Johannesburg Revolution of 1895. Morally, no doubt, the English in the Transvaal were entitled to attempt a political revolution, if they chose to take the risk, though the English make bad conspirators; nor, if friends from outside tried to ride in and help them, need we be excessively scandalised. It was truly said that the affair had a

real, if rather squalid, resemblance to the Revolution of 1688, "glorious" because so successful. But that Cecil Rhodes, the trusted Prime Minister of the Cape Dutch, should have played the leading part, was certainly, as he himself confessed, at the least a great political blunder. He forfeited his power of leading the general opinion of South Africa, Dutch and English, towards a pacific solution and eventual federal union.

One is glad to pass from this bad business to more pleasing aspects of Mr. Rhodes. Early in his career a Dutch elector refused to vote for him, partly because he was so young, but chiefly because he was "so damnably like an Englishman." Not a polite way of putting it, but Mr. Rhodes may well have taken it for an unwilling compliment. He does sum up qualities which have made the English so leading and successful a race. Energy, determination, frankness, fortitude, kindness to the weak, common sense, invincible good humour, incapacity for nursing resentment, dislike for ostentation and exaggerated speech, vision into essential facts unblinded by the glamour of phrases, sincerity with oneself, power of learning by experience—all these are English qualities; and because Mr. Rhodes possessed them in a high degree, he became a leader among Englishmen. Courage of every kind is his in large measure. It was finely exemplified when, at the end of the fierce Matabele campaign, he rode, unarmed and almost alone, to hold a peace conference with the barbarian chiefs, amid swarms of armed and ambushed savages. It was proof of courage also when he took the risk of capture by the Boers at Kimberley, since he was, in their eyes, the chief cause of the war. He has also the moral courage of being able to confess errors. In a speech of 1898 he said:

I must say to you that one has had great trouble during the last two years, most probably, as every one might say, owing to my own faults, but with a high object. The methods have been worthy of condemnation; but, gentlemen, remember this: you all have your trials, you all have your troubles, and then you become better men. I don't falter. I have not faltered in my greater thoughts—the union of the country.

Every profession has its own qualities and defects and standard of morality. A soldier, a civil servant, is moulded by his calling into an instrument of public service. Even a naturally selfish man can hardly help in these professions placing disinterested before interested ends. He acquires a second nature. His mind is formed to regard every matter in its relation to the interests of the commonwealth. In commerce and finance the immediate end in view is different. Not public interest is the dominant motive, but private, or, at largest, the interest of one joint stock company. It is a mark of genius in Cecil Rhodes that, trained as his youth was in the pursuit of wealth, he has never allowed wealth, as an end in itself, to dominate his mind. He rose superior to the spirit of his avocation. At the close of the financial war waged by him and his ally, Mr. Beit, against Barnato, the three diamond chiefs met to arrange terms of amalgamation. To the amazement of the purely money-hunting Barnato, Mr. Rhodes required the insertion of a provision enabling the future monopolists to advance money for the purpose of northward territorial expansion—the “seizure of the Interior.” Mr. Rhodes said, according to his account of the transaction in one of his later speeches, “‘I want the power to go to the Zambesi, to spend your money made out of the diamonds, to take a country and form an empire.’ It was very unusual. Can you fancy a more ridiculous thing than that the diamond mines should be made to create a territory? But I was obstinate, and sat there till four o’clock in the morning.” At last Barnato gave way, saying: “Some people have a fancy for this thing, and some for that thing, but you have a fancy for making an empire. Well, I suppose we must give it to you.” To achieve this result Mr. Rhodes had to make some concessions himself, not altogether to the satisfaction of his old shareholders. One of them pathetically wrote to him: “I hear you have settled the Kimberley Central on a basis of two De Beers shares for one Central. May God forgive you, but I never can.” We may hope, with some confidence, that

Mr. Rhodes will be pardoned, for this sin at least, in the Court of Heaven.

It was, no doubt, the courage, sincerity, and idealism of a certain kind of Mr. Rhodes that won him the greatest honour of his life—the favourable regard of the noblest and purest-minded Englishman of his time. When General Gordon was for a short time, in 1882, employed in the settlement of Basutoland, he met Cecil Rhodes, then aged about thirty, had much conversation with him, and asked him to stay and work there with him. Mr. Rhodes refused; he said that his work lay at Kimberley. Gordon said: "There are very few men in this world to whom I would make such an offer—very few men, I can tell you; but of course you will have your own way." On another occasion Gordon said: "You always contradict me. You think you are always right, and everyone else wrong."

Two years later, Gordon, when he was on his last journey to Khartoum, wired to Cecil Rhodes to ask him to come and assist him in the work. It is proof of the steadiness and determination with which Rhodes followed his own star, that he was able to resist an appeal to share in the most desperate and heroic enterprise of our age. He had it in him to refuse the call to honour and danger in order to devote himself to the immediate task of defeating Barney Barnato, consolidating the diamond interests, and acquiring a great fortune, supported through this somewhat sordid business by his hope of extending the Empire in South Africa. Not every man has force of will sufficient to withstand the call of a hero.

So the two men went their diverse ways. Gordon, his to death and immortal life; Rhodes, his to wealth and premiership, and the Chartered Company and the Matabele War, and the making of railways and telegraphs, and the Jameson Raid and the siege of Kimberley—and—to what may follow. It is not even recorded that he declined the call in a sorrowful spirit, like the young man in the Gospel who had great possessions.

Once, in Basutoland, Rhodes asked Gordon whether it was

true that he had refused to accept a roomful of gold offered to him by the Chinese Emperor after the suppression of the Tai Ping rebellion. It was so, Gordon said, and he asked Cecil Rhodes whether he would have accepted it. "I would have taken it," replied Rhodes, "and as many more roomfuls as they would give me. It is of no use having big ideas if you have not the cash to carry them out." Mr. Rhodes has told this story in a triumphant, self-satisfied tone in more than one of his later speeches, apparently unconscious of any superior nobility in Gordon's idea that work should be done for the sake of God and men, not for reward (larger than the means of simple subsistence), even if the personal gain is to be used to carry out "big ideas." Gordon wrote to his sister in 1883, "There is death in the seeking of high posts on this earth for the purpose of what the world calls doing great things." The story marks the gulf which existed between the two men (despite the attraction which Gordon felt towards Rhodes), or, rather, the gulf between the two worlds in which the two men lived and moved. "Vindex," who edits these speeches, speaks very erroneously of Gordon and Rhodes as "the two Imperialists." The word describes Rhodes; it is much too small for Gordon. Gordon held himself to be primarily a servant, not of the Empire, but of God, though that "Commander-in-Chief," as he liked to call Him, might use him on service connected with the British Empire, or the Chinese Empire, or the Egyptian Khedivate.

"Vindex" observes that Mr. Rhodes's "devotion to the Mother country is in a sense his religion." Patriotism is indeed a religion, if religion, in its widest sense, means a conception, or devotion to an object, which binds men together, and kindles enthusiasm, and makes them act. It was the real religion of old Rome, whose citizens, under whatever forms their deity might hide, adored the Genius of Rome. It is a power which raises men above their narrower selves. It inspires devotion and self-sacrifice. It may be the supreme and final religion of a man, or it may hold a subordinate place in his

heart, as it did with the early Christians of the Roman Empire. It was not the supreme or essential religion of Gordon, any more than it was that of St. Paul. If Cecil Rhodes's religion, his whole religion, is "devotion to his Mother country,"<sup>1</sup> Gordon's was the union of his own will with the will of God. He wrote, "God's indwelling is all in all, the great secret." At Khartoum, in 1884, he wrote, "My resource is in constant prayer to accept His will in all things, that He may be glorified, these people blessed, and I humbled to the dust." He wrote from Mauritius in 1881 :

I went to the Cathedral. . . . The text was, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." And yet, when and to that degree one realises that kingdom, so the "all things" appear worthless. We are, as it were, in a faery land, a land of magic. If we are subdued by its things, we reach not the higher land; but if we refuse them, then we enter it.

Think, again, of Mr. Rhodes's "It is of no use having big ideas if you have not the cash to carry them out." To a soul tempered like Gordon's no ideas connected with merely earthly greatness could appear to be "big." He looked upon the events of this world merely as machinery for trying and moulding souls; and in this sense, as he once said, the troubles of a maid-servant over broken china were as important as those of Mr. Gladstone over Ireland. He wrote in 1883 :

I have great comfort in thinking that our Lord rules every petty and great event of life, both on a large and a small scale. Therefore He governs the Soudan now through A, B, and C as much as He did when I was there, and neither I, nor A, B, and C, have or had anything to do with the government as far as others were concerned. With respect to the motives of our actions it is another matter; *they are the permanent residues, the things unseen*. This comforts me, for I feel that their welfare, and the course of events that takes place, are being conducted by the same hand, whether I am there or not.

One might quote a hundred passages to the same effect from one of the most wonderful and beautiful little books in

<sup>1</sup> Extension of civilisation, according to British ideas, is a part of this religion. In one speech Mr. Rhodes said, "I believe that is the best description of religion—to work for the betterment of the human beings who surround us."

the world, Gordon's "Letters to his Sister." They may be summed up in the words of Gordon's favourite writer, Thomas à Kempis :

*Diu parvus erit, et infra jacebit, qui aliquid magnum æstimat, nisi solum, unum, immensum, æternum bonum. Et quidquid Deus non est, nihil est, et pro nihilo computari debet.*

[He will long be small, and will lie low, who deems anything great, save only the one, immense, eternal good. And whatsoever is not God is nothing, and ought to be accounted nothing.]

We believe that Mr. Rhodes is himself an instrument of the Divine Will. But it is a testimony to the eternal sense in the hearts of men of that which transcends all greatness connected with the kingdoms of the world that, although his fellow-countrymen look upon Cecil Rhodes as a national implement so useful that his faults and errors have, on the whole, been condoned, they feel that the life and death of Gordon belong to an infinitely higher sphere, and are a nobler gift, not to themselves only, but to mankind. Rhodes has extended the frontiers of the British Empire; Gordon those of the Kingdom of Heaven.

## EUROPE, CHINA, AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE

**E**UROPE, at the opening of the twentieth century, has entered upon an epoch of social and international crises which recall events of a hundred years ago. China, by the insurrection of the "Boxers" and the general anti-foreign movement, has provoked a tempest the disastrous consequences of which cannot yet be foreseen. The Hague Conference, held in response to an august and generous invitation, proclaimed universal peace and cordial friendship between the nations; but the Transvaal War and the China embroglio followed immediately upon the proclamation at the Hague of the great principles of peace and of arbitration. The regrettable coincidence of these unhappy events in South Africa and in China has perplexed many minds and has influenced, to an important extent, the public opinion of the civilised world. The greater and more sincere the hopes inspired by the work of the Conference, the more disconsolate and unhappy are the friends of international peace. The general opinion of the civilised world cannot understand how it should be possible immediately after the close of the Peace Conference for war to break out between England and the Transvaal. It is unable to explain how, in spite of this Conference which concluded a convention for the peaceful settlement of international disputes, the Anglo-Boer war should have begun without the slightest application having been made of the valuable provision for the



peaceful settlement of disputes by means of mediation or arbitration.

And further, when the struggle in South Africa is still unfinished, there breaks out in the Far East a new war in which are engaged, on one side, the principal European Powers with the United States of America, and on the other side the Empire of China. Whilst all these Powers, without a single exception, have signed the arbitration convention, people remark that it seems never to have occurred to them to make use of this means of avoiding the conflict they are engaged in, although the Hague Conference specially declared arbitration to be the most rational, as well as the most just, method of avoiding international war.

Yet again, public opinion demands: What is the use of convoking an international congress if its decisions are to remain a dead letter? Why arouse noble hopes in the hearts of the civilised nations, when certain disappointment is so near? Why promise the peaceful regulation of international disputes if war is, after all, inevitable and likely to occur at any moment? Lastly, men ask: In what can we believe, if, from a European throne we hear, at one moment, words of love and peace, and at another moment, exhortations to vengeance and to war?

These questions, which daily occupy the minds of the civilised world, are natural and excusable: they are entirely legitimate and cannot be avoided. They show, in an irrefutable manner, how the affairs of each modern nation are interwoven with those of other nations, and how great is the desire of the Powers to preserve the peace of the world and to live in harmony one with the other.

I must, however, here observe that all this doubt and disappointment is due to an entire misunderstanding concerning the Conference at the Hague. In the first place, this Conference had nothing to do with the conflict between England and the Transvaal, and could have nothing to do with it unless the scope of the resolutions had been essentially enlarged. Every international agreement has obligatory force upon the

contracting parties only; and the resolutions of an international conference are only binding on those Powers who have taken part in it. The Transvaal did not take any part in the deliberations of the Hague Conference, not having received an invitation to do so. On this account it is quite natural that the Transvaal should have no legal claim to profit by the resolutions of this international assembly.

Further, the Transvaal was not even able to sign the arbitration convention. The adhesion of any Power not participating in the Conference had to be agreed to by *all* the participating Powers, and there is no doubt that England would have refused to accept the adhesion of the Transvaal, had she wished to sign this convention. But, in any case, this adhesion could not take place—thanks to the war declared against England by the Transvaal three months after the close of the Conference.

Under these circumstances, all reproaches against the Hague Conference because of the South African war are without foundation. You may sympathise as heartily as you please with the Boers, you may sincerely regret that the two parties to the conflict did not adopt the principle of arbitration to decide their quarrel. But it is absolutely beside the point to doubt the practical bearing of the resolutions of the Peace Conference merely because they were not applied in the conflict between Great Britain and the Transvaal. The application of the resolutions of the Hague Conference to this conflict was impossible, not only owing to the political situation, but owing to the fact that the Transvaal could not participate in the Conference or be a signatory to the international conventions. We may regret that this was the case, but we must bow before positive and irrefutable facts.

The situation of China is totally different. It is curious to note that no one specifically demands the application of the resolutions of the Hague Conference to the conflict with the Celestial Empire. On the one hand, we do not recognise a state of international war in the military operations against the

Boxers and the Imperial Chinese army ; on the other hand, we refuse to apply to the struggle the principles sanctioned by the Hague Conference : arbitration would appear to be absolutely excluded from this conflict by a universal consensus of opinion.

This may seem the more strange inasmuch as China took part in the Hague Conference, her representative voting in all the decisions, and, finally, signing the convention of arbitration without the least reservation. Under these conditions one is justified in asking : Why not recognise the right of China to ask for arbitration between herself and the Powers encamped on Chinese soil ? Why not take advantage of the participation of China in the transactions at the Hague, in order to settle amicably the dispute between China on the one hand and the European Powers and the United States of America on the other ?

But up to the present moment, as far as we know, no one has deemed it possible to propose arbitration in order to settle the Chinese trouble. People have accused the Hague Conference of having afforded grounds for fresh disappointment arising from events in the Far East, and have in consequence made light of the conventions signed at the Hague. No one, however, has seriously demanded the application of arbitration to this conflict.

This fact is fully explained by the altogether special character of the Chinese conflict—an insurrection complicated by the participation of the legal Government itself. It is only in China that a revolution could receive Government sanction.

And this fact is the best illustration of the prevailing opinion of the Chinese and China. It is truly inconceivable how much is read relating to this country, and how little is known about it. It is remarkable with what injustice it is often judged. We admit that it is very difficult to understand and to judge the Chinese nation, its national aspirations, its customs and its institutions. We ourselves do not pretend to understand the Chinese better than do others, and we have always in our mind what the celebrated geographer Elisée

Reclus said, after studying exhaustively all the literature concerning the Chinese for his "Universal Geography." "No one," said he, "neither M. de Richthofn, nor Sir R. Hart, nor any missionary, after having passed a lifetime in China, is able to say 'I know the Chinese.'" The whole nature, the customs and the character of the Chinaman are so entirely different from those of a European or an American, that it is impossible to regard him from the point of view of the civilised and Christian world.

The fundamental principles of justice and of right remain, however, the same in regard to every nation in the whole universe. These principles *should* be found equally applicable to the Chinese, who, in any case, form a great and independent nation of 430,000,000 human beings. Quite so; and yet any one who is acquainted with the record of international relations with China will, in all justice, be deeply troubled at the remembrance of the dealings of the civilised Powers with this ancient country. No means of procuring commercial advantages, no occasion of obtaining influence at Peking, were allowed to pass provided success could be insured. This success was proclaimed *urbi et orbi*, in a manner which seems almost incomprehensible when we remember that it was obtained from the wealth of China herself. Circumstances have changed a great deal since 1872, when China was compelled to open more of her ports, for "all life is a movement," as Leonardi da Vinci said. But there are still in existence two quite different standards: one for the civilised nations of Christendom and the other for China.

In proof of this emphatic observation we are able to give a striking illustration. A well-known German traveller and writer, in a recent number of a Berlin Review, dealt with the present crisis in China, in which country he had been. He explains the insurrection of the Chinese population against the foreigner by the unanimous desire of the Chinese that "China should belong to Chinamen." He states the object of this insurrection as being the entire wiping out of China of foreigners who compose a state within a state. Lastly, he asks:

Is it possible that any European state would permit her best ports to pass into the hands of the Chinese, her commerce to be under the control of the Chinese, her rivers to be sailed by Chinese ships (enjoying privileges not allowed to her own vessels), the whole of her provinces to be possessed and administered by the Chinese, her railways to be constructed and worked by Chinese, and lastly, that the Chinese legation and her consuls should officially protect all the rights and immunities of their Chinese subjects? No European or civilised state would ever tolerate such a condition of things in its territory.

The logical conclusion drawn from his premisses is this: The Chinese have an incontestable right to alter the intolerable situation created by foreigners in their country. This is evident. But no! The German writer continues, in the same breath, as follows: It will not be possible to pay regard to the sentiments of the Chinese people when the European Powers shall have compelled them to sign the peace they dictate. The whole of China must be opened to the foreigner; all towns, ports, and provinces must be made accessible to his untrammelled enterprise—in short, China must be “developed” (*sic*), if necessary, even by force of arms, the bombardment of ports, and by war!

This way of solving the Chinese question is, unfortunately, the one most popular in Europe. But we take the liberty of not concurring in it, either in its main object or in its details. We cannot recognise any right whatever belonging to the Christian nations of imposing upon the Chinese an unscrupulous exploitation of their natural riches; we are unable to concede to Protestant and Catholic missionaries the right of propaganda at the expense of the strength of the Chinese State; we recognise absolutely no legal title justifying the systematic poisoning of the Chinese by opium, the importation of which is imposed by force upon China; lastly, we express in all sincerity our conviction that the Chinese have the same right to insist that “China should belong to Chinamen” as the Russians or English that their country should belong to them.

In virtue of international treaties imposed upon them, the Chinese have been compelled to grant foreigners such privileges as do not exist in any other non-Christian country in the world.

But there is no treaty in existence in virtue of which we could abolish the Chinese State and nation. They are there to-day, and there is not the least chance of abolishing by a stroke of the pen a nation which is possessed of an advanced culture of forty centuries' growth, and which constitutes a third part of the whole human race.

Therefore I maintain that the civilised Powers, in settling their account with China, should not endeavour either to increase the privileges of their countrymen in China, or favour, by the exaction of new immunities, the propagation of the Christian religion among the Chinese, or undermine the authority and the prestige of the Chinese Government, or increase in the hearts of the Chinese people their hatred and animosity against all foreigners. If the Powers, at present acting in concert upon Chinese soil, allow themselves to be carried away by requests from traders or missionaries to extort new privileges from the Chinese, and if they force the Government at Peking—under pretext of obtaining satisfaction for the murders and crimes it has committed—to abdicate its sovereign rights, any treaties of peace with China will only serve as armistices. After a short lapse of time, new troubles, murders, and crimes would be committed in China against the foreigners, and more bloody wars would be inevitable.

If, during this period of forced repose, China conscientiously prepared herself for the future struggle, if she created a well organised army, the new conflagration would be still more prolonged and more dangerous for the Christian nations. Theirs would be the responsibility of paving the way for this formidable struggle with a nation of 430,000,000 men: a responsibility on the part of the Governments of the civilised world to the generations yet unborn.

In any case, Russia, whose frontier marches for 6250 miles with that of China, would not hesitate: the Russian nation desires to continue the relations of good neighbourliness and peace with China which have lasted for centuries, and does not wish to always have to be on the *qui vive* with an awkward

and angry neighbour. By upholding, even in this war, the interests of peace with China, Russia certainly acted in the spirit of the Hague Conference, which aimed at guaranteeing the interests of peace not only in the present but also in the future.

For Europe and the civilised world the critical moment has come in which its future relations with China must be settled. If Europe is anxious to prevent explosions of hate on the part of the Chinese, she will respect their immutable right to a national and independent existence. In this case Europe will guarantee a calm and peaceful future, and in doing this she will be acting in the spirit of the Peace Conference.

If, on the contrary, Europe gives way to her hatred against the Chinese, and uses her victories to extort from their Government new concessions, both unjust and offensive, this great nation will in the future continue to constitute an incalculable danger to the peace of the world.

F. DE MARTENS,

*Privy Councillor to H.I.M. the  
Emperor of Russia.*

## THE TRANS-SIBERIAN-MAN- CHURIAN RAILWAY

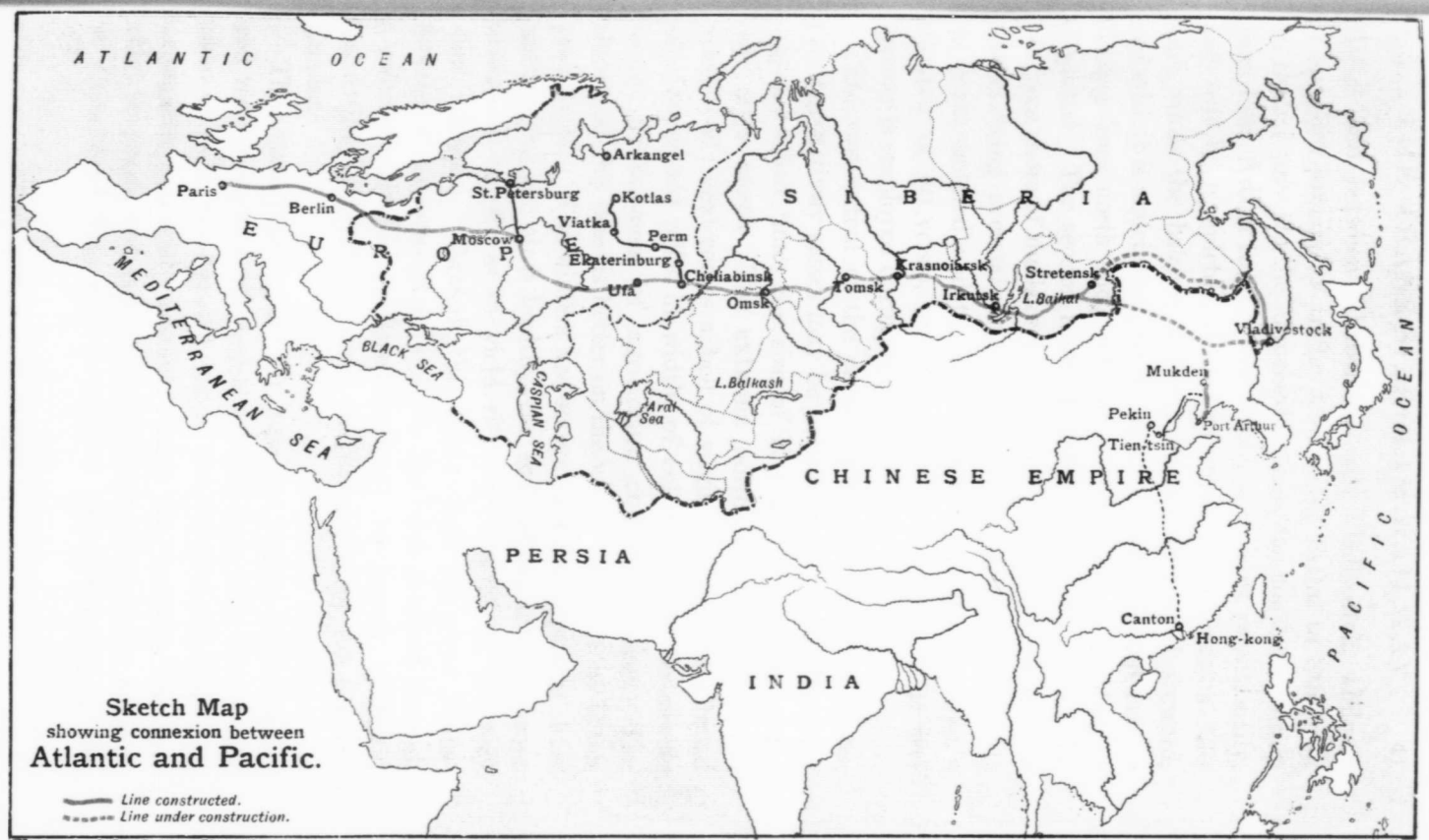
**T**HERE is nothing more sensational in modern history than the scheme, long simmering but only actively inaugurated in May 1891, of running a steel band through the heart of Asia, and so effecting a direct communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific through two continents. The grandeur of this great undertaking cannot be denied, and all honour must be given to those who, in the face of manifold difficulties, began the work whose completion is now in sight.

Anything in the shape of a general description of Siberia or of the line and its history is outside the scope of this article, but a few words are necessary in introducing the subject. The sketch-maps show clearly the direction and state of progress of the line, whose present termini are respectively Cheliabinsk on the west and Vladivostok and Port Arthur on the east. The railway is at present connected with the European system by a somewhat circuitous route *viâ* Moscow, but a projected line will eventually connect Cheliabinsk direct with St. Petersburg and the Baltic, while already there are lines northwards to Ekaterinburg-Tiumen and to Perm-Viatka-Kotlass (Archangel), and another is to give connection later with Tsaritsin and the Black Sea.

The condition of the Trans-Siberian at present, so far as progress in construction is concerned, is as follows: The line is open for *regular* traffic between Cheliabinsk and Lake



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H. Braden & Son, Printers, Plymouth.

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\* The dotted red line from Stretensk along the Amur represents the abandoned route.



Baikal, and between Khabarovsk and Vladivostok, while it is open for *provisional* traffic from Lake Baikal to Stretensk on the Amur. On the Manchurian lines the southern portion from Port Arthur to north of Mukden is open provisionally, and will be completed, it is expected, to Vladivostok this year, while the balance is being vigorously pushed forward, and will, it is anticipated, be finished by 1902. Various branch feeding lines north and south of the main one are building or projected. The section from Baikal to Missovaya, round the southern shore of the lake, is not being proceeded with, further studies being necessary in view of the very serious difficulties to be encountered, and the present route is across the lake, a distance of 60 versts, by train-ferry, for which a huge ice-breaker is employed during the winter season.

The vast extent of the country through which the Trans-Siberian Railway passes may be judged from the fact that it is one and a half times the size of Europe. It may be divided into three zones. The extreme north is level frost-bound marsh-land; next comes a belt of virgin forest; then a broad zone, some 350 miles in width, of cultivable land favourable to the development of agriculture and colonisation. The climate in this zone is better on the whole than that of European Russia. The winters are severe, and the summers short and hot, but the air is healthy, the soil fertile, and the crops mature so rapidly as to yield rich harvests during the very short summer. Through this region runs the great Trans-Siberian-Manchurian Railway. Its last section is laid through a country unrivalled, in Russia at least, for beauty, salubrity, and fertility—Manchuria, until recently a part of the Chinese Empire.

The idea of linking the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by an iron road seemed so chimerical at first that little notice was taken of it in this country, but at last, when the line, though incomplete, is already revolutionising the territory through which it passes, and communication can be made by rail and river combined from end to end, we have awakened to the

facts of the situation. A few Britons have gone over the line and recorded their impressions, and two opposing theories have grown up amongst them as to the value and effectiveness of the line.

It is an incontrovertible fact that by this overland line one can travel from Russia, and even from Western Europe, to the uttermost limits of Russia on the Pacific in half the time, and at considerably less than half the cost, of the old oversea route *viâ* the Suez Canal; that is, as affairs actually stand at present. The completion of the line will reduce the time and cost very greatly. This bridging of distance is not an advantage only to Moscow, for the European capitals—Paris, Berlin, London—by its means are brought so much the nearer to the Far East.

About this fact and its patent advantages there can be no two opinions, and the whole of Europe is under an obligation to Russia for the opening of this great international highway. But now come many cavillers, who say that, though it is undoubtedly a great work, it has been carried out in such a manner as to render it of very little use; that its construction is both bad and ruinously expensive; that it will never pay dividends; and that it is unlikely to be of any particular use to Russia from a commercial or strategical point of view.

I do not think these criticisms will cut Russia to the heart. She does not play to the gallery of Europe; she knows what she wants and usually gets it, though her way of doing so may be unlike ours under similar circumstances.

When Russia determined to make this line, and to incur the necessary expense—£40,000,000 for the line as originally planned, now increased to something over £70,000,000—she had certain definite aims, and these were modified and enlarged as time went on. Her chief object was not to be able, as many people seem to imagine, to pour so many thousand men across Asia every day. That was not the aim and end of this strategical railway. She flung the line, in advance of the settlers, across Siberia as rapidly as possible—with

incredible rapidity—on much the same principle that lines have been pushed across great sections of the United States. And her action was justified. As soon as the line could stand traffic at all it was crowded, settlers poured in, and townships sprang up on every side. Large districts were portioned out, irrigation and draining on a large scale were begun, and along the route, before so desolate, life and energy came into being. One of the greatest difficulties of the Trans-Siberian Railway solved itself, and is still in process of solution, as it goes along. The line has no longer, except in a few tracts, to run through empty desert.

This settling up and development of Siberia was one of the main objects, no doubt, of the railway, and, so far, has been a brilliant success, while with the provision of feeder lines now in course of construction the movement will spread deeper, and the belt of humanity will no longer be confined to the narrow fringes of the steel road. To illustrate this point compare these figures :

Immigration to Siberia in 1893	.	.	61,435
"    "    "    1899	.	.	233,981

In these seven years nearly 19,000,000 acres of State lands have been transformed into immigration lots, and of this five-sevenths are in occupation already, while since 1887 more than 1,000,000 men have entered Siberia. During this year the immigration has been on a scale hitherto unparalleled; in May last 10,000 immigrants were waiting for transport at Cheliabinsk (the European terminus), and it must be remembered that large numbers are being monthly transferred by steamer from Odessa to Vladivostok. It is, moreover, not only Siberia that Russia has recently desired to settle up; in Manchuria she has acquired rights best enforced by effective occupation in the shape of a "Chinese" railway, and the stream of Russian immigration has begun to flow into that fertile province. These are not unworthy results for a "strategical railway" scarce nine years old.

Of course, a number of the immigrants do not settle. Many are restless, roving spirits—ne'er-do-weels, fugitives, *et hoc genus omne*—not true colonists in any sense of the word. But this winnowing process is inevitable in all new countries, and by no means peculiar to Siberia. It is not, however, as M. Leroy Beaulieu observes, men who are the most urgent need in Siberia to-day, but a more progressive and enlightened spirit, and this must be introduced by foreigners. In opening a new country the question of communications is all-important, and Russia may congratulate herself on having already provided for that. The rest will follow, sooner or later, according as the authorities are wise or foolish in their regulations. Progress will probably be slower than in Anglo-Saxon *terres nouvelles*, because of peculiarities in the Muscovite character, which are touched on elsewhere.

To take now the chief objections raised by those who deny the effectiveness and possibilities of the line. In the first place, we are told that the line is badly laid in places, that the rails are too light, that it is not properly ballasted, and that there are many other engineering defects. I am fully aware of the defects, and may refer any one who would like full details of these shortcomings to my description of the line in "The 'Overland' to China," but, serious as they are, the great object, as I have pointed out, was to get the line through, and they have not at present prevented the railway from carrying enormous numbers of passengers and a great deal of freight. Let the following figures, which refer to the Western and Central sections, tell their own tale :

	Passengers (including immigrants).	Goods. Pouids.
For three months in 1895 . . .	211,000 . . .	3,560,000
"    "    1899 . . .	1,075,000 . . .	40,759,000

Meanwhile a large proportion of the line is being relaid, ballasted, protected, and improved. Extra sums have been voted for this purpose, and the work, which must go on continuously, will certainly not be brought up to anything like the

European standard of excellence for several years. To build a line in this way undoubtedly costs much more than to construct it slowly and well, but Russia doubtless weighed the advantages of the two systems; and if results in Siberia and the Far East are any criterion, she has acted wisely. It may be, as critics say, four or five years before the whole line is in first-class condition, but meanwhile the communication by rail or river is already open, and the perfected railway line will find a population ready to take the fullest advantage of it. The Canadian-Pacific, it may here be mentioned, is still in process of perfecting, though its effectiveness has been admitted for years. In the United States, too, lines are made permanent in the same way. A second point, upon which the detractors of the railway—usually British, for it is unfortunately one of our national habits, due to our lack of imagination, to find fault with anything novel or surprising—frequently fall back, is the extreme discomfort of travelling by this route. "Never again," says the brave man who has undergone those tortures, "will I forsake my comfortable P. and O.!" and he adds, with a fine assumption that every one is as fortunately (or unfortunately) circumstanced as himself, that no one in their senses would submit to the inconvenience and hardships of such a railway journey.

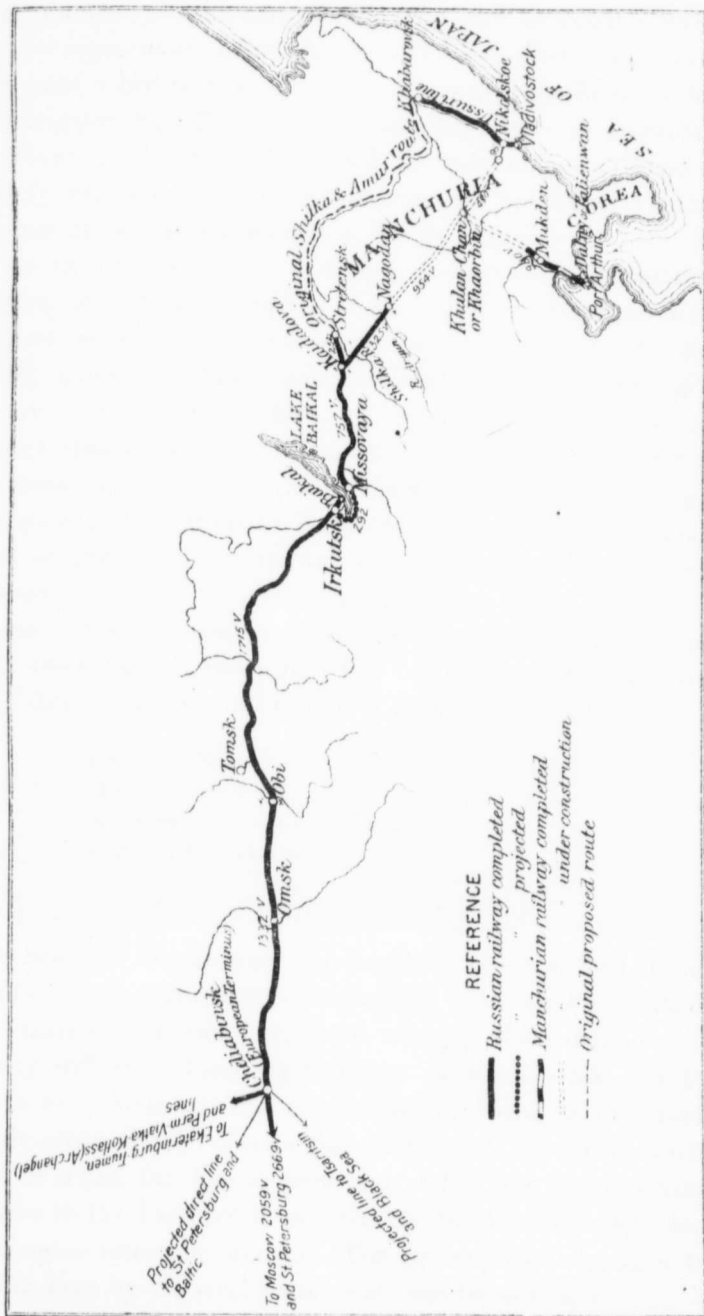
Before such an indictment the writer, who has travelled in most quarters of the globe, and crossed the railway before it reached anything like its present pitch of comfort, is dumb; but for fear any one should be led to imagine the trains to be mere cattle-trucks, as would not be unnatural when such complaints are made, it may be well to quote the description of a responsible British official in Russia: "*Trains de luxe*," he says, "leave Moscow every Saturday evening, provided with sleeping, restaurant, library, and bath cars; with, on the Siberian sections, church and gymnasium cars in addition—probably the most luxurious trains in existence." And already, this fast train proving insufficient, another is to be run weekly after this month between Moscow and Irkutsk on Lake Baikal, the

present terminus, and possibly on to Stretensk. The ordinary trains, it is true, are not as comfortable as those of Western Europe, but the accommodation first class is decent; the stations are good and clean, the buffets give substantial, if not very appetising, meals, and the Russian peasant who travels third is not accustomed to luxuries, while he appreciates the extraordinary lowness of the fares arranged to meet his narrow means. Time is not money to him. When the line is complete he will be able to travel from Moscow to Vladivostok or Port Arthur—not by fast trains, of course, but within a reasonable time—for the abnormally low sum of £3 15s.

Few people probably would make this journey absolutely as a pleasure trip. The irksome confinement in a train, and the monotony of a great section of the country passed through, are undoubtedly unpleasant. But, on the contrary, the climatic conditions are far less trying than those not infrequently involved by the steamer journey. There is no season during which the traveller is inconvenienced by extreme heat or cold, and no Red Sea to be crossed. The writer went through in nearly the hottest part of the year, when the dust was certainly objectionable, but no worse than that of the Canadian-Pacific on the prairies east of the Rockies, and not so bad as on the Trans-Indian lines. The heat is not excessive, and never deadly, as in the Red Sea, and the movement keeps up a certain breeze. In the winter the trains are thoroughly heated, too much perhaps, more to the taste of the American than the British traveller. The air of the Siberian steppes is magnificent, exhilarating, and tonic. At present, no doubt, with the incomplete condition of the railway and the abnormally large movement eastwards, the trains are crowded and the service disorganised, and until the Far Eastern crisis is over will continue to be so. The exigencies of the situation cannot be governed by such details as comfort. Many of the troops are being sent by sea to such places as Port Arthur and Vladivostok, but this does not signify that the Trans-Siberian has failed in its object. It is not quite ready yet, but even incomplete it has been able to transport



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W. Brendon & Son, Printers, Plymouth.  
 SKETCH MAP OF RUSSIAN AND MANCHURIAN RAILWAYS COMPLETED AND IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



large numbers of men and officers (the staff especially) necessary for organisation of the forces in the Far East. For some time past every seat in the *trains de luxe* from Moscow has been engaged for officers, and to the convenience of transporting them quickly must be added the advantage of doing so entirely unobserved. Russian officers are not asked whether they can stand the discomforts of the journey.

As for the actual speed of transit, there is a slight misunderstanding caused by the reports of travellers coming from East to West, who compare the length of their journey with that usually quoted by the Russian railway authorities, who give the time from West to East. They forget that on the unfinished Manchurian side they must travel up a river as far as Stretensk, against the current, which naturally takes longer than coming from West to East, down the river. The actual speed of transit on the railway has already been considerably increased. When the writer passed over from Moscow to Irkutsk—then the terminus—the journey took ten and a half days, which already last winter had been reduced to eight and a half days. At present the rate of progress is about :

London to Moscow . . . . .	3 days
Moscow to Stretensk . . . . .	11½ „
Stretensk (down Amur) to Khabarovsk . . . . .	6 „
Khabarovsk to Vladivostok . . . . .	1 „
	—
Total . . . . .	21½ „

When the Manchurian gap is filled up—and had it not been for recent disturbances the section between Port Arthur and Vladivostok would have been working this autumn—the journey will be reduced by five days to Vladivostok and by four to Port Arthur. This is a calculation based on the speed already attained (14 miles for fast trains), and not on what will be done when the line is perfected; when the journey from Moscow to the Pacific will take but eleven or twelve days, and to Shanghai fifteen or sixteen. The journey from London to the Far East by the rival routes will then be as follows :

	To Yokohama.	To Shanghai.
	Days.	Days.
<i>Via</i> Siberian Railway . . . . .	18	18 or 19
„ Suez Canal . . . . .	34	28
„ America . . . . .	25	31

Although primarily a political railway, there is no doubt that Russia hopes much from her new line as a commercial undertaking. It is impossible here to enter into such a technical account of trade with the Far East as would afford an approximate estimate of this side of the possibilities of the Trans-Siberian, for the data are not at present available. It must be largely a matter of faith. It is certain, however, that the old caravan trade will be entirely superseded, and that a very considerable through traffic will be done in tea, silk, and other light products of the East, especially those perishable, or which must be delivered within a certain time; while in years to come, Siberia, as one of the largest grain-producing countries of the world, may do a large, though perhaps not a remunerative, export trade with the Far East, even now importing food-stuffs in increasing quantities from over seas. Already there is a very considerable market for various manufactures in the newly-settled country, and this market is rapidly developing, according to the testimony of the Germans. Russia is not a free-trade country, and the railway with its abnormally low rates will have discriminating tariffs to support its foreign business, while providing a cheap route for internal trade. The Russians, too, lay stress on the avoidance of the heavy Suez Canal dues and of the necessary maritime insurance. The tea trade with China is increasing, almost all China tea now going to Russia, while Britain not only supplies herself but a large part of Europe, including Russia, more and more with Ceylon and Indian teas—an argument often used by Russians to prove the community of their interests with those of the Chinese and the diversity of ours from the latter.

As far as trade, however, is concerned, the railway will probably not be a paying concern for a long time, and certainly

will not be able to fulfil its brilliant possibilities until it is not only finished but in great measure relaid. Eventually, no doubt, there will be a double line of rails, but before that is accomplished numbers of small feeder lines, of which mention has already been made, will run from it. In Manchuria Russia has the right by treaty with this country to extend her railways from the main Manchurian system, "in a south-westerly direction"—namely, through the north of China. These branch lines will have a very important effect politically and commercially, and without them the main line would never succeed in many of its objects.

The Russians probably consider the settling up of Siberia as a sufficient return for their outlay without any great immediate commercial return; for it must be remembered that Siberia is no barren desert, but is full of natural resources. Gold, silver, iron, coal, lead, precious stones, naphtha—these are only some of the riches she holds in store. Siberia, even at present, with a surface merely scratched, ranks as fourth of the gold-producing countries of the world. Many men who have prospected there claim that it will one day "rival the Randt." The yearly export already exceeds £5,000,000 sterling per annum. At present the absurd regulations and State supervision are deterrents to gold-mining, and scientific methods have hitherto been impossible without proper machinery and appliances, nor could fuel be had at the places where it was needed. Communications will alter all this, and, apart from the minerals, there are vast virgin forests in Siberia; there are enormous areas of virgin soil; there are rivers full of fish—all waiting for the coming of the master. It is impossible, in reading the statistics already given, to deny the benefits conferred upon Siberia by the railway in opening up the country, and upon Russia in providing an outlet for a teeming population for whom the poor soil and miserable conditions of life in their native country renders existence in Old Russia at once wretched and unproductive. The most captious critic, realising the facts, and reading in official reports

for himself, if he will, how villages are springing up, towns have increased miraculously, markets are stimulated, trade is beginning, and the hum of life is heard all along the line, will grant that already the Trans-Siberian, however badly laid, however costly in construction, has conferred inestimable benefits on the nation to which it owes its being.

As to the share the rest of the world will have in these benefits, that depends largely on themselves. Germany has not been slow to seize opportunities, and the German language is the international medium for commercial transactions in Siberia, as in Russia, while many of the best and most intelligent settlers, as was noticed in "The Overland to China," are Germans or of German descent. A German trade paper circulates in all Siberian as well as European-Russian towns, printed as a rule daily, and in the German language. Advertising in Russian by catalogues and otherwise is largely employed by German manufacturers, and with successful results. The best teachers, artisans, and skilled workmen are Teutons. The writer in his journey met innumerable commercial travellers and agents of German nationality, but only one firm of British traders, a few British and American prospectors, and half-a-dozen English engineers employed on the ice-breaker at Lake Baikal. There is no paper in Russia printed in English, and the language is practically only available at the Russian ports. In Siberia it is unknown except among the Germans. The French are not in evidence at all. In view of the extreme cheapness of railway travelling in Siberia, it seems a pity that more cannot be done to stimulate British trade with the new territory, where our machinery, manufactured goods, hardware and so forth, are much in demand.

An even wider field of usefulness is opened by the bringing of China, Japan, and other Far Eastern territories into direct communication with European Russia and Europe generally. It is impossible to predict how far-reaching the effects may be, but that they are bound to be both wide and deep cannot

be doubted. The barriers between East and West will be bridged, and the more so that the Power which has accomplished this, and emerged on the Pacific, is herself semi-Oriental. This will largely contribute to the breaking down of the race prejudices and divisions between the Russians and the people whose next-door neighbours they have become. And it must be recollected that Russia has come across Asia, not in a thin line, with very imperfect communications, as is often represented; not merely by means of a "single line railway," but solid, with a belt of country settled up as she came. Before the line was laid the tribes of Central Asia to the west had been subdued, and Russia, having no time to lose, did her work of subjugation thoroughly. The line does not run through a country inhabited by hostile tribes: on the north lies the vast ice-bound empire only partly settled with men of Muscovite blood; on the south—from west to east—lies first Central Asia, subdued and to a great measure content, and then the Chinese Empire—no longer merely Mongolia, but now China Proper with the cerebral point of the Empire, the capital—almost within reach. What is the significance of the latter?

The significance is so great, that, without it, it is hardly possible that Russia would have built the line, as she has done, altogether regardless of cost. The development of Siberia, the linking of West to East (in the neighbourhood of the Amur), important as they are, are insignificant factors in the case in comparison to what Russia gains by a direct touch on China. This touch—through a White Man's country too—she has gained by an extension of the original line; and by further extensions, by feeders, by branches, she will spread her net farther and farther until she can control the northern part of the Chinese Empire as she already does Manchuria.

The strategic value of the railway does not depend for its success, as many seem to think, on the mere moving of large bodies of troops to the Far East; as we have said before, that is a matter Russia can accomplish if she needs, not, perhaps, at

the rate of 2000 per day, but with sufficient speed. Her methods, however, are more subtle. Russia will not fight so long as she can get what she wants by diplomacy, and her project at present is the *utilisation* of the greater part of the resources of China, not necessarily a territorial conquest or acquisition.

Perhaps the most impressive and important of all the changes wrought by the Trans-Siberian-Manchurian line, even in its present incomplete condition, is that it has placed within Russia's grasp what she has sighed for so long—ice-free ports, an open sea, and an immense stretch of the Chinese littoral. True, she was already established at Vladivostok before the commencement of the railway, but the gradual development of the line led to the occupation of Port Arthur and Talienwan, and what is practically the acquisition of the magnificent coast of Manchuria and the control of that province. Without direct communication through the hinterland and a stiffening of Cossacks and settlers, these ports would be of little avail to Russia, but now they lie, not isolated, but as the outposts of her own unbroken dominions. Russia sees herself to-day no longer land-locked, but an ocean power. With a maritime population to draw on, with a fine coast, open ports and facilities for inland trade, a vast difference has come over the spirit of Russia's dream. In the dockyards of the United States and Europe ships are being built, and with the development of Siberia and Manchuria large supplies of coal will be for the first time available. A fleet of fifteen large vessels, the "Volunteer Fleet," is employed at present between Odessa and the Far East, and supplements the work done by the railway, and a scheme is already afoot to establish lines of steamers between Vladivostok, Port Arthur, and all other important points in the Far East.

The Trans-Siberian-Manchurian Railway, to sum up, is part of a policy of anticipation. To be prepared for future developments, and to give, whenever possible, a helping hand towards shaping those developments in the way most convenient to



herself—these are points in Russian policy admirably illustrated by this particular case.

Serious critics imbued with the fear of a "Yellow Peril" have suggested that, when communication is complete and direct, hordes of Chinese will pour into Siberia instead of the Russians filtering into China. A certain amount of such colonisation would be an excellent thing for Russia, and there is no chance of its becoming a difficulty. The Chinese have not sufficient idea of organisation, and are without leaders. Russia—half Asiatic herself—knows how to deal with them, and will not commit the blunder of being either too lenient or of dragooning them too heavily. That the Chinese are easily governed is shown by the way in which they have borne the usurpation of the Manchus and their tyranny for two-and-a-half centuries.

Another minor objection, aroused by my description of social life in Siberia, has been made to the Trans-Siberian as a civiliser. What can be done, it is asked, by people so indolent, untruthful, and addicted to *vodka* as these Siberians? Better have a virgin country than one peopled by such. But we must remember that immigration to Siberia began under most unfavourable circumstances. The country, the "cesspool of Russia," had a very bad name, and conditions of life were indescribably arduous. There are still—though the convict system has been greatly improved since the railway came along—in all the towns a certain number of convicts whose period of actual restriction to one spot is over, and the convict immigration has left traces, though the number has been too small to have any permanent effect on the population, while the conditions of their lives and the not unnatural dislike of the peasants to ally themselves with those under a cloud precluded any considerable increase in their numbers. The majority of those who with surprising quickness have flocked thither, and settled up many of the towns and villages, were men who had a desire to leave their own country for reasons not always creditable. The poorest and lowest and most miserable of the

people—and the Russian *moujik* is of the lowest stratum of peasantry in the world—were also glad to stream towards a land where they would find relief from the monotony of semi-starvation and the thralldom of life on a Russian estate.

As the conditions of life improve, as the railway becomes efficient, education will become more accessible, avenues to success be opened, and a stimulus given to work and ambition. All these will tend to raise first the standard of life and then the standard of living in Siberia, and to elevate the characters and bring out the latent powers of the men who are Russia's pioneers. This will not happen soon, nor is it likely that the Siberians will altogether lose the defects of their qualities, but there is no reason to doubt that they will yield and respond to the influences which have gradually accomplished the civilisation of so much of the world. At present Russia is a very young nation, and her people have not behind them generations of education and self-government. On the contrary, they were loosed but yesterday from the bonds of the blackest ignorance and slavery. The Siberian colonist is but one step from that benighted *moujik*, and while still in this crude raw state he is often brought face to face with some of the facts of a civilisation almost effete in its elaboration. The moral result is like the Siberian custom of wearing a dress-coat on all occasions of ceremony, regardless whether the shirt beneath be clean or indeed whether there be any shirt at all; or like his house, which may be gaudy and splendid, but at the same time dirty and uncomfortable.

The whole affair—the new country, the freedom incidental to a new country, the many resources, their political importance—has come upon them very suddenly. The Russian nation has developed with the same amazing rapidity. Such mushroom growths are not always stable, and in this lies the danger for Russia. She has, as it were, leapt from point to point, and must fill in the gaps if she is to stand firmly. At present, however, we can only wonder at her energy and admire her foresight and steadiness of aim.

Before quitting this subject I must draw attention to the manner in which the Russian Government have advertised their line, adopting, with the imitative faculty of the true Oriental, methods wholly opposed to Russian precedent, and worthy of the most pushing American. At the Paris Exhibition a section may be seen occupied by the *train de luxe* which will eventually run through from Paris to Vladivostok, and pamphlets are distributed, printed in every language conceivable, while excellent handbooks and guides are to be had in Russian, French, and one at all events in English—probably also in German. The work of popularising and making the line familiar has been carried on with great energy, in France especially, where legions of articles have appeared in papers, reviews, and magazines.

Altogether, Russia has made a gigantic effort, and, in the opinion of the writer, that effort has already been crowned with success far exceeding the hopes of the initiators of the scheme, while it is impossible to exaggerate the possibilities of the railway when it is at length completed, strengthened, and put in first-class order. Before we are all much older we shall be watching the realisation of those possibilities, with envy maybe, but not without admiration.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

## NATIONAL DEFENCE

**E**VENTS are not in the habit of waiting upon the convenience of mankind. It is idle therefore to complain that the settlement in South Africa should loom so large just at the time when our attention is urgently needed in other directions. In the result, however, it seems only too probable that the question of national defence will wholly fail to receive the attention it demands. It is, in truth, of paramount importance, and will not brook delay. Even though we proceed with the utmost energy and despatch to set our house in order, who shall say that we may not find ourselves still unprepared in face of a situation, the gravity and danger of which will make our difficulties in South Africa sink into insignificance ?

We stand, as Lord Rosebery has said, at the parting of the ways. The necessity of abandoning the old way must be obvious to the nation, unless it is smitten with a fatal blindness. The campaign in South Africa has furnished an object lesson of extraordinary force and significance. Compelled to take up arms against the South African Republics, collectively capable of putting fifty or sixty thousand armed peasants in the field, we are reduced, notwithstanding the generous assistance of our colonies and the voluntary service of patriotic civilians, to such a state of military weakness at home, that our only army of defence, hastily collected at Aldershot, has been pronounced by the Commander-in-Chief unfit to take the field. There is obviously something radically wrong about a system which has

led to such a result. In the meantime our fleet, in addition to the duties imposed by the war, has had further calls made upon it by the sudden and unexpected upheaval in China. The position is sufficiently grave to occasion anxiety in the minds of reasonable men not addicted to panic and with no desire to be alarmists. To risk the recurrence of such a situation by apathetic indifference to the warning it conveys, would be criminal. Imperialism clearly demands the maintenance of a force commensurate with the obligations which it accepts. That this requirement as yet remains unsatisfied has been made plain. How our shortcomings in this respect may be made good it is now proposed to consider. The enthusiasm displayed by the people over the incidents of the war afford good reason to hope that their willing co-operation in any reasonable scheme of national defence may be secured. At the same time, though Mafeking nights and Ladysmith celebrations are all very well as displays of popular patriotism, they go no way at all in the direction of national defence; and we must not forget that the repeated exhibition of emotion unaccompanied by practical effort has a detrimental effect upon the character of individuals and nations alike. Assuming, then, that the nation is prepared to meet the demands occasioned by the adoption of an Imperial policy, how can we best repair the deficiencies which recent experiences have exposed?

In the first place, it is essential to have a clear idea of what the weak spot in our armour really is. We have been told on high authority that it consists in the insufficiency of our army, and consequently that the matter can be set right by the simple, albeit costly, device of adding to the battalions of regulars and militia. I submit that this is entirely to misapprehend the lesson furnished us. What has in fact been shown is that neither the regular army nor the militia can safely be relied upon as a second line of defence at all. What would have been the result, had we in fact on the outbreak of hostilities possessed twenty or thirty thousand more trained troops? Would our military force at home be one whit

stronger than at present? Is it not plain that it would not? The additional trained troops would have been despatched out of hand to South Africa, and the only difference would have been that the hasty levies which have been raised would not have been raised in such large numbers. The truth is that any force, the first duty of which lies in the defence of the Empire at large, can never be relied upon for the purposes of home defence at all, for the simple reason that the danger of invasion is greatest when such a force is out of the country and altogether beyond recall. To rely, therefore, for the defence of our own country upon troops which are liable to be called upon for Imperial service is to rely upon a weapon which is almost certain to be out of reach when we most want it. We must make up our minds either to rely exclusively upon the fleet for the protection of our homes or to take the matter into our own hands. Behind the regular forces must stand the nation, organised for self-defence, if permanent security is to be obtained.

This object may be attained in several ways. The first and most obvious course is to follow the example of our neighbours and to require a period of military service from every citizen. This, we have been told, is contrary to the genius of the English people. Deplorable words to be used by any influential person; for, if the maintenance of the Empire demands universal service, this high-sounding phrase merely serves to cover the ignoble refusal, by men professing Imperialism, to accept the primary obligations of Empire. The phrase is open to another objection: that it is senseless. It might as well be said that to pay taxes is contrary to the genius of the English people.

The genius of the English people apart, what are the objections alleged against universal service? It is sometimes denounced as militarism, but if militarism consist in the training of the citizen for the accomplishment of his primary duty—the defence of his own country—to what objection is it open? So defined, the name seems void of offence. Then it is said that

compulsory military service must unduly handicap industry. Our industrial difficulties, however, do not arise from insufficiency of labour, but from the tendency to produce in excess of the means of disposal. It is not likely, therefore, that the necessary subtraction from the ranks of labour would hamper production in any sensible degree, particularly as increased efficiency might be expected to compensate largely for diminution in quantity. Experience strongly confirms these conclusions. We have been accustomed to hear that English commerce would have nothing to fear from German competition, so long as the "blood-tax" and "crushing military burden" was maintained in Germany. Yet, under this crushing military burden, German industry has advanced with leaps and bounds, not only to the astonishment, but to the grave anxiety, of the happy country which, surrounded by its silver streak, has been able to neglect the first duty of citizenship—national defence—and to devote its whole energy to production. It would seem that, as the sons in the fable, diligently searching for the hidden treasure bequeathed to them, found an unlooked-for return in the increased fertility of their field, so the Germans, patriotically accepting the duty of military training, have reaped their reward, not only in the security of their empire, but in the vigour and efficiency of the manhood of their nation. There are doubtless grave defects in the German system, but surely nothing but blindness or prejudice can obscure the fact that the training given to the youth of Germany has resulted in marked advantage to the country. Nor, apart from our unintelligent habit of imitation in military matters, is there any reason why the causes which give rise to reasonable objection to the German system need be repeated here. Few probably would contend that, in order to make an Englishman an effective soldier, he must devote the whole of his time and attention to drill for a period of three years. If the true end of social life were sufficiently realised—namely, the development of the individual physically and mentally—the overwhelming advantage to the nation offered by a system of military combined with technical training

could hardly be overlooked. Rescued at the most critical period of his life from the stuffy office and the unhealthy trade, where the seeds of consumption are sown in the immature, and proper physical development rendered impossible, given the benefit of open-air life, while acquiring habits of punctuality and application, the English lad of twenty would be turned out into the world healthy, vigorous, self-controlled, and skilled. The nation, in seeking for security, would have found regeneration.

The gravity of this side of the question—the physical condition of the people—hardly seems to be realised. For a century past we have drawn upon the energy of the race as if it were inexhaustible, heedless of the fact that that energy was the outcome of conditions of life which have long ceased to exist. Reverse the conditions, and the opposite result may be relied upon. This is evidenced by the symptoms of physical degeneration around us. A delusive idea exists that cricket and football provide in this country a means of physical training superior to the drill and gymnastics prevailing abroad. As a matter of fact, the great majority of our lads between the ages of sixteen and twenty play neither cricket nor football. They have not the chance. The comparative merit of the two systems, therefore, does not enter into the question.

In Switzerland, a democracy from which we have much to learn, physical training receives the closest attention, although the conditions of life are far more healthy than with us; and every effort is made to train the men to arms, although the international position of Switzerland is far less disquieting than that of our own country. In England we are apt to regard the very limited number of first-rate specimens of manly vigour drawn from the well-to-do classes as typical of the physical condition of the people. No notion could be more ill-founded, and it is much to be feared that, having regard to the decrease in the number of children in the families of the better class, the physical condition of what is statistically known as the "mean Englishman" is on the decline.

But apart from the indirect benefits calculated to result from



the careful training which any well-considered scheme of general military service would involve, in themselves sufficient to justify its adoption, the direct advantage would be enormous. It would mean the assumption by England of her proper place as head of the nations. The policy of pin-pricks and tail-twisting now so diverting would speedily lose its fascination, and a greater step would have been taken towards the preservation of universal peace than ever has been or could be attained by all the efforts of all the peace societies in the world. Nothing short of this will suffice to impress upon our neighbours a due and abiding sense of our strength and security, but it may be admitted that practical security could be obtained by less far-reaching methods, on the condition that our naval supremacy is inflexibly maintained. An expedient most obvious and easily adopted lies ready to our hand—the constitutional resort to the militia ballot. Once determined on raising an adequate militia force by ballot, the only exemption to be on account of service in the regular army or the volunteers, and the whole of the youth of the better class will be driven into the ranks of the volunteers, where they ought to have been long ago. Without some such pressure no permanent increase in the number of the volunteers can be looked for. Spasmodic expansion in times of excitement there always has been and probably always will be, but this form of patriotism is open to the objection that in any real crisis it would almost inevitably be too late. There is a dislike with us to playing at soldiers, and volunteers themselves are quite conscious that, although they may be first-class fighting men, they will in times of peace always appear to disadvantage in comparison with regular troops: a comparison into which they are forced. There is also a dislike to uniform even when it is attractive, a dislike which is accentuated with regard to the habiliments of the volunteer. The writer, himself an ex-volunteer, ceased to feel any pride in his uniform after it had led to his being mistaken for an escaped convict on Dartmoor during the manœuvres many years ago. Finally,

the volunteer exposes himself to the caustic humour of his friends, possibly aroused by an unacknowledged but uncomfortable feeling of duty neglected on the part of the humourist. It may be predicted, however, that most well-to-do young men would consider immunity from service in the ranks of the militia cheap at the cost of any amount of volunteering when they could choose their companions to a considerable extent. It follows that under such a sanction any degree of efficiency might be exacted from the volunteers which might be deemed essential.

There is another suggestion, the value of which depends upon the credit still attaching to certain military dogmas to which we have long reverently bowed. These are to the effect that drill and discipline are everything, marksmanship nothing, and that "men with rifles," however brave and intelligent, must incontinently vanish before the face of "trained troops" like smoke before the wind. The spectacle of South African peasants without drill, without discipline, with the loosest possible organisation, long holding their own against superior numbers, has, to say the least, given a rude shock to these notions. One may even have the temerity to doubt whether in regard to modern warfare there ever was much substance in them. Drill, it is to be observed, has two objects. First, instruction in the simple evolutions necessary nowadays. These ought to be taught at school and could be learnt by any intelligent man in a week. Secondly, the subordination of inclination to habit, so that the natural tendency to run away may be counteracted by the acquired habit of cohesion. That such a result may be achieved is shown by the valuable military service obtained from men recruited from tribes or peoples, the individuals composing which are the opposite of courageous. It is obvious, however, that you can never drill civilians sufficiently to make them automatic machines, and any drill directed to that purpose is entirely thrown away. After all, drill and discipline are but substitutes for courage and intelligence, and the advantages are by no means all on the side of the former.

In South Africa disaster has repeatedly occurred from the too faithful repetition of lessons taught by years of drill and discipline at home, nor have we been altogether denied the opportunity of observing the sterilising influence of routine upon the brain. So far as the maintenance of order and good behaviour is concerned, a sufficient equivalent for discipline is to be found in the voluntary subordination which a common cause and urgent necessity may be relied upon to produce. Such subordination is of the nature of Englishmen, and is exhibited whenever occasion requires. In the face of invasion it would be shown at least as readily in the battlefield, and in the camp, as in the cricket or football field in times of peace.

In order to enable men to take part in the defence of their country there is, however, one indispensable condition: they must possess rifles and know how to use them. This condition is unhappily unfulfilled with us. How can we remedy the defect? Individual effort has already led the way by the formation of rifle clubs and the encouragement of marksmanship. But a movement of this kind is too partial in its operation and too uncertain in its duration to meet the necessities of the case. If left to individual action its tendency will inevitably be to flicker and die out. The difficulties, however, in the way of extending the practice of rifle shooting to the nation at large are not really formidable if the matter be approached with conviction and determination. The divisions created for the purposes of local government furnish us with the necessary means of organisation. Every parish council might be required to keep a register of the men between the ages determined upon, say from seventeen to thirty, not serving or having served in the regular or auxiliary forces. A return of this register should be made to the district council, and by the district to the county council. Each parish council should be required to provide a Morris-tube range and an armoury for the rifles, each district council the use of a long range within the district. Every man on the register should be required to produce yearly for a certain number of years a

certificate of efficiency at the range. The men from each parish should select their commanders from among themselves, or any resident in the parish; while these might themselves elect a commander for the district. The only uniform required would be a bandolier and a cap or hat bearing a distinctive number or badge. The different commands should be mustered once or oftener in the year by a military officer, either in the separate parishes, in the district, or in the county. The places selected should be, in turn, all the defensible positions in the county, and the commanders should have pointed out to them how such positions ought to be entrenched and held. A large and increasing number of the men would be cyclists and could muster on their cycles; a considerable number of mounted men would attend if mounted men were required. Both cyclists and hunting men would start with a fair knowledge of the country, and such knowledge would rapidly be acquired by the rest. Some modification would be required for the population of larger towns, but they might be coupled by way of reinforcement to rural divisions. The cost would doubtless have to come out of the Exchequer, as the expenditure would be for a national purpose. The advantages of such a system would be: every Englishman would become a competent rifle shot; every district would be alive with riflemen accustomed to a rough organisation, working from their homes; commissariat difficulties would be reduced to a minimum; the men would soon get to know every inch of the country about them, every defensible position in it, the ways to it and from it, and how it should be held. Avoiding all imitation of military dress or title, they might hope to escape comparison with "trained troops," and to be judged by a totally different standard. The only concern of the military officer would be their muster at the appointed place and time, and the matter for his report the degree of rapidity and ease with which they mustered and dispersed. Shortcomings in these respects would be overcome by practice.

Now, it is not pretended that the above is a scheme for

making an army. All that is maintained is that a country, the inhabitants of which were so trained and organised, would be a remarkably unpleasant one to invade. It is not necessary to show that riflemen could win pitched battles or even maintain the defensive for an indefinite period. It seems to be generally agreed, rather too hastily perhaps, that in the event of anything more than a temporary loss of the command of the sea we should be reduced to submission by starvation. London is, doubtless, perilously accessible from the coast, and the dream of military authorities on the Continent seems to be to make a dash upon London with a hundred or a couple of hundred thousand men, and thence dictate terms. The object of arming the nation would be to deprive such a scheme of its attractions. At present there is a great deal too much feasibility about it for the liking of thoughtful people. The contemptuous disregard of the danger existing in the public mind arises, apparently, partly from genuine courage, and partly from a characteristic obtuseness which prevents the appreciation of the helplessness of untrained men, however brave, in the case of an armed invasion.

It must not be forgotten, in considering the question under discussion, that the above proposals have no concern with the regular army. That reorganisation there is urgently needed there can be no question, although it may safely be predicted that no permanent improvement will take place so long as officers of the army are content to be considered as a red-coated variety of the idle class.

It is hoped that it will be recognised, for the reasons given above, that any increase in the army would not sensibly affect the security of our own shores, while it would prove enormously costly, and tend to limit the expenditure upon the fleet. Safety, if it is to be had at all, must be attained by national effort; the defence of the people must be by the people; surely a truly liberal and democratic idea. Liberals of the old school continue to cry aloud the maxims upon which their political youth was nourished, and are evidently nonplussed by the complete

indifference with which they are received. They fail to realise that while they have been standing still, the world has been moving on. A policy which was sane enough when British commercial supremacy was practically unchallenged, and the struggle for expansion had not commenced, becomes mid-summer madness when that struggle is at its height, and the effort to surround each new possession with a tariff wall universal. So long as we stand unarmed amongst armed nations, so long will our interests suffer in the hands of the ministers to whom they are entrusted from an over-anxiety to avoid quarrels: an anxiety which unfortunately is calculated to defeat its own object. The interruption of a habit of concession causes resentment among nations, just as the cessation of a benefit is a well-recognised source of irritation amongst individuals. A nation which imperfectly and intermittently protects its interests arouses by their occasional assertion an indignation quite unknown in the case of those who habitually maintain their rights. More satisfactory plans for national defence than any of those sketched out above may doubtless be devised by abler heads than the writer's. The object of this article is to call attention to the urgent need of some such scheme. Hitherto the Government have not given the faintest indication of having appreciated the lessons recently afforded them. Is there no statesman in the country who has both the intelligence to realise the gravity of our position, and the energy to head a movement in favour of truly national defence? What is wanted is not reform but revolution, and for this there is good reason to hope the country is prepared upon the call of any one possessing its confidence.

RALPH NEVILLE.

## THE NAVAL EXHIBITION AT THE HAGUE

FROM the very earliest times the connection between England and the Netherlands has been so close, not only in its history, but in its trade and in its more purely social relations, that the Naval Exhibition which has been held this summer at the Hague would almost certainly have excited much interest in this country, were it not for two unfortunate coincidences. On the one hand, the great Exhibition in Paris eclipsed its smaller competitors, and, on the other, the war in South Africa not only gave people a glut of actually living history, but also impressed many with the idea that the Dutch, as distant cousins of the Boers and linked to them by many later ties, were necessarily hostile to us and to be considered as enemies. I am not called on to deny that public feeling in the Netherlands, so far as I could judge from the newspapers, was distinctly in favour of the Boers, though I saw nothing, even in the comic papers—gross as Dutch comic papers frequently are—which could be pronounced offensive; and comparing what I saw in Holland with what I have heard of in other parts of the Continent, whilst the Dutch caricatures kept themselves within reasonable limits, the expressions in the daily papers were moderate—ininitely more so than could be found in some of the pro-Boer organs printed in England. To an Englishman who has never admitted that any good accrued to his country from the policy of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright, there was even

something funny in the plaintive wail of an Amsterdam paper, which, in commenting on the new measures adopted by Lord Roberts for giving a real value to a Boer's oath of allegiance, asked: "Is this the England of Gladstone and of Bright, the England that in our youth we learnt to love and admire?" On the other hand, however, there was everywhere visible a good deal of that sincere form of flattery which lies in imitation of things English; and I saw at least one little boy—to whom the English language was unknown—whose straw hat had a ribbon bearing the legend "H.M.S. *Benbow*."

Still, there can be little doubt that the notion that the Dutch were, or ought to be, intensely hostile to an English visitor did, to some extent, prevent any great influx from this country, or any enthusiasm about the Exhibition, which, too, interesting as it really was, did not appeal to the vulgar or popular taste. There were none of the more catching side-shows which, in the Exhibition at Chelsea in 1891, added so much to the financial success. There was nothing to compare with the "Sons of Neptune," the sea-fights, the small-arm men, the field-piece parties, the model of the *Victory*, or the most unhistorical panorama of Trafalgar—made in Germany. The Exhibition at the Hague could compare only with what, at Chelsea, was officially called the "Arts Section," or, more correctly, the "Historic Loan Collection," and was naturally on a much smaller scale. Differing from the English Exhibition in another important respect, this at the Hague was proposed, planned, and carried into effect with little or no naval co-operation. The Queen readily consented to be the patron; the Minister of the Navy, to be honorary President; a few lieutenants of the navy were on the Council; one of them—Lieutenant Colenbrander—acted as secretary; but the chairman, the vice-chairman, and the greater number of the Council were civilians—private gentlemen, men engaged in business, University professors, directors of museums, and so forth. Mr. Scheurleer, the chairman, is known as a collector in different branches of art and archaeology; the vice-chairman,



Mr. Van Gijn, of Dordrecht—the very name of which is redolent of Dutch history—is himself the possessor of a collection of historical engravings which has no private and not many public rivals. Professor Blok, of Leiden, and Professor Heeres, of Delft, were also members of the small party of Dutchmen who, early in the summer of last year, decided to hold an exhibition of portraits, pictures of sea fights, rare books of voyages, models, medals, and personal relics, illustrating the lives and recalling the memory of the great men who established the name of the Netherlands as a maritime power. This purpose they very ably carried out; and the little Exhibition—to which the Queen lent an annex of the Prince of Orange's palace—formally opened by the Queen on July 15, has further proved an admirable exposition of Dutch naval history, and, as such, a very interesting complement of our own Exhibition of nine years ago.

To me, who had a considerable share in compiling the Catalogue of that Exhibition, and who, for the last eighteen years—during the progress of the Dictionary of National Biography—have been living in close association with the worthies of our own navy, it was especially pleasing to find myself at the Hague among the companions or opponents of the men whose lives I have spent so many years in studying. With the actions of many of them I had long been more or less familiar, but their names were frequently new to me, though I had become acquainted with some of them in the illustrated edition of De Jonge's Naval History.<sup>1</sup> We are so much accustomed to say or to write, "The Dutch did so and so," that it came almost as a new idea that when they did it they had officers and that these had names. The water-beggars (*watergeuzen*) make a case in point. When they made their celebrated attack on the Briel in 1572, and laid the foundation of Dutch independence, we know that they were commanded by Count Willem van der Mark, of whom there was a small engraved portrait; and it was only natural that

<sup>1</sup> "Geschiedenis van het Nederlandsche Zeewesen, 1858-62."

some of the commemorative medals, described in Van Loon, should be there also. It is seldom that the birth of a nation is so sharply defined as the birth of the independent Netherlands by the capture of the Briel on April 1, 1572. And yet how many of us in England know anything about the men who effected this? Of Balthasar van Ripperda, for instance, probably—it seems uncertain—an ancestor of that later Ripperda who, in the next century, came before Europe as the negotiator of the Treaty of Vienna? Of Jacob de Rijk, Nicolaes Ruijkhaven, or even of the vice-admiral, Willem Bloys van Treslong, who had in reality a more effective share in the capture than Van der Mark himself? Although a water-beggar, and goaded by grievous wrong to take a terrible vengeance on the Spaniards, Bloys van Treslong was not a sailor by early training, but was forced to the sea when the land, under Alva's rule, became too hot for a Dutch patriot; and he was the first of a family which stands out in Dutch naval history in pretty much the same way that the Haddocks, the Parkers, or the Harveys do in ours. His portrait and other portraits, swords of honour and mementoes of other captains and admirals of later date—one was rear-admiral at Camperdown—were lent by still living members of the family.

Similarly, when we pass on to the date of the Spanish Armada, and recall the important but barely chronicled share which the Dutch flotilla had in causing its utter failure, we remember, indeed, their admiral, Justin of Nassau, an illegitimate son of William the Silent, found by Lord Henry Seymour to be "very wise, subtle, and cunning"; but of the many officers who served under him we know little or nothing—not even of the vice-admiral, Pieter van der Does, although his portrait is described in the catalogue as that of the man who, in 1588, captured the Spanish galleon whose flag is preserved at Leiden. Our English histories all speak of the capture of this ship, the *San Mateo*, and her commander, Don Diego de Pimentel; but naturally and rightly lay the stress on the terrible pounding she suffered whilst with the fleet in front of

Gravelines. So also—knowing, indeed, nothing of her later fate—did the Duke of Medina Sidonia in his report to the King of Spain. But, in fact, though the ship was raked through and through by the English shot, and was already in a sinking state; though very many of her men were killed or wounded, and though some had made good their escape in the boats, there were still enough left on board to make a stout resistance to the Dutch—all the more stubborn because they knew that their lives would not be spared. They had, of course, the advantage of position; for the Dutch were in too deadly earnest to wait in a cool, business-like way, and sink her with their great guns, as they might have done with comparative safety. They preferred the risk and the fierce joy of the hand-to-hand combat, and the name of their commander explains much of this determination. Pieter van der Does was first cousin of the better-known Johan van der Does, the gallant defender of Leiden in the great siege of 1574—the man who answered the Spanish summons with, “As long as we have one hand to eat, and another to fight with, we will never yield.” And though they did not come quite to this extremity, they were not far from it before they were relieved.

The flag—or, more strictly, a streamer—of the *San Mateo* was placed by Van der Does in St. Peter's Church, in Leiden, where—in the words of Motley—“it hung from floor to ceiling.” A small print of the flag was in the Exhibition; but, as Dr. Blok told me that the flag itself was in the Museum at Leiden, I went there specially to see it, the more eagerly as, of all the flags that were taken from the Armada by the English, not one, not a fragment of one, now exists. After being kept in St. Peter's Church for nearly three hundred years, the flag was moved, in 1877, to the Lakenhalle, the town museum, where it—or, rather, what remains of it—hangs against a wall, with a curtain to draw before it. It was wished to take it to the Hague for the Exhibition, but, on consideration, it was judged too frail to be moved with safety. The colours have almost entirely faded out, but the design remains distinct. It is a

picture of a crucifix, with the letters INRI above. Below, it is said to have had the legend :

EXURGE CHRISTE ET JUDICA CAUSAM TUAM.

This, however, has been frayed away, together with the lower part of the cross and of the figure as far up as the knees. When perfect it must have been rectangular, about 9ft. broad and apparently about 30ft. long, laced along the top to a light spar or lath, and flown as a streamer, probably from the main-top, possibly from the mizzen-peak. It was certainly not worn as an ensign; and, indeed, the few indications that now remain lead to the conclusion that, for a national flag, the Spanish ships then, as for the next hundred years, wore the red St. Andrew's Cross of Burgundy; although in a picture by Vroom, of the battle in Gibraltar Bay, in 1607, a Spanish ship in the foreground has the picture of an angel worn as an ensign, but laced to the flagstaff. This, of itself, is sufficient to show that Vroom, although a contemporary, was drawing on his imagination, and suggests that the angel flag—if, as is quite probable, it had a real existence—was worn as a streamer from one of the tops. But other flags in the same picture are altogether fictitious, so that Vroom's evidence on points of detail has no authority. This is a matter of some importance, for it was Vroom who designed the celebrated Armada tapestry which was made for the old Earl of Nottingham, and hung for two hundred years or more in the House of Lords. Whether Nottingham and his friends would tolerate or laugh at the painter's gross inaccuracies, we cannot say; but we do know that the painter was not above committing them.

This battle of Gibraltar, though fought out on tactics which Motley has described as "of antique simplicity," is, nevertheless, deserving of more attention than it has received from English officers, and that not only as a study in tactics, but as a study in naval policy. In tactics, for the dominating idea there was essentially the same as that which proved equally successful at the Nile, nearly two hundred years later;

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JACOB VAN HEEMSKERK.  
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## NAVAL EXHIBITION AT THE HAGUE 73

in policy, for it affords a very strong argument against the purely modern contention that every ship in the line of battle must be singly equal or superior to every one of the enemy—ignoring the elementary fact that battleships are not intended to act singly, that the sole purpose of fleet manœuvres is to train them to act collectively. All the teaching of history is to the effect that, so trained and within reasonable limits of size and number, small ships are superior to big ones. The battle of Gibraltar is but one more piece of evidence, though from the completeness of the victory it ought to be a convincing one. The Dutch admiral, Jacob van Heemskerck, had with him twenty-six ships, the largest of them relatively small; the Spanish fleet, at anchor in the bay, consisted of ten ships of the very largest size, with a number of smaller ones, making a total of twenty-one. Heemskerck seems to have thrown his whole force on the ten; and when these were overpowered, the fighting ceased and the butchery began; for, in the war of Dutch Independence, this was accepted by both sides as the regular sequence of events. “Had Heemskerck survived,” says Motley, “he would doubtless have taken Gibraltar, and perhaps Cadiz—such was the consternation along the whole coast.” The “doubtless” is, however, very doubtful, for the Dutch had no sufficient landing force; but the case is outside the domain of argument, for the enemy’s second broadside had carried off Heemskerck’s left leg, and he died within a few minutes, directing Verhoef, the captain of his flagship, to fight to the last and to conceal his death from the fleet. A cloak was thrown over his body, while his spirit—

hovered near,  
And won bright Victory from her golden sphere.

That contemporary painters should choose this brilliant action as a subject for their brushes was natural, but the results do not speak much for their knowledge or their art. It may, however, be noticed that neither these, nor any other pictures of the early seventeenth century, give any support to the theory

which has been put forward that, in the infancy of the Republic, the Dutch flag was orange, white, and blue, in horizontal stripes, and continued so till the revolution of 1650. The Prince's colours were, in fact, red, white, and blue, and these seem to have been adopted from the first, though orange may have been sometimes worn, from an idea that whether the Prince's colour was red or not, it ought to be orange. That, in other ways, the orange colour was associated with the Prince's service seems established. Many of the portraits of this date—Justin of Nassau, for instance, and Marinus Juinbol—show the orange scarf; and Heemskerk at Gibraltar, dressed in complete armour, is described as wearing the orange scarf and a large orange plume in his helmet. His body was embalmed and taken to Amsterdam, where it was buried in the Old Church, beneath a stately monument, over which has hung, in unbroken tradition, the armour which he wore in the battle—wanting the left thigh piece. It is now black, and the helmet has a black plume: such as it is—and its authenticity seems perfectly well established—it was brought to the Exhibition, as well as a portrait by an unknown painter, a miniature, and two engravings. There were also portraits, in black and white, of Heemskerk's associates: Alteras, the vice-admiral, and Marinus Hollare; and a drawing of the monument of Mooy Lambert, whom Motley has somewhat absurdly called "Pretty" Lambert. Mooy, his Christian name, does mean pretty; but whatever Lambert may have been as a baby, it is scarcely probable that, after a life spent at sea, he was "pretty" at the age of 57. Heemskerk's portrait is a very striking one. It shows a face of a type nowhere else represented in the Exhibition, a face with a white and pink complexion, delicate and refined features, straight, thin nose—utterly at variance with the idea of a rude and virile warrior. Nothing could be in greater contrast to this than the portraits of Pieter Hein, renowned alike in story and in song as Piet Hein, who, in 1628, captured the silver fleet, worth—it was said—some 30,000,000 fl. or about two and a half millions sterling. It is of this that Dr. Gardiner wrote;





FIGS. 1 and 3.—Medal commemorating the capture of the Silver Fleet by Piet Hein, 1628  
FIG. 2.—Reverse of medal commemorating the death of Marten Tromp at Ter Heide, 1653

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## NAVAL EXHIBITION AT THE HAGUE 75

The prize which Drake and Raleigh had failed to secure, and for which Cecil had waited in vain, had been secured by the skill and courage of a Dutch mariner. Peter Hein had captured the plate fleet, and the treasure which had been destined for the payment of Spanish soldiers was on its way to support the arms of the Republic.

When we remember the fame that in our country accrued to Stayner for a less perfect success, and in the next century to Wager and to Anson, we can the better understand the enthusiasm excited in a poorer country and in the hour of its great need. Hein, however, did not long survive to be his country's darling. He was killed before Dunkirk in the following year, and was buried in the Old Church at Delft, where his monument scarcely loses in popular sympathy by its proximity to that of the more celebrated, more illustrious, Marten Tromp. And yet among the Dutch the memory of Tromp fills much the same place as that of Nelson does among us. Born at the Briel on April 23, 1598, he was a sailor and a man of war almost from his infancy. In 1607 his father, Harpert Martenszoon Tromp, commanded a ship in the fleet at Gibraltar with Heemskerck; and being with him, the nine-year-old boy witnessed the defeat and the slaughter of the Spaniards. But the father was killed in the battle, and the boy, left, it is said, without friends, grew to manhood on board ship. By the time he was seven-and-twenty he was already a captain in the States' service; he may have been with Hein in the West Indies in 1628; he was certainly with him off Dunkirk in 1629; and Hein died in his arms.

Step by step he won his way. In England he is principally known as the opponent of Blake in the war of 1652-3, and by the impudent fable of the broom; but in Holland he was already a man of note when, in October 1639, more or less at the suggestion of Richelieu, he destroyed the Spanish fleet in the Downs. The satisfaction of the French Government at his victory was proved by the patent of nobility granted to him by Louis XIII. in the following January, with arms bearing on an azure chief a golden fleur-de-lis, and apparently also by a

gold medal and chain, not dated. The delight of Tromp's countrymen and their unappeased hatred of the Spaniard were perpetuated in a "spotprint," a gross caricature entitled "The Killing of the Pig," where Spain is represented as the pig and Marten Oom as the master butcher, the nations of Europe as villagers standing round in attitudes of approval or dismay. On the occasion of Henrietta Maria going to Holland in February, 1642, Tromp was knighted at Dover by Charles I., who granted him, as an augmentation to his arms, a Tudor rose on each of the supporters.

It may well be that to this, as well as to the favours he had received from Louis XIII., and to his adherence to the party of the House of Orange, is, in some degree, to be attributed his antagonism to the English Commonwealth and his readiness to begin the war. But to speak of this, and the struggle of the next fourteen months, would be to write the history of that war, out of which and, as far as we can yet judge, out of Tromp's teaching, grew the fleet formation adopted by all European nations, and known for the next two hundred years as the "line of battle." That Tromp had ideas in advance of his age is almost certain; and, indeed, his tactics in the battle of Portland have a clear though rudimentary resemblance to those of Nelson at Trafalgar—the essential difference being that Penn and not Dumanoir commanded the English van. Tromp was killed in the battle of July 31 (August 10, N.S.) 1653—sometimes inaccurately spoken of as the first battle of the Texel, though the Dutch more correctly call it the battle of Ter Heide—in which, however, his great antagonist, Blake, was not present. He was buried in the Old Church of Delft, where his monument shows, besides his statue recumbent and the "sea-fight cut in marble, with the smoke, the best expressed," says Pepys "that ever I saw in my life," a long inscription which, after enumerating the hero's noble qualities, concludes—

Post *L* prælia quorum dux fuit aut pars magna, post insignes supra fidem victorias, post summos infra meritum honores, tandem Bello Anglico tantum

Slach-tyt of tGeſhuycte Varken



De Duvnen

A. *Spaenſe Boer.*  
*Per diablo wat een ſpijt,*  
 Mijn Varchen doodt en quijt.

B. *Flamſe Paer.*  
 Bahanten oom eyft doodt,  
 Sroben ick ick in moet,  
 Maer trooft u met mijn ſchade.

C. *Tewis een vande Boers Lan-gatten.*  
 Paciente is de nobelſte ſalutati in  
 teghenſpoot.

D. *Bon voſin Nabuer.*  
 Mon waerſchou n'eft il pas bon pour  
 voſtre Slacht-tijdt ?

E. *Heerman ſharts.*  
 Naer d'Ordonnanci hoert,  
 En gater ſoo mee voort.

F. *Marten Oom ſlacht-heer.*  
 Dat hettet al ewech mit ſen gnorrē.

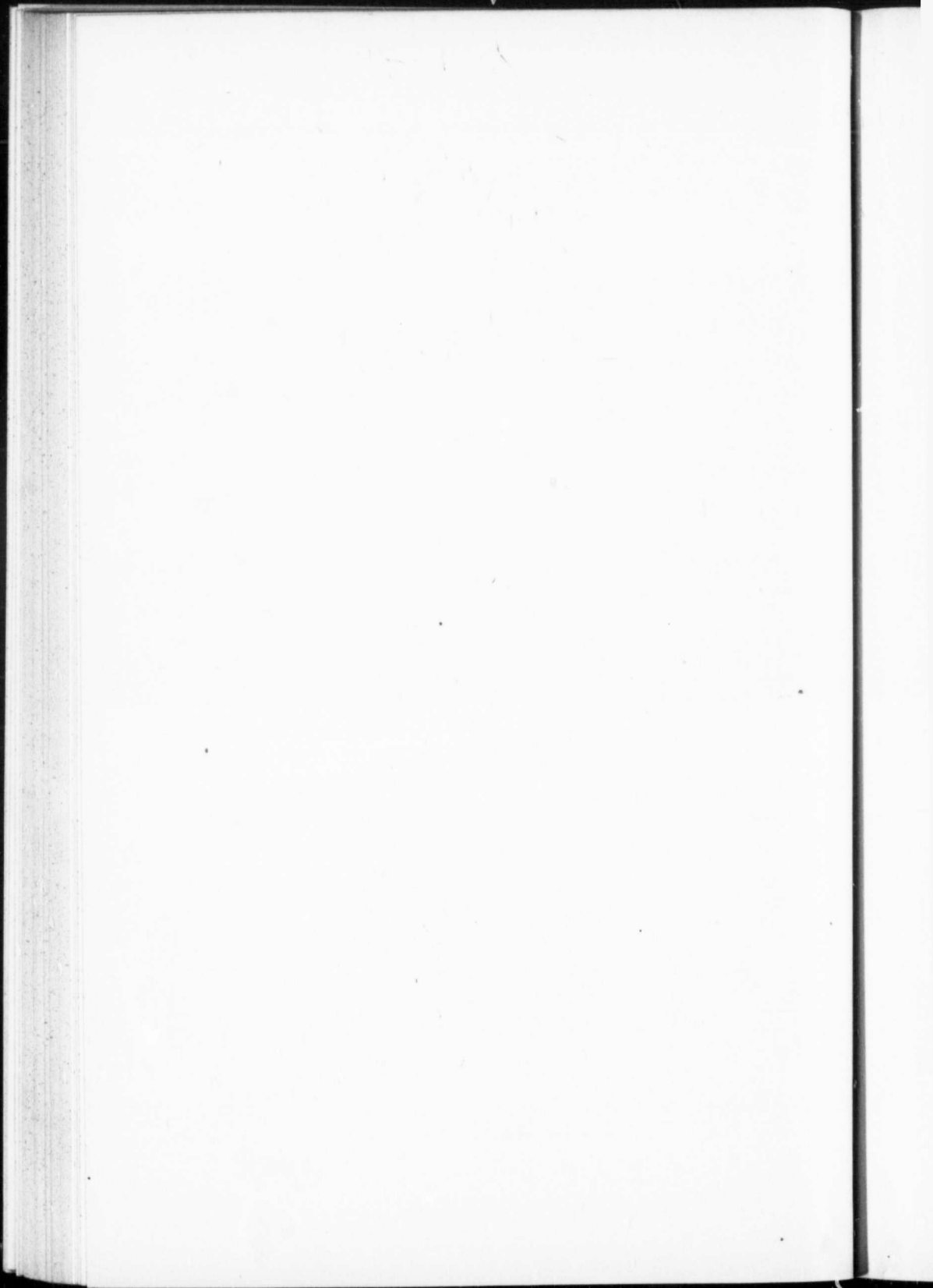
G. *'t Gheſhouck t'ar. t'en.*  
 O Miſericorde.

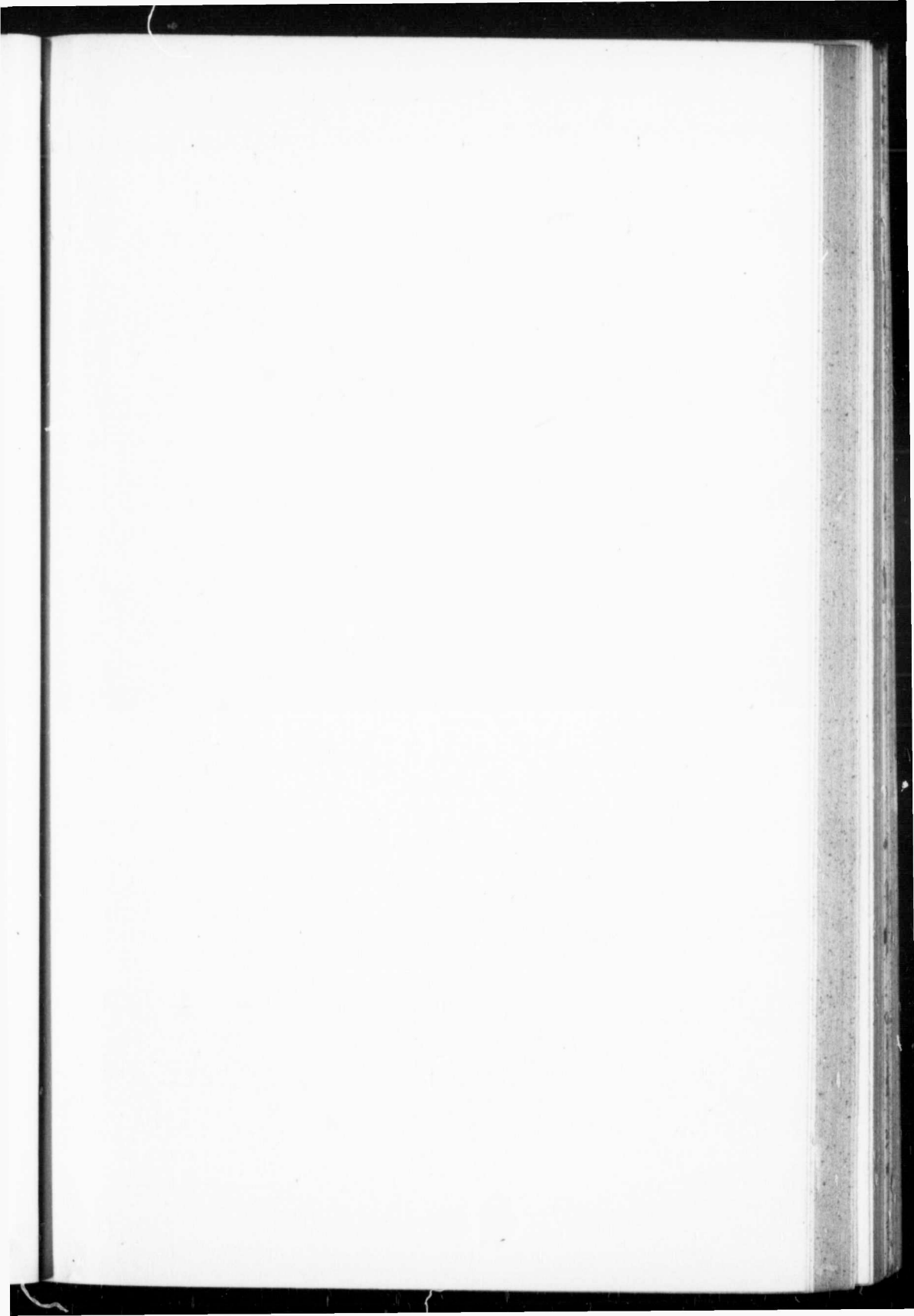
H. *Matrons.*  
 Ick vangh al.

I. *Ghevanghen lan-gar.*  
 Verwennen en ghevanghen,  
 Dat maect my t'porcus bange.

L. *lan help.*  
 Ick doe mee mijn beſt.

K. *Dorck brandt.*  
 Alle baten helpt.







MARTEN TROMP

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## NAVAL EXHIBITION AT THE HAGUE 77

non victor certe invictus, X Aug. An. Æræ Christianæ MDCLIII, Æt. LVI,  
vivere ac vincere desiit.

Unquestionably Marten Tromp stands in the first rank of naval commanders, and we—though enemies, at the last—can well afford to render due homage to his memory; but his fame in England is perhaps greater than it otherwise would be, from the confusion that has often been made between him and his son, Cornelis Tromp, a man of good and long service, but of a much lower grade than his illustrious father. He had neither his father's genius, skill, temper, nor aptitude for command. His conduct in the St. James's fight (July 25 to August 4, 1666) brought on him a severe reprimand from Ruyter, the commander-in-chief. This led to a violent quarrel; and as John De Witt took Ruyter's part, Tromp retired into private life, from which he did not emerge till the death of the two De Witts seemed to clear the way; it is, indeed, far from certain that he was not an instigator of the murder: it was very positively said that he was present at it, veiled in a huge cloak. By the mediation of the Prince of Orange he then made up his quarrel with Ruyter, and served under him during the campaign of 1673. In the early months of 1675 he visited England, on the invitation of Charles II., who conferred on him a baronetcy, with remainder to his brothers and their male heirs. The title, however, was allowed to lapse after Tromp's death, in 1691. It was at the time of this visit that he went to Oxford, where it was proposed to give him an honorary degree of Doctor; but this he declined as "out of his element." "He was much gazed at by the boys," wrote Dr. Prideaux, afterwards Dean of Norwich and author of the celebrated "Connection," "who perchance wondered to find him, whom they had found so famous in Gazettes, to be at last but a drunken, greasy Dutchman. Speed [grandson of Speed the historian] stayed in town on purpose to drink with him." And a month later, when the drinking had come off, Prideaux wrote again:

We got a greater victory over Van Tromp here than all your sea-captains in London, he confessing that he was more drunk here than anywhere else

since he came into England, which I think very little to the honour of our University. Dr. Speed was the chief man that encountered him, who, mustering up about five or six more as able men as himself at wine and brandy, got the Dutchman to the Crown Tavern, and there so plied him with both that at twelve at night they were fain to carry him to his lodgings.

Cornelis Tromp was afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the Danish fleet against the Swedes, and was created Count of Sylliesborg by the King of Denmark; but in his own country, though appointed Lieutenant-Admiral-General on the death of Ruyter, he had no further service.

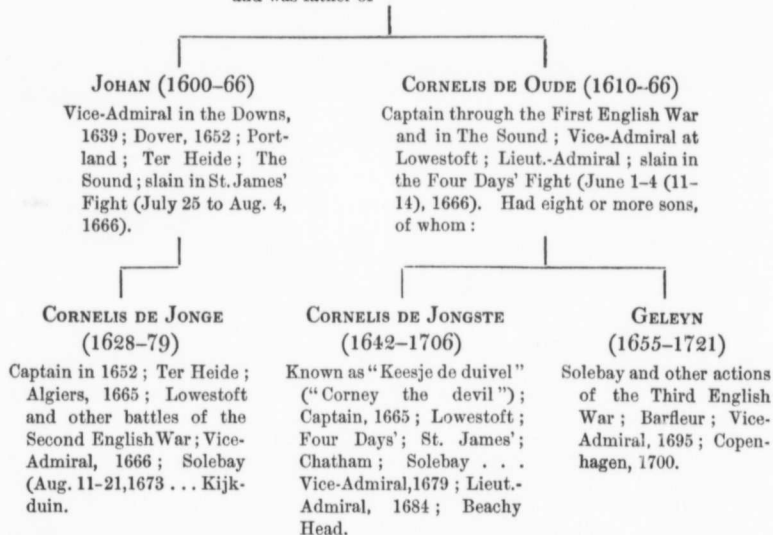
Naturally it was in the seventeenth century, the period of Holland's greatness, that her sea-officers were more distinguished. They fought against England, against Spain, Sweden, or France, frequently with dash and always with determination. The sea has known no finer fighting race; and when good success has not attended their efforts, the failure has been due rather to political or financial than to purely naval causes. In seventeenth-century portraits and memorials the Exhibition was very rich; and as the English wars were the prominent feature of a great part of the time, so many of the names almost belong to English history. Here were Witte de With, an able and brave man, but of an intractable temper, who commanded against Blake in the battle of the Kentish Knock, and was slain in 1658 in the battle of the Sound, against the Swedes. With him fell also Vice-Admiral Pieter Floriszoon, who had fought all through the first English war. Here, too, was Van Ghent, who led the division of the fleet up the Medway in 1667, and was slain at Solebay in 1672; Adrian Banckert, who commanded the van at Solebay; Van Galen, who commanded the squadron in the Mediterranean in 1652-3 against Appleton and Badiley, and was slain in the battle off Leghorn; Wassenaer, a colonel of dragoons, who, for political reasons, was put in command of the fleet in 1658, and again in 1665, when he was defeated and slain in the battle of Lowestoft; and—among many others—some of the Evertsen clan, of which nine members, as I was told by M. van Gijn—himself a

cyclopædia of Dutch history—fell in the naval service. On the lives of these and other Evertsens, De Jonge, the historian, who was connected with the family by marriage, wrote a monograph, but—in this country, at least—it is now rare. It is not in the British Museum, and I have not been able to see a copy of it. There are, I understood, many portraits and memorials of the Evertsens in the museum at Middelburg, but there had been insuperable difficulties in the way of bringing them to the Hague; and thus comparatively few of the race were represented in the Exhibition. Still, these were the most distinguished; and as they have been also subject, among us, to great confusion, an effort to disentangle them may properly be made. So far as the Exhibition helped me, I have arrived at the following:

EVERT HENDRICKSEN (*d.* 1601)

Served at sea, apparently as a "water-geus."

One of his sons took the name of Evertsen, and was father of



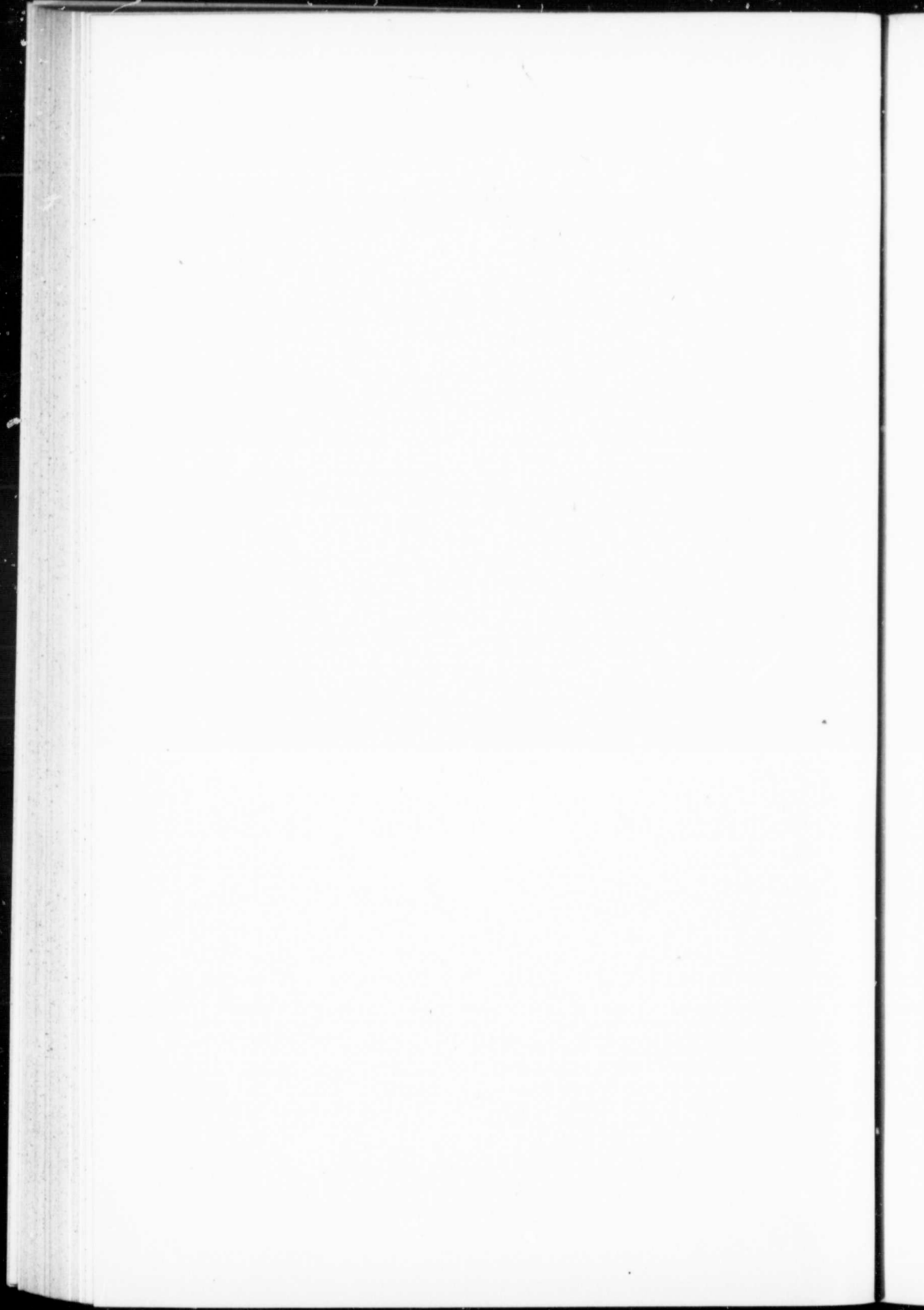
As these five, and possibly some others, appear in our histories under the common name of Vice-Admiral (or Admiral) Evertsen, it is clear there is plenty of opportunity for confusion, and we have not been slack in availing ourselves of it.

But of all the old-time worthies whose memory was renewed by the Exhibition, the fame of none surpasses or—with the exception of Marten Tromp—even equals that of Ruyter,<sup>1</sup> a man of humble parentage, who, by force of character and genius, assisted, no doubt, by opportunity, raised himself to the highest command and the rank of Lieutenant-Admiral-General, a rank, indeed, created for him, and never conferred on another, except—for political and party reasons—on his immediate successor, Cornelis Tromp. In independent command or subordinate to Marten Tromp or Witte de With, Ruyter served in all the principal battles of the First English War; as Commander-in-Chief in 1666, and in 1667, when the Dutch fleet rode triumphant in the Medway and the Thames, and again in 1672 and 1673, when, although outnumbered, he succeeded in preventing the combined English and French fleet from dominating the North Sea and co-operating with the French army of invasion. His conduct of this campaign will always secure for him the reputation of one of the greatest masters of strategy and tactics, although his task was rendered less difficult than it otherwise might have been by the mutual jealousies of the allies and the incompetence of the allied admirals, Rupert and D'Estrées. After the conclusion of the peace with England, in 1674, Ruyter was sent to the Mediterranean, where, off Stromboli, with a very inferior force, he fought an indecisive action with the French fleet under Duquesne, and, by taking up a position at Milazzo, compelled the French to circumnavigate Sicily in order to relieve Messina—causing a delay which, against more active enemies than the Spaniards, might have been fatal. Afterwards, having joined the Spanish squadron, he again engaged Duquesne with more equal numbers, off Augusta, on April 22 (N.S.), but, heavily weighted by the incompetence and arrogance of the Spanish admiral, Don Francisco de la Cerda, was unable to do more than prevent a

<sup>1</sup> Both in this country and his own he always has been, and commonly still is, called De Ruyter. If we allow that he probably knew his own name, he signed Michiel Ad. Ruyter, the Ad. being short for *Adriaanszoon*.



MICHIEL RUYTER



defeat. The loss of the Dutch was even more fatal than a defeat, for a comparatively slight wound that Ruyter had received took a bad turn, mortification set in, and he died at Syracuse on the 29th.

Two of the most pleasing portraits in the Exhibition were those of Ruyter's son, Engel Ruyter, who was born in 1649, made a captain in 1668; served at Solebay, at Kijkduin, and in the Mediterranean with his father, whose body he brought home in the end of 1676. On the way he touched at Portsmouth, where he is said to have attracted the notice of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and to have gone to London on her invitation.<sup>1</sup> He was made a vice-admiral in 1678, but died in 1683, without opportunities for distinction. Of a later period, space will barely permit me to mention Van Almonde (d. 1711), who commanded the Dutch division at Barfleur; Callenburg (d. 1722), a pupil of Ruyter's, vice-admiral at Beachy Head and Barfleur, and in command of the Dutch division at Malaga; and Zoutman, the sturdy antagonist of "Vinegar" Parker at the Dogger Bank in 1781. The scheme of the Exhibition ended with the extinction of the Dutch Republic in 1795, and thus there were no memorials of De Winter or Camperdown, nor pictures of the short-lived Batavian flag.

The bringing together under one roof of these portraits and memorials, to the number, all told, of 2301 and upwards—for some, arriving late, were not catalogued—gave to me, as it must have given to every student of naval history, a rare and interesting opportunity, for many of the objects shown belong to private persons and are not generally accessible; and even those belonging to official collections are not always so. But the general public, whether Dutch or English, has not much practical enthusiasm for history, especially when the practical part involves the expenditure of tenpence. At any

<sup>1</sup> The curious story is told in "Journal du Corsaire Jean Doublet de Honfleur." Publié . . . avec introduction, notes et additions par Charles Bréard 1884.

rate, there was no wild rush of visitors while I was at the Hague—not a hundredth part of the number that assembled to witness the arrival of the Shah ; and though it was provided that any balance should be “ used for the benefit of the ‘ Prins Hendrik Stichting,’ the well known refuge for old sailors at Egmond aan Zee,” I understood that there was but little prospect of the Institution deriving any sensible advantage. It is a pity, every way ; but so the world wags.

J. K. LAUGHTON.



## RELIGIO LAICI

WE have lately been informed in many quarters, so that the remark is becoming a commonplace in the daily and weekly newspapers, that the clergy of this generation, in their pursuit of novelty, have broken away from the severe and sensible religion of their forefathers in the venerable Church of England. Hence, it is said, matters are approaching a serious crisis. The road taken by the great bulk of the clergy is more and more diverging from the narrow way in which the laity have always walked and mean to walk, and soon the two parties will be out of eyeshot and earshot. Against such a contention it is of no avail to point to the fact that there is a House of Laymen which sits periodically along with Convocation, because it is a recognised fact that this House is not sufficiently representative. Equally idle is it to point out that the English Church Union, the society supposed to be heading the migration into the desert of newfangledness, is presided over by a layman, and numbers among its members far more laity than clergy; because it is replied that the clerical layman is a genus by himself, and a worse enemy to true religion than the most clerical of the clergy, being indeed of the nature of a prodigy, like a white black-beetle. So that the indictment has to be amended into a charge not against the clergy but the clericals. Let me begin by saying that I frankly agree with the plaintiff, whom for convenience I will call the layman, that even in a democracy truth cannot be ascertained by counting

heads. I cheerfully admit that because a society is being taken by violence, as we are assured is happening to the English Church Union, it is not thereby proved to be the Kingdom of Heaven. But if I do this, I must ask him to make me the same admission. I must claim that the opinions of the irreligious and merely careless, which are always proffered against the Church on a favourable opportunity, shall not be allowed in evidence, and that the contempt of the rabble shall not be held to prove that the clergy are contemptible. There is a beatitude on those who are persecuted for righteousness sake which seems to imply that persecution is not an improbable event; and such persecution may be carried on by the innuendoes of peers of the realm as well as by the less polished ribaldry of the British workman in a third class smoking-carriage.

The fundamental difference of view between the two parties will perhaps be best appreciated with reference to the subject of worship; about which, indeed, most of the public controversy arises. With the one party worship is an end in itself, with the other only a means to an end. The one looks upon the worship of God as the highest duty of the creature; the other regards "church-going" only in its reflex influence upon the character of the "church-goer." Hence, while the one side is inclined to multiply services, and to employ upon them the highest faculties of human nature, in music and painting and arts allied to these, the other is apt to regulate its acts of devotion by the mental and moral stimulus it feels necessary for the system at the moment, and to prefer the directly receptive method of preaching to the more roundabout method of prayer. I do not think such a difference in men's attitude towards worship is mis-stated. It is no doubt true that there are High Churchmen still who, like some of the early Tractarians, prefer that worship shall be simple; and there are as certainly Broad Churchmen who have a taste for the fine arts, and, now that the battle has been won, make their buildings and services as splendid as they can. But the cathedrals of which we are so justly proud, and the painted windows that

were once an additional glory to them, and the music that was written to be sung there, were all in their origin inspired by the theory that worship was due from man to God, and should be as magnificent as man could make it; and the revival of this magnificence followed very closely on the revival of the idea of worship. But when the case is stated so, I do not see how an unprejudiced judge could avoid deciding that the clerical point of view is the only defensible one as long as the Church of England holds by its creeds. Granted that the facts of the creed are as they are stated, and in this controversy they are not supposed to be in dispute, for our aggrieved layman is a member of the Church of England, then there is ample warrant for this clerical insistence upon worship for its own sake, as "very meet, right, and our bounden duty."

But it is just this necessary context of his Churchmanship that the layman too often ignores. Since he reached manhood he has never been asked to subscribe to any creed, and he remembers very vaguely what was promised for him in his baptism. He reckons himself a Churchman chiefly because he, more or less frequently, goes to church, and does not go to conventicles. But probably, if pressed to define his position more exactly, he would say he was a Churchman without dogmas. Now, it is worth while to look such a position as this fairly in the face, and see its meaninglessness. There can be no religion without dogmas. The existence of God is a dogma quite as much as the Incarnation. Certain philosophies have, it is true, laid down the necessity of a spiritual principle to explain the universe we know; but the idea of God as a God of love and righteousness, which is after all what the layman means by God, comes to him not from philosophy but through the Christian revelation. If he accepts this notion of a Creator on the authority of Scripture, confirmed by such evidence as he himself may have been impressed by, in the course of history, or the beauty of nature, or the happiness that right conduct brings, he has given in his assent to the first article of the Christian creed, and is to that extent a dogmatist; for what has

convinced him falls very far short of proof. He will then have to settle with his conscience how far he can accept such an all-important statement as this, concerning the Divine nature, upon the authority of Christ, and leave aside others as being inconceivable. The layman sometimes occupies the position of one who accepts all the teaching of Christ that concerns our duty to each other, based as this is upon His revelation of the character of God, while neglecting all Christ's teaching about Himself; or again, of one who accepts the doctrine of immortality for the race without accepting the fact of the resurrection of Christ, which first brought it home to men's hearts, and is indeed our sole evidence accredited by witnesses for any resurrection at all. The crucial point then to determine, the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesie*, for men now, as it was for the apostles, and as it has been in all ages of the Church, is the possibility of worshipping Christ. It was St. Peter's declaration of our Lord's Messiahship at Cæsarea Philippi that was hailed by Him as the foundation-stone of the Church; and all the endless controversies since have in reality turned on the same point. Humorists, for example, have been pleasant over the fact that a vowel, as between the Homoousiasts and the Homoiousiasts, could rend the Church into parties, but the vowel meant worship or no worship; since to worship anything lower than God is idolatry. Undogmatic Christianity, therefore, is a meaningless phrase; and the test of Christianity is worship; so that the clergy are amply justified in laying upon worship all the stress they do.

But when that is allowed, it is far from settling the whole question in favour of the clericals. We read with horror of all the desecration that befell our churches under the unscrupulous and sacrilegious orders of King Edward's lay counsellors; we shudder at the narrow escape of Westminster Abbey; but if we are candid we must admit that if the worship that had gone on in these churches had been all that it ought to have been, the spoilers would have found no help and little mercy among the worshippers. As we know, what was largely lacking in the

pre-Reformation worship was the element of the intelligence. The creed was supposed to be symbolised by the ritual; but the symbolism was not explained; preaching was perfunctory and ignorant; and the doctrines that were most zealously taught were not articles of the Catholic faith at all, but accretions which had accumulated in times of ignorance, and which therefore the new scholarship that came in with the study of Greek was bound to expose. One great danger, then, that the layman feels, even when he has accepted as paramount the idea of worship, is the possibility, nay the certainty, that worship will degenerate and become superstitious, unless it can take up into itself the intellect as well as the emotions. And the layman roundly asserts that among the clericals some are obscurantist, and too few supply in their churches such preaching as can uplift the mind of the educated Englishman and help to clear away the difficulties that beset his faith. Speaking broadly, and not forgetting conspicuous exceptions, I should be tempted to say he is right. There has been too much tendency among the rank and file of the High Church clergy to think and speak of preaching as a "Protestant" and not a "Catholic" ordinance. Such a view was very natural as a reaction from the view current earlier in the century, which elevated the sermon into the sole means of obtaining Divine grace. The Puritan has always had a very insufficient idea of the meaning and duty of worship, and an exaggerated idea of the advantage likely to accrue from hearing sermons. But though one extreme may account for another, it does not justify it. If some of my younger brethren are tempted to think that preaching came in with the Reformation, and may therefore be lightly esteemed, I would like to ask them to pay a visit to such churches as Burford or Oundle, where the pulpits date from the fifteenth century: and if they still hesitate to admit its true catholicity, I would advise a course of St. Augustine's or St. Chrysostom's homilies. But even supposing it were a Protestant innovation, it is at present enjoined by rubric and cannot be avoided; and if that is so, and if men will be drawn to hear

if the preacher gives them of his best, it is worse than idle to abuse the opportunity, as is sometimes done. The cleric says, "Come to church and worship"; the layman replies, "Well, at any rate I will come and hear what you have to say. I quite recognise that six days' preoccupation with finance may tend to materialise my view of things; besides, there are not a few moral questions that I should like to hear straightened out. 'Be fructuous,' then, 'and that in little space.'" If the layman thus replied to St. Paul, could one imagine that great ecclesiastic replying, "Oh, I am a priest, not a preacher; my business is to christen and confess you, and so forth; if you want preaching, there is plenty, I believe, at the meeting-house opposite"? What I should like to ask is the plain question, Can the laity be blamed for asking that at least as much pains should be spent upon preaching in the English Church as is spent among the dissenters? Surely they are justified in their demand. Why, because we think preaching of less importance than worship, should we preach as badly as we do? And it is really not of less importance. Worship, apart from the instruction of the mind and conscience, must be partial and tend to be perfunctory. It is characteristic of George Herbert, whom we all unite to honour as a typical English Churchman, that in the church he restored at Leighton Ecclesia he ordered the reading-pew and pulpit to be of an equal height, "for he would often say, 'They should neither have a precedency or priority of the other; but that Prayer and Preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation.'" <sup>1</sup>

But our layman's case against the present conduct of public worship is not limited to the sermon. He will tell you that, accepting the principle of worship, he nevertheless hates grovelling, which is un-English and undignified; that he hates to see a clergyman posturing like a dancing-master, and making a guy of himself. Here I confess there seems a good deal to be said for him. First, in regard to attitudes of devo-

<sup>1</sup> Walton's "Life of Herbert."

tion. The cleric will say: "I have come, as I sincerely believe, into the nearer presence of my Maker and Redeemer; no recognised posture of humility could under those circumstances be degrading to me, even though I am, as you say, an Englishman. I read that the saints in Scripture fell on their face when they realised God's presence; why should you expect me to do less?" To which I can conceive the layman replying: "Moses put off his shoes at the bush, and Orientals still do so when they enter their churches; we do not. With us the accustomed attitude of humility is kneeling, and this is the posture prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer. I do not see why you should go beyond it." In his reference to rubrical prescription the layman certainly scores his point; in the conduct of public worship no private motions are in place; at the same time it is hard to understand the layman's horror at more profound obeisances. Again, the layman is plainly within his right in objecting to the too mechanical ritual drill that vexes the heart in some churches. It is hard to conceive of the *ceremoniaris* as figuring among St. Paul's list of spiritual officers. It is quite true that there is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, and that there is a prescription of antiquity as well as of rubric; but what angers the layman (and in many of us clergy also the layman is not completely obliterated) is the too dapper performance of ceremonies, without dignity and without reverence, as though the ceremony was a feat of skill, and the officiating clergy members of a revived college of *Salii* performing round the *Ara Maxima*. The objection to vestments, though perhaps equally characteristic of the Englishman, is not so successful in giving reasons for itself. The layman sometimes speaks about Ritualists as though they got themselves up at the theatrical costumier's in whatever gaudy trappings pleased their vagrant fancy. He might with equal justice and equal success make fun of Her Majesty's judges. "They are men, it is to be supposed; yet, see, they wear petticoats! And what is the sense of that amazing *coiffure*?" It would be interesting to put the

portraits of a judge and a bishop, each in full official dress, before some unsophisticated child of nature in a Board school, and see which he would salute with the cry of "Kroojer!" who has now supplanted the older gunpowder conspirator as the synonym for a "guy." It seems to me conduct on no higher level than that of street Arabs to take exception to the historical dress of a profession, every part of which has a history of centuries, on the ground that abstractly it is ridiculous. Abstractly, what dress is not ridiculous? The question of clerical vestments can only be fairly argued historically in reference to the rubric which prescribes such as were in use in the second year of Edward VI.

Our layman, however, is careful to point out to us that it is not only the "advanced" clergy that cause him to stumble in his worship; even their very "moderate" brethren can give him scandal, and perhaps by nothing so frequently as the professional voice in which they think it right to read the prayers. *Nec vox hominem sonat* would sum up the criticism one most often hears. It is unmanly and affected. I am told that one of the most successful features in an entertainment at a fashionable watering-place this summer was an imitation of a curate giving out the Notices in church. One is grateful to the mimic for avoiding profanity by confining his parody to the Notices. But why should we, as a profession, indulge in the luxury of a professional voice? There are other clerical tricks that must be equally amazing to the angels. I heard a young man, only last month, read Evensong as though it was an exercise in the importance of the preposition *of*. Each *of* was emphasised, and in the "Prayer for all conditions of men" he was in an ecstasy, they came so thick and fast. It will be said these things are trifles; but they are not. Nothing that hinders worship is a trifle; and everything that makes the clergy ridiculous hinders the cause of the religion of which they are the professed advocates.

Clerical affectation, however, is regarded by the layman as only one form of clerical arrogance; and so we come to the



gravest charge of all against the profession—its growing sacerdotalism. One might accumulate a good deal of evidence to justify the layman's fears. I will relate here a single incident to show the sort of needless and foolish offence that is often given. I was in a church at Brighton with a lay friend, an artist, who wished to inspect the reredos, a painting by Burne-Jones. We made application to the sister in charge, who explained that no layman could be allowed in the chancel. We pleaded the special circumstances, but she was inexorable; so I, who had no strong interest that way, was allowed to pass within the screen and view so much of the picture as was visible between the serried files of wax tapers; but my friend was forced to be content with a view of the brass lectern, which the good sister, to remove any feelings of jealousy, kindly uncovered for him. Now, if this does not mean that the clergy (including the men and boys of the choir who may be understood to have received the minor order of exorcists) are holier than the laity, what does it mean? A choir separate from the nave in an abbey church for the special use of the religious, who, by their vows, are separate from the world, is intelligible; but in a parish church the separation cannot amount to more than a practical convenience, and to insist upon it is merely silly. It is far from uncommon, however. Only the other day, in Boston Church, I found a cord fastened across the entrance to the choir warning back the "*profanum vulgus*," although the most interesting objects in the church are the misereres of the choir-stalls. Happily, the damsel in charge here had some common sense, and did not insist on dividing up our party. I do not believe the clergy who shut up their chancels in this manner do it after reflection; is it too much to ask that they shall weigh carefully what such a veil of partition really implies?

For it is absurd attempts, like these, at misunderstood and purposeless mediævalism which give the impression, shared at this time by many of the laity, of our growing professional arrogance. I believe the idea is a complete mistake. I believe

that no profession is really more modest and eager to be of use in the community. The sacerdotalism which the clergy would admit comes to no more than this: that they are ordained to a special office in the Christian Church, and that they believe they have received Divine grace to enable them rightly to minister in it. As no layman ever wishes to deny that the clergy were solemnly set apart, with the prayers of the whole community, in order to perform special functions, those who deny them any special gift corresponding to their function ought, if they are consistent, to deny that any Higher Power ever intervenes in any act of religion. If the act of Ordination is simply the act of the presiding Minister, so is the act of Marriage; so is the act of Baptism. If in the case of Ordination the prayer for special blessing is not answered, neither is it answered in the case of the other solemn dedications, nor again is there any answer when the layman prays alone in his chamber. In short, prayer must be one of two things: either a means of receiving God's grace when the prayer is according to His will; or else, a sort of exercise for our emotional system; and what it is in one case it must be in all. The protest, therefore, against sacerdotalism so explained—and this is the only sacerdotalism known, in theory, to the English Church—comes with an ill grace from English Churchmen, who, in supporting the cry, are helping to do the work of the sceptic and the Romanist. But when one has said something of this kind to our layman, he is ready with a retort. Theory, he replies, is one thing, but practice is another; and he proceeds to relate the absurdities of this or the other individual, which have come under his observation. And undoubtedly offences do come. I myself once heard a young man explaining to a week-day congregation, consisting of his vicar, myself, the verger, and two devout women, the advantage of the blessing he could pronounce over that to be obtained from the Baptist preacher; and I am sure we all longed heartily for the moment when he would consent to stop preaching and give it us. The utmost that a Church clergyman is justified in saying, when the question is raised as to

the validity of Dissenting orders, is that he believes the episcopal constitution of his own Church to be in harmony with the will of God, as expressed in the Bible, and, therefore, he is justified in believing in his own orders; but that to pronounce upon others is outside the scope of his commission. No doubt he will have an opinion, and a strong one, as to the intention of Christ to found a single visible Church, "a city set upon a hill," and as to the havoc wrought in the mission field, at home and abroad, by the divisions of Christendom; he will probably entertain little respect for the current apology made for division, as being a sign of growth; an apology borrowed from Milton's eloquent parody of the Parable of the Vine and its branches; but he does not imitate Roman arrogance by unchurching any community of Christians. Even Newman, in the militant mood in which he put together the *Lyra Apostolica*, writing upon schism, forbade railing at dissenters, and insisted that

Christ's love o'erflows the bounds His prophets trace  
In His revealed design.

But our layman has not yet emptied his quiver. By sacerdotalism, he will tell us, he does not mean merely a belief that the clergy are the organs of the Christian society for specific purposes; he means, further, the belief that those specific purposes are miraculous and supernatural. In particular, he is inclined to object to any view of the Lord's Supper which raises it above the level of a Commemorative or Guild Feast, and he is certainly convinced that an attempt is being made in England to go behind the Reformation and reintroduce teaching which was at that time deliberately rejected. If he is told that English doctrine about the "real presence"—as stated, *e.g.* by Dr. Pusey—differs entirely from Roman doctrine by the fact that it denies any substantial change in the elements, he will reply that the Marian martyrs did not give their lives for a subtle distinction; and he will point to the growing use of the word "Mass" as an index that the distinction is meant to be of the slightest, and point,

further, to the constant, if slow, stream of clergy who pass over from a section of our own Church to the Church of Rome. With the layman, on this point, it is difficult not to feel very strong sympathy. I, for one, should go with him a long way. I should agree that a small, and possibly a growing, party among both clergy and laity have entirely lost respect for the Protestant character of our Reformed Church; that Roman ways and Roman dress were being imitated for no other reason than that they are Roman, and that the self-sacrifice of our once revered Marian bishops was held by them as a vain expense, if not as a deserved punishment for heresy. I should agree with him that it is a lamentable fact that men who have seen with their own eyes in foreign countries the disastrous effects upon religion and morality which a mechanical system tends to induce, should allow themselves to be hypnotised by some phrase into making that system their own. There is no more astonishing instance than the famous one of John Henry Newman. To read his letters from abroad and then to read the story of his conversion is to wonder whether there is such a thing in the world as a matter of fact. But the journey once made, with whatever difficulty and labour, by a great leader, his followers with no difficulty at all, but merely following the lead of his great name, when they reach a certain pitch of excitement, soon pave after him a broad and beaten way.

But, while allowing that, we must beseech our lay friend not to imagine that all distinctions are idle because, to those who are not experts, they appear to be subtle; and also to take the pains to be quite clear what the points were to which our martyrs sealed their testimony with their life.

The articles that Cranmer and Latimer and Ridley were called upon to sign asserted that "in the Sacrament of the Altar there was really the true and natural body of Christ present which was conceived of the Virgin Mary, and that, after consecration, no substance remained either of bread or wine; and also that in the Mass was the life-giving sacrifice of the Church, which is propitiatory for the sins of quick and

dead." That is to say, they were required to subscribe to the mediæval doctrines of Trans-substantiation and Purgatory; and, whatever may have been the exact opinions at last held by these reformers—and they varied from themselves at different times—it was for refusing these Roman doctrines that they suffered. It would not be unfair to say that, in regard to the presence in the Eucharist, which they preferred to speak of as "spiritual," they rejected a miraculous, but upheld a supernatural, presence; and any *catena* of opinions from English theologians would, on the whole, support this distinction. Let me give a short passage from Cranmer's "Defence of the True and Catholic Doctrine of the Sacrament," written in 1550, not as being an authoritative treatise, but as showing in what estimation that zealous reformer held the Christian feast.

Although He sit in heaven, at His Father's right hand, yet should we come to this mystical bread and wine with faith, reverence, purity, and fear, as we would do if we should come to see and receive Christ Himself sensibly present. For unto the faithful, *Christ is at His own table present with His mighty spirit and grace*, and is of them more fruitfully received than if corporally they should receive Him bodily present. And therefore they that shall worthily come to this God's board, must after due trial of themselves consider, first, who ordained this table, also what meat and drink they shall have that come thereto, and how they ought to behave themselves thereat. He that prepared the table is Christ Himself. The meat and drink wherewith He feedeth them that come thereto as they ought to do, is His own flesh and blood.<sup>1</sup>

The difference, therefore, between the Roman and the English view would not to an agnostic seem worth the price of blood; but looked at by Churchmen with a regard to the effect upon worship, there is an essential difference, which shows itself by certain results in the two communions. In the English doctrine, the point insisted upon is that Christ is certainly present, according to His promise; the mode is not defined; and the imagination is left free to picture Him as it can best: probably in the imagination of many Churchmen no picture is so often present as that feast at Emmaus, when He himself was seen to

Quoted from Dr. Mason's "Life of Cranmer," p. 131.

take bread and bless and break.<sup>1</sup> In the other case the mind must be fixed simply upon certain particles of matter, and though faith may repeat to itself that the matter is not matter, yet of such a question the senses remain imperious judges, and in the last resort the only credible witnesses; and though faith may be very valiant and still assert that the wafer is changed into the substance of Christ's body, yet the imagination finds it impossible to relate this to His person. Adoration, therefore, remains the adoration of matter not of spirit, at best of a body not of a character: and so it becomes inevitably, if not idolatrous, yet of the nature of a magical rite, which has no necessarily uplifting effect upon the soul. It has no correspondence to the worship we should pay to Christ if He were again to walk in our streets. The anxiety therefore displayed by our untheological layman at the revival of the word "mass," for the service of Holy Communion, does not seem misplaced; for such a revival is an obvious sign of sympathy with Roman doctrine. The wonder is that the word has so long been tolerated by those in authority, for it was dropped in the second Prayer-book, and not restored in any later revision. Speaking for myself, I would far rather allow incense and processional lights, which are ancient and harmless customs, and susceptible of mystical interpretation, than I would allow the word "mass" to be used in a church belonging to the Church of England; for the meaning of a word is not its etymological meaning, but the sense it has come to bear by use.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I ought, perhaps, to say that this paper was written before I had the advantage of reading the Archbishop of York's Congress Sermon.

<sup>2</sup> I observe that the Rev. Percy Dearmer in his "Parson's Handbook" (p. 134) calls this prejudice against the word "mass" "illogical and uncharitable"; but he does not explain what laws of logic and charity it infringes. One may be content to share the odium of such a charge with Bishop Cosin. He tells us that the word, though in itself ancient and harmless, was deliberately cut out of the English Prayer-book because it had acquired a secondary and Roman sense, and while it was allowed to remain in Edward VI.'s first book, was interpreted in this depraved sense by papistically-minded people: "ob hanc causam ab Ecclesia Anglicana ipsum etiam vocabulum rejicitur" (Works V 301).

If the layman, not content with the banishment of the *miraculous*, still protests against any *supernatural* element being allowed to cling to the Eucharist, is he quite clear where this protest will lead him? Will it not compel him to believe that the Sacrament was originally instituted, not for the sake of feeding the flock, but merely to keep alive a fading memory as long as possible in a world where all things come to an end? In that case he must banish the supernatural element from religion altogether. And then, what is left? It would be some guide to the clergy if those laymen who are at the present moment most active in protest and invective, like Lord Portsmouth, would formulate for us the creed which they themselves hold; or if that is an impertinent question, then the creed they wish to see held in the National Church. We should then know better how far it would chime with our present creed and articles. It may be that what they require in the clergy is simply a force of black dragoons to help keep order in the State by policing the populous districts and preaching respect for property. I saw lately two very suggestive allegories of such a reformed Church of England. One was at the sea-side. The sea on that part of the coast was encroaching, and it had already washed away the nave and chancel of the church. But the local board, not liking to lose so venerable a monument as the ivy-clad tower, and thinking it might, if looked to, do service as a breakwater, built it into the sea-wall, where it was found both useful and picturesque. The other was a market cross in Northamptonshire. The cross, indeed, was gone from the top of the column, but the shaft remained, and by a little ingenious ironwork had been converted into both a lamp and a sign-post.

H. C. BEECHING.

## THE MODERN STUDY OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE

"The Cathedral Builders: the Story of a Great Masonic Guild." By Leader Scott. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., Ltd. 4to. 1899.

"A History of Gothic Art in England." By Edward S. Prior, M.A.; with Illustrations by Gerald C. Horsley. London: George Bell & Sons. 4to. 1900.

### I

IT is a long while since the Castle of Otranto was brought before an easily satisfied public under the title of a "Gothic Romance." The uncouth illustrations of the edition of 1795 present the reader with a counterfeit of mediæval architecture, of which the best that can be said is that it bears witness to about as much knowledge of archæological truth as was possessed by the enthusiastic author of the text.

There is no need of argument to prove that we of to-day know more about Gothic architecture than did Horace Walpole. It would be strange if we did not; but what does appear worth noticing is that the development of the study of Gothic art has by no means marched *pari passu* with the practice of revived Gothic architecture: in other words, the practical side of the Gothic revival has had its own period of birth, increase, and decline, quite apart from the progress of the historical study of mediæval building craft. Without disrespect to architects, past and present, one may say that the Gothic revival is dead—supplanted by what should be called the Gothic survival—but



the examiners of Gothic evidences and the scientific compilers of Gothic history, so far from being ready to acknowledge their study extinct, have at present just reached the supreme stage of helping their fellow-students to realise the extent of their ignorance. In fact, one might almost say without irony that the progress of science in matters Gothic has been for the past hundred years (it is unfair to date from Walpole) a continued advance from apparent certainty, which so often means ignorance, to that wholesome doubt which may well be the dawn of knowledge.

It is unnecessary here to attempt a Gothic bibliography, but it is interesting to mark the outlines of the study. Like other architectural movements, the Gothic revival was not due to architects. It had its origin among two classes of persons who took an interest in the matter from different, and primarily non-architectural, points of view; with some men, no doubt, the two views were united, but it was possible to be a Romantic without being a Churchman, and *vice versa*. In fact, the Romantics had the start of the Churchmen chronologically, and their interest in the subject being a less practical one, was less thorough in its spirit and in its results. It is to the Romantics that the follies of Gothic belong—the Strawberry Hills, the Abbotsfords and Fonthill Abbeys—so that they need not be seriously reckoned with, except as the force that made the term Gothic acceptable and introduced mediæval architecture into the field of subjects worthy of the attention of polite persons. Sir Walter Scott, you may say, paved the way for Sir Gilbert; but we must look to the later date, to the beginnings of the Church revival, for the opening of the serious study of Gothic art.

I have said that the Gothic revival did not take its rise among architects, but rather among the enthusiasts for Romance on the one hand and for Ecclesiology on the other. It would possibly be nearer the fact to say that the architects, who took up the archæological quest, seconded rather than led the non-architectural spirits who fired the movement. Pugin, and

perhaps Butterfield, are the great exceptions—two architects in whom Christian faith went hand in hand with Christian art, and who were themselves prime movers; but it is a curious fact that, among the specialists who made Gothic architecture the subject of their study, more than one fell into the work without being an architect at all. Rickman, for instance, whose “attempt to discriminate the styles of Gothic architecture” was the basis of English Gothic analysis and nomenclature, was an underwriter in a Liverpool office up to 1818, the year after the publication of his book. Bloxam, the author of the “Principles of Gothic Architecture,” was a practising solicitor all his life. Paley, who produced in 1845 the excellent “Manual of Gothic Mouldings,” is best known to those who were schoolboys in the seventies as the editor of Greek texts; and J. H. Parker, whose manuals have done more than any other author’s works to popularise the knowledge of Gothic art, was professionally a bookseller.

Bowman and Crowther and the brothers Brandon, to be sure, were architects from the beginning; but Sharpe, whose work, “Architectural Parallels,” is a monumental book of reference, though he became an architect for fifteen years of his life, approached the subject originally from the academic standpoint of a university thesis, and after the age of fifty divided his time between the construction of tramways on the Continent and the duties of a magistrate in Wales.

Augustus Welby Pugin, whose brief and brilliant career deserves more wonder than it gets, forms with his father a link between the Churchmen and the Romantics. The elder Pugin’s early labours in Gothic research were undertaken as an assistance to John Nash (the architectural parent of Regent Street), whose aristocratic clients were clamouring for baronial castles with a persistence which induced him to reflect that he had better arm himself with Gothic facts to meet the Gothic fancy.

Pugin the younger was the first productive architect who really laid hold of the sense and spirit of Gothic architecture, and who had studied its details so intimately as to be able to

use it in design as one uses language in speech. He worked from 1835 to 1850, and therefore in a sense his short life was contemporary with part of Butterfield's immensely long career—but Butterfield, in spite of the fact that the foundations of his knowledge were laid in a profound personal study of ancient buildings, can scarcely be looked upon as a contributor to our archæological or scientific knowledge of Gothic. In production his own ideas overweighed tradition, and though he supplied certain drawings of ancient examples to the Cambridge Camden Society's "Instrumenta Ecclesiastica," he can hardly be reckoned as more than a personal influence in the general search for knowledge. His restorations were singularly out of harmony with antiquity.

Sir Gilbert Scott, notwithstanding that he became a Gothic architect before he became a Gothic student, and went in his first bewilderment to Germany for the examples which were to be found in France, developed into a real master of his subject; and though he never had in him that ecclesiastical fire which kept Butterfield alive and burnt Pugin into an early grave, was, from an archæological point of view, ahead of his predecessors and contemporaries. In fact, Scott stands as a Gothic student between the old school and the new.

With the old school, the men of the mid-century and of earlier days, the task of Gothic research was a simple one. They had before them two very plain aims: first, the collection of material, and, secondly, the classification of that material in point of date. It was natural that in the first place England should be the field of search. Englishmen awoke to the fact that they had in their own country the remains of a beautiful architecture as yet unrecorded, unstudied, and unrestored. Pugin, Sharpe, and others certainly gathered their knowledge abroad as well as in England, but the literary works which really led the science of Gothic classification dealt with English examples. In practical architecture foreign importation was soon to follow. Of Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" it may be said that, apart from the general spiritual stimulus

which, in common with his other works (especially "The Seven Lamps"), it exercised on the architectural bent of the age, it was responsible for a phase of direct pillage from Venice. This was but an episode; there was another movement at work. Sir George Gilbert Scott, Street, Burges, and many another architect, who came to realise with their generation that France contained the best specimens of thirteenth-century architecture, were not slow to flood our English parishes with imitations of the art of the Ile de France. But this was not all. With the sense that France was the queen of mediæval architecture came the suspicion that she was also the mother of it. The impression was readily started and fostered that every stage of our English Gothic, save the last, was imported stage for stage from France. There were indeed minds who realised that this might be a too hasty assumption—and Scott himself in his frequent writings and lecturings was found to champion, in more than one instance, the English origin of English work. It is enough for our purpose to note that the question, the great question, of the international relation of Gothic art, was by this time set on foot. It is this question which at the present time vexes the intelligence of those writers who engage in the ever-fascinating study of the ecclesiastical art of mediæval Europe.

## II

The Irish Brothers who exhibit the beauties of the Church of San Clemente at Rome have, during the past few months, noticed in their visitors an unwonted spirit of inquiry on a particular subject. The reason of this questioning, which settles upon a fresco in the lower church, is undoubtedly the publication last year of a remarkable book on the "Comacine Masons." Under the title of "The Cathedral Builders," and using the pseudonym of "Leader Scott," a lady (whose maiden name is honourably associated with English poetry) has produced a striking if occasionally faulty theory of the continuity of mediæval architecture in Europe. Her book

shows blemishes,<sup>1</sup> many of which (including a profusion of misprints in Latin) will doubtless disappear at a second printing, and various inconsequences of argument, such as are wont to occur where an author's zeal outruns his evidences; but it offers a field of suggestion which architects and the lovers of architecture cannot afford to overlook.

It is the aim of Leader Scott, if I may express that aim very briefly, to prove that the "Maestri Comacini," a body of constructive artists about whose existence in the eighth century there can be no dispute, were on the one hand descended from the Roman *collegia*, and on the other became not merely the parents of subsequent masonic guilds, but the centre and origin of European mediæval architecture. It is at the outset of the attractive and audacious quest that Leader Scott's eye lights on the San Clemente fresco, of which she claims that it represents among other personages a Roman "magister," or guild master, directing a building operation and wearing both a magisterial toga and a masonic apron. It is perhaps enough to say in regard to this matter that the person depicted wears neither a toga nor an apron, but an ordinary *sagum* and *tunica*; and further, that the story which connects him with St. Clement in a non-masonic character is so well known to ecclesiastical tradition, that weighty evidence would be necessary before he could be transferred to the new rôle which Leader Scott would provide for him. His name, as recorded on the fresco, is Sisinius, and both he and his wife are to be found in the pages of Mombritius and other writers of Church history. Leader Scott, I am afraid, must give up her magister at San Clemente; but we need not give up Leader Scott's book on this account.

The Comacine masters have their existence sufficiently proved by documents, including the edict of Rotharis (dated 643), which was brought to light by Muratori; though, to be sure, authorities, including Grotius, have cast doubt upon the

<sup>1</sup> See a notice of the work in the *Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects*, vol. vi. 1899.

geographic nature of the adjective *comacinus*, and deny its connection with the town or territory of Como. Their existence, therefore, does not depend upon Sisinius, and it would, after all, be difficult to base their connection with the Roman *collegia* upon a not too accurate eighth-century painting of a character who lived in the time of Nerva. Leader Scott has other arguments for this connection, the strongest among which are the identity of names and grades in the collegiate and Comacine constitutions.

The great authority upon the Comacines is the late Guiseppe Merzario, whose work, "I Maestri Comacinii," is, to tell the truth, rather heavy and rather ill arranged. It marshals a vast quantity of documentary evidence—of which future writers will no doubt make use, now that Leader Scott has introduced Englishmen to this hunting-ground—but it employs that evidence in an unconvincing and rather tedious manner. In one respect Merzario is bolder than Leader Scott. The latter, indeed, is for carrying the Comacine influence, if not actual Comacine practice, into nearly all lands, and chronologically into the very heart of the Renaissance. Merzario, who is quite as daring geographically (contenting himself occasionally with an entirely unsupported assumption of Comacine energy in far-away lands), in point of time outstrips his disciple by claiming for his favourites a continuous existence from the seventh to the present century!

In stating that the earlier writers on the history of Gothic building have been concerned rather with the course of national development than with the problems of international relations, I have not wished to imply that such problems have in the past been entirely ignored. Indeed, most of the authors who have dealt with the subject of Gothic development, realising that the co-existence of the art in our own and in other countries has to be in some way accounted for, have at least touched, with a few words in a preface or by a passing allusion, the question of origins and of the debt of nation to nation. Bloxam is ready in his introduction with a suggestion as to the

existence of Roman churches in pre-Norman England, and favours the idea that Christian missionaries in this country were the introducers of architectural instruction. Parker, in 1849, quotes Bede's passage on Benedict's visit to Gaul to bring back masons who should help him build a church "in the Roman manner, which he had always admired," and produces another quotation, also from Bede, in which Naitan, King of the Picts, asks Ceolfrid (Abbot of Jarrow) to send him artificers to build him a church, also "after the Roman manner." Again, Parker draws attention to the similarity between our so-called Saxon and the Italians' so-called "Lombard" architecture of contemporary date. These hints are very much in favour of Leader Scott's theory. Oddly enough, the authoress does not quote Parker among her list of writers consulted, but she places reliance upon Thomas Hope, whose "Historical Essay on Architecture," published in 1835—a work far in advance of its age in the largeness of its view—certainly contains a germ of the theory of a guild on a large scale.

The already-mentioned edict of Rotharis so clearly establishes the existence of the Comacine Guild in an organised condition that we are quite free to argue from it an extensive pre-existence and the probability of continued later activity. In fact, the question to be answered is entirely one of extent, geographical and chronological. Is the guild really the successor of a Roman guild, and the parent of those guilds whose existence is traceable in later centuries? And further, was its influence European or only local? Leader Scott, who makes out a good case for the appropriation to the Comacines of most of the Italian architecture which we call Lombard or Romanesque, has, of course, to reckon with those who own to Byzantine influence in the Romanesque styles. She is fearlessly ready to join issue with them—indeed, one suspects her, in a passage upon Santa Sofia, of at least half a wish to claim that building itself for her Comacines. The writer, however, contents herself with the conclusion that in certain passages of Procopius there is an "argument for the universality of the Masonic

Brotherhood" even in Byzantine days. I am inclined to think that, if she had consulted Messrs. Lethaby and Swainson's remarkable monograph on this church, her hopes would have been raised even higher. The authors take, indeed, no heed of Comacines, but they are driven (p. 209) into the following significant admission:—

It would be possible to account for mere resemblances by influence, but absolute likeness between capitals and sculptured or inlaid slabs found in contemporary buildings in places so far apart as Constantinople, Salonica, Parenzo, Ravenna, and Rome, show that in the fifth and sixth centuries such works were *dispersed from a common centre*.

If Constantinople herself were not the centre—and we know that the principal artificers for Santa Sofia were called from other places—where was that centre? Has little Como at least a claim?

In regarding the general purpose of Leader Scott's book, one is led to consider that it would have proved more if it had attempted to prove less. The authoress sets out with the question: "How did all these great and noble buildings (*i.e.*, those erected between 1100 and 1500) spring up simultaneously in all countries and all climates, and how comes it that in all cases they were similar to each other at similar times?" The terms of this double question assume more than is strictly historical fact, but in a modified form it is certainly a question to be faced. There is no occasion here to follow Leader Scott into each local branch of her argument. It is enough to say that for England—the chapter on which has been handled by her brother, the Rev. W. M. Barnes—the evidences are based both on internal testimony and on the before-mentioned view that the missionaries to England were accompanied by building monks: for Ireland a claim is made out to the effect that the so-called Celtic ornaments are really identical with the *intrecci* or interlaced knots which mark the Comacine work of Italy; further, St. Patrick is appealed to as the probable introducer of Comacine ideas, or even Comacine workmen, being looked upon as rather a continental than a Celt—which indeed is no



doubt the truth; and again, the Irish round towers are made to find kindred in the round towers of Ravenna. Germany's debt to the Comacines is perhaps rather weakly supported, but France has a link (which if not strong is at least interesting) in S. Guillaume, the abbot and builder of St. Bénigne at Dijon, who was a friend of Orso Orseolo, Patriarch of Aquileja, the restorer of Torcello and the brother of that Doge Otho who had a hand in the building of St. Mark's. By itself this connection would prove nothing for the Comacines, but taken with the words of the Chronicles of St. Bénigne that he summoned *magistri* for the purpose of controlling—or should it read “designing”?—the work (*opus dictandum*), it is a kind of proof that the assistance he obtained was that of guild masons.

Two main questions present themselves for future solution. If we grant the Comacines a share in the foundation of church architecture in newly christianised countries, can this be followed up by any proof that they regulated the subsequent development of that architecture? And in the second place, how are we to account for the absence of documentary mention of the prevalence of this guild, if their influence was practically world-wide? To take only a single instance, how is that the author of the treatise *De diversis artibus*—that Theophilus or Rugerus who is assigned to the first half of the eleventh century—neither alludes to the guild nor implies that he belongs to it? Is it because he deals mainly with painting, while the Comacines were masons? This can hardly be, if there is truth in Leader Scott's reasonable supposition that the Comacine *laborarium* was a studio of all the arts.

### III

Perhaps some of the views expressed in Mr. E. S. Prior's “History of Gothic Art in England” may help students to a nearer view of the still veiled truth. Mr. Prior's aim, if we need attribute to him an aim apart from the quest of verity, is the vindication of England's claim to England's architecture. Comacines, I may say at once, are not recognised by him,

though I suspect that a passage in his preface is meant to express his recognition of the fact that Leader Scott's book was given to the world at or about the time when his proofs must have been ready for the press. His opinions, he frankly owns, are at variance "with the idea of a central Masonic guild whose organisation monopolised the arts of design for all the centuries of mediæval church-building": he finds, he says, rather national and local variation than European solidarity in Gothic art, and points to "the constant English tradition as proof since the Conquest of a native craftsmanship free alike from Continental importation and Masonic dictation." One would expect from this last sentence to find Mr. Prior's book as staunch for insularity as Leader Scott is brave for her Comacines, and it would be concluded that he swung as far from probable truth on his side of the fact as the authoress on hers; but, to do Mr. Prior justice, it should be said at once that the stiff hypothesis here presented is by no means adhered to in his text, which is both moderate and well reasoned. His book is a fine work in more than one sense; it has large aims and thoroughness of plan. It covers the ground and covers it ably. "Much of my knowledge," says Mr. Prior modestly, "is superficial and second-hand." It is anything but superficial, and is only second-hand to the extent which no man can obviate. We have no power to prevent the science of our predecessors and no time to disregard it. In one respect is Mr. Prior's book too fine. His really great thoughts on his really great subject are sometimes wrapped in too big language. Sometimes, indeed, the words strain the syntax, and sometimes they hold the sense too intricately for common understanding. These are but misfortunes, resulting from a too full eloquence and perhaps from a too short period of correction, and having mentioned them, I leave them, to go into the heart of the author's arguments. Mr. Prior does not hold his hand for more than a dozen pages before he makes his thrust at the theory of transplantation from France. In particular he lunges at the old idea, held among the moderns by Professor

## STUDY OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE 109

Moore<sup>1</sup> and upheld, naturally enough, by the French writer, Louis Gonse, that the work of William of Sens at Canterbury was the birth and basis of English Gothic art. He takes us back again to the text of Gervase, on whom most of the theorists have based their assumptions, and presses his opinion that William the Englishman was no pupil of the French William, but a man of distinct genius and more truly Gothic power. The proof of this is to be tested by the work itself, but for further authority Mr. Prior reckons on the late Edmund Sharpe, in whose works, already mentioned here, are references to the differences between English and French work of the Transition period.

Whence, then, did that English William get the knowledge and the tradition that could make him more true to Gothic ideals than the man of Sens? Mr. Prior's answer is that "from the first the building in England had surpassed that of Normandy." There are said to have been five hundred and seventy religious foundations in England between the Conquest and the reign of King John, and indeed it is probable, as Mr. Prior points out, that the fact of our having a comparatively small show of thirteenth-century buildings to set against the activity of France in that period is primarily, if not solely, due to the number of already completed churches and monasteries in the country, which precluded the necessity of new erections. Let us grant all Mr. Prior begs, and see where we are with our argument. England before 1200, so far from following France, is ahead of her—more ready, in fact, to lend than to borrow. What then? We have inverted our problem, but it remains a problem still. We may grant in addition that English Norman and Transitional work has its characteristics to distinguish it from French work, but we must not stretch these national characteristics into positive dissimilarities. The twelfth-century styles of France and England are distinguishable, but they are plainly akin; and to what agency are we to

<sup>1</sup> "The Development and Character of Gothic Architecture," by C. H. Moore. 1890.

attribute this kinship? The answer is in Mr. Prior's own mouth. It is to the universality of the monastic orders, which at this period override racial differences, that we are to look for the clue to the common elements in English and Continental architecture. The craft, so to speak, was not bandied from nation to nation, but fostered on both sides of the Channel by a common controlling influence.

I confess that at this point Mr. Prior's reasoning seems a little unreasonable. He forbids us to quote the "Cluniac and Cistercian influences as responsible for the carriage of French architecture into England," and yet he insists that it was "a neo-monastic architecture that in the third quarter of the twelfth century in England grew conspicuously Gothic among the Cistercian builders of Yorkshire and of the Welsh marches, and in the Canons' houses, Augustinian and secular, that the great dioceses of Durham, York, and Lincoln favoured." His implication is no doubt that the monks of England "grew Gothic" apart from and ahead of their French brothers, and indeed he points his contention in the case of Canterbury by the suggestion that the monks of that foundation, more conservative than the men of the North in their love of Romanesque work, called in a Frenchman in the hope that he would preserve for them the Romanesque pillars which an Englishman "would have swept away." Here one is tempted to ask, not at all in hostile criticism of Mr. Prior, why they should call in anybody? If the monks were the builders themselves, and if the Northern monks could "grow Gothic" on their own account in Yorkshire, why could not the monks of Canterbury proceed in their own strength on their own lines? The Dark Ages are still dim.

Mr. Prior is one of those writers who assumes in his readers a measure of omniscience. There is much to be said in favour of such an attitude, but one is driven to doubt whether his work would not have been made more useful by a little condescension to ignorance and forgetfulness. That the author should assume his public to be a mainly architectural one is natural, and

perhaps desirable—the age is past in which works of architecture are hampered by a glossary—but even architects in this our own age and country are apt to be hazy in their knowledge of the monastic orders. The point which I confess I should like to see elaborated in a rather more elementary form is the relative attitude of Cluny and the Cistercians. Mr. Prior merely reminds his readers in a footnote that Cistercians and Cluniacs are alike Benedictines. “Cluny,” as the author puts it, “in the eleventh and twelfth centuries was the centre of the Benedictine movement in architecture.” Indeed, Cluny, as Mr. Prior does not need to be reminded, was also a great deal more. The place had been a hunting-box in the ninth century; by the twelfth it had become “le centre de l’église et la capitale intellectuelle de toute l’Europe.” The French are prepared to look upon Cluny as the parent of the intellectual Renaissance of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and it is in this capacity that it became the parent also of that luxury of life whose outward manifestation in stone runs riot in the church of Vézelay, a building pre-eminently Cluniac in spirit. At this very Vézelay, in 1146, St. Bernard preached the Second Crusade, and it is thought that he had Vézelay’s sculptures in mind when he wrote so bravely against the luxury of the outward church, and made his plea for that simplicity which, if truth be told, gives a really greater majesty to the most noble church of Pontigny. At Pontigny you have the Cistercian genius in all its beauty.

I am not blind to Mr. Prior’s contention in this connection, which is that the square east end, a notably Cistercian feature, was really in existence in this country before the Cistercian wave had power to introduce it. He makes it clear that both Augustinians and Benedictines had built such square ends in England (probably as reminiscences of our own Saxon traditions) before any such feature had been brought to us from the Continent. He thus destroys one cherished argument of the champions of French influence, but I do not feel sure that he establishes a general claim for English initiative.

In his contrast between France and England of the thirteenth century Mr. Prior is particularly clear. The French, I believe, have abandoned the claim once made by Viollet-le-Duc on behalf of Vézelay that it was the birthplace of the "architecture ogivale" of the Ile de France. The Ile de France is now permitted to stand, so to speak, apart, and to base its architecture's birth on St. Denis. The great French Gothic period is classed by Mr. Prior as laic while ours is still monastic. The French thirteenth-century work is to be attributed to the opposition of Philip Augustus to the abbots and his alliance against them with the communes. It was the work, he says, of secular artists whose life and art lay apart from the monastic systems. This is no new discovery, but it is an important point. It marks a distinction in production between our country and France, but on the other hand it welds our own national architecture even more closely to the monastic tradition of Central Europe. There are probably means of proving, from a Masonic point of view, whether the French masons of the thirteenth century are really wholly separable in training and tradition from their forerunners of the monastic brotherhoods.

There are a host of other ideas in Mr. Prior's book of which there is no space to treat here and no need, for the book itself should be read by all architectural philosophers. It will be enough in commending it to say further that, like "Leader Scott's," it is strong in its illustrations; indeed stronger, for while Leader Scott's (an excellent set of photographs) are confined to a small geographical area of her subject, Mr. Prior's are comprehensive as well as rigorously appropriate. They are almost exclusively from the hand of Mr. Gerald Horsley, and, with the exception of a few of the sketches which are too sketchy, are of a high order of work.

To attempt to sum up the conclusions upon Gothic origins would at this stage of inquiry be premature. Leader Scott and Mr. Prior are two seekers after truth, and for all their contradictions, they are probably both bringing us to a nearer

view. The one strongly emerging truth, spite of Mr. Prior's claims for England, spite of Leader Scott's for Como, is the centrality and catholicity of the Church's power in this matter. If we blindly swallow the Comacine theory, or if we accept Mr. Prior's conclusions, or indeed if we attempt a harmony, the one fact that seems undeniably certain is that, had it not been for the Church's European sway, the comparative homogeneity of the growth of Gothic architecture would have been impossible. Search as we may for differences, the similarities are even more striking; and we have still to face the extraordinary fact that in countries of variant race and variant language there grew almost simultaneously and with strangely similar development a common art with a common motive. There were two forces in the world that could override the boundaries of tribe and tongue, and these forces, call them what you will—papal supremacy, monastic rule, art brotherhood, or mason craft—were ultimately no others than Christianity and her handmaid Architecture.

PAUL WATERHOUSE.

## THE MURDER OF POMPILIA

For the discovery, last January, of the Italian manuscript, of which the following is a translation, I am indebted to Signor Dottore Ignazio Giorgi, Librarian of the Royal Casanatense Library in Rome. The volume from which it is taken [Misc. MS. 2037] is entitled "Varii successi curiosi e degni di esser considerati," and also contains an account of the trial of Beatrice Cenci, and of the recantation, in 1686, of Miguel de Molinos, whose followers are so often mentioned in the "Ring and the Book."

The baptismal dates of the Franceschini and of Caponsacchi are taken from the Archives of Arezzo, which have yielded many other interesting details. Several of the footnotes are based upon the evidence adduced in the trial of Guido Franceschini in January-February 1698, as contained in the actual source of Browning's poem, his "square old yellow book." This is a volume of some 250 pages of Latin and Italian, consisting of eighteen printed pamphlets or legal documents—lawyers' pleas, evidence, &c.—connected with the trial. Browning's unique copy, a translation of which is in progress, is now in the library of Balliol College, Oxford. It has never been republished. The manuscript here printed for the first time has much in common with the information in that book, but supplements it in various ways, and is the best prose account of the whole case which is known to exist.—W. HALL GRIFFIN.

THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF FRANCESCHINI AND HIS COMPANIONS FOR MURDER AND ASSASSINATION COMMITTED ON THE PERSONS OF PIETRO COMPARINI, HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, WHICH TOOK PLACE IN THE TIME OF INNOCENT XII.

**A**BATE PAOLO FRANCESCHINI, born in Arezzo, Tuscany, was of noble family, although he had inherited but a small patrimony; yet, being possessed of sufficient talent to push his fortunes, he moved to the city of Rome, where he



was admitted by Cardinal Lauria<sup>1</sup> to his household as Secretary of the Embassy. A natural fitness of mind gained him the favour of this Cardinal, who stood so high in the esteem of the Sacred College for his learning that it seemed by no means improbable that he might be raised to the Pontificate.

Under these favourable auspices, Paolo, who was desirous of making the most of his opportunities, thought of arranging a marriage for his brother Guido, so that he might, by means of a substantial dowry, re-establish the family fortunes. Guido had also found employment in Rome as Secretary of the Embassy to a Cardinal—Cardinal Nerli<sup>2</sup>—but, either because he had not the opportunities or the skill of his brother, he had quitted this service. Now, although Paolo knew that the fact of his brother being out of employment would damage his chances of forming a good alliance, yet he did not cease to try and make an advantageous match, for he hoped that the reflection of his own importance might atone for the shortcomings of his brother.

Guido was now getting towards middle life, of delicate constitution, mediocre appearance, a disposition gloomy rather than pleasing—above all, with very little means, so that his matrimonial expectations would be but slight unless he could profit by his brother's position.

After having sought a number of alliances with people of good position, Paolo finally decided upon Francesca Pompilia, daughter of Pietro and Violante Comparini, because, as she was an only child, and, on account of the age of her parents

<sup>1</sup> Cardinal Lorenzo Brancati di Lauria, born 1612, made Cardinal 1681, died November 30, 1693. He would be an excellent patron, being widely known for his learning, modesty, and liberality. I find Paolo, then aged thirty-three, dedicating a poem to him in 1683—doubtless the first step toward securing the Cardinal's favour. Cardinal Lauria secured fifteen votes at the Conclave which in 1689 elected Alexander VIII., the predecessor of the "Pope" of Browning's poem.

<sup>2</sup> Guido seems indeed to have missed his opportunity. Nerli was literary, very wealthy, and, like the Franceschini, a Tuscan—from Florence. Born 1636, made Cardinal 1673, he died, aged seventy-two, in 1708. Browning was not aware of the *names* of either Lauria or Nerli.

there was no possibility of other offspring, she would succeed to 12,000 scudi held in trust; and Paolo hoped to make the match without difficulty, as the Comparini were rather beneath him than his equals by birth.

There was a female hairdresser<sup>1</sup> who used to visit the Comparini with that freedom with which such women are admitted by those who desire to appear to their husbands more beautiful than they are, and are tolerated by those men who hold too high an opinion of the fidelity of their wives. Paolo considered this woman the most likely means of forwarding his matrimonial schemes. Guido, therefore, repeatedly went to the woman's shop [in the Piazza Colonna] on various pretexts, and, having won his way into her confidence, he occasionally turned the conversation upon the subject of his marrying, whereupon she told him, one day, that he might easily approach the daughter of the Comparini, who had a dowry worthy of him, as she had the expectation of inheriting the trust-money, and also had few kinsfolk, these being the conditions of which he was in search. It was agreed, therefore, that, if she should succeed in bringing about the match, he would pay her 200 scudi.

The hairdresser lost no time in opening the subject to Violante, who, being anxious that her daughter should succeed to the property, and also that she should be advantageously settled, agreed to speak to her husband, whose consent she felt disposed to obtain, should the facts be as they were represented. Violante spoke of the matter to Pietro, and he consented to entertain the proposal on condition of the verification of the wealth boasted of by the Franceschini, who, said he, must furnish a written statement attested by well-known people.

The hairdresser informed the Franceschini of this, and they sent for an account of their real estate in Arezzo, amounting to an annual income of 1700 scudi, this statement being certified

<sup>1</sup> This "woman-dealer in perukes" figures in the poem of "Tertium Quid" (430-51), where the bribe promised her is put at the modest sum of 20 zecchines, *i.e.* £10, as against the 200 scudi—nearly £200 of modern money—mentioned here.

by people known to the Comparini, and also confirmed by them by word of mouth.

Abate Paolo, fearing lest the fortune should slip through his fingers, did not wish to allow the Comparini time to change their minds; on the contrary, in order to make sure of things, he desired to strengthen his position by the influence of Cardinal Lauria, his patron, by whom he had a marriage contract drawn up, his Eminence being pleased to show his interest in the welfare of a man whom he regarded with a certain degree of favour.

Meanwhile Pietro Comparini, having made inquiries as to the social condition and the property of the Franceschini, found a state of affairs very different from that represented, both in regard to their rank and their possessions. Thereupon he had warm disputes with his wife, who persisted in urging the marriage, and said that he had taken the advice of people who were envious of the welfare of both families, and wished to hinder the good fortune of the two households; and that therefore they ought not to depart from their first intention, for she was quite sure, from several truthful witnesses, that the Franceschini were of the first nobility in Arezzo, and not of the second, as was stated, and that the wealth mentioned in the written statement was exactly as declared. But the warmer her interest became, the more that of Pietro cooled down; for, having an eye to his own interest, if he could not gain, at least he did not wish to lose by the marriage of his daughter. But what does not a man lose when he allows himself to be ruled by women! He loved his wife so tenderly, that from the first day of his union with her he had made her the arbitress of his will: notwithstanding this, however, Violante, fearing that, in a matter of such importance, Pietro might rather be guided by good advice than yield to her flattery, and not being able to endure any delay in making sure of the trust-money—which would go to another family if the Comparini lacked descendants—she resolved to complete the marriage without the knowledge of Pietro. So, having obtained the consent of her

daughter, who was always amenable to her commands, and having arranged matters with Guido, one morning she took Pompilia, suitably dressed, to San Lorenzo in Lucina, their parish church, and gave her in marriage.<sup>1</sup>

This was a heavy blow to Pietro, but, realising that there was no remedy for it, he concealed his wrath by pretending that he had only been displeased at not having been at the marriage, and that this was forgotten in the pleasure of the wedding feast which was held at his house (in the Via Vittoria). For dowry, he made over to his daughter twenty-six bonds, with the ultimate succession to them all: and that very day, as they were talking of the advantages which would result to both households from the union of their interests, it was arranged that the Comparini should go to Arezzo; and this took place a few days later,<sup>2</sup> the administration of all the property being left absolutely in the hands of Guido. On their arrival in Arezzo the Comparini were received by the mother and the relations of the Franceschini with all those marks of affection which are usual on such occasions; but very speedily, as they saw more of one another, they passed into quarrels, and from these to acts of open hostility. The mother of Guido,<sup>3</sup> a proud, niggardly woman, who kept house in a penurious style, and despotically limited even the bare necessities of life, provoked the Comparini to complain, and their remonstrances were answered at first by words of contempt and then by threats. Violante, being a woman with her own share of natural pride, could not endure this, and therefore began to worry Pietro, and curse the day on which he had decided to go to Arezzo, laying upon him the whole blame for that for which she herself

<sup>1</sup> The real date of the marriage is August or September 1693. Browning, for artistic reasons, places it in December—"one dim end of a December day"—on account of the gloom associated with it.

<sup>2</sup> This would be in November 1693, early in the month.

<sup>3</sup> Guido's mother was Beatrice Romani, a woman of sixty-two in 1693, as she was born in 1631. She died, aged seventy, in 1701, three years after her son's execution.

was responsible! Pietro, who was one of those men who are beside themselves if a woman sheds a couple of tears, instead of reproaching her as the cause of the trouble, in that she had, against his will and without his knowledge, concluded the marriage, begged her with caresses to bear this ill-usage with patience, as it would perhaps cease when the Franceschini saw that their daughter sided with them.

At this time Cardinal Lauria died [November 30, 1693], a Cardinal whose merits were beyond all praise, and Abate Paolo was appointed Secretary in Rome of the Order of the Knights of St. John of Malta,<sup>1</sup> and this increased the proud bearing of the Franceschini to such a degree that they now considered that the Comparini should deem themselves fortunate to be among their friends, much more their relations.

Violante, who could not endure to live any longer under the proud sway of another woman, when she had been accustomed to command, had now quite regained the upper hand with her husband, and so worried him that she induced him to go back to Rome once more, and to this end the Franceschini supplied them with money sufficient for the journey, and for the furniture necessary for the house.<sup>2</sup>

But scarcely were they arrived in Rome than, to the amazement of everybody, it was reported that Pietro had issued a judicial monition, in which he declared that Francesca Pompilia was not really his daughter, and that therefore he was not bound to pay the dowry. This document was certified by Violante, his wife, who deposed that, in order to keep off her husband's creditors in regard to the deed of trust, and to enjoy the interest of the bonds, she had feigned to be with child, and that her deception should not be perceived by her husband,

<sup>1</sup> This was a good appointment. The headquarters of the Knights in Rome was in the still existing building in the Via Condotti, close to the Piazza di Spagna. The home of the Comparini was close by.

<sup>2</sup> The Comparini returned in March 1694 to their former home in the Via Vittoria. Browning represents them as going to another house in the Via Paolina, erroneously associated with the road at the south of Rome leading to the church of S. Paolo *fuori le mura*.

she had agreed with him that if ever this should happen they should have rooms apart until the birth of the child. She took the opportunity of the absence of Pietro, when busy over his lawsuits one day, to bring about the appearance of the child. All passed off successfully owing to the sagacity of a nurse with whom she had arranged to provide all that was needful. Accordingly, in order that the man-servant should have no suspicion as to the fraud, they sent him off to the chemist's to have some prescriptions made up, and, during his absence, away went the nurse to fetch a child which she had brought into the world the day before for a neighbour, with whom she had made previous arrangements to this effect. Having got back to the house, she called through the open window to an acquaintance of the Comparini, everything being so neatly arranged that when the neighbour arrived there remained nothing to be done but to make her believe what was not really the fact.<sup>1</sup>

This unexpected act of Pietro's was noised abroad in Rome like wildfire, and was listened to with no less amazement than displeasure, and the Franceschini, who were justly indignant, would have taken fitting vengeance had not their anger been tempered by the hope that, if Pompilia were not really and legitimately the child of Pietro and Violante, the marriage might be annulled, and their injured reputation thus reinstated. But, having taken the advice of a number of lawyers, and finding that their opinions differed, they did not wish to stake their chances upon an issue so doubtful; for, if they instituted legal proceedings, they must inevitably acknowledge and presuppose the illegitimacy, and by such a confession they would themselves remain prejudiced in their claims upon the dowry. They therefore opposed the judicial notice of Violante and

<sup>1</sup> These events took place on July 17, 1680, as the baptismal entry in S. Lorenzo in Lucina proves. It runs as follows: "Die 23 Julii 1680 Ego Bartholomæus Minius Curatus baptizavi infantem natam 17 hujus ex D. Petro Comparini et ex D. Violante Peruzzi conjugibus degentibus in hac Parocchia, cui nomen impositum fuit Francisca Camilla Vittoria Angela Pompilia." (*Cf.* the opening lines of the poem "Pompilia.")

obtained a decision to the effect that Pompilia was so far to be regarded as the Comparini's daughter that the bonds promised in the marriage settlement were to be transferred to her. But Pietro appealed from this decision to the *Signatura di Giustizia* [the Court of Appeal].

The chief sufferer from this hatred between the two families was the unfortunate Pompilia, who remained by herself at Arezzo, exposed to the arbitrary treatment of her husband, her mother-in-law, and the Franceschini kindred, all of whom were mortally offended with her parents, so that not an hour passed without her being threatened with death. In a situation so desperate the heart of any woman, even of one more experienced, would have sunk within her, much more that of a girl of sixteen who had no share in the deceit of her mother nor in the wiles of her father, and who, by reason of her good qualities, was worthy of caresses and not of cruelty.

The unfortunate girl bore up as long as she could under their tyrannies, which daily became worse and worse, but, seeing that all prospect of peace was hopeless, she fled several times to the Governor of Arezzo<sup>1</sup> to seek the interposition of his authority with the Franceschini; and, as he gave her no help, she cast herself at the feet of the Bishop,<sup>2</sup> who summoned Guido to his presence and reconciled them. But, as Guido's anger was increased by reason of such public appeals, he threatened her with certain death if ever she should do such a thing again.

The wretched girl, seeing every avenue of peace closed,

<sup>1</sup> This, as the poem mentions, was Vincenzo Marzi-Medici, governor from 1693-95. Pompilia went to him in 1694, and he wrote a letter to Abate Paolo in Rome, giving him an account of the Comparini and their doings in Arezzo, dated August 2, 1694. Marzi-Medici was not, however, as the poem says, a relative of the Grand Duke; he was the son of a Florentine lawyer.

<sup>2</sup> This Bishop—*Archbishop* the poem calls him—was Giovanni Matteo Marchetti, Bishop for thirteen years, from 1691-1704. He was of a well-known Pistoian family, and had a splendid collection of drawings by old masters, which came to England after his death.

implored the help of Canon Conti,<sup>1</sup> brother-in-law of the Franceschini, who was perfectly familiar with what she had had to suffer, as he used to visit the house; and she begged him to save her life, which was in continual peril. He was moved to pity, and, knowing that there was no remedy but flight—in which, however, he could personally take no part, lest he should bring upon himself the hatred of the whole family connection—he suggested that the only person for such an enterprise was Canon Caponsacchi,<sup>2</sup> his personal friend, and in a remote degree related to him—a man whose spirit was no less apt to incur danger than to overcome it.

Pompilia having accepted the advice of Conti, he lost no time in opening the subject to Caponsacchi, who, when the matter was first broached, manifested repugnance towards aiding a wife to flee from her husband, even though the only object in view was to accompany her to the home of her parents. But, on being fully informed as to the unbearable ill-treatment of Guido and his family, pity overcame every other feeling, and he accepted the undertaking. Pompilia, who now longed for this result, kept urging it upon him by means of letters<sup>3</sup> and endearing incitements, always, however, preserving her fidelity as a wife, as may be gathered from her letters, in some of which she praises the modesty of Caponsacchi, and in others reproves him for having sent her some rather unbecoming verses, and begs him to preserve unsullied that good character which she has praised.

The day of the flight having been arranged,<sup>4</sup> these two, with the assistance of Conti, got into a carriage, and, travelling as fast as possible—never stopping except when needful to change

<sup>1</sup> Guido's only sister Porzia married Count Aldobrandini, Conti's brother.

<sup>2</sup> Caponsacchi was aged twenty-four at this time (1697), having been baptized March 22, 1673.

<sup>3</sup> Twenty-two such letters, or fragments of them, were said to have been found by Guido, and were produced in the evidence at his trial. They are of slight interest.

<sup>4</sup> They fled on Sunday, April 28, "seven hours after sunset"—*i.e.* about 2 A.M. Browning artistically alters this to April 23—St. George's Day.



horses—they arrived, the second morning at dawn, at Castelnuovo. Here, although the landlord got ready one bed for both, Pompilia rested in a chair and Caponsacchi rushed down to the stable to hurry up the driver.

Guido waked up some hours after Pompilia had departed, and, finding that she was not in bed, got up in a passion; and seeing her jewel-case open and the jewels gone, together with some money which was kept there, he divined what had taken place. So he tore along the road to Rome on a good horse, and overtook the fugitives at the inn at Castelnuovo<sup>1</sup> one hour after they had arrived.

When she saw him appear, Pompilia, with a boldness such as despair frequently produces even in a sluggish nature, seized the sword of Caponsacchi, which was lying on a table, and, having drawn it, rushed out to meet Guido; and calling him a traitor and a tyrant, threatened his life; but he, fearing that her boldness no less than the valour of Caponsacchi—whom he had not previously known to be her protector—might result rather in his own death than in his taking vengeance, turned his horse's head, and, rushing off to the magistrate, had them arrested and soon afterwards taken off to the New Prisons [in Rome, sixteen miles distant], where they were accused of the flight and then of adultery.

Abate Paolo, who, as has been said, was Secretary in Rome for the Knights of Malta, made urgent representations to the Pope concerning the injury to his honour, and besought the Governor of Rome, Monsignor Pallavicino,<sup>2</sup> protesting that he ought to give judgment against Caponsacchi for having eloped with his sister-in-law, and declare them both guilty of adultery, and that on this account his brother Guido ought to obtain possession of the whole dowry.

Legal proceedings were instituted with all the rigour of the

<sup>1</sup> The inn still exists unchanged, with the very room in which the scene here described took place.

<sup>2</sup> Marc Antonio Venturini, mentioned as Governor in the poem, was in fact a Deputy-Governor for criminal cases—*Locum tenens in criminalibus*.

law, but there appeared no evidence of guilt against Pompilia and Caponsacchi except the letters indicating an affectionate intercourse, and written while the flight was being planned, the flight itself, and the deposition of the driver,<sup>1</sup> who said that he had several times seen them, as he turned round while driving, face to face together—*i.e.* cheek against cheek—a thing which is no proof of wrongdoing, while the roughness of the roads, and the speed at which they were driving, by shaking them, might have been the cause. Wherefore the Court prudently sentenced Caponsacchi to three years' relegation in Civita Vecchia for his rash act in running away with a wife from the home of her husband, even though he had been actuated by motives of pity.<sup>2</sup>

Meanwhile the proceedings against Pompilia continued, and with the consent of the Franceschini she was sent under restraint to the monastery of the Scalette in the Lungara,<sup>3</sup> Guido giving a bond that he would pay for her board. After some time it became evident that she was *enceinte*, and as the rules of the place did not allow of her remaining any longer there, the Governor of Rome, with the approval of Abate Paolo, who held a power of attorney for his brother, issued an order that Pompilia should be removed to the house of the Comparini, her parents, under security of 300 scudi, declaring at the same time that the obligation on Guido's part to pay for her board should cease the very day on which Pompilia should leave the monastery.<sup>4</sup>

This suit, in which the Franceschini represented themselves as being solely actuated by a desire to repair their honour, was recognised as having for its chief motive their greed for money,

<sup>1</sup> This was Francesco Borsi, called "Venerino," a servant of the landlord of the still existing *Canale* Inn at Arezzo. He drove them to Camoscia, that is, for the first night only.

<sup>2</sup> This decree is dated September 24, 1697.

<sup>3</sup> The Scalette—so called from the steps in front of it—still exists, under the name of the "Buon Pastore." Browning chose to speak of the Convertite, who also had a home in the Lungara.

<sup>4</sup> This order is dated October 12, 1697.

so that there was not a single club in which the conduct of both sides was not criticised. For this reason the Knights of St. John quietly hinted to Abate Paolo that he had better resign his position as Secretary. The loss of so honourable a position gave free course to the malice of the tongues of his enemies, and reduced the mind of Paolo to such a state of anxiety that he felt ashamed to face even his dearest friends. He therefore decided to quit Rome and to pass to a land whither there should never come news of the dishonour which had so deeply afflicted him.<sup>1</sup>

Guido being informed of his departure and of the obligation now resting upon himself of repairing the honour of their house, reflected that if he, like his brother, should voluntarily exile himself, it would be regarded as a confirmation of that cowardliness of spirit with which he had been justly charged when he had overtaken his wife in her flight and had not then and there taken that vengeance which was expected at his hands.

Her time having arrived, Pompilia gave birth to a male child,<sup>2</sup> whom the Comparini sent out to nurse. Everybody thought, and in particular Violante, that this event would dispose Guido, by the very force of nature, to a reconciliation with his wife, while the minds of the Comparini, in spite of their declaration that Pompilia was not their child, might also be inclined to re-establish peace. The thought of Guido, however, was wholly different, for he was ceaselessly urged on by Paolo, who, even though absent, kept plotting to blot out of the world every memory of his own dishonour by the death of Pompilia, Pietro, and Violante.

Guido had a field labourer, a bold man of evil life, to whom he repeatedly told exaggerated tales about the disgrace which his wife and the Comparini had brought upon his house; and he confided to this man that, if he would aid him, he would be able to wipe out with their blood the stains upon his honour.

<sup>1</sup> I have traced him to Prague, where he published a poem in 1699.

<sup>2</sup> A boy, Gaetano, born December 18, 1697.

The assassin at once agreed, and himself suggested that, if other help were needed, he had three or four friends for whom he could vouch. Guido's answer was that he should select three bold and trusty ones for the sake of security, in case of meeting with resistance, and that he should be particularly careful to engage them at as low a rate as he possibly could.

This being all arranged, and the weapons suitable for such a deed made ready, Guido with his four companions, disguised, and with changed garments, took the road to Rome, and arrived<sup>1</sup> at the house of the Comparini<sup>2</sup> two hours after sunset. One of them knocked at the door, and when Pietro answered, the assassin said that he had a letter to deliver from Civita Vecchia from Caponsacchi. When the women heard this, they told Pietro that he must tell the man to come back in the morning, and objected to his opening the door; but Pietro being curious about the news from Caponsacchi, and the assassin making reply that he could not call again next morning, as he had to depart that very night, Pietro opened the fatal door through which entered death for himself, for Violante, and for Pompilia.

Beside himself with passion, Guido was the first to rush in with two companions<sup>3</sup>—the other two remaining to keep guard—and, having repeatedly stabbed the poor old man, they deprived him of life before he could utter a word. Scarcely had the unfortunate women beheld this than they were thrust through in a similar manner and experienced the same fate; the blows of Guido being directed against the unhappy Pompilia, and being accompanied with innumerable insults. After having trampled her under foot several times and

<sup>1</sup> They arrived at Rome December 24, 1697. The murders took place on Thursday, January 2, 1698.

<sup>2</sup> Browning places this outside Rome beyond the Porta S. Paolo; the murders actually took place in a house—since rebuilt—which stood at the corner of the Via Vittoria and the Via Babuino, formerly called Via Paolina.

<sup>3</sup> These two were Francesco Pasquino and Alessandro Giovanni Baldeschi. Those who kept guard were Biaggio Agostinelli and Domenico Gambassin i.

repeated his blows, Guido, not sure that his fury had accomplished its purpose, told his companions to see if she were really dead, and one of them lifting her up by the hair and then letting her suddenly fall, made sure that she was no longer alive.

The barbarous slaughter over, and Guido having paid the cut-throats the money agreed upon,<sup>1</sup> he wished to separate from them, but they would not allow either him or any of the others to depart, fearing lest one should kill the other, as not infrequently happens in such crimes. Or, perchance, the cut-throats had arranged with their leader, if they kept together, to kill Guido, supposing that he would have upon him a large sum of money, and therefore, it is said, they would not consent to his going away. Accordingly they took the road to Arezzo together, being obliged to travel on foot on account of not having been able to procure post-horses.

Life was totally extinct in Pietro and Violante by reason of their numerous wounds, but Pompilia was still living, although her wounds were even more numerous,<sup>2</sup> for in her innocence, and aided by Divine mercy, she had been able to feign death so well that she deceived the assassins. When, therefore, she could see that they were gone, collecting her dying breath, she had still sufficient strength of voice to make the neighbours hear her cries for help.

Being found in a dying state, the needs of the soul were first eagerly attended to, and afterwards those of her body. Her wounds were so many in number, and of such a character, that, although they did not immediately deprive her of life, yet they rendered her death inevitable; an event which, to the universal sorrow of those who attended her, and of as many as had information about so lamentable a case, took place a few days later.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This account differs on this point from that used by Browning, who says the assassins were *not* paid, and therefore were about to kill Guido.

<sup>2</sup> Twenty-two dagger wounds, five deadly.

<sup>3</sup> Pompilia died on Monday, January 6, 1698, the day on which she is supposed to speak in the poem.

The constancy with which she endured the sufferings of her medical treatment was no less amazing than the love excited by her resignation to the Divine will; while not only did she not blame the cruelty of her husband, but with fervent prayers she implored God to pardon him.

As evidence of the compassion of those who ministered to her soul and to her body, I quote the following sworn testimonies, not only as to her innocence, but also as to the happy passage of her pure soul to heaven.

#### TESTIMONIES AS TO THE AFORESAID STATEMENT.

I, the undersigned Barefoot Augustinian, solemnly testify that, having ministered to Signora Pompilia from the first moment of the woful case until the last minute of her life, I state and swear, as I am a priest in the presence of that God who shall be my Judge, that I have remarked and have been amazed at the innocent and pure conscience of this ever-blessed girl; and in the four days [Jan. 2-6] which she survived, she, having been exhorted by me to pardon [her husband], replied with tears in her eyes, and with calm and compassionate voice, "May Jesus pardon him as I have already done with all my heart." But what was most wonderful was that, although she suffered great pain from her injuries, I never heard her utter an offensive or an impatient word, or even give any sign of such, either against God or her fellow-beings; but with uniform submission to the Divine will she would say, "The Lord have mercy on me"; a fact, in truth, which is incompatible with a spirit not closely united to God; and such union does not take place in a single moment, but truly is due to long-continued habit. Moreover, I declare that I have uniformly noticed her to be most modest; and in particular on those occasions in which the doctors attended to her, so that, if she had not been of good habits, on such occasions she would not have given evidence of modesty in regard to certain little details carefully noticed by me, and much wondered at, that a young girl should

be able to bear herself in the presence of so many men with such modesty and composure as did this saintly girl, even though half dead. And if we are to believe what the Holy Spirit, speaking by the mouth of the Evangelist, says, in the 7th chapter of St. Matthew, *arbor mala non potest bonos fructus facere*, noticing that he says, “non potest [*i.e. can* not], and not “non facit,” [*i.e. does* not]:—that is, he pronounces it impossible to translate our powers into acts of perfection when these forces are themselves imperfect and tainted with evil—we must perforce say that this girl was full of goodness and modesty, since with all ease and perfection she behaved virtuously and modestly during the close of her life. Moreover, she died full of faith in God, her heart filled with Divine grace, and with all the sacraments of the Church, so that all who were in her presence were filled with wonder and pronounced her a saint. I say no more for fear that I may be taxed with being partial. I know full well that *Solus Deus est scrutator cordium*: but I know also that *ex abundantia cordis os loquitur*, and that my own Augustine declares, *Talis vita, finis ita*: wherefore, having remarked in this ever-blessed girl devout words, virtuous deeds and most modest acts, and a death in the fear of God, for the satisfaction of my own conscience I am obliged, and can do no other than declare that it must needs be that she has ever been a young girl good, modest, and honourable.

The above is my testimony, whereof in my own handwriting, this 10th day of January —.

[Signed] FRA CELESTINE DI S. ANNA,<sup>1</sup>

*Barefoot Augustinian.*

<sup>1</sup> From this name Browning has constructed a wholly imaginary “Hospital of St. Anna,” in which Pompilia is supposed to die after Fra Celestine—who is often mentioned in the poem—has confessed her. These depositions supplied the poet with the suggestion for his conception of an idealised Pompilia, and it was mainly in allusion to them that he is reported to have said, “I assure you that I found her, just as she speaks and acts in my poem, in that old book.”

## AFFIDAVIT SIGNED BY SEVERAL WITNESSES.

We, the undersigned, having been asked to state the truth, give full and incontrovertible testimony under oath, that on the occasions on which we were present and rendered assistance in the last illness from which Francesca Pompilia died, she having been several times questioned by priests and others as to whether she had committed any offence against Guido her husband, which would have afforded him reason to ill-treat her in the manner we saw, and cause her to be done to death; she uniformly replied that she had not at any time committed any such fault whatever, and had always lived in all chastity and purity. And this we know through having been present during her sufferings; and from having heard all the said questions and answers; and also from having treated her medically and aided her; and from having heard her replies to the aforesaid questions during the four days that she survived while suffering from her wounds, and from having seen her, and heard her, and witnessed her die like a saint.

In evidence whereof, &c.

This 10th day of January .

I, NICOLO CONSTANTIO, who took part in the medical treatment.

I, PLACIDO SARDI, priest, with my own hand confirm what Fra Celestine has said above, having been present as above.

I, MICHELE NICOLO GREGORIO, confirm the above.

I, GIUSEPPE D'ANDILLI, with my own hand, &c.

I, DOMENICO GODYN, &c.

I, LUCA CORSI, &c.

I, GIO. BATTISTA GUTEUS.<sup>1</sup>

I, GIO. BATTISTA MUCHA.

<sup>1</sup> Guiteus was an apothecary who administered medicine and helped in the medical treatment. Mucha was his assistant.



I, Abate Liberato Barberito, Doctor of Theology, hereby give full and indubitable evidence that, having been summoned to attend the death-bed of the late Signora Francesca Pompilia Comparini, I repeatedly noticed, and in particular during one entire night, how she bore with Christian resignation the pains of her wounds, and with more than human generosity pardoned the wrongs done her by him who had so cruelly caused her death. Thus, during the whole of the aforesaid night I observed the tenderness of her conscience, the time having passed in affording me evidence that her everyday life had been full of heroic Christian perfection. And I can testify from the experience which I have had, during the four years in which I was Judge of the Ecclesiastical Court of the late Archbishop of Monopoli, that I have never seen any one meet death in such a state of mind, especially when this had been due to violence.

Wherefore, in evidence, &c.,

This 10th day of January 1698,

I, ABATE LIBERATO BARBERITO.

All these sworn testimonies form part of the evidence in the suit against Guido,<sup>1</sup> and are signed and confirmed by the above-mentioned witnesses who took part in ministering to the bodily and spiritual needs of Pompilia until her death.

Divine justice, which will not suffer so atrocious a crime to pass unpunished, brought it about that the evil-doers were overtaken at dawn by the police at the New [Merluzza]<sup>2</sup> Inn [at Baccano], some few miles from Rome; where, after a scanty meal, overcome with the fatigue of their journey and with sleep, they had lain down to rest by the fire. The police suddenly rushed in, and pointing their carbines at the heads of the offenders, they were seized and bound.

They were removed at once to the New Prisons [in the Via

<sup>1</sup> All three, together with some additional matter, are printed in the book " which the poet bought.

<sup>2</sup> The name is omitted in the Roman MS. I supply it from another source.

Giulia, Rome], and the Governor of Rome informed the Pope of the barbarous murder and of the arrest of the guilty; he issued orders that there should be no delay in proceeding against them with all the rigour of the law, this being a case which, by reason of the consequences that might ensue, the Court was bound to examine with the most scrupulous attention.

Far less than had been imagined, however, was it found needful to apply torture to ensure the confession of the assassins and of Guido, who more emphatically than the others persisted in denying his guilt. Notwithstanding this, simply at the sight of the torture his heart failed him and he made a full confession, although he declared that he had been actuated in his crime by no other motive than the desire to make reparation for his honour, which had been so publicly injured—a thing which any man, even if of ignoble birth, would undertake, much more one like himself, who was of good family; and that, if in his first examination he had denied the truth of this, he had done it solely so as not to prejudice his companions who had helped him in a deed worthy of all indulgence, because their only motive had been honour.

With the confession of Guido and its ratification by the others the trial was at an end, and sentence was given,<sup>1</sup> the assassins being condemned to the gallows and Guido to the *mannaia* [a kind of guillotine], an instrument of death conceded to him rather out of respect to his having taken minor religious orders than for other reasons.

The written arguments of [Desiderius Spreti] the Advocate, and [Hyacinthus de Arcangelis] the Procurator of the Poor, in their defence on the plea of honour were so able that there is no mention of more learned pleadings;<sup>2</sup> but the charges against

<sup>1</sup> The Court gave sentence on Tuesday, February 18. The lawyers for the defence, however, appealed to the Pope, who signed the death-warrant on Friday, February 21—the day on which Innocent XII. is supposed, in the poem, to utter his noble monologue.

<sup>2</sup> The pleadings here alluded to are those contained in the poet's "square old yellow book." The two pleas by Spreti were especially commended for their learning. As *Advocate of the Poor* he was the leading lawyer for the

the accused were so numerous, and each of them punishable by death, that they were overpowered no less by the character than by the number of these. The bearing of deadly arms of prohibited shape; the killing of Pietro and Violante, who had not been accomplices in the flight of Pompilia; the fact of the murders having taken place *in lite pendente*, in the home of the Comparini, which, with the consent of Guido, the Court had assigned to Pompilia as a secure place of confinement; and many other accusations of weight, brought into prominence the profound learning of the counsel for the defence and the justice of the condemnation of the guilty.

Although, with the usual hope of all who know themselves guilty of a crime punishable with death, Guido had flattered himself that he should be able to save his life on the plea of honour; yet, when the unexpected condemnation was pronounced, he did not yield himself up to such ill-regulated manifestations as for the most part occur among those who pass through so terrible an experience. He remained like one dazed; then, after some moments, he heaved a deep sigh, accompanied by a few tears, which by their extraordinary size indicated mortal symptoms, and exclaimed: "Verily I feared a heavy sentence, but not that of death. My offence is great, but my love of honour has never allowed me to see it in its true light until now, when it has been adjudged by justice, for which I have so profound a veneration that I do not wish to appeal even to God, to whom alone I turn as the sole source of mercy. Except by the will of God, I should never have come to this awful pass, and this I desire should be a source of comfort to me, and not of pain, so that, by my utter resignation to His will, I may acquire some claim to Divine pardon." And hereupon he cast himself into the arms of the Frati and showed such signs of lively contrition that his prayers were accompanied by their tears rather than by their exhortations.

defence; Arcangeli, who wrote three pleas, being one of his *Procurators*. The poet, for reasons of his own, has chosen to make Spreti the "junior" of Arcangeli. The eleven pleas in the trial are all in Latin.

The four accomplices did not by any means dispose themselves for death with the same resignation; for, as their mental capacity was in keeping with their viler nature, they could not be persuaded of the justice of their condemnation. The oldest and the youngest<sup>1</sup> were the most firm in their obstinacy; the former because his heart had been hardened by so many years of evil life, the latter because he felt so bitterly the dreadful punishment for this his first crime, committed in the flower of his youth, he having also shed not a drop of blood, his only offence being that he had been induced to keep guard at a door by which Guido had to pass that he might wipe away with the blood of his enemies the stains upon his honour.

The nearer the hour of execution approached, the more the obstinacy of these two unfortunate men increased, so that the Frati were, so to say, in despair about their repentance; when Divine mercy, which accomplishes wonders even when they are least expected, penetrated their hearts, and thus gave glorious evidence of its omnipotence. Finally, they yielded to God, and the memory of their offences which had hitherto rendered them obstinate became, under the illumination of Divine grace, the means of disposing them to repentance and of fitting them for absolution.

These souls being secured to God after so prolonged a struggle, the procession started from the New Prisons of Tor di Nonna to the scaffold, which was set up in the Piazza del Popolo in view of the city gate and the Corso. In the middle was the block on a high platform, made much broader than usual, and having carefully arranged steps leading up to it; the gallows being placed, one on each side, at equal distances. Vast as is the area of the Piazza, there was not a single foot which was not occupied with raised stands, and these, being draped with tapestry and other decorations, formed a theatre suited rather for festive games than for a solemn tragedy.

His four companions preceded Guido, each in a separate cart, attended, as usual, by the pious Frati, and followed by a

<sup>1</sup> This, as far as I can discover, was Biaggio Gambassini.

huge crowd of people, who prayed that they might have a blessed end, of which, to judge by their contrite resignation, there seemed a sure and certain hope.

Guido Franceschini hardly ever took his eyes from the crucifix, except when nature became faint from his continued gaze, and then he turned away his head, but not his heart, which being wholly given to his Creator, there remained no portion for himself. Arriving at the Piazza di Pasquino, the tumbrils halted before the church of the Agonizzanti, where it is customary to expose the Host and to bestow the Benediction upon condemned criminals on the day of their execution. Guido here fell upon his knees and recited, in a voice clearly audible to the bystanders, several verses of the *Miserere*, among them this: "Hide thy face from my sins and blot out all my iniquities" [Psalm li. 9], accompanying his words with such demonstrations of sorrow and repentance that the people, in tears, manifested as much grief as the condemned man. Guido's companions received the Benediction with similar devotion; but the behaviour of the youngest was unprecedented: beside himself with love to God, his words were like those of one inspired, so that the priests, with all their learning, were filled with humility.

Thence, through the most inhabited streets, they continued their way to the Piazza del Popolo, where all suffered death, Guido being the last.<sup>1</sup> They exhibited the same signs of

<sup>1</sup> This was on Saturday, February 22, 1698. The Guido of the poem was then aged fifty; the Guido of history was a man of forty, who had married at thirty-five. Abate Paolo, the "second son" of the poem, was really the eldest son and Guido's senior by some eight years; while

"The boy of the brood, the young Girolamo,  
Priest, Canon,"

was born four years after Paolo. The dates in the baptismal register of the Pieve church are: October 28, 1650, Paolo; January 2, 1653, Porzia; August 5, 1654, Girolamo; and on January 14, 1657 [1658 N.S.], Guido di Tommaso di Girolamo Franceschini e di Beatrice di Guido Romani sua consorte. The Guido of history was therefore not the "Head of the House," nor was he a Count. The family seems at that date to have belonged to the *fourth* of the eight "degrees of nobility" distinguished in Arezzo. A certain Count Giacomo—Jacobus Comes

contrition as they had shown while being prepared for death ; and just as the youngest had given special tokens during life, so it pleased God that these should again appear at his death ; for as the hangman was casting him off, he clasped to his bosom the crucifix—that emblem of mercy by which they had just been assured of Divine pardon. This made the populace all the more certain of his salvation, just as it filled them with compassion for his untimely death.

Never was there a greater concourse of people at an execution in Rome, nor is there recollection of a case which formed so universal a subject of conversation. Some defended the Comparini, on the ground that they had received ill-usage ; others, the Franceschini, on the point of honour ; but, upon calm reflection, both were adjudged equally guilty<sup>1</sup>—except Pompilia, who, being totally ignorant of the truth, had committed no other fault than that of having consented to a marriage at the command of her mother without the knowledge of her father ; and who had fled from her husband's home, under fear of death, with which she had been repeatedly and unjustly threatened.

The union of these two families had its origin in deception : on the part of the Franceschini, in the fraud as to the property which they did not possess ; and on the part of the Comparini as to the birth of Pompilia, who either was not their child, or had been said not to be when she really was. The deceit of the Franceschini sprang from their greed to secure the trust-money ; that of the Comparini from a desire to add to their comforts ; so that everything was done contrary to what is right by both human laws and divine. Wherefore there justly followed from a bad beginning a worse end, as has been described above.

Franceschini—died there on January 26, 1399, and is the first of the name mentioned. The title, it would appear, had gone to another branch of the family.

<sup>1</sup> An interesting anticipation of the three points of view adopted by the poet in "Half Rome," "The Other Half Rome," and "Tertium Quid."

## SOME CHINESE MASTERPIECES

**F**OR the last twenty years the most amazing phenomenon of Eastern politics has been the development of Japan. During the earlier part of the century Japan was regarded as a curious, but comparatively unimportant, appendage of China. Now she is recognised as a Power able to hold her own even with the great States of Europe, while China seems only a troublesome, cumbersome mass of decay. Japan, again, is seen to be one of the great artistic nations of the world, and is exercising a most powerful influence upon the arts of the West. Her prints, her bronzes, her enamels, her lacquer, her silks, her pottery and her porcelain, have become almost a condition of European domestic ornament. Her people, her national character, her history, her scenery, and her art have already quite a considerable literature of their own.

China, on the other hand, remains an enigma. We have dealt with her for centuries, and appear to be still unable to diagnose her national temper with any approach to certainty. We know only the barest outlines of her history. Even the chronology of her porcelain, the one manufacture in which she has for ages been recognised as pre-eminent, and to which the attention of cultured Europe has so continuously been directed, is for the most part mere guess-work. Of the exceedingly remarkable relics of her painting and sculpture even less is known. Perhaps in the far-distant future, when the Great Powers have managed to settle among themselves how China

is to be developed or divided for their benefit, some systematic exploration of the country will be possible. The enormous advances made of late in our ideas about the history of ancient Egypt are a proof of what rightly directed exploration can do. Till something of the kind is carried out in China, it is impossible to do more than classify such specimens of ancient Chinese art as have drifted westwards, and to try to make out tentatively the relation which they bear to one another.

Even this is by no means an easy thing. The Chinese are essentially conservative in their art, as in their politics. The tendency to revive the style of a past age in Egypt, in Greece, and in modern Europe has been the result of reaction from progress, when progress had ceased to supply fresh inspiration. To the Western mind the thoughts and works of previous ages are, as a rule, only of use as indications of the direction in which contemporary thought and work have advanced, and as guides to show the line which a further advance must take. In China this is not the case. The Chinaman accepts the art of his forefathers as implicitly as he accepts their social, political, and religious institutions. Slight deviations may take place here and there in the course of time, as new processes are discovered or new wants have to be supplied, but the general tendency of Chinese art has for centuries remained the same. It is essentially imitative; and so far is the imitation carried that one often finds it almost impossible to separate with absolute certainty what is really archaic from what is only archaistic. This is especially the case with porcelain, where the effect of age upon the material may be almost nil. In dealing with the less permanent materials of painting, sculpture, or enamel, the condition of the object itself is often of great assistance in determining its date. Signatures, even if decipherable, as a rule only show what the Chinese themselves consider the style of a work of art to be, for successive waves of conservative reaction have resulted in favourite signatures being copied over and over again, although the artists they represent have been dead for centuries.



No doubt the political unrest of the country has had something to do with the constant reaction. What we know of the history of China resolves itself into a long series of conquests, of tottering dynasties, of rebellions, of usurpations, and of struggles against the hardy, warlike tribes of the north. China has survived and absorbed wave after wave of such troubles, yet it is impossible that her art should not have been affected by them. We can easily understand how this would take place. The first result of an invasion by a warrior nation would be perhaps an absolute stoppage in the art of the vanquished people. When things more or less settled down, the infusion of new blood into the race would have its effect, and art might rise again, perhaps even stronger than before. Then, as the conquerors in their turn became over-civilised, art would once more tend to decline and to become imitative rather than creative. In China, as far as painting and sculpture are concerned, there has been no recovery from the decline that set in towards the close of the fifteenth century. In dealing, then, with the specimens of those arts which date from an earlier time, we are really dealing with all the Chinese painting and sculpture that deserves to be looked at seriously.

Slight, however, as our materials are for tracing the development of early Chinese art, we English are exceptionally fortunate in the quantity and quality of the relics of that art which we possess. As far as Oriental porcelain is concerned, the museums of London can rival even the famous Dresden collection, which was formed at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The splendid assemblage of choice specimens lent to South Kensington Museum by Mr. George Salting, if viewed in connection with those at Great Russell Street, illustrates almost perfectly the progress of Oriental ceramics. The collection of Chinese books and paintings in the British Museum, originally formed by Dr. Anderson, is the most important in Europe. If a considerable number of the paintings are of comparatively modern date, their modernity at least serves as a foil to the remarkable qualities of those that are more ancient.

Far older than any specimens of Chinese porcelain or Chinese painting to which we have access are the strange bronzes from South Kensington, which formed part of the loot from the Summer Palace at Peking. No doubt the present war may cause a number of Chinese curiosities to drift westward, but it is unlikely that they will have the importance of the finds made when the Imperial museums were ransacked for the first time. Nevertheless, when one thinks of what was then carried away, it is impossible not to regret bitterly the treasures of art that were lost to the world by that barbaric act of vengeance. The Imperial collection of paintings, for instance, numbering hundreds of examples, was burned, simply because to those on the spot it did not seem to be worth stealing. That the passions aroused by the present war should have led to the serious proposal of similar and almost equally destructive vandalisms seems to show that our culture and enlightenment is at present only a varnish, and that a brittle one.

The art of primitive China would appear to have developed successively at three different periods and in three different directions. These phases may be briefly tabulated as follows :

(1) The sculpture and metal-work of pagan China, dating from some fifteen or twenty centuries before the Christian era.

(2) The religious painting, introduced by the Buddhist priests in the first century A.D.

(3) The secular art of the great river valleys of South China, which flourished from the twelfth to the sixteenth century A.D.

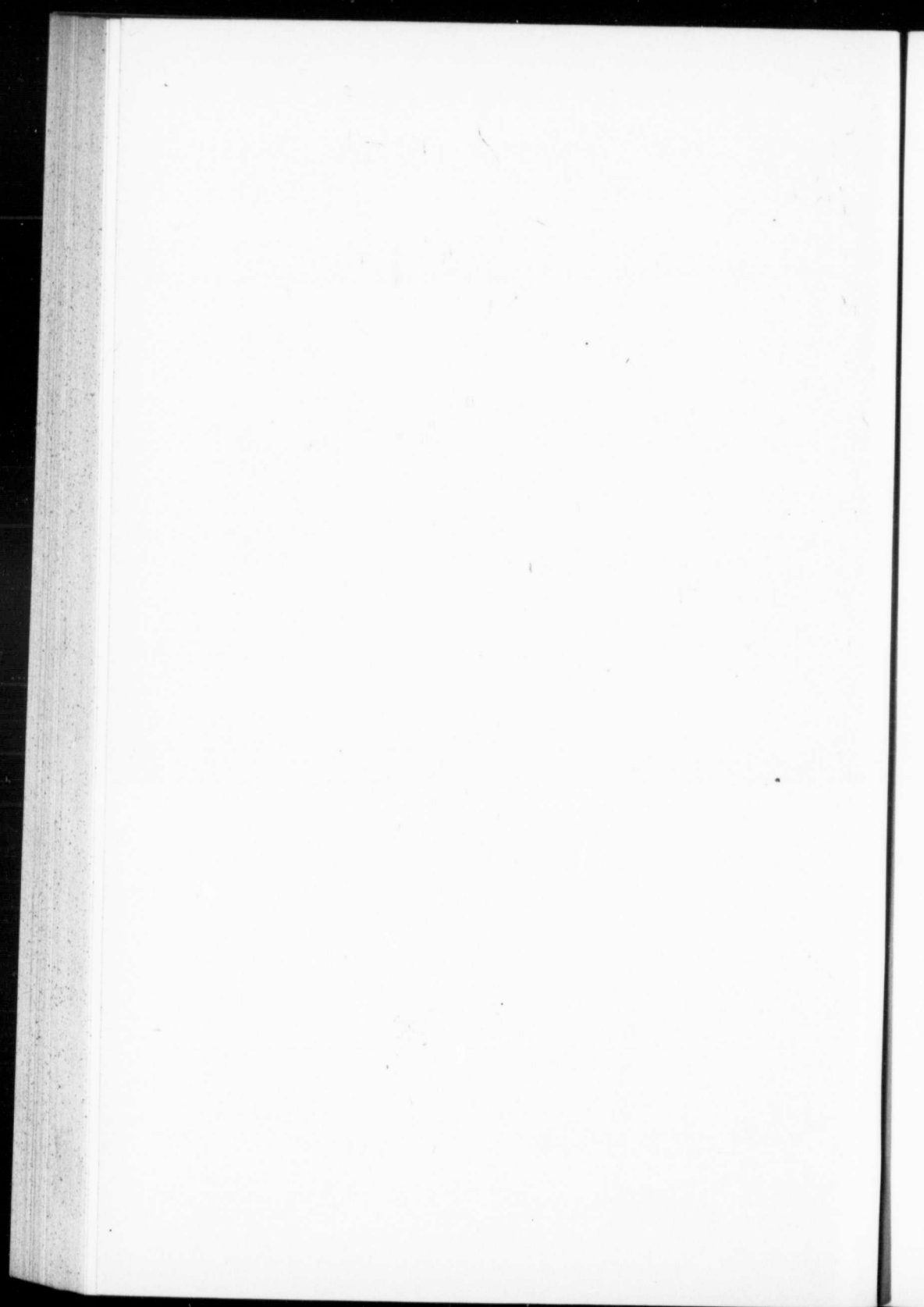
No authentic record survives of the race that fashioned the archaic bronzes now in the Indian Section of the South Kensington Museum. Their characteristics are of no common order, and in Oriental art are almost unique. Nevertheless, in some respects they correspond to a remarkable degree with the work of a people very far away from China—the ancient inhabitants of Mexico. There we find the same love of square patterns, combined with a similar grotesque ferocity. Whether the primitive art of America was the work of Asiatics who



FIG. 1.—Extremely ancient bronze sacrificial vessel, with handles in the form of monsters' heads. *South Kensington Museum (Indian Section)*



FIG. 2.—Cover of an ancient bronze sacrificial vessel, in the form of a monster's head. *South Kensington Museum (Indian Section)*



had crossed the Pacific is a question which, to use Sir Thomas Browne's phrase, might admit a wide solution. There is something to be said for the theory. Apart from the marked Mongol traits which still survive among the North American Indians, the idea receives a certain amount of support from the character of the ancient black pottery which has recently been excavated along the western shore of Central and Southern America. This pottery, childish and clumsy as it is, recalls, sometimes with a likeness that is quite striking, the forms, the materials, and often the motives of the early Chinese bronze-founders. Nor is it fantastic to trace in certain of these ancient pieces of metal-work a faint memory of the stern, imposing art and architecture of Assyria. Such a connection is comprehensible enough when we take into account the vast area covered by the migrations of the Asiatic tribes, and remember the terraced buildings of many storeys depicted in ancient Chinese paintings, and the vast network of canals, strangely like those of Babylonia, by which the land is fertilised.

The most perfect of these early Chinese bronzes indicate a very considerable degree of civilisation in their makers, for both the design and the workmanship are of a high order; yet that civilisation can hardly have been of an enlightened or cultured kind. What seems to be the oldest specimen of all, a vessel decorated with monsters' heads (Fig. 1), is frankly barbaric, and is expressive of little more than vigorous animal ferocity. In the flagon with a cover in the form of a monster's head (Fig. 2), a comparatively modern version of an ancient design, and in the older bronze jar with handles in the form of serpents' heads (Fig. 3), the art reaches its climax. For dignity of form and beauty of workmanship the large vase may rank with the finest productions of Western metal-work, but the spirit in which it is conceived is quite unlike anything hitherto seen upon this side of the world.

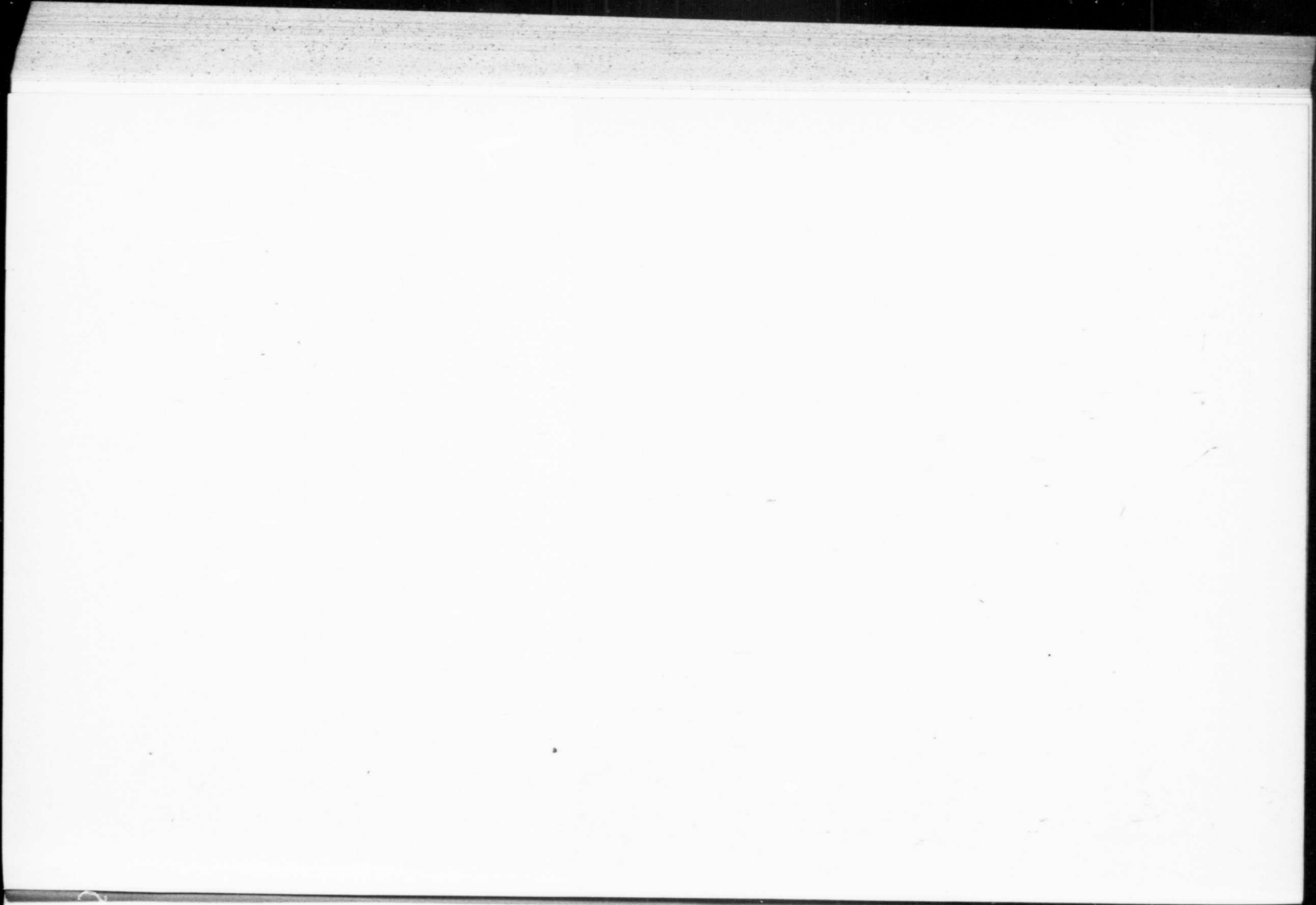
What impresses one is not so much the amazing sense of power such art conveys—a power which, in its way, seems as irresistible as that which carved the colossal statues of Egypt—

as the awful nature of the intellect by which that power is controlled. In the most archaic vessel this intellect is but half developed, and its true character is more fully revealed in the two later pieces. European ideals of art, however much they may have varied in different ages and different countries, have at least one thing in common. Though they may not always, or even usually, "make for righteousness," they are never directly in conflict with it. Power, in fact, with European artists is rendered attractive by combination with grace or virtue. With the Chinese bronze-founders this principle is reversed, for they seek to make power attractive by combining it with the terrible and the merciless. The monstrous beast with glaring eyeballs (Fig. 2) is the very incarnation of stolid relentless destruction, while the exquisitely modelled serpents' heads which form the handles of the large jar have an air of proud deadly calm that is even more impressive. The ferocious "glutton" grotesque below, with its projecting tusks, comes almost as a relief, for its savage superfluity proves that the maker of the vase was human after all, and was not a fiend working for the pleasure of fiends. We know nothing of the people for whom these vessels were made, and but little of the rites for which they were employed; yet, after looking at such an art as this, we may begin to understand the Chinese character better. We may then see how at the root of China's ancient civilisation, under all her philosophic courtesy, her traditions of honesty, duty, and reverence, there lies a relentless barbarism, which, if excited, can cause the cultured disciple of Confucius to revel in the most awful cruelty.

Up to the second century B.C. all these bronzes were devoted to religious uses. Certain details in the primitive Chinese faith—a form of Nature-worship, in which the heavens, the earth, and the elements were adored as the manifestations of a vague Supreme Power beyond them all—seem to point to a Mesopotamian origin, a supposition which, as already mentioned, is borne out by the internal evidence of the ritual vessels. Thus,



FIG. 3.—Ancient bronze water-vessel, with handles in the form of serpents, and face of the *tao-tiê* (glutton). *South Kensington Museum (Indian Section)*





in Fig. 2, where the design and conception (if not the execution) are extremely ancient, the features of the monster surmounting the flagon recall the sculptured beasts of Assyria so forcibly that the likeness can hardly be nothing more than a coincidence.

In the ritual of this religion each kind of vessel had its particular use. Fig. 1 is a primitive form of the vessels used for holding wine, which, for the sacrificial libation, was transferred to a smaller tripod cup. Large jars, such as Fig. 3, were used to contain water. The blood of the victim was poured into a vessel in the shape of the slain animal. The bronzes in the form of monsters were used as incense-burners, being so constructed that the smoke escaped through the nostrils. The vessels in the form of geese (there is an excellent specimen at Kensington) are said to have had a more practical use. They were filled with water and placed on the table at Imperial feasts, as a warning to the guests not to disgrace the palace by drinking more wine than was good for them.

Want of space forbids any detailed account of the decoration of these bronzes. In the earlier specimens it is composed of very simple elements, among which the Greek key-pattern—in Chinese symbolising “the flowers of the lightning”—is prominent. Later the ornament becomes more elaborate, and beasts' heads, real or fabulous, are worked with great power and delicacy upon the handles or feet of the vessels. The monstrous face of the *tao-tié*, or glutton, appears much earlier than the dragon (which is hardly older than the Christian era), and seems to have been almost as popular a subject. Its hideous features in a conventionalised form can be traced on fine pieces of blue-and-white porcelain as late as the eighteenth century A.D. The human figure does not seem to have been represented before the second century B.C., when the design of the vases shows signs of a graceful decadence, which neither the influence of Buddhism, nor that of Mahometan art a thousand years later, was strong enough to arrest.

The influence of these primitive bronze-founders upon the

art of China has been a lasting one, and not in the case of metal-work alone, for to it may be traced the noblest elements of form and pattern in Chinese enamel and Chinese porcelain. Nor was this majestic influence confined to China. The art of bronze working passed naturally enough to Corea, and was thence transferred to Japan, at the time when Buddhism was introduced into that country. The colossal religious figures erected in Japan by the sculptors of Corea are too well known to require any detailed description. For ages they have been revered and imitated, so that the influence they have exercised upon the people of the island kingdom is no slight one ; and it is impossible not to regard them as indispensable factors in the development of Japanese art. This echo of the grandeur of the Chinese style is in fact the masculine element in Japanese tradition, which has guided the facile intellect of the younger nation towards sound and majestic ideals, which it might otherwise have lacked. Had China not led the way, Japan might still have produced a Harunobu or an Outamaro ; but it is most unlikely that she could also have produced a Korin and a Hokusai.

The uncertainties of Chinese chronology make it impossible to date these bronzes exactly. We may be practically sure of their relative antiquity, but cannot give even an approximate age to the older bronzes. Native authorities refer certain pieces by no means primitive to the eighteenth century B.C. If that date be genuine, archaic specimens, such as that shown in Fig. 1, must be far more ancient. The catalogue of the Imperial collection in the middle of the eighteenth century A.D. would indicate that such archaic pieces were rare even then. The majority of the bronzes illustrated do not appear to be older than the fifth century B.C., when the shapes and decoration began to assume the suaver, more ornate style which was developed later under the influence of the Buddhists.

It is interesting to observe here the evolution of the dragon from a snake with the head of a monstrous bull, to mark the first efforts at using the human figure for decorative purposes, and

to watch the gradual change from simplicity to excess of elaboration. Most wonderful, however, is the variety of design that the catalogue reveals. After studying it one cannot help recognising that these vessels are not only the source of almost all that is noble in the shapes and motives of Chinese porcelain (as already mentioned), but also actually anticipate the most graceful phases of Japanese bronze work. Grace is by no means the predominant feature of the Chinese bronzes to which we have access, while it appears to have been the chief characteristic of the Imperial collection. In fact, without this record we could form no idea of the flower-like beauty which ancient Chinese bronze can assume.

With the introduction of Buddhism into China in the first century A.D. this wonderful pagan art declined. The coming of the new religion from Hindostan marks an exceedingly important epoch in Oriental history. For China, as for Burma, Corea, and Japan, the early Buddhist missionaries were not only the heralds of new doctrines, a new ritual, and a new code of ethics, but were also the possessors of new arts and a new culture. Among these arts painting held a prominent place. Its earliest practitioners in China, if not themselves priests, were closely connected with the temples and monasteries, and so shared in the respect accorded to the possessors of superior knowledge. It is hardly surprising, therefore, to find that Chinese tradition credits these earlier painters with magical performances. A Buddhist priest of the third century is said to have drawn a dragon so realistically that the pictured beast was enabled to exert the power which legend attributes to him. By causing the clouds to gather and rain to fall, the painting averted a threatened famine! Even so late as the eighth century the name of the great Wu Taotsz, some of whose work is still preserved, is surrounded with this atmosphere of legend. The story of the painter's end is perhaps the most striking of those which relate to him. Wu Taotsz was commissioned by the Emperor to paint a wall in the Imperial Palace at Peking. Concealing himself and his work by curtains, the artist laboured

for a long time in complete solitude. At last the Emperor was invited to view the completed picture. On his arrival the curtains were drawn aside and a representation of a palace with magnificent gardens was exposed to view. Struck with admiration, the Emperor began to express his regret that he could never possess such a place. Wu Taotsz walked forward, and, opening a door in the front of the picture, beckoned to the Emperor to follow him. However, before the Emperor could reach the door it suddenly closed upon the artist, who was standing within. Immediately the whole painting vanished, and the Emperor found himself face to face with a blank wall. Wu Taotsz was never seen again.

No genuine example of the painting of Wu Taotsz is known to exist in this country, but there is an exceedingly interesting work in the British Museum from which we can get some idea of his style. The picture represents the Nirvana of Sakya-muni, and is practically a copy, by a Buddhist painter of the eleventh century, of a still existing work by the older master. This large and elaborate composition contains a great number of figures, all most vigorously and swiftly drawn, with a very marked feeling for personal character and natural gesture. The work is executed in a kind of tempera upon silk. Though its rich colour and the general appearance undoubtedly recall to some extent the Persian and Hindu miniature painting from which the Buddhist artists doubtless obtained their technique, there is little or no trace of such reliance upon the style of these originals as is traceable in the kindred art of Japan. The Chinese artist employed the method and materials of his Western neighbours, but was no imitator of their graceful, ladylike mannerisms. He handles his brush with a spirit and decision which stamp his work with a very distinct and forcible character. The splendid colour and the religious feeling pervading his painting make it outwardly quite different in style from the fierce grotesques of the bronze-founders, yet their love of squareness and their sense of grandeur seem to survive in their successor and prevent him from ever being feeble or

tame. Unfortunately, this splendid painting is so damaged and darkened that reproduction by any photographic process is practically impossible.

The ordinary Buddhist painting of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, however splendid in general effect, is so uniformly smooth and uninventive that one is apt to suppose that the earlier work was equally worthless. The single painting mentioned is enough to show that this is far from being the case. Even so late as the beginning of the fifteenth century, when corrupting influences had long been at work upon it, the Buddhist art of China retains a certain massiveness and dignity that are not unworthy of its ancient greatness. As chief among these corrupting influences must be reckoned the art which is generally identified with the southern provinces of China. Its subjects, in which water-plants and water-fowl figure largely, might suggest that it arose in one of the great river valleys. Its ideals tended towards skill in the manipulation of the brush rather than towards the inventive treatment of line and colour—were, in fact, literary rather than artistic. It is often not so much painting as calligraphy—as a highly specialised form of picture-writing. Chinese paintings of this class are usually either entirely in black and white, or have only faint traces of colour. As the little reproduction may serve to show, the artists of the southern school could draw with a skill and spirit which we usually consider the monopoly of their Japanese imitators. Nevertheless, the general effect of their talent for sketching upon the more serious forms of art in China was undoubtedly detrimental. With the lapse of time their original tendency towards slightness of subject became more marked, their skill became mere empty fluency, while the spirit of their drawing got lost in mazes of meaningless twiddles and twists that can be compared only to the absurd flourishes in the show-case of a provincial writing-master. Whether in painting or enamel, or bronze or porcelain, this tendency towards convolution may be taken as a certain sign of decadence in Chinese art.

The painting reproduced is in an earlier style, where few traces of this decadence can be noted.<sup>1</sup> The falcon (Fig. 4) is supposed to come from the hand of the Chinese Emperor Hwei Tseng, who was one of the most celebrated masters of the twelfth century. As will be evident even from the small reproduction, it is done with wonderful spirit and directness. Unlike most of the works of the southern school, it is a remarkably fine piece of cool colour. Indeed, both in the materials employed and the method of execution, it has more affinity to Buddhistic art than to the class of work in which it must be placed. As the two schools of painting were contemporaneous, this would perhaps hardly be remarkable, if the application of the Buddhistic method to purely secular subjects were not rather uncommon.

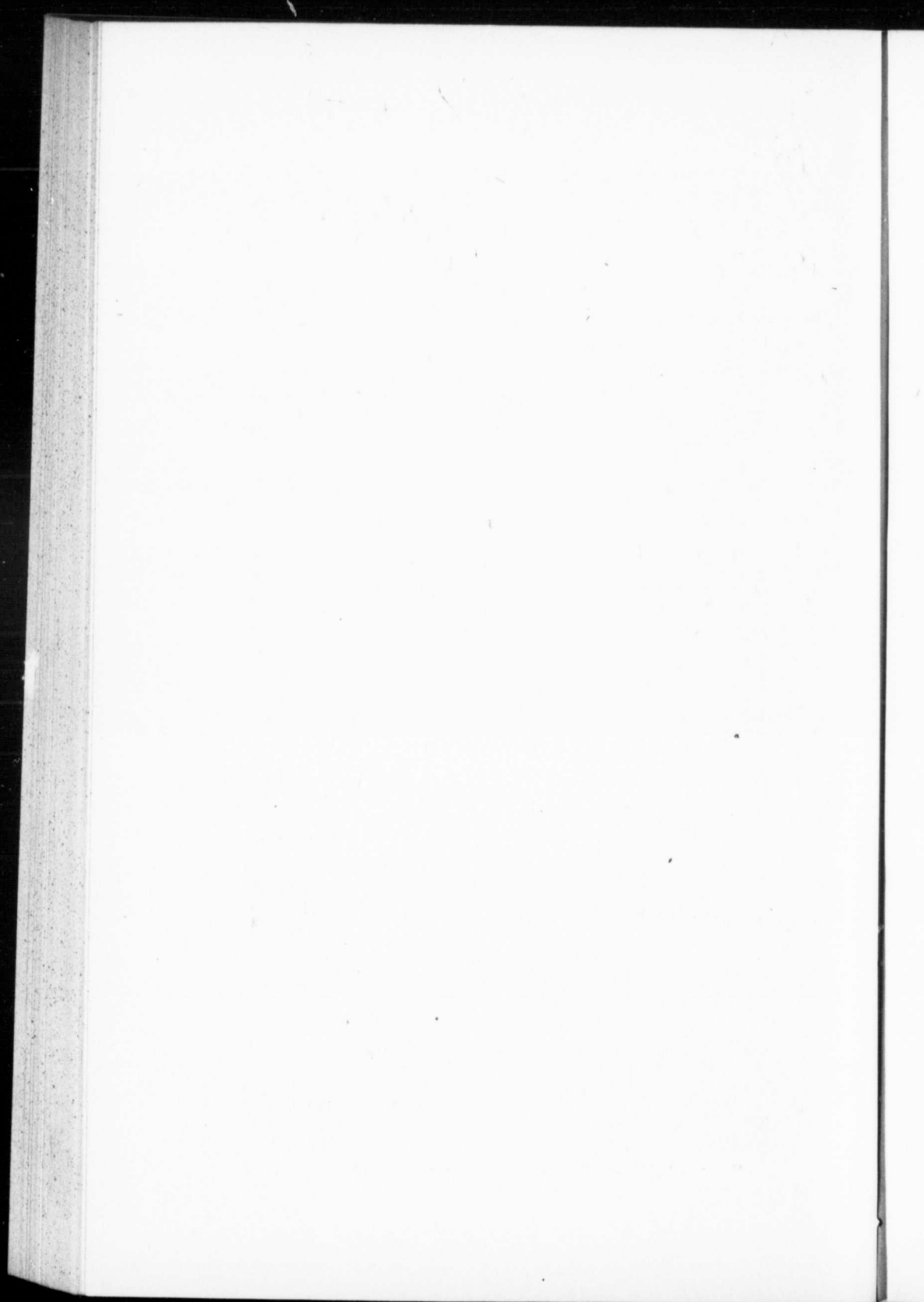
The difficulty of reproduction to which I have alluded prevents me from illustrating certain characteristic works of the southern school which are in our national collection. Among these may be mentioned a large sketch in black and white of an angler catching a fish, a smaller one of a hermit, off whose lap the wild birds are feeding, and several compositions of wild fowl among reeds. These prove conclusively how in almost every point the Chinese were the originators of that manner of free, rapid sketching which is usually spoken of as Japanese. The one addition that the Japanese make is that of humour. The Chinese artist occasionally may smile, but he never descends to the rollicking fun in which the younger nation delights.

However, when all allowances are made for the obvious spirit and attractiveness of this sketching, it cannot be classed as great art. The design is often pleasantly odd, but rarely or never majestic; the conception is often clever, but never pro-

<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately, owing to their great age, the grounds on which these works were executed have cracked and darkened, so that it has proved impossible to photograph them clearly on the small scale necessary in this Review. Those who are interested in the subject should certainly make a point of seeing the originals in the British Museum.



FIG. 4.—A falcon. From a painting attributed to the Chinese Emperor, Hwei-Tseng (twelfth century). *British Museum*





found; and the execution is often only an excuse for a display of manual dexterity. Certain flower-pieces are free from these faults, and have a grandeur of mass and a delicacy of execution which even the great Japanese master, Korin, several centuries later, was hardly able to surpass.

The one great defect of our Chinese collection is the absence of any of those landscapes for which the school of the south won the admiration of all its critics. What their excellences were we may perhaps judge from the reflection of them in the work of their Japanese imitators—the landscapes of the Kano school. No one, for instance, who looks over the long panorama by Soga Jasoku, is likely to forget the splendid passage where a desolate river is seen boiling among rocks, while a shroud of mist spreads unbroken overhead. That the landscape painters of the Chinese school could rank with the great masters of the world is too much to assume. The prints of Hokusai show what noble results can be got by a fine sense of style, deep feeling, and bold suggestive manipulation, even when chiaroscuro and perspective are practically ignored. No echo of the work of the early Chinese landscape school seems to suggest so overwhelming a genius as that of the Japanese master, and without such genius the limitations of Oriental technique are apt to obtrude upon our more photographic vision.

The remarkable success attained by the Chinese in portraiture towards the end of the fifteenth century, just when the decline of the national arts was beginning, must really be regarded as a revival of Buddhistic painting. At times it may remind us of the style of the southern school, but in its noblest phases the reminiscence of Wu Taotsz and the early religious artists is overwhelmingly predominant. The fame of the well-known followers of Confucius, of Lao-tse, and of Buddha was dutifully kept alive by the pious, so that China had become accustomed to reverence a host of legendary sages and saints. Portraits of these personages were popular subjects, and form a considerable proportion of the relics of

Chinese painting that have reached us. The two specimens reproduced may hint to what a high degree of excellence this art was carried both in grandeur of design and delicacy of execution.

The first of the two (Fig. 5) shows how dignified and vigorous these portrait groups could be, in spite of the severe limits which the method employed must have imposed upon the artist. There is something that is almost German in character about the manipulation of the old man's head, where each hair is separately and decisively drawn, in the manner of Hans Baldung. Note, too, the impression of space and solitude conveyed by the simple outline of the great mountain overhead.

The second illustration (Fig. 6) is merely a small portion taken from a large painting, to indicate in some degree the perfection of this phase of Chinese art. The delicacy of the modelling, the exquisite drawing of detail, the obvious fidelity to nature, and the breadth of the general effect make this portrait a thing not unworthy of Holbein himself. When we remember that the method employed is one that admits of little correction and no fumbling, the masterliness of the workmanship may strike us still more. The picture is also a noble piece of colour. Conceived as a harmony in cool brown, greyish-blue, and black, it does not in general aspect resemble any other phase of Oriental art, but rather recalls the exquisite freshness of that great master of Central Italy, Piero della Francesca.

Lest it should seem that the merit of these specimens of Chinese art is overrated, it may be well for a moment to try to determine how much of our European art is not a mere matter of use and wont—a thing which we are willing to accept because every one else has done so, rather than for any intrinsic excellence it may possess. If this be done fairly, I do not think China will suffer by the comparison. It must be remembered that the few examples of Chinese art dealt with here are not even representative specimens of it. The collections from which



FIG. 5.—A Chinese sage and followers. From a painting in the style of the fourteenth century. *British Museum*







FIG. 6.—Head of a Corean. Part of a painting, signed Si-Kin-Kutse (fifteenth century). *British Museum*

they come contain only a very tiny fraction of the total output of the artists and craftsmen of so vast and aged an empire. Their acquisition, too, has been a mere matter of chance, of purchases that were necessarily haphazard, because they could not be guided by exact knowledge or the experience of whole generations.

It is hardly fair, therefore, to pit these Chinese relics against picked works of the very greatest painters and sculptors of Europe, but the finer bronzes will be found, I think, to emerge with credit even from this trying ordeal. In stateliness of design and perfection of craftsmanship they remain unsurpassed by any Occidental metal-work. Only in the finest Greek vases do we meet with forms and decoration that could stand such a comparison.

For the paintings one can hardly claim so much. Their obvious limitations of material, technical method, and subject matter may cause them to seem odd or arbitrary or monotonous to those who have grown accustomed to the more complex genius of a Michelangelo, a Titian, or a Rembrandt. Nevertheless, outside the very greatest names of Europe, it is surprising how small a number of painters can be said to possess the qualities which characterise the great periods of Chinese art. The evidence of their porcelain is enough to prove that the Chinese have been masters of colour to a degree unknown in the West. Individual European artists have been magnificent colourists, but in no nation, not even in the Japanese, has the colour faculty been developed so invariably and so uniformly. Almost equally uniform, during the centuries in which the masters of Chinese painting lived, is their seriousness of purpose, their dignity of design, and their command of their materials. Even the palatial splendour of such a place as Hertford House might seem trivial or ostentatious, compared with the large serenity of these forgotten Oriental arts.

C. J. HOLMES.

## THE INDIAN PRINCE

A meditation in his youth of Asoka, King of Magadha three centuries before the birth of Christ : famous afterwards as the first ruler to profess openly the faith of Buddhism. He was grandson of that adventurer who drove out the Greeks left by Alexander ; and his edicts have been found engraved on rocks and pillars almost throughout India.

### I

**G**ENTLE as fine rain falling from the night,  
The first beams from the Indian moon at full  
Steal through the boughs, and brighter and more bright  
Glide like a breath, a fragrance visible !  
Asoka round him sees  
The gloom ebb into glories half-espied  
Of glimmering bowers through wavering traceries ;  
Pale as a rose by magical degrees  
Opening, the air breaks into beauty wide,  
And yields a mystic sweet,  
And shadowy leaves imprint the pathway side  
Around Asoka's feet.

O happy prince ! From his own court he steals ;  
Weary of words is he, weary of throngs.  
How this wide ecstasy of stillness heals  
His heart of flatteries, and the tale of wrongs !



Unseen he climbs the hill,  
Unheard he brushes with his cloak the dew,  
While the young moonbeams every hollow fill  
With hovering flowers, so gradual and so still  
As though from growing joy the radiance grew,  
Discovering pale gold  
Of spikenard balls and champak buds that new  
Upon the air unfold.

He gains the ridge. Wide open rolls the  
night !  
Airs from an infinite horizon blow  
Down holy Ganges floating vast and bright  
Through old Magadha's forests. Far below  
He hears the cool wave fret  
On rocky islands ; soft as moths asleep  
Come moonlit sails ; there on a parapet  
Of ruined marble, where the moss gleams wet  
And from black cedars a lone peacock cries,  
Uncloaking rests Asoka, bathing deep  
In silence ; and his eyes  
Of his own realm the wondrous prospect reap ;  
At last aloud he sighs :

## II

“ How ennobling it is to taste  
Of the breath of a living power !  
The shepherd boy on the waste  
Whose converse, hour by hour,  
Is alone with the stars and the sun,  
His days are glorified !  
And the steersman floating on  
Down this great Ganges tide,

He is blest to be companion of the might  
Of waters and unwearied winds that run  
With him, by day, by night ;  
He knows not whence they come, but they his path  
provide.

“ But O more noble far  
From the heart of power to proceed,  
As the beam flows forth from the star,  
As the flower unfolds on the reed.  
It is not we that are strong  
But the cause, the divine desire,  
The longing wherewith we long.  
O flame far-springing from the eternal fire,  
Feed, feed upon my heart till thou consume  
These bonds that do me wrong  
Of time and chance and doom,  
And I into thy radiance grow and glow entire.

“ For he who his own strength trusts,  
And by violence hungers to tame  
Men and the earth to his lusts,  
Though mighty, he falls in shame,  
As a great fell tiger, whose sound  
The small beasts quake to hear,  
When he stretches his throat to the shuddering  
ground  
And roars for blood ; yet a trembling deer  
Brings him at last to his end.  
In a winter torrent falls his murderous bound ;  
His raging claws the unheeding waters rend ;  
Down crags they toss him sheer,  
With sheep ignobly drowned,  
And his fierce heart is burst with fury of its fear.

## III

“ Not so ye deal

Immortal Powers, with him  
Who in his weak hour hath made haste to kneel  
Where your divine springs out of mystery brim,  
And carries thence through the world's uproar rude  
A clear-eyed fortitude ;  
As 'mid the blue noon on the Arabian strand  
The solitary diver, plunging deep,  
Glides down the rough dark brine with questing hand  
Until he feels upleap  
Founts of fresh water, and his goatskin swells  
And bears him upward on those buoyant wells  
Back with a cool boon for his thirsting land.

“ I also thirst

O living springs, for you :  
Would that I might drink now, as when at first  
Life shone about me glorious and all true,  
And I abounded in your strength indeed,  
Which now I sorely need.  
You have not failed, 'tis I ! Yet this abhorred  
Necessity to hate and to despise—  
'Twas not for this my youthful longing soared,  
Not thus would I grow wise !  
Keep my heart tender still, that still is set  
To love without foreboding or regret  
Even as this tender moonlight is outpoured !

“ Now, now, even now,

Sleep doth the sad world take  
To peace it knows not. Radiant sleep, wilt thou  
Unveil thy wonder for me too, who wake ?

Oh, my soul melts into immensity,  
And yet 'tis I, 'tis I!

A wave upon a silent ocean, thrilled  
Up from its deepest deeps without a sound,  
Without a shore to break on, or a bound,  
Until the world be filled.

O mystery of peace, O more profound  
Than pain or joy, upbuoy me on thy power!  
Stay, stay, adored hour,

I am lost, I am found again :  
My soul is as a fountain springing in the rain."

Long, long upon that cedarn-shadowed height  
Musing, Asoka mingled with the night.

At last the moon sank o'er the forest wide.  
Within his soul those fountains welled no more,

Yet breathed a balm still, fresh as fallen dew :  
The mist coiled upward over Ganges shore ;  
And he arose and sighed,

And gathered his cloak round him, and anew  
Threaded the deep woods to his palace door.

LAURENCE BINYON.

# TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

## CHAPTER IV

SHE COULD AN SHE WOULD.

IN spite of Mrs. Iver's secret opinion that people with strange names were likely to be strange themselves, and that, for all she saw, foreigners were—not fools, as Dr. Johnson's friend thought—but generally knaves, an acquaintance was soon made between Fairholme and Merrion Lodge. Her family was against Mrs. Iver; her husband was boundlessly hospitable, Janie was very sociable. The friendship grew and prospered. Mr. Iver began to teach the Major to play golf. Janie took Mina Zabriská out driving in the highest dog-cart on the countryside: they would go along the road by the river, and get out perhaps for a wander by the Pool, or even drive higher up the valley and demand tea from Bob Broadley at his pleasant little place—half farm, half manor-house—at Mingham, three miles above the Pool. Matters moved so quickly that Mina understood in a week why Janie found it pleasant to have a companion under whose ægis she could drop in at Mingham; in little more than a fortnight she began to understand why her youthful uncle (the Major was very young now) grunted unsympathetically when she observed that the road to Mingham

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was the prettiest in the neighbourhood. The Imp was accumulating other people's secrets, and was accordingly in a state of high satisfaction.

The situation developed fast, and for the time at least Janie Iver was heroine and held the centre of the stage. A chance of that state of comfort which was his remaining and modest ambition had opened before the Major—and the possibility of sharing it with a congenial partner: the Major wasted no time in starting his campaign. Overtures from Blent, more stately but none the less prompt, showed that Harry Tristram had not spoken idly to his mother. And what about Bob Broadley? He seemed to be out of the running, and indeed to have little inclination, or not enough courage, to press forward. Yet the drives to Mingham went on. Mina was puzzled. She began to observe the currents in the Fairholme household. Iver was for Harry, she thought, though he maintained a dignified show of indifference; Mrs. Iver—the miraculous occurring in a fortnight, as it often does—was at least very much taken with the Major. Bob Broadley had no friend, unless in Janie herself. And Janie was inscrutable by virtue of an open pleasure in the attention of all three gentlemen and an obvious disinclination to devote herself exclusively to any one of them. She could not flirt with Harry Tristram, because he had no knowledge of the art, but she accepted his significant civilities. She did flirt with the Major, who had many years' experience of the pastime. And she was kind to Bob Broadley, going to see him, as has been said, sending him invitations, and seeming in some way to be fighting against his own readiness to give up the battle before it was well begun. But it is hard to help a man who will not help himself; on the other hand, it is said to be amusing sometimes.

They all met at Fairholme one afternoon, Harry appearing unexpectedly as the rest were at tea on the lawn. This was his first meeting with the Major. As he greeted that gentleman, even more when he shook hands with Bob, there was a touch of regality in his manner; the reserve was prominent, and his

prerogative was claimed. Very soon he carried Janie off for a solitary walk in the shrubberies. Mina enjoyed her uncle's frown and chafed at Bob's self-effacement; he had been talking to Janie when Harry calmly took her away. The pair were gone half an hour, and conversation flagged. They reappeared, Janie looking rather excited, Harry almost insolently calm, and sat down side by side. The Major walked across and took a vacant seat on the other side of Janie. The slightest look of surprise showed on Harry Tristram's face. A duel began. Duplay had readiness, suavity, volubility, a trick of flattering deference; on Harry's side were a stronger suggestion of power and an assumption, rather attractive, that he must be listened to. Janie liked this air of his, even while she resented it; here, in his own county at least, a Tristram of Blent was somebody. Bob Broadley was listening to Iver's views on local affairs; he was not in the fight at all, but he was covertly watching it. Perhaps Iver watched too, but it was not easy to penetrate the thoughts of that astute man of business. The fortune of battle seemed to incline to Harry's side; the Major was left out of the talk for minutes together. More for fun than from any loyalty to her kinsman, Mina rose and walked over to Harry.

"Do take me to see the greenhouses, Mr. Tristram," she begged. "You're all right with uncle, aren't you, Janie?"

Janie nodded rather nervously. After a pause of a full half-minute Harry Tristram rose without a word and began to walk off; it was left for Mina to join him in a hurried little run.

"Oh, wait for me, anyhow," she cried, with a laugh.

They walked on some way in silence.

"You're not very conversational, Mr. Tristram. I suppose you're angry with me?"

He turned and looked at her. Presently he began to smile, even more slowly, it seemed, than usual.

"I must see that my poor uncle has fair play—what do you call it?—a fair show—mustn't I?"

"Oh, that's what you meant, Madame Zabriská? It wasn't the pleasure of my company?"

“Do you know, I think you rather exaggerate the pleasure—no, not the pleasure, I mean the honour—of your company? You were looking as if you couldn’t understand how anybody could want to talk to uncle when you were there. But he’s better-looking than you are, and much more amusing.”

“I don’t set up for a beauty or a wit either,” Harry observed, not at all put out by the Imp’s premeditated candour.

“No—and still she ought to want to talk to you! Why? Because you’re Mr. Tristram, I suppose?” Mina indulged in a very scornful demeanour.

“It’s very friendly of you to resent my behaviour on Miss Iver’s behalf.”

“There you are again! That means she doesn’t resent it. I think you give yourself airs, Mr. Tristram, and I should like——”

“To take me down a peg?” he asked, in a tone of rather contemptuous amusement.

She paused a minute, and then nodded significantly.

“Exactly; and to make you feel a little uncomfortable—not quite so sure of yourself and everything about you.” Again she waited a minute, her eyes set on his face and watching it keenly. “I wonder if I could,” she ended slowly.

“Upon my word, I don’t see how it’s to be done.” He was openly chaffing her now.

“Oh, I don’t know that you’re invulnerable,” she said, with a toss of her head. “Don’t defy me, Mr. Tristram. I don’t mind telling you that it would be very good for you if you weren’t——”

“Appreciated?” he suggested ironically.

“No; I was going to say if you weren’t Mr. Tristram, or the future Lord Tristram of Blent.”

If she had hoped to catch him off his guard, she was mistaken. Not a quiver passed over his face as he remarked:

“I’m afraid Providence can hardly manage that now either,



for my good or for your amusement, Madame Zabriska, much as it might conduce to both."

The Imp loved fighting, and her blood was getting up. He was a good foe, but he did not know her power. He must not, either—not yet, anyhow. If he patronised her much more, she began to feel that he would have to know it some day—not to his hurt, of course; merely for the reformation of his manners.

"Meanwhile," he continued, as he lit a cigarette, "I'm not seriously disappointed that attentions paid to one lady fail to please another. That's not uncommon, you know. By the way, we're not on the path to the greenhouses; but you don't mind that? They were a pretext, no doubt? Oh, I don't want to hurry back. Your uncle shall have his fair show. How well you're mastering English!"

At this moment Mina hated him heartily; she swore to humble him—before herself, not before the world, of course; she would give him a fright anyhow—not now, but some day; if her temper could not stand the strain better, it would be some day soon, though.

"You see," Harry's calm exasperating voice went on, "it's just possible that you're better placed at present as an observer of our manners than as a critic of them. I hope I don't exceed the limits of candour which you yourself indicated as allowable in this pleasant conversation of ours?"

"Oh well, we shall see," she declared, with another nod. The vague threat (for it seemed that or nothing) elicited a low laugh from Harry Tristram.

"We shall," he said. "And in the meantime a little sparring is amusing enough. I don't confess to a hit at present; do you, Madame Zabriska?"

Mina did not confess, but she felt the hit all the same; if she were to fight him, she must bring her reserves into action.

"By the way, I'm so sorry you couldn't see my mother when you called the other day. She's not at all well, unhappily. She really wants to see you."

"How very kind of Lady Tristram!" There was kept for the mother a little of the sarcastic humility which was more appropriate when directed against the son. Harry smiled still as he turned round and began to escort her back to the lawn. The smile annoyed Mina; it was a smile of victory. Well, the victory should not be altogether his.

"I want to see Lady Tristram very much," she went on, in innocent tones and with a face devoid of malice, "because I can't help thinking I must have seen her before—when I was quite a little girl."

"You've seen my mother before? When and where?"

"She was Mrs. Fitzhubert, wasn't she?"

"Yes, of course she was—before she came into the title."

"Well, a Mrs. Fitzhubert used to come and see my mother long ago at Heidelberg. Do you know if your mother was ever at Heidelberg?"

"I fancy she was—I'm not sure."

Still the Imp was very innocent, although the form of Harry's reply caused her inward amusement and triumph.

"My mother was Madame de Kries. Ask Lady Tristram if she remembers the name."

It was a hit for her at last, though Harry took it well. He turned quickly towards her, opened his lips to speak, repented, and did no more than give her a rather long and rather intense look. Then he nodded carelessly. "All right, I'll ask her," said he. The next moment he put a question. "Did you know about having met her before you came to Merrion?"

"Oh well, I looked in the Peerage, but it really didn't strike me till a day or two ago that it might be the same Mrs. Fitzhubert. The name's pretty common, isn't it?"

"No, it's very uncommon."

"Oh, I didn't know," murmured Mina apologetically. But the glance which followed him as he turned away was not apologetic; it was triumphant.

She got back in time to witness—to her regret (let it be

confessed) she could not overhear—Janie's farewell to Bob Broadley. They had been friends from youth; he was "Bob" to her, she was now to him "Miss Janie."

"You haven't said a word to me, Bob."

"I haven't had a chance; you're always with the swells now."

"How can I help it, if—if nobody else comes?"

"I really shouldn't have the cheek. Harry Tristram was savage enough with the Major—what would he have been with me?"

"Why should it matter what he was?"

"Do you really think that, Miss Janie?" Bob was almost at the point of an advance.

"I mean—why should it matter to you?"

The explanation checked the advance.

"Oh, I—I see. I don't know, I'm sure. Well then, I don't know how to deal with him."

"Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye, Miss Janie."

"Are you coming to see us again, ever?"

"If you ask me, I——"

"And am I coming again to Mingham?—although you don't ask me."

"Will you really?"

"Oh, you do ask me? When I ask you to ask me!"

"Any day you'll——"

"No, I'll surprise you. Good-bye. Good-bye really."

The conversation, it must be admitted, sounds commonplace when verbally recorded. Yet he would be a despondent man who considered it altogether discouraging: Mina did not think Janie's glances discouraging either. But Bob Broadley, a literal man, found no warrant for fresh hope in any of the not very significant words which he repeated to himself as he rode home up the valley of the Blent. He suffered under modesty; it needed more than coquetry to convince him that he exercised any attraction over the rich and brilliant (brilliance also is a

matter of comparison) Miss Iver, on whose favour Mr. Tristram waited and at whose side Major Duplay danced attendance.

"You're a dreadful flirt, Janie," said Mina, as she kissed her friend.

Janie was not a raw girl; she was a capable young woman of two-and-twenty.

"Nonsense," she said rather crossly. "It's not flirting to take time to make up your mind."

"It looks like it, though."

"And I've no reason to suppose they've any one of them made up their minds."

"I should think you could do that for them pretty soon. Besides, uncle has, anyhow."

"I'm to be your aunt, am I?"

"Oh, he's only an uncle by accident."

"Yes, I think that's true. Shall we have a drive soon?"

"To Mingham? Or to Blent Hall?"

"Not Blent. I wait my lord's pleasure to see me."

"Yes, that's just how I feel about him!" cried Mina eagerly.

"But all the same——"

"No, I won't hear a word of good about him. I hate him!"

Janie smiled in an indulgent but rather troubled way. Her problem was serious; she could not afford the Imp's pettish treatment of the world and the people in it. Janie had responsibilities—banks and buildings full of them—and a heart to please into the bargain. Singularly complicated questions are rather cruelly put before young women, who must solve them on peril of —— It would sound like exaggeration to say what.

There was Mrs. Iver to be said good-bye to—plump, peaceful, proper Mrs. Iver, whom nothing had great power to stir save an unkindness and an unconventionality; before either of these she bristled surprisingly.

"I hope you've all enjoyed this lovely afternoon?" she said to Mina.

"Oh yes, we have, Mrs. Iver—not quite equally perhaps, but still——"

Mrs. Iver sighed and kissed her.

"Men are always the difficulty, aren't they?" said the Imp.

"Poor child, and you've lost yours!"

"Yes, poor Adolf!" There was a touch of duty in Mina's sigh. She had been fond of Adolf, but his memory was not a constant presence. The world for the living was Madame Zabriska's view.

"I'm so glad Janie's found a friend in you—and a wise one, I'm sure."

Mina did her best to look the part thus charitably assigned to her; her glance at Janie was matronly, almost maternal.

"Not that I know anything about it," Mrs. Iver pursued, following a train of thought obvious enough. "I hope she'll act for her happiness, that's all. There's the dear Major looking for you—don't keep him waiting, dear. How lucky he's your uncle—he can always be with you."

"Until he settles and makes a home for himself," smiled Mina irrepressibly: the rejuvenescence—nay, the unbroken youth—of her relative appeared to her quaintly humorous, and it was her fancy to refer to him as she might to a younger brother.

There was Mr. Iver to be said good-bye to.

"Come again soon—you're always welcome; you wake us up, Madame Zabriska."

"You promised to say Mina!"

"So I did, but my tongue's out of practice with young ladies' Christian names. Why, I call my wife 'Mother'—only Janie says I mustn't. Yes, come and cheer us up. I shall make the uncle a crack player before long. Mustn't let him get lazy and spend half the day over five o'clock tea, though."

This was hardly a hint, but it was an indication of the trend of Mr. Iver's thoughts. So it was a dangerous ball, and that clever little cricketer, the Imp, kept her bat away from it.

She laughed—that committed her to nothing—and left Iver to bowl again.

“It’s quite a change to find Harry Tristram at a tea-party, though! Making himself pleasant too!”

“Not to me,” observed Mina decisively.

“You chaffed him, I expect. He stands a bit on his dignity. Ah well, he’s young, you see.”

“No, he chaffed me. Oh, I think I—I left off even, you know.”

“They get a bit spoilt.” He seemed to be referring to the aristocracy. “But there’s plenty of stuff in him, or I’m much mistaken. He’s a born fighter, I think.”

“I wonder!” said Mina, her eyes twinkling again.

Finally there was the Major to be walked home with—not a youthful, triumphant Major, but a rather careworn, undisguisedly irritated one. If Mina wanted somebody to agree with her present mood about Harry Tristram, her longing was abundantly gratified. The Major roundly termed him an overbearing young cub, and professed a desire—almost an intention—to teach him better manners. This coincidence of views was a sore temptation to the Imp; to resist it altogether would seem superhuman.

“I should like to cut his comb for him,” growled Duplay.

Whatever the metaphor adopted, Mina was in essential agreement. She launched on an account of how Harry had treated her: they fanned one another’s fires, and the flames burnt merrily.

Mina’s stock of discretion was threatened with complete consumption. From open denunciations she turned to mysterious hints.

“I could bring him to reason if I liked,” she said.

“What, make him fall in love with you?” cried Duplay, with a surprise not very complimentary.

“Oh no,” she laughed; “better than that—by a great deal.”

He eyed her closely: probably this was only another of her

whimsical tricks, with which he was very familiar ; if he showed too much interest she would laugh at him for being taken in. But she had hinted before to-day's annoyances ; she was hinting again. He had yawned at her hints till he became Harry Tristram's rival ; he was ready to be eager now, if only he could be sure that they pointed to anything more than folly or delusion.

"Oh, my dear child," he exclaimed, "you mustn't talk nonsense. We mayn't like him, but what in the world could you do to him?"

"I don't want to hurt him, but I should like to make him sing small."

They had just reached the foot of the hill. Duplay waved his arm across the river towards the Hall. Blent looked strong and stately.

"That's a big task, my dear," he said, recovering some of his good humour at the sight of Mina's waspish little face. "I fancy it'll need a bigger man than you to make Tristram of Blent sing small." He laughed at her indulgently. "Or than me either, I'm afraid," he added, with a ruefulness that was not ill-tempered. "We must fight him in fair fight, that's all."

"He doesn't fight fair," she cried angrily. The next instant she broke into her most malicious smile. "Tristram of Blent!" she repeated. "Oh well——"

"Mina dear, do you know you rather bore me? If you mean anything at all——"

"I may mean what I like without telling you, I suppose?"

"Certainly—but don't ask me to listen."

"You think it's all nonsense?"

"I do, my dear," confessed the Major.

How far he spoke sincerely he himself could hardly tell. Perhaps he had an alternative in his mind: if she meant nothing, she would hold her peace and cease to weary him ; if she meant anything real, his challenge would bring it out. But for the moment she had fallen into thought.

"No, he doesn't fight fair," she repeated, as though to

herself. She glanced at her uncle in a hesitating undecided way. "And he's abominably rude," she went on, with a sudden return of pettishness.

The Major's shrug expressed an utter exhaustion of patience, a scornful irritation, almost a contempt for her. She could not endure it; she must justify herself, revenge herself at a blow on Harry for his rudeness and on her uncle for his scepticism. The triumph would be sweet; she could not for the moment think of any seriousness in what she did. She could not keep her victory to herself; somebody else now must look on at Harry's humiliation, at least must see that she had power to bring it about. With the height of malicious exultation she looked up at Duplay and said:

"Suppose he wasn't Tristram of Blent at all?"

Duplay stopped short where he stood—on the slope of the hill above Blent itself.

"What? Is this more nonsense?"

"No, it isn't nonsense."

He looked at her steadily, almost severely. Under his regard her smile disappeared; she grew uncomfortable.

"Then I must know more about it. Come, Mina, this is no trifle, you know."

"I shan't tell you any more," she flashed out, in a last effort of petulance.

"You must," he said calmly. "All you know, all you think. Come, we'll have it out now at once."

She followed like a naughty child. She could have bitten her tongue out, as the old phrase goes. Her feelings went round like a weather-cock; she was ashamed of herself, sorry for Harry—yes, and afraid of Harry. And she was afraid of Duplay too. She had run herself into something serious—that she saw; something serious in which two resolute men were involved. She did not know where it would end. But now she could not resist. The youthful uncle seemed youthful no more; he was old, strong, authoritative. He made her follow him, and he bade her speak.



She followed, like the naughty child she now seemed even to herself; and presently, in the library, beside those wretched books of hers, her old law books and her Peerages, reluctantly, stumbingly, sullenly, still like the naughty child who would revolt but dare not, she spoke. And when at last he let her go with her secret told, she ran up to her own room and threw herself on the bed, sobbing. She had let herself in for something dreadful. It was all her own fault—and she was very sorry.

Those were her two main conclusions.

Her whole behaviour was probably just what the gentleman to whom she owed her nickname would have expected and prophesied.

## CHAPTER V

### THE FIRST ROUND.

WITHIN the last few days there were ominous rumours afloat as to Lady Tristram's health. It was known that she could see nobody and kept her room; it was reported that the doctors (a specialist had been down from town) were looking very grave; it was agreed that her constitution had not the strength to support a prolonged strain. There was sympathy—the neighbourhood was proud in its way of Lady Tristram—and there was the usual interest to which the prospect of a death and a succession gives rise. They canvassed Harry's probable merits and demerits, asking how he would fill the vacant throne and, more particularly, whether he would be likely to entertain freely. Lavish hospitality at Blent would mean much to the neighbourhood, and if it were indeed the case (as was now prophesied in whispers) that Miss Iver of Fairholme was to be mistress at the Hall, there would be nothing to prevent the hospitalities from being as splendid as the mind of woman could conceive. There were spinster ladies in small villas at Blentmouth who watched the illness and the

courtship as keenly as though they were to succeed the sick Lady Tristram and to marry the new Lord. Yet a single garden-party in the year would represent pretty accurately their personal stake in the matter. If you live on crumbs, a good big crumb is not to be despised.

Harry Tristram was sorry that his mother must die and that he must lose her; the confederates had become close friends, and nobody who knew her intimately could help feeling that his life and even the world would be poorer by the loss of a real, if not a striking, individuality. But neither he nor she thought of her death as the main thing; it no more than ushered in the great event for which they had spent years preparing. And he was downright glad that she could see no visitors; that fact saved him added anxieties, and spared her the need of being told about Mina Zabriska and warned to bear herself warily towards the daughter of Madame de Kries. Harry did not ask his mother whether she remembered the name—the question was unnecessary; nor did he tell his mother that one who had borne the name was at Merrion Lodge. He waited, vaguely expecting that trouble would come from Merrion, but entirely confident in his ability to fight and worst the tricky little woman whom he had not feared to snub; and in his heart he thought well of her, and believed she had as little inclination to hurt him as she seemed to have power. His only active step was to pursue his attentions to Janie Iver.

Yet he was not happy about his attentions. He meant to marry the girl, and thought she would marry him. He did not believe that she was inclined to fall in love with him. He had no right to expect it, since he was not falling in love with her. But it hurt that terrible pride of his; he was in a way disgusted with the part he had chosen, and humiliated to think that he might not be accepted for himself. A refusal would have hurt him incalculably; such an assent as he counted upon would wound him somewhat too. He had keen eyes, and he had formed his own opinion about Bob Broadley. None the

less he held straight on his course; and the spinster ladies were a little shocked to observe that Lady Tristram's illness did not interfere at all with her son's courtship; people in that position of life were certainly curious.

A new vexation had come upon him, the work of his pet aversion, the Gainsboroughs. He had seen Mr. Gainsborough once, and retained a picture of a small ineffectual man with a ragged tawny-brown beard and a big soft felt hat, who had an air of being very timid, rather pressed for money, and endowed with a kind heart. Now, it seemed, Mr. Gainsborough was again overflowing with family affection (a disposition not always welcomed by its objects), and wanted to shake poor Lady Tristram's hand, and wanted poor Lady Tristram to kiss his daughter—wanted, in fact, a thorough-going burying of hatchets and a touching reconciliation. With that justice of judgment of which neither youth nor prejudice quite deprived him, Harry liked the letter; but he was certain that the writer would be immensely tiresome. And again—in the end as in the beginning—he did not want the Gainsboroughs at Blent; above all, not just at the time when Blent was about to pass into his hands. It looked, however, as though it would be extremely difficult to keep them away. Mr. Gainsborough was obviously a man who would not waste his chance of a funeral; he might be fenced with till then, but it would need startling measures to keep him from a funeral.

"I hate hearsy people," grumbled Harry, as he threw the letter down. But the Gainsboroughs were soon to be driven out of his head by something more immediate and threatening.

Blent Pool is a round basin some fifty or sixty feet in diameter; the banks are steep and the depth great: on the Blent Hall side there is no approach to it, except through a thick wood overhanging the water; on the other side the road up the valley runs close by, leaving a few yards of turf between itself and the brink. The scene is gloomy except in sunshine, and the place little frequented. It was a favourite haunt of Harry Tristram's, and he lay on the grass one evening, smoking

and looking down on the black water ; for the clouds were heavy above and rain threatened. His own mood was in harmony, gloomy and dark, in rebellion against the burden he carried, yet with no thought of laying it down. He did not notice a man who came up the road and took his stand just behind him, waiting there for a moment in silence and apparent irresolution.

“ Mr. Tristram.”

Harry turned his head and saw Major Duplay ; the Major was grave, almost solemn, as he raised his hat a trifle in formal salute.

“ Do I interrupt you ? ”

“ You couldn't have found a man more at leisure.” Harry did not rise, but gathered his knees up, clasping his hands round them and looking up in Duplay's face. “ You want to speak to me ? ”

“ Yes, on a difficult matter.” A visible embarrassment hung about the Major ; he seemed to have little liking for his task. “ I'm aware,” he went on, “ that I may lay myself open to some misunderstanding in what I'm about to say. I shall beg you to remember that I am in a difficult position, and that I am a gentleman and a soldier.”

Harry said nothing ; he waited with unmoved face and no sign of perturbation.

“ It's best to be plain,” Duplay proceeded. “ It's best to be open with you. I have taken the liberty of following you here for that purpose.” He came a step nearer and stood over Harry. “ Certain facts have come to my knowledge which concern you very intimately.”

A polite curiosity and a slight scepticism were expressed in Harry's “ Indeed ! ”

“ And not you only, or—I need hardly say—I shouldn't feel it necessary to occupy myself with the matter. A word about my own position you will perhaps forgive.”

Harry frowned a little ; certainly Duplay was inclined to prolixity ; he seemed to be rolling the situation round his tongue and making the most of its flavour.

"Since we came here we have made many acquaintances, your own among the number; we are in a sense your guests."

"Not in a sense that puts you under any obligation," observed Harry.

"I'm sincerely glad to hear you say that; it relieves my position to some extent. But we have made friends too. In one house I myself (I may leave my niece out of the question) have been received with a hearty, cordial, warm friendship that seems already an old friendship. Now, that does put one under an obligation, Mr. Tristram."

"You refer to our friends the Ivers? Yes?"

"In my view, under a heavy obligation. I am, I say, in my judgment, bound to serve them in all ways in my power, and to deal with them as I should wish and expect them to deal with me in a similar case."

Harry nodded a careless assent, and turned his eyes away towards the Pool; even already he seemed to know what was coming, or something of it.

"Facts have come to my knowledge of which it might be—indeed I must say of which it is—of vital importance that Mr. Iver should be informed."

"I thought the facts concerned me?" asked Harry, with brows a little raised.

"Yes, and as matters now stand they concern him too for that very reason." Duplay had gathered confidence; his tone was calm and assured as he came step by step near his mark, as he established position after position in his attack.

"You are paying attentions to Miss Iver—with a view to marriage, I presume?"

Harry made no sign. Duplay proceeded slowly and with careful deliberation.

"Those attentions are offered and received as from Mr. Tristram—as from the future Lord Tristram of Blent. I can't believe that you're ignorant of what I'm about to say. If you are, I must beg forgiveness for the pain I shall inflict on you. You, sir, are not the future Lord Tristram of Blent."

A silence followed: a slight drizzle had begun to fall, speckling the waters of the Pool; neither man heeded it.

"It would be impertinent in me," the Major resumed, "to offer you any sympathy on the score of that misfortune; believe me, however, that my knowledge—my full knowledge—of the circumstances can incline me to nothing but a deep regret. But facts are facts, however hardly they may bear on individuals." He paused. "I have asserted what I know. You are entitled to ask me for proofs, Mr. Tristram."

Harry was silent a moment, thinking very hard. Many modes of defence came into his busy brain and were rejected. Should he be tempestuous? No. Should he be amazed? Again, no. Even on his own theory of the story, Duplay's assertion hardly entitled him to be amazed.

"As regards my part in this matter," he said at last, "I have only this to say. The circumstances of my birth—with which I am, as you rightly suppose, quite familiar—were such as to render the sort of notion you have got hold of plausible enough. I don't want what you call proofs—though you'll want them badly if you mean to pursue your present line. I have my own proofs—perfectly in order, perfectly satisfactory. That's all I have to say about my part of the matter. About your part in it I can, I think, be almost equally brief. Are you merely Mr. Iver's friend, or are you also, as you put it, paying attentions to Miss Iver?"

"That, sir, has nothing to do with it."

Harry Tristram looked up at him. For the first time he broke into a smile as he studied Duplay's face. "I shouldn't in the least wonder," he said almost chaffingly, "if you believed that to be true. You get hold of a cock-and-bull story about my being illegitimate (Oh, I've no objection to plainness either in its proper place!), you come to me and tell me almost in so many words that if I don't give up the lady you'll go to her father and show him your precious proofs. Everybody knows that you're after Miss Iver yourself, and yet you say that it has nothing to do with it! That's the sort of thing a man may

manage to believe about himself; it's not the sort of thing that other people believe about him, Major Duplay." He rose slowly to his feet and the men stood face to face on the edge of the Pool. The rain fell more heavily: Duplay turned up his collar, Harry took no notice of the downpour.

"I'm perfectly satisfied as to the honesty of my own motives," said Duplay.

"That's not true, and you know it. You may try to shut your eyes, but you can't succeed."

Duplay was shaken. His enemy put into words what his own conscience had said to him. His position was hard: he was doing what honestly seemed to him the right thing to do; he could not seem to do it because it was right. He would be wronging the Ivers if he did not do it, yet how ugly it could be made to look! He was not above suspicion even to himself, though he clung eagerly to his plea of honesty.

"You fail to put yourself in my place," he began.

"Absolutely, I assure you," Harry interrupted with quiet insolence.

"And I can't put myself in yours, sir. But I can tell you what I mean to do. It is my most earnest wish to take no steps in this matter at all; but that rests with you, not with me. At least I desire to take none during Lady Tristram's illness, or during her life should she unhappily not recover."

"My mother will not recover," said Harry. "It's a matter of a few weeks at most."

Duplay nodded. "At least wait till then," he urged. "Do nothing more in regard to the matter we have spoken of while your mother lives." He spoke with genuine feeling. Harry Tristram marked it and took account of it. It was a point in the game to him.

"In turn I'll tell you what I mean to do," he said. "I mean to proceed exactly as if you had never come to Merrion Lodge, had never got your proofs from God knows where, and had never given me the pleasure of this very peculiar interview. My mother would ask no consideration from you, and I ask

none for her any more than for myself. To be plain for the last time, sir, you're making a fool of yourself at the best, and at the worst a blackguard into the bargain." He paused and broke into a laugh. "Well then, where are the proofs? Show them me. Or send them down to Blent. Or I'll come up to Merrion. We'll have a look at them—for your sake, not for mine."

"I may have spoken inexactly, Mr. Tristram. I know the facts; I could get, but have not yet got, the proof of them."

"Then don't waste your money, Major Duplay." He waited an instant before he gave a deeper thrust. "Or Iver's—because I don't think your purse is long enough to furnish the resources of war. You'd get the money from him? I'm beginning to wonder more and more at the views people contrive to take of their own actions."

Harry had fought his fight well, but now perhaps he went wrong, even as he had gone wrong with Mina Zabriska at Fairholme. He was not content to defeat or repel; he must triumph, he must taunt. The insolence of his speech and air drove Duplay to fury. If it told him he was beaten now, it made him determined not to give up the contest; it made him wish too that he was in a country where duelling was not considered absurd. At any rate he was minded to rebuke Harry.

"You're a young man——" he began.

"Tell me that when I'm beaten. It may console me," interrupted Harry.

"You'll be beaten, sir, sooner than you think," said Duplay gravely. "But though you refuse my offer, I shall consider Lady Tristram. I will not move while she lives, unless you force me to it."

"By marrying the heiress you want?" sneered Harry.

"By carrying out your swindling plans." Duplay's temper began to fail him. "Listen. As soon as your engagement is announced—if it ever is—I go to Mr. Iver with what I know. If you abandon the idea of that marriage, you're safe from me.



I have no other friends here ; the rest must look after themselves. But you shall not delude my friends with false pretences."

"And I shall not spoil your game with Miss Iver?"

Duplay's temper quite failed him. He had not meant this to happen ; he had pictured himself calm, Harry wild and unrestrained—either in fury or in supplication. The young man had himself in hand, firmly in hand ; the elder lost self-control.

"If you insult me again, sir, I'll throw you in the river!"

Harry's slow smile broke across his face. With all his wariness and calculation he measured the Major's figure. The attitude of mind was not heroic ; it was Harry's. Who, having ten thousand men, will go against him that has twenty thousand ? A fool or a hero, Harry would have said, and he claimed neither name. But in the end he reckoned that he was a match for the Major. He smiled more broadly and raised his brows, asking of sky and earth as he glanced round :

"Since when have blackmailers grown so sensitive?"

In an instant Duplay closed with him in a struggle on which hung not death indeed, but an unpleasant and humiliating ducking. The rain fell on both ; the water waited for one. The Major was taller and heavier ; Harry was younger and in better trim. Harry was cooler too. It was rude hugging, nothing more ; neither of them had skill or knew more tricks than the common dimly-remembered devices of urchinhood. The fight was most unpicturesque, most unheroic ; but it was tolerably grim for all that. The grass grew slippery under the rain and the slithering feet ; luck had its share. And just behind them ran the Queen's highway. They did not think of the Queen's highway. To this pass a determination to be calm, whatever else they were, had brought them.

The varying wriggles (no more dignified word is appropriate) of the encounter ended in a stern stiff grip which locked the men one to the other, Duplay facing down the valley, Harry looking up the river. Harry could not see over the Major's

shoulder, but he saw past it, and sighted a tall dog-cart driven quickly and rather rashly down the hill. It was raining hard now, and had not looked like rain when the dog-cart started. Hats were being ruined—there was some excuse for risking broken knees to the horse and broken necks to the riders. In the middle of his struggle Harry smiled: he put out his strength too; and he did not warn his enemy of what he saw. Yet he knew very well who was in the dog-cart. Duplay's anger had stirred him to seek a primitive though effective revenge. Harry was hoping to inflict a more subtle punishment. He needed only a bit of luck to help him to it; he knew how to use the chance when it came—just as well as he knew who was in the dog-cart, as well as he guessed whence the dog-cart came.

The luck did not fail. Duplay's right foot slipped. In the effort to recover himself he darted out his left over the edge of the bank. Harry impelled him; the Major loosed his hold and set to work to save himself—none too soon: both his legs were over, his feet touched water, he lay spread-eagled on the bank, half on, half off, in a ludicrous attitude; still he slipped and could not get a hold on the short slimy grass. At that moment the dog-cart was pulled up just behind them.

“What are you doing?” cried Janie Iver, leaning forward in amazement; Mina Zabriska sat beside her with wide-open eyes. Harry stooped, caught the Major under the shoulders, and with a great effort hauled him up on the bank, a sad sight, draggled and dirty. Then, as Duplay slowly rose, he turned with a start, as though he noticed the new-comers for the first time. He laughed as he raised his cap.

“We didn't know we were to have spectators,” said he. “And you nearly came in for a tragedy! He was all but gone. Weren't you, Major?”

“What were you doing?” cried Janie again. Mina was silent and still, scrutinising both men keenly.

“Why, we had been talking about wrestling, and the Major offered to show me a trick which he bet a shilling would floor

me. Only the ground was too slippery; wasn't it, Major? And the trick didn't exactly come off. I wasn't floored. So I must trouble you for a shilling, Major."

Major Duplay did not look at Janie, still less did he meet his niece's eye. He spent a few seconds in a futile effort to rub the mud off his coat with muddy hands; he glanced a moment at Harry.

"I must have another try some day," he said, but with no great readiness.

"Meanwhile—the shilling!" demanded Harry good-humouredly, a subtle mockery in his eyes alone showing the imaginary character of the bet which he claimed to have won.

In the presence of those two inquisitive young women Major Duplay did not deny the debt. He felt in his pocket, found a shilling, and gave it to Harry Tristram. That young man looked at it, spun it in the air, and pocketed it.

"Yes, a revenge whenever you like," said he. "And now we'd better get home, because it's begun to rain."

"Begun to! It's rained for half-an-hour," said Janie crossly.

"Has it? I didn't notice. I was too busy with the Major's trick."

As he spoke he looked full in Mina Zabriska's face. She bore his glance for a moment, then cried to Janie, "Oh, please drive on!" The dog-cart started; the Major, with a stiff touch of his hat, strode along the road. Harry was left alone by the Pool. His gaiety and defiance vanished; he stood there scowling at the Pool. On the surface the honours of the encounter were indeed his; the real peril remained, the real battle had still to be fought. It was with heart-felt sincerity that he muttered, as he sought for pipe and tobacco:

"I wish I'd drowned the beggar in the Pool!"

## CHAPTER VI

## THE ATTRACTION OF IT.

MR. JENKINSON NEELD sat at lunch at the Imperium Club, quite happy with a neck chop, last week's *Athenæum*, and a pint of Apollinaris. To him enter disturbers of peace.

"How are you, Neeld?" said Lord Southend, taking the chair next him. "Sit down here, Iver. Let me introduce you—Mr. Iver—Mr. Neeld. Bill of fare, waiter." His lordship smiled rather maliciously at Mr. Neeld as he made the introduction, which Iver acknowledged with bluff courtesy, Neeld with a timid little bow. "How are things down your way?" pursued Southend, addressing Iver. "Lady Tristram's very ill, I hear?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Wonderful woman that, you know. You ought to have seen her in the seventies—when she ran away with Randolph Edge."

A gentleman two tables off looked round.

"Hush, Southend! That's his brother," whispered Mr. Neeld.

"Whose brother?" demanded Southend.

"That's Wilmot Edge—Sir Randolph's brother."

"Oh, the deuce it is. I thought he'd been pilled."

Blackballs also were an embarrassing subject; Neeld sipped his Apollinaris nervously.

"Well, as I was saying" (Lord Southend spoke a little lower), "she went straight from the Duchess of Slough's ball to the station, as she was, in a low gown and a scarlet opera cloak—met Edge, whose wife had been dead only three months—and went off with him. You know the rest of the story. It was a near run for young Harry Tristram! How is the boy, Iver?"

"The boy's very much of a man indeed; we don't talk about the near run before him."

Southend laughed. "A miss is as good as a mile," he said, "eh, Neeld? I'd like to see Addie Tristram again—though I suppose she's a wreck, poor thing."

"Why couldn't she marry the man properly, instead of bolting?" asked Iver. He did not approve of such escapades.

"Oh, he had to bolt anyhow—a thorough bad lot—debts, you know—her people wouldn't hear of it; besides she was engaged to Fred Nares—you don't remember Fred? A devilish passionate fellow, with a wart on his nose. So altogether it was easier to cut and run. Besides she liked the sort of thing, don't you know. Romantic and all that. Then Edge vanished, and the other man appeared. That turned out all right, but she ran it fine. Eh, Neeld?"

Mr. Neeld was sadly flustered by these recurring references to him. He had no desire to pose as an authority on the subject. Josiah Cholderton's diary put him in a difficulty. He wished to goodness he had been left to the peaceful delights of literary journalism.

"Well, if you'll come down to my place, I can promise to show you Harry Tristram; and you can go over and see his mother if she's better."

"By Jove, I've half a mind to. Very kind of you, Iver. You've got a fine place, I hear."

"I've built so many houses for other people that I may be allowed one for myself, mayn't I? We're proud of our neighbourhood," he pursued, politely addressing himself to Mr. Neeld. "If you're ever that way, I hope you'll look me up. I shall be delighted to welcome a fellow-member of the Imperium."

A short chuckle escaped from Lord Southend's lips; he covered it by an exaggerated devotion to his broiled kidneys. Mr. Neeld turned pink and murmured incoherent thanks; he felt like a traitor.

"Yes, we see a good deal of young Harry," said Iver, with a smile. "And of other young fellows about the place too. They don't come to see me, though. I expect Janie's the attraction. You remember my girl, Southend?"

"Well, I suppose Blent's worth nine or ten thousand a year still?" The progress of Lord Southend's thoughts was obvious.

"H'm. Seven or eight, I should think, as it's managed now. It's a nice place, though, and would go a good bit better in proper hands."

"Paterfamilias considering?"

"I don't quite make the young fellow out. He's got a good opinion of himself, I fancy." Iver laughed a little. "Well, we shall see," he ended.

"Not a bad thing to be Lady Tristram of Blent, you know, Iver. That's none of your pinchbeck. The real thing—though, as I say, young Harry's only got it by the skin of his teeth. Eh, Neeld?"

Mr. Neeld laid down his napkin and pushed back his chair.

"Sit still, man. We've nearly finished, and we'll all have a cup of coffee together, and a cigar."

Misfortunes accumulated, for Neeld hated tobacco. But he was anxious to be scrupulously polite to Iver, and thus to deaden the pangs of conscience. Resigned though miserable, he went with them to the smoking-room. Colonel Wilmot Edge looked up from the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and glanced curiously at the party as they passed his table. Why were these old fellows reviving old stories? They were better left at rest. The Colonel groaned as he went back to his newspaper.

Happily in the smoking-room the talk shifted to less embarrassing subjects. Iver told of his life and doings, and Neeld found himself drawn to the man: he listened with interest and appreciation; he seemed brought into touch with life; he caught himself sighing over the retired inactive nature of his own occupations. He forgave Iver the hoardings about the streets; he could not forgive himself the revenge he had taken for them. Iver and Southend spoke of big schemes in which they had been or were engaged together—legitimate enterprises, good for the nation as well as for themselves. How had he, a useless old fogey, dared to blackball a man like

Iver? An occasional droll glance from Southend emphasised his compunction.

"I see you've got a new thing coming out, Neeld," said Southend, after a pause in the talk. "I remember old Cholderton very well. He was a starchy old chap, but he knew his subjects. Makes rather heavy reading, I should think, eh?"

"Not all of it, not by any means all of it," Neeld assured him. "He doesn't confine himself to business matters."

"Still, even old Joe Cholderton's recreations——"

"He was certainly mainly an observer, but he saw some interesting things and people." There was a renewed touch of nervousness in Mr. Neeld's manner.

"Interesting people? H'm. Then I hope he's discreet?"

"Or that Mr. Neeld will be discreet for him," Iver put in. "Though I don't know why interesting people are supposed to create a need for discretion."

"Oh yes, you do, Iver. You know the world. Don't you be too discreet, Neeld. Give us a taste of Joe's lighter style."

Neeld did not quite approve of his deceased and respected friend being referred to as "Joe," nor did he desire to discuss in that company what he had and what he had not suppressed in the Journal.

"I have used the best of my judgment," he said primly, and was surprised to find Iver smiling at him with an amused approval.

"The least likely men break out," Lord Southend continued hopefully. "The Baptist minister down at my place once waylaid the wife of the chairman of Quarter Sessions and asked her to run away with him."

"That's one of your Nonconformist stories, Southend. I never believe them," said Iver.

"Oh, I'm not saying anything. She was a pretty woman. I just gave it as an illustration. I happen to know it's true, because she told me herself."

"Ah, I'd begin to listen if he'd told you," was Iver's cautious comment.

"You give us the whole of old Joe Cholderton," was Lord Southend's final injunction.

"Imagine if I did!" thought Neeld, beginning to feel some of the joy of holding a secret.

Presently Southend took his leave, saying he had an engagement. To his own surprise, Neeld did not feel this to be an unwarrantable proceeding; he sat on with Iver, and found himself cunningly encouraging his companion to talk again about the Tristrams. The story in the Journal had not lost its interest for him; he had read it over more than once again; it was strange to be brought into contact, even at second-hand, with the people whose lives and fortunes it concerned. It was evident that Iver, on his side, had for some reason been thinking of the Tristrams too, and he responded readily to Neeld's veiled invitation. He described Blent for him; he told him how Lady Tristram had looked, and that her illness was supposed to be fatal; he talked again of Harry Tristram, her destined successor. But he said no more of his daughter. Neeld was left without any clear idea that his companion's concern with the Tristrams was more than that of a neighbour or beyond what an ancient family with odd episodes in its history might naturally inspire.

"Oh, you must come to Blentmouth, Mr. Neeld, you must indeed. For a few days, now? Choose your time, only let it be soon. Why, if you made your way into the library at Blent, you might happen on a find there! A lot of interesting stuff there, I'm told. And we shall be very grateful for a visit."

Neeld was conscious of a strong desire to go to Blentmouth. But it would be a wrong thing to do; he felt that he could not fairly accept Iver's hospitality. And he felt, moreover, that he had much better not get himself mixed up with the Tristrams of Blent. No man is bound to act on hearsay evidence, especially when that evidence has been acquired through a confidential channel. But if he came to know the Tristrams,



to know Harry Tristram, his position would certainly be peculiar. Well, that was in the end why he wanted to do it.

Iver rose and held out his hand. "I must go," he said. "Fairholme, Blentmouth! I hope I sha'll have a letter from you soon, to tell us to look out for you."

One of the unexpected likings that occur between people had happened. Each man felt it and recognised it in the other. They were alone in the room for the moment.

"Mr. Iver," said Neeld, in his precise prim tones, "I must make a confession to you. When you were up for this club I—my vote was not in your favour."

During a minute's silence Iver looked at him with amusement and almost with affection.

"I'm glad you've told me that."

"Well, I'm glad I have too." Neeld's laugh was nervous.

"Because it shows that you're thinking of coming to Blentmouth."

"Well—yes, I am," answered Neeld, smiling. And they shook hands. Here was the beginning of a friendship; here, also, Neeld's entry on the scene where Harry Tristram's fortune formed the subject of the play.

It was now a foregone conclusion that Mr. Neeld would fall before temptation and come to Blentmouth. There had been little doubt about it all along; his confession to Iver removed the last real obstacle. The story in Josiah Cholderton's Journal had him in its grip; on the first occasion of trial his resolution not to be mixed up with the Tristrams melted away. Perhaps he consoled himself by saying that he would be, like his deceased and respected friend, mainly an observer. The Imp, it may be remembered, had gone to Merrion Lodge with exactly the same idea; it has been seen how it fared with her.

By the Blent the drama seemed very considerably to be waiting for him. It says much for Major Duplay that his utter and humiliating defeat by the Pool had not driven him into any hasty action nor shaken him in his original purpose. He was abiding by the offer which he had made, although the

offer had been scornfully rejected. If he could by any means avoid it, he was determined not to move while Lady Tristram lived. Harry might force him to act sooner ; that rested with Harry, not with him. Meanwhile he declined to explain even to Mina what had occurred by the Pool, and treated her open incredulity as to Harry's explanation with silence or a snub. The Major was not happy at this time ; yet his unhappiness was nothing to the deep woe, and indeed terror, which had settled on Mina Zabriská. She had guessed enough to see that, for the moment at least, Harry had succeeded in handling Duplay so roughly as to delay, if not to thwart, his operations ; what would he not do to her, whom he must know to be the original cause of the trouble ? She used to stand on the terrace at Merrion and wonder about this ; and she dared not go to Fairholme, lest she should encounter Harry. She made many good resolutions for the future, but there was no comfort in the present days.

The resolutions went for nothing, even in the moment in which they were made. She had suffered for meddling ; that was bad : it was worse to the Imp not to meddle ; inactivity was the one thing unendurable.

She too, like old Mr. Neeld in London town, was drawn by the interest of the position, by the need of seeing how Harry Tristram fought his fight. For four days she resisted ; on the evening of the fifth, after dinner, while the Major dozed, she came out on the terrace in a cloak and looked down the hill. It was rather dark, and Blent Hall loomed dimly in the valley below. She pulled the hood of her cloak over her head and began to descend the hill : she had no special purpose ; she wanted a nearer look at Blent, and it was a fine night for a stroll. She came to the road, crossed it after a momentary hesitation, and stood by the gate of the little foot-bridge, which, in days before enmity arose, Harry Tristram had told her was never locked. It was not now. Mina advanced to the middle of the bridge and leant on the parapet, her eyes set on Blent Hall. There were lights in the lower windows ; one window

on the upper floor was lighted too. There, doubtless, Lady Tristram lay slowly dying; somewhere else in the house Harry was keeping his guard and perfecting his defences. The absolute peace and rest of the outward view, the sleepless vigilance and unceasing battle within, a battle that death made keener and could not lull to rest—this contrast came upon Mina with a strange painfulness; her eyes filled with tears as she stood looking.

A man came out into the garden and lit a cigar; she knew it was Harry; she did not move. He sauntered towards the bridge; she held her ground; though he should strike her, she would have speech with him to-night. He was by the bridge and had his hand on the gate at the Blent end of it before he saw her. He stood still a moment, then came to her side, and leant as she was leaning over the parapet. He was bare-headed—she saw his thick hair and his peaked forehead: he smoked steadily; he showed no surprise at seeing her; and he did not speak to her for a long time. At last, still without looking at her, he began. She could just make out his smile, or thought she could; at any rate she was sure it was there.

“Well, Mina de Kries?” said he. She started a little. “Oh, I don’t believe in the late Zabriská; I don’t believe you’re grown up; I think you’re about fifteen—a beastly age.” He put his cigar back in his mouth.

“You see that window?” he resumed in a moment. “And you know what’s happening behind it? My mother’s dying there. Well, how’s the Major? Has he got that trick in better order yet?”

She found her tongue with difficulty.

“Does Lady Tristram know about—about me?” she stammered.

“I sometimes lie to my mother,” said Harry, flicking his ash into the river. “Why do you lie to your uncle, though?”

“I didn’t lie. You know I didn’t lie.”

He shrugged his shoulders wearily and relapsed into silence. Silence there was till, a minute or two later, it was broken by

a little sob from Mina Zabriska. He turned his head towards her; then he took hold of her arm and twisted her face round to him. The tears were running down her cheeks.

"I'm so, so sorry," she murmured. "I didn't mean to; and I did it! And now—now I can't stop it. You needn't believe me if you don't like, but I'm—I'm miserable and—and frightened."

He flung his cigar into the water and put his hands in his pockets. So he stood watching her, his body swaying a little to and fro; his eyes were suspicious of her, yet they seemed amused also, and they were not cruel; it was not such a look as he had given her when they parted by the Pool.

"If it were true?" she asked. "I mean, couldn't Lady Tristram somehow——?"

"If what was true? Oh, the nonsense you told Duplay?" He laughed. "If it was true, I should be a nobody and nobody's son. I suppose that would amuse you very much, wouldn't it? You wouldn't have come to Merrion for nothing, then! But as it isn't true, what's the use of talking?"

He won no belief from her when he said that it was not true; to her quick mind the concentrated bitterness with which he described what it would mean to him showed that he believed it and that the thought was no new one; he had in imagination heard the world calling him many times what he now called himself—if the thing were true. She drew her cloak round her and shivered.

"Cold?" he asked.

"No. Wretched, wretched."

"Would you like to see my mother?"

"You wouldn't let her see me?"

"She's asleep, and the nurse is at supper—not that she'd matter. Come along."

He turned and began to walk quickly towards the house; Mina followed him as though in a dream. They entered a large hall. It was dark save for one candle, and she could see nothing of its furniture. He led her straight up a broad oak

staircase that rose from the middle of it, and then along a corridor. The polished oak gleamed here and there as they passed a candle in brackets on the wall, and was slippery under her unaccustomed feet. The whole house was very still—still, cool, and very peaceful.

Cautiously he opened a door and beckoned her to follow him. Lights were burning in the room. Lady Tristram lay sleeping; her hair, still fair and golden, spread over the pillow; her face was calm and unlined; she seemed a young and beautiful girl wasted by a fever. But the fever was the fever of life as well as of disease. Thus Mina saw again the lady she had seen at Heidelberg.

“She won't wake—she's had her sleeping draught,” he said; and Mina took him to mean that she might linger a moment more. She cast her eyes round the room. Over the fireplace, facing the bed, was a full-length portrait of a girl. She was dressed all in red; the glory of her white neck, her brilliant hair, and her blue eyes rose out of the scarlet setting. This was Addie Tristram in her prime; as she was when she fled with Randolph Edge, as she was when she cried in the little room at Heidelberg, “Think of the difference it makes, the enormous difference!”

“My mother likes to have that picture there,” Harry explained.

The sleeping woman stirred faintly. In obedience to a look from Harry, Mina followed him from the room, and they passed down stairs and through the hall together in silence. He came with her as far as the bridge. There he paused. The scene they had left had apparently stirred no new emotion in him; it had left Mina Zabriska trembling and moved to the heart.

“Now you've seen her—and before that you'd seen me. And perhaps now you'll understand that we're the Tristrams of Blent, and that we live and die that.” His voice grew a little louder. “And your nonsense!” he exclaimed. “It's all a lie. But if it was true? It's the blood, isn't it, not the law, that

matters? It's her blood and my blood. That's my real title to Blent."

In the midst of his lying he spoke truth there, and Mina knew it. It seemed as though there, to her, in the privacy of that night, he lied as but a matter of form; his true heart, his true purpose, and his true creed he showed her in his last words. By right of blood he claimed to stand master of Blent, and so he meant to stand.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, yes. God help you to it!" She turned and left him, and ran up the hill, catching her breath in sobs again.

Harry Tristram stood and watched her as long as he could see her retreating figure. There were no signs of excitement about him; even his confession of faith he had spoken calmly, although with strong emphasis. He smiled now as he turned on his heel and took his way back to the house.

"The Major must play his hand alone now," he said; "he'll get no more help from her." He paused a moment. "It's a funny thing, though. That's not really why I took her up."

He shook his head in puzzle; perhaps he could hardly be expected to recognise that it was that pride of his—pride in his mother, his race, himself—which had made him bid Mina Zabriska look upon Lady Tristram as she slept.

*(To be continued.)*