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EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

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A NEW POET AND AN OLD ONE

I

NO one will buy poetry nowadays. And yet every year produces one or two volumes of poetry which sell by the thousand. There is, then, a kind of poetry which is in favour, and a kind or kinds for which there is no demand. Putting aside the work of thoroughly minor poets—often very good, but naturally not of general interest—it would probably not be far from the truth to say that the line of popularity is drawn, by the present generation of readers, between the poetry which stirs emotion and that which awakens thought. The public long to feel; they do not like being made to think. And with an English public the case is aggravated by the fact that quick as they are to perceive beauty of emotion, they are very backward in believing or delighting in the beauty of thought or imagination. The lyric is at present enjoying a complete triumph; it has taken all life for its province, and deals with national sport and imperial defence as well as with the old cries—the life-born joy and the personal sorrows that touch the mind of man. But there are not wanting among us poets of high courage who will go their own way even if they have to go alone, and face the chance of leaving to a remote posterity a great inheritance and an obscure name.

It is only a chance that they face. Beauty, after all, is never friendless, and one by one even the poets, even in their

own lifetime, come by their own in some degree. Mr. Bridges is no longer, to his ever-widening circle of readers, the author only of his "Shorter Poems," but from the poetical throne of his generation rules as many provinces as any of his august predecessors. Mr. Binyon, of whom we wrote two months ago, has been welcomed to his due fame by a tardy but unanimous acclamation; and we shall be disappointed if the same distinction is not now accorded to Mr. Sturge Moore, whose two little volumes[1] just published finally mark him off from the minor or the amateur writer of verse.

These poems are idylls of the more dramatic kind; their motive is description, whether of things seen or things felt—their method is that of vivid dialogue. Seeing that Browning has already turned the name "Dramatic Idyll" to his own uses, it would be safer, perhaps, to speak of them as Idyllic Dramas; and there can be no doubt that but for the difficulty of representing the half-human upon the stage they might be acted with charming effect. As it is, they raise in the mind pictures after the manner of Piero di Cosimo, fit for an Italian frieze or a wedding-chest; and with these we must be content, as well we may.

The old Centaur, Pholus, lies among the boulders on the Thracian hills, gazing forth into the deepening twilight. In the city below he sees the torches of an angry mob, pursuing his brother Medon to a cruel death. He himself will be now the last of the Centaurs, powerless even to avenge.

> Nor will I shed a tear,
> Who still have known
> How vain hope would appear
> When truth was known;
> We were not born to grow
> And gather sway,
> But to a weakling foe
> To yield each day;

[1] "The Centaur's Booty" and "The Rout of the Amazons." By T Sturge Moore. Duckworth & Co., 1903. Each 1*s.* net.

Since numbers and not worth
The Gods decree
Shall rule and foul the earth,
What is, must be.

This is the keynote of the Centaur character, as conceived by the poet: the character of a race of beings "more and other than noblest man, than grandest steed," superhuman not only by their greater animal strength and swiftness, but—in their own opinion—by their resolute, even ferocious, belief in health and power. They bow to no gods, hope not at all, pity no weakness either in others or themselves, hold but one principle of right—"that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can."

Medon, the younger Centaur, has gone on a foray among the homes of men, the weaklings. He is not killed as Pholus feared, but presently returns to his companion, bringing a human child as spoil.

He wept himself to sleep: behold these limbs,
Sturdy, well-knit! . . . Would that there were more light
And thou should'st see a child as brave for health
And strength, as violent and full of passion . . .
Despite his two legs, 'tis a centaur nature.

He tells the tale of his day's work: how he saw first a beautiful maid, then a matron, the mother of his captive, and other human creatures; he remembers his dead centaur mate, Hipponoë, and then again the maid, whose beauty entranced him for a moment. Pholus is alarmed and angry.

Ah! Medon, Medon, how didst thou escape?
For every woman is a thing of pity,
That teaches love of weakness to the strong . . .
They dream of pity when their hands do naught,
And if they smile, have thought on tenderness. . . .
They spread this madness through the race of men;
For men were once as centaurs, proud of strength,
And scorned to win by numbers—men were once
Our equals, and their wives wholesome as ours,
Obedient to the male and calm with health!

Medon hears him out but turns to the child, henceforth their foster-son, their successor, and their avenger.

> Behold, the moon doth rise ;
> Her light, see, steals
> Across the lichened surface of this slab :
> It reaches now his little foot, behold !
> What roads, what seashores and what craggy heights
> Softly and firmly planted, shall this tread
> And carry with it all our will's success :—

Pholus, "old grumbler," at last gives way and consents to rear the child ; he catches fire at the thought of vengeance, and the two sing in galloping rhythms of what the boy's life shall be among the mountains, wild, free, and irresistible ; Pholus glorying in the thought of the fierce eyes that, like those of the centaurs of old

> Shall glow without hindrance of pity,
> Shall burn without let from remorse,
> As havoc from city to city
> He hounds on his destinied course.

Medon in a less ferocious vein :

> But first, in high valleys,
> When June is in blow,
> He shall sleep and run naked
> Till hairs on him grow !
> Or in the hale winter
> Shall powder their snow
> Till hooves on him grow !
> Till hooves on him grow !

And so, up valleys and across ridges, they pass away "into the heart of the range, by turns carrying the child and arousing the echoes." Many other echoes they arouse, in the heart of the reader, for this is a poet who has put into his art that "fundamental brainwork" of which Rossetti spoke. His pictures are beautiful and new, but there is more in them than the impression, caught and perpetuated, of that which has met, or might have met, the eye. There is "that which

must have been," the full logical content of the subject, not half divined by the flashlight of inspired ignorance, but patiently and joyfully tracked in the daylight of reason under a golden sun. We shall not wake to-morrow feeling that we have been perhaps a little morbid overnight; we shall take this insight and this humour with us all day and be the stronger for it. The thought itself will wear; it is neither new nor old; it was not new in the days of Nimrod, it is not out of date in the generation of Nietsche.

With this poem the "Rout of the Amazons" is well matched. In both we delight in the strength of a horse, in both we think on pity and ferocity. But with the Amazons the parts are reversed: here it is the women who are fierce and ambitious of a more than human strength; it is the faun and the shepherd, gentle dwellers in the fields, who are pitiful and curious. The faun comes to Laomedon, busy at his upper fold, with a wild creature's terrified and half coherent story of cruelly wounded beauty:

> . . . dragged by one foot from the fight,
> Amid the horrors whirled by a frantic steed,
> Her head trailed through the dust, her poor bruised face
> Like a downbeaten muddied flower, fainted,—
> Her white hands trodden upon,
> Her white hands trodden upon.
> What pain! alas, what pain!

Laomedon at first will not believe; but the faun is earnest, and sets himself to describe the march of the Amazons against the men of Attica.

> It was for beauty like a fleet at sea,
> Or like an hundred swans
> Sailing before the breeze across a lake. . . .
> I thought the night had borne me heavenward
> And in Olympus I had waked from sleep;
> And when their war-song rose
> Long tears of rapture ran across my face;
> Apollo made it, or, if 'twas not he,
> Why, Marsyas died for nought.

The fight is heart-breaking to the faun, for it is merciless on both sides: the fair women are beaten down or driven flying; he follows them through the forest and comes on one fallen and dead. His voice tolls to a kind of chant as he describes her silent helpless beauty lying "At foot of tall and grandly towering pines." Moved by the wonder of the picture, Laomedon suspects the other has been dreaming.

> No, no! no dream!
> Not far from where that lovely warrior lay
> I sate me down in deep and solemn mood . . .
> And it grew cold.
> And the damp spring-tide evening settled in;
> Between the tall sad trunks the light grew grey,
> And green gave place to blackness in the grass . . .
> Mutely I prayed
> That she to joy might even now return,
> Then looked and saw the stars shine through the boughs,
> And far away I heard a silver sound . . .
> A hallali on horns of crystal sounded.

It was the nymphs of Artemis winding the death-note over those dead queens, and making them ready for burial: a sight of weird and moving splendour.

> So come, for we may see them at their work
> And in our hearts put by so pure a vision,
> That though old age and blindness fall on us,
> We shall know hours of rapture till the end.

Laomedon consents, and the piece ends with a masterly little scene, a tender and humorous anti-climax, in which the wife and children of the shepherd send him off well packed with warnings and a wallet of food.

> If it be wise to try and see the gods
> I know not: but your father is a man,
> And men will not be cautious in such things;
> So let us get to bed and pray for him.

We have written at some length of these two poems because though but of modest extent—some twelve hundred

lines together—in them their author seems to us to have once for all proved his hand. They have no purple passages, and none without interest and beauty; they rely more on soundness and lucidity than on scattered felicities of style, but the metre is varied successfully throughout, and the reasoned order of the thought is matched by the certainty of the touch; every line, beautiful or not as you will, is evidently the work of a man who knows his art and can draw his curve with unfaltering skill. But these are minor merits: the poems must stand or fall by the imagination which gives them life. Of this they will speak for themselves; and they will speak, too, to all thoughtful readers, of a civilisation older and greater than our own; of a culture that still comes far nearer to the heart of life than any of the hasty, unreal and boastful systems by which barbarian generations have thought to supersede it.

II

In a country garden far away grows a strange laburnum tree, bearing blossoms golden and pink and white. It is not nearly so beautiful as the common laburnum—it would never be liked so well. Certain unpopular poets resemble this tree. The flowers of their genius are not all golden; and though they may be more unusual than these that are, there is something apart from nature about them, something that half repels by oddity. Such a poet was George Darley, whose best work has of late been gathered together by Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, and republished in a charming little volume,[1] with a frontispiece taken from "The Followers of Bacchus" in the British Museum. The notes are capricious. Why should it be necessary to explain such words as "shepherdry," "Panacee," "enorm," when such words as "prore," "resty," "meiny," and "foundless" are left to look after themselves? The Intro-

[1] A Selection from the Poems of George Darley. Methuen & Co. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

duction is excellent, and contains most interesting passages from Darley's letters. Alas, poor Darley! A stammer which rendered him almost unintelligible made his life one long solitude, and nobody cared to read his poems except Miss Mitford. Even Miss Mitford never read "Nepenthe" through, though she wrote him a few words of praise that called forth in response a letter as terrible as letters written in blood, the unveiling of an agony of loneliness, of a rapture of gratitude for what was, after all, but courtesy, that might draw tears to-day from any one who cares about human pain. No! People would not have him at any price. There were too many blossoms on the tree, and they were not all golden.

And yet he was a fine poet. Mr. Streatfeild underrates his power of borrowing. "Another fault, if it be a fault, is that he sometimes recalls other writers." This is weak report of the faculty by which he deceived such judges as Mr. Palgrave, and, we presume, the late Laureate. "It is not Beauty I demand" was printed for many years among the Cavalier lyrics in "The Golden Treasury," and only turned adrift when something other than the style of it had satisfied the critic that it was by an Early Victorian. There is a rich Shakespearean passage in "Nepenthe," closing with a variation of the Dirge in *Cymbeline:*

> Cliff, of smoothest front sublime,
> Tablet for that old storier Time!
> What huge aboriginal sons
> Of Earth, beat down by vengeful waves,
> Sleep beneath these obliterate stones
> In unmeasurable graves?
> What mystic word inscribed can show
> His terrible might who sleeps below? . . .
> The sands of thy own life, Renown,
> Run between two creations down,
> Few centuries apart! What need
> Glorious thought, or word, or deed,
> When all mortal grandeur must
> Lie with oblivion in the dust?

Some of the loveliest lines in "Sylvia" come straight from *The Merchant of Venice:*

> Yet it is strange!
> There is a melancholy in sun-bright fields
> Deeper to me than gloom; I am ne'er so sad
> As when I sit among bright scenes alone.

There is yet another passage from "Nepenthe" that Milton would hardly have blushed to write in the days when he wrote the "Allegro" and "Penseroso"; and Keats and Shelley were doubtless fellow workers with him, though Darley did not know it. The echo at the end of each verse of "The Enchanted Lyre" recalls a most pathetic scene in Webster's "Duchess of Malfy"—the more so that few poets have tried this effect, considering it perhaps too obvious. Sometimes, however, it was not Darley who was the borrower; and when he lent he lent magnificently. Those who know and treasure Mr. Meredith's "Love in a Valley" will be the first to acknowledge his debt and theirs to the author of the "Serenade of a Loyal Martyr":

> Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers
> Lull'd by the faint breezes sighing through her hair;
> Sleeps she and hears not the melancholy numbers
> Breathed to my sad lute 'mid the lonely air.
>
> Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming
> To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above:
> O that in tears, from my rocky prison streaming
> I too could glide to the bower of my love!
>
> Ah! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound her,
> Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
> Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,
> To her lost mate's call in the forests far away.

There can be no question here to whom the credit of originality is due. Sometimes, too, Darley happened upon not only a rare method, but a rare subject. The sons of Apollo are often thrown together with the sons of Thalia, yet there are few

good poems addressed to actors—it may be once more on account of a certain obviousness which makes the former shy. Darley's Sonnet "On the Death of Talma" deserves high praise. The Happy Actor could not be better described than in the lines:

> Thy life contracted many a glorious age,
> Thou madest the virtues of all years thine own.

The point of view is different from Schiller's in the great Prologue of *Wallenstein*, and Sonnet and Prologue will repay detailed comparison. Again, when we think of the high favour in which the stars are held among the sons of Apollo, it seems odd that there should be so few poems on Shooting Stars. Darley caught one and it is welcome in our English tongue though it be not so fair a fallen star as Béranger's. He thoroughly understands the Moon, of course, as every poet should:

> Through dusky glens now peeps the zenith Queen
> Raining her light upon the glittering turf.
> White hoods are thick upon the dale; the fir
> Lights all its prickly spires, and the tall reeds,
> Sharpen'd with visionary cusps of steel,
> In scatter'd groups, gleam down the silver vales.

He sees and shares the true poetic life in all things. He is a bird with the birds, a flower with flowers. The heather smells sweet, the bees hum on the mountain. He knows the path to that enchanted pleasance where

> Millions of blossoms, fruits a nd gems
> Bend with rich fruit the massy stems;
> Millions of restless dizzy things
> With ruby tufts and rainbow wings
> Speckle the eye-refreshing shades,
> Burn through the air, or swim the glades.

If Allingham were not the Laureate of the Fairy Queen, he might lay claim to that distinguished position:

> Voices! ho! ho! a band is coming,
> Loud as ten thousand bees a-humming,

Or ranks of little merry men
Tromboning deeply from the glen,
And now as if they changed, and rung
Their citterns small and riband-slung
Over their gallant shoulders hung!

Lohengrin would have envied for his pilot the bird in "Sylvia":

Look on the feeding swan beneath the willows,
How pure her white neck gleams against their green
As she sits nesting on the waters!

ROMANZO. Beautiful!
She is the lady of the reed-girt isles!
See! how she swells her navigable wings
And coasts her sedgy empire keenly round!
She looks a bird of snow dropt from the clouds
To queen it o'er the minnows

SYLVIA. Doth she not?
Side-looking, slow, disdainful one!

ROMANZO. The bright,
The pearly creature! Lone and calm she rides,
Like Dian on the wave when night is clear,
And the sleek west wind smooths the billows down
Into forgetfulness, that she may see
How fast her silver gondola can boom
Sheer on the level deep.

Stillness—another great element of beauty—Darley expresses so powerfully as to make one forget that, after all, it has to be expressed in words:

I seem like one lost in a deep blue sea
Down, down beneath the billows many a mile,
Where naught of their loud eloquence is heard,
Save a dead murmur of the rushing waves
Fleeting above, more silent than no sound.

We have quoted enough to show how admirable he is in choice of epithets. His similes are not made up of mere frigid resemblance, but quick with life like those of a child:

The music that I hear
Makes me dance onward like the thistledown
Timing its gait to the winds' eloquence.

To talk about "un-Atlantic shoulders," "my Lancastrian cheek" was perhaps a little hard on Atlas and the House of Lancaster; but such an exquisite conceit as this absolves him;

Once on a time, when Love was young,
  When light as his own dart he flew,
Where'er a gentle lay was sung,
  E'en there would Love be singing too.

But now, alas! that Love is old,
  Beauty may e'en lay down her lute,
His wings are stiff, his heart is cold,
  He will not come and warble to 't.

Or like a tottering tiny sire,
  With false voice and false-feathered wing,
Will only to a golden lyre
  And for a golden penny sing.

His songs are not all equal (anything worse than the first verse of "My Bower" it were hard to conceive), but at his best he is as dainty-sweet as Beddoes, and now and then he strikes the intense personal note which Mangan uttered in "Dark Rosaleen," and in one other unforgettable poem. He strikes it in the lines "To My Dead Mistress," and with this stanza—the finest in the book—we will conclude;

Buried for ever in my heart shall be
  The image of that form I once adored,
Clasping it as a shrine on bended knee,
  To gain one smile or sweet auspicious word!
In sooth it was more fond idolatry
  Than woman should accept or man accord
  To aught but One—and death avenged the Lord!

ON THE LINE

In his preface to the **Life and Campaigns of Hugh, Viscount Gough**, by Robert S. Rait (Constable, 31*s.* 6*d.* net), which appears more than fifty years after the popular veteran's last command of an army in the field, and thirty years after his death, Mr. Rait, his biographer, tells us that

> The delay has been due to the fact that the years of Lord Gough's Indian command were marked by a series of controversies with other eminent representatives of the British power in India. Viscount Gough himself decided that it was unadvisable, in his own lifetime, to reveal the differences of opinion that existed between the military and the civil authorities, and he preferred to permit his whole military policy to be misunderstood by the Press and the public rather than to defend himself by embarking upon an embittered personal controversy. This attitude was maintained by his family after his death, and statements which are demonstrably unfair to Lord Gough have passed unquestioned in numberless works relating to India, or to military history.

The admittedly controversial character of the book before us does not spoil the narrative, which carries us back to the Peninsular War, and to that novel experience of British Commanders, our first Chinese War (1842), and to the Conquest of the Punjaub. The exploits of Colonel Gough at Talavera and Barrosa and Tarifa, where he commanded the 87th (Royal Irish Fusiliers) are romantic and famous from the fame of the enemy, but not more stirring than those of Sir Hugh Gough on the heights of Canton, and in the other sieges which led to the fruitful peace of Nankin, or his well-known march in 1845, when the Sikh hosts suddenly invaded

British India in time of peace, and Sir Hugh (with Hardinge, the new Governor-General, second in command under his orders) defeated the invaders by sheer hard fighting at Moodki, Ferozeshah and Sobraon. Gough, now Baron Gough of China, Maharajpore and the Sutlej, was the first Commander-in-Chief to command at Lahore, that is to say, to form military India, as we know it this day, from our rule over its most warlike province, the Punjaub. The way to understand our hold on its wild and chivalrous tribes is to see British and Native regiments in India, which is perhaps not the way politicians imagine. Controversies both on military policy and the sacrifices at which some of his battles were won, surrounded Gough—"controversy between the Commander-in-Chief in India and the Governor-General is almost invariable," Mr. Rait says—and as regards the bloody victory of Moodki (with loss of seventeen guns and thirteen officers, amongst whom was the hero of the 13th Somersets, Sir Robert Sale, the distinguished Quarter-Master-General of H.M.'s forces), he shows us that Gough was hampered in his preparations to meet the first sudden irruption of the Sikhs by a policy of inactivity forced upon Lord Hardinge by circumstances. In 1845 the Punjaub revolted and the Second Sikh war was fought. Again one of the bloodiest victories ever known in India was Gough's at Chillianwalla. In his recently published memoirs Lord Wolseley alludes to it: "A disabled officer told me that on the evening of that unfortunate battle, where British courage was a more distinguishing feature than the tactical ability of the general commanding, the dead bodies of thirteen of his brother officers lay on the dining-table in their mess tent." The severe loss seems to have been due to the failure of a subordinate officer, but Gough's generous nature made him brave the newspaper attacks without a word of self-justification. Sir Charles Napier was sent out to supersede him; but before the change could take place Gough had re-established his reputation by his crushing defeat of the Sikh armies at

Goojerat (1849), followed by their unconditional surrender. But he saw no more active service. The silence which settles upon such a military achievement is a little melancholy, but the public have now every means of judging of the difficulties of his Indian command. We live in an age of biography, and it is well when the subject of it is a brave old warrior, all honour and highmindedness; a noble presence, a reputation for having fought more battles than any officer of the century except the Duke of Wellington, a power of inspiring his men, a patriarchal life in Ireland (Gough became Viscount and field marshal in 1862 and died in 1869), complete the picture. We quote the following to show the Irish character of leader and men of the renowned battalion of the 87th (Royal Irish Fusiliers) in the Peninsular War; their famous charge at Barrosa had won the first "eagle" taken from the French. Now they were defending Tarifa's citadel (which we may all see some day, it is so near Gibraltar, on the extreme south of the Andalusian coast on the Straits), against the French attack:

About 2,000 French grenadiers moved up to the breach (to the right in the wall of the Portcullis tower[1]). Gough, who had instructed his men that "wherever there is opportunity, the bayonet must be used," drew his sword and ordered the band to strike up an Irish air, "Garry-Owen." So furious was the fire that the enemy, finding the breach less practicable than Laval had anticipated, diverted their onslaught to the Portcullis. Here, too, Gough and the 87th were ready to receive them, and to the music of "St. Patrick's Day" prepared to meet the advancing foe. The French could not stand the attack of the Faugh-a-Ballaghs; their leader fell outside the bars of the Portcullis, close to where Gough stood in person at the head of his men; and the wounded Frenchman gave up his sword to Gough, in token of surrender. Gough received it through the bars of the Portcullis. The main difficulty now was to restrain the impetuosity of the 87th. "Colonel," pleaded one of the regiment, as his commander forbade him to pursue, "Colonel, I only want to tache 'em what it is to attack the Aiglers." But not even the appeal to the glories of Barrosa could win the desired permission, and he had to be content with the hope that "next time they come, we'll give them 'Garry-Owen to glory' again."

Mr. Rait has done his part well to vindicate Lord Gough

[1] Whence the Portcullis in his arms, granted as an augmentation of honour.

as a General, writing in the comparative seclusion of New College whilst in communication with more than one distinguished and experienced officer, and his work forms one of several parallel narratives, notably those of Sir Harry Smith's and Lord Seaton's lives, which reveal a line of Peninsular warriors, like statues lost awhile in the sands of time with limbs broken off and scattered, now restored as an imposing whole with subsequent contests which have enlarged and confirmed the Empire.

Canon Ainger's beautiful taste—his dainty sense of all that is exquisite either in sadness or in gladness—finds a fair field in the work of **Crabbe.** (Macmillan, 2*s.* net.) A world in which Crabbe should be popular would be indeed a dismal world to contemplate, a world where the sun never shone, a world the citizens of which dressed always and infallibly in brown. Yet the world, as at present coloured, would lack something if Crabbe were not popular—and very popular—among those few hard readers who read to please themselves and not the daily paper. Scott, whose judgment was so catholic that he loved almost everything, delighted in him; Fitzgerald, whose judgment was so exclusive that he loved almost nothing, did the same. Clearly here is a shade who will not be toasted in the water of Lethe, and if we dare not agree with his biographer that he and Wordsworth "played an equally important part in the revival of the human and emotional virtues of poetry," we have no right to dispose of him with a light heart because he called a spade a spade and in his work the spades outnumber the diamonds, and because the rhymed couplet in which he wrote becomes intolerably monotonous to an ear trained on the varied metrical effects of an age that cares about style. He was a great prose writer writing in poetry, just as Ruskin was a great poet writing in prose.

His life is much as it might have been had he himself invented it—the very names are names that he would choose. He went to school at *Bungay*, his earliest editor was *Mr.*

Wheble, his orphaned lady-love bore the name of *Sarah Elmy*, and lived with an uncle and aunt called Mr. and Mrs. Tovell. Fate showed a nicer sense than usual of what is fitting when she sent him to live in the flat country about Aldeburgh. It is easy enough to believe that he suffered from the kindness of the great as from the unkindness of the humble—that his poor wife was quietly mad for many a long year before she died—that his parishioners rang the bells to welcome his successor before he had quitted the Vicarage. Now and then (fortunately for us it is only in books that people are consistent) he acted out of character. He stood for hours at a bookseller's counter, absorbed in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," he took it into his head to visit Scott at the very moment when George IV. did—with what fantastic consequences readers of Lockhart know well; he indulged, as ancient poets will, in flirtation, and stuffed a blackcock sent him by Miss Joanna Baillie for fear she should think it too beautiful to be eaten. Beside his poems, however, he counts for little. His letters, except one dignified and pathetic appeal, are too formal to attract, and dashes appear to represent the most interesting part of his diary. His genius was a carefully tended lamp, not a flame of fire that kindled his whole being. There are poets like Shelley and Keats who are poets every hour of their life; there are others who keep the poet and the man distinct, and Crabbe was one of these. Canon Ainger has done what he could for the man; but he has done his best by the poet. We are relieved to escape from the chronicle of nothing in particular to the clear, thoughtful criticism of lines and passages that rank among the great possessions of the English language.

Every new book by Miss Mary Findlater takes a higher place than the last; because, to her great natural gifts she adds that faculty of taking trouble which makes the true artist. The characters in "A Narrow Way" were excellent. The characters in **The Rose of Joy** (Methuen, 6*s*.) are just as good, and they are in themselves more interesting, while the plot is

woven with far greater care and skill. A firm, live hand seizes the reader and will not let him go. The beginning and the end are unfortunate—the beginning because it inevitably suggests comparison with the peerless beginning of one of Scott's masterpieces and because it points out a track which is not followed up—the end because it is not an end but a kind of leaving off which leaves the audience as unsatisfied as the actors. Half a loaf may be better than no bread as a matter of fact, and as a matter of fact it may be the usual portion of most men and women, but it is hard measure for a heroine so friendly as the sweet, appealing Susan, and though we cannot for an instant doubt that it is natural, we cannot help a wistful, secret wish that, for once in a way, something unnatural had happened. A gentler, dearer being than Susan it is hard to imagine. Her mother, her little brothers and sisters, her terrible family-in-law, are drawn with the finest humour. The men are those exceptional men about whom women like to write because they find them easier to understand than the normal type; but men like these exist, and they exist like this. Dally, the animal whom animals understand even better than Susan, artist and child, could understand, is admirable, and Archie makes an admirable foil. Whether Susan, being what she was, would ever have left Dally, seems questionable, but then she was Scotch; they were all Scotch. As for Juliet, every one in the book is her lover; every one out of the book will be her lover too; to fall in love with one girl and to love the other for life is the fate of whoso takes this "Rose" into his hand. We may as well mention that the spots on Mrs. Murchison's drawing-room wall-paper could not have numbered four hundred and seventy-eight one day and five hundred and seventy another, and that Colonel Hamilton should be above a misquotation from Coleridge.

Mr. W. G. Waters's admirable translation of **The Journal of Montaigne's Travels in Italy by way of Switzerland and Germany in 1580 and 1581** (Murray, 3 vols., 15*s.* net)

is most welcome, for the Journal itself has nearly every good quality which a book of its kind can have. Even its bibliographical history has a touch of romance. The MS., partly written by a secretary from Montaigne's dictation and partly written (in French and Italian) by Montaigne himself, was accidentally discovered in a chest at his château, and published in 1774. Discoveries like this (and they are not so uncommon as might be supposed) set the mind upon a pleasant train of reflection regarding other treasures which may one day be revealed. Montaigne started soon after the first edition of the "Essays" had been published, and he and his companions visited a great number of places in France, Switzerland, the Empire and Italy. Opinions may differ as to which part of the record is most interesting, but the whole Journal is fascinating, not only as a description of contemporary life and manners, but, still more, as a revelation of the character of "the wisest Frenchman that ever lived." From the point of view of the social historian, Montaigne was indeed an ideal traveller. Nothing was beneath his curiosity, and nothing escaped his attention. One of his few regrets was that he had not consulted more books which would have told him what sights he ought to see, and that he had not taken with him that sixteenth-century guide-book known as Münster's "Cosmographia." He discussed theology with learned divines, Catholic and Lutheran, but was not above describing the inns at which he stayed, the food, the wine, the beds. "In order to make full trial of diverse manners and customs of the countries he visited," his secretary writes, "he always conformed to local usage, however greatly such a usage may have irked him." One object of his journey was to seek a cure for the kidney trouble from which he suffered, and he gives a detailed account of the many baths he visited for this purpose. The chief of these were Plombières, Baden and Lucca, but nearly every Italian town seems in those days to have boasted some curative water, the use of which betrayed a curious mixture of science and superstition. Montaigne had a high

opinion of German cooking. After praising the "vast abundance" of their provisions, he adds that "nothing in our own way of living can be found equal to it." "Their kitchens," he says, "are incomparably superior to those of our great houses;" and he was sorry he had not brought his cook with him to learn the German methods.

The chief interest of the book, however, lies in the revelation it affords of the character of Montaigne himself, his urbanity, courage, and serenity of mind. He must have suffered acute pain, for he went about, to use Sainte-Beuve's vivid phrase, "semant ses pierres et graviers sur les routes," but he was always alert, cheerful, even happy. This character is revealed unconsciously and with complete consistency on every page of the Journal, nowhere perhaps more fully than in the account of Montaigne's long stay at the Baths of Lucca, where, he tells us, "one night the country people danced together, and I joined in the sport so as not to seem over ceremonious"; and where, on another night, he himself gave a ball. This function involved the giving of presents to the ladies, and there is a pleasant Cinderella-like touch about the fact which he records, that one pair of shoes went "to a pretty girl who did not come to the ball."

A deeply interesting book, and yet it is hardly known in England (a translation by W. Hazlitt the younger was annexed to his edition of the Essays in 1842), and even in France, as Mr. Waters tells us with surprise, it never roused much enthusiasm. Why? Two reasons are, we think, suggested by Sainte-Beuve's delightful essay on "Montaigne en Voyage" in the *Nouveaux Lundis*. Sainte-Beuve there admits that the book is of no interest in a literary point of view, and that Montaigne indulges in hardly a single reflection. That is a large admission and accounts for the disappointment of readers who take up the Journal, not as a record of travel and a piece of autobiography, but in the hope that they will find something like a volume of posthumous *Essays*. Again, Sainte-Beuve contrasts Montaigne and Chateaubriand. Mon-

taigne travelled for the sake of travelling, to see and learn; he was "le curieux amusé de la vie." Chateaubriand, on the other hand, was "l' artiste qui voyage"; he travelled that he might describe when he got home the things which he had seen with an artist's eye during his travels. In other words, to put the matter bluntly, Chateaubriand travelled for "copy," while Montaigne travelled to extend his mind; and the general reader in modern times is plainly on the side of Chateaubriand.

Mr. Waters has added many useful notes identifying the various persons whom Montaigne met, and the volumes contain most appropriately a number of old views taken from the "Civitates Orbis Terrarum," and Piranesi's "Views of Rome."

We will not attempt to review under one heading so miscellaneous a volume as Bishop Creighton's **Lectures and Addresses** (Longmans, 5*s.* net). We would rather look upon it as a contribution to his own biography, a picture of a man in whom learning, not so much profound as discursive, combined with natural rapidity of intelligence and comprehensiveness of view made up one side of a complex character, whilst the other is that of a hardworking and vigorous man of the world, as solid as he was brilliant, thought unorthodox by those who did not understand his faith, and frivolous by those who did not understand his seriousness, not suffering fools gladly, but combating stupidity by paradox; a brilliant living personality; an intellect which converted all forms of sustenance, whether found in books or in the converse of men, into vital fibre. The world seemed to grow younger when he came into a room; and in reading these lectures the first impression is that of youthfulness.

In the next place, Bishop Creighton was above all an Englishman, in his love of historical institutions, his distrust of reforms which were not developments but novelties, his combination of business with literature and of common sense

with learning. There is danger of spoiling our historians and scholars by turning them into bishops; but though the world may be poorer by some volumes, no one can reasonably regret the course of events which brought Bishop Creighton to Peterborough and London, and made him for a few years the centre of life and vigorous action in the Church of England.

As was the man, so we see him in this volume. Few men are able to generalise widely and safely as Creighton did; but those are the writers who teach. To him the teaching of ecclesiastical history is not an inculcation of dogma nor the propagation of a view, but the study of the Church and the world together. "Theology," he says, "has become historical and does not demand that history should become theological." Ecclesiastical history is not politics nor biography nor the history of opinion alone, but all these, viewed in relation to the present, if it is to be more than a series of pigeon-holes stuffed with documents. Mediæval facts and primitive facts are here shown to resemble facts of later history; English history is compared with foreign history. The English character of Bishop Grosseteste or of Elizabeth and her bishops and statesmen is well brought out and illustrates the writer's own strongly national character. Indeed he seems almost to interpret the great Queen's ecclesiastical policy as little more than "a desire to express the wishes of the English people so far as it was possible to do so." This is brought out more fully in the Lecture on "The English National Character"; in reading which we are conscious that the bishop, like Ulysses, was helped to understand his own nation by having observed so many others. The same temper of mind appears in his preference of the continuity of national life to the sudden dramatic and picturesque incidents which enliven it. Yet, however scientific his treatment, we can hardly think that if Bishop Creighton had been choosing a book to feed his mind and elevate his imagination he would have preferred Seeley's *Life of Stein* to Froude's *History*.

We hope that our heroes may never want as faithful and competent biographers as Mr. Moore Smith, who in his **Life of John Colborne, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton** (Murray, 16*s.* net), has put before us another picture of the Happy Warrior. "Few men are like him; indeed, except the Duke of Wellington, I know no officer in the British Army his equal," wrote Sir George Napier in 1828; and Colborne and Harry Smith, true brothers in arms and officers of the same immortal 52nd Regiment, may serve as patterns of the British soldier in his graver and gayer aspects; Smith full of dash and enterprise, with a vein of sentiment which sometimes issued in rhodomontade, Colborne serious, thoughtful and resolute; both indomitably brave, both thought and proved worthy for employment which demanded statesmanship as well as military prowess.

John Colborne was born in 1778, and was sent to Christ's Hospital, where he was a schoolfellow of Coleridge and Lamb; but at the age of ten he was removed by his stepfather, Mr. Bargus, to Winchester, which school honours him so highly as to put his name as fourth in the list of their worthies, after Grocyn, Ken and Selborne. He joined the army at sixteen, served in the Helder expedition, and showed from the first that he was a soldier who could think as well as act. Such a slight incident as his concluding the probability of an attack from seeing a Dutch officer measuring the depth of a dyke with a stick, shows the habit of mind which the Duke described as guessing at what might be on the other side of the hill or round the corner. This habit of close observation and induction, combined with that of preparedness and presence of mind, came out on two famous occasions, at Orthes and Waterloo, as we shall see.

After serving with the 20th Regiment at Alexandria in 1801 and in the Calabrian Expedition of 1805, during which he commanded a company in the battle of Maida, he was present at Vimiero in August 1808, being attached to Sir John Moore as military secretary. He fought at Corunna, and was

one of the few officers who saw Moore die and laid him in his grave. Moore might have been forgotten but for Wolfe's poem, which has preserved his well-earned fame. It is satisfactory to know that Colborne defended his reputation from all attacks, and considered him as a general worthy to be put by the side of Wellington.

He was offered the post of military secretary to Sir Arthur Wellesley when leaving for the Peninsula, but declined it (officers seem to have done much as they liked in those days) and embarked for Spain, apparently unattached, "to see further service." Soon afterwards he was appointed as Lieut.-Colonel to the 66th Regiment. At Albuera he commanded the 1st Brigade on the right of the Allies, and bore the brunt of the action, his own regiment, the 66th, losing its colours and being almost destroyed.

Soon after Albuera Colborne was appointed to the 52nd, one of the regiments of Crauford's famous Light Division. Of a brilliant feat of arms accomplished by himself at Ciudad Rodrigo, he wrote thus: "Success in assaults can only be expected from high discipline and order, and not from bayonets and forlorn hopes without a fire on the defences." On this occasion, some order having been misunderstood by Sir Harry Smith, then a captain in the 52nd, that officer writes: "Many an officer would have stormed like fury. He only thought of storming Fort San Francisco, which he carried in a glorious manner."

He showed extraordinary personal gallantry at Vera in October, and at Nivelle in November 1813. "There was I," he wrote, "on the top of this hill, heading the 52nd, and exposed to a most murderous fire, the balls and shell falling like hailstones. I saw Harry Smith fall with his horse on him, and thought he was killed. My aide-de-camp, Captain Fane, dismounted, and entreated me to do the same. 'Pray get off, sir, pray get off.' I was never in such peril in my whole life, but thinking the boldest plan was the best, I waved my handkerchief and called out loudly to the

French leader on the other side of the wall, 'What nonsense this is, attempting to hold out,' . . . and so the French officer, after some hesitation, surrendered and marched out with the honours of war."

At Orthes, trusting to the discipline of the 52nd, who "marched down as evenly and regularly as if on parade," he deployed into the low ground, crossed the marsh and carried the hill, and so stopped the French advance. "This attack," wrote Lord Wellington, "dislodged the enemy from the heights and gave us the victory." "He could not help saying that," was Colborne's comment.

At Waterloo, at the supreme moment, when Napoleon's last columns were advancing upon the Guards, Colborne took upon himself the responsibility of "advancing the 52nd and wheeling its whole line on its left as a pivot as if it had been a single company," a thing altogether unprecedented, and well described as "one of those promptings of inspiration that mark the mind of a great general." By this movement he was able to take the column of the Old Guard in flank and break it. It was at this moment that the Duke ordered the general advance; it was the turning-point of the day; and Colborne's unexpected and unpremeditated manœuvre was the action which immediately decided the battle of Waterloo.

Victorious generals do not always do justice to their subordinates; and Wellington in his despatch reserved all the glory to the Guards and made no mention of the 52nd. It is one of the marks of greatness in Colborne that he never blamed the Duke. He rebuked some officers of the 52nd who were making complaint of this neglect. "For shame, gentlemen! one would think the 52nd had never been in battle before!"

We cannot go fully into the history of Colborne's services in Canada and the Ionian Islands. He had to put down two rebellions in Canada, and to govern an angry and discontented people, and showed good sense and statesmanship both in severity and mercy. The question of Canada was so fiercely

discussed that no public man who held office there could escape unfavourable criticism, and Colborne came in for his full share of misrepresentation from political opponents, and neglect from the Ministers whom he served. In the Ionian Islands, if his action seemed at variance with the conservative principles which guided him at home, he acted in accordance with the wishes of the population, and it is easy to see from his own words that he thought the ultimate annexation of the Seven Islands to Greece was an event to be welcomed rather than feared.

In the biography of a soldier the personal portrait is as interesting as the deeds of arms. All that we hear of him tells of goodness as well as greatness. We are reminded of Lord Albemarle's story, how Colborne called him, a young subaltern, into his tent and gave him a cup of tea on the wet chilly morning of Waterloo. Lord Seaton had not the Duke's gaiety and alertness, he was of a more stately and severe presence, but as gentle as he was noble. He was a Christian hero of the grand type, and was deeply loved as well as admired by friends and relations. Just before his death, at the age of eighty-five, it is recorded of him that "there was no air of the feebleness of old age about him, no bending, no decay, but the same affectionateness, the same serenity and sweetness, the same quiet depth of dutiful trust and undemonstrative devotion that had been his through life."

Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
hanc Remus et fratres; sic fortis Etruria crevit.

THE CRISIS IN THE FAR EAST

THE crisis in the Far East has been developing itself for the last four or five years, but during the past three months the tension between Russia and Japan has ever been growing more and more marked. Even if the breaking-point has not been reached before this article meets the reader's eye, there is abundant justification for the utmost apprehension. At the moment of writing diplomacy continues its laborious efforts to avert war; but those best informed with regard to all the elements in the situation are not sanguine that the issue will be peace, as vast national interests, not only apparently, but in reality irreconcilable, are involved. Meanwhile the concentration of fleets and armies within the area of probable conflict, the accumulation of gigantic stores of war material at central points, and the purchase of cruisers, transports, and enormous quantities of coal and provisions in outside markets by one or other or both of the two opposed empires, sufficiently indicate how far matters have gone. Short of actual war, the position could not be more grave.

And the utterance of a deeper and far more sinister and more menacing note is heard, like the heavy rumble of thunder, distant yet foreboding the onset of the storm; for there are not wanting those who see in the struggle, should it result in victory for Japan, the opening of a new chapter in the history of the world, on whose pages the Yellow Peril is written large, while those who forecast an opposite event

prophesy the absorption of China by Russia, and another long step taken towards the overmastering predominance of the Slav. And behind all this there lies the fear it may not be possible to "localise" the contest, and that other Powers may be drawn in; thus is raised the grim spectre of universal war.

In my opening sentence I wrote advisedly that the crisis had "been developing itself." From a philosophical point of view, the crisis is natural, inevitable, and was bound to come sooner or later, having its roots deep in history, its branches far outspread by forces always working in great living strenuous races. It is a crisis that comes about because of expansion in both empires, because of pressure from within, because of the necessary reaching out for, and the seizing of opportunity if it is to be taken advantage of before it passes away for ever. In these respects the story of the nations for the last two generations has been all of one piece whenever and wherever it was possible, and this has been conspicuously true of Anglo-Saxondom.

To the great relief of Germany, in whose heart there abides the fear of her colossal neighbour, Russian expansion has found scope in Asia, where, up to the present time, it has encountered but small resistance. With scarcely a halt, hardly a check, the descendants of Rurik and Yermak passed across Siberia to the Pacific. For a while they rested on the north bank of the Amur, casting a longing gaze on the other and better side, waiting for the day to dawn when they should go in and possess this Land of Promise. The day came, but not before Russian expansion had become acutely sensible of the fact that it was threatened with opposition.

Prior to Japan's victorious war with China it is doubtful if Russia paid any particular attention to the rising "Island Empire" of the Far East; but the result of that campaign opened her eyes, and she recognised, though contemptuously enough, a possible rival. Determined to oust Japan from the footing she had obtained in 1895 by conquest on the mainland

of Asia, she, helped by France and Germany, compelled Japan, unable to offer effective resistance to this powerful combination, to retrocede the Liao-tung Peninsula to China. Then followed, as everybody knows, the Russian occupation of Port Arthur, the Boxer Rising, the Russian invasion of Manchuria, and the completion of the Transasiatic Railway. In everything but name Manchuria became a Russian province.

It appeared as if the Powers on the whole were willing after some faint show of protest to acquiesce in this wholesale appropriation of Chinese territory; but Japan, who in the interval had acquired a powerful fleet and had in other ways immensely strengthened her position, objected strongly to it—she did so from the first. It is not generally known, but it is the case, that the publication in 1901 of the Russo-Chinese Convention all but brought about a war in the spring of that year between Russia and Japan. The British Government, it is understood, advised Japan to restrain herself and to wait to see if Russia would evacuate Manchuria, as she had specifically promised she would in October 1903. A little later the mind of England was shown plainly by the conclusion of a treaty of alliance between herself and Japan, the treaty, of course, being intended to bring pressure upon Russia.

In the summer of last year the Russians drafted a large number of labourers into the Yalu Valley on the Korean side, where they claimed to have a timber concession from the Emperor of Korea, granted as far back as 1896. This was to touch Korea, a country which Japan has long regarded as sacrosanct to herself. Finally, the Russians did not evacuate Manchuria in October, and it was evident to all disinterested observers that their designs covered Korea as well as Manchuria. But Japanese expansion requires room for growth just as much as, or, rather, much more at present than, Russian. And so it comes to pass that Russian expansion finds itself at length face to face with Japanese expansion, and it seems as certain as anything can be that what is to succeed and prevail can only be determined by trial by battle,

For the first time in the Far East the forward movement of Russia, which to some people appears to have something about it of the character of the resistless force of a law of dynamics, is seriously challenged, the gage being offered, as it were, by the forward movement of Japan. Thus seen, the crisis is natural and inevitable—the only possible question that could arise being as to the time when the collision would take place.

But there is expansion *and* expansion. There is the expansion which is born of aggression, of the lust for land, of restless and ever dissatisfied ambition; and there is the expansion that takes place because of the excess of population seeking an outlet. At the same time, it is not seldom impossible to institute a clear and definite distinction between the two in a given case. In the high rare air of world-politics, with what might be termed its unmoral atmosphere, it is often as difficult as futile to make any such distinction. When we Englishmen attempt to do so we are instantly reminded that our own hands are by no means quite spotless, and, in fact, that British expansion has not always shown that righteousness which exalteth a nation, and that some at least of our promises to the world remain unfulfilled to this day. It is sometimes usual in this country to speak of Russian aggression as if it belonged to some specially base and malign type; yet the friends of Russia, it must be frankly admitted, do not entirely lack some effective pleas for her.

To put the case from both points of view. It is urged, and with unquestionable accuracy, that time after time successive Czars have given the most explicit assurances to our Ambassadors at St. Petersburg that the limits of Russian expansion in Central Asia had been reached, and that no further advance was contemplated or would be sanctioned; yet the advance has invariably occurred. It is pointed out, and with perfect truth, that as regards Manchuria she remains in that province of China in defiance of her own confessed obligations to evacuate it. It is represented, and with force, that in her

huge Asiatic dominions, apart altogether from Manchuria, to say nothing of Korea, Russia has an area into which settlement might go for a long period without, to phrase it mildly, the slightest fear of overcrowding. It is stated, and it is the fact, that even as things are, Amuria is being neglected, that Blagovestchensk and Vladivostock are declining, because of Russia's preoccupation in Manchuria, and that colonisation in Manchuria means the denuding of Siberian and Amurian settlements of their inhabitants. Yet it is only fair and candid to concede that there are extenuating circumstances to be taken into account. As in Europe, so in Asia, Russia's imperial necessities, or what is popularly known as her "manifest destiny," cause her to seek the "warm sea" and make her desire to exchange a poor and sterile territory for a rich and fertile one. And in this connection it is impossible for us not to remember, in considering the case from the side of Russia, that the Prime Minister of England as good as invited her to establish herself at a "warm sea" port in the Far East, even if our people in that part of the world thought and said he spoke with far too much of the "light heart." On the whole it must be admitted, I think, that Russian expansion in Manchuria finds some justification even from ourselves. Then, in addition, there is the question of the protection of the great railways she has constructed through the country at an enormous cost of lives and money.

So much for these aspects of Russian expansion in Manchuria. With respect to Korea the pro-Russian argument is not nearly so good, but this brings me to the case for Japan. From the very outset it is evident that Japanese expansion in Korea bears a very different character from Russian expansion in Manchuria, and that Japan has far better and stronger claims than her rival.

The accounts which are given of Japan's appearance as a factor in the life of Korea as far back as the almost prehistoric days of the Empress Jingu (201–269 A.D.) partake largely of the mythical, and are of importance only as indicating that

Japan and Korea were mutually interested, as might be expected from their contiguity to each other, from very early times. But in 1592 we touch actual history, for in that year a Japanese army, sent by the Regent Hideyoshi, a great soldier and a man of such Napoleonic ambitions that he dreamed of making himself Emperor of Asia, landed in Korea and conquered it. After the death of Hideyoshi the Japanese army was withdrawn, but for more than two centuries the Koreans sent tribute to the Tokugawa Shoguns, the virtual sovereigns of Japan. In 1871 tribute ceased to be paid, and had it not been that Japan was only slowly recovering from the effects of the civil war which resulted in the restoration of the Mikado to the sole supreme power, there would have been a fresh invasion. A few years later an expedition was sent, but there was little or no fighting; a treaty of peace and friendship was signed between the two countries, and two Korean ports were thrown open to Japanese trade. There had long been a small, unimportant, much restricted Japanese trading-post at Fusan, but this treaty marks the beginning of what may be styled the modern Japanese idea that Korea is the special and inalienable annexe of Japan. Japanese influence slowly gained ground, but that it was not particularly strong was shown by an attack on the Japanese Legation in the capital in 1882, when the Minister's residence was burnt and the Minister himself had to take refuge in flight. Neither have the Koreans any particular affection for the Japanese at the present time.

Notwithstanding the Japanese conquests of Korea, China had for many centuries regarded the latter as one of her vassal States, and up till the war of 1894–95 her influence was constantly arrayed against that of Japan, but after her defeat it steadily declined. By the Treaty of Shimonoseki the two Empires definitely recognised Korea as an independent kingdom. Later, the King of Korea took to himself the title of "Emperor." After the war with China, Japan set about the peaceful, industrial and commercial exploitation of the peninsula, planting settlements at the ports, planning railways, constructing

telegraphs, and carrying out other enterprises for opening up the country. The number of Japanese already in Korea is variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand. Mr. Angus Hamilton, in the able and very interesting book he published a few days ago on Korea,[1] places the number at twenty-five thousand, but I understand the higher figure is nearer the mark. The Japanese Government have always consistently maintained that they were sincerely desirous of preserving the independence of Korea, or if it was impossible to preserve its independence, that they could not allow it to fall into any hands but their own.

The grounds on which they took and take up this alternative position are now well understood. They may, however, be briefly summarised:

1. As the population of Japan increases at the rate of something like half a million annually, emigration is necessary or soon will be. Korea, a sparsely peopled country, with its resources largely undeveloped, is the outlet indicated to her by her geographical situation.

2. Japan generally requires a large part of the produce of Korea to supplement her own; it is a matter of great importance, therefore, that she should keep the control of Korea, otherwise her home population and industries would be crippled by dear food.

3. Korea, from the point of view of its strategetical position, would, if in the possession of a strong Power, command Japan, and threaten her very existence as an independent nation. Korea's immense coast-line and its excellent harbours, most of which are open all the year round and capable of easy defence, make that peninsula of enormous value when sea-power is considered. A naval Power holding Korea would have the dominance of the Far Eastern seas. If it must be held by a naval Power, the Japanese think, naturally enough, that they are the Power. With Korea in their hands, they deem Japan safe, so long as the Power in possession of

[1] "Korea." By Angus Hamilton. 1904. Heinemann.

Manchuria is not too strong. Korea, indeed, it is hardly too much to say, is vital to Japan.

Contrasting the two cases, the Russian and the Japanese, admitting that either of these Powers has any "right" to lay claim to Korea, and comparing the necessities of the two with absolute impartiality, it is sufficiently obvious which has the better claim. Nor can it be alleged by Russia that Japan has left her in ignorance of the manner in which she regards Korea; Japan has all along made the safeguarding of Korea, since 1895, the chief keynote of her foreign policy. As a matter of fact, two Conventions or Agreements dealing with Korea have been interchanged between Japan and Russia. The first of these was signed in May 1896, the second two years later.

In the earlier Convention both Powers pledged themselves to keep no more troops than were absolutely necessary for the efficient protection of their respective settlements in the country, with the addition, in the case of Japan, of a maximum force of two hundred guards to be stationed in small bodies at various points along the line of telegraph from Fusan, on the coast opposite Japan, to Seoul, the capital, the telegraph being to all intents and purposes an enterprise of the Japanese Government. The Convention definitely fixed the number of troops which might be stationed—four companies of two hundred men each, for the guarding of the settlements at Seoul and the two chief open ports. As Russia had no settlements at these places, her rights under this Convention have not been exercised, though within the last few weeks she has thrown a force into Seoul, as, indeed, have several of the Powers.

The second Convention, in the form of an Agreement by Protocol signed by the then Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Russian Minister at Tokyo, was concluded in 1898. Its first Article expressly set forth that the two Imperial Governments recognised Korea as a sovereign independent State, and they engaged to abstain from any direct interference with its domestic affairs. Another Article provided that Russia should not impede or interfere in any way with the industrial

and commercial exploitation of Korea by Japan—which has been done so thoroughly that it is estimated three-fourths of the whole foreign trade of the "Hermit Kingdom" belongs to the Japanese, and thus constitutes a very material vested interest.

Then, in the language of fiction, a strange thing happened, though, bearing in mind Russian methods, it was perhaps not so very strange. Suddenly, last year, there was sprung upon the world the astonishing announcement that the Russians had appeared on the Korean side of the Yalu River, which forms the north-western frontier between Manchuria and Korea. It thereupon was stated that when the King of Korea was a refugee in the Russian Legation in 1896, during the political *bouleversement* of that year, he had granted to a Russian subject a concession for cutting timber in the Valley of the Yalu. For seven years not only had no action been taken under this concession, but not a word had been heard of it; indeed, its exact terms have never been made public. What actually has happened is that timber has been cut very extensively in districts in the Yalu country which the Koreans declare were not included in the original concession. East of Wi-Ju stands the sacred Peng-Ma, a mountain whose slopes were covered with fine trees, but these have fallen, to the great indignation of Korea. And along with the gangs of Chinese coolies who did the deforesting came the Russian soldiers. The wave of Russian expansion had struck Korea, and an acutely critical situation was at once developed.

The Korean Government, another name for weakness, protested, but in vain; the Russian Minister at Seoul let remonstrances pass unheeded, contenting himself with asserting that the Russian lumbermen were keeping perfectly within the rights given them under the concession, and that these rights covered the building of railways, the making of roads, the purchase of land, and anything and everything else which might be deemed expedient or necessary to the success of the undertaking. Houses were acquired or erected in several

localities, notably at Yong-an-po and Yong-chyön. At the former an area of thirty-six square miles was bought from the natives, and a fort with guns and a garrison of a hundred and fifty men was established. Yong-an-po is in itself a place of no importance, but it was there that the Japanese troops disembarked during the war with China; it possesses something of a natural harbour, which can be easily fortified—if it were, it would command one side of the entrance to the Yalu, and if held in conjunction with An-tung on the opposite side would command it altogether. Of course, the Russians were already at An-tung.

Russian action on the south side of the Yalu could convey but one impression to Japan, and that was that her rival had commenced her occupation of Northern Korea, and from that as a base would proceed to the occupation of the entire country. The Japanese Government, however, preserved an appearance of tranquillity and calm, though the passions of the people at large were quickly inflamed to a dangerous pitch, and they endeavoured, first of all, to check the Russian forward movement by diplomacy. Locally, Japan strongly urged Korea to declare Yong-an-po and the neighbouring town of Wi-ju open to foreign trade, and her representations were as strongly supported by Great Britain and the United States. Korea was willing to agree to take the necessary measures, but M. Pavloff, the Russian Minister at Seoul, interposed and peremptorily negatived this course, thus showing that, for the time at least, Muscovite influence was paramount with the Korean Emperor. M. Pavloff is the diplomat who, in a recent interview, said, "It is impossible to allow Japan to secure a preponderating influence in Korea," and went on to characterise the Japanese as "pagan invaders," and as a "superficially civilised people of the Middle Ages with a veneer of modernity," expressions which form a striking contrast with the pacific words and demeanour of his Imperial Master at St. Petersburg on the Russian New Year's Day, but which unquestionably voice forth the sentiments and ideas

of the great majority of the Russian official and higher classes. M. Pavloff, in the same utterance, represented Russia as the champion of Korean independence—a pose which will certainly not deceive anybody; rather will be seen and heard in it the true, veritable note of Russian expansion.

But the aims of Japan have gone beyond the preservation of Korea from Russia. It has been discovered—there is no secret about it now, though the matter has caused great surprise in certain quarters—that Japan's policy insists, with admirable and undeviating imperturbability of manner but at all costs, on the maintenance of the sovereignty of China over Manchuria, while acknowledging that Russia has established vested interests in the railways she has built in that province which she has the right to protect. Naturally, Russia is far from content with this attitude. Japan also takes her stand on the "open door" in Manchuria.

At this point it may be useful to give some of the main features of the diplomatic action that has taken place between Russia and Japan during the last few months of the history of the crisis.

It was on June 23 of last year that a conference was held in Tokyo, at which were present the Elder Statesmen or Genro (Marquis Ito, Marquis Yamagata, Count Matsagata, Count Inouye, and Marquis Oyama), the Prime Minister, Viscount Katsura, and the other Ministers of the Japanese Empire. They agreed upon a policy, necessitated by the non-observance of Russian undertakings to evacuate Manchuria, and that policy remains unchanged in all important particulars to the present time. A diplomatic correspondence, or rather *pourparlers* were begun between Tokyo and St. Petersburg, but without any tangible result. In October it was manifest that there was no sign of the Russian evacuation which had been explicitly promised by the 8th of that month. On the 13th the Genro and the Cabinet again met in Tokyo, and determined that the policy they had resolved upon at their former conference should be embodied in a Note to

Russia, which was drafted, reviewed on the 24th, agreed upon, and finally sanctioned by the Emperor. It was handed to the Russian Minister in Tokyo on the last day but one of October.

For six weeks there was no reply; it was not till December 11 that Russia sent her answer to Japan, warlike preparations in the interval being pushed forward with all vigour on both sides. It was soon known that the terms of the Russian Answer were unsatisfactory to Japan. The fate of Manchuria was a matter, it stated, which was no concern of Japan's, but rested solely in the hands of China and Russia; no third Power had any *locus standi*. And with respect to Korea, there was made a tentative proposal of spheres of, or dual, influence. Five days after the receipt of Russia's Answer the same Japanese statesmen met again at the capital, and the issue of this fourth conference was that a second Note was despatched, requesting Russia to reconsider her decision. Since then there has been a second Answer on the part of Russia, which was so little relished by Japan that, after a fifth conference on January 11, she sent a third Note on the 13th, restating, but without modifying her position. Whether the next Answer from St. Petersburg will close or continue this correspondence between the two Empires is uncertain; but, in the published words of Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister to England, "Japan has nothing further to say." No doubt Notes and Answers have all been couched in the most courteous terms of phraseology, in the most velvety of words; but unless Russia gives way, which is an undiplomatic though accurate manner of putting it, there is nothing left but war.

Up to the present the honours of the latest diplomatic phases of the struggle do not lie with Russia. China, whose backbone has been stiffened by the assurances and the whole attitude of Japan towards Russia, has ratified a treaty with the United States by which Mukden, the most flourishing and important city in Manchuria, though later Kharbin may

dispute its supremacy, and An-tung, on the Yalu, are made open ports, and another treaty with Japan providing for the opening of Ta-tung-tao, on the Manchurian coast, not far from the mouth of the Yalu. These are valuable concessions to general trade, for these "ports" are now open to all the world, and Russia cannot close them without finding herself opposed by all the Powers. She was, perhaps, making a virtue of necessity when, in her Circular Note, dated the second week of January, she assured the Powers she would scrupulously regard all the rights conveyed to them by China. It has also been publicly announced that Japanese representations at Seoul have induced the Emperor of Korea to proclaim Wi-ju an open port. If this statement is correct a fresh difficulty has been thrown in the path of Russian expansion in Northern Korea, and adds some colour to the statement that she has proposed the neutralisation of that part of the peninsula.

The opening by China of these three "ports" in Manchuria is of more than ordinary significance as indicating the falling off of Russian and the growth of Japanese influence at Pekin. One of the questions which recently have been asked is what course China will pursue in the event of war. It has been thought by some that the Celestials would throw in their fortunes with their race-kinsmen of Japan; while others, and these not the least well informed, have said that it would be impossible for them to do anything else. It may be that circumstances will compel the Chinese to take up arms, but this is certainly not what Japan expects of them; it would suit her in every way better to have China "at peace" with Russia. The day is still distant, though having in mind the steadily growing *rapprochement* between the two Mongolian races it may not be so very distant, when Japan might put into the field masses of Japanese-officered, Japanese-drilled, Japanese-equipped Chinese soldiers—armies of the most formidable kind. Japan's main anxiety with respect to China in the present crisis is that the Celestial Empire should continue free from such internal

disturbances as might afford a pretext for intervention from outside, say to Germany in Shantung, or to France in Yunnan. It cannot too often be repeated that what Japan chiefly desires is the integrity of the sovereignty and independence of China, Manchuria included. She fears that a Russian Manchuria will next mean a Russian North China, a Russian Pekin, as most probably in the course of time it would, and therefore it is that she has insisted in her Notes to Russia on keeping Manchuria a province of China. The foremost men in China, men like Chang-Chi-Tung, Viceroy of the Yangtse, and Yuan-Shi-Kai, the leader of her forces in the North, thoroughly understand and appreciate the attitude of Japan, and it is to Japan that they look for light and leading.

British trade interests in the Far East, still very considerable, though not perhaps so great as once they were, make the crisis of peculiar importance to us. And as England is by treaty the ally of Japan, and in certain definite and prescribed contingencies would be called on to aid her, its issue is of the profoundest consequence. I understand on the highest authority that should war break out Japan asks nothing from us but to stand by and keep the lists, so to speak, while she fights out her duel with Russia. Mr. Balfour has lately taken occasion to state publicly that England will stand by and keep the lists in the event of war, for this is the meaning of the passage in his recent speech at Manchester, in which he said that this country will fulfil her treaty engagements and obligations. And such expressions as these, if no other considerations helped, make it more than tolerably certain that France will not come to the help of Russia. There seems to be some doubt if the secret treaty between France and Russia calls upon the former to go to the aid of the latter in the Far East. What is certain is that the French are in no mood to do so; indeed, it is highly improbable that any French Government which proposed such a course would live for a single day. The last visit of the Czar to France was not a notable success —else why was he not taken on to Paris? The explanation

was that it was felt that his reception there would be somewhat mixed. The truth is that the days of enthusiasm for the Franco-Russian Alliance are past in France. But in any case, our own attitude ensures that France will remain quiet and passive.

To attempt any forecast of the future, or to give an estimate of the fighting strength of Russia or Japan in the Far East, does not come within the scope of this article; but as I contributed to this REVIEW a paper in October 1901 on "The Financial Condition of Japan," I may be permitted to add a few words on the present position of Japan as regards her possession of the sinews of war. Since I last wrote on this subject the finances of Japan have materially improved in every way, and, speaking generally, it is no more than just to say that her commercial and industrial development has been quite as remarkable as her military and naval, though the latter is better understood in England. Twenty years ago Japan's revenue from all sources was eighty-three million *yen*; for the current fiscal year the estimate is two hundred and fifty million, and a large excess of revenue over expenditure is confidently anticipated. Let this serve as an indication of her growth.

It is said that Russia has in her war-chest some £75,000,000 in gold. Japan is able to find about one-third of that amount, but she believes this sum to be amply sufficient. She has in the vaults of the Bank of Japan between eleven and twelve millions sterling, anEmergency Fund, or moneys that can be treated as such, of five millions, and in London between three and four millions. There are besides large reserves in the other Japanese Government banks amounting in the aggregate to several millions. And, further, money is plentiful in the country, owing to the past season having been one of great abundance; this appears distinctly from the market rate of interest, which is now a little above 6 per cent., whereas a year ago it stood at 10 to 12 per cent. Thus, Japan can borrow at comparatively low rates at home. Another element in the

situation is that a war will necessarily cost Russia a great deal more than Japan. It is the opinion of Japanese experts that the cost of maintaining their army and navy in the field, apart from the charges for the munitions of war, would not be much more than one-tenth of that payable by Russia. And already Japanese patriotism has opened a large war subscription-list to supplement the national war-chest, and a war loan of ten millions sterling is about to be placed in Japan's local markets.

As I revise the proofs of this article, the newspapers are giving prominence to much talk of peace being maintained in the Far East. These pacific assurances, for the most part, are of continental origin, and meet with no support from Japan. It is, of course, possible that the period of peace—of peace with negotiation—will be prolonged, but it is not easy to see how it can be prolonged indefinitely in presence of these two natural but irreconcilable policies of expansion. Much is heard of the pacific disposition of the Czar, though there is good reason to believe that the Mikado desires war no more than he does. A stronger reason for the hesitation of Russia exists, no doubt, in the fact that she is none too well prepared for a great campaign. But should peace-counsels prevail, and war be postponed for a time, it will be at the cost to Russia of a greatly diminished prestige not only in the Far East but in all Asia, where prestige counts for so much, and throughout the world, while the prestige of Japan will have become sensibly enhanced.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

AUDIENCES AND EXITS

THERE was a day in the world's history when men had need to be reproved for supposing that those eighteen on whom the tower in Siloam fell were sinners above all their neighbours; and if at the present time we are wiser than to see in a sudden destruction of life the punishment of the victims, yet are we ever ready, when any conspicuous calamity occurs, to recognise in the disaster a vengeance upon human error in some responsible person or persons. Indeed, the habitual attitude of mankind towards such accidents as the recent Chicago fire is an ever-recurring proof alike of our distrust of individuals and of our confidence in the race. We are always sure on the one hand that "somebody blundered," and sure on the other hand that human wits are capable of devising a means which will render impossible a recurrence of the disaster.

This attitude, to be sure, is right and proper; it is a development or symptom of one of the instincts of our species. It is part of the great life-preserving panoply which is the attribute of man no less than of his brother animals. And the optimism which in all departments of existence is always looking hopefully forward (in spite of the evidences of history) to a time when the disabilities, discomforts, and inconveniences of life, as well as its perils, shall, one by one, have been faced by infallible cures and prophylactics, is no mere delusion of sanguine temperament, but a positive condition of that

existence with whose preservation it is concerned. That life-saving (egotistic or altruistic) is part of the main business of life I need not argue here, nor need I dwell for more than an instant on a very painful reflection which the subject suggests. We think with deep sorrow as we read of a calamity like that of Chicago, not merely on the lives suddenly cut off, nor on the lingering agonies of those to whom death did not show the mercy of swiftness; nor is our greatest remorse even for them who have suffered by the loss of those they loved, for surely the most pitiable victims of that awful hour are the men or women (especially the men) who realise after the event that they owe their present safety to an impulse, sudden, unexpected, and, as they had thought, alien to their whole nature, which led them to struggle for their own lives literally at the expense of those of others. One asks oneself, after reading the account of that mad rush for existence, one horrible question, a question to which the only answer is a *Ne nos inducas.*

The causes of the fire in the Iroquois Theatre at Chicago are still the subject of inquiry. It is therefore impossible to discuss at the present time the question of personal responsibility. We must not ask whether architect, management, or staff are open to blame; but we may very properly review the reported facts of the occurrence, and ask ourselves whether the modern methods of theatre construction are satisfactory from the point of view of such horrible possibilities, and whether there are any practical means by which the risks thus brought so strikingly before us can be obviated, or at least diminished.

The facts, as gleaned from the various reports, can be very shortly stated.

On Wednesday, December 30, 1903, a pantomime was in progress. The second act had been reached, the lights were lowered for a moonlight scene, when "a little flickering fire high up in the scenery" made itself visible to some among the audience. A few, acting on the right impulse, rose, and began a quiet escape, while others, who received a warning from the

attendants to do likewise, but did not themselves realise the danger, were unwilling to treat the advice as serious. Almost simultaneously the officials on the stage began to lower the asbestos curtain, which in this, as in most modern theatres, is provided as a fireproof barrier between the auditorium and the scenery. The curtain stuck ; for some cause it could only descend half its proper distance; and its action, instead of barring the flames, created a diminished opening and a consequently increased draught, with the result that a sheet of fire rushed from the stage into the body of the theatre and set light to parts of the structure of the auditorium. Meanwhile a cry of "fire" had been raised and a stampede had begun. The occupants of the area or stalls would, it appears, have made good their escape, in spite of the rush of flame over the orchestra, if it had not been that they were hampered in the exits by those fleeing from the upper parts of the house and impeded by others who jumped down from the upper tiers. There were many exits from the theatre, but some would appear to have been ignored by the delirious crowd: others were found to be barred by iron doors that could not be opened, and one (an emergency outlet) was no more than a doorway in the external wall, fifty feet above the pavement, provided with no means of descent! The women and children in the audience suffered terribly in the stampede (especially in the galleries and stairways) by being literally trampled under foot, and though many died of actual asphyxiation due to the direct action of the fire a large proportion were evidently the victims not so much of the conflagration itself as of the consequent struggle for life. The total death-roll was 587.

It is clear from these statements that, apart from the outbreak of fire on the stage, which in a well-arranged theatre need not result in loss of life at all,[1] there were at least four

[1] The fireproof curtain, now obligatory in new theatres, and the use of automatic sprinklers should keep any stage fire out of the auditorium. Many small outbreaks on the stage have been quelled without reaching the knowledge of the spectators at all.

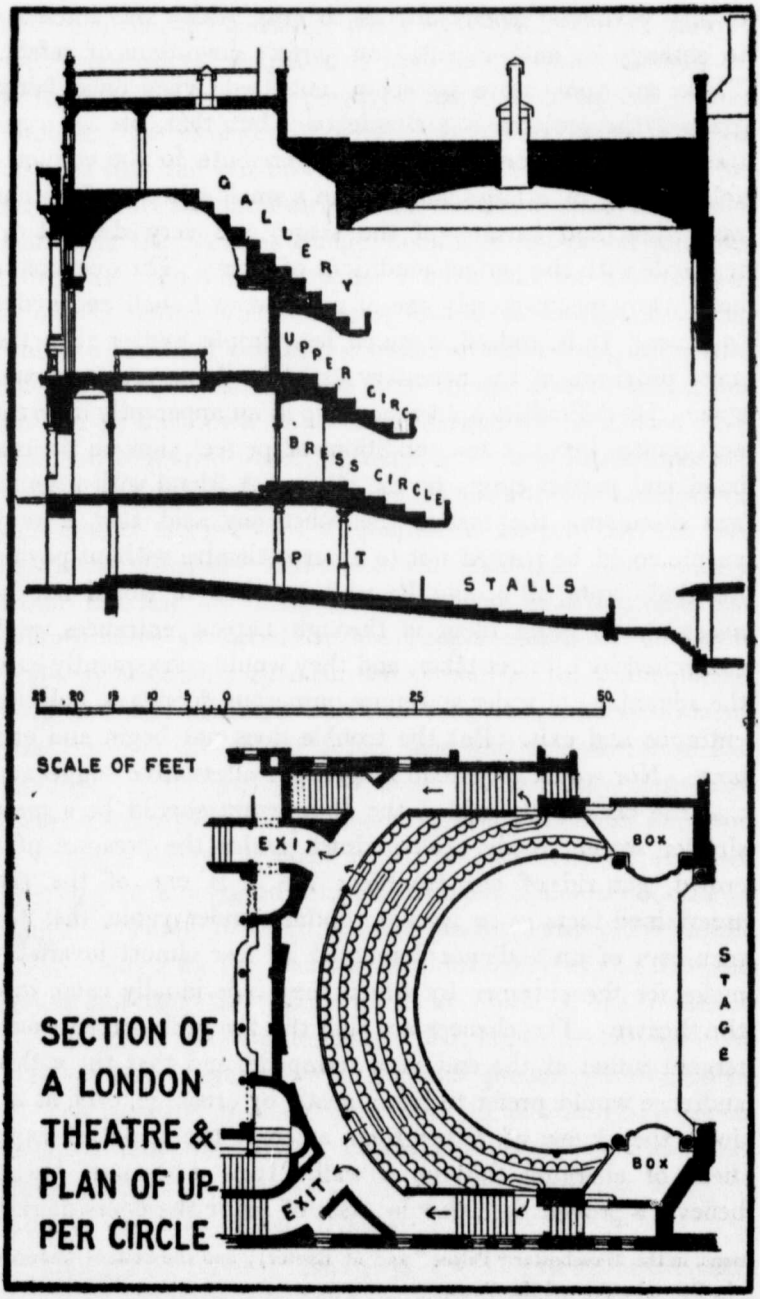
other contributory causes of death: the exits, though numerous, were not all capable of use; the asbestos curtain, so far from doing its work, positively fostered the spread of the mischief; the passages of egress appear to have been so arranged that the out-flowing crowds from different parts of the house met and hindered one another; and finally, it would seem that the theatre, though nominally fire-proof, was not entirely so. To these I suppose I must add those properties of human nature which drive a crowd, under the stress of panic, to abandon reason for instinct, and to do, under the bidding of that instinct, the very things that make for an increase of their own and others' danger. It might be said that human nature must be taken as we find it, and that we have to reckon with that at least as one of the unalterable conditions of the problem, a condition to be provided for but not to be changed. But need we take this view? Only within the last few months a day-school took fire and the children were all saved by the simple means of a march played by a mistress upon the schoolroom piano. The pupils, obedient to an emotion which in their case was at least as strong as the instinct of panic, marched in order from the building. Is it too much to hope that we may some day hit upon a means of subjecting an ordinary London audience to a simple discipline which will facilitate the rapid and safe emptying of a place of amusement even under the stress of danger? Three or four minutes suffice, under favourable circumstances, for the clearing of almost any of our London houses, but there are many of them which, if the audience were delirious with the impulse of fear, might present a barrier to egress that would render all their fire precautions nugatory.

The problem of the rapid emptying of theatres is by no means a new one. Keen brains have more than once set themselves to its solution. More than once has a model theatre [1] been designed, irrespective of any particular site or

[1] Notably the Asphaleia model, prepared by a Vienna syndicate in 1881; the Irving model, designed by Alfred Darbyshire (and adopted, with modifica-

of any particular conditions as to cost, which was intended to embody its author's ideas on perfect conditions of safety. These solutions serve to show, not that when once fairly grasped the problem is a simple one, but that, on the contrary, the conditions which best contribute to the comfortable seating of a large audience in a small space (and within easy view and earshot of the stage) are very difficult to reconcile with the perfect conditions of egress. The question is not by any means merely one of expense, as I shall endeavour to show. It is, indeed, a much less simple matter than the mere provision of the necessary space for doors, passages, and stairs. Its difficulties are wrapped up in an apparently inherent antagonism between the conditions of perfect view on the one hand and perfect egress on the other. A friend with whom I was discussing the matter the other day said, that if only people could be trusted not to enter a theatre without paying for their seats all would be well, as then it would not be necessary to bring them in through narrow entrances, each controlled by a ticket-taker, and they would consequently have the advantage of wider and more numerous doorways, both for entrance and exit. But the trouble does not begin and end here. Nor would my friend's ingenious alternative suggestion that the back walls behind the auditorium should be a mere slender screen, easily broken down under the pressure of a crowd, get rid of our troubles; for it is one of the few ascertained facts as to human conduct under panic, that the members of an audience demented by fear almost invariably make for the entrance by which they individually came into the theatre. The chances are that the frangible screen would remain intact at the end of a stampede, and that the witless audience would prefer to risk a death by crushing, each at the doors they knew of, rather than attempt the doubtful expedient of charging through a wall. It is a strange, but, I believe, a proved fact, that in cases of panic the doors marked

tions, in the Manchester "Palace" and at Exeter); and the designs known as the Sturmhoefel and the Young.



SECTION OF A LONDON THEATRE & PLAN OF UPPER CIRCLE

"emergency exit only" are frequently left alone in favour of those doors which, having been personally proved as entrances, are known with certainty to have a connection with the street.

The section and plan of a London theatre which I show in my illustration,[1] exhibit very clearly the difficulties of the problem which the theatrical architect has always before him, and also the methods which are generally adopted to meet those difficulties. I have selected this particular example because it appears to strike the balance between the maximum of accommodation and comfort and the minimum of wasted space with a fair measure of justice and success. A glance at the section will make the situation clear. It is obvious that the task of emptying the lowest floor, which contains the stalls (and the pit if there be one), is much simpler than that of clearing the upper stages, because, in the first place, its floor is nearly flat. It is in many places merely an inclined plane, and, in this instance, the surface is only broken near the stage by a few shallow steps. Moreover, in most theatres the flooring of the stalls is practically on the ground level, so that the access to the entrance lobbies and the street is by doorways only, without the intervention either of long corridors or of staircases. That in this instance the floor of the stall area is below the street is due to a very proper expedient, which, though it is only occasionally adopted, consults the general convenience of the whole house much more fairly than the arrangement that makes the stalls level with the street. By entering the theatre at the level of the first tier, commonly known as the dress circle or grand circle, the height of the staircases necessary for reaching the upper circle and the still higher gallery is greatly diminished, and, in the case of a concert-room such as the Queen's Hall, where the grand circle seats

[1] I have adapted this from one of the plates in "Modern Opera Houses and Theatres," by E. O. Sachs, a work remarkable not merely for the large field which it covers, but also for the author's active interest in the fire and panic question.

are as good as those in the area, the owners may feel that they are consulting the greatest happiness of the greatest number without even the drawback of putting their best patrons at a slight disadvantage.

It will be noticed that for obvious reasons, which the theatre-goer easily appreciates, the tiers above the area are constructed at different pitches of inclination. The higher a tier is, the more steeply does it need to be inclined in order to secure for its occupants an adequate view over the heads of those who may sit in front of them. It is also obvious that, as under ordinary conditions of site, &c., the entrances and exits to the tiers are placed behind the spectators, the occupants of the forward seats have to ascend on leaving the theatre before reaching their appropriate staircases, and that the higher the tier is the greater will be this preliminary ascent. The patrons of the gallery are, in this respect, doubly handicapped, for not only is the gallery steeper in pitch than the lower tiers, but in most cases, as in this one, it contains at least double the number of rows of seats, and, of course, its greater initial height adds to the height of the staircase by which the occupants have to descend to the street after they have climbed to the level of the back seats. It would be a long and a rather unduly technical process to discuss the possibilities of exit from every part of the house. For purposes of this article I have selected the second tier or upper circle for illustration, and the plan which I show represents that part of the house. It has for many years now been recognised as an essential in theatre planning that there should be two distinct staircases from each part of the auditorium, and that each of these staircases should lead directly to the street or to the grand lobby without any intervening approaches from other parts of the house. The intention of this latter restriction is, of course, to prevent the possibility of a descending crowd being met in its descent by a side influx from another quarter of the building. In the theatre here selected these conditions are very ably met, and the planning of the many staircases on a rather restricted

site has been accomplished with skill. It will be seen from this plan that there are two gangways between the seats, and that these are well placed, so as to come directly opposite the doors leading to the staircases, and, further, that the occupants of the two front rows have the option of using side outlets to the staircases adjoining the boxes. It remains to be considered whether this entire arrangement is as good as it can be; and whether, in view of what has recently occurred at Chicago, there are any points in our typical London theatre plan which can be improved in the direction of safety with or without the loss of seating accommodation. That an arrangement, such as is here shown, will empty a theatre very rapidly, when the audience is cool and orderly, we know full well; but are there any possibilities that a scare and panic could produce results such as those we are now deploring?[1]

Happily, most of us have no experience of what takes place in an auditorium under circumstances of sudden alarm; but if in the light of this recent calamity we set ourselves to criticise as severely as possible the plan of which my illustration is a type, the questions we shall probably ask are the following: Is there not a chance that people ascending the gangways between the seats may get blocked or thrown down by those who are rushing laterally into these same gangways from every row of seats which the gangways pass? Further, is it not possible that persons whose seats are near the centre of the centre block may attempt to rush upward over the backs of the seats instead of proceeding along the gangways, a manœuvre which would lead almost certainly to falls and to their awful consequences? And finally, would it not be well to avoid these possibilities by obviating the arrangement which is primarily the cause of them both? It is evident that if the outgo from these upper tiers could be by doors at the side rather than at the back of the seats we should avoid both the

[1] The new Gaiety Theatre (planned by Messrs. Runtz and Ford), favoured by its exceptional street frontages, presents a good example of the normal London system in its most complete and successful development.

conflicting of crowds in the gangways and the temptation to escape by a short cut over the backs of the seats. In fact, we naturally inquire why there cannot be lateral doors leading into side halls, or (since this arrangement presents a special difficulty, due to the fact that a hall is level while a gallery is sloping) why should not such lateral doors lead on to a staircase running parallel to the ends of the seats and descending towards the stage, that is to say, with a line of descent correspondent to the angle of descent of the gallery or tier in question.

The designers of modern theatres have not been so uninventive in these matters as might appear. "Safety" theatres of one sort or another have, as I mentioned before, been designed in profusion, and there is hardly a possible solution of the problem before us which has not had its advocates, at least on paper. The side staircase, parallel to the seat-ends, has perhaps never had a fair trial. It is to be seen in a rudimentary form [1] in the plan of one London house, but its normal use is there for ascent in exit not descent, and it is obvious that where such a staircase has a large number of doors delivering on to it laterally, it is open, unless it be exceptionally wide, to all the objections that can be urged against any passage in which persons in flight are liable to be met in their progress by others rushing in at right angles.

The most conspicuous example of the use of side halls is the great Wagner Opera House at Beyreuth. The audience there sits in one immense *cuneus;* there is but one long tier extending from the orchestra pit to the Royal box, which is no less than 90 feet from the stage. Every four or five rows of seats have their own side door right and left, leading into large vestibules on the flanks of the building, the differences of level being made up by flights of stairs varying in height. It may be said at once that the conditions of the Beyreuth house, as regards site, are by no means those which prevail in the

[1] The germ of such a staircase is to be seen in the illustrated example, as in most theatres, in the stepped passage leading to the boxes.

town plots upon which ordinary London theatres are built; and it is at least doubtful whether the principle, which has its inconveniences even at Beyreuth, could be successfully applied to a building in which the seats are not in one but in several tiers. The system, however, would be, at least, worth a trial and would be much less incommodious, as regards the absence of central gangway, in a house forty feet wide than in the eighty or ninety feet width of the Wagner auditorium.[1]

It will occur to most people who think over this problem of exits that the ideal site for a theatre would be one on the slope of a hill of such a gradient that the outgo from each portion of the house might be by external doorways more or less on a level with the particular tiers to which they pertain. Such conditions of street level are not common, but I understand that the exits in the newly re-erected Savoy theatre are to some extent arranged upon this principle.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that if we are to improve on the conditions of modern English theatre planning, which it must be owned are very greatly in advance of those that our forefathers knew, it will probably be in the direction of side exit from the upper tiers and in the avoidance of the necessity of ascent before descent; but is it not possible that the immunity for which we strive with so courageous an optimism is to be got not merely by successive changes of the playhouse but by the bolder measure of an appeal to the audiences themselves?

The shout of "fire" in a crowded house is a far worse enemy than flame itself, but need it be? Surely something might be done in a general and educational way by the simple spreading of information on the necessity and the right method of orderly exit on such occasions? And, in particular, might not the managers of theatres, however much they may dislike to remind their patrons of such things as fire and panic, issue printed

[1] The idea has been employed in the Prince Regent Theatre, at Munich, at least for the stalls, but whether it prevails in the upper tiers I cannot say.

instructions on programmes or on tickets, which would save a world of trouble and perhaps scores of lives in an emergency. In schools and colleges all over the country fire-drill is taught with extraordinary success; the exit from a theatre is child's play compared to escape by windows from an attic dormitory—why should not people learn the one as they learn the other? The objector will answer that audiences are always changing, and that they are an ever shifting mass, which you cannot approach for the purpose of teaching even the simplest lessons as to the precautions upon which the safety of a crowd depend. But the objection is not a fair one. The bulk of every audience is composed of habitual theatre-goers who, if they do not come constantly to the same house, are continually visiting theatres of closely similar arrangement. Most men think but little about fire, and when fire or its false alarm comes are off their guard and off their mental balance. To this aggregate of *insouciance* when taken by surprise we owe the disturbance of mental and moral equilibrium which, if multiplied by the numbers of a crowd, makes panic. Can we not substitute for this an aggregate of preparation—a state of accumulated corporate foreknowledge? In that would lie safety.

PAUL WATERHOUSE.

ITALIAN POLICY AND THE VATICAN

By COMMENDATORE FELICE SANTINI

Member for the Second Electoral District of Rome in the Italian Parliament, Member of the General Budget Committee, Leader of the Italian Liberal Party (Crispi section)

I AM requested to estimate the chances of an ultimate reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal, together with its eventual consequences as regards each party in particular, and international policy in general. Now, this is a problem infinitely more difficult to treat than that of last month; a problem, indeed, so essentially delicate and so far beyond the competence of any single individual, that the mere attempt at a solution may not unreasonably be termed a sin against common wisdom.

In view of my unswerving and life-long devotion, both in word and deed, and in private no less than in public or official life, to the old Liberal creed, a renewed profession of faith would no doubt appear superfluous on my part. It is, however, in this comforting and bracing attachment that I shall find the required strength to express myself quite frankly, not to say brutally—and with my customary impenitence!—on the subject under consideration, and likewise to ignore all accusations of confessional Toryism or Liberal Opportunism which may eventually be levied against me.

This preliminary apology is not uncalled-for. In Italy, as elsewhere, it has long been the fashion, not among the public, as a rule so sensible and healthy-minded, but among "trading politicians" and sectarian irreconcilables, to brand as "clericals" all revolutionists, however convinced, who refuse to subject their individual free thought to the ambitions of cliques and shady conventicles, truly a shocking anachronism at the dawn of the twentieth century. For my part I am fully conscious of the moralising and beneficent influence which religious sentiment brings to bear on the conduct of the man and the citizen, and I do not fear to assert that the irresistible love of the fatherland can perfectly harmonise and blend with the observances of divine worship.

On this opinion, which I have repeatedly championed, I dwelt again in the course of my recent speech on the external budget, remarking on the occasion that although I regarded the Italian national claims on Rome as indisputable, yet I could not help feeling deeply afflicted by the fatal differences between Church and State, for which the latter was certainly not responsible. And, quoting the examples of Great Britain, Germany, and other minor Protestant States in support of my contention, I proceeded to express the warmest hope that, for the benefit of the country at large, the existing hostility, which I held to be more apparent than real and based on none but artificial grounds, would cease in a more or less remote future.

But I cannot adhere too closely to the truly national line of policy defined as follows by that great King, Victor Emmanuel II., during the Sella-Minghetti ministry, in one of the parliamentary speeches from the throne: "Whilst firmly resolved to respect the spiritual independence of the Pope, we shall never allow the cloak of religion to shield attacks on the security of the State." The generous feeling, so graphically expressed, had taken deep and wide-spread root in the noble, tactful, and heroic soul of the first sovereign of our reconstituted and henceforth imperishable Italy.

From what I have already said it would be easy to disclose my own conclusions. To summarise with the clearness of daylight a policy equally patriotic and conciliatory, which would ensure for the Pope not only profound and heartfelt reverence, but unrestricted liberty in the exercise of his spiritual mission, a single phrase, or rather axiom, will suffice; an axiom deserving of universal recognition, for it embodies, so to speak, the mathematical formula of the sole agreement between the civil and ecclesiastical powers which, as I think, can meet the modern requirements of perfect justice and harmony; I mean that of "L'Église libre dans l'état libre." I may add, without fear of contradiction, that to this formula the new-born kingdom has ever paid the most stringent and scrupulous observance, regardless of manifold obstacles, both without and within, of animosities not unfrequently brusque and offensive, and sometimes even of violent provocations. In fact, nearly all our Italian statesmen have, under the guidance of the Crown, taken their cue from the lofty and wise maxim of Cavour, and any popular acts of discourtesy towards the Holy See have been generally insignificant, being nothing but the vain exploits of sectarian spite and rowdiness, designed and prepared with a view to make difficulties for the Royal Government rather than to heap insults on the Pope himself. They were accordingly repressed with a prompt and easy hand. But I should, in all fairness, add that if, on the one side, this idea of an agreement, at the same time respectful of the Papacy and mindful of the national rights of the State, has invariably proved the guiding spirit of our statesmen, on the other, it has found but little encouragement among the intriguers of the Vatican, who, actuated by foreign interests, have not stopped short of counteracting the Papal will itself in order to overcome every patriotic and conciliatory impulse from this exalted quarter. Such was indubitably the case with Leo XIII., from whom, at his accession, one might reasonably have expected the most pacific attitude, judging at least from his earlier life, and the outcome of his studies and other high pursuits prior to the Tost

incident, which will afford us presently some material for discussion. Meanwhile, leaving aside the consequences implied by an agreement or its equivalent in the form of a sincere and official *modus vivendi* or compromise, the bitterness of which would affect the Vatican in form rather than in substance, I shall do well to record a few facts concerning the political history of the young kingdom.

Cavour excepted, and unless we take into account the occasional gropings of other Italian politicians, including the Marquis Visconti-Venosta, towards a similar end, we must come to the time of Francesco Crispi to find any concerted action by the Government to settle, or at least to smooth and soften by mutual concessions, the lamentable differences between Church and State. Herein lay the great and all-absorbing political design of Francesco Crispi, a design truly worthy of that great genius. In the pursuit of his ideal of an Italy second to no other Power he had perceived what colossal, what invincible strength the realisation of this statesmanlike conception would bring to his country; and to secure a patriotic and long-desired peace with the Church, Crispi made no small use of his personal friend, Mgr. Carini,[1] a fact with which Englishmen are possibly unacquainted.

In a valuable work, but little known to the outside world, a work which I had the opportunity and good fortune to consult, Francesco Crispi remarked most appropriately that Italy had atoned by fourteen centuries of bondage for the crime of having conquered the old world. It is a fact that those very barbarians, whom our fathers sought to civilise, were not content to overrun the Peninsula, but partitioned it as the result of their murderous rivalries, without ever daring to reunite the various segments under one rule. It may be that they grudged Italy

[1] This young and gifted prelate was the son of that gallant Sicilian general, who took part in the heroic expedition of the "Mille," and who, in later days, as a general in the royal army and the commander of the division stationed at Perugia, entertained most cordial relations with the Cardinal-Archbishop of Umbria, afterward Leo XIII.

her former domination; at all events, they watched most anxiously, and impeded with due celerity, any move which might have led to her material reconstitution. Meanwhile the temporal power of the Pope was compelled to establish itself on these barbarous ruins, ever subservient to the will of foreign rulers, and an easy prey to the aggressive encroachments of their tyranny.

Before 1870, within a period which may fairly well be labelled contemporary, the temporal power of the Popes was abolished on three successive occasions: on February 10, 1798, by a resolution of the people assembled at the Capitol after the entrance of the French under General Berthier; again, on May 17, 1809, by a decree of Napoleon I.; and, finally, on February 19, 1849, by virtue of a law of the Roman Republic.

Thus the decree of October 9, 1870, and the subsequent law of December 31 of the same year, were not without precedent; but the exceptional amenity shown by the Italian Government and Parliament in connection with a proclamation of such far-reaching influence deserves no mean tribute of admiration.

For, in 1798, and likewise in 1809, not only was the Pope expelled from Rome, but, as the relations between the Holy See and the Empire became more strained, and, as the war was renewed with greater activity, Napoleon did not hesitate to send the unfortunate Pius VII. to the very theatre of operations, no doubt in order to keep him in closer custody, and to open his eyes to the glowing enthusiasm of the French armies.

In a letter from the Emperor to Prince Eugène, dated March 12, 1814, we find these memorable words:

> J'ai donné ordre que le Pape fût envoyé, par Plaisance et Parme, aux avant-postes. J'ai fait savoir au Pape, qu'ayant demandé, comme evêque de Rome, à retourner dans son diocèse, je le lui ai permis. Ayez donc soin de ne vous engager en rien relativement au Pape, soit à le reconnaître, comme à ne pas le reconnaître.

I have not the least desire to anticipate my judgment concerning the Papacy, a point I argue below, but I really cannot

close this record of the doings of the French Revolution without a few words of comment. From what I have just said, a comparison betwen the past and the present suggests itself quite naturally, and this comparison, which bears witness to our forbearance towards the Head of the Catholic Church, also demonstrates very clearly the supreme injustice of the war waged against the Italian kingdom by the political element within the Vatican. Italy has carefully avoided all similar manifestations of rancour ever since the decree and law abolishing the Temporal Power, and for over twenty years the Pope has lived in perfect repose among the throng of Cardinals and higher dignitaries of the Church.

It was self-evident that from the day when Italy had decided on a constitutional union, no portion of her territory could be allowed to remain outside the national frontiers, cut off, as it were, from the commonweal and condemned to perpetual enslavement. Reunion in such a case was merely a matter of time, but its natural and legal rightness could not be disputed.

I should add that, thanks to her time-honoured traditions and prestige, Rome was the sole capital in face of whose claims other great cities, Naples, Florence, Turin, Milan, could be expected to silence their otherwise legitimate ambitions, to which the constitution of the kingdom had given fresh impulse. Nor can I afford to spare my readers other secondary yet important considerations.

Rome, under the Papal Government, and in spite of the Papal goodwill, was as a sore which would inevitably in the long run have corrupted the whole organism of the nation. After the upheaval of 1860 she had become the refuge of all the fallen dynasties, and the retreat of the brigands who infested the southern provinces of the Peninsula. Hence the redemption of the Eternal City was the logical and necessary condition of the pacification of our country. The freedom and independence of a people constitute a right both anterior and superior to any principle of government or international contract. Conquest, usurpation, or the successful genius of a

tyrant may temporarily suspend its exercise, but they cannot weaken, still less cancel that right. The nation, within its natural limits, is an immanent and imprescriptible element, which is only awaiting its release from the bonds of sacerdotal and civil despotism in order to vindicate anew its essential autonomy.

The question of the Temporal Power has absorbed for countless years the attention of our leading statesmen; it is certainly the most intricate problem whose final solution they have still to face, owing to the universal character which attaches to the mission of the Head of the Roman Church.

Cavour had thought to put an end to the Temporal Power by pacific measures and with the consent of the Catholic Powers. The illustrious minister was the first among our contemporaries to devote himself to the study of this great question, but he unfortunately died too early to realise the failure of his generous policy.

Garibaldi was hardly more fortunate in his endeavour to cut the Gordian knot, yet had it not been for his batteries the Holy Gates would be still closed and the nation as yet unable to settle within the walls of the capital.

Turning now to contemporary writings and to Cavour's personal correspondence, recently issued from the press of MM. Roux and Co., at Turin, it is clear that as early as 1860 this great statesman strove hard to open negotiations with the Holy See. This explains why Baron Ricasoli disbanded at that time the Garibaldian legion, raised in Tuscany for the purpose of occupying the Roman territory. Count Cavour's confidential agent was then Dr. Diomede Pantaleoni—afterwards a senator of the kingdom—whom, in a letter dated October 1856, he had styled "l'expression la plus fidèle et la plus distinguée du parti libéral modéré." With M. Pantaleoni were associated later Fathers Passaglia and Bertetti, the latter the general of the Rosminian Order. Within the Sacred College itself, Cardinals Santucci and D'Andrea were both in favour of an agreement between Italy and the Holy See.

Their confidential agent was D'Andrea's secretary, the Abbé Antonio Isaia.

On November 28, 1860, Count Cavour had despatched to Rome his proposals for a treaty which, among other stipulations, confirmed the Pope in his spiritual independence and in the free exercise of his spiritual authority over the Catholic world. He asked whether it would not be advisable under the then existing circumstances to include another Rosminian, Father Pagani, among the negotiators, and similarly, on his side, to send a secret agent who would possess his full confidence. He hoped, by this intermediary, who would have continual intercourse with the Papal Court, to succeed finally in persuading the latter of the necessity of accepting his proposals. The basis of the agreement was to be the surrender of the Temporal Power and of Rome to the King of Italy.

As we shall see below, Cavour was ready to make very wide-reaching, nay excessive, concessions to the Vatican, and we may thank heaven that they were not accepted. Yet, in the earlier stages of the negotiations, both Pius IX. and Antonelli seemed inclined to adapt themselves to the idea of relinquishing the civil authority of the Church. In a telegram sent by one of the negotiators from Rome, and dated January 13, 1861, we read:

> Le Cardinal Santucci, malgré mes instances, a cru devoir tout dire au Pape, qui lui demandait quel était ce projet d'arrangement. Le Cardinal Santucci lui a parlé de la perte inévitable du Temporel et des propositions reçues amicalement. Le Pape a montré se résigner à tout. On a appelé Antonelli. Il a d'abord opposé, mais après il s'est résigné aussi, et il a demandé au Pape de relâcher lui et Santucci du serment pour traiter du possible abandon du Temporel. Ils verront Passaglia Vendredi 18, et celui-ci me demande de leur part, que l'on nomme pour négocier officieusement, ou quelqu'un d'ici, ou de Turin.

The cession of the Temporal Power was to find expression in a quasi-feudal formula. The Pope, whilst reserving his higher suzerainty, would have made over to Victor Emmanuel and his successors the Vicariate and civil government of the

provinces which formed the patrimony of St. Peter. To the Pope were guaranteed:

(*a*) All the prerogatives of sovereignty, his personal inviolability, and the immunity of his palaces.

(*b*) The inviolability of the Conclave and of the Cardinal Camerlengo *sede vacante.*

(*c*) The right to appoint *nuncii,* to receive ambassadors from foreign states, who were also to enjoy personal and territorial immunity.

(*d*) For his personal maintenance and that of his court a specific invested fund which would meet the requirements of the Papal decorum.

From Rome a further guarantee of these conditions by the international agreement between the Catholic Powers was earnestly entreated, but to this request Count Cavour thought it wiser to refuse his consent. He replied accordingly, that although prepared to accept the friendly services of mediators he did not see his way to admit any international guarantee, nor any other arrangement which might give rise to foreign contentions and interference.

Additional proposals, embodying an extension of ecclesiastical rights and prerogatives, were put forward by the clergy. Cavour made but slight opposition and accepted them with a few modifications. Count Cavour was quite convinced of the ultimate success of his negotiations with the Vatican. Indeed, in a letter dated February 17, 1861, and addressed to the Berlin Cabinet, which took deep interest in this grave question, General Lamarmora expressed himself in the following terms:

> Comment en finirez-vous avec Rome, demanda encore M. de Schleinitz? Je répondis que le Comte de Cavour n'avait pas perdu l'espérance de voir se résoudre avec le temps cette grave question; qu'ainsi qu'il l'avait dit à la Chambre, il croyait possible que le Pape restât à Rome avec le Roi d'Italie.

Pius IX., whose natural disposition was as gentle as his temper was easily roused, was, after all, most anxious to shake off the political yoke of Napoleon III. He was tired of the

French soldiers, to whose licentious conduct he could not be reconciled. He was glad to consider any solution which might rid him of foreign pressure, and to this wish, on more than one occasion, he gave open expression, as, for instance, in his correspondence with the Emperor, or in his conversation with the French ambassador. I have perused a private document, of which the following is a faithful transcript, literally translated; the original was drafted, at the Pope's instance, by Cardinal Antonelli, to be specially communicated to the Duc de Grammont:

After all the previous representations made to the predecessor of the present French Ambassador, concerning the evacuation by the foreign troops; after the Paris Conference of 1856, in the course of which the alleged abnormal condition of the Papal States came up for discussion, a condition due to the permanent presence within the same States of the aforesaid troops which should have been withdrawn and which have not been withdrawn in fact, and this, by no means at our request, but by the will of him who sent them and in opposition to the above-mentioned Conference: after the letter I wrote his Majesty the French Emperor in August 1857, which elicited no reply as far as the troops were concerned; after the communications made latterly by the Cardinal Secretary of State to the Ambassador, in accordance with the instructions I gave him with regard to complete evacuation by the aforesaid troops,—I never imagined that I should be treated in a manner which every honest man is bound to characterise strongly, by the sending of fresh reinforcements,—as I have just this very moment been informed.

I must therefore make these facts known to the whole world; in the meantime let the Ambassador be informed of my keen displeasure. May he do all within his power to ensure that the reinforcements about to arrive may be stopped at Civitavecchia, whence, with far less unpleasantness, and with the shortest possible delay, they can return to France. Inform the Ambassador that I speak, and shall continue to speak openly, as is my conscientious duty.

During February the negotiations were continued amid delays and difficulties. In order to clear the fresh obstacles which had arisen Father Passaglia travelled to Turin. There, in collaboration with the ministry, he drafted the articles which were destined to serve as a basis for the negotiations, and returned with them to Rome.

On his return he found everything pointing to a favourable issue, and if the credentials and instructions promised by Count Cavour had arrived at any earlier date, some arrangement might have been reached, but the despatches were only received after a delay of twenty days, which circumstances made it impossible to retrieve.

One day—it was in March—the prelates who were in the habit of conferring with Pius IX. on Italian matters, found him in a state of exasperation. Father Bertetti was much alarmed at the sight, whilst Cardinal Santucci, on the contrary, endeavoured to take advantage of the Pope's condition to press the negotiations and bring things to a conclusion.

His efforts were fruitless. On March 13 Pantaleoni was expelled, and Passaglia, after a final effort to reopen the negotiations, gave up all hopes of a successful issue.

Several factors contributed, in my view, to this sudden and much-discussed change of front in the policy of the Vatican.

During the three months devoted to the discussion of the proposed agreement the secret had not been kept. Antonelli imputed the responsibility for this indiscretion to the Italian negotiators, whilst Cavour denounced a certain prelate, who, by reason of his office, was in a position to be well-informed. It is certain, however, that the Jesuitical party, when cognisant of the facts, worked with untiring perseverance and cleverness to intimidate Pius IX., assuring him that the Piedmontese minister was insincere and faithless, and would end by treating him in the same way as Napoleon I. treated Pius VII. To confirm his suspicions, they recalled the proscription of all religious associations by the laws of Umbria and of the Marche, and the decrees hostile to the Church enacted by the Royal Lieutenancy of the Neapolitan province. Their endeavours received further support from the influence exercised over the Pope's mind by the ceaseless insinuations of the ex-Queen and King of Naples, whose expulsion from Rome had been vainly demanded by Cavour from the French Government. Francis II. was still treated by General Gojon as the

legitimate sovereign of the Two Sicilies, and more than once reviewed the French troops at their commander's request. Apart from this, the solution proposed by Cavour and welcomed by the Roman Curia was viewed with disfavour in Paris. The reconciliation of the two Powers would remove all grounds for the interference of Napoleon III., who would have been compelled to withdraw his troops against his own interests. In this connection Prince Jerôme Napoleon wrote to Count Cavour:

> The Emperor, who has occupied Rome for the past twelve years, is anxious that the evacuation of this city should not partake of a character in contra-distinction with his policy, nor appear as a retreat before the Italian Unity, which has been established against his advice.

He suggested accordingly, in the name of his cousin, the terms of a treaty which was afterwards embodied in the Sep tember Convention, and added:

> The Emperor will adhere strictly, in face of public opinion in Europe, to the programme designed by him, *i.e.*, to the Temporal Power of the Pope in Rome and within the Patrimony of St. Peter.

No one is entitled to question the honesty of Count Cavour in his conduct of the negotiations with the Vatican, but his correspondence shows clearly that he made a *bonâ fide* mistake in keeping the Emperor ignorant of all the efforts which were being made to bring about this delicate settlement. But on December 27 he considered it wise to reveal his intentions to Napoleon III., hoping thereby to obtain the latter's friendly co-operation. This may be gathered from his letter to Dr. Pantaleoni, of which the following lines have been often quoted:

> The Emperor is certainly desirous of an agreement being reached between the King and the Pope, as such an agreement would enable him to withdraw his troops from Rome. But his mind is as yet unsettled with regard to the terms thereof. The result of our scheme will be, I hope, his better comprehension of our mind, in which case we shall be able to rely on a new element of success.

In the same spirit Count Cavour wrote to M. Vimercati, his Paris agent, on January 13, 1861:

Teccio informs us that the Pope, having asked the Cardinal (Santucci) for the draft of an agreement, the latter, in spite of Pantaleoni's warning, thought he would do well to communicate to him our ideas. His Holiness readily consented. The Pope then called Cardinal Antonelli, who, after offering some slight opposition, consented at last to examine the question of a full abdication of the Temporal Power. They are to confer on Friday with Father Passaglia. Let the Emperor be immediately informed of all these proceedings, and assure him that we have no desire to bind ourselves to any negotiations which would be in open opposition to his wishes.

What Napoleon really wanted was made amply clear in the already quoted lines of Prince Napoleon. From the Tuileries they replied on January 15, 1861, to Cavour's telegram, that whilst the Emperor wished every success to their negotiations, he entertained but little hope as to their eventual issue. The key-note both to his true intentions and to the doubts herein expressed is to be found in the revelations made by the Abbé Isaia in his memorandum.

Cardinal Antonelli, however, maintained the utmost secrecy with regard to the conduct of the negotiations, and, whenever questioned by the French Government, gave a most emphatic denial to the rumour that a treaty between Italy and the Vatican was under consideration. He did not wish to make any disclosures to the diplomatic world before the signature of the Convention. But his plans were thwarted owing, perhaps, to the lack of reserve betrayed by the Turin Cabinet, and certainly to the premeditated opposition of Paris. I will remark here that the Triple Alliance was as yet non-existent, and that France, whether from the political or from the military standpoint, had no ground for holding Italy in suspicion.

The Abbé Isaia gives the following account:

How it all happened we cannot exactly tell. But it is a fact that the Duc de Grammont, the French Ambassador to the Holy See, was repeatedly approached by his Government with a view to ascertaining whether negotiations were proceeding in Rome between Italy and the Holy See, and invariably replied, on his part, with an emphatic denial. But one day, after receiving from his own Government the most detailed and minute information concerning the negotiations and the stage which had been reached, he went to call, with mixed feelings of anger and humiliation, on the Cardinal Secretary of State. He accused the

latter, with a tone of bitter reproach, of having dared to open formal negotiations with the Italian Government without troubling to inform the representative of the one nation that had shown such zeal in protecting the interests of the Holy See. Thus taken by surprise, the Cardinal-Secretary denied all knowledge of the affair, and swore at the same time that he had never given his support to anything of the kind. The French Ambassador appeared satisfied by this explanation, and the incident had no further bearing on the relations between the Cardinal and the Duc de Grammont, but it affected in a very different way our relations with the Cardinal-Secretary. He was furious at the business being spoilt at its very outset.

Count Cavour, on the other hand, deceived by his confidence in the honesty of French intention, may possibly have preserved some illusions; for, on February 22, 1861, after forwarding instructions to Pantaleoni and Passaglia, he wrote the following lines to a friend:

> The Emperor has been informed of everything, and takes the keenest interest in our endeavour. He has declared several times through Conneau how pleased he would be if such an agreement could enable him to withdraw the French troops from Rome. He even offers to place at our disposal all his secret means for influencing Antonelli, in order to facilitate our task.[1]

And a few days later, on March 3, 1861, when the opposition at Rome was becoming more marked, he wrote in all sincerity to Senator Pietri: "En donnant à la question romaine la solution légitime qu'attendent Rome et l'Italie, l'empereur fait pour nous plus que s'il nous délivrait tout à fait des Allemands."[2]

The negotiations between Italy and the Holy See were then abruptly broken off. We should not be surprised at this change of front, whose cause is to be found exclusively in Paris, in the unblushing unwillingness of France. The reaction came out victorious, and here begins an era of persecution against all those who had pledged their support to an agreement. Passaglia and Isaia were obliged to leave Rome, and a little later Cardinal D'Andrea retired to Naples.

FELICE SANTINI.

[1] Cavour's Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 179. [2] *Ibid.* 185.

(*To be concluded*)

DANISH AGRICULTURE:

ITS PROGRESS UNDER FREE TRADE DURING THE LAST GENERATION

I

BY the war of 1864 Denmark lost the Duchies, Slesvig and Holstein, with an area of 330 geographical square miles and about 1,000,000 inhabitants.

The outward loss thus suffered by our little kingdom was grievous and hard to be borne, but the nation at once set itself the task to repair that loss by internal effort and internal progress and already, in spite of emigration, our population has increased by 800,000; while eighty geographical square miles of unproductive land have so far been reclaimed.

At a time when the world in general and Great Britain in particular is engrossed by "Tariff Problems" and "Commercial Treaties," English readers may be sufficiently interested in gathering information bearing on the question from all quarters of the globe to be not unwilling to have their attention called to a small free trade oasis, though its area be so diminutive as scarcely to count among the nations.

This, therefore, is my plea for craving, with due deference, favourable consideration of the development under diverse systems of two small countries, next of kin and very similarly placed in respect to soil and climate.

There are no absolutely reliable statistics on which

comparisons can be based before the middle of the Seventies, when we find the values of exports of agricultural produce to be as follows:

1875.

	Denmark.			Sweden.
	£			£
Cereals . . .	1,464,000	...	...	810,000
Live stock . . .	2,275,000	...	...	314,000
Animal produce . .	1,423,000	...	...	258,000
	5,162,000			1,382,000

The decline in prices of all cereals, which set in just about that time, forced both countries gradually to exchange the more primitive form of agriculture, corn-growing, for stock-raising and feeding, as is proved by the corresponding figures for 1887:

	Denmark.			Sweden.
Exports of	£			£
Live stock . . .	1,884,000	...	...	400,000
Animal produce . .	3,900,000	...	...	1,115,000
	5,784,000			
Cereals (imports). .	772,000	...	...	233,000
	5,012,000	...	...	1,748,000

Sweden by adopting in 1888 protective tariffs after the German fashion ceased by degrees to be an exporting country, and by the end of the century the value of her imports of agricultural produce actually exceeded her exports by £2,330,000, including such articles as bacon, eggs, &c., the production of which had become unprofitable through the artificially-enhanced price of food-stuffs. This can be proved by a simple calculation. Assume 1 lb. of bacon to equal 8 lb. of maize; then the cost of raising 1 lb. of bacon is increased twopence by a duty of one farthing per lb. on maize.

Thus while agriculture, under free trade, was a rising source of income to the country, it will be seen that through protection it has become a burden.

Denmark, on the other hand, thanks to her unrestricted

import of maize and other foreign feeding-stuffs, which last year reached the value of £3,800,000, had by 1902 increased the value of her exports of Danish-made agricultural produce to £16,100,000, or close upon £7 per head, the proportion of our little kingdom comparing favourably with any other nation; American exports, for instance, reaching relatively less than half the above ratio *per capita*.

This stands to reason, for being the cheapest buyers of food-stuffs, we must *a priori* be the cheapest sellers of the ultimate product, and need not fear the competition of our "protected" rivals. How, indeed, should our Swedish or German colleagues, propped up on crutches in their home markets, be ever equal to a stand-up fight abroad?

To illustrate the logic of this view it is only necessary to point to Denmark's export in 1902 of 23,016 horses; 21,468 of which went to Germany, notwithstanding her high protective duty.

In this connection it is worth remarking that Denmark, by doubling her imports of bran, promptly took advantage of the drawback, which in consequence of Great Britain's temporary "corn registration fee" enabled us to buy the article cheaper than the British farmers.

How this process of turning cheap foreign food-stuffs into finished products—a boon necessarily denied to all our "protected" competitors—has increased the productiveness of our land by enriching it with fertilising matter, such as nitrogen, &c., drawn from foreign soil, is proved by the following estimates of the crops of 1875 and 1902.

	1875.		1902.	
Barrels of cereals .	19–20	millions ...	25–8	millions
„ root crops .	3–4	„ ...	6.2	„
„ potatoes .	2½	„ ...	5.5	„
Cartloads of hay .	2	„ ...	3.5	„

of a total value reckoned respectively at £16,150,000, and £23,220,000, which being the yield of an area of some

4,500,000 acres, averages £5 3*s.* an acre, not counting grazing land and forests. This increase of well nigh 50 per cent. in the value of our crops is due exclusively to the change in farming tactics.

Given continued free imports of foreign food-stuffs, I, as a working farmer, see practically no limits to production; and should America choose to "dump" in Europe her surplus maize and cotton cakes gratis, I most devoutly hope that tiny Denmark may be the "dumping-ground," because in my humble opinion we should then be able with considerable profit to ourselves to turn it into butter, beef, and bacon, horses, eggs, &c., at prices which would defy all competition, and which could not fail to place even the most "protected" markets at our command. Indeed, the only seeming drawback to this chimera is the fact that the manipulation of such overwhelming imports would so hopelessly exceed our own capacities as to necessitate our drawing more freely than is even now the case on our "protected" neighbours for labourers.

Nor should the healthy influence of free trade, *i.e.*, the competition of the world, on *quality* be left unheeded. On this point the following figures speak volumes. According to the London "Board of Trade Returns" the total imports into Great Britain in 1902 were:

Butter	3,974,177 cwts.	value	£20,527,934
Bacon	5,089,704 cwts.	„	13,426,967
Eggs	18,930,513 great hundreds	„	6,299,934

of which Denmark contributed:

Butter	1,703,032 cwts.	value	£9,302,362
Bacon	1,255,627 cwts.	„	3,749,108
Eggs	3,518,212 great hundreds	„	1,366,073

that is to say, respectively:

42·9
24·7
18·0 } per cent. of the quantities, but 45·3
27·9
21·7 } per cent. of their value.

Or, on a rough calculation, the prices paid in England have been:

	Butter Per cwt. £ s. d.		Bacon Per cwt. £ s. d.		Eggs Per great 100 s. d.
Danish . .	5 9 3	...	3 0 0	...	7 9
Average of all other countries	4 19 9	...	2 10 6	...	6 0

Based on the above quantities the difference in these prices works out at the sum total of £1,700,000 in favour of the perfectly "unprotected" Danish farmers, due to the superiority in quality of their produce over that of other more or less "protected" nations. At the same time official reports from Sweden lament that: "As a result of foreign goods being handicapped by hostile tariffs, no one will earnestly exert themselves to make prime export quality, as second grades fetch nearly the same prices for home consumption"!

Finally the deposits in our savings banks have grown from £4,000,000 in 1863 to £37,200,000 in 1901, or in round figures £16 per head. Although these savings may not be absolutely due to farming profits, it seems but fair to assume that indirectly they are due thereto, agriculture being practically our only source of income, a fact which will be gathered from the patent circumstance that, next in importance to agricultural produce comes fishery, with an export barely worth £400,000, while the insignificance of our "protected" industries is demonstrated by an import of £3,220,000 of raw materials as against nearly £10,000,000 worth of finished manufactures.

Now the argument by which protectionists at home and abroad invariably try to finally crush the teachings of these statistics is this: Such progress is evidently due not to free trade in Denmark, but to free trade in Great Britain, where the bulk of the Danish produce finds a ready sale.

To this there is but one answer: Are not British ports open alike to all, and why, then, do not our more or less "protected" rivals benefit equally by the English markets?

II

Let it be at once admitted that "fiscal problems" such as are at the present moment occupying the attention of every Briton, are of a character so purely national that no foreign voice can claim a hearing in their discussion; yet, on the strength of the above statistics, I hope I may not be thought unduly intrusive if I venture to offer a few remarks on British agricultural prospects and on our worthy prototype, the British farmer, to whose teachings in days of yore we are all indebted for our first lessons.

We on this side fail to see good cause for the chronic state of depression depicted almost daily by the English Press; it seems to us that his position in the very centre of the market, of which we are only at the threshold, ought to enable him to skim the cream.

There is good soil and there is poor soil in both our countries; there is highly-taxed and less highly-taxed land in both; so that we seem in that respect to start at evens; as to wages, certainly our British colleague is handicapped to the extent of some 30 to 40 per cent.; but on the other hand our climate calls for more labour in so far as it allows us shorter time to work proportionately larger areas under the plough. Again, the shortness of our summer necessitates such substantial homesteads as in Great Britain are unknown, stall-feeding eight months of the year being quite the rule; our buildings are therefore frequently worth more than the land itself. Our progress under this head may be fairly estimated by the fact that the value at which our farm buildings are covered by insurance has doubled ten times during the last century, and now stands at £84,000,000.

Last, but not least, the British yeoman shares with his fellow countrymen throughout the inestimable advantage of being able to supply himself with practically all commodities

at cost price, free of duty, whereas protective tariffs in favour of manufacturers are tacked on to our load.

Thus it would seem that, taking the matter all in all, the chances of successfully holding his own are most decidedly in favour of the British farmer; and his earnings have the full purchasing power in the open market.

Howbeit, to my mind, it seems a riddle how farmers anywhere can reasonably hope *permanently* to better their position by protection, because it must be borne in mind, and cannot be too clearly nor too often pointed out, that by whatever tariffs produce prices may be artificially raised, to the same extent at least will rents and the prices of commodities rise. Take the case of Germany: see how a modest duty grew by leaps and bounds, until protection culminated in heavy export bounties on sugar; and yet the cry is raised everlastingly for yet even more protection, for this good reason: That every new occupier, be he owner or tenant, must pay in cash for not only the actual value of the land but, into the bargain, for the estimated future benefit of protection; hence protection, like the Archimedean screw, is—endless.

Moreover, while not pretending to any knowledge of German wages, I can here assert that every summer hordes of wretched-looking Germans, men and women, seek work in our "unprotected" fields, from which I gather that, at best, the blessings of protection are not extended to the working classes.

Whence, apart from the scare of food-supplies in war-time, does that uncalled-for desire to increase the home production of bread-stuffs arise? Why, indeed, encourage farmers of "intensively" cultivated, highly valuable land to stake their very existence on vain endeavours to compete with the virgin soils of new continents? to bring forth such low-class produce, as may be termed to be but raw materials, when "refining" the more primitive products of other nations offers better remuneration?

There seems to me but little difference between growing wheat in opposition to America, and raising stock with the aim

of over-riding the import of hides from Argentina; both courses being suicidal, only slightly different in degree.

But certainly "intensive" cultivation requires work, hard work, manual and mental, circumspect economy, and practical science, which two latter qualities, it must be owned, are not visibly displayed by the British yeoman, though in the way of work he may be second to none.

A Commission was last spring sent over here by the Department of Agricultural and Technical Instruction for Ireland, and in their very flattering report great stress is laid upon "the immense importance of the system of education at the Danish High Schools." Nearly 3000 young men and about the same number of young women, varying in age from 16 to 25 or even 30 years, and coming from all classes of society, but mainly from the peasant class, annually attend these schools, whose principal aim is to better fit their pupils for the struggle for existence.

Perhaps I may be forgiven for mentioning here a trait denoting the general desire to enlighten the rising generation. I had the honour last month to address the annual meeting of delegates representing all our various agricultural institutions on the tariff question (a strong free trade resolution being unanimously carried), when I was very gratified to find the gallery thronged with pupils from the neighbouring High School, who had been given a holiday to attend the lecture. It may be doubted if in any other country the interest of peasant youngsters would be similarly roused on questions of such economic and social importance.

In conclusion, I would ask if by hostile tariffs farmers be induced to cultivate less valuable produce; if by protection men be tempted "not to exert themselves," as witness the above report from Sweden; then is not protection a very curse to mankind, and doubly so, because protection of one kind must be paid for by another?

If, therefore, by adopting protection Great Britain, whose riches we may envy, yet on whose purchasing powers the

world at large is so dependent, should voluntarily sacrifice her predominating rank, it would indeed be retrogression all along the line, and free trade minorities would everywhere lose heart.

Surely there is in the world room for us all to put our shoulders, each in our little way, to the wheel of progress; and every natural product will surely find its outlet without laying down the law for men's occupations. With all the advantages of a market garden and of natural purveyors of perishable produce, such as milk and butcher's meat, and being the natural nursery of pedigree stock for the world, British farming has such a start that to try by copying German methods to make wheat-growing pay in England by taxing the food of Britons would seem the direct road to ruin; while, on the other hand, their power of purchasing at lower prices than all their "protected" rivals such commodities as will make them the most efficient workers, should ensure success to the busy toilers of Britain's great mining and industrial centres.

Likewise, on the principle that the exchange of surplus stock between nations must needs be to mutual advantage, it would clearly, in our more modest way, be for the benefit of Denmark to waive all Customs duties on British manufactures.

You want our butter, bacon, eggs; we require your ironware, your woollen and your linen fabrics; and I am only expressing the opinion of 99½ per cent. at least of Denmark's peasant farmers, the humble countrymen of your beloved Queen, when I say we are most anxious and shall leave no stone unturned to effect the free exchange of these commodities without let or hindrance.

R. A. WESTENHOLZ,
President of the Agrarian League of Denmark.

THE CAVALRY AND ITS PRINCIPAL ARM

UNDER this heading I have read with considerable interest an article by "Eques" in the MONTHLY REVIEW for December.[1] With considerable interest, I say, because it proves how strong the preconceived prejudices of man can be. I will at once say that I am a Cavalry officer myself, and that I have the greatest belief in the power and usefulness of my own arm and its future in modern war. Far from thinking that the days of Cavalry are over, I firmly believe that it is a more necessary and more powerful adjunct to any army than ever, and that a great field of glory lies before it, if it is handled with resolution, daring, and quickness. But where I must differ from "Eques" is, that whereas he believes that the *rôle* and tactics of Cavalry have not altered since the days of

[1] Since our December number appeared, the burning question of our Cavalry and its armament has been ably dealt with in a series of articles in the *Morning Post*, written by Mr. H. Prevost Battersby. There is now an open conflict between the views of the Commander-in-Chief and the late Colonel Henderson on one side, and those of Sir John French and the writers and soldiers of the Continental school on the other. If the public is to form any judgment upon the matter it must have before it the opinions, not only of civilians and war-correspondents, but of experienced and responsible cavalry officers on both sides. The articles of "Eques" and "Cavalry" may be taken as thoroughly representative: for well-known reasons we can give no hint as to the identity of these writers, but we guarantee that if we were able to disclose their names our readers would be more than satisfied.—EDITOR.

Cromwell, Frederick the Great, and Murat, and that the modern rifle in the hands of the enemy has not curtailed the power of Cavalry, I believe that the modern rifle in the hands of the Cavalry itself will in no way cripple its power, but, on the contrary, add to it.

In answering some of "Eques'" objections to the tactics suggested in the Commander-in-Chief's Memorandum, I would like to say, that I do so in no spirit of controversy, but only because it is my endeavour, as it should be that of all Englishmen, to strive to train our soldiers on the *soundest* lines, to make them as efficient as possible for *war as it really is*, and that to do so, it is important, nay, essential, that we should not be led away into a wrong system by prejudice, or false ideas. It is only in the pursuit of truth and efficiency that I venture to point out what I consider is the false idea in the training so much advocated by "Eques."

His article commences by accusing the Memorandum of being "an attack on Cavalry." This assertion will not hold water. To advocate changes in the armament or the tactics of any arm, Cavalry, Artillery, or Infantry, cannot be said to be "attacking it." With equal truth might "Eques" accuse the modern Artilleryman, who advocates the introduction of quick-firing guns, covered by bullet-proof shields, and any change in tactics consequent thereon, with a desire to "attack" Artillery. "Eques" seems to think that the Memorandum aims at abolishing shock-tactics and giving up the *arme blanche*. But I am afraid his indignation at the supposed attack on Cavalry and the fervour of his defence of the lance and sword as the weapons of Cavalry, have somewhat obscured his vision. The tactics suggested in the Commander-in-Chief's Memorandum could not truthfully be described as abolishing shock-tactics, and he certainly does not abandon the *arme blanche;* for Cavalry retain the sword.

But the Memorandum places shock-tactics in their true place among the methods of action open to Cavalry—which is, that it is a very effective method of action *when opportunity*

offers; but that *in war*, this opportunity is comparatively of very rare occurrence, and failing this opportunity, the charge is *not* the best method of action for carrying out the tasks that will almost daily present themselves to Cavalry, and that all these problems will almost always have to be solved with the rifle.

When "Eques" points out that the horse is the principal weapon of Cavalry, and not the lance or sword, I entirely agree with him. And when he goes on to quote "officers of the highest experience and position," who say that a really first-class Cavalry regiment, armed with broomsticks, would still be efficient (for shock-action) I am in complete accord.

But the use of this argument here is only an example of the confusion of thought that characterises this rather virulent attack on the tactics suggested in the Commander-in-Chief's Memorandum. For although the writer lays due stress on the importance of the horse and the great power of mobility which it gives to Cavalry, he fails to see that there is absolutely nothing in the tactics suggested that will not give free and ample scope for mobility and rapidity. In fact, it is this great power, added to the enhanced effect of the modern rifle, which so increases the advantages possessed by the Cavalry of the future.

Again, when the writer, later on in the article, argues strongly for the sword and lance (more especially the lance), he seems to have entirely forgotten his quotation above, from "officers of the highest experience and position" on the subject of broomsticks for shock-action (for it is inconceivable that they would be useful for fire-action!). "Eques" could scarcely have found a better argument against sword and lance. For it is perfectly true that when the opportunity for shock-action does come its success will depend far more on the rapidity of the horse and the determined courage of the man, just as in the past, than on the particular weapon which the Cavalry soldier may happen to have in his hand. And to produce examples once more from the writer himself, in complete

opposition to his deductions, he quotes as examples of successful shock-action, the Boers, who "charged and charged home." But they only had the much-abused rifle in their hands! From which it appears that it is not absolutely essential to have the sword or lance in hand, for Cavalry to possess either the spirit to charge, or the ability to make their charge a success.

In fact, "Eques" is possessed by the old fallacy, tenderly cherished by Cavalry officers of the old school, that the *arme blanche* is the great symbol of Cavalry's power, and that Cavalry will never be got to charge unless they are trained in peace to think that they can ride over everybody and everything on all and every occasion. But the opinion of "officers of the highest experience and position" and the Boer charges go to prove that the weapon is not absolutely material to the efficiency of Cavalry for shock-action; as, indeed, "Eques" himself acknowledges in parts of his article, though in other parts, with the inconsequential method which runs through the whole argument, he endeavours to make out that the lance especially is essential to Cavalry efficiency.

But the weapon for shock-action not being of vital importance to Cavalry, the argument for the lance falls to the ground. For though the lance *may* be the best weapon for shock-action (a contention which is, however, disputed, and which I do not suppose any Hussar would admit for an instant) it is so cumbersome, and interferes so greatly with that mobility which "Eques" rightly lays stress upon, that it has been most wisely discarded. Such great disadvantages does it possess for any dismounted work, especially when speed is a factor in the case (and who, with experience of war, will not know that speed is almost always an important factor in the case), that in South Africa bodies of our Lancers, who had hurriedly seized a position and opened fire from it, when they evacuated it (not necessarily in retreat), mounted and galloped away leaving their lances lying on the ground where they had been thrown in the hurry of dismounting, time not admitting of the men going through the lengthy process of strapping

their lances to the saddle, and both officers and men being very glad of the excuse to rid themselves of so great an encumbrance!

"Eques" refers with respectful admiration to the moral and physical power of the lance. He talks of it as "this deadly weapon." Does he know that an officer who rode in the charge of Elandslaagte, wrote, referring to this charge, that "he had no opinion of either sword or lance"? Does he know that a participator in this charge estimates that "there were ten Boers killed, possibly twelve," by lances. Does he know that there were only about sixteen Boers killed by French's Brigade in the charge on the way to relieve Kimberley?

Finally, does "Eques" realise that the rifle used by men in shock-action (in the Boer charge on Benson's rear-guard) killed and wounded 123 out of 160 men on the ridge with Benson's guns, almost all in a few minutes?

The argument for the lance is largely based on the same idea of efficiency as that possessed by the White Knight in "Alice Through the Looking-Glass." He, as every one knows, loaded himself with mouse-traps and "anklets," because occasions *might* arise when they would be useful! Now the Cavalry of the future must be most active and most mobile, and must not be equipped with any weapons that will only be a hamper to them for twenty-nine days out of every month, if not for ninety-nine days out of every hundred.

As for the argument in support of the lance for reconnaissance—the first and greatest duty of Cavalry, and its almost daily task in war—nothing could be more puerile. To start with one of "Eques'" unfounded assertions, when did the German Uhlan win more distinction as a reconnoitrer than other regiments in the German Cavalry? And in what war did the Cossack gain any great reputation in this line? I know of no examples to uphold for one minute either of these assertions, and I have read a good deal about the wars of 1870, and of 1877, the two last wars on a big scale that either the German or Russian nation has been engaged in.

The proposition that for patrols in a close country, the lance is the superior weapon, because patrols will meet unawares, is not sound. In real war, patrols, however small, very seldom move without single scouts in front. These are the men who meet the enemy unawares. To imagine that the scout immediately on meeting an enemy lays his lance in rest and charges his opponent, even if only a single man, also shows a want of knowledge of what war really is. Before any man, however brave, and imbued with the so-called "Cavalry spirit," closes on an enemy, he must know something of what he is "taking on." The first question that comes into the mind of the scout coming unawares on an enemy, and before he closes on him, is always, "what's behind"? Still more will this question loom large in the minds of men in close country, where a whole regiment might possibly be concealed within a few hundred yards.

One more point before leaving this subject. Is the mounted man, with his rifle in his hand, at such a disadvantage with the lancer, who may suddenly meet him unawares? I very much doubt it. Personally, I would much prefer to be the man with the rifle in his hand and ten rounds in its magazine!

Now let us turn to the methods of thought and training for Cavalry, so strongly advocated by "Eques," and those methods which he as strongly condemns.

He supports his theories by arguments "as stale and hollow, by assumptions as false, and conclusions as unsound," as any of those which he lays at the door of the Commander-in-Chief. Great importance is laid on the so-called "Cavalry spirit," a fine expression to impose upon the ignorant, and much affected by a certain school of Cavalry officers in support of their arguments. But it is vague, and is an expression which those who are so fond of using it, find very difficult to define. What is this spirit? Is it courage, self-sacrifice, readiness to endure all hardships and fatigue cheerfully for the sake of the cause, prompt and resolute decision, and rapidity

and soundness of judgment? For this spirit and no other is the true one leading to success in war; but why we in the Cavalry should lay claim to a monopoly of it, I do not understand. The history of the British army does not altogether support our claim, I fear!

The principles of training which "Eques" advocates for fostering the "Cavalry spirit" and maintaining the efficiency of our Cavalry for war, can be gathered from the following quotations which he produces with much unction.

(1) it should be instilled into every Cavalry soldier that his arm is invincible and more than a match *under all circumstances* (the italics are mine), for Infantry or Artillery, either singly or in masses. If he thinks otherwise, the sooner he exchanges into the Infantry the better. All should remember the old Cavalry proverb, "Commend your soul to God and charge home."

(2) the Cavalry soldier should never be dismounted to fight if you expect him to ride over masses of Infantry, and he should be educated to believe that nothing can withstand a well-executed Cavalry charge.

(3) The spirit of initiative in a charge at a critical moment is the very breath of life to a Cavalry leader.

(4) Cavalry should never be dismounted to fight where there is suitable *ground* (the italics are mine) for their employment on horseback.

(5) "Whose pride and trust is ever in their speed, good horsemanship, and the cold steel."

From these extracts it will be seen that "Eques" is firmly possessed of the old idea, that the only way to get our Cavalry to charge is to teach them to think they can "ride over everybody and everything on all and every occasion." This is a most serious and unjustifiable reflection on the courage of Englishmen in general and on our Cavalry soldiers in particular. It is wholly unjustifiable, because ever since the days of Wellington, whatever criticisms have been levelled at our Cavalry, their "reckless courage," their "headlong courage,"

or their "stupid courage," according to the mood of the critic, has always been amply acknowledged. It is, therefore, absurd to say that our Cavalry, if trained to fight as much on foot as mounted, will never have the courage and resolution to charge if the opportunity is offered, nor the bold initiative to seize that opportunity. Nothing stultifies this argument more than the very Boer charges produced in support of his theories by "Eques," for the Boers, "without drill or arms for the purpose," and certainly without being brought up in the "true Cavalry spirit" (whatever it is) "charged and charged home," *when* they saw their opportunity.

War is a very serious business and nowadays requires a large amount of knowledge and brains, even from individuals, backed up by just as much stern, determined courage as ever was necessary in the past. The Cavalry training of the old school, so much advocated by "Eques," results in one of two things. Either the Cavalry leader is recklessly brave, and, not using his brains to think for himself, firmly believes in all he has been taught: he will lead his men to the charge "under all circumstances," and we shall hear once more the criticisms so freely levelled at our Cavalry during the South African War. "Brave certainly, but thoughtless, reckless, and with no knowledge of their profession." Or we shall have the other case, the more common, that of the cautious man, also brought up in the belief that he should never dismount to fight, if there is suitable ground to charge. He will wait under cover for the auspicious moment for this charge, which may be hours, days, but more probably months, before it appears. Meanwhile, his comrades of the other arms are fighting hard and cursing the Cavalry for their want of co-operation!

The *only* sound basis of training is to teach men what war really is like, not hiding its terrors or difficulties, but by discipline, by instilling a high sense of duty, and by imparting a sound practical instruction of what war is and how to carry it on, to teach our men to face its terrors and hardships with the same firm courage that their forefathers have always shown.

It is *not* necessary to teach Cavalry that they can ride over everybody "under all circumstances"—for they certainly can not. The day for this teaching is past, if it ever existed. The successful conduct of war by Cavalry, as with the other arms, absolutely necessitates a thoroughly sound comprehension of what war is really like, on the part of all ranks. The officers must have a thorough grasp of their profession (which must go beyond and deeper than the Drill Book), and even the men must understand what will be required of them. The system of training—"the pride ever in the cold steel"—advocated by "Eques" merely instils the courage of ignorance. This courage is not likely to last long under the stress of war! And surely there is nothing to show that such training is necessary with the younger British Cavalry officers.

In war, while carrying out their almost daily work, Cavalry will be constantly using their rifles when in touch with the enemy. All the petty skirmishing of patrols will, perforce, be carried on with the rifle. "Eques" and all the old school of Cavalry thought, ignore or overlook the effect of the extreme range of the rifle, of its rapid rate of fire, and of smokeless powder. This effect consists in a sudden and heavy fire being opened on troops from positions they can only locate in a very general way, and by numbers that it is impossible to estimate. It is this great "uncertainty" which has increased so enormously on account of the small-bore magazine rifle and smokeless powder, and which has done more to paralyse the general use of shock-action in all the minor operations of war than the material effect in itself of modern rifle fire. It is this "uncertainty" which the arm-chair critic[1] never feels and almost always ignores.

It is absolutely certain that in war, whatever the ground may be like, the Cavalry soldier will be compelled to dismount and use his rifle twenty times for once that he may get the chance of charging. It is equally certain, if our Cavalry have

[1] This expression of course has not, and could not have, any application to "Eques."—EDITOR.

the good fortune to be pitted against a Cavalry who are so foolish as to neglect the great power that the modern rifle gives, and who pin their faith only on the *arme blanche*, that our victory will be complete and decisive. The combination of a heavy fire on the enemy's horsemen, who would be exposed in the open, while our men would not even be under fire, with the charge of a portion of our Cavalry on the enemy, disordered and possibly very much demoralised by this fire, will, without any doubt, result in the complete overthrow of the enemy's horse. More certainly will this be the case if the portion of our Cavalry told off for the charge are kept back, fresh and intact, until the last possible moment.

Without laying undue stress, therefore, on which is called "the principal arm," it is certain that Cavalry will in future, constantly and every day that they are in touch with the enemy, even if that enemy should be Continental Cavalry, make use of their rifles, and that they will seldom get the opportunity of using the *arme blanche*. The new training of Cavalry inaugurated by the Commander-in-Chief's Memorandum is, therefore, wise, and is moving on the soundest lines, for it is based on the *truth*, and not on theory. When the proper opportunity, or the necessity for a charge presents itself, neither "Eques," nor we British Cavalry, nor the country that it is our pride to serve, need fear that, because we know something of the real facts of our profession, that we shall not have the courage or the enterprise to make the most of our opportunity.

The principles that govern success in shock-action are not new. They are old and well-established, but it is as well to repeat them, as the advocates of the "old school," in their intense anxiety to keep alive what they call the "true Cavalry spirit," rush into extremes. If "Eques," and those who hold the same views, would go just a little deeper into their subject they would find one or all of these principles underlying the success of shock-action in almost any case of its success during the last one hundred and fifty years. For Cavalry are *not* a

match for Infantry or Artillery "under all circumstances," any more than Infantry or Artillery are a match for Cavalry "under all circumstances."

These principles are that Cavalry can successfully use shock tactics when they can surprise their enemy, or when they have, or find that some one else has, previously demoralised them, or when they can bring superior numbers to bear, or better still, when they can attain all these advantages at once. It is absurd to quote the charge of French's Cavalry Division on the way to relieve Kimberley in support of a universal practice of shock tactics. The Cavalry Division on that occasion was composed of three Cavalry brigades, besides Mounted Infantry, and, I believe, five batteries of Horse Artillery. Out of this number of about 5000 men, at least 2500 were available and joined in the charge on the Boers, who numbered about 300 men with two or three guns. Our Cavalry had at least a superiority of eight to one! They even then did not ride *over* most of these Boers, but *past* them.

Without detracting in the very least from the great credit due to Sir John French for his prompt decision in thus dealing with the Boers on that day, this action cannot be said, by any stretch of imagination, to prove that Cavalry can ride over riflemen "under all circumstances."

"Eques," in referring to this action, says that "none but Cavalry, and Cavalry employing the true Cavalry weapons of sword and lance, could have achieved it."

On the contrary, if these 2500 charging horsemen had been riflemen, like the Boers, or had only been armed with broomsticks, the result would have been precisely the same, for the main object of the charge had nothing to do with the death of sixteen individual Boers.

The successes of the Boers in their charges on Colonel Benson's and Lord Methuen's rear-guards were brought about by the Boers first bringing a very heavy and close-range fire to bear on our men and then charging them with very superior numbers, the advance being covered by the same fire all the

time. There is nothing in these instances to support for one moment the argument that shock tactics must almost always be the most effective, or the most general method of action for Cavalry; or that Cavalry should be trained to think that shock tactics are almost always the best.

But when "Eques" quotes the late Colonel Henderson in support of his theories, and against the new system of training our Cavalry, he is particularly unfortuuate.

First, to deal with his quotation from this able writer, viz., "a few active squadrons and not a man would have escaped" of the 38th Prussian Brigade at Vionville. Let us suppose that a "few active squadrons" of our Cavalry trained on the new lines had been there, is there the smallest reason for imagining that more of the Prussians would have escaped than if the same number of squadrons of French Cuirassiers had appeared? I entirely fail to see on what grounds "Eques" bases this suggestion. Our Cavalry could have ridden down on the Prussians with the sword with an effect presumably somewhat similar to that which the French squadrons would have produced. But if for some particular reason our Cavalry had preferred to use their rifles, and galloping down on this mass of demoralised Prussians, had dismounted on any advantageous position within a short distance of them, and then opened a rapid magazine fire, what would have been the effect? It would have meant annihilation to the Prussian Brigade.

But let me produce a few more quotations from the late Colonel Henderson, since "Eques" considers him, in agreement with all who knew him, so high an authority:

"Cavalry armed, trained, and equipped as the Cavalry of the Continent, is as obsolete as the Crusaders."

"Even our own Cavalry, when it took the field in 1899, was more or less paralysed by the burden of effete traditions."

"Our critics . . . do not seem to have realised that the small-bore rifle and smokeless powder have destroyed the last vestiges of the traditional *rôle* of cavalry."

It is these arms, this training, and these "effete traditions"

that "Eques" so strenuously supports. Nothing could be clearer or more decided than the late Colonel Henderson's opinion on the present mode of training and arming the Cavalry on the Continent. And his opinion, as shown by the above extracts from his published writings, written since the war, is absolutely adverse to their system of training and arming, which "Eques," on the contrary, considers should be our pattern.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the great dead-weight of prejudice in favour of that encumbrance, the lance, and against the rifle, as an arm for Cavalry, will be broken down, and that our training in the future will be based on the recognition of what war is really like, and not on the so-called "Cavalry spirit," which I cannot define better than by the word "Brag." Our Cavalry, then, should be the most mobile and efficient in the world for all the many and great tasks that will fall to its lot in war, without by one whit diminishing its readiness and its ability to charge, should the opportunity arise.

CAVALRY.

THE JEWISH PERIL IN RUSSIA

By M. O. MENCHIKOFF [1]

THE Jewish question in contemporary Russia is but the painful and tardy liquidation of one of the invasions to which the weaker half of Europe—the Slavonic—was exposed some six centuries ago. The two principal Slavonic countries, Russia and Poland, were then simultaneously and from opposite sides invaded by Asiatics; Mongolians assailed Russia, Jews assailed Poland. Russia was able to cope with the Mongolian invaders, despite their fighting qualities, but Poland failed to check the advance of the timorous Jews.

The latter were infinitely more dangerous than the Tartars. To some extent they had been allured by repeated invitations from the Polish kings themselves, and enjoyed accordingly considerable advantages. Indeed, at a time when the Jews were being expelled from almost every Western State, in Poland their lives and honour were guarded no less securely than those of the native nobility. Whilst the Slavonic plebs were still lingering in the bonds of serfdom, the Jews were free, and were even admitted to the aristocratic privilege of wearing rapiers. Any Jew might, by a mere conversion to Christianity, become a nobleman. In their capacity as stewards

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of the estates belonging to the Polish magnates the Jews possessed the right of life and death over Christian slaves. They introduced into the country improved methods of trade and commerce, and thereby underworking the native third estate, gradually superseded it. They formed a wedge between the nobility and the people, and the result of the cleft thus wrought was on the one hand the complete subjection of the lower classes, on the other a chronic state of anarchy among the upper strata. In brief, their economic enslavement of Poland weakened the nation both politically and morally, and paved the way for its downfall.

Russia, on the other hand, clung steadfastly to the time-honoured European standpoint with regard to the Jews, to whom she persistently refused to throw open her frontiers. A first massacre of Jews took place at Kieff in the earliest days of Russian history, under King Isiaslav. Peter the Great, who encouraged all other alien immigrants, gave full and graphic expression to the key-note of Russian Anti-Semitism in the following outburst: "I had rather see Moslems and heathens within my empire than Jews. Jews are knaves and cheats. I mean to uproot, not to aggravate, existing evils. There will be neither room nor trade for them inside my borders, however hard they may strive for that, and bribe my courtiers." Under Elizabeth, his daughter, the Jews were altogether banished from Russia; but, after the partition of Poland, the whole Jewish population of that country was merged into the Empire. And here begins the secular and well-nigh fruitless struggle of the Russian Government with the new invaders, who threatened Russia with the fate of Poland.

The danger for Russia of the Jewish settlements may be summarised in the following points. The Jews within our Empire form a closely organised political community of some 8,000,000 souls, a community not merely foreign in creed and language, but decidedly hostile to the country. A vagrant tribe amid established nations, they are totally unfit for

husbandry, and almost invariably season their petty trades and other transactions with various tricks and usurious practices. They are mostly keepers of bars or brothels, pimps, smugglers, receivers of stolen goods, moneylenders or pawnbrokers, counterfeiters of coin, &c.; in other words, "go-betweens" of every branch of preposterous business. Some are small farmers and contractors; as workmen they live from hand to mouth. Settled between two seas within the fifteen Russian provinces nearest to Western Europe, and residing chiefly amid two great Powers—Russia and Austria—the Jews could no more raise the culture of the country than develop a rich industry or big trade. Far from being well-off, they are part and parcel of the miserable proletariat, and quite incapable of sound work. The progressive incursions of this hungry yet well-organised alien colony is therefore justly regarded as a source of great danger for our Empire. The much-talked-of "demarcation line" is nothing but a crumbling dam, not proof against the infiltration of the turbid waves of Judaism. Together with merchants of the first-class guild, mechanics, and other workers of higher education, who all possess the legal right to reside in Russia, innumerable Jews stole in who could boast no definite trade or business. As a result, hardly a century had elapsed before the whole of the trade in South Russia was practically in the hands of the Jews. In "White Russia" they are landowners, whilst in the several capitals they have found access to the liberal professions. The Russian press, for instance, is largely Jewish property. Generally speaking, Russia is distinctly hospitable to foreigners. Our Government entertains not the slightest objection to a foreign people bringing into the country their own specific talents, knowledge, and capital. But the Jews do nothing of the kind, nor do they mix easily with the native population; it is a fact that five hundred years' residence in Poland and Litiva has failed to make them into either Poles or White-Russians. Besides, Jews, taken as a whole, are ignorant and anything but naturally gifted. With two or three excep-

tions, they have given no remarkable men to Russia. Hostile both to Christianity and to the Russian independence, they are as a dissolvent in the national culture and organism.

How, then, does Judaism maintain its position in Russia? By the very same means that proved formerly so successful in Old Poland, *i.e.*, by the corruption of those on whom its career depends. Jews are strict, but their moral sense is paralysed by manifold reservations and deviations. The police is, as a rule, on their side, and even some governors are known to support them. The central authorities, feeling themselves too weak as yet to tackle the difficulty, are ever postponing its solution, together with that of many other questions.

Latterly, the Jews have also taken a prominent part in the revolutionary movements within the Empire, because they expect to be granted perfect equality of rights with Russian-born and Russian-bred citizens as soon as a representative Government has been established. But the fulfilment of this expectation is extremely doubtful. A constitutional government would speedily put an end to administrative venality and arbitrariness, thereby suppressing the main source of the connivance actually enjoyed by the Jews. Private folk are always more truly patriotic in feeling than officials. By virtue of the constitution of Roumania, the Jews are practically expelled, one by one, from that kingdom. Russian policy at the present hour seems to have one object in view, that of starting a free emigration of the Jews from Russia. But the total number of Jewish emigrants during the last twenty years was only about a million; so that if this be considered satisfactory, and if the means adopted for arresting the growth of Judaism had been successful, the Slavonic element might have hoped to be out of danger in a century or two. Meanwhile, the two recent massacres of the Jews demonstrate clearly that, in face of the slackness betrayed by the central powers, the people take upon themselves the solution of the problem. These massacres are but another form of the "lynch" system, which is just as bad with us as it is in America. There is no doubt but that

more humane measures are needed, and a more thoughtful policy; otherwise a secret internecine war, not to say an open rebellion, is quite inevitable.

The Jews are the victims of their own history. They are the only race in Europe which has not been assimilated by Christianity. They should either found a kingdom of their own—outside Europe!—as the Zionists propose, or else renounce their nationality. *The real Ghetto of the Jews is Judaism itself,* an old creed which congeals its followers in a serfdom heavier than that of ancient Egypt. To me it seems that the only possible Canaan for all, including the Jews themselves, would be Christianity, and the assimilation of the Jews with those nations among whom they are now living.

M. O. MENCHIKOFF.

THROUGH MACEDONIA

WHEN I arrived at Sofia on August 28 last there was little to indicate that Bulgaria was in the throes of a great crisis, in which her very existence was involved. The Macedonian question was becoming every day more acute, and the Bulgarian people were most deeply affected by the sufferings of their kinsfolk across the border; but they gave no signs of hysterical excitement, nor did they indulge in any *fanfaronnade* as to what they intended to do. They were simply waiting, with that dogged self-restraint which is characteristic of this silent, unexpansive race, waiting in the vain hope that Europe would redeem her promises and come to the assistance of the Macedonians. Next spring, if nothing is done in the meanwhile by the Powers, war between Bulgaria and Turkey will be very difficult to avoid.

To enter Macedonia from Bulgaria there are four routes; you may either go by rail *viâ* Constantinople and Salonica, or *viâ* Niš in Servia and Üsküb, or by carriage *viâ* Dupnica and Džumaia, or Kjustendil and Kumanova. Throughout the summer and autumn of this year the two latter routes were closed, as it was in this neighbourhood that the bands were trying to cross the border. The Niš route, too, was closed to travellers coming from Bulgaria, for whom the Constantinople route alone remained open. As, however, C. and I had had our passports *viséd* in London direct for Salonica, we were able to go by Servia, the frontier authorities not knowing that we had been in Bulgaria

at all. At that time there was hardly any traffic on the Turkish railways, and for several days the trains ran empty owing to the panic caused by the recent dynamite outrages. On arriving at Niš we found the town in a state of far greater excitement than Sofia; not on account of Macedonian affairs, but over King Peter's visit. There was little to detain us there, and at 10 P.M. we departed for the frontier. Only one other passenger was going to Macedonia that night, for there were wild rumours about that the insurgents had determined to blow up every train. The hours of departure had been changed, so as to avoid passing through any part of Turkish territory after dark, when it would be impossible to protect the line effectively. All night long the train toiled slowly through Southern Servia, so slowly as to give one a foretaste of Turkish travelling; and at dawn we reached Ristovac, the last Servian station. A few minutes later we passed the invisible but very real line dividing Servia from Turkey; the exact point where the railway crosses the frontier is indicated by the two sentries—the Serb in his flat Russian cap and semi-Austrian uniform on the one side, and the short, swarthy, pock-marked Asiatic in his red fez and battered attire on the other. Both present arms as the train glides by, and the next moment we have left semi-civilisation behind us, and are in the utter barbarism of Macedonia. Then comes Zibevče, the Turkish custom-house. The Ottoman *douane*, even in normal times, is a trying ordeal, but this year, when the Bulgarian insurgents were ever attempting to cross the frontier, and the authorities feared that explosives might be introduced into the country, the officials are more than usually rigorous. Although our passports proved to be quite *en règle*, and no dynamite was found in our modest luggage, we were detained for nearly two hours. But our revolvers, alas, were taken from us, for it was considered that to bring arms into Turkey was to cast a reflection on the absolute security which, as everybody knows, prevails in the Sublime Ottoman dominions; we thus had to face the terrors of a Macedonian journey with no weapons more formidable than walking-sticks and umbrellas.

As it turned out, however, these were quite sufficient for all purposes. For although the air is full of wars and rumours of wars there is still a certain respect for the sacred person of the European in the Near East.

As soon as the frontier was crossed it became fairly evident that the country was in a state of war. The station of Zibevče was crowded with ruffianly-looking soldiers and armed Albanians, as indeed were all the other stations in Turkey. All along the line sentries were posted every few hundred yards; every bridge and every tunnel was closely guarded by large or small detachments, encamped in little white tents standing out clear against the background of brown earth and purple distance. All these precautions seemed to be effective, at least so far as this journey was concerned, and we reached Üsküb in safety.

Owing to its position at the junction of several valleys and roads this town has always been a place of great strategic importance, from the days when it was the capital of the great Servian Empire of Stephen Dušan down to the present time. During the heyday of the Ottoman power Üsküb was a name of terror for all Christendom, for it was here that the Sultan or the Beglerbeg of Rumelia[1] gathered the Turkish armies when contemplating a fresh raid into Europe. To-day when the Turks can no longer threaten the West directly they still manage to keep it in a turmoil of agitation, and still Üsküb continues to be one of the storm centres. It is situated on both banks of the Vardar, which is crossed by several bridges, one of them very old and of a picturesque, typically Turkish, design. The view of the massive brown walls of Czar Dušan's citadel rising sheer up out of the sluggish river, crowned with the dazzling white Konak, the barracks, and other public buildings, and the opalescent outlines of the mighty Schar Dagh in the background, form one of the most striking sights in this wondrous Balkan land. The streets are as dirty and ill-paved and the houses as sordid and dilapidated as those of any other Turkish town, but the varied and brilliant costumes give colour

[1] Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Armies in Europe.

to the scene. For Üsküb is a meeting-point of many races, many creeds, and many political aspirations, and the various discordant elements which make up Macedonia are all represented here. There is an important nucleus of Osmanli Turks, settled from the early days of the conquest, and strengthened of late owing to the tendency of the Mohammedans to congregate in the towns; there are ferocious-looking Albanians of various tribes in their white head-cloths or skull-caps and white flannel trousers picked out with black braid, stolid, expressionless Bulgarians, excitable Serbs, a few Kutzo-Vlachs and Greeks, and here and there a negro, such as you find in every Turkish town. At the time of my visit the most conspicuous part of the population were the soldiers; soldiers were everywhere, the barracks were full to overcrowding, in every open space tents were pitched, and all night long the tramp of infantry and the clatter of cavalry patrols continued. The day we arrived the town had a festive appearance, for it was the anniversary of the Sultan's Accession. But the occasion caused some uneasiness, and the authorities had taken extra precautions, for it was whispered that the insurgents intended to celebrate the event by throwing a few bombs about, and that the Mohammedans would retaliate by a general massacre of the Christians. At night the streets were illuminated, but hardly any one dared go out; there were wild rumours that three insurgents had visited a house near the station and deposited some bombs, timed to explode at a certain hour—no one knew which! But everything passed off quietly, and nothing exciting happened.

The Kossovo Vilayet, of which Üsküb is the capital, has been the scene of two revolutionary agitations this year. In the northern districts there is the eternal feud between the Albanians and the Serbs, while the southern part of the province comes into the sphere of the Bulgaro-Macedonian movement. Üsküb has been well described as a prolongation of Servia, Bulgaria, and Albania, and Serbs, Bulgarians, and Albanians all claim it for their own. But the centre of the area of the

Serbo-Albanian dispute is Mitrovica, about five hours north of Üsküb, and in the heart of Old Servia. The route thither passes through the wide and beautiful plain of Kossovo, a name fatal in the annals of the Southern Slaves, for it was here that in 1389 the flower of their chivalry met the hordes of Sultan Murad, and sustained a crushing defeat, which broke the power of Servia for ever, and opened the way for the Turkish conquest of the Balkans. Mitrovica is an extremely picturesque and primitive Oriental township inhabited by a mixed population of Albanians and Serbs. All the country round has for years past been in a constant state of anarchy, and the Albanians, with the connivance of the Turkish authorities, have been pillaging, murdering, and driving out the Serbs, so that large districts which were once wholly Servian have now become quite Albanian. These disorders culminated last spring, when the first Austro-Russian reform scheme threatened the Albanians' vested right to plunder their neighbours, and they broke out in open revolt. The Ottoman Government became thoroughly alarmed, fearing that Austria or Russia might use the disturbance as an excuse for armed intervention, and at last set itself to the task of subduing the lawless mountaineers. A large number of troops were sent up, and after some severe fighting the rebels were defeated for the time being, so that during the past summer Old Servia was quieter than it had ever been before. But at the time of our visit the new Russian Consul, M. Maschkoff, who succeeded the unfortunate M. Stcherbina, murdered by an Albanian soldier, was convinced that the troubles would break out again as soon as the extra troops were recalled. His house, indeed, was like a small fortress; besides the usual Consular guard of Turkish troops there were half a dozen cavasses armed to the teeth (one of them a Cossack in a marvellous sheep-skin headdress) about the premises, and eight rifles with fixed bayonets were stacked in the hall. These precautions proved to be by no means unnecessary, and when a few weeks later the garrison of Mitrovica was reduced, the Albanians

broke out in revolt once more, wounded a number of the newly appointed Servian Christian gendarmes, and besieged them in the Russian consul's house. The outrages on the Serbs are now going on as merrily as ever, and the authorities are unable or unwilling to stop them.

This Albanian problem forms one of the most difficult points of the Macedonian question, and unless carefully handled will lead to endless trouble in the future. If any scheme of reforms is to be effective, it must begin by endeavouring, as far as possible, to separate the purely Albanian districts from those occupied by other races, whether Greeks or Slaves. A *régime* suitable to the latter would be utterly inapplicable to the former. The Turkish Government has always made use of the Albanians to persecute the Christian races, so that to place these tribesmen together and on an equal footing with those whom they formerly plundered would be to court rebellion. They are by no means devoid of good qualities, but they have been purposely kept ignorant and barbarous. They are brave, intelligent, and straightforward; when out of their own country and away from their tribal feuds they show great ability, and supply Turkey with some of its best officials and generals. The European embassies and consulates in the East usually have Albanians as cavasses, because of their absolute trustworthiness. But under the peculiar conditions of their own country they are utter barbarians, and have not produced a single great man, save Skanderbeg and Ali Pasha of Tepelen.

From Mitrovica we returned to Üsküb, and thence on to Salonica. South of Üsküb we soon get into an almost purely Bulgarian country, and we realise how strongly predominant the Bulgarian element is in Central Macedonia. Already at Kyöprülü,[1] a picturesque little town on the Vardar, more than half the population are Bulgarians, and in the country round almost all of it. This region was one of the chief areas of the rebellion, and the military precautions along the line were doubled.

[1] Called Veles by the Greeks.

But the panic of the previous week was over, and the train was quite crowded; many of the passengers were Salonica Jews who had been waiting in Vienna and elsewhere, until they could return home in safety. The talk is all of the insurrection, and all these worthies wax indignant over the iniquities of the "brigands," as they call the Bulgarian insurgents, who have brought the trade of Salonica almost to a standstill, while expatiating on the excellence of the Turkish soldiers and on the virtues of the Sublime Ottoman Government. Suddenly there is an excitement, and every head is craned out of the windows; puffs of smoke appear on the hill-side, and anxious inquiries are made. At a wayside station the train pulls up, and a party of soldiers is seen approaching; they are looking for something—*komittadjis* probably. As yet they have caught one prisoner. Then we learn that there has been a fight near the neighbouring village of Amatovo. An hour later we reach Salonica.

At Salonica the atmosphere is wholly different from that of the rest of Macedonia. The town is of great beauty, and has much to attract the traveller, even if he is not searching for political, ethnical, or religious problems. From the bright sunlit quays along the shores of the blue Ægean we see in the far distance the hazy outlines of the mountains of Chalcidice and Thessaly, and on very clear days even the mighty Olympos. Here and there, amid shady courts, we come upon wonderful Byzantine churches adorned with rich marbles and brilliant mosaics. Most of them have now been converted into mosques, but the mullahs are quite willing to act as *ciceroni* to giaours for a consideration. In the former church of St. Demetrius the Christians are even allowed to hold religious festivals, and to worship the shrine of the saint on certain days. When strangers visit the building, the mullah does the honours; a Mohammedan priest reciting in Turkish the story of the miracles of a Christian saint, his words being translated by a Hebrew dragoman into French, constitutes one of the strangest medleys of religions and languages to be found even in this confused land! Salonica has also a magnificent circuit

of Byzantine walls, second only to those of Constantinople in extent, somewhat like them in construction, and in certain ways finer, for they are built on a steep hill-side, and plunge down to the sea from a great height. During the past summer and autumn Salonica was perhaps the only place in Macedonia where absolute security prevailed. After the wild panic caused by the dynamite explosions of April 29, when the Turks began to murder the Bulgarians and a general massacre was feared, the disorders were stayed owing to the efforts of the one really honest and respectable high Turkish functionary in European Turkey—Hassan Fehmi Pasha, Vali of Salonica. The population of the town is, as usual, very mixed, and here the Jews are in a large majority. It is, in fact, one of the very few towns in Europe where such a majority is to be found. In the West we usually associate the Jews with business, shop-keeping, the liberal professions, and the arts. But at Salonica we find Jewish boatmen, porters, and artisans of all kinds. Their language is a curious Spanish dialect, for they are mostly descendants of the Jews expelled from Spain at the time of Ferdinand and Isabella; but of course they speak other tongues as well, for who is not polyglot in this part of the world?

From Salonica we proceeded to Monastir, the centre of the Bulgarian insurrectionary movement, and politically the most interesting spot in Macedonia. The scenery along the route has many and varied attractions. The railway first crosses the wide marshy delta of the Vardar, passing by several places of historic fame, such as Pella, Alexander the Great's capital, and Berœa (Verria), where St. Paul preached. The swampy foreground of reeds and water, the pale lilac tints of the distant hills, and here and there dark masses of trees, remind one not a little of the country about the mouth of the Arno, while some of the hill towns, such as Vodena—a fascinating cluster of Turkish houses in the midst of refreshing greenery and cool cascades—are not unlike some of those of the Roman Campagna. The train painfully ascends into a wild mountain region of narrow defiles and deep chasms; then come deep

blue lakes and pleasant vineyards. At every station the third-class passengers—almost the only ones in the train, for the line has a bad name this year—tumble out of their cars and make a rush for the fountain to refill their earthenware jugs, and buy fruit from the hawkers who have come up from the nearest village with their delicious wares. Not even in Italy do you get such exquisite grapes and figs so cheap. To judge from the singing and boisterous laughter of these Macedonian peasants one would never imagine oneself in a country ablaze with rebellion and red with massacre. And yet as we approach we can discern columns of black smoke on many of the hills, for forest, crops, and hamlets, all are burning. Here, too, there are soldiers everywhere, more soldiers, and yet more. Every inch of the railway is guarded by them, and they are swarming all over the country. Some are in the train, having been sent to strengthen the garrison of Monastir. They are gathered from all the corners of the Empire—Osmanlis from the interior of Asia Minor, wild Albanians, *Ilavehs*,[1] who are little better than undisciplined bashi-buzuks in uniform, fair-haired Mohammedans of Slavonic stock, whose ancestors may have fought and died at Kossovo on the Christian side, and who are now the fiercest persecutors of their Christian kinsfolk. They are of all ages, and among them one notices men of forty or even fifty years, for the *Mustafuz*, or last reserve, have been called out, showing how serious the military situation was at the time. Had the strategy of the insurgents been equal to their bravery the result might have been very different. The men, as usual, are in tattered uniforms and broken boots or sandals, their bodies encircled in coils of cartridges glistening brightly in the September sun; the officers are more smartly attired, and swagger about the platforms with their silver-handled riding-whips. All these men are collected here in this devoted vilayet at the summons of the Commander of the Faithful, to carry out the work of devastation, murder, and outrage.

[1] Second reserves, who are levied locally.

At last the train emerges from the valley into the wide plain of Pelagonia, and we reach Monastir. The town is of no great beauty, like Salonica or Üsküb; it is built partly in the plain and partly on the side of a hill, and is traversed by the Dragora and another stream, both nearly dry at this time of the year, full of filth, and smelling horribly. The bazar and the medley of rich and varied costumes are most picturesque features of Monastir. The usual dogs lie about by day in the streets for you to tumble over, and keep you awake with their howling and barking by night. There are many houses in the European style, but they are all more or less dilapidated and unlovely. In normal times Monastir is a busy centre of trade, and on market days representatives of every race in European Turkey may be seen gathered here. But now business is practically suspended, and no man knows what the next day may bring forth. When I was there the market was again beginning to be a little more active, but most of the roads were still closed to traffic, and along the one to Ochrida corpses were lying unburied by the wayside.

There are many races and many parties at Monastir. The Greeks claim that it is a Greek town, but of genuine Hellenes there are very few—not more than a dozen families. But there are a large number of Vlachs, who belong to the Patriarchist Church, and are therefore dubbed Greeks, although now some of them are being weaned away from the Greek party by the Roumanian propaganda. This movement is chiefly due to the initiative of the late Apostolo Margariti, inspector of the Roumanian schools, who at one time was quite a power at Monastir, and enjoyed the favour of the Turkish Government. The Bulgarians are very numerous, but less conspicuous, as they live apart in their own "mahalleh." In the neighbouring country they are the predominant element, as indeed throughout Central Macedonia. Some of them belong to the Patriarchist Church, and are described as "Bulgarophone Greeks," but they are Bulgars none the less. South of Monastir one comes into a more Greek country, and some

towns, like Kastoria, are almost wholly Greek; but even there the Bulgarian villages redress the balance. There is no doubt that these Bulgarians are the steadiest and most reliable of all the Macedonian peoples, and the most hard-working. Their propaganda is extremely active, and has made astonishing progress of late years. They are not brilliant nor very attractive, but they have political insight and great strength of character. All the races of Macedonia are discontented with Turkish rule, but the Bulgarians alone have had the courage to rise, and they have held their own single-handed for many months in the face not only of vast Turkish armies, but of hostile Greeks and more or less unfriendly Serbs and Vlachs. One of the reasons that has made Western Europe so apathetic with regard to the Macedonian question is the prevailing idea that all the inhabitants of the Balkan lands belong to the category of "Levantine Christians." The type from which this idea is derived is the mongrel trader or loafer of the Mediterranean ports, who is certainly an undesirable person, and it is supposed that all the other Christians are like him, the Turk being the only "gentleman" of the lot. And yet one can hardly conceive of a greater difference than that between the sober, silent, hard-working Bulgarian and the loquacious, clever, but frivolous Hellene who prates of the "Grand Idea" and the revived Greek Empire, in the streets and cafés. If people in England and elsewhere would only realise how different the Bulgarians are they would understand the Macedonian question a great deal better.

The Mohammedans form the most turbulent element in the town; some of them, especially the Turks and the Pomaks (Mohammedan Bulgarians), are very fanatical, while the Albanians think more of plunder than of the Prophet. It is not likely that they would be ready to indulge in massacre were it not for the mullahs who from time to time come to stir them up from Stambul, and for the attitude of the authorities. With regard to the mullahs, a Lazarist missionary told me that one of them had come to him with a local

mullah of Monastir to see the mission. Thinking that the Lazarist did not understand Turkish, the Stambuli fanatic, after asking a few questions, turned to his colleague, and said: "We shall kill this dog and plunder all these things when the time comes." The other, however, knew that the monk was a Turkish scholar and replied: "No, no, he is a good man, and must not be harmed."

It is hardly necessary to say that Monastir was full of soldiers, and patrolled day and night. After sunset the streets were deserted save for a few people returning to their homes from some eating-house. Every one was supposed to carry a lantern; otherwise the sentries stopped you, crying out "Dur!" (halt), but they could not arrest a European even if unprovided with a lantern. The town was in a state of siege, and every public building, every consulate, ecclesiastical residence, and mission was guarded by troops. But these guards did not make the inmates of the houses in question feel by any means more comfortable; in fact, one of the consuls told me that when, after M. Rostkovski's murder by a gendarme, the guards at the consulates were doubled, he himself felt far less easy than before, and would have gladly dispensed with this doubtful protection altogether. The soldiers, with their utter want of discipline, constitute a serious danger for every one, and it was generally thought that if a rising of Mohammedans were to take place, the troops would join the fanatical mob. The position of the consuls at Monastir was not unlike that of the Pekin Legations in 1900, but for the fact that the latter had European soldiers to protect them. The following anecdote is characteristic of the chaotic state of the Turkish army. The servant of one of the Christian missions in Monastir one day found the sentry guarding the mission-house in tears. On questioning the man he learnt that he had been forgotten by his superiors and left on duty for forty-eight hours, unrelieved and without food! Some of the Albanian regiments got so completely out of hand that the consular body insisted on their being kept in the barracks. But it is not only their want of

discipline that is responsible for their atrocities. They know quite well how to obey their officers, especially when the orders issued from the highest quarters are to pillage and murder.

The Christian population, and especially the Bulgarians, were therefore living under a reign of terror all through the autumn. The Bulgarians no longer dared to come to the foreign consuls, as they used to do before, to tell their tales of murder and outrage to the only persons from whom they could hope for sympathy and protection. Since the war of extermination broke out, for a Bulgarian to be seen entering the house of a "Consolos Bey," meant imprisonment, the bastinado, or worse. A Bulgarian was stabbed in the bazar while I was at Monastir, because he refused to sell his grain to a Turk at an absurdly low price. The assassin of course, was not punished, nor was another Turk, whom I often saw loafing about the town, and had murdered a number of Christians. The refugees from the burnt villages were not allowed to come into Monastir, and it was a long time before even the Sisters of Charity were permitted to go and collect a few of the wounded lying exposed on the mountain side. But owing to the representations of the consuls an exception was made in favour of the villagers of Smilevo and Gijavato, of whom about a hundred families were allowed to take refuge in Monastir. They were sheltered in the Bulgarian quarter and the Bulgarian school, huddled together on the floor of small rooms, almost without any furniture or belongings save what they could carry. In one class room I saw about two dozen; they formed a most picturesque group in their red and white and yellow costumes, but a pitiful sight all the same. On the walls were a map of the Holy Land, a large clock, and a portrait of the author of all their woes, Abdul Hamid II. When I questioned them as to their experiences, they told their tales simply and unaffectedly—plain, unvarnished stories, all similar, but terrible in their very monotony. A quiet village, sounds of firing in the distance, enter the soldiers, the villagers fly, but are fired on as they try to get away, all who

remain behind murdered, many women outraged, every house plundered, then smeared with paraffin, and set on fire. In some cases there had been fighting between the soldiers and an insurgent band in the village, but in most instances the destruction was utterly wanton, and no *komittadjis* were about. Many of the burnt villages, indeed, were Greek or Vlach, and therefore hostile to the rebels. In the Greek hospital at Monastir, there were about twenty men, women, and children, all of them Patriarchists, wounded in the most horrible way by Turkish soldiers or baski-buzuks.

And yet in spite of being in constant fear of their lives the Bulgarians were by no means cowed. The soldiers might burn down villages and murder peaceful villagers, but the *komittadjis* proved more difficult customers. In many an encounter the troops lost heavily, and more than one regiment refused to face the dynamite bombs of the enemy. In Monastir itself no Turk dared enter the Bulgarian quarter alone, and even when searches for arms were instituted, they were carried out in a gingerly and ineffectual fashion, for every one was convinced that there were stores of arms and bombs in many houses, and even the troops were afraid. The roads, mountains, and forests close to the town were said to shelter numbers of insurgents, and every day news of further fighting was received. One night twenty arabas full of wounded soldiers were seen driving in, and the military hospital was crowded.

The chief solicitude of the authorities was to prevent foreigners from learning the true state of affairs, and no European was allowed to go outside the town save for a short distance—not even the Swedish officers who were reorganising the gendarmerie![1] But nevertheless everything came out sooner or later. The insurgents always found means of communicating with the consuls, and every Sunday a weekly bulletin of operations and atrocities was slipped in under their doors. Some correspondents and others have accused the

[1] One correspondent—an American—succeeded in getting to Kruševo, and since the end of October the prohibition has been to some extent relaxed.

Bulgarians of being liars, declaring that their statements were no more to be trusted than those of the Turkish authorities; but one of the consuls who had been taking especial pains to check the information supplied by the *komittadjis* from other less suspect sources, told me that the bulletins were almost invariably accurate, although occasionally they understated the numbers of villages burnt and of villagers murdered.

After having visited the hospital and heard the tales of the refugees and of the consuls, it was quite refreshing to interview the Turkish authorities on the situation. The Government buildings, where these exalted persons are to be found, are on a wide esplanade overlooking the river—gaunt, dreary, barrack-like structures of wood and plaster, the doors guarded by soldiers, the rickety wooden stairs and corridors crowded with officials in ill-fitting frock-coats, aides-de-camp in military uniforms, peasants in variegated costumes, and a goodly sprinkling of gendarmes. We leave our umbrellas or sticks in a corner, and are admitted into the presence of the great man. His Excellency Hussein Hilmi Pasha, Inspector-General of Reforms, is a tall, thin, sallow-faced individual, with black hair and beard, a hooked nose, and a keen expression. He speaks good French and has a tincture of European culture. His first remarks to me were about the untrustworthiness of the French Press. "The *Matin*," he said, "has actually stated that the Dragora is flowing with blood. As you see for yourself, that is quite untrue." He then expatiated on the fact that tranquillity had been restored in the vilayet of Monastir. "We have 50,000 troops here, but things are now so quiet that half that number would be quite sufficient to keep order." I felt inclined to add that if they were all withdrawn there might be some chance of peace. "We are now engaged in carrying out the reforms [he was alluding to the February scheme]. We have established special tribunals [the prisons were full of untried political prisoners]; we are spending large sums on roads [results not yet visible]; we are reorganising the gendarmerie, but for some reason the Christians are not anxious

to join it." "If the country is so secure, one may travel about in safety?" I asked. "You are free to go wherever you like." But I found afterwards that when I proposed to visit some of the burnt villages the permission granted in the evening was withdrawn in the morning. Nazir Pasha, the military governor, was of course the person to apply to for information on the atrocities committed by the troops. When questioned on that subject his invariable reply was: "The Turkish soldier has three duties. The first is to kill or capture the *komittadjis*. The second is to extinguish the fires caused by the fighting. The third is to conduct the women and children to a place of safety."

Under these circumstances it seems extraordinary that Austria and Russia should be content to entrust their new scheme to Hilmi Pasha, the very man who so signally failed to carry out the first one. It is true he is assisted by foreign assessors this time, but what effect will this have save that of causing endless disputes between the two authorities?

With all its horrors and devastation this land is fair, and of great wealth. If Europe were to do its duty and secure decent government for the people, so that life and property would be safe, roads built, and taxation placed on an equitable and certain basis, the old feuds would soon lose much of their force, and the country would become prosperous. For the present that is all that is needed, but it can only be secured by means of an independent European governor, who shall neither be responsible to the Sultan, nor the tool of ambitious foreign Powers. Autonomy and peace guaranteed by effective European control is all that the Macedonians ask for. In the future there will be time to discuss the final settlement, whether the land is to be divided among the Balkan States, or to form a nucleus for that consummation so devoutly to be wished—the confederation of the Balkans.

L. VILLARI.

W. E. H. LECKY:

A REMINISCENCE

AMONGST the rather meagre hints which we possess as regards the early mental development of the great writer and historian whom we have so recently lost, the most important will, I think, be found to be a paper which he himself contributed to the American *Forum* in the month of June 1890. In that paper, to which he gave the name of "Formative Influences," we obtain a clear, and even by moments vivid, glimpse into the sort of atmosphere in which a young, enthusiastic, yet always essentially meditative, mind would have found itself plunged in or about the year 1860. A few sentences upon the first page of that paper seem to open before us like a vista, a vista into what is already a half-forgotten world: "The great High Church wave, which a few years before had been so powerful, had been broken when Newman and many other leaders of the party had passed to Catholicism. Darwin and Herbert Spencer had not yet risen above the horizon. Mill was in the zenith of his fame and influence. The intellectual atmosphere was much agitated by the recent discoveries of geology, by their manifest bearing on the Mosaic cosmogony, and on the history of the Fall, and by the attempts of Hugh Miller, Hitchcock, and other writers to reconcile them with the received theology."

The Mosaic cosmogony, the Fall, and the first pale

glimmerings of geology! What a gulf do those sentences seem to open! So wide is it that it takes quite an effort of memory to realise that only forty-three years have rolled over our heads since then. As an Irishman, and a student of Trinity College, the influences that told most strongly upon Mr. Lecky at that age differed, no doubt, considerably from what would have been paramount at either of the two great English Universities. With regard to the ordinary college ambitions and triumphs he seems to have been characteristically, or, as he himself preferred to put it, "perhaps culpably," indifferent. On the other hand, he flung himself from the first, with unflagging ardour, into a long course of independent reading, the effects of which soon began to make themselves felt. That one of the most immediate of those effects was to make it clear that the family living which awaited him in Cork could never be his, is well known. Theologically, and perhaps even more intellectually, the two influences which at that time seem to have told most strongly upon him were those of Butler and of Whately. The latter, as Archbishop of Dublin, had the additional advantage of being a visible authority; one that was to be seen walking about the streets, and was even liable to be personally addressed. Like all who knew him, Mr. Lecky speaks of Whately as a man of little personal charm, and a man who drew to himself—probably in consequence—few followers. At the same time, it is evident that the mere unadorned force of that most sturdy of churchmen was not without considerable weight. As the sworn foe of "Tractarianism," and all its ways and works; as the defender of the historic and evidential school of Paley and Grotius, no less than as the scorner of every species of verbiage and mental ambiguity, it is clear that he exercised—negatively, perhaps, but also positively—a very marked influence upon the most distinguished of the young men who were in those days growing up to maturity within his reach.

The Lecky family belonged to that strongly marked Anglo-Irish type, which has given so many brilliant and capable

sons to the service of the Empire. When William Edward Hartpole Lecky was born in March 1838, his father's estate in County Carlow no longer possessed any available habitation, the picturesque old castle of Shrule, which stands upon it, having long been a mere ruin. At the date of that birth his father and mother were living at Newtown Park, near Dublin, and after the death of the latter—who died while the historian was still under two years of age—his father married Miss Wilmot, in whom her stepson found through life the kindliest of friends and stepmothers. After moving for a time to Graigavoran, in the Queen's County, the family settled down at Monkstown, upon Dublin Bay. Here his father died in the year 1852, but his stepmother continued to live on in the same house until her marriage with Lord Carnwath, after which event their home was for some time at Bushy Park, near Enniskerry, a small, but delightfully situated, property belonging to the Parnell family, close under the shelter of the Wicklow mountains.

At Bushy Park Mr. Lecky had an opportunity of indulging to the full that love of scenery which had been his from boyhood, and which remained ever afterwards one of the great enjoyments of his life. As a boy he is said to have shown some turn for natural science, especially geology, but the taste wore off apparently as he grew older, or was perhaps simply overborne by stronger ones. Although his later life was mainly spent—presumably by choice—in London, no one could ever have known him well without perceiving that he was essentially one of those men to whom the open sky, the free, unfettered face of nature, above all, the power of long solitary walks and musings, seemed almost, as it were, a necessity.

His schoolboy life is said to have been a not particularly happy one. For games or sport he had at no time any affinity, and it is easy to understand that the rough ways of ordinary schoolboys would have been a small purgatory to a nature so inveterately gentle and sensitive as his must always have

Leen. At college, on the other hand—where it may amuse his readers to know that his address was "13 Botany Bay"—he quickly contracted a number of friendships, nearly all of which remained an integral part of his life ever afterwards. Upon this account, and still more because it was there that his own great powers first revealed themselves, to himself no less than to others, this period of his life was evidently a thoroughly enjoyable one. He became a member of the Historical Society, whose coveted gold medal for oratory he obtained in the first year of his joining it. The effect produced upon that Society by the sudden emergence of their tall, shy, and hitherto inveterately taciturn member, has been well described recently by one of his own contemporaries: "He spoke, much as he spoke all through his life, with an extraordinary wealth of language, and a marvellous affluence of illustration. . . . And he spoke—one could see—with the strong conviction that he was saying what he believed to be right, and what he held to be true." Such a success, Lord Ashbourne goes on to say, he had never known in the whole course of his long connection with the Society. It was the appropriate beginning of a distinguished career, and proved a truthful augury for the future.

The necessity of securing a paying profession being in his case fortunately non-existent, Mr. Lecky was able almost from the first to devote his whole mind, and his whole immense powers of work, to those studies and researches which were ever afterwards the great joy and preoccupation of his life. His first serious attempt at literature was inspired, while still at Trinity College, by a natural, not to say righteous, enthusiasm for a group of illustrious Irishmen whose fame was at that time, for some reason, rather in abeyance. This enthusiasm carried him to a degree of vehemence which his maturer judgment afterwards regretted. When in later days his own, so to speak, imaginative Nationalism found itself confronted with a grimmer and more utilitarian variety of the same species, the contrast proved

sharp, and he would now and then complain with a vehemence which personal matters seldom aroused, of the fashion in which his "boyish rhetoric" and "rhodomontade" were apt to be brought up against him, even to the extent of the first, anonymous, and long out of print edition of the book being unearthed for the express purpose.

Rhetoric and rhodomontade are certainly amongst the last ideas which any one who knew him in later life would have associated with Mr. Lecky! To attempt, within the limits of such an article as this, to give even a passing summary of his permanent contributions to English literature would be obviously out of the question. After the appearance of this early, and, he himself assures us, quite unsuccessful book, he went abroad, having first taken his degree, and for several years devoted himself to a fresh course of study, working out in his own mind that more historic and evolutionary view of religion and morals which was at that date only just beginning to permeate the world.

The appearance in 1857 of Buckle's brilliant, if untrustworthy generalisations acted as a stimulus upon the whole English reading public, and not least upon Mr. Lecky. From his own account of the matter it is clear that the effect upon him was, from the first, one of opposition and of dislike rather than the contrary. Buckle's intense arrogance, his rashness of assertion, the undiscriminating use he made of masses of rather ill-digested knowledge, the scorn which he never hesitated to pour upon everything which an earlier world held dear, all these things jarred upon his own more reverent and fastidious taste, although for the literary vigour of the book, as well as for the light which it flung upon many hitherto little-visited tracts of thought he never hesitated to express his admiration. That it was the "History of Civilisation" which induced him to begin collecting materials for his own next book, the "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," is at least clear. This appeared in 1865, its writer being then barely twenty-seven years of age, and it at once became the centre of a

storm, which to us in these days seems a trifle superfluous. It was, perhaps, to the advantage of the writer that his assailants should have belonged to two distinct and widely opposite camps. While upon the one hand he was denounced for "sentimentalism," upon the other hand there arose a clamour from amid the ranks of orthodoxy, approaching, if only faintly approaching, what was afterwards raised over the writings of Darwin, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer. That the subject was a very vast and complex one, too vast and complex to be disposed of within the compass of a single book, no one would have been quicker to recognise than Mr. Lecky himself. Incompleteness, so far from being a fault, was therefore an unavoidable element in the very nature of such an attempt. Between authority and private judgment; between the teachings of the churches, and the colder, if more verifiable, axioms of science; between the inexorable laws of Life and Death, and those inextinguishable Hopes which rise eternally above them—who shall decide? The end of that controversy, at any rate, is not yet.

Equally noisy was the outcry which arose over Mr. Lecky's next book, the "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne." This time his angriest assailants came from the ranks of the Utilitarians, by whom he was accused of having produced a "mere caricature" of their scheme of ethics. That the accusation may have had some foundation is possible. As he was himself fond of showing, a power of entering into, and even to some extent of sympathising with, an antagonistic point of view is one of the chief requisites for understanding it, and with the particular school in question he had all his life remarkably little sympathy. In any case, both these earlier books—more especially, perhaps, the "Rationalism"—have exhibited what is admittedly a very exceptional degree of vitality. They are both to this day eminently readable; both cover an enormous tract of ground, and both of them, moreover, have withstood the test of time to a degree which, for some

reason, their rivals have shown themselves perfectly incapable of emulating.

As regards style, a straightforward, rather sonorous simplicity, is what, from the merely literary point of view, strikes the reader most forcibly in Mr. Lecky's writings. I do not know that the mere music of words—their sound, and swing, and harmony—appealed to him very strongly, or only so far as they enabled him to follow up some chain of reasoning, or to lay down some solid statement of fact. Here and there, however, especially in his earlier writings, we come upon passages of extraordinary beauty and suggestiveness. Of these one of the very finest occurs in the introduction to the "Rationalism," a passage which it is impossible ever to read without a thrill of literary pleasure.

> Civilisation makes the opinions that are opposed to it simply obsolete. They perish by indifference, not by controversy. They are relegated to the dim twilight land that surrounds every living faith; the land, not of death, but of the shadow of death; the land of the unrealised and inoperative.

Such a passage—equally full of truth, and of the beauty of sound—could hardly, one imagines, have been composed without keen enjoyment on the part of the writer. Similar ones become rarer, however, in Mr. Lecky's later books, and I am not sure that as an historian he entirely approved of indulging in them.

And this brings me to what is unquestionably the greatest and most enduring of all his books, to his vast and monumental "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." Even a properly qualified critic might hesitate to attempt within such necessarily contracted limits as these to give any notion of that great work. "'Twere in teaspoon to take the whole Genevese lake," and in the present case is happily as unnecessary as it would be presumptuous. Glancing at it for a moment from a single standpoint—that of the average Irish student—its first and most salient effect will perhaps be found to be the magnificent corrective which it affords to the volumes in which Mr.

Froude dedicated his unique gifts of style and persuasion to the service, not of truth, but of partisanship; to a deliberate, or what looks like a deliberate, falsifying of the records; to the darkening and confusing of what was already only too dark and tangled. To such a perversion of history as this Mr. Lecky's great book comes as the very best of antidotes. Its conspicuous fairness; its far-reaching comprehensiveness; its slow, careful marshalling of facts, no matter how tangled and intricate; above all, its judicial tone, its breadth of treatment, and self-evident accuracy, all these inspire the reader of it with the conviction that, however many histories may still be fated to be written about the same period, this one, assuredly, can never become obsolete.

In the latest edition of it the historian was careful to divide the doings of England from those of Ireland—as some might say, of the sheep from the goats—and so completely has the separation been effected that it is actually possible for a reader to be fairly acquainted with one set of volumes while remaining almost wholly ignorant of their sister ones. No one who has ever had occasion to work through the five volumes which enshrine the last-named and more tragic portion of that history, will, I think, be able—as he travels slowly along, page after page, and decade after decade—to refrain from a feeling of admiration, I might almost say of awe, for the indomitable historian, who, undeterred by the gloom of such a subject—a gloom which must have been doubly felt by one who was himself such a patriotic Irishman—was yet able to bring his great task to so solid and so adequate a conclusion.

To pass rapidly over the list of Mr. Lecky's later books. In 1896, shortly after his election to the House of Commons, he published a political treatise in two volumes, called "Democracy and Liberty." After this followed a volume of Poems, which was succeeded in 1893 by the publication of an address delivered before the Imperial Institute, which re-appeared in pamphlet form under the title of "The Empire, its Value and its Growth." Next came a volume of Essays, to which he gave

the title of "The Map of Life," while the very last literary task upon which he was engaged was that of revising, enlarging, and to a great extent re-writing, the first of all his books, the "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," a work which in its final and two-volume form only appeared a few months before his death.

It is impossible to turn without a certain sense of incongruity from these comparatively placid and settled fields of history and literature in order to glance for a moment at the more public and parliamentary side of Mr. Lecky's career. It was in 1895 that he was asked to stand for his own University, and he was returned as a Liberal Unionist in the same year by a large majority. That he entered Parliament with only one object, with the single-eyed desire to be of service, no one has ever questioned. There was nothing which he could gain from it, for there was nothing which it had to offer him. Office he would never have accepted. His reputation was already made, and could gain no fresh lustre from its debates. Moreover its hours, and the very peculiar strain which it imposes upon its members, were anything but adapted to one whose health had always been rather fragile, and whose own inclinations were unmistakably those of a student, indeed, it is scarcely too much to say, in several respects of a recluse.

In spite of all this Mr. Lecky's parliamentary career stands out before us as at once unique and interesting. In the hustle and turmoil of these democratic days, a presence like his, so detached, and disinterested; so gentle, yet with a shade of aloofness, seems to occupy a niche wholly to itself. If he was proud, as he certainly was, of representing his old University, his old University was still more proud of being represented by him. If his taste was too fastidious, if his ideas were often too subtle for a great popular assembly, it will always remain to the credit of that assembly that he was listened to with attention, and even with quite exceptional deference. His vast stores of knowledge; the thoroughness with which he threw himself into every subject he took up, however complex;

the accent of high conviction which breathed through every word he said; above all, the fairness which made him incapable of straining a point against an adversary, however contentious, all these are qualities necessarily rare in such an assembly, and necessarily, therefore, all the more valuable.

Although a convinced Unionist, his views as regards the various Irish questions in which he interested himself were always individual, and more than once brought him into opposition, not only with the majority of his fellow Unionists, but even with some of his own constituents. Of these more disputable points the chief perhaps was that of a Catholic University for Ireland. This demand—although admittedly with some reluctance—he invariably supported, and that for two simple, but in his opinion adequate reasons. In the first place, because the great majority of what would there be called "bettermost" Catholics preferred a more sectarian type of lay education to any which is at present to be found in Ireland. In the second place, because the number of young Irish Catholics of the same class already enjoying University education was in his opinion manifestly inadequate. While fully supporting in the House and elsewhere, this demand, he was always, however, careful to point out, and to bring Catholic evidence to show, the absolute liberality with which every honour and advantage of the existing Universities in Ireland are thrown open to Catholics, would they deign to avail themselves of them. And he would occasionally, in his own peculiarly quiet fashion, pour a gentle stream of ridicule over the rhetoric which found no difficulty in describing the present condition of affairs in that respect in Ireland, "in language which would scarcely be too weak were it applied to the persecutions of Diocletian."

And this brings me to a point which seems to demand a word or two, I mean the error of those who failed to do justice to the strong, though characteristically unemphasised, sense of humour which belonged to Mr. Lecky. Even in the otherwise cordial and appreciative summary which

appeared in *The Times* of October 24, the same mistake is repeated. Now, so far from this being the case, his sense of humour was, to all who knew him intimately, one of the most individual and one of the most salient of all his characteristics. When his voice sank to its most plaintive pitch; when what has been described as his "mediæval-saint-like aspect" became most marked; when his very figure seemed to droop despondently, then the well-informed were aware that some delicate bit of irony, some discreet, but irresistible jest, was on the road. Even in his speeches the same quality, now and then, although more rarely, made itself felt. If unexpectedness is indeed the right definition of wit, then never did a jest fall less expectedly from any lips in this world than it did from those of Mr. Lecky.

A word now of personal recollections, before bringing these very fragmentary memoranda to a close. It was in 1886—memorable to many of us as the opening year of the great Home Rule controversy—that I first began to see a good deal of Mr. Lecky. He had long been a family friend, but his kindness towards some little literary efforts of my own which appeared in that year brought us into a more direct relationship. He and Mrs. Lecky had already been a good many years established in London, and it was chiefly there, and occasionally—especially during the few last months of his life—in Surrey, that my opportunities of seeing and talking with him occurred.

Any one who has ever tried to set down in dull, bald words the impression produced upon them by a remarkable and a somewhat subtle personality will sympathise, I hope, with my difficulty. That elusiveness which governs all our intercourse with one another is never, perhaps, so elusive as in connection with our friendships, and will always constitute one of the most tantalising of their elements. You flatter yourself that you know this or that distinguished man or woman well; you even dub yourself his or her friend; you have, at all events, the best of reasons for claiming him as yours, if kindliness or help-

fulness can create such a tie; and yet—when all has been said—how much do you know of him? How short the journey which you—possibly any one—have ever made into the unvisited country of his real self?

If this is the case with all intercourse, especially must it be so in the case of a nature, not alone so reserved, but so singularly unegotistic, as was that of the subject of this sketch. A better, or a more helpful, friend than Mr. Lecky it would be impossible to imagine, and few have in their turn received warmer or more admiring gratitude than he did. And yet, out of the fairly large number of men and women who would have hastened to claim him as their friend, how many, one wonders, could boast that they really knew him well?

Words—written or spoken—being for practical purposes the only means of communication which our rather uninventive race has so far hit upon, it seems necessary to say a word here with regard to his qualities as what is called a conversationalist. Not that this last pretentious, and many-syllabled word, was one which any one in their senses would have dreamt of applying to Mr. Lecky. When talk grew general, his voice was not often to be heard, though now and then, perhaps during a lull, a few words dropped quietly, which did considerable execution. There were a variety of reasons, however, why he should have shone best—as he undoubtedly did—in a *tête-à-tête*. Even in this, the only really satisfactory form of conversation, he was not exactly what one would call a talker of great variety. As with all men, however, whose minds rise above a certain level of eminence, if the listener bided his time, and the hour was propitious, he had his reward. Sooner or later a vein of real gold, a vein of great, sometimes of even startling imaginativeness was opened. It used to be occasionally rather a surprise to me that the enticements of history rarely seemed to open that vein. Whether the subject had been gone over till it had lost all charm, or whether the lugubriousness of the particular branch of it which was apt to come uppermost, bored him, certain it is that few new

lights into its intricacies were ever, in my recollection, to be enticed into view. Familiarity with its by-paths had not left in him any desire apparently to tread them unnecessarily. At the call of duty he was always prepared to do so, but for the casual relaxation of a friendly half-hour's talk—no. And even a direct question was apt to result either in a denial of any special knowledge as regards the matter in hand, or a hasty reference to the particular page of the "Eighteenth Century," from which the information you sought was to be extracted.

If the history of Ireland had early ceased to have any but official charms for Mr. Lecky, it was never so with regard to its scenery. His visits to the West of Ireland were at one time, I think, of almost yearly occurrence, and always seemed to leave behind them a harvest of impressions, upon which he would dilate enthusiastically. His knowledge of the greater part of that region was necessarily that of a tourist rather than of a native, but at least it was the knowledge of a tourist whom nothing escaped, and to whom an Ireland long past away and vanished was, moreover, as familiar as the one still extant, and over which cars are being driven. It was always a source of great regret to myself that circumstances had never been friendly enough to allow me the chance of meeting him upon the edge of the Atlantic. Even to the jaded atmosphere of a little London drawing-room some whiff of its own incomparable freshness and freedom may now and then, however, be wafted, when one person, to whom the very name of it is as music, describes, while the other listens.

These are, I think, the most salient of the impressions left upon my mind by Mr. Lecky's talk and personality. If not what would, superficially speaking, be called brilliant talk, it had, like his speeches, its exceptionally brilliant moments. At other times the impression produced upon the mind might be compared to that of being surrounded by a wide, possibly somewhat colourless, but always singularly pure and luminous atmosphere. There was little of the dramatic about it, neither was there much of that quality, I should imagine, in his nature. So

little did "the pass and the incensèd point of mighty opposites" appeal to him, that it was difficult to help regretting that clash of opinions—worse, of nationalities—to which, as a public man, he was inevitably exposed. Even in the less perturbing atmosphere of bygone wars and controversies his preferences seemed to be towards tranquillity. I remember on one occasion hazarding, with the rashness of irresponsibility, the opinion that it was the battles of history which constituted the reward of the historian, but I received no support from the illustrious historian beside me. "I am not by any means particularly fond of battles," Mr. Lecky replied gently, and the talk drifted away to an enchanting old house in Holland in which he and Mrs. Lecky had recently been spending their autumn.

Critically, his judgments appeared to me to be always to an exceptional degree keen and delicate, and might even have leaned to the side of severity had they not been kept in check by his invariable kindliness. He literally could not endure to hear any one in whom he took an interest spoken of harshly. Not only was he appreciative of all that was good in contemporary literature, but, even where there was little to praise, he was still, as I have reason to know, generous and indulgent to a fault. With the exception of such merely external perturbations as have been already touched upon, his life seemed to be always an essentially serene and happy one. Happy in his home, in his work, in his friends; happiest of all in his own large, generous, exceptionally pure, and unworldly nature. Of vanity, or even of a man's ordinary ambition, he had, so far as an outsider could judge, extraordinarily little. Circumstances had lifted him above those carking cares which eat into so many lives, and until the ill-health of the last year or two broke upon his habits of work, and sadly unsettled the peaceful order of his days, an impression of placidity—as of a temperament to which no disturbance could be more than superficial—was perhaps the clearest of those which one was wont to associate with him. An untiring devotion to work and research; a love

of truth, which might literally be called the one violent passion of an otherwise unvehement nature; a kindliness which nothing could daunt, and for which no effort seemed to be too great—such are the chief, the more enduring of the memories which he has left behind with those who can never, so long as their own lives last, cease to miss and to regret him.

EMILY LAWLESS.

A FURTHER STUDY AT ASSISI

An attempt to determine the author of the "Life of Christ," in the North Transept of The Lower Church.

IN an article printed in the October number of the MONTHLY REVIEW I attempted to show that a great series of frescoes in the lower church of St. Francis at Assisi, attributed, contrary to tradition, by the majority of modern critics to Giotto, could find no place in a consistent chronology of his works. Sir Joseph Crowe, in his revised edition of the monumental "History of Painting in Italy"—the work in which these frescoes were for the first time seriously claimed for Giotto—leaves his original verdict unchanged. "The series," he says, "is now acknowledged to be Giotto's by an overwhelming consensus of opinion." But a careful re-examination of the frescoes and of the arguments by which this consensus of opinion was combated, has only served to confirm me in my heterodoxy. That among the numerous considerations adduced, some will be found erroneous, I am the first to anticipate (an error of a serious kind was committed in the reference to Taddeo Gaddi's crucifixions, the crucifixions I had in mind being works of Taddeo's school): yet I believe that, taken in their totality, they cannot easily be set aside, and that it may not, therefore, be unjustifiable to make a further step, and on the assumption that these frescoes are not by Giotto, proceed to consider who their real author may be.

As Vasari, though blunderingly, seems yet to attribute them to Giovanni da Milano, it is natural to take that painter as a starting-point for positive inquiry. Two signed works by Giovanni are still in existence, a "Pietà" at the Academy in Florence, and, more important, an altar-piece representing the Virgin and Child with attendant saints and twelve scenes in a double predella, in the Municipal Gallery at Prato. Unfortunately this altar-piece has suffered even more severely from repainting than most other works of its time; when Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle first saw it, it had been lately exposed to "every vicissitude of weather," and half the Virgin's face was gone. The missing half has since that date returned, a fact which suffices in itself to show that the picture is only to be approached with the greatest caution, and that the foundations of the work will need to be distinguished from the nineteenth-century superstructure. Yet, even on these terms, a comparison of it with the frescoes at Assisi will be found both interesting and fruitful.

Among the best preserved portions of the Prato work are the standing figures of St. Barnabas and St. Bartholomew, herewith reproduced. A touch of affectation in the bend of the heads at once reveals an artist who is a stranger to the purity and directness of early Florentine art; he aspires, but cannot attain to it; he is baffled by the very simplicity of his task. His confusion appears further in a conscious treatment of the draperies; his saints stand for their portraits and themselves come to the painter's assistance, arranging the folds to suit his needs.

That Giovanni's St. Bartholomew is closely paralleled by the St. Simeon of the Assisi "Presentation" (Plate 2) will not be denied; it is not merely that the heads are both on one, and happen to be on the same side; the two faces, different as they are in feature, are identical in expression. The same sentiment of tender, self-conscious piety appears in both, and is again differently given by Giovanni in his St. Barnabas and his St. Catherine; it is the feeling he considers proper for a saint;

Photo Alinari

Plate I.—Parts of G. da Milano's altar-piece at Prato. Fig. 1. SS. Bartholomew and Barnabas. Fig. 2. Virgin and S. Bernard (larger scale). Fig. 3. Nativity, Adoration, Presentation (slightly larger scale)

and though in a series of works where action is represented, circumstances necessarily preclude the majority of persons from thus expressing themselves, it is remarkable that there are few frescoes in the Assisi series in which one or more of the main actors do not approximate to it.[1]

Action is also a saving clause in the Assisan representation of draperies. It is undeniable that a large proportion of the figures hold their clothes; but in some cases they can show reasons for doing so (as St. Joseph for his doves, in the "Presentation," or, in the "Adoration," the king to "twiddle his button") and charity will find reasons for the rest. Yet, though the figures are not themselves visibly disconcerted by what they wear, it is clear that the artist was greatly preoccupied with it, and searched for attitudes that would explain and justify the sweeping curves which he delights in. It may be noted, too, that he has a trick of giving a somewhat artificial regularity to the succeeding folds—very marked in the fine figure on the extreme left in the "Presentation"—and that this, suggested in the figure of St. Barnabas, recurs unmistakably in the predella scene of the Virgin appearing to St. Bernard (Plate 1, Fig. 2).

Further details, in which similarity of ideas and methods is traceable, might be drawn from a comparison of the predella scenes of the "Nativity," "Adoration," and "Presentation" with the same subjects at Assisi, and from the first of these and the last of three scenes from the Passion—Christ carrying his Cross—Giovanni's acquaintance with Giotto's work at Padua might be deduced; but time and space would be wasted in the process. For though the Prato altar-piece presents a nearer approach to the Assisi frescoes in sentiment and in execution than does any other work that has come under my notice, the remaining pictures of Giovanni—above all, his frescoes in the Rinucinni Chapel at Santa Croce—are decisive

[1] The Virgin in the Nativity, two kings in the Adoration, St. Joseph in the "Return Home," and others. So in some French Protestant circles, it is the custom, when a lull occurs in conversation, to cover it with the ejaculation "Oh! que le Seigneur est bon!"

against his claim to the authorship of the series. His signed Pietà in the Florentine Academy has a taint of vulgarity about it, and the same quality appears in the Rinuccini Chapel[1] more strongly still. Now nothing is more remarkable in the Assisi artist than the delicacy and refinement of his feeling. It is true, indeed, that his sensitiveness sometimes plays him false; we find that when he has horror to depict he exaggerates it—as in the *Massacre of the Innocents*, where there is something needlessly brutal in the deliberate action of the stooping soldier.[2] We find the same kind of exaggeration in the martyr scenes of the predella of the altar-piece at Prato; it is a characteristic of all works connected with the Sienese.[3] But Giovanni da Milano is capable of utter wantonness; his *Raising of Lazarus* at Santa Croce is a stain upon his reputation. It is needless, then, to describe minutely his favourite type of feature (well illustrated in St. Barnabas), and to enlarge on its differences from those that appear at Assisi; it is clear that he was in close relations with the Assisi master; that he influenced or was influenced by him; but he could not have been the author of the *Life of Christ*.

Giovanni da Milano was Taddeo Gaddi's journeyman, and it was to him that Taddeo on his death-bed entrusted the artistic education of his son Agnolo. It is to Taddeo that the frescoes are ascribed by a tradition which still survives at Assisi; and Giovanni da Milano being disposed of, it is only fair to Taddeo to give some consideration to his claim. Of

[1] The definitely shocking effect which its frescoes now produce is, of course, to be referred to the eighteenth-century restorers.

[2] He is cutting off the head of one of the children, who lies with his face to the ground.

[3] The other features noted as common to the two artists are also characteristic of Sienese work. For an account of Giovanni's connection with Siena, see the chapter devoted to him by Crowe and Cavalcaselle: the great critics perfectly understood his style. Sienese influence appears strongly in the colouring of the Assisi works, but in their form not less. Mr. Sidney Colvin first pointed it out to me, after studying the *Adoration of the Magi* in a photograph.

Photo Alinari

Plate II.—The Presentation, Assisi

Taddeo's copious work in fresco, a single chapel is all that now remains, and this has been subject to sweeping restoration of the most heedless kind. As a fresco painter Taddeo cannot be judged. Yet we are so far fortunate as to find in this damaged relic—the Baroncelli Chapel at Santa Croce—Taddeo's treatment of several of the scenes that are pictured at Assisi. His *Adoration of the Magi* is reproduced here, and will repay study. A comparison of the Virgin's face with another by Taddeo in a niche near by confirms what its expressiveness would lead us to suspect—that it has suffered less from restoration than the other parts of the picture.[1] The type is by no means pleasing at first sight, but gentleness combined with strength of character gives it a permanent artistic value. As these frescoes are known to have been Taddeo's earliest independent work, it is irrational to suppose that in later life he would have been content with insipidity such as we find in the Virgin of the Assisi "Adoration."[2] Nevertheless, that "Adoration" makes a far nearer approach to Taddeo's than to Giotto's at Padua; and the action of the child at Assisi is clearly a development of Taddeo's idea. Hardly less important, and more incontrovertible, is the fact that the two pictures contain identical architecture; the formation of the porches in which the Virgin sits, with the balcony above, the three square apertures, the delicate pointed windows, are only less remarkable for their similarity than for their slight differences. That the Assisi architecture is the more elaborate and graceful, and therefore, presumably, of later date, need not be pointed out; what interests us most is that the Assisi artist is so well acquainted with Taddeo's design that he can turn the building round a little and present it at a different angle to the spectator. Taddeo's lobby answers its purpose well enough, but it hardly deserved the distinction of being in this way learnt by heart.

[1] Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle note that the fresco has been totally repainted.

[2] A reproduction of this fresco was given in the MONTHLY REVIEW for October 1903.

It must have been circumstance that taught the painter his lesson so completely. Had he been Taddeo's son he might have learnt it, when as a boy he helped his father.

The *Nativity* at Assisi is also no less clearly modelled on Taddeo's representation of the subject as we see it in the left wing of his altar-piece at Berlin. The latter is described by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle as "all but a repetition of the same subject in the lower church at Assisi." In both, Giotto's realistic treatment is replaced by a more devotional rendering. It became usual, at an early date, to consider the Virgin exempt from the sufferings of child-birth. Taddeo represents her already sitting upright on a mattress beside the manger, and giving her child the breast. The Assisi painter, departing still further from the more human associations of the event, makes her adore the child she holds on her knee.

That Taddeo was not himself the author of the Assisi frescoes, it is not, however, necessary to prove. Taddeo has never been accused of the affectation which distinguishes them, or ever been suspected of the slightest contamination from the Sienese. That no fresco work of Taddeo's betrays an approach in quality to *The Life of Christ* is perhaps not wholly Taddeo's fault; but if his powers of composition as a whole can be judged from the decoration of the Baroncelli chapel, there can be little doubt that he was in this respect greatly inferior to his successor.

Who could be expected to combine so close a relationship, as we have seen in these frescoes, to Taddeo, with another equally close to Giovanni da Milano, if not Taddeo's son? Ruskin, we know, hazarded the conjecture that Agnolo was the author of *The Life of Christ*. May it not be possible that we have here the assertion of his real penetrative genius, and not of the perverseness that he at times allowed to obscure it?

Recent discoveries with regard to the life of Agnolo and the chronology of his works seem likely to give him higher claim to consideration as a serious painter than formerly he possessed. But Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, even in their

Photo Alinari

Plate III.—The Adoration, Santa Croce, Taddeo Gaddi

first edition, already gave him an eminent place; regarding Orcagna as the greatest among the followers of Giotto, it was not without hesitation that they set Agnolo on a lower level. "On the whole," they say, "he must be allowed to rank as a painter below Orcagna." Agnolo then may not be dismissed quite so summarily as he sometimes has been; that the spirit of the Gaddi is recognisable in these frescoes is obvious, not only from the many considerations I have adduced already, but from the part in their execution which has been assigned to Taddeo in defiance of chronology by critics who believe them to be Giotto's. May we not believe that Taddeo here, instead of traducing his master, is living a second time in the work of his son?

The idea loses force in face of Agnolo Gaddi's existing works; it is true that they belong almost exclusively to his latest period, and that Agnolo was noted for the loss of spontaneity which marked his advancing years. But the *Legend of the Girdle* at Prato or of the "Holy Cross" in Santa Croce, if the work of a master in his decline, have so distinctive a character of their own, as to entitle us to say definitely that Agnolo at the height of his power even if, as is unlikely, he equalled, certainly never resembled the master of the frescoes at Assisi. Giovanni da Milano either neglected his tutorship, or failed to give it effect. Agnolo's is a fresher, franker manner, but also far less thoughtful, less serious, and less sympathetic.

The perplexity of the situation naturally increases after the exhaustion of the small list of painters, one amongst whom, we hoped, might be found to satisfy the requirements of our evidences. That our painter belongs to the second generation from Giotto, is linked to him by Taddeo Gaddi, and drawn by Giovanni da Milano towards the Sienese, there are ample reasons to believe. Yet none of the known masters of the time combines the qualifications which would substantiate his claim to be the author of the series. None the less there remains a further evidence of an important kind, pointing still

in the direction we have indicated, and emphasising the requirements already advanced. It is well known that the Uffizi collection at Florence contains a drawing of one of the subjects —*The Salutation*—a drawing attributed by the authorities of the gallery to Taddeo Gaddi. It is interesting to compare this with a photograph of the fresco itself. Such a comparison can leave little doubt that we see in the Uffizi the original drawing of the subject, a completed study, that is, such as fresco painters invariably used, and held in one hand as they worked, transferring it to the wall by a mathematical process of enlargement. It is commonly supposed that the drawing at the Uffizi was made not for the fresco, but from it. Yet such a hypothesis is difficult to maintain when the drawing itself is attentively examined. The drawing is not a sketch, and the artist who produced it was equally interested in all its parts. Those who believe that a great artist thus set himself to make a perfect replica of an existing picture must explain what motive may have prompted him to do so; but they must explain more; they must explain why the mosaic pattern of the architecture, indicated with accuracy in the drawing, is different from that which appears in the fresco; why the garden door which in the fresco is shut to please us by the contrast offered by its darkness to the light tone of the wall it is set in, stands ajar in the drawing, and lets the light stream through. They must explain, finally, how the artist, with the severest economy of line, has succeeded not only in reproducing but even in intensifying the feeling for which the fresco itself has always been held remarkable. The reader will recognise, even from the small reproduction given here, that the artist's power has been concentrated, or has at least been most successfully shown, in the figure of St. Elizabeth. He treats it in the drawing with even greater impressiveness.

If these observations are correct, it yet remains open to those who believe these frescoes to be Giotto's to conclude that the drawing is likewise his. My ignorance of technical methods precludes me from expressing an opinion here;

Photo Alinari

Plate IV.—The Salutation, Assisi

moreover, were the drawing Giotto's, it would be unique: no comparisons are possible, and to speak with assurance is therefore clearly dangerous. But I am glad to be able to summon to my aid so noted an authority as Mr. Berenson, who, in his exhaustive work on the drawings of Florentine Masters, lately published,[1] assigns to *The Salutation* a date almost identical with that which I have now suggested for the frescoes. It is perhaps natural that Mr. Berenson, believing Giotto to be their author, should find that "the difference in quality between painting and drawing is so great that it alone amply suffices to prove a difference in authorship." I cannot agree with him here, and would even humbly suggest—as indeed I have suggested already—that the difference, if any, is in favour of the drawing. "Cruder proof," continues Mr. Berenson, "is not wanting. The pen-stroke and the shading betray a Sienese hand, and even the faces have suffered a change from the firm, severe type of Giotto to the comelier, softer beauty of the Sienese." (That the firmness and severity of Giotto are conspicuous in these frescoes by their absence is what we have already had frequent occasion to remark.) "Something more obvious even than this softening is the change in the hair of the second woman to the left. In the drawing it is quite free and combed into wavelets. It is the way of dressing the hair affected by most of the Sienese painters who flourished towards the end of the fourteenth century."

In short, the drawing, presumably, as we have seen, a study for the fresco is, like the fresco, the work of a man who has felt the influence of Siena; and, like the frescoes, it seems to date, at earliest, from the second half of the fourteenth century.

So valuable and unexpected a corroboration of our theory gives us courage to pursue what must else have seemed the almost hopeless task of looking about for an author among names to which as yet no works have been attached. Our

[1] A work to which I had access by the kindness of Mr. J. Bain.

recorded observations enable us to place him with some accuracy in the history of the Tuscan School, and we are even able to determine some of the conditions in which he may have lived.

The Master we imagine would be, if possible, the son of Taddeo Gaddi, educated probably under the eye of Giovanni da Milano, but soon surpassing him; were he called, like him, Giovanni, we should understand why the two had been confused; he would be a better master even than his brother Agnolo, and to explain the disappearance of his name and reputation, he would die young. Now Vasari knew of a son of Taddeo's who had the name that we require, and who died early, after showing great promise as a painter; but it has only been lately discovered that this Giovanni fulfilled his promise before he died; that he was recognised as a greater painter than his brother, or than Giovanni da Milano; that he was counted, while he lived, one of the three greatest followers of Giotto; that he fulfils, in short, every condition that we require. The document in which this startling revelation appears was published last November in the new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, the editor's note, vol. ii., page 187. We gather from it that a number of painters were working together at the Vatican in the autumn of 1369. We find Giovanni da Milano working first for 5*d.*, later 6*d.*, a day, in company with various unknown painters, whose wages are the same or less. We find, finally, three Masters who are named as if in a class by themselves, are paid at a higher rate, and have each a specially named assistant. These are Giotto Magistri Stephani (probably the artist now known as Giottino), Johannes Archipresbyterus (a man whose very name is new), and Johannes Thadei, whose assistant is his brother Angelus.

It is not an idle speculation to propose Giovanni Gaddi as the author of *The Life of Christ*. We seek as vainly among the existing works of the Giotteschi for anything that recalls its peculiar style, as among the authentic works of Giotto

himself. The delicate and delightful architecture, with its soft colouring, its pleasant proportions, and a perspective whose defects the artist knowingly conceals; the slim figures, with their upright or even slightly convex bearing, their enveloping mantles, their refined and gentle but somewhat brainless features; the affectation bordering on insipidity in the women, the sobriety bordering on affectation in the men; the conscious and direct imitation of Giotto, which, equalling some of his qualities and perhaps surpassing others, misses all his force and character, while amusing itself with a tasteful but somewhat senseless elaboration of his themes—all these, with other qualities already defined, combine to make a unique impression, to suggest the workmanship of a painter as yet unknown.

Should this be conceded, Vasari's attribution of the series to Giovanni da Milano receives an intelligible explanation. His guide at Assisi may have told him that these were works of Giovanni Gaddi; we will suppose that he did so. Vasari, believing as, indeed, he tells us, that Taddeo's son Giovanni died before executing any important works, naturally asks himself who his guide may mean. Nothing could be more usual than for Giovanni da Milano, as Taddeo's assistant, to take his master's name; to Vasari, therefore, Gaddi's Giovanni meant, not Taddeo's son, but his assistant Giovanni of Milan; and so the error arose, which has obscured the actual authorship of *The Life of Christ*.

The hypothesis is necessarily daring, and I had formed it without being aware that any external evidence could be adduced in its support, when I discovered, to my amazement, that Giovanni Gaddi's name was preserved in the famous "Collis Paradisi Amænitas," a work of the close of the seventeenth century, printed at Montefalco after the death of its author, in 1709. The purpose of Father Angeli, the writer, who belongs to the order of St. Francis, is to describe the glories and privileges of the great church and convent dedicated to the memory of its seraphic founder at Assisi. Pater Angeli

was capable, as we know and can well understand, of the most surprising fictions where the reputation or sanctity of St. Francis seemed to him to be at stake; but to the least trustworthy of historians a capacity for speaking truth must be conceded, when he can have no imaginable motive for saying what is false. Pater Angeli had read his Vasari and for the most part follows him in the description of the frescoes at Assisi; he even goes so far as to claim Vasari's authority for all his assertions with regard to them. But he belies himself; for at the end of the chapter in which they are described, we come upon the following interesting announcement, which it may be well to quote in full:

"Jo: Gaddus Taddei, filius concivis et discipulus Giotti, in cupa sinistri brachii B. Virginis et Jesu pinxit historias, puta Visitationem, Nativitatem, Epiphaniam, Purificationem, Innocentium stragem, fugam in Aegyptum, iter ad Ierosolymam, Disputationem inter Doctores. In ordine medio est Christus Crucifixus, mater, mulieres ad crucis dexteram plorantes, ad laevam Franciscus cum sociis genuflexus, per aeram Angeli pacis amare flentes, et sanguinem vulnerum scyphis suscipientes; in immediato super Virginis Altare prospectu est Virgo ipsa cum filio sedens duos inter Angelos stantes; subtus extra cornu epistolae prope majoris Tribunae Arcum vera S. P. Francisci vero habitu induti effigies."

Father Angeli speaks of the "left transept" because he is a priest, accustomed to sit in the choir and look down the length of the nave; but happily his accurate description of the subjects depicted can leave no doubt that he refers to our series of *The Life of Christ*. It is interesting to note that he speaks of it as "Stories of the Blessed Virgin and of Jesus," thus lending unconscious support to the view that it was these scenes which Vasari intended to attribute to Giovanni da Milano, and strengthening another link in the somewhat feeble chain of our evidences.

Naturally the author will await with the greatest interest the verdict to be passed upon this theory by critics of experi-

ence. He recognises that the strange process by which the theory first developed in his mind and afterwards received unexpected corroboration from without, disqualifies him from viewing it dispassionately, and that he has not erred alone if the very fact that his idea was original has caused him to overrate the evidences which seem to support it. Against this tendency, none the less, he has been strenuously on his guard; and all that he now desires to claim as a result of his effort is that the position of criticism with regard to the Assisi frescoes be recognised as temporarily, at least, reversed; that those critics who think Giotto is its author be required to show better reasons for their opinion than have been adduced hitherto.

Yet he cannot relinquish the hope that the critical world will tax its generosity and consent to add another name to the splendid company of Italian Masters. Giotto will not withhold his gratitude, and the great basilica of Assisi will gain more glory than it will lose.

BASIL DE SÉLINCOURT.

A RUSSIAN PRIVATEER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

THROUGHOUT the Middle Ages, and down to the time when the appearance of England and Holland within the Straits began to modify so profoundly the situation in the Mediterranean, there was established along the Dalmatian coast a sea-power that is now long forgotten. But in their day, and it was a long one, the Uscocks, or Iscocchi as they were called, were a force to be reckoned with. For five hundred years they disputed with Venice the command of the Adriatic. It was in fighting against them that Venice first learned to be a naval power. And it was to commemorate his crushing victories over them that the Doge Orseolo II., in the year 1000, assumed the title of Duke of Dalmatia, and established the famous ceremony of the *Sposalizio del Mar*, the annual wedding of the sea. Subdued by Orseolo's success they remained comparatively innocuous during the hey-day of Venetian power. In Renaissance times, however, they were re-invigorated by an influx of Slav refugees, who, retreating before the Turkish conquests, found at length rest and comparative security along the broken and mountainous shores of the Adriatic. The very nature of their new home made them take to the sea. Their necessities and natural bent turned them to pirates. So once more the Uscocks became formidable and waged war to the knife on the enemy who had supplanted them, plundering Christian and Moslem alike wherever they

dared. At the opening of the seventeenth century they still continued to stain the sea with their ruthless warfare. Encouraged by Hungary and Austria, by Spain, and even by the Pope, they remained a drag upon the Venetian power, and when, about the year 1617, the Duke of Osuna, the Spanish Viceroy of Naples, planned his daring attempt on Venice, known to history as the Spanish Conspiracy, he relied largely upon their co-operation. It was only when from England and Holland the new sea-power of the North was thrown into the scale against him and his confederates that success became impossible. This was their last serious appearance as a political force, and in 1613, only a few years previously, we get a vivid glimpse of what their methods of warfare were to the end. In that year, while fighting under the instigation of Ferdinand of Styria, they had been defeated by the Venetians. A few days after the battle, however, they succeeded in surprising the galley of the Venetian captain, Cristofero Veniero. The entire crew was butchered on the spot. Veniero was taken to a neighbouring port, where the corsairs cut off his head, tore out his heart and eat it, soaking their bread in his blood that the courage of him and his race might pass into their own savage veins. It was the eve of the Thirty Years' War, a time when no military excess can startle us. We can pass such things by, dimmed as they are by distance, and thank Heaven men are not now as they were. We can think comfortably of such savagery as having come to an end with the seventeenth century, to the soothing increase of our faith in the upward course of mankind.

It comes, then, with a kind of shock to find that these things, far from ending with the Thirty Years War, survived amongst these people till Nelson's time, and that, beside the gentleness and chivalry with which he and his fellows illuminated war in the Mediterranean, there were raging excesses as wild and horrible as when the agents of Osuna swung head downwards between the pillars in the Piazzetta of St. Mark.

There has recently come to light amongst the naval papers

which have descended to Rear-Admiral W. H. Henderson, the present Admiral-Superintendent of the Royal Dockyard at Devonport, a curious document, which vividly reveals to us this lurid undercurrent. By his courtesy I am permitted to make use of it to uncover this strange survival of savagery in civilised warfare, which, revolting as it is, seems to have a definite value in the history both of naval warfare and of the human moral sense. It is a Journal kept by one William Davidson, a British seaman, while serving on board a Russian privateer in the Mediterranean in 1789. How far the ship was actually Russian we cannot tell. Her crew was certainly made up of the waifs of many nations, and mainly from the descendants of the Uscocks and Greeks of similar antecedents, who were gathered by her captain along the shores where the old ruthless game was played. Russia was then engaged, in alliance with Austria, in one of her most successful wars with Turkey. Her letters of marque appear to have been scattered with a free hand to vessels of various and even indefinite nationality. In the present case, at least, the captain appears to have been an old Mediterranean hand of very questionable antecedents, and we must assume that the warfare which the Journal reveals was not characteristically Russian, but rather a survival of primitive Mediterranean methods. The manuscript in Admiral Henderson's possession is a copy of the original. It was made in 1794 by Captain Keats of the *Niger*, afterwards Admiral Sir Richard Goodwin Keats, but better known as "Keats of the *Superb*," whom Nelson called "one of the very best officers in his Majesty's Navy." It is easy to understand the impression which Davidson's extraordinary narrative made on a man of his resource and daring. It was in the *Superb* he made his reputation by one of the most fantastic exploits in the Great War. Whilst serving under De Saumarez in 1801 off the Straits, he was ordered by the admiral to make sail and attack the rear of a Spanish squadron they had in chase, and which they were afraid of losing as night came on. Not only did Keats come up with

the Spaniards, but passed clean through them, and, firing as he went, set them blindly fighting together in the dark. In the end two Spanish three-deckers destroyed one another, while Keats, with his "seventy-four," carried on out of harm's way and captured a French ship, manned, like Davidson's privateer, with every nationality in Europe. He commanded the *Niger* in the Channel from 1790 to 1793. Davidson was with him at this time, but deserted; and it was in this way his papers came into Keats's hands. The original Journal, as the flyleaf of the transcript records, was shown to Lord Hood, but there is no further trace of its existence, or of Davidson's. It is easy to believe, after following his adventures in the Russian privateer, that with such experiences fresh in his mind he may have found life in the Royal Navy insupportably tame.

All he tells us of the ship is that she was called the *St. Dinnan* and mounted twenty-two guns, and that with other Englishmen he sailed in her early in December 1788 from Leghorn, a place which, ever since the Medici had made it a port of the first class, had been one of the principal resorts of British merchantmen trading within the Straits. As Leghorn was a neutral port and always specially tender in her relations with the Turks, the *St. Dinnan* did not sail as a ship of war, but as a merchantman, with an ordinary crew and her armament concealed. "She was bound," the Journal tells us, "for Messina, in the Island of Sicily, as a merchant vessel until she would get there, and from thence she was to get a clearance and go a-cruising." A gale, however, drove them into Porto Ferrajo, in Elba, also at that time a Tuscan port, and not to lose time they began, in defiance of the Grand Duke's regulations, to fit her for her work. "We were getting," Davidson writes in his forecastle English, "the guns and shot from under the ballast in the hold and was fixing them on the carriages, when they taking notice of us on the shore that we were a-fitting out as a vessel of war, they sent an order on board for us to sail immediately; and, if not,

they would stop the ship, as that is not allowed for any ship of war to fit out of any port belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany." They accordingly sailed, but as the wind still held foul for Messina they merely went round to Porto Longone, where a less vigilant or less conscientious authority permitted them to complete the work in peace.

It was not till the middle of January that they cleared for Messina, and by that time the Englishmen began to see such a ship was no place for them. Whether or not they had been induced to engage by false representations, they now demanded to be set ashore at Messina. But the captain refused to let them go, on the plea that he could not get hands to replace them till he reached Malta. At Malta, however, they were no better off; for although the Grand Master allowed the ship to refit and take in small-arms, to wit, "thirty muskets and cutlasses fifty, blunderbusses twenty-four and pistols eighty," he would not permit a man to join, "which made the Englishmen very discontented, as they could not get their discharge." When they saw how the captain meant to fill up to a fighting complement things looked blacker than ever. "Here," the Journal continues, "came on board us three slaves that had been murderers that had made their escape. Our captain protected them on account that they entered with us. The 16th February we sailed for the Island of Zante, where we were obliged for to go with them, as it is there we are going for to man our ship, which frightens us the more as the inhabitants of that place is nothing but thieves and most pirates. All this time we had fair wind and clear weather until we had got as far as Solu (*sic*); then the wind came against us, and blowing hard we were obliged to bear away for Cephalonia, where we got safe in and moored. We had not been in many days before that we got sixty-eight of these pirates on board us. We can call them nothing else upon account the most of them are all pirates. There we got on board of us carpenters, and cut two portholes between decks, where we put two 12-pounders, and then got everything ready for sea. But the

day before we sailed the captain of the pirate that sunk the Dutch ship in 1786 gave our captain five hundred crowns for to take him on board as lieutenant, and certainly would have done it if the Russian Consul would let him; but, as he told him, that if he was to take him on board or even take him off the island that he should have all the men-of-war in the Straits after him." The port where all this happened is not mentioned, but internal evidence shows very clearly that it was Argostoli the scene of last year's manœuvres by the combined squadrons in the Mediterranean, and of Prince Louis of Battenberg's clever escape.

Finding the squeamishness of the Russian Consul not to be overcome the captain decided to sail in search of more hands to Previsa, a notable haunt of the old Uscocks. "We had not been long in," Davidson proceeds, "before we heard there was some pirates ashore in the mountains: which our captain wrote several letters to them for to come on board. Besides, every night we would have the two boats ashore armed in readiness for to take them aboard. One day the captain went up to the town and met two of them: which he told them for to go and tell the rest to come down abreast the ship at night. So they did, for there came down that night thirty-five of them on board, which made us English and Italians very discontented, as they were all pirates." The discontent of the original crew was not unreasonable seeing that they had added to their company over a hundred desperadoes of the true Uscock type.

The company was now complete, and the captain proceeded to cruise. At first, it must be said, they went to work with some sense of decency. On the second day they overhauled a Ragusan brig carrying some Turkish passengers from Crete, "which had a great quantity of dollars and silk with them, that we took from them, but the Turks we let go, as they were taken under neutral colours. Next day we shared the money, which came to forty-three hard dollars a man. As for the silk, the captain kept it for himself." So they continued

down the coast, trailing a "long-boat" behind them in the fashion of the sixteenth century, and arming her with eight swivels and thirty-five men when a prize was to be cut out or overhauled in a calm. Once it caught a Tartar, and was beaten off with severe loss; but in the first week of April two fat prizes were taken, and then begins the tale of butchery told without a qualm. "We took all out of her," Davidson writes of the first one, "and sunk the ship, besides killing nine Turks that were on board. As for the Greeks, they entered with us." And again of the second: "The silk we took out of her, the rest we sunk in the vessel, people and all together, which was in number fifteen Turks." International law began rapidly to lose its sanctity in other directions. They had put into Selou (*sic*) to careen, and as it was thirsty work they began to be short of wine. "So the captain ordered the second lieutenant to go out in the long-boat, and gave him orders for to take the first vessel he met with, let her be what she would, if she had wine on her; which he did, for he brought in a vessel that had seven pipes of Cyprus wine in, which we took it all out and let her go. She was a Greek settee come from Samos." When the work was done they forced the boats of all the merchantmen in the harbour to tow them out, and quietly took from the owners fifteen thousand hard dollars, or £3300, "for not troubling them any longer, which our captain told them he would give them three days to get away and no more. So we left them."

The next vessel they fell in with was a pirate, who a few days before had taken a Ragusan and three Venetians and killed every soul in them, "and in the room of taking this pirate we gave him powder and arms and let him go, because he was one of our captain's old acquaintances." At such proceedings Davidson's displeasure clearly began to grow, and when they took their next prize he remarks with barely restrained disapproval that though it was only a neutral with some Turkish goods they plundered her of everything, "and one of our men killed their captain and two men for only asking

him to return a small chest of silk turbans and swashes that he took."

So nearly a month passed, but before it was out he was to receive a still more severe shock. So great had been the drain on their strength by casualties and the call for prize crews that it became necessary to run down to Cerigo, which was then still Venetian, to fill up their complement, and while thus engaged they sighted a vessel putting in which they recognised as that which had beaten off their long-boat some weeks previously. As she could not be touched under the Venetian guns, they secretly armed and manned both their boats and sent them outside to waylay her when she sailed; and this time they were quite successful. As she cleared the harbour the two boats surprised her and killed every man on board, sparing only two boys.

But all that had been done hitherto was in the captain's eyes but preliminary exercise, to keep his hand in until he had again made up his crew to full war strength. By May it was done, and before they left Cerigo they had entered another score or two of pirates. The new hands brought the company up to a hundred and fifteen, of whom at least a hundred must have been of the Greek and Uscock brood. As they were now ripe for serious work, the captain called the hands aft and read them his commission, "which was," says Davidson, "that we were going against the Turks, and as they were a cruel enemy that we must stand true to the colours and that we must neither give quarter nor take quarter, but burn, sink and destroy all that came in our way, and the more we took the more we should have for ourselves besides doing so much good for the Russian Empress; which all hands gave three cheers and said there was no fear."

Their cruising ground was the Archipelago, and prizes came fast. The first was a Turkish cruiser of fourteen guns. "After engaging her half an hour she struck, which we put all the prisoners to death, in number one hundred and twenty-three, took the best of everything out of the ship and sunk

her." So the remorseless tale goes on with ever-increasing cruelty. The fate of a Tunisian privateer that struck after an hour's action still further excited Davidson's disgust. "We took," he says, "all the prisoners on board of us, in number one hundred and twenty-five, and after examining them, one of them told our captain that they would have struck sooner only they expected us to board them, and then they would have blown up the ship; which our captain ordered them all on board their own ship again, [except] only the man that told us what they intended to do. After they were all on board, we made this man we kept on board go and set the ship on fire, people and all together, which was a dreadful sight for to see. The man we forgave and put him ashore." Prize after prize followed, and every Turk on board them was butchered mercilessly, till the conscience even of the Englishmen became deadened with the brutality, and the spirit of the old Uscocks entered into them in all its fierceness. The passage in which Davidson relates how he and his mates first came to take a hand in the butchery forms a really curious human document. At Thermia their leader took a Turkish galley without a blow being struck. "She had on board," he says, "eighty-five hands, which we took on board us and confined them in the hold till next day. Then they were called up one by one and had their heads cut off in the same manner as we cut ducks' heads off at home, and then threw them overboard. Now this being the first time we were obliged for to take it by turns to put them to death, the Englishmen, when they were called for, refused it, but as the captain told them they were cowards or people that were afraid of their enemies, he could not believe they were Englishmen, then they went and did the same as the rest. And afterwards was worse than themselves: for they would always be the first when such work was going on, and at last got quite used to it; for sometimes we had three or four of a day to put to death to one man's share."

How hardened even Davidson himself became we can see in the cold-blooded indifference with which he continues the

hideous tale. Every prize that was taken was served the same way. Off Cyprus, in one ship of twenty-four guns, they took no less than two hundred and fifty prisoners, and though by manning prizes the crew was reduced to eighty hands, every man of them was murdered in cold blood. After that, by pressing men from any neutral they met, they made their company up again and the wild work went on as merrily as ever. Ashore they were as ruthless as at sea. Three defenceless towns were plundered of everything they contained and laid in ashes. Almost every day they heaped up fresh riches, till with a throb of relief we read how, cruising off Rhodes, they fell foul of a small Turkish squadron of men-of-war. There was a fifty-gun ship, a frigate of forty-four guns, and three smaller vessels of sixteen guns. They all gave chase, and the *St. Dinnan* hoisted French colours and ran. What followed Davidson shall tell :—

At seven the frigate came alongside us which the captain wanted to engage, but the lieutenant would not until the others should be further astern. Then they were three miles astern of us. In the meantime the frigate kept continually firing at us. Then at half-past we hauled the French colours down and engaged her, and shot away her foretopsail-yard, when he tried for to go down to the others ; but before that she got from under our guns we had the luck for to set her on fire. By this time the others came up with us, and got round us, which caused us to fill the train that we had to the magazine ready to blow the ship up if any of them boarded us. So any one may guess the condition we was in at this time, as we made sure of being taken. But as God would have it we got so close to the 50-gun ship's stern that our larboard spritsail yard-arm touched her stern, and we fired as fast as possible we could until they silenced the guns and took to the small arms, which we killed most of their men, for they could not make any sail to get away from us. All their rigging and sails was shot away.

By this time the frigate had got her topsail-yard up and came up to us ; which we made sail to get away, but all in vain, as she sailed better than we did. So we was obliged to engage her once more, but soon disabled her by carrying away her foretopmast half-way down. Then we had the three small ones to keep off. But as soon as they saw that the two large ships were able for to do no more, they made sail away from us, which we were glad of, as it was half-past eleven o'clock at night, and we had seventeen killed and nine wounded, and all our sails and rigging tore to pieces. Our force being no more than

twenty-two guns, and if there was another of like force with us, we would have taken the five of them. But now we got clear of them, we wish that we were as clear of the cruise and the ship.

For desperadoes who could fight such an action, albeit with a live mine under their feet, it is impossible not to feel a touch of sympathy; but it is only to lose it again as the monotonous record proceeds without qualm or variation, except that now, "the Captain ordered that the prisoners should be put to death in the head as there was such dirty decks with them always." They managed to refit at Karpathos, and having been warned that an Algerine squadron was in search of them, they ran down to the Egyptian coast to be out of harm's way. It was a productive station, and here they remained, playing the same relentless havoc, until one day they heard, from a prisoner whose life they had spared, that a Turkish squadron of three of the line and five frigates was lying at Rhodes, "waiting for the Russians to go up the Arches that they might get behind them." On this, not wishing to repeat their previous lesson, they held away to Syracuse—not with any idea of giving up their cruise, but only to see if they could find some consorts. There they were lucky enough to fall in with three Russian privateers ready for sea. Two others came in from Trieste a few days later, and three more from Leghorn. They were now nine sail, "the least of us mounting sixteen guns and the commodore thirty-four, and now we thought ourselves able to attack the Turkish fleet, although they had three of the line and five frigates, besides a number of small vessels." So to Rhodes they betook themselves, being joined on the way by two Malta frigates. But, in spite of every provocation they could devise, the Turks would not stir, and, after a week's stay, they decided to separate and cruise independently.

One more adventure remains to be told before Davidson's cruise came to an end, in which our godless demons are seen posing as the guardians of international morality, unwillingly it is true, and yet with a drastic truculence that left nothing

to be desired. They were cruising off Cerigo, but without success, for a notable pirate was about, scouring the seas of the Morea, and not a merchantman dared show her nose. Still they clung to their ground in growing ill-humour, till chance brought them to something they had not bargained for.

> On the third day of August we seen a large ship close in to the west end of the island; which we steered after her, but to our misfortune found it was the pirate, for she engaged us from ten o'cloek till half-past three in the afternoon. Then she hauled her colours down, after having fifty-four men killed and seventy-five wounded, and us fifteen killed and forty-three wounded. She mounted thirty-two guns, nine and six-pounders, and had three hundred and seventy-eight men on board. . . . At six o'clock in the afternoon we took all the prisoners on board of us, and confined them in the hold till next morning. Then our captain examined them; which they confessed they had taken many a vessel of all nations, and killed the people, and sunk the vessels after they had plundered them of everything worth taking; which our captain said they should all be put to the cruellest death ever could be invented, and so we did.

The penalty which these pirates, not being like the others old acquaintances of the privateer captain, had to pay, Davidson describes in minute detail and with callous precision. No more need be said here than that the vengeance exacted makes the worst of the previous excesses look pale, and brings the cruise to a climax not unworthy of the rest. The punishment which the *St. Dinnan* had received was so severe that a dock and hospital had to be sought at Zante, and there, by the time they were ready for sea, they received a summons from the Russian Consul at Trieste to join a squadron that was gathering in that port. The order was obeyed, and there at last the Englishmen got their discharge and wages. It is clear, in spite of their previous displeasure, they were very well satisfied with the result, for they got their share of the plunder "which," as Davidson complacently concludes, "came to 950 dollars a man (£230), and was only on board from the first of December 1788 till the sixth of September 1789." From Trieste he probably went home in a British vessel, and was no doubt pressed on his arrival. With such an experience

behind him and his pockets so full, it is no wonder he took the first opportunity of deserting King George's rigorous service, and so he left us his startling revelation of what Mediterranean warfare could still be within ten years of its culmination at the battle of the Nile.

There are still found men who, unfamiliar perhaps with the inner history of privateering, regard the adhesion of England to the Declaration of Paris as an act of unmixed folly. A perusal of Davidson's narrative will help them to sympathise with the motives which led the British representatives to agree to the famous decision that "privateering is and remains abolished." It will help them to understand why the late Lord Clarendon could declare at the Conference, "that privateering is nothing less than an organised and legal piracy, and privateers are one of the greatest scourges of war, fostering a system which the present condition of civilisation and humanity requires should be put an end to." It was no new idea. While Davidson was at his bloody work, Benjamin Franklin was already thundering against the whole system, and not without effect. By his treaty with Prussia in 1785 it was agreed that neither party should issue commissions to private vessels. The French Assembly, in declaring war on Austria in 1792, prohibited the practice. Nor would it be fair to close this article without recalling that Russia herself had been a still earlier pioneer; for, in 1770, though afterwards compelled to recur to the evil, she had refused to issue letters of marque. America alone of the Great Powers stood aloof, and in seeking to secure the total immunity of private property in war, shut her eyes to the savagery that moved the European statesmen, and so robbed herself of the distinction which one of the most lofty-minded of her sons had tried to win for her good name. The intention was no doubt good, but we can only honour the men who, with such memories as Davidson recalls still green, were humane enough to agree that half the loaf was better than no bread.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

THE GIANT INFANT AND ITS GOLDEN SPOON

(A STUDY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA)

IT was an Englishman who first told us that the wealth and wit of the West must conquer.

He was irrigating his orange trees in a valley in the extreme south of California. The young trees, glossy and crisp, all the same size and shape, stood like artificials in exact rows. They lined the valley bottom with geometric pattern. The water purled and sparkled down the perfect furrows which striped the earth. Close about, the grey, sun-baked slopes of the Sierra Madres rose in ample majesty, and beside us the blue Pacific slept in a haze of heat.

The Englishman was clad in a cotton shirt, shapeless trousers, and a tattered sombrero. He was turning on the water from pipes which had brought it from mountain cisterns. He was the grandson of a duke, and a relative of our "British Matron."

We scoffed when he said that Britain would not long be in the forefront of the nations, and left him among his water-cocks.

What could we do but scoff? I am a professional woman, who had always supposed that Britannia rules the waves, political and commercial. My companions were a Canadian—a Lady Wheatfields, whose mental horizon did not reach

beyond the empire on which the sun never sets; a nice girl from the Hudson, who adored everything English; and the "British Matron," who had claimed her title as we sat idly on a Pacific steamship, travelling to that far-off country where the West lies beyond the mountains of the dawn and the Orient lies in the sunset.

We had thought the "uncompromising British Matron" was florid and fat and narrow-minded, and rustled in the silken fashions of a former age; but we found this type was of the past. Our British Matron had an endless energy for walking, a slender figure, a tailor-made suit, a university-taught mind; her shade hat, which matched the tint of her grey hair, was always trim, and she had only a modified belief in the infallibility of "dear John," who was commanding a ship in remote waters.

Now, after leaving the orange ranch, the nice girl from the Hudson said timidly, "I am afraid that your cousin, the orange-grower, did not like being laughed at."

The British Matron perceived Hudsonia's point. "He did not object to being laughed at in the least, my dear—no more should I. I like him well enough to jeer him. But I notice that the well-bred American always feels the necessity of being ceremoniously polite, even to well-tried friends."

"A specific difference between nations," we cried; and we all took out our note-books.

But we knew that, however we chose to behave to our friends, the only way to gain anything worth having by foreign travel is to persuade the native to talk freely. We were setting out to drive through the garden of the world, that newest, richest country where the desert is now made to blossom by a recent system of irrigation. A huge bulwark of masonry, which held the mountain water, was on our right; on our left was the sloping valley; and beyond, the islands of the purple Pacific. Our horses were trotting slowly through meadows deep with flowers. The old gentleman who drove them was commenting on the news in that morning's paper.

"I can't understand myself how a bright man like that Mr. Rhodes didn't arrange for some of the students from a place like Oxford to come out and be eddicated here. My son, now—he's at Stanford University—he says there isn't half the eddication in England as there is in California."

"Do you happen to know what leads him to take that view?"

"Isn't it true that in your island many of the folks over thirty can't read and write? There isn't even a Chinaman as ignorant as that here. And which of them has given forty millions of dollars for free eddication, like Leland Stanford? Any way, the curriculum of all our universities is superior, I'm told. I don't want to discourage you ladies of your island, but facts is facts."

That evening we reported this conversation to a man of learning living near San Diego.

"When I went over to England," said he, "I did not want to go; I didn't see any reason to go; my wife took me. But since I've once been I'm always looking out for a chance to go again. I became much interested in the study of your ancient civilisation."

"Your impression was that we were at a standstill?"

His eyes twinkled, but with kindliness rather than any perception of humour. "Not altogether, of course; but, if you wish me to be quite frank, it appears evident that the centre of the world's progress has moved Westward."

"The idea is, of course, somewhat new to us."

"Is it? But, having come here, you must see a great deal that will convince you of its truth."

"I suppose," said Hudsonia, "that this storm-centre of progress has moved on already from the Eastern States, as it is now hovering about California."

"The West is undoubtedly making better time than the East," said he. "We have several factors in our favour—climate, vast undeveloped resources, youth; we are unhampered by tradition."

"All those factors are to be found in some British dependencies even further West," said Canadiensis with laughter.

"True; but they are hampered by British suzerainty. It must, of course, be detrimental to be ruled by a declining power."

"The decline is perhaps a matter of opinion."

"Of fact, unfortunately," said he. "The trade of Great Britain has been steadily declining since 1890; ours has been increasing. Progress is entirely a matter of money. At present we have the money."

"Oh!" cried we, "we see your point of view now. You think the Millennium can be bought."

The shrewd wrinkles round his eyes deepened with his suave smile. "There is no item of an advanced civilisation that cannot be bought. Take, for example, those advantages that Cecil Rhodes expected to give our young men at your ancient University of Oxford—what are they? There is not one of them that cannot be bought with our money, and transplanted into better circumstances on the coast of the Pacific. You think that I speak crudely?"

"We are not thinking at all; our minds are merely gasping with surprise."

"And yet, if you will take time to think, you will see what I say to be true. It sounds crude for the moment, perhaps, as you let your mind's eye travel over the ancient walls and moss-grown palaces of Oxford."

"And worm-eaten interiors?"

"All I wish to point out is that there is no real advantage in moss. It is best on ruins. All that is really fine in Oxford or Cambridge can be transplanted here."

"The Master of Balliol?" we suggested.

"Ah, you have there a great and sweet personality," said he. "I realise with you that the mind which could so perfectly translate Plato and interpret Kant is a star in the firmament above us."

We behaved well. No tremor of our delight at this scholastic portmanteau was seen.

"And," continued our savant, "I admit that he is probably immovable. I did not say that we could buy everything this year. But let us consider your man who may fall into the Mastership in some future decade. Offer him five times the salary, longer vacations, a larger sphere of influence, a climate incomparably superior—how long will he hesitate?"

"I should not hesitate a minute," said Hudsonia. "I should choose Oxford."

"That is, no doubt, because the Old World is a novelty to you," said he; "but it will be no novelty to him."

"True," said we sadly.

"And if, by some chance, this particular hypothetical gentleman should choose ill," he continued, still smiling, "are there not scores of others, as great scholars as he, who will accept our offers?"

"Unless, possibly, the acceptance of a new land for the sake of more luxury itself disprove some element of true greatness."

"A scholar's luxuries are time and health and better tools for his work. The desire for these is not ignoble, and we can gratify them. The true scholar is a cosmopolitan."

"Even if you could get the men," cried the nice girl from the Hudson, "you could not get the atmosphere."

"Take away the men," said he with complacency, "and how long will the atmosphere you speak of remain?"

"There is a fallacy somewhere," said we. "You also think, then, that Mr. Rhodes ought to have brought our English boys——"

"By no means. I am not so narrow. I think it a great advantage for our students to see the working of your old systems; but I think Mr. Rhodes would have better brought about the international understanding he sought if he had arranged for *some* Englishmen to come out here—not the boys, perhaps, but the younger lecturers. They could have a post-graduate course here to their advantage. We could show them something that would astonish them."

"If it were possible," said the British Matron; "if you could astonish an Oxford don, we agree that it would be to his advantage."

Unconscious of the criticism on Oxford, he replied contentedly, "I think so. I think we could do them good."

"There is a fallacy somewhere," we repeated; and we set out upon our journey to discover it.

* * * * *

It is impossible to exaggerate California; and it is a land of amazing opposites.

In the next twenty-four hours of travel we visited—a private house, which in taste and splendour was a palace; the ruins of a Franciscan mission; and the most recent temple of theosophy. This last is perched upon the long promontory of Point Loma, a headland jutting into the ocean parallel with the main coast, and forming the outer wall of the San Diego Bay.

Passing the beautifully humble outline of the old Spanish adobe houses, we drove round the warm semicircle of the harbour shore, and entered a ravine among the outer sandhills. The wild verbena, the grotesque prickly pear with its peach-coloured roses, and a yellow vetch formed festoons and bouquets of colour everywhere. The extraordinary and rather splendid temple of the theosophists crowning the ridge can be seen from all points in the neighbourhood, lifting between earth and sky two great crystal domes, the one of pale green, the other like purple amethyst. When we came out of the ravine upon the verge of the eastern cliffs, we were in the precincts of the temple. In our opinion the crystal domes were very beautiful, the nearer seen the more lovely. The walls, also, were imposing—of grey stucco and uncertain style; but, until the meaning of it all was explained to us, we gazed with the eye of ignorance.

Paying for admission at the gate, we fell into quite a queue of carriages filled with tourists. When we alighted, we were taken possession of by a cleanly youth, who, in garments

symbolical of purity, and manners consciously correct, immediately began to lecture to the small herd of sightseers upon the nature and origin of the institution. We found what seemed to be the source of his lecture afterwards in a pamphlet given at the entrance. He had studied elocution, and his accents were precise. Surprise held us spellbound as our annotated tour of the place began.

He spoke his prelude thus:

"The fuller and wider outlook of the twentieth century demands a form of life in harmony with new hopes and higher aspirations, which breaks through the crust of commonplace existence. The United States, in humanitarian feeling, in science, in broad, statesmanlike anticipation of the marvellous possibilities of the future, being at the forefront of civilisation, has the manifest destiny to lead the nations into paths of wisdom and peace. America is the environment most suited for the work of elevating the world; and this promontory of Point Loma, of all American localities, is the ideal spot where it can be done with certainty of success."

While he gave the scope of this lofty enterprise his hand was pointing to some elevation in the neighbourhood of the zenith; he now waved it around to draw attention to the earthly environment.

"There is a vastness in the outlook from these heights that brooks no petty thought. We stand here four hundred feet above the sea, which, on one side dashes at our feet, and on the other laps the coast of a bay destined to become one of the greatest harbours of the world. Here the invigorating air, the glorious sunshine, flowers ever blooming, birds ever singing, all unite to draw man away from self to lead the larger and nobler life of Universal Brotherhood. On January 13, 1898, Katherine Tingley established this 'Universal Brotherhood Organisation.' The direction and execution of the whole work of this institution is undertaken by us, the members of the Organisation, whose services are unsalaried and voluntary."

The "unsalaried and voluntary" youth now led us within

the main building. The large hall was under the pale green crystal dome; the dormitories of the women students opened upon tiers of overlooking galleries. Under the galleries the walls were profusely decorated with symbolic paintings by a member of the society, who, we were told, was an English R.A. Our errant attention here returned to the youth, who was giving the second fragment of his lecture, and apparently only stating that the hall was a ball-room and in constant use.

"The rhythmic motion of the human form to the accompaniment of harmonic melody has had fascination for all people from the earliest recorded ages. At the evening social gatherings of our residents a delightful hour is usually spent in this beneficial exercise. Stately and classical forms of natural rhythmic movement help to raise the mind to a higher and freer state, while at the same time the bodily health is benefited. These beautiful and dignified forms are being actively enjoyed here."

When the herd had inspected the hall the boy continued:

"From the divine art of Terpsichore to the kindred art of Music is a very short step. This institution is the veritable home of melody. The members of the Isis League of Art, Music, and Drama, a world-wide body, have their central conservatory of music here; and dramatic entertainments are given in the Aryan Memorial Temple, to which we will now proceed."

He led them to the building of the red glass dome. We did not proceed to the interior of this temple, preferring at the moment an opportunity for quiet merriment in the companionship of the sweet wild wind. We stood in view of the magnificent bay, more empty of ships than a little English port.

"A high tariff means an empty harbour," said one; "but is not the colouring gorgeous?"

"More gorgeous than the Bay of Naples," said another; "and the background of hills is grander."

Certainly "gorgeous" described the blue of sea and sky, the yellow of the sandhills; but very delicate was the tint of

the red-roofed, rosy town of San Diego, seen through the mist of spray from the breakers on the beach of Coronado.

It will be seen that we were trying to compose ourselves in order to receive with appropriate gravity further enlightenment concerning this remarkable place. We looked up at the domes, which glowed and glistened with real magnificence of light and colour, and waited till the superior youth and his following came forth again from the purple home of music and the drama.

When they came we were taken to another part of the grounds, where we were told a city called "Esotero" was being established; but, excepting to the eye of faith, there were as yet only a few tent-like bungalows.

"This," said our conductor, "is the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. Here Katherine Tingley, the foundress, expects to restore to the world the secret of the ancient Egyptian and Aryan mysteries. The dominant purpose of this School is to establish a Temple, a Beacon of Light, a Home of Peace, stretching out the strong hand of Truth, Light and Liberation, inviting the world to partake of its spiritual benefits."

At this we again turned hurriedly away to hide ourselves, and felt obliged to seek our carriage rather than partake of further spiritual benefits.

"Certainly," we said; "only the West could produce this. He is entirely in earnest. Think of the youth, the buoyancy, the ignorance, the hope of it."

"And the cost," said the British Matron, "a million of dollars."

Her cousin's words had had their subtle effect. We were beginning to consider the mere cost of things as important evidence—of something.

We drove northward to Los Angeles, taking the missions of San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano on the way. It was with no uncertain hand that the Spanish monks added the art of Southern Spain to the beauty of the new world. In all their building the cream-coloured walls and roofs of

scarlet tile are so proportioned as to seem a product of the ground from which they grow. The deep shadows of the cloisters are as the natural shelters of overhanging rock or curving bough. It is hard to tell how these ruins satisfy the eye. "Gold of Ophir" and "Gloire de Dijon" roses climb by broken cloister pillars whose weathered tints are repeated in the flowers, while the tiles above hint at the more gorgeous hues of the geranium and poinsettia.

The population of Los Angeles was 144,000 at the recent census: yesterday there was no Los Angeles; to-morrow, what? The mind of the traveller in California is constantly occupied with the question, "What will another decade bring?" The California of Bret Harte passed away; the California of the ranchman succeeded; to-day it is the California of comparative opulence, to become to-morrow, according to the confident assertion of its people, the pivot of the world.

Close to our hotel we found a comfortable and open electric tramcar, which, when full, started, not for one, but for every, point of interest, with a lecturer to point out and explain. Elocution is taught in the common schools, and a tendency to oratory is discovered everywhere. We give some fragments as memory serves.

"The fine old frame-house in the rear is the former residence of George J. Simmons. Several times a millionaire, he did not reside in this comparatively small house for many years."

"We are just about to pass the junction of Second and Spring Streets. Four hundred street cars pass this corner every hour. The policeman in charge of the traffic says that, 'what with bicycles, cripples, and women, he's dead tired at the end of his time.'"

Such scraps of information were given in staccato, with clear enunciation and the slight prolongation of the last syllables of each long word and sentence.

"Glancing down the next street you will catch a glimpse of one of the private parks of the city. The sense of elegance and semi-retirement given by these parks has proved very

attractive to wealthy people who wish to build handsome homes. The cheap dwelling, the corner grocery, the livery stable, can never invade these select precincts. On the left you will see the magnificent present home of George J. Simmons. He is one of our oil magnates, keeps twenty servants, and his dinners have world-wide celebrity."

"In front of this monument stands a cannon captured in Cuba, presented to the city in trust for the Native Sons of the Golden West. There is only one other cannon like this in the world, which stands upon a square in Paris, France." (*sic*)

As we drove towards San Francisco, and came nearer the great universities, the evidences of intellectual life became more obvious.

In the vicinity of the San Ynez mountains the region of natural grass began. Here private parks and gardens can easily be brought to such surpassing beauty that pleasure-grounds spread themselves over quite a large part of the fertile fields between the mountains and the sea. Here we made little progress northward in a day, as our driver took a zigzag course, through many lovely domains of palm and flower, which are generously open to the respectable tourist. When our eyes were satiate with beauty we neared the coast town of Santa Barbara.

"There's going to be a play in the town to-night," said our driver, "something quite special by the students and professors of Stanford University. I don't rightly know what it's about; I only know what they said at the hotel. It's called 'Auntie Gone,' and I think it must be composed by a countryman of yours; they call him 'Sir'—'Sir Fokles' they call him."

Our penetration was equal to the occasion, and we asked the father of the Stanford student sympathetically if his son was acting in the play.

"He ain't told me if he is," said the worthy old gentleman, contentedly; "but he's so sot on learning it's likely he'll leave play alone."

The "Antigone," performed in Greek, was a very creditable

piece of academic work. The Greek was fluent, the acting not without classic restraint, the costumes and scenery carefully if not accurately studied, Mendelssohn's choruses excellently performed. Criticisms might be made, but high praise was due. The cast and chorus were a set of fine-looking young men and women. Antigone was a handsome girl, well formed, of very independent bearing.

Next afternoon we sat upon the beach to watch the surf-bathing. Behind us was a warm swimming bath, and the door of the Moorish bath-house opened upon our sunny strip of beach. We could hear the splashing and play that went on within its resounding walls. Somewhat to our surprise, the Antigone players issued from its waters, clad in wet bathing-dresses. They scampered and rejoiced on the sunny sand, and with jubilant tones and snatches of song betook themselves to the surf. There were three women, the eldest middle-aged, and about a dozen men. One or two of these were professors; none were mere boys. The water was cold, the sun and sand very hot, and this party, released from the strenuous effort of the night before, were disposed to dally long with pleasure. When they had ducked themselves they returned and lay upon the sand to get warm; then splashed and played and returned again.

Antigone looked back from the water to where one of the men was lying a little apart full length upon the sand; it was Polynices. Her duty was obvious. She tripped up, dripping and radiant, and, kneeling beside him, scooped up the sand in her hands and began the process of burial. Upon this, the watchman who had betrayed her struck an attitude, and some members of the chorus chanted a few appropriate words. Ismene, repenting, went, and, kneeling upon the other side of the corpse, proceeded to aid in the burial. Then it became a child's play, the mere primitive joy of making a sand heap. The two girls worked hard; the play of well-developed muscle in their glistening arms and shoulders delighted us. After a while the dead Polynices rose with athletic suddenness and shook him-

self, and the maidens and chorus ran with playful cries from the sandy shower.

"It is all perfectly modest and simple and pretty," said the British Matron, with judicial air; "and yet, speaking racially, I don't think I'd like to see our sons and daughters playing together precisely in this way."

A long straggling flock of wild duck came from behind a point of yellow rock, and skimmed the blue water just beyond the white rolling of the surf. About thirty miles distant the mountainous islands of the Santa Cruz group lay in their purple haze.

Later on we took a drive of wonderful beauty up the mountains to Lick Observatory. It is the astronomical school of the State University of California, which is at Berkeley, on the bay of San Francisco. With that sympathetic courtesy which is, perhaps, the most noticeable characteristic of American manners, the head of the institution first showed us the Crossley refractor, presented by "Mr. Crossley, the English M.P.," telling us that its value rivalled that of their great telescope, which, until the University of Chicago procured a larger, was the largest in the world; but then narrated, with pardonable pride, the story of the manufacture of the great lenses used in the largest telescopes, explaining that, though all the glass was imported from France, the cutting of the lens had so far been best done in the Eastern States; even Germany, the land of accuracy, had failed in comparison, so he said.

Next day the British Matron read us the following seriously written extract from the *Evening Post*,[1] a San Francisco paper:—

THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND.

With J. Pierpont Morgan practically assuming the British national debt, seizing London's internal locomotion and capturing her carrying trade, Great Britain does really present a spectacle which demands the sympathy of the nations.

[1] 5 (?) May 1902.

When Macaulay, with exuberant imagination, spoke of the New Zealander standing on the broken arch of London Bridge and asking if this is the site of London, the historian did not take into calculation the wonderful possibilities of America.

There will now be no future New Zealander making such inquiries. He might, though, pass by Buckingham Palace and say: "This was where the Kings of England lived when in the city: now it is occupied by a Mr. Pierpont Morgan, descendant of Pierpont I., who made the second conquest of England, the first being by William of Normandy."

Socially, England, too, is in a fair way of American control. The highest office in the British crown is the Viceroyalty of India. The Viceroy's wife is an American. The next great satrapy of that enormous empire is the Lieutenant-Governorship of the North-West provinces. Lady La Touche is an American.

Thus two of Great Britain's dependencies are socially controlled by Americans, and at home London society has practically passed under the sway of our countrymen. The selection by Queen Alexandra of the Duchess of Marlborough to attend her at the Coronation gives many a daughter of one hundred Earls more than a passing heartache.

We discovered tears in Hudsonia's beautiful eyes. "I am so sorry you saw it," she said. "I was just hoping it would escape your eye."

"Do you think that this distresses me, my dear?" asked the British Matron, gently. "I have seldom enjoyed anything more. Britain has resources and capacity which one cannot expect the superficial to comprehend."

"If I were in England, and read such a thing about my country, it would make me homesick."

We sat silent before a great fact which ere this had obtruded itself upon our belief. Hudsonia's tears of sympathy were girlish; but the fact that every American—man, woman and child—takes the national reputation to heart, not in the way of large patriotism but as a matter of intense personal vanity, is a great factor in the national progress.

L. DOUGALL.

(*To be concluded*)

FORT AMITY[1]

CHAPTER XVIII

NETAWIS

THE encampment stood under the lee of a tall sandhill, a few paces back from the brink of a frozen river. Here the forest ended in a ragged fringe of pines; and, below, the river spread into a lagoon, with a sandy bar between it and the lake, and a narrow outlet which shifted with every storm. The summer winds drove up the sand between the pine-stems and piled it in hummocks, gaining a few yards annually upon the forest as the old trees fell. The winter winds brought down the snow and whirled it among the hummocks until these too were covered.

For three weeks the encampment had been pitched here; and for two weeks snow had fallen almost incessantly, banking up the lodges and freezing as it fell. At length wind and snow had ceased and given place to a hard black frost, still and aching, and a sky of steel, and a red, rayless sun.

A man came down the river bank, moving clumsily in his snow-shoes over the hummocks; a man dressed as an Indian in blanket-cloak and scarlet *mitases*. His head was shaven to the crown around a top-knot skewered with heron's feathers; his face painted with black, vermilion, and a single streak of white between the eyebrows. He carried a gun under his left arm, and over his shoulder a pole to which he had slung the

bodies of five beaver. Two dogs ran ahead of him straight for the encampment, which he had not discerned until they began to head for it with glad barking.

Five lodges formed the encampment; four of them grouped in a rough semicircle around the main lodge, which stood back close under the sand-bank where an eddy of wind had scooped it comparatively clear of snow.

The hunter followed his dogs to the door of the main lodge and lifted its frozen tent-flap.

"Is it well done, Menehwehna?" he asked, and casting the pole with its load upon the floor he clapped his mittened hands together for warmth. "Ough!" He began to pull off the mittens cautiously.

Menehwehna, seated with his back against the roof-pole (he had lain sick and fasting there all day), looked triumphantly towards his wife, who crouched with her two daughters by the lodge fire.

"Said I not that he would bring us luck? And, being bitten, did they bite, my brother?" he asked mischievously.

"A little. It did not hurt at the time."

One of the two girls arose from beside the fire.

"Show me your hands, Netawis," she said.

Netawis—that is to say, John à Cleeve—stretched out his lacerated hands to the firelight. As he did so his blanket-cloak fell back, showing a necklace of wampum about his throat, and another looser string dangling against the stained skin of his breast. On his outstretched wrists two silver bangles twinkled, and two broad bands of silver on the upper arms.

The girl fetched a bladder of beaver fat and anointed his hands, her own trembling a little. Azoka was husband-high, and had been conscious for some weeks of a bird in her breast, which stirred and began to flutter whenever she and Netawis drew close. At first, when he had been fit for little but to make kites for the children, she had despised him and wondered at her father's liking. But Netawis did not seem to care whether folks despised him or not; and this piqued her.

Whatever had to be learnt he learned humbly, and now the young men had ceased to speak of him as good-for-nothing, Azoka began to think that his differing from them was not wholly against him; and all the women acknowledged him to be slim and handsome.

"Many thanks, cousin," said Netawis as she bound up the wounds. Then he began to talk cheerfully over his shoulder to Menehwehna. "Five washes I tried, and all were empty; but by the sixth the water bubbled. Then I wished that I had you with me, for I knew that my hands would suffer." He smiled; this was one of his un-Indian tricks.

"It was well done, brother," said Menehwehna, and his eyes sought those of his wife Meshu-kwa who, still crouching by the fire, gazed across it at the youth and the girl.

"But that is not all. While I was at work the dogs left me. At first I did not miss them; and then, finding them gone, I made sure they had run home in scorn of my hunting. But no; their tracks led me to a tree, not far up the stream, and there I found them. They were not barking, but sometimes they would nose around the trunk and sometimes fall back to a little distance and sit whining and trembling while they stared up at it."

"And the tracks around the tree?"

"I could find none but what the dogs themselves had made. I tapped the tree, and it was hollow. Then I saw on the north side, a little above my head, many deep scratches with moss hanging in strips from them. The trunk ran up straight, and was so stout that my two arms would not span more than a fifth of it; but the scratches went up to the first fork, and there must be the opening, as I guess."

"Said I not that Netawis would become a hunter and bring us luck?" asked Menehwehna again. "He has found bear."

"Bear! Bear! Our Netawis has found bear!" cried two small urchins who had been rolling and tumbling with the dogs and almost burning their toes at the edges of the fire. They were the children of Azoka's elder sister Seeu-kwa, Muskingon's

widow. Scrambling past Menehwehna, who never spoke harshly to them, and paying no heed to their mother's scolding, they ran out into the snow to carry the news to the other lodges.

"Our Netawis has found bear!"

"What news is this?" asked some of the young men who lived in a lodge apart—the bachelors' lodge—gathering round the doorway. "Seeu-kwa, see to it that your children do not grow up to be little liars."

Now John, surprised to find his news so important, had turned to Azoka with a puzzled smile. The firelight which danced on his face danced also on the long bead necklace heaving like a snake with the rise and fall of her bosom. He stared down at it, and Azoka—poor girl—felt his wrist trembling under her touch; but it was with the thought of another woman. She caught her hand away; and John, looking up, saw a young Indian, Ononwe by name, watching him gloomily from the doorway.

"Ask Netawis to tell the story," said Menehwehna. So John told it again, and added that it had been difficult to call the dogs away from the tree.

"But about the bear I say nothing; that is Menehwehna's talk. I only tell you what I saw."

"The wind has fallen," said one, "and soon the moon will be up. Let us go and prove this tale of Netawis."

Meshu-kwa opposed this, calling it folly. "We have no axes heavy enough for tree-cutting," she said; not giving her real reason, which was that she came of a family which claimed descent from a bear. When they mocked at her she said, "Also—why should I hide it?—there came to me an evil dream last night."

"This is the first that I have heard of your evil dream," answered Menehwehna, and gave order that after supper Netawis should lead the party to the tree, promising that he himself would follow as soon as the sickness left him.

At moonrise, therefore, they left him and set out—men and

women together, and even the small children. But Menehwehna called Azoka back from the door of the lodge.

"My daughter," he asked, they two being left alone, "has Ononwe a cause of quarrel against Netawis?"

"They are good friends," Azoka answered innocently. "Ononwe never speaks of Netawis but to praise. Surely my father has heard him?"

"That is returning a ball I never flung," her father said, fixing grave eyes on her, under which she blushed. "I am thinking that the face of Netawis troubles the clear water that once was between you and Ononwe. Yet you tell me that Ononwe praises him. Sit down, therefore, and hear this tale."

Azoka looked rebellious; but no one in his own household disobeyed Menehwehna—or out of it, except at peril.

"There was a man of our nation once, a young man, and good-looking as Ononwe; so handsome that all the village called him the Beau-man. This Beau-man fell deeply in love with a maiden called Mamondago-kwa, who also was passably handsome; but she had no right to scorn him as she did, both in private and openly, so that all the village talked of his ill-success. This talk so preyed on his mind that he fell ill, and when his friends broke up their camp after a winter's hunting to return to the village, he lay on his bed and would not stir, but declared he would remain and die in the snow rather than look again on the face of her who scorned him. So at length they took down the lodge about him and went their ways, leaving him to die.

"But when the last of them was out of sight this Beau-man arose and, wandering over the ground where the camp had been, he picked up all kinds of waste that his comrades had left behind—scraps of cloth, beads, feathers, bones and offal of meat, with odds and ends of chalk, soot, grease, everything that he could pick out of the trodden snow. Then, having gathered them together in a heap, he called on his guardian *manitou*, and together they set to work to make a man. They stitched the rags into coat, *mitases* and moccasins, and

garnished them with beads and fringes; of the feathers they made a head-dress, with a frontlet; and then, taking mud, they plastered the offal and bones together and stuffed them tightly into the garments. The *manitou* breathed once, and to the eye all their patchwork became fresh and fine clothing. The *manitou* breathed twice, and life came into the figure, which the Beau-man had been kneading into the shape of a handsome youth. 'Your name,' said he, 'is Moowis, or the Muck-man, and by you I shall take my revenge.'

"So he commanded the Muck-man to follow, and together they went after the tracks of the tribe and came to the village. All wondered at the Beau-man's friend and his fine new clothes; and, indeed, this Moowis had a frank appearance that won all hearts. The chief invited him to his lodge, and begged the Beau-man to come too; he deserved no less for bringing so distinguished a guest. The Beau-man accepted, but by-and-by began to repent of his deception when he saw the Muck-man fed with deer tongue and the moose's hump while he himself had to be content with inferior portions, and when he observed further that Mamondago-kwa had no eyes for any one but the Moowis, who began to prove himself a clever rogue. The chief would have promoted Moowis to the first place by the fire, but this (for it would have melted him) he modestly refused. He kept shifting his place while he talked, and the girl thought him no less vivacious than modest, and no more modest than brave, since he seemed even to prefer the cold to the cheerful warmth of the hearth. The Beau-man attempted to talk; but the Muck-man had always a retort at which the whole company laughed, until the poor fellow ran out of the lodge in a fury of shame and rage. As he rose he saw the Muck-man rise, with the assent of all, and cross over to the bridegroom's seat beside Mamondago-kwa, who welcomed him as a modest maiden should when her heart has been fairly won.

"So it happened—attend to me well, my daughter—that Mamondago-kwa married a thing of rags and bones, put

together with mud. But when the dawn broke her husband rose up and took a bow and spear, saying, 'I must go on a journey.' 'Then I will go with you,' said his bride. 'My journey is too long for you,' said the Muck-man. 'Not so,' answered she; 'there is no journey that I could not take beside you, no toil that I could not share for love of you.' He strode forth, and she followed him at a distance; and the Beau-man, who had kept watch all night outside their lodge, followed also at a distance, unseen. All the way along the rough road Mamondago-kwa called to her husband; but he went forward rapidly, not turning his head, and she could not overtake him. Soon, as the sun rose, he began to melt. Mamondago-kwa did not see the gloss go out of his clothes, nor his handsome features change back again into mud and snow and filth. But still as she followed she came on rags and feathers and scraps of clothing, fluttering on bushes or caught in the crevices of the rocks. She passed his mittens, his moccasins, his *mitases*, his coat, his plume of feathers. At length, as he melted, his footprints grew fainter, until she lost even his track on the snow. 'Moowis! Moowis!' she cried; but now there was none to answer her, for the Muck-man had returned to that out of which he was made."

Menehwehna ceased and looked at his daughter steadily.

"And did the Beau-man find her and fetch her back?" asked Azoka.

"The story does not say, to my knowledge; but it may be that Ononwe could tell you."

Azoka stepped to the moonlit doorway and gazed out over the snow.

"And yet you love Netawis?" she asked, not turning her head.

"So much that I keep him in trust for his good, against a day when he will go and never return. But that is not a maiden's way of loving, unless maidens have changed since I went a-courting them."

Netawis having led them to the tree, the young men fell to

work upon it at once. It measured almost six fathoms in girth; and by daybreak, their axes being light, they had hewed it less than half-way through. After a short rest they attacked it again, but the sun was close upon setting when the tree fell —with a rending scream which swelled into a roar so human-like that the children who had gathered to watch ran with one accord and caught hold of their elders' hands.

John, with Seeu-kwa's small boys clinging to him, stood about thirty paces from the fallen trunk. Two or three minutes passed, and he wondered why the men did not begin to jeer at him for having found them a mare's nest. For all was quiet. He wondered also why none of them approached the tree to examine it.

"I shall be the mock of the camp from this moment," he thought, and said aloud, "Let go of my hands, little ones; there is no more danger."

But they clung to him more tightly than ever; for a great cry went up suddenly. From the opening by the fork of the trunk a dark body rolled lazily out upon the snow—an enormous she-bear. She uncurled and gathered herself up on all fours, blinking and shaking her head as though the fall had left her ears buzzing, and so began to waddle off. Either she had not seen the crowd of men and women, or perhaps she despised it.

"Ononwe! Ononwe!" shouted the Indians; for Ononwe, gun in hand, had been posted close to the opening.

He half-raised his gun, but lowered it again.

"Netawis found her," he said quietly. "Let Netawis shoot her."

He stepped back towards John who, almost before he knew, found the gun thrust into his hands; for the children had let go their clasp.

Amid silence he lifted it and took aim, wondering all the while why Ononwe had done this. The light was fading. To be sure he could not miss the bear's haunches, now turned obliquely to him; but to hit her without killing would be

scarcely less dishonouring than to miss outright, and might be far more dangerous. His hand and forearm trembled too—with the exertion of hewing, or perhaps from the strain of holding the children. Why had he been fool enough to take the gun? He foretasted his shame even as he pulled the trigger.

It seemed to him that, as the smoke cleared, the bear still walked forward slowly. But a moment later she turned her head with one loud snap of the jaws and lurched over on her side. Her great fore-pads smote twice on the powdery snow, then were still.

He had killed her, then; and, as he learned from the applause, by an expert's shot, through the spine at the base of the skull. John had aimed for this merely at a guess, knowing nothing of bears or their vulnerable points, and in this ignorance neglecting a far easier mark behind the pin of the shoulder.

But more remained to wonder at; for the beast being certified for dead, Meshu-kwa ran forward and kneeling in the snow beside it began to fondle and smooth the head, calling it by many endearing names. She seated herself presently, drew the great jaws on to her lap and spoke into its ear, beseeching its forgiveness. "O bear!" she cried for all to hear, "O respected grandmother! You saw yourself that this was a stranger's doing. Believe not that Meshu-kwa is guilty of your death, or any of her tribe. It was a stranger that disturbed your sleep, a stranger who fired upon you with this unhappy result!"

The men stood around patiently until her propitiation was ended; and then fell to work to skin the bear, while Meshu-kwa went off with her daughters to the lodges, to prepare the cooking-pots. In passing John she gave him a glance of no goodwill.

That night as Azoka stood by a cauldron in which the bear's fat bubbled, and the young men idled around the blaze, she saw Netawis draw Ononwe aside into the darkness. Being a quick-witted girl she promptly let slip her ladle into the fat,

as if by mischance, and ran to her father's lodge for another, followed by Meshu-kwa's scolding voice. The lodge had a back-exit towards the wall of the sand-hill, where the wind's eddy had swept a lane almost clear of snow; and Azoka pushed her pretty head through the flap-way here in time to spy the dark shadows of the pair before they disappeared behind the bachelors' lodge. Quietly as a pantheress she stole after them, smoothing out her footprints behind her until she reached the trampled snow, and so, coming to the angle of the bachelors' lodge, cowered listening.

"But suppose that I had missed my shot?" said the voice of Netawis. "I tell you that my heart was as wax; and when the lock fell, I saw nothing. Why, what is the matter with you, Ononwe?"

"I thought you had led me here to quarrel with me," Ononwe answered slowly, and Azoka held her breath.

"Quarrel, brother? Why should I quarrel with you? It was a risk, as I am telling you, but you trusted me, and I brought you here to thank you that in your good heart you gave the shot up to me."

"But it was not my good heart." Ononwe's voice had grown hoarse. "It was an evil thought in my head, and you will have to quarrel with me, Netawis."

"That Onowe is a good man," said Azoka to herself.

"I do not understand. Did you expect me, then, to miss? Do not say, brother, that you gave me the gun *wishing* me to miss and be the mock of the camp!"

"Yes, and no. I thought, if you took the gun, it would not matter whether you hit or missed."

"Why?"

"Are you so simple, Netawis? Or is it in revenge that you force me to tell? . . . Yes, I have played you an evil trick, and by an evil tempting. I saw you with Azoka. . . . I gave you the gun thinking, 'If he misses, the whole camp will mock him, and a maid turns from a man whom others mock. But if he should kill the bear, he will have to reckon

with Meshu-kwa. Meshu-kwa fears ill-luck, and she will think more than twice before receiving a son-in-law who has killed her grandmother the bear.' "

"I will marry Netawis," said Azoka to herself, shutting her teeth hard. And yet she could not feel angry with Ononwe as she ought.

But it seemed that neither was Netawis angry; for he answered with one of those strange laughs of his. She had never been able to understand them, but she had never heard one that sounded so unhappy as did this.

"My brother," said Netawis—and his voice was gentle and bitterly sorrowful—"if you did this in guile, I have shot better indeed than you to-day. As for Meshu-kwa, I must try to be on good terms with her again; and as for Azoka, she is a good girl, and thinks as little of me as I of her. Last night when you saw us . . . I remember that I looked down on her and something reminded me . . . of one . . ." He leaned a hand against a pole of the lodge and gripped it as the anguish came on him and shook him in the darkness. "Damn!" cried John à Cleeve, with a sob.

"Was that her name?" asked Ononwe gravely, hardly concealing the relief in his voice.

But Azoka did not hear Netawis' answer as she crept back, smoothing the snow over her traces.

CHAPTER XIX

THE LODGES IN THE SNOW

THE fat lay six inches deep on the bear's ribs; and, being boiled down, filled six porcupine skins.

"Said I not that Netawis would bring us good luck?" demanded Menehwehna.

But Meshu-kwa claimed the head of her ancestress, and set it up on a scaffold within the lodge, spreading a new blanket beneath it, and strewing tobacco leaf in front of its nose. As

though poor Azoka had not enough misery, her mother took away her trinkets to decorate the bear, and forced her to smear her pretty, ochred face with cinders. Then for a whole day the whole family sat and fasted; and Azoka hated fasting. But next morning she and Seeu-kwa swept out the lodge, making all tidy. Pipes were lit, and Menehwehna, after blowing tobacco-smoke into the bear's nostrils, began a long harangue on the sad necessity which lay upon men to destroy their best friends. His wife's eye being upon him, he made an excellent speech, though he did not believe a word of it; but as a chief who had married the daughter of a chief, he laid great stress upon her pedigree, belittling his own descent from the *canicu*, or war eagle, with the easier politeness because he knew it to be above reproach. When he had ended, the family, Meshu-kwa included, seated themselves and ate of the bear's flesh very heartily.

A few days later, they struck their camp and moved inland, for the beaver were growing scarcer, and the heavy falls of snow hid their houses and made it difficult to search the banks for washes. But raccoon was plentiful at their new station, and easy to hunt. Before the coming of the Cold Moon—which is January—John was set to number the peltries, which amounted to three hundred odd; and the scaffold, on which the dried venison hung out of reach of the wolves, was a sight to gladden the heart. Only the women grumbled when Menehwehna gave order to strike camp, for theirs were the heaviest loads.

Azoka did not grumble. She could count now on Ononwe to help her with her burden, since, like a sensible girl, she had long since made up her quarrel with him and they were to be married in the spring on their return to the village. She had quite forgiven Netawis. Hers was that delicious stage of love when the heart, itself so happy, wants all the world to be happy too. Once or twice John caught her looking at him with eyes a little wistful in their gladness; he never guessed that she had overheard his secret, and pitied him, but dared not betray herself. Ononwe, possessed with his new felicity, delighted to talk of it whenever he and John hunted together.

Did it hurt? Not often; and at the moment not much. But at night, when sleep would not come, when John lay staring at the chink in the doorway beyond which the northern lights flickered, then the wound would revive and ache with the aching silence. Once, only once, he had started out of sleep to feel his whole body flooded with happiness; in his dream the curtains of the lodge had parted and through them Diane had come to him. Standing over his head she had shaken the snow from her cloak and from her hair, and the scattered flakes had changed into raindrops, and the raindrops into singing birds, and the lodge into a roof of sunlit boughs, breaking into leaf with a scent of English hawthorn, as she stretched out her hands and knelt and he drew her to his heart. Her cheek was cold from her long journey; but a warm breeze played beneath the boughs, and under her falling hair against his shoulder her small hand stole up and touched his silver armlets. Nay, surely that touch was too real for any dream . . .

He had sprung up and pulled aside the curtain; but she was gone. His eyes searched across a waste where only the snow-wraiths danced, and far to the north the Aurora flickered with ribbons of ghostly violet.

Would she come again? Yes, surely, under the stars and across the folds and hollows of the snow, that vision would return, disturbing no huddled bird, waking no sleeper in the lodge; wonld lift the curtain and stretch out both hands and be gathered to him. Though it came but once in a year he could watch for it by night, live for it by day.

But by day he knew his folly. He was lost, and in forgetting lay his only peace. He never once accused his fortune nor railed against a God he could not believe in. He had come to disaster through his own doubts; himself had been his only real enemy, and that sorry self must be hidden and buried out of sight.

On the whole he was burying it successfully. He liked these Ojibways, and had unlearnt his first disgust of their

uncleanly habits, though as yet he could not imitate them. He had quite unlearnt his old loathing of Menehwehna for the sergeant's murder. Menehwehna was a fine fellow, a chief too, respected among all the nations west of Fort Niagara. John's surprise had begun at Fort Rouillé, where, on Menehwehna's word of credit only, the Tobacco Indians had fetched out paint and clothes to disguise him, and had smuggled him, asking no questions, past the fort and up through the Lake aux Claies to Lake Huron. At Michilimackinac a single speech from Menehwehna had won his welcome from the tribe; and they were hunting now on the borders of the Ottawas through the favour of Menehwehna's friendship with the Ottawa chief at l'Arbre Croche. John saw that the other Indians considered him fortunate in Menehwehna's favour, and if he never understood the full extent of the condescension, at least his respect grew for one who was at once so kingly and so simple, who shared his people's hardships, and was their master less by rank than by wisdom in council, skill of hand, and native power to impress and rule.

Of the deer especially Menehwehna was a mighty hunter; and in February the wealth of the camp increased surprisingly. For at this season the snow becomes hard enough to bear the hunter and his dogs, but the sharp feet of the deer break through its crust and his legs are cut to the bone. Often a hunting-party would kill a dozen stags in two or three hours, and soon the camp reckoned up five thousand pounds of dried venison, all of which had to be carried back seventy miles to the shore of the lake near l'Arbe Croche, where the canoes had been left.

Early in March the women began to prepare the bundles, and in the second week the return began, all starting at daybreak with as much as they could carry, and marching until noon, when they built a scaffold, piled their loads upon it, and returned to the camp for more. When all had been carried forward one stage, the lodge itself was removed, and so, stage

by stage, they brought their wealth down to the coast. As they neared it they fell in with other lodges of Ojibways, mostly from Michilimackinac, gathering for the return voyage up the lake.

Having recovered and launched their canoes, which had lain hidden among the sandhills, they loaded up and coasted cheerfully homewards by way of La Grande Traverse and l'Arbre Croche, and on the last day of April landed under the French fort of Mackinac, which looked across the strait to Cap Saint Ignace. A dozen traders were here awaiting them; and with these Menehwehna first settled out of the common fund for guns, powder, and stores supplied on credit for the winter's hunting. He then shared the residue among the camp, each hunter receiving the portion fixed by custom; and John found himself the owner of one hundred and twenty beaver skins, fifty raccoon, and twelve otter, besides fifty dubious francs in cash. The bear-skin, which also fell to his share, he kept for his wedding-gift to Ononwe. Twenty pounds of beaver bought a couple of new shirts; another twenty a blanket; and a handsome pair of scarlet *mitases*, fashionably laced with ribbon, cost him fifteen. Out of what remained he offered to pay Menehwehna for his first outfit, but received answer that he had amply discharged this debt by bringing good luck to the camp. Under Menehwehna's advice, therefore, he spent his gains in powder and ball, fishing lines, tobacco, and a new lock for his gun.

"And I am glad," said Menehwehna, "that you consulted me to-day, for to-night I shall drink too much rum."

So indeed he did. That night his people—women and men—lay around the fort in shameless intoxication. It pleased John to observe that Azoka drank nothing, but on the other hand, she made no attempt to restrain her lover, who, having stupefied himself with rum, dropped asleep with his head on her lap.

John, seated and smoking his pipe by the camp fire, watched her across its blaze. She leaned back against a pole of the lodge,

her hands resting on Ononwe's head, her eyes gazing out into the purple night beyond the doorway. They were solemn, with the awe of a deep happiness. "And why not?" John asked himself. Her father, mother, and kinsfolk lay drunk around her; even the children had taken their share of the liquor. A disgusting sight, no doubt! yet somehow it did not move him to reprobation. He had lived for six months with this people, and they had taught him some lessons outside the craft of hunting: for example, that it takes all sorts to make a world, and that only a fool condemns his fellows for being unlike himself. At home in Devonshire he had never understood why the best farm-labourers and workmen broke out at times into reckless drinking, and lay sodden for days together; or how their wives could accept these outbursts as a matter of course. He understood now, having served apprentice to hardship, how the natural man must revolt now and again from the penalty of Adam, the grinding toil, day in and day out, to wrest food from the earth for himself, his womenkind, and children. He understood, too, how noble is the discipline, though pardonable the revolt. He had discovered how little a man truly needs. He had seen in this strange life much cruelty, much crazy superstition, much dirt and senseless discomfort; but he had made acquaintance with love and self-denial. He had learnt, above all, the great lesson—to think twice before condemning.

The camp fire was dying down untended. He arose and cast an armful of logs upon it; and at the sound Azoka withdrew her eyes from the doorway and fastened them upon him.

"Netawis," said she, "when will you be leaving us?"

"I have no thought of leaving."

"You are not telling me the truth, now."

"Indeed, I believe I am," John assured her.

"But what, then, of the girl yonder, whom you wanted to marry? Has she married another man, or is she dead? Yes, I know something about it," Azoka went on, as he stood staring amazedly. "For a long time I have wanted to tell you. That night, after you had killed the bear and Ononwe took you

aside—I was afraid that you two would be quarrelling, and so I crept after you——" She waited for him to understand.

"I see," said John gravely.

"Tell me what has become of her."

"I suppose that she is living still with her own people; and there is nothing more to tell, Azoka, except that she cannot be mine, and would not if she could."

"Whose fault was it, Netawis? Yours or hers?"

"There was much fault indeed, and all of it mine; but against my marrying her it did not count, for that was impossible from the beginning. Suppose, now, your nation were at war with the Ottawas, and a young Ottawa brave fell in love with you. What would you do?"

"That is idle talk, for of course I should do nothing," said Azoka composedly. "But if I were a man and an Ojibway and fell in love with an Ottawa maiden, it would be simple. I should carry her off."

John, being unable to find an answer to this, lit his pipe and sat staring into the fire.

"Was she an Englishwoman then?" Azoka asked after a while.

"An Englishwoman?" He looked up in surprise; then, with a glance around at the sleepers, he leaned forward until his eyes met the girl's at close range across the flame. "Since you have learnt one secret, Azoka, I will tell you another. She was a Frenchwoman, and it is I who am English.

But Azoka kept her composure. "My father is always wise," she said quietly. "If he had told the truth you would have been in great danger; for many had lost sons and brothers in the fighting, and those who came back were full of rage against the English. You heard their talk."

"Then you have only to tell them, Azoka, and they may take their revenge. I shall not greatly care."

"I am no babbler, Netawis; and, moreover, the men have put their revenge away. When the summer comes very few will want to go fighting. For my part I pay little heed to

their talk of killing and scalping; to me it is all boys' play, and I do not want to understand it. But from what I hear they think that the Englishmen will be victorious, and it is foolishness to fight on the losing side. If so——" Azoka broke off and pressed her palms together in sudden delight.

"If so?" echoed John.

"If the English win, why then you may carry off your Frenchwoman, Netawis! I do very much want you to be happy."

"And I thank you a thousand times, Azoka, for your good wishes; but I fear it will not happen in that way."

She smoothed the head of Ononwe in her lap. "Oh yes, it will," she assured him. "My father told me that you would be leaving us, some day; and now I know what he meant. He has seen her, has he not?"

"He has seen her."

"My father is never mistaken. You will go back when the time comes, and take her captive. But bring her back that I may see her, Netawis."

"But if she should resist?"

Azoka shook her pretty head. "You men never understand us. She will not resist when once you have married her; and I do very much want you to be happy."

For three days the Ojibways sprawled in drunkenness around Fort Mackinac, but on the fourth arose and departed for their island; very sullenly at first, as they launched their canoes, but with rising spirits as they neared home. And two days after their arrival Ononwe and Azoka were married.

In the midst of the marriage feast, which lasted a week, the great thaw began; and thereafter for a month Menehwehna watched John closely. But the spring-time could not thaw the resolve which had been hardening John's heart all the winter—to live out his life in the wilderness and, when his time came, to die there a forgotten man. He wondered now that he had ever besought Menehwehna for help to return. Although it could never be proved against him, he must acknow-

ledge to himself that he, a British officer, was now in truth a willing deserter. But to be a deserter he found more tolerable than to return at the price of a private and indelible shame.

Menehwehna, cheated of his fears, watched him with a new and growing hope. The snows melted; May came with its flowers, June with its heat, July with the roaring of bucks in the forest; and still the men hung about the village, fishing and shooting, or making short excursions to Sault Sainte Marie or the bay of Boutchitouay, or the mouth of the Mississaki river on the north side of the lake, where the wildfowl were plentiful; but showing no disposition to go out again upon the war-path as they had gone the year before. The frenzy which then had carried them hundreds of miles from their homes seemed now to be entirely spent, and the war itself to have faded thousands of miles away. Once or twice a French officer from Fort Mackinac was paddled across and landed and harangued the Indians; and the Indians listened attentively, but never stirred. Of the French soldiers drilling at the fort they spoke now with contempt.

John saw no reason for this change, and set it down to that flightiness of purpose which—as he had read in books—is common to all savages. He had yet to learn how rumour travels in solitary lands over which the very sky becomes as it were a vast sounding-board, echoing far distant events not only within a few hours of their happening, but sometimes even a day or two before they happen.

It was on his return from the Isles aux Castors, where with two score young men of the tribe he had spent three weeks in fishing for sturgeon, that he heard of the capture of Fort Niagara by the English. Azoka announced it to him.

"Said I not how it would happen?" she reminded him. "But if you leave us now you must come back with her and see my boy. When he comes to be born he shall be called Netawis. Ononwe and I are agreed upon it."

"I have no thought of leaving," John answered. "Fort Niagara is far from here."

"They say also," Menehwehna announced later, "that Stadacona has fallen."

"Stadacona?"

"The great fortress—Quebec."

John mused for a while. "I had a dear friend once," he said, "and he laid me a wager that he would enter Quebec before me. It appears that he has won."

"A friend, did my brother say?"

"And a kinsman," John answered, recognising the old note of jealousy in Menehwehna's voice. "But there is no likeness between us; for he has no doubts, and always goes straight to his mark."

"There was a name brought me with the news. Your chief was the Wolf, they said; but whether it be his own name or that of his *manitou* I know not."

(*To be continued*)