THE GOVERNMENT, THE ARMY, AND THE NATION

IT is a fact of some significance that, in the newspapers and in the weekly Press and in the magazines, articles suggesting that the British Army should be reformed are perpetually appearing. One does not remark a like evangelical interest in the Navy. The inference is that we are satisfied on the whole with the state of the Navy; and, conversely, that we are troubled concerning the welfare of the Army. The reformers number among them both civilians and soldiers. Needless to observe, they differ considerably among themselves. But, in one point all agree; for, all are profoundly convinced that there is something inherently wrong in our military system. The general public, which, taken in the gross, does not exhibit a deep concern for military affairs, is vaguely impressed by the same conviction. It is probable that the most of us would fail to give a lucid statement of the reasons upon which that vague conviction reposes; for, the multitude of counsellors bewilders; and nearly all the arguments posited presuppose the existence of a general and an historical knowledge which, in this unmilitary nation, can but seldom exist. So that it is the point of unanimity which impresses us. There is something wrong with the Army, or with the system upon which it is administered, or both.

It is not my design to add to a possible confusion of mind by advancing a new theory, or even by tracing in detail the

historical aspect of the case. That is the business of the specialist. By a specialist I mean one who has devoted his whole time for many years to the study of war. It matters not whether he be a soldier or a civilian; for, one who gives his life to the mastery of a given subject must not be regarded as an amateur because he does not wear the King's uniform. His authority, so far as it goes, carries a professional weight. And in the same way a soldier, merely because he is a soldier, has no overruling power of opinion, unless he is conversant, not only with the range of his practical duties but, with the theory of his profession. The works of such a writer, for instance, as Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, who has won for himself an European reputation, must rank with the treatises of the great military authors; just as the opinions of Lord Roberts must needs be fraught with the unique and inestimable value of long and various experience and of great achievement. If the words of these, and of such as these, be disregarded or neglected, lesser men may talk in vain.

It is rather my modest purpose to endeavour to discover the point at which the national interest and the military interest touch and interfuse. If we can discover and define such a point of contact, it may be possible further to establish a clear principle which may serve to guide the plain man, who has no time to study war and policy and details of military organisation, towards a right working comprehension of his own relation to the whole matter. For, it must be evident to the least observant, that there is a certain indeterminate but actual line of cleavage between the life of the nation and the Army. The Army, owing to certain reasons, one of which I propose to suggest, is held somewhat aloof. It will perhaps be conceded that such a condition—assuming that it exists—cannot be wholesome either for the nation or for the Army. It may indeed be, that in this separation which we seem to observe lies the origin of that unnamed evil which we are all agreed in lamenting. For, it cannot be well for a nation to pay a certain class of men to give their lives in national defence, and, with

that somewhat inadequate payment, to disclaim all further concern in the matter. Nor can it be well for the class that is so dealt with. There must be some blindness here, some lack of understanding; there must be a principle involved, which we have hitherto ignored, and which, if we could but grasp it, might help us towards that unity of the body politic without which national health is impossible. For we are all agreed that there is something wrong. Let us proceed upon that basis.

First of all, we may inquire for what purpose we require an army at all? The obvious answer is, that we require it for defence against aggression. But a little consideration of the phrase will reveal its incompleteness. Aggression presumably signifies an interference by some outside Power or Powers with that line of conduct, which, rightly or wrongly, the nation has determined to pursue. Such a line of conduct we call a national policy. It is a part of national policy, for instance, to hold India; it is another part to pursue our avocations in these islands, unmolested. We must therefore amend the phrase. It will convey our meaning more precisely if we affirm that the use of an army is to enforce the national policy. In that case, it is clear that every British subject is concerned in the matter; for, a national policy must be a national concern. It would follow that every British subject who was able to do so would naturally bear arms, in order to be able to enforce, in case of need, that policy in which he has a part. But, for the sake of convenience, we prefer to set aside a certain sum of money, in order that a proportion of the community only may give its whole time to the business of national defence, while the rest of the community works and plays, marries and gives in marriage, untrammelled by any military obligations. It may be observed, at this point, that war, being an evil—though necessary, still an evil—the fewer persons concerned in that affair, ethically speaking, the better. Assuming such a proposition to be sound, we have, however, still to remark that the commutation of an indubitable

obligation for a money payment, must necessarily involve a corresponding relaxation of the sense of individual responsibility. So rich a country is this of ours, that the provision of the requisite money is hardly felt. Among the wealthier classes, it is not felt at all. And so it is, that the very means which enable us to avoid what might be a disagreeable duty, does at the same time kill that individual sense of obligation and of responsibility, which alone can certainly and permanently ensure the duty being adequately performed by any one whatever. Responsibility was transferred to the Army itself; and, with its transference, arose that singular and ugly attitude of the civilian towards the common soldier, which he was not slow to perceive and to resent. At bottom, perhaps, the feeling of the civilian was due to the operation of the mysterious law which ordains that he who wrongs another shall also mislike him. For, the civilian was paying another to do his duty for him. If such a form of words appears to state the case too strongly, it none the less conveys a truth. The soldier did in consequence undoubtedly occupy the superior position. Human nature demanded redress. It attempted to obtain it by the nearest way—a resort to an assumed superiority. The common soldier learned his lesson. His was the real superiority, and he dimly knew it. But he had his duty to do, and he did it.

Let us track the clue of transferred responsibility a little higher. Being a commercial nation, we do not pay more than we can help. We buy in the cheapest market. We underpay the private, and we also underpay the officer. Since there were plenty of wealthy men who had a taste for soldiering—the number is now diminishing—the nation allowed them to gratify their desire at their own expense. The officer was, therefore, in the position of doing the nation a favour. Therefore, if there were ever cases in which the British officer regarded his duties lightly, it was not for the nation to take him to task. The transference of responsibility was accomplished, it is true—but, on what terms? It was transferred as

a matter of business; but, on such terms that the nation could not decently enforce its own bargain. To do it justice, it has recognised the fact, and has meanly relied on the honour of the Army to save its face. In a lesser degree—because of the more patently obvious national interests involved—it has so dealt with the Navy.

Let us go one step further. The responsibility for both war and policy rests, in the last resort, upon the Cabinet. The Secretary of State for War is responsible for the state of the Army to the Cabinet, which is responsible to the country. Should the country, as represented by Parliament assembled, express its disapproval of the War Minister, his resignation involves the resignation of the whole Cabinet of which he is a member. Unless, therefore, the nation disapproves of the policy of the Government as a whole, and consequently desires its removal, it has no means of fixing responsibility upon any individual Minister. The result we know. We know that Lord Lansdowne ignored the advice of Lord Wolseley, and of the disastrous consequences of his action; we know that Mr. Brodrick declined to follow the advice of Lord Roberts, and of the result of his experiments in Army organisation; we cannot but suppose that Mr. Arnold Forster prefers to override the opinions of the Army Council, since his policy is quite opposed to the suggestions, as recorded by Royal Commission, of the distinguished officers who sit on that Council. We are all perfectly aware that no civilian, whose profession is politics, can possibly be competent to manage an army. Yet there is no question at all, scarce even a suggestion, that a Minister should be held personally responsible for the right performance of his duties. I am not to be understood as proposing impeachment, or anything disagreeable. I am merely stating the plain fact. How, indeed, can a people that has bought relief from civic duty—though it may have been justified in so doing—enforce responsibility to itself? Responsibility, the notion of civic duty, is a thing it has partly lost. How should the governing class not lose it also?

Here is a commentary on the present posture of affairs. Lord Kitchener, in India, demands, what every capable soldier and every serious student of war and policy has always demanded, the right of the Commander-in-Chief to the supreme executive power. Lord Curzon objects. But Mr. Brodrick, whilome Secretary of State for War, admits the justice of Lord Kitchener's demand—which, after all, is pathetically modest; for a great soldier and administrator is only asking to be allowed to do his work properly. And at the same time, Mr. Arnold Forster at home is attempting to administer the Army without a Commander-in-Chief at all, and under the powers of an Order in Council which secures to him absolute autocracy over his professional advisers on the Board, which is called the Army Council, Here are two members of the same Cabinet acting on precisely opposite principles with regard to the same matter; yet a vote of censure directed at either would involve the fall of the Government.

As an instructive commentary on the whole matter, we have Mr. Balfour announcing that an invasion of these islands is impossible. I make no comment on that extraordinary assertion, other than to observe that, as it directly contradicts almost the whole body of expressed professional opinion, it furnishes a remarkable instance of extreme and ultimate irresponsibility.

The principle, in fact, of which we have been in search, the principle the understanding of which should serve to guide us towards a right working comprehension of our personal relation to the whole matter, this principle may be expressed in a word—Responsibility. We may be perfectly justified—or we may not—in paying others to fight for us; but, we cannot thereby transfer responsibility. If we cannot bear arms, we can at least ensure that those who do, are adequately paid and rightly organised; that the system of administration which the greatest authorities advocate (with an admirable patience) is established; and that, finally, if a man, whether he

be a private soldier or a Minister of the Crown, has a duty to perform, that he performs it rightly, under what penalties soever may be requisite.

I have but ventured to indicate what I conceive to be the first step upon the right road. To follow that road may take us long and far—a far way from where we are halting now, irresolute; but we are to consider the end, rather than the journey. We must either go forward, or go back; and if we go not forward, one sometimes thinks that the place to which we shall return is named the city of Destruction.

The same idea is, perhaps, present in the mind of one who has earned and won the respect and affection of the nation and of the Army alike. I mean Earl Roberts, V.C. In the face of Mr. Balfour's amazing pronouncement, the veteran soldier stands suppliant, asking humbly and gently for—what? For a pitiful hundred thousand pounds with which to buy rifles and to rent little ranges that will not encroach upon vested interests. And for what purpose? If invasion of these islands be impossible, clearly for none. But Lord Roberts, believing that the nation should be prepared, conceives it his duty to ask for what he may reasonably expect to get. The inexpressible significance of the terms of that request has apparently passed unregarded. It may however be suggested in a mathematical formula. As a hundred thousand pounds is to the national income, so is the deliberate estimate of a tried and time-honoured servant of the Crown of the value of the sense of responsibility, the ideal of civic duty, to the sum of the population of the British Isles.

L. Cope Cornford.

SOME OF MY VISITORS[1]

BY THE LATE PROF. F. MAX MULLER

MOST authors, unless they are very easily satisfied, would, I believe, be very willing to admit that the best time for writing a book has come when the book is finished, printed, and published. It is too late then, and all that can be done is to wait for a second edition, if it ever comes.

Ever so many things emerge from the memory when it is too late, ever so many notes turn up from various note-books which all had a right to be inserted. Some of these seem really essential to make an argument quite clear and clinching, and to prevent those more or less wilful misunderstandings, without which the office of the critic or the reviewer would indeed be difficult or impossible.

A man who writes, writes generally for himself, and takes certain things for known and granted, which, therefore, he need not mention again, while the critic naturally tries to make out that the author ought to have mentioned everything at once, even though he may have fully discussed the main subject on former occasions. An author should certainly read his book as strangers read it. He would then see how much might have been added, how much might have been more fully explained, or slightly modified, in order to prevent many of those cheap objections which delight the hearts of many reviewers.

No wonder, therefore, that in looking over the pages of my

"Reminiscences," published some years ago under the title of "Auld Lang Syne,"[1] I should often have said to myself, "What a pity! I ought to have mentioned this or that; I might have guarded against any possible misapprehension by simply putting in a word or two to qualify a too general statement, but I thought that everybody would understand what I really meant."

What the French in their telling way call the *esprit au bas de l'escalier*, comes to every author, I believe, even if he has waited the Horatian nine years before publishing his manuscript. Who does not remember those thoughts, those clever or pretty sayings, which crowd in upon us at the foot of the staircase, that is, when an interview is over, or when a book is printed, while the best things which we ought to have said have remained unsaid? We cannot run back and say what we wish we had said, nor can we print an appendix to a volume and give in a supplement all that would have made our meaning so much more clear or more impressive.

In the second volume of my "Reminiscences" I spoke chiefly of my Italian friends; but now, when looking over that volume, I see how many of my Indian and Eastern friends were left out, because they did not present themselves to my memory at the time, or, it may be, because I was afraid they would not interest my readers as much as they once interested me.

I have had constantly at Oxford people not only from India, but from China, Persia, Japan, from Central Africa, even Red Indians from North America, such as the last of the Blackfoot tribe, who came to me, fortunately with an interpreter, to discuss any problem, religious or political, which interested them, and on which I was, often very wrongly, supposed to be able to throw some new light.

I often pitied those Eastern visitors when they came from the railroad station in their native attire, or in something

[1] "Auld Lang Syne." Vols. i. and ii. New York: Charles Scribners Sons. 1898.

resembling it, as far as that was safe. I remember a Mohawk, who came in his paint and feathers, though he had prudently thrown a cloak over his native costume. Some of the Indian Rajahs and Maharajahs came to me in shooting jackets and billycock hats, switching their riding-whips with all the nonchalance of a true undergraduate, and with no more of darkness in their skin than would have suited an Italian or Spaniard, No one would have taken them for exotic products.

Others, however, come in their native costume, splendidly draped in costly shawls, with turbans and jewels that make one's mouth water. They generally are wise enough to drive from the railway station, and the little street-boys can only shout when they see them step in and out of their carriages or when they leave my house again.

Woe to the poor Oriental who does not know these boys nor the many curious loungers of our streets. With all their Oriental dignity and repose, they cannot always help being annoyed by their admirers. I remember so well a Chinese gentleman, evidently of the highest rank, with a splendid tail hanging down from his head, and clad in the most gorgeous purple brocade, who called on me, having walked the whole way from the station to my house in his thin slippers. Of course he was the object of a perfect ovation on the part of the Oxford gamins, though he seemed hardly to notice the crowd that followed him.

Fortunately he brought an interpreter with him, and soon began to explain to me the object of his call, namely, the elaboration of a universal language. To no one does such an idea seem more natural and feasible than to a man who speaks and thinks in Chinese. I was perfectly amazed at his clear perception of the difficulties of such an undertaking, and at the truly philosophical spirit in which he had approached the problem. It was a real pleasure to listen to such thoughts on the nature of language as he uttered through his interpreter, evidently sometimes very impatient with him for not always seizing his thoughts or giving them their right and accurate

expression, though I doubt whether many of our own philosophers could have seized and followed them.

His familiarity with the Chinese language and the Chinese system of writing gave him no doubt a great advantage, because that language, with its peculiar system of half-pictographic and half-classified writing, might well suggest the idea and the possibility of a universal language. And yet a Chinese from Canton would hardly understand a Mandarin from Nanking, because they each pronounce the same written signs so differently. If an Englishman and a German saw in an astronomical work the signs ⊙ ● ⊕, they would know at once that they meant sun, moon, and earth. But the German would pronounce it *Sonne*, *Mond*, and *Erde;* the Englishman, *sun*, *moon*, and *earth*. That is the difference in the pronunciation of Chinese writing, in the south and north of that country.

Again, a Frenchman who saw the Chinese signs or words ⊙    would say at once, *soleil*, *lune*, *montagne*, and *chien*, but the Englishman would read, *sun*, *moon*, *mountain*, and *dog*. When an Englishman pronounces 899 as *eight hundred and ninety-nine*, a German would read *achthundert neun und neunzig*, but both would understand just the same thing. However, this subject, though it is very clear and simple, would carry us too far at present, and I can only say that I shall not easily forget the intelligent sharp eyes of my Chinese visitor when he perceived that I understood what he meant, and when he began to see the difficulties also which I pointed out to him in his great undertaking, difficulties which had frightened even Leibnitz, and made him say that he would want the help of several academies to enable him to carry out his scheme of a universal language.

An equally startling visitor was a Buddhist monk that came to visit me at Oxford. He was a splendid-looking man, tall, strong and very handsome, nay beautiful. He wore an unspotted yellow silk dress, that fell like a Greek tunic from his shoulders to his feet. His face had all the Greek nobility, but

suffused and softened by true Buddhist kindness. He might have sat for a statue of Buddha himself, and certainly have looked better than most Buddhist statues.

In the streets from the railway to my house all the urchins of Oxford, boys and girls and grown-up people also, followed him, as if he had been the Pied Piper of Hamelin. But his benevolent smile never forsook him, and at last he turned round in the street, and said to his small persecutors,

"Now, my children, if you will be quiet, I shall tell you a story."

And he began to tell them the story of a boy who always tortured and killed flies, and at last was punished by a wasp stinging him on his nose. He then asked them, "Will you promise me never to torture or kill a fly?" and some of them gave him their hands as a promise that they would never kill any living thing again.

This was his Buddhist sermon at Oxford; it was preached very near St. Mary's, and may have done as much practical good as many of the academic sermons preached in that church.

I walked home with my guest, and, after he had settled down in my study, he began to explain his work to me. Of course I was not so inhospitable as not to ask him to have luncheon first, but there was hardly anything he would touch. Wine he had forsworn once for all, but there was hardly anything that had not had life in it, whether fish, fowl, or meat, and all that was taboo. Not even eggs or milk found favour in his sight, and yet, with his scant meal of vegetables, he looked stronger and rounder than many of the young men of Oxford.

He had been engaged for some time in preaching more correct views about Buddhism in Ceylon and India. He had also been actively engaged in rescuing a temple of Buddha's, the Mahâbotho temple, from the Hindus, who had bought it and, who, for a long time, had prevented the Buddhists from worshipping their great saint within the

walls of his own temple. He carried on his propaganda, or rather his reformation, chiefly by sermons as a travelling Buddhist friar, by leaflets and pictures. Of these pictures he gave me one which I have had copied here, and which, even in spite of the Sanskrit verse beneath it, certainly requires interpretation. It says: "The happiness in the enjoyment of sensual pleasures is very small, smaller even than a mustard seed; but the misery of men is very great, as may be seen from (the picture of) the drops of honey and the man."

My friend was not a little surprised when I, as a mere outsider, recognised at once a well-known Buddhist parable in this picture. We see a tree and an elephant trying to uproot it. One of its branches is bent down and a man clings to it, evidently anxious not to be drowned in a well beneath him. If we could see farther down in the well, we should see at the bottom a dragon, ready to swallow the man. We can see on each side of the well serpents peeping forth ready to bite him and kill him. The branch to which he clings is being gnawed by two mice, black and white (night and day) while the man himself, neglectful of all these surrounding dangers, keeps his mouth open, eager to catch some drops of the honey that fall down from the tree.

A Buddhist preacher stands by the side of the well, and what does he teach? He says that the tree is the world, the branch the thread of life clasped by a man who does not see the dragon or the serpents or the mice or the elephant, and thus is sure to perish, unless he can be torn away from the drops of honey, and labour for his own salvation like the Buddhist monk that comes to preach to him.

But how did I know this parable? It does not, as far as I remember, occur in any Sanskrit work, but yet I have little doubt that it had its origin on Indian soil, and was carried to Europe through that well-known channel in which stories current in India from time immemorial had been collected and carried on from stage to stage, from translation to translation, from India to Europe. These stories had been largely used by

the Buddhists in their endeavours to teach the lower classes of the people, and had therefore been mixed up with many of the ideas peculiarly Buddhistic.

The collection known to us under the name of *Panchatantra* became very popular, and finally by means of well-known translations, Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek and Latin, reached the principal countries of the East and also of the West. The earliest collection of the fables and parables was no doubt made in Sanskrit, but of that collection we possess at present an abbreviated text only the *Panchatantra* or *Pentamerone*, of which another abridgment has reached us as the *Hitopadesha* or Wise Counsel.

I cannot here explain all the stations through which the original and perfect text of the *Panchatantra* reached Persia, Syria, and last, Europe also. A full account may be found in my collected works, "Chips from a German Workshop," vol. iv., p. 440. At present I can only say that this book of Indian fables became known to the King of Persia, Khusrau Nushirvan (531–579 A.D.), who had it translated into Pehlevi, the ancient language of Persia, while the Chalif Al-Mansur (754–775 A.D.) had it rendered into Arabic. That translation was again turned into modern Persian (914), Greek (1080), Hebrew (1250), and Latin (1263–78), and afterwards into all the languages of Europe—Italian, German, French, &c., till it fell into the hands of La Fontaine, many of whose charming *fabliaux* are taken directly from that source.

Of course, in their progress from India to Europe many changes took place. Even in India itself every narrator felt himself at liberty to vary his story. Thus the Abbé Dubois in his "Mœurs, Institutions et Cérémonies des Peuples de l'Inde," 1848, tells what is evidently our story such as he often heard it in the South of India:[1]

A traveller, having missed his way, was overtaken by darkness in the midst of a dense forest. In fear of wild beasts, he decided that the only means

[1] "Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies." Vol. ii. By the Abbé J. A. Dubois. Translated by Henry K. Beauchamp. Oxford: 1897.

of escaping them would be to spend the night in the branches of one of the largest trees which he could find. He therefore climbed into a tree, and without further thought of the dangers which might befall him, fell fast asleep, and awoke only when the rays of the morning sun warned him that it was time to continue his journey.

As he was preparing to descend, he cast his eyes downwards, and espied at the foot of the tree a huge tiger, eagerly and impatiently watching, as it were, for its prey. Struck with terror at the sight of the beast, the traveller remained for a while transfixed to the spot where he sat. At length, recovering himself a little, and looking all round him, he observed that near the tree on which he sat were many others, with their branches so interlaced that he could easily pass from one to another, and thus escape the danger which threatened him below.

He was on the point of making his escape in this way, when, raising his eyes, he saw a huge snake hanging to the branch immediately over him, with its head nearly touching his own. The snake was apparently fast asleep, but the slightest noise might rouse it. At the sight of this twofold danger to which he found himself exposed, the poor traveller lost all courage. His mind wandered, his trembling limbs could hardly support him, and he was on the point of falling into the clutches of the tiger which was watching for him below. Chilled with fright, he remained motionless in fear of the cruel death that awaited him, expecting every moment to be his last.

The unfortunate man, however, having somewhat recovered his senses, once more raised his eyes, and perceived, on one of the topmost branches of the tree, a honeycomb, from which sweet drops of honey were trickling down at his side. Thereupon he stretched forward his head, opened his mouth, and put out his tongue, to catch the drops of honey as they fell, and in this delicious enjoyment he thought no more of the awful dangers which surrounded him.

The Abbé Dubois, the famous missionary in the South of India, calls this and similar stories "shepherd stories," which shows that they existed not only in books, written in the Southern dialects, such as Tamil, Telegu, or Kanarese, but that they were freely repeated by shepherds and similar people. Thus it happened that they were modified in various ways, as we see even if we compare the parable presupposed by our picture and the shepherd story preserved by Dubois. Still greater variations appear when we read the Arabic, Hebrew, Latin, German, Spanish, and Italian versions of the old collection of fables first translated from Sanskrit for the benefit of Khusrau Nushirvan, who was King of Persia from 531 to 579

A.D. At that time, therefore, we may be certain that the original Sanskrit collection of these stories had long been finished.

Of course, this one collection, or this one great channel of stories, running from India to Italy, France and England, does not contain all the popular stories of the countries through which it passed. But it forms one large artificial channel which explains the presence of a large body of stories in the literature of all the countries. The discovery of this channel and its various ramifications, though it had long been suspected, was ultimately proved by the late Professor Benfey, of Göttingen, and his work called "Panchatantra," 1859, was indeed, as it is called in Germany, a *bahnbrechende—i.e.*, way-breaking—work which has given a firm foundation and properly-defined limits to what is now called the science of folk-lore. Let no one dabble in folk-lore who has not read and mastered this book.

There is plenty of unknown land still to be explored by the student of folk-lore, but there is one plot cultivated like a garden, namely, the cycle of stories collected in India at least before the sixth century B.C., and known in Europe as the "Fables of the Sago Pilpay or Bidpai," well known to most of us in the *Fabliaux* of La Fontaine.

The last I heard of my Buddhist friend Dharmapâla was in a Japanese journal, the *Orient*, vol. xiv., No. 10, p. 39. Here it is said that the Anagarika, that is, the homeless Dharmapâla, left Calcutta for Madras to begin the work of a Buddhist propaganda in Southern India.

NELSON AND THE TRAFALGAR CENTENARY

"ENGLAND," says Southey, "has had many heroes; but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow countrymen as Nelson." He is altogether a hero after Britain's own heart. Neither the lapse of a century, nor the modern critical spirit, powerful solvents of popular hero-worship, have affected the pride and love that the nation has always felt for the victor of Trafalgar. His achievements were the most brilliant and complete ever known in naval war; he saved England from all possibility of invasion; he won for her the undisputed dominion of the seas; he enabled her to come to the rescue of prostrate Europe; and to his exploits she owed that position which has given her the means of developing for herself the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. But the spell which he still exercises upon the imagination of his country is due even more to what he was than to what he did. He was endowed in greater measure than any other English hero with that quality of personal magnetism, that power of attraction, which endures even after the death of its possessor, and which existed in so pre-eminent a degree in the great Napoleon. The charm he exercised over his captains and his seamen is well known. How he affected the nation at large is best seen in those crowds, kneeling with arms outstretched towards him on Southsea beach, on that memorable September morning when he bade England his last farewell. His eager,

ardent, restless, impulsive nature, his audacious and vehement spirit, his enthusiastic love for his country, his pride and belief in her greatness, form a combination of qualities irresistible in its attraction for his countrymen, all the more that it is not the precise combination generally regarded as typical of the race. Of his military genius it is hardly necessary to speak. Grand in conception, bold in design, swift in penetration to the point of intuition, instant in decision, terrible in action, he was beyond all contradiction the greatest naval warrior the world has ever known. The nation is well warranted in discerning in him the sum of all that is greatest in her maritime history. Sea power is England's passion, and is indeed the first condition of her existence as an Empire or as a great nation ; and Nelson is, in Captain Mahan's phrase, the embodiment of England's sea-power. It is congruous therefore that he should be beyond all others, what Southey called him, the hero, the darling hero of England.

Nelson, unlike most great and successful men of action, owed singularly little to good fortune. It may indeed be true that the man of talent is he who has the wit to use his opportunity when it comes, while the man of genius creates his opportunity for himself. Still most of the world's greatest men of action have now and then owed something to fortune's kindness. Napoleon's belief in his star was due to his perception of this in his own case. Wellington, deservedly no doubt, but none the less certainly, was generously treated by fate both in Spain and Belgium. Marlborough experienced few of fortune's frowns in his great campaigns, and Cromwell too made proof of her favours. Certainly these, and most men of conspicuous genius, met during their career with dangers, difficulties and obstacles insurmountable by lesser men. But having been tried and found worthy they received unexpected largesse from fortune's hands. Nelson, like Columbus, found to the end of his career that if he would attain success he must command it. Deserve it as they might, both the world's greatest naval captain and the world's greatest mariner found that it would

evade them if it could. Columbus indeed had to suffer to the end the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Nelson for once was favoured at the close of his days. Life could hardly have held much for him in the future had he survived Trafalgar. Truly he was "felix opportunitate mortis"; and as Southey, his most eloquent though not his most useful biographer, says: "If the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory."

It is, however, remarkable how persistent was his ill-luck even in those three great campaigns which he carried to so triumphant an issue—those of the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar. In 1798 he was placed in command of the fleet in the Mediterranean that was to ascertain the object of the expedition fitting out at Toulon under Napoleon, and at all costs to defeat it. Its destination had been kept secret except that it had designs upon Malta. Nelson, who possessed an insight into political and strategic combinations not inferior to that of Napoleon himself, quickly discerned that Egypt was Bonaparte's real objective. For Egypt, therefore, he made all sail. Before this his frigates had become separated from him during a severe storm in the Lion's Gulf, and had been unable to find and rejoin him. Owing to this misfortune he had no means of obtaining information. Though within an ace of crossing the French armament he missed it, outsailed it to Alexandria, where he found all safe, and no account of the French, set sail again for Europe and again missed the enemy, and returned unsuccessful to Sicily. Had the telegraph been invented then there can be little doubt that he would have been superseded. His sagacity, insight, and rapidity of movement had, together with the loss of his frigates, been strangely enough the cause of his want of success. But he was as ready to fight fortune as the enemy. He waited neither for further orders nor for more definite information, but as soon as he was refitted he hurried once more to the East; found his suspicions as to the enemy's destination confirmed, and

finally annihilated the French fleet in Aboukir Bay. It was not a victory, as he said, but a conquest.

In the Copenhagen expedition it was not so much ill-luck in the ordinary sense of the term of which he had to complain, as the extraordinary fatuity of the Government, which gave the command to Sir Hyde Parker, and placed Nelson in the position of a subordinate. It was a real misfortune both to the country and to Nelson, who would undoubtedly have obtained an even more overwhelming victory at less cost in men, money and damage, had he been able to work his will. The stranding of no less than a quarter of his fleet before a gun was fired at Copenhagen, which handicapped him so severely in the action, was an additional mishap, and, as Dr. Fitchett observes, spoiled Nelson's exquisitely perfect tactics. Considering the checks and disasters which he had to face throughout this expedition, the victory of Copenhagen is a greater monument to his overpowering genius than the Nile or Trafalgar.

During his last and most memorable campaign he experienced once more the most cruel mortifications. The escape of Villeneuve at the end of March 1805, after the two years' blockade—or rather observation—was indeed invited by Nelson, whose great desire was to destroy him on the high seas. But Nelson missed him, and he vanished into space. Sir John Orde, who commanded independently at Cadiz, could but did not afford Nelson valuable information. Winds were contrary, "dead foul," he plaintively said. When at last he finally sailed for the West Indies the French commander was more than a month in advance. Nevertheless he was almost within Nelson's grasp, when false information, which seemed so authoritative that he could not possibly ignore it, wrested the opportunity from him. On the return voyage to Europe he outsailed his adversary and got back first; but it was reserved for Sir Robert Calder to encounter, though not with the "Nelson touch," the much-hunted allied fleet. After such unparalleled efforts and such unbroken disappointments he was owed the counterpoise of Trafalgar.

In the career of Nelson and its results may most fruitfully be studied the meaning and value of sea-power. The paramount importance of the Navy to secure us from invasion and to protect our commerce has of course long been understood by the country. It is only within the past generation that we have begun to understand the more abstract view of sea-power as a fundamental principle of national growth and expansion and of a vigorous national life. We have learned something of it by precept from such writers as Captain Mahan and Professor Seeley; and by example from the growth of Germany as a naval power, from the incidents of the Spanish-American war, and notably during the last eighteen months from the war between Russia and Japan. These things have made the doctrine of sea-power "current coin"; the doctrine, that is, of sea-power as a principle, not merely an accident of our insular position, to which other nations need pay little attention. But though we may have been somewhat lacking in our appreciation of the theory of the question, there have been times when the country showed considerable understanding of it in practice, and some of its rulers displayed real insight into the principle involved. The Elizabethan age, though it produced many men of great nautical and naval enterprise, is disappointing in this respect. Cromwell, however, regarded a strong navy from a far higher point of view than as a mere first line of defence—a matter of less importance in his day, when foreign armies were comparatively small, expeditions difficult, and the most terrible fighting force in existence was the Puritan army of England. King James II. too, in his appreciation of the importance of this question, was, like Cromwell, far in advance of his day. It is a matter for poignant regret that this monarch, instead of devoting his energies to the development of England's sea-power and maritime commerce,—a sphere in which he was admirably qualified to shine, in which he might have rendered his people incalculable services—should have made such miserable shipwreck of himself over the royal prerogative and

the religious question—delicate subjects both—in the handling whereof he displayed appalling incompetence and more than Stuart wrong-headedness. Near the end of the eighteenth century it is a question if the French did not show a better appreciation of the importance of sea-power than ourselves. Louis XVI., as is well known, paid great attention to his navy, and during the war from 1778 to 1783 his fleets fully upheld the honour of the French flag, and contended on equal terms with our own. D'Estaing, D'Orvilliers, Guichen, and De Grasse (despite his defeat by Rodney) proved themselves worthy antagonists of our best commanders; while De Suffren was a naval leader of whom Britain herself might well have been proud. Louis XVI. left the question of maritime supremacy undecided. He bequeathed to his sanguinary successors a fleet which could vie with that of Great Britain, manned by first-rate seamen and commanded by efficient and intrepid officers. The Republic was totally incapable of using this weapon, nor did it in the least understand the maritime question. The result was that in a very few years the supremacy went decidedly to Britain. Napoleon thoroughly appreciated the paramount importance of sea-power: no ruler ever understood it better than he. Great though his ambitions were in Europe, they extended far beyond it. He designed a World-power grander and more commanding than that of Charles V., which should make him the unquestioned arbiter of all the earth. But an Empire on which the sun never set was possible only for the mistress of the seas. A dual control of the sea, such as Louis XVI. may be said to have possessed with Great Britain twenty years before, was quite inadequate for the attainment of his ends. He must be supreme. But Britain blocked the way. "Delenda est Britannia" therefore became the fixed purpose of his life. Only so could the absolute command of the ocean, so essential both for the accomplishment and maintenance of his vast designs, be transferred from her hands to his own. The Republic, however, had dissipated the fine naval force

which it inherited from the monarchy. Napoleon might build and equip great fleets, but he was well aware that the *personnel* of his navies was and must be for a considerable time inferior to that of the navy of Great Britain. No one knew better than that most wonderful man that "it is the man behind the gun that counts." There was little prospect therefore that his fleets alone would drive the flag of Britain from the ocean. The only means of attaining the desire of his heart was to strike at the vitals of his adversary, and to destroy by one overwhelming blow both her national greatness and her maritime supremacy. This was the meaning of his remarkable design for the invasion of England. It was no wild nor hare-brained project, the absurd threat of a reckless adventurer. It was really the only road at that time open to him for the achievement of the great object of his life. Daring and hazardous as was his plan, it was by no means impossible of accomplishment. In point of fact, despite the scorn which some writers have cast upon it, the expedition in all its details was planned with incomparable skill. The difficulty was to transport an invading army across the Channel to the shores of this country at the very time when she possessed the undisputed command of the sea, and to wrench from her that maritime supremacy by conquering her at home. He applied his own first principles of strategy to the problem, which were simply this—to acquire by skill in combination an absolute superiority at the point of attack, albeit inferior on the whole in power and numbers to the enemy. His combinations were directed to this end, to secure the complete control of the Channel for the space of time necessary for transporting the invading army, although the control of all the seas was in the possession of his adversary. Dr. Fitchett, in his excellent work "How England saved Europe," remarks (vol. iii. p. 168) that "St. Vincent and Barham at the Admiralty, Nelson and Cornwallis and Collingwood off Toulon and Brest and Cadiz, somehow read Napoleon's profoundest combinations," and "out-planned and out-manœuvred as well as out-fought" him.

This, however, is not correct. Not a soul at that time penetrated his real design—Collingwood apparently came nearest to do so, but he too was deceived by Napoleon. The great scheme was frustrated by Nelson; who, without fathoming the precise intentions of the French Emperor, applied to the occasion with an energy, vigour and skill unexampled in naval war, those first principles of maritime strategy which he more thoroughly understood and more brilliantly made proof of than any naval commander known to history.

After fourteen months of peace, or, to speak more truly, of breathing space, following the Treaty of Amiens, the war between the two irreconcilable Powers broke out again in May 1803. Napoleon at once resumed the design of invading England, towards which he had made some preparations at the close of the previous war. Nelson was in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, and proceeded at once to contain the French Fleet at Toulon, while Cornwallis sealed up that at Brest. These blockades lasted for two years, during which time Napoleon was collecting his immense flotilla in Boulogne and the neighbouring harbours for the purpose of transporting 150,000 men to the coast of Kent or Sussex. Nelson was of opinion that the Mediterranean would be the chief seat of operations. He doubted the reality of the designs of invasion, realising, as he did, its enormous difficulties while England was in command of the sea. Moreover, he saw that French policy normally must be to control the Mediterranean and thus secure the domination of the Continent. Nelson had not forgotten the Egyptian expedition, nor its significance; nor had he overlooked the fact that the disputes over the British occupation of Malta had been the immediate cause of the renewal of the war. He was right. Napoleon unquestionably designed the extension of France's dominion round the great inland sea, and his policy and action after Trafalgar justified Nelson's estimate. The chief preoccupations of Nelson during the two-and-twenty months of his service in the Lion's Gulf

were to watch the Toulon fleet, giving it also every opportunity to emerge that he might destroy it once and for all, to guard and secure the Kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, and to keep the Government at home alive to the great importance to Great Britain in the Mediterranean of the independence and security of these two Kingdoms.

Meanwhile Napoleon was maturing his plans for the invasion of England. His first plan was to assemble 20,000 troops at Brest and allow it to leak out that Ireland—England's weak point—was their destination. While Cornwallis's attention was exclusively directed to this expedition, La Touche Tréville was to break out of Toulon, and playing upon Nelson's belief that the Morea, Egypt, or some point in the Eastern Mediterranean was his objective, to decoy him in that direction, run back through the Straits of Gibraltar and northward along the Spanish coast, release the Rochefort squadron from the English blockade, and make for the Channel with sixteen ships of the line, while Gantheaume was keeping Cornwallis occupied at Brest. With La Touche Tréville commanding the Channel on the one side, and the Dutch squadron from the Texel protecting him on the other, Napoleon would then be able to convey his invading army, secure from British attack, across to the shores of Kent, and the invasion would be accomplished.

Napoleon never intended to attempt the transport of his troops convoyed only by gun-boats, floating batteries, and innumerable other improvised vessels, as Dr. Fitchett supposes. He understood the impossibility of that as thoroughly as any one. He intended England to think that was his plan; that was part of the scheme. It is no small testimony to the ability he displayed in this design, and the skill with which his real intentions were concealed, that even now it should still be supposed that he entertained the idea of attempting the invasion of England without the temporary control of the Channel by a French fleet. The plan was to be carried into execution only six months after the renewal of the war, and

very shortly after the expedition was prepared to start. The combination was clearly in his mind from the beginning, but he took the greatest precautions to give no indication of it, but rather to mislead his opponents; and in this he certainly succeeded. The vigilance of Nelson, followed by the death of La Touche Tréville, rendered this plan abortive. Napoleon now varied his combination. Gantheaume was to break out from Brest with twenty ships of the line, convoying an army of 20,000 men; and, evading Cornwallis, land the troops in the north of Ireland. Meanwhile the Toulon squadron was to escape from its harbour, evade Nelson in the same way as in the original scheme, release the Rochefort ships, and make for the West Indies. At least thirty British ships of the line, he calculated, would be despatched to protect the British possessions there. Napoleon, like Nelson himself, understood the importance of the West Indies to the financial stability of Great Britain, and how sensitive the nation would be to an attack in those regions. Thus Nelson's fleet and that of Cornwallis also, or the greater part of it, would be disposed of. Gantheaume would then descend from Ireland upon the Channel, where for a short time there would be no force capable of opposing him, and Napoleon would cross in safety to the English coast.

Before Gantheaume could perform his part of the contract Spain joined forces with Napoleon, and her ships of war at Cadiz and Ferrol were placed at the French Emperor's disposal. He had now no less than seventy ships of the line to assist in the great undertaking, and his combinations underwent further development. The Toulon and Rochefort fleets were now to break out first, the former to release the Spanish ships which were being blockaded by Sir John Orde at Cadiz, and to sail for the West Indies, where they would meet. They were there to await the Brest fleet under Gantheaume; and the British fleet under Nelson, strengthened by the whole of Cornwallis squadron, would, so Napoleon thought, pursue them there. They were then to return, pick up the Ferrol squadron

and with fifty ships of the line to appear in the Channel, of which they would for a time have the absolute command, while the British fleet was far off in the Atlantic. The great armament under Napoleon could then be landed, securely protected in its passage, on the English shores, and the great design so far be accomplished. Captain Mahan is well warranted in remarking that "the immense strategy which resulted in Trafalgar was framed upon lines equal both in boldness and scope to those of the Marengo and Austerlitz campaigns." It was within an ace of success; and had Villeneuve possessed the skill and vigour of several of his illustrious predecessors in the French marine a quarter of a century before, there is very little doubt that Napoleon would have landed his great army in this country. The probable results of such an invasion are a different question.

On January 18, 1805, Villeneuve put to sea, but strong gales compelled him to put back in a more or less damaged condition. Nelson, on receipt of the welcome intelligence, cleared for action; but the bad weather that had driven back the French admiral baffled Nelson in his pursuit of information concerning him. It seemed clear that the expedition had gone somewhere; and finding that neither Sardinia, Naples, nor Sicily was their object, he hurried to Egypt. Of course he found no signs of them there, and returned to the West, where he learned that the French were back in their old quarters at Toulon. This dash to Egypt has been much criticised, but was perfectly justified. The French had, it appeared, made for some place or other: the bad weather had prevented him from intercepting them: before all things he must regain touch with them. That surely is of the essence of the doctrine of "the fleet in being." He could not hang about waiting, like a naval Micawber, for something to turn up. He could not tell that the enemy had put back to Toulon in a shattered condition. Had the idea crossed his mind, it would hardly have altered his views. The conjecture might be true, but even so it would take the French some time

to refit, and Nelson's temporary absence would matter nothing. To ascertain the fact would be to lose precious time. He could not wait on the chance, while possibly they were working their will elsewhere. They had not at any rate gone West. Nor, as we have seen, were Sardinia, Sicily, or Naples their object. There only remained the East—in itself a very probable destination in any case—and in default of other information it behoved him to make sure. It was one of his innumerable disappointments, but the principle on which he acted was thoroughly sound, and he was amply warranted in telling the Admiralty that "at this moment of sorrow I still feel that I have acted right." He returned to find that things had reverted to their former position. One thing, however, he knew, and that was that Villeneuve was anxious to be off. Still thinking that the Mediterranean was the objective Nelson made the round off Toulon and Barcelona to induce Villeneuve to believe he was to the West, "when I have every reason to believe," he remarks, "that they will put to sea."

On March 30 Villeneuve again set out. He sailed South, until he shook off Nelson's cruisers, and then keeping a Westerly course, the wind in his favour, passed through the Straits, released the Spanish ships from Orde's blockade at Cadiz, and vanished over the western horizon. He arrived at Martinique on May 14, where, according to instructions, he was to stay until June 28, by which time he was to be joined by the Brest and Rochefort squadrons. By this time the British fleet would have been enticed across the Atlantic to repel the threatened attack, while Villeneuve was to return, release the remainder of the blockaded squadrons, and appear with an overwhelming force in the Channel, while the British were many days' sail away.

It was not until April 4 that Nelson learned the news of Villeneuve's escape. He was then off Majorca, while Villeneuve was, unknown to him, close to the Straits. He occupied several days in making sure that the French had not gone to Egypt. Fortune was now most unkind to him. Orde,

who might have saved him time of incalculable value, neglected to send him information. The winds which had so favoured Villeneuve turned against him; he had to fight every inch of his way to Gibraltar against furious westerly gales; and it was not until May 11, three days before the French fleet arrived at their rendezvous, that he left Lagos, and hurried across the Atlantic with his sorely battered ships in that memorable pursuit of a fleet double in force of his own.

Captain Mahan has amply vindicated Nelson from the charge of being decoyed to the West Indies. It was of paramount importance that touch with Villeneuve should be regained. On no conceivable principle could he be allowed to roam the ocean at his pleasure, with the power of attacking any and every weak point left unguarded. As long as he was at large with a powerful fleet, accompanied also by an effective land force embarked with him, England did not possess the control of the sea. Even if the attack upon the West Indies was only a feint, still a feigned assault often develops into a real and effective one if circumstances are in its favour. Moreover a vigorous attack upon her West Indian possessions would bring Great Britain to the verge of commercial ruin. As Nelson observed, "the islands would fall, and England would be so clamorous for peace that we should humble ourselves to obtain it." In point of fact a real attack upon the British West Indies simultaneously with his own invasion of England was at one time Napoleon's own design. Although Nelson did not penetrate the daring strategy of Napoleon, it was his vigorous application of first principles that ultimately rendered it abortive. The fierce and desperate dash across the Atlantic was, in the last resort, the stroke that preserved this country from the horrors of invasion.

On June 4 Nelson arrived at Barbadoes, and on the same day Villeneuve stood out northward from Martinique. The fleets were almost in touch. Here misfortune again beset Nelson. He received information from General Brereton in

command at St. Lucia that the French had sailed to attack Tobago and Trinidad. The information seemed too circumstantial to be ignored, and Nelson, against all his instincts and his better judgment, steered in precisely the opposite direction to that in which the French fleet lay. Accident confirmed Brereton's erroneous information. The great admiral, with sad misgivings, adopted the only course open to a commander under the circumstances, and thus missed the opportunity for which he had struggled so hard. On June 9 he learned for certain that Villeneuve had left the West Indies and was apparently homeward bound. The arrival of Nelson had in fact determined the French admiral not to wait at Martinique until the time prescribed, and he was now in full flight for Europe, a day or two in advance of the British fleet. Nelson at once realised that there was some ulterior combination which must energetically be met, and he once more took a step which ultimately caused the overthrow of the schemes of Napoleon. The *Curieux* brig was despatched, with the most urgent orders to make all possible speed, to warn the British Government of the return of the French fleet to European waters and of the mischief that might result. Outstripping the French fleet she arrived in England on July 8, more than a fortnight ahead, and by this one stroke all present danger was averted. The Admiralty acted upon the information with an energy for which Napoleon did not give it credit. Sir Robert Calder was sent with fifteen ships of the line to intercept Villeneuve, and on July 22 he fell in with him some hundred and fifty miles west of Finisterre. Calder was not a man to rise to the occasion. He fought an action in which the advantage was on his side, for he captured a couple of Spanish ships; and after a few somewhat irresolute manœuvres on the next day he withdrew northward, leaving Villeneuve free to enter Vigo. Calder had thus averted the danger for the present, but had not destroyed Napoleon's combinations. Villeneuve picked up the Ferrol squadron, and after some days of inaction put to sea. Cornwallis afforded him a final opportunity of carrying

out Napoleon's great design by sending half his fleet under Calder to pursue him. Had a de Suffren instead of a Villeneuve been in command Napoleon might have had his temporary command of the Channel. But Cornwallis still had a fleet that appeared a formidable obstacle to the less enterprising Villeneuve, and finally on August 16 he turned back and made for Cadiz, and Napoleon's great plans for the conquest of England were exploded.

After Villeneuve had left the West Indies Nelson crowded all sail in pursuit of him. On the voyage out he had gained a fortnight out of the five weeks' start which Villeneuve originally had of him. In the pursuit back to Europe he outsailed him, and was off the south-west coast of Spain on July 17, five days before Calder encountered the allied fleet a little to the north of that point. As in the pursuit of Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition seven years before, his very rapidity of movement lost him the chance he so well deserved. On July 19 he anchored at Gibraltar, and went on shore for the first time for two years. He was again in communication with his friend Collingwood, who could give him no information concerning Villeneuve, but whose conjectures are said to have shown more penetration of Napoleon's great project than was displayed by Nelson himself. As a matter of fact, although to some extent he conjectured correctly concerning part of the naval programme, he was as much deceived by the stratagems of Napoleon as the rest of the world. He was positive that Ireland was the great objective. Napoleon intended the British commanders to think so. "I have always had an idea," wrote Collingwood to Nelson, "that Ireland alone was the object they had in view; that they will liberate the Ferrol squadron from Calder, make the round of the Bay, and, taking the Rochefort people with them, appear off Ushant:" they would then liberate Gantheaume from Cornwallis' blockade and convoy his expedition to Ireland. Collingwood never dreamt that the whole object of Napoleon's strategy was to obtain the command of the eastern part of the Channel for the purpose of

his great descent upon England. "The flight to the West Indies," said Collingwood in a letter next day, "was to take off the naval force, which was the great impediment to their undertaking." Here he was undoubtedly right—though indeed the French Emperor hoped to take off a far larger naval force than Nelson's storm-tossed eleven ships of the line. Napoleon knew that Nelson's ships were in need of refitting after their two years' buffeting in the Lion's Gulf. Even his ardent mind, as Alison observes, did not anticipate Nelson's daring voyage across the Atlantic with such ships in pursuit of a fleet nearly double his own. But the whole point of Nelson's strategy lies in this, that he not only secured the West Indies and saved considerable merchandise, causing the French admiral to return to Europe before the appointed time, but he himself also got back to Europe five days before Villeneuve; and thus his force was not "taken off" in the sense intended by Napoleon, and which Collingwood sagaciously understood him to intend; while the despatch by Nelson of the *Curieux* enabled him to secure that another fleet should be sent to intercept the French, in case he himself should miss them. His rapidity of conception, his energy, and his foresight had saved his country, although he had not yet the consolation of knowing it. Leaving Gibraltar he revictualled at Tetuan, proceeded to Ceuta, where he arrived on July 24, and then cruised in quest of information off Cape St. Vincent. Making sure his enemy was not in the South, he sailed North, crossed the Bay of Biscay, and directed his course towards the north-west of Ireland. Learning that all was safe there he made for Brest, and on August 15 joined Cornwallis off that port, after a pursuit of the enemy lasting for more than four months, which in extent, vigour, audacity, rapidity of movement, and indefatigable resolution is unparalleled in history.

It has been necessary to devote this much space to the events of these memorable months because very many who know well the story of Trafalgar itself pay little attention to Nelson's apparently fruitless voyages in pursuit of his elusive adversary,

Yet it was during these months that Napoleon's gigantic plans for the destruction of England approached completion and nearly attained it; it was the indomitable energy and heroic efforts of Nelson amid apparent failure and cruel disappointments that frustrated the "immense strategy" of the great captain; and it was during these months more than at Trafalgar itself that the naval genius of the great admiral shone with the brightest lustre.

After a very brief spell of rest in England the news that Villeneuve had entered Cadiz summoned him once more to the scene of action. The proffer of his services was gladly accepted by the Admiralty, and on September 15 he hoisted his flag for the last time on the *Victory* and set out to assume the command of the fleet off Cadiz. Wonderful, indeed, was that last farewell. More than any hero before him, the greatest of her sailors had captivated the imagination of his country and altogether won her heart. Like his own triumph at the Nile, it was not a victory but a conquest. The nation, its spirit undaunted as his own, was yet unnerved by the thought of the awful danger from which she had so recently been snatched. That she had escaped the horrors of fire and sword, of rapine, murder, and devastation, was due under Providence to the dazzling genius, the fierce, irresistible energy, and the utter devotion, as reckless of his own name and fame as of the enemy's power, of the glorious hero who was now hastening to crown his priceless work by making her once and for all secure. Hundreds among the crowds that thronged him fell upon their knees, and with uplifted hands and streaming tears invoked blessings upon his head. He tore himself away from his adoring countrymen amid a farewell scene unexampled in the nation's history, worthy alike of himself and of England.

On September 29 he was once more at the head of his fleet, and three weeks later Villeneuve put to sea. The 21st of October—a Sunday, like the day of Waterloo—dawned upon the two fleets prepared for battle. Upon the details of this

most memorable of sea conflicts we do not propose to enlarge. Dr. Fitchett admirably observes that

> Trafalgar is far more absolutely shaped and coloured by the personality of Nelson than Marengo is by that of Napoleon, or Waterloo by that of Wellington. No sea-going Desaix, no marine edition of Blucher emerges in the tumult of Trafalgar to decide its fortunes. . . . Against the smoky background of that tremendous conflict, his figure stands in unfading clearness, somehow effacing all others.

His plan of battle was direct and simple. His fleet, in two columns, led by himself and Collingwood, was to break the enemy's line in two points, and, cutting off the centre and rear from the van, double upon them and overwhelm them before the leading ships could influence the fight. Though of inferior force to his enemy, both in ships, men, and guns, he would thus, in accordance with Napoleon's maxim, be superior at the points of attack. The result fully realised his calculations. Twenty of the enemy—the number that he himself fixed upon—struck to the British flag, one of these blew up and one or two others shortly afterwards sank. Few of the prizes could be brought home. The magnitude of the victory cannot, however, be expressed in terms of captured ships. Practically the French fleet was annihilated ; all possibility of invasion by Napoleon was for ever at an end ; and Great Britain possessed not merely the supremacy, but the absolute dominion of the seas. Before his death, at half-past four on that ever-memorable day, the great admiral learned that his triumph was complete. His work was done, and three hours after receiving his mortal wound he died, leaving behind him a name and fame incomparable in all the annals of naval war.

The victory of Trafalgar produced far wider and more enduring results than the sweeping of the hostile fleets from the sea. Napoleon's second weapon of attack, when all chance of invasion had failed, was the Continental system. It was a most serious menace, and was within measurable distance of inflicting a mortal wound on the commercial and financial prosperity of this country. The command of the sea enabled

Great Britain to turn his weapon against himself. It enabled her in the midst of a state of war to gather the commerce of the world into her hands, and to become the storehouse and mart of the world's produce. She could thus afford not only to maintain the war, but also to subsidise Napoleon's Continental enemies; while at the same time she could curtail his supplies, and thus undermine his strength. It was Trafalgar that made possible the Peninsular War, and thus created "the Spanish ulcer," which, as he said, ruined him. It was Trafalgar that opened the road to the exploits of Wellington and enabled him at Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and the Pyrenees to bleed his enemy to death. To the effects of Trafalgar were due the dissensions over the Continental system between Napoleon and Russia which finally led to the cataclysm of Moscow. It is therefore to our great naval hero that we owe in the ultimate resort our triumph in that stupendous "duel to the death." He has won for us a century of immunity from danger, and by strict consequence the unexampled growth and development of that Empire of which we are so justly proud. In naval strategy Nelson has taught us that the fleet is before all things an offensive force. The navy is our first line of defence by reason of its unique offensive powers. He illuminated the old orders to our seamen, "to seek out the enemy's fleets, to sink, burn, and destroy," so that the maxim that attack is the surest defence has become the most axiomatic principle of naval warfare. The examples of Cervera's fleet seven years ago before it was blockaded in Santiago, and of the temporary paralysis caused to the combinations of Japan last year by the little handful of second-rate cruisers from Vladivostock, which for a time succeeded in obtaining a free hand, have brought this point home to us again. Nelson, like Napoleon, demonstrated the overwhelming importance of time in war—that "quarter of an hour ahead" which, as the great Emperor observed, decides the fate of a battle. Like Napoleon again, he has taught us the immeasurable value of rapidity of movement and manœuvre, and how

much it depends on close attention to equipment. Both these great commanders devoted the most minute care to the food, clothing, health, and well-being of their men, and to secure the utmost possible efficiency in the use of their weapons. The appreciation of these principles, and the preparation and skilful use of these means, gave Nelson those absolutely decisive results he achieved in each of his great sea battles. Every one of his victories was complete and overwhelming; and it was he who, in a subordinate position, converted the battle of St. Vincent from a mere success into a great victory. The recent battle of Tshushima recalls in its completeness the victories of Nelson; and owing to the indefinitely greater precision and terrible power of modern weapons, together with the employment of the torpedo, and other circumstances, is even more terrific in its results. But we cannot imagine Nelson fighting the practically harmless action of last August outside Port Arthur. He destroyed his enemies with terrible and unvarying certainty, and so tremendously did he impress their imagination that his mere presence produced a greater effect than many a commander could attain by a battle and a victory.

It is fitting, therefore, that in this centenary year of Trafalgar, "Nelson's year," as it is congruously termed, we should pay due homage to his most illustrious memory. A nation which keeps alive in its heart as well as on its lips the memory of its choice heroes is sure also to preserve their spirit in its manhood; and as long as the spirit of Nelson still lives in the manhood of England, so long will she surely retain her place among the nations.

A. St. Leger Westall.

CRICKET IN THE YEAR 2005 A.D.

IT may appear strange to you Britishers that I, Keishiro Matsukata, a native of Japan, should have fallen a victim to the cricket fever before I had played the game or seen it played, but the explanation is simple. When Professor Takoaki Kabayama in the autumn of 1992 made his famous discovery in respect to the commercial value of snow, and the steam-engine gave place to the snow engine, and the coal-field to the field of ice, Japan, setting the example to the world, hastened to annex the enormously productive ice districts lying between latitude 80 and the Pole and directly north of the Behring Straits; and I, appointed manager to the Tokio-Yeso Syndicated Icery, hastened north as soon as the concession was signed by the Imperial Government. Several months passed away before I had a moment for relaxation, but the advent of winter at length put a temporary stop to our operations, which had been pursued with feverish zeal, and permitted me to turn to the great box filled with books that I had ordered from Brown, Yoshikawa and Haruko, the great booksellers of Matsmai. Imagine my distress when I opened the case to discover not the complete works of Arasuke Kiyoura that I had ordered and was paying for by monthly instalments of five yen—I could have had the cast-steel revolving bookcase made out of the boiler-plates of the ancient battleship "Mutsuhita" for three further payments of two yen each, but had no use for it—but a vast quantity of

English works evidently ordered by the Japanese Archæological Society, and comprising rare black-typed "Wisdens" and "Lillywhites," a large paper copy of the Badminton "Cricket," and other exceedingly scarce works of the incomparable Ranjitsinhji and Grace, who flourished in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Being no bibliophile at that time these treasures that had so strangely fallen into my hands were contemptuously cast aside, but only for a short space, as any one who has passed through the monotony of an Arctic winter bereft of literature will readily believe. One day I arranged the volumes in sequence, and, determined to master the intricacies of the famous fifty-four laws, to train myself to be a judge of the fitness of Light for play (a difficult feat, for we were in the midst of a six months' night), and pierce the mystery surrounding the corporation known as the County Cricket Council—my investigations, based on a cryptogram discovered by me in the 1897 "Cricketers' Almanac," conclusively proving that the said Council was in reality a secret confederation in the pay of the Russian Government, was subsequently published in the "Twenty-first Century."

Throwing myself with unconquerable energy into the task of rendering myself *au fait* with the game, I had by the Spring of the year 2005 succeeded in mastering it, even to such details as the Hon. and Rev. Edward Bligh's proposed alteration to Law 24; and I flattered myself when I set foot on English soil for the first time that few of the natives that thronged the docks had a better idea of what constituted a breach of Law 10.

The first letter of introduction I presented was to Mr. John Smith, of Leadenhall Street, a great ice importer; and wishing to ingratiate myself, and show that I took an intelligent interest in the national game, I asked him bluntly whether to strictly insist upon Law 35 was or was not playing the game. He replied that he was no lawyer, but that he was prepared to purchase 150,000 tons of our best Polar Brites (well screened and dry) at eight-and-six per ton.

I was disappointed with Mr. Smith, but delighted with Mr. Brown, Junior, a gentleman of legal tastes, who stated that although he was not prepared to give a decision he would give me a letter of introduction to Mr. Slippe, K.C., who would do so; and it was owing to this introduction I found myself one beautiful August morning at the offices of that gentleman, which are situated at No. 7 Wicket Court, St. John's Wood.

Mr. Slippe, I learned from his clerk, was engaged on a consultation, but would not keep me waiting long; in the meanwhile would I mind occupying myself with the *Times* for a few minutes? I had read that estimable journal, or rather that portion of it containing Professor Oldkole's learned lucubration, entitled, "How long will our Ice-fields last out?" so preferred to watch the youth, who was engaged upon the task of arranging a silk gown, a gorgeous garment consisting of broad stripes of dark and light blue material, and a horsehair wig, which had been dyed in bands of yellow and red.

Seeing that I took an interest in his proceedings the youth remarked, "When they first take silk they're not at all particular about their colours—oh! dear no!" I gathered from the latter portion of his speech that it was spoken ironically.

"You don't mean to say that Mr. Slippe wears that mountebank costume?" I queried, somewhat amazed.

"Wear it? I should smile!" replied the youth promptly. "Why, I believe he would sleep in it if he could! You see he only took silk in the 'Varsity match last year—but it was the finest bit of batting I've seen for many a year, so they made him a K.C. on the spot, and licensed him to practise in the Marylebone Court—as you see," and he pointed to the wig of brilliant hue.

Somewhat amazed at the information the young man had vouchsafed, and feeling a trifle dazed, but unwilling to appear totally ignorant of the gist of his remarks, I ventured to ask how may runs this famous innings consisted of; but the look of unutterable scorn with which he remarked, "Have you come

from abroad, Sir?" showed that I had made a grievous error.

I explained.

"Ah!" he continued, somewhat mollified, and, in tones almost approaching awe, he murmured, "He got a double in each innings. Lord Chief Umpire Steel said he had never seen a couple of runs made when they were wanted in more perfect style, and Mr. Umpire Thomas and Mr. Umpire Barlow both concurred to his judgment."

The man had actually attained celebrity by scoring a couple of runs in either innings—or the youth was a lunatic. I inclined to the latter theory, and turned my attention to the well-filled bookshelves groaning under the weight of evidently learned works, bearing titles such as "Hornby on the Principles of Throwing," "Shrewsbury's Digest of the Law of L.B.W.," "Ruling Cases: a Commentary on International Cricket Law: arranged, annotated and edited by Baron Harris."

I was about to dip into a bulky tome entitled McGregor's "Concise Precedents in Stumping," when the door opened, and a young man with a fresh clean-shaven face, and clad in immaculate white flannel trousers, a silk shirt known to this day as "The Ranji," and beautifully pipe-clayed cricketing boots, entered.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, Mr. Matsukata, to have kept you waiting," he said, hastily donning his gown of two colours. "I have had a most important consultation, and regret to say that I have a case coming on at Lord's in a few minutes; I hardly like to trouble you, but if you could accompany me I might on the way give you a brief summary of Justice Grace's judgment in the case De Trafford *v.* Pattison in 1972, which is one of the leading cases with regard to this point."

If only to see what happened to Slippe when he appeared before the Lords in his garish costume I felt impelled to accept his offer; moreover, I could not for the life of me understand what he meant by his legal jargon, so strangely out of place in matters cricketal.

We hurried down a broad road, and entered a gate by the side of a building graced by a yellow-and-red striped standard, and soon found ourselves, with many other spectators, in seats surrounding a square piece of turf, each side of which measured almost sixty-six yards.

"Did you say you were going on to the House of Lords?" I queried diplomatically, cognisant that I might have mistaken his meaning, and noting that my acquaintance had arranged some papers on a desk before him, and evidently had come to stay.

"No! to Lord's Cricket Ground," he replied smiling. "I practise in this Court almost invariably. Boy! card of the match."

Having already made a stupid mistake I refrained from pointing out to the Counsel that the boy, in exchange for the coin tendered to him, had given in exchange naught but a blank piece of cardboard, and turned my attention to the ground, with which I was somewhat disappointed, having previously imagined that the playing area at Lord's was a veldt of several acres surrounded by kopjes of seats, whereas the area was confined and the seats comparatively few.

An involuntary exclamation on my part, occasioned by the fact that an attendant had wantonly spilled the steaming contents of a large cauldron on the ground, and the viscid fluid was evidently burning up the grass, caused my friend, who was busy turning over his papers, to look up.

"At the beginning of the last century," he explained, "they preserved their wickets by pouring a preparation of clay, water and other ingredients over the pitch, which gave it a species of glaze; now, you see, we pour over it a mixture of liquid glass and indiarubber that gives an absolutely reliable surface, neither too hard or too soft."

"The unfortunate bowler," I began, but at that moment a roller with a roughened surface was passed over the glistening and scarcely cooled surface of the rubber-glass, leaving behind

it a slight but perfectly regular corrugation. My sympathy for the bowler was evidently misplaced.

"It must be horribly slippery when it rains?" said I, interrogatively.

"Horribly so," answered my companion, "if the spun glass sliding roof that spans the entire ground did not keep it off. Like to look at the card of the match?"

I rubbed my eyes as I took the card, for as I gazed upon it letters and words rapidly appeared on its surface where a second previous there had been nothing.

"The lino-photo-telegraph has quite revolutionised printing," he continued quietly; "it is one of the most wonderful inventions of the age in my opinion. Certainly negative-less photography prepared the way, but it really does seem wonderful that any number of cards having a prepared surface can be distributed, and that a printer, sitting at a photo-electrical machine, perhaps five miles away, perhaps fifty, can photograph simultaneously upon them all the copy he has before him."

I had just read the words, "Before Lord Justice Lyttelton, with a Special Jury," when a voice proceeding from below what I took to be the scorer's box, said, "Jurymen in attendance will kindly answer to their names," which request caused more commotion amongst a body of twenty individuals, who stood in various degrees of dejection near by. When ten names had been duly called and answered I observed that ten countenances became much clearer, and mutual congratulations appeared to be exchanged; but gloom again settled upon their features when the voice continued, "Other gentlemen in attendance will proceed to Mr. Justice Stoddart's Court—No. 8 in the Averages Division;" at which the ten victims already chosen smiled audibly, and the ten who departed to do their duty elsewhere groaned in unison.

The jurymen chosen for the Court whose proceedings I was watching, instead of making their way to the jury-box, walked to various places in the field, and one (the foreman, I afterwards discovered) reluctantly donned the wicket-keeper's

gloves and pads, and stationed himself behind the stumps at the regulation distance of twenty yards. He looked profoundly miserable.

"With such a set in the field," said my Counsel reflectively, "runs ought to come at the rate of at least five an hour—the whole ten do not look as if they could stop a ball between them. Ah! here is his lordship."

The Judge, attired in a gown of red and yellow, entered the scoring-box, and having duly bowed to the bar and the jury, who had previously risen and bowed to him, looked inquiringly round, which action was the signal for a young counsel to hastily rise.

"M'lud," he remarked, "may I be permitted to make a statement before you take the first match on your list? I appear for Nottinghamshire in the next case—'Notts *v.* Rutland and others.' Er—I regret to say, m'lud, that Mr. Alfred Shawgunn is extremely poorly, he is indeed suffering from a sore throat, and, m'lud, if it was perfectly convenient to you to postpone the fixture——"

"M'lud!" ejaculated another junior, who had evidently been worked up to a state of righteous indignation by the remarks already made, "I really must protest against the action of my learned friend: we have had no notice of this proposition, no doctor's certificate has been put in, and the postponement of the match would cause great inconvenience to my clients."

His lordship here remarked, "I am afraid, Mr. Dixon, I shall have to dismiss the application, with costs; it is quite irregular, you know. Quite irregular."

"Costs on the higher scale, m'lud?" queried the successful junior.

"On the figure of merit of the bowling analysis," replied the Judge severely.

"As your lordship pleases;" and the junior sat down, making a covert remark to his whilom opponent, who grinned in the most friendly manner.

To describe at length the match I was privileged to witness between Glamorganshire and Durham, upon the result of which the County Championship for the year 2005 depended, would occupy more space than is commensurate with the amount of interest the narrative would invoke; moreover, I have great doubts, so different did I find the actual game from my preconceived ideas of it, whether I could put it before the reader in an intelligible manner. I will, however, detail the events up to the fall of the first wicket.

Before the first ball sent down reached the batsman—it was very slow and short-pitched—the voice of the Associate of the Court was heard to remark, "Chase six," the pitch I then noticed was divided into twelve divisions, six on either side of the centre divisions, and I realised that badly pitched balls were penalised in favour of the batting team: the batsman sprung on one side apparently to evade the ball, the Judge made a note, the people in the public gallery shouted, "Well played!" which provoked his lordship to say that if such unseemly conduct occurred again he would clear the court. The second ball, although the batsman played it to the on, was a little wide of the wicket on the off side. A subdued groan went round the ground, and a full-fledged K.C. promptly rose to demand the dismissal of the batsman for an infringement of Law 714, chap. vi. Ed.

"M'lud, I really must submit," began the counsel for the defence, "that my client's reputation is alone sufficient to controvert the—with all deference to my learned friend—utterly preposterous suggestion of the plaintiff's counsel that he has been guilty of a 'pull.' A similar instance occurred in the case of Kent *v.* Abel in 1930, and in that of Somerset *v.* Grace (E. M.) in 1947, and in both instances it was clearly demonstrated that the ball, far from pitching four or more inches to the off from the imaginary line between the bowler's arm and the middle stump of the opposite wicket, as the law declares to be necessary, in order to secure dismissal under the Act, pitched——"

"Pardon my interrupting you, Mr. Jessop," said the Judge at this point, "but it is useless quoting precedents based on certain premises, for the same are wanting in the present instance. I have closely examined the cine-biograph put in by the official snap-shooter, and the fact is clearly shown that the ball pitched beyond the prescribed distance from the half-pitch line. In view of the fact that Law 714, chap. vi. Ed. was framed so as to counteract the terrible state into which batting had fallen owing to the 'pull' being legalised, which in the early days of the century frequently engendered the presence of nine men on the on side, I have no choice but to uphold the plaintiff's appeal, with costs on the higher scale."

It might be thought that the game would be very much prolonged if arguments had to be heard on either side at the fall of each wicket; but far from this being the case, at the close of a couple of hours' play, the match was over, judgment being given in favour of the Glamorganshire team, leave to appeal being refused Durham's representatives.

It appears that early in the twentieth century so many drawn matches were played that it was decided to legislate with a view to deciding a higher proportion; and the first alteration made in the laws was to arrange that each side should in future consist of eleven players, made up of six batsmen and five bowlers, that the six batsmen should alone have an innings apiece, and that the five bowlers should alone bowl; moreover, it was decided that neither side should field, ten jurymen being sworn for the purpose. This arrangement permitted two grounds being used, both sides to bat at the same time, the bowlers of the side A. being pitted against the batsmen of the side B. on ground No. 1, and the bowlers of the side B. ranging themselves against A.'s batsmen on ground No. 2—a panel of ten jury fieldsmen being, of course, provided for each court. From the total of runs scored by each side the balance of costs for or against were either subtracted or added, and the team scoring the greatest number of runs when the process had been accomplished was declared the victor.

I left the ground in a dazed condition. The following morning I thought I must have dreamed the horrible experience, but, alas! when I opened my correspondence and found a bill of costs from Messrs. Brown in respect to counsel's opinion *re* Law 45 I understood that the so-called "cricket reformer" had indeed been allowed to work his wicked will on the King of Games. I find I have lost much of my interest in the game since I saw it played: the fever has left me, and I return to Japan convalescent.

RICHARD STRAUSS AND PROGRAMME MUSIC

RICHARD STRAUSS is one of those creative artists who have the power of repelling as much as they attract. It is not possible to approach his symphonic poems in a spirit of detached appreciation. His music and his aims arouse something very like enthusiasm or something very like disgust. Some of us, for instance, heard in his latest work, *Sinfonia Domestica*, a tone-poem of lofty beauty; others professed to find it a ponderous and very German joke, quite outside the powers of music to express, and a cleverness and an occasional glimpse of beauty that only accentuated what is eccentric and downright ugly in the music. The future must, of course, decide which point of view has the most truth. But there are certain matters which can be discussed in a broad critical spirit; matters which are essential to an æsthetic appreciation of Strauss's art. In the first place there has been a tendency to confuse the composer's individual cast of mind with his artistic methods. He is a thinker of strange thoughts; the product of a restless age of doubt and rebellion. There is something of the philosophical anarchist in his composition, if we may take his choice of subjects as an index, and some of his musical experiments seem, at first hearing, almost outside the pale of the art. No doubt the more superficial of music-lovers are drawn to him for this very reason, for there is always a following for the strange and bizarre in art. Certain classes

of mind are only attracted by what is new. It was so in the early worship of Wagner; but that great composer has long been accepted by the musical world, and theorists who at one time looked on him as an anarchist, or, at any rate, an iconoclast, are now ready to find a reason for all he did. Wagner has crept into the text-books on musical theory, and has even been held up as an example to Richard Strauss.

If the composer of the *Sinfonia Domestica* were new in the sense that he has no place in the long chain of musical development he would not be an artist. No manifestation of art can be actually new. Strauss himself has amused his more enthusiastic admirers by holding up Mozart to their worship, and he is naïvely perplexed by the criticism which finds his own music so extraordinary. This is not a pose, although when one thinks of some of the discordant music he has written, it is difficult to adopt the composer's own attitude towards it. On the other hand, Richard Strauss has every right to consider himself a link in the chain of musical development. It would take an abler pen than mine to trace this fully, and it is a pity that our musical theorists are so tardy in formulating rules and laws from the practice of composers; but there are several points which may be discussed.

Richard Strauss's symphonic poems are not new in their aims. Every student of musical history knows full well that from the earliest ages the musician has attempted to use his art as a descriptive medium. Yet in many of the criticisms passed on Strauss this fact has been ignored. You may even read that the full dignity of music is lost in the attempt to describe ideas and thoughts and things outside itself. The greatest music is self-contained, and so forth. This may be true, but it is not a fact that "absolute" music, as the cant term runs, is an immutable type from which "programme" music is a mere divergence. In truth, the self-contained music which the admirers of classical musical art hold up as the fixed law is of comparatively modern growth. It is much newer than the programme music of Richard Strauss.

That "absolute" music ever existed is a chimera. All its forms originated in the dance. Music found its inspiration in illustrating the rhythmic action and convolutions of the dance. It has long since had a separate growth, but its origin is still to be traced. Then even in the avowed "absolute" compositions it is clear that there are emotional and poetic ideas which, at the least, represent something beyond the mere building-up of music. In this sense all music is more or less "programme" music, and none but a mere musical workman would attempt to evolve a composition otherwise. But in case this may be thought a begging of the question, it can be stated that not only is "programme" music not a new thing, but the history of the art shows that it has always existed side by side with "absolute" music. These two lines of development have crossed here and there, as in the works of Beethoven, and again in Schumann's, but in the history of the art each has had its own place.

II

The history of "programme" music, indeed, is so ancient that it is not far-fetched to state that comparatively modern "absolute" music is really a thing of mushroom growth. As long ago as the last half of the sixteenth century Clément Jannequin, a Belgian contrapuntist, wrote two compositions entitled "The Battle" (descriptive of a battle near Malegnano in 1515) and "The Cries of Paris." Although fashioned as *a capella* choral music, they are full of descriptive touches. Considerably later there was Jakob Froberger, who died some eighteen years before Sebastian Bach was born. He is said to have been able to depict whole histories on the clavier, "giving a representation of the persons present and taking part in it, with all their natural characters;" and Matheson, a historian of the period, states that he was in possession of a suite by Froberger, "in which the passage across the Rhine of the Count von Thurn, and the danger he was exposed to from the river, is most clearly set before our eyes and ears in twenty-six

little pieces." Still later came Johann Kuhnau, the composer of the Biblical sonatas. In the work with the curious title of "Saul cured by David," the composer illustrates this programme: "1st, Saul's melancholy and madness; 2nd, David's refreshing harp-playing; and 3rd, the King's mind restored to peace." Bach himself was influenced by Kuhnau, and in his early days wrote an avowed piece of "programme" music. It was entitled "A Caprice on the Departure of a beloved Brother," and its five sections have distinctive titles. Not long ago the composition was played in a London concert-room. I shall be told that the great composer was too sensible to continue in this descriptive style, but it would be more to the point to say that instrumental music demanded development, and that it was his business to help it forward. These are not isolated cases of a misconception of the limitations of the art, for contemporary composers in France were writing the same kind of descriptive pieces. The titles which Rameau and Couperin gave to their harpsichord compositions prove that they had serious ideas as to the descriptive powers of music. It must be remembered, of course, that opera was only gradually getting itself developed, and, did not history prove the contrary, we might well suppose that the earliest attempts at programme music were paving the way for a branch of art in which "programme" music would find its fullest scope. But the line of development did not merely lead to opera and then waver out. On the contrary, the growing strength of opera gradually added to the powers of the purely instrumental branch of art. France of the eighteenth century was full of "programme" composers. They were too logical, however, in their views of the function of music; and the arid theories of Rousseau if carried into practice would have seriously limited the growth of instrumental music. The setting of poems so that music should be merely a heightener of their effect was a mistaken idea. Still it could be held that it played its part in the development of the art; at any rate, it led to Gluck.

For a brief time it looked as if Haydn and Mozart had put an end to avowed "programme" music, and the great Beethoven, taking up their work, carried what is called "absolute" music far from the inconclusive attempts of the descriptive writers. Beethoven himself was to a certain extent a "programme" writer —certainly in the sense that he did not write music merely on an architectural plan—but leaving out of count his "Pastoral" symphony, the slow movement of the great A minor quartet, "A Convalescent's Sacred Song of Thanksgiving to the Divinity," the first two movements of the "Eroïca" symphony, the "Sonata in E flat" and "The Battle of Vittoria," Beethoven cannot be counted among the avowed "programme" writers. Yet his place in the scheme of things which ultimately led to Richard Strauss is well defined. "Programme" music could never have advanced unless a great composer had come forward to extend the art as an emotional language. It is difficult to conceive what music would have done had Beethoven not extended the utterance of Haydn and Mozart, and it is curious to note that after Beethoven the programme line of development started afresh. In one direction it brought a Berlioz into being. It may be difficult to trace the actual influence of the German master on the French, but Beethoven's enlargement of the emotional vocabulary of music and his extension of the symphony had a considerable effect on Berlioz. The French master planned his "programme" music on the architectural lines of "absolute" music—at least, he endeavoured to do so. His innovation was a new use of the orchestra, employing instrumental timbre as a means of expression. Raff's "Lenore" symphony also belongs to that type of descriptive music. It is unnecessary to enter fully into the development of "programme" music after the death of Beethoven, but it shows an unbroken line through Berlioz, Schumann (whose symphonies prove the existence of some kind of programme, and whose "Carneval," "Kreisleriana," and "Fasschingswank" are descriptive music, pure and simple), Chopin (who made dance-forms the skeleton of his programme),

Wagner (who wrote a deal of "programme" music in the overtures and in instrumental pieces in his music-dramas), to Liszt. Here the line of development made a new start. Hitherto descriptive music had been fitted into the architectural forms of "absolute" music. Liszt was the first to see that the old forms would not meet the case.

III

With the growth of music since the end of the eighteenth century a new factor was added to "programme" music. Roughly it is a factor that had always interacted on instrumental art. I refer, of course, to vocal music, to the song and to opera. It is not my business at present to trace the influence of the operatic aria on the composition of instrumental music of the seventeenth century, but I mention it in passing in order to show that one branch of music has always acted on another; that the development of music has taken place step by step; that Bach, for instance, would have been impossible without the previous contrapuntal vocal school; that Mozart could not have worked without Bach ("he is the father; we are the lads," was a saying of Mozart's); and that Haydn, the precursor of Mozart, in the large instrumental forms could not have come into existence without P. E. Bach; that all owed a deal to the development of vocal music; that Beethoven, as well as the Italian opera composers, led the way for Weber and Wagner; and that Wagner in his turn owed much to the songs of Schubert. That the modern "programme" composers owe much to Wagner's music-dramas need hardly be said. It is impossible to think of César Franck, Saint-Saëns, Vincent D'Indy, Richard Strauss himself, and a host of modern programme composers, without the influence of Wagner. All this is recognised, of course, but it is often forgotten that with the rise of the modern song instrumental music gained a new life. The accompaniments to the best of Schubert's songs are masterpieces of descriptive music. It is not far-fetched to suppose that they must have had a great

influence on Wagner's use of his orchestra. Many of the Schubert songs are little tone-poems in their union of voice and accompaniment, just as Wagner's music-dramas are on a larger scale. Schubert himself also enriched pianoforte music by transferring his song-form to that branch of composition, and from this sprang the smaller forms of "programme" music of Schumann and Mendelssohn, and even Brahms. But the principal effect of the accompaniment of the songs of Schubert and Schumann, Robert Franz and Brahms has been to develop the power of music in creating subtle emotional atmosphere. It was all the more effective in achieving this because the song form was much freer than any of the old instrumental forms; it gave the composer greater scope for the play of his fancy. Above all, modern composers of "programme" music have had the advantage of Wagner's use of the orchestra in the weaving of new forms. It is curious how scene after scene of his music-dramas, if played on the pianoforte from one of those arrangements of the vocal and instrumental music for the instrument, have the effect of a gigantic symphonic poem. True there is a want of concise form in the music thus heard; one misses the thread of drama, and the architecture of the music seems arbitrary; but it is not difficult to imagine that any young composer hearing the Wagner music for the first time in this manner might be filled with the thought that here was the composition of the future. But he would not think that if he were conversant with the symphonic poems of Liszt, which are the instrumental counterpart of the Wagnerian use of voice and orchestra. Whether Liszt influenced Wagner or Wagner influenced Liszt is a matter on which there is much difference of opinion. Probably each acted one on the other. However this may be, we must look on Liszt as the father of the modern symphonic poem, because he was the first to depart from the older instrumental forms in order to give his poetical ideas their full expression in music. In this sense Richard Strauss owes much more to Liszt than to Berlioz, who never solved the problem of shaping new forms for a new need.

IV

This question of form is the burning musical question of the day, and, as was said at the beginning, it is a pity that men whose special studies and special gifts enable them to deal with the matter in an exhaustive manner have as yet had nothing to say about it. The question has been shelved because it is taken for granted that "programme" music is a modern eccentricity, a phase out of which composition will ultimately pass. There is no good reason for such an opinion. Indeed, everything points the other way. It has been shown that the idea of writing descriptive music is more than three hundred years old; that it has been an idea ever present in the minds of composers, and that since the death of Beethoven we have had a long line of composers who have worked in the field of "programme" music—Berlioz, Raff, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, César Franck, Saint-Saëns, Dvorák, and Tchaïkovsky. These men were not charlatans. Indeed, they may be said to represent the flower of nineteenth-century composition since Beethoven. Some of them have attempted to write "programme" music in the old forms, and Tchaïkovsky has been the most successful in his fifth and sixth symphonies; others have striven to break new ground. Indeed, Brahms has been the only considerable composer who has worked in strictly "absolute" music, leaving the symphony but very little changed in its main aspects from the Beethoven symphony. Consequently it is only natural that the keenest opposition against the modern symphonic poem has come from those who admire Brahms as the last great classical composer. I would rather say that Brahms has shown a curious aloofness from the modern spirit, an aloofness that seems to me unnatural and even perverse. It is very easy to assert that the greatest musical works are those in which the musical idea, "the adventures of the musical themes, in the process of purely musical development," is sufficient inspiration. It is doubtful if any composer ever did look on the composition of

music from that purely "musical" point of view. But granting that it has been the outlook of some of the great musicians, we may well ask if it has been sufficiently general to justify any sweeping assertion as to the superiority of "absolute" music. Bach I will render unto the adherents of the "purely musical." To a less extent Haydn and Mozart, and to a still less extent Beethoven. Surely no one can really believe that the composer of the Choral Symphony, the "Eroïca" Symphony and the posthumous quartets was a "pure musician" in the hard and fast sense. I doubt if it could even be said of Brahms. Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven are great composers, but so are Schubert, Weber, Berlioz, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Wagner and Tchaïkovsky. If "pure music" is the last word in the art, why then this latter group of composers were comparative failures. And this is acting on the supposition that the first group does not contain any composer who had more than the idea of weaving music for the sake of the musical adventures through which the themes pass.

It would be very much more to the purpose to ask if musical themes cannot be made to pass through more exciting adventures than was possible under the old forms. What were the additions Beethoven made to the symphony but an attempt to enlarge his means of expression? What are the old forms that they should keep music hide-bound? Are they so strictly logical that to depart from them is to be incoherent? And what is form? Take up any text-book on the subject, and you will find that the rules of musical form consist almost entirely of exceptions. The strict rule is so-and-so, but Beethoven and even Mozart and Haydn departed from it. There has never been and never will be any strict form even in formal music. It has always been in a state of flux. It seems to me that the root mistake of theorists has been in not distinguishing between architectural form and tonal form. Roughly speaking, no work of art can be without form. It is unthinkable. In that sense the most modern piece of "programme" music must have as much form as a symphony by

Mozart or Haydn. No musician will hold that the architectural form, that is to say, the logical presentment of musical ideas, can be a hard-and-fast affair. Let us take one example as an illustration. The first movement form, or sonata or symphony form, as it is indifferently called, is supposed to have as its aim a movement of continuity. Of what does it consist? An introduction (not necessary to the form), the exposition of the first and second subjects, with their bridge passages, the development or free fantasia, the recapitulation of the first and second subjects, and perhaps a coda, although that is no more necessary than the introduction. To some extent this is a logical form, but it is clear that the recapitulation is arbitrary. It is too much in the style of the old-fashioned sermon. Then we come to a freer form, the Rondo. This is supposed to be a movement of episode. It is merely an adaptation of the old Rondeau to music. The principal subject is used as a refrain at the end of each division of the piece. According to rule there should be at least three appearances of the chief subject, and there may be two or even three episodes of a well-contrasted character. It is obvious that this form is not broken if the principal subject is introduced half a dozen times, or if there were half a dozen episodes. There is, in truth, no finality in the architectural side of form. You could begin the first movement of a symphony or sonata with the development section, and from that lead up to the final statement of your themes, with a recapitulation of the development, and you still have the same kind of form—indeed, it has been done. It is clear, then, that architecturally the old musical forms are so arbitrary that it would be absurd to limit music to them, and, as a matter of fact, no composer of genius has ever felt himself bound to them.

But the real difference between the old forms and the new is not in architecture but in tonality. Certain sequences of keys commended themselves to the musical ear of the day. They were found to be satisfying and beautiful, and gave, it was thought, a coherence to the composition. The theorists

take it for granted that our sense of tonality is unchangeable. One after another the great composers have rebelled against this cut-and-dried sequence of keys, just as our painters long ago rebelled against the brown tree. In all musical history there is not one example of a great composer who was not accused of writing ugly music. His detractors really meant that it was music to which they were not accustomed. It is strange how the ear adapts itself. Shifting tonality which seems today the merest capriciousness of incoherence, to-morrow is accepted as natural. Dissonances which at first hearing strike us as unbearable lose their terror after a second or third hearing. The history of music is full of examples of composers who have been rated as anarchists when they were merely pioneers. This in itself proves that there is no finality in tonal form. What I have, perhaps rather arbitrarily, called architectural form—for, after all, the old idea of the sequence of certain keys had a sense of architecture—is common to "absolute" and "programme" music. A musical composition to stand alone without drama is unthinkable without form of some kind. Liszt attempted to make the metamorphosis of themes his form, but he did not understand their development, and consequently his music remains a patchwork of themes repeated over and over again in differing guises, according to what seemed to him to be the poetical need of the moment. Strauss, who is supposed to be an anarchist, is much more formal. An analysis of his symphonic poems reveals the fact that he has made use of several of the architectural forms of "absolute" music. The root idea of his form is the variation and development of his principal subjects through sections of contrasting moods to an imposing climax. The constant use of themes throughout his compositions which are really as long as ordinary symphonies gives them a coherence which the conventional symphony lacks. Schumann tried the same thing and Tchaïkovsky has been very successful in binding together the movements of his fifth symphony by making use of a motto theme. But Strauss carries this much farther. Except

for a few episodes the *Sinfonia Domestica* is practically woven out of three themes, representing the Father, the Mother and the Child, and in the play of variation and development to a climax there is almost an excess of form. It would not be easy to classify it, for it is partly a kind of Rondo, but without any restrictions as to the number of appearances of the principal theme or as to the number of the subjects and episodes. Then, again, it has, of course, much of the variation form, and in the exposition of the themes and their development has something in common with the first movement form of a sonata. But the necessity of illustrating a "programme" makes for great plasticity. The appearance of formlessness is caused by the dictation of tonal form by the expression of the poetical ideas the composer is illustrating. The old composers often managed to give an appearance of cohesion by their use of keys to which the ear had been accustomed. Strauss seems to be anarchic in his sudden transitions and in his ever shifting tonality. If it were true that the ear cannot follow his musical line as music, the symphonic poems would be a mistake in art. But it is not true, and least of all of his latest work.

V

I have attempted to show that "programme" music is not at all a new thing; that it has always existed, and that since Beethoven and Wagner most of the greatest composers have carried on the movement. So far from its being a decadence in art, the history of music rather tends to show that the modern fashion is merely one of those periodical recurrences of certain mental phases which are to be noted in the development of the human mind, and not only in music. In this respect Strauss takes a well-defined place in the growth of "programme" music. I have suggested that the new music is by no means the formless thing that some critics imagine. There remains the larger question of whether the aims of Strauss and his school do not go beyond the powers of music

to achieve. Here we must distinguish between individual genius and the practice of the art. A symphony can be written that will be thoroughly in accordance with the best models of the art, and yet if the composer has no inspiration it will be dull and formless to the ear. It was not its form that made the C minor symphony so great, but Beethoven's mind, invention, and character. And so, in judging the success of "programme" music, we must not forget that all depends on the composer himself. With regard to Strauss, I have not yet heard anything of his which seems to be the utterance of a great genius. On the whole, his symphonic poems suffer from a thinness of thematic material. In his method of composition this is particularly a drawback, for it weakens his elaborate polyphony. He is by nature a lyrical rather than an epic poet, and yet his choice of subjects has been more epic than lyrical. Because his latest composition, the *Sinfonia Domestica*, has so much essential lyricism it is, I think, his most complete success. Then he has not shown that he understands the kind of programme which is required for music. In all his symphonic poems he jumps from the abstract to the descriptive with rather bewildering results. The *Sinfonia Domestica* is a case in point. Over and over again the composer has publicly stated that he wishes his music to be heard as absolute music, and yet he allows rather ridiculous programmes to be published, and is not above penning his own little jokes on the score. His attitude towards the question of "programme" music is sound enough in theory. In effect he has stated that he finds the illustration of a subject gives him musical inspiration. It enables him to find new forms, new harmonies, new instrumental effects. And his symphonic poems certainly bear out this contention. The illustration of a subject outside of music itself, so that it should largely determine the musical form, has been thoroughly justified by Richard Strauss. But it is not so clear that his idea of retaining the source of his inspiration is quite successful.

In sculpture or painting it is easy for the artist to express

the abstract through the concrete. For one thing, the whole work is before our eyes at once, whereas in music there is constant change, and we have not the whole before us to explain the details; and, for another, music, except in a few cases of onomatopœia, cannot be made to describe phenomena. Its true language is the expression of emotion, which, of course, can conjure up ideas by association, but that is not sufficient for the purpose of "programme" music. But it is quite wrong to assume that in any of his symphonic poems, with the exception of the *Don Quixote*, the description of ideas and facts outside music is Strauss's chief end. He expresses the emotion caused by the ideas and facts—his own emotion —and is thus well within the powers of music. The exposition of his emotion is his own affair. By rigidly keeping to this emotional programme a composer at once creates new forms, or rather a new amalgamation of the old, for musical form is not in its essence an illogical and arbitrary matter, and gives an impulse to his music which would be impossible were he to adhere rigidly to the stereotyped procedure of absolute music. But Strauss wants to do more than this. Besides giving the emotional expression of his subject he attempts to retain the realistic basis from which he derived his inspiration. At present it seems that this is a mistake, but it is necessary to keep an open mind on this point, because, as you know the symphonic poems better, the realistic touches here and there fall into their proper place. It may be that when a composition becomes well known to the hearer he has a mental grasp of it as a whole, just as he has a grasp of a piece of sculpture at first sight, and that then the realistic details are heard to be part and an illustration of the whole idea which the composition embodies. These realistic details then become symbolical. It is necessary, too, in judging "programme" music as developed by Richard Strauss to distinguish between the technical weakness of the particular composer and the essential weakness of the form of art in which he works. Strauss's want of great thematic invention has already been mentioned.

Another blemish is an elaboration of polyphony which looks very remarkable on paper, but does not come out clearly in performance. There is not the largeness of design that one hears in Wagner's polyphony. Even allowing that Strauss sometimes wishes merely to create a shifting musical atmosphere, his polyphony is not always successful. But these are individual traits and have nothing to do with "programme" music as a form of art. Richard Strauss has certainly carried it a step farther in the gradual development which can be traced from the earliest days of music. In the face of that development and his achievements it is time that "programme" music should no longer be considered a mere piece of eccentricity in art.

E. A. Baughan.

RUSSIA'S DOMINIONS AND POLICY IN ASIA

THERE can be no doubt that the expansion of Russia towards India, as Mr. Balfour recently remarked in his speech on Imperial defence, has from time to time raised serious misgivings in this country. We have endeavoured in vain to prevent that expansion, but have had eventually to accept it as an accomplished fact. Nevertheless the burden of nervous anxiety which we are now displaying as to the safety from land invasion of our Indian Empire is surely somewhat exaggerated, if not entirely misdirected. Russia was the last of the nations to wind her way Westwards. As though satiated with the occidental exploits of the Great Reformer, she was also the first to retrace her steps Eastward. Her movement may be described as that of a mighty river rolling onward in two estuaries, one continuing to flow on to the Far Eastern extremity, the other turning suddenly south after passing the Ourals. Slowly but steadily the two currents are forcing their way wherever they find lines of least resistance in their bent to reach the ocean. Without an all-the-year outlet to the cheapest means of intercommunication with the world—an outlet hitherto denied by Nature to her alone of all the great European Powers—Russia is not likely to free herself from costly foreign financial aid in her efforts to develop the vast natural resources of her Asiatic dominions. Russia has long since realised the contingencies which she has to

encounter as an Asiatic Power, and the opposition which she will have to face in her plans of developing the wealth and commercial advantages of her neglected Eastern Empire.

"The problem of Asia is a world problem. It is in Asia once again that will be wielded the destinies of the world." This axiom has been the guide of Russia's foreign policy since her disillusionment at the Berlin Congress, when her eyes were opened to the fallacy of her Utopian move to the Mediterranean. Hence the promotion of her gigantic project of railing her mammoth Asiatic territory from end to end in order to reach the coveted water-way. But the great Siberian Railway, though a marvellous piece of work in its conception and dimensions, has scarcely carried out the original intention of its constructors. The hopes of wide commercial and especially industrial expansion, which were entertained at the time of its inauguration, have not been realised. It stands to reason that a single line of railroad, so long as it remains without branches and adequate sidings, is not likely to fulfil its functions of a main artery of transport and communication in a country as large as the continent of Europe. From a strategical point of view again, the railway has not been an unqualified success. During the present war, the transport of troops has been accomplished under extraordinary physical hardships and impediments involving severe bodily suffering to the soldiers, all no doubt contributing indirectly to the Russian disasters in the campaign. Had Manchuria not been a country full of provisioning resources, Kourapatkin's difficulties would have speedily become sheer impossibilities. It must however be acknowledged that this iron ribbon, the connecting link of two oceans, has been a means of awakening the minds of the general public to the actual conditions of the real Siberia which till but recently was buried under the legend of an arctic climate and a penal reputation. The railway engineer has thus succeeded, where the literary pioneer with his sensational flights of imagination had altogether failed. Henceforth the familiar stories of frost and snow-bound

Siberia with a population of persecuted political prisoners and brutal officials are bound to disappear from the shelves of our circulating libraries. The total area of Russia's Asiatic dominions is estimated at 6,564,778 square miles, or twice that of the United States. Of this 4,833,496 square miles belong to Siberia proper, 1,632,100 to Central Asia, and 99,182 to Trans-Caucasia. Coal is distributed in abundance over almost the whole dominion, and might in the near future become a mighty weapon in the industrial development of Russia's Eastern Empire. Equally abundant is iron ore, containing, according to official analysis, from 60 to 80 per cent. of pure iron. Copper, silver, lead are found in many localities, as well as gold and other metals. As a corn-growing country, Siberia may rank amongst the world's foremost granaries, for notwithstanding indifferent tillage and the primitive agricultural implements at present in use, the whole of the western portion produces some of the finest wheat that has ever appeared on the London market. One of the chief reasons for the tardy development of this enormous country has been the neglected utilisation of its immense water-power. The line of mining and agricultural interests in Central Siberia is bordered to the South by a lofty mountain range, which condenses the vapour from the skies and sends down floods of water through innumerable channels. Of these the Ob, the Yenisei, the Lena, and the Amoor are the four most important trade arteries, exceeding the largest European rivers in length and extent of internal navigable water. These rivers with their tributaries form a water-power, which, if properly employed, might in time be made to provide for all transport, and possibly to a great extent could furnish the large towns with means of heat and light. A recent writer remarks, in somewhat optimistic strain, that: "The effect upon agricultural interests of the opportunity of securing unlimited land by immigration to Siberia is quite similar to that which the opening up of the Great West has had in the United States." On the

surface this would appear to be correct. The facts, however, point to a very different interpretation. The American immigrant started with the idea of husbanding his resources with a view to permanent settlement; whereas the Russian settler, for want of proper means and practical knowledge, has extracted all he could out of the virgin soil without taking any thought for its restoration by adequate cultivation. The land is thus, in several localities, already showing signs of exhaustion. As an example of the hand-to-mouth habit of existence of the Russian peasant his manner of working the recently established butter export trade may be quoted. This most important agrarian industry in Siberia is, by its present reckless handling, exhausting the entire supply of milk, and the rearing of calves is thereby being sacrificed, at the risk of seriously diminishing the production of live stock throughout the whole of West Siberia. In area the market of Siberia is well nigh immeasurable; although now but thinly populated, and its population a relatively poor one, it may well be the future colony of Russia's increasing millions; providing, at least, that the development of this dormant Siberia can go hand in hand with the home projects of training the peasant to a proper use of his equally dormant faculties for work and sturdy independence. In Siberia, apparently, lies the whole solution of the knotty problem for the housing of the indigent, over-taxed peasant, struggling for bare existence in European Russia. As a passing comment on England's want of due appreciation of the future trade prospects in Siberia, it is worthy of note that according to the Board of Trade Report just published, the part of Great Britain in commercial enterprise in these regions, though considerable, is of a somewhat negative character. As the main purchaser of Siberian butter, the most valuable of the exported products of the country, she furnishes the funds—some twenty-five to thirty million roubles annually—that enable the peasants to provide themselves with dairy appliances from Denmark and Sweden, and with agricultural machinery from the United States. The

British manufacturing market supplies nothing. In fact, as regards Siberia proper, the market, with the exception of one or two special requirements, is slipping altogether out of our hands. Mr. Cooke, the special commissioner, who has recently returned from a twelvemonths' investigation of the country, gives two chief causes for this exclusion: (1) A want of commercial travellers from British firms; (2) A want of knowledge of the language by those few who do travel in Siberia. Another reason is the existence of too unqualified an opinion, at times, among individual firms in England as to commercial dealings with Russian houses. Too much generalisation from individual instances results either in an abstention from business altogether, or, what amounts to the same thing, a too strict application of hard-and-fast rules, as to credit and other trading facilities. Our ubiquitous competitors, the Germans, have a way of assimilating themselves to local customs and local demands, and the Russian speaking German commercial traveller is the handy man in Siberia. Russian Central Asia includes the great province of Ferghana, with a climate sufficiently salubrious and a soil fertile enough to grow cotton and rice in abundance. The latest production of the former, grown from imported American seed, is of a quality equal to compete with "middling" American quality. Improved cleaning and refining appliances are all that is required to enable the growers to reach the standards of competition with the best "New Orleans." Rice mills have been erected in many districts, and the perfected cleaning and polishing process of this cereal has established a keen competition with Burma rice on the markets of European Russia. The native rice plantations have been greatly improved in certain districts by irrigation, which, however, is still in a very backward state. With regard to a general lack of water in Russian Central Asiatic provinces, a wise Home Government might secure astonishing results in fertilising and restoring the agricultural prosperity which characterised this part of the world in the time of Tamerlane and Jhinguis Khan.

The recently completed Orenburg-Tashkent railroad, traversing some thousand miles of what promises to be a highly productive country, has now replaced the long camel trains. The fuel used in this railway is crude petroleum, at present brought from Baku, but which, to all appearance, will shortly be obtained in many of the local centres. It may be recalled that Alexander the Great "struck oil" in the vicinity of Samarkand 2200 years ago. As in Siberia so in Central Asia, the same absence of adequate means of communication has hitherto obstructed the opening up of these specific resources. The railway which Russia is now constructing as a continuation of the Orenburg-Tashkent line is intended not only to run through an equally highly productive country, but to serve also as a second connecting link with the Far East. It will link Tashkent with Siberia, and the great Trans-continental line of the North, by means of a line running through to Barnaul, past the Government coal and iron mines, and effect a junction with the Siberian system. In Asia her developments of commerce have always had to march side by side with strategic plans. Our own Indian rulers have always understood this, and have acted accordingly. And if we were to examine Russia's present sphere of activity in Central Asia with an impartial eye and unbiased mind, map in hand, we might surely be able to see that her movements are not solely the outcome of an aggressive policy and greed of territory. Her railway enterprise is rather the sign and symbol of her forcible awakening to the present unproductive state of her much needed assets represented by the enormous wealth of her already acquired Asiatic possessions. A popular story has long been current in England that Peter the Great, in his last will and testament, included a codicil advocating and foretelling Russia's uture conquest of India. Whether this testament be genuine or fictitious is a moot point. In any case the conditions of warfare and the distribution of world power have wholly changed since Peter's day. His theories of conquest now seem as futile as was Napoleon's dream of a world-empire. More-

ever, each successive generation of rulers in Russia since Peter's epoch has inclined more and more towards the rejection of his Western ideals for the aggrandisement and the advancement of his country's well-being. "We Russians cannot fight on sea or in mountains" was the remark recently made by a Russian officer to one of our war correspondents in Manchuria—the nation that Russia intends sooner or later, in her Asiatic progress, to invade India is in fact, according to the pronouncement of most Russian strategists and diplomatists, an obsolete idea, a fairy tale for the childish.

The transport of an army numerically strong enough for the invasion of India, the conveyance of the necessary supplies, and all the other requirements of such a host, under the present conditions of warfare, would be well-nigh beyond human possibilities, especially when the enemy is a land power thousands of miles removed, and with a warlike buffer State between. Speaking of a possible invasion of India by the Japanese, Sir Francis Younghusband lately remarked that the safeguard against its occupation was the impregnable barrier of the Himalayas, our command of the sea, and the proven loyalty of the great chiefs and people of India. These arguments apply with equal force to refute the idea of a Russian invasion. A military government such as she employs in her conquered Asiatic territories would not moreover be tolerated by any of the chiefs of India. The proportion of natural fighting material in India, according to Colonel Sir Thomas Holdich—one of the greatest authorities on the subject—is at least double that of Russia. "A war with Russia," he declared in his address last June before the Central Asian Society, "would be most popular with the native soldier, and to the great majority of the best of our Indian troops it would be the realisation of their military ambition." From the financial as well as from the political point of view again, the conquest and occupation of India, even in the remote future, would be well nigh suicidal to Russia, and of this she is well aware. Whether in peace or in war, that nation must be foremost, predominant and powerful beyond all others

whose power is on the sea, and whose position is therefore such as to enable it to act with the greatest stress upon the great roads of trade, whether in defence of its own dominions or in offence against the incursions of its enemy. Russia is not a maritime Power. She never has been, and judging from the special characteristics of her people, she is never likely to become one. If any evidence is needed in support of this statement, the incidents of the present war are ample to supply it. But although she may never become a great sea Power she is bound, nevertheless, sooner or later, to reach the sea, as we have endeavoured to show, to attain her national ideal, and accomplish the task she has set before her.

The trend of Russia's diplomacy, where India is concerned, though tortuous and circuitous, exhibits on closer inspection far more astuteness and consecutive persistency than are displayed by our own statesmen. According to her diplomatists and military authorities her natural aim is to attain a strategical standpoint from which she would be in a position, as a set off, if at war with us, seriously to *menace* India on her frontier or within striking distance of our territory; to cry "check to the King" on the military chess-board of her strategy, and thus mask her real plan of campaign to secure a permanent base of commercial vantage on the Persian Gulf by a rush through Persia. Our real interest in the guardianship of our Indian Empire lies then, we venture to think, in a peaceful policy, without losing sight of ordinary precautions. The endurance of this peaceful policy might be secured if the ruling Powers of the two nations could but bring about a mutually satisfactory arrangement regarding the final delimitations of their respective border lines in Asia. Then the chief source of long standing suspicions, suspense and misunderstandings between England and Russia might be permanently removed, and a closer and at the same time a wider mercantile intercourse, based on sounder principles of confidence, might find realisation in the maintenance of the world's peace, and in the concord and harmony of two mighty Empires.

ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

LAND SETTLEMENT SYSTEM IN CANADA

AT the present time, when Canada is attracting the attention of Europe and the United States by its many advantages for settlement (and the opportunities to those who enter the country to engage in farming, &c., cannot be denied), it is interesting to consider the system adopted by the Canadian Government to promote settlement.

Most people are aware that the Canadian Government has followed the system which was originally started by the United States of allowing the male head of a family, or any male member of such family who has attained the age of eighteen years, to make entry for a free homestead of 160 acres of land on application to the local Agent of Dominion Lands, and on payment of an entry fee of $10. The duties required by the party making an entry are six months residence and cultivation in each year for three years; or, as to residence, living with parents on land in vicinity, or on land owned by, himself will satisfy. As regards cultivation, the Government does not require more than 30 acres out of the 160 to be ploughed or improved, and this may be performed well or badly. At the end of three years the party making entry can obtain patent to the land and become absolute owner free of any incumbrances or restrictions, and the only amount received by the Government is the said sum of $10, which probably does not pay the cost of the agent employed and acting for them in

the matter. Formerly, up to the year 1889, the Government allowed parties to apply and take up second homesteads, and also to pre-empt the adjoining 160 acres to the homesteads taken up on payment of a small sum per acre, but then this was discontinued for obvious reasons, the fact being that such regulations permitted the applicants to become possessed of lands for little or nothing, and resulted in such parties becoming speculators in lands rather than settlers and farmers. That the system of giving away Government lands in free homesteads, pre-exemptions, and second homesteads, has resulted in encouraging speculation in lands, and instead of promoting permanent settlement has tended to disturb population, is a well-known fact to the writer. Frequently when a man has obtained the patent to his homestead after the period of three years he has offered his land for sale at almost any price that could be obtained, or has mortgaged it to a loan company for as large a loan as he could obtain, with the intention of never redeeming the mortgage, and as the land cost him practically nothing in money, he has viewed his transaction with much satisfaction. This was a particularly favourite plan of an applicant for land as long as he could obtain second and third homesteads and pre-emptions, and he found it more profitable to speculate with lands at the expense of the Government than to remain a settler and a farmer. By repealing the second homestead and pre-emption laws the Government admitted the weakness of their regulations, but they have not yet discovered the weakness and absurdity of giving any of their lands away free of charge. Why should any Government in the world give away lands for nothing? Such lands are the property of the people of the nation, and if properly dealt with on business principles would yield an enormous return in principal and interest, which sums would not only go to reduce taxation but could be advantageously used to form an immense immigration fund, reduce the National Debt, and to provide money for hospitals or other worthy objects. We shall presently consider the value of the Government lands of

Canada if administered on what any reasonable commercial man would call a business basis. Would any trustee who had any estate to administer give away the property for nothing? But the Canadian Government not only give away an immense portion of the estate belonging to the people, but the machinery required to distribute the property entails the annual expenditure of a considerable sum of money. There is no business house in the world who would think of conducting their affairs on such lines. We may be told that the system of land settlement adopted by Canada has been modelled on that adopted by her great neighbour on the south, the United States. While admitting this, we cannot admit that such a system has any special benefits or merit, and the fact that our American cousins disposed of their enormous heritage of millions and tens of millions of acres of land under such conditions proves that they are not so shrewd or capable in business matters as the world generally considers them. However, the purpose of this article is not to consider the question of lands in the United States, whose free homesteads have now practically become exhausted, but to point out the shortsightedness of their system, with the object that Canada may profit by the immense quantity of lands we have remaining for settlement.

Before going into figures of the quantity of land originally held by the Canadian Government, the quantity already granted for free homesteads and pre-emptions, and the balance remaining undisposed of at the present time, it is interesting to draw attention to the system of colonisation which was adopted by the Government of New Zealand, and which also has been adopted by all the Australian Colonies, with certain variations. This system has proved very successful in every way, and strongly recommends itself as one based on good business principles, with conditions which make it quite as easy for the settler of very moderate means to obtain land as the conditions prevailing in Canada, and under which the Government obtain a fair price for the lands.

The system referred to was formulated by a Mr. Wakefield, and John Stuart Mill, in writing of it in his well-known "Principles of Political Economy" (Book V., chapter xi., s. 14) says:

> Of the modes in which a fund for the support of colonisation can be raised none is comparable in advantage to that which was first suggested, and has since been so ably and perseveringly advocated, by Mr. Wakefield; the plan of putting a price on all unoccupied land and devoting the proceeds to emigration.

Mr. Mill goes on to speak very highly of the many advantages of the "Wakefield" system, and I would recommend the readers of this article to peruse his able remarks on the subject, as space forbids me to make exhaustive extracts from his valuable work.

Of course in all countries there must be certain lands set aside for special purposes, such as leases in the case of large tracts of ranching and grazing lands, and special provisions have to be made in the case of mineral and coal lands, but the principle of the "Wakefield" system of settlement of agricultural and farming lands is as follows, and will be seen to differ materially from the American and Canadian system, which has already been stated, and which is well known. Under the "Wakefield" system the Government, instead of giving away free homesteads of 160 acres, place a price of £1 (or $5) per acre on all farming lands open for settlement. This makes the price $800 for a quarter section of land. Of course the majority of intending settlers cannot afford to purchase at first even on easy terms, so the Government agree to lease the land for a period of five years at 1¼ per cent. on the capital value of $800. This means the payment of $10 per annum for five years for the use of 160 acres of land. At any time during the five years the settler may decide to purchase the land at $800, and commence to pay the purchase-money by easy instalments, extending over about ten years. If, however, he cannot make up his mind within five years, the Government agrees to give him a further option of leasing for a further term

of ten years at 2½ per cent., or $20 per annum, on the same capital value, and at any time within the fifteen years he can purchase at $800 on easy terms of payment. Can any one argue that such terms are in any way harsh or difficult, and likely to prevent the settlement of any country where the land is good enough to sustain settlement? Of course if the land offered for settlement is not good land, and natural conditions make it impossible for a man to farm such land successfully, then he is bound to abandon the property, whether he gets it entirely free or pays a price for it. But it is argued by the Canadian Government, and experience proves their argument to be correct, that the lands they offer for free homesteads are of good average quality and fit for settlement. Accepting this to be the case, it is perfectly clear to any thinking man that if a farmer cannot make a living and a good profit by farming 160 acres of land, and paying $10 or $20 a year for the use of such land, he is either a "fool" at his business, or the land is not fit for farming, and in either case he would have to leave the property. On the other hand, if the conditions are favourable, he can easily pay the $10 or $20 a year, and when he begins to save money can commence to purchase the land at $5 per acre, or $800, on easy terms from the Government.

We all know that it is a weakness in human nature generally to value lightly anything that can be obtained for nothing, or without some hard work, and there is no reason why any Government should give away property for nothing, while an individual or business firm would not think of doing so. If a settler is assisted and encouraged by easy terms to work land as provided in the "Wakefield" system, he will have no difficulty in purchasing the land at a moderate price when he has accumulated a little money, and the Government will benefit by obtaining a fair price for their lands, and the purchaser will value the land he has paid for. The system has the further advantage of tending to concentrate settlement instead of inducing the settlers to go far away from railroads

and markets in their rush to acquire free homesteads, and practically to speculate with the Government lands. In writing on this phase of the question, Mr. Stuart Mill goes on to say :

> By making it necessary for those who emigrate to earn a considerable sum before they can become landed proprietors it keeps up a perpetual succession of labourers for hire, who, in every country, are a most important auxiliary even to peasant proprietors; and by diminishing the eagerness of agricultural speculators to add to their domain, it keeps the settlers within reach of each other for purposes of co-operation, arranges a numerous body of them within easy distance of each centre of foreign commerce and non-agricultural industry, and ensures the formation and rapid growth of towns and town products. This concentration, compared with the dispersion which uniformly occurs when unoccupied land can be had for nothing, greatly accelerates the attainment of prosperity, and enlarges the fund which may be drawn upon for further emigration. Before the adoption of the Wakefield system the early years of all new Colonies were full of hardships and difficulty, but wherever it has been introduced at all, as in South Australia, Victoria, and New Zealand, the restraint put upon the dispersion of the settlers, and the influx of capital caused by the assurance of being able to obtain hired labour, has in spite of many difficulties and much mismanagement produced a suddenness and rapidity of prosperity more like fable than reality.

We may now consider the figures of the quantity of land which forms the vast estate held by the Government of Canada, but we shall confine these figures to the Western portion of the Dominion, commencing with the Province of Manitoba, the greatest attention being directed at present to Western Canada, where streams of new settlers are pouring in.

The Hudson's Bay Company formerly dominated affairs in Western Canada until the year 1869, when the Crown made arrangements for the extinguishment of the Company's rights and franchises, and agreed among other things to give the Company, for fifty years from the date of surrender (Nov. 19, 1869) of their rights, the privilege to select grants of land not exceeding one-twentieth of the land set out for settlement. The Company also selected 45,000 acres of land around its Forts. The Canadian Government has also granted to railway companies operating in Western Canada 45,179,392 acres of land up to

June 30, 1903 (Statistical Year Book of Canada, 1903, page 466).

The following figures are those recently given by the Canadian Government as to the area of acres in Manitoba and the North-west Territories (comprising only Alberta, Assiniboia, and Saskatchewan) embraced in the original settlement with the Hudson's Bay Company:

		Land area—acres.
Manitoba		41,169,098
Alberta		64,973,212
Assiniboia		56,498,546
Saskatchewan		66,460,859
Total acres		229,101,715
Deduct		
One twentieth set aside for the Hudson's Bay Company	11,455,085	
Land selected round Forts	45,000	
One eighteenth set aside for school purposes	12,727,873	
Grants to Railway Companies	45,179,392	
Estimated Free Homesteads and Pre-emptions granted	15,411,162	84,818,512
Balance acres		144,283,203

Taking the capital value of this balance of 144,283,203 acres at $5 per acre we have an asset belonging to the Canadian people worth the very considerable sum of $721,416,015. The net amount of the National Debt of Canada at the end of the year 1903 was $261,606,989, so that the value of the lands mentioned would be nearly sufficient to pay that debt three times over, and it must be remembered that these lands form only a comparatively small portion of the vast landed assets possessed by the Dominion. Of course, comprised in the above-named lands will be a considerable quantity of grazing lands, coal and mineral lands; and in the case of coal and mineral lands they are naturally worth much more than $5 per acre. It may be argued that the largest portion of the 144,283,203 acres is land unfit for settlement, such as swamps and muskegs.

This may be the case, but as a very large quantity has never been surveyed or reported on by the Government Surveyors it cannot be accurately stated. But accepting the argument to be true it does not excuse the folly of offering any part of the lands for free homesteads. It is perfectly certain that if any piece of land is so bad, and located under such unfavourable climatic conditions, that a settler cannot possibly make a living by cultivating or farming on it, then it is useless either to offer it to him for nothing or to charge a price for it, because in any case he will have to abandon it. But neither the Government, nor any body else, knows how much of this land is unfit for settlement, and what is considered unfit for settlement and valueless to-day may be regarded quite differently a few years hence. Fifty years ago the whole of Manitoba was regarded as being of no value, but we all know that the opening up of railways and transportation facilities changes conditions wonderfully, and the building of the Cape to Cairo Railway will probably prove that the land in Central Africa is valuable and able to sustain a large population. No one expects that a large continent can be settled in a comparatively small number of years, and there is sufficient land in the North-west of Canada to engage plans of settlement for hundreds of years to come. The business way for the Government to deal with such a vast heritage is to offer such of the land as is surveyed and thrown open for settlement from time to time as opportunities arise on some business basis, and not to continue to give large quantities away for nothing as at present.

With regard to the quantity of land already surveyed by the Government and considered fit for settlement, the following is a quotation from an official statement:—

> According to the Dominion surveyors' reports 104,819,015 acres have been surveyed for settlement since the transfer of the North-West territories and Manitoba to the Dominion. This quantity is deemed to be fit for settlement. Much of it has been alienated. As for the unsurveyed portions, it would be impossible to say how much is fit for settlement. It is all a matter of estimate.

Accepting this official statement we will look back at the figures stated and deduct from the 104,819,015 acres 84,818,512 granted to the Hudson's Bay Company, to Railway Companies, for school purposes, and for homesteads and pre-emptions. This leaves a balance of 20,000,503 acres which the Government admit has been surveyed and is at present fit for settlement. Placing a value of $5 per acre on this gives us the very handsome sum of $100,002,515. Operating this land on this value at a rental of 1¼ per cent. the rentals will gradually grow to the sum of $1,250,031 per annum. The New Zealand Government estimated that the rentals obtained from time to time were more than sufficient to pay the cost of running the system, and from the capital obtained by the sale of lands they set aside a large sum which was devoted to obtaining large numbers of agricultural families and labourers from Europe and paying all their expenses out to the Colony. It is well known that there are thousands of practical agricultural labourers in Europe who would willingly try their fortunes in a country like Canada, but they have not any money to pay any part of the expenses of transportation. The proper plan to adopt with this class of emigrants is to have them emigrate in families so as not to break up the family ties. Under the present emigration system operated by the Canadian Government many absolutely useless people are induced to emigrate, the Government agents being paid so much per head, with the result that many of the scum and "ne'er-do-well" population of the cities of Europe come to Canada who have not any qualifications to command success. Every useless, and consequently discontented, emigrant does a great deal of harm in any colony.

By the adoption of the "Wakefield" system of settlement in Canada the Government would have very ample and abundant funds to pay all expenses of their Immigration Department, without taxing the people of Canada with one cent for the purpose, and an enormous surplus after allowing for such expenses, and the system is so favourable to immi-

grants that not one settler who purposed coming under the present arrangements would stay away. In fact the present system of giving land away for nothing is regarded by some people as a suspicious offer. The writer on one occasion in England drew the attention of a hard-headed agriculturist to the free lands of Canada, and was met with the response that "it must be *darned* poor land if they give it away for nothing."

Before closing this article we must look at a few more figures giving us particulars of the enormous land possessions of the people of Canada in the far Western and Northern parts of the Dominion. The Government figures are as follows:

	Land area—acres.
Territory of Athabasca	155,622,704
„ „ Mackenzie	340,886,620
„ „ Keewatin	292,478,010
„ „ Ungava	223,429,600
„ „ Yukon	125,649,500
Total . . .	1,138,066,434

Think of the capital value of these 1,138,066,434 acres at $5 per acre, and even the rental value at 1¼ per cent. under the "Wakefield" system. It may take hundreds of years to settle up much of this immense quantity of land, but the Government cannot hasten the settlement under their present system of free homesteads any more than could be done under the easy and businesslike system suggested. Much of it may never be fit for settlement, but in that case there is no object in giving it away, as it cannot be cultivated or occupied, and, as the Government have no taxes to pay, the business manner of dealing with the property is to place portions of it on the market from time to time as demand arises.

One more point must be mentioned. Nearly every one in Canada is directly or indirectly interested in the value of land. Many persons are owners of farm lands in the West and elsewhere. The placing of a minimum price on all Government

lands will immediately enhance the value of all other lands, and the present competition of the Government arising from the fact of offering free lands in districts where individuals have paid a "money" price for their lands will be removed. The people of Canada should be deeply interested in this matter of dealing properly with the vast landed assets possessed by the Dominion, and the question is one of economics which should not be made in any way a matter of party politics.

The writer has no interests to serve in party politics in broaching the subject, and has no connection whatever with either political party in the country. The recommendations are simply those of a business man, that the immense landed assets of the country should be dealt with on sound business principles and not on that of freely and recklessly giving away a large portion of such assets without any payment, and with official machinery, costing the country a considerable sum each year. The cost of the Immigration Department of Canada between the years 1868 to 1903 was $8,881,782, or an average of $246,716 yearly. For the year 1903 the amount was $642,914 (Statistical Year Book, 1903).

Have we no statesman in Parliament, or public man, who will take up this question and agitate the matter until the present thriftless and unsatisfactory system is changed?

R. J. SHRIMPTON.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE SIRKAR

IN a former paper I dealt with the fighting men of Northern India who go to make up the armies of Bengal and of the Punjab, and in this article I propose to write about the classes from which are drawn the recruits for the far more ancient armies of Madras and Bombay. Both these are very largely recruited from sources quite outside the civil limits of either Presidency—the Punjab, the North-west Frontier, Central India, Rajputana, and Oudh being all drawn upon, while the recruiting area allotted to Bombay is considerably larger than that of either Madras, Bengal, or the Punjab. This being understood, I shall here only write of those classes which are found in Bombay and Madras alone, and the men of which serve in those armies and in no other.

The first mention of Native troops occurs in the year 1668, when the garrison of Bombay consisted of 285 men, but as these included only 93 Englishmen, while the remainder were French, Portuguese, and Natives, these last must have been very limited in number. It is difficult to say from what particular class these natives were drawn, and although four years later when a Dutch descent upon Bombay was imminent, the services of 500 *Rajputs* were upon the point of being requisitioned, it seems more likely that the *Native* element was drawn from the so-called Topasses—half-caste Christians—of whom there were 54 serving in the two companies of the King's troops when

these were incorporated in the Company's forces on the island of Bombay passing out of the possession of the Crown. This small force—which included also five officers and 139 European non-commissioned officers and privates—formed the nucleus of the present Bombay Army. It was in Bombay that the first recorded instance occurs of the servants of the Company exercising the powers of martial law: this happened in 1674, when a mutiny broke out among the troops (who appear to have had legitimate cause for complaint), a corporal was shot, and an officer sent to England to await the decision of the King upon his case. We hear for the first time of "batta"—still sanctioned for Indian troops employed on field service beyond the frontier—about the year 1678, when the extra allowance, which had always been granted to the men of a particular guard, was cut down—a fate which has overtaken the old batta on a generous scale which was always given up to the time of the second Afghan war. In 1683 orders were issued in Bombay for the embodiment of "two companies of Rajputs, each of a hundred men. To be commanded by officers of their own, and to use their own arms. This is the first mention of the embodiment of regular companies of Natives selected from a warlike race." These Rajput troops seem to have been highly thought of, but in 1692, when the strength of local forces was increased and recruits of all kinds were urgently needed, orders were issued to the authorities in Bombay directing also the enlistment of Armenians, Arabs, and Negroes.

It will interest those who, of late years, have so stoutly advocated the rival advantages of class regiments and class company regiments, to know that towards the end of the seventeenth century the Court of Directors sent instructions to Bombay enacting that for the future all Native troops in the service of the Company were to be enlisted from the same caste. In Madras at the same date "Cafres and Blacks from the Mozambique" were enlisted to swell the garrisons of Forts St. George and St. David, while an endeavour was also made,

in obedience to repeated orders from home, to recruit Armenians, owing to the great expense attending the enlistment and transport of British recruits. European soldiers in India were at this date dressed and armed after the military fashion of the period, "but the Native troops, although drilled in the use of the musket, were chiefly armed with the sword, the spear, and shield, wore their Native dress, and were commanded by Native officers." It is not, however, until the year 1741 that occurs the first mention of a regular battalion as part of the garrison of the castle of Bombay; it consisted of close upon 1500 men, was organised in seven companies, and was commanded by a captain; it comprised both British and Native soldiers, the latter numbering nearly two-thirds of the whole strength. Six years later, in June 1747, occurs the first instance on record of Native troops in the Company's service being detached on service from their own Presidency, when out of 2000 natives who had been enrolled the year previous in Bombay, 100 were sent—with other reinforcements—to Madras, where Fort St. David was undergoing attacks from the French under M. Paradis. This year, too, witnessed the appointment of a Commander-in-Chief, and of an Inspector-General of Artillery for Bombay—the united salaries of these fortunate warriors aggregating £450 per annum! Major Lawrence was appointed from home to command all the Company's troops in India, and the Presidential armies began to be at last in some measure organised; for years Bombay appears to have taken the lead both in regard to military organisation and to the numbers of Sepoys under arms, for so late as 1752

the number of disciplined Sepoys considered sufficient for the protection of the Madras possessions by the Court of Directors was 1300 men, distributed among the three strongholds of Fort St. George, Fort St. David, and Fort Devi Kotah.

The Sepoys seem to have behaved with great gallantry upon several occasions:

Major Lawrence spoke highly of their conduct during the attack on Cuddalore by the French in 1748; at the siege of Arcot in 1751; and at the

battle near Volcondah in the same year, when the European troops retired in panic, their behaviour was also excellent; and Orme praises them for being very well to the front at the second battle of Volcondah in 1752, under Clive. At the siege of Trichinopoly in 1753, and at the repulse of the night attack in November of the same year, they also fought gallantly, and many instances of personal bravery and devotion on the part of Native officers have been placed on record.

During all these years, however, and in all these actions, the regularly enlisted Sepoys at all events had fought in battalions which had a *stiffening* of Europeans—British or Swiss—probably amounting to not less than one-third of the total strength. It was left for Clive to give his Sepoys better training and sounder organisation, and to form them into regular Native battalions under European officers: the first of these—the very first Sepoy Battalion as such—was raised in the anxious days of 1757, when the Englishmen at Calcutta were expecting an attack from the Nawab Siraj ud Dowla, and when Clive and Watson had come up from Madras to avenge the infamy of the Black Hole.

The battalion was possibly recruited from among the Madras Sepoys; the officers, according to Williams, being selected from the Madras detachment. The corps thus raised was called by the natives *Lall Pultan* or the red battalion. It was officered by one captain, two subalterns (Europeans) who acted as field officers, assisted by a sergeant-major and several sergeants, also Europeans; there was a Native commandant, who took post in front with the captain, and a Native adjutant who remained in rear with the subalterns. The battalion consisted of ten companies, two being Grenadiers; each company had a subadar, three jemadars, five havildars, four naiks, two drummers, one trumpeter, and seventy Sepoys, with two Colours, one bearing the subadar's device, the other having the Union Jack in the upper corner.

Space does not admit of my pursuing further the story of the gradual creation of the Presidential armies of Bombay and Madras, and I may proceed to describe the different races and classes from which the soldiers of those armies are now drawn. Leaving out those races which I have elsewhere mentioned, the merely *local* sources of recruitment for the two Presidencies are practically confined to the following races or

castes, viz., Baluchis, Brahuis, Bhils, Hazaras, Mahrattas, Mers, Moplahs, Telingas, and Tamils.

"Baluchistan, the land of the Baluchis and Brahuis, is bounded on the north by Afghanistan, on the east by Sind and the Punjab, on the south by the Arabian Sea, and on the west by Persia." The total area of this generally hilly, and in parts mountainous, country is about 160,000 square miles. The population consists of about 500,000 Baluchis and Brahuis, of whom the former are the more numerous, while the latter are the dominant race in the land. The Baluchi claims Arab descent, ascribing his origin to the uncle of the Prophet; he is a nomad, having settled first in Syria and then in Persia, and having been expelled from both countries before he eventually found his way into Mekran, and thence spread all over Baluchistan. The Baluchis are not unlike the Pathans, but are not so brutal or so treacherous, and enjoy a higher reputation for truth and fidelity, while they are not so bigoted and fanatical. They are manly, brave, frank and strong, independent and yet respectful. The Sind war showed us how they can fight, but their laziness, objection to discipline and aversion to wearing anything but their own clothes—"theoretically white, but never washed save on the rare occasions when they go to durbar"—prevents their accepting regular service. Ibbetson says that the Baluchi "has less of God in his head and less of the devil in his nature" than the Pathan; the latter prefers to kill his enemy from behind, the Baluchi face to face; the late Sir Charles Macgregor, than whom none knew better the men of the frontier, had a high opinion of the value of the Baluchis as auxiliary troops, and of their stern, unyielding courage. He says:

> An Afghan at feud with his neighbour gets into a tower or behind a rock and waits till he can murder him in cold blood; a Biloch collects all the wild spirits of his clan, and attacks his enemy in force, sword in hand, generally losing very heavily.

It is a thousand pities that so few Baluchis—comparatively speaking—care to enlist in our service, for they are

eminently suited for Silladar cavalry, being "born horsemen and breeders of a particularly hardy and enduring race of horses."

Holdich, of the Indian Survey, says:

> We find all through Kelat, and extending almost to the sea, a Dravidian people called Brahui, who are quite distinct from, and probably very much older than the Arabs; relics possibly of those prehistoric immigrations from the plains of Mesopotamia which have filled the Central and Southern Indian jungles with such communities of interesting people.

It is thought that somewhere about the fifteenth or sixteenth century the Brahuis drove the Baluchis from the province of Kelat, and thus acquired dominance over the Baluch tribes. The Khan of Kelat, the ruler of Baluchistan, is a Brahui, and the various chiefs acknowledge him as their suzerain; but he would probably find a difficulty in keeping all these turbulent spirits in order without the recognition and assistance of the Indian Government, and the supremacy of the Brahui Khans would, no doubt, have entirely passed away, but that it has been our Border policy to support it. The Brahuis enjoy, as nominally the dominant race, certain privileges not extended to Baluchis; the latter, for instance, in time of war drawing a ration only of millet flour while the Brahui draws one of wheat flour. Baluchis and Brahuis are alike fine men, truthful and faithful to trust, and there is yet to be found in their country a stone of cursing "erected as a perpetual memorial of the treachery of one who betrayed his fellow."

Bhils.—It is said that a young Bengali Babu being once asked in an examination to write down what he knew of the Bhils, delivered himself much as follows: "The Bhil is a black man and yet more hairy; he shoots your body with bow and arrow and hides it in a ditch. By this you may know your Bhil!" This description is, however, neither particularly correct nor especially satisfying. The Bhils are an aboriginal race inhabiting large tracts of country in Rajputana and Central India from the Aravalli Hills in the north to the

Nerbudda River in the south. They are great hunters, living a rough open-air life, which has developed in them sufficient nerve, muscle and hardihood to make them capital soldiers of thoroughly good physique. They are genial and good-tempered, fond of liquor, robbery and sport. They are faithful, but at the same time ignorant and superstitious, followers of a rather debased form of Hinduism. "Men like Outram, who spent several years among the Bhils and did brilliant service with them, held them in high repute, wild, barbarous, and lawless robbers though they were." Up to less than a century ago the Bhils lived on the blackmail which they levied on all goods passing through their hills, and as late as 1826 they gave the Indian Government a good deal of trouble. With the raising of two regiments in their midst—the Malwa and the Meywar Bhil Corps—the Bhils gave up their lawless ways, and now enlist readily enough in our service. They appear to have no chiefs of their own, but either own allegiance—as in Meywar—to certain chiefs, vassals of the Rana, who are of mixed Bhil and Rajput origin, or else they merely hold their lands in fief from the particular Rajput chief in whose territory they have settled, but it is only of comparatively late years that their vassalage has become more real than nominal.

Hazaras.—The country whence came the Hazaras—the natives of Western and North-Western India—lies in that unknown tangle of highlands to the west of Ghazni, and about midway and to the south of a line drawn from Kabul to Herat, and "is peopled by a number of Mongol tribes who were settled here as military colonists by Changhiz Khan—as Rohilkand was colonised with Rohillas by Mahmoud of Ghazni—after the expulsion and extermination of the original Persian possessors." This region is the Paropamisus of the ancients, contains fertile valleys, and is the source of several important rivers, including the Helmund. The inhabitants are called Hazaras by us and by the Afghans, but do not themselves use the name, being only known amongst themselves by the titles of their different

tribes and clans. "With the exception of a few Turki words, they have entirely lost their mother-tongue and adopted in its place the Persian language of the thirteenth century and with it the national form of religion of that people, namely, the Shiah doctrine of Islam." They are a simple-minded race, much priest-ridden, illiterate, governed absolutely by their tribal chiefs, poor and hardy. They cross the western frontier of India in large numbers every cold weather, and are in great request by the Military and Public Works Departments as first-class navvies. They are very hostile to the Afghans, the more independent tribes of the interior of Hazara having hitherto baffled most of the attempts to coerce them made by the Kabul Government, while even those living nearer to Kabul, Kandahar, Herat, and Balkh only pay revenue under pressure. They have suffered much persecution from their neighbours, but have always shown a friendly disposition towards Englishmen. Individual Hazaras have enlisted in many of our Indian regiments, and the 124th and 126th Baluchistan Regiments of the Bombay Army have each two companies of these tribesmen. These are now to be taken to form the nucleus of a new class regiment composed entirely of Hazaras; it is to be styled the 106th Hazara Pioneers, and the experiment, if successful, will doubtless lead to the raising of more battalions of these hardy frontiersmen.

Mahrattas.—Maharashtra, "the Great Province," the country of the Mahrattas, is bounded on the north by the Satpura mountains, and extends from about Surat on the west to the Waingunga River, east of Nagpur. The boundary follows that river till it falls into the Wardha, on to Manickdurg, thence to Mahar, and thence to Goa; on the west it is bounded by the ocean. The country is watered by the Nerbudda, the Tapti, the Godavery, the Bima, the Kishtna and their many tributaries. The western Ghauts divide it into two divisions: that between the mountains and the sea—varying in width from twenty-five to fifty miles—is called the Konkan, while the Decanni Mahratta country lies to the east of the Ghauts.

For recruiting purposes Mahrattas are divided into Konkani and Decanni Mahrattas, and it is this race which supplies a very large proportion of the purely local infantry recruits of the Bombay Army. The Mahrattas "are probably a race who entered India from the north-west anterior to the Aryans, but were, on the entry of the latter, infused with a strain of their blood, as well as converted to their religion and to some extent their speech." The present Mahar peasantry of Maharashtra are probably the descendants of the men who furnished the larger proportion of the Mahratta warriors in the days when these latter boasted, with some reason, that they had watered their horses at every river in India. Historians have stated that the Mahrattas were never a military race like the Sikhs and the Gurkhas, but our four Mahratta wars proved to us that these were worthy foes and hard fighters. No race devoid of the true military spirit could have played so leading a part in the history of India, but it is certainly true that the Mahratta horseman possessed rather "the courage of the freebooter than the genuine soldierly instinct." He is sturdily built, can stand a good amount of exposure and fatigue, and it seems a pity to deny him sound soldierlike qualities when the *Pax Britannica* and the claims of regiments containing more highly-prized material have combined to prevent the Bombay Sepoy from enjoying anything like his fair share of active service. There are six class regiments of Mahrattas in the Bombay Army, and many class companies of them are included in other battalions; but when one remembers all that one has read of the deeds and prowess of the famous Mahratta Horsemen, it seems surprising to find from the Indian Army List that only one of the Bombay cavalry regiments contains a squadron of Decanni Mahrattas.

On one of the main roads leading out of Calcutta the observant may remark, near a foul suburb, a noisome ditch where the pariah dog contends for garbage with the kites and the crows; it is all that is left of the old *Mahratta Ditch*, which was dug in 1742 in feverish haste by the inhabitants of Calcutta

as a protection against the repeated ravages to which Bengal was subjected by the Mahrattas but little more than a century and a half ago!

Mers.—The Mers, who supply a large number of excellent soldiers of good physique to the Merwara Battalion, are an aboriginal race, with a strain of Rajput blood in them. They inhabit a long and narrow range of hills near Central Rajputana, formerly lived largely by dacoity, and for centuries waged not wholly unsuccessful war against the Rajput chiefs who sought to subdue them. They claim relationship with the Minas—who are found in western Central India, in Jeypore, Ulwur, Meywar, and Sirohi—and prefer to be looked upon as the offspring of Rajput fathers and Mina mothers.

Moplahs.—The total population of the Madras Presidency is about thirty-six millions, and of these less than two and a half millions are Mahomedans, while nearly half this number of Mahomedans is found in Malabar. Most of the Mussulmans of Madras are converts from Hinduism, and this portion of the population of the Presidency is made up "(1) of pure-blooded Dravidian converts to Islam; (2) the pure descendants of Afghans or Moguls who came as conquerors into the south; (3) a mixed Afghan, Mogul, and Dravidian population." The Moplahs are one of the chief Mahomedan castes, and form perhaps the best fighting material to be found in the Southern Presidency. There are about one million of them, and they speak Malayalam. They are the descendants of the Arabs who traded to the Malabar coast and intermarried with the women of the country, resulting in a mixed Arab and Dravidian race. The Moplahs are agriculturists and fiercely fanatical—not, however, with the fanaticism of the Mahomedan of North-Western India; there is method in the fanaticism of the Pathan—defining this as a "sentiment of religious intolerance excited into reckless action"—for few Pathans will run serious risks in their frenzy unless they have a good chance of inflicting damage; but, unlike them, the Moplah never stops to reckon up the odds. On at least two occasions of quite recent years

there have been very serious religious riots among the Moplah community, when with every single chance against them the Moplahs took their stand—and took their punishment. British troops have been called out against them, and had no light task to effect their subjection. The Moplahs are not such fine men as Sikhs and Pathans, but they are far and away of finer physique than almost any other of the military castes of the Madras Presidency, and the two battalions of Moplah Rifles which of late years have been raised are composed of most promising stuff.

Telingas.—Of the Telingas I have very little to say, for although there are still many of them among the infantry battalions of the Madras Army, their recruitment has now for some years past been stopped in favour of the acquisition of men of a more military caste. Telugu is the language spoken in the districts of Nellore, Kishtna, Godavery, Vizagapatam, Kurnool, Cuddapah, and parts of Bellary, North Arcot, and Ganjam—practically the whole of the northern parts of the Madras Presidency. "The Telingas or Telagas are a Telugu caste of cultivators who were formerly soldiers in the armies of the Hindu sovereigns of Telingana. This may perhaps account for the name, for it is easy to see that the Telugu soldiers might come to be regarded as the Telugus or Telagas *par excellence.*" The caste numbers about 300,000.

Tamils.—There are in Madras some fourteen millions of Tamils, but probably scarcely one in ten of these is fit to shoulder a rifle, much less to make a soldier. They are found chiefly in Chingleput, South Arcot, Coimbatore, Trichinopoly, Tanjore, Madura, and Tinnevelly; also in parts of North Arcot and Travancore. Their most important military castes are as follows; KALLANS from Madura, Tanjore, and Trichinopoly; of some independence of character and fair physique, give a good deal of trouble, and were formerly a turbulent race much given to theft and dacoity: MARAVANS from the vicinity of Cape Comorin; in days gone by they were a fierce race famous for their military prowess, and gave the British much trouble

at the beginning of the last century, but they are now much the same as other ryots, though perhaps somewhat more bold and lawless: VELLALAS are one of the largest of the Tamil-speaking castes, and these and the PALLIS are of fair physique, and should furnish some good recruits, for both were largely employed as soldiers in old days.

Recruits for the Bombay Army are also drawn to a small extent from the *Meos*—Mahomedan converts from Hinduism who live chiefly about Ulwar and Bhurtpore; and for Madras from the *Coorgs*, a race of warlike Hindus, who gave first Hyder Ali of Mysore and later the British a great deal of trouble, and from the *Christians*, of whom there is a little more to be said. Early in the Christian era a missionary named Thomas—said by some to have been the "doubting apostle"—came to India and worked so hard in his proselytising mission that, on his death, "he left behind him a strong Christian community in Southern India from the Coromandel to the Malabar coasts." Persecution drove these converts to the hilly region of the western seaboard, where they remained for centuries. "When the Portuguese first came to India towards the end of the fifteenth century, they found these Indian Christians in a flourishing condition, respected for their soldierly qualities, and holding a high place among their heathen neighbours. They had Christian Kings or Rajahs of their own, their own clergy, and an organised system of government which compared favourably with that of the surrounding heathen states." Sir William Hunter writes of them that

> they were the most important military caste of the south-west coast. They supplied the bodyguard of the local kings; and the Christian caste was the first to learn the use of gunpowder and firearms. They thus became the matchlockmen of the Indian troops of Southern India, usually placed in the van or around the person of the prince.

From what I have written in this paper it will be seen that the *locally* obtained recruits of the two southern armies of India are drawn from castes whose military reputation is mainly of the past, whereas the name of the fighting men of northern

India lives in the present day. But it is to be said that the military castes of the Madras Presidency at least have not received anything like the same systematic study as have the fighting races of Upper India. "But it is always well to remember that the Native Army will be just what its British officers make of it, and that the excellence or otherwise of the material of which it is composed is not the only determining factor. For the influence of the stronger, manlier, and higher race must necessarily be an all-important factor in making the Native Army fit for the strenuous duties which await it sooner or later."

H. C. Wylly.

THE CRIMINAL LIABILITY OF DIRECTORS

THE growth of company enterprise during the last forty years under the stimulus of limited liability has been one of the most striking features of our industrial development. Of the joint-stock company it may be truly said that it "bestrides the world like a Colossus." The number of these trading companies registered in the United Kingdom alone, and still carrying on business, is 50,000: their paid-up capital is, nearly, two thousand millions; their borrowed capital more than 400 millions. The power and influence of the director has grown with this growth of the company; it is the director who wields this colossal capital, who is charged with the control of this world-wide enterprise; upon his uprightness, vigilance, and sound judgment depends the welfare of a large and increasing part of the trade of the country. Moreover, the director is practically independent; for his principal, the company, is a mere abstraction—a *nomen collectivum* for the shareholders, themselves, for the most part, mere dividend-drawers. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, in view of this influence and independence, that the Courts should have held directors to a very strict standard of duty, and that Parliament has from time to time singled out directors for special legislation beyond their civil and criminal liability at common law. By the Larceny Act, 1861 (ss. 81–84), for example, the legislature created a series of statutory offences by directors—the fraudulent

appropriation of property of the company (s. 81), the keeping of fraudulent accounts (s. 82), the wilful destruction of books (s. 83), and the publishing of fraudulent statements (s. 84), to which we shall come later. By the Companies Act, 1867, it gave companies power to make the liability of directors unlimited—though nothing came of that. By s. 38 of the same Act it compelled directors to disclose material contracts in a prospectus at the risk of its being deemed fraudulent. By the Directors Liability Act, 1890, it made directors liable in damages for any material false statement in a prospectus unless they could prove that they had reasonable grounds for believing it true, and did in fact believe it to be true. By the Winding-up Act, 1890, the summary jurisdiction for misfeasance by directors was extended, and by the Companies Act, 1900, directors' obligation to take up their share qualification was enforced, and the fullest disclosure in a prospectus of all material matters was exacted from them.

It is a remarkable fact—and directors are entitled to take credit for it—that since the date of the Companies Act, 1862, there have been only three criminal prosecutions directed by the Court under these enabling sections, the last being that of the late Whitaker Wright; but this immunity must not be pressed too far in favour of the innocency of directors. Where a director is both civilly and criminally liable shareholders naturally prefer to take such proceedings as may result in getting back something into the assets of the company than in a barren vindication of public justice.

Of all this array of legislation the only part of the law with which we are at present concerned is s. 84 of the Larceny Act, 1861, the section under which the late Whitaker Wright was convicted, and which the Attorney-General now proposes to supplement or supersede by the provisions of the False Statements Bill, 1904; s. 84 runs as follows:

> Whosoever being a Director, Manager, or public officer of any body corporate or public company, shall make, circulate or publish or concur making, circulating or publishing any written statement or account which he

shall know to be false in any material particular, with intent to deceive or defraud any member, shareholder or creditor of such body corporate or public company, or with intent to induce any person to become a shareholder or partner therein, or to intrust or advance any property to such body corporate or public company or to enter into any security for the benefit thereof, shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and being convicted thereof shall be liable at the discretion of the Court to any of the punishments which the Court may award as hereinbefore last mentioned.

The punishments referred to are penal servitude for any term not exceeding seven years and not less than three years, or imprisonment for any term not exceeding two years, with or without hard labour and with or without solitary confinement (*see* sec. 575).

Now comes the new Bill:

1. (1) If any person, being a director, manager, secretary, or other officer of any company, or being the auditor of a company whether an officer or not, wilfully circulates, publishes, or makes or prepares for circulation or publication or concurs in so circulating, publishing, making, or preparing any written statement or account relating to the financial affairs or property of the company which he knows to be false in any material particular, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanour and shall be liable on conviction on indictment to imprisoment for a term not exceeding two years, or, in the discretion of the Court, to a fine not exceeding £500.

(2) For the purposes of this section the expression "company" includes any company formed for purposes of gain, and incorporated by charter, or by or under any Act of Parliament, and any Friendly Society, whether registered or unregistered, and also any Society or body of persons (other than a Friendly Society) which is registered or the rules of which are registered by or with the Registrar of Friendly Societies under any Act of Parliament.

It will be observed that the main difference between the Larceny Act and s. 1 (1) of the Attorney-General's Bill is in the elimination from the latter of the words "with intent to deceive or defraud any member, shareholder, or creditor of such body corporate or public company." The explanation of this change is simple. The difficulty which the Attorney-General felt in advising a prosecution in the Whitaker Wright case arose—as he frankly stated in the House of Commons—from these words "with intent, &c." He could not satisfy himself that Whitaker

Wright's acts—his rigging of the market and manipulation of the items of the London and Globe's balance-sheet—were done "with intent to deceive or defraud the members, shareholders, or creditors of the Company." So far from that it seemed to the Attorney-General that Whitaker Wright was doing all he could to save the situation, and that the purpose of his misrepresentations was to support a corner which, if successful, would have re-established the fortunes of the company; hence, if the summing-up of Chief Justice Cockburn in the analogous case of Reg. *v.* Gurney were followed the prosecution must fail. In the result, as we know, it did not fail: the question left to the jury was in substance whether the analysis of the accounts given for the prosecution after the explanations given by the accused justified the conclusion that the accused did what he had done and omitted what he had omitted "with intent to deceive or defraud the members, shareholders, &c.," and the jury had no difficulty in finding that they were done and omitted with that intent. But the fact that a conviction was in the particular case obtained is not conclusive proof that the law is not capable of being bettered, and the amendment proposed in the False Statements Bill must be looked at in a broader way, disengaged from the particular associations of the Whitaker Wright case. So looked at, the question comes to this: "Ought a director to be criminally liable *ipso facto* for making a false statement in a prospectus or balance-sheet, knowing it to be false, whether he intended to defraud or not?" The elimination of the "intent" is, no doubt, a departure, and a very important departure, from the traditional policy of English criminal law. That law has always required the *mens rea* to be found as a fact by the jury. A "guilty mind," as Chief Justice Cockburn said in charging the jury in Reg. *v.* Gurney (11 Cox, 414), "what we lawyers call the *mens rea*, is essential to constitute a crime in the eye of the law." This safeguard is abolished if the new Bill passes. It is sufficient to constitute an offence under it that a director has wilfully published or concurred in publishing a written state-

ment or account relating to the financial affairs or property of the company which he knows to be false in any material particular. This once proved, the offence is consummated, entailing two years' imprisonment or a fine of not more than £500. Is, then, this departure from the traditional policy of the law necessary for the protection of the public? In answering this we must bear in mind that if a director wilfully makes a false statement in a prospectus or balance-sheet, knowing the statement to be false, a jury has no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion—as it did in the Whitaker Wright case—that the director made the statement with intent to defraud.

> Every man must be taken *prima facie* [as Chief Justice Cockburn said to the jury in the Queen *v.* Gurney trial, R. 254] at least to have intended what are the natural and necessary consequences of his acts, and if you find that there was misrepresentation, and that it has ended in defrauding the parties to whom it was addressed, the fair and legitimate inference is that the intention was that the act done should carry with it the consequences that have followed,

though this presumption, as he goes on to say, may be rebutted by the other circumstances of the case. Reg. *v.* Gurney itself furnishes a good illustration. The partners in the once well-known firm of Overend and Gurney found the business insolvent owing to rash speculations, and to save themselves and the business they devised a scheme for selling the business as a going concern to a company which they formed to buy it. In the prospectus of this company they "economised" the truth; they made statements, that is, as to the assets to be taken over which constituted a gross over-valuation to the extent of two or three millions; on the other hand, looking at the great earning power of the business, it might very well be genuinely worth what the shareholders were paying for it, and in the result the jury acquitted the partners of any "intent to defraud." Under the Attorney-General's Bill they must almost certainly have been convicted.

Or take another case, Peek *v.* Derry. A special Act in-

corporating a tramway company provided that the carriages of the company might be moved by animal power and, with the consent of the Board of Trade, by steam power. The directors of the company issued a prospectus stating that by the company's special Act the company *had* the right to use the steam power instead of horses, and on the faith of this statement the plaintiff took shares in the company. In fact the company had not acquired the right to use steam power, but the directors had applied to the Board of Trade for permission, and they *bonâ fide* believed that they would get it. In the result, however, they did not get it, and the shareholders brought an action of deceit, which failed because the Court held that there was not the moral fraud on the directors' part necessary to support that form of action. But suppose that the directors—who were undoubtedly men of honour and incapable of fraud—had been indicted under the Attorney-General's Bill, what would have been the result? They must inevitably have been convicted. They had wilfully made a statement in writing false in a material particular with regard to the company's property knowing it to be false.

Then comes the question, Ought they not to be convicted? Have they not committed a very grave offence against the public by putting upon it a statement which they know to be false, whether they have done it with a view to defraud or not? In these days the mischief which may be done by false statements is enormously increased by printing and postal facilities. Millions of copies of a false or misleading prospectus can be distributed in a few days. Directors have from their official position great power, and these agencies of civilisation add to it. Can directors complain if such power is made to carry a correlative responsibility, and if the law require of them that the statements they make shall not be deliberately false. To the moralist or the casuist the state of a person's mind when he does an act—the question whether he is actuated by fraud or malice or other evil motive, is a matter of supreme importance, but to the persons affected by the act the motive

which prompts it is immaterial. If, for instance, a person fires a pistol into a crowd and happens to hit me, it is of little consequence to me whether he did it on purpose or by accident, was mad or drunk or murderous—I am the victim in any case. In primitive law this disregard of the wrongdoer's state of mind is common. The *lex talionis* which is the basis of early criminal law takes no account of motive. The analysis of motive or psychological conditions is beyond the reach of a rude age. The appeal to Heaven in the ordeal and the duel is a recognition of this fact. To-day a tendency is manifesting itself to revert to the earlier principle, not indeed for the primitive reason—for juries can be generally trusted to find the intent, but because the really important thing to society is the act or default itself, and not the motive that inspires it. As Tennyson puts it:

> The individual withers and the world is more and more,

and this external standard of conduct applies forcibly to false statements by directors. To a person who has been induced to take shares in a company by false statements in a prospectus or to retain such shares on the faith of a false balance-sheet when he might have sold them, it is immaterial whether the mis-statements were fraudulent as well as false. The loss to him is the same. The Attorney-General's Bill is well calculated to emphasise this truth and to secure greater vigilance on the part of directors and stimulate a stronger sense of responsibility; and this is what is more especially needed at the present day. The besetting temptation of directors is to take things too much on trust, to surrender themselves to the lead of a manager or chairman and assume, because they are told so, that all is right. They do not realise sufficiently the fundamental doctrine of law that a director must not delegate his duty to any one, but must exercise an independent judgment as a business man upon the balance-sheet or other matter submitted to him. If, for instance, a cheque is drawn he must inform himself of the purpose for which it is being given, not sign for mere conformity.

The story has often been told how a man sentenced to death under the old law for horse-stealing complained to the judge that it was very hard he should be hanged for a horse, whereupon the judge replied: "You are hanged not for stealing a horse, but that horses may not be stolen." This deterrent or educational policy—as distinguished from the retributive—marks our modern legislation; it looks in the main to the protection of society, and this principle must be given its due weight in estimating the merits of the Attorney-General's Bill. It is not of the individual director we have to think, but of the thousand and one directors whose conduct will be influenced by it: and if it be said that the Act is severe it must be remembered that the Court can apportion the punishment to fit the offence. It may visit it with anything from two years' imprisonment to a trifling fine. There is this further safeguard against abuse, that a prosecution for an offence under the Act is not to be instituted except by or with the consent of the Attorney-General.

EDWARD MANSON.

THE CRAFT OF NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

I HAVE before me a copy of one of the London daily newspapers. It consists of 16 seven-columned pages. Two pages only are devoted exclusively to news, while six are given up entirely to advertisements. The remaining eight pages are of a mixed character, some consisting mostly of advertisements, others being made up chiefly of news. There are 54 columns of news, and 58 columns of advertisements. Four columns more advertisements than news in this leading newspaper! It might be said, indeed, that newspapers are nowadays but purveyors of news in order that they may be mediums for advertisements.

These advertisements of a single day in a single newspaper reach the grand total of 1996! Let us examine their main features. An hour could hardly be spent more profitably or entertainingly. Here in the first column of the front page, under the title, are the announcements of births, marriages, and deaths—they come first in most newspapers—three, eight, and 17 in number respectively. There are also seven "In Memoriam" announcements. Next follow 11 advertisements for disposal of the dead, by burial or cremation. There are 33 appeals in aid of hospitals and other charities for the succour of the suffering and unfortunate. But the announcements relating to the pleasures and amusements of life are the most numerous of any class in the newspaper. Theatre, music-hall

and concert advertisements number 223. There are, besides, 106 advertisements of songs and music. When we turn to the book and magazine announcements we find only three—two of which relate to journals, each independently claiming to be "the best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring matrimonial alliances"—but the paucity of advertisements in this class is explained by the fact that there are special days of the week for literary announcements. Under the heading "Educational" there are 44 schools advertised.

All classes are catered for in these advertisements. They form an encyclopædia of what man wants, or what others think he wants. Eighteen country estates, and 129 landed and house properties are offered for sale. Those who desire to purchase houses and freehold building estates number only 14. The same tale is told by each class of announcements. Those in search of things rarely advertise, contenting themselves with negotiating with those who have them to sell. Here are 48 businesses to select from. The advertisers are drapers, stationers, publicans, butchers, tobacconists, milliners, grocers, milkmen, jobmasters, poulterers, tailors, restaurant, hotel and boarding-house keepers. There are only two announcements of businesses wanted to purchase—a coffee-shop and a boarding-house. It is a pleasure to read that every business on the market is sound and remunerative. The prices asked for them appear to be ridiculously low. Here, for example, is a boarding-house in Kensington the receipts of which are "about £800 p.a.," and all that is wanted for goodwill and furniture is "650 guineas." A laundry doing a trade of £22 a week may be had for £700, "part cash down, balance by instalments"; a news-agent and fancy goods business making £20 a week and furnished with stock valued at £600, cost price, is going for £1000. Why should these excellent businesses be offered to other people for such small considerations? In each case, we are told, there are "satisfactory reasons for disposal." Land and houses to be let in the country, 92; land and houses wanted in the country, 12. Shops and houses to be let in the

city, 75; shops and houses wanted in the city, two. Board and apartments to be let, 245; board and apartments wanted, 18.

Next to announcements of amusements, advertisements of situations vacant are the most numerous. It is cheering to note that there are as many as 212 posts waiting to be filled up. Seekers for situations advertise to the number of 31 only. Glancing through the "Situations Vacant" we find that "a gentlemanly and intelligent youth" is wanted to—deliver milk! That intellectual capacity should be required in a milkman is not difficult to understand; but the why and the wherefore of good breeding and deportment are not quite so apparent. Curiously enough, the same high qualities, physical and mental, are demanded in a young man wanted to drive a butcher's cart! Can it be that these youths of good appearance and agreeable manners are really needed for the "deludement" of housemaids with orders for meat and milk to give away? Agents are wanted for the sale of a pamphlet entitled "Schemes and Fakes of America." It is described as "an energy-maker, full up with shrewd, legitimate, money-making ideas untouched in England," and it can be had post paid from Montreal for twelve penny stamps. A trading concern seeks to enlist the services of ministers of religion as commercial travellers in this fashion:

> Wholesale Tea Trade.—Wanted, by an old-established London house, Representatives for South Wales. Dissenting ministers, or others possessing good local influence, and who can command a sound business, and who could spare three or four days a week, would be liberally treated.

Partnerships and investments in businesses are offered to the number of 49. Here is one: "Secretary.—Wanted the services of a young gentleman who would be agreeable to advance £350." But there is no reason why any young gentleman should pay £350 solely for the sake of getting work to do. In the next announcement we are told that £2 10*s.* a week can be made by the mere investment of only £10. Needless to say, £350 so invested will yield the adequate income of £87 a week without doing a stroke of work. One

may turn five pounds into a thousand in no time. Moreover, the five pounds is easily obtainable. Here are the money-lenders' advertisements. Here are 46 philanthropic persons willing to make cash advances from £5 to £5000 "without publicity, delay, or security" to householders. "A gentleman," says one announcement, "will assist responsible persons with speedy advances on their own written promise to pay." One benevolent gentleman, while asking only 5 per cent. for the loan of his own money, offers 8 per cent. for any money left with him on deposit. An ingenious friend of ours who read the announcement saw in it the chance of easily supplementing his income by £150 a year. He determined to borrow £5000 at 5 per cent. from this philanthropist, and deposit it with him at 8 per cent. But to his grievous disappointment he found, on making inquiries, that while the 8 per cent. for deposits was per annum, the 5 per cent. for loans was per month, representing 60 per cent. per year!

Sales by auction number 174. Advertisements of articles for sale privately—mainly pianos, typewriters, and household furniture—are 55. Advertisements of articles wanted to purchase are five. It is curious that as many as 18 dealers in cast-off clothing have announcements in this single newspaper issue. One firm quotes a testimonial. "Lady M. writes: 'I recommend them; they give the best prices.'" Another, which opens with the fetching line, "The Chance of a Lifetime," states they have just received "a contract from Pretoria for ladies', gent.'s, and children's cast-off apparel of every description," and consequently they are enabled "to genuinely give 50 per cent. more than other dealers." The rivalry in this trade appears to be exceedingly keen. A third advertiser affirms that he can afford to pay higher prices for second-hand clothing than any one else because "he has always a number of customers waiting to be supplied." This surely is the best of all inducements to dispose of cast-off apparel. Is not "clothe the naked" one of the works of mercy and charity?

There are 30 advertisements of business firms or manu

facturers of articles of general domestic use and consumption. Each is an attempt by vigorous trumpet-blowing to awaken people to a keener sense of their interests, comforts, and well-being. Why does one "look so miserable?" Because one has not given Somebody's Smoked Sausage "a fair trial." Why is your wife so irritable? Because you have not purchased for her a domestic mangle. But perhaps you have not got a wife. Then here is an advertisement imploring you to lose no time in getting married in order that you may enjoy the felicity of obtaining furniture on the easy payment system. "You catch the bird, we furnish the nest," says this beneficent advertiser. Moreover, one's character is improved by excellent moral reflections. "Start the day right. A good start is half the race. If you suffer from breakfast-table peevishness you commence all wrong." Such is the text of an advertisement of a pill. An advertiser of domestic appliances says, "Don't run down your wife because she doesn't seem to get through her day's work as quickly as the good lady next door." A clothes-wringer enables "the good lady next door" to make the home happy. One of the most engaging qualities of these public announcements is their cheerful optimism. It is true that the operations of one or two of these advertisers in the service of humanity are thwarted by "unscrupulous dealers" who endeavour to "palm off inferior preparations" on the innocent public. "There are imitations," says another advertiser; "but they are frauds." The nine advertisements of private detectives are also a bit disquieting. Evidently there are people who need to be watched. But the main impression conveyed by these public announcements is that, after all is said and done, life has its compensations. The tidings of a dreadful battle is immediately followed by the cheerful intelligence that Keller's hats are the best. The alarm we feel in reading the speech of a statesman that our trade is decaying is alleviated by the announcement that Mellor and Co. have added to their already large stock of umbrellas, and now challenge the competition of the world!

What concern for one's health and personal appearance is manifested in the advertising columns of the newspapers! Look at this solicitous inquiry, which, as if to emphasise its hearty good-nature, is put in big type—"Are you sure your kidneys are right?" In order that no mistake might be made as to the symptoms of the disease there is a picture of a man with bent back, his hand pressed to his side, and a look of pain on his face. Then follows the comforting announcement that "a health-giving draught" is at your service. "Sent free of charge!" Could philanthropy further go? "Have you a pain?" asks another advertiser. "Have you a cough?" inquires a third. "Are you irritable?" chimes in a fourth. This chorus of inquiries after your condition, bodily and mentally, is followed up with the most pressing offers of the most wonderful pills and powders and tonics. If these questions awake in you only a languid interest, you are sharply pulled up by the gruesome announcement, "You seem to be at death's door!" Here, too, is a picture of a telegraph messenger with a missive in his hand, and the injunction, in large type, "You should read this at once," and, having read it, you find that you have no excuse for feeling unwell when a specific for the cure of all sorts of incurable diseases may be obtained for the small sum of one shilling and three halfpence. More than that, "a martyr to gout and rheumatism for years" offers to send you "a simple and inexpensive remedy" by which he has been completely cured.

Means for improving one's personal appearance are also abundant in the advertising columns of this London newspaper. "Do you scowl?" This startling question is the caption to a pæan in praise of a wrinkle eradicator. Hair removers are as plentiful as hair restorers. A man can make his scrubby moustache luxuriant in a month; a woman can remove superfluous hairs from her lip as if by a miracle. Grey hair, if properly washed with a certain preparation, quickly resumes its original colour. Why, then—asks the manufacturer of the wash—run the risk of being discharged from your

situation because you look old? Cures for baldness are legion. Pearly sets of teeth are supplied almost for the asking. Hands are made soft and smooth. Even noses are not forgotten. "Roman noses made ideal," says one corrector of the unkindnesses of Nature; "depressed noses raised; broad bulbous noses reduced; pug noses straightened." For a small sum "a delightful personality" can be obtained. For a small sum life can be made rosy and full of charm. And in order that we may know it millions of pounds are spent annually in newspaper advertising. The proprietors of some of these specialities expend from £40,000 to £80,000 a year each.

In fact, the enormous amount of money that is now spent in business advertising has created a new profession or calling. That is the advertisement-writer. America, with its characteristic enterprise, has coined a new and an ugly word to describe him—the "adsmith." In newspaper circles in this country he is known as the "ad-writer." Undoubtedly the want of an advertisement-writer has long been felt by the producers and distributors of commodities. A man may be very clever and successful in commerce and yet be incapable of framing an attractive or even a grammatical advertisement. Here is an advertisement which appeared in a provincial journal: "Blankets! Blankets! Blankets! For domestic and charitable purposes of every description, quality, size and weight." Could there be anything more discouraging than this announcement by a dentist?—"Teeth extracted with great pains"; and surely it was an unhappy blunder for a Dublin grocer to advertise "Irish Whisky" at two shillings the bottle; "Old Irish Whisky" at two-and-sixpence, and "Genuine Irish Whisky" at three shillings. These awkwardly worded advertisements, which are funny without intent, are not uncommon in the newspapers. A few other specimens may be quoted. "Brig's stocktaking sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come to 103, Henry-street." "Mr. Campbell, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up capes, muffs, stoles for ladies out of their own skins."

The intelligent arrangement of words into sentences, as these announcements show, is beyond the powers of many excellent business people; and it is a curious fact that hitherto the conductors of a newspaper, editorial or commercial, did not deem it within their province to correct "copy" for their advertisement as well as for their news columns. Business announcements were printed exactly as they were received from the advertisers, no matter how ungrammatical they might be, or unintentionally humorous. But grammar is not the only difficulty experienced in the preparation of an advertisement. Business people also find it hard to frame an advertisement that shall best fulfil its function of attracting customers, or founding, reviving or extending a trade. If an advertisement proves unremunerative its failure is usually due to some defect in its style. There is a story told of a man who denounced to a group of friends newspaper advertising as unprofitable. "Last week," said he, "I had an umbrella stolen from the vestibule of the church. It was a gift, and, valuing it very highly, I spent more than double its worth in advertising, and I have not recovered it." "How did you word the advertisement?" asked a journalist. "Here it is," said the man, producing a slip cut from a newspaper. The journalist took it and read: "Lost, from the vestibule of St. Peter's Church, last Sunday evening, a black silk umbrella. The gentleman who took it will be handsomely rewarded by leaving it at No. 10, High Street." "Now," said the journalist, "a great deal depends on the manner in which an advertisement is put. Let us try for your umbrella again, and, if you do not acknowledge then that advertising pays, I will purchase you a new one." The journalist then wrote: "If the man who was seen to take the umbrella from the vestibule of of St. Peter's Church, last Sunday, does not wish to get into trouble, and have a stain cast upon the Christian character which he values so highly, he will return it at once to No. 10, High Street. He is well known." This revised form of the advertisement duly appeared in the paper, and the following

morning the man was astonished, on opening the front door of his house, to find in the porch at least a dozen umbrellas of all shades and sizes. Many of them had notes attached saying that they had been taken by mistake, and begging the man to keep the little affair quiet as it would not occur again.

Hitherto, newspapers gave little or no assistance to the man of business in the preparation of his public announcements. As a rule they confined themselves to employing a man merely to solicit advertisements. Indeed, until quite recently some newspapers of the highest standing thought it undignified to send out a canvasser. If a man of business did not choose to bring his advertisement to the newspaper office unsolicited—well, he could keep his advertisement. But all that is now changed. Newspapers are more and more supplementing the advertisement-canvasser with the advertisement-writer. Not only are announcements drawn up on the orders of advertisers, but the canvasser is provided with designs for advertisements, and it has been found that, in cases where an ordinary application for an advertisement has failed, the submitting of an effective and well-displayed design has led to a contract.

Moreover, all the large business firms who advertise to the very verge of prodigality have what is called a "publicity department," at the head of which is an expert whose duty it is to see that the money devoted to newspaper advertisement is laid out to the utmost possible advantage. It has long since been recognised in the commercial world that for a successful business to be maintained, or a decaying business to be revived, it must be artfully and constantly advertised. "The only firm," to quote a saying in newspaper circles, "that can make money without advertising is the Mint." The advertisement columns of the press is the rostrum from which the trader cries his wares to the community at large. But is it certain that he will make himself heard above his rivals? Indeed, the competition of the advertisers is at times so bewildering, and the public are so negligent and indifferent to these things, or

perhaps so preoccupied with more intimate affairs, that it is only by constant repetition, in ever-varying forms of phrase and type, that Corn's cure is the best, will the fact become impressed on our minds, so that when we want a cure we shall ask for Corn's, and will not be put off with any other. Corn must be incessant in proclaiming the virtues of his cure. The demand for any staple article of household consumption can be kept up only by constant advertising. It has been found that the withdrawal of the advertisement is followed by a fall in the demand, even in the case of a well-established business. Corn has been outraced in publicity by a more alert and enterprising rival. The existence of his cure passes completely out of our recollection, once his advertisement disappears from our newspaper, and when we go to the chemist it is Bunion's cure—the preparation of his rival—that we ask for and see that we get. Therefore it is that the knowledge and skill of an expert are needed for the framing of public announcements best calculated, in the first place, to arrest the attention of readers, and secondly to induce them to become purchasers.

The advertisement-writer often displays in his work much native wit and ingenuity, and a most engaging plausibility. The insidious introduction to an advertisement by way of a philosophic essay or a thrilling narrative has gone out of fashion. Here, for example, is the preface to an old advertisement extolling the merits of a liver tonic:

> How sublime, how beautiful the thought that the researches and developments of the nineteenth century have added fresh and glorious laurels to the Great Temple of Fame and Science! In every department and phase of progressive development the hand of the sage and philosopher is ever busy, ever ready to devise means for the amelioration of human woe and the prolongation of life.

How often, too, have we been beguiled into reading an advertisement of some other patent medicine, opening in this exciting fashion:

> "Die!" exclaimed the villain.

Aiming his revolver straight at the breast of Montmorency Murgatroyd, he pulled the trigger.

The deadly weapon failed to explode.

With a howl of baffled rage the dastardly coward flung overboard the useless revolver, and before any one could stop him he ran to the side of the steamer, shook his fist in impotent wrath at Murgatroyd, leaped lightly over the rail, and fell with a "chug" in the dark waters below.

And concluding with an anti-climax such as this:

In all cases of liver complaint, lumbago, sore throat, rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, or muscular cramps use Nogood's Oriental Ointment. Warranted to effect a cure in each and every case, or money refunded. Put up in shilling and ten-shilling bottles. The ten-shilling doses are much more economical, as forty bottles will effectually cure a cold in the head.

But, nowadays, expert newspaper advertisements may be roughly divided into two classes, both of them simple and direct in method. In the first the skill and ingenuity of the writers is directed to compressing much matter into a few words. The gist of the thing is put, without preface or apology, into some saying as brief and pithy as a proverb. In the other class the advertisement takes the form of a long argumentative article, written in clear, plain, and direct language, extolling its subject, whether it be a motor, a wine, or a patent medicine, with studied moderation of statement, and an assumption of independence and conviction, leading the reader in an easy, alluring, plausible manner—scattering wit and information on the way—to the conclusion that the purchase of the article would be a most beneficial act for himself, his family, and the world at large.

But the matter does not end with the production of an attractive advertisement by a clever writer. The services of an equally clever compositor must now be brought into requisition. There is a fine art in the typographical display of an advertisement as well as in its composition. The choice of the type for the advertisement and its disposition, in order to arrest the attention of readers, are matters for the most careful consideration. The fastidious expert will often have

the advertisement "set up" a dozen times in different types and varying styles before he is satisfied. In some cases the system of continually varying the nature and style of the advertisement—calling attention now to one aspect of the thing advertised, and again to some other feature—is found to be most remunerative. Other large advertisers adopt the plan of never varying their advertisements, being of opinion that continuity of character in announcements, both as regards phrasing and type, makes them remembered things and household words. These "display advertisements"—as they are called—are usually sent in stereotyped blocks to the newspapers. Sometimes the large advertiser gets a type-founder to design specially a variety of bold, uncommon types, with which he supplies the newspapers for use solely in his own announcements. Under this plan an advertisement, once put into type, or into a stereo-block, stands all the year round, and is of the same uniform character, no matter in how many newspapers it may appear. Under the newer system of continuous change and variety the advertisement of a firm tells a different tale in every appearance. It is this constant demand for new ideas and effective typographical display that tests the qualities of the advertisement-writer and the compositor.

The effect of the advertisement upon the newspaper is a matter of public importance. We sometimes hear homilies on the supposed subserviency of the Press to the advertiser. It must never be forgotten that a newspaper is not a philanthropic institution, founded and endowed for the purpose of providing the public with the news of the world and opinions on subjects political, social, and artistic, and expecting nothing in return but a halfpenny or a penny. A newspaper is a commercial speculation. It is established to make money by providing people with news and a medium for advertising, just as a shop is opened to make money by supplying people with clothes or groceries. Of course, in addition to that commercial and most useful purpose, the Press has a high and noble function to discharge in helping to guide the conscience

of the nation. But in order to discharge its mission as a teacher and a preacher it must have an income on which it can exist. A newspaper is a very costly thing to produce; and unless it be subsidised, as the exponent of some mission or the advocate of some cause, the money required to carry it on must be obtained partly from the sale of its news, but mainly from the disposal of its advertising space. There was a time when a newspaper could live solely on the sale of its news. The newspapers of the eighteenth century must have done so, for they had few if any advertisements. But that time is over and gone. There was very little news, as well as few advertisements, in the newspapers of the eighteenth century. So enormous is the cost of collecting the supply of news which readers look for to-day that no paper could defray it on the proceeds of its circulation alone. The existence of a newspaper depends, therefore, upon a substantial revenue from its advertisements; and if it fails as an advertising medium, it is doomed—doomed as a caterer of news, doomed in its higher *rôle* as an organ of public opinion. On the other hand, according as it is successful as an advertising medium, it will be enterprising as a caterer of news, and independent and honest as a guide in things political, social, and artistic.

Unquestionably the advertisement has had a most potent influence for good in the development of journalism. Contrast the issue of any daily newspaper fifty years ago with its issue to-day. Half a century ago, because of its few advertisements it had little news. Now it supplies news from all quarters of the world because it has an abundance of advertisements. The newspaper-reading public may, therefore, contemplate the advance of the advertiser with satisfaction, for it means—besides the advantage of a convenient handbook of business—a steadily improving news service, and more brilliant contributions, for their penny or halfpenny.

Many people are annoyed not so much by the excess of the newspaper advertisement as by its ubiquity. It is true

that advertisements now appear in columns from which they were once excluded. Often, indeed, there is no such thing as "the advertising columns" in the sense of a separate and distinct part of the newspaper. Almost every column, in evening newspapers especially, is an advertising column. In the case of all newspapers the advertiser has invaded the news columns. The time was when most of the newspapers not only confined the advertiser to the advertising columns, but refused to accept "blocks" and insisted upon uniformity of type and modesty of display in his announcements. Now "block advertisements" are common, even in the greatest newspapers, or the announcements are willingly set out in large and obtrusive type, double-columned or triple-columned, with pictorial illustrations, or even filling half a page or a whole page like a placard.

Happily, there is nothing to bewail in these new departures in newspaper advertising. At the worst it is only the artistic make-up and appearance of our newspapers that has suffered, perhaps, by the triumphal progress of the advertiser. So much was inevitable in view of the enormous multiplication of newspapers, and the keenness of the competition among them for the favour of the advertiser; and, moreover, what is known as the "spirit of the age" seems to demand the sacrifice of seemliness and beauty in all things to the useful and utilitarian.

Shall we ever see the day when an advertiser will cry the virtues of his soap or tonic from the vantage-ground of the sacred leading article? Imagine the "leader" being broken up in this fashion:

Whatever the pride of rank, of riches, or of scholarship may have induced

PETER'S PILLS

some men to believe, or to affect to believe, the real strength and all the

ARE

resources of a country ever have sprung and ever must spring from the

THE MOST PERSUASIVE

labour of its people.

Mr. Labouchere once stated that he had been offered fabulous amounts to allow the lady who graces the cover of *Truth* to be employed for advertising purposes. Her gown could be let out at an enormous sum per inch. A small fortune might be made if her mirror was to proclaim the virtues of a soap, or a hair wash, and her lamp to illustrate the latest thing in incandescent light. But Mr. Labouchere said he had too much respect for the lady to put her up for auction among the advertisers. "I would sooner walk about," he added, "with an advertisement on my hat." What may preserve the leading article from such desecration is the common but erroneous belief that it has declined in influence. "Nobody reads 'the leader'" is a saying heard not infrequently nowadays; and, as publicity of course is the one object of the advertiser, he may never desire to obtrude his presence in the editorial columns, which he presumes are neglected, even if he were allowed. What perhaps is more likely to happen, in the case of small and impecunious country newspapers, as the demands of the advertisers grow stronger with the keenness of the competition among themselves, is that from the record of the most exciting piece of intelligence readers may be bombarded with such pestering questions as "Do you suffer from breakfast-table peevishness?" "Have you noises in your ear?" But all this is merely fantastic speculation. To attract only is not the object of an advertisement. Its real purpose is to persuade readers to buy; and the more vivid and pleasing its appeal the more will it arouse its readers to the desired state of purchasing activity. The appearance of a business announcement in so unexpected an environment as a leading article, or a piece of news, could only have the effect of arousing in the reader a sense of annoyance, which would be followed, as a natural consequence, by a feeling of repulsion from the object advertised in so unseemly a fashion.

The Press is not destined to become more and more "the organ of the advertiser" rather than "the organ of public opinion," which has been its proud title so long. It is not

developing into an engine simply of puff-puff. Happily, such a degradation of the Press is absolutely impossible It would defeat its own ends. The natural desire of every newspaper is to increase its circulation. It knows that it is only by a wide circulation it can hope to catch the advertiser, without whose support its existence must be brief. The advertiser follows the large circulation. But no journal can obtain this large circulation except by the excellency of its news supply, the ability of its articles and its reputation for independence. A newspaper is made by its literary, not by the advertisement, columns. The experiment of issuing a journal devoted entirely to advertising has been tried, and, although it was distributed gratuitously, it proved a failure. The more a newspaper is converted into an advertising sheet, the more its value as an advertising medium is injured. People will not read a paper solely on account of its advertisements. Every journal is read because of its reputation, its news, its contributions; and subserviency to the advertiser would, in the long run, make it useless for the purposes of advertisement, by impairing its worth in the estimation of the advertiser's potential customers, its own readers.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

THE SERPENT IN LITERATURE

WHEN the snakists of the British Museum or other biological workshop have quite done with their snake, have pulled it out of its jar and popped it in again to their hearts' content; weighed, measured, counted ribs and scales, identified its species, sub-species, and variety; and have duly put it all down in a book, made a fresh label, perhaps written a paper—when all is finished, something remains to be said; something about the snake; the creature that was not a spiral-shaped, rigid, cylindrical piece of clay-coloured gutta-percha, no longer capable of exciting strange emotions in us—the unsightly dropped coil of a spirit that was fiery and cold. Where shall that something be found? Not assuredly in the paper the snakist has written, nor in the monographs and Natural Histories; where then?—since in the absence of the mysterious creature itself it might be interesting to read.

It is true that in spite of a great deal of bruising by Christian heels the serpent still survives in this country, although it can hardly be said to flourish. Sometimes, walking by a hedge-side, a slight rustling sound and movement of the grass betrays the presence of the common or ring-snake; then, if chance favours and eyes are sharp, a glimpse may be had of the shy creature, gliding with swift sinuous motions out of harm's way. Or on the dry open common one may all at once catch sight of a strip of coppery-red or dull brown colour, mottled with black—an adder lying at ease in the warm sun-

shine! Not sleeping, but awake; a little startled at the muffled thunder of approaching footfalls, and crackling of dead leaves and sticks, as of a coming conflagration; with, perhaps, the appearance of a shape, looming vast and cloud-like on its dim circumscribed field of vision; but at the same time lethargic, disinclined to move, heavy with a meal it will never digest, or big with young that, jarred with their parent, have some vague sense of peril within the living prison from which they will never issue.

Or a strange thing may be seen—a cluster of hibernating adders, unearthed by workmen in the winter time when engaged in quarrying stone or grubbing up an old stump. Still more wonderful it is to witness a knot or twined mass of adders, not self-buried, semi-torpid, and of the temperature of the cold ground, but hot-blooded in the hot sun, active, hissing, swinging their tails. In a remote corner of this island there exists an extensive boggy heath where adders are still abundant, and grow black as the stagnant rushy pools, and the slime under the turf, which invites the foot with its velvety appearance, but is dangerous to tread upon. In this snaky heath-land, in the warm season, when the frenzy takes them, twenty or thirty or more adders are sometimes found twined together; they are discovered perhaps by some solitary pedestrian, cautiously picking his way, gun in hand, and the sight amazes and sends a sharp electric shock along his spinal cord. All at once he remembers his gun and discharges it into the middle of the living mass, to boast thereafter to the very end of his life of how he killed a score of adders at one shot.

To witness this strange thing, and experience the peculiar sensation it gives, it is necessary to go far and to spend much time in seeking and waiting and watching. A bright spring morning in England no longer "craves wary walking," as in the days of Elizabeth. Practically the serpent hardly exists for us, so seldom do we see it, so completely has it dropped out of our consciousness. But if we have known the creature, at home or abroad, and wish in reading to recover the impres-

sion of a sweet summer-hot Nature that invites our caresses, always with a subtle serpent somewhere concealed in the folds of her garments, we must go to literature rather than to science. The poet has the secret, not the naturalist. A book or an article about snakes moves us not at all—not in the way we should like to be moved—because, to begin with, there is too much of the snake in it. Nature does not teem with snakes; furthermore, we are not familiar with these creatures, and do not handle and examine them as a game-dealer handles dead rabbits. A rare and solitary being, the sharp effect it produces on the mind is in a measure due to its rarity—to its appearance being unexpected—to surprise and the shortness of the time during which it is visible. It is not seen distinctly as in a museum or laboratory, dead on a table, but in an atmosphere and surroundings that take something from and add something to it; seen at first as a chance disposition of dead leaves or twigs or pebbles on the ground—a handful of Nature's mottled riff-raff blown or thrown fortuitously together so as to form a peculiar pattern; all at once, as by a flash, it is seen to be no dead leaves or twigs or grass, but a living active coil, a serpent lifting its flat arrowy head, vibrating a glistening forked tongue, hissing with dangerous fury; and in another moment it has vanished into the thicket, and is nothing but a memory—merely a thread of brilliant colour woven into the ever-changing vari-coloured embroidery of Nature's mantle, seen vividly for an instant, then changing to dull grey and fading from sight.

It is because the poet does not see his subject apart from its surroundings, deprived of its atmosphere—a mere fragment of beggarly matter—does not see it too well, with all the details which become visible only after a minute and, therefore, cold examination, but as a part of the picture, a light that quivers and quickly passes, that we, through him, are able to see it too, and to experience the old mysterious sensations, brought back at his magic touch. For the poet is emotional, and in a few verses, even in one verse, in a single well-chosen epithet, he

can vividly recall a forgotten picture to the mind and restore a lost emotion.

Matthew Arnold probably knew very little about the serpent scientifically; but in his solitary walks and communings with Nature he, no doubt, became acquainted with our two common ophidians, and was familiar with the sight of the adder, bright and glistening in its renewed garment, reposing peacefully in the spring sunshine; seeing it thus, the strange remoteness and quietude of its silent life probably moved him and sank deeply into his mind. This is not the first and most common feeling of the serpent-seer—the feeling which Matthew Arnold himself describes in a ringing couplet:

> Hast thou so rare a poison?—let me be
> Keener to slay thee lest thou poison me.

When no such wildly improbable contingency is feared as that the small drop of rare poison in the creature's tooth may presently be injected into the beholder's veins to darken his life; when the fear is slight and momentary, and passing away gives place to other sensations, he is impressed by its wonderful quietude, and is not for the moment without the ancient belief in its everlastingness and supernatural character; and, if curiosity be too great, if the leaf-crackling and gravel-crunching footsteps approach too near, to rouse and send it into hiding, something of compunction is felt, as if an indignity had been offered:

> O thoughtless, why did I
> Thus violate thy slumberous solitude?

In those who have experienced such a feeling as this at sight of the basking serpent it is most powerfully recalled by Arnold's extremely beautiful "Cadmus and Harmonia":

> Two bright and aged snakes,
> Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
> Bask in the glens and on the warm sea-shore,
> In breathless quiet after all their ills;
> Nor do they see their country, nor the place
> Where the Sphinx lived among the frowning hills,

Nor the unhappy palace of their race,
Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus any more.

There those two live far in the Illyrian brakes,
They had stayed long enough to see
In Thebes the billows of calamity
Over their own dear children rolled,
Curse upon curse, pang upon pang,
For years, they sitting helpless in their home,
A grey old man and woman.

* * * * *

Therefore they did not end their days
In sight of blood; but were rapt, far away,
To where the west wind plays,
And murmurs of the Adriatic come
To those untrodden mountain lawns; and there
Placed safely in changed forms, the pair
Wholly forget their first sad life, and home,
And all that Theban woe, and stray
Forever through the glens, placid and dumb.

How the immemorial fable—the vain and faded imaginings of thousands of years ago—is freshened into life by the poet's genius, and the heart stirred as by a drama of the day we live in! But here we are concerned with the serpentine nature rather than with the human tragedy, and to those who are familiar with the serpent, and have been profoundly impressed by it, there is a rare beauty and truth in that picture of its breathless quiet, its endless placid dumb existence amid the flowery brakes.

But the first and chief quality of the snake—the sensation it excites in us—is its *snakiness*, our best word for a feeling compounded of many elements, not readily analysable, which has in it something of fear and something of the sense of mystery. I doubt if there exists in our literature, verse or prose, anything that revives this feeling so strongly as Dr. Gordon Hake's ballad of the dying serpent-charmer. "The snake-charmer is a bad naturalist," says Sir Joseph Fayrer, himself a prince among ophiologists; in like manner the

young man from the Royal Academy School will tell you that your favourite Old Master (Paul Veronese, let us say for the sake of illustration) drew badly—not by any means so correctly as the anatomical young man from Piccadilly is able to draw; it is not, therefore, a lamentable thing, since it detracts not from the merits of the poem, that Dr. Hake is a bad naturalist, even as Shakespeare and Browning and Tennyson were, and draws his snake badly, with venomous stinging tongue, and flaming eyes that fascinate at too great a distance. Fables notwithstanding, he has with the poet's insight, in a moment of rare inspiration, captured the very illusive spirit of Nature, to make it pervade and glorify his picture. The sunny, brilliant, declining day, the joyous and wild melody of birds, the low whispering wind, the cool greenness of earth, where

> The pool is bright with glossy dyes
> And cast-up bubbles of decay:

and everywhere, hidden in grass and brake, released at length from the spell that made them powerless, coming ever nearer and nearer, yet as though they came not, the subtle, silent, watchful snakes. Strangely real and vivid is the picture conjured up; the everlasting life and gladness at the surface, the underlying mystery and sadness—the failing power of the old man and vanishing incantation; the tremendous retribution of Nature, her ministers of vengeance ever imperceptibly gliding nearer.

> *Yet where his soul is he must go,*

albeit now only to be mocked on the scene of his old beloved triumphs:

> For all that live in brake and bough—
> All know the brand is on his brow.

Even dying he cannot stay away; the fascination of the lost power is too strong on him; even dying he rises and goes forth, creeping from tree to tree, to the familiar sunlit green spot of earth, where

> Bewildered at the pool he lies,
> And sees as through a serpent's eyes;

his tawny, trembling hand still fingering, his feeble lips still quivering, on the useless flute. He cannot draw the old potent music from it:

> The witching air
> That tamed the snake, decoyed the bird,
> Worried the she-wolf from her lair.

It is all fantasy, a mere juggling arrangement of brain-distorted fact and ancient fiction; the essence of it has no existence in Nature and the soul for the good naturalist, who dwells in a glass house full of intense light and without shadow; but the naturalists are not a numerous people, and for all others the effect is like that which Nature itself produces on our twilight intellect. It is snaky in the extreme; reading it we are actually there in the bright smiling sunshine; ours is the failing spirit of the worn-out old man, striving to drown the hissing sounds of death in our ears, as of a serpent that hisses. But the lost virtue cannot be recovered; our eyes too

> are swimming in a mist
> That films the earth like serpent's breath;

and the shadows of the waving boughs on the sward appear like hollow, cast-off coils rolled before the wind; fixed, lidless eyes are watching us from the brake; everywhere about us serpents lie matted on the ground.

If serpents were not so rare, so small, so elusive, in *our* brakes we should no doubt have had other poems as good as this about them and the strange feelings they wake. As it is, the poet, although he has the secret of seeing rightly, is in most cases compelled to write (or sing) of something he does not know personally. He cannot go to the wilds of Guiana for the bush-master, nor to the Far East in search of the hamadryad. Even the poor little native adder as a rule succeeds in escaping his observation. He must go to books for his serpent or else evolve it out of his inner consciousness. He is dependent on the natural historians, from Pliny onwards, or to the writer of fairy-tales: a Countess d'Aulnoy, for example, or Meredith, in the "Shaving of Shagpat," or Keats his Lamia, an amazing

creature, bright and cirque-couchant, vermilion-spotted and yellow and green and blue, also striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard, eyed like a peacock, and barred with crimson and full of silver moons. Lamia may be beautiful and may please the fancy with her many brilliant colours, and she may even move us with a sense of the supernatural, but it is not the same kind of feeling as that experienced when we see a serpent. That comes of the mythical faculty in us, and the poet who would produce it must himself go to the serpent, even as the Druids did for their sacred stone.

In prose literature the best presentation of serpent life known to me is that of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Now, very curiously, although, as we have just seen, the incorrect drawing takes nothing from the charm and, in one sense, from the truth of Dr. Hake's picture, we no sooner turn to "Elsie Venner" than we find ourselves crossing over to the side of the good naturalist, with apologies for having insulted him, to ask the loan of his fierce light—for this occasion only. Ordinarily in considering an excellent romance, we are rightly careless about the small inaccuracies with regard to matters of fact which may appear in it; for the writer who is able to produce a work of art must not and cannot be a specialist nor a microscopist, but one who views Nature as the ordinary man does, at a distance and as a whole, with the vision common to all men, and the artist's insight added. Dr. Holmes' work is an exception; since it is a work of art of some excellence, yet cannot be read in this tolerant spirit; we distinctly refuse to overlook its distortions of fact and false inferences in the province of zoology; and the author has only himself to blame for this uncomfortable temper in his reader.

The story of the New England serpent-girl is in its essence a romance; the author thought proper to cast it in the form of a realistic novel, and to make the teller of the story a clear-headed, calm, critical onlooker of mature age, one of the highest attainments in biological science who is nothing if not philosophical.

How strange that this superior person should select and greatly exaggerate for the purposes of his narrative one of the stupid prejudices and superstitions of the vulgar he is supposed to despise! Like the vulgar who are without light he hates a snake, and it is to him, as to the meanest peasant, typical of the spirit of evil and a thing accurst. This unphilosophical temper (the superstitious belief in the serpent's enmity to man), with perhaps too great a love of the picturesque, have inspired some of the passages in the book which make the snakist smile. Let me quote one, in which the hero's encounter with a huge crotalus in a mountain cave is described.

> His look was met by the glitter of two diamond eyes, small, sharp, cold, shining out of the darkness, but gliding with a smooth and steady motion towards the light, and himself. He stood fixed, struck dumb, staring back into them with dilating pupils and sudden numbness of fear that cannot move, as in a terror of dreams. The two sparks of fire came forward until they grew to circles of flame, and all at once lifted themselves up in angry surprise. Then for the first time trilled in Mr. Barnard's ears the dreadful sound which nothing that breathes, be it man or brute, can hear unmoved—the loud, long stinging whir, as the huge thick-bodied reptile shook his many-jointed rattle, and adjusted his loops for the fatal stroke. His eyes were drawn as with magnets towards the circle of flame. His ears rung as in the overture to the swooning dream of chloroform.

And so on, until Elsie appears on the scene and rescues the too easily fascinated schoolmaster.

The writing is fine, but to admire it one must be unconscious of its exaggeration; or, in other words, ignorant of the serpent as it is in Nature. Even worse than the exaggerations are the half-poetic, half-scientific tirades against the creature's ugliness and malignity.

It was surely one of Destiny's strange pranks to bestow such a subject on the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and, it may be added, to put it in him to treat it from the scientific standpoint, I cannot help wishing that this conception had been Hawthorne's; for though Hawthorne wrote no verse, he had in large measure the poetic spirit to which such a subject appeals most powerfully. Possibly it would have inspired him to something beyond his greatest achievement. Certainly not

in "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," the "Blithedale Romance," nor in any of his numerous shorter tales, did he possess a theme so admirably suited to his sombre and beautiful genius as the tragedy of Elsie Venner. Furthermore, the exaggerations and inaccuracies which are unpardonable in Holmes, would not have appeared as blemishes in Hawthorne; for he would have viewed the animal world and the peculiar facts of the case—the intervolved human and serpentine nature of the heroine—from the standpoint of the ordinary man who is not an ophiologist; the true and the false about the serpent would have been blended in his tale as they exist blended in the popular imagination, and the illusion would have been more perfect and the effect greater.

Elsie's biographer appears to have found his stock of materials bearing on the main point too slender for his purpose, and to fill out his work he is obliged to be very discursive. Meanwhile, the reader's interest in the chief figure is so intense that in following it the best breakfast-table talk comes in as a mere impertinence. There is no other interest; among the other personages of the story Elsie appears like a living palpitating being among shadows. One finds it difficult to recall the names of the scholarly father in his library; the good hero and his lady-love; the pale schoolmistress, and the melodramatic villain on his black horse, to say nothing of the vulgar villagers and farmer, some of them supposed to be comic. If we except the rattlesnake mountain, and the old nurse with her animal-like affection and fidelity, there is no atmosphere, or, if an atmosphere, one which is certainly wrong and produces a sense of incongruity. A better artist—Hawthorne, to wit—would have used the painful mystery of Elsie's life, and the vague sense of some nameless impending horror, not merely to put sombre patches here and there on an otherwise sunny landscape, but to give a tone to the whole picture, and the effect would have been more harmonious. This inability of the author to mix and shade his colours shows itself in the passages descriptive of Elsie herself; he

insists a great deal too much on her ophidian, or crotaline, characteristics—her stillness and silence and sinuous motions; her bizarre taste in barred gowns; her drowsy condition in cold weather, with intensity of life and activity during the solstitial heats—even her dangerous impulse to strike with her teeth when angered. These traits require to be touched upon very lightly indeed; as it is, the profound pity and love, with a mixture of horror which was the effect sought, come too near to repulsion. While on this point it may be mentioned that the author frequently speaks of the slight sibilation in Elsie's speech—a strange blunder for the man of science to fall into, since he does not make Elsie like any snake, or like snakes in general, but like the Crotalus durissus only, the New England rattlesnake, which does not hiss, like some other venomous serpents that are not provided with an instrument of sound in their tails.

After all is said, the conception of Elsie Venner is one so unique and wonderful, and so greatly moves our admiration and pity with her strange beauty, her inarticulate passion, her unspeakably sad destiny, that in spite of many and most serious faults the book must ever remain a classic in our literature, among romances a gem that has not its like, perennial in interest as Nature itself, and Nature's serpent.

If it had only been left for ever unfinished, or had ended differently! For it is impossible for one who admires it to pardon the pitifully commonplace and untrue *dénouement*. Never having read a review of the book I do not know what the professional critic or the fictionist would say on this point; he might say that the story could not properly have ended differently; that, from an artistic point of view, it was necessary that the girl should be made to outgrow the malign influence which she had so strangely inherited; that this was rightly brought about by making her fall in love with the good and handsome young schoolmaster—the effect of the love, or "dull ache of passion," being so great on her as to deliver and kill at the same time.

If the interest of the story had all been in the dull and pious villagers, their loves and marriages and trivial affairs, then it would have seemed right that Elsie, who made them all so uncomfortable, should be sent from the village, which was no place for her, to Heaven by the shortest and most convenient route. Miserably weak is that dying scene with its pretty conventional pathos; the ending somewhat after the fashion set by Fouqué, which so many have followed since his time—the childish "Now-I-have-got-a-soul" transformation scene with which Fouqué himself spoilt one of the most beautiful things ever written. The end is not in harmony with the conception of Elsie, of a being in whom the human and serpentine natures were indissolubly joined; and no accident, not assuredly that "dull ache of passion," could have killed the one without destroying the other.

The author was himself conscious of the inadequacy of the reason he gave for the change and deliverance. He no doubt asked himself the following question: "Will the reader believe that a fit of dumb passion, however intense, was sufficient to cause one of Elsie's splendid physique and vitality to droop and wither into the grave like any frail consumptive schoolgirl who loves and whose love is not requited?" He recognises and is led to apologise for its weakness; and, finally, still unsatisfied, advances an alternative theory, which is subtle and physiological—a sop thrown to those among his readers who, unlike the proverbial ass engaged in chewing hay, meditate on what they are taking in. The alternative theory is, that an animal's life is of short duration compared with man's; that the serpent in Elsie, having arrived at the end of its natural term, died out of the human life with which it had been intervolved, leaving her still in the flower of youth and wholly human; but that this decay and death in her affected her with so great a shock that her own death followed immediately on her deliverance.

If the first explanation was weak the second will not bear looking at. Some animals have comparatively short lives, as,

for instance, the earthworm, canary, dog, mouse, &c.; but the serpent is not of them; on the contrary, the not too numerous facts we possess which relate to the comparative longevity of animals give support to the universal belief that the reptilians —tortoise, lizard and serpent—are extremely long-lived.

Now this fact—namely, that science and popular belief are at one in the matter—might very well have suggested to the author a more suitable ending to the story of Elsie than that which he unhappily made choice of. I will even be so venturesome as to say what that ending should be. Let us imagine the girl capable of love, even of "a dull ache of passion," doomed by the serpent-nature in her, which was physical if anything, to a prolonged existence, serpent-like in its changes, waxing and waning, imperceptibly becoming dim as with age in the wintry season, only to recover the old brilliant beauty and receive an access of strength in each recurring spring. Let us imagine that the fame of one so strange in life and history and of so excellent an appearance was bruited far and wide, that many a man who sought her village merely to gratify an idle curiosity loved and remained to woo, but feared at the last and left her with a wound in his heart. Finally, let us imagine that as her relatives and friends, and all who had known her intimately, stricken with years and worn with grief, faded one by one into the tomb, she grew more lonely and apart from her fellow creatures, less human in her life and pursuits; joy and sorrow and all human failings touching her only in a faint vague way, like the memories of her childhood, of her lost kindred, and of her passion. And after long years, during which she has been a wonder and mystery to the villagers, on one of her solitary rambles on the mountain occurs the catastrophe which the author has described —the fall of the huge overhanging ledge of rock under which the serpent brood had their shelter—burying her for ever with her ophidian relations, and thus bringing to an end the strange story of "Elsie Venner Infelix."

W. H. Hudson.

CORDOVA AND SEVILLE

THE city of Cordova is an image of lamentation, tragic and lamentable. She is like a ruined sepulchre forgotten in the midst of the desert, from which even the dead have stolen away. She is a dead city of the dead, an immense catacomb of pallid gold, bleached to the whiteness of the unburied bones of man; a shining and wasted Golgotha on which the sun beats all day long while the thirsty dust curls up in little tongues like flames, to taste the freshness of the wind.

Before her, shrunken and thirsty, a river passes into the exaltation of the desert; and here and there on its banks tall and ragged palms stand like huge skeletons that seem about to fall to the earth, and from which time has eaten away the grave-clothes and the flesh, soaked though they were in unguents and preserving oils. If you pass into the dilapidated palaces, barred but empty like rifled tombs, everywhere there is the odour of death, a strange and bitter smell, graveolent of the rancid oil of the ointments, the pungent odour of the unguents, the faded sweetness of the perfumes, and over all the empty odour of death itself that will at last overpower bitter and sweet alike in its own oblivion. And if you pass into the desert that surrounds her with an old voluptuous silence, even there too you will find nothing but dust and ashes; for there is no more learning where the dead inhabit, and that death's head should kiss death's head—it is not to be thought of. . . .

That almost morbid impression of stillness and silence that the traveller finds everywhere in Cordova remains with him to the very gates of Seville, where it vanishes before the curious smile, the languorous gaiety, the subtle unsatisfied excitement of the greatest city of Andalusia. For after leaving Cordova on the way southward, the landscape seems even more arid than before, more melancholy in its immense weariness and immobility; and while it has something of the vastness of the sea, its melancholy and barrenness, there is nothing in those tawny plains of the freshness and vitality of the ocean, but everywhere the very fever and aspect of thirst, the only green things being the ruined hedges of aloes and agaves bristling with thorns, or a long line of sad-coloured olives, bitter and grotesque, furiously twisted in an agony of thirst. Now and then you come upon a cornfield, but it, too, seems to be dying for want of water; and at night-fall, when the relief of evening passes over the world in a breath of wind, it seems to whisper harshly, but so low that you must bend your head to catch the sound, of the torture of the day, the immense burden of life. Deeper and deeper grows the sky till it is like a vast hard jewel, an inverted cup that has fallen over the world; and in all that intensity of light, giddy almost with its own ecstasy, from which the slightest movement of the hand would strike sparks and waves of light, as we may make bubbles and waves by dropping a stone in water, the eyes dazzle, so that the distant houses, the far hills, the desert and the trees seem to be visionary, unreal, wrapped in some glittering sort of mist, and even the shadow of the train is saturated with colour, a long band of violet on the tawny earth.

To enter Seville, beautiful among her orange groves, her acacias, her palms and fountains, beside a river that is like the sea almost, and on which great merchantmen ride at anchor, where there is always life, music, shade, and refreshment, is like a recovery from sickness almost, or the passing of a fever, like waking in perfect health after a troubled night. And it

might seem that it is this immense relief from reality as it were which she offers to all who come to her, that has made her so beloved; for in spite of her fame she is not so marvellous as Avila, nor so lamentable as Cordova, nor so beautiful as Toledo; she is a strange sweet sorceress, a little wise perhaps, in whom love has degenerated into desire; but she offers her lovers sleep, and in her arms you will forget everything but the entrancing life of dreams; the quietness of the gardens where there are only flowers and shade; the pleasure of the fountains.

Her streets are narrow and tortuous, and some are so quiet that you may catch the very words of a song sung in an upper chamber at mid-day, and if you will you may answer it from the way; in others you will hear nothing but voices—in the chief thoroughfare the Calle de las Sierpes, for instance, which in summer time is entirely covered in with awnings, and through which no carriage or wheeled traffic is permitted to pass. It is strange and beautiful that sound of life, the whisper of many footsteps, the eager voices of men and women uninterrupted by the deadening rumble of wheels; and it suggests again the dreaminess of the city, for indeed in sleep all sounds come to us with hushed footsteps daintily down the vista of a vision. And it is, I think, to the Calle de las Sierpes with its cafés and casinos, open to the street like caves almost, so that those without may speak with and salute those within, that the traveller returns again and again, finding there a quiet animation, an excitement that overwhelms him it is true, but not rudely nor obviously, that is very characteristic of this city of pleasure, a little weary of its own enchantment, and yet convinced of its perfection, growing more subtle, less naïve, less natural perhaps, and with a closer hold on external things, just because they seem to be losing their satisfaction.

On a summer evening after the terrible heat of the day Seville opens like some sweet night flower. In the gardens, in the Plaza Nueva, in Las Delicias, and beside the river, people assemble to listen to music, to talk and to meet their

friends, or just to breathe the air that under the stars is not really fresher, only less dazzling, than in the sunshine. Everywhere under the palms and orange-trees seats are placed, and whole families come there to spend many hours of the night. If at that hour you walk through the city you will find it almost deserted; here and there at a great barred window you may catch sight for a moment of the pale faces of two lovers, the man patiently standing in the street leaning against the huge carved *reja* of the window, the woman within, guarded by those iron bars on which her little hands are like flowers, whispering for hours; and more rarely you may come upon some nocturne as it were, where in some tiny Plaza, or in the vista of a street, you will see a beautiful cloaked figure playing a guitar before a house that seems to be built of pearl in the moonlight, and something in the words or the music, so sad, so unsatisfying, so passionate, will bring tears to your eyes because—well, just because there are such things left in the world. And by day and by night as you pass along those narrow crooked streets, you will find yourself compelled to look in at those great windows, to become aware of the life of those who live in those immense houses like caverns, where there is no privacy, unapproachable though they be. No blinds or curtains of any sort hinder you from looking into the quiet rooms or the Patios, cool in the fierce heat, where a fountain plays and the plain walls are restful, and only seem to hear the song of the fountains, or the beautiful syllables of the Castilian tongue, or music or the soft voices of young women. Passing by, you may chance to see two girls seated playing music; the one in the background a little like a Madonna is at the piano, she is so still that she looks like a statue, a coloured bust of sixteenth-century work; the girl in the foreground is seated too, but her back is towards the window. She is playing the violoncello, or perhaps she is waiting on some divine interval; a spirit seems to have passed over her soul in the notes of the music. Or, again, you will chance upon a family at dinner; great rugs are on the stones, and the tiniest child is playing at

the fountain, while the mother looks anxiously towards it smiling vaguely without eating anything, while the rest are busy with their meal. Or, again, you will see a little girl in the midst of a lesson on the guitar; she is seated on a low chair, her mouth puckered up and drawn a little to one side, her forehead frowning, while her black hair has fallen over her cheek; a crimson carnation is about to fall from her hair, her little hands can hardly hold the instrument; the master beats time with his foot, smiling at her, the mother is busy sewing in a deep chair.

It is like paying visits in a dream, to walk through the streets of Seville on a spring or summer night; and you may see there all the life of the city: women more beautiful than flowers, in their summer dresses, lying on couches, women admirable and strong whose gowns hide but to express the beauty of their bodies that seem to live, to possess in themselves, as it were, some exquisite vitality, that are as vivid as flames and more expressive in form than I have ever seen in the North. Everywhere in Seville you meet these women, in Triana, in Las Delicias, in the houses of the wealthy, in the little shops of the poor; for Seville seems to me to be, as it were, a city of women; certainly the women are the most beautiful and the most expressive of its marvels. They are more grave than the deepest and coolest pools, they are quieter than the darkest roses that turn away from the sun; an extraordinary simplicity surrounds them with an immense dignity, and their mysterious and restful spirit seems ever to keep something to itself, some priceless secret, some superb gift that, as I think, is never quite given even to a lover or a husband. So simple and sincere that in the presence of the most beautiful you are, as it were, unaware or at any rate untroubled by the consciousness of sex, away from her you are overwhelmed by just that, embarrassed by it in every thought of her, so that in remembering some incident of the day in her company you are full of wonder that at a touch of her hand—those extraordinarily cool hands—or at the parting of her lips when she was about to speak, you did

not tremble or, at least, were not aware of the immense physical appeal she appears now to have made to you. But no, she belongs to herself. If you watch her walk or dance, every movement, every gesture conscious or unconscious will seem to you admirable, racy, full of beauty and delight, intoxicating in its directness, its subtle provocation. But if you speak to her a little later you will be astonished that you saw anything but the sweetness and dignity of her spirit, in a self-possession that is a charm in itself, and a perfect comprehension that you are a friend, to whom she wishes to be kind. She is not looking for your admiration, she is careless of the impression she makes, because in no conceivable circumstances can she imagine herself as being made love to by you. If she loves you she will surprise you, because she will love with all that dignity, sweetness, abandonment, and sincerity that you have found in her; but she will not flirt. In some way, I think she might find it vulgar and certainly unworthy or very dangerous: she is too sincere, too elemental, too passionate for that common amusement.

It is, perhaps, a more sullen beauty that you discover in the faces of the women of Triana or Macarena; often, indeed, it is not beauty at all, but the ugliness of misery and toil. How hard are the faces of some of the Cigarreras, who, morning and evening, cross the Triana Bridge on their way to or from their work! They are employed, some five thousand of them, at the Fábrica de Tabacos, a huge building between the Jardines del Alcazar and the Jardin del Palacio. It is like a harem, this immense house full of women, and certainly the most melancholy and distressing spectacle in Seville. As you enter, a strange odour—*odor femina*—almost overwhelms you, penetrated as it is by a curious pungent smell of tobacco and of closeness. After a few minutes you are admitted to the Fábrica itself, where women of every age, and every sort of ugliness and mediocrity, some fat and disgusting, some thin or almost skeletons, some *enceintes*, some with babies in cradles, are overwhelmed by the immense crowd of

women who are just that and do not call for your attention individually. Some of these are so young as to be even yet children, some are so old that you might think to-day must be their last. It is a herd, a legion, an army that is broken, and you are at its mercy. And, indeed, that warning of your approach which is sent to the forewomen before you enter is very necessary, for in the heat these poor people are almost naked, and even when you enter they are little more than half-clothed—you may see here and there one of the less pretty furtively buttoning her chemise or pinning a handkerchief over her bosom; and you will be ashamed that you have reminded her of life, that you have added to her wretchedness even so wretched a remembrance. It is a spectacle lamentable and disgusting, of an impossible and shameful simplicity. Just in that simplicity I think the traveller becomes aware of his vulgarity. That intrusion, made from curiosity, becomes hideous under the strange scrutiny of those thousands of eyes: "Do not look, do not look," they seem to say; and indeed the hardness of their looks, their brazen courage, is more pathetic than their tears would be. For in spite of the brutality of many of these women, their impudent callousness, their quite naïve animalism, it is, I think, Woman herself you discover there in the midst, gazing with great angry eyes full of tears after all, at you who have spied upon her, have overheard her as it were, and have despised her or laughed at her misery, or brutally enjoyed her in your heart. And so the dominant feeling on coming from this dreadful place, without air or ventilation, where even the healthiest and strongest soon become pale and ill, is one of discomfort, of fear, of shame, in which pity for oneself almost overwhelms pity for these poor people whom it would not surprise one to see leap up and, like a pack of hounds, tear the intruder in pieces.

That melancholy simplicity which we have so little understood is to be found almost everywhere in Seville; life is naked, and if it is unashamed it is only because it is too proud and too unconscious to be aware, till we with our strange eyes

remind it of our vulgarity, And since it is chiefly of women that the traveller is compelled to think in this beautiful city that is full of them, where in the narrow streets you feel the wind of their shawls; on the Triana bridge you are caught by the sensuous and profound rhythm of their movement; in Triana itself, where you are surprised by their sullen, smouldering beauty a little stupefied by dust and sun ; in the Palacios, where you feel the cold passion of every gesture, every glance ; or in the Alcazar, where you are overtaken by the memory of one who walked or bathed there long and long ago, and plucked the flowers, and was much beloved; and even in the Cathedral, where on all sides Murillo's Madonnas, full of a distracting and sensual loveliness, smile and smile, pathetic in temptation, it is at last as a divine woman sufficient for us and yet so unsatisfying, full of sweetness that is about to become wearying, that you come to think of the city herself. If you go to the Alcazar, for instance, expecting some great and stern beauty, some altogether strong and lovely thing, you will be disappointed ; everywhere you will find flowers that whisper together as though some one had but just passed by ; and as you enter room after room, court after court, patio after patio full of silence and sunlight, you will almost hear the soft footsteps of some one who follows you or has but just gone out, leaving a faint trace of their presence in an inexplicable trouble on the threshold, a suggestion of scent in the air, the trembling of a curtain that has just felt the touch of a hand, a fading breath on the window-pane through which some one has glanced a moment before, a blossom fallen on the pathway, the fluttering of a leaf on a tree where some one has just plucked a fruit. And you remember that Maria Padilla often passed through these gardens, that under these very trees she trembled in the arms of her lover, that these cold pavements have felt the tenderness of her feet, this marble the wealth and sweetness of her body.

And seeing that Seville is so full of the memory of women, of woman's laughter like the song of a bird full of delight, that

you may so often hear in the evenings in Triana, of the voices of women singing children to sleep, of their hands that float like lilies in the Sevillana dance, of their movements full of languor and grace, it is after all just their delight which is the charm of the city herself, an infinite variety in which you will find everything you desire. Something pensive, spell-bound, but half real in the strait, winding Moorish streets, the delicate sleeping patios through which the moonlight creeps like a ghost, combines inconsequently but not unfortunately at all with the melancholy of the Fábrica or the Pottery sheds, the romance of the busy Guadalquivir, the noise and beauty of the quays, the groups of foreign sailors you may see there: while the freedom of the sulky gipsies of Triana, who seem ever about to cry out at you or to spring upon you, contrasts strangely enough with the dignity and seclusion of the women of Andalusia, their immense *ennui* and calmness as it were, their look of exhausted delight, stupefied by their own stupidity.

And so in the spring or autumn evenings and in winter too, if after the strangely elaborate frugality of the Spanish dinner you enter the Novedades Theatre for instance, you may see the Andalusian women dancing very beautifully though a little wearily to the clapping of hands, the throb of the guitar, the eagerness of the castanets. Just there I think you will find the most perfect and the most natural expression of life in Andalusia. It is not a joyful thing at all this strange vivid struggle, in a dance which is like a battle in the soul that has communicated itself to the flesh. It is really a passionate, almost a religious, expression of life, full of an extraordinary seriousness that will produce tears rather than laughter. It is as though in those few subtle movements of the body an art very racy and natural, a dying art it is true, but the only one left in Spain that is even yet alive, had sought to sum up and express as it were in a beautiful allegory the fundamental truths of life, of love, of the creative enthusiasm of man, so pitiful, so involuntary. The dancer stands before her fellows who are

seated in a semicircle behind her; she wears a long dress that falls in folds to the ground. After a time, while some sing intermittently, some now and then play a guitar, some beat time with their hands and stamp with their feet, she begins to dance to the maddening thunder of the castanets. It is a dance of the body, of the arms, of the fingers, of the head, in which the feet have almost no active part. At first she stands there like a flower that is almost overcome by the sun, sleepy and full of languor; her arms seem like the long stalks of the water-lilies that float in the pools. Suddenly she trembles, something seems to have towered in her heart and to be about to burst into blossom, her whole body is shaken in ecstasy; wave after wave of emotion, of pure energy as it were, sweeps over her limbs, she is like a rose at dawn that gazing at the sunrise has shaken the dew from the cup of its petals, trembling with adoration. Her head leans on her shoulder, she is awakening, the castanets have awakened her; she undulates her hips almost imperceptibly; life has caught her in his arms, he has strained back her head, slowly she has opened her eyelids, she rounds her arms as though to embrace him, she holds out her mouth heavy with an ungiven kiss. Without moving her feet, without bending her knees, slowly she turns her body to follow him. At first she dances gravely intermingling her beautiful arms; her soul suffers in her body, her body suffers in its sheath, she breathes deeply, she cannot close her eyelids and her mouth is like a red rose about to fall. She strains voluptuously; she is free, her body is all joyful, is overwhelmed by the splendour of joy, it is as though she were caught in a profound and serious laughter. With an immense energy life possesses her, wrings from her cries that are as lamentable as those of women at child-birth, cries that are drowned in the thunder of innumerable hands, that seem to stretch forth eagerly to touch life as it passes. Slowly she seems to subside into herself, the undulations of her body grow less and less violent; she seems to be weeping, she seems about to fall, she is quite still—it is finished. In a fierce frenzy, serious, grave

and passionate, the thunder of applause mingled with extraordinary and beautiful cries grows and dies away into silence in the shabby room.

Just there it seems to me Seville is in her most characteristic mood, finding in so trivial a thing as the dance seems to us to be, a means of expression for the most profound simplicities of Nature; dancing being indeed the only expression of life for which she cares, since it sums up as it were all the rest in its symbolism and in its perfect marriage of matter and form shadows forth in a mortal minute the whole activity of man.

EDWARD HUTTON.

IMPERIAL CO-OPERATION IN EDUCATION

A FAVOURITE commonplace of English writers on the Colonies, and one which we have learned to look on as sooner or later inevitable, is that young colonials are brought up to speak of England as "home." In a sense that is true. They do speak of it as "home," though as often, if not oftener, as "the Old Country"; but "home" in this case is, indeed must be, a mere figure of speech. How can a country they have never seen, that they have no immediate prospect of seeing, that perhaps even their fathers and mothers have never seen, be "home" to them? They are probably far more interested in the home of their race than in any other country in the world; but very often they have no vivid realisation of its conditions. How should they, indeed?

Conversely, this generation of English children, owing to the constantly increasing amount of space devoted by the Press to Imperial and Colonial topics, is well accustomed to hear about "the Empire," "our Colonies," "independent sister nations," "our oversea possessions," "Brighter Britain," or "Greater Britain"; but what realisation have they of the Empire? How many of them could offhand give a modicum of accurate information about the conditions of life in any one colony? True, the growing generation when grown up will hardly ask such a question as was recently put by a lady of the preceding generation, a lady, moreover, moving in what

are supposed to be well-informed, highly educated circles. "Where *is* Australasia"? she inquired of a friend who remarked that she had just returned from a tour there. But many of them will probably be only a few degrees less ignorant.

I take it for granted that those who do not desire to strengthen the bonds of union between all the scattered commonwealths and colonies making up the Empire, are too few to be worth considering. We differ widely as to the best means of bringing about that strengthening; but not as to its desirability. Most English people admit, and all Colonials *know* that the Empire is, after all, kept together mainly by the intangible, impalpable, indefinite ties of sentiment. But in the very nature of things, as more and more of the colonial populations become colonial born, a weakening of those ties is inevitable, unless some method is devised of counteracting that weakening. Such a method, I believe, is found in the work of the League of the Empire, now some four years old, and at last beginning to find the recognition it merits. That this Society has hit on the right idea, and is carrying it out in the right way, along non-sectarian and non-party lines, is surely proved by the instant and more than cordial response it has elicited from Superintendents of Education and other educational authorities in the Colonies, and from the official recognition of the value of its work by the British Colonial Office.

Whatever strengthens inter-colonial ties of sentiment must naturally tend to strengthen the position of the whole Empire. And certainly, speaking as a colonial, I think I also speak for colonials when I say that to nothing do they respond more readily than to interest shown in their colonies by people "at home"; and that nothing wounds them like ignorance and indifference on the part of the Old Country or its individuals. For the people who use "colonial" as an opprobrious epithet are still not quite as extinct as the dodo.

Nothing will more surely tend to make all Britain's outlying dependencies feel that they are but the component parts of one whole than such a modification of the British and of

the colonial systems of education as will ensure that British children grow up realising the actual conditions of life in at least one colony, and that colonial children grow up realising the conditions of life in at least one other colony, or, preferably, in some part of Great Britain. One who has had to work in England on a colonial education, very good as colonial educations count, thinks that the two great weaknesses of such a training are that it is hard to grow up well-informed about current English affairs and the actual conditions of English life, and harder still to be reliably and sufficiently informed about foreign affairs; also that competent training in modern foreign languages is most difficult to obtain. These disadvantages are, I think, very generally felt by colonials; and the first and most serious of them can be largely done away with by the school-affiliation schemes of the League of the Empire.

The work of the Society owes much to the personal, individual efforts of its honorary workers, not only in England and Ireland, but in all parts of the world. For the initiation of the reciprocal education work of the League its honorary secretary, Mrs. Ord Marshall, is responsible. Her studies in education had led her to think that a more natural and responsive effort was due from the children for the great pains expended on their education. A larger comparison of work, personal touch with the countries under study, and the feeling that their work was of some practical use, would, she thought, help to bring about by natural consequence a higher standard of education. It is now three years since definite schemes were evolved by the League for the affiliation of schools throughout the Empire. Papers for the purpose were submitted to experts, and duly presented to the Colonial Office, and to the agents-general of the self-governing colonies for submission to their Governments. In this way the education authorities all over the Empire were approached, for the Colonial Office issued a special despatch to the Crown Colonies.

The response was all that could have been desired. The reciprocal education work of the League has now the support and co-operation of the Education Departments all over the Empire, whilst, to four of these, the Society is the official agent the world over. To the splendid co-operation of these agents is due the great success of the work. Honorary work from the university, the museum, the Government inspector, the schoolmaster, has established an educational union of the Empire which each month is being sensibly strengthened. The Federal Council of the League now includes members from all parts of the world, while agents for it have been appointed in most of the colonies, either by the Governor, by the Colonial Secretary, or the Director of Education.

In respect to the schools, the names of the new Headmaster of Eton and the Headmaster of Winchester appear among the Vice-Presidents, while on the Federal Council all the great bodies of schoolmasters have appointed representatives. The Museum Committee of the League is doing practical work under the chairmanship of the Director of Dublin Museum, as is also the Nature-study Committee, under Mr. M. P. Hill, of Eton College, and its honorary secretary, Mr. W. Mark Webb. Amongst University members of Committees are Professor Sir Richard Jebb, Professor Mahaffy, Professor Bury, Principal Foster, Principal Reichel, the President of Trinity College, Oxford, and Professor Lodge of Edinburgh. Prominent Canadian, Australian, African, and Indian names are also seen, whilst in New Zealand the Premier, an able man and a man of large ideas, whatever certain English parties may think of him, was quick to allow himself to be nominated a member of the League's Council, and to purchase its literature for distribution through the schools. The Colony's ex-Governor, Lord Ranfurly, also at once saw that here was something which would help to strengthen the weak points in a colonial education.

Public and school lectures form an important feature in the League's programme, but, briefly, in respect to its reciprocal education work, the idea of the Society is that British schools,

as nearly as possible matched in standing, nature of work, age of pupils, &c., shall correspond for mutual profit, and exchange and comparison of work with schools in a Colony or India; and that colonial schools shall correspond with a British school, or a school in India or in another colony. The applicant to be linked, as the League puts it, with another school, chooses the part of the world from which a school is preferred.

In addition to correspondence, the work aims at embracing exchange, whether of essays, nature-study specimens, photographs, or other objects of interest—an ideal which is being gradually realised, though of necessity the first year's work between schools was confined to becoming acquainted through correspondence, to feeling the way as it were, in an entirely new venture.

To give instances of some of the widely dissimilar schools which are "linked": Winchester High School corresponds with the Advanced School for Girls, Adelaide (S. Australia); Epsom College with Cumbermere School, Barbados; Queen's College, Chester, with Queen's College, Barbados; Truro Normal School, Nova Scotia, with the Training College, Grahamstown, Cape Colony; the Epiphany High School, Poona, with a North Adelaide school for girls; the Presidency Training School for Mistresses, Madras, with the Oxford School, Nova Scotia; Wellington (N.Z.) Girls' High School with the Higher Grade School, Hastings; Montreal High School with the Doveton Girls' High School, India, Madras Presidency; a Westminster Boys' School with a Public School in Cape Town; the Good Hope Seminary, Cape Town, with the Croft School, Betley; Howell's School, Denbigh, with Bishop Strachan's School, Toronto; while a number of Transvaal public schools are cross-linked to English, Canadian, New Zealand and Indian schools. The idea of entailing more work on the schools is always deprecated; it is merely suggested that the curriculum may perhaps be slightly modified, and the composition hour used to better purpose.

Besides the schools which correspond, there is another

kind of correspondence between individuals in different parts of the Empire, which is also managed by the League, the honorary secretary, Mrs. Haldane, working it from Oxford as a centre. This Branch now numbers over 4000. The choice of subjects is not limited. A little girl of about thirteen desired a correspondent with whom to discuss "poetry and imperial federation"; while the parlous state of the British Army engages the attention of many boy correspondents. This personal Branch is specially valuable in establishing individual interest and friendship between younger members of the League.

Various pan-Britannic school competitions have been inaugurated by the League, the results of which will be of exceptional interest. Lord Meath, to whose efforts the immense extension of this year's celebrations of Empire Day is largely due, has offered Empire Day prizes of two silver challenge cups, modelled on the Warwick vase, and worth £10 10*s.* each. One is offered to the secondary schools of the Empire, carrying with it a personal prize of £5 5*s.* for an essay on "The Ideas expressed by the word 'Empire,'" the subject selected for 1906 by Professor Sir Richard Jebb, Chairman of the Federal Council of the League of the Empire; the other is open to primary schools of the Empire, carrying with it a personal prize of £3 3*s.*, the subject being "The Chief Stages in the Growth of Greater Britain," again selected by Sir Richard Jebb. The League itself also offers a yearly prize of £10 10*s.* for the best design sent in from any school in the Empire, for the cover of a magazine which it intends to bring out next year. These designs, which are to be judged by Mr. Walter Crane, must embody the idea of closer union of Britain and her Colonies, an idea which, from the numerous designs already sent in, must greatly appeal to the youthful colonial mind. Many very original, some highly ingenious, and a few really beautiful designs have been received, it being generally possible to tell the Colony of origin from the animals, birds and flowers introduced.

As to the value of the work and the interest of the children in it, there is even in this short time abundant testimony. In a primary school linked with schools in several other countries, the Canadian letters once failed to arrive; and great were the lamentations from the children that, though they had heard from Australia and South Africa, "here was the whole school without news of Canada." One head mistress testified that never before had she had such good work done in her school, either as regards composition or the difficulty of the subject. In South Africa alone there are about forty branches of the League, its objects and educational schemes being widely known and increasingly recognised there. There are 1000 members in Adelaide (S. Aus.), and over 200 corresponding members in the Cape Town Branch alone, their correspondents being not only in Great Britain, but in New Zealand, South Australia, Nova Scotia, and the Bahamas. It is noticed, reports the Cape Town secretary, that boys generally ask for comrades in very remote places, an apparent zest for knowledge which is partly attributed to a desire for rare stamps. This, however, is but a slight drawback, if drawback be not too strong a word. The secretary's summing of the results of the League's school-linking scheme is that:

> The friendly intercourse between the linked schools has resulted in a feeling which may be described in the terms used by a modern youth when summing up a message of affection, "intensified reciprocity."
>
> The correspondence with comrades in various parts of the Empire [reports the Secretary of another South African Branch] widens the children's outlook, and gives them an interest beyond their petty local surroundings; the wish to find something interesting to tell their comrades makes them look at the country in a new light, and strengthens their powers of observation. No better way of making the people of England and her Colonies better acquainted could possibly have been thought of; the letters tell of the simple daily life of the children at home or at school, and the grown-ups are quite as much interested in them as the children themselves. Here in South Africa the League is, above all, helping to impress the size and importance of the Empire on many who never before had realised its bigness.

Is it not possible that, despite the League's severely sever-

ing itself from all party politics, it may yet become an agency for smoothing away some of the political difficulties and dissensions in South Africa? The Croft School, for instance, at Betley, near Carlisle, send their school journals with what the recipients describe as "delightful pictures of girl life in England" to South Africa; they assure their colonial correspondents that "we are all so immensely pleased to do this magazine for you in Cape Town, and have tried to give you some idea of the life in this hive of industry." The multiplication up and down any colony of episodes, of correspondences, and exchanges of work on those lines must produce an effect, and a lasting effect.

"Winchester," says the South Australian Secretary, "is a real place to us [the Advanced School for Girls, Adelaide] now, not a mere geographical term."

The work goes off from the various schools just as it is written, and many of the descriptive letters, especially those from the outlying Colonies, are exceedingly quaint and entertaining. Sometimes there is a string of questions:

"Have you an inspector to inspect your school?" asks a Canadian child of an English child. "Of what are your houses and other buildings built? What is the chief occupation of the people in that part of England where you live? What games do you play at in the winter and summer? Do you, like us, have a holiday on Saturday?"

ending up with an assurance that she will be delighted to answer any questions her correspondent may ask about Canada.

"Our governess has allowed us to choose the part of the world we should like to correspond with," writes a child from a village girls' school near Hastings, "so we have selected Canada. We are most anxious to hear more about this country, as most of us have relatives there, and we also frequently hear of people from this district emigrating there."

"Bathurst (Gambia) is a very nice place," writes a twelve-year-old boy, "during the dry season. But it is not nice during the rainy season, because when it rains you will see all the streets flooded with water, and you can hardly pass through. . . . The boys and girls, too, in our school," he adds virtuously, "have every chance of getting on if they will only try. It is their

own fault if they do not succeed in this respect. Please I will be glad to receive your letters always."

A little Irish child informs a colonial correspondent that:

The people in general are very well educated, but they don't speak proper, or act with politeness towards each other, it is not that they are ignorant of the proper words, but they seem to think it is a bit of pride for any one to speak or act proper.

The child ends up with a graphic description of various local customs, some of them, such as getting thoroughly drunk on New Year's Eve, more honoured in the breach than the observance.

"I am the daughter of Mrs. Murray," another little Irish girl informed her far-away school friends. "I live in the above address. . . . This is my first attempt at a letter. . . . I have yellow hair. I have four sisters and no brothers. I am indeed very sorry because my sisters and I have more work to do than if we had a brother."

The Saffron Walden children tell their oversea comrades about "the flower which is attached to this paper":

It is called the Saffron Crocus, and from it the name of our town is derived. Walden from wald, wood or large wood, and Dane, a vale, two Saxon words in conjunction, meaning a woody vale, and Saffron is attributed to the fact that Walden was for a long series of years the seat of the culture of saffron crocus flowers, which were largely cultivated in our town and neighbourhood. There are very few, however, seen now, and those only in gardens.

The Banbury children describe their famous cakes; the New Brunswick children their great forests; while the New Zealand children write most graphically and accurately about the Maoris, their dances and habits. Indeed, even the most casual examination of letters taken at random reveals an immense variety of subjects dealt with, from school life, games and matches, to local history and scenery, flowers and birds, and from local exports and industries to the making of armour plates for ships and the printing of a daily newspaper. Some of the letters are illustrated by little sketches, snapshots, and even occasionally maps.

> Every letter that a scholar receives [writes the principal of an English school] is read to the upper classes; and it would do the sender good to see the lively faces of the hearers and the proud look of the receivers.

One teacher even said that the children followed up on the map the steamers' routes by which their letters had to come.

A colonial superintendent of education may well say that he considers the school-linking and correspondence methods of the League of the Empire as "the most effective way of developing the ideas and interest of pupils, and of preparing them effectively for citizenship of our great Empire."

C. A. Barnicoat.

ON THE LINE

NOT an attractive subject, you may say, for a summer holiday. But, as a broomstick, properly handled, may stimulate a poet, so railway rates—**Railways and their Rates.** By Edwin A. Pratt. (London: John Murray, 1905)—explained by an expert, and illustrated with a wealth of comparative detail from foreign railway management, may be made interesting. For ourselves we may say that Mr. Pratt presents his case with a completeness and skill which are attractive and almost exciting. His book is one which every person, who is in the habit of expressing or forming an opinion on the commercial and industrial conditions of this country, should read and digest. At its conclusion the attentive reader will feel that he has witnessed a transpontine melodrama. The stock arguments against railway management are neatly laid out on the stage as dead corpses; innocence is vindicated; unjust suspicions against directors are removed, and the supposed villains are proved to be public benefactors.

And yet—prejudices die hard. We are not satisfied of the fairness of through railway rates in the case of perishable goods, where quick delivery is essential to the condition of the goods delivered. If, owing to the competition of other railway companies, for here sea-borne traffic is not a competitor, or for the sake of the pecuniary advantages arising from the distribution of the produce by the carrying railway over its own system, the distant producer can throw his goods on a market

at a less cost than the near producer, it seems to us that our railway system is unfairly worked. Fiscal questions, like the head of Charles I., protrude themselves into every discussion, and they cannot be excluded from this. To some persons it will be a sufficient answer that through railway rates produce cheap food. Others may think that time and distance give to near producers a natural monopoly, and that the system of through railway rates establishes in its place an artificial monopoly in favour of remoteness.

On one side of the discussion of the conveyance of goods to market, Mr. Pratt seems to us to make out an irresistible case. It has often been urged that the true remedy for the cost and the congestion of railway traffic is the revival of our canal system. The appeal has been enforced by the example of other countries and especially of Germany; it has also been repeatedly asserted that the railway companies have "strangled" the canals in order to secure their own monopoly. We think that no one who reads what Mr. Pratt has to say on the different conditions of German canal and railway traffic, or on the origin of the relations between British railways and canals, will feel that the revival of our canal system will do much good. The slow delivery of canal-borne traffic is an obvious difficulty. But what champions of canals do not apparently realise is the immense cost of the conveyance, when the terminal or cartage expenses are taken into consideration. We commend this section of Mr. Pratt's work to those who wish to study the question of canal and railway transport in all its bearings.

Even in a country where feminine influence has always played so conspicuous a part, few women have left a larger mark on the history of France than Catherine de' Medici. (**Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation.** By Edith Sichel. London: Constable & Co., 1905.) Round her name lingers all the fascination of mystery, heightened by the properties of a stage villain, a trafficker in magic and poison. What was the real nature of this woman, whose

baffling lips, colourless eyes, and veiled look were painted by François Clonet? From her cradle the centre of plots and intrigues, she seemed to have had one only means of safety—her power of outwitting her contemporaries. Yet we cannot help wondering how far her character, as displayed in action, was the creation of her cruel circumstances, and whether a happier fate ought not to have been the lot of the timid, shrinking child, who, even as Queen of France, looked back with longing to her quiet happiness among the nuns at the Murate Convent at Florence. Her girlish sentiment for her cousin Hippolyte was nipped in the bud, and her real love for her husband not only unrequited, but subjected to the test of seeing a rival mistress preferred to herself.

No pleasanter fortnight can be spent in France than one passed in following the footsteps of Catherine de' Medici—from Fontainebleau, where she vainly strove by a perpetual Arabian Nights Entertainment to lay the ghost of remorse in her unhappy, lean, demented, red-haired son, Charles IX., to Blois, and Amboise, and Chaumont, and Chenonceaux, and the radiant castles of Touraine. The art that specially flourished under her rule was architecture, and in its triumphs her memory is enshrined. Nor is it her memory only as a patron of art. In stone and colour is chronicled the history of her rivalry with Diane de Poictiers, *la vieille ridée*, who caught and held the heart of Henry II., and with her crescent moons, and stags and leverets, and bows and arrows disputes with the monogram of her legitimate rival the possession of royal palaces.

And if travellers seek thus to combine amusement with instruction, let them prepare themselves for their journey by reading before they start Miss Sichel's "Catherine de' Medici." It is a historical study of the character of the cynical woman who bided her hour, watching the stars, till time gave her power and vengeance on her rival. It is full of suggestion, based on a wide knowledge or the era, and, though necessarily incomplete as a history of the Queen's life, tracks the clues to her actions with skill and penetration.

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XXVI

M. DE BEAUJEU COMES IN BY THE DOOR

MAJESTY was frowning. My lord Sunderland was laughing. "Sure, now," says he, "now we perceive my lord Sherborne's notion of treason. 'Tis to embrace Mistress Charlbury."

"The girl lies for the sake of her lover, my lord," cried Sherborne. "I can bring my fellows that spied on Beaujeu to swear it."

"My dear lord," says Sunderland smiling, "I will bring a hundred knaves to swear the Pope a heretic for a crown a piece."

But Majesty was frowning steadily at Rose: "You are in my displeasure, woman," he said peevishly. "'Tis wantonness such as yours that brings trouble on the land. The wrath of heaven is——"

But there was a scuffle at the door and a cry: "*Corbleu*, if the good God is there himself, I will enter the same!" Rose was pale in an instant and started round. My lord Sunderland's lips curled back, and Sherborne flushed and clenched his hands, as M. de Beaujeu broke into the room—to check, to bow low before the frowning King, and to say "I pray pardon of your Majesty. One told me" (he talked indifferent English with difficulty) "one told me—my wife

was called to Whitehall. I desire always to stand beside my wife:" and he moved to Rose and took her hand. The girl looked into his eyes. Her lips were white.

"Wife!" cried Majesty and Sherborne.

Beaujeu bowed and drew himself up, a stiff soldierly figure. But his hawk face was white as the girl's. "Wife!" he repeated.

"You did not tell me that, ma'am!" cried Majesty, frowning at her. Rose hung her head.

"I am ashamed," says Beaujeu. "I had desired it secret."

"It need not have been secret from the King," said Majesty.

"At least, I tell it first to your Majesty," says Beaujeu with a faint smile.

"Well, monsieur, well! I am not displeased. There is over-much evil-living," says Majesty graciously. "But let me warn you," his face darkened again, "I hear ill report of you. You are Huguenot. You are suspect of plotting against me."

"I, sir? I? And my wife," he held her hand still, "my wife—was she called here to speak for me?"

"Ay, monsieur! cried Sherborne. "And now, without a girl to answer for you, tell us where you were on Wednesday se'nnight."

"With one of whom I am infinitely unworthy," says Beaujeu very quietly.

"Bah!" Sherborne flung round on his heel.

But Sunderland, touching the King's arm, whispered, "Your Majesty marks it—he and she tell one tale," as if that were strange. And Majesty was impressed and nodded.

"I trust," says Beaujeu, looking at the King, "I trust I am as loyal to your Majesty as my lord Sunderland."

"You are Huguenot," said his Majesty dubiously; and then with some eagerness: "Pray, monsieur, have you ever thought seriously of these matters of faith? Let my lord Sunderland send you a priest!"

Beaujeu bowed at Sunderland and smiled: "Sir, I should be rejoiced to receive my lord Sunderland's confessor.

"Do so, monsieur, do so!" says Majesty smiling. And M. de Beaujeu and his wife with reverences departed.

"Does your Majesty complain of me still?" Sunderland asked meekly.

"No, my lord, no!" Majesty patted Sunderland's trusty shoulder.

"'Tis indeed my whole offence that I would not use your Majesty's power in aid of my lord Sherborne's amours," says Sunderland in the humility of rectitude.

"You serve me well, Sunderland." Majesty patted again, then turned with falling brow on Sherborne. "And you, my lord Sherborne, you are in my displeasure. Go. I shall not see you at court for a year."

"Sir, will you believe a girl lying for her lover?" cried Sherborne.

"My dear Sherborne," says Sunderland blandly, "'twas yourself confessed that we might believe her."

"You are always right, Sunderland," said the King. "He did so." And then shrilly: "Will you go, my lord?"

"Sir," cried Sherborne desperately, falling on one knee, "for your own sake ——"

"Am I to bid you twice?" cried the King.

Sherborne sprang up, dark cheeked with swollen eyes: "Some day, sir, you will know who have been your friends!" he cried and flung out.

"Insolent!" muttered Majesty.

"I trust that already your Majesty knows your friends," says Sunderland gently.

"I do, Sunderland, I do." The dark face of Majesty smiled. "Why, he would have had me help him to mortal sin. And made me ludicrous. I am always in your debt, my lord ——"

"Nay, sir, nay. Do I not owe you more than any man can repay? Did you not teach me the Catholic Faith?" my

lord Sunderland bent and kissed the King's hand—who smiled graciously, a sallow saint.

"Do not thank me, Sunderland," said Majesty devoutly. "What are we all—even I—but instruments? Do you know I felt myself drawn to this Beaujeu. He seems one with a desire for truth."

"I trust 'tis so." Sunderland turned up his eyes. "Does your Majesty desire I should see him again?"

"Do so, my lord, do so. Plant the seed. You have a kind heart, Sunderland. Well, it grows late;" the Horse Guards' clock was striking midnight. "I must leave you. At your devotions, as I found you?"

"I snatch moments from the world," said Sunderland bowing low, and Majesty smiled approval and went out.

At once my lady came through the curtains gay and laughing: "La, my lord, there is none your equal—in your own trade," she cried.

My lord gave her his chill smile: "I believe I satisfy his Majesty," says he.

My lady came to the couch and stretched herself upon it in luxurious, lazy grace: "Oh, 'twas infinite worthy," she said, and laughter rippled through her voice and shone in her eyes. "You were all vastly comical. I do not know when I have had so pleasant an hour." She paused to laugh again. "Faith but I have had my tit for tat with Beaujeu at last."

Sunderland's dull eyes dwelt upon her: "That girl loves him, my lady—and now he knows it."

"Lud, I profess he might," my lady tittered.

"I am sorry for that," says Sunderland, eyeing her still.

"Oh, get to your devotions!" cried my lady, and my lord went out with his chin on his breast. He feared he had been unselfish and was pained. My lady was left alone with her mirth.

M. de Beaujeu mounted into the coach after Rose and they jolted off into the dark. Nor the man nor the woman found aught to say. Beaujeu was thinking—thinking—thinking—

and Rose could not think at all. Sitting beside her, very stiff, very cold, M. de Beaujeu had to live again his glorious past.

Toiling through the ruts of the hill past St. Martin's, the coach stopped creaking by Rose's gate. Through the fragrance of the midnight dew Beaujeu led her in. The little green room was light with many candles. As she sank down to her chair with a sigh Beaujeu looked again to her eyes—dark, tear-laden now.

M. de Beaujeu fell on his knees and cast his arms about her and hid his face in her dress and groaned, "Rose, Rose."

"You do know? Ah, you do know now?" she cried all trembling.

Beaujeu lifted his head. "If I had not been very vile I had known always," he said slowly, and his keen eyes were dim.

Rose tried to smile: "I—I never thought you so," she murmured, and Beaujeu bit his lips, and his arms fell away from her. His throat was quivering. Rose saw it and laid her hand on his.

"I do not merit—to see you—to breathe your air," says Beaujeu with slow heavy stress, gazing at the fair white face. "Yet you—you forgive."

"I had never thought of that," said Rose simply. "I—I only hoped—some day—you would know."

M. de Beaujeu's eyes fell as he flushed. On his knees before her with bowed head he tasted shame. At last the dull eyes were lifted again to hers. "No use in words," he said slowly, "I see at last," the thin lip curled, "what I am." Rose pressed his hand. He cast his arm about her again "And yet—and yet—" he muttered hoarsely—then drawing her close: "dear heart, can you take the rest of my life?"

Rose let his hand go: she leant back in her chair away from him and looked long into the dull eyes. "You forget," she said very quietly. "'Tis not as of old—" and then as he winced—"No!" she cried "I did not mean that! I did not say it to hurt you. But then you were but a boy—just the squire's son ——"

"I would I were still!"

Rose turned upon him a strange intent glance: "Do you mean that?" she said slowly.

Beaujeu waited before he answered. "Ay, if it would undo what is done. But at least I can give you a worthier place."

Rose sat very still, unyielding to his arm. "You forget," she said again. "I am a common player—and you a great man in the state. I ——"

"Great?" cried Beaujeu. "Great—beside you? Dear heart, 'tis I am unworthy—and you—you!" He threw his other arm about her and drew her down to him. But she put up her hands to stay him.

"No—no indeed!" she cried, and at once he let her go.

M. de Beaujeu rose to his feet and now his lips were white. "Forgive me again," he said. "I am too base."

"No," Rose murmured, "not that." She pressed her hand to her head, white amid the black curls. "Ah, not now. Do not ask me now. I cannot think." She looked up at him smiling a little and he saw tears sparkling on her cheeks. "I am tired, you see, so tired."

Beaujeu bowed. "May I come on the morrow?"

She rested her head on her hand, the broad brow furrowed. "Give me a day," she said at last. "You may need think too."

"At noon then," said Beaujeu, and took her hand, but as he bent to kiss it, met her eyes. A moment he gazed and saw the dark gold of them glow: "Rose!" he cried, and caught her to him and kissed them. She yielded and lay still on his breast. Then very gently he laid her in her chair again. "Dear heart, God keep you," he said softly, and kissed her hand and went out.

> "It was a lover and his lass—
> With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,"

Mr. Healy carolled gently as he came downstairs on the sound of the opening door. "Is it peace now, Jehu?" says he smiling.

"I have been saved by the devotion of Mistress Charlbury," said Beaujeu, and Healy had to look at him to be sure that he was not sneering. In the same passionless voice Beaujeu told tale. At the end of it he looked at his friend. Mr. Healy said nothing. Mr. Healy put a hand on his arm. "I have never thought a man so vile as myself," says Beaujeu, and passed on up stairs.

Mr. Healy looked after him and smiled a little. "Dear man!" says he to himself.

CHAPTER XXVII

M. DE BEAUJEU FIGHTS FOR ANOTHER

M. DE BEAUJEU, a gentlemen of responsibilities, could not spare a day for thoughts of love. From morn till night he laboured with Mr. Healy on a document (you may read it yet) which told in detail of the King's troops and propounded the strategical needs of an invading army. Mr. Healy, who had a true affection for the art of war, enjoyed himself vastly. And Mistress Nancy Leigh cultivated gillyflowers and patience. Then after nightfall Mr. Healy must go forth with the work of genius in his bosom and deliver it to a mysterious cloaked gentleman under the Piazza for swift conveyance to the Hague, and M. de Beaujeu, visiting a half-score honest gentlemen, moderate their zeal to revolt untimely. M. de Beaujeu's revolt was to be contrived on scientific principles.

So his day was full of good works, and when he rose on the morrow duty still called. To be sure of missing none of the talk of the town he went to Jeremy's on his way to Rose.

Jeremy's was crowded and gay. All men were turned fierce Whigs again, and there was babble enough of treason to deaden the waiters' footsteps and hang a town. The Prince of Orange was hourly expected—he would sail up the Thames and land at the Tower—he had sworn to hang King James from an arch of London Bridge—he was bringing an army of giants,

Switzers, Swedes, and Brandenburghers, seven feet high apiece.

On this wise talk came M. de Beaujeu, and at once was assailed by many crying "Well, monsieur, well, what news?"

M. de Beaujeu smiled amiably. "Eh, messieurs, how fine weather!" says he. "One tells me they may yet save the wheat. But the barley—hélas!—it is very sick."

"Like the King," cried one.

"Ah, truly? I had not heard it. I trust he will be restored soon. Pardon, messieurs, pardon;" and he passed on to a knot of friends by the window.

Behind him, "Close, devilish close," says one nodding wisely.

"Ay, he could an he would."

"A devilish deep fellow, gentlemen."

M. de Beaujeu came to his friends. "Eh, my dear Laleham, but you bloom," says he. Wharton, who had been speaking, had fallen silent and looked at him curiously. My lord Laleham grunted. My lord Wickham, the third in the group, burst out laughing.

"Zounds, here is the sinner himself," he cried.

"Sinner?" Beaujeu inquired.

And my lord Wickham laughed the louder: "Oh, ay, ay, innocence! You will tell us now you are not a man."

Beaujeu yawned: "But you are marvellous witty, my lord."

Wickham clapped Wharton and Laleham on the back. "Zounds, gentlemen, look at the saint! You'ld not know a woman from a man, would you, Beaujeu?"

Beaujeu sat down leisurely: "Nor a man from an ass, *parfois*," said he.

But Wickham laughed boisterously again: "'Tis no use Beaujeu! We have laughed at it for an hour."

Beaujeu glanced at Wharton and Laleham: "Then why stop for me?" he inquired. Laleham appeared uncomfortable and angry.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders: "A stale jest," he drawled. "Wickham likes 'em so—women or jokes."

"So does not Beaujeu, begad!" cried Wickham. Then shook his head humorously over Beaujeu. "Naughty fellow! Still in her teens, too!"

M. de Beaujeu's eyes flashed. He rose up before my lord Wickham: "I fail to understand you, my lord," he said sharply.

"Oh, you would! You would! No, begad, 'tis all a fiction, and her mother has never whirled her back to the country at all."

"Do you know what he means?" Beaujeu turned frowning to Wharton.

But Wickham cried between chuckles: "Oh, oh! St. Beaujeu! Did little Nelly give you a bad night then? Eh, St. Antony—little Nelly d'Abernon?"

Beaujeu whirled round. "You lie, my lord; you understand me? Lie!" he said quietly into Wickham's face, and his pale blue eyes were flashing. Before them my lord Wickham retreated.

"Why, why, damme, Beaujeu—" he expostulated. "Why flare up so? We all know she went to you from Laleham's rout. Her mother told the Mazarin."

"I said that you lied, my lord," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice, stepping nearer. Again my lord drew back. Laleham and Mr. Wharton looked at each other.

"Zounds, but she did!" muttered Wickham. "Why, the old lady has took her back to the shire in disgrace. 'Tis common talk." He looked to the others for support.

"Fight your own fights, Wickham," drawled Wharton, shrugging his shoulders.

"She came to my house and left it—as my own sister," says Beaujeu. "You have chosen to say other. *Bien!* I have called you a liar, my lord." He paused, and they glared at each other. "Shall I call you a coward also?" cried Beaujeu.

"Monsieur!" cried Wickham, growing pale.

"Your most obedient——" Beaujeu bowed. "Wharton, you will serve me!" Wharton nodded.

"Laleham?" cried Wickham, turning to him.

"Go to your friends, my lord," growled Laleham, drawing back.

"I'll remember you for that, my lord!" cried Wickham flushing, and then called across the room "Seymour!"

A vastly fine gentleman made his way to them daintily: "Stap me! what have we here?" he inquired, and now the chatterers turned and fell intent to listen.

"I desire it known," says Beaujeu, "that the gentleman who talks lightly of Mistress d'Abernon has affair with me."

"Little Nelly d'Abernon?" Mr. Seymour laughed. "Why, stap me, though! They talk of her——"

"Seymour, you become objectionable," drawled Mr. Wharton.

Mr. Seymour stared in some surprise: "Gad be good to the wench that Tom Wharton defends," said he.

"Seymour, you become offensive," drawled Mr. Wharton, and stood up.

Mr. Seymour stared with larger eyes. "Do you mean that offensively, Wharton?" he inquired.

Mr. Wharton grinned. "I mean it intellectually," says he, and Mr. Seymour scratched his cheek.

"I accept any place, any time, any weapons, Wharton," says Beaujeu—then swung round upon the listeners. "And in this cause, messieurs, any opponent." No gentleman grasped the occasion. Beaujeu turned round again, bowed to Wickham and Seymour, and "*Au revoir*," says he.

"Gadsbud, no!" cried Wickham. "We'll end it now!"

"Mr. Wharton," says Seymour ceremoniously, "we demand to meet immediate."

Beaujeu frowned: already it was time he should be gone. "It is inconvenient, Wharton," says he.

"La, la, and all times were alike to him i' gad!" cried Mr. Seymour. "You insist, Wickham?" Wickham nodded. "We insist, Mr. Wharton."

Wharton shrugged his shoulders. "Verdict—suicide," he

remarked. "Swords? Behind Montagu House?" Mr. Seymour bowed. "Have with you then!" cried Wharton, and took his hat and Beaujeu's arm. "Send Dr. Garth in a coach, Laleham," and they passed out. On the stairs Mr. Wharton observed that a procession followed; he turned, and "Gentlemen," says he smiling, "duty calls you elsewhere. Listen to duty, I beg."

So the four passed out alone and mounted hackney coaches and jolted off. "Gad, Beaujeu, 'tis something hard on the poor devil," said Wharton.

"Let him tell no lies of a woman."

"Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton, "you have never told one yourself, neither." Beaujeu bit his lip. "Lies, were they then?"

Beaujeu turned to him: "Lies, before God!" he said sharply. "She came with a message from the Sunderland. She saved me." Wharton laughed. "And why that?" snapped Beaujeu.

"At your being saved by a woman," Mr. Wharton chuckled continuously.

Soon they had passed up Drury Lane to the Oxford Road. The coaches stopped, the four walked round the garden where Montague House stood white and new, with the tilers busy on the roof, and came to a narrow meadow. Beaujeu glanced up at the sun; it was well past noon, and the hedges threw a tiny shadow. In a moment he was out of coat and hat and wig, a gaunt, bald figure of strength.

My lord Wickham kept him waiting. My lord had to try a pass or two with Mr. Seymour—to turn his shirt-sleeve up and to turn it down—to take off his broidered-silver undercoat and to put it on—while Wharton grinned and Beaujeu looked sourly. Came the rattle of a swift-driven coach, and out of the coach Dr. Garth's round, jolly face was thrust. He hurried across the meadow, and Mr. Wharton turned to meet him: "We are waiting Wickham's courage, doctor," says he.

"Gadsbud, Mr. Wharton, I have work enough without your making it," says the doctor, shaking his head.

And at last Mr. Seymour announced that my lord was ready.

My lord Wickham tried immediately to beat Beaujeu's blade out of line, failed, and sprang back. He was agile and very lithe, and never a second still, but Beaujeu used little of his great reach nor ever stirred from his place. Only my lord was let feel that he had never before countered so stiff a blade. My lord grew red—in anger that he availed nothing, in heat because he tried vastly; my lord grew rash, jumped in to attack again and again and wildly. M. de Beaujeu stayed one lunge and another—came a third, very wild and fierce. M. de Beaujeu threw back his left leg, bowed to a thrust that ran gleaming through the air over his head, straightened his ong arm, ran his point neatly between my lord's right ribs at the side and checked on the instant. My lord dropped his rapier and clapped his hand to the smart. Dr. Garth and Mr. Seymour ran to him together.

Beaujeu gave his rapier to Wharton and came forward. "My lord, I am sorry," says he, and Mr. Wharton stared. "I believe that it is not dangerous. I sought to avoid that."

My lord, who was rather white, gave a doleful laugh. "Begad," says he. "I have enough—and you might have given me more, Beaujeu," and he held out his hand. Beaujeu took it.

And the doctor, looking up from the wound, "Egad, monsieur, but you're an anatomist," says he. "You have missed every thing I 'ld have asked you to miss."

"I desired so," says Beaujeu. Wickham's eyes followed him as he moved away, rested on him while he stood with Wharton helping him into his clothes.

"Beaujeu!" said Wickham, and Beaujeu came up settling his cravat. "I am your debtor. I'll take back what I said."

"You oblige me much," says Beaujeu, bowing gravely.

"You know me—you might well doubt—but before God my story was true." Mr. Wharton strolled up grinning.

"Stap me!" muttered Mr. Seymour, staring at Beaujeu. Then "Gadsbud, Beaujeu, I believe you myself," he cried. Beaujeu gripped the two men's hands before he turned and hurried away.

"Gad," muttered Mr. Wharton, looking after him curiously, "gad, where's the old Adam?"

M. de Beaujeu had sprung into a coach, and bade the man drive hastily to Rose's cottage. Come there late, and at last, M. de Beaujeu received a surprise.

The shutters were shut over the little casements, Loud knocking brought no answer till a woman looking over the hedge of a farm hard by cried to him that Mistress Charlbury had driven away in her coach an hour agone. Whither then? Towards the town.

Beaujeu strode frowning home. There a letter waited him:

"DEAR HEART,—You were right not to come. You see now, 'twas right what I said. I knew I could not be y^e^ fitt Mate for you. But 'tis kinde in you not to say it. And indeede 'tis much best that I should not see you. Do not troubble after me. I will always remember how noble you were to me at y^e^ Pallace. It was like you. God keep you in your grate Perrils. Dear, be cauteous. You are too brave. Pray, Mr. Dane, think of me sometimes. But do not be troubbled, dear. I shall be happy.

"ROSE."

CHAPTER XXVIII

M. DE BEAUJEU OPINES HE IS DEAD

M. DE BEAUJEU went out into the highways and hedges, sought diligently till the moon was high for man or woman who could tell him aught of Mistress Charlbury's coach. It

was not to be traced beyond Charing Cross. M. de Beaujeu came home very weary to read once again that consoling letter.

Mordieu! how could she dream that he would change as basely, how could she dream that he would fail her? . . . Eh, how could she dream anything else? It would seem quite in his character—nay, passably honourable for him. To spare her the pain of hearing that she was beneath him, why, that would be chivalric—for M. de Beaujeu. Never before had he liked himself so little.

But after all—after all—she would come back. Let a few weeks pass and she must be found. *Bien*, in a few weeks this work would be done, his own place established. Then truly he would be her "great man in the state"—then with all his honours upon him he would show her that he had not failed. Ay! So perhaps it was best. Let the weeks pass—there was work enough to fill them—when he had set a King of his own making over England, when that King had paid him his due, then—why then, confessed of all, not least of Englishmen, he would show Rose that he could never be too great for her. Egad, 'twould be vastly better, vastly nobler so. And M. de Beaujeu went, not ill-content, to bed.

In the morning Mr. Healy and he and a map of England worked together on the problem of which brave gentlemen should seize which towns—but, behold Mr. Healy found his friend slow. That admirable keen brain was blunted. M. de Beaujeu was strangely slow to see the obvious. In fact, M. de Beaujeu was not so well content as he had been: monsieur found it merely impossible not to think about Rose: monsieur gazed stupidly at the big map adorned by Mr. Healy with pins and wondered where on it Rose might be—wondered so zealously that he let Mr. Healy make all the plans of himself.

"Danby takes north of Humber and the devil takes north of Tweed, good neighbours, faith, and that's the whole of it," says Mr. Healy at last, reaching out for a pipe. "We'll be

staying in town our mighty selves and never smell steel at all! Heigho!" Mr. Healy gave a great sigh.

"I must stay in town," growled Beaujeu frowning.

Mr. Healy stared at him. "I did not deny it, my dear," he said in surprise. Beaujeu got out of his chair and began to pace up and down the room with short quick steps. Mr. Healy was wrapt in amazement.

The door broke open. Spattered with mud, haggard, red-eyed, Jack Dane rushed in. "I have ridden post from Harwich, Beaujeu," he cried hoarsely. "On Black James's horses, begad!" and he dragged a letter from his breast. Beaujeu pounced upon it and walked away to the window.

Mr. Healy filled Jack a glass of wine and Jack drank thirstily. Beaujeu stood reading, his keen face outlined against the light, and as he read he smiled. A tap at the door and there came grinning Mr. Wharton. Beaujeu looked up, saw him, and jumped at him. "Begad, in good time, Wharton! Little Hooknose comes with the first fair wind, and you had best be off to your shire hastily!"

Mr. Wharton's grin broadened. "Softly now, softly," says he. "What! Master Jack here?" he paused to chuckle. "Well, damme, come in!" he beckoned to the open door. A grave and reverend gentleman appeared in grey frieze and his own grizzled hair, and Jack stared and Beaujeu drew away frowning. "I present Master Antony Smallpiece," says Mr. Wharton, "attorney to Sir Matthew Dane."

"Umquhile, sir," says Master Smallpiece squeakily, "umquhile attorney," and made his bows. "Mr. Dane, sir, it is my grievous duty to convey to you the annunciation of the late demise of——"

"My father!" cried Jack, starting up. "Dead? And why was I not summoned."

Master Smallpiece coughed. "By your leave, Mr. Dane, by your leave," he said nervously. "I am not, I profess, obnoxious to any censure. Merely as a concession to the sanguine tie I presented to Sir Matthew that he should call

his son to his last mortal couch. He replied, even moribund, vigorously. I grieve at the relation, Mr. Dane. 'I am sick (even as Eli) at my son s transgression' (I relate his own words). 'Do I desire see him? Unnatural!' (says Sir Matthew, pray understand me) 'Infamous. At least he shall gain nothing. Unnatural—infamous,' and soon after breath left him. He was much wasted."

"Damme," says Mr. Wharton, chuckling, "damme he faced it out." Jack, who had been sitting with bowed head, looked up suddenly and flushed. "Well, Jack, you have not seen much of him in this world. Pray that you get no chance in the next." Jack started up, and Mr. Healy, putting a hand on his shoulder, said swiftly:

"Wharton, my friend, may be you'ld be a gentleman if you were dumb." Mr. Wharton, who was never touchy, gave an amiable chuckle and put up his hand in the gesture of a fencer confessing a hit. Jack turned away and stood looking down at the cold hearth.

Master Smallpiece again coughed. "I profess, Mr. Dane, I am distressed at my tidings," says he. "And I apprehend the residual is no more comfortable. Sir Matthew hath confided to me a testament (In the making whereof I am in truth no more than a mere instrument, sir). The Send estate, entailed upon you, remains still your own. But Sir Matthew hath chosen to bequeath Bourne Manor to your cousin, Thomas Dane, where and whensoever he may be found."

Jack laughed a little. "I am glad of it," says he, and Master Smallpiece gaped. But Mr. Healy and Mr. Wharton directed their eyes to M. de Beaujeu who stood in the shadow silent.

"So, Sir Matthew thought Tom Dane was still with the living, did he?" says Mr. Wharton grinning. "Well, may be he was right."

"Sir Matthew was of that conviction, Mr. Wharton," says Master Smallpiece. "I might aver that he lived in daily fear of Mr. Thomas Dane's return."

"Begad, they would have had a happy meeting," says Mr. Wharton.

And out of the shadow spoke M. de Beaujeu. "Eh, gentlemen, an old man's fancy. This Thomas Dane—who has heard of him in seven years? Certainly he is dead."

"Oh, you think so?" says Wharton grinning.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders: "Who can doubt?"

"Not I, begad, if you say so," laughed Wharton. "Faith you ought to know!"

But Beaujeu struck in, drowning the last words. "Also, also—surely in your English law an outlaw cannot inherit, eh, master attorney?"

Master Smallpiece scratched his nose. "You make a point, sir," says he, "you ——"

"Gad, Beaujeu, do you think I want my cousin's land?" cried Jack.

"Sure he makes a point too, Beaujeu," says Mr. Healy.

"I do not think so, Mr. Dane," Beaujeu said. "But in fact, if he is dead, the acres should stay in the family."

"And how do I know that he is dead?"

"I met Mr. Dane when he came to Flanders," says Beaujeu quietly. "He went to the wars—he vanished. I have not heard of him in seven years. I conceive, Master Attorney, your English courts would readily pronounce him dead?"

"I apprehend, sir, I apprehend, if properly approached," says Master Smallpiece with dignity.

"Courts pronounce?" cried Jack. "What do I care for that? If he is alive——"

"I knew Mr. Dane well," says Beaujeu sharply. "If he were alive, he would scorn to take what your father had held . . . Eh, do you wonder?" and he gave a shrug and a sneer.

Master Smallpiece coughed. "*De mortuis*, gentlemen, *de mortuis*. You are acquaint with the Roman adage? Mr. Dane I should be much honoured by your command to bring the cause to court."

"Oh curse the cause! Curse the estates!" cried Jack.

"God, do I care for them? We—I—" it was difficult to speak yet to be silent of his father, and his face worked, he flushed crimson and at last turned away with a groan.

Master Smallpiece stared. "I will wait upon you at another occasion, Mr. Dane sir," says he and backed out.

Beaujeu came out of the shadow: "Away with you, Wharton. The first east wind brings Little Hooknose now. You rise when you hear he is at Exeter. You should join him at Salisbury or sooner."

Mr. Wharton looked him up and down. "Tell me, are you flesh and blood?" he inquired.

"Whatever I am, I win," said Beaujeu sharply.

"Humph. Well, that is a human speech," said Wharton grinning: he held out his hand as they gripped: "I'll have a fine crop of rebels from my shires I swear. And you?"

"I'll hold London."

"A handful," laughed Wharton and departed.

Beaujeu turned to Healy: "See gallopers go to Devonshire and Danby, Healy," said he, and in a moment he was left alone with Jack.

He poured himself a glass of burgundy, and sat down to sip it. He looked curiously at Jack over the wine. In a moment Jack turned pale and distraught: "Beaujeu," says he, "have you seen Nell again?"

Beaujeu put down his wine: "In effect, no:" he remarked. "It was scarcely possible. Her mother, who appears to be a fool, learnt that she had come here at night—chose to believe the worst—and (in order, I conceive, that every one else might believe the worst) has hurried her daughter away to the shire. Mistress d'Abernon, if you please, is disgraced."

"Disgraced?" cried Jack flushing. "Zounds, let me hear a man say so!"

Beaujeu smiled slightly. "I do not think you will hear many men says so," says he.

But Jack did not heed. "God! I must go to her," he muttered and turned on his heel.

"I have something to say to you first," said Beaujeu. Jack turned again to stare at him and Beaujeu sipped his wine again. "It is right that you should know. The bullies who assailed you in Mistress Charlbury's house were there unknown to her."

"'Unknown to her'?" Jack muttered. "She was innocent?"

"Innocent—since you choose the word," said Beaujeu with a sneer.

"And how can you know it?"

"Because it was on my motion that Sherborne sent the bullies," said Beaujeu quietly.

"You?" cried Jack, starting back. "You? And you've posed as my friend."

"Endeavour to believe that I am," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice. "I would now give my right hand that I had not done it."

"But why—why? What end did you gain?"

"I was fool enough to believe Mistress Charlbury a common woman," says Beaujeu in the same level tone. "I thought her unworthy of you. I desired that you should break with her. Thinking like a mean knave, I acted as a mean knave."

Jack stood a moment with wrinkled brow, puzzling it out, then flushing started forward. "You—you—" he cried fiercely, and lifted his hand to strike.

Beaujeu sat quite still: "It is merely your right," he said calmly, looking into the angry bloodshot eyes.

Jack's hand fell: "God, Beaujeu, how could you do it?" he cried. "Do you know what I called her? And she—she— My God, I must see her, and—"

"And your cousin Nell?" Beaujeu asked quietly.

Jack stared at him a moment, then stumbled to a chair and pressed his hands to his head: "What can I do?" he muttered to himself.

"You can go to your cousin," said Beaujeu, "I do not think your 'Delila' hurt Mistress Charlbury deeply. She did not love you." Jack looked up, dazed. "I have had to tell

her how base to her I have been. Believe me, it is not you that have hurt her."

"You love her yourself?" Jack muttered.

"Mr. Dane, I have never known a man act so vilely to a woman as myself. It is to me marvellous that Mistress Charlbury can forgive me. Nor to her nor to you can I pretend to excuse myself." The passionless voice fell to a deeper note. "Believe me, if yet you can, I had no thought to rob you of her love."

"I never had it, I know that," Jack muttered. "But what I said to her—oh, why have you made me such a knave?" And Beaujeu stared at the ground. Jack gave a short sharp laugh. "Begad, I think there has been but one gentleman of my name for many a year, and that is my cousin Tom." Beaujeu stirred in his chair. "And you say he is dead!" said Jack sharply.

"Certainly he is dead," Beaujeu repeated.

"And I am left!" said Jack, and laughed again. "A curst quaint world!" Then he turned on Beaujeu. "Tom loved the Charlbury, you know."

"Perhaps not more worthily than I," said Beaujeu quietly.

Jack looked at him sneering a moment; then rose wearily: "I go to Nell," he said; but on his way to the door turned back and caught Beaujeu's arm: "Man, if they talk of her in town answer it, for God's sake—till I am back again."

Beaujeu bowed: "But I do not think they will talk," said he, and his eyes glittered.

(*To be continued*)