

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

"Pacem omnes desiderant; sed quæ ad veram pacem pertinent non omnes curant"

IF there is one subject rather than another upon which the mind of the ordinary Englishman is liable to painful confusion, it is the question of the lawfulness of war. This is not surprising if we consider the influences under which most of us come at different times. The Anglo-Saxon—and the Anglo-Celt not less—is born with a delight in the sense of life; he desires activity, danger, competition, mastery. As a boy he is taught that the history of the world is the history of conflicting nations, among which his own has borne an honourable and successful part; advance, whether in territory or commerce, is a "victory," even when it is not, as it generally is, the result of actual warfare; patriotism is taught as a duty, and the ideal of character held up for imitation is a soldierly one. Among the great names of the past and the present time, he sees that those of soldiers are the most numerous and the most admired; and, even if this had not been so, his own instinct would have placed them first. He lives in a world where armed men are counted by millions, and he has never doubted that they are armed for good reason, until at last it comes about that his country is plunged into a serious war, and at the moment of all others when he needs a clear head and an inflexible will, he is thrown into sudden confusion. It is the hour of the preacher and the teacher; from press, pulpit, and printing-house a cataract of

instruction is poured upon him, made up partly of the loud and turbid floods sent forth by the salvationist pamphleteer, partly of the clearer but more feeble rivulets of pastoral origin, too often the evident product of mere surface drainage.

In these days, and especially during the docile mood born of disaster and national suffering, it is, of course, to the loudest of these torrents that the Englishman listens most attentively; for, in spite of all the brutality and baseness imputed to him, he is always most anxious to hear the least pleasant prophecy and to see the least flattering portrait of himself. It is a characteristic that, at any rate, deserves more recognition than it gets, but in the present instance it works unfortunately, for it works irresolution, and to be right but suspect yourself of wrong is, in the conduct of such undertakings as a war, more fatal than to do wrong and believe yourself right. It may be wrong to make war; it must be wrong to make it irresolutely.

In his general view of war, we believe the ordinary typical moderate-minded Englishman to be right both by instinct and by training, and we hope that he will not allow himself to be persuaded, even by those who hate him most, of his own barbarity or heathenism. To his accusers abroad and at home we do not wish him to make any hostile or provoking answer; it will be enough to let them say their say and to reflect upon it in silence. We shall be surprised if he does not in the end decide—as he had better have decided at the beginning—that his assailants, however well-intentioned, are wrong both in substance and in method.

When we speak of method we refer, of course, only to the method of the more violent; there are, no doubt, fair-minded advocates of arbitration, conciliatory members of peace societies, cartoonists of gentle humour, pamphleteers who are not profane. But too often of late those who have fought in the front rank for peace have acted on the principle of bayoneting the enemy with a yell before they have ascertained whether he is in fact a Boxer or a Christian. We do not use the word in any metaphorical sense when we say that this method is a

brutal one. To look upon savagery as a purely physical quality, to define brutality always and only in terms of physical force, is, in our view, an error of ill-breeding, a failure in refinement. In all civilised times and nations there have been natures, and those among the highest and finest, who would wince under the pain of a shameful word, however untrue, even more instinctively than they would face an honourable wound or death. Robert Louis Stevenson, whose last years in Samoa proved his title, as a born chief, to authority in matters of breeding and delicacy, had founded long before one of his subtlest stories upon this theme. In "A Lodging for the Night" he draws, without any comment or apparent intention, a strong and vivid contrast between Francis Villon, the brilliant thief, the quick-witted coward, the low-bred man of genius, and an old gentleman delightfully named Seigneur de Brisetout, Bailly du Patatrac, whose duller intellect is reinforced by the nobility of his character and training. He is giving the disreputable poet a night's refuge from the snow-bound streets; his mind is troubled by the other's destitution, but still more by his cynical confession of vice and crime. Villon argues that there is not so much difference at bottom between himself and his host, the man of arms. "Look at us two," replies the other; "I fear no man and nothing: I have seen you tremble and lose countenance at a word. I wait God's summons contentedly in my own house, or, if it please the king to call me out again, upon the field of battle. You look for the gallows. Is there no difference?" Villon acquiesces; "But if I," he adds, "had been lord of Brisetout, and you had been the poor scholar Francis, would the difference have been any the less? Should not I have been the soldier and you the thief?"

"A thief," cried the old man. "I a thief! If you understood your words you would repent them."

Villon turned out his hands with a gesture of inimitable impudence. "If your lordship had done me the honour to follow my argument!" he said.

The old seigneur gets the better of his anger at last, and begins again:

"Listen to me once more. I learned long ago that a gentleman should live chivalrously and lovingly to God and the king and his lady; and though I have seen many strange things done, I have still striven to command my ways upon that rule. It is not only written in all noble histories, but in every man's heart, if he will take care to read. You speak of food and wine, and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure; but you do not speak of other wants; you say nothing of honour, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach."

Villon was sensibly nettled. "Did you not tell me you were alone in the house? Look at your gold plate! You're strong, if you like, but you're old and unarmed, and I have my knife. What did I want but a jerk of the elbow, and here would have been you with the cold steel in your bowels, and there would have been me linking in the streets, with an armful of gold cups! Did you suppose I hadn't the wit to see that? And I scorned the action. There are your damned goblets, as safe as in a church; there are you, with your heart ticking as good as new; and here am I, ready to go out again as poor as I came in. And you think I have no sense of honour—God strike me dead!"

The old man stretched out his right arm. "I will tell you what you are," he said. "You are a rogue, my man, an impudent and a black-hearted rogue and vagabond. I have passed an hour with you. Oh! believe me, I feel myself disgraced."

And he turns him out into the street as day is dawning. There is no need further to press the point: it is clear that the courage and physical strength, and the determination to use them, are all on one side, the brutality is all on the other. We have referred to the story in some detail because it deals trenchantly with the matter, and cuts deeper than appears at first sight. It suggests that the point after all is not one of method only, but of substance: the doctrine of our latter-day peace-mongers is doomed to failure because it is seen to rest upon a materialistic view of life. We do not under-estimate the terrible loss incurred in war, successful or unsuccessful, but we hold that as the misuse of muscular force is not the only nor even the worst form of brutality, so physical pain, bereavement and death are not the only nor the greatest evils in the world. It is one of life's strangest ironies that the age of science which has taught men to bear without flinching the doctrine of the survival of the fittest with all its corollaries, should also have bred a percentage of anti-scientific minds who claim to be in

advance of their generation by virtue of their nervous horror at the struggle involved in the life of nations. If their position were frankly based upon a disbelief in the spiritual world and a denial of the possibility of a future state, we could at any rate understand it—though even if this be our only life, the best man is not necessarily the one who sets the highest value on it; but the most earnest and conspicuous among them are those who claim to be heard in the name of religion. In the matter of war, they say, our beliefs and our conduct are un-Christian.

The charge is a painful one, but so long as it is temperately or even decently urged it is one which we need not resent too much: neither the trial nor the verdict rest with our accusers, and they must admit that both our belief and our practice have borne the test of many generations. What is it exactly that they say against us? First, that we are not yet willing to abandon the principle of force in favour of the principle of arbitration. We do not deny that many—perhaps most—differences would be better adjusted by litigation than by fighting, if a just tribunal could be found, but our experience in the past has been that this is an almost impossible condition, and the more impossible in proportion as the interest at stake is greater and more vital. On an important question between modern governments, every competent authority has, in these days of newspaper education, made up his mind—with or without the aid of original prejudice—long before he could be nominated to decide the issue. Hitherto our least unsatisfactory arbitration has been that with Venezuela: but if the President of that court had had referred to him the present Transvaal question we should have been at the mercy of an avowed partisan. This, however, is merely a practical difficulty: it is the principle we are contesting. An arbitration award is waste paper unless it is accepted by both parties. We may submit to be plundered over a material interest such as a Delagoa Bay railway or a strip of South American jungle, for peace is worth more to us than to others, even in a pecuniary sense;

but is there no conceivable case in which a great nation may prefer the risk of war and even of honourable death to a shameful acquiescence? Is evil never to be resisted? Not even in defence of others? Again, good and evil do not always stand alone: it has often happened, and will in a more complex state of the world happen more often still, that both parties to a dispute have much right on their side. Neither will accept an adverse decision: if not force, what is to be the ultimate sanction? Human justice without an executive power is an absurdity.

But we have not yet touched bottom. It is suggested, and we may grant for the sake of argument, that a kind of international public opinion might come into existence of so overpowering a kind that no people, however self-willed or convinced of right, could resist it. A compulsion of this kind—if it were possible—seems to us more detestable than any exhibition of physical force. That the spirit of man, so nearly freed by centuries of heroic struggle against superstition and priestcraft, should fall under the meaner and less natural dominion of the collective human mind with all its blind passions and fierce prejudices—this is indeed the apotheosis of brutality. In the dungeons of the Inquisition man was more free than under such a power. Among the greatest dangers of the century before us, which have been a subject of recent discussion, we should place any serious increase in the power of hypnotic suggestion and any spreading of its practice. But a far greater, and, we believe, a far more improbable, evil would be the weakening of a nation's will-power and belief in a good cause. To superior physical force the strongest may yield, often—though perhaps not always—without disgrace; but the nightmare position here suggested is that of a bird before a boa-constrictor—free wings at the mercy of a reptile monster.

And how, it may be asked, is Christianity here involved? In this way. War, they say to us, is your only alternative to our arbitration, and war must be, and is, the antithesis of love

and brotherhood. This is no new difficulty: consciously or unconsciously it has been present to our forefathers for centuries. Consciously or unconsciously they have founded and handed down to us a traditional creed and practice concerning it. They, too, thought that war was too often an un-Christian thing, but they did not think to mend it by throwing away good and bad together. The good perhaps they valued more than they feared the bad, and many of their descendants will be found to agree with them, for courage, endurance, discipline, loyalty, generosity, and fair play are virtues that the English race cannot do without at any price. Still, when dawn rose after the Dark Ages, it was seen that the evil element in war required an antidote. The Age of Faith found one, and named it Chivalry.

We can imagine the contemptuous surprise with which this word will be received by those who do not agree with our view: indeed, it is not now a fashionable word with any class among us. Chivalry?—that old, stale, obsolete, foolish thing?

Yes: it is as old as the divine spark in man, as stale as running water, as obsolete as the human pulse; as foolish as all lights that shine in darkness. What do we know of it? Ask the first man you meet and he will vaguely connect it with the respectful treatment of women: pressed further, he will in nine cases out of ten confess to ranking it with fairy tales, perhaps even as low as poetry. And yet it was in its origin and first practice above all things necessary and scientific, and apart from its name it is at this day one of the most vital forces of the world's life: as the Seigneur de Brisetout told Villon, "It is not only written in all noble histories but in every man's heart, if he will take care to read." Perhaps men would read more easily in their own hearts if they were first familiar with these "noble histories," which belong to the more valuable part of our inheritance.

The opportunity is not wanting. The first month of this century is fitly marked by the reappearance in a complete

edition of an old and famous writer. If any Englishman is perplexed by questions about the treatment of his brother the Boer—questions only to be deprecated when they are accompanied by suggestions of a wrong answer—let him turn for an hour to the Chronicle of Froissart and read of “the honourable and noble adventures and feats of arms done and achieved in the wars of France and England” five hundred years ago. And while he reads let him remember that the chronicler was no mere idealist, but one who admired what he saw good business men admire, and praised not without the wish to be praised by them himself. Who are they whom these English and his own heart taught him to love? The brave jousting who “feared neither pain nor death”; the faithful squires “who, though their masters departed, yet had rather have died than have had any reproach,” and truly died without it; the victor of Cressy, who “would have that no man should be proud or make boast, but every man humbly to thank God”; the Black Prince, “the flower of chivalry of England,” who served “as humbly as he could” before his captured enemy John of France “in sign of great love”; the English knights, who “made good cheer to their prisoners”; the French Captain of Calais and his companions who “would endure as much pain as ever knights did rather than consent that the poorest lad in the town should have to bear any more evil than the greatest of us all”; the rich burgher who thought that “great mischief it should be, to suffer to die such people as be in this town, when there is a means to save them”—by giving his own life for theirs.

This, then, was the character and conduct admired of our ancestors—no fantastic knights-errant, but hard practical men: yeomen and citizens or country gentlemen with good landed estates and town houses. The fashion of our time is different, but the faith remains; in the present day the “noble and high Order of Knighthood” would, if it were formally re-founded, put the same principles into a slightly different shape. It would re-appear, perhaps, somewhat as follows:

The Universal Association for the Attainment of Peace.

The object of this Society is the attainment of Peace by the elimination of Hatred from human affairs. Membership is free to all who are, or who wish to be, gentle, brave, loyal and courteous.

The Society recognises no distinction of rank, creed, colour or nationality.

RULES.

- (1) Members are bound to one another in all circumstances by the obligation of brotherhood.
- (2) Every member shall be bound to forbear all men courteously; to deal honourably; to fight in a just quarrel and in no other.
- (3) Every member shall bear himself in war without hatred; in pain or death without flinching; in defeat without complaining; in victory without insolence.
- (4) Every member shall hold himself under a special obligation to help and serve those who are weak, poor or suffering, and particularly women and conquered enemies.

This has been, as we shall all one day recognise, the "soldier's pocket-book" of our army in South Africa: a rule of conduct prescribed by neither field-marshal nor chaplain—for though consistent with both military science and Christianity, it does not depend on either for its sanction—but founded in the blood and memory of the race itself. We see in it a hope for the future of the world and of England. In our humble belief power is to the merciful, and great empires do not perish except for the progress of humanity. We hear with profound thankfulness a testimony of overwhelming sound and volume already beginning to proclaim in the teeth of a bitter wind of hatred that our men, high and low, regulars and volunteers, have through a long and desperate campaign suffered and conquered without

savagery, and have remembered under many provocations their human brotherhood with those who fought them. As we read the terrible charges brought by every mail from China, some part of which, we fear, may prove to be well founded, we cannot but reflect that three great nations of the Continent would be happier to-day if they could trust their men in the Far East as we have learned to trust our Englishmen. When we say this we suggest no pharisaical mood; it is an inseparable part of chivalry to admire and welcome the same virtues in others; but here it is simply the plain truth that the Anglo-Saxon is ahead of his contemporaries, and the world would be the poorer for his extinction. Let any reasonable man read the public and private accounts written by our correspondents and soldiers of the feeling of the army towards the Boers, and of their treatment of the latter whenever they held them as wounded or unwounded prisoners, and then turn in thought to the blind passion and hideous malice of a large part of the Continental press against us during the last year and a half: on the one side strenuous fighting, physical suffering, and death, redeemed by generous admiration, ready forgiveness, self-sacrificing gentleness; on the other, the cowardly gnashing of teeth, the safe spitting of venomous lies—no conflict indeed, but is it peace? In which of these moods would you meet your brother? Upon which would the Divine Face look down most sadly in a true picture?

No, peace is not to be defined in terms of matter; it is indeed the contradictory of strife, but not of physical strife. Peace is a spirit, and must be sought for in spirit and in truth. A wrong antithesis must not be forced upon us; the choice is not between unredeemed war and an impossible and degenerating passivity, but between hatred and the game of life according to the rules. And since life is a game which man cannot refuse to play, it would be lamentable if the rules were forgotten in the confusion caused by the outcry, however well meant, of those who do not understand them.

THE HOUSING OF THE POOR

THIS is admittedly one of the most pressing social problems of the day. It threatens to develop into a political one as well. In the meantime the nation is deluged with philanthropic talk about the housing of the poor; while the poor remain without healthy houses.

To the layman the problem appears at present as a matter of public importance needlessly obscured by vague definitions. No clear principle seems to animate the would-be solvers of it; and ill-directed or misdirected philanthropy is a sorry guide to any concerted action. We may note that it has become quite the fashion to speak of this housing of the poor as the "Housing of the Working Classes." Even the Act of Parliament which is invoked has been entitled "The Housing of the Working Classes Act." Apparently to the parliamentarian only those members of the community who labour with their limbs are entitled to be spoken of as "working." Even if we grant that absurdity, we have still to differentiate the poor from the well-to-do limb-labourer. Now a little inquiry will show us that well-to-do limb-labourers, certainly all skilled artisans, can and do secure the kind of dwelling they desire; but that the limb-labourers below the rank of the skilled artisans would commonly be the better for help in the matter of housing themselves; and that the really poor, those just above as well as those actually in receipt of poor relief, positively need assistance in this matter of housing. It is for

these reasons that we speak of the "Housing of the Poor" and not "Housing of the Working Classes," and by "poor" we mean for present purposes people below the rank of skilled labourers; or, to adopt a pecuniary standard, people whose total income falls short of £1 a week.

At the meeting of the British Medical Association this year, the medical officer of health for one of the thirty-three great towns propounded a principle of action which commended itself to the State Medicine section as being one likely to render service in the practical solution of this politico-social problem of housing the poor. Briefly stated, this suggestion was for the adoption and provision of a minimum standard of house accommodation for the poor; such minimum to be determined either by the State or by the Local Authority, but the actual embodiment of it to be furnished by the latter. It would promote a general correspondence in the quality of the accommodation to have the minimum determined by the State. Very possibly go-ahead municipalities would exceed this in determining their local standard. The point urged was that nowhere should the minimum be permitted to fall below a certain standard, but that individual corporations should be free to exceed it. Though its application to the housing problem is possibly novel, this principle of establishing and providing a minimum is not new. For instance, we say that it is to the interest and conduces to the welfare of the community for every child to receive a certain minimum amount of education, which minimum we provide, but leave the way open to the attainment of any desired maximum by private expenditure. It is most assuredly equally true that it is to the interest and will conduce to the welfare of the community to protect and promote the common health by ensuring to every person a certain minimum amount of air, space, and household comfort: this minimum in our judgment the community should provide; and leave the way open to the attainment of any desired maximum through private expenditure.

The objections commonly urged against such measures are, speaking broadly, these: that they would involve a serious addition to the already huge municipal debt; that they would interfere with private trading, and interfere under conditions fatal to free competition; that they would lead to an increase in the number of officials, inspectors, &c.; that they would impose an undue amount of strain in the matter of management upon municipal councillors, and that they would tend to make these councillors—who must go through the process of election—the servants of their tenants, and intensify the demoralisation fostered by touting for votes.

We do not think that these predictions need deter us from grappling with the housing problem upon the principle indicated. It is obvious that the raising of a loan to provide dwellings for the poor will increase the debt of a sanitary authority; but it should be equally obvious that the community will secure something to set against this in the shape of dwellings, and also—most valuable of all assets—an increase of vigorous humanity. For it is certain, if it be not obvious, that anything which lowers the general standard of healthiness impoverishes the community. Then if it were proposed that a sanitary authority should embark upon a career of house-building practically without limit, there would be point in the objection that such work must seriously affect private trading. But if a sanitary authority restrict itself to providing in the matter of house accommodation the minimum which it will tolerate within its district, a stimulus will be given to private efforts to attract the class of people who will wish to secure house accommodation of a character above the minimum. The fear of an army of officials is bogeyism pure and simple; fewer not more inspectors should be needed when healthy dwellings have been substituted for unhealthy ones. The predicted "intolerable strain" upon the time and managing capacity of the average councillor can only make those acquainted with the actual working of municipal machinery smile. The real work is and will continue to be done by the officials. A muni-

cipal officer is fortunate if he find a chairman and vice-chairman of a committee he deals with ready and willing to gain a thorough knowledge and understanding of the business to be handled. The responsible official is much more likely to be subjected to an "intolerable strain" in trying to prevent mischief being done by irresponsible councillors. Principles of action can and should be determined by a council or committee, but administrative detail must be left to the official; unless the Fabian policy of paying councillors is adopted; and even then the life of neither the councillor nor the official will be a happy one, though the "intolerable strain" may be lessened. Exercise of pressure at election times by the tenants of the sanitary authority is very probable. All grades of people, no matter what their social status, endeavour to promote their class interests, and no doubt the communal tenants will endeavour to secure for themselves the best terms possible. But on sanitary grounds no wise sanitary authority will place all its communal dwellings within one district, and the rate-paying conscience may be safely relied upon to set due limits to the aspirations of the interested.

The great practical advantage to the community of first determining the minimum in the matter of house accommodation which it will either tolerate or be contented with, and then providing it, lies in the circumstance that by so acting the community will interfere least with private trading. Nay, its action should be a spur to the private or company competitor to provide additional accommodation or attractions for the same, or an increased rental. Then, too, the credit of the community being greater than that of any individual member of it, the municipalities and other sanitary authorities should be able to raise money upon easier terms than the speculative builder can; and this advantage should enable corporations to let dwellings at a relatively cheaper rate. In short, they should be able to provide the minimum at the minimum rate.

In dealing with the cognate common-lodging-house accommodation sanitary authorities might also proceed upon the

principle of establishing a minimum of healthiness and comfort and providing it. We believe that some medical officers are in favour of a sanitary authority providing all the common-lodging-house accommodation needed within its district. They very cogently argue that by providing all the common-lodging-house accommodation required within its district a sanitary authority can minimise the cost of administration and inspection and more effectually control the importation and dissemination of infectious ailments, &c. But for the purpose of minimising the cost of management a tendency to limit common lodging houses to large establishments would almost certainly prevail. The crowding of large numbers of persons upon any given site is a policy of which we cannot approve. Besides, if only one or two of such "houses for the homeless" are provided, a tired wayfarer may have to tramp very considerable distances after he has entered a town before he can reach one of these havens of rest. On the other hand, there are some who fail to see any need for a sanitary authority to provide any common-lodging-house accommodation. They argue that the Local Government Board Model Bye-laws relating to common lodging houses practically establish the minimum amount of air, space, sanitary accommodation, separation of the sexes, &c.: adopt these, let your inspectors see that these regulations are complied with, and you can secure a minimum without adventuring into management. The force of this reasoning we may fully admit, and yet not agree either with those who say that a sanitary authority should provide all the accommodation required or with those who say that it should provide none. To provide all is to crush out a perfectly legitimate type of catering and to establish in its place a monopoly. To provide none is to sanction implicitly as a standard of accommodation that provided by the Local Government Board Bye-laws; and that, we do not hesitate to affirm, is not sufficiently conducive to healthiness; as any Local Government Board inspector can determine for himself by making a practical trial of it, in his own person, for the space of one week. It may be replied

that an easy remedy can be found in a heightening of the Local Government Board requirements. But that is not a really effective remedy. Government regulations invariably lag behind the requirements of the intelligent; and while we should like to see the Model Bye-laws re-modelled, it is only too certain that it will be the wiser policy to leave sanitary authorities free as at present to fix their own minimum, provided that this never fall below that commended by the Local Government Board. The way will thus be left open for enterprising sanitary authorities to continue to forge ahead of the Sanitary Department of the Government. In fact we would apply to sanitary authorities precisely the policy we wish to see sanitary authorities apply to their possible private competitors, viz., establish a standard which they will not be permitted to lower, but will be encouraged to exceed. Only in the latter instance we wish to see the sanitary authority provide as well as determine its minimum. At present, the standard implicitly commended by the Local Government Board Model Bye-laws relating to common lodging houses is one that is, in matter of air space, discreditable, if it be not actually detrimental, to the body politic.

We may now turn for a brief space to the legal machinery provided for dealing with the housing of the poor. This practically resolves itself into "The Housing of the Working Classes Act 1890." This Act consolidates and amends certain other Acts of Parliament dealing with the housing problem. Like all our sanitary legislation it is enfeebled by not being expressed in the imperative mood. Our law-givers are always "letting I dare not wait upon I would" the moment their proposals seem to involve the laying of a hand upon the sacred ark of property. Still this Act can be made to render some service to social reformers. It is divided into seven parts, the first three of which are those which apply to the problem before us. Part I. relates to Unhealthy Areas, Part II. to Unhealthy Dwellings, and Part III. to Working-class Lodging Houses (Working Classes Act 1890 Amendment Act). It is with the

practical application of the second of these parts that medical officers of health are commonly concerned. The Act confers power, not upon the medical officers of health, but upon the sanitary authorities, to compel the closing of a dwelling which is unfit for habitation and cannot be made fit for habitation, and to order, and, after tedious proceedings, to procure, its demolition. The Act also enables sanitary authorities to demolish buildings which by obstructing light and air cause other dwellings to be unhealthy. It happens, perhaps not infrequently, that a medical officer of health will sign a formal certificate to the effect that such and such a dwelling is in his judgment unfit for habitation. The sanitary authority is represented by a committee of its council ranging from a dozen to a score in numbers, who hold, of necessity, varying standards of judgment in sanitary matters. This committee considers the certificate of the medical officer of health and usually acts upon it, but not always. A committee will sometimes be satisfied if some patching up is effected. It would certainly contribute to a more drastic application of the provision of the Act if the medical officer of health were given executive power. To prevent possible abuse of such suggested executive authority a medical officer of health should be made responsible for his action to the courts.

Under this same Act a sanitary authority can have small groups of unhealthy dwellings pulled down, and new dwellings erected. Large areas can also be acquired, the dwellings upon them pulled down, and what is known as an "improvement scheme" carried out. The sanitary authority can also erect dwellings or lodging houses in districts where they are required. It will be thus seen that it is not so much the machinery as the moving power which is needed. Public opinion must demand, and then Parliament will apply, a categorical imperative wherever a direction is now expressed in the conditional mood. Parliament should at the same time secure fixity of tenure to and government control of the appointment, pay, duties, &c., of medical officers of health, so that these officials may have

every inducement to be fearless. Under Part I. of the 1890 Act it is sometimes possible to condemn insanitary areas, but a medical officer of health will do so very cautiously because of the cost which the sanitary authority has to incur in purchasing the site, and in providing accommodation for the displaced tenants. Apart from the question of cost, a site which has been covered with habitations, perhaps for centuries, is not one upon which a sanitary authority could be advised to erect new dwellings. Such a site is certain to be on soil saturated with pollution. We would suggest that if such an area were bought it should be converted if possible into an open space, or be utilised for warehouses, and that any new dwellings the sanitary authority proposed to erect should be built upon a hitherto unoccupied site. Houses which are erected nowadays are less likely to give rise to soil pollution than houses built a generation ago, and *a fortiori* much less likely than those built a century ago. Nowadays every respectable sanitary authority requires each new house to be provided with a "damp course" in its walls, to have concrete placed beneath the floors, and to have abutting upon it paving material impervious to fluids. The drainage must receive official sanction, and attention is given to sanitary appliances; but even now a fireplace in every bedroom is not insisted upon, and a fireplace means a possibility at least of securing some ventilation at all times as well as of warmth when a fire is lighted. A sanitary authority could also very easily require the panel above the entrance door of every dwelling to be filled in with glass and made to open inwards. By this simple requirement a very effective method of ventilating could be brought into practice, and some light would be admitted into what is commonly the darkest part of a cottage dwelling.

To revert, however, to insanitary areas. In dealing with these it seems to us that condemnation of an area should only entitle the owners of the property to secure what they can obtain for the materials of the buildings condemned and the market value of the land, if the corporation choose to buy it.

If a dwelling or collection of dwellings be unhealthy, it is surely a wasteful generosity to give the owner or owners any sort of compensation when the sanitary authority has decided that the community shall be no longer endangered and disgraced by these dwellings. The fact that the site itself will be riddled with pollution should be deemed to render it ill-fitted for the erection of other dwellings. In that one of the thirty-three great towns with which the original proposer of our scheme is associated, and to which his evidence chiefly has reference, the rates are very high, and practically no big schemes involving purchase of sites and the re-erection of dwellings could or would be undertaken. Happily such a course is not urgently needed. It is the experience in other places where considerable areas have been dealt with under Part I. of the 1890 Act, that the houses which are built upon the acquired sites have to be let at rents beyond the means of the class of people which has been displaced. In short, there has occurred a shifting, but not a cure of the overcrowding. The corporation of the town in question is for the present confining its action to dealing with, quietly and perhaps a little slowly, and from time to time closing individual dwellings—a procedure which involves no compulsory purchase or compensation, and which will, if resolutely and persistently pursued, rid the town of many if not all of the dwellings which the medical officer of health certifies to be unfit for human habitation. The certificate of this officer, it has to be remembered, has of itself no executive effect. Whether it shall be acted upon or not is a matter which a committee of the corporation has to determine. The council in question has also taken steps, through a special committee, to cause the owners of property in Yards and Courts efficiently to pave and drain these, and to provide the inhabitants with suitable sanitary accommodation. Concurrently with this committee, another special one has been appointed to deal with the question of housing the poor. This last committee will in all probability recommend that any dwellings which may be built

shall be erected in the suburbs, and upon hitherto unoccupied sites. It must not be forgotten that a great repressive influence upon active work by corporations in this matter of housing of the poor is the expenditure involved and the onerous nature of the terms upon which loans for the purpose are at present sanctioned. If loans were granted for a period of seventy-five years and upon easier terms, and if compulsory purchase of condemned areas and payment of compensation were done away with, we should find the housing of the poor no insoluble problem; and, in our belief, we should find its solution greatly facilitated by dealing with it as we do with elementary education—by adopting a minimum standard and providing that our national life shall nowhere fall short of it.

ON THE LINE

ONE of the "conversational openings" most commonly heard, or overheard, in places where people meet to talk, is the question, "What have you been reading?" or "Have you been reading any good books lately?" We believe that this is quite as often as not a genuine appeal for help, and not merely the pushing forward of a pawn in the game. The publication of modern books at certain times of the year—it will soon apparently be true of all times—is like nothing so much as the rise of pheasants at a hot corner; the air is filled with the noise of innumerable creatures all trying to get up at once, the sky is darkened and the sight confused by their flight crossing and swerving in every possible direction: only the experienced can hope to pick out and bring down a respectable bag without repeatedly taking shots at those which are "not his birds." With this difficulty before him—or her—the determined reader of books goes for advice to a "literary friend," and the result is sometimes satisfactory, sometimes very much the reverse. Perhaps, on the whole, the responsibility involved is too heavy to be thrust upon private persons. Who would seriously prescribe medicine or litigation for a friend without the inducement of professional payment or reputation? Morals, indeed, and religion we do all prescribe for each other; but the case is different, for we aim there rather at our own relief than that of the nominal patient.

We propose, then, to make an effort to lighten the responsi-

bility of those who are asked from time to time for "a list of books to read." We do not intend to bear their burden ourselves so much as to hand it on and distribute it. We have invited the co-operation of a distinguished but anonymous committee; every month, out of the immeasurable expanse of books exhibited to the public gaze, they will select a small number which, if the hanging of this gallery had been entrusted to them, would all have been placed "on the line."

The plan is in every way a tentative one; it is easier at present to say what we do not, than what we do, intend to include in it. We shall give a list; the books will be recent; they will be such as in our opinion no one can ignore without loss; among them will be found foreign books, especially books in French; all classes of literature will be eligible. On the other hand, the list will not claim to be an exhaustive one; it will not necessarily be confined to books appearing within the month; it will not consider the interests of the expert in any branch, but the pleasure of the general or omnivorous reader. It will contain comments, but brief and not detailed; the mere report of a patrol, so that the reader may not feel he is being led to attack entirely unknown positions: it is far from our intention merely to add one more to the chorus of critics. The books we do not like we shall leave others to advertise; they will, we hope, be chiefly of the class which is in the end "written down" most effectually by itself. In any case we hold strongly that to attempt to forestall the judgment of posterity would be a waste of time. To neglect a book now because our grandchildren will never hear of it would be not very unlike refusing filberts at eight because at eighty our teeth or the nuts or both may have perished. We are not denying the difference between the permanent and the ephemeral elements in literature: but beauty is none the less beauty because it is perishable, and, beauty apart, it is our business and our pleasure to know the best of our contemporaries. Posterity may be better off: though, if it takes after its forebears, it is more likely to speak of us as "giants in those days."

It is unfortunate that, having said thus much of our intentions, we are accidentally prevented from putting them at once into practice. Our Hanging Committee has not reassembled in time; and all we can do for this month is to give a list of the books which we have personally read and most enjoyed.

FICTION.

- Quisanté.** By Anthony Hope. (Methuen.)
Richard Yea and Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)
The Brass Bottle. By F. Anstey. (Smith Elder.)
A Gift from the Grave. By Mrs. Wharton. (Murray.)
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By H. Harland. (John Lane.)

HISTORY.

- The Successors of Drake.** By Julian Corbett. (Longmans.)
The Great Boer War. By A. Conan Doyle. (Smith Elder.)

ESSAYS.

- Studies by the Way.** By Sir Edward Fry. (Nisbet.)
Non Sequitur. By Miss Mary E. Coleridge. (Nisbet.)

LETTERS.

- Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore.**
 Edited by Basil Champneys. (Bell.)
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Murray.)

POETRY.

- Odes.** By Laurence Binyon. (Unicorn Press.)
Smart's "Song to David." Edited by R. A. Streatfeild.
 (Elkin Mathews.)
The Oxford Book of English Verse. Edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Oxford University Press.)

These are not quite "the latest new books," but how many people have read them *all*? And yet they are all books to buy and keep.

ARMY REFORM

IT would be well if those who are urging the Government to reform the Army on "business principles," would pause to consider some of the striking differences which must everywhere exist between a commercial undertaking and the maintenance of an armed force in peace for employment in the rare eventuality of war. A railway company for instance is always on active service, so to speak, with competing lines, the public, and difficulties of time and space as enemies. An army is generally at peace, and is very rarely employed in warlike operations. The contrast is sufficiently striking to those who realise the difference between the conditions of daily existence in an army at home or in the field ; but judging from the utterances of our statesmen and legislators, to say nothing of our leader-writers and correspondents in the Press, this point of view has never occurred to any of them.

Let us take a concrete instance and imagine a railway company, say the North-Western, working, or endeavouring to work, under somewhat similar circumstances to those the War Office is called on to meet.

Normally, the railway knows that on bank holidays, and on other fixed dates, an unusual strain will be thrown on its resources, and can make preparations beforehand, which, however, rarely suffice to meet the need as constant experience has taught us, although the demands could be supplied by perhaps ten per cent. more locomotives in steam, and a few

hours overtime for all the staff. To place the railway on equal terms with the army, we must imagine it dealing annually with a fractional part of its present traffic, enough to fill perhaps one train a day each way, and yet held ready to deal with the full pressure of its present August traffic at forty-eight hours notice, at some very uncertain time in the remote future. We must also imagine the Chairman to be entirely destitute of any professional knowledge of railway matters and liable to parliamentary obstruction and criticism, unless expenses were kept down to the lowest possible figure.

Under these conditions, the railway would probably follow the principles of organisation universal in almost all armies. To reduce expenditure two-thirds of the staff would be sent home on furlough, liable to recall at a moment's notice; the coal bill would be cut down to its lowest level; and expenditure on experiments to determine the best class of locomotives etc., would be vigorously curtailed. To complete the comparison we must further imagine that when mobilisation did take place the railway would be called on to work in a country whose language was absolutely unknown to nine-tenths of its employés—this last is a point almost invariably overlooked by our would-be reformers.

It is unnecessary to push the comparison further; hardly necessary to ask whether the railway would deal more successfully with its difficulties than the army, during the present South African campaign, has succeeded in doing.

In the old days, when a state of warfare was almost chronic, the soldier was a highly specialised artisan—constantly employed at his trade, and familiar with every trick and contrivance concerning it. Armies were, in fact, raised and maintained precisely on the same business lines as those on which a contractor selects and maintains his staff and subordinates for the execution of a great government order nowadays. Having received a contract the modern business man sends for the men who have worked under him before and sub-lets portions of the work to these, who in turn bring

their own staff and skilled workmen—men being accepted and paid or rejected precisely according to the skill they have to sell; and this skill is chiefly conditioned by the continuity of employment such individual has enjoyed.

But let us suppose that for thirty or forty years all great railway works came to an end and a sudden call was made on one of the old firms to execute a new line, we should then find the business man face to face with the same problem with which the War Office has from time to time to contend, viz., skilled work to be done and only old leaders and untried men to perform it with.

Moreover, the difficulty to the War Office is immensely enhanced by the fact that though it is not hard to select suitable men even for fresh work under the normal conditions of civilised labour, it is admittedly almost impossible to predict how individuals will behave in face of the perils and risks of active service. One man will face bullets with superb heroism, but break out and become mutinous under privation, and another will shun the bullets but face the hardships.

Hence in the state of civilisation at which most European races have now arrived, it is inevitable that the outbreak of any war must be accompanied by a period of transition in which men are for the first time learning their business practically, and during that period mistakes are inevitable on both sides, victory remaining with the side which makes the fewest.

Since we cannot go to war in order to find out whether we are as good as, or better, than our neighbours, the fairest test to decide the point will be to calculate the percentage of serious mistakes made at the outbreak of a campaign by armies of about the same strength as our own, and judged by this standard it would appear that we are at least as good as, if not considerably better than, any of our continental critics were in 1866, 1870, or 1877. Compare, for instance, the astounding blunders committed either in the first, second, or third German armies during the first three weeks of their campaign in France; each and all show a far worse series of errors than either Colenso

or Magersfontein, even if we adopt for these latter the current opinion of the daily Press, which are far from being correct or accurate.

But, it will be argued, the German army of to-day is very superior to the army that fought in 1870—and this is perfectly correct—it is for this very reason I have made the comparison, for in point of fact the Germans were then passing through a very similar period of transition to the one our own forces have been undergoing, and for both armies the test of war came a few years too soon.

The question for us to consider is whether we cannot now profit by the lessons the Germans purchased so dearly in France, and continue to evolve our fighting force along the same lines which they have found so successful.

When the principle of short service was first introduced in Prussia by Scharnhorst in 1808, it is perfectly evident that neither he nor his contemporaries had any idea of the extraordinary way in which the law would influence military development. They looked upon it merely as an expedient to secure adequate numbers of more or less trained men to meet the momentary emergency, and it was not till many years afterwards that its full consequences began to disclose themselves. Under the old long-service system, the few recruits that sufficed in peace time to repair the annual waste had been left for instruction to the old soldiers and non-commissioned officers, precisely as they were in England until 1875—or indeed to a later date—and the life of a young officer was very much the same as with us, as the following translation of a reprimand delivered by Frederick the Great during the latter years of his reign to his officers at Potsdam will show :

Gentlemen [he said], I am entirely dissatisfied with the cavalry : the regiments are completely out of hand ; there is no accuracy, no order ; the men ride like tailors. I beg that this may not occur again, and that each of you will pay more attention to his duty. But I know how things go on. You think I am not up to your dodges, but I know them all and will recapitulate them. When the season for riding drill comes on, the Captain sends for the

Sergeant-Major and says, "I have an appointment this morning at —, tell the first Lieutenant to take the rides." So the Sergeant-Major goes to the senior subaltern and gives him the message, and the latter says, "What! the Captain will be away? then I am off hunting; tell the second Lieutenant to take the men." And the second Lieutenant, who is probably still in bed, says, "What, both of them away, then I will stay where I am, I was up till three this morning at a dance; tell the Cornet I am ill and he must take the rides." Finally, the Cornet remarks, "Look here, Sergeant-Major, what is the good of my standing out there in the cold? You know all about it much better than I do, you go and take them"; and so it goes on, and what must be the end of it all? What can I hope to do with such cavalry before the enemy?

When, after the great Napoleonic wars, matters settled down, the recruits under the new law began to come in in droves, one third the strength of the unit every year, and there being no trustworthy old sergeants to take them in hand, and no old soldiers to teach them all the tricks of the trade (which we now call minor tactics), the young officers found out that they must learn their work as instructors themselves; and as the business of teaching recruits *en masse* was a new one, each of them had to rely pretty much on the light of nature to devise a sound working system and method. Inspecting officers now judged by results, rejecting or recommending for promotion according to the talent the individuals had shown.

In this manner a generation of young captains grew up who had been compelled to master the details of their profession from the very beginning, and above all things had learnt to handle men, and from these in due course it became possible to select staff and field officers of proved ability.

Under the old system, in peace time, no such selection was possible, for officers had no opportunity of showing what they could do in front of their men, and it is the capacity to *command*, not to acquire book knowledge, which is the most essential point in an officer's qualifications.

This process of the survival of the fittest always takes time to work out its full consequences. First there is the period during which the younger generation are feeling their way towards a fresh system, being opposed all the while by the

conservative members of the old school ; then comes the time when the juniors have been promoted to higher rank, and a reaction almost invariably sets in, due to the fact that the change of system having almost automatically worked out its consequences, without conscious direction by the individuals themselves, they fail to perceive the true causes, or to realise the whole extent of the progress they have lived through.

Moreover, the average man, having become aware of his own power of command, will not readily yield it up into the hands of his subordinates—for it is indeed one of the hardest lessons a man has to learn, the necessity of surrendering power into the hands of others and letting them learn by their own mistakes.

Progress in Germany was further hindered by the national character, which is distinctly averse to the assumption of responsibility, and by other causes, economic and social, which had followed on the conclusion of the French occupation of the country.

The net result was that when the war of 1870 broke out the idea of decentralisation of command had only been half grasped by the older members of the army, and important commands were still held by men who proved themselves conspicuously unfitted for their heavy responsibilities before the enemy.

Since the 1870 war progress has been marked and rapid, and it would undoubtedly be a very false assumption to make that the efficiency of the present German Staff can be measured by its performances thirty years ago.

I have dwelt at this length on the subject, because, since the adoption of short service in our own army, we have been passing through an almost identical cycle of evolution.

Thanks to our many small wars, and the higher average of the qualities of command our race undeniably possesses, our old long-service army never sank as low as the long-service army of Frederick the Great, and, in its junior ranks at any rate, it has been quicker to accept responsibility.

I am aware that it is almost heresy nowadays to suggest that our officers of the regular army possess any military qualification whatever, except personal courage—there is not a newspaper correspondent, volunteer, or member of Parliament who is not prepared to reform the whole service at ten minutes notice, notwithstanding the fact, as their writings and speeches abundantly prove, that they are often ignorant of the very names of things they write about, or of the meaning of the military terms they employ ; but I have been closely associated with the German army ever since 1872, I have known the internal history of their regiments as I know my own, and I am convinced that in capacity to command, the raw material, from which our men of all ranks originate, is very markedly superior to the raw material of all continental armies. I say nothing as to our capacity for assimilating book knowledge : in this we are probably all far inferior to the Bengali Babu, who as a class are intellectually far more acute than any Europeans, and if book learning, pure and simple, is all that is required for the successful conduct of military operations, then we at least possess an inexhaustible supply of Babus in Calcutta and its vicinity which will soon render us superior to all possible rivals.

As to the state of the old Frederican army during the twenty years before Jena, I have often called attention to the extraordinary parallel it presents to the conditions in our own prior to 1870 ; but we had inherited the admirable traditions of the old Peninsula army, and the best of these had been kept alive in the Sikh wars, the Crimea, the Mutiny, China, and the Cape. We made mistakes in each and all of these countries, no doubt, but our worst were venial compared with the blunders of the Prussians in Thuringia in 1806 ; and when the black fit is on our pessimistic critics, and they feel impelled to relieve their feelings in floods of ink, which match their opinions in hue, I could wish that they would turn up the files of the Berlin Press of October 1806 and see from what a much worse welter of misfortune and incompetence the modern Prussian perfection has sprung.

Perhaps the fact that we have never met with real and crushing disaster is against us. Isolated detachments have indeed now and again been routed and destroyed, but an organised British force of even 50,000 men, guns, and horses has never yet been beaten, pursued, and compelled to ultimate surrender; such an incident supplies a wonderful impetus to thorough-going reform.

Reform was forced upon us primarily by the proved necessity for greater numbers than our voluntary system with long service could supply; but this was in reality but a side issue and obscured the main point involved.

The chief obstacle to progress in our own case, when the change from long to short service was made in 1871, lay in the fact that the real strength of the case for the latter was never realised by its supporters. Had they studied the actual working of the Prussian law in peace time, and pointed out to this country the guarantees for efficiency during prolonged peace which the short service principle alone affords, the need of the change would have been at once apparent, and parliamentary resistance in all probability would at once have been withdrawn.

It should have been pointed out to every one that each unemployed long-service army contains in itself the germs of its own decay—not because of any excess of original sin in the men who wear its uniform, but simply from the action of the human nature common to all of us.

Let us take as a typical instance the army of Frederick the Great, and note the downward progression subsequent to the Seven Years War—our own after Waterloo would serve almost equally well, but our many little wars, to which I have referred above, destroy the continuity of the action.

After the peace of Hubertusberg the army was reduced to a peace footing, by the elimination of all but the fittest men, and for the first few years its waste was at a minimum. Its war-tried veterans needed but little drill to keep them up to inspection form, and the officers wanted leave to attend to their

private affairs. The young officers joining after the war could not presume to teach the seasoned veterans who filled the ranks, and found their seniors mostly too busy with their own interests to waste time over the education of their juniors—so like the Cornet above alluded to, they let the Sergeant-Major “take the rides” and remained in bed.

In ten years time there was not a subaltern who had seen a shot fired in anger, and the old soldiers were beginning to leave the service.

Presently every one had found out the simplest and easiest way of carrying on the daily routine, and the downhill progress commenced in earnest. The young recruits were no longer taught their business on outposts and patrols, for these things were no longer systematically practised; the old soldiers taught them instead how to get round the weak sides of their officers' characters, as this made life more comfortable for all concerned, and the regiment maintained its prestige undiminished.

“But where were the Inspecting Officers?” it will be asked.

They were there and doing their duty according to their lights, subject only to human nature's disabilities—first amongst which is the tendency with increasing age to ignore the rapid lapse of time and the change attendant on that lapse. When twenty years afterwards they rode out to inspect the historic regiments with which they had stormed the heights, say at Torgau or Hochkirch, their minds saw only the heroic battalions they had known in former days; indeed, it seemed but yesterday, and the fact that not a man under the rank of field officer could possibly have been present at those events never entered their heads at all. I have seen the same thing happen in our own service within the last thirty years, and believe it to be an inevitable consequence of the weakness of human nature under conditions of idleness.

After another ten years only the generals remained of the old invincibles, but still the natural decay and alteration of these regiments was unrealised. Then the storm burst, and at last it was recognised that only an untried collection of well-

drilled but untrained men represented the once rigid discipline and splendid achievements of Frederick's war-seasoned forces.

In a short-service army, swamped every year with an influx of recruits and surrounded on all sides by restless enemies, it is not possible for this condition of idleness to arise. There is work for all to do, and it has to be accomplished under the eyes of the public, who naturally take a keen interest in what concerns their sons and brothers. Since there are no old soldiers, or at best comparatively few of them, the officers are compelled to assume the position of instructors, and to master their work so as to teach others; for a man cannot be said to know anything thoroughly until he is able clearly to explain his knowledge.

Much has been made of the different conditions under which the officers of foreign armies are compelled to labour and those which obtain in our own service, and many attempts have been made to show that equal results are not to be hoped for without the pressure of compulsory law. I believe these views to be entirely unfounded, and on the contrary hold that under our own system results far better suited to our special circumstances are attainable than could be hoped for were our conditions to be too closely approximated to the continental models.

The establishments of our army are in fact far better adapted for the strain of modern warfare than those of any other nation—our relative excess of officers is not only absolutely needed for the work which has to be done in all minor campaigns, but it enables it to be so distributed in peace time that our officers can still find leisure for the exploration, sport, and other amusements which render them many-sided and adaptable to the constantly varying conditions which they are called on to face. If Baden-Powell, for instance, had never had more than three weeks consecutive leave in his service, it is at least open to question whether he would have been so conspicuously successful as the defender of Mafeking.

Our foreign rivals fully admit these advantages and marvel at our national folly in deprecating them.

If the British officer is to have fair play—and for his heroic self-devotion in the past three years in the Tirah, at the Atbara, and in South Africa, he abundantly deserves it—it is absolutely essential that the public should understand the nature of the difficulties under which he has had to labour.

When the great change to short service was made, all ranks of the cavalry and infantry had been shaken by the abolition of purchase, and especially by the want of consideration with which the claims of individuals had been treated, many officers receiving less pay for their services than the interest on the capital they had invested (on the faith of the Royal Warrants) in the purchase of their commissions. This was hardly a favourable moment to call on them to undertake the additional duties of instructors of their men when they had only contracted to lead them.

Moreover, nobody was in a position to tell them what they were required to teach, for it must be borne in mind that reform at that particular moment had been forced upon us, not as a consequence of our own military experience, but in deference to the public impressions derived from the hearsay accounts of disasters which had happened to others.

Army reform had, indeed, been before the country for some years prior to the Franco-German War, and was certain to come sooner or later; but it was the pressure of uninformed public opinion that carried it through precisely at that time, in that particular shape.

The view that the public took of the military events of 1866 and 1870 was, briefly, that a new and terrible implement of war had transformed the whole practice of fighting, and that the Prussians had been successful because they had known how to adapt their methods to the changed conditions which the new armament involved, and consequently we, too, must change our methods and imitate the German models.

As it happened, no conclusion could well have been further

from the truth. The Prussians had won, not by, but in spite of, the new weapons, as a consequence of the introduction of short service many years ago, which had given them officers in all grades trained to assume responsibility under all European conditions—as I have pointed out above—and those who will turn up the many discussions that took place in the theatre of the Royal United Service Institution, will see that many of our most experienced war-trained generals understood the point clearly enough, but, for want of actual personal experience with the new weapons, were unable to meet the torrent of assertion with which their opponents overwhelmed them, and which was borrowed from the statements of men who, never having seen war under the old conditions, were quite unable to draw any comparison between the new and the old.

Hence the officers of the army were compelled not only to undertake work for which they had no previous training, but to formulate for themselves, on hearsay evidence, the knowledge they were required to teach; and such work is not to be accomplished in a day.

As in Germany, the difficulty as to method was soon solved; the work being in excess of the powers of the Adjutant and Sergeant-Major to deal with, these two individuals had to content themselves with licking the raw recruits roughly into shape and then handing them over to the Captains to have their education completed, and the Captains rose to the occasion. Responsibility brought with it habits of thought and study, and an immense improvement was soon noticeable in the average tactical knowledge of the regimental officers.

Progress, however, was very much retarded by the heavy drain upon the home battalions to maintain the linked battalions abroad, and the fact that the number of our regiments was only calculated for peace requirements, leaving no margin for war. Not only did the constant calls for volunteers to other corps, and for drafts, break up all attempts to systematise the training, but officers became disheartened at never having the

men long enough under their control even to get to know their names; the men themselves grew disgusted at being bandied from pillar to post; it became more difficult to maintain discipline, men resented punishment, and aired their grievances in the socialist rags—hence much of the difficulty in recruiting.

But the cause lay in Treasury parsimony, and was in no way due to want of military prevision, for year after year the Commander-in-Chief has clamoured for stronger effectives and more battalions, but only within the last two years has his request been attended to, too late to exercise any influence on the course of our present campaign.

The marvel is that we have succeeded so well, not that we have not done more. For what test can Inspecting Officers design to meet the changing conditions, not only of battalions but of companies, when it was practically impossible for any two units to have enjoyed equal opportunities.

The British officer is a very human person after all, and if he is to be induced to do his utmost he must have the incentive of emulation, but emulation can only exist under equality of conditions and these hitherto have been conspicuously lacking.

There remains yet to be dealt with the charge of tactical incompetence which has so freely been brought against them. Without in the least accepting the pretensions of the various correspondents and leader-writers to speak as duly qualified critics on tactical subjects, I am willing to confess that enough has been done and more left undone during the last few months to form a *primâ facie* case against many of my comrades.

But I hold that under the peculiar conditions under which our tactical theories were evolved, and to which I have alluded above, grave mistakes were certain to be made, and almost in proportion to the zeal and industry with which individuals laboured to acquire a knowledge of them; for the theories themselves are wrong, and arose from the overhastiness with which we adopted second-hand evidence.

That this is the case is proved by the fact that in every essential particular the German infantry methods, founded on first hand evidence, are directly opposed in principle to our own. The views of our tacticians until 1885, which have since been adopted by the Press and the Volunteers, can be briefly summed up as follows :

The object of tactical training is to minimise local losses. Local losses can best be reduced by individual attention to natural and artificial cover.

The German views are that—

The fire of the assailant is the best protection, and tactical training consists in teaching officers so to handle their commands that the plan of battle may be carried through as a whole. In decisive fighting every unit will be called on to bear all the loss its state of discipline will allow, so that the consumption of troops will be slower, and the gross cost of victory thus reduced to the nation.

It does not signify to the nation whether a single battalion loses thirty per cent. or not, but it does matter materially whether the war is finished in ten days by a couple of crushing victories, or is spun out for months with indecisive engagements.

A strong reaction in favour of the German views set in during the early nineties, and had already taken firm hold in the Indian Army, where it bore splendid fruit in the gallant and successful attacks of Talana Heights and Elandslaagte ; it was beginning to spread in England too, as is witnessed by the magnificent feat of arms of the Guards and Marines at Belmont and Enslin, but the proportion of battle-trained men in all ranks of the home contingent was lower than in the battalions from India, and on the two next occasions, when the attacks, both at Colenso and the Modder River, failed in face of the insuperable physical obstacles presented by unfordable rivers, confidence in the power of the attack was shaken and hitherto seems to have been only locally restored.

We are now passing through a stage more or less common to peace-trained armies all over the world, and especially to troops hitherto engaged only against native races. At first they are appalled by their losses and seek to emulate the cover-hunting proclivities of their opponents, but when

experience begins to bring it home to the men in the ranks that only close quarters and cold steel can bring the war to a conclusion, they become absolutely reckless in their eagerness to charge. The evolution of the American armies in the Civil War is the best instance in point.

The fact really is that essentially the art of war and the principles of tactics never change and never will change. It is all the same to a man whether he falls 5000 yards or 50 from his enemy's position, whether on one side of a ditch or the other, whether bullets are put in at one end of a rifle barrel or the other.

The difficulty lies in training men in such a manner that the impulse of the individual to dash forward or hold back, to shoot at the enemy or withhold his fire, should be restrained and curbed so that for the spasmodic impulses of uncontrolled individuals, it becomes possible to substitute the combined efforts of thousands directed on a given spot by the trained will of a single leader, and to obtain this end a thorough grounding in drill exercise is indispensable.

To troops trained to fulfil these conditions, it becomes easy to adapt themselves to the varying demands of armament and country. The difficulty is, under the changing tendencies of civilisation, to secure that all ranks shall be so thoroughly imbued with the necessity for combined action, and so possess that *resultant will power* of the mass generally known as "discipline" (the most important consequence of their drill ground training), that unflinching obedience to superior direction will become practical.

It is this "resultant will power" which holds men together, in spite of thirty, forty, even seventy-five per cent. of loss whilst advancing, that constitutes the whole advantage of organised troops over mobs of individually brave and skilful savages or semi-savages.

The extraordinary mobility which enables our enemies in South Africa to retreat faster than we can pursue, has for the moment obscured this issue, but in the next European war it will arise again as of old.

This is the problem the Germans have gone further towards solving than any other race, but we are pressing very close behind them. What we now require to complete our task is mainly continuity of system, and specifically the recognition of the responsibility of the junior officers to their seniors for the efficiency of the men under them at each successive step in the military hierarchy. In principle, this responsibility is admitted in the Queen's Regulations; in practice, however, it is only thoroughly carried out in the Royal Artillery,¹ which, as a consequence, is by far the most perfect weapon in the army, with very little to learn from any of our neighbours.

This same concession of responsibility will automatically eradicate the needless extravagance so much complained of in the Press. Two-thirds of our officers only spend money in order to kill time, but release them from their compulsory idleness by giving them the right to occupy themselves with their men and horses, and they will throw the energy into their profession which they now devote to their amusements.

Can any one suppose that the work of the Navy would be done as efficiently as it is if the commander of a "destroyer," for instance, was not allowed to command his own ship?

The selection of our staff officers and regimental commanders has also come in for much adverse criticism, in part not altogether undeserved. But this, again, was a necessary

¹ I may add that the same system has also long been in force in the mounted troops of the Royal Engineers; and as to their efficiency, Sir George Luck, who knew them well, told me in India that he had always regarded them as models, for stable management and all-round excellence, for all the cavalry at Aldershot. The late Colonel Percy Barrow introduced the same principle into the 19th Hussars when they went to Egypt in 1882. I was attached to this regiment in 1891, during Colonel French's tenure of command. It had then only recently returned from Egypt, and had been raised to its full establishment by recruiting. Yet, though the average service of the men in the ranks was only one year, and the proportion of remounts excessive, it had acquired a perfection of manœuvring power which was fully equal to the standard of the Prussian cavalry, and markedly superior to that of any British regiment I have seen before or since.

consequence of the remains of our old-fashioned system. On paper the conditions which govern this selection are almost identical with those in force in the German Army, and it is admitted that they work exceedingly well. Under our own, in long continued periods of peace, they could not work at all. For since no one, except the adjutant, possessed any real responsibility, it was impossible to say how any particular individual was fitted to bear the load allotted to him. This led in practice to seniority as the ruling condition of promotion, and as, in peace, promotion is slow, the most active and energetic temperaments left the service, and the dullest and least enterprising remained on to serve for pension. But the habit of bearing responsibility needs constant exercise, without which, like any other disused function, it tends to atrophy.

From the worst consequences of this method of procedure the purchase system¹ saved us, but enough of these old dullards undoubtedly did survive thirty years ago to vitiate any paper scheme of selection that could possibly be devised. These old gentlemen generally left the choice of their officers to their wives and families, with results not always for the good of the Service, and though it must be confessed the ladies often made quite excellent elections, still enough of their failures remained to impede progress materially.

It is also well known that such colonels often put pressure on the less socially desirable (in their estimation) of their subordinates, to induce them to join the Staff Corps, or, worse still, the Staff College; whilst others, well-nigh ruined by the foolish regimental extravagances encouraged by these same commanding officers, were driven, in the endeavour to better their financial position, to the same resort.

It will be apparent to every one that this is not the best way in which to recruit a good staff.

¹ Moltke said many years ago that "there were two points in the British Army which deserved to be copied—the officers' mess and the purchase system." This was at a time when he still remembered the evils slow promotion had entailed in the Prussian Army previous to 1866.

Certainly amongst both classes so shunted might be found men whose brains and general abilities were good enough for anything, but the principle was wrong. Instead of making selection of the best men in every way, they used both, and especially the latter august institution as places into which their regimental rubbish might be shot without compunction.

These conditions are now passing away rapidly. Our officers have made excellent use of even the moderate degree of responsibility short service has so far succeeded in imposing on them, and if the recent Army Order, issued in November by Sir Evelyn Wood (placing the responsibility for the drill efficiency of the troops on the company and squadron commanders),¹ is intelligently obeyed in the spirit as in the letter, then the chief step in Army Reform, for which I have pleaded for the past fifteen years, is accomplished, and our military regeneration is near at hand.

Reform in our administrative branches would follow as a matter of course, for the War Office does not harass the combatant branches for personal amusement, but simply and solely to save itself trouble. Given an army in which every officer had been trained to assume the full responsibility of his position, nine-tenths of the returns and forms now insisted on would be useless and would drop off like a tadpole's tale when he turns into a frog.

There is no greater measure of original sin in the War Office head of a department than in other members of the human race. Essentially he wishes to draw a good salary for the least possible trouble, and if he calls for what appears to the uninitiated to be unnecessary returns, it is only because the experience of the Office has shown that their omission would lead to increased trouble and confusion in the Office itself.

¹ This order is nothing more or less than the secret of the Prussian success, and the examples quoted above of the 19th Hussars, R.A., and R.E. justify my contention that if the spirit of it is grasped, the results will be as favourable as it has proved in Germany, if not more so. Only it requires to be supplemented by a further order extending the period of company training to at least three months.

That this is actually the case is evident from a comparison of the red tape in the German and French War Ministries respectively. On paper the latter is almost an exact replica of the former. In practice the contrast could not be greater, for the French are even more involved than ourselves in the meshes of the red-tape demon.

The reason for these differences is not far to seek. Thanks to ninety years of uniformity of conditions, the Germans have evolved a race of officers who need little if any official guidance; the French on the other hand, in the last thirty years, have had to break with all their past traditions, and have been further hampered in their progress by the impossibility of formulating a system which will work equally well when applied to the highly cultivated young gentlemen from St. Cyr and to the older and far less intelligent type who rise from the ranks, and who form roughly one half the total number of officers to be dealt with.

Like causes produce like effects, and hence the conclusion appears to me to follow irresistibly that since our officers are all sprung from one class, continuity of system, and the extension of responsibility to the junior ranks, will in due course evolve a working organisation which will adapt itself to our own environment with the same certainty as the desired result has been achieved in Germany.

F. N. MAUDE.

THE WAR TRAINING OF THE NAVY

II

Gentlemen shall not be capable of bearing office at sea except they be Tarpaulins too; that is to say, except they are so trained up by a *continued* habit of living at sea, that they may have a right to be admitted free denizens of Wapping.—HALIFAX (1694).

THE quaint words of Halifax convey the gist of the plea I advanced in the first number of this REVIEW. My article dealt with the combatant branch of the Navy, although nearly thirty per cent. of the *personnel* belongs to the engineer branch. It is, however, obvious that those who work the motive power receive their real practice when the engines are driving the ship at sea.

Indirectly an attack on academic education for executive officers applies in kind to engineers as well. In this connection it is interesting to read the recent report of the head of the engineering branch of the United States Navy. It is a service that has gone far beyond my proposals in the crusade against specialism, for they have suppressed the specialist engineer officer. Even in a small navy the first results of so momentous a change must be bad, and we find Admiral Melville has to suggest remedies for the ignorance of the line officer concerning engine-room work. The common-sense remedy of the veteran engineer is :

To have incorporated in the regulations the best method for the needed training at sea—*i.e.*, by departmental order to compel all line officers below the navigators of ships to alternate in duty in the engine-room and on deck, and efficiency reports to be made quarterly to note their progress and class their ability. . . . With a full opportunity provided, he [Admiral Melville] is confident there will be no lack of interest or energetic application on the part of the officers detailed. . . . Experience daily under all conditions of service alone perfects efficiency when combined with intelligence.

The remedy suggested here is no mathematical course in the strength of materials or lectures on thermodynamics. It is for the officer to go and understudy the man working the machine and to pick up his theory alongside his practice. The artisan tempers his tool by plunging the point and watching for the colours. This is his everyday work and the colours are his formula. No amount of theory will help him in the process. This simple truth has got to be learned by the naval educational authorities. As one of the great engineering papers has said: "A first-rate sea-going engineer of vast experience may be unable to make a good drawing, to prepare a design or pass an examination in simple thermodynamics."¹ A year at Greenwich, with London at hand, might remedy this want, but we might lose our "first-rate sea-going engineer."

Since my last article appeared, naval war training has undergone several reforms which give to us doubly in that they add to efficiency while increasing the self-respect of naval officers. Indeed, if I did not know that the changes the Admiralty have now made are the tardy outcome of evolution, possibly decided on months ago, I might be disposed to emulate the fly on the revolving wheel, crying out as to the commotion it created. Let us read the signposts of the turning-points we have reached.

1. The ships of the masted Training Squadron have been placed on the non-effective list or D Division of the Reserve, preliminary to being sold out of the Navy. The full measure

¹ *The Engineer*, Nov. 9, 1900.

of the change can be appreciated when we reflect that it is only two years ago that one of these ships, the *Active*, had over £40,000 voted for her refit!

2. Masts and sails are to be omitted from the seamanship examination of officers passing for the rank of lieutenant. Increased importance is to be given to the handling of boats under oars, sail, and steam; rigging of sheers and derricks; anchor work; and signalling.¹ Particular attention is to be paid to practical steam-engine instruction. The midshipmen, instead of going from one subject to another after the manner of schools, are to spend about a fortnight at a time in learning one subject, such as gunnery, torpedo, or seamanship. This is followed by an examination so as to detect their weak points, care being taken to correct them in the future.

3. A check on the premium that examinations give to mere scholars is afforded by the rule that, after the conclusion of all the examinations of a sub-lieutenant, he cannot act as a lieutenant until he has spent six months at sea and his captain has granted him a certificate to the effect that "he is fit to take charge of a watch at sea as a lieutenant and to perform efficiently the duties of that rank." Under a system of examination, largely theoretical, and therefore capable of being crammed, it pays well to somewhat neglect one's efficiency as an officer in order to concentrate on obtaining high marks in examinations.

4. The fact that the Admiralty has ordered that instruction in heat to midshipmen is to be given by the engineer; in electricity, by the torpedo lieutenant; and in surveying, pilotage, and navigation, by the navigating officer, points strongly to the eventual abolition of the naval instructor afloat. The regulations affecting academic training at sea and at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, are "under revision." It is to be hoped that any changes will be in the

¹ Those who hold that seamanship is nothing without masts and sails, I strongly recommend to study the examination marks of the seamanship that is left. This information is given as an appendix note to this article.

direction of more sea training, as has been so persistently and ably advocated by Mr. Thursfield.

5. (a) The instructional arrangements of the Senior Class of Captains and Commanders at the Royal Naval College have been removed from the control of the Director of Naval Education, Mr. W. D. Niven, of mathematical fame, and placed in the hands of the Captain of the College, Captain H. J. May. The Captain of the College arranges a course embracing war games and plans of campaign, with studies and criticisms of Intelligence Department reports. The officers are free to learn Languages, Naval Architecture, and Steam, while a special library has been formed to encourage historical studies. In November courses of ten lectures on Naval History by Professor Laughton and ten on International Law were started.

(b) My point concerning the importance of eyesight and the injury inflicted on young officers through excessive book work, has received startling confirmation in the recent speeches of Lord Wolseley and Sir Redvers Buller concerning the South African War. "The lost moment," said Napoleon, "never returns," and again, "One begins and then one observes." How can a naval officer avoid losing moments and fail to observe if we spoil his eyesight and fag his mind with unnecessary class-room work?

6. (a) The Reserve Squadron is to be kept in commission, thus relieving the overcrowded depôts of many men who can learn little else there but habits incompatible with the life of an efficient man-of-war's man. While recognising that depôts are at present a necessity, I would remind writers who advocate them as an unmixed good, that they were only tolerated in the past when the ships forming them were similar to those composing the sea-going fleets. The Navy has little experience of depôts, and that little is bad. The evidence of the soldiers before the Wantage Committee was very much opposed to depôts as being unsatisfactory systems of training men compared to working them into shape in their

own battalions as on service. How much more must this be the case with sailors and stokers? Again, if the moral conditions and surroundings of depôts are destructive of military efficiency, how much more must they be harmful to the sailors accustomed to but little idle time and long spells afloat?

(b) The Channel Fleet's exercising base has been shifted from Portland to Bantry Bay. On the principle that the less the counter-attractions the more whole-heartedly do officers and men throw themselves into their work, this change from the vicinity of Weymouth has much to recommend it. The fact that the Channel Fleet has just made a fine record in coaling is a significant confirmation of this view. It is also good for fleets, destined in war to seek their sphere of operations on the inhospitable coasts of the enemy, to work away from dockyards, which act with fatal magnetism in developing defects.

In glancing at these changes one cannot resist the exultant thought that the spirit of St. Vincent animates the actions of the Board of Admiralty. There have been Boards of Admiralty which seemed to act with the fear of the United Service Club in their eyes, for the great Club can frown at our leaders as well as dine them. When this premier Service Club was started, Parliament debated long and anxiously as to whether it threatened revolution to the realm. Parliament was right to be fearful, but the danger is that the influences of luxurious club life are retrospective and somnolent instead of progressive and active, and spell stagnation rather than revolution. If, to paraphrase Carlyle, the bible of the Navy is its history, the Admiralty should be its god. I would write naval history so that the campaigns revolve about the Captain of the Navy, or the Board of Admiralty, as a country's history once did round its sovereign lord the king. For the Admiralty distributes the fleets, plans the organisation and training, chooses the leaders, and can send good or bad influences coursing through the veins of the whole Navy. To strengthen the prestige of the

Admiralty is the first condition of strengthening the Navy itself. To achieve this the Admiralty must ever be equal to the greatness of its responsibilities, maintaining its hold on all branches of the Navy and initiating the changes that time calls for.

In connection with the point just raised, let me dwell for a moment on some well-worn lessons of history. Professions, like nations, maintain healthy standards in proportion as the rule is to exact more from the leaders than the followers. *Noblesse oblige*. Under these circumstances good influences broaden outwards. Now knowledge and responsibility are the only two directions in which the Navy exacts more from the leaders than the followers. Our quest for knowledge, I contend, has been misdirected, and in the sphere of responsibility we have conceded only what peace organisation demands or what is inevitable. We cannot concede too much in training men to bear the crushing responsibilities of war. We must act in these matters like those old Romans who trained men to carry heavier equipment in peace that they might better bear their burdens when campaigning. It is, therefore, disquieting to find in the Navy that even at its source the stream of responsibility is tainted. Take, for example, the evasions possible to a naval officer on the Board of Admiralty as to clear and definite responsibility. The Fighting Instructions in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries broke the initiative of our Admirals, and they thought only of evading censure by conformity to those Instructions. The parsimony of the Crown prior to the time of Cromwell broke the spirit of naval officers so that it required the soldier Blake to revive the best traditions of the adventurers of Elizabeth's time. To-day the hindrance to fighting efficiency is due in great part to the Treasury control and the permanent or routine staffs of the Admiralty, Dockyards, and Educational Establishments. In other words, it arises from the men who "stick close to their desks and never go to sea." To conciliate this opposition, as far as is possible with due regard to efficiency, is a diplomatic necessity for naval

officers. Now the following appear to be the chief motives of the obstruction referred to so far as it lies apart from personal interests :

1. The example of foreign navies. This we may dismiss by saying that, except in certain cases of new inventions, the leading navy should lead and not follow. The best economy of the *matériel* is obtained by the efficiency of the *personnel*.

2. Changes of training mean rearrangement of courses and expenditure, and lead to hard cases of individuals entailing much correspondence, the bulk of the work falling on the permanent staffs.

3. The Treasury watch-dogs naturally begin to bark if the changes mean increased expense.

I pass by the natural tendency of University men to fly to shore methods as a panacea. To this much of the reliance on academic education is due, since it has been attended with such conspicuous success in their own cases. I would suggest to naval officers certain remedies. The first one lies at the root of naval efficiency. It is never to sacrifice executive control, and to take every opportunity of introducing it, as has recently been done in the case of the Senior Class at Greenwich and in the abolition of the post of a civilian Director of Naval Studies on board the *Britannia*. This I am accustomed to call the one-captain-in-the-ship principle. We should also endeavour to make our proposals as simple as possible. Follow out the lesson of life, and especially of war, and we find that the simplest and most direct methods are the best. For examinations, do not make an elaborate system of first, second, and third classes, and lay down that only a first-class man is to go to a battleship and a third-class man to a third-class cruiser. Such systems are beautiful on paper, but almost unworkable in practice. A man is either fit for a billet or not. If fit, pass him ; if unfit, "pluck" him. If he passes brilliantly, give him honours. Leave the selection of appointments solely to the Admiralty, who will consult others when they think fit. Above all things, especially in education, do not try to do too much.

Legislate for the average man, and not for the genius. The latter has an unfortunate knack of becoming a talented mediocrity under any forcing system. Finally, in regard to the Treasury, if demands are carefully confined to what makes for efficiency, the Admiralty ought always to be able to get what is wanted. Though the Admiralty owes its constitution to the fiat of the First Lord of the Treasury, it is absurd to suppose that the latter would face a conflict on any vital points. The main thing is for the Admiralty to be in the right, and then it can always court publicity. It is in what may be called the nagging policy that the Treasury and its influences in the Admiralty can cause delay and harm. The following instance may impress those who do not believe that the eagle-eyed control of the Treasury can have any effect on naval education and training. The correspondence between the two departments begins with an inquiry on the part of the Treasury, dated May 31, 1891, concerning an expenditure of £22 in paying a French teacher for the midshipmen on the East India Station. Finally, it finishes, on September 17, by Sir R. Welby, for the Treasury, saying: "I am directed by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty . . . that my Lords are pleased to sanction the employment of a teacher in French for the subordinate naval officers on the East Indian Station. . . ." Then come the details as to pay "per head per lesson," and number of lessons. Finally, the curt censure: "Such expenditure should not, however, have been incurred without the previous sanction of this Department." This is typical. Had the Admiralty wished to increase the lessons by one hour, fresh correspondence would have ensued, whereas the whole matter should lie within the province of the Commander-in-Chief of the East India Station, under certain obvious restrictions. There are occasions like these when Treasury officials would be much better employed in nibbling their pens instead of eating like rats into the efficient structure of the Navy.

Speaking at the Colston Banquet this year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer remarked that "the military authorities did not take sufficient account of the differences in military weapons and did not alter the system of training in the army in time to deal with them." The defect is one of national temperament, which would equally manifest itself in the Navy if ever there is a divorce in its administration and branches from war training at sea. Then the stand-easy spirit would assert itself, untempered by the rude buffeting involved in the many-sided struggle of the sea. "Stand-easy" has been the prevailing formula of this country except during the short Cromwellian period, when a Puritan class was predominant as the result of civil war. The Chancellor of the Exchequer made one significant admission showing the tendency of the Navy to the shore. He said that in five years we had increased our liabilities by twenty-three millions sterling in providing new harbour works for the Navy. He ought to have added the amount spent on defending those naval resources by fortifications, based on the plea of "the absence of the fleets" which has attained such a vogue from Palmerston's time. For British fleets to rely more and more on fortified ports is a demoralising and parasitic tendency, and one that should be watched by a great maritime nation with distrust. We have again before us the conflict of a century ago between the policies of Howe and St. Vincent. To keep the ships at the base, where they can be fully equipped; that was the plausible policy of Howe. To place the ships at sea in the closest possible touch with the enemy, storm-beaten no doubt, but manned by men who could weather the storm, and were, therefore, better fitted to gain the vantage position for bringing the enemy to action; that was the policy of St. Vincent. So far from the nursing system being watched with distrust, the Admiralty has the greatest difficulty in resisting demands for all sorts of expenditure, as at Wei-hai-wei, where some "experts" would have us repeat the Gibraltar policy. A training for war involves giving the Navy the equipment and auxiliary ships that will enable our

fleets to blockade an enemy and not be tempted back by minor defects to a dockyard. When St. Vincent forced this policy on the Navy, it was discovered that a blockading fleet could be frequently revictualled without abandoning its station. A great strain was thrown on those storm-beaten ships and their crews, but it hardened the remorseless grip in which they held the Conqueror of Europe until Europe shrunk to Elba. It was not until a greater strain was thrown on our steam navy, by the institution of annual manœuvres, that we discovered that coaling at sea is feasible. The moral is plain. It must ever be the aim of the Admiralty and all officers to find out the limits of endurance of ships and men, while training is devoted to increasing those limits. Thus Milo began his fabled task. Thus Frederick the Great trained his cavalry to make attacks at 700 yards in 1748, 1500 yards in 1751, and finally 1800 yards in 1755, with disperse, rally, and pursuit thrown in.¹ Doubtless, in the process of punishing the inefficient, there may have been hard times for the innocents, and the Prussian cavalry may have sworn as "terribly" as our army did in Flanders. The methods of war and its thorough training are inseparable, and therefore more or less brutal. Not long ago an officer stated that whereas seamen could formerly hoist a cutter at the double now they did it at a walk. St. Vincent, instead of reaching back to things which are past, like masts and sails, would probably have held an inquiry as to what the officers had been doing with the men's wills and muscles. Were they employed in cleaning bright work instead of exercising at physical drill, boats, rushing coastal positions, and carrying guns to the heights? When the cutter had been *walked up*, was it then lowered down to the water's edge more than once, until the men took the hint to hoist the boat *at the double*? One is almost ashamed to mention such obvious remedies as the great majority of naval officers would resort to, since they prefer realities to appearances, and doing things well to doing them anyhow. It is their habit to do

¹ *Journal of United Service Institution*, No. 272.

most of the work against time, careful records being kept of the speed at which boats, torpedo-nets, or collision-mats are got out; coal taken in; pumps rigged and worked; and water-tight doors closed. This habit makes for efficiency as long as it does not lead to undue specialism in the organisation of the vessel. Specialism can always be repressed by admirals and captains ordering numerous imaginary casualties in the crew.

The principle of increasing the strain ought to be followed out systematically, and in the end the most difficult situations for doing work should be preferred. If a fleet can face night tactics it will make light of the task by day. The Germans, in mining work, always have at least one "live" or fully charged mine mixed up with the others, to prevent the carelessness that is caused when all are dummies.

The annual prize firing that is now carried out at an extreme range of 1600 yards might be increased to at least 2000 yards, with progressive increases for each year in commission up to the limits at which efficient marking can be carried out. Through systematic practice, under an increasing strain, we are continually making fresh discoveries of the possibilities of war. What a campaign Colomb had to wage to introduce his flashing signals into the Navy, owing to people refusing to believe that eyes are capable of reading those rapid flashes of the light! Take, again, the following lesson of history officially conveyed in the Admiralty Report on the Naval Manœuvres of 1891:

It is now perceived that the so-called "misconduct" which was punished with extreme severity in the earlier part of several eighteenth-century wars was not due, as was supposed, to want of loyalty or want of courage, but to insufficient acquaintance with the methods and principles of tactics, and the defective signalling system of the age.

Lord Charles Beresford made each of his captains temporarily handle a squadron under his command in the Mediterranean, himself watchful to negative a signal involving danger to any ship. This course is an admirable example of how to teach tactics and give confidence under responsibility. It is,

however, one so contrary to our peace organisation as existing at present, that I should not be surprised to hear that the proceeding has been condemned as one contrary to "the custom of the Service." Manœuvres should be extended so as to make commanders and lieutenants handle the ships, and the higher ratings of the signal-staff should occasionally be sent below, so that the officers in charge are compelled to interpret signals smartly for themselves. In this way we can increase tactical *coup d'œil* and lessen dependence on the elaborate nursing system of signals which will smash up on the first close contact of two hostile fleets. Nelson said that five minutes makes the difference between victory and defeat, and we know that minutes have become seconds nowadays. Two fleets moving towards each other at the ordinary speed of fifteen knots, close at a rate of over a thousand yards a minute, or fifty feet a second. To put it another way: supposing they steer opposite courses so as to pass each other a thousand yards apart, a broadside gun with an arc of training of ninety degrees can be only kept bearing on any one ship of the enemy for the short space of two minutes, unless the course is altered. What opportunities are thus presented for tactical *coup d'œil* for the man who knows his ships and guns as a Boer knows his horse and veldt through long acquaintance! What opportunities for an admiral to manipulate his line if his officers can read the signals with ease by night or day! What prevents it? Only this, that it is the special business of the signal staff. "England," said an American, "is a country where you get lathered in one shop and shaved in the next." This "England which is famous for negligence"¹ has carried the false analogies of civil life into uncivil life, so that we have an elaborately organised system on board our battleships for giving the highest apparent efficiency in peace. The thing is an imposture. The captain is killed. The commander who succeeds him has never once handled the ship or had anything to do with the guns, except to keep the men cleaning the brass-work when the

¹ Marlborough.

gunnery lieutenant is clamorous for drill classes. This vicious system is one which persists down through almost the whole hierarchy of rank, and it is one that the Admiralty has set itself to change during the next ten years.

There have been two great stumbling-blocks in the way of making this change in the fact that subjects alien to the war training of the Navy so largely monopolised its time. The masts and sails training has been struck down. The academic training of the professors is discredited, but still exists to prevent us from concentrating our efforts on perfecting officers in all branches of the art of war. One can understand a specialism which recognises that officers cannot be Newtons as well as Nelsons. It takes about three pages of foolscap to work out a latitude by pole star according to the methods of a senior wrangler at Cambridge, but since we get all we want in practice by a simple formula that enables us to work it out in half a page, I think we are fortunate in not having to be Newtons. It is only the dogmatism of the professors that aims at preventing our using physical demonstrations and formulæ unless we can theoretically prove them. A similar bias may be witnessed on the part of scholars who would limit the study of classical literature to those who can understand it in the original language. "What right has Captain Lambton to quote Plutarch," said a learned man to the writer, "when he cannot possibly know his classics?" I could only reply that Newcastle is part of a free country, and that Plutarch belongs to all ages and all men. Some years ago I was instructing a class of naval reserve officers in torpedo work, and was astonished to find that the majority of them did not know enough arithmetic to clear of fractions, a knowledge of which was essential to a part of the syllabus.¹ The fact that these officers were capable navigators and seamen led me to speculate as to how far the mathematical courses of midshipmen, sub-lieutenants, and

¹ The chapter on the second mate and his passing examination in Mr. Bullen's interesting new book on "The Men of the Merchant Service" will amuse those who wish to study how attempts are made to teach the sea on shore.

lieutenants could be cut down without loss, bearing in mind that fighting efficiency is the only goal we ought to have in sight.

“Indirectness,” said Seeley, “is a great evil. The student’s interest will always be very much in proportion to the progress he perceives himself to be making, while it is impossible for him to perceive his progress at all unless he has his goal in sight.” Arguing on these lines, my conclusions culminated in the article in the first number of this REVIEW, proposing to abolish all academic courses after a boy leaves the *Britannia* at about sixteen years of age. This in part agrees with the conclusions of the different committees on Naval Education. My proposals thus involved the abolition of the Naval Instructor and the academic courses at Greenwich. As regards the present nine months’ course for the gunnery and torpedo lieutenants at Greenwich, nothing is gained except a superficial insight into advanced mathematics. It is a mere blotting-paper knowledge, a blurred reproduction of the original that expresses waste, and is felt to be so by the great majority of specialists. These are the picked men of the whole Navy, and we do our best to injure them by prolonged withdrawal from sea service. This is no fanciful picture. It is what officers are very generally saying to-day and what they will all be saying to-morrow. There may come a time when we shall be glad to do for our professors what Carlyle proposed for literary men—that they should be paid for what they did not write. Caesar, under necessity, taught his soldiers to row on land. He understood the practical application of the parallelogram of forces, but it would have fared ill with the scholar who ventured to tell him that he and his officers ought to find out the theoretical proof on which it is based. Let us sweep away similar misapprehensions of critics concerning the word “scientific” as applied to military operations in South Africa. Some seem to think that the science pointed to is an extra dose of the professor. On the contrary, neither Roberts, Kitchener, French, Ian Hamilton, Macdonald, nor Baden-Powell, are Staff College

names. One may read through the last-named general's book on "Scouting" and never discover that he recognises the existence of academic training unless it be the recommendation to study Dr. Conan Doyle's "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," a hint which boys will take without any undue pressure. What are the complaints that have come from the front? That the mounted men have to learn how to look after their horses, the officers do not know how to scout, the soldier can only see five miles to the Boer's seven, and that the Regulars cannot shake down as well as the Colonials. We do not hear any counsels of perfection that in order to use a gun we must learn how to make it. Endless complaints come about practical matters of soldiering, and every one of them would be rendered worse by the efforts of schoolmen. An apparent exception is History, which has been recommended for study by every great commander except Marlborough, but we would choose a practical soldier to teach it and not a professor. Had we studied the history of the last Boer war, we should have fared better in those dark days when our colonies were invaded. At the close of his great military career, in 1888, Moltke issued this Order of Teaching :

The lectures on military history offer the most effective means of teaching war during peace, and of awakening a genuine interest in the study of important campaigns. These lectures should bring into relief the unchangeable fundamental conditions of good generalship in their relations to changeable tactical forms, and should place in a true light the influence of eminent characters upon the course of events, and the weight of moral forces in contrast to that of mere material instruments. ¹

I have not dealt with the examination for the *Britannia* because it cannot be considered as a part of naval training. As, however, it is a subject of great public interest, a short criticism may not be out of place. It is noticeable that Latin

¹ Spenser Wilkinson, "The Brain of an Army." Compare the following from a German Army Order (1895): "A thorough knowledge of history forms an essential part of a general education, and is in many respects of the greatest use to every officer in his profession."—(Quoted, T. Miller Maguire at U.S. Institution.)

is among the compulsory subjects, and one fails, like Mr. Roby of Latin Grammar fame, to see what benefit boys of fourteen can derive.¹ Yet we find Latin with these boys counting for twice as many marks as subjects of sound foundational education like arithmetic, algebra, geometry, English, or French, and four times as many marks as geography, English history, or drawing! Natural science is relegated to the optional subjects, where it is awarded half as many marks as Latin. This system is dated April 1, 1897, "for the information of parents and guardians." On October 1, 1899, the Admiralty drew up fresh regulations for the examination, on entry, of engineer students of a slightly higher age—from $14\frac{1}{2}$ to $16\frac{1}{2}$ years. In this case Latin is made optional, placed on an equality as regards marks with arithmetic, algebra, geometry, French, or English; less than natural science; and scoring twice as many marks as drawing, English history, or geography. The naval cadets' examination might very well be brought up to the more common-sense level of the engineer students; indeed, I see no reason why the two should not be assimilated both as regards age, subjects, and marking. The present system of having only three nominations for each vacancy in the *Britannia* seems rather too restricted as regards competition in view of the small number who succeed in obtaining qualifying marks. Those who fail in the latter respect are little more than bogus competitors. If a more liberal basis of nomination is not adopted, the Admiralty may find itself faced with a demand for open competition. This was a demand that Mr. Goschen made as First Lord of the Admiralty nearly thirty years ago. It is one that may be deprecated on the ground that revolutionary changes are nearly always bad for fighting professions. I pass briefly by the *Britannia* course. Two of the ablest officers in the service succeeded each other as captains of the *Britannia*, and the result of their work is that the school is more efficient than

¹ "No good can be done by enforcing the study of Latin for purposes for which it is not necessarily an indispensable qualification."—Mr. Roby in the House of Commons.

ever for moulding the character as well as educating the mind. Admiral Moore, whose opinions I quoted in my previous article, did much to give a more distinctively naval training to the work on board. Captain Curzon-Howe completed Admiral Moore's work, and under his active influence the moral tone and behaviour of the cadets was such as we are all proud of. My own leaning is in favour of arranging a workmanlike scheme for studying naval history on board, and for this purpose I would sacrifice algebra and geometry.

Within the service the instructional arrangements should comprise seamanship; gunnery; navigation with surveying, pilotage, and knowledge of winds and currents; torpedo and electricity; and steam-engine, mechanical drawings, and heat. Languages to be a special instruction, and officers who pass for interpreters rewarded at least as well as they are in the Army. The internal economy of a man-of-war, which is comprised in seamanship, should also involve a knowledge of where to look for information as to docks, coaling facilities, and telegraph cables, also of matter conveyed in Intelligence Department Reports, and handling information in Admiralty Regulations and other publications. This instruction would, of course, be in addition to regular duties on watch, in boats, and at drills. At first a great deal of the midshipman's time would be devoted to signals. It is imperative that every midshipman should be well acquainted with signals within twelve months of joining the Navy. He should then be put on to work under a lieutenant in the teaching of training classes. A certain number of training classes should be arranged under lieutenants, and subdivided for special instruction under sub-lieutenants or midshipmen. There is nothing like instructing and handling men for instructing oneself and giving organising power. The lieutenant would make his own arrangements for carrying through a course of gunnery, torpedo, and seamanship. He would try the seamen in every way, finding out which are the best for coxswains, signals, or seamen-gunners, keeping his own Progress Books in which the details would be set forth.

Two gunnery lieutenants in a squadron might be employed to examine men passing for seamen-gunners, this being taken in conjunction with the records of their target practice at the range and medical reports as to the eyesight of the men. The whole of the work of training and examination of seamen-gunners would therefore be done at sea instead of on shore at the depôts. Gradually, building on this system, the time might come to carry out Sir John Colomb's proposal to place the marines at sea entirely under naval officers.

The weak point in this arrangement is that, though gunnery instructors would be attached to the training classes, the lieutenants themselves are at present unfit to teach gunnery or torpedo, as this is looked upon as the business of the specialists. My answer is that they would soon become fit when the efficiency of their class work is an index of their fitness for promotion. Officers should go through courses at home, and lieutenants and sub-lieutenants should work for some hours a week under the gunnery and torpedo lieutenants. The commander, who should be in general charge of all equipment and organisation of the ship, should supervise all these arrangements, and organise additional lectures, such as on naval hygiene by the medical officers, and on officer of the watch duties for the instruction of warrant officers and midshipmen.

With the abolition of the academic course at Greenwich some thirty-five lieutenants would be released for sea service, so that a larger number of them could be passed through short practical gunnery and torpedo courses at the schools. Supposing the requirements to be twenty gunnery lieutenants per annum, and we send a hundred per annum through the sixty-five days' course given in an appendix note, then the twenty gunnery specialists could be selected from the hundred who pass through each year. In this way a constant stream of officers, in addition to naval reserve and senior officers, would be passing through the schools, bringing the sea-going ideas of the Navy with them, and taking away the systematic methods of the central gunnery school. The gun is the one naval weapon of universal

use in maritime war, and all officers and men must strive to excel in handling it. My impression is that we are likely to enter at least thirty thousand men and five thousand boys into the Navy within three months of the outbreak of a great maritime war. We should have to train these new entries to shoot and drill at the guns, so that they do not smash up things in ships which may be in action within a week. It is a problem that is only half met, and so great is the regard for appearances in many ships that the reserve men out for *training*, being inefficient, are the last men to be mingled in the guns' crews.

With the introduction of more systematic training in gunnery for the sailor, the existence of a Royal Marine Artillery Corps in the Navy is unnecessary, and their place might be taken by an increase in the Royal Marine Light Infantry. The division of work at present is outlined by the following table for 1896, giving the guns in the ships commissioned and the crews manning them :

GUNS.				
Heavy Guns 4" and over.		Light Q.F. and Machine Guns.		Manned by
853	...	975	...	27,514 sailors.
59	...	166	...	1,623 R.M.A.
26	...	312	...	7,397 R.M.L.I.

Thus we had 9020 marines in all to 27,514 sailors at the guns, or a proportion of 1 to 3. The anomaly is that the marine mans one in three of the light guns and only one in ten of the heavy guns. One would think that the quick-sighted handy sailor who always works at light guns in destroyers, boats, and on shore, and is accustomed to use his eyes at night on the look-out, is the best man for the small guns which are used to beat off torpedo-boat attacks.

I will not pretend that the sketchy suggestions I have made represent a complete scheme or my own final ideas on the subject; they are rather a suggestion of changes which can be practically carried out within five years. So much hinges on

gradually feeling our way practically, as, for instance, by trying to train and examine men in torpedo work in sea-going torpedo-depôt ships like the *Vulcan*, instead of sending them through the depôts in the home dockyards. The chief idea of the central depôts is to obtain systematised training, but my contention is that this can be equally well obtained at sea if the systematised training is impressed on the officers who should afterwards train the men. There must also be a liberal interchange of ideas by publication of reports circulated throughout the Navy. This leads me to another point.

There is so much that requires to be done in the way of organising instructional matter for voluntary study that one stands aghast at the indifference displayed on this subject. As correspondent for the *Times* in the last naval manœuvres, I was struck by the fact that not a single step was taken to interest the junior officers in the proceedings either by charts, papers, or lectures. It is impossible for officers to feel real interest in their work under such disheartening circumstances, nor can we expect from them the initiative to offer suggestions when they rise in rank. It is in war that the reserve forces begin to tell, when the potential energy we stored up in peace becomes active, and young lieutenants may be captains in a day, and are the better able to cope with this new responsibility for having been previously taken beyond the mere routine duties of peace. A few pages back we were discussing the lessons of the South African war. An Army Order that Lord Wolseley has just issued conveys one lesson that we might also follow. During the coming winter at least one lecture on a military subject is to be given to officers throughout the Army every week. These lectures can be varied by working out rapidly technical problems, orders being stated and reasons for giving them. The commanding officers can detail officers to lecture. The junior officers will give lectures to the men, questions being put to test their intelligence and attention. It cannot be said that the Navy has done much in this direction. On the other hand, the Admiralty has recently cut down the issue of con-

fidential manuals on gunnery and torpedo work. This course renders it imperative that small primers on gunnery, torpedo, and naval tactics should be prepared for general issue from which the strictly confidential details are cut out. The word "confidential" is so liberally, or rather illiberally, stamped on everything, that we lose respect for it or respect it so much as to lock up all books so effectually that no one ever sees them. Some years ago a translation from a French newspaper was made confidential. Government departments are prejudiced against the experience of every business in this world—that a percentage of loss has got to be faced. This applies all along the line, whether we are dealing with confidential matters or Government stores. Grave injury may be inflicted on the efficiency of the Navy by this obstinate prejudice. We might just as well at the other end of the scale find fault with the police because criminals in a great many cases escape arrest. The whole question is whether the percentage of failures is beyond what is reasonable.

It seems certain that the whole drift of naval training in the future will hinge on what is done at the Royal Naval College. At the risk of being told that Greenwich is my King Charles's head, that I cannot keep out of my discourse, I return to it as I began with it. For a few years longer, until we can see our way to carry out examinations in practical navigation and pilotage at sea, I would give the sub-lieutenants a two months' course at Greenwich in these subjects. They should, however, have to attend, in addition, at lectures on naval history and strategy. This change, and the abolition of the special course for gunnery and torpedo lieutenants, would, of course, remove the occupation of many of the professors. Some of them, whom Mr. Goschen introduced as new brooms at the founding of the College in the early seventies, are now very old brooms. They have succeeded in turning to mockery the wise hopes of the original founders, including Sir Cooper Key. "The Lectureship on Naval History was not filled up, and nothing was done about naval tactics in spite of his (Sir Cooper Key's) pressure, nor could he succeed at first in finding

lecturers on International Law.”¹ Mr. Goschen wanted the post of President of the College to be an active post, “so as to be identified with the active portion of the service, so as to command its confidence, and to prevent any sentiment of the theoretical branch being separated from the active and practical growing up.” In every respect this hope has been falsified, and I am glad that belated attempts are now being made to fulfil it in part. The Committee that originally devised the course has seen its naval subjects thrown out. That Committee, in 1872, recommended thirty lectures a year on Naval History, at £10 a lecture. There have never been more than eight lectures, and the fee to the lecturer has been £5. For years there have been no lectures at all. In despair of waking up public sentiment to this disgrace to the Navy, I arranged with an M.P. to question Mr. Goschen as to how many lectures on Naval History took place in the Navy during the period 1889-99 inclusive. As Professor Laughton’s name appeared in the “Navy List” during the period as Lecturer on Naval History at the R.N. College, a plain man would think that something was done. The plain man would be wrong, for this pretence is of a piece with much that has gone on at Greenwich. Of course, Mr. Goschen’s answer was that no lectures had been delivered, but the question apparently led to a half-hearted recognition of the principle for which I am contending, for Professor Laughton commenced this November to deliver a course of ten lectures *for the senior officers*.

The great influence of Sir Cooper Key in founding the Naval College makes his views of exceptional interest. They are thus summarised in the Memoirs from which I have already quoted, the time at which they were enunciated being the period he was at the Admiralty :

There was no doubt about the energy and intelligence of our young lieutenants and sub-lieutenants. Where they failed was in want of practical experience in handling ships in bad weather, and in other details of a seaman’s duty. Such knowledge was only to be gained on board ship. . . . If it were

¹ “Memoirs of Sir Cooper Key.”—Colomb.

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said that officers were deficient in "education," then he held that an officer's true education was carried on at every stage of his career, and as the object was to fit him for the path of life he had chosen, his *retention at school on shore could not effect that object, but would unfit him for his future duties*. He thought nine-tenths of the work of the service was done, and must be done, by practical men with very little book-learning, *who are thoroughly at home at sea in all circumstances, have the full confidence of the seamen, as they have been at sea from their boyhood, and know the seaman's duty as well as their own*. The remaining tenth must be this and more. They must have a thorough theoretical and practical knowledge of some sciences and a partial knowledge of many.

Of course Sir Cooper Key could never have realised the inconsistency of the last sentence with the whole of his argument, nor could he have known the time it takes a man to obtain "a thorough theoretical and practical knowledge of some sciences." That it certainly is not obtained by the specialist lieutenants at Greenwich in any one science the Admiralty can find out to-morrow by inquiring of the chemistry or natural science professors. Or, again, why cannot the Admiralty for once waive the custom of the service, and obtain the opinion of each lieutenant who was in the last class at Greenwich as to the utility of the course? I fancy it would be something after this style, as I take it from the letter of one who has recently been through the course: "That year at Greenwich is to my mind absolutely waste time; the officers, unless of exceptional ability, having to work so hard at their *books* that they probably impair their health. They then find out, if they did not know it before, that, except to enable them to pass an examination set by schoolmasters, all that they have learnt will never be of any practical use to them; or, speaking more correctly, the chance of any of it being of use to them is so small that it certainly cannot be held to justify the waste of a whole year's practical experience at sea at their best age for appreciating it."

The true conservatism for the Navy is to keep to the sea, and to legislate soberly and progressively in peace, so that we may not have to panic-and-revolutionise during war. Owing to specialism and want of sea-training, our position would be

precarious in a war with a well-organised maritime Power. Happily that Power no more exists to-day than it did at the end of the last century. Germany is preparing, but it will take ten years and a vast sum of money before she is ready. Starting from the changes enumerated at the beginning of this article, something like the same period will be required to evolve out of the present nicely balanced peace system one suited to war's rough ordeal. Manœuvres give the public much too soft an impression of the realities of war. Admiral Fitzgerald has told us how, in the blockade of Wei-hai-wei, a Japanese lieutenant was frozen to death at his post in a torpedo-boat, and many were the episodes in which the Japanese showed heroic contempt for hardships and fatigue which the Admiral believes unsurpassed in history. In manœuvres we operate on a supposed hostile coast, the enemy generously affording us the benefit of navigation—instead of wrecking—lights, playing no dangerous ruses, and yet the incidence of fatigue is such as to make an officer, like an unhappy sinner who has experienced a foretaste of what he believes to be the destination of his soul, wonder what the real thing may be like. In the last manœuvres we never sighted a torpedo-boat, yet in ten days the B Fleet sunk one of its own destroyers, the *Minerva* fought an action with three phantom torpedo-boats, and we were reported by our own signal stations as enemy's cruisers, torpedo-boats, and so on. When, finally, some of the ships of both fleets sought rest under the "kindly" shelter of their own ports, the soldiers played the farce with zest, and harassed them with searchlights and guns, though happily searchlights, blinding the eyes of the officers navigating vessels through intricate channels, are more dangerous than guns firing blank ammunition. It is judgment and eyesight that are wanted; not nursing and academic education, but the *coup d'œil* which sees truly and acts rightly. Academic education and nursing may make men as wise as serpents, but they may go perilously near to completing the text by making them as harmless as doves.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

APPENDIX NOTES.

Present Revised Form of Seamanship Examination of Midshipmen passing for Lieutenant.

	Maximum No. of Marks.
1. LOG BOOK AND JOURNAL—	
(a) Neatness of Log—Neatness and Quality of Information in Journal (25)	} 50
(b) Charts, Plans of Harbours, Sketches of Headlands, &c., and Mechanical Drawings (25)	
<i>N.B.—Charts and Drawings must be original and signed.</i>	
2. CONSTRUCTION—	
(a) Knowledge of the General Principles of Construction of Steel Ships (50)	} 100
(b) Stability—General Principles (25)	
(c) Watertight Compartments and Mode of Flooding and Clearing do. by Manual and Steam Appliances (25)	
<i>(Examination in the foregoing subjects is to be by a Paper of questions previously prepared under the directions of the Senior Examining Officer.)</i>	
3. RIGGING—	
(a) Rigging, Fitting of, &c. (25)	} 125
(b) Rigging Sheers and Derricks for lifting heavy Spars, Guns, Mountings, and heavy weights in and out of Ships (50)	
(c) Knowledge of Tackle of all kinds (25)	
(d) Strength of Wire Rope, Breaking Strains and comparative Strength of Hemp, Wire, and Chain (25)	
4. MANŒUVRING AND OFFICER OF WATCH DUTIES—	
(a) Miscellaneous Duties as Officer of Watch (50)	} 175
(b) Taking up a Berth in a Harbour or a Station on another Ship at Sea, including use of Martin's Anchor Board and Battenberg's Position Finder (75)	
(c) Action of Rudder and Screw on Ship (30)	
(d) Taking and being taken in Tow (20)	
5. ANCHOR WORK—	
Working Anchors and Cables	100
6. BOAT WORK—	
Boat Work in all its branches and Practical Examination in the same	} 75

	Maximum No. of Marks.
7. RULE OF ROAD—	
Thorough knowledge of Regulations and Requirements of Board of Trade for preventing Collisions at Sea }	100
8. SIGNALS—	
(a) Flags, Naval Code (15), Semaphore (15), Morse (25), Night and Fog (20) }	125
(b) Organising a Fleet or Squadron, and performing Evolu- tions (25) }	
(c) Instructions for the conduct of a Fleet, for Cruisers, and other questions on the Signal Books (25) }	
9. ORGANISATION—	
(a) Internal Economy so far as affects Store Rooms, Magazines, Coal Stowage, &c. (50) }	100
(b) Berthing and Messing a Ship's Company, leading Principles of such Stations as Fire and Collision (50) }	
10. FORMER SERVICE—	
Captains' Certificates	50
Total	1000

Present Gunnery Course for Sub-Lieutenants (65 days).

Field Exercise, 11; Heavy Gun, 17; Light Quick-firing and Machine Guns, 6; Ammunition, 5; Cutlass and Pistol, 2; Turret Drill, 4; Rifle Practice, 3; Hydraulics and Gun Mountings, 8; Miscellaneous, 4; and Examination, 8 days.

Present Gunnery Course for Gunnery Lieutenants.

Diving Course, 10; Torpedo Work, 65; Gunnery Lectures, 12; Field Exercise, 17; Heavy Gun, 21; Light Q.F. and Machine Gun, 12; Ammunition, 12; Cutlass and Pistol, 4; Turret Drill, 8; Rifle Practice, 7; Hydraulics and Gun Mountings, 22; Miscellaneous, 12; and Woolwich Course, 20 days.

THE OUTLOOK FOR BRITISH TRADE

IMPERIALISM is the cry of the hour. "Knit together the interests of our possessions all the world over. Union is strength. United we stand, divided we fall." These are the words which now fill men's mouths. And they have their truth and their value, otherwise what defence can we make for the millions spent on active and passive warfare, and for the loss of thousands of noble lives? All this cost in men and money is bestowed to consolidate the permanency and stability of the Empire. Are we certain that on our present lines this is secured beyond doubt? Upon what does this permanency, this stability depend? Surely chiefly upon England's continued industrial and commercial success. We speak of the necessary supremacy of our navy, and we are willing to vote any sum of money to enable us to uphold that supremacy. For what purpose is a powerful navy wanted? Clearly that in case of outbreak of war we may be able to protect our foreign trade in all its extent and ramifications, and that by the presence of our ships in overwhelming force such an outbreak may be rendered difficult. So, too, the enormous sum which we spend on our army is defensible only because its purpose is to secure the same object. All our naval and military expenditure, therefore, as well as the whole cost of supporting from Imperial sources our foreign dependencies, presupposes a continuance of our trade and manufactures upon a scale at least as considerable as it is

at the present time. And should our industrial activity be lessened and our foreign trade thereby be decreased owing to a failure to keep pace with the industrial progress of other nations, no extension of our military or naval power can prevent national decadence.

To preserve our national position it therefore becomes a prime necessity that we shall use every effort, and spare no cost, so to equip ourselves that we can successfully meet the struggle for existence which is now pressing us hard.

That this struggle has now become a serious one is acknowledged on every hand by those best qualified to judge. Look where we will, to Germany, Switzerland, America, Japan, we learn not only that neutral markets, which not long ago were our own, are rapidly being supplied from one or other of these foreign sources to an alarming extent, but that even foreign competition is running us close, in some instances over-running us, within our own borders. This state of things is not confined to new trades, though in these it is, perhaps, most conspicuous: it touches the great staple industries, which have made England what she is; our iron and steel manufactures in all its branches, our textile industries of cotton, linen, and wool—these as well as a host of relatively less important trades are all feeling the pinch. Every year that passes—almost every day—brings us fresh proofs of the gravity of the situation. English experts who have lately visited the United States return appalled by the industrial progress which has taken place there during the last five years. Indeed, in manufacturing activity it is no less than a revolution. In steel-making, tool-making, and all branches of engineering, and in leather-dressing, only to name two items, our American cousins are forging ahead at a pace and with a determination which it will take us all our time to beat. Then our Teutonic relations are equally serious in their efforts to become a leading industrial community, and success is to a great extent already achieved. They have beaten us in the race of ocean-going steamers; they build warships and guns at least equal to our own; in electrical engineering they are

distinctly ahead of us; in the manufacture of the finer newer chemicals they have it all their own way; in accurate scientific instrument-making we must now yield the palm to them; English women are mainly clothed with woollen garments ready made in Germany; the silk and ribbon looms of Lyons and of St. Etienne have had to give way to those of Chemnitz and Basle. And little Switzerland, destitute of seaboard and of coal, competes disastrously with Nottingham and Leicester. Japan, too, in one sense the newest of civilised nations, is rapidly pushing out Manchester goods from the Eastern markets, to say nothing of supplying her own requirements in these products. Look again at the enormous increase in shipments entering foreign ports, notably that of Antwerp, where now the tonnage vies with that entering the port of London.

If doubts should be entertained of the naked truth of the above statements, let the doubters refer to the Board of Trade returns, to reports issued by the Board of Education, to our Consular reports; let them read the statements made at the meetings of our Chambers of Commerce, and note the articles on foreign competition published day by day in the newspapers, and especially in the *Times*. They will there find chapter and verse giving full particulars of the alarming growth in all branches of trade and commerce in countries where fifty years ago such activity was wholly unknown.

But the English manufacturers may reply: "This state of things is well known to us; we were the originators of the factory system, we were the forerunners in the great race of industrial activity, ours were the first steam engines, railways, and steam vessels; it is we who have taught the world how to bridle the steam-horse both at sea and on land; how to annihilate space, and to bring the raw products of every clime to our own shores at an insignificant cost, how to work them up into the finished article for the use of our less skilled fellow men and to the benefit of ourselves. Even in the spread of our methods and inventions to other lands we have been rewarded, for the export of our machinery and other manufacturing

necessities has brought us in millions upon millions. Your jeremiads are misplaced; our industries have never been so flourishing as during the last few years; the volume of trade has never been so large. We have been unable to take all the orders for goods pressed upon us, but we have had our pick of the best, and have left those we did not think worth having to the foreigner." Then they may add: "Just look at our working population. Where will you find men and women better paid, better fed, better clothed than in England? Again, test in another way: How about the increase of the population and the consequent activity of the building trades? Go where you will in the neighbourhood of all our great cities, and in many smaller towns, and notice the acres upon acres of ground covered with new comfortable homes. It is true that foreign ports are doing a large and greatly increased trade, but is it not almost entirely borne in British ships? What Englishmen," they may add, "have done they can still do, and we rely on our national pluck, on our commercial instincts shown in a hundred fields, and on our insular position. So long as this evident prosperity exists," they may conclude, "why should we distress ourselves, why look forward to disaster which may never arise?"

Such a position, we reply, reminds one of the ostrich hiding his head in the sand in order that he may not see the advance of the enemy. And to be satisfied with things as they are, not to make provision for a rainy day, or to fail to see the shadow cast by coming events, is simply to live in a fool's paradise. To those whose minds are open to receive impressions which are not those of the passing hour, whose vision is not limited to their immediate surroundings, and especially to those who can compare from personal observation what is going on abroad with our position at home, an insular disregard of foreign proceedings, an ignorance and distrust of new and scientific methods, and a persistence in, and contentment with, the old ones, are the most serious symptoms of the disease of the body politic. There are none so blind as those that will not see. The fact is that the whole conditions of success in

modern industrial undertakings of every kind are entirely altered, for Molière's lines, "Nous avons changé tout cela," have a wider application than ever entered into the poet's head. And until our statesmen and our leaders of industry realise this, England will go on "muddling through somehow," but she will soon find out, too late it is to be feared, that the muddle is a catastrophe. But it may properly be asked, what are the changed conditions of affairs now as compared with those of the years that have gone? The change may be described in a word. It is the difference between rule of thumb and rule of science. It is the difference between ignorance and knowledge: between groping in the dark and walking in the sunshine.

The want of appreciation, amounting in many cases to absolute distrust, of the application of scientific method to industrial pursuits, the clinging to old habits of work rather than embracing new opportunities, is the creeping paralysis which threatens the industrial life of the nation. This partly lies in the inherent qualities, many of them admirable ones, of our people. They are self-reliant, industrious, trustworthy and courageous, but they are slow to move, slow to change, conservative to a fault, and therefore difficult to convince that any road can be safer or better than the one they have been accustomed to travel. In short, they are not alert although they may be bold. But this distrust of modern ideas is also to a great extent due (and this perhaps is more true of the higher than of the lower ranks of society) to our past and present provision for education. Up to within thirty years of this twentieth century England had no national system of education for the people. Scotland alone stood in a different position, thanks to John Knox. Since 1870, however, the schoolmaster has been abroad with us, and the work which he has done has been beyond praise. It is, however, a common belief that the training given, at any rate up to recent years, in our elementary schools tended to turn out boys more fitted to work as clerks than as workmen. If this be so, surely such a system of elementary teaching is not conducive to our industrial

prosperity, for the boy on leaving school and entering on practical life, having received no instruction about, and having therefore no knowledge of, the route which lies before him can only follow in the steps of those who, perhaps less educated than himself, lead him on, if indeed leading it can be called. How can a boy with such a bringing up blossom into an original-minded craftsman? One out of a thousand may do so, but this he does not by the help of but in spite of that which in his case is mis-called education; the *οἱ πολλοί* remain for ever either wedded to the ways of their ancestors, or sink down to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. It is satisfactory to know that at the present time some of these dangers have been removed, but there are still rocks ahead which must be avoided if we wish to land our cargo safely.

For it must be remembered that although the changes which have been made in the Code from time to time have been all in the direction of introducing "hand and eye work" in the shape of drawing, manual exercises and the rudiments of science taught practically in the laboratory, by all of which the deadening influence of mere "bookwork learning" is to some degree effaced and the observational powers of the children so far awakened, yet there is still much to be desired in our system of elementary education. The children are all tarred with the same brush: town-bred and country-bred are treated mainly alike. The sons of the Manchester or London artisan and of the Dorsetshire labourer have to go through practically the same educational mill. What is needed is more differentiation, more elasticity, more liberty in the choice of subjects, and especially in the methods of their presentation. Let us hope that this will come.

Nor in noting progress must one forget the inestimable service rendered by School Boards in the establishment of the higher grade schools, the very existence of which, in the opinion of some, is endangered by the recent legal judgment. These schools are the links which bind the elementary to the secondary education. Their object is to pick out the future

Faradays and to give them a helping hand up the ladder. To destroy or damage these schools is inevitably to weaken the popular hold of ideas which might ripen into constructive and inventive fruit so urgently needed for industrial competition, and it is to be hoped that the recent decision may have the effect of strengthening rather than weakening the position of these schools.

But more important than all the changes brought about in the Code, and of more direct bearing upon industry and commerce, are the results of the Technical Instruction Acts of 1889 and 1890. Nothing is more remarkable in the history of English educative legislation than the universal assent which was given to the proposal—for which we have to thank Mr. Arthur Acland to begin with, and Lord Goschen to end with—that £800,000 per annum should be appropriated by the State, and handed over to the County Councils, for the purpose of teaching the people the principles of the science and art upon which their trades depend. Nor is it less remarkable to observe the way in which municipal and other local authorities, as well as corporate bodies, have met this Imperial grant, not only by raising local and bestowing corporate funds, but by devoted personal effort and labour, with the view of rendering this grant more efficacious than it otherwise could be. And, without wishing to magnify unduly the results which have been and are being attained, it is not too much to say that in this respect—namely, in the system of what may be properly termed the elementary technical education of our people—we are certainly not behind, but perhaps even before, other countries. So we may fairly say that, as regards those who are acting, or are to be called upon to act, as workmen or foremen our people—women as well as men—are now given the opportunity to become acquainted with or to improve themselves in the theory and practice of their trades to an extent undreamt of twenty years ago, and to a degree which compares favourably with those placed before any of their foreign fellows. But, whilst no effort should be or is now being spared to improve

the workman to the utmost, it must not be forgotten that what the nation most urgently requires is the highly trained expert who is to direct the skilled workman. No amount of technical schools for the workmen can save an industry from decadence if the leader is not a man of high general instruction as well as specially versed in the sciences upon which his industry is based.

Is the case, then, of those more highly endowed with this world's goods really any better—indeed, is it not worse?—than that of their poorer fellows? A national system of secondary education has, so far at least, proved to be past praying for. Chaos still reigns supreme. Divergent interests are hard to reconcile. Vested interests are strong, and any government which undertakes to unravel the tangle must not only have its heart in the work, but be powerful enough to carry it through. Under these untoward conditions what course, then, ought a boy to take who has either the brains or the position, or both, to fit himself to be a man of light and leading in the world of English industry? The old plan was to turn the lad as soon as he could read and write and cipher decently into the shops of his father's or his friend's factory. He must work like any other boy; he must be there at six o'clock every morning till six at night, and hammer and file or spin and weave with his fellow "hands." Thus he learnt his trade. To send him to one of our great public schools and afterwards to the University, was in his father's eyes, and the father was a keen-sighted person, certain ruin to his prospects as far as industrial life was concerned. So such boys grew up to man's estate in a narrow groove, and it was only in the rare case of exceptional ability or under exceptionally favourable conditions that one was able to successfully carry out any new move; the rest could do no more than hold their own or perhaps extend their trade on the lines laid down by their predecessors. So long as they had command of the trade, so long as they had no competitors treading on their heels, so long were they successful, practical, sound English manufacturers, who made their fortunes without much trouble or thought, and who expected their sons to go

and do likewise. But things did not continue to go on so smoothly; the foreigner made his appearance on the stage and proved to be an important character, and by no means a mere walking gentleman. Then our practical man opens his eyes and finds the line blocked.

Are we, however, to admit that the public school and the university education, with the absence of any real teaching of modern languages, is inimical to a successful industrial career? If this be so it reveals a serious state of things, for it is undeniable that for a leader of men, for the head of a great and growing manufacturing concern, public school training ought for many great and cogent reasons to be the best preparation. It may be said that the manufacturers have only recently been disabused of the notion of the unfitness of the public school and university as training for their sons, and that the time has not yet come when those who have thus been trained can show their mettle. In the meanwhile, however, our trade is slipping away from us, and he would be a bold man who could with confidence assert that it would be safe to trust to men trained in the present system of those schools to win it back again. For whilst amongst those eminent in the Church, in the Army, in the higher Civil Service, in the Legislatures, public school and university men predominate, the examples will be found to be few and far between of men with that training who have made their mark as leaders in industry or even in commerce. Hence, we are forced to the conclusion that, be the reasons what they may, that which for argument's sake we may call our only national system of secondary and higher education is unfitted to, or at any rate does not, supply a great and crying national want, namely, for men fitted to cope with the danger we run of losing our pre-eminence in industry and commerce.

Look at the question from another point of view. Consider for a moment the long list of names of men who have advanced our old industries, who have founded new ones, who have by their achievements revolutionised society, and then ask how many of these men (one might easily name a hundred)

have had a public school and university training. Scarcely any. Most of them have, of course, had no school training worth talking about; they have risen to the first rank by their innate powers of brain and will; their school has been the workshop, their university the world. Then, it may be replied, if your great saviours of society have been self-made men, why all this educational fervour? Simply, again, because the conditions of things are changed. Old things have passed away and given place to the new. The engineers, the chemists of the past, had much less complex problems to deal with than their brethren of to-day. The roads, the bridges, the railways, the steam engines which were built by our English engineers in the past were simple matters compared with the construction of the Forth Bridge or the elaboration of an electric light station. The manufacture of soap or alkali on a large scale demanded only a moderate amount of knowledge of scientific chemistry, but for the economic production of artificial indigo an intimate acquaintance with, and a perfect command over, the highest and most complicated problems of organic chemistry is essential. To advance science, whether pure or applied in the early stages of scientific history, was comparatively easy; to make discoveries of equal importance in the more advanced stages demands not only a thorough knowledge of what has gone before, but especially a complete training in the methods by which these results have been obtained. To be a leader in new paths the outfit must now be full: an inadequate provision rapidly brings the traveller to grief.

Here it is then that the want of system and the absence of provision is most strikingly felt. It is a systematised training for the men who are to be the officers of the industrial army which is lacking. Moreover, their preliminary preparation has hitherto been so incomplete that they are unable to take full advantage of the higher instruction, or to study with profit the special sciences which they are bound thoroughly to master in such institutions as exist. Not only, however, must justice be done, but full credit awarded, to those far-sighted

persons who, whether acting as representing corporate bodies or as private individuals, whether as members of the profession of teachers or as a portion of the general public, have taken steps to set up and to maintain in various parts of the kingdom new universities, as Victoria and Birmingham, with university colleges and high schools of science and research, as well as the older studies, where, under the hands of able teachers, the competent man may not only carry on his scientific education up to the highest limits of the known, but where he can learn what is even more important—namely, the methods by which excursions may be made into the unknown.

This latter is, indeed, the essence of a scientific training; it is to fit the mind of the learner so that he may understand how to approach the investigation of a new problem, how to overcome the difficulties with which it is beset, and how to carry such work to a successful issue. Nothing but training in scientific research can possibly provide this necessary outfit. No distinction in scholarship, no amount of book-learning, still less the much-coveted "blue," can supply this, and the misfortune from which the country suffers is that, whilst public honour is generally paid and support given to prominence in the above, any acknowledgment of the value of the study of scientific method, or recognition of the services of those who are masters of that method, is but very occasionally met with. This position of affairs carries with it grave consequences. The most important of these is that our statesmen who, so it is said, cannot act in advance of public opinion and without its support, are unwilling to take the steps which the governments of other nations have long ago deemed necessary, of giving State recognition by the establishment and maintenance of at least one complete and thoroughly organised High School of Science. We should have one equipped on a like scale, to do for English industries what the Federal Polytechnicum at Zurich has done for those of Switzerland, and what the Reichs-Anstalt at Charlottenburg is doing for those of Germany. The establishment of such a complete seat of

scientific training and research, say in the Metropolis, would not merely enable the requisite education of the highest type to be given in all branches in one institution, though not necessarily in one building, which now exists only sporadically and inadequately (though, so far as it goes, efficiently), in independent centres, but it would at once give a stamp of Imperial importance to these essential studies which, though acknowledged as State possessions in other countries, are, as such, here almost unrecognised. This can, however, best be done by paying due regard to the claims of existing institutions and by taking care that proper use is made of the educational advantages which such institutions afford to the Metropolis, by co-ordination and additions where necessary, rather than by the establishment of entirely new schools.

Against such a proposal we have at once the cry raised by the so-called economists, and by the older school of statesmen: "Why should the nation pay for the education of persons who can quite well afford to pay for it themselves? The less Government meddles with the higher education the better for the country. All that a Government can be legitimately called upon to do is to help those who cannot help themselves," and so on. This argument will not hold water. Does not Parliament at the present moment vote very large grants to the Scottish Universities? Are not similar though much smaller grants voted to the English and Welsh University colleges? Are not the Royal Colleges of Science in London and in Dublin supported by Government? Then large grants are made to the British Museums and many other institutions of a more or less educational character, which benefit many besides those "who cannot help themselves." Indeed, the question may well be asked, Why does the nation pay away its millions for free elementary education? Surely not out of commiseration for the struggles for existence of the poor, but entirely because it rightly believes that it is for the benefit of our people as a whole that all should be delivered from the consequences arising out of national ignorance. The national elementary schools are not for the poor alone;

they are for everybody, and the pity is that we in England do not act, as do our brethren across the sea, upon the great principle of equality before the schoolmaster. If, then, it can be proved—and proved it can be—that the establishment and maintenance of a perfectly equipped High School for Science—a scientific university—is a step which must be taken as one means of warding off the danger which threatens our industrial well-being; if it can be further shown that the necessity for taking such a step is immediate, and that to wait until public opinion is so far awakened to the state of the case that private munificence steps in to the rescue is to court ruin; if these things are true, what defence can an intelligent government make against founding or assisting to found so necessary an institution?

The University of London is at this moment being reconstructed. Is the present, then, not a favourable opportunity for the Government to come forward, and to assist the University, which has no funds for this purpose, in establishing such a complete High School for Science, and to place England in this respect at least on a level with little Switzerland?

The nation is prodigal of its wealth and of its life when duty calls. We are spending a hundred millions to save our Empire in South Africa; and the lives of thousands of brave men on both sides have been sacrificed in the cause. Our educational war is also waged to save the Empire. It requires no sacrifice of life, and its cost is a trifle compared with that called for month by month by the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa. Moreover, if all this is true, if England by her supineness and blindness is running even a remote risk of losing her trade and her industrial position, surely we are not asking too great a boon from a Government which has proved itself so alive to its responsibilities as to pay dearly for the honour and welfare of the Empire, when we say help us to combat the enemy not by shooting him down, but by proving to him in peaceful contest that the Englishman is the better man.

H. E. ROSCOE.

OLIVER CROMWELL¹

IT must be, one thinks, with some amused surprise, that the two Privy Councillors, Lord Rosebery and John Morley, having parted company on the battle-field of politics, meet again in the Elysian fields of Literature. It is certainly an amusing coincidence that almost on the same day one presented the public with a study of the last days of the Emperor Napoleon and the other with a sketch of the life and work of Oliver Cromwell.

For, though these two men about whom they write differed in almost every feature of their characters: the one a typical offspring of the Latin race, the other a Teuton of Teutons: the one a soldier who served himself heir to politicians, the other a patriotic citizen who stumbled into soldiering: the one lonely and loveless, the other with warm family affections: the one—as Lord Rosebery helps us to see—devoid of fixed faith, the other penetrated through and through by strong religious conviction; in spite of these and many other great dissimilarities, the one resemblance in their lives, arising from the fact that both made themselves supreme rulers over an ancient king-governed state, is so striking and so full of meaning that, as long as European history is studied, men who name Napoleon will also think of Cromwell, and those who speak of Cromwell will sooner or later compare him with Napoleon.

However, our business at present is with the great Pro-

¹ "Oliver Cromwell," by John Morley.

tector and his latest biographer. Biographer, perhaps, one should hardly call him, but rather student of his character ; for Mr. Morley would be the first to disclaim the merit of having written a full and exhaustive biography of Cromwell. What he has done is to give us another specimen of those brilliant appreciations of great men (we want a word to express the mingled praise and blame of the French *éloge*) in which he is such an unrivalled master.

In order to get anything like an adequate view of the career of such a man as Cromwell into the compass of five hundred pages, all minute detail must be rigorously excluded. The work of the author of such a book involves a continual throwing overboard of cargo, in itself valuable and interesting, but for which there is absolutely no room on board. Perhaps no one who has not tried his hand at this kind of work can understand all its difficulty nor estimate at its full value the superb literary skill which has succeeded in comprising within such narrow compass all that is absolutely essential to an intelligent appreciation of Cromwell's character. It is hard for a student of history not to grudge to the dull political arena a man of Mr. Morley's remarkable and almost unique literary gifts ; yet on the other hand one is forced to confess in reading both this book and his previous biography of Robert Walpole that his observation of the working of the machine of the British Constitution from within, has given point and emphasis to many of his remarks about the politics of past centuries. If sometimes we fancy that we can read between the lines an allusion to present difficulties and perplexities, this is so slightly hinted that no one need have his attention disturbed from Cavalier and Roundhead by thoughts of Conservative and Radical. A phrase like this, however, is surely drawn from the author's personal observation, " We do not know what party means, if we suppose that its leader is its master." Perhaps the following sentence concerning Falkland and his friend is meant as a warning to the party to which the present writer belongs :

They were doubtless unwilling converts to the Court party, but when a convert has taken his plunge he must endure all the unsuspected foolishness and all the unteachable zealotry of his new comrades—an experience that has perhaps in all ages given many a mournful hour to generous natures (p. 96).

Again, take this description of a meeting of the officers and soldiers of the parliamentary army at Saffron Walden in 1647 :

The whole scene and its tone vividly recall the proceedings of a modern trade-union in the reasonable stages of a strike. In temper, habit of mind, plain sense, and even in words and form of speech the English soldier of the New Model two centuries and a half ago must have been very much like the respectable miner, ploughman, or carter of to-day. But the violence of war had hardened their fibre, had made them rough under contradiction and prepared them both for bold thoughts and bolder acts.

A luminous and suggestive comparison, which we probably owe to the fact that its author has done good service before now as mediator between master and men in a great industrial contest.

It is interesting to see how such a writer as Mr. Morley judges of those who have preceded him in his path of historical inquiry. Of two names—those of Gardiner and Firth—he speaks with the gratitude which all students of the Civil War must feel towards those admirable guides. His omission of the name of Professor Masson is probably accidental, since it is hardly possible to avoid being indebted to the author whose patient labour accumulated the facts contained in that great historical treasure-house the “Life of Milton.”

To Clarendon [says Mr. Morley] Cromwell was a rebel and a tyrant, the creature of personal ambition, using religion for a mask of selfish and perfidious designs. Burke saw in him one of the great bad men of the old stamp, who exercised the power of the State by force of character and by personal authority. Cromwell's virtues, he says, were at least some correctives of his crimes. His government was military and despotic, yet it was regular ; it was rigid, yet it was no savage tyranny. Ambition suspended but did not wholly suppress the sentiment of religion and the love of an honourable name. Such was Burke's modification of the dark colours of Clarendon. As time went on opinion slowly widened. . . . The genius and diligence of Carlyle, aided by the firm and manly stroke of Macaulay have finally shaken down the Clarendonian tradition. The reaction has now gone far—

Mr. Morley hints that it has gone a little too far, in reference to Cromwell's constructive work as a statesman.

It is, as Mr. Morley says, pre-eminently "the genius and diligence of Carlyle" that have changed men's opinions as to the character of the great Protector. But there are other qualities of Carlyle that arouse Mr. Morley's strongest aversion, and the only sentences in the book which seem to have been written when the author was thoroughly out of temper are those which deal with the preacher of hero-worship.

As for those impatient and importunate deifications of Force, Strength, Violence, Will, which only show how easily hero-worship may glide into effrontery, of them I need say nothing. History, after all, is something besides praise and blame. To such measures, equity and balance is not necessarily the sign of a callous heart and a mean understanding.

It is not enough to describe one who has the work of a statesman to do as "a veritable Heaven's messenger clad in thunder." We must still recognise that the reasoning faculty in man is good for something. "I could long for an Oliver without rhetoric at all," Carlyle exclaims, "I could long for a Mahomet, whose persuasive eloquence with wild flashing heart and scimitar is 'Wretched mortal, give up that, or by the Eternal, thy maker and mine, I will kill thee. Thou blasphemous scandalous Misbirth of Nature, is not even that the kindest thing I can do for thee, if thou repent not and alter, in the name of Allah?'" Even such sonorous oracles as these do not altogether escape the guilt of rhetoric. As if, after all, there might not be just as much of sham, phantasm, emptiness, and lies in Action as in Rhetoric. Archbishop Laud with his wild flashing scimitar slicing off the ears of Prynne, Charles maliciously doing Eliot to death in the Tower, the familiars of the Holy Office, Spaniards exterminating hapless Indians, English puritans slaying Irishwomen at Naseby, the monarchs of the Spanish Peninsula driving populations of Jews and Moors, wholesale and innocent, to exile and despair—all these would deem themselves entitled to hail their hapless victims as blasphemous misbirths of Nature. What is the test? How can we judge? The Dithyrambic does not help us. It is not a question between Action and Rhetoric, but the far profounder question, alike in word and in deed, between just and unjust, rational and shortsighted, cruel and humane.

A strong and well-put criticism on the great rhapsodist, this passage shows us Carlyle at his most nympholeptic mood, his critic in his sagest and most moral. How very Carlyle is the strophe: how thoroughly Morley the antistrophe.

In Mr. Morley's estimate of the leading men of the revolutionary age we find much of that quality of "balance" (a favourite word of his) which he so highly and so rightly prizes. It is, indeed, somewhat remarkable to observe how much fairer an advanced Radical politician can be to Strafford and Laud than was an old-fashioned Whig like Lord Macaulay. The change, the improvement in judicial tone, is, perhaps, not wholly due to a difference of temperament but is partly the result of higher notions of a historian's duty. There is less of the party pamphlet, more of calm scientific investigation in history as now written, than there was in the days of Croker and Macaulay. The character of Strafford as drawn by Mr. Morley seems to me admirably fair and true. Though, as he says, "Happily for us, men of deeper insight than Wentworth perceived that the assertion of the popular check was, at this deciding moment in English history, more important than to strengthen executive power in the hands of the King"; yet it is equally true that "he had energy, boldness, unsparing industry and attention, long-sighted continuity of thought and plan, lofty flight, and as true a concern for order and the public service as Pym or Oliver or any of them." Evil were the days when no better use could be found for such a noble Englishman than to roll his head in the dust of the scaffold on Tower Hill.

Of Laud, too, Mr. Morley, who assuredly has no sympathy with his theological position, says, with very true perception :

He had all the harshness that is so common in a man of ardent convictions, who happens not to have intellectual power enough to defend them. But he was no harder of heart than most of either his victims or his judges. Prynne was more malicious, vindictive, and sanguinary than Laud, and a Scottish presbyter could be as arrogant and unrelenting as the English primate.

Here again the noisy polemic of Macaulay has given place to a graver and fairer style of criticism.

Mr. Morley's determination to be fair even to men of the most opposite principles to his own carries him, I venture to think, a little too far in the case of Charles I.

It is little wonder [he says] that just as royalists took dissimulation to be the key to Cromwell, so it has been counted the master vice of Charles. Yet Charles was not the only dissembler. At this moment (1646) the Scots themselves boldly declared that all charges about their dealings with Mazarin and the Queen were wholly false, when in fact they were perfectly true. In later days the Lord Protector dealt with Mazarin on the basis of toleration for Catholics, but his promises were not to be publicly announced. Revolutions do not make the best soil for veracity. It would be hard to deny that before Charles great dissemblers had been wise and politic princes. His ancestor Henry VII., his predecessor Queen Elizabeth of famous memory, his wife's father, Henry IV. of France, Louis XI., Charles V., and many another sagacious figure in the history of European states had freely and effectively adopted the maxims of Machiavelli.

Of course, as far as Louis XI. and Henry VII. are concerned, Mr. Morley's meaning is that they used these principles of statecraft to which, after they had disappeared from the scene, Machiavelli gave the sanction of his name. But waiving that small point of criticism, is not this apology for Charles I.'s persistent insincerity more generous than just? To dissemble is one thing; to make solemn promises with the intention of breaking them at the first opportunity is another and generally a more fatal thing. True it is that the miserable maxim, "Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare" was too often on the lips or in the heart of all those sovereigns of the Renaissance. True also that one of them, Francis I., afforded a signal instance of faith solemnly plighted and gaily violated. But I think it will be found that as a rule, when Elizabeth, or Charles V., or Henry IV. had made a compact with their subjects they stuck to it; not perhaps from any high notions of morality, but because they knew that it would in the end be to their interest to do so. This the unfortunate Stuart king never understood. From the letters found in his cabinet at Naseby and from many similar proofs his subjects learned that no form of promise could be fashioned strong enough to bind his conscience, and this it was which turned the contest between him and his Parliament into a truceless war and which led, as its all but necessary climax, to the tragedy of Whitehall.

To use a military analogy, the dissimulations of Elizabeth

and Henry IV. were like the stratagem wherewith the commander of an army in the field seeks to outwit his enemy; but the repudiations of his plighted word which Charles Stuart meditated were like breaches of a formal capitulation entered into on the surrender of a fortress—surely a very different matter and one for which it is much harder to find justification or precedent. And with a combatant whose conscience permitted him to play thus fast and loose with promises, how was it possible to find any end of controversy but in the grave?

As for that event which will always be looked upon as the central scene in the great drama, the execution of King Charles, Mr. Morley's judgment coincides with that of Mr. Gardiner—a judgment which it has taken two centuries to form, but which is not likely to be reversed on appeal by future generations. Not “the inhuman and barbarous murder of a good and pious king by his own subjects,”¹ nor a deed which can without irreverence be in any way compared to the Crucifixion of Christ;² but also not an action which “more than any other has served to raise the character of the English nation in the opinion of Europe;”³ perhaps a crime since it was performed without due sanction of law; certainly a blunder since it was one of the strongest links in the chain which drew on the Restoration; it was, nevertheless, an event little desired by the chief actors in the tragedy and one for which the victim must share the blame with the executioner.

Doubtless the comparison has been often made but we may make it yet once more between the execution of Charles I. and that of his grandmother Mary Queen of Scots. Neither did Elizabeth desire the tragedy of Fotheringay nor Cromwell the tragedy of Whitehall. But if one of Mary's endless conspiracies had succeeded, few days of life would have remained to Elizabeth and Burleigh and Walsingham. If Charles could have

¹ Wheatley's “Illustration of the Book of Common Prayer,” 547.

² As in the now disused service for the 30th of January.

³ Charles James Fox quoted by Morley, p. 285.

won back freedom and power by the help of Scot or Frenchman, of Presbyterian or Catholic, there would have been a repetition of the proscriptions of Marius and Sulla against the statesmen and soldiers who had dared to oppose the Lord's Anointed. By his duplicity, by his ill-conceived and mutually self-defeating plots, by his evident determination not to accept the arbitrament of war nor honestly to part with any one of his heaven-bestowed prerogatives; pre-eminently by the sanguinary embroglio of the second Civil War, Charles had made himself impossible, and Cromwell, who bore him no personal ill-will, who would probably have been glad to see him re-seated on a constitutional throne, found or thought that he found himself obliged, as a matter of self-preservation, to consent to his death. "From the first," as Mr. Morley says, "it had been 'My head or thy head,' and Charles had lost."

But that the execution of Charles Stuart was a blunder, that it was not the right solution of the difficult and complicated problem which had been set to England's statesmen in the middle of the seventeenth century, was shown by nothing more triumphantly than by Oliver's own unsuccessful attempts to erect an enduring edifice on the ground which was rent by that awful regicidal chasm. The varied attempts during nine years to govern England through the Parliament or without a Parliament, the Instrument, the Humble Petition and Advice, the institution of Major-Generals, the attempt to return to constitutional ways, and to call a free Parliament, the transient phantasm of "Oliver's Lords," are described with considerable minuteness by Mr. Morley, who rightly argues from that long succession of failures against Cromwell's right to be considered a great constructive statesman. Here once more we find in the essayist a recollection of some of the perplexities of the Cabinet Minister and the Radical orator. "There is no branch of political industry," says Mr. Morley, "that men approach with hearts so light and yet that leaves them at the end so dubious and melancholy as the concoction of a Second Chamber." An argument certainly in favour of retaining

our present Second Chamber with all its illogicalities instead of "concocting" a brand-new one. And may we suggest that sometimes when the shouting is over and the Town-hall deserted, and the political philosopher, freed from the slavery of the platform, finds himself once more in the delightful liberty of his study, a suspicion crosses his mind that the "destruction" as well as the "concoction" of a Second Chamber might leave the doer of the deed as "dubious and melancholy" as Cromwell himself?

There are a hundred matters of interesting debate in this delightful book which might be touched upon, but I will briefly allude to only one, the Foreign Policy of the Protector. This has been lately condemned by one who is not an unfriendly critic, by Professor Gardiner, on the ground that it was too ambitious, and involved a larger outlay on land and sea forces than the England of the Commonwealth could afford. The criticism is no doubt just, but another criticism has been frequently made from the time of Bolingbroke to our own day, as to the *direction* of Cromwell's foreign policy, which seems to me more open to question.

The point is this: England found herself at the end of the Dutch War (1654) in possession of a well-manned navy and of a veteran army, and with the honour of her alliance eagerly solicited by the two great Powers of Western Europe. France and Spain were still continuing that struggle for the mastery which had never been really intermitted since the days of Francis I. and Charles V. After some hesitation, Cromwell determined to throw in his lot with France. Cardinal Mazarin became his obsequious friend; the stripling Louis XIV. sent him a diamond-hilted sword; by the fleet which was despatched to the Spanish main another more precious jewel, Jamaica, was plucked from the crown of the King of Spain. These triumphs, of course, gratified the nation and raised high the credit of the Protector, but it is asked, with much apparent force, were they obtained in the line which would have been adopted by a wise, far-seeing statesmanship? Spain was a

“going-down” power. As we all know, by the end of the century the Great Powers were calmly debating among themselves the manner of the division of her Empire. France, on the other hand, was a rising power, and that very same lad who wooed Cromwell’s favour with flattering words and a diamond-hilted sword, was to stand forth, in middle life, as *le Grand Monarque*, the ravager of the Palatinate, the all-but conqueror of Holland, the terror of Europe, the sovereign who came nearer to universal monarchy than any since the days of Charles V. Above all—and this would have wounded most sorely the Protestant soul of Cromwell—Louis XIV. was to approve himself the weightiest of all Hammers of the Heretics; the revoker of the Edict of Nantes, the author of the merciless Dragonnades.

So put, the indictment of Cromwell’s policy certainly has a formidable sound. On the other hand, we shall all agree that a statesman is only to be judged by such knowledge of the Past and Present and such anticipation of the near Future as, with the limited nature of our faculties, he may be reasonably expected to possess. We have a perfect right to blame Lord North for not foreseeing the alliance between the American colonists and the Court of Versailles, but not for his ignorance of the future triumphs of Napoleon. Our Ministers may be expected to take precaution for our defence against a navy impelled by steam, but it would be hard to condemn the men of 1900 should England be invaded by flying machines in the year 2000.

Applying these principles to the case before us I think we may claim for Cromwell that on the evidence before him, if peace was out of the question, if he was bound to ally himself offensively and defensively with some European Power, he was not wrong in choosing France for his ally rather than Spain. On the whole, the traditions of the previous hundred years pointed to France as the friend and to Spain as the enemy of England. France had at one time seemed disposed to go over altogether to the side of the Reformation and

though under Richelieu and Mazarin, she was predominantly Catholic, Protestantism had still a chance of living in a modest and humble fashion north of the Pyrenees which was altogether denied to her in the home of the Inquisition. The massacre of St. Bartholomew's day was horrible, but it was a spasmodic incident in a long Civil war, while the much more ghastly *Autos-da-fé* at Madrid were the regular routine performances of the Spanish monarchy, blessed by the Church and gloated over in all their hideousness by the besotted eyes of the great Catholic King. Nor is it, I venture to think, quite correct to say (as Mr. Moriey does) that "The Spanish monarchy had begun to dwindle from the abdication of Charles V." Of course the division of the great Hapsburg inheritance between the Emperor of Germany and the King of Spain was an important event, but it had been always understood that the union of its two parts was but temporary; in the main the Courts of Vienna and Madrid held on to the same line of policy. The revolt of the Netherlands was a most damaging blow to the power of Philip II., but it was almost counterbalanced by the acquisition of Portugal, which Philip and his successors held for sixty years. And then the utter weakness of France under the last Valois kings, the result of the long and bloody wars of Religion shifted the centre of gravity completely to the Spanish side. Surely all historians would agree that Philip II., though not lord of Germany or Holland, was more powerful over against Henry III. than his father had been over against Francis I.

No doubt much of the apparent greatness of the Spanish kings rested on an insecure foundation. The wealth of the Indies but poorly replaced the internal prosperity which might have been earned by a government as wise and liberal as the rule of the Philips was narrow and foolish. But that Spain all through the first half of the seventeenth century, during the years when Oliver Cromwell's mind was growing to maturity, looked large and seemed a real terror to Europe has been recently impressed upon me by my study of a manuscript

treatise,¹ hitherto I believe unpublished. Composed somewhere about the year 1632, it is entitled "Discorso politico in dialogo trà un Spagnuolo, un Francese et un Venetiano, concernente le rivoluzioni et rumori della Francia."

In this dialogue the surpassing might of Spain—notwithstanding some flaws especially in her financial position—is asserted by the Spaniard and seems to be quietly acquiesced in by all the speakers, even by the astute and well-informed Venetian. It is striking to observe also how the effete condition of France—though Cardinal Richelieu has been some years at the helm and though his statesmanship fills the Venetian with admiration—seems to be taken for granted by all the speakers. The Spaniard observes that "States are like individuals, they grow old and weak, the humours become morbid, the blood dries up. An accident or an attack of sickness which the constitution of a younger man would have easily surmounted is fatal to their enfeebled frame. Such is the case with the aged monarchy of France. It has existed for eight centuries and it is hopeless to think of raising her once more to the height which she occupied under Charlemagne or even under Hugh Capet. The recent disorders and tumults, the intrigues of Mary of Medici and of Gaston her son, are only the outward and visible signs of the decay which age has wrought in the body politic."

Spain on the other hand [says the speaker] is a young monarchy: her star is in the ascendant. The Swede, the Frenchman, the Hollander, the Englishman, may pit their strength against her, and may seem to triumph for a time, but like a young man stricken down by disease she will rise again, all the stronger for her temporary defeat. All prudent princes ally themselves, if possible, to the growing Powers of the world, a maxim which was pleaded by the great Soliman when excusing himself from trying conclusions with Charles V. Therefore the European Powers, and especially the princes of Italy, will do wisely not to set themselves in opposition to the vigorous might of Spain.

I shall not make any further extracts from the "Dialogo"

¹ This MS. with many others formed part of the library of the late Captain Napier, the historian of Florence.

which proceeds to discuss at rather wearisome length the questions at issue between the Great Cardinal and his enemies. But the interest of the treatise for us lies in the forecast of events made in 1632 and so signally falsified by the result. We see that politicians were speculating on the decay of France fifty years before the culmination of Louis XIV. Similarly, in the middle of the eighteenth century, she seemed stumbling from one disaster to another, yet its close saw her the mightiest Power in Europe. What paradoxes her future history may have in store for us who shall guess?

It will be urged, on the other hand, that this strange forecast was made in 1632, that Cromwell's determination to side with Cardinal Mazarin against Spain was formed twenty-two years later, and that many things had happened in the interval—the military triumph of Rocroi, the diplomatic triumph of Westphalia. True: notwithstanding the chaotic troubles of the Fronde which had also intervened, and to which our Spanish champion would certainly have pointed as proceeding from vicious humours in the body politic, the relative position of France and Spain was not in 1654 what it had been in 1632, but was changed in favour of the former country. Still, that which was to be the real factor of importance in the new situation was undisclosed. Louis XIV. in 1654 was a stripling of sixteen, very much under the thumb of his mother and her Cardinal lover. There might be another ineffective Louis XIII. hidden behind that mask of royalty. No one could then have predicted the long and glorious (according to the conventional use of the word) though exhausting reign of the Great Monarch. It would hardly be too much to say that Louis XIV. in 1654 was as much an unknown quantity as Napoleon Buonaparte in 1789. On the evidence before him, therefore, it seems to me that the Protector did not judge wrongly of the interests of his country when he entered on the campaign which made her mistress of Jamaica.

As I have said, there are many interesting subjects of debate suggested by this study of one of the most enigmatic

characters in English history. But it is time to bring our conversation with Mr. Morley to a close. We wish him well through the herculean labour of his life of Mr. Gladstone. When that polemic task is accomplished may we meet with him again in the serener air of some bygone century.

THOMAS HODGKIN.

GIOTTO

II

IN the article on Giotto in the December number of this Review the endeavour was made to investigate the origins of Giotto's art as seen in the paintings of the upper church at Assisi. The general characteristics of Cimabue's school were found in those works to be modified and overlaid with those of Giotto's unknown predecessor, the "master of the Esau frescoes," in whose work the study of classical wall-painting was clearly traceable. The unknown master who assisted Giotto in the representation of the legend of St. Francis, and to whom the last three frescoes were ascribed, may himself have belonged to the Roman school, for in the last fresco of the series, representing the liberation of Pietro d'Assisi from prison, the buildings show strong reminiscences of the Septizonium, which was still standing, and of Trajan's column. A few of the frescoes of the lower church appear to belong in point of time to the same period as those of the upper church—namely, those in which those miracles of the saint, for which space had not been found in the upper church, were continued, the miracle of the dead child of the Spini family, and the dead child of Suessa. To the same period belong the paintings of the Chapel of the Sacrament, in which, Mr. Berenson has suggested,¹ the unknown assistant of the upper church was employed. But after this there comes a break in Giotto's activity at Assisi, for in 1298 we find him

¹ Cf. "Assisi," by Lina Duff-Gordon. Dent: 1900.

in Rome. In that year he entered into a contract with Cardinal Stefaneschi to execute for him the mosaic of the "Navicella," now in the porch of St. Peter's. We have in this the first ascertainable date of Giotto's life. It is one which, however, fits very well with the internal evidences of his style, as it would give the greater part of the last decade of the thirteenth century as the period of Giotto's activity in the Upper Church at Assisi. One other work on the evidence of style we may attribute to the master's pre-Roman period, and that is the Madonna of the Academy at Florence. Here Giotto followed the lines of Cimabue's enthroned Madonnas, though with his own greatly increased sense of solidity in the modelling and vivacity in the poses. It cannot, however, be considered as a prepossessing work. It may be due to restoration that the picture shows no signs of Giotto's peculiar feeling for tonality; but even the design is scarcely satisfactory, the relation of the Madonna to the throne is such that her massive proportions leave an impression of ungainliness rather than of grandeur. In the throne itself he has made an experiment in the new Gothic architecture, but he has hardly managed to harmonise it with the earlier classic forms of the Cosmati, which still govern the main design. We shall see that in his work at Rome he overcame all these difficulties.

In Rome Giotto worked chiefly for Cardinal Stefaneschi. This is significant of Giotto's close relations with the Roman school, for it was Bartolo, another member of the same family, who commissioned the remarkable mosaics of Sta. Maria in Trastevere, executed in 1490, mosaics which show how far the Roman school had already advanced towards the new art, of which Giotto's work was the consummation.

The mosaic of the "Navicella," which was the greatest undertaking of Giotto's activity in Rome, is unfortunately terribly restored. We can, however, still recognise the astonishing dramatic force of the conception and the unique power which Giotto possessed of giving a vivid presentation of a particular event, accompanied by the most circumstantial details, and at

the same time suggesting to the imagination a symbolical interpretation of universal and abstract significance. Even the surprising intrusion of a *genre* motive in the fisherman peacefully angling on the shore does not disturb our recognition of this universal interpretation, which puts so clearly the relation of the ship of the Church, drifting helplessly with its distraught crew, to the despairing Peter, who has here the character of an emissary and intermediary, and the impassive and unapproachable figure of Christ himself.

The daring originality which Giotto shows in placing the predominant figure at the extreme edge of the composition, the feeling for perspective which enabled him to give verisimilitude to the scene by throwing back the ship into the middle distance, the new freedom and variety in the movements of the Apostles in the boat, by which the monotony of the eleven figures crowded into so limited a space is evaded, are proofs of Giotto's rare power of invention, a power which enabled him to treat even the most difficult abstractions with the same vivid sense of reality as the dramatic incidents of contemporary life. It is not to be wondered at that this should be the work most frequently mentioned by the Italian writers of the Renaissance. The storm-gods blowing their Triton's horns are a striking instance of how much Giotto assimilated at this time from Pagan art.

But of far greater beauty are the panels for the high altar of St. Peter's, also painted for Cardinal Stefaneschi, and now to be seen in the sacristy, where the more obvious beauties of Melozzo da Forli's music-making angels too often lead to their being overlooked. And yet, unnoticed in the dark corners of the room, they have escaped the attentions of restorers and glow with all the rare translucency of Giotto's tempera.

For in technique, too, Giotto was an innovator; he established the Italian method of painting on panel as opposed to the Byzantine. He substituted for their thick and pastose medium, with its raised high lights,¹ the true yolk of egg tempera

¹ Possibly containing wax. Cf. "Cennino Cennini," by Mrs. Herringham.

with thin semi-transparent washes over a white ground. With this more manageable medium he was able to give expression to a new feeling for beautiful tonality. These are the first pictures we have examined by Giotto in which we are able to appreciate at all the beauty and subtlety of his tone contrasts, for not only have the frescoes of the upper church at Assisi and the "Madonna" of the Academy suffered severely from restoration, but it is probable that in his youthful works he had not freed himself altogether from the harsher tonality of earlier, especially Byzantine, art. Here, however, Giotto shows that power which is distinctive of the greatest masters of paint, of developing a form within a strictly limited scale of tone, drawing out of the slightest contrasts their fullest expressiveness for the rendering of form; a method which, though adopted from an intuitive feeling for pure beauty, gives a result which can only be described as that of an enveloping atmosphere surrounding the forms.¹

The kneeling figure, presumably Cardinal Stefaneschi himself, in the "Christ enthroned" (Fig. 1) is an admirable instance of this quality. With what tender, scarcely perceptible gradations, with what a limited range from dark to light is the figure expressed; and yet it is not flat, the form is perfectly realised between the two sweeping curves whose simplicity would seem, but for the masterly modelling, to prevent the possibility of their containing a human figure. The portrait is as remarkable in sentiment as in execution. The very conception of introducing a donor into such a composition was new.² It was a sign of the new individualism which marked the whole of the great period of Italian art, and finally developed into extravagance. The donor having once found

¹ This quality is to be distinguished from that conscious naturalistic study of atmospheric envelopment which engrossed the attention of some artists of the cinquecento; it is a decorative quality which may occur at any period in the development of painting if only an artist arises gifted with a sufficiently delicate sensitiveness to the surface-quality of his work.

² I cannot recall any example in pre-Giottesque art.

his way into pictures of sacred ceremonial remained, but he not infrequently found it difficult to comport himself becomingly amid celestial surroundings; as he became more important, and heaven itself became less so, he asserted himself with unseemly self-assurance, until at last his matter-of-fact countenance, rendered with prosaic fidelity, stares out at the spectator in contemptuous indifference to the main action of the composition, the illusion of which it effectually destroys.

But here, where the idea is new, it has no such jarring effect; it is not yet a stereotyped formula, an excuse for self-advertisement or social display, but the direct outcome of a poetical and pious thought; and Giotto, with his unique rightness of feeling, has expressed, by the hand clinging to the throne and the slightly bent head, just the appropriate attitude of humble adoration, which he contrasts with the almost nonchalant ease and confidence of the angels. Even in so purely ceremonial a composition as this Giotto contrives to create a human situation.

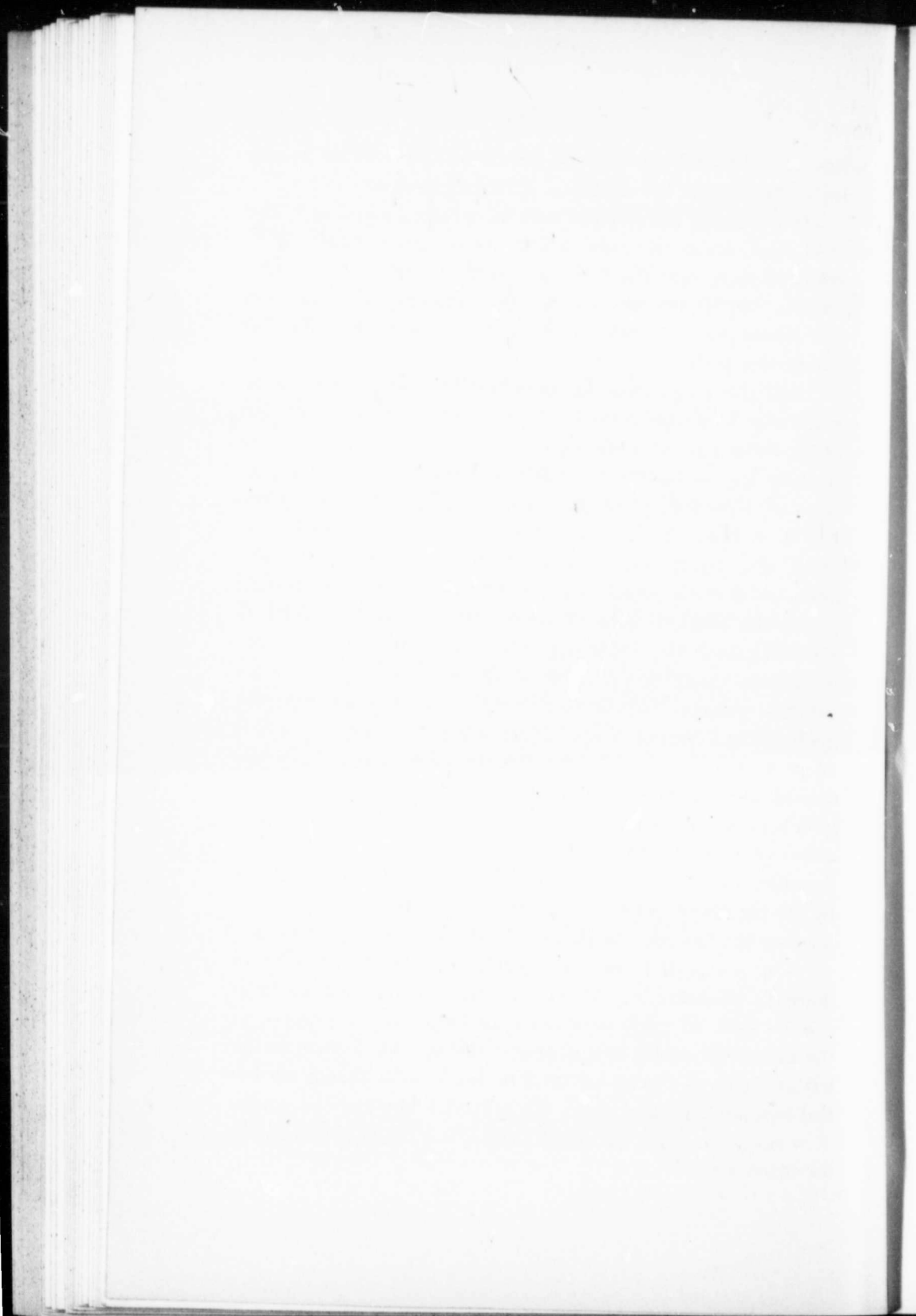
In the planning of this picture Giotto has surpassed not only Duccio's and Cimabue's versions of the Enthronement motive but his own earlier work at Florence. The throne, similar in construction to that in the Academy picture, no longer shows the inconsistencies of two conflicting styles, but is of pure and exquisitely proportioned Gothic; the difficult perspective of the arches at the side is rendered with extraordinary skill though without mathematical accuracy. The relation of the figure of Christ to the throne is here entirely satisfactory, with the result that the great size of the figure no longer appears unnatural, but as an easily accepted symbol of divinity. In the drawing of the face of the Christ he has retained the hieratic solemnity given by the rigid delineation of Byzantine art, a piece of conscious archaism which he repeats later on, in the fresco of St. Francis in glory at Assisi.

But if the "Christ enthroned" is a triumph of well-calculated proportions, the "Crucifixion of St. Peter" (Fig. 2), which formed



Photo, Anderson

FIG. 1.—Christ Enthroned. *Sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome.*



one side of the triptych, is even more remarkable for the beauty of its spacing and the ingenuity of its arrangement.

In designing such a panel with its narrow cusped arch and gold background, the artist's first consideration must be its effect as mere pattern when seen on the altar at the end of a church. In his frescoes, Giotto's first preoccupation was with the drama to be presented; here it was with the effect of sumptuous pattern.

And the given data out of which the pattern was to be made were by no means tractable. The subject of the Crucifixion of St. Peter was naturally not a favourite one with artists, and scarcely any succeeded in it entirely, even in the small dimensions of a predella piece, to which it was generally relegated. For it is almost impossible to do away with the unpleasant effect of a figure seen thus upside down. The outstretched arms, which in the crucifixion of Christ give a counterbalancing line to the long horizontal of the spectators, here only increases the difficulty of the single upright. But Giotto, by a brilliant inspiration,¹ found his solution in the other fact given by his subject—namely, that the martyrdom took place between the goals of the Circus of Nero. By making these huge pyramids adapted from two well-known Roman monuments (the Septizonium and the pyramid of Cestius), he has obtained from the gold background just that dignified effect of spreading out above and contracting below which is so effective in renderings of the crucifixion of Christ, an effect which he still further emphasises by the two angels, whose spreading wings and floating draperies increase the brocade-like richness of the symmetrical pattern.

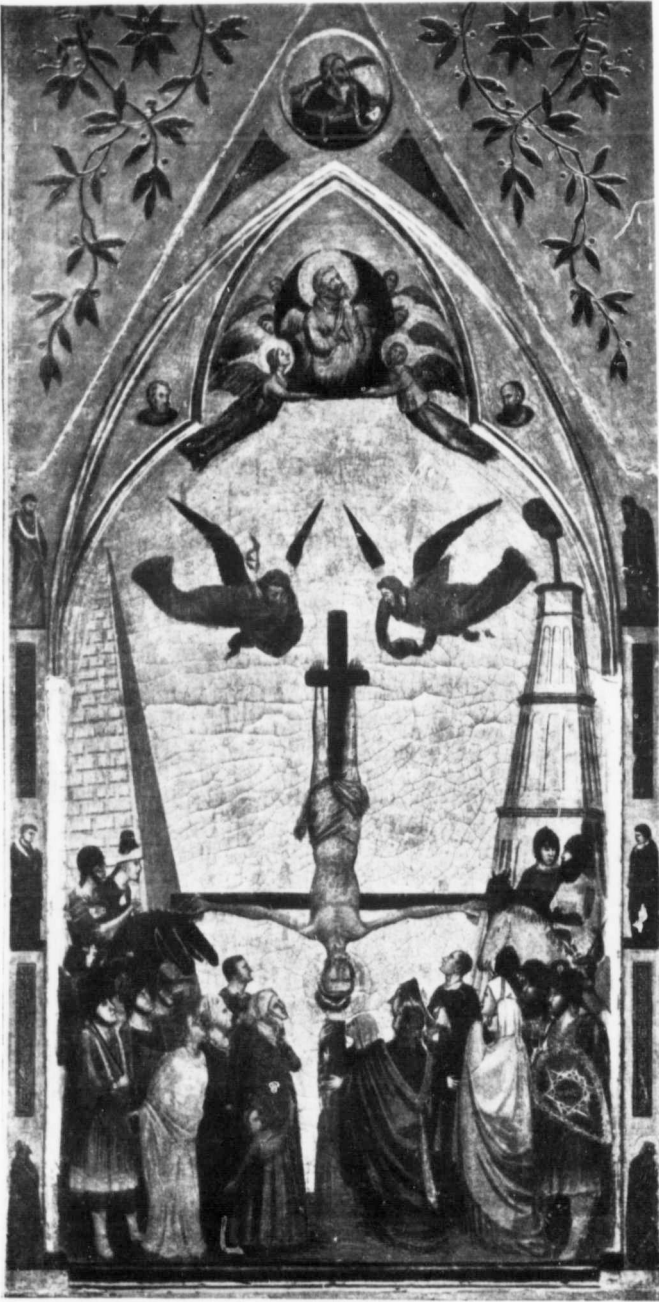
Nor, the pattern once assured, has Giotto failed of vivid dramatic presentation. It is surprising to find crowded into so small a space so many new poses all beautifully expressive of the individual shades of a common feeling: the woman to the left of the cross leaning her head on her hand as though sorrow had become a physical pain; the beautiful figure of the youth,

¹ Derived, no doubt, but greatly modified, from Cimabue's treatment of the subject at Assisi.

with long waving hair, who throws back both arms with a despairing gesture; the woman lifting her robe to wipe her tears; and, most exquisite of all, and most surprising, in its novelty and truth to life, the figure of the girl to the left, drawn towards the terrible scene by a motion of sympathy and yet shrinking back with instinctive shyness and terror. In the child alone Giotto has, as was usually the case, failed of a rhythmical and expressive pose. And what an entirely new study of life is seen here in the variety of the types! In one—the man whose profile cuts the sky to the left—he seems to have been indebted to some Roman portrait-bust; another, on horseback to the left, is clearly a Mongolian type, with slant eyes and pigtail, a curious proof of the intercourse with the extreme East which the Franciscan missionaries had already established. In the drawing of the nude figure of St. Peter, in spite of the unfortunate proportion of the head, the same direct study of nature has enabled Giotto to realise the structure of the figure more adequately than any artist since Roman times. One can well understand the astonishment and delight of Giotto's contemporaries at this unfolding of the new possibilities of art, which could now interpret all the variety and richness of human life and could so intensify its appeal to the emotions. One other peculiarity of this picture is interesting and characteristic of Giotto's attitude. In painting the frame of his panel he did not merely add figures as decorative and symbolic accessories, he brought them into relation with the central action, for each of them gazes at St. Peter with a different expression of pity and grief. Giotto had to be dramatic even in his frames.

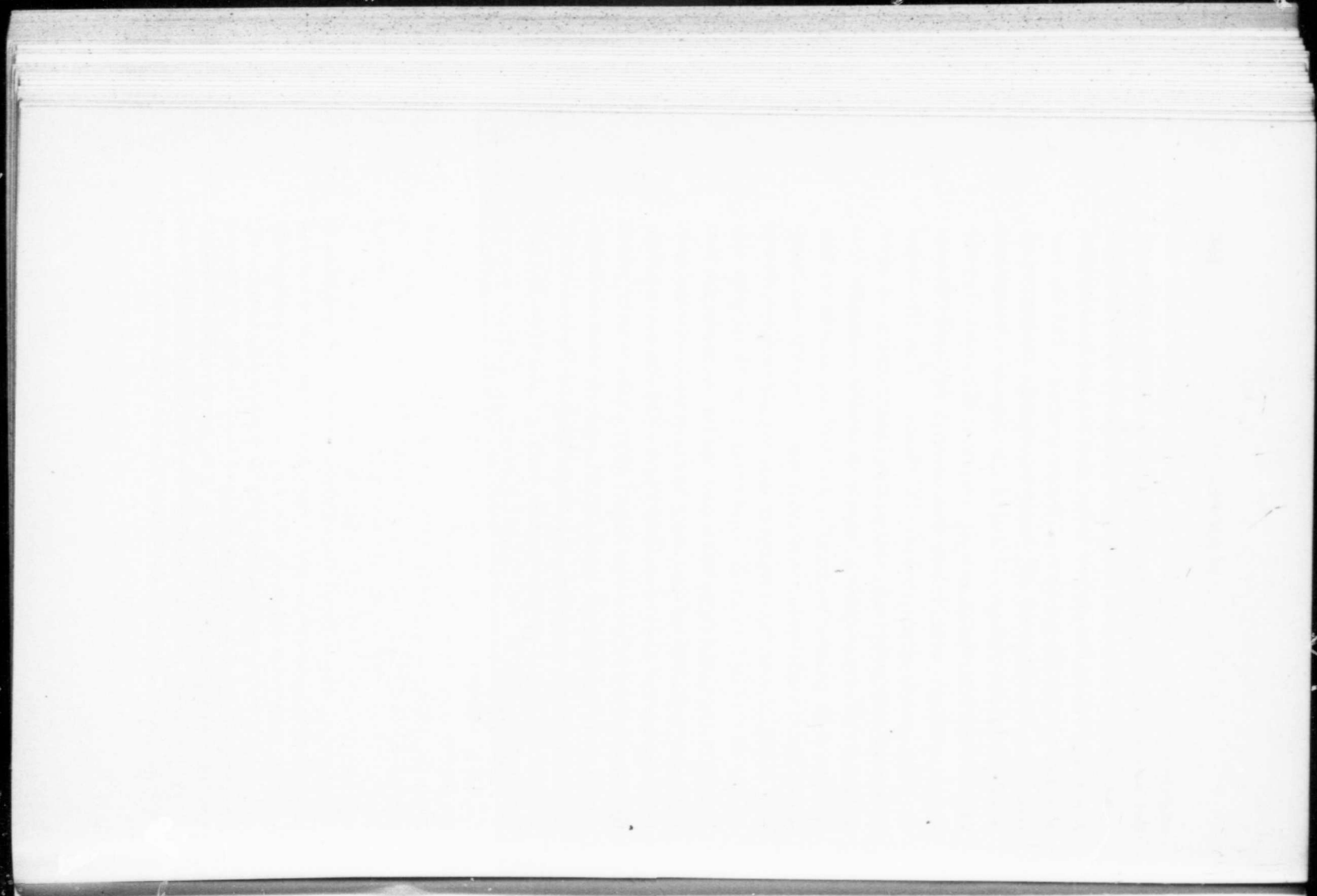
That Giotto remained in Rome till after the great Jubilee of 1300 is shown by the fragment of his fresco of the Papal Benediction which still remains on a pillar of St. John Lateran. There is every probability that at this time he met Dante, who was collecting the materials for the terrible portrait of Boniface VIII. which he drew in the "Inferno."

The next ascertainable date in Giotto's life is that of the



Photo, Anderson

FIG. 2.—The Crucifixion of St. Peter. *Sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome.*



decoration of the Arena chapel at Padua, begun in 1305. To the first years of the intervening period are ascribed by many authorities the frescoes in the chapel of the Podestà at Florence. The dying echoes of a debate which once aroused keen interest still linger round the problem of Dante's portrait. But the fact that what remained of the fresco was totally robbed of all artistic value by restoration makes the dispute a barren and unprofitable one, and it is with something like relief that the disappointed spectator of these frescoes reads Milanese's damaging criticisms of their attribution to Giotto. That the chapel was burnt and completely restored in 1332 would seem alone sufficient evidence of their belonging to a subsequent date.

It is with greater probability that we can ascribe to this period the rest of Giotto's work at Assisi. According to Vasari and Rudolphus, in his history of the Seraphic Order (1586), Giotto was invited to Assisi by Giovanni di Muro, who was general of the Order from 1296-1304, and we may assume that this refers to his second visit about the year 1301. In any case, the Allegories of the Franciscan Virtues and the scenes from the life of Christ of the lower church have characteristics which relate them on the one hand to the painter's work at Rome, and on the other to the subsequent paintings at Padua.¹

The allegories on the central vault of the lower church

¹ It is true that recently a view has been put forward on the authority of Mr. Berenson (In "Assisi," by Lina Duff-Gordon. Dent, 1900), according to which the chronology of Giotto's frescoes in the upper and lower church usually accepted would be reversed. According to this view the frescoes of the lower church, which we are about to consider, show the gradual maturing of Giotto's style, while those of the upper church give evidence of his complete mastery. That a theory thus subversive of the usual conception of Giotto's development should emanate from so learned and scholarly a student of Italian art shows how far we are yet from a complete understanding of the germinating period of Italian painting; but while it will be well to await a fuller statement of the view than has yet appeared before making any dogmatic assertion, I ought, perhaps, to state some of the grounds on which the upper church frescoes have here been assigned to the period previous to Giotto's visit to Rome. In the first place, the striking resemblances which some of the

give us a more complete idea of Giotto's powers as a painter than any other work. The physical sensation of pleasure when one first looks up at these is scarcely to be obtained elsewhere; long before one has unravelled the doctrinal teaching which was their *raison d'être*, before one has even made out the separate figures of the compositions, one is overcome with purely sensuous satisfaction at the sight of so marvellous a surface. Upon the dusky blue of the vault float on all sides figures robed in golden rose and greenish umbrous white, while pale pink towers shoot up towards the centre; the ravishing beauty of the colour is intimately associated with the tenderness of the tone contrasts, the atmospheric envelopment. In looking at these one realises that fresco in the hands of an artist like Giotto can yield a surface more entrancing, more elusively and mysteriously beautiful than any other medium painters have discovered.

The effect is as of evanescent forms appearing through a roseate mist, and yet without loss of definition. Among modern painters Mr. Whistler has, in some of his portraits, where a generalised form floats before a grey background, got something of this effect; but, judged by their purely sensuous qualities, these frescoes appear to me more exquisite. It is

earlier frescoes of the St. Francis legend show to the works of the Roman school, which clearly are among the earliest paintings at Assisi, would point to their being executed at a time when Giotto's style was still open to external influence. Moreover, in the drawing of the features, Giotto in these works shows distinct traces of his kinship with the members of Cimabue's school. He frequently marks off the features from the face by thin hard lines, the eyes are isolated by a dark outline instead of being modelled on the curve of the mask itself, the high lights on cheek and brow are frequently hard and unmodulated, not passing imperceptibly into the half-tones. There is, in fact, no evidence, even in the undamaged parts of these works, of that beautiful tonality, that atmospheric quality, which we find in the paintings done at Rome, and to a still higher degree in the frescoes of the lower church. It is difficult to believe that a painter who had arrived at the easy mastery shown in the allegories of the lower church should, years after, have executed works like the "St. Francis before Innocent III." (Fig. 5 of the December number), in which so much of the crudity and *naïveté* of earlier art is still to be seen.

necessary to insist on this, because most of Giotto's frescoes have lost so much of their original surface quality, that one is apt to think of him as a great interpreter only and not as one of the greatest of mere painters, gifted with a supreme aptitude for sensuous delight.

To Giotto's positive spirit, with its keen and humorous perception of the actualities of human nature, the problem of painting cold abstractions of moral virtues must have been a trying one. But his imagination was equal to the task of giving a visual content even to these bare and colourless conceptions. Only in the "Obedience" is there a trace of conventional hagiography; in the others he has managed even to give human interest. In the "Chastity," for instance, the eagerness of the novices to the left, the ineffable tenderness with which St. Francis receives them into the fold, the sweet solemnity of the ministrant angels, the pitiful severity of the armed flagellators who guard Chastity's castle, the fortitude of the angels, who, with Penitence, drive out Death, and the rose-crowned Amor, in which it is pleasant to surprise a lurking sympathy on Giotto's part—all these are conceived in no spirit of dry didactic allegorising, they typify in a condensed form the results of a wide and genial understanding of human nature. There is in these allegories a combination of moral earnestness with sensuous enchantment, which shows more clearly than elsewhere the likeness of Giotto to Dante. Giotto has here found in painting the precise parallel to that "*Dolce stil nuovo*" on which Dante so justly prided himself; that "sweet new style" the secret of which, as he himself explains, was to express only what a sympathetic apprehension dictated within. Indeed, so thoroughly Dantesque are these paintings that Vasari's suggestion of their inspiration by Dante would certainly be accepted if it were not evident that they antedate the "Paradiso" by many years. The idea of the "Marriage with Poverty" is, in fact, derived from St. Francis' own poetical allegorising, and in the poems of Jacopone di Todi the fancy is elaborated in a way that may have suggested certain motives of Giotto's fresco.

It is in this fresco that Giotto's supreme feeling for pure beauty is most clearly seen. In this crowd of virtues and angels all the beautiful faces of the world seem gathered together. They have the air of Greek goddesses, touched at last with compassion for humanity; and Poverty herself, old, careworn, even squalid, as she is, has in her smile the glamour of incomprehensible mystery. She is, indeed, a curious anticipation of the flower-robed lady of Botticelli's "Primavera," and, like her, she allures us with the conviction of her infinite inscrutability.

This fresco affords one more instance of Giotto's daring use of contemporary incident. It is supposed that the three figures to the right represent Envy, Avarice, and Pride, expressing, in various attitudes, their contempt for St. Francis' gospel. The young man with a falcon, wearing the fashionable dress of the day and making a vulgar gesture at Poverty's attendant, has called forth the reprobation of fastidious critics; but if Giotto was indecorous it is an error he shares with Dante, and it is a striking example of that "topical" element which is common to both. To realise how bold is the introduction of this incident in an heroic allegory one should translate it into contemporary language, and suppose an immaculately dressed exquisite to be replying to an importunate question concerning the state of his soul proffered by a zealous Salvationist.

This, the most beautiful of the allegories, perhaps the most profoundly poetical of all Giotto's works, affords a striking refutation of the popular theory that intensity of conviction is the essential requisite for harmonious expression. For Giotto was not only not interested in the Franciscan ideal of poverty, he actually detested it; for he has expressed what one cannot doubt were his actual views on the subject in a canzone.¹

¹ It is so interesting thus to get behind the exponent of Franciscan idealism to the shrewd man of the world, that I have here translated his diatribe on that hypocrisy which had already brought discredit on the Franciscan Order.

Many are they who praise Poverty,
And such say that it is a perfect state

There is, of course, no real contradiction in the discrepancy between poem and picture. It was no more necessary to Giotto to believe in the ideal of Poverty as a doctrine in order

(If it is approved and chosen),
 To observe its rule and possess nothing.
 But sure authority leads us to this ;
 That to observe it would be too stringent.
 And taking that saying,
 That rarely is there an extreme without vice,
 It seems to me, if I understand it, a harsh extreme,
 And therefore I do not commend it.
 And to make a good building
 One should so provide from the foundation,
 That it should stand firm against
 Force of wind or any other thing,
 So that there is no need to alter it afterwards.

Of that poverty which is against the will,
 There is no doubt that it is altogether evil,
 For it is the way of sin,
 Making judges to give false judgments,
 Spoiling women and maidens of honour,
 Causing thefts, violences, and villainies,
 And often using lies.
 And it deprives every one of an honourable home,
 So that in a short time
 Wanting possessions you will seem also to want sense.
 Whosoever is approached by Poverty,
 Even if [like Camillus] he has defeated Brennus,
 Will at once show fight,
 Wishing that it may not confront him,
 For even in thinking on it he already blenches.

Of that poverty which seems to be by choice,
 One can see by sure experience
 That without any doubt
 It is observed or not, not as it is pretended ;
 And even the observance of it is not to be praised,
 Since it needs neither discretion nor knowledge,
 Nor any excellence
 Of customs or virtues.
 Certes, I think it is a shame,
 To call that virtue which extinguishes a good,

to paint his allegory with sympathetic insight, than it is necessary for a dramatist to believe in everything his characters say in order to make them say it with conviction. What the

And much harm comes
Of preferring a beastlike quality to those virtues
Which give salvation,
Acceptable to every wise understanding ;
The more so according as he is more worthy.

Here you may oppose an argument :—
Our Lord commends Poverty much.
See that you understand Him well,
For His words are very profound,
And have sometimes a double meaning :
And He wills us to take the wholesome one.
Therefore, unveil your eyes,
And look at the truth which hides within.
You will see that His words
Correspond to His holy life ;
For He had power adequate
To every occasion and place.
And therefore His having little
Was in order that we should shun avarice,
And not to find us a way to use cunning.

We often see evidently
That he who most praises that life has no peace,
And always studies and procures
How he may depart from that condition.
If honour and great state is committed to him,
He grips it tight, the rapacious wolf ;
And well he counterfeits
So that he may fulfil his desire,
And knows how to cover himself
So that, beneath the false cloak,
The worst wolf looks the best lamb.
This hypocrisy, if it does not soon go under,
Will leave no part in the world
For those who do not use its arts.

Go, Canzone, and if you find any Tartuffes,
Show yourself to them so that you convert them ;
But if they remain obdurate,
Be so lusty that you choke them.

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Photo, Anderson

FIG. 3.—Adoration of the Magi. Lower Church, Assisi.

artist must do in either case is to be in a condition of imaginative conviction—to see the idea or personality from within and not with a coldly observant eye. And in proportion to his greatness the artist can project himself imaginatively into personalities or ideas remote from his own temperament. In the case of Giotto he can become passionately convinced as an artist of a doctrine which he ridiculed as a man.

And Giotto as a man, as we know him in Boccaccio's and Sacchetti's stories, was as far from religious extravagance as he was from artistic preciosity. He was, if we may judge from them—and the character fits with what we might guess from his works—a typical Florentine burgher, a man of the world, who could make himself agreeable to princes without adulation, but who enjoyed himself most when impersonating the country gentleman on his farm in the Mugello, or in the company of his bourgeois fellow citizens; at "festas" notable for his wit and *bon-camaraderie*, a teller of good stories which are more Rabelaisian than would satisfy the usual conception of an age of faith. Above all, one gets the impression of a genial, almost jovial, good nature, which was the key to his instinctive understanding of humanity.

The remaining subjects of the lower church frescoes are, for the most part, taken from the New Testament. They are interesting because of their extreme similarity to the compositions at Padua. By this time we may suppose Giotto would be surrounded by a number of pupils who would stand in a more directly subordinate relation to him than the unknown assistant of the upper church, and, therefore, while we have clearly Giotto's design in these frescoes, in some of them, the handiwork of his pupils causes evident divergence from his normal types. This is particularly noticeable in the "Crucifixion" and the "Adoration of the Magi" (Fig. 3), where the peculiar bluntness of the features and the insufficient mass of the skulls betray a distinct and inferior hand.

The "Adoration of the Magi" is none the less one of Giotto's finest compositions. The history of the treatment of this

subject reveals more, perhaps, than any other the changes in the attitude of artists to life. The purely ceremonial act of homage of the Byzantines is, in Franciscan art, replaced by a situation of tender and intimate human feeling: with Gentile da Fabriano and the artists of the beginning of the *quattrocento*, the chivalrous and romantic ideal predominates; in Leonardo, the increased complexity and detachment of modern thought; and in Paolo Veronese the subject loses all but its most superficial significance.

Of all the rich and strange imaginative colouring which the subject conveys the Biblical version scarcely gives a hint, but the Franciscan writers, with their unflinching instinct for poetical effect, brought out its latent possibilities and gave it its value for Italian art. Some passages in Bonaventura's "Meditations" show how much Giotto owed to their initiative¹ for the vividness of his presentment.

Here the essentials of the Franciscan version are found; the beautiful understanding between the wise old men and the

¹ After a paraphrase of the Bible story Bonaventura adds: "Think then with regard to this miracle and see with the eyes of the mind, how these three kings come with a multitude of people and stand round that so small and poor house where was the blessed Son of God: and our Lady hears the great clatter of horses' hoofs and the noise of the people and begins to be afraid and draws the Child closer in her arms. . . . Remaining on their knees before him they talked with his mother and asked concerning the Child. And she shamefacedly told them all in order and they believed all. See now how reverently they ask and listen! And look too at the Mother, how, abashed to find herself before such great people, she keeps her eyes on the ground, for she does not wish to be seen and to stay talking with others! But God gave her strength for this great event, since the *Magi* typify the universality of the Church which must gather together the Gentiles. And look too at the sweet Child who does not speak as yet, but looks at them benignly and with the wisdom and understanding of maturity. . . . And receiving great consolation they opened their treasures and unfolded a cloth of gold for the Child's feet and offered each one gold and frankincense and myrrh, as was natural, being kings come by such a long journey to their lord and master, and reverently they kissed his feet. And the Child, who understood, to give them greater consolation and fortify them in their love, held out his little hand for them to kiss and gave them the sign of the benediction."

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FIG. 1. Church of the Holy Spirit, Monastery of the Holy Trinity, Kiev. *Photo. Alinari*

Photo, Alinari

infant Christ, the act of kissing the Child's foot and the benediction he gives in response. The shy stateliness of the Virgin is given by her pose, and in the same playful vein of Bonaventura's meditation is the action of the angel who holds the offering and peers over in his curiosity to see the act of adoration. In the other two Magi there is the same clear realisation of a particular mental condition. One is so absorbed in contemplation of the divine Child that he fumbles absent-mindedly at the button of his cloak and does not answer the inquiring glance of the younger King. The connection between this and the treatment of the same subject at Padua is not so close as in the "Raising of Lazarus" and the "Christ appearing to the Magdalene," in which Giotto's own handiwork is more evident.

Giotto was, I believe, the first artist to represent the Resurrection by the *Noli me tangere* (Fig. 4). The Byzantines almost invariably introduced the Descent into Hades or the Three Maries at the Tomb. In any case it is characteristic of Giotto to choose a subject where the human situation is so intimate and the emotions expressed are so poignant. Here, as in the "Navicella," where he was free to invent a new composition, he discards the bilateral arrangement, which was almost invariable in Byzantine art, and concentrates all the interest in one corner of the composition. The angels on the tomb are damaged and distorted, but in the head and hands of the Magdalene we can realise Giotto's greatly increased power and delicacy of modelling as compared with the frescoes of the upper church. It is impossible to art to convey more intensely than this the beauty of such a movement of impetuous yearning. The action of the Christ is as vividly realised; almost too obviously, indeed, does he seem to be edging round the corner of the rock to escape the Magdalene's outstretched hands. Giotto himself shows his perception of this in the slight modifications introduced into the Paduan version (Fig. 5). But this is a striking instance of that power which Giotto possessed more than any other Italian, more indeed than any other artist except Rembrandt, the

power of making perceptible the flash of mutual recognition which passes between two souls at a moment of sudden illumination.

If we compare the Paduan version (Fig. 5) (which suffers in comparison, by the fact that the only photographs of the Arena chapel are execrable), we find that Giotto has increased the unity of the composition by bringing the angels farther to the right, while he has obtained a more complete balance by the introduction of the sleeping soldiers. His increased freedom from the usual conventions is shown by the still more daring innovation of making the principal figure actually disappearing out of the composition. The movement of the Christ is modified so as to tone down the impression of flight; the leg is not brought so far forward, the body is less bent away, the action of the hand is more authoritative and less deprecatory, and the same effect is given by the condescending and pitiful inclination of the head. The straight line of the Magdalene's cloak has the effect of emphasising the fervent appeal of the hands and face.

That the Assisi frescoes precede the Paduan, one may infer by the fact that the differences between them are all such as lead to the greater perfection of the composition. But in the repetition something is lost, the sense of surprise which the intensity of the first inspiration produces is not to be found in the more perfect replica.

The same relationship is again seen in the two versions of the "Raising of Lazarus" (Figs. 7 and 9). Here Giotto had a well-known Byzantine composition to work from, and, as usual, he adopts the traditional design wherever possible. For not only are Christ and Lazarus at the opposite poles of the composition, but they are at equal distances from the centre, the most obvious places to assign to them, while in the position of the other figures the traditional formula is adhered to.

But the power of embodying in the figures this intensity of emotion, this concentration of spiritual energy, is new. The rigid back, the intent gaze of the Christ and the nervous



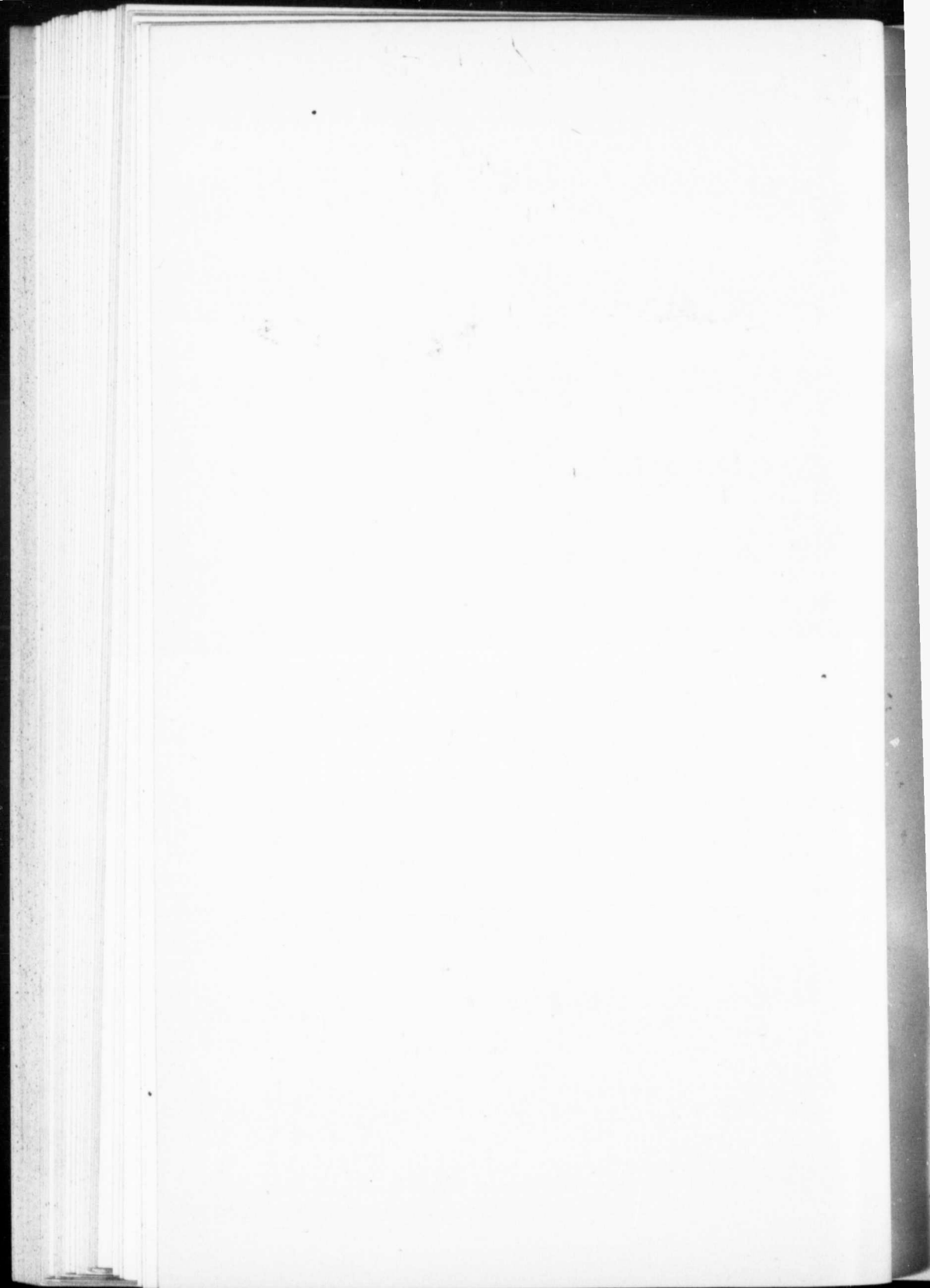
Photo, Naja

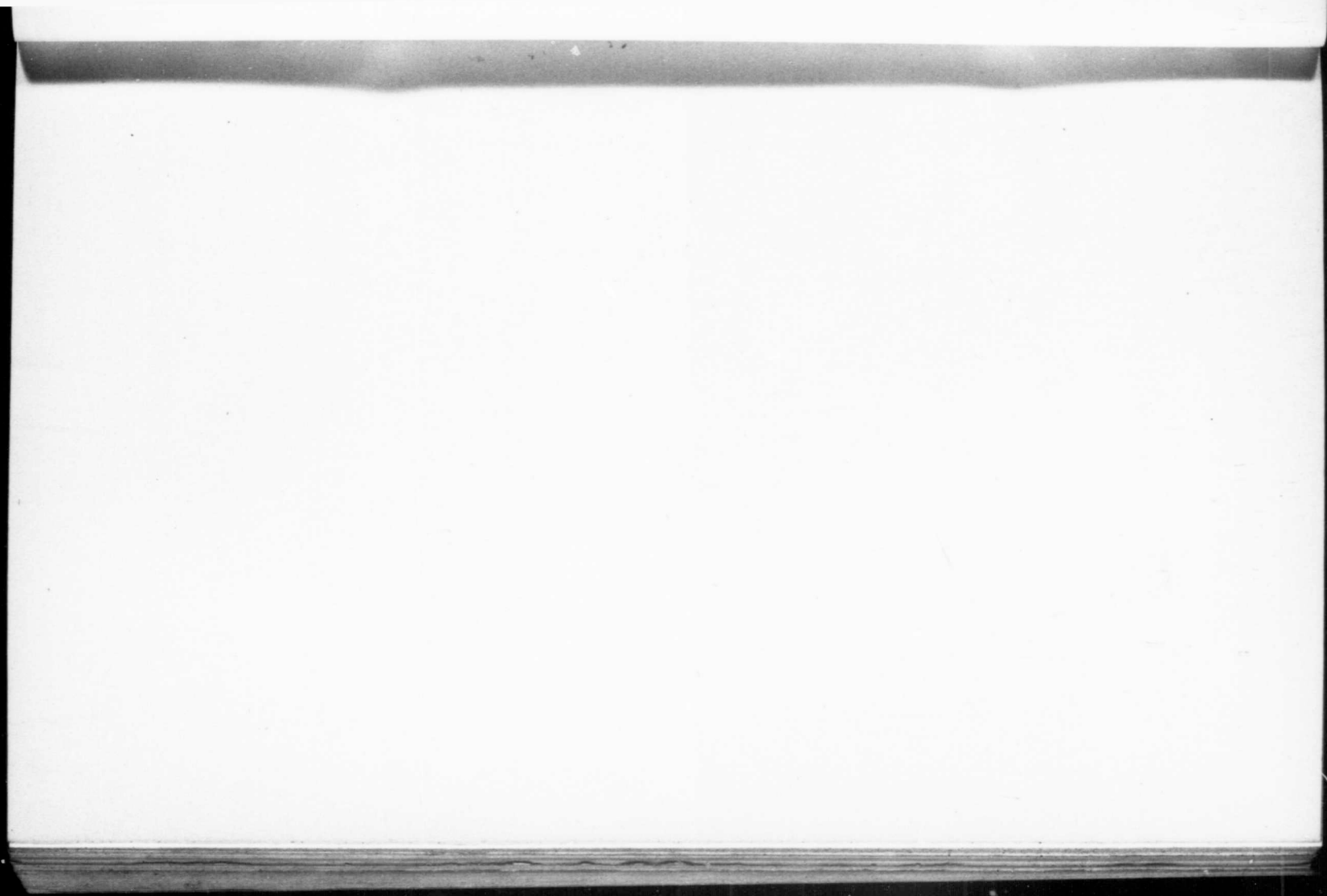
FIG. 5.—Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen in the Garden.
Arena Chapel, Padua.



Photo, Naja

FIG. 6.—Pietà. *Arena Chapel, Padua.*







Photo, Naga

FIG. 7.—The Raising of Lazarus. *Arena Chapel, Padua.*



Photo, Altieri

FIG. 8.—Death of St. Francis. *Bardi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence.*

power expressed in the action of the hand, answered by the perplexed and fascinated expression of Lazarus as of one gradually mesmerised back to life, give with overwhelming power the suspense of the situation. In the Paduan version the space is better filled, the composition is subtler and more masterly, at once more condensed and more explicit. The exact symmetry is broken by shifting the protagonists to the left, a change which has the effect of bringing Lazarus forward from a greater depth of rock and tomb. The crowd bending forward in the centre avoids the too decided straight line of the single figure in the Assisi fresco. But in attaining to a greater perfection of style the conception has lost something of its former intensity; this is more simply miraculous, Lazarus is here a corpse, Christ an omnipotent divinity. There is none of the suspense of the struggle with death, the tension of a supreme effort of will, which marked the earlier version. In this, as in other frescoes at Padua, Giotto seems consciously to have aimed at a more generalised, more epic treatment, such as was called for, if each episode was to be viewed not by itself but as part of the great sequence by which the whole scheme of salvation was displayed.

In the "Pietà" (Fig. 6) such an epic conception is surely realised, for the impression conveyed is of a universal and cosmic disaster: the air is rent with the shrieks of desperate angels whose bodies are contorted in a raging frenzy of compassion. And the effect is due in part to the increased command, which the Paduan frescoes show, of simplicity and logical directness of design. These massive boulderlike forms, these draperies cut by only a few large sweeping folds, which suffice to give the general movement of the figure with unerring precision, all show this new tendency in Giotto's art as compared with the more varied detail, the more individual characterisation, of his early works. Nothing but such a grandiose simplicity of design could enable anything to survive in so distant an echo, as this is, of the original work. It is by this consciously acquired and masterly simplicity that Giotto keeps

here, in spite of the unrestrained extravagance of passion, the consoling dignity of style. If one compares it, for example, with the works of Flemish painters, who explored the depths of human emotion with a similar penetrating and sympathetic curiosity, one realises the importance of what all the great Italians inherited from Græco-Roman civilisation—the urbanity of a great style. And nowhere is it felt more than here, where Giotto is dealing with emotions which classical art scarcely touched.

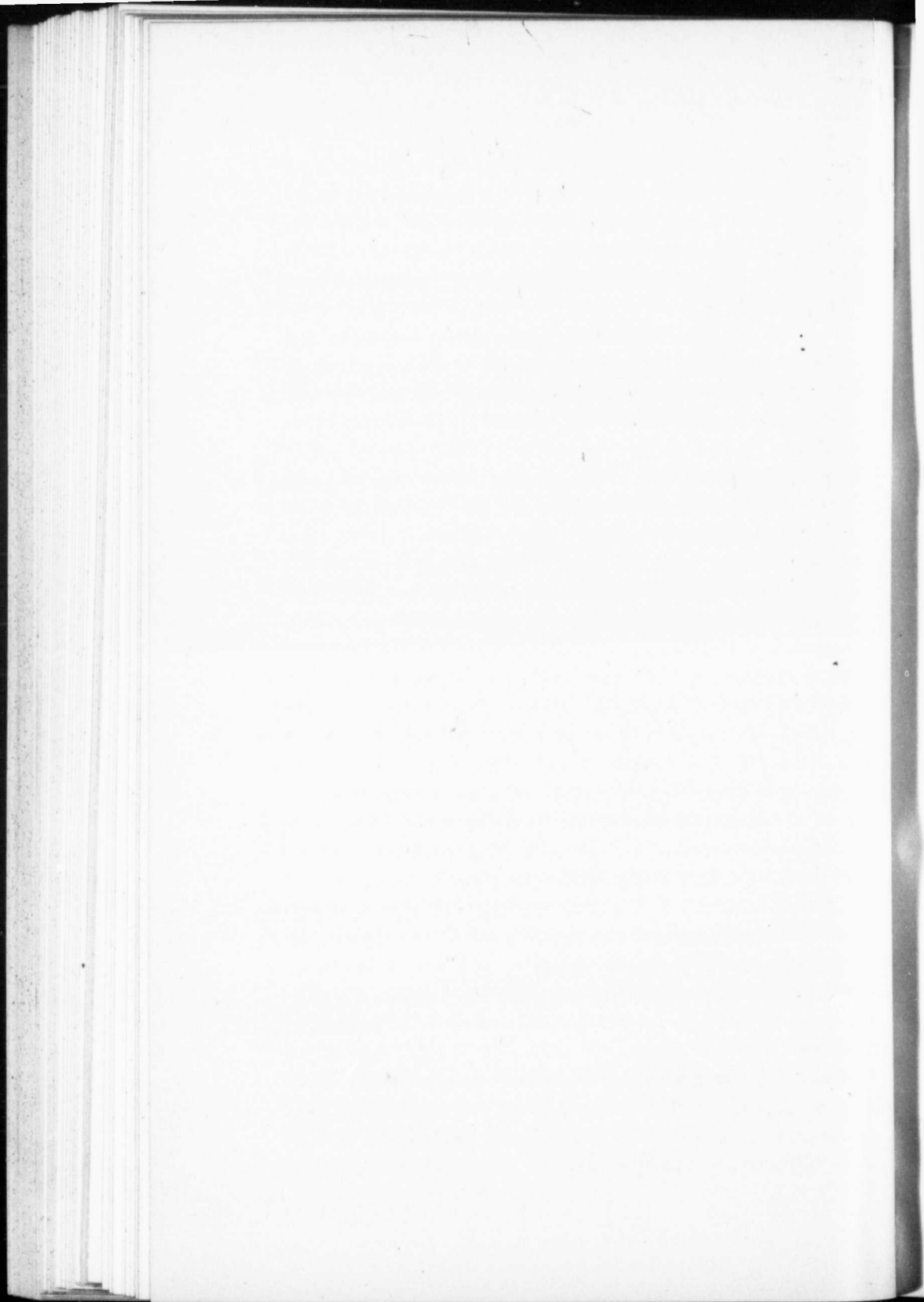
It is interesting that Giotto should first have attained to this perfect understanding of style at Padua, where he was, as we know, in constant intercourse with Dante. Dante must have often watched him, perhaps helped him by suggestions, in decorating the chapel built with the ill-gotten wealth of that Scrovegni whom he afterwards seated amid the usurers on the burning sands of Hell.

It is not necessary, seeing how fully the Arena frescoes have been treated by Ruskin, to consider them at length here; nor, though they are the greatest proof of the sustained power of Giotto's imagination, is it possible to discover in them the technical qualities which we saw in the Roman panels and the later Assisi frescoes; for not only were assistants largely employed on them, but they have suffered greatly from restoration. It is, as a rule, only in the composition and the general conception of pose and movement that we can recognise Giotto's personality. But, regarded from that point of view, these frescoes are an astounding proof of Giotto's infallible intuitions. The characters he has created here are as convincing, as ineffaceable, as any that have been created by poets. The sad figure of Joachim is one never to be forgotten. In every incident of his sojourn in the wilderness, after the rejection of his offering in the temple, his appearance indicates exactly his mental condition. When he first comes to the sheepfold, he gazes with such set melancholy on the ground that the greeting of his dog and his shepherds cannot arouse his attention; when he makes a sacrifice he crawls on hands and



Photo, Alinari

FIG. 9.—The Raising of Lazarus. *Lower Church, Assisi.*



knees in the suspense of expectation, watching for a sign from heaven; even in his sleep we guess at his melancholy dreams; and in the scene where he meets his wife at the Golden Gate on his return, Giotto has touched a chord of feeling at least as profound as can be reached by the most consummate master of the art of words.

It is true that in speaking of these one is led inevitably to talk of elements in the work which modern criticism is apt to regard as lying outside the domain of pictorial art. It is customary to dismiss all that concerns the dramatic presentation of the subject as literature or illustration, which is to be sharply distinguished from the qualities of design. But can this clear distinction be drawn in fact? The imaginings of a playwright, a dramatic poet, and a dramatic painter have much in common, but they are never at any point identical. Let us suppose a story to be treated by all three: to each, as he dwells on the legend, the imagination will present a succession of images, but those images, even at their first formation, will be quite different in each case, they will be conditioned and coloured by the art which the creator practises, by his past observation of nature with a view to presentment in that particular art. The painter, like Giotto, therefore, actually imagines in terms of figures capable of pictorial presentment, he does not merely translate a poetically dramatic vision into pictorial terms. And to be able to do this implies a constant observation of natural forms with a bias towards the discovery of pictorial beauty. To be able, then, to conceive just the appropriate pose of a hand to express the right idea of character and emotion in a picture, is surely as much a matter of a painter's vision as to appreciate the relative "values" of a tree and cloud so as to convey the mood proper to a particular landscape.

Before leaving the Paduan frescoes, I must allude to those allegorical figures of the virtues and vices in which Giotto has, as it were, distilled the essence of his understanding of human nature. These personified virtues and vices were the rhetorical

commonplaces of the day, but Giotto's intuitive understanding of the expression of emotion enabled him to give them a profound significance. He has in some succeeded in giving not merely a person under the influence of a given passion, but the abstract passion itself, not merely an angry woman, but anger. To conceive thus a figure possessed absolutely by a single passion implied, at least in the case of the vices, an excursion beyond the regions of experience; no merely scientific observation of the effects of emotion would have enabled him to conceive the figure of Anger (Fig. 10). It required an imagination that could range the remotest spaces thus to condense in visible form the bestial madness of the passion, to depict what Blake would have called the "diabolical abstract" of anger.

We come now to the last great series of frescoes by Giotto which we possess, those of the Bardi and Peruzzi chapels of Sta. Croce, his maturest and most consummate works. From the very first Giotto had to the full the power of seizing upon whatever in the forms of nature expressed life and emotion, but the perfect understanding of the conditions of a suave and gracious style was only slowly acquired. In the Florentine frescoes it is the geniality, the persuasiveness of the style which first strikes us. They have, indeed, an almost academic perfection of design.

The comparison of the "Death of St. Francis" here (Fig. 8) with the early fresco of the subject at Assisi shows how far Giotto has moved from the literal realism of his first works. At Assisi crowds of people push round the bier, soldiers and citizens come in to see, there is all the shifting variety of the actual event. Here the composition is sublimated and refined, reduced to its purest elements. The scene is still vividly, intensely real, but it is apprehended in a more pensive and meditative vein. There is in the composition a feeling for space which imposes a new mood of placidity and repose. This composition became the typical formula for such subjects throughout the Renaissance, but it was never again equalled. In spite of its apparent ease and simplicity, it is really by the

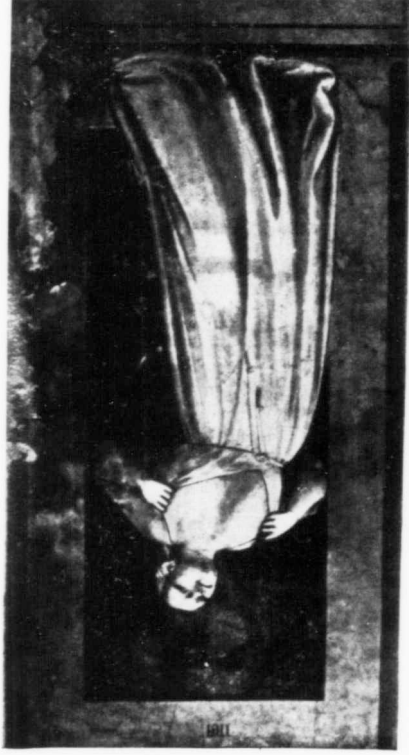
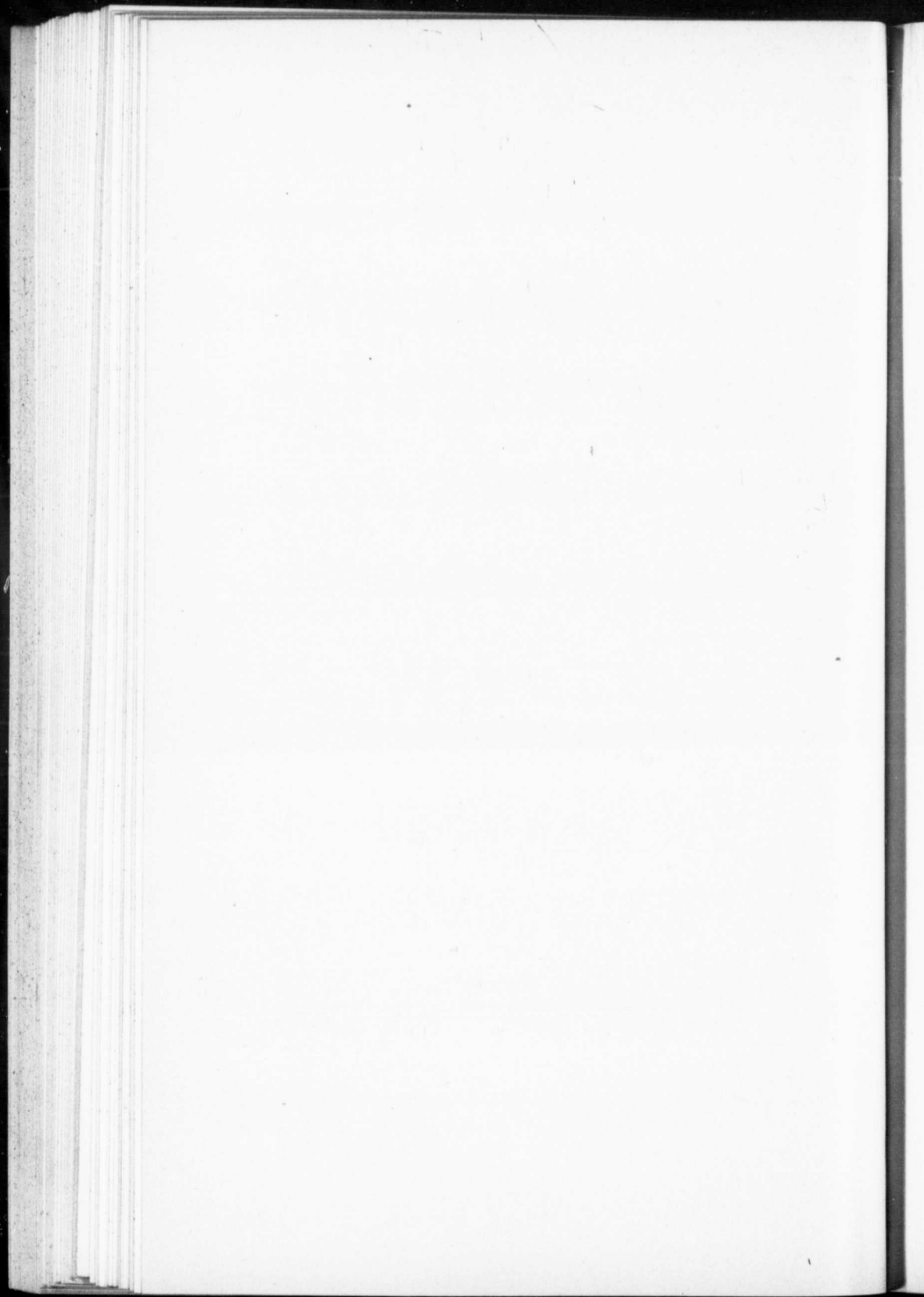
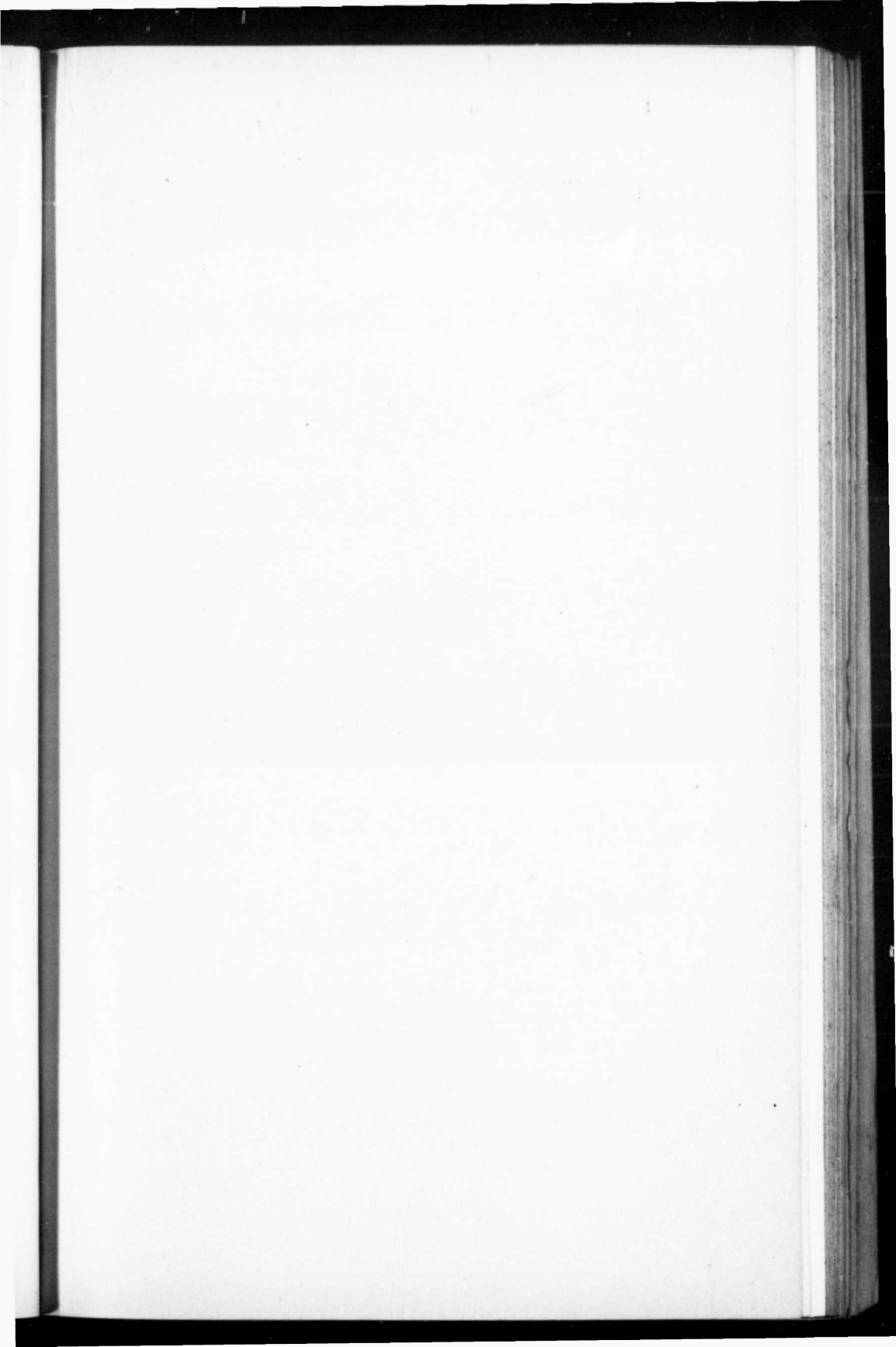


Fig. 10.—Ira. *Arena Chapel, Padua.*
Photo, Xania



Fig. 11.—Desperatio. *Arena Chapel, Padua.*
Photo, Xania





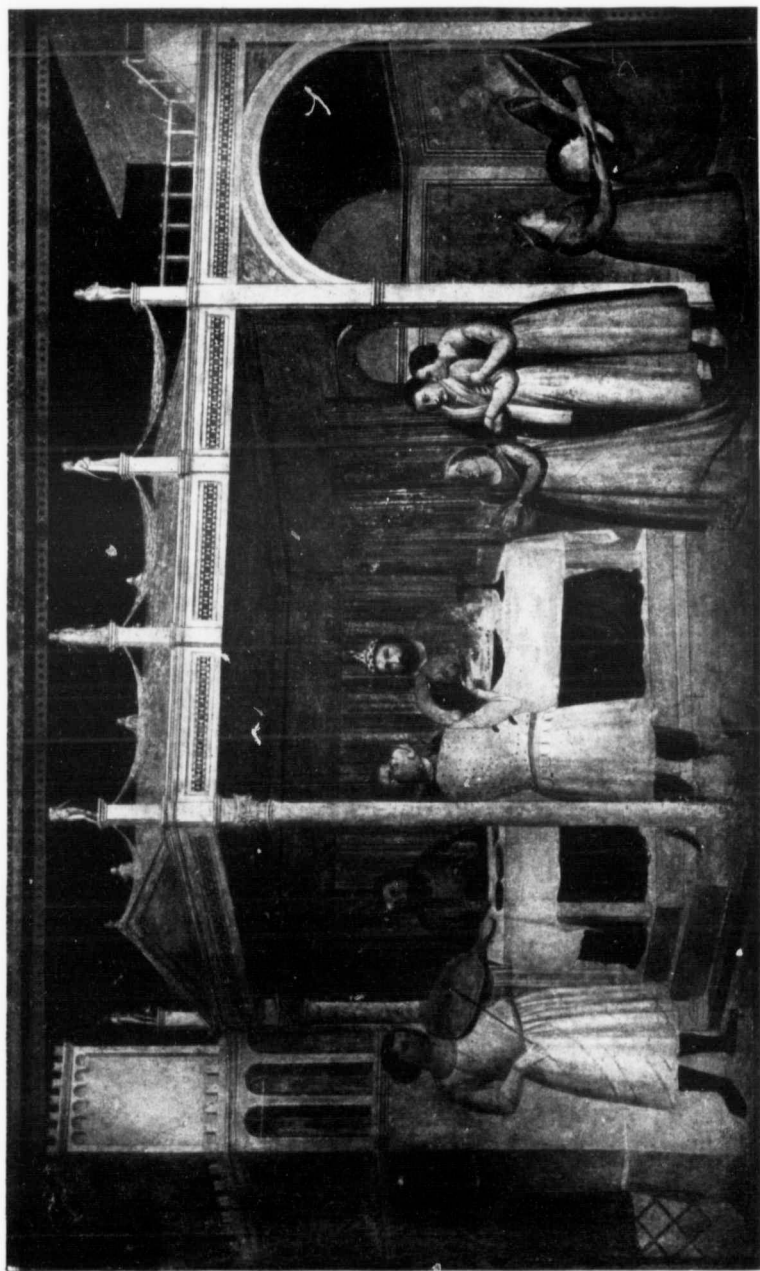


FIG. 12. Salome. Peruzzi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence.

Photo Altinari

subtlest art that all these figures are grouped in such readily apprehended masses without any sense of crowding and with such variety of gesture in the figures. The fresco, which had remained for more than a century under a coat of whitewash, was discovered in 1841 and immediately disfigured by utter restoration. The artist, with a vague idea that Giotto was a decorative artist, and that decoration meant something ugly and unnatural, surrounded the figures with hard inexpressive lines. We can, therefore, only guess, by our knowledge of Giotto elsewhere, and by the general idea of pose, how perfect was the characterisation of the actors in the scene, how each responded according to his temperament to the general sorrow, some in humble prostration, one with a more intimate and personal affection, and one to whom the vision of the ascending soul is apparent wrapt in mystic ecstasy.

One interesting characteristic of these late frescoes is the revival which they declare of Giotto's early love for classical architecture. He may well have recognised the pictorial value of the large untroubled rectangular spaces which it allowed. In the "Salome" (Fig. 12) he has approached even more nearly to purely classic forms than in his earliest frescoes at Assisi. The building has an almost Palladian effect with its square parapets surmounted by statues, some of which are clearly derived from the antique. In the soldier who brings in the Baptist's head he has reverted to the costume of the Roman soldier, whereas, in the allegory of Chastity, the soldiers wear mediæval winged helmets.

The fact that this fresco was freely copied by the Lorenzetti at Siena in 1331 gives us the period before which this must have been finished. Here again the mood is singularly placid, but the intensity with which Giotto realised a particularly dramatic moment is shown by a curious detail in which this differs from the usual rendering of the scene. Most artists, wishing to express the essentials of the story, make Salome continue her dance while the head is brought in. But Giotto was too deep a psychologist to make such an error. At the

tragic moment she stops dancing and makes sad music on her lyre, to show that she, too, is not wanting in proper sensibility.

There is evidence in these frescoes of an artistic quality which we could scarcely have believed possible, and yet, as it is most evident in those parts which are least damaged, it is impossible not to believe that Giotto possessed it; and that is the real feeling for *chiaroscuro* which these paintings show. It is not merely that the light falls in one direction, though even that was a conception which was scarcely grasped before Masaccio, but that Giotto actually composes by light and shade, subordinates figures or groups of figures by letting them recede into gloom and brings others into prominent light. This is particularly well seen in the "Ascension of St. John" (Fig. 13), where the shadow of the building is made use of to unify the composition and give depth and relief to the imagined space. It is also an example of that beautiful atmospheric tonality of which I have already spoken. In the figure of St. John himself, Giotto seems to have the freedom and ease which we associate with art of a much later date. There is scarcely a hint of archaism in this figure. The head, with its perfect fusion of tones, its atmospheric envelopment, seems already nearly as modern as a head by Titian. Even the colour scheme, the rich earthy reds, the intense sweet blues of the figures relieved against a broken green-grey, is a strange anticipation of Cinquecento art. It seems as though Giotto in these works had himself explored the whole of the promised land to which he led Italian painting.

It is true that we are conscious of a certain archaism here in the relations of the figures and the architecture. A certain violence is done to that demand for verisimilitude which, perhaps wrongly, we now invariably make. But in the "Raising of Drusiana" (Fig. 14), even this demand is met. Here the figures all have their just proportions to one another, and to the buildings, and to the town wall which stretches behind them. The scene is imagined, not merely according to the conditions of the dramatic idea, but according to the possibilities



FIG. 13.—The Ascension of St. John. *Peruzzi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence.*

Photo, Allinari

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and limitations of actual figures moving in a three dimensional space; even the perspective of the ground is understood. Such an imaginative construction of three dimensional space had its disadvantages as well as its advantages for art, but in any case it is an astonishing indication of Giotto's genius that he thus foresaw the conditions which in the end would be accepted universally in European art. There is scarcely anything here that Raphael would have had to alter to adapt the composition to one of his tapestry cartoons.

Of the dramatic power of this I need add nothing to what has already been said, but as this is the last of his works which we shall examine it may afford an example of some of the characteristics of Giotto's draughtsmanship. For Giotto was one of the greatest masters of line that the world has seen, and the fact that his knowledge of the forms of the figure was comparatively elementary in no way interferes with his greatness. It is not how many facts about an object an artist can record, but how incisive and how harmonious with itself the record is, that constitutes the essence of draughtsmanship.

In considering the qualities of line, three main elements are to be regarded: First, the decorative rhythm, our sense of sight being constructed like our sense of sound, so that certain relations, probably those which are capable of mathematical analysis, are pleasing, and others discordant. Secondly, the significance of line as enabling us imaginatively to reconstruct a real, not necessarily an actual, object from it. The greatest excellence of this quality will be the condensation of the greatest possible suggestion of real form into the simplest, most easily apprehended line; the absence of confusing superfluity on the one hand, and mechanical, and therefore meaningless simplicity, on the other. Finally, we may regard line as a gesture, which impresses us as a direct revelation of the artist's personality in the same way that handwriting does.

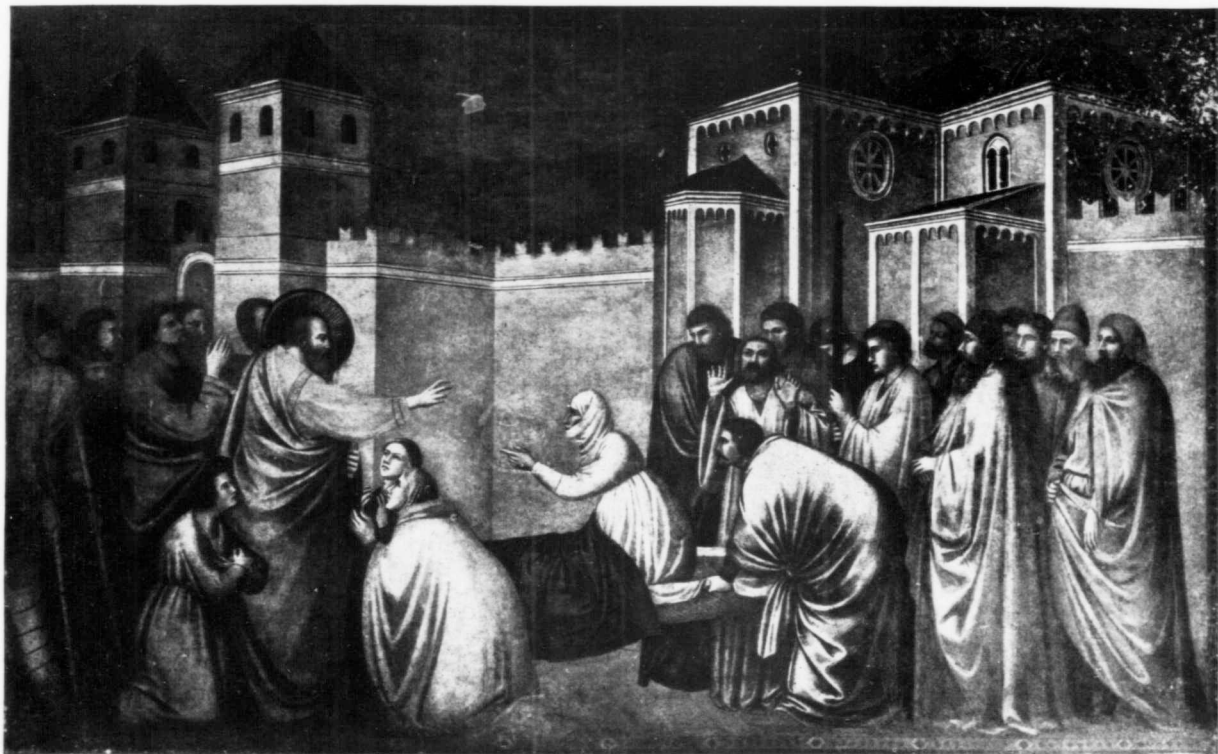
Now, with Giotto, beautiful as his line undoubtedly is, it is not the first quality, the decorative rhythm, that most immediately impresses us. That is not the object of such deliberate

and conscious research as with some artists. It is in its significance for the expression of form with the utmost lucidity, the most logical interrelation of parts that his line is so impressive. Here, for instance, in the figure of the kneeling woman, the form is expressed with perfect clearness; we feel at once the relation of the shoulders to one another, the relation of the torso to the pelvis, the main position of the thighs, and all this is conveyed by a curve of incredible simplicity capable of instant apprehension. To record so much with such economy requires not only a rare imaginative grasp of structure, but a manual dexterity which makes the story of Giotto's O perfectly credible should one care to believe it.

Giotto's line, regarded as an habitual gesture, is chiefly striking for its breadth and dignity. It has the directness, the absence of preciousness, which belongs to a generous and manly nature. The large sweeping curves of his loose and full draperies are in part the direct outcome of this attitude.

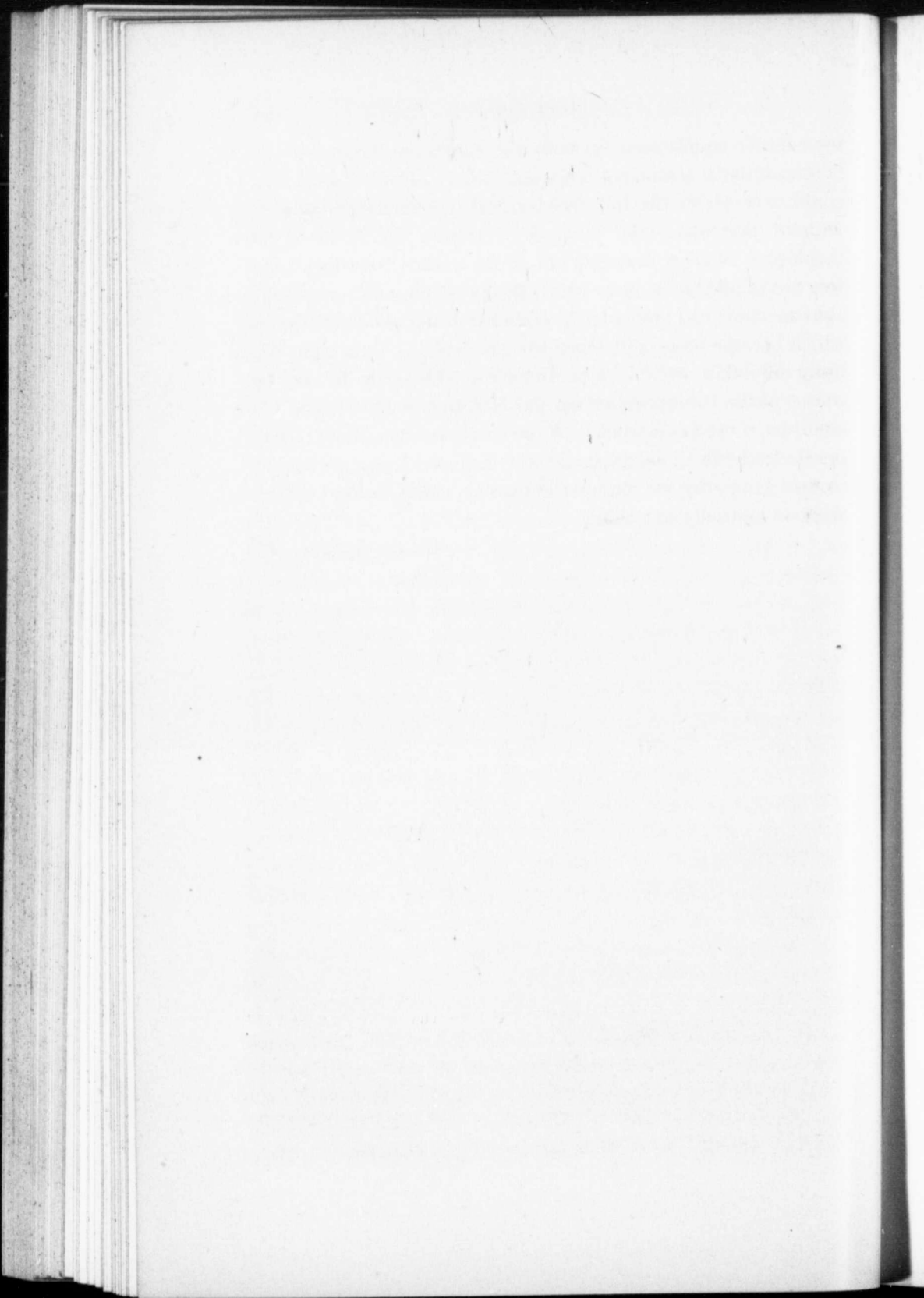
It is difficult to avoid the temptation to say of Giotto that he was the greatest artist that ever lived, a phrase which has been used of too many masters to retain its full emphasis. But at least he was the most prodigious phenomenon in the known history of art. Starting with little but the crude realism of Cimabue, tempered by the effete accomplishment of the Byzantines, to have created an art capable of expressing the whole range of human emotions; to have found, almost without a guide, how to treat the raw material of life itself in a style so direct, so pliant to the idea, and yet so essentially grandiose and heroic; to have guessed intuitively almost all the principles of representation which it required nearly two centuries of enthusiastic research to establish scientifically—to have accomplished all this is surely a more astounding performance than any other one artist has ever achieved.

But the fascination Giotto's art exercises is due in part to his position in the development of modern culture. Coming at the same time as Dante, he shares with him the privilege of seeing life as a single, self-consistent, and systematic whole. It was a



Photo, Alinari

FIG. 14.—The Raising of Drusiana. *Peruzzi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence,*



moment of equilibrium between the conflicting tendencies of human activity, a moment when such men as Dante and Giotto could exercise to the full their critical and analytical powers without destroying the unity of a cosmic theory based on theology. Such a moment was in its nature transitory: the free use of all the faculties which the awakening to a new self-consciousness had aroused, was bound to bring about antitheses which became more and more irreconcilable as time went on. Only one other artist in later times was able again to rise, by means of the conception of natural law, to a point whence life could be viewed as a whole. Even so, it was by a more purely intellectual effort, and he could not keep the same genial but shrewd sympathy for common humanity which makes Giotto's work so eternally refreshing.

ROGER E. FRY.

NATURALISM AND MUSICAL ÆSTHETIC

I

SOME time ago Mr. Arthur Balfour, in his work, "The Foundations of Belief," devoted a whole chapter to "Æsthetic," in which he attempted to show the impossibility of accounting, on naturalistic principles, for the origin and nature of the mental and emotional excitement to which he gave the name of the "Æsthetic Thrill," produced in us by means of the Beautiful. Selecting music in preference to the other arts in order that no hindrance to the conclusions to be arrived at might be introduced by arguments bearing on any supposed connection between beauty and utility, he went on to show that no satisfactory explanation had ever been given of the origin of man's delight in musical sound; that the literature of all ages gave abundant proof that music had always had as powerful an effect upon the emotions as it had at the present day, the supposition being that there were consequently no data for any theory of a progressive musical art; and that, taking into account the constant variation in the standard of musical taste, there was no element in the Beautiful permanent and unchangeable; the conclusion of the whole matter being that on any naturalistic hypothesis Beauty was but the chance occasion of a passing pleasure and the creative artist merely a kind of æsthetic cook. This region of musical æsthetics, although it is of the first importance to metaphysics,

is as yet, comparatively speaking, unexplored; and although the greatest weight must be attached to the judgment of a thinker so acute and possessed of such a keen insight into the art of music as Mr. Balfour, nevertheless the negative conclusions he arrives at, though entirely suited to the proposition he sets himself to prove, leave the subject in such an unsatisfactory state that this alone ought to be sufficient apology for any contribution, however small, which helps to throw light on a difficult question. For music, unlike painting, poetry, and sculpture, is not an image of appearance; it has no dealings with known phenomena. The artist, the poet, the sculptor idealise nature. The poet, indeed, may strive to give us an insight into what underlies phenomena, but in doing so he must perforce express himself in terms of the phenomenal. But in an art so impalpable, so ethereal as that of music, it is difficult to grasp at anything on the positive side, definite and conclusive; hence the advantage it offers to one who wishes to wrest from it nothing but negative results, and the corresponding disadvantages to those who seek for some explanation of its æsthetic causes and effects.

In the first place, Mr. Balfour can find no adequate explanation of the cause of our delight in music. He rejects any theory having as its basis the law of natural selection, utility, or association of ideas. Of Mr. Spencer's theory, that the different sounds resulting from different emotions recall by association the emotions which gave them birth, and that from this "primordial coincidence" sprang, first cadenced speech, and then music, he remarks:

Grant that a particular emotion produced a contraction of the abdomen, that the contraction of the abdomen produced a sound or series of sounds, and that, through this association with the originating emotion, the sound ultimately came to have independent æsthetic value, how are we advanced towards any explanation of the fact that quite different sound effects now please us, and that the nearer we get to the original noises the more hideous they appear? How does the primordial coincidence account for our ancestors liking the tom-tom? And how does the fact that our ancestors liked the tom-tom account for our liking the Ninth Symphony?

Now to say that the "primordial coincidence" does not account for the effect produced by the tom-tom on our ancestors is to say that the law of gravity does not account for a falling body.

Let it first of all be clearly understood that the "primordial coincidence" is the association of the sound with the originating emotion. Emotion, from the very nature of the term, implies motion, and motion, almost without exception, gives rise to sound. Without concerning ourselves with a scientific term like the "contraction of the abdomen," let us take note of such everyday occurrences as are in the experience of every one. In a quiet country walk we know from the sound heard that a cart is passing along the highway, that water is near by the murmur it makes in going over the pebbles, and a faint rumble of distant thunder indicates some disturbance of the atmosphere in the direction whence the sound proceeds. But we soon find that sound results from the emotion (or motion) of organic as well as inorganic bodies, for, in passing the farmhouse, we disturb the watchdog, which barks furiously, and, before coming to the end of the lane, the sound of laughter tells us that some of the farm hands are enjoying themselves. Now we have heard all these sounds without seeing who or what has caused any of them, and yet we have described in detail the agents which have produced them. How is this? Simply from the association of the sound with the originating motion or emotion. But the thunder draws nearer and its peals become almost deafening. As we hasten homewards we notice in an adjoining field some horses careering up and down in a state of great excitement. The thunder has frightened them. How? Again the answer is, "From the association of the sound with the originating emotion." The instinct of self-preservation leads them to apprehend danger from such a convulsion of Nature, and the poor animals are quivering with excitement. In other words, there is reproduced in them the same emotion, if such a term may be used, from which the thunder originated. This accounts for the

effect of the tom-tom, which our ancestors worshipped as they did the thunder, thinking that each was the voice of a god; and although it is not easy to say whether they *liked* the tom-tom, all accounts go to prove that they were highly excited by it. It is more than probable, however, that it produced in them a sort of savage delight, for it is known that by its aid savages are accustomed in their wild dances to work themselves up to such a pitch of excitement that they will perform the most frantic leaps and the most violent bodily contortions, even going the length of hewing at their own bodies. The other occasion (besides the war-dance) on which the tom-tom is used among primitive races to produce excitement is during the performance of their religious rites, at which human sacrifice appears to form the most essential feature. So that the feelings which seem to be excited are essentially savage feelings, gloomy and terrible.

The tom-tom has undergone considerable modification until we have its representation in the modern orchestral drum. Instead, therefore, of Mr. Balfour asking how the fact that our ancestors liked the tom-tom accounts for our liking the Ninth Symphony, he ought rather to ask how it accounts for our liking the modern drum. The drum is the lineal descendant of the tom-tom, and the feeling produced by the one is only a modification of the feeling produced by the other. In very sensitive natures the sound of the drum produces a sort of gloomy terror, and a similar effect must have been made on the shrinking victims of primitive religious rites. But in answer to the question how it is that quite different sound-effects now please us, that the nearer we get to the original noises the more hideous they appear, and how the fact that our ancestors liked the tom-tom accounts for our liking the Ninth Symphony, let us put the analogous query—how does the fact that our ancestors delighted in cruelty and cannibalism account for the preference we give to our modern civilisation; and how is it that the nearer we get to the chaotic elements which constitute the life of the savage the more hideous they

appear? Answer the one question and you get the answer to the other.

Both in music and in the social organism has there been the same tendency from simplicity to complexity: in both is to be seen a transition from what is disorderly, undefined, and discordant, to what is comparatively orderly, definite, and harmonious. In the social organism we find a state of social chaos with its harsh undefined elements and comparative independence of the individual giving place to a civilisation in which the elements are more definite and more harmonious, and in which the social units are less isolated and more dependent on one another for their moral and material well-being. In music there is to be observed the same progression from a chaos of atmospherical vibrations, harsh and irregular, which produce noise, to a regular series of vibrations, or musical sound, and to an art of music in which individual notes and harmonic combinations stand in a more or less close relation to each other. In the one we find a ferment of unrest and discontent bringing about a social upheaval and a state of comparative chaos, to be followed by new forms of society, paralleled in the other by the overthrow of old and the creation of new artistic models and new forms of art; indeed, the same causes are ultimately found to be at the root of both. So that it is more than an analogy we are drawing. Civilisation is not the expression of one part of man's nature, and music the expression of another part; both are different expressions of the same mental states. So that the same state of mind which in a tribe of savages finds expression in the sound produced by the tom-tom finds also expression in the extermination of a neighbouring tribe; the psychological conditions which impel man to search for new worlds are the same as those which urge him forward to the discovery of new scientific truths and the creation of new artistic models; the exalted religious sentiment which has found expression in so many noble lives and so many beneficent institutions is the same as that which has given us the "Messiah" and the later pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven.

Behind all phenomena must there be that which has caused phenomena, and the fable of Orpheus shows us how the marvellous intuition of the Greeks had already enabled them to grasp at what underlies this fact.

Orpheus, by the sweetness of his harp and voice, drew the wild beasts of all sorts about him, so that forgetting their nature they were neither actuated by revenge, cruelty, lust, hunger, nor the desire of prey, but stood about him in a tame and gentle manner, listening attentively to his music. Nay, so great was the power and efficacy of his harmony, that it even caused the trees and stones to remove and place themselves in a regular manner about him!

Schopenhauer presents us with the same fact when he says that

Music is not an image of appearance, or of the objectivity of *will*, but an immediate image of will itself: and therefore represents to all the physical of the world the metaphysical, to all appearance the "thing in itself." Hence, one might as well call the world embodied music as embodied will.

So that when the question is asked, "How does the fact that our ancestors liked the tom-tom account for our liking the Ninth Symphony?" there is no incongruity in putting the parallel question, "How does the fact that our ancestors delighted in cruelty and cannibalism account for our preferring our modern civilisation?"

But it may be said that civilisation has nothing to do with the æsthetic feeling. On the contrary, civilisation has very much to do with the æsthetic feeling. Civilisation is saturated with it, bound up in it. There is no need at present to search for the causes, whether psychological or physiological, which produce such a feeling. Enough that we are attracted by the Beautiful, and—an important sequence—that we are impelled towards the Beautiful by the repulsion we receive from its antithesis, the Ugly. Now, where and when does the æsthetic feeling begin? Does it begin and end with the appreciation of works of art, or of the beauties of nature? Assuredly not; and in support of this we have the authority of Mr. Balfour himself.

Speaking of dress, he remarks :

Their admiration for a well-dressed person, *quâ* well-dressed, is at least as genuine an æsthetic approval as any they are in the habit of expressing for other forms of beauty ; just as their objection to an outworn fashion is based on a perfectly genuine æsthetic dislike. They are repelled by the unaccustomed sight, as a reader of discrimination is repelled by turgidity or false pathos. It appears to them ugly, even grotesque, and they turn from it with an aversion as disinterested, as unperturbed by personal or "society" considerations as if they were critics contemplating the production of some pretender in the region of Great Art.

This is most true, but there is no reason why we should stop at the æsthetics of dress ; there is a wide field covered by the æsthetics of smell, of taste, of touch. The Greek word *aisthanomai*—"to perceive by the senses"—gives us no indication that by *æsthetic* is meant the perception of the Beautiful by two of the senses only. The sensation experienced from the perfume of a rose is as genuine an æsthetic feeling as that resulting from the contemplation of a work of art. But there is no necessity to wander away from the senses of sight and hearing. A case exactly in point is the impression made on us by a coarse, vulgar person, though he be dressed in the height of fashion, as opposed to the liking we have for a well-mannered, cultured person, even though he be not so fashionably dressed. We are influenced by the individual and by the society in which we move, just as infallibly, either for good or ill, as we are influenced by the music we listen to. And although the æsthetic amenities of the slums possess, no doubt, an attraction for many, still we regard slum life and slum society with as genuine an æsthetic dislike as we have for slum music ; just as the best society—and by this is not necessarily meant "smart" or fashionable society—possesses for us as genuine an æsthetic attraction as what we term the best music. So that one seeks his society as he seeks his music ; indeed, the society in which he moves will determine the kind of music he listens to. There are many instances on record of persons who, by sheer force of talent, have risen from the lowest orders of society to the

highest. To ask such, then, to account for the preference they give to the higher as compared to the lower life from which they have sprung, and to ask a person of musical culture why he prefers the Ninth Symphony to the noise of the tom-tom, are merely different ways of putting the same question. It is evident, therefore, that there is not much good to be done by searching, as Mr. Balfour does, for permanent elements in the Beautiful. That there are permanent elements does not require to be proved; but this is not the question. The æsthetic feeling is and will remain the æsthetic feeling, the attraction possessed for us by the Beautiful; the question is rather, what is it that produces in us such a feeling? Therein lies the *crux* of the whole matter, and therein you have the key to the character of an individual and of a nation. What we were wont to regard as beautiful we regard as beautiful no longer, and well it is for the individual and for the race that this should be so. So true is it of æsthetics, as of all forms of life and thought, that he who finds his life shall lose it, and only he that loses it shall keep it.

II

Some explanation has been given of the æsthetic effect produced by the tom-tom. The tom-tom gave more noise than music, but it was æsthetic noise, and produced, though in a much less complex way, much the same effect as does the noisy element in some of our modern music. Let us now inquire into some of the causes of our delight in music, and, first, of a musical sound. Any explanation must, of course, be on a naturalistic basis; if not, we must resort to the familiar practice, as old as science itself, of explaining our delight in music as due to a special interference of the Deity, which is only another way of saying that it is inexplicable. All sound is, as is well known, due to the agitation of the air, as light is due to the agitation of the ether, communicated by some vibrating body. Sound, in itself, evidently cannot have any æsthetic value; different qualities of sound possess for us

different æsthetic values only by the manner in which we associate sound with its originating emotion or movement. We may say that the sounds of Nature are due to emotion, for it is less a poetic fancy than a scientific truth to say that Nature has emotion, that she is moved, and, to a certain degree, as we are moved. Emotion then—*i.e.*, a “moving”—with us a “moving of the mind or soul”—finds expression, among other ways, in sound.

In man and certain of the lower animals the same moods are expressed much in the same way; but in man we have a greater diversity of moods and a corresponding diversity of qualities of sound.

Of great importance to us is the fact that the mood, or mental state, determines the character of the sound produced. So true is this, that we often attach more importance to the tone in which words are uttered than we do to the words themselves. How often have we been convinced, from the tones employed, that a person does not mean what he says, or that he means exactly the opposite! To a coarse voice we instinctively attribute a coarse nature, to a gentle voice a gentle nature, and so on. If it is asked how we do this, the answer is that we associate the sound with the originating emotion. It is thus that we are accustomed to connect with each emotion its particular quality of sound, whether the emotion be of joy or grief, love or hate, sorrow or anger, ecstasy or despair; and it is thus that there is no surer indication of character than the tones of the voice. Now from the emotions we have mentioned let us take that of ecstasy and examine the quality of sound in which it finds expression. Such an emotion has, of course, never been experienced by many so-called matter-of-fact people, and this is why such people find no delight in music. Such an emotion is eminently peculiar to sensitive poetic natures, and such natures are notoriously the most responsive to music. For what is the vocal sound appropriate to such an emotion? It is a resonant musical tone varying in all degrees of quality and beauty,

according to the varying phases of the emotion. Proofs of this are to be found everywhere. We find it in the great orator as he approaches his peroration; we have it in the accents of passionate love and of religious enthusiasm. The best poetry seldom fails to arouse in us such an emotion, and for this reason Longfellow asks his friend to "lend to the words of the poet the beauty of thy voice." For this reason also were the actors in Greek tragedies accustomed to declaim their parts in expressive musical tones, the voice rising and falling with the emotion. And it has become almost proverbial that when intensity of emotion is such that language is inadequate, it finds natural expression in music.

In listening to a great tragedian at the play, we find that as the emotion increases the vocal tones of the actor acquire a corresponding resonance and musical character, until at the climax, and in the most natural way, he sings out his words, with the result that we are intensely thrilled. To find how such an electric effect has been produced, and the close and subtle way in which we associate the varying shades of an emotion with particular qualities of sound, let us listen to a second-rate actor in the same part. Here there is something in the voice modulations which tells us at once that the actor is merely simulating an emotion he does not feel or that he is not expressing himself in a natural way, the result being that we are entirely unmoved. Why was it that the first actor succeeded where the second failed? Simply because the one was true to nature, and the other was not, and because we judged of the reality of the emotion by the timbre of the voice tones of which the emotion, real or perfectly simulated, was the origin. The peculiarly musical quality of tone employed by the first actor was nothing in itself, being only a particular kind of atmospherical vibration, but it was the medium by which the intense emotion was communicated, and thus we experienced the "æsthetic thrill." This is more clearly seen in sounds resulting from a less complex emotional and mental state, such as the moan of one in pain. Such an emotion will

produce in us great mental distress, in some temperaments amounting even to anguish. So that the state of intense emotion or ecstasy, which is the primary cause of the vocal musical sound, reproduces, by a sort of reflex action, the emotion from which the sound primarily originated, and thereby occasions the "thrill" resulting from the emotion. This ought to be a satisfactory explanation of our delight in a musical sound, and there is no need that we should search for it with Mr. Balfour among prehistoric ants and spiders.

It is a matter of common observation that when one's temper has been ruffled and his inner harmony, as we say, disturbed, the voice reflects the man and becomes discordant. With the restoration of mental serenity, the voice tones are more harmonious. Increasing resonance will result from increasing pleasure, and when the pleasure amounts to ecstasy, the voice will be most musical. Now the actual meaning of the word *ecstasy* is "a state in which the mind is carried away, as it were, from the body." In such a state the jarring elements of earth are left behind and we are for the time being in a sort of perfect harmony and bliss. This is, no doubt, the origin of the conception of a future state in which the soul, no longer earthbound, shall for ever soar on angel's wings through infinite space, and to this must be ascribed the fact that Music has been called the Divine Art, and that so many representations of angelic figures are to be found on old musical instruments and manuscripts. The manner in which such an exalted spiritual state is reflected in the physical characteristics of a musical sound is remarkable. It has been proved by Helmholtz, first, that a musical sound is the result of periodic atmospherical vibrations as opposed to imperiodic irregular vibrations, which produce noise; and, second, that in every well-developed tone there exists not only the fundamental tone produced by the whole length of the vibrating body, but also a regular series of harmonics produced by the separate vibration of aliquot parts of the vibrating body. Noise, then, is the result of an irregular and disordered series of

vibrations and harmonics ; so that the noise of the tom-tom faithfully represents a state of disorder and chaos ; while in musical sound, whether considered psychologically or physically, we have a symbol of a state of perfect harmony, a state which, from time immemorial, man has ever striven to attain. Music was at first, and continued to be for many centuries, entirely melodic ; but such an art, though limited, was sufficient for the expression of a comparative simplicity of thought and feeling. The construction of old folk-songs and church melodies was simple and natural enough, the melody rising and falling in pitch with the emotion, according to the natural law, that increase of emotion is accompanied by increase of muscular tension, which in the vocal cords means an increase of musical pitch. The same thing is to be observed in Nature. As a storm increases in fury, the whistling of the wind becomes higher and higher in pitch ; as the storm dies away, the sound of the wind sinks to a cadence. With the growth of thought and, consequently, of feeling, came the demand for a fuller means of expression ; this was obtained by the discovery of Harmony, without which it is difficult to imagine how the Art of Music could have been developed to any appreciable extent. The manner in which Harmony was evolved is particularly interesting and noteworthy. In a well-developed musical tone there are, first, the fundamental tone, which gives its name to the sound ; second, a tone an octave above the fundamental tone, produced by the resonance of half the column of air (or of piano-wire or fiddle-string) necessary for the production of the fundamental tone, and called its first partial tone ; third, a tone a perfect fifth above the first partial tone ; fourth, a tone a perfect fourth above the second partial tone ; then a major third, then a minor third, and so on. So that in listening to a musical tone we really hear several tones, just as when, looking at what we imagine to be one colour, we really are looking at a combination of colours. On striking a note on the piano, sufficiently low on the musical scale, we are by a little attention able to distinguish the first partial tone,

an octave above the fundamental tone; a little more effort is necessary to distinguish the second partial tone, a perfect fifth above the first; greater difficulty will be found in picking out the third partial tone, a perfect fourth above the second; still greater difficulty in distinguishing the fourth and fifth partial tones, the major and minor thirds; while the upper series of partials can only be distinguished by the aid of resonators, instruments invented by Helmholtz, which resound powerfully to a particular tone. We have mentioned this so much in detail because it is remarkable that the old experimenters in harmony of the tenth century discovered, or thought they discovered, their harmonic combinations of two notes sounded simultaneously exactly in the order named. They had long been accustomed to the octave; then they ventured on the fifth, which must have sounded strangely familiar; regarding the fourth, they at first classed it as a dissonance, and it was not without many qualms of conscience and much learned discussion that it at last became accepted as a consonance; the major and minor thirds being first treated as discords and after as imperfect consonances. But all the above intervals, which form the entire basis of the modern system of harmony, *really existed in the first musical tone produced by the human voice.*

But it is not by sound alone, however wonderfully varied and beautiful the different qualities of sound at the command of the composer may be, that a work of art is produced; rhythm is quite as important a factor in musical expression as sound. The same emotional excitement which finds expression in sound finds also expression in muscular action and rhythmic gesture.

This accounts for the fact, which is confirmed by the literature and pictorial representations of all ancient peoples, that music was at first accompanied by dancing. To glance for a moment at a few of the outstanding rhythmic gestures produced by primitive races under the influence of different emotions, we may believe that grief would find rhythmic expres-

sion in slow-measured dances; joy, in quick vigorous dances; rage and warlike feelings would be expressed by frantic and irregular rhythmic gestures. And it is the same in modern music; we can hardly imagine a funeral march being mistaken for a hymn of victory, nor can we imagine the broken, irregular rhythms of Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman" being the expression of the same thoughts and feelings as the measured cadences of Mendelssohn's air, "O rest in the Lord." So that, just as in the case of different qualities of sound, different mental states produce different rhythmic figures, and conversely rhythmic figures produce the different mental states from which they primarily originated. Sound and rhythm, then, are the materials, and the only materials, which the musical composer has at command for the expression of his thoughts and feelings. To those who are acquainted with the vast musical structure which has taken so many centuries, and the labours of so much genius, to raise, it is almost incredible, but none the less worthy of belief, that from these two elements, sound and rhythm, the whole musical structure has been involved. For "evolution" is the only word by which such a process can be described. The laws which scientists have discovered as bearing on the evolution of the sentient organism have also borne on the art of music. And so it is that the works of a Mozart, of a Beethoven, would have been impossible had not the Greeks, centuries before, experimented in the formation of musical scales; had not the monks of mediæval times discovered the fundamental series of musical intervals which form the basis of harmony; if the Netherland school of musicians of the fifteenth century had not achieved such vast results in the domain of counterpoint, and from the chaos of sound taken the first steps towards the establishment of a cosmic system of intelligible musical form; and if the different instruments, without which the performance of modern musical works would be impossible, had not been invented, gradually improved, and brought to their present state of efficiency.

If, then, we find in the art of music all the evidences of an

organic growth, if from the two elements of sound and rhythm there has been slowly evolved through the course of the centuries a musical creation bewildering in the variety and multiplicity of the forms in which full, rich life is pulsating, a parallel growth must also be looked for in the mental conditions from which such a variety of phenomena originated.

New and larger means of expression were the necessary outcome of a greater scope and complexity of thought and feeling. The old bottles no longer sufficed for the new wine, and technique grew, not because it was an end in itself, but because it was the means to an end. When, therefore, Mr. Balfour remarks that the literature of all ages shows that music, no matter in what state of development it might be, had always as great an effect on the human mind as it has at the present day, and that therefore music was as great in the first century as it is in the nineteenth, a very misleading impression is created. No doubt the effect of music has always been as great as it is at the present day, but the question is not so much one of effect, the question is rather, what is it that produces the effect? The revelations of science produce in us on the whole as genuine an æsthetic "thrill" as any we derive from music: is it to be said then, that because science, in whatever state of development it may be, has always been capable of producing such a "thrill," that therefore the science of the first century was as great as the science of the nineteenth?

Music, as Mr. Balfour points out, is merely a particular agitation of the air, but it is by this particular agitation of the air that the mind and soul of the composer are revealed to the mind and soul of the listener. The mental condition which finds expression in a simple folk-song is different from that which finds expression in a requiem or organ fugue; the ideas and feelings of Beethoven when he composed his Seventh Symphony were different from those under the influence of which he composed his Ninth: the mental state which found expression in a Scarlatti opera of the eighteenth century was entirely different from that which finds expression in a Wagner music-

drama of the nineteenth ; and conversely, the folk-song produces a different mental state from the requiem or organ fugue, and the psychological impression received from the Wagner music-drama is different from that received from the Scarlatti opera. The composer reflects his age and his environment. To say, therefore, that the music of the eighth century revealed in its time all the unpictured beauties of the music of the eighteenth, is to say that the ideas, the institutions, the social life of the eighth century were the same as those of the eighteenth ; and as the history of the individual is to a great extent analogous to the history of the race, it is to say that the harmonious third or fifth which the child contrives to pick out on the piano reveals to him all the beauty, all the philosophic depth which, when education has done its work in the enlarging of his emotional and intellectual faculties, he will afterwards enjoy in listening to a Beethoven symphony. And it is difficult to imagine how any argument against a theory of progressive musical art should be found in the fact of a constantly varying standard of musical taste ; surely this is the very *sine quâ non* of such a theory. In the fact that we have left the past behind us, and that the present fails to satisfy our aspirations, lies the main incentive to the attainment of greater and higher things. And to say that, if music is to be accounted for on a naturalistic hypothesis, the creative artist is merely a kind of æsthetic cook, is only a somewhat *bizarre* way of expressing a great truth. Nature has so ordered that we should derive pleasure from the taking of food, but she leaves us to find out for ourselves why this should be so. The pleasure derived from eating is not there on its own account ; it is there because the assimilation of food is necessary for the growth and maintenance of the vital powers of the body. But Nature does not demand that all these considerations should be carefully thought out before we sit down to dinner : we have only to indulge in the pleasure : she does the rest. Similarly the pleasure we derive from music is not primarily there on its own account. It is there because the influence it brings to bear on us is necessary for the main-

tenance of that animating principle to which we give the name of "mind" or "soul." If any one, then, should forbear to eat because he had reasoned himself into the belief that the pleasure derived from eating was merely a deliberate fraud perpetrated by Nature for no well-defined end, he would not be doing a more ridiculous thing than if he were to refrain from the enjoyment of music because he believed that this was but the chance occasion of a passing pleasure. The Greeks seem to have realised this to a greater extent even than we, otherwise it is difficult to explain how two of their greatest philosophers, in the midst of the most serious debates on the laws of their country, could speak of the tonal art as one of the chief elements of education, and denounce the introduction of a certain musical scale as a national danger and misfortune.

In a sort of judicial summing up, Mr. Balfour remarks that all attempts to account for music on a naturalistic basis are as though we should trace back to its source some mighty river like the Amazon. The stream which arises farthest from its mouth has the honour of being called its source, but no account is taken of the numberless tributaries whose gathered waters sweep towards the sea two thousand miles across the plain. This is a good simile; but it is more. It is a really remarkable example of how truth will out, and the *naïve* and unexpected way in which it sometimes discovers itself. After attempting to prove that the true determining factor in the variation of the standard of musical taste is to be found in fashion; that there is more pleasure derived from a music-hall song in one night than from a composition of Palestrina in a decade; that as music has always been as capable of producing the æsthetic "thrill" as it is now, the efforts of so much genius and the work of so many centuries have been so much time and labour wasted, Mr. Balfour compares music in its psychological development to the ever increasing flood of the Amazon, and speaks of the "gathered waters" of numberless tributaries which have helped to swell "the tide of music's golden sea, setting towards eternity." This is the very simile we want.

Let us apply it to the argument. Mr. Balfour makes clear in the context that by "gathered waters" he means new experiences, and asks where in music such experiences are to be found. The answer is, that the same forces, the same experiences which have borne and are bearing on the development of man, have also borne and are bearing on the development of music. From the time that man was first enabled to attach æsthetic value to sound, up to the latest creations of musical genius, there has been a constant growth in the technique of the art of music, because, with the growth of experience came a growth of thought and feeling, and the consequent necessity for a new and fuller means of expression. Not only in the history of the art but in the history of the individual composer may this be seen. Take Beethoven, for example. In his early period we find even his strong personality influenced by the technique of Mozart: with growing independence of thought there is a growing independence of style; until, after much suffering and much varied and bitter experience, we find that Beethoven has passed into another world, the music of his later period expressing things as dissimilar and differing as much from his early productions as Goethe's or Browning's conception of the universe differs from a South Sea Islander's.

It has been shown how we give different æsthetic values to different kinds and qualities of sound, whether musical or non-musical, and to different rhythmic figures, by the association of the sound or rhythm with the originating emotion. And if this accounts for the æsthetic effect of a simple rustic song and dance, it also accounts for the immeasurably more complex effect produced on us by the Ninth Symphony. As an illustration of this, a student in music will often tell his master that, although the later sonatas of Beethoven present to him no great technical difficulty as regards their performance, still he cannot understand what they *mean*, and to him they are not only quite devoid of beauty but are even disagreeable to listen to. On which the master has to explain that Beethoven, in these later sonatas, speaks of things

which it is impossible for him as yet to understand, but that as he grows older and gains more experience, he will at length find in them a revelation of things unseen. The order of things is not from Shakespeare to the savage, but from the savage to Shakespeare, and for the same reason we do not begin the musical education of a child with the Ninth Symphony, and lead him gradually to the exalted mental and spiritual state necessary for the appreciation of the tom-tom; rather do we at first put into his hands the tom-tom or its equivalent, and cultivate his moral and spiritual nature until he is fit to enter and kneel in the temple of art, in which dwells the spirit of Beethoven. With growth of experience comes a change in our standard of the Beautiful. Experience implies sensation, emotion, moving of the mind or soul. And if experience brings knowledge, it also brings capacity to feel; if complexity of experience bring with it complexity of ideas, it must necessarily also bring with it complexity of feeling. We talk of the finer feelings of the cultured, as compared to the coarser feelings of the uncultured. And so it is that simplicity of thought and feeling is expressed in simplicity of musical structure; while complexity of emotion, resulting from complexity of thought, or, conversely, complexity of thought resulting from complexity of emotion, finds expression in complexity of musical structure. The experiences which the individual and the race are gaining day by day, these are the forces which are bearing on the mental, the emotional, even the physical development of man, and through him on society, literature, science and art. So that in tracing music to its origin we name as its source the little rivulet of sound, but we must take heed how it has drained from the great outside world of thought and action and gathered into its broad bosom the enormous influences which have borne and are bearing on the psychological development of mankind, the final result of which is beyond our sight in the distance where lies the unfathomable ocean of eternity.

MATTHEW SHIRLAW.

A CHINESE FAIRY-TALE

TIKI-PU was a small grub of a thing ; but he had a true love of Art down in his soul. There it lung mewing and complaining, struggling to work its way out through the raw exterior that possessed it.

Tiki-pu's master was an artist of sorts ; he had artist-apprentices and students, who came daily to work under him ; and a large studio littered around with the performance of himself and his pupils. On the walls hung also a few real works by the older men, all long since dead. This studio Tiki-pu swept : for those who worked in it he ground colours, and washed brushes, and ran errands, bringing them their dog-chops and bird's-nest soup from the nearest eating-house, when they were too busy to go out to it themselves. He himself had to feed mainly on the breadcrumbs which the students screwed into pellets for their drawings and then threw about upon the floor. It was on the floor, also, that he had to sleep at night.

Tiki-pu looked after the blinds, and mended the paper window-panes, which were often broken when the apprentices threw their brushes and mahl-sticks at him. Also he strained rice-paper over the linen-stretchers, ready for the painters to work on. For a treat, now and then, a lazy one would allow him to mix a colour for him : then it was that Tiki-pu's soul came down into his finger-tips, and his heart beat so that he gasped for joy. Oh, the yellows and the greens, and the lakes and the cobalts, and the purples which sprang from the

blending of them ! Sometimes it was all he could do to keep himself from crying out.

Tiki-pu, while he squatted and ground at the colour-powders, would listen to his master lecturing to the students. He knew by heart the names of all the painters and their schools, and the name of the great leader of them all who had lived and passed from their midst more than three hundred years ago ; he knew that too, a name like the sound of the wind, Wio-wani : the big picture at the end of the studio was by him.

That picture ! To Tiki-pu it seemed worth all the rest of the world put together. He knew, too, the story which attached to it, making it as holy to his eyes as the tombs of his own ancestors. The apprentices joked over it, calling it " Wio-wani's back-door," " Wio-wani's night-cap," and many other nicknames ; but Tiki-pu was quite sure, since the picture was so beautiful, that the story must be true.

Wio-wani, at the end of a long life, had painted it ; a garden full of trees and sunlight, with high standing flowers and green paths, and in their midst a palace. " The place where I would like to rest," said Wio-wani, when it was finished. So beautiful was it then, that the Emperor himself had come to look at it. And gazing enviously at those peaceful walks, and the palace nesting among the trees, he had sighed and owned that he too would be glad of such a resting-place. Then Wio-wani stepped into the picture, and walked away along a path till he came, looking quite small and far-off, to a low door in the palace-wall. Opening it, he turned and beckoned to the Emperor ; but the Emperor did not follow, so Wio-wani went in by himself, and shut the door between himself and the world for ever.

That happened three hundred years ago, but for Tiki-pu the story was as fresh and true as if it had happened yesterday. When he was left to himself in the studio, all alone and locked up for the night, Tiki-pu used to go and stare at the picture till it was too dark to see, and at the little palace with the door in its wall, by which Wio-wani had disappeared out of life. Then his soul would go down into his finger-tips, and he

would knock softly and fearfully at the beautifully painted door, saying, "Wio-wani, are you there?"

Little by little in the long-thinking nights, and the slow early mornings when light began to creep back through the papered windows of the studio, Tiki-pu's soul became too much for him. He who could strain paper and grind colours, and wash brushes, had everything within reach for becoming an artist, if it was the will of fate that he should be one.

Tiki-pu began timidly at first, but presently he grew bold. With the first wash of light he was up from his couch on the hard floor, and was daubing his soul out on scraps, and odds-and-ends, and stolen pieces of rice-paper.

Before long the short spell of daylight, which lay between dawn and the arrival of the apprentices to their work, did not suffice him. It took too long to hide all traces of his doings, to wash out the brushes, and rinse clean the paint-pots he had used, and on the top of that to get the studio swept and dusted, so that there was hardly time left him in which to indulge the itching appetite in his fingers.

Driven by necessity, he became a smuggler in candle-ends, picking them from their sockets in the lanterns which the students carried on dark nights. Now and then one of these would remember that when last used his lantern had a candle in it, and would accuse Tiki-pu of having stolen it. "It is true," he would confess, "I was hungry, I have eaten it." The lie was so probable, he was believed easily, and was well beaten accordingly. Down in the ragged linings of his coat, Tiki-pu could hear the candle-ends rattling as the buffeting and chastisement fell upon him, and trembled lest his hoard should be discovered. But the true inwardness of his theft never leaked out; and at night, when he guessed that all the world outside would be in bed, Tiki-pu would mount one of his candles on a wooden stand and paint by the light of it, blinding himself over his task till the dawn came and gave him a better and cheaper light to work by.

Tiki-pu hugged himself over the results; he believed he

was doing very well. "If only Wio-wani were here to teach me," thought he, "I would be in the way of becoming a great painter!"

The resolution came to him one night that Wio-wani *should* teach him. He took a large piece of rice-paper and strained it, and sitting down opposite "Wio-wani's back door," began painting. He had never set himself so big a task as this; by the dim stumbling light of his candle he strained his eyes nearly blind over the difficulties of it; and at last was almost driven to despair. How the trees stood row behind row, with air and sunlight between, and how the path went in and out, winding its way up to the little door in the palace-wall were mysteries he could not fathom. He peered and peered and dropped tears into his paint-pots; but the secret of the mystery of such painting was far beyond him.

The door in the palace-wall opened; out came a little old man and began walking down the pathway towards him.

The soul of Tiki-pu gave a sharp leap in his grubby little body. "That must be Wio-wani himself and no other!" cried his soul.

Tiki-pu pulled off his cap and threw himself down on the floor with reverent grovellings. When he dared to look up again Wio-wani stood over him big and fine; just within the edge of his canvas he stood and reached out a hand.

"Come along with me, Tiki-pu!" said the great one. "If you want to know how to paint I will teach you." "Oh, Wio-wani, were you there all the while?" cried Tiki-pu ecstatically, leaping up and clutching with his smeary little puds the hand which the old man extended to him. "I was there," said Wio-wani, "looking at you out of my little window. Come along in!"

Tiki-pu took a heave, and swung himself into the picture, and fairly capered when he found his feet among the flowers of Wio-wani's beautiful garden. Wio-wani had turned, and was ambling gently back to the door of his palace, beckoning to the small one to follow him. Tiki-pu was opening his mouth like

a fish to all the wonders that surrounded him. "Celestially, may I speak?" he said suddenly. "Speak," replied Wio-wani; "what is it?" "The Emperor; was he not the very flower of fools not to follow when you told him?" "I cannot say," answered Wio-wani, "but he certainly was no artist."

Then he opened the door, that door which he had so beautifully painted, and led Tiki-pu in. And outside the little candle-end sat and guttered by itself, till the wick fell overboard; and the flame kicked itself out, leaving the studio in darkness and solitude to wait for the growings of another dawn.

It was full day before Tiki-pu reappeared; he came running down the green path in great haste, jumped out of the frame on to the studio-floor, and began tidying up his own messes of the night and the apprentices' of the previous day. Only just in time did he have things ready by the hour when his master and the others returned to their work.

All that day they kept scratching their left ears, and could not think why; but Tiki-pu knew, for he was saying over to himself all the things that Wio-wani, the great painter, had been saying about them and their precious productions. And as he ground their colours for them and washed their brushes, and filled his famished little body with the breadcrumbs they threw away, little they guessed from what an immeasurable distance he looked down upon them all, and had Wio-wani's word for it tickling his right ear all the day long.

Now before long Tiki-pu's master noticed a change in him; and though he bullied him, and thrashed him, and did all that a careful master should do, he could not get the change out of him. So in a short while he grew suspicious. "What is the boy up to?" he wondered. "I have my eye on him all day; it must be at night that he gets into mischief."

It did not take Tiki-pu's master a night's watching to find that something surreptitious was certainly going on. When it was dark he took up his post outside the studio, to see whether by any chance Tiki-pu had some way of getting out; and before long he saw a faint light showing through the window.

So he came and thrust his finger softly through one of the panes and put his eye to the hole.

There inside was a candle burning on a stand, and Tiki-pu squatting with paint-pots and brush in front of Wio-Wani's last masterpiece.

"What fine piece of burglary is this?" thought he; "what serpent have I been harbouring in my bosom? Is this beast of a grub of a boy thinking to make himself a painter and cut me out of my reputation and prosperity?" For even at that distance he could perceive plainly that the work of this boy went head and shoulders beyond his, or that of any painter then living.

Presently Wio-wani opened his door and came down the path, as was his habit now each night, to call Tiki-pu to his lesson. He came to the front of his picture and beckoned for Tiki-pu to come in with him; and Tiki-pu's master grew clammy at the knees, as he beheld Tiki-pu catch hold of Wio-wani's hand and jump into the picture, and skip up the green path by Wio-wani's side, and in through the little door that Wio-wani had painted so beautifully in the end wall of his palace!

For a time Tiki-pu's master stood glued to the spot with grief and horror. "Oh, you deadly little underling! oh, you poisonous little caretaker, you parasite, you vampire, you fly in amber!" cried he, "is that where you get your training? Is it there that you dare to go trespassing; into a picture that I purchased for my own pleasure and profit and not at all for yours? Very soon we will see whom it really belongs to!"

He ripped out the paper of the largest window-pane and pushed his way through into the studio. Then in great haste he took up paint-pot and brush, and sacrilegiously set himself to work upon Wio-wani's last masterpiece. In the place of the doorway by which Tiki-pu had entered he painted a solid brick wall; twice over he painted it, making it two bricks thick; brick by brick he painted it, and mortared every brick to its place. And when he had quite finished he laughed, and called "Good-night, Tiki-pu!" and went home to bed quite happy.

All the students and apprentices wondered what had become

of Tiki-pu; but as the master himself said nothing, and as another boy came to act as colour-grinder and brush-washer to the establishment, they very soon forgot all about him.

In the studio the master used to sit at work with his students all about him, and a mind full of ease and contentment. Now and then he would throw a glance across to the bricked-up doorway of Wio-wani's palace, and laugh to himself, thinking how well he had served out Tiki-pu for his treachery and presumption.

One day—it was five years after the disappearance of Tiki-pu—he was giving his apprentices a lecture on the glories and the beauties and the wonders of Wio-wani's painting—how nothing for colour could excel, or for mystery could equal it. To add point to his eloquence, he stood waving his hands before Wio-wani's last masterpiece, and all his students and apprentices sat round him and looked.

Suddenly he stopped at mid-word, and dropped in the full flight of his eloquence, as he saw something like a hand come and take down the top brick from the face of paint which he had laid over the little door in the palace-wall which Wio-wani had so beautifully painted. In another moment there was no doubt about it; brick by brick the wall was being pulled down, in spite of its double thickness.

The lecturer was altogether too dumbfounded and terrified to utter a word. He and all his apprentices stood and stared while the demolition of the wall proceeded. Before long he recognised Wio-wani with his flowing white beard; it was his handiwork, this pulling down of the wall! He still had a brick in his hand when he stepped through the opening that he had made, and close after him stepped Tiki-pu!

Tiki-pu was grown tall and strong, he was even handsome, but for all that his old master recognised him, and saw with an envious foreboding that under his arms he carried many rolls and stretchers and portfolios, and other belongings of his craft. Clearly Tiki-pu was coming back into the world, and was going to be a great painter.

Down the garden-path came Wio-wani, and Tiki-pu walked after him; Tiki-pu was so tall, that his head stood well over Wio-wani's shoulders, old man and young man together made a handsome pair.

How big Wio-wani grew as he walked down the avenues of his garden and into the foreground of his picture! and how big the brick in his hand! and ah, how angry he seemed!

Wio-wani came right down to the edge of the picture-frame and held up the brick. "What did you do that for?" he asked.

"I . . . didn't!" Tiki-pu's old master was beginning to reply; and the lie was still rolling on his tongue when the weight of the brick-bat, hurled by the stout arm of Wio-wani, felled him. After that he never spoke again. That brick-bat, which he himself had reared, became his own tombstone.

Just inside the picture-frame stood Tiki-pu, kissing the wonderful hands of Wio-wani, which had taught him all their skill. "Good-bye, Tiki-pu!" said Wio-wani, embracing him tenderly. "Now I am sending my second self into the world. When you are tired and want rest come back to me: old Wio-wani will take you in."

Tiki-pu was sobbing, and the tears were running down his cheeks as he stepped out of Wio-wani's wonderfully-painted garden and stood once more upon earth. Turning, he saw the old man walking away along the path toward the little door under the palace-wall. At the door Wio-wani turned back and waved his hand for the last time. Tiki-pu still stood watching him. Then the door opened and shut, and Wio-wani was gone. Softly as a flower the picture seemed to have folded its leaves over him.

Tiki-pu leaned a wet face against the picture and kissed the door in the palace-wall which Wio-wani had painted so beautifully. "Oh! Wio-wani, dear master," he cried, "are you there?"

He waited and called again, but no voice answered him.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

AN EMPEROR'S SPORTING CHRONICLE

OUR knowledge of what the chase was like in the Middle Ages would be of a far more fragmentary nature than it actually is, had not three fine old sportsmen left us records that take foremost rank in the literature of venery. Of the two seniors of this triumvirate it is only necessary to recall to the reader's memory the names of their famous sporting chronicles. *Le Roi Modus*, or to give it its full title as found in the oldest of the thirty existing manuscripts: *Li livres du roi Modus et de la reine Racio qui parle des deduiz et de pestilence* is the name of the most ancient French prose work on the chase. Recent researches show that its author was probably the very same Count de Tancarville, at one time chamberlain of the Regent Philippe, whose famous judgment upon the respective merits of hunting *versus* hawking formed one of the most discussed topics among mediæval sportsmen. In the fashion of the time the author of this classic not only indulged in quaint mysticism of a religious nature, but tried to prove that the good sportsman had special facilities of reaching Paradise by the shortest cut, for no other man, he maintained, could so easily withstand the seven deadly sins, the *bête noir* of mediæval times. The first part of the work is devoted to the chase, hawking and the various forms of fowling to which sportsmen of the fourteenth century were so much

addicted, but the latter portion is an unreadable discussion of the pestilence, full of absurd allegorical mysticism.

Very much more interesting is the work of the famous Gaston de Foix (nicknamed Phœbus), *Deduiz de la Chasse*, written more than half a century later, A.D. 1387, which without question is the most celebrated fountain-head of all lore connected with mediæval venery. About the personality of its author, the famous *veneur* Count de Foix, lord of those much bewarred "buffer-states" between France and Spain, the counties of Foix and Béarn, good old Froissart, as every one will remember, has left us a most romantic account.

In the terse chapters of the *Deduiz* we have model accounts not only of the chase, but also of the natural history, or as observant Gaston terms it, "the nature of the animal." These eighty-five chapters, while betraying the extraordinary ignorance still prevailing in matters appertaining to zoology, prove to one how infinitely more intimate was the old sportsmen's acquaintance with the habits of their game than that possessed by the average modern representative. The *Deduiz* is singularly free from all self-advertising accounts of personal adventure, and did we not know on good evidence what a great sportsman this modest old author was, his pages would leave us without the slightest indication of his prowess. Very different in this respect is the man with whose writings these pages have specially to deal: Maximilian, who for a quarter of a century of his adventurous career occupied the Imperial throne of the Holy Roman Empire. His span on earth, curiously enough, was exactly the same as that of his French brother author who predeceased him by more than a century, for when (in 1391) a bear-hunt ended the hunting days of Count Gaston, he was in his sixtieth year, at which age also the "Last Knight of Chivalry," as Maximilian has so often been called, took (in A.D. 1519) that short cut to paradise which we have heard was reserved to all good *veneurs*. Typical of the fact that in this ruler's lifetime fell the birth of the age we call the Modern, Maximilian's craving to see

himself in print betrays the spirit of modern life. If he was the last knight of the mediæval age he was also the first author of modern times, eager to see his doughty deeds set forth in the quaint black-letters of Hans Schönsperger, the Augsburg printer, and elaborately illustrated by the diligent gravers of Hans Burgkmair and other famous pupils of Dürer.

Maximilian's restless activity in the field of battle and of sport, which has been the surprise of all historians, was equally great in the department of letters. Upwards of one hundred monographs dealing with the most diverse subjects, from religious disquisitions and family heraldry to treatises on artillery, the arts of war, theology, the occult sciences and sport were planned by him, and in most cases left in a more or less finished condition, at least in manuscript, by this versatile Hapsburg prince. As works of adventure in war and in sport the two that are best known are, of course, the sumptuously got-up *Theuerdank* and *Weisskunig*. Though the allegorical language in which Maximilian narrates his various adventures by sea and by land detracts from the directness of the tale, these two interesting works rank very high among the ancient chronicles of sport, for the best artists of their time bring before our eye in graphic pictures the methods employed by this great Nimrod in hunting the stag, the bear, the boar and the chamois. And however incompatible with strict accuracy of detail may seem to us a childlike ignorance of the laws of perspective, we have abundant proof that the Emperor laid great stress upon accurate delineation according to the somewhat primitive conception of art prevalent four hundred years ago.

Another sporting work by the hand of this "sportsman and emperor," as he called himself in his correspondence with his daughter, the Governess of the Netherlands, is a highly interesting treatise called "The Secret Book of Sport," the original manuscript of which was discovered only a few decades ago and immediately printed by a learned student of ancient

venery.¹ We shall have to refer to it on more than one occasion while treating the contents of what is the real subject of these pages, viz., an hitherto unpublished hunting-book of Emperor Maximilian, of which it fell to the present writer's lot to discover the original manuscript adorned by two of the curious illustrations here reproduced.

This work is the *Gejaid Buch* written for Maximilian by his Master of the Game, Carl von Spaur, in the years 1499 and 1500.

That such a book had been written by the keen royal sportsman's orders was no secret to students, for I had myself read an unillustrated manuscript transcript preserved in the *Stadthalterei Archiv* in Innsbruck, but the original of the work had disappeared from Austria, and its whereabouts, in spite of many inquiries, remained unknown. Three or four years ago, while on a round of visits to Continental archives, I happened to be examining some MSS. in the Burgundian Library, now forming part of the Royal Library in Brussels, and while so occupied came across a small folio, the plain vellum cover of which showed many traces of wear. A glance at its pages, and more particularly at the finely executed illuminations illustrative of sporting scenes, thrust upon me the pleasurable conviction that I was holding in my hands the long-lost original.

In France, Germany and Austria where, as every one knows, great attention is paid to the study of ancient venery, and where the literature on this attractive subject is incomparably richer than ours, it was not difficult to find a publisher for the manuscript which a happy chance had withdrawn from the dusty shelves of the Burgundian Library. By the time these lines reach the reader's eyes Maximilian's *Gejaid Buch* will be before the public, a patriotic publisher of Innsbruck² having undertaken the costly reproduction in facsimile of the illuminations. And not only is this

¹ "Kaiser Maximilian's Geheimes Jagdbuch," by Ch. G. von Karajan. Vienna, 1859 and 1881.

² Wagner's Univ. Buchhandlung, Innsbruck.

work issued, but also a reproduction of a similar book of Maximilian's dealing with fishing, written four years later and illuminated even more profusely by the same artist who illustrated the *Gejaid Buch*.¹ This richly adorned manuscript had long been known as one of the treasures of the Court Library in Vienna, whither it had been taken a century ago from the famous Tyrolese castle of Ambras, which in the sixteenth century was the home of what undoubtedly was the most precious collection of art objects and natural history curiosities then existing. Several of the illuminations in the "Fishing-Book" really relate more to hunting than they do to Walton's art, and as they deal with precisely the same region, *i.e.*, North Tyrol, I have given three of the pictures dealing with hunting. Unfortunately it is impossible to reproduce in these pages the rich colouring of the plates; hence a great deal of the effect of these superb illuminations is lost. The originals are a good deal larger—*viz.*, 12½ in. by 8½ in.

And now, after this somewhat lengthy introduction, let us proceed to examine this ancient hunting-book. It exclusively relates to mountain sport in the northern districts of Tyrol which were the favourite resorts of the sport-loving Maximilian. By a glance at its pages he could at once ascertain the head of chamois and red deer in any of the two hundred and odd localities described therein. In the short introduction Carl von Spaur and Wolfgang Hohenleyter, his "game secretary," state that they exercised the greatest diligence in collecting all available information, and personally visited and explored all the glens and fastnesses appertaining to their King's preserves, which in Maximilian's days practically included every glen and mountain range worth having for hunting purposes. When chamois or deer-drives were to be

¹ Messrs. S. Low, Marston & Co. are the London agents where both books can be seen and ordered. The hunting-book, which has prefaces by Count Wilczek and Dr. M. Mayr, Director of the Imperial Archives in Innsbruck, and an introduction by the writer, is dedicated by permission to H.M. the Emperor of Austria, as ardent a sportsman as was his great ancestor the author of the work.

arranged, the book gave the fullest topographical information, with useful directions concerning the posting of the sportsmen and hints as to the localities where their royal master could find quarters for the night. With regard to the latter preference was of course given to any castle in the neighbourhood, though when in the more elevated regions, such as the famous *Hinter-Riss*, now the Duke of Coburg's celebrated preserve, Maximilian had *faute de mieux* to sleep in log alphuts of the most primitive description. On many occasions, to avoid sleeping in such uncomfortable places, he covered extraordinarily long distances on horseback, for in those days the remoter valleys were approachable only by miserably kept bridle-paths. On some occasions this indefatigable sportsman must have started from his headquarters in the middle of the night, getting back only after some thirty-six hours in the saddle.

This chronicle enables one to throw light upon a vexed question, viz., whether mountain game has increased or decreased, and what are the effects of close preserving. The writer, who has shot many score of chamois in about a dozen of the localities described by Maximilian as the scene of his own sport, can vouch for the fact that in many of these localities there are to-day three or four times the number mentioned in the *Gejaid Buch*. Needless to say, this is only the case where keepers are constantly on the watch to prevent poaching. In other districts, such as peasant communes, where the shooting has been open to the natives for generations, there is not a single chamois left to remind one of the hundreds that peopled the same mountains four hundred years ago. Of red deer, on the contrary, no such favourable report can be made. With the exception of one or two localities, principally in the *Hinter-Riss* and in the preserves of Princes Hohenlohe and Auersperg, they have completely disappeared.

Though the *Gejaid Buch* is principally occupied with stag and chamois-hunting, there are half a dozen highly interesting references to a yet rarer game, viz., the ibex, the chase of

which was the object of Maximilian's highest ambition. These beasts were then still to be found in isolated bands in a few of the remotest districts of Tyrol, and Maximilian made strenuous efforts to prevent their complete extermination. Only those acquainted with the very voluminous correspondence of this keen sportsman can form any idea of the close attention paid by him to every detail connected with the chase. Engaged as he constantly was in wars that entailed weary campaigns in remote parts of Europe, or in the suppression of rebellions in distant provinces, or in the personal supervision of lengthy sieges, it is truly marvellous to discover with what minute care all matters relating to the sport he so dearly loved were attended to. In the thick of a bloody war in the Netherlands, we find him writing letters about a young ibex buck some peasant women in a remote little Tyrolese valley were keeping for him, or promising in an autograph letter a silk dress to each of certain peasants' wives in an isolated glen in the same country as a reward for preventing their husbands from poaching this rare game, or giving minute instructions where a particular couple of hunting hounds were to be kept, and what was to be done with their puppies.

To the general reader unacquainted with the localities referred to in the text of the *Gejaid Buch* the illustrations will be of far greater interest than the text. They betray with one exception the well-known disdain in which Maximilian held gunpowder, at least for sporting purposes. His field and siege artillery he was keenly eager to develop as much as lay in the power of the very primitive arsenals of those days. In neither of his great autobiographical works *Theuerdank* and *Weisskunig*, which were written later than the *Gejaid Buch*, does he refer to the use of fire-arms for big game-shooting on more than a single occasion, when he tells the well-known story of his feat of hitting at the first shot with his cross-bow a chamois standing more than 200 yards above him, at which one of his men, versed in fire-arms, had vainly let off his "fire-tube." As our reproductions and the

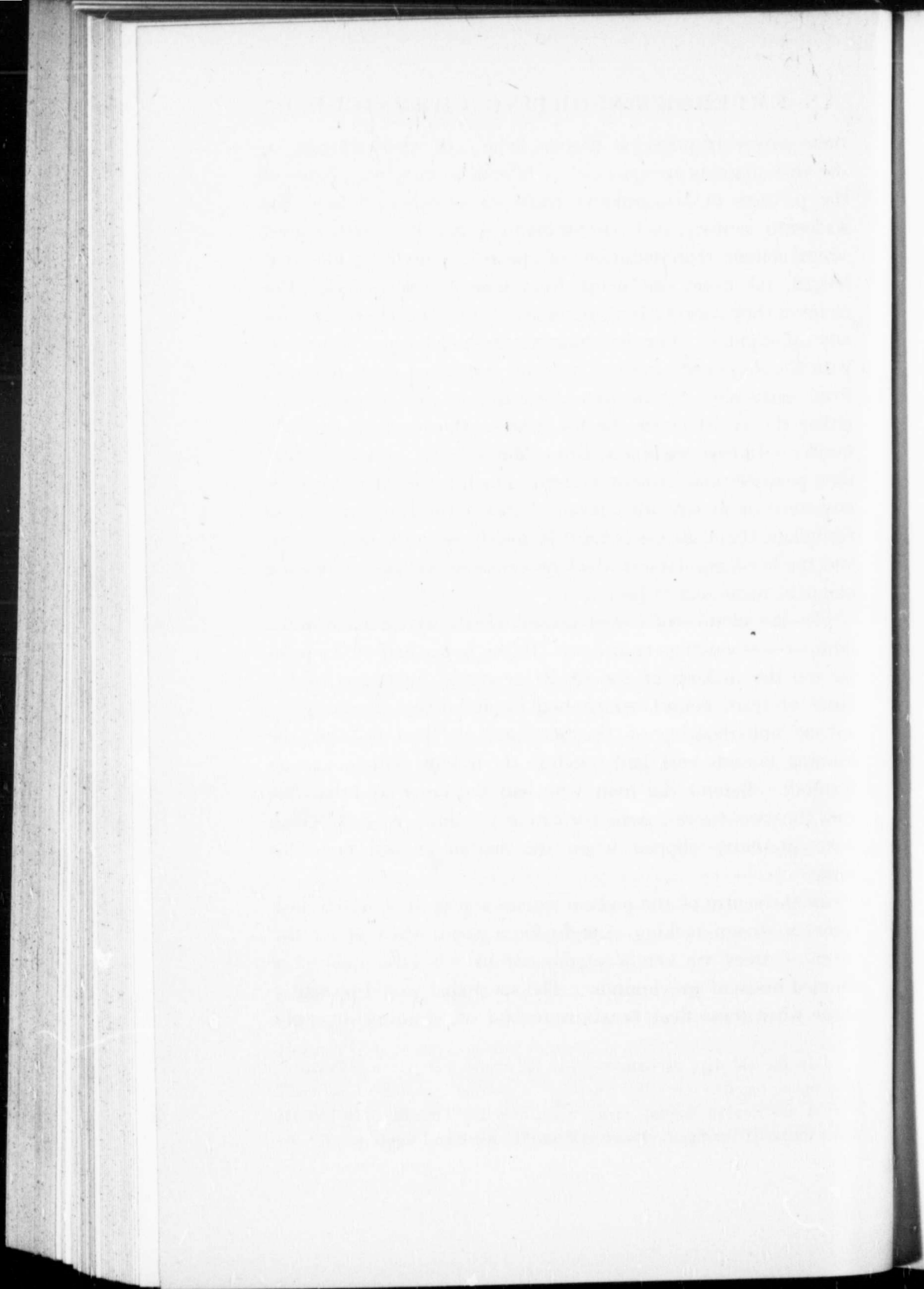
Theuerdank pictures show, the method employed by Maximilian in the chase of the chamois was to approach them close enough to kill the beasts, either by throwing a short javelin-like spear, or to stick them by means of a long spear when they were cornered in some spot from which the animals could not escape. Either method with an animal of the chamois' sure-footedness and agility was necessarily of a most precarious nature. Not only had the men to be fearless cragsmen, as sure-footed, almost, as the game they wished to approach, but the nature of the ground had to be exceptionally favourable to this method of cornering wily and fleet-footed beasts. In the picture of the chamois-hunt (Plate 1) we see the beaters with immensely long *bergstöcke* in their hands and crampons on their feet, lining the snowy ridge, while dogs are driving the chamois towards the place where it was hoped to approach them spear in hand. Maximilian had a great love for hounds, and we know he possessed some 1500 of them. For his methods of hunting the chamois they were probably quite indispensable, and numbers no doubt were killed every year by tumbling from cliffs, or by avalanches of stone set loose by chamois above. Nowadays dogs are never used for chamois-hunting, for arms of precision make their assistance unnecessary, and they frighten the game much more than do the beaters.

On the other side of the picture we see the process of *ausfellen*—*i.e.*, sticking a cornered beast with the immensely long *Jagdschaft*, the hunter's position beneath the animal being, of course, a somewhat risky one, for the falling animal threatens to carry the hunter down the precipice. As he tells us, in his *Theuerdank*, Maximilian had several very narrow escapes from death in consequence of chamois or stones set loose by them falling upon him.

As to the length of these spears, the "Secret Hunting-Book" we have spoken of contains some details that are almost incredible. Thus we are told that the length was 4 *klafters*, or, according to our measure, thirty-five feet. How they handled



PLATE 1.—A Chamois Drive. From Emperor Maximilian's Hunting-
Book made in 1499 and 1500.



these unwieldy poles on narrow ledges, or when clinging to the face of giddy precipices, it is difficult to imagine. None of the pictures in Maximilian's works, or in other prints of the sixteenth century, such as Stradanus's and Bol's well-known series, contain representations of spears of anything like that length, the usual size being from nine to twelve feet. For chamois they seem to have remained in use much later than for any other game. For ibex hunting the hopelessness of pursuit with the *Jagdschaft* seemed to have impressed itself upon all from early days, for in all old pictures of this sport we see either the crossbow or the fire-tube in the hands of the ibex hunter. Indeed, we know from Maximilian's chronicles that ibex poachers made use of firearms much earlier than we have any trace of in any other form of chase: the Emperor's bitter complaint about the use of the "devilish hand-guns" by peasants, and the harsh regulations which he consequently passed, bearing eloquent testimony of his anger.

In the picture of the stag-hunt (Plate 2) we have more familiar surroundings before us. In the upper half of the print we see the making of the *Quête* or *Suche* by means of the limer or lyam hound, which had for its object the singling out or unharbouring of the best stag. Upon his slot the running hounds were laid much in the fashion still in use on Exmoor. Behind the man who had the limer in leash one sees the two *hardes*, each consisting of three hounds, which were presently slipped when the harbourer had done his work.¹

In the centre of the picture we see a stag of fourteen dash across a stream making straight for a wood, where under the cover of trees we see a *jagdknecht* in red hose holding a coupled brace of greyhounds. The sport that would presently ensue when these fleet beasts were laid on—hunting by sight

¹ In the old days on Exmoor, when the hounds were taken to the meet, the coupling together was called "harling," a sporting term derived, no doubt, as most old English hunting terms were, from the French, which was the ruling tongue at the English Court well into the fourteenth century.

and not by scent—was called the *Windhetz*, and to judge by the frequency with which it occurs in the *Gejaid Buch*, it must have been a favourite mode of chasing the hart. In the foreground a noble stag of great head, who has “soiled”—*i.e.*, taken to water—is being shot by Maximilian seated on his white hunting horse. Several of Maximilian’s hunting weapons are still preserved in the Vienna Imperial collections, whither they were brought from Ambras, and amongst them are several of his crossbows and his hunting-sword. With the latter he used to tackle bear and wild boar when they had been brought to bay, or when, as these huge beasts often did, they charged their pursuers. The strength of the crossbows must have been prodigious, a powerful winch being required to bend the steel bow, which is almost two inches broad, and half an inch in thickness. In winter-time, when extreme cold makes steel brittle, a bow of horn replaced, according to the “*Secret Hunting-Book*,” the metal one.

What the two men-at-arms, with huge halberts in their hands, had to do in a stag-hunt history does not relate; probably they formed the royal sportsman’s bodyguard.

To the critical eye of a modern artist these quaint drawings, void as they are of all regard to perspective, present, of course, many features that are ludicrous. In those days it was the artist’s desire to convey to the reader, in as compact form as possible, various incidents, which in later periods would have been represented in separate pictures. Hence we observe, crowded into one and the same canvas several scenes in which the central personage is shown occupied in different ways. In Plate 3 we see the Emperor, or rather King, as he then was, in no less than four different positions. In the immediate foreground we observe him mounted on a white horse, probably in the act of arriving at the hunting rendezvous. Behind him is some scribe reading a report or petition to him; in front are two receptacles with fish, to which one of his attendants is drawing his master’s attention by pointing at them. Then we see him in the boat on the lake superintending

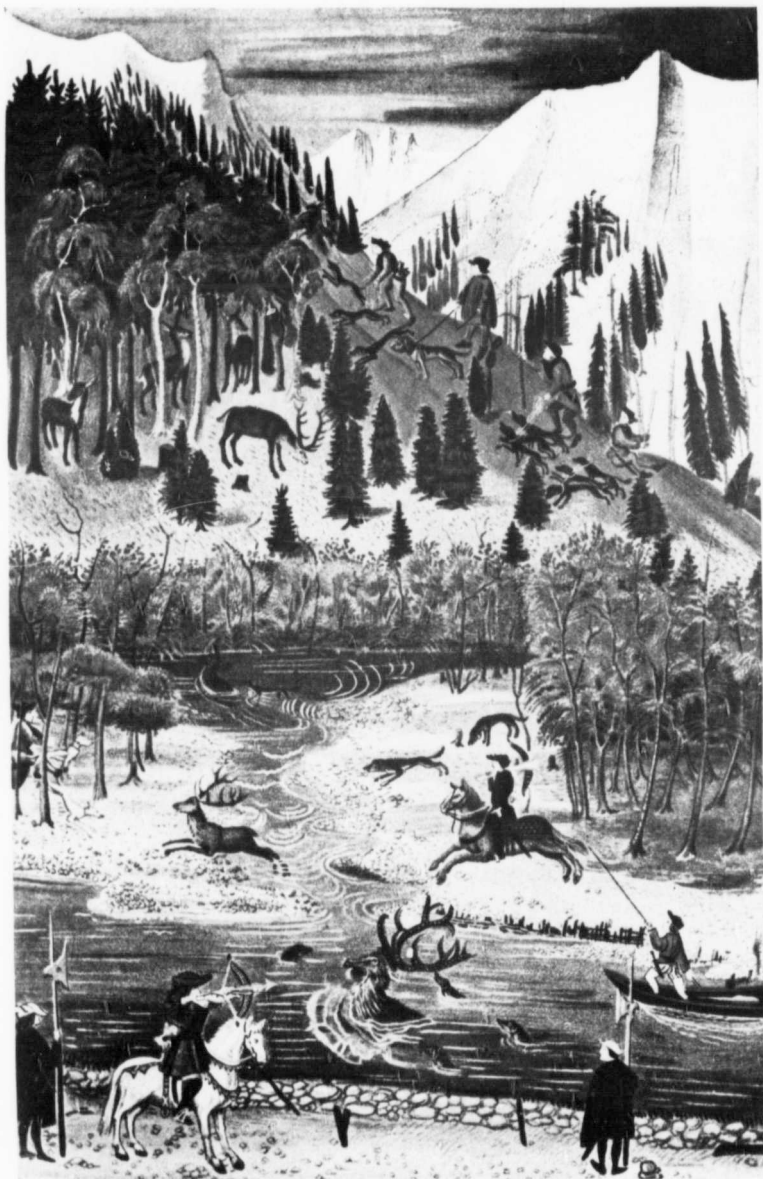
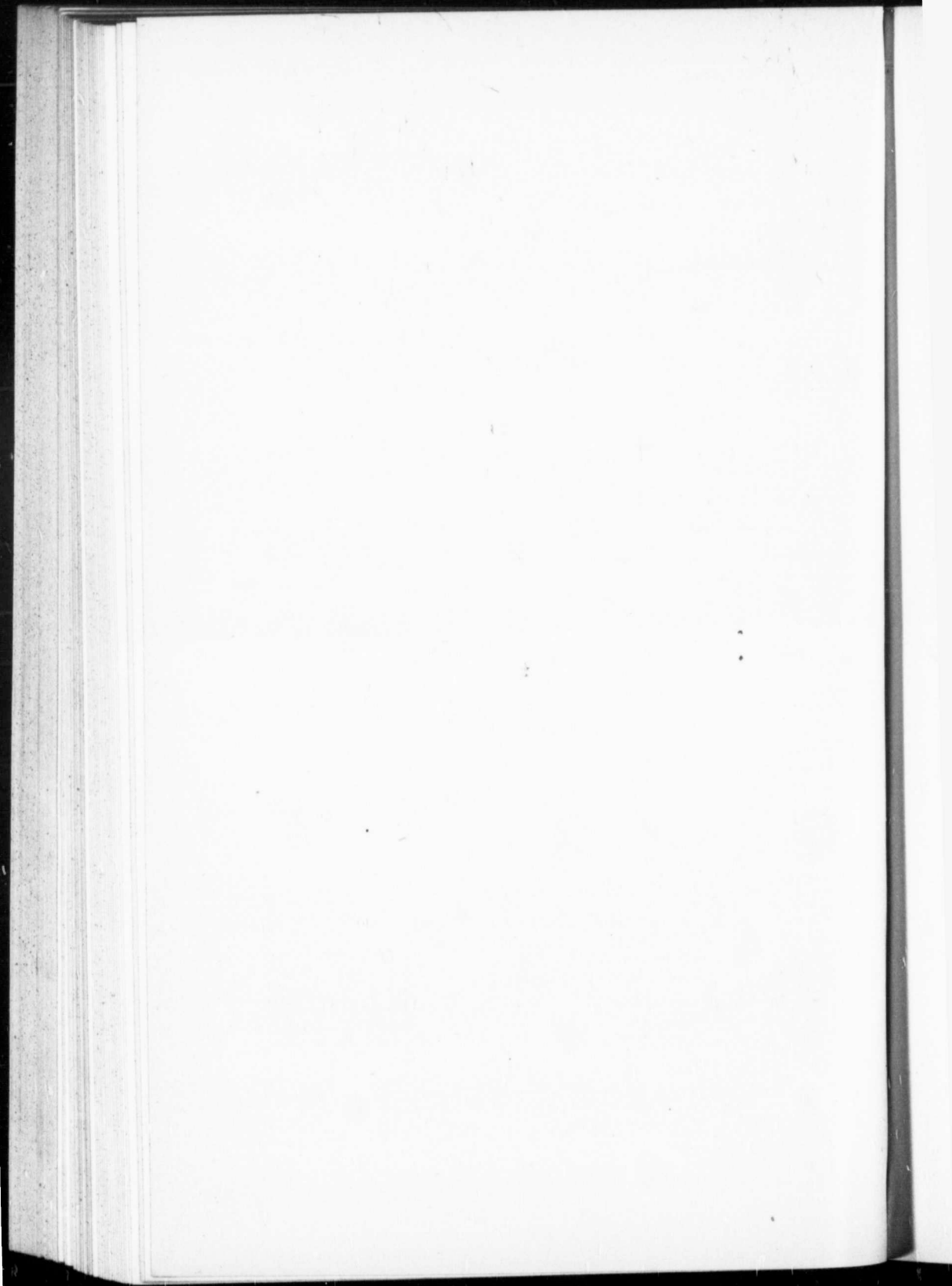


PLATE 2.—How the Stag was Hunted by Emperor Maximilian, who is represented on horseback shooting at the stag in the water. From his Hunting-Book made in 1499 and 1500.



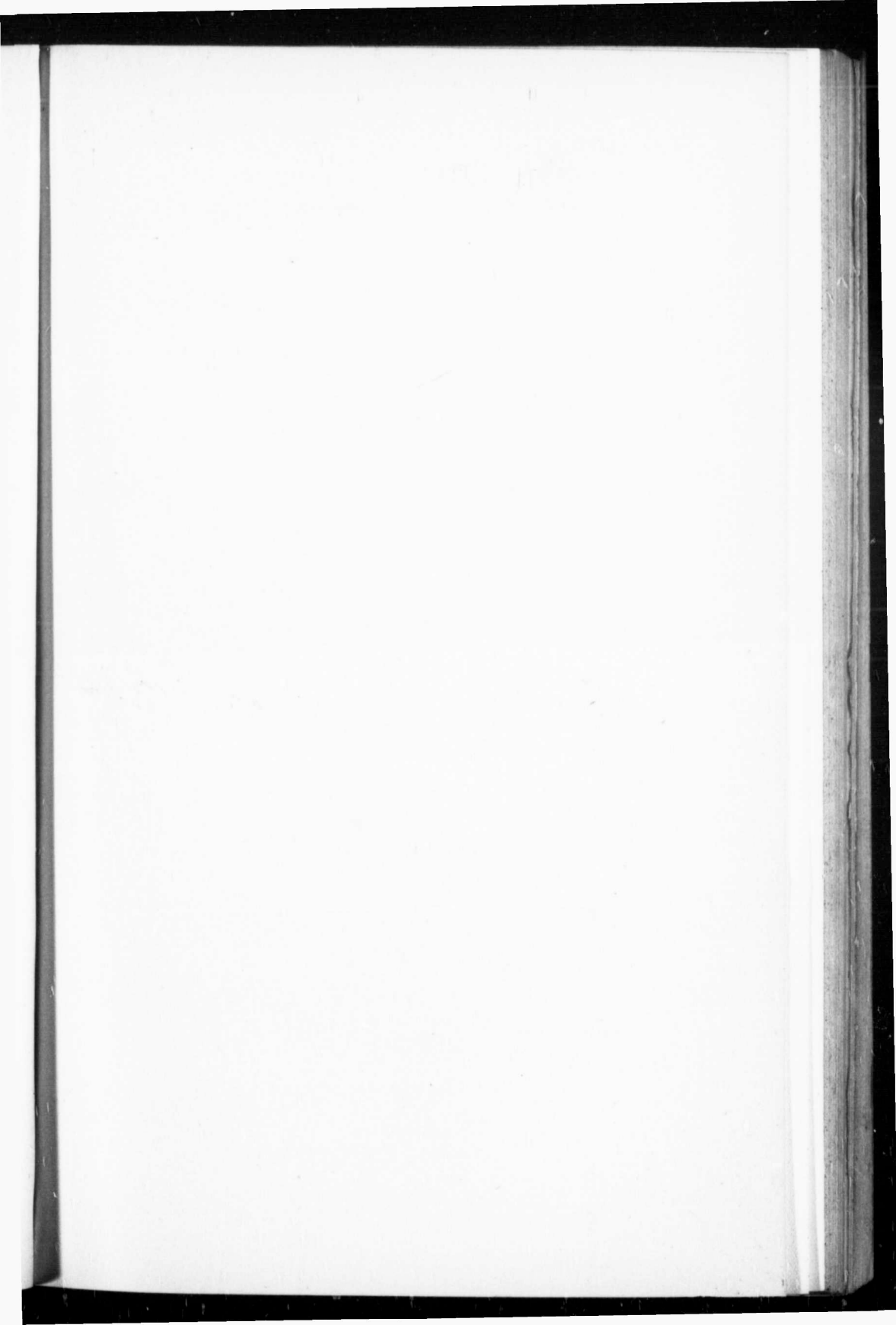




PLATE 3.—Emperor Maximilian Shooting and Fishing on the Achen See in Tyrol. The picture of the Emperor shooting with a gun at chamois is, perhaps, the earliest representation of the use of fire-arms for sporting purposes. From Emperor Maximilian's Fishing-Book made 1504.

the working of a net, and holding in his hands a big trout, for which the lake in question—the Achen See, in North Tyrol—was at all times famous. A third time we recognise the King as, seated in the left-hand corner of the picture, he is being dressed for chamois hunting, a valet strapping crampons to his feet after having taken off his long fishing-boots. One of his councillors is in the act of reading to him some document, for we know that State business was constantly being transacted by this ever busy monarch while out on hunting expeditions, relays of messengers bringing him despatches and the latest news from the distant capital. In his “ Secret Hunting-Book ” which was avowedly written for his son’s instruction, Maximilian is very particular about telling his successor that one of the advantages of sport for a ruler is the opportunity which it gives his subjects to come into closer touch with him, thus enabling them to present their petitions in person.

The fourth position in which we find the King on the picture before us is indicated by the purple hunting-cap, which is the only article of apparel that remains the same in the several pictures. Maximilian is now represented shooting with a “ fire-tube ” at a chamois, this being the detail to which reference has already been made, when alluding to the single exception to the rule that Maximilian killed his chamois with the javelin or with the long *Jagdschaft*. It is said by good judges that this scene is the earliest pictorial representation extant of the use of firearms in the chase of mountain game, and I am not aware of any earlier picture.

This spirited illumination has other points of interest about it. The Achen See, a fine sheet of mountain-enclosed water some four miles in length, was, for the last six centuries, a favourite resort of the rulers of Tyrol, and Maximilian, we know, frequented the scene here depicted on many occasions, passing his time in shooting chamois and stags from a boat, from which in the intervals between the drives he used to fish. He himself narrates that once a chamois, while attempting to swim across

the lake, was caught in a net! The quaintly gabled shooting lodge we observe in the background is now, alas! the site of a huge ungainly summer hotel for tourists, whose presence in chattering shoals has spoiled the grand solitude that until recently reigned over a locality sacred to sport. Four centuries passed over the Achen See, leaving it in much the same pristine condition that attracted the great mediæval sportsman to its shores, when many a *Capital Bock* was laid low by the hand of Maximilian, armed not with an Express or Mannlicher, but with the spear! Then, sad to relate, the shrill whistle of railways and steamboats doomed for good and all the grand solitude of this beautiful spot.

But let us turn our backs upon the ugly modernity of to-day, and resume our attempt to picture to ourselves the quaint scenes portrayed by the clever pencil of Master Kölderer who, it is almost certain, was the originator of the pictures before us. One amusing detail must not be overlooked in this picture of sport on the Achen See. The figure of the man in a broad-brimmed wide-awake hat, with a sash and sword of Turkish pattern, who is standing in front of the shooting lodge engaged in earnest converse with a be-nightcapped individual is, we are told, nobody else but the Court Jew.¹ Maximilian's finances were occasionally in a sadly disorganised condition, so much so that on more than one occasion the citizens of his provincial capitals refused to open their gates to their King till he had settled long standing scores. This notorious failing is quaintly touched upon by the artist, for even for hunting expeditions ready cash had to be forthcoming, or sport would suffer; hence the presence of this "necessary evil." That the paper which the be-nightcapped personage is holding in his hand was probably a bill of exchange or other form of mediæval I.O.U. is a likely presumption, for we have evidence that the want of ready money obliged Maximilian to affix his sign-manual to such documents amid surroundings similar to those which we

¹ In many parts of South Germany the yellow sash was the distinguishing article of apparel which Jews were compelled to wear.

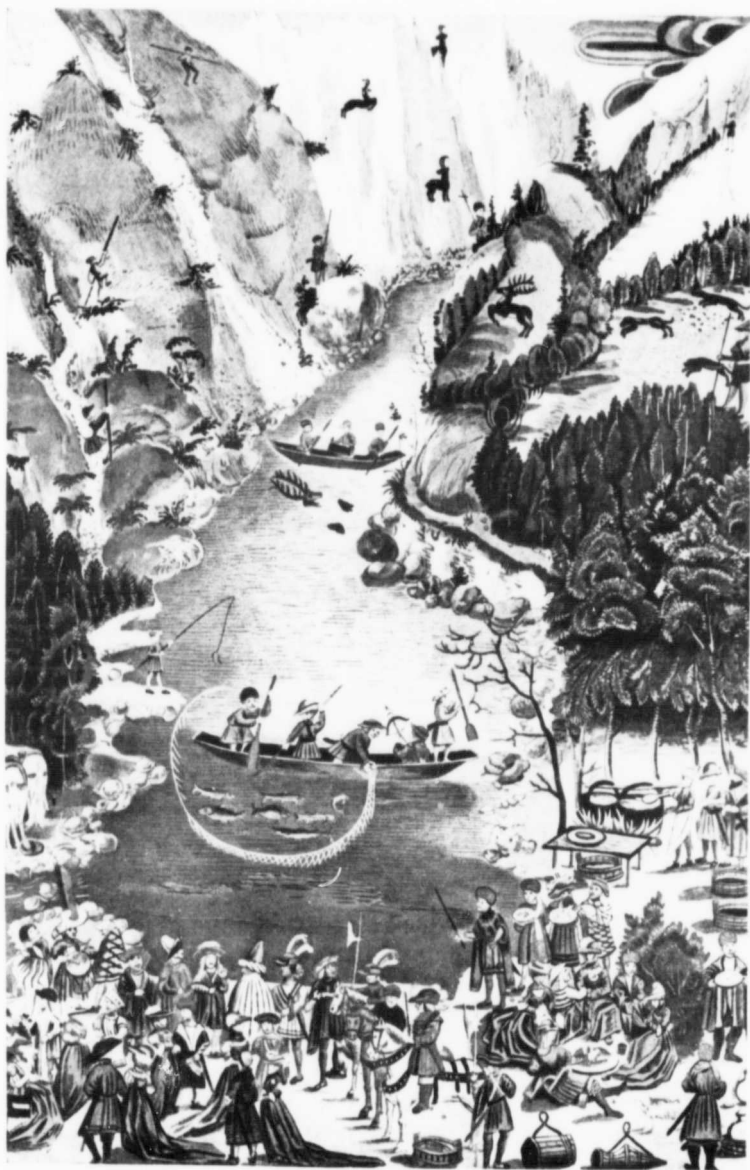


PLATE 4.—Emperor Maximilian Shooting, Fishing and Feasting on the
Plan See. From his Fishing-Book made 1504.



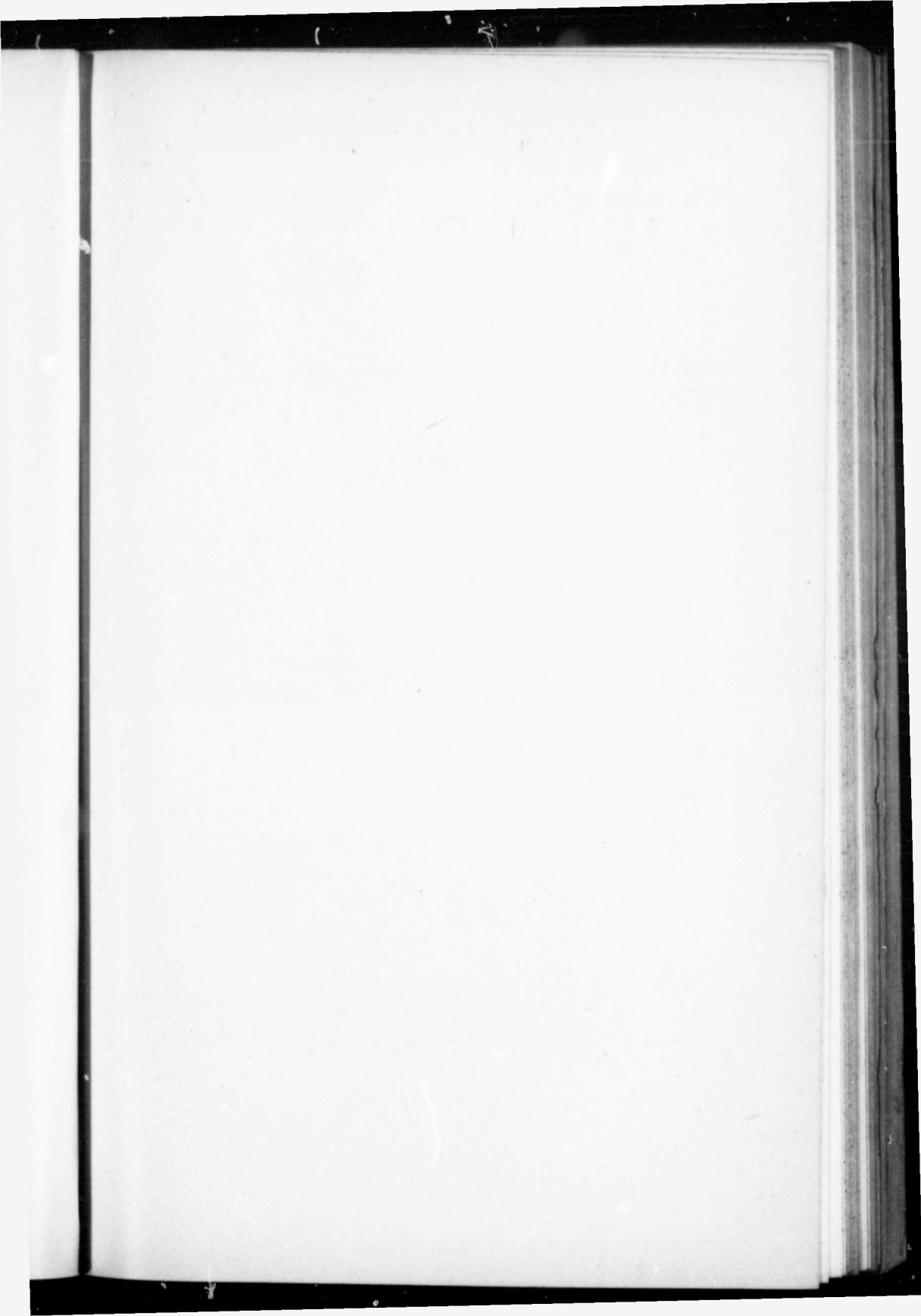




PLATE 5.—Emperor Maximilian's Field Sports near Innsbruck. From his Fishing-Book made in 1504.

see here depicted. Another historical personage the artist has introduced in the picture of the hawking scene (Plate 5), is the then Turkish ambassador, who about that time was paying a visit to Maximilian's court. The locality which this illumination represents is near Innsbruck, and is identified by the gallows in the background, which gave the spot the name that it still retains. In this picture, hunting and fishing seem again to be progressing simultaneously, the identity of Maximilian on horseback and in the boat being as usual indicated by the purple hunting dress.

In Plate 4 Master Kölderer did not forget to indicate the usual termination of the day's sport, viz., the *al fresco* banquet. Maximilian was in the habit of taking his queen—he was twice married, both consorts meeting with early deaths in consequence of their zeal for hunting—with some of the ladies of the court to witness his sport in easily reached localities. In *Theuerdank* we have a picture of an assembly of ladies demurely seated near the foot of a cliff, high up on which the royal sportsman is shown in the act of spearing a chamois with the javelin.¹ In the picture before us a square dance to the music of the fife and drum is progressing, the Turkish ambassador being among the audience, while Maximilian on horseback is watching the pastoral *fête*, his queen being seated opposite to him.

To the right we notice the royal couple engaged in sampling the famous lake trout, Maximilian helping himself from the dish placed in the centre of the party, while three bearers under the guidance of the Master of the Table, with his chain of office round his neck and "wand of control" in his hand, are bringing a fresh relay of dishes. Seated in the bottom of the boat on the lake we notice a third Maximilian, with his crossbow bent ready for a shot at a stag swimming across the lake.

In conclusion, it is of some antiquarian interest to know that in the *Stadthalterei Archiv* in Innsbruck are preserved the

¹ I give this picture in my "Sport in the Alps" (A. & C. Black : 1896).

original accounts relating to the writing of the *Gejaid Buch*, showing in detail what was paid for the lodgment of the game secretary, Wolfgang Hohenleyter, while he was writing the book, what payment was made for his candles, firewood, stabling of his horse; and even the item of the cost of binding the book is not forgotten. And though Master Wolfgang apparently remained unpaid for more than a year, so that Maximilian had repeatedly to command the officers of his exchequer in Innsbruck to settle the reckoning, he seems to have received his money all right in the end.

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

ON LANSDOWNE HILL

By the Writer of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters"

HERE Sir Bevil fell with his men,
The right hearts for the wrong cause ;
Perished the pick of a county then
For Charles, breaker of laws.
In a wrong fight fell a good knight :
So a good-night to Sir Bevil,
Who gained his laurel in an ill quarrel,
And whose cause went to the Devil !

Many a cause has gone to him
That's better there left sleeping ;
But the men who gave for it life and limb
Earth holds in holier keeping.
Wrong has its say, and folly its day,
And high blood holds its revel :
But good, I'll trust, has charge of the dust
Of the men who fell with Sir Bevil.

Gentle was he, and fair and free,
And a good knight when first knighted ;
And a good knight still he rests on the hill
Now the rights that he wronged stand righted.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

Under the sky that saw him die
The old road runs level ;
And level laws have done for the cause
Which was held by the brave Sir Bevil.

I would rather, I vow, be with these that now
Have done with their noise and nonsense—
Good lives thrown down in the cause of a crown—
Than be keeper of *one* king's conscience !
In a wrong fight fell a good knight,
So a good-night to Sir Bevil,
Who won his laurel in an ill quarrel,
And whose cause went to the Devil !

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XII

FIGHTERS AND DOUBTERS

“MISS S. wasn't so far wrong after all!” exclaimed Mina Zabriska, flinging down a letter on the table by her.

It was three days after Addie Tristram's funeral. Mina had attended that ceremony, or rather watched it from a little way off. She had seen Gainsborough's spare humble figure; she had seen too, with an acute interest, the tall slim girl all in black, heavily veiled, who walked beside him, just behind the new Lord Tristram. She had also, of course, seen all the neighbours who were looking on like herself, but who gave their best attention to Janie Iver and disappointed Miss S. by asking hardly any questions about the Gainsboroughs. Little indeed would have been said concerning them except for the fact that Gainsborough (true to his knack of the unlucky) caught a chill on the occasion, and was confined to his bed down at Blent. A most vexatious occurrence for Lord Tristram, said Miss S. But one that he ought to bear patiently, added Mrs. Trumbler. And after all, both ladies agreed, it would have been hardly decent to turn the Gainsboroughs out on Monday, as it was well known the new Lord had proposed.

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But the Gainsboroughs were not in Mina's thoughts just now.

"Nothing is to be made public yet—please remember this. But I want you to know that I have just written to Harry Tristram to say I will marry him. I have had a great deal of trouble, dear Mina, but I think I have done right, looking at it all round. Except my own people, I am telling only one friend besides you ["Bob Broadley!" said Mina, with a nod, as she read the letter the second time]. But I want you to know; and please tell your uncle too. I hope you will both give me your good wishes. I do think I'm acting wisely; and I thought I had no right to keep him waiting and worrying about this when he has so much to think of besides. You must stay at Merrion after I come to Blent.—JANIE."

Barring the matter of the immediate announcement, then, Miss S. was justified. Janie had done the obviously right thing—and was obviously not quite sure that it was right. That mattered very little; it was done. It was for Mina Zabriská—and others concerned—to adapt themselves and conform their actions to the accomplished fact. But would Major Duplay take that view? To Mina was entrusted the delicate task of breaking the news to her uncle. It is the virtue of a soldier not to know when he is beaten; of a general not to let others know. To what standard of martial conduct would the Major adhere? This matter of the Major was in every way a nuisance to his niece. In the first place, she wanted to think about herself and her own feelings—the one luxury of the unhappy. Secondly, she was afraid again. For Harry suddenly seemed to be no protection now, and the horrors threatened by Duplay—the interrogation, the lawyer's office, and the like—recovered their dreadfulness. It had been easy—perhaps pleasant—to suffer for the confidential friend who had opened his heart to her on the hillside. It became less easy and certainly more unpleasant to be sacrificed for Janie Iver's *fiancé*. But Mina, though no longer exultant and no more fearless, would be loyal and constant all the same. Should

she, after saving others, be herself a castaway? She experienced a longing for the sympathy and support of Mr. Jenkinson Neeld. Surely he would stand firm too? He was still at Fairholme. Was he included in Janie's "own people"? Had he been told the news?

The delicate task! The Imp's temper was far too bad for delicacy; she found a positive pleasure in outraging it. She took her letter, marched into the smoking-room, and threw it to (not to say at) her uncle.

"Read that!" she said, and strode off to the window to have a look at Blent. The letter had succeeded, it seemed, in taking away from her life all she wanted and introducing into it all she did not.

"This is very serious," declared the Major solemnly, "very serious indeed, Mina."

"Don't see how," snapped the Imp, presenting an unwavering back-view to her uncle. "If they like to get married, why is it serious?"

"Pray be reasonable," he urged. "You must perceive that the situation I have always contemplated——"

"Well, you can go on contemplating it, can't you, uncle? It won't do much good, but still——"

"The situation, I say, has arisen." She heard him get up, walk to the hearthrug, and strike a match. Of course he was going to have a cigarette! He would smoke it all through with exasperating slowness and then arrive at an odious conclusion. Mina had not been married for nothing; she knew men's ways. He justified her forecast; it was minutes before he spoke again.

"The terms of this letter," he resumed at last, "fortify me in my purpose. It is evident that Miss Iver is influenced—largely influenced—by—er—the supposed position of—er—Mr. Tristram."

"Of who?"

"Of the present possessor of Blent."

"If you want people to know who you mean, you'd better say Lord Tristram."

“For the present, if you wish it. I say, she is——” Duplay’s pompous formality suddenly broke down. “She’s taking him for his title, that’s all.”

“Oh, if you choose to say things like that about your friends!”

“You know it’s true. What becomes my duty then?”

“I don’t know and I don’t care. Only I hate people who talk about duty when they’re going to——” Well, one must stop somewhere in describing one’s relatives’ conduct. The Imp stopped there. But the sentence really lost nothing; Duplay could guess pretty accurately what she had been going to say.

Fortunately, although he was very dependent on her help, he cared little about her opinion. She neither would nor could judge his position fairly; she would not perceive how he felt, how righteous was his anger, how his friends were being cheated and he was being jockeyed out of his chances by one and the same unscrupulous bit of imposture. He had brought himself round to a more settled state of mind and had got his conscience into better order. If he were acting unselfishly, he deserved commendation. But even if self-interest guided him he was free of blame. No man is bound to let himself be swindled. He doubted seriously of nothing now except his power to upset Harry Tristram’s plans. He was resolved to try; Mina must speak—and if money were needed, it must come from somewhere. The mere assertion of what he meant to allege must at least delay this hateful marriage. It must be added—though the Major was careful not to add—that it would also give Harry Tristram a very unpleasant shock; the wrestling bout by the Pool and the loss of that shilling were not forgotten. It may further be observed—though the Major could not be expected to observe—that he had such an estimate of his own attractions as led him to seize very eagerly on any evidences of liking for Harry’s position rather than of preference for Harry himself, which Janie’s letter might be considered to afford. The Major, in fact, had a case; good argument made

it seem a good case. It is something to have a case that can be argued at all; morality has a sad habit of leaving us without a leg to stand on. In the afternoon of that day Duplay went down to Fairholme. Miss Swinkerton passed him on the road and smiled sagaciously. Oh, if Miss S. had known the truth about his errand! A gossip in ignorance has pathos as a spectacle.

Mr. Neeld was still at Fairholme; he had been pressed to stay and needed little pressing; in fact in default of the pressure he would probably have taken lodgings in the town. He could not go away; he had seen Addie Tristram buried, and her son walking behind the coffin, clad in his new dignity. His mind was full of the situation. Yet he had shrunk from discussing it further with Mina Zabriska. The family anxiety about Janie's love affair had been all round him. Now he suspected strongly that some issue was being decided upon. He ought to speak, to break his word to Mina and speak—or he ought to go. From day to day he meant to go and cease to accept the hospitality which his silence seemed to abuse. But he did not go. These internal struggles were new in his placid and estimable life: this affair of Harry Tristram's had a way of putting people in strange and difficult positions.

“Mind you say nothing—nothing—nothing.” That sentence had reached him on the reverse side of an invitation to take tea at Merrion—a vague some-day-when-you're-passing sort of invitation, in Neeld's eyes plainly and merely a pretext for writing and an opportunity of conveying the urgent little scrawl on the other side. It arrived at mid-day; in the afternoon Duplay had come and was now alone with Iver.

The outward calm of the grey-haired old gentleman who sat on the lawn at Fairholme holding a weekly review upside down, was no index to the alarming and disturbing questions which were agitating him within. At the end of a blameless life it is hard to discover that you must do one of two things and that, whichever you do, you will feel like a villain. The news that Josiah Cholderton's Journal was going off very

fairly well with the trade had been unable to give its editor any consolation; he did not care about the Journal now.

Iver came out and sat down beside him without speaking. Neeld hastily restored his paper to a position more befitting its dignity and became apparently absorbed in an article on *Shyness in Elephants*; the subject was treated with a wealth of illustration and in a vein of introspective philosophy exceedingly instructive. But it was all wasted on Mr. Neeld. He was waiting for Iver; no man could be so silent unless he had something important to say or to leave unsaid. And Iver was not even smoking the cigar which he always smoked after tea. Neeld could bear it no longer; he got up and was about to move away.

"Stop, Neeld. Do you mind sitting down again for a moment?"

Neeld could do nothing but comply. The review fell on the ground by him and he ceased to struggle with the elephants.

"I want to ask your opinion——"

"My dear Iver, my opinion! Oh, I'm not a business man, and——"

"It's not business. You know Major Duplay? What do you think of him?"

"I—I've always found him very agreeable."

"Yes, so have I. And I've always thought him honest, haven't you?"

Neeld admitted that he had no reason to impugn the Major's character.

"And I suppose he's sane," Iver pursued. "But he's just been telling me the most extraordinary thing." He paused a moment. "I daresay you've noticed something between Janie and young Tristram? I may as well tell you that she has just consented to marry him. But I don't want to talk about that except so far as it comes into the other matter—which it does very considerably." He laid his hand on Neeld's knee. "Neeld, Duplay came and told me that Harry Tristram has

no title to the peerage or to Blent. I'm not going to trouble you with the details now. It comes to this—Harry was born before, not after, the marriage of his parents. Duplay says Mina knows all about it and will give us information that will make the proof easy. That's a tolerably startling story, eh? One's prepared for something where Lady Tristram was involved, but this——!"

It was fortunate that he did not glance at Neeld; Neeld had tried to appear startled, but had succeeded only in looking supremely miserable. But Iver's eyes were gazing straight in front of him under brows that frowned heavily.

"Now what I want you to do," he resumed, "and I'm sure you won't refuse me, is this. I'm inclined to dismiss the whole thing as a blunder. I believe Duplay's honest, but I think certain facts in his own position have led him to be too ready to believe a mere yarn. But I've consented to see Mina and hear what she has to say. And I said I should bring you as a witness. I go to Merrion Lodge to-morrow for this purpose, and I shall rely on you to accompany me." With that the cigar made its appearance; Iver lit it and lay back in his chair, frowning still in perplexity and vexation. He had not asked his friend's opinion but his services. It was characteristic of him not to notice this fact. And the fact did nothing to relieve Neeld's piteous embarrassment.

"I knew it all along"; he might say that. "I know nothing about it"; he might act that. Or he might temporise for a little while. This was what he did.

"It would make a great difference if this were true?" His voice shook, but Iver was absorbed.

"An enormous difference," said Iver (Lady Tristram herself had once said the same). "I marry my daughter to Lord Tristram of Blent or to—to whom? You'll call that snobbishness, or some people would. I say it's not snobbish in us new men to consider that. It's the right thing for us to do, Neeld. Other things equal—if the man's a decent fellow and the girl likes him—I say it's the right thing for us to do.

That's the way it always has happened, and the right way too."

Mr. Neeld nodded. He had sympathy with these opinions.

"But if it's true, why, who's Harry Tristram? Oh, I know it's all a fluke, a damned fluke, if you like, Neeld, and uncommonly hard on the boy. But the law's the law, and for my own part I'm not in favour of altering it. Now do you suppose I want my daughter to marry him, if it's true?"

"I suppose you wouldn't," murmured Neeld.

"And there's another thing. Duplay says Harry knows it—Duplay swears he knows it. Well then, what's he doing? In my opinion he's practising a fraud. He knows he isn't what he pretends to be. He deceives me, he deceives Janie. If the thing ever comes out, where is she? He's treated us very badly if it's true."

The man, ordinarily so calm and quiet in his reserved strength, broke out into vehemence as he talked of what Harry Tristram had done if the Major's tale were true. Neeld asked himself what his host would say of a friend who knew the story to be true and yet said nothing of it. He perceived, too, that although Iver would not have forced his daughter's inclination, yet the marriage was very good in his eyes, the proper end and the finest crown to his own career. This had never come home to Neeld with any special force before. Iver was English of the English in his repression, in his habit of meeting both good and bad luck with—well, with something of a grunt. But he was stirred now; the suddenness of the thing had done it. And in face of his feelings how stood Mr. Neeld? He saw nothing admirable in how and where he stood.

"Well, we'll see Mina and hear if she's got anything to say. Fancy that little monkey being drawn into a thing like this! Meanwhile we'll say nothing. I don't believe it and I shall want a lot of convincing. Until I am convinced everything stands as it did. I rely on you for that, Neeld—and I rely on you to come to Merrion to-morrow. Not a word to my

wife—above all, not a word to Janie!” He got up, took possession of Neeld’s review, and walked off into the house with his business-like quick stride.

Neeld sat there, slowly rubbing his hands against one another between his knees. He was realising what he had done, or rather what had happened to him. When his life, his years, and what he conceived to be his character were considered, it was a very surprising thing, this silence of his—the conspiracy he had entered into with Mina Zabriska, the view of duty which the Imp, or Harry, or the thought of beautiful Addie Tristram, or all of them together, had made him take. So strange a view for him! To run counter to law, to outrage good sense, to slight the claims of friendship, to suppress the truth, to aid what Iver so relentlessly called a fraud—all these were strange doings for him to be engaged in. And why had he done it? The explanation was as strange as the things that he invoked it to explain. Still rubbing his hands, palm against palm, to and fro, he said very slowly, with wonder and reluctance:

“I was carried away. I was carried away by—by romance.”

The word made him feel a fool. Yet what other word was there for the overwhelming unreasoning feeling that, at the cost of everything, the Tristrams, mother and son, must keep Blent, the son living and the mother dead; that the son must dwell there and the spirit of the mother be about him she loved in the spot that she had graced? It was very rank romance indeed—no other word for it! And—wildest paradox!—it all came out of editing Josiah Cholderton’s Journal.

Before he had made any progress in unravelling his skein of perplexities he saw Janie coming across the lawn. She took the chair her father had left, and seemed to take her father’s mood with it; the same oppressive silence settled on her. Neeld broke it this time.

“You don’t look very merry, Miss Janie,” he said, smiling at her and achieving a plausible jocularity.

"Why should I, Mr. Neeld?" She glanced at him. "Oh, has father told you anything?"

"Yes, that you're engaged. You know how truly I desire your happiness, my dear." With a pretty courtesy the old man took her hand and kissed it, baring his grey hair the while.

"You're very very kind. Yes, I've promised to marry Harry Tristram. Not yet, you know. And it isn't to be announced. But I've promised."

He stole a glance at her, and then another. She did not look merry indeed. Neeld knew his ignorance of feminine things, and made guesses with proper diffidence; but he certainly fancied she had been crying—or very near it—not so long ago. Yet the daughter of William Iver was sensible, and not given to silly tears.

"I think I've done right," she said—as she had said when she wrote to Mina. "Everybody will be pleased. Father's very pleased." Suddenly she put out her hand and took hold of his, giving it a tight grip. "Oh, but, Mr. Neeld, I've made somebody so unhappy."

"I daresay, my dear, I daresay. I was a young fellow once. I daresay."

"And he says nothing about it. He wished me joy—and he does wish me joy too. I've no right to talk to you, to tell you, or anything. I don't believe people think girls ever mind making men unhappy; but they do."

"If they like the men?" This suggestion at least was not too difficult for him.

"Yes, when they like them, when they're old friends, you know. I only spoke to him for a moment, I only just met him on the road. I don't suppose I shall ever talk to him about it, or about anything in particular, again." She squeezed Neeld's hand a second time, and then withdrew her own.

This was unknown country again for Mr. Neeld; his sense of being lost grew more acute. These were not the sort of problems which had occupied his life; but they seemed now to

him no less real, hardly less important. It was only a girl wondering if she had done right. Yet he felt the importance of it.

"You can't help the unhappiness," he said. "You must go to the man you love, my dear."

With a little start she turned and looked at him for an instant. Then she murmured in a perfunctory fashion.

"Yes, I must make the best choice I can, of course." She added after a pause, "But I wish——"

Words or the inclination to speak failed her again, and she relapsed into silence.

As he sat there beside her, silent too, his mind travelled back to what her father had said; and slowly he began to understand. No doubt she liked Harry, even as her father did. No doubt she thought he would be a good husband, as Iver had thought him a good fellow. But it became plain to the searcher after truth that not to her any more than to her father was it nothing that Harry was Tristram of Blent. Her phrases about doing right and making the right choice included a reference to that, even if that were not their whole meaning. She had mentioned her father's pleasure—everybody's pleasure. That pleasure would be found largely in seeing her Lady Tristram. What then would she have to say on the question that so perplexed Mr. Neeld? Would she not echo Iver's accusation of fraud against Harry Tristram and (as a consequence) against those who aided and abetted him? Would she understand or accept as an excuse the plea that Neeld had been led away by romance or entrapped into a conspiracy by Mina Zabriská? No. She too would call out "Fraud, fraud!" and he did not blame her. He called himself a fool for having been led away by romance, by unreasoning feeling. Should he blame her because she was not led away? His disposition was to praise her for a choice so wise and to think that she had done very right in accepting Lord Tristram of Blent. Aye, Lord Tristram of Blent! Precisely! Deep despair settled on Mr. Neeld's baffled mind.

Meanwhile Duplay walked home, the happier for having crossed his Rubicon. He had opened his campaign with all the success he could have expected. Like a wise man, Iver held nothing true till it was proved; but like a wise man also he dubbed nothing a lie merely because it was new or improbable. And on the whole he had done the Major justice. He had smiled for a moment when he hinted that Duplay and Harry were not very cordial; the Major met him by a straightforward recognition that this was true, and by an indirect admission of the reason. As to this latter Iver had dropped no word; but he would give Duplay a hearing. Now it remained only to bring Mina to reason. If she spoke, the case would be so strong as to demand inquiry. The relief in Duplay's mind was so great that he could not explain it until he realised that his niece's way of treating him had so stuck in his memory that he had been prepared to be turned from Iver's doors with contumely. Such an idea seemed absurd now, and the Major laughed.

Mina was strange, Duplay never ceased to think that. They had parted on impossible terms; but now, as soon as he appeared, she ran at him with apparent pleasure and with the utmost eagerness. She asked nothing about his expedition either, though she could easily have guessed where he had been and for what purpose. She almost danced as she cried,

"I've seen her! I've been talking to her! I met her in the meadow near Matson's cottage, and she asked me the way back to Blent. Uncle, she's wonderful!"

"Who are you talking about?"

"Why, Cecily Gainsborough, of course. I just remember how Lady Tristram spoke. She speaks the same way exactly! I can't describe it, but it's the sort of voice that makes you want to do anything in the world it asks. Don't you know? She told me a lot about herself; then she talked about Blent. She's full of it; she admires it most tremendously——"

"That's all right," interrupted Duplay with a malicious smile. "Because, so far as I can understand, she happens to own it."

"What?" The Imp stood frozen into stillness.

"You've been talking to Lady Tristram of Blent," he added with a nod. "Though I suppose you didn't tell her so?"

"To Lady Tristram of Blent!" She had never once thought of that while they talked. The shock of the idea was great, so great that Mina forgot to repudiate it, or to show any indignation at Harry's claims being passed by in contemptuous silence. All the while they talked, she had thought of the girl as far removed from Blent, as even more of a visitor to the countryside than she herself was, a wonderful visitor indeed, but no part of their life. And she was—well, at the least she was heir to Blent! How had she forgotten that? The persistent triumph of Duplay's smile marked his sense of the success of his sally.

"Yes, and she'll be installed there before many months are out," he went on. "So I hope you made yourself pleasant, Mina?"

Mina gave him one scornful glance, as she passed by him and ran out on to her favourite terrace. There was a new thing to look and to wonder at in Blent. The interest, the sense of concern in Blent and its affairs, which the news of the engagement had blunted and almost destroyed, revived in her now. She forgot the prose of that marriage arrangement and turned eagerly to the poetry of Cecily Gainsborough, of the poor girl there in the house that was hers, unwitting guest of the man who was— The Imp stopped herself with rude abruptness. What had she been about to say, what had she been about to think? The guest of the man who was robbing her? That had been it. But no, no, no! She did not think that. Confused in her mind by this new idea, none the less she found her sympathy going out to Harry again. He was not a robber; it was his own. The blood, she cried still, and not the law! But what was to be done about Cecily Gainsborough? Was she to go back to the little house in London, was she to go back to ugliness, to work, to short commons? There seemed no way out. Between the old and the new attraction, the old

allegiance and the new claim to homage that Cecily made, Mina Zabriska stood bewildered. She had a taste now of the same perplexity that she had done so much to bring on poor Mr. Neeld at Fairholme. Yet not quite the same. He did not know what he ought to do; she did not feel sure of what she wanted. Both stood undecided. Mr. Cholderton's Journal was still at its work of disturbing people's minds.

But Major Duplay was well content with the day's work. If his niece had a divided mind she would be easier to bend to his will. He did not care who had Blent, if only it passed from Harry. But it was a point gained if Mina could think of its passing from Harry to somebody who would be welcome to her there. Then she would tell the story which she had received from her mother, and the first battle against Harry Tristram would be won. The excitement of fighting was on the Major now. He would neither pity the enemy nor distrust his own cause till the strife was done.

Amongst all the indecision there was about, Duplay had the merit of a clear vision of his own purpose and his own desires.

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE LONG GALLERY

THE man with whom the fighters and the doubters were concerned, in whose defence or attack efforts and hopes were enlisted, round whom hesitation and struggles gathered, was thinking very little about his champions or his enemies. No fresh whispers of danger had come to Harry Tristram's ears. He knew nothing of Neeld, and could not think of that quiet old gentleman as a possible menace to his secret. He trusted Mina Zabriska, and relied on the influence which he had proved himself to possess over her. He did not believe that Duplay would stick to his game, and was not afraid of him if he did. The engagement was accomplished; the big cheque, or the prospect of it, lay ready to his hand; his formal proofs,

perfect so long as they were unassailed, awaited the hour when formal proofs would be required. To all appearance he was secure in his inheritance and buttressed against any peril. No voice was raised, no murmur was heard, to impugn the right of the new Lord Tristram of Blent. The object of all those long preparations which had occupied his mother and himself for so many years was achieved. He sat in Addie Tristram's place, and none said him nay.

His mind was not much on these matters at all. Even his engagement occupied him very little. Janie's letter had arrived and had been read. It came at midday, and the evening found it still unacknowledged. It had broken in from outside, as it were, intruding like something foreign into the life that he had begun to live on the evening before Addie Tristram was buried, the evening when for an instant he had thought he saw her phantom by the Pool; a life foreshadowed by the new mood which Mina had noticed in him while Lady Tristram still lived, but brought into reality by the presence of another. It seemed a new life coming to one who was almost a new man, so much of the unexpected in him did it reveal to himself. He had struggled against it, saying that the Monday morning would see an end of this unlooked-for episode of feeling and of companionship. Accident stepped in; Gainsborough lay in bed with a chill and could not move. Harry acquiesced in the necessity of his remaining, not exactly with pleasure, rather with a sense that something had begun to happen, not by his will, but affecting him deeply. What would come of it he did not know; that it would end in a day or two, that it would be only an episode and leave no permanent mark, seemed now almost impossible; it was fraught with something bigger than that.

But with what? He had no reasoned idea; he was unable to reason. He was passive in the hands of the feelings, the impressions, the fancies that laid hold of him. Addie Tristram's death had moved him strangely; then came that hardly natural, eerily fascinating reminiscence—no, it was more than that—that re-embodiment or resurrection of her in the girl who

moved and talked and sat like her, who had her ways though not her face, her eyes set in another frame, her voice renewed in youthful richness, the very turns of her head, even her old trick of sticking out her foot. He scowled sometimes, he was surprised into laughter sometimes; at another moment he would rebel against the malicious power that seemed to be having a joke with him; for the most part he looked, and looked, and looked, unwilling to miss a single one of the characteristic touches which had been Addie Tristram's belongings, and which he had never expected to see again after her spirit had passed away. And the outcome of all his looking was still the same as the effect of his first impression on the evening before the funeral—a sort of despair. A thing was there which he did not know how to deal with.

And she was so happy, so absurdly happy. She had soon found that he expected no conventional solemnity; he laughed himself at the idea of Addie Tristram wanting people to pull long faces, and keep them long when pulled, because she had laid her burden down and was at peace. Cecily found she might be merry, and merry she was. A new life had come to her too, a life of river and trees and meadows; deeper than that, a life of beauty about her. She absorbed it with a native thirst. There was plenty of it, and she had been starved so long. She seized on Blent and enjoyed it to its full. She enjoyed Harry too, laughing now when he stared at her and making him laugh, yet herself noting all his ways, his pride, his little lordlinesses—these grew dear to her—his air of owning the countryside, and making no secret of her own pleasure in being part of the family and in living in the house that owned the countryside. It is to be feared that Mr. Gainsborough and his chill were rather neglected, but he got on very well with Addie Tristram's ancient maid; she had the nobility at her fingers' ends, and even knew something about their pedigrees. Cecily was free, or assumed the freedom, to spend her time with Harry, or, if he failed her, at least with and among the things that belonged to him and had belonged to beautiful Addie Tristram who had been like her—so Harry said, and

Cecily treasured the thought, teasing him now sometimes, as they grew intimate, with a purposed repetition of a pose or trick that she had first displayed unconsciously, and found had power to make him frown or smile. She smiled herself in mischievous triumph when she hit her mark, or she would break into the rich gurgle of delight that he remembered hearing from his young mother when he himself was a child. The life was to her all pure delight; she had no share in the thoughts that often darkened his brow, no knowledge of the thing which again and again filled him with that wondering despair.

On the evening of the day when Major Duplay went to Fairholme, the two sat together in the garden after dinner. It was nine o'clock, a close still night, with dark clouds now and then slowly moving off and on to the face of a moon nearly full. They had been silent for some minutes, sipping coffee. Cecily pointed to the row of windows in the left wing of the house.

"I've never been there," she said. "What's that?"

"The Long Gallery—all one long room, you know," he answered.

"One room! All that! What's in it?"

"Well, everything mostly," he smiled. "All our treasures, and our pictures, and so on."

"Why haven't you taken me there?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "You never asked me," he said.

"Well, will you take me there now—when you've finished your cigar?"

There was a pause before he answered, "Yes, if you like." He turned to the servant who had come to take away the coffee. "Light up the Long Gallery at once."

"Yes, my lord." A slight surprise broke through the respectful acceptance of the order.

"It was lighted last for my mother, months ago," Harry said, as though he were explaining his servant's surprise. "She sat there the last evening before she took to her room."

"Is that why you haven't taken me there?"

"I expect it is." His tone was not very confident.

"And you don't much want to now?"

"No, I don't know that I do." But his reluctance seemed vague and weak.

"Oh, I must go," Cecily decided, "but you needn't come unless you like, you know."

"All right, you go alone," he agreed.

Window after window sprang into light. "Ah!" murmured Cecily in satisfaction; and Mina Zabriska saw the illumination from the terrace of Merrion on the hill. Cecily rose, waved her hand to Harry, and ran off into the house with a laugh. The next moment he saw her figure in the first window; she threw it open, waved her hand again, and again laughed; the moon, clear for a moment, shone on her face and turned it pale.

He sat watching the lighted windows. From time to time she darted into sight: once he heard the big window at the end facing the river flung open, the next instant she was in sight at the other extremity of the Gallery. Evidently she was running about, examining all the things. She came to a window presently and cried, "I wish you'd come and tell me all about it." "I don't think I will," he called back. "Oh, well——!" she laughed impatiently, and disappeared. Minutes passed and he did not see her again; she must have settled down somewhere, he supposed; or perhaps her interest was exhausted and she had gone off to her father's room. No, there she was, flitting past a window again. His reluctance gave way before curiosity and attraction. Flinging away his cigar, he got up and walked slowly into the house.

The passage outside the Gallery was dimly lighted, and the door of the Gallery was open. Harry stood in the shadow unseen, watching intently every movement of the girl's. She was looking at a case of miniatures and medals, memorials of beauties and of warriors. She turned from them to the picture of an Elizabethan countess, splendid in ruff and rich in embroidery. She caught up a candle and held it over her head, up towards the picture. Then setting the candle down she ran to the end window and looked out on the night. Addie

Tristram's tall arm-chair still stood by the window. Cecily threw herself into it, sighing and stretching her arms in a delighted weariness. Mina Zabriska could make out a figure in the Long Gallery now.

Slowly and irresolutely Harry Tristram came in; Cecily's face was not turned towards the door, and he stood unnoticed just within the threshold. His eyes ranged round the room but came back to Cecily. She was very quiet, but he saw her breast rise and fall in quick breathing. She was stirred and moved. A strange agitation, an intensity of feeling, came over him as he stood there motionless, everything seeming motionless around him, while his ancestors and hers looked down on them from the walls, down on their successors. The Lords of Blent were about him. Their trophies and their treasures decked the room. And she sat there in Addie Tristram's chair, in Addie Tristram's place, in Addie Tristram's attitude. Did the dead know the secret? Did the pictures share it? Who was to them the Lord of Blent?

He shook off these idle fancies—a man should not give way to them—and walked up the room with a steady assured tread. Even then she did not seem to hear him till he spoke.

"Well, do you like it?" he asked, leaning against a table in the middle of the upper part of the room, a few feet from the chair where she sat. Now Mina Zabriska made out two figures, cast up by the bright light against the darkness, and watched them with an eagerness that had no reason in it.

"Like it!" she cried, springing to her feet, running to him, holding out her hands. "Like it! Oh, Harry! Why, it's better than all the rest. Better, even better!"

"It's rather a jolly room," said Harry. "The pictures and all the things about make it look well."

"Oh, I'm not going to say anything if you talk like that. You don't feel like that!—'Rather a jolly room!' That's what one says if the inn parlour's comfortable. This isn't a room—It's—it's——"

"Shall we call it a temple?" he suggested, smiling.

"I believe it's heaven—the private particular Tristram heaven. They're all here!" She waved towards the pictures. "Here in a heaven of their own."

"And we're allowed to visit it before we die?"

"Yes. At least I am. You let me visit it. It belongs to you—to the dead and you."

"Do you want to stay here any longer?" he asked with a sudden roughness.

"Yes, lots longer," she laughed defiantly, quite undismayed. "You needn't, though. You'll have it all your life. Perhaps I shall never have it again. Father's better! And I don't know if you'll ever ask us here again. You never did before, you know. So I mean to have all of it I can get." She darted away from him and ran back to the miniatures. A richly ornamented sword hung on the wall just above them. This caught her notice; she took it down and unsheathed it.

"*Henricus Baro Tristram de Blent*," she spelt out from the enamelled steel. "*Per Ensem Justitia*. What does that mean? No, I know. Rather a good motto, cousin Harry. 'That he shall take who has the power, and he shall keep who can!' That was his justice, I expect!"

"Do you quarrel with it? If this was all yours, would you give it up?"

"Not without a fight!" she laughed. "'*Per Ensem Justitia!*'" She waved the blade.

Harry left her busy with the things that were so great a delight and walked to the window at the other end of the long room. Thence he watched, now her, now the clouds that lounged off and on to the moon's disc. More and more, though, his eyes were caught by her and glued to her; she was the centre of the room; it seemed all made and prepared for her even as it had seemed for Addie Tristram. The motto ran in his head—*Per Ensem Justitia*. What was the justice and what the sword? He awoke to the cause of the changed mood in him and of the agitation in which he had been living. It was nothing to defy the law, to make light of a dry abstraction, to find right against it in his blood. His opponent

now was no more the law, it was no more even some tiresome, unknown, unrealised girl in London, with surroundings most unpicturesque and associations that had no power to touch his heart. Here was the enemy, this creature whose every movement claimed the blood that was hers, whose coming repaired the loss Blent had suffered in losing Addie Tristram, whose presence crowned its charms with a new glory. Nature that fashioned her in the Tristram image—had it not put in her hand the sword by which she should win Justice? The thought passed through his mind now without a shock; he seemed to see her mistress of Blent; for the moment he forgot himself as any one save an onlooker; he did not seem concerned.

Once more he roused himself. He had fallen into a fear of the fancies that threatened to carry him he did not know where. He wanted to get away from this room with its suggestions, and from the presence that gave them such force.

"Aren't you ready yet?" he called to her. "It's getting late."

"Are you still there?" she cried back in a gay affectation of surprise. "I'd forgotten all about you, I thought I had it to myself. I was trying to think it was all mine."

"Shall we go downstairs?" His voice was hard and constrained.

"No, I won't," she said, squarely. "I can't go. It's barely ten o'clock. Come, we'll talk here. You smoke—or is that high treason?—and I'll sit here." She threw herself into Addie Tristram's great chair. There was a triumphant gaiety in her air that spoke of her joy in all about her, of her sense of the boundless satisfaction that her surroundings gave. "I love it all so much," she murmured, half perhaps to herself, yet still as a plea to him that he would not seek to hurry her from the place.

Harry turned away, again with that despair on him. She gave him permission to go, but he could not leave her—neither her nor now the room. Yet he was afraid that he could not answer for himself if he stayed. It was too strange that every association, and every tradition, and every emotion which had through all the years seemed to justify and even to sanctify his

own position and the means he was taking to preserve it, should in two or three days begin to desert him, and should now in this hour openly range themselves against him and on her side; so that all he invoked to aid him pleaded for her, all that he had prayed to bless him and his enterprise blessed her and cursed the work to which he had put his hand.

Which of them could best face the world without Blent? Which of them could best look the world in the face having Blent? These were the questions that rose in his mind with tempestuous insistence.

"I could sit here for ever," she murmured, a lazy enjoyment succeeding to the agile movements of her body and the delighted agitation of her nerves. "It just suits me to sit here, cousin Harry. Looking like a great lady!" Her eyes challenged him to deny that she looked the part to perfection. She glanced through the window. "I met that funny little Madame Zabriska who lives up at Merrion Lodge to-day. She seems very anxious to know all about us."

"Madame Zabriska has a healthy—or unhealthy—curiosity." The mention of Mina was a new prick. Mina knew; suddenly he hated that she should know.

"Is she in love with you?" asked Cecily, mockingly, yet languidly, indeed as a great lady might inquire about the less exalted, condescending to be amused.

"Nobody's in love with me, not even the girl who's going to marry me."

"To marry you?" She sat up, looking at him. "Are you engaged?"

"Yes, to Janie Iver. You know who I mean?"

"Yes, I know. You're going to be married to her?"

"I asked her a week ago. To-day she wrote to say she'd have me." He was on his feet even as he spoke. "To marry me and to marry all this, you know."

She was too sympathetic to waste breath on civil pretences.

"To be mistress here? To own this? To be Lady Tristram of Blent?"

"Yes. To have what—what I'm supposed to have," said he.

Cecily regarded him intently for another moment. Then she sank back into Addie Tristram's great armchair, asking, "Will she do it well?"

"No," said Harry. "She's a good sort, but she won't do it well."

Cecily sighed and turned her head towards the window.

"Why do you do it? Do you care for her?"

"I like her. And I want money. She's very rich. Money might be useful to me."

"You seem very rich. Why do you want money?"

"I might want it."

There was silence for a moment. "Well, I hope you'll be happy," she said presently.

She herself was the reason—the embodied reason (was reason ever more fairly embodied?), why he was going to marry Janie Iver. The monstrosity of it rose before his mind. When he told of his engagement, there had been for an instant a look in her eyes. Wonder it was at least. Was it disappointment? Was it at all near to consternation? She sat very still now; her gaiety was gone. She was like Addie Tristram still, but like Addie when the hard world used her ill, when there were aches to be borne and sins to be reckoned with. As he watched her, yet another new thing came upon him, or a thing that seemed to be as new as the last quarter chimed by the old French clock on the mantel-piece, and yet might date back so long as three days ago. Even now it hardly reached consciousness, certainly did not attain explicitness. It was still rather that Janie was no mistress for Blent and that this girl was the ideal. It was Blent still rather than himself, Blent's mistress rather than his. But it was enough to set a new edge on his questioning. Was he to be the man—he who looked on her now and saw how fair she was—he to be the man to deny her her own, to rob her of her right, to parade before the world in the trappings which were hers? It was all so strange, so overwhelming. He dropped into a chair by him and pressed his hand across his brow. A low murmur, almost a groan, escaped him in the tumult of his soul.

"My God!" he whispered, in a whisper that seemed to echo through the room.

"Harry! Are you unhappy?" In an instant she was by him. "What is it? I don't understand. You tell me you're engaged, and you look so unhappy. Why do you marry her if you don't love her? Are you giving her all this—and yourself—you yourself—without loving her? Dear Harry—yes, you've been very good to me—dear Harry, why?"

"Go back," he said. "Go back to your chair. Go and sit there."

With wonder in her eyes, and a smile fresh-born on her lips, she obeyed him.

"Well?" she said. "You're very odd. But—why?"

"I'm marrying her for Blent's sake—and I think she's marrying me for Blent's sake."

"I call that horrible."

"No." He sprang to his feet. "If Blent was yours, what would you do to keep it?"

"Everything," she answered. "Everything—except sell myself, Harry."

She was superb. By a natural instinct, all affectation forgotten, she had thrown herself into Addie Tristram's attitude. There was the head on the bend of the arm, there was the dainty foot stuck out. There was all the defiance of a world insensate to love, greedy to find sin, dull to see grace and beauty, blind to a woman's self while it cavilled at a woman's deeds.

"Everything except sell yourself?" he repeated, his eyes set on her face.

"Yes—'Per Ensem Justitia!'" she laughed. "But not lies, and not buying and selling, Harry."

"My word is given. I must marry her now."

"Better fling Blent away!" she flashed out in a brilliant indignation.

"And if I did that?"

"A woman would love you for yourself," she cried, leaning forward to him with hands clasped.

Again he rose and paced the length of the Long Gallery. The moment was come. There was a great alliance against him. He fought still. At every step he took he came to something that still was his, that he prized, that he loved, that meant much to him, that typified his position as Tristram of Blent. A separate pang waited on every step, a great agony rose in him with the thought that he might be walking this room as its master for the last time. Yes, it had come to that. For against all, threatening to conquer all, was the girl who sat in his mother's chair, her very body asserting the claim that her thoughts did not know and her mouth could not utter. And yet his mood had affected her. The upturned eyes were full of excitement, the parted lips waited for a word from him. Mina Zabriska had left her terrace and gone to bed, declaring that she was still on Harry's side ; but she was not with him in this fight.

He returned to Cecily and stood by her. The sympathy between them kept her still ; she watched, she waited. For minutes he was silent ; all thought of time was gone. Now she knew that he had something great to say. Was it that he would and could have no more to do with Janie Iver, that another had come, that his word must go, and that he loved her ? She could hardly believe that. It was so short a time since he had seen her. Yet why could it not be true of him, if it were true of her ? And was it not ? Else why did she hang on his words and keep her eyes on his ? Else why was it so still in the room, as though the world too waited for speech from his lips ?

"I can't do it!" burst from him suddenly. "By God! I can't do it."

"What, Harry?" The words were no more than breathed. He came right up to her and caught her by the arm.

"You see all that—everything here? You love it?"

"Yes."

"As much as I do? As much as I do?" His self-control was gone. She made no answer ; she could not understand.

With an effort he mastered himself.

"Yes, you love it," he said, and a smile came on his face. "I'm glad you love it. As God lives, unless you'd loved it I'd have spoken not a word of this. But you're one of us, you're a Tristram. I don't know the real rights of it, but I'll run no risk of cheating a Tristram. You love it all?"

"Yes, yes, Harry. But why, dear Harry, why?"

"Why? Because it's yours."

He let go her hand and reeled back a step.

"Mine? What do you mean?" she cried. Still the idea, the wild idea, that he offered it with himself was in her mind.

"It's yours, not mine—it's never been mine. You're the owner of it. You're Tristram of Blent."

"I—I Tristram of Blent?" She was utterly bewildered. For he was not a lover—no lover ever spoke like that.

"Yes, I say, yes." His voice rose imperiously as it pronounced the words that threw away his rule. "You're Lady Tristram of Blent."

She did not understand; yet she believed. He spoke so that he must be believed.

"This is all yours—yours—yours. You're Tristram of Blent."

She rose to her height, and stood facing him.

"And you? And you?"

"I? I'm—Harry."

"Harry? Harry? Harry what?"

He smiled as he looked at her; as his eyes met hers he smiled.

"Harry what? Harry nothing," he said. "Harry Nothing at all."

He turned and left her alone in the room. She sank back into the great arm-chair where Addie Tristram had been wont to sit.

(To be continued.)