THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

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THE GERMAN STAFF ON THE BOER WAR[1]

FROM one point of view war is a kind of examination, for which nations must enter from time to time. It is conducted in public, and may be very trying to the nerves of the candidate ; for the spectators, as we in England have reason to know and as Russia is beginning to find out, are too often cruelly pleased at the embarrassment of their neighbour, and strangely forgetful that they are themselves liable to and perhaps even less prepared against the same rough handling. In the end, we hope and believe, the more worthy win : but for old and great nations, in whose life war is a recurring incident, and the final result very remote, it is not so much the immediate prize that is of interest as the report of the examiners upon the merits shown during the ordeal. It is but yesterday that we ourselves passed our latest examination ; of the many Boards which have reported on our efforts, probably the most competent and impartial is the Historical Section of the German General Staff, and their verdict is given happily after an interval which has taken from us all restiveness under fair criticism, while leaving the keenness of our interest still undiminished.

[1] "The War in South Africa, 1899–1902." Prepared in the Historical Section of the German General Staff, Berlin. Authorised Translation by Colonel W. H. H. Waters, R.A., C.V.O., late Military Attaché to H.M. Embassy at Berlin. 15*s.* net. John Murray, 1904.

We are fortunate indeed in our judges. They have mingled with the cold and the bitter not only pleasanter elements duly and ungrudgingly measured, but when possible something still more generous and cordial: a soldierly admiration, a chivalrous touch of comradeship. If the German people three years ago had thought and spoken of us in the spirit of the German Staff, they would to-day have no friendship so strong to lean upon as that of the English nation. The opportunity was lost; it will be as unfortunate and as discreditable to us if we in our turn shout in unmannerly exultation over the disasters of another great civilising power, betrayed as we were betrayed by the recklessness and incompetence of officials. And even such exultation is not the worst of the crimes that may be committed by ignorant savagery, as we cannot but remember when we read the following tardy vindication:

> In view of the many errors which were disseminated at the time by a badly informed Press throughout the whole world, as to the conduct of the war by the English, it seems to be the duty of a truth-loving historical account, compiled from a knowledge of the actual circumstances, to lay stress upon the fact that the behaviour of the British was invariably thoroughly chivalrous and humane, so long as they were opposed by the regular Boer forces, which were distinguishable as such.

The sterner measures after the capture of Bloemfontein are accounted for as a consequence of the enemy's adoption of guerilla tactics, which "not only explains much of their severity, but also justifies it." The English authorities acted "in the majority of cases, only in accordance with their duty, and the justifiable protection of the lives of those under their command." To the end of this paragraph is appended, very significantly, a foot-note giving the evidence of a German eye-witness as to the finding in Cronje's laager of "numbers of Mauser cartridges with the points of the bullets cut off" and other unlawful ammunition. Yet upon the capture of this army

> the troops followed the good example of the Commander-in Chief, making a point of providing their half-starved prisoners with food and drink, each man

sharing, in the most liberal manner, the little he had, while the Boers were also treated with every consideration in other respects.

The foot-note to this, by a German officer who was captured among the Boers, is even more emphatic. *Sed nostros novimus olim.*

Not less ample is the recognition accorded to the courage and endurance of the troops and to the personal character of the generals. A brilliant little sketch is given of Lord Roberts' career, and we are told that "the nation and the army discerned rightly in him a leader equal to the most difficult situations of the South African campaign." Lord Kitchener too "had proved himself a soldier of rare ability under extremely difficult conditions."

He was at this time one of the most remarkable officers in the British army. His personality was extremely soldierlike; he was very independent and reserved, and disliked asking the advice of others. Nevertheless he has a deep appreciation for everything really great and lofty: but although deliberate as a rule, he can, on occasion, become impulsive when he is carried away by his temperament.

Both men share the feeling of real enthusiasm for the might and greatness of their country, for which they would sacrifice anything. They have but one military ambition, namely to see England progress along the path of glory and power.

These naïve sentences contain, it is true, indications of a difference between our standpoint and that of the writers; but they are welcome evidence of a friendly spirit, not content with mere abstinence from undeserved or carping criticism. Even more to our taste is the appreciation of General Kelly Kenny upon the occasion of his "galling supersession" by Lord Kitchener, his junior, in the first great advance.

His demeanour towards Lord Kitchener was so perfect throughout that the latter did not even suspect that General Kelly Kenny was dissatisfied. . . . General Kelly Kenny fulfilled a simple soldierly duty by putting all personal considerations on one side for the good of the service, at a moment when the situation itself was causing quite enough friction and difficulties. The true greatness of a strong soldierly character is shown in that modest demeanour and renunciation of self.

This warm and generous tone is to be noticed even in cases where much criticism is dealt out; it accompanies even the uncompromising condemnation of General Buller at Colenso. His ideas are "thoroughly abreast of the times," and his personal bravery undoubted. Though "visibly astonished" by the unexpected outburst of the Boer fire upon Long's guns, he went up to them, "regardless of personal danger," and concentrated his whole attention upon what had taken place there. But what follows is a brief and pitiless story. We will not repeat the words, which cannot be read without a groan; it is enough to say that we believe them to be just, as they are certainly well weighed. The conclusion is that "it was the general and not his gallant force that was defeated. Victory, however, was still possible." Even in this horrible darkness there was a ray of light, if we could have known it. The Ladysmith force was commanded by a soldier so English in his simplicity that when "Buller heliographed . . . that . . . White should burn his cyphers, destroy his guns, fire oft all his ammunition, and make the best terms possible with the general commanding the besiegers," Sir George White "thought this heliogram was an artifice of the Boers." The German Staff consider this "worthy of note": Sir George's countrymen considered it worthy of a Field-Marshal's bâton.

Though in face of the evidence it seems to us impossible to contest the decision as to Colenso, we do not feel that the same is the case with regard to the criticism passed on the conduct of the action at Magersfontein. Assuming that the facts are accurately stated, and making every allowance for the science and experience which have gone to the preparation of the comments upon them, and which are not lightly to be challenged by a non-military judgment, we still venture to think the verdict on Lord Methuen a wrong one; it is, at any rate, based on criticisms which can be shown to be unreasonable and mutually contradictory. In the first paragraph of chap. xii. we are told that "the conduct of the battle of Magersfontein by Lord Methuen was marked by a certain

tenacity of purpose." Notwithstanding the failure of his attack and "the undoubted mistakes which he made, it cannot be denied that he was a cautious leader, who planned everything systematically in order to ensure success . . . but when his Highland Brigade was overtaken by disaster, he appears to have acted the part of a mere spectator." Further, he "rightly decided to continue the action, notwithstanding the mishap to the Highlanders, and it was only in the method adopted that he was wrong."

Passing by the difficulty of picturing a general showing tenacity of purpose by acting the part of a mere spectator, we endeavour to follow out the "method," in which his fault is said to have lain. "His subsequent conduct of the battle forms a complete contrast to his original dispositions, which had been carefully planned," and are pronounced "excellent." Again passing by the obvious objection that a battle continued all day long must offer a complete contrast to any dispositions for a night attack, we continue to follow, and find to our bewilderment that the great mistake was not so much in the subsequent conduct as in the previous preparation—in allowing an interval of some hours to elapse between the bombardment of the day before and the attack at daybreak. The Boers had had time to recover from their shaking, and were only put on their guard by it.

This opinion is probably a correct one; but it is essentially *ex post facto*, and gives little or no ground for criticism of Lord Methuen. The bombardment was in accordance with the approved German plan of attack; and since it could not take place in the dark, an interval was bound to separate it from an assault at dawn, a method declared to be, "considering that the ground was devoid of cover, an excellent one." The failure of modern artillery to demoralise an enemy entrenched in invisible sandpits, or to induce him to unmask his guns, is a new possibility in war, which would have disconcerted a German general probably quite as much as an English one. The commentary accordingly discontinues this line of argument,

and goes on to speak of the shortcomings of our reconnoitring, and of the mistake made in not leaving the Black Watch overnight in its advanced position of the previous day, or even moving it forward to within 900 yards of the trenches. It would then have been easier "to have formed up there later the troops destined to carry out the night attack." In fact, while you are not to bombard your enemy lest he suspect you of a design to attack, you will do well to plant a regiment in broad daylight opposite the spot you intend to rush next morning.

The most serious criticism, however, is one which has already appeared in England, doubtless borrowed from German sources. It is the theory of the "passive spectator," and to a careful reader of this book the reasons for its adoption are fairly evident. It serves two purposes: first, it explains the failure of an offensive action—and the Germans very rightly lose no chance of propping the belief that an attack must always succeed if made in the best way; secondly, it furnishes a striking test for one more discourse on the doctrine of using "the last man" to ensure success.

We do not deny that both these ideas have their value; the former, though not true, is inspiriting; the latter is not only inspiriting, but, within limits, sound. The attempted application of them to the Battle of Magersfontein seems to us to result in a complete justification of Lord Methuen, and the establishment of a proposition very much at variance with pedantic dogma.

If we look at the course of events from the position not of a critic in possession of all that happened on that day, but of a contemporary spectator, we shall see nothing inexplicable, and, so far as Lord Methuen is concerned, little that needs explanation. He had detailed a force sufficient in numbers, and more than satisfactory in reputation, to make the attack; the whole conception was "an excellent one," and though the German Staff preach characteristically upon the failure of reconnaissances to locate the Boer trenches, they practically admit on two

separate occasions that this was not the determining cause of the defeat, since in their opinion a renewed attack by the Highlanders or the Guards should have succeeded after all. The truth about the first part of the action slips out in the words "had not the brigadier fallen just when he did." It must never be forgotten that Lord Methuen had perforce entrusted the conduct of the attack to a subordinate, and this once launched, the success or failure of it was no longer in his own hands. Moreover, General Wauchope was a subordinate to whom it was only right to leave the ordering of every detail, and from whom it was natural to expect the extreme of courage and tenacity. "A hero in the truest sense of the word," the Germans call him; we wish they had more explicitly acknowledged that his last order to charge was also a complete fulfilment of his duty from a tactical point of view. He died upon the very verge of success, and the cause of the failure which immediately followed is justly given in the phrase "if some considerable time had not elapsed before the next senior officer assumed the command." When this was done further difficulty was caused by the fact that this officer remained with his own battalion, which happened to be not in the centre but on the extreme right of the brigade. The moment passed; the successive chances were lost by successive strokes of ill-fortune, all of which were risks naturally involved in a night attack.

There remained the second part of the action, during which it is urged that Lord Methuen might have retrieved the day by a vigorous use of his reserves. We doubt whether any general who has commanded a force in an enemy's territory has ever been so ready to use his "last man" as the German Staff would wish; in this case they have apparently overlooked the inevitable consequences of using the last man, and failing, in a barren country where the army was entirely dependent upon the railway. They have also forgotten that the fall of our besieged towns, though from a military point of view insignificant, would have had a political effect all over the

world which the fall of Metz itself did not produce. Seldom has a general fought under orders so difficult as Lord Methuen; he was imperatively to relieve Kimberley, but never to stake all upon the attempt.

Did he then make the best use of his troops? Could he afford, and did he actually employ, sufficient reinforcements to throw back the Boer left and combine with the Highlanders in a more successful attack? Again the German account destroys itself. On p. 111 he is, after the first failure, "a mere spectator"; on pp. 117 and 119 a very different story is told. Briefly, he ordered the Highlanders to hold on, reinforced them with the Gordons, supported them with guns, and sent the Guards against the Boers, who were trying to outflank them on the right. Once more the truth slips out:

> If Colvile, immediately after his arrival on the scene at 7 A.M. had made a resolute attack, he would have perceived very soon that there was only a weak force of the enemy, in unfinished field works, in front of him; he would then, probably, have scored not only a great success himself, but by transmitting this intelligence to Lord Methuen, he would certainly have rendered the latter an important service.

In fine, Lord Methuen made a second well-devised attempt: a second time, the German Staff tell us, his subordinates failed him. To say then that he was a passive spectator is either untrue, or the phrase must be taken as meaning no more than that he accepted defeat with dignity, where he, personally, had deserved success. But to sum up in this way would be to shake the infallible rules of military science as taught from Berlin; for it would be to admit that in the complexity of a modern battle there may be unforeseen elements, improbable combinations of accidents, sudden breaks in the chain of responsibility; and this would be but one step removed from the heresy that an irresistible attack may sometimes find itself attacking an immovable defence.

We have chosen this particular point upon which to make a brief and diffident protest, not only because the inconsistencies and didactic object of the book are here conspicuously

displayed, but because it shows that in Germany, as in England, Lord Methuen has had less justice than any of our generals in South Africa, with the single exception, perhaps, of Sir Charles Warren. It is a pleasure to turn to the case of General French, whose brilliant services have never before been chronicled with such enthusiasm as they are here. The contrast —to the English reader—between Part I., which contains the two great tragedies of Colenso and Magersfontein, and Part II., which glows with the rising light of victory, brings strikingly to mind the change in our outlook between the middle and end of February 1900. We owe this change, in the opinion of the German Staff, almost entirely to the cavalry and its chief commander. His charge through the last Boer position south of Kimberley is described as "one of the most remarkable phenomena of the war," and the comment follows that "its staggering success shows that in future wars the charge of great masses of cavalry will be by no means a hopeless undertaking, even against troops armed with modern rifles." This touches upon a discussion which we have no need to follow up here, since it has been fought out in the MONTHLY REVIEW between "Eques," whose second paper we print this month, and "Cavalry," whose contribution appeared in February. We are interested, and a little amused, to see that the great cavalry charge, in which we believe both these distinguished soldiers took part, is used by each of them in support of his own argument. The views of "Eques" derive an additional weight from the fact that they accord with those well known to be held by Sir John French, whose practice is certainly good enough to give prestige to his theory. He has much more than the relief of Kimberley to his credit. "The capture of Cronje was chiefly due to the ability with which the cavalry division was handled, and to the skill of its gallant and resolute commander." The account of the heading of the dogged flight by the still more dogged pursuers at Wolves Kraal is most thrilling to read. "The whole Boer army was stopped for an entire day by scarcely more than a thousand

dismounted cavalrymen. This was a very remarkable achievement." It is reassuring, too, to find that in the opinion of our examiners, "under these very difficult circumstances the new Headquarters Staff had proved itself equal to the occasion in every respect," and that, apart from the short crisis in supply (after the loss of the convoy at Waterval Drift) thus successfully dealt with, "an army has seldom been so well provided under equally difficult conditions as was the British army in the South African War." And "the War Office satisfied, in the most brilliant manner, all requirements respecting clothing and equipment."

This report, then, is satisfactory and reassuring in every point but one; and even there there are consolatory reflections left to us. Our fault is this: we are not a military nation; we are amateurs. With every qualification for soldiering, our men will have none of it till the supreme moment comes, and then they must learn in action the more mechanical part of the lessons which the professional has taught himself at leisure. The consolation is that we are so much the safer from the hideous national disease of militarism; and that we preserve an open mind to receive the instruction of circumstances. If we may judge from the comments of the German Staff, professionalism, too, has its own dangers: science is a broken reed if its inductions are unsound, and unsound they will be if, instead of drawing their theory from the facts, the professors are tempted to bend facts till they fit the theories of the lecture-room.

ON THE LINE

Jeremy Taylor, by Edmund Gosse (Macmillan, 2*s.* net).—Mr. Gosse knows what is good; and though we should not have thought that Jeremy Taylor was a subject specially congenial to him, such is his versatility and skill that he has not only attempted the subject but mastered it, and has given us a lively and a truthful picture of a writer whom all that know him must love, but whose life is obscure and his writings so voluminous, and in great measure so obsolete, that for the common use of the world they might as well have remained in folio as be set out in modern form. A few students read his sermons for their matter as well as for their style, a few theologians and historians are interested in the particular orthodoxy which belonged to his time, and the "Liberty of Prophesying" is one of the capital facts in the history of Toleration; but to the world at large Jeremy Taylor is known only by the "Golden Grove" and the "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying." These three books have preserved his fame, especially the "Holy Dying," which Mr. Gosse rightly places highest. Valued for their contents, a contemplative and practical scheme of religion according to the grave and lofty standard of high Anglicanism, their inimitable style has kept them fresh, and they have gone through innumerable editions, and are still reprinted, to the uplifting and comfort of devout readers. If we had time to read Taylor more we should still find more attraction; a deep sincerity is at the base of all, aspiration

after the divine and knowledge of the human, an immense treasury of literature old and new, yet always aptly applied in illustration of his own thought, not to take the place of thought, and a power of words and a harmony of cadence such as no writer of English prose has excelled. There is nothing arid or mere professional in Jeremy Taylor's writing; he is as lively and inexhaustible as Burton, and as witty as Fuller, witty, that is, with the wit of his day; a wit that showed itself in aptness of allusion, fertility of illustration, and quaintness of unexpected congruity. Fuller, indeed, he much resembles, so far as poetry can be compared with prose; for Taylor, though a bad versifier, possesses more perfectly perhaps than any English writer, not excepting Ruskin, the secret of poetical prose. Hooker is more majestic, but also more rugged; Milton's sonority seldom attains to the greatness of his verse; Pater is too artificial, and de Quincey too unrestrained to reach that region in which Jeremy Taylor treads securely, the region of prose on the very verge of poetry, yet never outside the border; a style in which the conceits and hazards are never sought for, but come by mere richness and spontaneity. Jeremy Taylor reaped the harvest of the *concettisti* without the toil of ploughing and sowing—he moves easily where they laboured. He is at once compressed and fluent, ornate and restrained, never crabbed or tawdry. As Mr. Gosse well says, speaking of one of his similes,

> The incomparable melody and delicacy of the phrase must no more be condemned as the screen of a conceit than must one of Shakespeare's unusual and penetrating turns. It is beautiful, but it is true as well; it bears thinking about; it illuminates, it does not astonish and obscure the idea by the glare of false ornament.

Mr. Gosse has added to our knowledge of Jeremy Taylor's life; he has also pruned away some accretions of hearsay or fable, especially Taylor's reputed descent from Rowland Taylor the martyr of Hadleigh, and the royal parentage of his second wife, Joanna Ridge, on which questions he gives us a hope of

further elucidation. Jeremy Taylor's life was as quiet and retired as was possible for one who was no trimmer in a time of civil war and revolution. He suffered by the sequestration of his living, he was for a short time imprisoned in the Tower. When the King had his own again he was promoted to the Bishopric of Down and Connor, an uneasy dignity, since the diocese was full of Scotch Presbyterian clergy, whom neither kindness nor severity could move. The Presbyterian clergy of Ulster had had a short day of power in the early times of the civil war. They had been dispossessed under the Cromwellian settlement in favour of Independent ministers; they had welcomed the Restoration and had hoped for countenance from the covenanted King; but they were themselves now to experience the rigours which they would have inflicted upon prelatists and sectaries. They were the weaker party, and Charles had no scruples in the day of reprisals. We may regret Jeremy Taylor's "distressing implacability as a Bishop," and wish that the author of "Liberty of Prophesying" had not called so loudly upon the secular arm; but after all he was in an official position, his opponents were set against all compromise, and the persecution amounted to no more than turning out of cures to which they had been irregularly presented ministers who did not conform to the conditions of their ministry.

We may remark here that Mr. Gosse uses a strange phrase in characterising the religious parties of the Great Rebellion. To speak of the sectaries who pulled down altar and throne and cut off King Charles's head as "that odd group of dissenters who were called the Independents," is much as if one were to speak of Milton as a pamphleteer or Cromwell as an adventurer.

There are here and there pleasant glimpses of the man himself, his friendship with Lord Carberry (of the Golden Grove) and his wife, and with John Evelyn, who took him for his spiritual director; his learning and eloquence and the simple piety of his life.

Most of us have lurid ideas of France, derived from novels and newspapers, as of a country where the Ten Commandments are not observed, where people go about shrieking for revenge and saying, *Nous sommes trahis,* and any one with the faintest inclination to be good instantly dies or is banished. There is, however, quite a different France, a beautiful, peaceful, rural France; and this is the France whose fragrance is wafted across to us in two most charming books, **The Fields of France**, by Madame Mary Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson) (Chapman & Hall, 5*s.* net), and **The Christmas Kalends of Provence**, by Thomas Janvier (Harper, 6*s.*). Of the two, the palm must be awarded to the first. Madame Duclaux lives in the country that she describes, and she writes of it with the familiar affection of one who has found a home there. Furthermore, her style is the fine literary style of a lady who has never read an inferior book in her life. If she had only lived before—if they had only lived a little later—she might have numbered Virgil and Theocritus among her readers.

> It was after four when we at last reached the *buron*. The cows had come in from the moor to the fold. The milkmen had donned their blouses of grey hemp-linen, which hung in stiff hieratic folds. Each had, tied to his loins, a queer stumpy stool, like some odd sort of bustle. Now they call: "Mimi! Morgorido! Annoto!" Amid a silvery tinkle of cow-bells the beautiful red beasts approach. As each takes her stand, a cowherd brings up to her a curly red calf. But the poor beastie has scarce pulled a throatful or so of its mother's milk (its mother or its foster-mother, for at the *buron* each calf has a mother and a nurse), when a strong arm pulls it away and holds it tightly until the pail is full, when it may resume its supper, while the cow caresses it with a loving maternal tongue. All round the fold the beasts are being milked, the calves are bleating or sucking, the herdsmen are busy. Only in the middle, impassible and haughty, sits the bull, with a look that seems to say: "All this has nothing to do with me. Let them settle it among themselves."

With charming touches born of the freedom that comes of intimate knowledge, Madame Duclaux describes the merry life that went on long ago in the gay, grim old castles—the dancing and singing, the elaborate coquetry—the invariable

siesta of two hours after the heavy midday meal—the ceaseless chess-playing, at which honour and property were gambled away, until at length the King forbade it, with about as much effect as the King might forbid people to play Bridge nowadays. She shows how the flight of steps raised above a high basement that adorns many a suburban villa is the descendant of the rope or ladder entrance of a keep in the twelfth century—how the fool is "the ancestor of the modern diner-out," and the smaller country houses "were sometimes condemned to a distressing sanity" for want of him. Country houses in France are very pleasant now, it appears.

> The ladies smile and sit about, arrayed in wonderful morning gowns, embroidering strips of mysterious and beautiful needlework. A great capacity for sitting about and smiling, an ability to embroider anything from a shoe-bag to a set of curtains, is part of the equipment of every well-bred Frenchwoman.

The labouring man was better off three or four hundred years ago. At present he earns about £21 12*s.* a year. Out of this he must pay £16 for bread alone, *in consequence of Protection.* His cottage will cost him £4 more. Remainder, "one pound twelve shillings for school expenses, shoes, clothing fuel, doctoring, and such indulgences as wine and tobacco"—and for the wine, *in consequence of Protection,* he has to pay over 4*d.* a litre when it ought not to cost more than 2*d.* at the outside. If he is better off, and owns land himself, he is afraid to have a large family for his comfort and happiness, and in order to be economical about wages, because he dreads the division of the land at his death. Deserted fields, abandoned villages, are making far-sighted politicians anxious. Madame Duclaux traces the evil to absenteeism in the first instance, and to the over-literary education provided in the schools. The children are taught to prefer reading to everything else; when they grow up, they flock to the towns, where they can read. If they were taught how to secure good crops, how to manage a dairy, how to keep bees, &c., a different result might be foretold.

There are so many points of interest about this very valuable book that a reviewer can give no idea of the wealth at his disposal. It should be read by every one who cares for country life and for each different aspect of it. Among the lovely woods of Chantilly, where every bough is made subservient to the hunter's needs, and the roads are bad on purpose, "being ploughed afresh every spring lest they lose the lightness beloved of the horseman," Madame Duclaux notes a strange instance of Nature's guardianship of her creatures.

Every May, a beautiful fault frustrates this skilful venery, for, thick as grass, thick and sweet, the lily of the valley springs in all the brakes and shady places. The scent of the game will not lie across these miles of blossom. The hunters are in despair, and the deer, still deafened with the winter's yelp of the hounds—the deer, who sets his back against the sturdiest oak, and butts at the pack with his antlers, who swims the lakes, and from his island refuge sells his life as hard as he can—the deer, accustomed to be always vanquished, beholds himself at last befriended by an ally more invincible than water or forest oak, by the sweet innumerable white lily, innocent as himself, that every May-time sends the huntsmen home.

Christmas legends have a magic of their own everywhere, but those of Provence, as they are given by Thomas Janvier, are even more tender, more child-like in their sweetness than the rest. He is himself a member of the quaint society of Southern poets that calls itself the *Félibrige.* Madame Duclaux refers to them again and again, but their doings are more fully recorded here. If they number many who can write with such picturesque mirthfulness, with such a grace of sympathy, their prose should be as popular as their numerous poems.

What the seriousness of the serious literature of Russia must be, who shall say? The seriousness of her light literature is such that the Newgate Calendar or Fox's "Book of Martyrs" would be mirthful reading in comparison. A nation that amuses itself with stories like **The Black Monk** (Anton Tchekhoff. Translated by R. Long. Duckworth. 6*s.*) is a nation that has forgotten how to laugh and almost

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how to smile. It used to be said that the depression consequent on a work of Balzac's was as bad as an illness; but if a prize were offered to-day for depressing fiction, Russia would stand first, and the other countries of Europe nowhere.

Dickens, who is now under eclipse because high spirits are everywhere below par, was, in his day, a fine reformer. He knew that Ridicule is, except Religion, the most deadly weapon of all against Bumbledom. Bumbledom died hard, but it died, under the roar of laughter that he raised. Tolstoy fights the great stupid foe, as Victor Hugo did before him, with Religion; he also has dealt it certain mortal blows. Gorky, when he is not dreaming the high, heady dreams of a poet, concerns himself with the wondrousness of human nature, and lets reform alone. Tchekhoff, a *ci-devant* doctor over forty, who, fifteen years ago, was hailed by Russia as the most gifted of the younger generation, has a way of his own with it. He never draws a moral himself; but he paints such a picture that all who behold it are compelled to moralise, whether they will or no. He speaks so little of religion that, but for a casual reference here and there, we should hardly know that even the outward forms of it exist in Russia. Laughter is not for him; he fills the reader with a sense of shame and woe too deep for tears. It surprises one to learn that Tolstoy regards him as another Guy de Maupassant. Clean and sharp is the line between good and evil; there is no gilding of rottenness until it looks like gold; no weak pity of human weakness leads him to slur over the love of a man for himself, the failure of one man to help another. In the story called "Two Tragedies," it is hard not to feel compassion for the doctor called away from his despairing wife as she kneels by the deathbed of their only child. Tchekhoff himself feels none. No. The tragedy to which the doctor went was one deeper than his own, had he chosen to know it. He did not choose; so much the worse for him; his chance is gone. Sins of omission—of neglect—of cowardice—are to this writer, as they were to Browning, the worst of all. He scourges the love of intel-

lectual ease and philosophic speculation, the foolish fear of offending and fear of commanding that make Yéfimitch leave the abuses of "Ward No. 6" unreformed. It was his business to look after Ward No. 6. He would not; then he will have to get into that ward himself. He will have to know what it is like to be knocked about, dressed in clothes that are not clean, badly fed. He will have to die there. And so he does —poor inoffensive creature, incapable of ordering even his own dinner! To madness only is Tchekhoff lenient. Madness alone, he appears to think, is not altogether the fault of the person who goes mad; he treats Kovrin and the little nursemaid in "Sleepyhead" more mercifully than usual. This last story is terrible beyond words. Would that even in England we could say, "It is monstrous!" We cannot. That killing of the soul which is the condition of the legal crime called murder, is but too common among us. Every other story in the book is like a sharp knife driven through the conscience.

Twice only does the grim hand relax. Tchekhoff must be fond of children; and when he writes of them, he softens. The efforts of the great lawyer to bring home to his little boy of seven years old the enormity of smoking are quite delightful. He recollects, with a despairing sense of their futility, the awful punishments that used to be meted out for this offence—how boys were flogged and expelled from school—how terrified the teachers were when they discovered this fault—how little they seemed to know the way to correct it. He remembers that he himself was bribed to give it up with sweets. He cannot thrash his little boy; he will not bribe him. He tries morality and reasoning all in vain; the child simply does not attend. To the argument that he ought not to take papa's tobacco, he responds, like an early Christian, by entreating papa to take anything of his that he likes. He is ready to promise anything and everything for a quiet life, and because he wants to draw a house and a man much bigger than a house; but logic makes not the least impression on

him. At last his father tells him, on the spur of the moment, a fairy-tale about an old Czar whose only son had but one fault—he smoked.

"From too much smoking, the Czarevitch got ill with consumption, and died . . . when he was twenty years old. His sick and feeble old father was left without any help. There was no one to govern the kingdom and defend the palace. His enemies came and killed the old man, and destroyed the palace, and now in the garden are neither cherry trees nor birds nor bells . . . So it was, brother."

The end of the plot seemed to Yevgénii Petróvitch naïve and ridiculous. But on Serózha the whole story produced a strong impression. Again his eyes took on an expression of sorrow and something like fright; he looked thoughtfully at the dark window, shuddered, and said in a weak voice:

"I will not smoke any more."

This charming idyll of parent and child seems to us worth all Turgenieff's elaborate novel on the same subject. If there are many fathers and sons like this in Russia, is it not open to us to hope that some abuses, greater even than smoking at seven years old, may yet in time be rooted out?

Ireland in the New Century. By the Right Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett (Murray. 5*s.* net).—Need Ireland be for ever "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen"? Sir H. Plunkett says "No," and he and his friends are making a brave endeavour not only to dry the weeping eyes of Erin, but to show that brighter and happier days are before her if, instead of sighing over the irremediable Past, she will but carefully examine her Present, and cherish all the seeds of hope which it contains for the Future. To a dispassionate onlooker, not deeply interested in the strife of parties and the tedious political duel between the Outs and Ins, no recent fact in the history of Ireland has been more interesting than the successful establishment of that non-party organisation for the economic development of Ireland which was known as the Recess Committee of 1895.

The author of this book, to whom the origination of the scheme is due, thus describes its beginnings:

The *modus co-operandi* was as follows: A Committee sitting in the Parliamentary recess, whence it came to be known as the Recess Committee, was formed, consisting in the first instance of Irish Members of Parliament nominated by the leaders of the different sections. These nominees invited to join them any Irishmen whose capacity, knowledge, or experience might be of service to the committee, irrespective of the political party or religious persuasion to which they might belong. "The day has come," as the letter suggesting the movement went on to say, "when we Unionists, without abating one jot of our Unionism, and Nationalists without abating one jot of their Nationalism, can each show our faith in the cause for which we have fought so bitterly and so long, by sinking our party differences for our country's good, and leaving our respective policies for the justification of time."

In these words Mr. Plunkett struck, and struck successfully, the key-note of the whole performance which, as some of us venture to hope, will really be the morning hymn of a new and brighter day for Ireland. Not all of the leaders on either side of the great dividing line of Irish politics responded to his invitation, but enough both of Home Rulers and Unionists to show that within the walls of the Recess Committee room there would really be that "agreement to differ" which is so often actually better than a theoretical "end of controversy."

I take from a foot-note in Sir Horace's book an amusing illustration of the practical working of this determination to sink religious and political differences in union for the economic welfare of Ireland:

I recall an occasion when the Vice-President of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society (a Nationalist in politics and a Jesuit priest), who has been ever ready to lend a hand as volunteer organiser, when the prior claims of his religious and educational duties allowed, found himself before an audience which, he was informed when he came to the meeting, consisted mainly of Orangemen. He began his address by referring to the new and somewhat strange environment into which he had drifted. He did not, however, see why this circumstance should lead to any misunderstanding between himself and his audience. He had never been able to understand what a battle fought by a famous Irish river two centuries ago had got to do with the practical issues of to-day which we had come to discuss. The dispute in question was, after all, between a Scotchman and a Dutchman, and if it had not yet been decided, they might be left to settle it themselves—that is, if too great a gulf did not separate them.

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This anecdote introduces us to another body, the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society (commonly known as the I.A.O.S.), which is a little older than the Recess Committee, and which, leaving to that Committee Parliamentary and legislative action, undertakes the humbler but even more necessary work of improving the methods of Irish agriculture, bringing the farmers, especially those who have but small holdings, into touch with the latest discoveries in agricultural science, helping them to combine for those purposes for which co-operation is necessary, and enabling them to procure the best kinds of seeds, and to improve the breed of their cattle.

The operations of the Society have been especially directed to the question of dairy-farming. Following the splendid example set by the Danish farmers, the Association has succeeded in establishing a large number of co-operative creameries, where the process of butter-making is carried out with an accuracy and a cleanliness which the individual farmer on his little holding of thirty or forty acres could hardly hope to imitate. Already, we believe, Irish butter, once supreme in the English market, but afterwards ousted by Danish, is beginning to regain some of its former favour. Here is surely an industry which, apart from all questions of protective or preferential tariffs, ought to flourish on the green pasture lands of the Sister Island, and make a powerful commercial bond with the populous cities on this side of St. George's Channel.

Another most interesting application of the principle of co-operation has been to the business of money-lending, or rather of money-borrowing. Here the I.A.O.S. has taken a leaf out of the book of German financiers, establishing up and down the country agricultural banks, like those which in Prussia bear the name of Baron Raffeisen. "Raffeisen held, and our experience in Ireland has fully confirmed his opinion, that in the poorest communities there is a perfectly safe basis of security in the honesty and industry of its members." The

Raffeisen banks have no subscribed capital, but every member is jointly and severally liable for the entire debts of the Association. On that security they borrow a certain sum of money which they lend out as it is required to their members, for definite purposes and for a stipulated time. Having in their own liability the strongest possible inducement to avoid bad debts, the local association takes care only to admit men of fair character into its membership. Then if Tim or Larry wants to buy a cow or roof a cottage, the application is brought before a local committee, seriously debated, and, if approved of, granted to him at 5 or 6 per cent. (the Society itself pays 4 or 5), repayable within a reasonable time. The neighbours interested in the repayment are pretty sure to see that the money really goes to the purpose for which it was voted.

> "I was delighted," says Sir Horace, "to find when I was making an inquiry into the working of the system, that whereas the debt-laden peasants had formerly concealed their indebtedness of which they were ashamed, those who were in debt to the new banks were proud of the fact, as it was the best testimonial to their character for honesty and industry."

It is impossible for us to give more than the barest outline of the great and beneficial scheme for the economic regeneration of Ireland which is here described. We trust that many of our readers will go to the book itself for further information. They will find it pleasant reading, with not a few amusing anecdotes, some of which the writer tells very frankly at his own expense. But there is also, especially in the first "theoretical" half of the book, a good deal of sound political philosophy, especially in the chapters on the influence of politics and religion on the Irish mind. "The national habit of living in the past seems to give us a present without achievement, a future without hope." "In my view, Anglo-Irish history is for Englishmen to remember, for Irishmen to forget." "The more I listened to certain popular leaders, the more the conviction was borne in upon me that they were seeking to build an impossible future upon an imaginary past." Many such sentences as these

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reveal the thoughtful and unprejudiced Irish patriot, honestly endeavouring, without regard to sect or party, to find out the true path of salvation for his country.

There is much in the economic condition of England which needs to be discussed in the same spirit. In reading this book the thought continually occurred to one, especially in reference to our too often wasteful, unscientific system of agriculture, "We, too, in England need our Horace Plunkett."

RUSSIA'S FINANCIAL STAYING-POWER

IN 1863 Prince Gortschakoff, for the benefit of foreign diplomacy, exclaimed: "Russia stands calm, majestic, powerful. Europe was looking at us through a deceptive mist, and failed to make out what we really are. We have breathed on this mist which obscured our greatness, and it has vanished." When in the same year the Czar offered General Tchevkine the Ministry of Finance, that gallant officer replied: "Sire, in the present state of things only a man of genius or a fool could accept the portfolio of Finance; I am neither the one nor the other, and so must refuse." Is it likely that history will repeat itself to the extent generally accepted, and that, unlike the less generously endowed individual, governments will prove to have neglected the lessons of the past? Certainly, acquired habits, whether national or personal, are most difficult to discard: we ourselves know something of "muddling through," and the comfortable doctrine of *laissez faire*. But this correspondence between Russia in 1863 and Russia in 1903, which is forced on the superficial observer, might have seemed instructive some months ago. To-day the contrast is hardly more than suggestive, and in my opinion the suggestions are perilous. We may, no doubt, recall the notorious dress rehearsal at Vladivostock last October, or the more recent "skeleton dance" of a phantom fleet at Port Arthur, and may contrast Gortschakoff, who was a master,

with Alexeieff, who showed himself a pitiful novice in the game of bluff. So much may be permissible; but it is a long step from that to the conclusion that the figures of the Russian Minister of Finance are as open to scepticism as the rhetorical periods of the soldier. The gulf is easily bridged by those who take pleasure in systematically disparaging their actual or possible opponent. But that is a practice as likely to furnish disagreeable surprises later on as to give satisfaction for one's vanity in the immediate present. In the particular case under review, the pettiness of human nature and prejudice is carefully fostered by the campaigns of a certain section of the press, which is engineered by groups of speculators, or, in all that relates to the Muscovite Empire, depends on the information supplied by cosmopolitan philosophers and revolutionary agitators, Socialists or Nationalists—Finns, Poles and Jews. It would be as reasonable to condemn Great Britain morally and materially—as was done and is still done on the continent—at the demand of Mr. Stead or Mr. Redmond. It is surely the better plan, in weighing the indefinite resources of an antagonist, to give him the benefit of the doubt and leave a sufficient margin for miscalculations.

With this stipulation, no one, I think, will deny that at the moment Russian resources and Russian credit are pretty well "wrapt in mystery," though opinions may differ as to their impenetrability. Even where security, gilt-edged if not golden, is offered by so-called parliamentary control, even there the mazy complications of the Budget have swallowed up large funds and proved the tomb of reputations. What then will happen in a country where there is no such control? It is not beyond belief that there may be danger in accepting official figures as if they were gospel: it is absolutely certain that non-official figures are pure invention or guess-work. Efforts have been made latterly to calculate the amount of the deposits of the Muscovite Treasury in the various foreign centres. We have been told, for example, that at the date of the opening of hostilities the Treasury had some £1,800,000

lying at the London branch of the Deutsche Bank, and £4,000,000 with Messrs. Rothschild. It is, further, an established fact that, so far from diminishing, these accounts have steadily increased since that time, and all sorts of hypotheses have been formed in explanation. But what does it prove as a matter of fact? Merely that for technical reasons connected with exchange and the ready circulation of British money elsewhere, especially in the Far East, the Government of St. Petersburg has judged it more convenient in its payments to foreigners to draw its cheques on London.

The prospective Budget for 1904, before the war, was but the natural and logical corollary of that of 1903—there was no striking deviation from the main and branch lines which M. de Witte broadly traced with a firm hand from the time of his advent to power in 1893, and which he pursued and developed imperturbably for a period of ten years. The system has had its apologists and its opponents, and both sides have been guilty of equal extravagances. To enter on a detailed examination would be highly interesting, but would lead to considerations which are beyond the limits of my space and the scope of this article. But a cursory analysis of one or two capital questions appears to me not only serviceable, but even necessary. Adequately to judge of resources we must know their antecedents.

On one point, at least, there will be no more criticism of M. de Witte. The reform in the currency of 1897 which introduced monometallism with the gold rouble of 0·7742 grams as unitary standard, has been a pronounced success. I might easily enlarge on the ready and consummate skill shown in the preliminary stages of this complicated undertaking, and particularly on the means successfully adopted to check speculation at home on the depreciation of the silver rouble, and foreign speculation on the ever-varying value of the rouble credit. It will be remembered that from 28·41 per cent. in 1891 the fluctuations in the London market fell to 8·79 per cent. in 1892, to 5·36 per cent. in 1893, and in 1894 were no

more than 2·08 per cent. This was thoroughly to prepare the way in accordance with the principle laid down by the Finance Minister himself of "avoiding the least commotion, or the least artificial alteration in existing conditions, for on the monetary system depend all the calculations, and all the returns of the property and labour of the population." For a while the price of the paper rouble was kept at a level equal to the mean of the preceding years, at one paper rouble for 66⅔ gold copecks. M. de Witte was thus soon able to put his first gold currency in circulation without occasioning any harm, and to proceed to exchange the existing paper-money on the simplified basis of one gold rouble for one and a half paper rouble, which was quite in harmony with the current rate of exchange. By this means his Ministry witnessed the entire extinction of the debt of the old paper-money which had been issued without its equivalent in metal coin, and had yet been recognised as legal tender on a par with silver. This debt, between 1878–1879, had exceeded 1000 million roubles.

As to the new issue, the Imperial ukase of April 29, 1897, ordered that "if the issue of bank notes does not exceed 600 million roubles, the gold covering fund must not be less than one half the total amount of bank notes put in circulation. Any excess over 600 million roubles is to be fully covered by gold, rouble for rouble." Thus the amount of outstanding notes will not be allowed to exceed by more than 300 million roubles the value of gold coin and bars deposited in the State bank for their redemption. This was the provision of a guarantee of coin whose percentage was unequalled by any foreign State bank, and a decided precaution against any excessive exportation of Russian gold to foreign countries. Thus an autocratic government was assured of colossal resources with which to meet any development of the material situation at home or of politics abroad, and all that was needed to enable them to commandeer the wealth was a simple Ministerial decree which the Imperial signature transformed into a ukase. The latter point of view, which the Govern-

ment does not openly admit, contains the germ of serious danger to the country while forming a bulwark to the administration.

Apart from the general stability secured for Russia's economic development and its finances properly so called at home and abroad, the direct benefits of the monetary reform were undeniable and far-reaching. It is sufficient to point to the considerable reduction of paper-money and the infinitely larger proportionate increase of the gold in circulation. It is, besides, matter of common knowledge that the sale to the State of all the gold metal produced even by private enterprise is compulsory. Notes, which at the end of 1896, on the eve of the reform of the currency, reached a total of 1121 million roubles, of which 981·6 were in circulation and 139·7 were in the State Bank and the Treasury, fell steadily up to the end of 1899 to 630 millions, of which 518 only were then in circulation. And, except for occasional issues, the figures remained much the same until the supplementary issue of 50 millions made at the outbreak of the war with Japan two months ago. On the other hand, the sum total of the coin, in 1896, 1206 million roubles, of which 30·3 only were in circulation, has risen rapidly, as may be seen from the following little table:

	GOLD. (MILLIONS OF ROUBLES.)			NOTES. (MILLIONS OF ROUBLES.)		
End of	In Bank and Treasury.	In Circulation.		In Bank and Treasury.	In Circulation.	
1899	927	639·4	1566·4	112·7	517·3	630
1900	807·8	684·5	1492·3	77·7	552·3	630
1901	830·1	694·9	1525	71	558	630
1902	927·5	737·3	1664·8	71	559	630
1903	1058	787	1845	46	584	630

Silver, which, like copper and bronze, serves as an auxiliary currency, has followed a similar progression. In 1896 there was only the equivalent of 24·4 million roubles in circulation. At the end of 1903 there were 155 millions with 64 millions in reserve, or a total of 219. And these sums are exclusive of the coin belonging to the Imperial Treasury deposited in foreign banks. All this, as I think, is without exaggeration entirely admirable.

A casual glance at the imposing columns of the ten Budgets prepared under M. de Witte's direction will rest on results *apparently* no less remarkable. We see from them that in 1893, for the first time in Russian annals, the Budget reached the total of 1000 millions (1040,458,335 roubles), and ten years later, also for the first time, the estimates exceeded 2000 millions (2071,667,472 roubles). Not once during these ten years did the *ordinary* budget show a deficit. Far otherwise, indeed, for the total of the annual surplus of ordinary receipts over ordinary expenditure reaches the respectable figure of 1244 million roubles, obtained as follows:

(MILLIONS OF ROUBLES.)

Year.	Revenue.	Expenditure.	Surplus.
1892	965	953	12
1893	1031	996	35
1894	1145	1045	100
1895	1244	1129	115
1896	1369	1229	140
1897	1416	1300	116
1898	1585	1358	226
1899	1673	1463	210
1900	1704	1555	149
1901	1798	1657	141
		Total	1244

For 1902, the surplus declined to 123,000,000 roubles.

Before attempting to determine the real value of the surplus totals of receipts over ordinary expenditure, it may be instructive to view these receipts and expenses in themselves in regard to their appearance respectively at a distance of ten years'

interval. This may appear, for instance, from a comparison of the contents of the Budget of 1895, and the estimates for 1904 before the war was taken into account:

	1895.		1904.
	(MILLIONS OF ROUBLES.)		
1. Direct Taxes	105·9	...	135·1
2. Indirect Taxes	575·5	...	421·1
3. Duties	72·0	...	103·6
4. Royalties	59·9	...	589·8
5. State Property and Funds . .	255.9	...	560·9
6. Expropriation of State Property .	0.7	...	0·5
7. Payments in Redemption of Land .	101·3	...	86·1
8. Reimbursements of Treasury Expenses	71·8	...	76·2
9. Miscellaneous Receipts . . .	7·3	...	6·5
Totals . .	1244·3		1980·0

The figures under the first head display in bulk no extraordinary feature. But if we enter into details, it becomes of some importance to notice that while *the income tax has remained almost stationary*, bringing in 63·1 in 1895 as against 67·6 in 1904, taxes on trade and industries have risen from 42·7 to 67·5. On the other hand, the decrease in indirect taxes is apparent only. It is due to the transfer to the head of "Royalties" of the old tax on liquors, which this year will be worth to the Treasury, according to its calculations, a windfall of 525·3 million roubles.

We now come to the interesting and striking increase revealed in "Property and Funds belonging to the State." This increase comes from two sources: The revenue from the State forests has nearly trebled, it was 21·7 in 1895, and is 60·4 in 1904; and the receipts from the State railways, which were in 1895 217·7, have risen in 1904, apart from the war, to a total of 449·9, of which 2·5 millions are the proceeds of the law by which the State appropriates a percentage on the profits of some private companies still in existence. The inspection of 1902 had already shown receipts upwards of 408·9! The general conclusion on the increase, in round numbers, of

735 millions shown by the Budget of 1904 over that of 1895 is that about two-thirds of the difference are to be credited to the two departments of spirits and railways.

If to this conclusion is appended the remark that the sum of the receipts from these two sources as forecast in the estimates of 1904, which amounts to more than 1000 million roubles (1003), is alone equal, or nearly equal, to the total ordinary receipts for 1893, and is more than half the total of the whole receipts for the current year, our surprise may be forgiven, especially in face of the stationary condition of the revenue from the land during the same period of time. The situation is certainly abnormal; there is hypertrophy of one part and atrophy of the other. Without the slightest inquisitive research into the labyrinths of the Budgets, we are entitled *à priori* to question whether the revenue from the alcohol monopoly, for instance, can grow or even maintain itself, and, if so, whether such growth or maintenance might not involve grave social dangers to the body of the country? In the same way, the extension and the appropriation by the State of the Empire's iron network is no doubt a personal triumph for M. de Witte; yet may it not turn out in the future that this triumph may prove to have been purchased at the expense of the more urgent necessities of the present? We have set out the comparative receipts of the ordinary Budgets of 1895 and 1903; we may similarly tabulate the expenditures (in millions of roubles):

	1895.	1904 (estimated).
1. Public Debt	277·1	289·3
2. Higher Administration of the Empire . .	2·5	3·5
3. Jurisdiction of the Holy Synod	13·8	29·3
4. Ministry of Imperial Household	12·7	16·1
5. Ministry of Foreign Affairs	5·1	6.4
6. Ministry of War	285·2	360·7
7. Ministry of Marine	57·1	113·6
8. Ministry of Finance	140·3	372·1
9. Ministry of Agriculture and State Domains .	29·9	49·8
10. Ministry of Interior	71·8	114·7
11. Ministry of Education	23·6	43.6

	1895.	1904 (estimated.)
12. Ministry of Communications	163.0	473·3
13. Ministry of Mercantile Marine and Ports .	—	16·5
14. Ministry of Justice	40·5	51·0
15. Ministry of Audit	5·3	9·0
16. Ministry of Studs	1·5	2·1
17. Unforeseen Contingencies	—	15·0
Totals	1129·4	1966·4

I have not the space and there is no need to enlarge on most of the additional expenditure set out above. It is significant that the estimates of ordinary requirements for the present year by the Minister of War reach a total approximating to our own. The resemblance is interesting, and suggests many speculations, both general and particular, on the eventual cost of the war. Apart from this item there is nothing of striking import in the increase of the ten years, especially when we bear in mind that included is all the considerable outlay on re-armament in the last few years. The cost of the Ministry of Marine has more than doubled if we do not add the charges of the new department of mercantile marine and ports established last year; and these totals are exclusive of the extraordinary credit of 90 million roubles voted in 1898 for the construction of new vessels. From 1899 to 1904, however, the estimates show a pretty steady growth in the ordinary votes for the same object of shipbuilding. This is independent of additions decided on since the opening reverses of the war.

There is another department, of Agriculture and State Domains, which has doubled its outgoings between 1895 and 1904. Its expenditure is largely compensated by the returns from the forests, noted above in the analysis of receipts, which have trebled in the same period.

We thus arrive at the three most interesting and most abnormal features in the Budget, the stationary figures of the interest on the public debt, which I shall study further on, and the threefold increase, or near it, revealed in the Budgets of

the Ministry of Finance and the Department of Ways and Communications. It will be readily understood that these increases are due to the same two principal causes which determined two-thirds of the increase in the receipts, the establishment and the administration of the two State monopolies of spirits and railways. If from the 372·1 million roubles estimated as required for the expenses of the Financial Department in 1904 are deducted, in the first place, 175·5 million roubles, rendered necessary by the working expenses (172·5) and the preliminaries to the introduction of the spirits monopoly (3), the increase between 1895 and 1904 will be no more than 56·3, the difference between 196·6 and 140·3. We shall see that we must further deduct from this figure 20 million roubles, which the Treasury proposes this year to advance to the private railway companies as a guarantee of their net profits, which will reduce the increase to the insignificant figure of 36·3 million roubles. That brings us to the most important, the most debated, and the most intricate question in our inquiry, the results of the development of the Empire's iron roads. Before passing to this we may, subject to the reservations made above on moral and social grounds, congratulate M. de Witte on the magnificent economic results of his monopoly in alcohol. The receipts from this quarter show the following remarkable increase (in million roubles): 27·8 in 1896; 52·4 in 1897; 102·1 in 1898; 110·7 in 1899; 117·9 in 1900; 163·5 in 1901; 462·8 (estimated) in 1902; 499·7 in 1903; and 525·3 in 1904.

The forecasts of 1902 and 1903 were more than realised and the monopoly returned in those years a profit of about 300 million roubles and 330 million roubles, while in 1904 the profit should reach 350 million roubles.

We now come to the Ministry of Ways and Communications. At the outset we are struck by the fact that the sum allotted to the maintenance and improvement of highways and waterways has only grown by quite insignificant additions.

From 1899 to 1903 it remained practically stationary; for we find the figures are:

1899	25·2 million roubles	1901	22·7 million roubles
1900	25·5 " "	1902	23·8 " "

1903 25·0 million roubles.

This is hardly conceivable in a country where the development of the railways, having regard to the number of the population and the extent of the territory, cannot, in spite of the efforts made, the expense incurred, and, if you will, the enormous progress actually achieved, be compared with the achievements of other European States; a country, too, where the great fairs bear witness to the very important part in the interior exchange played by the small retail dealer and the itinerant merchant. The Czar himself seems to have noticed the failure to keep pace with the times, for in 1903 he wrote on the margin of an official report: "I consider the construction of new roads and the improvement of existing ones a matter of the first importance to Russia. I beg you will always keep this in view." That is doubtless the explanation of the unexpected, though very slight, increase under this head in the Budget of 1904, where the total is 27·1 million roubles, with the addition, it is true, of a loan of 5 million roubles, which is debited, curiously enough, to the Ministry of Finance.

The working expenses of the railways figure in this year's estimates at 329·2 million roubles. We saw elsewhere that the receipts under the same head were valued at 447·4 million roubles in addition to 2·5 million roubles, the Government's share in the profits of private companies. If now we add to the first total the 20 million roubles figuring in the Budget of the Minister of Finance as "Advances to private railway companies in guarantee of net profit," and to the second the 10·2 million roubles which appear in Section VIII. of the receipts as "Obligatory repayments from railway companies," the net earnings of the railways—apart from the war—must have risen by the end of 1904 to 460·1 − 349·2, or 110·9 million

roubles. But if from this pleasant windfall we deduct the annual interest and sinking fund charges due on "Loans issued for the construction of railroads," there is a considerable change in the aspect of things. The windfall will be just sufficient to cover the 107 million roubles which these charges came to on January 1, 1900, when the capital sunk in these enterprises totalled only 2501·6. A year later it had already increased by more than 300 million roubles, and the interest, &c., had risen proportionately. To-day the total expenditure on the railways up to date is not far short of 4500 million roubles, whereof *circa* 800 million roubles on the Siberian Trunk alone. In justice it must be said that out of this colossal increase a large sum, say 1000 million roubles, has been debited to the surpluses of the ordinary budgets, and, whatever may be thought of that way of employing surpluses, both the debt and the charge are thus decidedly reduced, though not in reality by the total amount of either capital or interest, for the good and sufficient reason that excessive borrowings for "general purposes" have not been without effect on the condition of these fine surpluses. "Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." Thus, under normal conditions, the railways' return, when closely examined, instead of showing a profit, as in 1899, when it was 12 million roubles, or in 1898 8·8 million roubles, 1897 3 million roubles, 1896 11·3 million roubles, 1895 1·8 million roubles, shows in 1900 a deficit of 2·6 million roubles, of 32·9 in 1901, 45 in 1902, and 60 (including East China line) in 1903. For 1904 the deficit should reach 84·5. And in all this no mention has been made of the additional credits voted to the *ordinary* Budget since 1901 for the Ministry of Ways and Communications under the heads of (*a*) "Development and improvement of railways and formation of working capital"; and (*b*) "Purchase of rolling-stock and appurtenances for State railways." The credits under (*a*) rise to 43·7 in 1899; 46·4 in 1900; 40·0 in 1901; 61·1 in 1902; 65·2 in 1903; 66·2 in 1904; those under (*b*) to 46·8 in 1899; 43·7 in 1900; 45·0 in 1901; 39·9 in 1902; 39·9 in 1903, and 43·5 in 1904.

It will be said that this expenditure does not last for ever, but it shows no signs of coming to an end. It will be reduced no doubt—in time; but disappear entirely—never. There is always room for improvement, especially where everything has been done hastily; and periodical renewals of material never cease to be necessary. We must then add to the current expenses of the iron network a respectable percentage on this account, which, so far from diminishing, increases, as we see. The deficit, therefore, promises to grow larger in the near future, unless a timely halt is made, in spite of the fine progressive increase in the revenues from the railways. These were, in 1893, 119·7; in 1894, 155·4; in 1895, 217·7; in 1896, 283·5; in 1897, 293·1; in 1898, 363·0; in 1899, 358·2; in 1900, 373·9; in 1901, 392·5; in 1902, 408·9; in 1903, 412·7 (estimated).

In this farrago of cross entries it is hardly easy to be sure of one's ground, and practically impossible to arrive at incontestable figures. All the experts agree to disagree in the method on which to base their calculations. Even in the official Budgets the items change their places with bewildering frequency. To sum up on the policy of railroads followed by M. de Witte, now that we have sifted the mass of figures, let us look at the results in bulk also.

From 31,377 versts in 1892, the length of the railways has risen to-day to nearly 62,000, or over 41,000 miles, complete or in construction. The East China railway of 2400 versts is included in this reckoning, but not the Finnish lines. More than two-thirds of the mileage is now in the hands of the Government, while in 1892 only a quarter was under State control. A third still remains the property of private holders, but the State reserves itself a share in their profits. Of the rolling-stock between 1892 and 1902 the number of engines has been increased by 6660, or 93 per cent.; passenger cars by 9446, or 119 per cent.; and goods waggons by 176,402, or 118 per cent. And yet, in his report on the Budget of 1902, the Minister admitted that, "in spite of the rapid development of our rail-

way net, in this respect we have been greatly outstripped. While in Russia there are only 45 versts of railway per million inhabitants, Austria-Hungary has 716 versts, Great Britain 796 versts, Germany 848 versts, France 1035 versts, and the United States 3622 versts. In Russia (European and Caucasus) for every 1000 square versts there are only 9·27 versts of railway, while for the same area the United States possess 35·3 versts, Austria-Hungary 55·7 versts, France 84·4 versts, Germany 100·5 versts, and Great Britain 118·7 versts. There is no doubt that the success of the United States in the international market, and in the grain trade particularly, is to a great extent due to the fact that that country, though nearly two and a half times less in area than the Russian Empire, has 195,000 miles of railways, or five times the length of the Russian net."

But M. de Witte, in his anxiety to start Russia on the successful road of the Great Republic, has placed his horizon too far ahead. There are a thousand elements of difference between the two countries. The one, unfettered by traditions and customs, had a natural tendency to overpass all stopping stages on the line of progress. Russia was confronted by the necessity of abdicating its past and shaking off the fetters of its imprisoned imagination. We know that alteration is a much longer and more troublesome job than creation. Not only must the old building be demolished before we begin the new, with care that the ruins as they fall do no harm to the working masons, but the latter must be taught the principles of the new architecture, which is sure for some time yet to puzzle their brains. M. de Witte appears especially to have lost sight of the immense industrial development of the United States, the product of the business instinct of the Anglo-Saxon race, for this, more than even the trade in grain, explains the extension of the railway there. Possibly, however, the great economist was too sanguine in his anticipation of the young Russian industrial movement which he inaugurated. It was started under brilliant auspices but soon suffered a set-back,

and there is danger that the war may bring about a complete collapse. Russia's economic development under his ministry may be compared to a "strong man," muscularly powerful, whose organism, however, has been distorted and whose nervous system has gone wrong from an abnormal existence under too high pressure. No one who knows the country at all will deny that the economic future of Russia lies in the extension of her iron roads, but that extension must be progressive and must keep pace with the progress of the other elements in her resources. Besides, railways which are subordinated to strategical exigencies are dangerous assets; in the first place they cost dear . . . in the return of losses. Further, while they may prove advantageous in time of war, they too often contribute to bring war about. That, however, is not the fault of M. de Witte.

He is also reproached, not altogether unreasonably, with the formidable increase in the public debt, which has risen to nearly £700,000,000 under his administration—£400,000,000 abroad, of which £300,000,000 in France alone. Let us look at his defence set out in his report on the Budget for 1902. It is brilliant but not convincing at the present moment.

1902 BUDGET.

Liabilities. (In Million Roubles.)	Jan. 1, 1892	Jan. 1, 1902	Assets. (In Million Roubles.)	Jan. 1, 1892	Jan. 1, 1902
State loans	4,731·6	6·479·8	State railways	950·5	3,551·6
Non-interest bearing loans to State Bank for credit notes issued	636·9	—	Debts of private railways on realisation of building capital	984·5	563·2
Sums owing to various institutions and persons	20·7	17·5	Debt of railway companies on guarantees	118·5	—
			Debts not connected with railways	309·4	500
Total	5,389·2	6,497·3	Total	2,362·9	4,614·8

Amount of net debt on January 1, 1892 . .	3026·3 (viz., 5389·2 - 2362·9)
" " 1, 1902 . .	1882·5 (viz., 6497·3 - 4614·8)
Decrease of net debt in 10 years . . .	1143·8 million roubles. (!)

This statement is ingenious, especially in its conclusion. I must point out, however, one oversight, that there is one small annoyance, going by the name of "bad" or "doubtful" debt, which ought to be taken into account. I do not say that the railways will never pay. I believe that in a not distant future they will pay magnificently. But for the moment they are being worked at a loss, according to the usual rules of calculation. More to my liking is the statement which M. de Witte makes in a tone of pardonable self-satisfaction, that in spite of the increase of the public debt by more than half, the charges have grown in quite insignificant proportions. They were 243·2 million roubles in 1892; they have reached only 289·3 in the estimates for 1904. For this we have to thank the skilful redemption of the old loans at 6 per cent., 5 per cent., and 4½ per cent., or their conversion into bonds of 4 per cent., 3½ per cent., and 3 per cent. From 4·19 per cent. on January 1, 1892, the mean price has fallen to 3·86 per cent. ten years later; and in the same time the amount of national debt annuities covered by the working profits of the railways and forests has risen from less than ¼ to more than ⅔. Unfortunately, a Finance Minister cannot be content to be merely a great banker and a talented "outside broker" with "friendly and allied nations" for his clients. He must also steer his course successfully among the restrictions of the House itself.

On this count we shall be confronted with the fine surpluses of the ordinary Budgets. The surplus must be reduced a little, a good deal even. It is not a difficult proceeding to over-estimate the expenditure in a country where preliminary Parliamentary discussion of the Budget does not exist. It is permissible—though even such permission may be abused—to under-estimate the receipts, especially when the Czar himself does not hesitate to declare that "it is

desirable that in framing the Budget resources should be moderately calculated in order to leave a substantial margin." There is, however, too much system about the enormous disproportion between the surpluses estimated and realised between 1892 and 1902; and it will be further noticed that the estimated surplus is often covered in advance and fully covered by all sorts of provisional addenda to the estimated expenditure. For proof we need go no further than the estimates for 1904. The surplus this time is small, not more than 13·6. But this is easily covered, for, independently of the 15,000,000 assigned to unforeseen expenses, if we add up the sums voted to different Ministries under the intercalary head of "miscellaneous expenses," we arrive at a total of more than 26,000,000. From that we may, if we please, deduct the 6·4 million roubles credited to "miscellaneous revenues" in the Budget summary, in which all mention of "miscellaneous expenses" is carefully avoided. We shall still have in the first instance about 35 million roubles to swallow up the surplus. It is wrong to call these miscellaneous expenses the "cumulative *pourboire*" of the establishments. We should rather say the pantry department. It is an annual function, though the tally varies from year to year. The distinction between ordinary and extraordinary receipts and expenditure, first altered in 1894 and then again in 1900, has through its variations given the ordinary receipts a refresher from time to time. Such were the war contributions from Turkey and Bulgaria, which we should have expected to see classified as extraordinary indeed when they did arrive!

Incidentally I may remark, that if we deduct from this total extraordinary deficit, amounting to 1269 millions for the period 1892–1901, the total ordinary surplus, it is reduced to 25 (1269–1244), which would itself be more than wiped out if we subtracted from it the total of the balances or remainders of the credits at the close of the same period, *circa* 228 million roubles; leaving a net surplus of total revenue over total expenditure of some 200 millions for the ten years.

The aforesaid surpluses and remainders swollen by loans have combined to form the special fund called the "Treasury free balance." This free balance, or cash at the disposal of the Treasury, is considered to be what remains of the sum total of (*a*) cash in hand at Treasury, Mint, &c.; (*b*) balance of the Treasury account at the State Bank and foreign banks; and (*c*) cash on the way, *after deducting all sums due from the Treasury or considered as such.* This is the fund which serves to cover the deficits of extraordinary Budgets and to meet the eventualities of war, support of Government stock in the foreign markets, famine, &c. It was only 35·4 million roubles on January 1, 1892, at the same date in 1895 it had risen through ordinary surpluses and loans to 355 million roubles. On January 1 last it should have been at least 312 million roubles. But the effort it demands is painfully apparent from this detached paragraph in M. de Witte's report on his first Budget, that of 1902: "The financial administration of Russia ought to be such that, in order to face unforeseen public needs, there should be at all times a certain excess of receipts over current expenditure. If, to achieve this result, it should become necessary to extend to some degree the contributory obligations of the country, that would be merely a kind of premium paid by the taxpayer to secure himself against unforeseen calamities." A wise but a hard saying, especially in a country where the people are poor. Less railway lines and those in existence would run the smoother, and there would be less chance of collision or telescoping . . . at short notice.

And now for the actual resources which the Russian Government has at its disposal for the prosecution of the war, and their extent. Naturally these are largely hypothetical. Certain items, however, are ascertained. We saw above that on January 1 last the available balance at the Treasury would reach not less than 312,000,000 roubles. On these funds the Budget of 1904, it is true, provided for a charge of 195·8 million roubles under the head of extraordinary expenditure. But in

view of the hurried construction on compulsory terms of the temporary Transbaikal and Circabaikal railways the figures for the Great Siberian railway and its auxiliaries, originally fixed at about 21·5 million roubles, must be increased rather than diminished. On the other hand, it is evident that the Government will have every licence to reduce the credits voted for the construction of railways for general purposes (125·6 million roubles) and as "loans to railway companies for construction of railways" (63 million roubles). By this means a total of more than 140 million roubles might be carried to its assets. I say nothing of the saving that, without too rigid economy, might be realised in the course of the year on the considerable sum of more than 25 million roubles allotted to miscellaneous expenses, or of the reductions that might be made without too much difficulty in certain departments, particularly the Holy Synod and the Finance. In any case, on January 1 last the Government must have had at its immediate and entire disposal a sum of not less than 250 million roubles, or, in round numbers, £40,000,000 of our money. Since, at that same date, the total amount of gold in the State Bank and Treasury was officially given as 1058 million roubles, and the former institution accounted for 899·6, the Treasury should have had in its home and foreign coffers 1058 − 899·6 = 158·4 million roubles. Deducting now the remaining uncharged portion of the "free balance," say 100 million roubles, from the current account of the Treasury at the State Bank, viz., 343·2, there would still have remained a sum of close upon 250 million roubles available for the country's ordinary expenditure. But now the question arises: are these Government assets capable of immediate realisation from the coin in reserve in the State Bank? Here is what we are told by the balance-sheet issued by the bank on January 1 and March 1, 1904:

	(Million Roubles.)	(Million Roubles.)		
1. Gold in coin, bars, and vouchers from the Mining Administration . .	733·0	755·8	Gold in hand .	145·8
			Gold in bars, foreign coin, and vouchers	610·0
2. Gold abroad, exclusive of Treasury deposits abroad	166·6	156·9		
3. Bills due from abroad . .	8·2	3·8		
Total	907·8	916·5		
From this should be deducted	5·7	10·8		
Bills due abroad, leaving .	902·1	905·7		

The Bank return showed on January 1 cash to the value of 57·2 in silver. The total of credit notes issued was 630 million roubles (*since increased to 680 million roubles*), of which 51·3 were in the Bank, and consequently 578·7 in circulation.

What are the lessons of the little table above? First, that the 300 million roubles (145·8 + 156·9) at the disposal of the Bank in current gold coin would pay thrice over the 100 million roubles, the maximum which, if it came to the worst, the Treasury would draw for its "free balance." It may further be observed that out of the payments effected from this free balance only those due abroad would necessarily be settled with gold. This provides another large margin in favour of the Government, and consequently of the Bank. There is a certain sense of insecurity, however, about the wondrous total of 600 million roubles or so comprised under the joint heads of gold bars, coin, and *vouchers from the mining administration.* We should be anxious to learn how far these vouchers enter into this total. They represent no doubt a serious asset in the shape of gold already in the State laboratories and carefully calculated, but the stage reached in the preparation for putting them into circulation is quite problematical. One is therefore tempted to put the general total "in quarantine," a somewhat unjust proceeding perhaps. It is at least certain that this item will hardly count in calculations abroad. Admitting, however, that the proportion which it represents is so large, an

admission I should hesitate to make, it would no doubt, in the eyes of the Government and the Bank, be sufficient for the necessary reserve of coin to meet the paper-money issued, that is, 380 million roubles, in accordance with the regulations of the Ukase of August 22, 1897, unless their strict interpretation has been relaxed by the force of circumstances.

Even if the bullion and foreign coin could not be rapidly adapted to practical requirements, which would, I repeat, be most improbable, the balance of 600 million roubles, or 220 million roubles, would still permit the authorities, while complying with all the demands of the law, to withdraw, thanks to a new issue of notes, at least 200 millions of gold coin of the 787 millions in circulation on January 1, 1904. A glance at the accounts of January 1, 1899, when the amount thus in circulation was only 445 millions, reveals the possibility, *in extremis*, of a still larger withdrawal, to the tune of 300 or 350 millions even. In round—very round—figures then, I should be inclined to estimate the resources at the immediate disposal of the Russian Government on January 1 last as 250,000,000 roubles, or £40,000,000, with a first possible reserve of another 350,000,000 roubles, or £55,000,000. But from this total of £95,000,000 at least £15,000,000 should be deducted in order to meet the gold charges on the external debt for one year. These proceedings would still leave in possession of the Bank, for general purposes, current gold to the amount of £15–20,000,000, on which the external annuities for the second year might eventually be charged. I do not think it possible to withdraw more than 250,000,000 from circulation except in the last resort, for such a demand would risk the exhaustion of the country to such a degree as to banish from the horizon for a considerable period all hopes of economic progress, besides stultifying or utterly annihilating the greater part of the progress already won.

Here quite naturally enters the question of the war's probable cost, or, in other words, the question how far the resources detailed above, or £75–80,000,000 as estimated, would be able to carry the Government. It is a difficult problem, for so many

factors unknown to us are involved in the elucidation. Especially is it important to avoid all comparison with our outlay in the South African campaign. The conditions are essentially different. On the one hand, for instance, we are told that the Russian soldier does not cost his State per head a fourth of the cost of the British Tommy. On the other hand, we are assured that land transport is infinitely dearer than transport by sea. The first assertion loses sight of the fact that in time of war the personal quota may alter all proportion, becoming purely circumstantial. It would be very different in a European conflict. To the second remark we may reply that the Russian railways are State property, while our transports for the Cape were chartered at high prices from private companies. The invasion, the continual use and the consequent disorganisation of the network of the railway system will no doubt affect the finances of that department, but the loss will fall in particular on that part—the Trans-Siberian lines—which make the least return at present, and where the traffic is, as a rule, very light. And so on! If we must, at all risks, adopt a basis of calculations and probabilities, I should choose that of the extraordinary expenditure forced on the Russian Government by the events in China in 1900, a sum of 61·9 million roubles. It has since then been pretty well established that the Russian forces, then declared to number in Pechili and Manchuria more than 200,000, must be put down at about half that total. If, then, to-day Russia sends to the front 400,000 men with periodic drafts to fill up gaps, we may multiply the previous bill by 4½, which would give us a sum of about 270 million roubles, or £40,000,000 to £45,000,000 a year. On this reckoning Russia would seem to be so placed as to be able to carry on the war for over eighteen months without seeking an additional loan. I take into account probable deficits in the Budget which the country, as a whole, would have to face, and am premising that no special economic circumstances, such as a bad harvest, arise to depress the balance further. But will Russia wait so long before borrowing? I think not, and for sundry reasons.

There are many who declare that if Russia has not borrowed as yet, it is because the grapes were not ripe. This view, in my opinion, contains a grain of truth, but is considerably exaggerated. For the last few years the Ministry of Finance, prompted by M. de Witte, has made it its business to reduce the enormous foreign debt. This is quite a natural and laudable endeavour. On principle, therefore, all borrowing from outside sources has been avoided, if for no other reason because the payment of the interest involves a great drain on the gold reserve, which it is the Russian Government's chief object to retain. To borrow, then, before the absolute necessity has made itself felt would be to throw away, at the very moment when it was all important to preserve it, a large sum of gold in interest, having regard to the fairly high rate. At the end of February we heard of an offer on the part of a Franco-German-Belgian syndicate to float a loan at 5 per cent. to be issued at 95, from which would further be deducted the expenses of commission. The rate of interest at the moment seems to me to be too little rather than too great. I say at the moment; that is perhaps the hitch. Possibly Russia is waiting for the first great success of her arms; no one has better proved than she, and often to her honour, the truth of the pleasant axiom of John Oliver Hobbes, that "hope is the heroic form of despair." A success would relieve her from the stigma of a partial check, which would gravely compromise her already weakened prestige, and is a consequence always to be dreaded in the time of defeat. It is, however, in the highest degree unlikely that she will maintain this attitude of total abstinence until her own resources are completely exhausted, if fortune does not change towards her. That would mean not a check, but ruin. Considerations of internal policy would forbid that line of conduct.

As a matter of fact, the financial situation of the Government is undoubtedly strong in itself, but it has been largely fortified, not with the acquiescence but to a certain degree at the expense of the country, as I suggested above. Taxation

has reached limits which may not be quite extreme in times of normal prosperity, but which it would be practically and politically dangerous, not to say impossible, to carry further. From the technical point of view agriculture has made no progress in spite of the development of the railways, which have been injurious rather by raising artificially the price of cereals as compared with the other factors of economic life. In 1902, it is true, there was an exceptional harvest of a gross 4,108,000,000 poods or 33·2 poods per head of the population. In the following year the figures showed a falling off to a gross return of 3,923,000,000 and an average of 31·3, but this proportion remained higher than the average of the quinquennial periods of 1892–1896, which was 29·8, and of 1897–1901, which fell to 27·5. The figures, however, bear no comparison with those obtained in the other countries of Europe.

As regards the country's foreign commerce a great fuss has been made of the excess (300,000,000 roubles) of exports over imports across the European frontier in the course of 1902 when their totals were respectively 783 million roubles and 483 million roubles. In 1903 the excess was even more appreciable and reached 362 million roubles, exports being 902 million roubles and imports 540 million roubles. It is indeed an admirable result compared with the average for the period 1892–1901, which was only 130 million roubles. But if we carry ourselves further back we shall see that it does not represent a great advance over the average of the years 1887–1891, which was 307 million roubles, and it is at the best a solitary item. Further, during the latter quinquennial period, in 1888, exports totalled as much as 784 millions. There is thus only a resumption, not a new development. The diminution in imports, which touched 561 million roubles in 1899, may under protest be regarded as a favourable symptom if Russian industries can be shown to have gained in proportion. But these young industries owed their brilliant beginnings some years ago to the high walls of M. de Witte's protectionist policy. He forced the industrial merchants of Russia

to come and establish themselves in the country with their capital and their stock. Now these industries are passing through a severe crisis, as M. de Witte himself admits in his report on the Budget of 1902, due to the excess of supply over demand especially as concerns the metals. The result has been famine prices. The Finance Minister added, indeed, that the crisis would be only temporary, for the cheapness of the articles would in the long run encourage the hesitating populace to become accustomed to them. Certain somewhat malicious critics have remarked that Russia ought as a matter of fact to be glad of the crisis, because the industries in question were largely in the hands of foreigners, and the national money would repurchase them cheaply. But this was hardly generous. While we wait for the happy recovery promised, the war will have given the final blow to enterprises already moribund. Hence Russia has found herself compelled to purchase the great bulk of her material of war outside her own country and with gold that will not come back. I will observe incidentally that the gold output has shown a slow but steady decrease since 1896, and that 70 per cent. is produced by the mines of East Siberia, which the present war will seriously affect. During the South African War, our Government's orders were at least placed in this country or in the Colonies. All that has been considered by the Russian Government, through the eminent men who should direct the administration but whose action is paralysed by cabals. I do not myself believe that these men, as some declare, have said when they looked at their stores of coin—imposing but not inexhaustible—"After us the deluge!" Deluges do not repeat themselves in history any more than in the Bible. But it will not do to be surprised at a sudden shower which may shake if it does not finish the old-fashioned constitution of the bureaucracy, and may at the same time brace the system of the new men and the new ideas.

It was the cannon of Solferino that gave the signal for the Parliament of Vienna.

Maurice A. Gerothwohl.

THE EVICTED ENGLISH

THE immigration of aliens from Eastern Europe, in this country as in the United States, aggravates and complicates one of the worst evils of urban life in poor districts—overcrowding. The problem of physical degeneration among town-dwellers is occupying the minds of thoughtful men, and its importance cannot be overrated. The upper and even the middle classes have ceased to contribute their due quota to the increase of population, and the present state of sentiment both among men and women makes it improbable that the avoidance of maternity will disappear from among our customs. The report of a Commission, recently appointed in New South Wales, showed that the same change in social practice had taken place there, and that its consequence was an alarming fall in the birth-rate. Obviously, the whole course of a nation's evolution is checked and altered by the sterility of its more advanced types. But we must face the facts. The race is more and more replenished from the lower ranks, and the lower ranks gravitate continually from the villages to the industrial centres. There is, then, no more serious problem before the State than that of providing healthy housing accommodation in which the children of the workers in cities may grow up. Any circumstance which by increasing rents in urban areas diminishes the amount of wages that can be spent in food is a misfortune; any condition which operates to lessen the breathing-space in which the children dwell and sleep is a

condition to be abolished if possible; any cause which leads to the duties and functions of life being performed in an unduly circumscribed space is a calamity. We ought, then, not to encourage, we ought not to permit, a movement which adds unnecessarily to the pressure on housing accommodation in poor urban quarters.

I have dealt elsewhere with the contention that pressure which drives poor town workers into neighbourhoods less thickly populated is a "blessing in disguise," and I will here only quote the following brief explanatory passage from the evidence given by the Rector of Spitalfields before the Royal Commission on Alien Immigration:

> The Whitechapel Poor Law Union contains an enormous proportion of very poor, of casual labourers, and of men whom you can never describe as artisans. The poorer the person the greater the necessity for him to live near his work. But in many cases the very nature of a man's work compels him to live near it. May I instance our Spitalfields market? On market days in the summer the porters and others begin work at four o'clock in the morning, and throughout the year work begins every morning at five o'clock. What chance, too, has the dock labourer of work if he must live miles away from the docks and take a railway journey before he can apply for, and begin, work? (9730)

It is precisely in these districts and in corresponding districts of certain great cities in the provinces that the advent of the alien increases and increases enormously and on a progressive scale the pressure on dwelling-room. And the Report of the Royal Commission speaks very plainly of the use to which many of these aliens put the house accommodation and the means which they employ to secure and retain it:

> Of the nature and extent of the overcrowding we have had many illustrations given to us. We have been told of rooms, or cellars, occupied by more than one family—of rooms used as workshops by day and overcrowded as sleeping rooms by night—of ten houses (of 51 rooms, about eight feet by nine feet) occupied by 254 people, and many other instances of a similar character. But in the instances which have been adduced in evidence, the overcrowding has not been confined to cases in which there has been a mere excess of numbers living and sleeping in a house or tenement. They have included many cases in which the overcrowding must have a destructive effect upon the morals of the people. Apart from the occupancy of one room by

adults and children of all ages, being the members of one family, cases have been referred to, in the course of the evidence, in which more than one family (lodgers of both sexes being taken in) have occupied one sleeping room, with merely a cubical division of sheets, whilst the same room has been overcrowded during the daytime by those using it as a workshop.

Thus within the walls of the houses wherein such overcrowding exists health, cleanliness, decency, even morality must necessarily be sacrificed. But grave results other than those mentioned above flow from overcrowding. By the occupation of one house by many persons a higher rent can be paid for it than if it were occupied by a few. An offer of this higher rent tempts the landlord to dispossess the occupying tenant, who cannot afford to pay an abnormally high rent. There was strong evidence before us that many of those thus turned out were native workpeople and that their houses have been occupied by aliens, who, by sub-letting and much overcrowding, provide the means of paying the high rent which secures the creation of their tenancy. (Report of the Royal Commission on Alien Immigration, pp. 24, 25.)

There are two distinct factors in the overcrowding thus described. In part it is due to the presence of "transmigrants," persons *en route* to the United States or Canada, for whom temporary lodging is found, often in houses where it is impossible to accommodate them without disregarding the simplest requirements of health, cleanliness and decency. Deplorable scandals arising from that cause were mentioned before the Royal Commission, but it is not my purpose to deal with this branch of the subject here. I wish to draw attention to a circumstance which differentiates the immigration of aliens from Eastern Europe who have the intention of remaining in the country from any other movement of the kind.

These immigrants do not collect in small or scattered colonies. By means of a definite system they expropriate the native inhabitants from whole districts. The steady, continuous alienation of street after street leads to the formation of a ghetto. For it is a fact that the very people who—rightly enough in principle—denounce the laws which imprison them in the cities of the Russian Pale, obstinately reproduce every feature of that imprisonment when they are free to settle where they will. The tendency has been resisted by the leaders of the Jewish Community in England, but their wise

counsels and generously given aid have been practically fruitless. In New York the same process has been in operation on a much larger scale. Some of its effects are thus described by the most influential and representative Jewish body in America, the United Hebrew Charities, in their report for 1901:

> The horrible congestion in which so many of our co-religionists live, the squalor and filth, the lack of air and sunlight, the absence, frequently, of even the most common decencies, are too well known to require repetition at this writing. Even more pronounced are the results accruing from these conditions; the vice and crime, the irreligiousness, lack of self-restraint, indifference to social conventions, indulgence in the most degraded and perverted appetites, are growing daily more pronounced and more offensive.

I pointed out in a recently published volume ("The Alien Immigrant") that in Austria, where no legislation limits their choice of a domicile, the Jewish people congregate in congested quarters in the towns. Sir Samuel Montagu, speaking generally of this habit, told the Royal Commission, "There is a Jewish quarter, and they crowd into it, where they would be better off if they were to spread out; they were obliged to be in the Ghetto in Rome, and when the Ghetto gates were taken down, and they were allowed to dwell in any part of Rome, they did not go."

I hope the reader will forgive me for quoting from a work already printed a brief description of this tendency as it affects the East of London:

> Clannishness, tradition, a sort of historical fear of separation from their co-religionists, their obligation to observe peculiar ritual ordinances, added to the promptings and difficulties which tend to keep men of the same tongue and habits together in a strange land—all these things act as an inducement, almost as a spell, which brings the Jewish immigrants into the already crammed and congested areas of the East End where their brethren are aggregated and segregated.

These settlers of the Jewish creed and race are further differentiated from all others by a characteristic of vital importance. They cannot become absorbed in the surround-

ing native population by intermarriage. Such unions are contrary to the precepts of the Hebrew faith.

The alienation of areas from which the native population is entirely evicted and which become exclusively Jewish quarters, is the result of a system. It might almost be called their policy towards us, if we understand by "policy" not a reasoned scheme but a persistently acting intention. And it is so effective that, as Chief Superintendent Mulvaney of the H Division told the Royal Commission, within six years 107 streets in the Borough of Stepney alone have passed wholly into foreign occupation.

Part of the great Jewish problem which this country has to consider is the question whether we wish this system to continue? And if, remembering that there are some millions of potential Hebrew emigrants in Russia alone, we decide that we do not, we must ask ourselves how we are to check it. Is there any legislation of ours in existence which has been framed in contemplation of this new factor in our national life? Or is there any legislation, designed to cover facts of another order, which by a happy chance is adapted to deal with this peculiar difficulty? Those who hold that the existing sanitary law is sufficient to check the new movement so far as may be necessary would answer the last question in the affirmative. Those who urge the necessity of a new departure to meet the new circumstances would probably support the contention of the majority of the Royal Commissioners that fresh legislation must be devised to meet the fresh case.

I am well aware that we have legislation which is directed against "overcrowding," and propose to deal with its operation in this article. But anybody who supposes that because the process by which aliens possess themselves of a street or a district and the sporadic over-pressure on dwelling-space among our own poor pass under the same name, they are the same thing, falls into the error which text-books of logic call "the fallacy of ambiguity." The two kinds of "overcrowding" represent quite different causes and objects. The outward

symptom of the two social maladies is similar, but the diseases are distinct, and the remedy which is efficacious in the one case is not so in the other.

It may be asked how people some 20 per cent. or more of whom are absolutely destitute on arrival in this country, while some 40 per cent. in all have only a few shillings when they reach these shores, are able to expropriate the native population by paying a higher rent for house accommodation than the English working man can afford. There are three chief factors in the process. The aliens are willing to overcrowd to an extent which our own poor will not tolerate. The sheer packing of human beings into the rooms brings an enormous number of contributors into the landlord's grip. Then again the alien can and does adopt a standard of living which means starvation to the native. A Jewish witness, speaking of these people before the Royal Commission, said, "They sold their lives, and do now, at the rate of sixteen hours a day for a crust of black bread and a piece of garlic and a corner filled with filthy straw to lie upon." Between them and the native it "is a competition between wants, between standards of subsistence. It is a struggle between rye and wheaten bread," and the alien, adopting the lower standard of living, is able to pay a larger proportion of his earnings—such as they are—to his landlord. Thirdly, the process is facilitated by the extensive purchase of house property in the East of London by small and large capitalists—not always aliens—who very profitably exploit the necessities and tendencies of the new-comers, who buy dwellings for the very purpose of making money by permitting overcrowding, and who know well, from the rents they receive, that the law is systematically broken on their premises. And those who dwell in such places are forced to connive at these iniquities, or they will have nowhere to lay their heads no chance of obtaining the work which earns for them the black bread and the garlic. At the inquest upon three persons who lost their lives in the fire at 72 Royal Mint Street, in 1902, it was elicited that between thirty and forty people were

living in the house and that "*the roof even was let out in the summer time.*"

It is obvious that this capitalised, methodical overcrowding by which the native inhabitants are expropriated from a constantly spreading area differs essentially from the haphazard, unorganised overcrowding among our own people, here in a street, there in a court. In the former case we have to combat an interest anxiously supported alike by its beneficiaries and its victims; in the latter we have to deal with individuals who have no regular or lasting combination and for the most part no combination at all. The administrative powers which are effective in the one case may and do fail in the other.

Existing legislation supplies two methods of dealing with overcrowding. It is possible to proceed under the Public Health Act of 1891, and then the overcrowding is dealt with as "a nuisance," or it is possible, alternatively, to treat the overcrowding as an infraction of the by-laws which local sanitary authorities are directed to "make and enforce" by the 94th section of the same Act (F. Mead, Magistrate of the Thames Police Court, 10,554, 10,611).

When steps are taken directly under the Act itself

the procedure is exceedingly simple. If the sanitary inspector discovers a nuisance (and overcrowding is defined as a nuisance) it is his duty first of all to give an intimation; that is to say, to draw the attention of the person who is responsible for the nuisance to the nuisance at the first opportunity. Then it is his duty to report to the sanitary authority, and the sanitary authority, if they are satisfied that a nuisance exists or may exist, authorises him to take proceedings. He thereupon gives notice to abate the nuisance to the person who is responsible. The person responsible is primarily the person by whose act, default, or sufferance the nuisance exists. If he cannot be found then others are constructively responsible and liable; that is to say, the occupier or the owner, except where the nuisance arises from some structural cause; then the owner is responsible under any circumstances. If the nuisance is not abated, or even if it is abated, if it has arisen through the act, default, or sufferance of any one, then it is the duty of the officer to take out a summons before a magistrate. The magistrate then has power to make an order of abatement and an order of prohibition, that is, where the nuisance has been abated and is likely to recur; and a closing order where he thinks proper; but

in addition to that he has the power with either of those remedies to inflict a penalty. (F. Mead, 10,554)

Mr. Dickinson, the Junior Magistrate of the Thames Police Court, gave some additional information with regard to prosecutions under the provisions of the Act. He said:

Passing briefly to the procedure under the Act, with regard to the written intimation there seems to be a misconception in the evidence of one of the witnesses in what he suggested as to the time which was necessary. He suggested that nothing could be done under six weeks. I think that was a little in excess of the time required. As I understand, the Public Health Committee of the Council sits every fortnight; therefore, on an average, you may say that seven days after the nuisance is discovered and after the intimation is given would be necessary before notice was given. The notice would probably be a seven days' notice to abate the nuisance, and then, the nuisance not having been abated, a summons would be taken out which would probably be returnable in seven days. Then the Order would be made to abate the nuisance. Therefore, under the most ordinary circumstances, 21 days would be ample for the conviction. . . . A summons is never taken out if after notice the nuisance is abated, in overcrowding cases at all events. It is quite true that under Section 4, sub-section 4 (*a*) of the Public Health (London) Act, 1891, the nuisance itself entails a liability to a penalty, but as a notice to abate has to be given, surely it implies that if it is remedied during the term no steps will be taken. The notice, a copy of which I have here, seems to imply that too, because it says: "Take notice" and so on. "If you make default in complying with the requisitions of this notice within the times specified a summons will be issued requiring your attention, and for recovering the costs and penalties that may be incurred."

Q. Do I understand you to say that you do not consider that under the Act proceedings for penalty can be taken in the first instance until there has been notice to abate?

A. I think the words of the Act may be construed that there can be, but I think it would be perhaps not unjust, but unexpected.

Q. It has not been the practice?

A. Never.

Q. The penal proceedings under the Act—I am not speaking of the by-laws, but of the Act—contain a notice of failure to comply with the notice?

A. Yes, I think it is so intended.

Q. You think the words of the Act might be read the other way?

A. I must consider them so, because it says: "Where a notice has been served on a person under this section and either the nuisance arose from the wilful act or default of the said person or such person makes default." I think the words must be construed so.

Q. That is what you consider under the Act to be the proper procedure?

A. Yes.

Q. To issue a notice and not to take penal proceedings until the proper time has been allowed to elapse and the notice continues unobeyed?

A. Yes.

I regret to quote so extensively from the evidence given before the Royal Commission. But it has been contended most strongly that the remedy for all the evils due to overcrowding among aliens is the strict enforcement of the law and it seems to me essential that the public should see plainly how far that law is really adapted to the end in view.

Mr. Dickinson handed in a "Return for the years 1900, 1901, 1902, under the Public Health (London) Act, 1901, Section 2, for offences of overcrowding." He said with regard to it:

On looking down the list you will see that up to the end of 1901 in the case of dwellings there were only orders to abate with costs. In those cases no penalty was asked for. But when that batch came before me in January 1902, I suggested that a fine as well as an order should be asked for in order that a conviction might be recorded. An order is not a conviction and it became necessary, in my opinion, in order that Section 7 might be brought into operation if necessary later on, that a conviction should be recorded. Therefore I suggested that the penalty of 1*s.* should be asked for as well, and then Section 7 might afterwards be called in. That is the section saying that upon two convictions within the period of three months the house may be closed. In that way pressure might be brought upon the landlord to look after the house in future, because his interests were involved then. Upon a second conviction the house could be closed. (14,860)

The wording of Section 7 is as follows:

Where two convictions for offences relating to the overcrowding of a house or part of a house in any district have taken place within a period of three months (whether the persons convicted were or were not the same), a petty sessional court may, on the application of the sanitary authority, order the house to be closed for such period as the court may deem necessary. (14,863)

Mr. Dickinson thought that it would be advisable "to place the public authority on the same ground as the private individual is at the present moment. He has not to give notice. Why

should a public authority in whom confidence should be placed that they will not act injudiciously be handicapped, so to speak, in comparison with the private individual?" The latter may "proceed at once without notice" under Section 12 of the Act. It must be remembered that the statute in question gives no closer definition of overcrowding as a nuisance than this:

> Any house or part of a house so overcrowded as to be injurious or dangerous to the health of the inmates, whether or not members of the same family. (Mead, 10,557)

It is not fair to throw the onus of taking proceedings upon individuals, especially in districts where so many of the inhabitants are both busy and poor. And I do not think it is necessary to labour the point that a procedure which involves so much delay is unlikely to be efficacious when the Sanitary Authority attempts to use it. The landlord who has purchased property speculatively in order to raise rents—the practice so common in the East End—the tenant who cannot pay the rent agreed on unless he permits overcrowding, the lodger who must dwell among people of his own race, not merely on economic grounds but to conform to the ritual ordinances of his religion—all these persons have a common interest in defeating the purpose of the law; and it is at least probable that among vigilant and wily people, the inspector will always find the nuisance "abated"—when he is on the premises.

I pass to consider the alternative course—that of prosecuting under by-laws. These by-laws are made in accordance with Section 94 of the Public Health Act, which is worded as follows:

> Every sanitary authority shall make and enforce such by-laws as are requisite for the following matters, that is to say (*a*) for fixing the number of persons who may occupy a house or part of a house *which is let in lodgings or occupied by members of more than one family*, and for the separation of the sexes in a house so let or occupied; (*b*) for the registration of such houses so let or occupied; (*c*) for the inspection of such houses; (*d*) for enforcing drainage of such houses, and for promoting cleanliness and ventilation in such houses.

With this section is incorporated Section 182 of the Public Health Act, 1875, which says:

Provided that no by-law made under this Act by a local authority shall be of any effect if repugnant to the laws of England, or to the provisions of this Act.

The italics draw attention to an important limitation. Further, it is doubtful whether the by-laws can confer power to inspect by night unless a magistrate's warrant has been applied for and obtained. (Mead, 10,613 seqq.) By these by-laws "the minimum area of space is defined," and they provide that "there must be so many cubic feet to each person." (14,896.) In this respect "there is a limit fixed of 300 cubic feet of space per individual, where the room is occupied by day only, and 400 cubic feet where it is occupied by day and by night, two children counting as one adult." (Loane, 4598; Murphy, 5054.)

Procedure under the by-laws "includes the measuring up of the rooms, and the ascertaining of how many people may properly sleep in them. Then the next step is to point out to the owners where there is overcrowding, and to call upon those owners to abate that overcrowding; and the next step is to proceed under the by-law, and there they can proceed against the lodger or against the landlord." (Murphy, 4821.) It will be remarked that here again warning is given to the offending proprietor.

The effectiveness of procedure under by-laws has been very seriously impaired by the decision given in the case of Weatheritt *v.* Cantlay, by the Lord Chief Justice, Justices Lawrance and Phillimore agreeing. Those who wish to see the judgment *in extenso* will find it in the answer of Mr. J. Foot, Chief Sanitary Inspector to the Borough Council of Bethnal Green, to question 6613 in the proceedings of the Royal Commission. The import of it was that each tenement in artisans' dwellings "of the block type which are sometimes known as model buildings" (Murphy, 4020) was held to be a separate house, and therefore not subject to the by-laws

except in so far as any such tenement is "let in lodgings or if a room is occupied by members of more than one family." (6613)

Mr. Foot said, with regard to the effect of this decision in his district, "there are not more than twenty houses (within the meaning of the Judge's definition of a house) let out in lodgings in the borough to which the regulations could be made to apply, and those particular premises are not by any means the worst of their kind." (*ib.*) And "local authorities have to fall back on the statute itself, and take action as in the case of a nuisance or insanitary premises." (6579.) The methods to be followed under the Act have already been discussed.

It has been alleged that the local authorities chiefly concerned are inactive, and do not make sufficient use of the powers which they have. Proceedings to repress overcrowding come before the Police Magistrates in the East End Courts. With regard to Stepney the majority of recent cases, when the Royal Commission took evidence, had been heard by Mr. Dickinson at the Thames Police Court. (14,860.) He was asked:

> You would not agree that the local authority is supine and indifferent to this question?

His answer was, "No, I think not; I think they have a most active medical officer." (14,905.) And again:

> *Q.* So that, to sum up generally, you would not say that the overcrowding in the East End or the part of Stepney which is in your Thames district is due to the indifference or supineness of the local authorities?
>
> *A.* Certainly not. (14,925)

Mr. Haden Corser, at Worship Street Police Court, on September 24, 1903, said, when condemning Samuel Samuel to pay a fine for allowing overcrowding:

> Complaints had been made about the local authorities, but he did not think that the strictures passed on the local authorities were justified. There was much difficulty in detecting overcrowding.—*Morning Advertiser,* September 25, 1903.

We have, then, the following facts: The sanitary authorities do not neglect their duty; in proceedings under the Act in respect of nuisance (Dickinson, 14,848), the order for abatement was complied with in 611 cases out of 623; and yet, concurrently with this activity, "The Borough of Stepney is the only one of the whole Metropolitan boroughs where not only has the number of persons overcrowded increased during the last ten years, but the percentage of persons overcrowded to the total population of the borough has also increased" (evidence of Mr. E. Harper, Statistical Officer of the London County Council). And this extract from Mr. Harper's evidence must be read in conjunction with another, which runs as follows:

> In the Borough of Stepney the foreign-born population increased between 1881 and 1891 at the rate of 101·8 per cent., and between 1891 and 1901 at the rate of 68·24 per cent. In Bethnal Green the figures are smaller, as the aliens are mainly confined to one part of the borough, but the percentages are larger, and they form an interesting illustration of the beginnings of the alien difficulty in a fresh area. The percentages of increase in the alien population are 94·13 per cent. for 1881–91, and no less than 158·2 per cent. in 1891–1901. Almost concurrently with these increases in the foreign-born population, the British population of the two boroughs has begun to decrease. But as the growth of foreign-born population is proceeding at a much more rapid rate, the total population continues to increase. (10,905)

I am well aware that the standard of "overcrowding" under the by-laws and the standard to which Mr. Harper referred in the foregoing statement are different, and I propose to return to this point. Before doing so I wish to indicate the kind of difficulties which impede the working of existing legislation. Mr. Foot took as an example a supposed case in which notice had been served to abate overcrowding as a nuisance. He said that the Inspector who visits the premises after the notices have been served will

> find a very different aspect. The bedding, that on a former occasion covered the whole floor space, is now very carefully packed away on the one bedstead, and so far as this is concerned there is nothing to show more than one bed. Perhaps some members of the family may have removed to an obliging friend or relative living near, and the overcrowding is abated if

only for the moment; or suppose all the members of the family are at home, they quickly assume new relations to each other. The big son and daughter may become a pair of lovers (or visitors) who have "come in to spend the evening, and was just going as you came in, sir." They do go, in fact, but not far. The smaller children may become nephews or nieces for the time being, but sometimes spoil the play and appear lost when told to run home now, as mother is back by this time, and aunt cannot have them any longer. These and similar devices cause the officer to consider that he might have a better chance of securing a conviction if he had been present at the birth of all the family. These are cases that have happened to me in my own experience and to my staff. (6593)

Mr. H. Evans, an Assistant Inspector of Factories, gave other instances of the subterfuges which are adopted to conceal illegal acts. He referred to evasions of the law relating to employment in workshops, but, of course, the same tricks can be employed to prevent the detection of overcrowding. He said:

In one case I watched a child at work slipper-making just before midnight. On getting admission I found the workshop vacant. Up in a bedroom, within a drawer of a wardrobe, I found the same lad cleverly concealed. . . . In another case a woman was seen working, but on getting inside she was missing. A search of the premises revealed her hiding in the lavatory. (11,657)

And now let us suppose that existing difficulties have been swept away, that the right of entry to inspect by night is clearly admitted, and that the limitations imposed by the judgment in "Weatheritt *v.* Cantlay" have been removed. How will a rigorous enforcement of the sanitary law operate?

The inspector appears before a house, and knocks on the front door. Apparently the occupier is very sound asleep or rather hard of hearing. The official knocks again more loudly. Several heads appear at several casements. Then a window in the menaced premises is slowly opened, and something is said in Yiddish. It is unfortunate that the person responsible for the state of the dwelling understands so little English. At last he is convinced that the man who seeks admission is really the inspector, and not some Gentile playing a trick on the

occupier or a belated stranger seeking lodgings. The person summoned to open the door has to dress himself; he cannot take the risk of catching cold, so he must clothe himself sufficiently. And then it is only fair to give the women in the house a little time to put their bedding straight before the inspector enters.

In the meanwhile there has been a *sauve qui peut.* Every device which craft and experience have suggested has been used to defeat the object of the inspection. Some superfluous human beings have been bundled out of the back door. Children are redistributed or hidden. And no one seems able to speak the language of the country, so that the inspector is delayed at every step by the difficulty of making his orders understood.

And the street has been effectually warned. What chance will the most vigilant official have of discovering overcrowding in the next house he visits? He must go to another neighbourhood, and commence the process *de novo.*

Mr. Haden Corser said very truly:

> If you begin at the end of the street which is overcrowded, and you turn one family into the street, or one house into the street, that family would become absorbed. *We find that to be so.* If you begin at the end of the street, and turn the whole street out, then they cannot be absorbed. Then this difficulty arises: if you only attend to the one house, and let them settle in again, in time you get to the next house the first house is overcrowded again. (12,900)

And suppose that you take drastic measures and attempt to clear a wide area, what is to become of the ejected people? Ritual ordinances, as I have said, render these aliens gregarious of necessity. Nor are they lodgers such as a Gentile family would receive. They are necessitous, they are ignorant of English in many instances; the newcomers, at least, are indescribably filthy in their habits. For obvious reasons it is undesirable, both from their point of view and that of the ratepayer, that they should seek the shelter of the workhouse *en masse.* They can do but one thing,—find refuge on the property of some other "house-farmer." And then you have

merely transferred the overcrowding from one district to another, at great expense and trouble to the neighbourhood that is cleared for the moment, and at the cost of severe hardship among the aliens.

Mr. John Lithiby, Assistant Secretary of the Local Government Board, was of opinion that the local authorities "must get rid of their humanitarian proclivities." (23,489.) But even if they did there is, besides the difficulties already discussed, an aspect of the question which requires consideration. Mr. Lyttelton, the present Colonial Secretary, who was a member of the Royal Commission, said, while this witness was being examined:

> It is rather a strong proposition that, because a local authority has jurisdiction in a particular area, which area is subject to a constant and increasing invasion, to say that the whole burden of repelling that invasion should, without assistance from anybody, be placed on the ratepayers of that particular place. (28,519)

Hitherto I have spoken chiefly of overcrowding which is a legal offence. But another process, most detrimental to the health, morality, and self-respect of all concerned, aids the expulsion of native people from districts affected by alien immigration and the substitution of an alien population for the evicted inhabitants. Nothing is more characteristic of the English workman, however poor, than his desire to have more than one room as dwelling accommodation for himself and his family. This, if and when his means permit it, is his first step towards a sound and wholesome standard of living. Can any one doubt that it is an impulse to be encouraged and delivered from impediments as far as possible? But the alien is accustomed to and contented with a lower standard. And it is just this willingness to herd together—not necessarily to overcrowd the dwelling-space in the legal sense—that brings a standard which is barely compatible with self-respect into competition with one that is immeasurably better. If each room is the whole home of a family, each room can be charged a whole family's rent. And either the native must sink to the level

which the alien imposes on him by this competition or cease to dwell in the neighbourhood which he must inhabit if he is to get the work by which he lives.

Here the law does not help us. But I know no more serious problem. I have spoken of a standard of living which is barely compatible with self-respect. What sort of existence is possible where the washing and the cooking and the drying must be done in the narrow space in which the occupants of the room eat and sleep? How can a right standard of decency be maintained under the long stress when the functions of daily life, for young and old and those who are arriving at maturity, must be performed in the presence of all, when even temporary retirement and privacy are not possible?

It is, I think, needless to labour the point. Mr. Harper's statistics of overcrowding refer to the Home Office rule of "more than two to a room," and surely that is the right standard. The Alien Immigration Committee of the Jewish Board of Deputies recently issued a report in which they wrote:

> The statistics of overcrowding quoted in the report [of the Royal Commission], which purport to show a percentage of overcrowding varying from 19·8 in Mile End Old Town to 55·1 in Spitalfields, lose their value when it is appreciated that the overcrowding so recorded is not actual overcrowding, *i.e.*, too many persons to a minimum of air-space, but merely denotes so many cases of more than two persons living in one room. So that if two parents and a child lived in a room containing sufficient air space for six adults, they would be entered in the table in question as living under overcrowded conditions. (p. 8.)

I cannot imagine a more striking example of the failure so common in all ranks of the Jewish community alike to sympathise with the native population in the hardships which the advent of Hebrew immigrants inflicts upon it and to appreciate the seriousness of the problem which confronts the nation on account of the incessant inflow of these aliens. And it is notorious that the "two parents and one child" are not typical of the state of affairs in the East End, where the small family

is decidedly the exception and the large family most markedly the rule.

It must be remembered that the alienation of whole areas is not at present in itself an illegal process. It is only illegal in so far as it is accomplished by means of overcrowding which the law recognises as such. And the burden of discovering this is thrown upon the local authorities. No matter how we might strengthen the sanitary law it would not give us the power to say to any alien landing on our shores, "You shall not go into that congested district and add to the burden of the inspectors and sanitary officials, and increase the unhealthy pressure." But this movement constitutes a new factor in our national life, and I contend that we ought to face it as such. We ought to declare that we regard this process, this system of alienation and substitution, as contrary to the national welfare, and make it illegal *in principle*. If once we had given notice by statute to the alien that he should desist from working this mischief among us, we could deal with the system by which he does it as a system, we should not be obliged to attack it by legislation ostensibly directed at something different.

The majority of the Royal Commissioners, in a Recommendation which has been much criticised, suggested that we should take this straightforward line. Their proposal is:

> If it be found that the immigration of aliens into any area has substantially contributed to any overcrowding, and that it is expedient that no further newly arrived aliens should become residents in such area, the same may be declared to be a prohibited area.

The prohibition would close it to immigrants. I regard this as one of the most salutary and important proposals before the country. It is said that evasion would be easy. I do not think that evasion would be so simple as some critics imagine. If police, inspectors, and all concerned in the enforcement of the law were vigilant, cases of infraction would soon come to light if they occurred in any number. And it must be remembered that the native population would be ready to

supply information. How effective such channels may be was shown very clearly by certain evidence given before the Royal Commission (*e.g.*, evidence of Councillor Belcher).

I do not say that there would not be some infiltration. But that is no reason why we should not do our best to stop the incursion *en masse*. There is adulteration of food in spite of the Adulteration Acts. But that is not a good ground for repealing those Acts in despair. Such a prohibition as has been suggested would operate in conjunction with the rule that all immigrants seeking to acquire domicile in the country must register their addresses. And it would have a very strong *deterrent* effect. If a few prosecutions took place, and the alien, warned at the port of embarkation, knew that he was venturing into a prohibited area, he would be acting with the fear of a prosecution before him, and the same fear would be before all whom he asked to abet him. A *deterrent* effect has been one of the most marked results of the stringent American laws which restrict immigration into the United States. The Industrial Commission of 1901 reported that: "The law of 1891 defined more strictly the persons to be excluded, and the Act of 1893 added a large number of ineligibles, so that it is estimated as a result of this law that fully 50,000 persons were refused the sale of tickets within a year after it was passed." Shippers have to reconvey to their starting-place immigrants classed as undesirables, and of course they are chary of booking passengers of this description. It may here be remarked that if we adopted such measures of precaution as are proposed the British shipping industry would not be appreciably affected. It was officially stated in evidence before the Royal Commission that only about 8 per cent. on an average of the aliens whose case we are considering arrive in the Thames in British ships, and very few arrive elsewhere in British vessels.

The gradual accretion of families in the areas affected is one of the principal forces at work in dispossessing the English inhabitants. A typical instance was reported in the *Jewish Chronicle* of November 21, 1903:

At Worship Street Police Court on Wednesday the Bethnal Green Borough Council prosecuted twelve persons, all of them aliens, under one of its by-laws for overcrowding sleeping-rooms. Fines were imposed in all instances. One of the defendants, named Friedman, was proved to occupy for sleeping and living a room which he shared with his mother and a brother of nineteen. He made a speech in his own defence, urging his poverty, and spoke of having to keep his old mother, and of his wish to help his brother. He concluded by addressing the magistrate: "If you tell me I must turn my mother out, perhaps you can help me to pay for a room for her, or get her into some institution where she will be kept."—Mr. Cluer: "I think I never heard a greater piece of impertinence—except from one of your countrymen the other day, who, when I imposed a fine upon him, asked me to lend him the money to pay it. You come into this country to make a living, defying or breaking our laws, crowding your dirt and indecency together, and bring your family after you, and then coolly say, because you are stopped from herding like pigs, 'Find me a charitable institution to keep my mother in.'"

The case brings me to the last point upon which I wish to touch. These people do not regard the free entry which England has so long given to any and every foreigner as an act of grace on her part; they come into our land *as of right*. America shuts out, or, if need be, removes, all whom she does not desire to receive, our self-governing Colonies exercise a similar power, and it is recognised as inherent in the administration of every Continental country. Foreign governments do not hesitate to use their authority in this respect. No one complains; no voice is lifted up to say that those peoples are doing would-be inhabitants a wrong. But England? She is decried for venturing to discuss the exclusion of undesirables. And such arguments as the following are constantly put forward with the utmost assurance: "Unless you can prove that these people are rogues, that their moral character is bad, you cannot even claim a right to refuse admission to a single one. Their advent may be detrimental to the interests of your own people, that is not the point. We establish the fact that on the whole they are a reputable body of immigrants, and you *must* receive them and put up with the consequences." Lately the Immigration Committee of the Jewish Board of Deputies even congratulated its co-religionists on the fact that they did not

bring into the country their "fair proportion of crime, as compared with other foreigners."[1]

Let us examine this specious contention. If a man opens his door to give refuge to some one who is unfortunate and whom he pities, does that give every wanderer the right to enter his house as if it were an inn? Can every person, when he has once shown compassion to a stranger, come to his door and say: "My presence may be inconvenient to you, it may even be seriously harmful to your children. But you cannot prove I am a rogue. There is nothing against my moral character. So stand aside, please, and let me pass." Is that what hospitality given as an act of grace involves? If you once bestow it can all the vagrants in the world claim it of you thereafter as their *right?*

I urge here as I have urged before that our first duty is to our own people. It is their welfare, their health, their social needs which ought to determine who are and who are not desirable immigrants, not a general certificate of non-criminality in favour of the newcomers. And if we recognise this, we shall show that we have the right and the power to shut our door when our hospitality is abused just as we have the goodwill and the inclination to open it to those who know how to respect their host.

W. Evans-Gordon.

[1] The exact phrase is as follows: "The Commission had already stated that the Russian and the Pole, whose partial exclusion were (*sic*) specially aimed at, had, as compared with the other foreigners in the country, only half his fair proportion of crime."

THE CAPE ELECTIONS

THE elections in Cape Colony have given the Progressive Party a majority of one in the Legislative Council and a majority of five in the Legislative Assembly, or local House of Commons.

The Council consists of twenty-three members. No person can be elected a member of the Council, or of the Assembly, who is not a British subject.

Cumulative voting is the feature which distinguishes the election of members for the Council. The Colony is divided into seven electoral provinces each electing three members to the Council, and two electing one member.

The Register of Voters is the same as for the House of Assembly; but, in a "circle" returning three members, each voter can, if he pleases, "plump" for one candidate in preference to dividing his votes equally amongst the three. Or he can split his three votes between two candidates by marking two crosses opposite one name and one cross opposite a second name.

Thus in the recent Council elections the Progressive "ticket" in the western circle was represented by three candidates: The Hon. T. L. Graham, Attorney-General, Mr. John Garlick, and Mr. James Logan. Progressives, electors in the circle, were exhorted to vote solid for the "ticket" so that these three gentlemen should be returned to represent the circle.

An independent candidate, however, was in the field in the person of Dr. Petersen, who was accorded the hearty support of the Bond, and of the Labour Party in the circle. Less than one half of the total electorate favoured the candidature of Dr. Petersen, but his supporters "plumped" for him on polling day, with the result that he was returned at the head of the poll by a considerable majority.

Both parties of course claim that this system of cumulative voting confers an advantage on their opponents rather than on themselves. Both, however, avail themselves to the fullest extent of the opportunities which arise in connection with the cumulative vote, and it will be seen that the system has at least the advantage of enabling the minority to secure some representation. Perhaps this is the best that can be said of a system which is unquestionably cumbersome and antiquated.

The Legislative Council is not an awe-inspiring body, nor does the average colonist hold it, as an institution, in much esteem. Like the Gilbertian House of Lords, the Legislative Council of Cape Colony has in the past "done nothing in particular, and done it very well." It has, however, a right of veto which might at any time be exercised to curb the Legislative zeal of the Assembly, and the Progressive Party is therefore fortunate in having secured even a bare majority in the Council.

The Chief Justice of the Colony, Sir Henry de Villiers, K.C.M.G., presides, *ex officio*, over the deliberations of the Council. In case of an equality of votes on a division the President has a casting vote.

Interest naturally centres in the House of Assembly, which is composed of ninety-five members, representing the various districts of Cape Colony and the more important towns.

Fifty Progressives were returned for the Assembly at the recent election, as against forty-five members owing allegiance to the Bond.

The number of members for each district varies in accord-

ance with the population, some districts returning a single member only, whilst the majority of districts return two members. The districts of George and Worcester return three members each. Kimberley has four members and, of the coast towns, Cape Town has five, Port Elizabeth four, and East London two. The suburbs of Cape Town, namely Woodstock and Wynberg, return two members each. Members of both Houses draw pay for parliamentary attendance during each session.

It is said that the existing distribution of seats does not give fair representation to the towns. While it is admitted that the country voter has in many cases a greater stake in the Colony than has the average voter in the coast towns, it is argued that the present preponderance of voting power in favour of the former is altogether unreasonable. A Redistribution Bill is in fact one of the planks of the Progressive platform, and no doubt legislation in this direction may be looked for from a Progressive Ministry at an early date. As a fact the actual form which such legislation will take has already been fore-shadowed.

For the present a general redistribution of seats is not contemplated. . . . The maintenance of a just balance of power will be sufficiently insured by passing a measure to increase the country constituencies in fair proportion to the number of representatives returned to Parliament by the more important towns, especially the coast ports, which certainly are, at the present time, inadequately represented.

Whatever faults or failings may be attributed to the Bond by those who are opposed to that organisation, a lack of astuteness has not usually been regarded as one of its shortcomings. It is therefore all the more remarkable that the *South African News*, the Bond organ in Cape Town, should have been betrayed, in its grief at the defeat of some of the Bond champions, into admissions which cannot be regarded otherwise than as distinctly compromising.

Referring to the disaster which overtook the Hon. John X.

Merriman at Wodehouse, where he was defeated by the Progressive candidates by a majority of over 150 votes, the *News* remarked in a leading article on February 12 :

> Unhappily yesterday's rejoicing at the good news of the gain of a seat at Oudtshoorn, and the recovery of one at Piquetberg, was dashed late last night with the ill news—the calamitous news—from Wodehouse, where Mr. Merriman has failed to capture the forlorn hope which he so gallantly and self-sacrificingly attempted to carry. How tremendous were the odds against him may best be judged from the statement that, in order to win, he had to convert a majority of those who voted against him at the last election, for there voted then for his nearest opponent 964, giving Mr. Merriman a majority of 118. But in the interval no fewer than 730 voters had been struck off the lists. Had these 730 remained voters it is probable Mr. Merriman would have polled nearly 250 more than he did at the last election.

This certainly puts the matter plainly enough. Mr. Merriman was frequently reminded by opponents last session that he sat in the Legislative Assembly only by virtue of the votes of rebels. The impeachment has not only been proved up to the hilt by the result of the recent contest at Wodehouse, but has now received the endorsement of the *South African News*.

Little wonder that last session—in a voice like that of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz in Bardell *v*. Pickwick, "broken with emotion," Mr. Merriman pleaded the cause of his rebel constituents on the floor of the House.

Scarcely was the printer's ink dry on the lament of the *South African News* over the Wodehouse election when a fresh blow fell upon the party in the overthrow of the Hon. J. W. Sauer for Aliwal North, where Colonel Crewe and his colleague headed the poll. On this occasion also the comments of the *South African News* furnish instructive reading.

After referring to the fact that "the whole of Mr. Sauer's political fortunes hitherto have been bound up with Aliwal," the leading article proceeds to point out that, in the case of Aliwal as in that of Wodehouse, the feeling of disappointment that leaders should be temporarily excluded from Parliament

"must be accompanied by gratification at the progress which the principles of the South African Party are making."

It is pointed out that in 1898 Mr. Sauer's majority over his "Rhodesian opponent" was 198. "In the interval 339 votes had been struck off. It is reasonable to suppose that practically all these 339 went to Mr. Sauer."

So says the *South African News*, anxious apparently to claim for the party which it represents every rebel vote.

In Namaqualand the failure of the Bond candidates is attributed solely to the loss of 132 votes "in consequence of the war." Finally, in the issue of February 16, the same journal sums up the position as follows:

> The most important fact about the elections, of course, is that the result is not the verdict of the country delivered under normal conditions. Under ordinary circumstances the seats at Aliwal North, Wodehouse, Vryburg, Namaqualand, and Prieska, nine votes, counting 18 on a division, would have fallen to the South African Party. It is probable that the two for Barkly West would have fallen to it also, though it must be borne in mind that for many years past a great portion of that constituency has been steadily and thoroughly debauched from Kimberley. But as to the others there can be no doubt. That is to say, but for the legislation for which Messrs. Schreiner, Innes, and Solomon were mainly responsible, it would not be possible to-day for the author of the Raid to count, in any circumstances, upon a majority in Parliament. A breach of the statutory law was availed of to secure a party majority.

The breach of the statutory law, be it observed, consisted in this case of the passing of a special act for the disfranchisement of rebels, as a milder punishment than that already existing under the common law of the colony. . . . Possibly in three years time, or so, when these ex-rebels get back their votes, wiser counsels may prevail than those which prompted them to go into rebellion in the late war. Perhaps they will have seen the error of their ways. We may at least hope so much. But in any case it is well to realise now the full meaning of the facts which the *South African News* has so forcibly put before us. With the Cape Colony rebels reinstated in all the rights of citizenship, at least nine seats, now

held by men loyal to the British connection, may easily return to their pristine allegiance.

Having said so much, however, it may be well to guard against possible misconstruction as regards the motives and objects attributed to Messrs. Merriman and Sauer themselves.

These gentlemen can scarcely be acquitted of responsibility in connection with the disloyalty of their own constituents, on whom, it is not unreasonable to suppose, they might, had they been so minded, have exercised at least a deterrent influence.

Never perhaps in any previous contest could it be so truly said that those who were not for us were against us. But Mr. Merriman and Mr. Sauer incurred quite enough odium in England during the war, and the present is certainly no time to add fuel to the flame. The Dutch party will not be conciliated by abuse of its leaders.

Mr. Merriman and Mr. Sauer have no real sympathy with rebels, nor do they aim in any way at the separation of Cape Colony from the Mother Country. But they are both politicians of an extreme type, holding political views so fiercely democratic as to be all but revolutionary.

Mr. Sauer in debate is far more guarded than his colleague, but Mr. Merriman, when roused, gives expression to sentiments, both in and out of Parliament, which are mischievous in the last degree.

Most probably he himself does not realise to what all this tends, or what the logical outcome must be, of the abuse which he unceasingly hurls at everything British in South Africa. He forgets that true patriotism demands, especially in times of stress and trouble, that hostile criticism be kept within reasonable limits, and that, even when the actual trouble is overpast, it is dangerous to excite men's minds by violent and unrestrained invective. Such, however, is Mr. John X. Merriman. As a politician quite impossible. In private life a charming companion, and a genial, cultured, English gentleman.

The Progressive Party is pledged to opposition to the introduction of Chinese into South Africa, though Dr. Jameson

and other of the Progressive leaders have made it clear that they do not hold that Cape Colony has a right to dictate to the Transvaal in this matter. The protestations made by the leading Progressives in regard to the "Yellow Peril" must, however, be accepted as sincere, and certainly there are many members who yield to no Bondsman in the earnestness of their opposition to the movement in favour of Asiatic immigration. These sentiments are, in fact, widespread amongst fair-minded men in Cape Colony, and amongst those who happen to have no axe which they require a Chinaman to grind. Mr. Merriman, in his opposition to Chinese labour, has been accused in some quarters of a secret plot to drive Englishmen out of South Africa. Nothing could be more absurd. The Chinese question has undoubtedly been exploited on the Bond side at the late election for all it was worth, just as any cry that comes in handy will be raised by a political party in order to catch votes at election time. But Mr. Merriman and his friends have enough to answer for without this ridiculous accusation being brought against them. To imagine that they have some deep ulterior motive in view when they give public expression to a perfectly natural horror of the impending Chinee, is to give rise to suspicions for which the actual facts furnish no justification whatever.

It is remarkable that the defeat of the Bond leaders at the recent elections should have far greater significance, from an Imperial standpoint, than the downfall of the Sprigg Ministry, which has also come about as the result of an appeal to the electorate.

Apart altogether from the defeat of their party at the polls, the moral effect of the rebuff which Messrs. Merriman and Sauer have met with at the hands of their constituents cannot fail to be of benefit in discouraging the supporters of a policy which is certainly understood by the average Dutch-speaking colonist to be anti-British in its tendencies. On the other hand, Sir Gordon Sprigg, when he ceases to hold the reins of office, will retire from the political arena

without creating any real stir, or materially affecting the position of parties.

At the end of the last Parliament the Progressives were in a minority of six, even when they voted in the same lobby with the Ministry. The Premier, therefore, retained office at the will and pleasure of the Bond, to whom ostensibly he was opposed. Had the Bond thought fit to put forward their full strength on any important division, Ministers, even though supported by the Progressives *en bloc*, would have found themselves in a minority. This, indeed, is what happened when the Session ended, in such dramatic fashion, as the result of Mr. Burton's ill-judged motion for compensation to rebels, and a Martial Law inquiry. The position was even better exemplified at an earlier stage of the Session when the Customs Convention was under debate. The Preference clause was hotly contested, and in two minor divisions, of no consequence, Ministers were in a minority. When the bell rang for the deciding division, the numbers on either side were found to be equal, and the Speaker, Sir Bisset Berry, in accordance with precedent, gave his casting vote in favour of the motion.

The whole thing was, of course, arranged beforehand. The Premier had announced that a hostile vote would be regarded by the Government as a vote of "no confidence." It did not suit the Bond at that time to bring about the resignation of the Ministry, and accordingly certain of the Bond members changed sides on the crucial division in order to bring about an equality of voters.

To hold office under such circumstances needed great self-possession, and a firm belief that the good of the country was at stake, and that, at all costs, Sir Gordon Sprigg must continue as Premier of Cape Colony. Such, at any rate, were the sentiments attributed to Sir Gordon, who perhaps would have better consulted his own dignity, and the dignity of his office, had he declined to continue in "power" under such humiliating conditions.

In the final divisions of the last Parliament the Progressives

stood shoulder to shoulder with the Ministry, and those who were present in the House of Assembly on that occasion will remember how the Premier pointed a warning finger at the Honble. Member for rebel Wodehouse, while he assured him that the trouble which had come upon the Bond party, in the sacrifice of the Railway Bill, was entirely due to the ineptitude of the Hon. J. X. Merriman himself, and of his *protégé*, Mr. Burton, the half-fledged member for the district of Albert.

But there was no forgiveness for Sir Gordon by the Progressive party. They alleged that he had betrayed them, and though the main cause of dissension between the Premier and his supporters arose in the first instance out of his opposition to the ill-judged movement for suspension of the Constitution, the fact that in this matter he had proved to be right, and the suspensionists wrong, could not wipe out the record of differences which had subsequently arisen, and which had widened the breach until it was practically impossible to bridge it over by concessions from either side.

The existence of a party pledge, too, rendered reunion impracticable. . . . Progressive candidates at the last election were required to sign a pledge binding themselves to vote with the majority of the party on any important question arising for decision in Parliament. Failing this they must appeal to their constituents. The genial Mayor of Cape Town, who is also one of the Progressive members for the city, in the course of an election speech, described the Progressives as bound to Dr. Jameson "tooth and nail." Mr. Thorne, however, not infrequently speaks in a tone of delightful irresponsibility, and is not to be taken too seriously. No doubt the Progressives would repudiate any suggestion of being bound to Dr. Jameson, or to any other leader, "tooth and nail," but nevertheless it may be hoped that the party pledge having served its purpose on this occasion it may not be necessary to perpetuate it in future. A pledge of this character is not an elevating contract, nor does it imply much confidence in the political integrity of the candidates who are required to take it.

In practice it tends to keep the best class of politicians out of Parliament. Men of standing in the country, and of ability, honesty, and independence of spirit, do not view with favour a pledge of this nature. Yet this is the stamp of candidate of which the Progressive party stands most in need of at the present time.

It was, indeed, almost comic to note the eagerness with which speakers on Progressive platforms, anxious to give guidance to the electors, implored them on no account to think of the personal qualifications, or disqualifications, of the candidates, but to keep in view only the interests of the party. To play for the "side" is, no doubt, in the game of politics as in other games, a great and a sound scheme; but it may, perhaps, be hoped that the time is not far distant when the Progressive party, as representing loyalty and progress in Cape Colony, will be able to find candidates who will commend themselves to the electorate on personal grounds, as well as by virtue of the cause they advocate.

Both in practical statesmanship, and in knowledge of parliamentary business and procedure, Sir Gordon Sprigg stands head and shoulders above any of the politicians who sat in the last Parliament on the same side of the House as himself. He, at any rate, could scarcely be expected to bind himself by the Progressive pledge to follow submissively where he had so often led. So, at East London, he paid the penalty of his contumacy in this and in other matters, Dr. Smartt and his Progressive colleague defeating the Prime Minister, in the constituency which he has represented for over thirty years, by a majority of 900 votes.

Mr. Arthur Douglass, the Commissioner of Works, was the only other Ministerialist who stood in open opposition to the party to which he nominally belonged. Since Mr. Douglass replaced Dr. Smartt as Commissioner, when the latter resigned in order to support the suspension movement, he has never ceased to vilify the Progressive party both in Parliament and out of it. Mr. Douglass has not proved himself an able

Minister, and on the Treasury bench he relied for distinction mainly on a faculty for what is known as "hitting out from the shoulder." In other words, he was gratuitously rude and insulting to any one and every one on his own side of the House, while courting the smiles and approval of the Bond. As a result he has met a well deserved fate in the double rejection of his candidature, firstly by his own constituency at Grahamstown, and subsequently at Woodstock, where he led a forlorn hope in the ignominious guise of a glorified Labour candidate.

Of the remaining Ministers, the Attorney-General took the Progressive pledge some time since, and both Sir Peter Faure, the Colonial Secretary, and the Hon. John Frost, Minister for Agriculture, belong to the Progressive party.

So ends the Ministry of Sir Gordon Sprigg, likened by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to "comic opera" ere that Right Honourable gentleman had conspired to turn the Ministry of which he was a member into a farce.

And what of their successors? It is early yet to prophesy, but the opportunity which offers to Dr. Jameson and his friends is in many respects unique, and, both in South Africa and at home, the policy of the new Ministry will be watched with keen interest, in the hope that wise, moderate, and firm counsels may prevail, so that peace and prosperity may be assured to Cape Colony.

"MAJORITY."

CAPE TOWN, *February* 16, 1904.

TOWARDS GERMANY OR FRANCE?

NATIONAL EDUCATION AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

ENGLISH education, and especially that part of it known as secondary education, is, for the moment, in the melting-pot. The new local authorities have in many places already begun to tackle the gigantic task of rearranging the work of the existing schools and of creating new institutions to meet the more urgent needs of their several areas. Incidentally they are now settling, for a generation at least, our educational methods and ideals, which in plain English means they are deciding not only what the rank and file, but also what the leaders of the nation will be in the next twenty years. It is in every way imperative that they should realise their enormous responsibilities and carefully weigh every change and innovation. There is so much that is excellent in English education that we cannot but trust they will not only conserve but widely extend all that is worthy of retention. Again, it is to be hoped that the great principle inaugurated by the late Act, which entrusts to and, indeed, enjoins on the new authorities the duty of making the schools conform to local needs, will not be lost sight of. A blind imitation of Continental systems, with their excessive centralisation and uniformity, would be little short of disastrous; yet, in the

sphere of the proper treatment of subjects and of their due ordering and arrangement in complete courses of study, we are bound to look for information and guidance to our more highly organised neighbours abroad. Until recently our educational leaders have rather turned their eyes towards Germany, and certainly the German system is, at first sight, most impressive. One cannot but admire the care and intelligence that have been lavished on the framing of curricula, and the way in which the teaching in each subject has been thought out in every detail. Above all, one wonders at the all-round equipment of the teacher, at his professional keenness, at the thoroughness of his methods, and the high standard of attainment he reaches within the sphere in which he works. One's admiration grows as one examines the component parts of the system and sees how carefully everything is made to dovetail and interlock.

It is only when we carry our investigations still further and attempt to gauge the underlying spirit which keeps the whole machinery in motion that we begin to doubt whether we can copy so many of the features we formerly admired, or would wish to copy them if we could. At bottom education has a dual aim: the training of character and the development of the intelligence. In the training of character we have little to learn from the Germans. Indeed, there seems to be a certain danger that in our desire to emulate the success they obtain in the way of developing the intelligence we may unconsciously be tempted to copy the military modes of discipline to which the success itself is partially due. To guard against such a danger we must attempt to get to the bottom of the problem, and not only scrutinise the quantity but the quality of the intellectual output. Its very evenness furnishes a clue to its nature. To put it in a nnutshell, the teacher appears to aim at turning out intelligences of a certain specific pattern and type rather than self-sufficing, independent-minded individuals. But the dangers of such an aim, especially in the hands of an ignorant imitator, are very great, because there must always be

an inevitable tendency for such a training to become not so much a development as a *dressage* of the intelligence.

The contributary causes to such a *dressage* are manifold. One, which is frequently met with in the big towns, is the abnormally large size of the lower and middle classes. Classes of over forty are not unknown, and those over thirty are comparatively common. In fact, the German schools in the big towns are probably considerably more understaffed than the corresponding English schools. In such cases it is obvious that the teaching must be, to some extent, mechanical; there is but little scope for individual attention. But the *dressage* is also due to far deeper reasons, deeper even than the laudable desire to drag, by hook or by crook, every pupil through the mill. The whole teaching is essentially a gymnastic, a mental *Turnen*, at its worst an *acrobatie*. It bears to the proper development of the *individual* the same relation as an elaborate system of carefully thought-out army gymnastics bears to a really scientific hygienic system of Swedish exercises. In the one case an effort, more or less skilful, is made to develop certain parts, because they have been so developed from time immemorial, but the development of these to the instructor is an end in itself. In the other case an effort is made to develop the whole individual, and the development is only regarded as a means. In the first instance, the theory rests on premises that are never called in question; in the second, the theory is based on reason, and a conscious effort is made to adapt the means to nature. In a word, the first system inevitably tends to produce specific rather than original forms of mind, types rather than individuals.

Hence even in the highest forms one has always the sensation that the class are like a flock of sheep in a pen. An English class is often less together. They do not give one the same sensation of forty feeding like one, but there is more browsing. The flock may be a trifle scattered, partly, maybe, because the shepherd is not always master of his craft, partly because they are each seeking to a certain extent his own pasture. There

is no unfenced grazing-ground in German schools. From the bottom to the top the pupils in each form are folded off and penned into compartments much in the same way as a flock of sheep is folded over a field of turnips. When they have consumed all the rich crop within the four corners of their pen, another pen is opened to which they are admitted. One cannot help admiring the skill of the shepherd and the clever way in which he mixes the food and tends the flock, but the sheep strike one as somewhat too domesticated. One cannot help feeling that like all domestic animals they are being reared not so much for their own sake as for the sake of certain superior beings. The school is, in fact, one of the principal raising and breeding branches in that large State farm known in ordinary parlance as Germany, or, in other words, its principal function is to produce submissive supporters of the throne and altar.

Hence one of the *lacunæ* in the higher classes of German schools is the absence of philosophic training which more than anything else tends to develop the individual into a conscious and coherent being. Coming at a period of storm and stress during which the youth is putting away childish things and becoming a man, it serves, if properly utilised, not merely as the very crown of school studies but also as an initiation into the problems of life and conduct. The authorities themselves have lately become alarmed at the absence of such a training and the subject was the principal one selected for discussion at the Headmaster's Conference for 1902, which in that year was held in the province of Saxony. The thoroughness of the proceedings may be gathered from the fact that the whole question is first thrashed out by the teachers in the several schools, their conclusions are then embodied in a report, and from these reports a general report is put together which is submitted to the whole assembly for debate. It is significant that the conference not only reported in favour of definite philosophical training but also of giving the whole of the teaching in the higher classes a more philosophical cast. In

no subject is the lack of such a colouring more noticeable than in the teaching of history, which is taught in the upper classes on lines which are admirably adapted to the lower forms, but out of place with pupils of eighteen and nineteen. The teacher gives his own particular version, which henceforth becomes the "Evangelium" of the class, to be supplemented by one of carefully authorised text-books which are purely objective or, at their worst, baldly annalistic. What little home reading is done is bolted through the teacher's sieve by means of a careful catechism on the salient points to be brought out. But little effort is made to elicit the pupil's own personal impressions as such, much less to encourage originality. The aim of the teacher begins and ends with the assurance that the pupil has made the right deductions. The study of original authorities appears to be almost unknown. Hence the twofold value of history as one of the best instruments for forming the judgment and for initiating the pupil into the art of original research is ignored. The ideal pupil would appear to be the beloved disciple who says most frequently amen to his master or is the greatest adept at reproducing his formularies.

The same lack of any encouragement of originality is also observable in the teaching of literature, though it must to some extent be freely admitted that within certain limits the teaching is often excellent and presents points of interest that we may well imitate. Granted that the instruction specially aims at imbuing the pupils with certain definite ideas, the methods adopted are often preferable to our own. Those stumbling-blocks to the study of literature, annotated editions, are comparatively rare. The German pupil's attention is not incessantly distracted by the marginalia of scholiasts often more anxious to air their own knowledge than to contribute to his enlightenment. Poems are not studied piecemeal but as continuous wholes. The text is not dug over for the grammatical roots it may contain, but rather treated as a flower-bed whose artistic arrangement is admired, and whose fragrance and beauty are judged as a whole. The Germans do not believe

that an elaborate knowledge of verbal botany is a necessary introduction to an appreciation of literature. They recognise that culture, like gardening, deals far more with the living thing than with the dead anatomy. A knowledge of mathematics or science certainly adds to an appreciation of art, but it is not the one thing necessary by any manner of means. Yet even while one admires German methods of teaching literature one feels their limitations. One cannot help thinking that the teacher's enthusiasm for literature, sincere as most of it is, bears the same relation to the real native spontaneous love of literature as the somewhat loud and noisy talk about German patriotism bears to our deep inborn conception of patriotism. To say it is the difference between the acquired and the indigenous is too strong a contrast. Yet if one compares the German love of the higher forms of literature with the true unforced genuine love of the French, one instinctively thinks of the parallel between the man who at a great price obtained his freedom and the other who was born to it. Perhaps a still closer comparison would be that between official and natural Christianity. The love of German literature, as inculcated in the schools, is part of the *official cult* of the State religion by law established—an excellent thing, no doubt, but with a slight smack of compulsion about it. In fact, as one hopes to show when we come to discuss French education, while we can learn something from the teaching of the mother tongue and of literature in Germany, we may learn the same and still more from France. From Germany we can in fact pick up a certain amount, mainly in the mechanics of teaching. But here the matter ends. For inspiration and for the strengthening of certain national weaknesses we must rather look to France.

Of course, here again, we must choose and discriminate. In the training of character we have very little to learn from our friends across the Channel, although the modern theories of freedom and individuality are undoubtedly having an effect on the hitherto somewhat military *régime* of the schools, which is

clearly shown by the most recent programmes in history teaching. In fact, it is fair to state that, while Germany is undoubtedly more and more approximating her schools to military ideas, the French are steadily moving in the opposite direction, towards the encouragement of freedom, responsibility and personal initiative. Again, while we may well copy the high pitch of efficiency to which the French have brought the teaching profession and the honourable status to which they have raised it, we must steadily avoid any movement that tends to make our teachers mere purveyors of knowledge and divorce them from active participation in the larger life of the school. But when we come to the development of the intelligence we may find much that we can freely admire and imitate.

French education may be roughly divided into two parts, one of which ends with the first part of the Baccalaureate, formerly called *la rhétorique*, the other ending with the part still known as *la philosophie*. Both these parts explain pretty well the aims of either course of study. The former is a training in taste and in the art of expression. As in Germany, the mother tongue and the native literature are put in the forefront of the programme, but, as has been already hinted, the manner in which they are taught in France is distinctly superior. Thanks to his prodigious appetite for knowledge, the German, who in this as in other matters is a veritable *gourmand*, is acquainted with what is considered to be the best that has been said on a subject, and has more or less formed for himself a palate. The Frenchman, on the other hand, is a born *gourmet*. Instinctively he picks out, selects and arranges what is *de bon goût*. Even when he deals with platitudes, he manages to "ear-mark" them with a touch of his own individuality. In fact, he is past-master in the difficult art, according to Horace, of "communia propriè dicere." This artistic individualism pervades the whole nation; one sees it even in so common a matter as dress, in which the women, while careful to follow the fashion, each modify it to

suit their own particular style of beauty. Teachers and taught thus bring to the study of literature and the mother tongue an aptitude not to be met with elsewhere. In no branch of the subject does the superiority of the French come out more plainly than in the teaching and practice of essay writing, which is still regarded as one of the most important items in the school time-table. Free composition begins in fact in the lowest classes with oral narration in its simplest form—the mere re-telling of some story which has been already related by the teacher. The *bien dire* and *bien écrire* are thus taught from the very outset. The practice prevails to a certain extent in German schools, but where the French excel is in the far greater attention given to the composition itself of the essay. Their language serves as an admirable medium. It is the true heir of the best traditions of the ancient rhetors, handed down through an uninterrupted apostolic succession through the schools of Lyons, Bordeaux and Paris. It is the finished product which has been worked up by generations of native Longinuses and Quintilians. It is the only modern language that has evolved a distinctively national prose style. Thanks to its ancient traditions, the French have never lost sight, as we in England, of the true meaning of the word composition. With us it too often means reproduction in a foreign medium of some passage in English, a matter of clever phrasing, of matching nuances of thought in the two languages concerned, of reproducing in (say) a Latin mosaic a design already given in English. It retains in French its fuller, truer and really classical meaning of composing, of putting together, of construction. It implies the employment not merely of the talents of the mosaic-layer, but of the original designer, the master-builder, the architect. In a word, the French writer is not merely the framer of happy phrases. His chief glory consists in his skill to build up phrases into paragraphs, and paragraphs into one single, harmonious, architectural whole. And herein lies for us one of the great benefits to be derived from a study of French methods. Just as our artists go to Paris to learn

technique, so our teachers might well go to France to study the teaching of composition on French lines, in place of the happy-go-lucky, *laissez-faire* methods of letting pupils "muddle through" what they wish to say. We do not want to create in our schools a pseudo-French style. There is, indeed, but little danger of such an eventuality. We have too much of what may be called nationality, of racial mother stuff ever to capitulate to that danger, whereas our greater affinity to Germany renders us all the more likely to exaggerate the defects of what we learn from that country.

But the art of clear and artistic expression demands more than a purely literary education if it is not to suffer from the dangers of superficiality. This corrective is supplied by the training the French pupil receives in the last year of his school career under the rubric of Philosophy. While the German pupil is laboriously filling in or widening the circle of his hard acquired knowledge, the French pupil is underpinning the whole structure of his previous education. Curiously enough the word that each would apply to his education at this stage has ostensibly the same meaning. The German would say that he was studying his subjects *gründlich* and the French that he was pushing his education *au fond.* Yet the first only means he is filling in the blanks in the cyclus of his knowledge; the other that he is going down to the root of what he has learnt. No year is more important from the pupil's point of view. A purely rhetorical education has great dangers. It leaves one more or less at the mercy of words. It is true that a philosophical education puts us at times at the mercy of ideas, but such a predicament is the less perilous of the two. A rhetorical education gives us, as it were, the colour of things, the philosophical adds the sense of form; the one trains the emotions, the other moulds the logical shape that they take. Such a philosophical education as is given in the French lycées is not merely a *résumé* of the past, a co-ordination and explanation of all previous studies, it also furnishes a base and a groundwork for the future life of the pupil, providing, as it were, the

cadres round which he may classify his subsequent experiences, and by which he may direct his conduct. The practice of teaching the pupil to examine and catalogue his ideas is of the highest educational value. Individuality and the unification of ideas are very closely connected. If we English could have a little more appreciation and respect for general ideas, which are often after all but the intellectual names of great moral principles, we should certainly be able to reason out many of our social and political difficulties more readily, and be less slaves to the gross sophisms which obtain currency from the neglect of the ordinary cultivated man to examine the exact meaning of the terms he uses. Again, French philosophy enjoys the advantage of wearing the least forbidding aspect of all the philosophies. It may not attain the depth of German philosophy—in some ways it may only be a sort of glorified common sense—but in its lucidity and its close attachment to the problems of daily life it finds at once its strength and its weakness. Nor is it by any means as shallow as foreigners often think. The depth is there, but it is so easily seen, because the medium, the language in which it is conveyed, is so transparent. In France, the French do not forget that philosophy is a branch of literature, and the whole attitude of the best French writer is not to pose as an unfolder of mysteries, explaining the *obscurum per obscurius*, but rather to show, with the greatest suppression of self, how after all the thing is not so difficult.

Nothing gives a clearer notion of the French aim in education than their conception of examinations. Our literary examinations are, above all, an audit of knowledge, and at their worst a mere audit of fact. The whole competition is a match against time; the pupil who can disgorge the greatest amount of knowledge in a given time comes out top. A certain level of spelling, punctuation, and grammar is demanded, but style in the French sense of the word rarely counterbalances quantity in the examiner's eyes. The entire examination is very largely a matter of memory, either in the actual repro-

duction of what has been learnt, or the reproduction of something similar to what one has been taught; the whole thing is too exclusively a matter of enlightened imitation. Originality is too rarely sought for or desired. The arts of exposition, of development, of composition proper are comparatively neglected. When a French university professor is shown an English paper with ten or twelve questions (say in history) he is lost in astonishment at the number of questions; but when he is told they are all to be answered in three hours he is dumfoundered. The number of questions to be attempted in the lycée for a three hours' composition, or in the university for a six hours' paper, would be one or two. One can only explain to him that the English method treats intelligences much as sponges. It attempts to discover those which can return the greatest quantity of the facts or theories they have absorbed. To which our Frenchman rejoins, But where does the composition come in, the act of presenting one's subject in the clearest form, and in the most suitable language? One can only point out the fact that it doesn't come in except in a subordinate way, for the simple reason that the English examinee writes from the point of view of one who writes for a critic who knows already what he ought to say and only wants to verify his remarks, whereas the French candidate writes from the point of view of one who wants to explain to the ordinary person what he has to say and so naturally puts his case with the utmost care. The Frenchman will probably remark that, as far as practical value goes, in fact as a preparation for everyday life, his method of examination is more useful, as it allows the pupil to explain his views to any one of a certain calibre. Reply on this point seems difficult, for have we not here the main reason of the chronic ability of the English boy to explain himself and his ideas in a coherent fashion? No doubt this cult of form when pushed to extremes may lead to undue disregard for the subject-matter. Every virtue when pushed to extremes becomes a vice. But inasmuch as we and the French have got hold of opposite ends of the truth, this is

certainly a point where we have much to learn from them if we wish to encourage the productive rather than the mere reproductive faculties of our pupils.

It would be interesting to enlarge on the superiority of French over English examinations in their invariable inclusion in every examination of a *viva voce* which tests some of the most valuable qualities of every-day life which are practically untouched by the written work. Let it suffice to say that there is very urgent need for us in England to revive at once this type of intellectual assaying, or largely to extend its range wherever it already exists. The recent successful oral trials of candidates for the navy seem to promise a wide extension of the system in the near future. It is only fair to German educationists to say that their examinations, both written and oral, are conducted on somewhat similar lines. But for reasons already given above, the French would appear, in this respect also, more likely to repay judicious study and imitation on our part. Again, while English, and especially English literary examinations, are in the main an audit of knowledge, yet it is true that in some schools and in the later stages of education at the universities, and more particularly at Oxford, stress is laid on the value of those qualities by which the French set such store. What we want is a much wider diffusion of these ideals. Perhaps the best way to promote them would be to encourage a far closer intercourse between Oxford and Paris, which, in their conception of culture, have so many points of resemblance. Could the authorities of the two universities only come to know one another better, they would be astonished and cheered to find how many ideals they shelter in common.

The danger of turning to Germany rather than to France does not end here. There are a certain number of persons to-day in England who are demanding we should begin the study of languages with German rather than French, which has hitherto always had the pre-eminence. They urge with much plausibility that the accent is easier, and that the problem of

learning a new vocabulary is lessened by the fact that the commoner words in English and German are more like one another than the commoner words in French and English. German, no doubt, is easier of pronunciation than French, though the question of accent for young children, with their very flexible organs of speech and great power of imitation, is of much less importance than with older pupils. The argument from vocabulary seems less serious. Even the pupil of nine or ten, if he has not learnt Latin, has already become acquainted with a large number of English words of Latin origin. Again, as the Anglo-Saxon words in his own language present to the small boy no difficulty, the fact that many words in English and German are alike is only helpful in learning the German vocabulary, whereas when French is learnt, the acquisition of French and the acquisition of English words derived from the Romance languages are mutually helpful. The English is perpetually throwing light on the French word, and the French on the English. Finally, the difficulties of German grammar and German construction with the unusual order of words is certainly greater for pupils of this age than French grammar and construction in the opening stages. The same advocates urge that German at a later stage is very necessary for all who wish to do research work in history, economics, or science, and also insist on its commercial value. The bulk of original investigations published in Germany is in the majority of subjects the greatest in the world; but the amount in France is by no means insignificant, is often indispensable, and where it does exist, is generally served up in a much more available form. At the same time, too much stress must not be laid on the argument itself. The mere grammatical knowledge requisite to read a work of research is easy of acquirement. The main difficulty lies in the technical vocabulary, which has to be mastered after the pupil has left school. This advantage, such as it is, is compensated for by the greater commercial value that is attached to a knowledge of French. While our trade with France and French colonies

is practically as big as our trade with Germany and her dependencies, nearly all Germans engaged in trade or commerce are sufficiently masters of English to be able to do business in that language, but the converse in the case of French merchants and shippers is by no means true. The utilitarian value of French for trade purposes is therefore considerably greater than the utilitarian value of German, although there is a strong current of public opinion to the contrary. But, granting once more for the sake of argument that the Teutophiles have so far made out the better case, there are still two very potent reasons for beginning with French, the last of which seems well-nigh unanswerable. A large percentage of small boys who are going to receive a secondary education are destined to take up Latin. As a preparation for the study of Latin, there can be no comparison between German and French. The Germans have recognised this in all their so-called reform schools, in which the study of a modern language is made the stepping-stone to the study of Latin, though had they adopted the argument of the Philoteutons over here, they would not have hesitated to select English, as the connection between German and French is far more remote than between English and French. French is also the one modern language that is obligatory in their "unreformed" classical schools. Again, in their non-classical schools they begin with French and not with English. The truth is they realise that French is really an indispensable factor in general culture. That is really the chief argument of all. The question of which language shall we begin with is not a mere academic one. It really goes to the heart of national education. Everything hinges on it. Analyse it out, and we see it is only another way of asking on which language shall we lay the greater stress; which language shall we, in fact, place first? In the case of many boys only one modern language will be taken up. The question, therefore, is all the more important as to which they shall take. Expressed in other words it means, which culture do we desire to copy on a large

scale—that of Germany or that of France? Put in that fashion, can there be any doubt? Do we not want rather to reinforce the Norman than the Anglo-Saxon side of our character?

If the position of classics is going to be weakened in England, are we not likely to find more or less compensation for the change in a more extensive study of French which is in so many ways the universal legatee of Greek and Roman traditions? Can Germany offer us anything similar?

To sum up. Is not the balance largely in favour of generally, though not exclusively, following French models rather than German in school matters? One must lay stress on the word "school," for all are willing to testify to the extraordinary love of learning to be found in German universities, to their untiring energy in research, and to their freedom of opinion, although the latter quality has been sadly curtailed of recent years. In their schools we can again gladly bear witness to the high qualifications of the teaching profession, to their strenuous, if somewhat narrow, conception of duty, and to the various strong points in the teaching of certain subjects. But, as we have seen, these strong points are as well and often better represented in French schools; while certain weaknesses we have noted in German education—the increasing military spirit, the reactionary tendencies and the lack of the philosophic training—are less pronounced or entirely absent from French education. We have further seen how, in the teaching of the mother tongue, in the proper conception of examinations and in the addition of a philosophical crown to its education, France has for us, if we are willing to learn, things which are in every way worthy of our consideration. We stand at the very parting of the ways. Are we to copy from a national system which every year seems to grow more out of sympathy with the majority of the nation, deliberately constituted to serve as a buttress to the political *status quo*, or another which under a more modern *régime* is striving to adapt itself to the conditions of the times? What is frankly the main ideal of German

education? Erudition. What is the main ideal of French? Culture. Which ideal is more wanted in England at the present time? Which language is likely to afford the better linguistic, logical, æsthetic, and literary training? Is it German with its glorious lyrical poetry, its almost boundless vocabulary, its Gothic-like architecture, with cathedral-like sentences branching into a mass of clauses, a veritable cluster of side-chapels, recalling at once the might, majesty and awe of its architype the primeval Hercynian forest, forest that, alas, the ordinary student does not see because of the trees, as he struggles with its sesquipedalian compounds and its apparently interminable sentences, its involved and complicated style, that happily shows signs of a movement towards a greater simplification of expression, yet still involved in the toils of its own verbosity? Or is it not rather French with its poetry, in which the overwhelming sense of form almost cramps and stunts the emotions, with its far less copious vocabulary which is yet one of the most effective arsenals of expression because of the admirable way in which its contents have been catalogued and cross-referenced, with a prose style that combines the classical architecture of pure line with the warm colouring of modern sentiment, recalling in its directness and solidity the road and bridge-building talents of the Romans, while its good taste, moderation and refinement represent a genuine infiltration from the best epochs of Greek culture, lucid and logical, appealing alike to the æsthetic and literary sense? What finer instrument of mental discipline is there outside the classical world?

English we must at any price remain, but certainly neither insular nor ultra-protectionist. The most valuable free imports we can make are such methods and ideals as we can copy from our neighbours. We want, in fact, to send abroad a sort of second Mosely Commission composed of educationists, but taken from those engaged not on the administrative, but on the pedagogical side—inspectors, head-masters, and the like, with a sprinkling of county education

secretaries—persons of wide experience and acquainted not merely with the strength but the weaknesses of English education. They would not only have to consider the points raised above, but many others. To mention only a few, the position of science and of mathematics in the different courses of study, the age at which Latin should be begun, the systematic teaching of history and geography. When the educational scouts had reported, we should be in a position to know how far we might venture on the German, and how far on the French road, without losing touch with the English highway.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

THE CAVALRY AND ITS PRINCIPAL ARM

THE author of the article under the above heading in the MONTHLY REVIEW of December had certainly some reason to believe that his endeavours to expose the weakness of the arguments in the War Office Memorandum under consideration had not been without success.

How complete that success had been, however, he had never realised until the appearance of the reply in the February number by a writer under the somewhat inappropriately chosen name of "Cavalry." For although the vehemence, and even irritation with which "Cavalry" throws himself into the fray makes it evident that, if he fails to demolish "Eques" it is due solely to the weakness of his case, not to the lack of ardour or ability of the advocate, so little does he fulfil his boldly announced intention of "answering" the objections of "Eques" that of the many solid and serious arguments against the Memorandum in the December article, not one does he even attempt to controvert, while the few he alludes to he misrepresents; a very ancient device of the advocate who finds the arguments of his opponent too strong to meet.

It is indeed difficult not to believe that in putting forward this so-called reply, he does so relying on the fact that December is now long past, and that the article of that date may have been forgotten, so much so that perhaps no more crushing rejoinder to him could be found than would be a reprint *in*

extenso of the entire article he pretends to criticise. But let "Cavalry" speak for himself.

He begins by the charge of "preconceived prejudice." "Prejudice" is ever the cry of the bigot when fairly put to his defence, but conviction that is supported by uncontroverted argument can hardly be so called, while if vehement assertion unbacked by reasoning and failing to meet that of an opponent be prejudice, it is against "Cavalry," not "Eques," that the charge must be laid. But he quickly passes to misrepresentation even less excusable. "Where I must differ from 'Eques,' he says, "is that, whereas he believes that the *rôle* and tactics of Cavalry have not altered since the days of Cromwell, Frederick the Great and Murat, and that the modern rifle in the hands of the enemy has not curtailed the power of Cavalry, I believe that the modern rifle in the hands of the Cavalry itself will in no way cripple its power, but, on the contrary, add to it."

But where does "Eques" assert anything so absurd as the first? Where does he deny a truth so obvious as the last? Could there be a more ridiculous travesty of what he does assert—that the Cavalry charge being as necessary as it ever was, the modification advisable under modern conditions must stop short of the excess of making the rifle the principal arm; or, as it is summed up in the article in question, "the more efficiently Cavalry can use the fire-arm the better, so long as they are never allowed for a moment to forget that it is their secondary, not their principal arm."

It is to be regretted that "Cavalry" should descend to such juggling with words as this.

To pretend to emphasise the difference between one's opponent and oneself by first ascribing to him assertions he did not make, and then claiming as one's own opposite view a truism which neither he nor any one else in their senses would ever attempt to deny, is a method of controversy which may be ingenious, but is certainly not honest.

He next says:

"Eques" seems to think that the Memorandum aims at abolishing shock tactics and giving up the *arme blanche.* But I am afraid his indignation . . . has somewhat obscured his vision. The tactics suggested in the Commander-in-Chief Memorandum could not truthfully be described as abolishing shock tactics, and he certainly does not abandon the *arme blanche,* for Cavalry retain the sword.

But all this supposition about what "Eques" seems to think is mere trifling, for the simple reason that, whether "Eques" be right or wrong, there is at any rate no doubt whatever what he does think (at all events in the mind of any one who reads his words, and not only the travesty of them supplied by "Cavalry"), for, speaking of the Order that the rifle is to be the Cavalry soldier's principal weapon, he proceeds :

and which although it does not actually abolish the *arme blanche* and turn the Cavalry into Mounted Rifles, goes so far in the spirit of such a change that it retains only the sword, a weapon which in its present form is notoriously inefficient, while it abolishes for all practical purposes the lance, which, however opinions may differ on other points, certainly enjoys above all other weapons the distinction of being hated and feared by every enemy against whom it has been employed.

Where is the obscurity of vision here ? Where the excuse for talking of what "Eques" "seems to think" ? There could, as a matter of fact, be no simpler or more accurate statement of what actually occurred.

In the course of his article "Cavalry" makes the assertion that the first thought of a Cavalry scout on meeting an enemy is "What's behind ?"

It is a thought which some soldiers may possibly dwell on a little too much, but, however that may be, if we adapt the idea to the examination of "Cavalry's" own arguments, and ask the question with regard to some of his most imposing propositions, we find that the answer can only be, "Very little indeed!"

This is especially the case in several instances in which, evidently both impressed and irritated by passages in which

"Eques" exposes the confusion and unreason of sundry parts of the Memorandum, he attempts to use the same method against "Eques," with the amusing result that, after starting with great condemnation of the contradictions and confusion he is about to deal with in the reasoning of his opponent, he finds when he comes to the point, that there is no confusion to expose, and his argument forthwith fizzles out into a wilderness of nebulous inconsequence, so strangely akin to certain passages in the original Memorandum as to excuse, if it does not altogether account for, his excessive ardour in its defence. For instance, in the passage in "Eques'" article: "It is a characteristic instance of the confusion and inconsequence which distinguish the Memorandum that, whereas we are here told that no improvement can be looked for in the sabre, under one of the very next headings it lays the greatest stress on the improvement that is to be made both in the sabre and its use, enumerating its present faults and the method and importance of their correction." "Eques," at any rate, makes good his words; the confusion and inconsequence here are obvious to any one. When "Cavalry" attempts to retort with the same method the result is far otherwise.

"But the use," he says, "of this argument here" (the argument that armament is so little a vital question for Cavalry that it has been said that a first-class Cavalry regiment if armed only with broomsticks would still be efficient) "is only an example of the confusion of thought that characterises this rather virulent attack on the tactics suggested in the Commander-in-Chief's Memorandum. For although the writer lays due stress on the importance of the horse, and the great power of mobility which it gives to Cavalry, he fails to see that there is absolutely nothing in the tactics suggested that will not give free and ample scope for mobility and rapidity." Now, where is the confusion of thought in this? How does "the use of this argument here exemplify such confusion"? One would think the case simplicity itself!

What excuse could even the most puzzleheaded of men have for imagining confusion here? "But," says "Cavalry," and here it becomes evident that the only confusion in the case is in the head of the advocate who is out of his depth, "although the writer lays due stress on mobility, he fails to see that there is absolutely nothing in the tactics suggested that will not give free and ample scope for mobility and rapidity." Here, indeed, is confusion with a vengeance. What can be the condition of the mind of a man who can make such a charge as this? How is it possible that the most rudimentary intelligence could "fail to see," not only indeed that the suggested tactics will give free and ample scope for mobility and rapidity, but that one of the gravest dangers of this famous system is that it may give "scope" for far more mobility than its luckless votaries may be able to display! Truly one might as well be charged with "failing to see" that the operations of a coursing meeting give "free and ample scope" for the mobility of the hare!

What, again, can be more absurd than to contend, as "Cavalry" does in the next paragraph, that no better argument against sword and lance can be found than is afforded by the broomstick quotation mentioned above, and that, in defending their use, "Eques" must have entirely forgotten that quotation. For if it be a fact, as "Cavalry" himself admits it is, that it is so little the case that armament is a vital question for Cavalry that a first-class Cavalry regiment armed only with broomsticks would yet be efficient, how does this clash with the self-evident fact that with a better weapon it would be more efficient still? Does the fact that mobility, not armament, is the vital question condemn us to the conclusion that one arm is as good as another, that what is not vital need never be considered at all?

It is difficult to deal patiently with a travesty of argument so feeble and so unfair.

Again, in continuance of the same Gilbertian style of controversy, he asserts that "when 'Eques' quotes as examples

of successful shock action the Boers who charged . . . with only the much abused rifle in their hands (from which it appears that it is not absolutely essential to have the sword or lance in hand for Cavalry to charge with success), he is opposing examples in complete opposition to his own deductions." Here again "Cavalry" makes misrepresentation take the place of argument. For, in the first place, "Eques" did not quote the Boer charges as examples of successful shock action, but as evidence of the fact that our own abandonment of sword and lance, so far from promoting the abolition of shock tactics, rather encouraged their use, its only effect being that for charging we substituted being charged; and, secondly, it is not the case that "Eques" endeavours to make out that the lance especially is essential to Cavalry efficiency. He certainly believes that weapon to be, in many respects, the best, and states his reasons, but this is very different from asserting it to be essential.

But "Cavalry," in his anxiety to fasten upon his opponent the onus of having pronounced certain arms to be "essential," appears to commit himself to the expression of an opinion that is not without interest.

In the sentence above quoted as to the success of the Boers charging with only the rifle in their hands, and in sundry similar passages throughout the article, he gives the impression that he believes that the rifle in hand may become a recognised substitute for sword and lance in a charge of Cavalry.

But whatever may have happened under the exceptional circumstances of the Boer War, does he really believe that this "Buffalo Bill" method will ever be practised with success, or even without dire disaster, against the highly trained Cavalry which, almost without exception, the whole of our possible future opponents possess?

If so, though he may fancy he has proved by dint of the Boer charges that "it is not absolutely essential for success in a charge to have sword or lance in hand," let me remind him, as he seems so partial to the expression, that there is another

condition which *is* "absolutely essential" to such success, and that is that those weapons should not be in the hands of the enemy!

How much did we see of Boer charges before the time when it became known that the *arme blanche* had been abandoned?

If there was one thing that, before then, was better established than another, it was that, far from venturing to charge, the Boer had no more rooted aversion than that from allowing British Cavalry on horseback to get within five hundred yards of him on any rideable ground!—so much so that, that distance once reduced, it was not upon the deadly rifle, but upon the speed of his mount that he almost invariably relied to save his skin.

So much for this argument for the rifle as against the sword and lance in the hands of mounted men.

It is a relief to turn from the misrepresentation, the hair-splitting, and the false logic which characterise "Cavalry's" treatment of this question to the unbiased statement of the case which appeared, also in the MONTHLY REVIEW, more than a year ago from the pen of a practical soldier whose experience is second to none, Colonel G. J. Younghusband, of the Guides, who says in an excellent article on "The Horseman of the Future":

> Young leaders of horse, untrammelled by tradition, found that in wide open formations they could gallop the Boers out of any rideable position; and the Boers themselves taking the cue, and noticing the absence of the lance, galloped us out of convoys and even galloped into and captured bodies of troops; all, too, in the face of the terrible rifle fire which no cavalry was ever again to be able to face! But—and here comes food for reflection—neither the Boers nor ourselves had sword or lance to use, when these favourable positions for their use had been gained. Let us, therefore, not hastily condemn weapons which further examination and experience show might have been used with deadly effect under more auspicious circumstances, and the want of which laid our convoys and troops open to those charging tactics, which the Boers would never have dared to employ in the face of a single squadron of properly armed cavalry.

Not more completely does the ancient cobweb disappear

before the brush of the housemaid, than do the sophistries of the faddist before this simple statement of actual facts, their cause and effect, by a practical soldier.

"But the weapon for shock action," says "Cavalry" in his next paragraph, "not being of vital importance to Cavalry, the argument for the lance falls to the ground. For though the lance may be the best weapon for shock action . . . it is so cumbersome and interferes so greatly with that mobility which 'Eques' rightly lays stress upon that it has been most wisely discarded."

Now setting aside for the moment the fact that it is not mobility, but dismounted service with which the lance may be said to interfere, it would be difficult to find a more ingenious perversion than this of the actual case, which is, on the contrary, that in face of the failure of the Memorandum and its apologist to prove the ascendency of the rifle in the Cavalry combat, it is the case for the *abolition* of the lance which falls to the ground.

For, as was clearly stated in the December article, if the rifle had been proved to be the principal arm, it would have been reasonable enough to decide on the style of *arme blanche*, irrespective of other considerations, which interferes least with dismounted work.

This is, no doubt, though not by so much as is sometimes supposed, the sword; and it was probably this fact, rather than any fair comparison of their merits, that occasioned the proposal to supersede the lance by that weapon.

But if sword or lance are still to have the first place, it is upon their own merits that they must be judged, and the merits of the lance are considerably greater than the Memorandum allows.

The author of the original Memorandum, to do him justice, was, unlike "Cavalry," so thoroughly aware that the case for the abolition of the lance must depend upon the proof of the ascendency of the rifle as the weapon of Cavalry, that an attempt at such proof filled a large part of its earlier pages, and

its complete failure was due solely to the weakness of the case, not to lack of energy in the writer.

That the lance in its present form is inconvenient for dismounted service is admitted. If dismounted service had been proved to be the principal *rôle* of cavalry that defect would be a fatal one ; but, as it has not, it is a proper subject of discussion whether or not its interference with Cavalry in their secondary power of fire-action counter-balances its advantages in their principal *rôle* of the charge.

But it is mobility with which "Cavalry" asserts the lance to interfere ! Could any assertion be more absurd than this ? What nation's Cavalry at the present time is, so far as we can judge, more mobile than any other ? Is it not that of Germany ? Yet nearly every German horseman carries the lance, and in relation to this fact "Cavalry" may well be reminded that whereas we have lately been familiar with situations in which the exponents of dismounted fire-action have had the speed of their exponents, we have yet to see the result of an attempt to carry out their tactics in the face of a well-armed and highly trained Cavalry, which, on the contrary, has the speed of them.

Finally, "Cavalry," in objecting to the description of the lance as "that deadly weapon," instances that it killed only twelve and sixteen Boers in the charges at Elandslaagte and the relief of Kimberley.

It is well known to the actors in those and similar events that nothing can be more fallacious than such computations, but, setting this aside in order to meet him on his own ground, he may be reminded of what he seems to forget, that there are two entirely diverse ways in which the deadliness of a weapon is proved.

In the same way as it is said that the very deadliness of modern engines of warfare in general, by the respect they thereby inspire, results in less bloodshed than occurred in earlier times, so also it is the fact that while a deadly weapon may make many victims, a still deadlier one, by reason of the

very terror it inspires, may make no more, or even fewer, *so long as those who use it attain their object.*

Had the Boers, with the loss of those sixteen, repulsed General French, the efficiency of the lance might have been questioned with some show of reason, but as he brilliantly succeeded, it is evident that the moderate number of the slain on which "Cavalry" founds his argument, far from testifying to the inefficiency of the lance, bears witness to the deadliness of a weapon which so few dared to face. The worth of a weapon must, in fact, be judged by the success attained, not by the "butcher's bill."

It would be easy, indeed, even if we humour "Cavalry" by following up his own line of argument, to show a far better case against gun and rifle than he can against the *arme blanche.* For what is it against sword and lance whether General French, on the way to Kimberley, killed only sixteen Boers, or six, for that matter, seeing that he attained his object, he got through? Why, if it comes to that, Sir Redvers Buller at Colenso with ten times the number of men and guns, killed but forty Boers, all told, though he, on the contrary, was driven back! What becomes of "Cavalry's" argument here?

"Finally," says "Cavalry," "does 'Eques' realise that the rifle used by men in shock action (in the Boer charge on Benson's rearguard) killed and wounded 123 out of 160 men on the ridge with Benson's guns, almost all in a few minutes?" He certainly does not, nor does any one in his senses believe anything so absurd. Happily, however, we are spared the strain on our politeness which any effort to discuss this amazing statement would inflict, by "Cavalry's" own consideration in flatly contradicting it himself a few pages further on, where, in his ardour against shock-tactics, entirely forgetting his previous remarks, he says: "The successes of the Boers in their charge on Colonel Benson's and Lord Methuen's rearguards were brought about by the Boers first bringing a very heavy and close-range fire to bear on our men, and then charging them with very superior

numbers, *the advance being covered by the same fire all the time!*"

Ingenious "Cavalry"! What wonderful effects we could all appear to produce, shooting either from the saddle or otherwise, if our target were under very heavy and close-range fire from somebody else "all the time"! No wonder, if it is thus his deductions are drawn, that "Cavalry's" notions as to the merits of the horseman's rifle are so exaggerated, no wonder that in attempting to combat the general belief that the rifle in hand is but a poor weapon for a horseman who has to meet the *arme blanche* he so gallantly exclaims: "Is the mounted man with his rifle in hand at such a disadvantage with the lancer? Personally, I should much prefer to be the man with his rifle in his hand, and ten rounds in its magazine." That this is not the generally received idea is obvious from the official regulations for Mounted Infantry, which say: "*Mounted Infantry must ever bear in mind their helplessness if attacked by Cavalry, or even active men on foot, when mounted,*" from which it is clear that it is upon his personal prowess alone, not on the merits of the weapon in the hands of the ordinary soldier, that "Cavalry's" "confidence" in this respect must be based.

But although it is weary work to plod through the details of such reasoning as that of "Cavalry," and though its confutation may be considered a task of greater ease than interest, his one remaining argument must be noticed, if only for the reason that he announces in this that in a quotation from the late Colonel Henderson, "Eques" is "particularly unfortunate"!

That quotation was used in the December article to confute a statement in the Original Memorandum, a task which it performed most effectually, nor is it easy to perceive in what the particular misfortune consists, unless it be in the well-known fact that Colonel Henderson, good soldier as he was in so many respects, was himself a victim to the strange new delusions concerning mounted troops, of which "Cavalry" himself is the present exponent.

But, had not "Cavalry" been blinded by his own indignation, he would have perceived, what one would think was obvious to the most obtuse, that this fact, far from being "unfortunate for 'Eques'", was deliberately utilised by him to add force to his argument, by providing a refutation to the authors of the Memorandum out of the mouth of one of their own prophets!

But, putting this particular point aside, it may be worth while, as "Cavalry" refers to the allusion to Colonel Henderson with so much triumph, to recall the reason for and result of the introduction of his name.

It was asserted in the Memorandum, in the course of its appreciation of the rifle at the expense of other arms, that retreating troops nowadays, armed with the rifle, do not become demoralised enough for effective pursuit with the *arme blanche*. "Do they not?" said "Eques." "Let us see what the late Colonel Henderson, a soldier who certainly had no bias in favour of Cavalry, says on the point. 'To-day,' he writes, 'death has a far wider range, and the effect on the nerves is consequently far more severe. *Demoralisation, therefore, sets in at an earlier period, and it is more complete*,' and, quoting an eye-witness of the retreat of the 28th Prussian Brigade at Vionville, he continues:

'They moved only slowly to the rear, their heads bent in utter weariness; their features distorted under the thick dust that had gathered on faces dripping with sweat. The strain was beyond endurance. The soldier was no longer a receptive being; he was oblivious of everything great or small. His comrades or his superiors he no longer recognised; and yet he was the same man who but a short time before had marched across the battlefield shouting his marching chorus. *A few active squadrons, and not a man would have escaped.*'"

And this is the quotation which "Cavalry" considers so "particularly unfortunate"!

Perhaps it is, but not for "Eques."

It is an amusing example of the Nemesis that dogs these theorists who so persistently thrust aside the study of war as it actually is in favour of what, according to their notions, it

ought to be, that whereas, in reference to the above quotation, "Cavalry" makes a great point of the possibility that the pursuers might have done just as well, or better, had they used the rifle instead of sword or lance, a writer from our very latest battlefield only a few weeks ago says in the ordinary course of his narrative: "It was during the retreat that the enemy suffered the greatest proportion of their casualties—*Mounted Infantry, however, are not altogether suited for this type of pursuit.* A regiment of Indian Lancers charging through and through the fugitives as they streamed across the plain would have done terrible execution"; and again: "It was now that Colonel Kenna must have felt the want of regular cavalry. Four good squadrons of lancers and not a fugitive would have got away . . . pursuit work for which mounted infantry are singularly unsuited."

Thus ruthlessly are the pronouncements of the study contradicted by the incidents of the field!

Nor is "Cavalry" more fortunate in the chance by which the report of the German General Staff, perhaps the most professional and unbiased account of the Boer war that has yet appeared, has been published in time to discredit his ungracious depreciation of the merit of the Cavalry operations of the relief of Kimberley, and the heading of Cronje.

"It is absurd," says "Cavalry," "to quote the charge of General French's Cavalry division on the way to Kimberley in support of a universal practice of shock tactics."

(Who does, by the way, quote the practice of any tactics as "universal" in all the changes of war?) "That charge," says the German Staff, "was one of the most remarkable phenomena of the war. . . . Its staggering success shows that in future wars the charge of great masses of Cavalry will be by no means a hopeless undertaking, even against troops armed with modern rifles," and again: "The capture of Cronje was chiefly due to the ability with which the Cavalry division was handled, and to the skill of its gallant and resolute commander."

But it is for the Cavalry spirit that this strange Cavalry

Officer reserves his bitterest gibes. "What is it?" he asks, and answers, "I cannot define it better than by the word 'Brag.'"

It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, but, though the Cavalry spirit may be as hard to explain to men to whom it has never appealed as are honesty, honour, or devotion to those for whom those words have no meaning, one would think that no Cavalry soldier other than the armchair critic of whom "Cavalry" speaks, could have failed sometimes to observe in the same campaign, and even on the same day, examples both of that spirit and of its reverse.

For the Cavalry spirit is, of all qualities of the soldier, the "forward" spirit, the spirit, as our men say, of "shoving on"; that which, when the first thought of some is to dismount, take cover, and shoot, prompts others to mount and ride on; the spirit which, so long as there is an enemy within reach in front, thinks a little less of "what's behind"—and which, neglecting none of the advantages of the possession of both craft and speed, is ever on the watch for an opportunity to act on the words of the old Cavalry motto quoted by Lord Wolseley, "Commend your soul to God, and charge home."

Such are the arguments, such the strictures, by means of which "Cavalry," in attempting to defend the reasoning of the Memorandum, has but made its weakness still more evident. The remainder of his article, avoiding all further allusion to arguments he is unable to meet, is filled with the vague declamation so dear to every bigot's soul, with wild prophecies of the kind to which half the surprises and the regrettable incidents of the late war were due.

"It is certain," says he, "that, in future war, Cavalry will dismount and use the rifle twenty times for once they may have the chance to charge. . . . It is equally certain that if our Cavalry are pitted against a Cavalry . . . who pin their faith only on the *arme blanche* that our victory will be complete and decisive"—that our tactics will "without any doubt result in the complete overthrow of the enemy's horse," and so on—all very satisfactory—if it *is* so.

Aye, but there's the rub!—these things are *not* certain; they admit of the gravest doubt; and it is the undeserved credence gained by such prophecies and pronouncements as these, like the recent one of "unmounted men preferred," which is at the root of half our disasters.

It must be remembered, moreover, that whereas the defeat in Continental warfare by mounted riflemen of a more mobile Cavalry armed with the lance would mean little more than the latter's withdrawal, the defeat of the former by the latter would entail a scene of bloodshed beside which that of Colenso or Magersfontein would be but as drops in the ocean.

It is greatly to be feared that, should "Cavalry" ever have the ill-luck of being able in person to put his theories to the test of practice against a Continental foe, his certainties will prove but delusions; and that as, realising this too late, he flies, all too slowly, before the overtaking foreign lance, painful sensations will avert all necessity for any further asking of his favourite question of, "What's behind?"

"EQUES."

THE EASTERN MIND

IT was May, in the year 1901, the fifteenth day by our reckoning, the third in the older style of Crete. The weather had been boisterous for a fortnight past, and under some unseasonable influence shifting gales, lowering skies, and frequent rains had succeeded to the serenity of April. A heavier fall than usual set in on the afternoon of the fourteenth, and became a tropical deluge in the early windless hours of the night. I was camped by a large magazine, the only building upon the Zakro beach, and about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of a river which comes down to the bay from the upland shelves of Sitia. Its noble gorge, straight-cut as a Colorado cañon, was set so thick with old trees and tangled undergrowth when I saw it first, that a man might not pass along its floor. But in the broader upper valley corn-plots, orchards, and terraced gardens flourished abundantly above the high-water mark of the stream; and a little deltaic plain, spread fanwise behind the beach, was more fertile still.

I had presently to abandon the tent, which was proof enough against ordinary rain, and seek sleep in the magazine. Its mud roof was leaking apace, and the four dismal walls damply reflected the lamp-light; but for even so much shelter on such a night I had to be thankful. I woke in a grey dark. There was fierce hissing of wind, and a dull splash of rain on the sea-front of the building, while the roaring of breakers, where had been dead calm a few hours ago, told of an

on-shore gale risen during the night. Striking a light to see how long it might be still to dawn, I marvelled to find that the hour of sunrise was long past.

A dismal beginning of day. I tried to sleep again, but the Greek servants moving restlessly about the building infected me with their uneasiness. Though the house was built on shingle and sand, it lay far out of the course in which the river had flowed for centuries. There could hardly be actual danger ahead, however much damp discomfort. But the untimely gloom, split by fitful shimmer of lightning, the downpour reinforced by a tempest of driven spray—so near the sea were we sheltering—and the intermittent thunder, heard even over the ceaseless roar of breakers which rolled almost to the door, were not heartening. Water stood deep on the plain behind, but as it was finding its own outlets to the sea, I took more heed of the water overhead, which so quickly penetrated the mud roofing that there was nothing for it but to disturb the careful order of stores and baggage, and the results of my last fortnight's digging, and collect all under waterproof sheeting in the middle of the magazine.

I was making a cold and sodden meal, when there was a sudden shout, "The river! The river!" I stumbled outside and waded to the south end of the long windowless building. The whole flooded surface of the plain behind it had begun to move towards us. Torrents, growing momentarily stronger and deeper, were sweeping round each end of the magazine and cutting under its shallow foundations. Even as I looked, a crack ran like a lightning fork down the masonry of the north end of the building. It opened ever so little; and then my kitchen slid noiselessly (for one could hear nothing above the roaring of skies and water) into the torrent. It seemed time to be gone. In the near end of the magazine was standing a mare, but, mad with terror of the lightning and water, she would not budge, even when the back of her stable followed the kitchen; and after a frantic struggle she had to be left t her fate. The boy and I plunged into the northern race

and staggered through; but the overseer and the cook, lingering a moment to search for the latter's beloved pinfire gun under the ruins of his kitchen, found the water already too deep and strong, and had to wait for a life-line; whereof the cook lost his hold, and was all but swept to the sea. Fortunately, higher ground was only a few yards distant, and thither we all fled.

For two hours, wet to the skin—and it seemed wet from skin to skin as well—we had to crouch in what shelter we might and watch the ruin of the valley. The deluge of the skies never abated a moment, and the solid earth seemed to melt beneath it. Where your tread rang yesterday on the flinty hillside, you might now sink ankle-deep. The very heart of the storm was hanging over us; lightnings forked ceaselessly on one hand or the other, and each thunder peal echoed the last. The gale, a full-bodied "Levanter,' had still to do its worst; and under its awful lash the seas, deeply stained with the ruin of the fields, reared higher and higher against the boiling tide which the land was pouring in. The river now filled the whole valley from hill to hill, here sliding with a swift and malignant smoothness, there, broken on some obstacle or penned in a sunken gully, heaving, writhing back on itself, tossing turbid waves one across the other. Trees rode past us in an endless tumult, gnarled planes and centenarian holm-oaks from the river gorge, or olives and charubs telling the fate of the higher gardens and orchards—all horribly tangled with horned carcasses, spinning and sucked under only to be spewed up again, and swept to the sea. It was a ceaseless Homeric combat of two floods. The great trees, hurled against the breakers, reared, plunged, and broke back like hunted monsters of the deep; till at last, where the forces of propulsion and resistance neutralised each other, they gathered in an ever-broadening Sargasso Sea, jostling in wildest turmoil.

During the last hour of the storm the wind seemed to assert itself above all the other cataclysmal forces. The southern point of the bay, where a sunken reef sheers up into jagged iron

cliffs, seemed to provoke the most horrid uproar; and thence, through all rival sounds of land and sky, came down the wind a ceaseless thunder of riotous seas, leaping to the summit of the rocks. From the cliff's crest two misty trails, like smoke from high chimney stacks, streamed far inland, which were, of course, the ruin of storm-waterfalls, caught in their last leap and whirled to spray; but the Greeks who watched with me, finding any and every wonder credible in that convulsion of all nature, would have it the central fires of earth had broken out at two vents; and I doubt not they still add that crowning portent to their tales of an unforgotten day.

While the tremendous spectacle continued, no one of us gave much thought to his own miserable state. For once in our lives we watched the carving of the earth. By evening, when the rain mist was withdrawn at last, the whole face of the scenery was seen to be changed. The old estuary of the river existed no more, but a broad and shallow mouth had been opened some way to the north. The bay which had offered deep anchorage close in shore since at least the time of Spratt's visit in the fifties, now shoaled gradually for a mile, and was studded with the toppling crests of grounded trees; while all the strand of pebbles and grassy dunes had been replaced by a stretch of mud at a level lower by some six feet. Over two-thirds of the plain were sand and stone, where fertile fields and olive gardens had been; and such trees as had held their ground were buried to mid-trunk. Looking up the river gorge, I saw that where the vineyards had been terraced up the cliff face was now nothing but naked rock; while all that ancient tangle of forest had vanished to the last shrub, and the sinuous valley floor, as far as the eye could follow it, glistened naked as a city pavement after rain.

When all was quiet again, about half the shell of my magazine was found to be standing, saved by the yielding of the beach to right and left; and the mare, quite unhurt, shivered still in the only remaining corner of her roofless stable. My personal loss was small. I had to find new

quarters, repair much that was broken, and put up with the loss of irreplaceable stores and utensils, but of nothing absolutely indispensable to the camp. But if I had come off lightly on the whole, not so had the natives of the valley. Its single village, when the Headman came to make his official report, was found to have lost 4500 fruit-trees, 100 head of live stock, and many houses and farm buildings. Communication with the rest of the island was cut by the washing-out of every mule-path, made with the labour of years; and the best springs of drinking water were smothered under a landslip. Finally all irrigated fields and gardens soever, terraced along the stream, had been swept away. The villagers had lost in that quarter not only the crops of the year, not only the fruit of their trees for several years to come, not only even the trees themselves, but also the precious irretrievable ground on which alone there could be growth again.

The sum of the disaster came to this. Almost all the members of a community of poor husbandmen, with nothing but their lands to look to, had lost in a few hours all that they possessed over and above the barest means of subsistence. The adult generation would never again have any but the scanty produce of the higher and thinner fields to live upon. If they would not starve, thanks to the communism instinctive in a simple Eastern society, they would neither grow for themselves, nor have wherewithal to procure, a seasoning of their daily bread. The slow increase of many generations past was not to be recovered by the generation to come. The village, in a word, was ruined.

Cut off by the river all that day, we could only guess what had happened in the upper valley; but during the next morning two or three of the villagers, who held lands in the lower plain, made a long round, forded the stream at their peril, and came down to us. Their tale moved one's compassion. Imagination played over the dull hopelessness of their outlook, over this state of men yesterday prosperous, to-day face to face with the prospect of a bitter inevitable struggle for

mere bread. All their hope of joy in life abandoned; all their local pride, so keen an emotion in Greek village society, for ever abased. To my Western thinking such a fate seemed worse than death. Could nothing be done? I was now the single individual in the valley with any superfluity, and I represented a foreign society whose duty and right it was to help. I could not recover their trees or put back their soil, but I could do what the Briton always does in similar emergencies—write a cheque. So word was sent up to the Headman, that I proposed to offer a certain sum to the village, if he would tell me how to spend it.

Next day the ford was just practicable, and I rode across country—for the path was gone—to see the state of things. Every glimpse into the gorge from above showed how completely had vanished its ancient forest, the most valuable possession of a Cretan community. As the valley opened out and the way lay through the wrecked olive gardens, now become dreary stretches of drying mud, from whose caked surface the wind was beginning to lift swirls of sand, I saw the tree-stumps banked high on their upper side with a matted scum of broken boughs, corn uprooted in the green ear, and other ruin of the valley lands. Stranded boulders and stones lay so thick on the once fertile fields as to make all seem one broad river-bed. In the village several houses lay in ruin, and men were still labouring to clear others of the mud left by the collapse of their roofs. I was invited to go on to the Mill and see what evil work the stream had done there. The coffee-house emptied itself of some twenty men, to whom were added half the women and children of the village, all surprisingly cheerful, and vieing with one another to be first to show this or that result of the disaster. God had willed it! So each ejaculated piously at the end of a narrative, which lost nothing in the manner of telling. The principal sufferers were pointed out, and seemed not displeased by the distinction. God willed it! they said modestly. The mill proved to be no more; and the miller pointed out its situation with a show of

pride and pleasure, which, had I not known the contrary, might have stirred an absurd suspicion that the blessing of excessive insurance was not unknown in remote Cretan villages.

Returned to the coffee-house I found still less to feed the compassionate mood. Seven in ten of the company were not working because they had no longer any lands; and none was drinking coffee, lacking coin to pay withal; but its outward demeanour was anything but what one looked for in despairing men. Nor, if I am any judge of behaviour (and these were very simple folk), was the heart of the Zakriotes heavy within them, the while they talked so cheerfully. The story of the day before yesterday was told again and again with effects added to the taste of the teller, and always with that pious refrain as to the will of God,—a tale of something past and done with, accepted, and not to be reckoned into the present or future.

With emotion not a little chastened, I rose and went to the Headman. He was writing out his report to the local prefecture, and he laid it down to relate with sparkling eyes the narrow escape of his house from a torrent which had come right though a house higher up the hill-side. But when I referred to my proposed gift, he showed less interest. If I had looked to play My Lord Bountiful in Zakro, I had missed the mark, for the man was evidently as much embarrassed as grateful. It was not easy, he said, to spend such a sum on the village as a whole. None was poorer than another in the community. All were poor men. What did I wish to do myself? The church would be the better for a belfry. I was a good deal taken aback, having proposed to myself something of more eleemosynary sort. Or should the water of a certain spring be brought down in pipes? Neither was this just what I had expected. But having more stomach for adding to fountains in a thirsty land than to the tale of its ecclesiastical luxuries, I voted at last for the pipes, and handed over the cheque, not nearly so much after all in pity for a stricken community as distaste of being worse than my word.

What did it all mean? Fatalism? The Eastern Mind? I

had been ready once on a time to dismiss the question with such formulas. But that which is mostly meant by "Orientalism," if, indeed, anything be meant precisely, has nothing to do with the simple husbandmen of Zakro. Theirs is no reasoned indifference to the world. Their mind no contemplative habit arms against the quips and scorns of fortune. Indeed, I know not where to find any considerable body of men in the East, of whom it may be said that as a whole it has justified that hackneyed stanza, and

turned to thought again.

Not such races of the Nearer East as the Arab or the Turk, not the peoples which produced and followed Mithridates, Sapor, Chosroes, Ali, Othman, Saladin, Timur, Ghenghis, and many another scourge of Hither Asia, to say nothing of the Farther East. Nor, again, has the piety of the Cretan or of any Greek community ever seemed to me of that profound and pervading sort which could raise it above such a fate as had befallen Zakro. Professors of a religion which has hardly more to do with conduct now than in antiquity, the Cretans show a piety which is not an active cause of strength, but is more like pietism, a symptom of some racial weakness.

Had this been some such mishap as might chance anywhere and be repaired presently in the round of the seasons, one had been content to recall the characteristic passivity of all husbandmen, who are more prone than others to surrender to the discretion of Nature, and take her blows without thought of their injustice, or the possibility of their avoidance. Slaves of the soil they till, to it they look for all being. What it gives may differ in degree from year to year, but not in kind. It is always food, much or little ; nor in the best year is there ever a superfluity to be exchanged against other kind of food, or any sort of luxury. For a Greek husbandman to be richer or poorer is to have his belly filled more or less. He eats to live, and never, except on rare feast days, lives to eat. So he subsist and can do his labour, than which he knows no

other occupation of his days, a diminution of his food, or the loss of its variety, will occupy less place in his mind than a being of more complex life would imagine possible. He has been accustomed all his years to such variations according as crops were good or bad ; and he accepts changes like an animal, soon ceasing to remember the greater or less. Actual starvation he has not felt, and knows he will never feel so long as the food, possessed by his community as a whole, can keep bare life in each of its members. His joys are found not outside his day's work but in its course—in the satisfaction of bodily appetite, in drinking when he is athirst, in sleeping when he is weary, in warming himself in God's sun, in cooling himself in the shade, in the society of his fellows, his wife and his babes. What does such a man want with wealth, and what is it to him to lose it?

But the disaster of Zakro was too far above the ordinary measure. It must affect these peasants and their sons' sons after them to the last day of life. Less intelligent and imaginative though he be, less able than a southerner to forecast the full measure of his misery, the most stolid northern peasant had surely been dismayed by a lighter blow from the even tenour of his way, maddened or crushed. To hold on after such a hap as before, preoccupied neither by rage nor despair, was to be more or less than commonly human. To be superior to it was to have an intensity of temperament, rare, if not unknown, in a Greek. Melancholy or sanguine, his mood is of little depth and not long endurance. But to be below it! Yes, so one might imagine a child being of no understanding, or some mercurial butterfly soul. But again the Greek is not by nature a butterfly; but habitually more sombre than gay, a silent man needing strong stimulus to vivacity. His merriment is fitful, gusty, inconstant, and his relapses are long and profound. If he act as one indifferent to fate, it must be no more from the levity than the profundity of his temperament, but from some lack of temperament altogether, some essential inertia.

Such inertia you may see in an intelligent man, physically over weary. But can weariness be predicted of a whole race? Having no better answer to the riddle of Zakro, I dare suggest it; and offer sheer racial weariness to explain that fatalism which, born not of Philosophy, we have come to call Oriental, though it is prevalent neither universally nor exclusively in the East. If it be endemic in certain races of Asia and Africa, it is less conspicuous in other orientals than in certain races of Europe. Peoples of the West Asian highlands have it not, while both in the hills and plains of Greece it is found, and in the Balkan lands, Italy and Spain: in Constantinople, despite the breath of Empire, which still stirs in her streets; even in Rome, which yet draws vitality from the four winds of Christendom.

Yet when one considers the lands marked by this sort of Fatalism, the plains of India, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Egypt, and the hills of Greece, Italy or Spain, they seem little likely to have imposed a common characteristic on their peoples; and indeed, hardly anything can be said of all of them with equal truth, but that alike they abound in memorials of a high civilisation, reached very long ago. To enter them is to pass within the shadow of what has been, to feel that the actual is over-weighted by too great a burden of history. Their peoples have been, each in turn, the protagonists of human progress, and advanced all the race a little way on the common road; but it is many centuries since the last fell out of the leading place.

If there be, then, a general law which accounts for a fatalistic habit, can it be this? That wherever there was a very highly developed civilisation very long ago, and the racial blood has not been much crossed by younger stock, we may expect signs of corporate senility as unmistakable as are manifested in the individual. The more strenuous the ancient life, the greater the exhaustion, and the more obvious the fatalistic habit now. It seems nations must grow old like men, and no better can recover their spent youth. The comparison of corporate to individual life-history is in all likelihood

much more than an academic figure. It may well be inexorable laws govern youth and age in the mass, as in the single life; and that it is not less fond and foolish for a nation than for any one of its members to think it shall never see death. Youth may perhaps persist longer and age be set further back, according as the body politic be kept well or ill, but surely the lesson of all history is this: not that bodies politic perhaps may die, like the Roman, if certain public vices prevail in them, but that die they all must later or sooner, even if their virility be what the Roman's was. And this further, that they will not be born again. A nation cannot hope to perpetuate her own corporate existence, but must look to live on, if at all, in that of others; and should, therefore, while in her prime, take most thought for self-reproduction, and be studious to bear and foster infant nations, and concede to them their independence gladly, like a wise mother, so soon as they be grown to years of discretion. Thus only may she keep their reverence and love, and rely on their support in her old age. Which, I take it, is a better rule of Imperialism than is commonly given for our learning in these latter days, albeit one that we have followed; for ours, if any race on earth, has already so reproduced itself, and to such purpose, that no other, envying or hating or affecting to despise us, may say with such assurance, *Non omnis moriar!*

. . . . .

As I crossed the shrinking river again, the lower Zakro plain, the gaunt Cyclopean ruins of its Minoan city rose on the sky-line to mark how much higher once was the local tide-mark of civilisation. The heyday of Crete was before history, and its record has since been of continuous decline, the record of a people that did its best long ago. Exhausted by that primæval effort it fell out of the course before ever we entered it, and now stands aside to spend, as peacefully as may be, an evening which has lasted already some three thousand years.

D. G. Hogarth.

ANCIENT AND MODERN FARMING IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA[1]

WHEN the shepherds who had just founded Rome on the Palatine hill used to assemble for the celebration of the *Terminalia* [2] on the twenty-third day of February of each year, at the sixth milestone of the road to Laurentum, on the actual frontier of their kingdom towards the sea—a kingdom hardly twelve miles in diameter—could they have foreseen that that frontier would reach the limit of the known World? That the *Terminalia* instead of being celebrated any longer on the banks of the nameless little stream [3] which separated their fields from the territory of Laurentum would be performed, in times to come, on the banks of the Tigris, of the Dnieper, of the Rhine, of the Clyde, and of the Nile? That they would soon be made to exchange their pastoral rod for the sceptre of kings, and become leaders of men instead of leaders of flocks?

Historians have tried to investigate this problem of the miraculous growth of Rome from so humble an origin, without

[1] Copyright 1904 in the United States of America by the Perry Mason Company.

[2] A festival in honour of the God Terminus, who presided over boundaries, and guaranteed the rights of property. He was represented by a stone or post stuck in the ground on the limit between two adjoining fields.

[3] The stream is now called "il Fosso di Acquacetosa."

coming at a satisfactory conclusion. Of what stuff were those shepherds made, where did they get their strength of body, their vigour of mind, their wisdom, their prudence, their magnificent manhood, which made it possible for them to achieve such feats in times of peace, and in times of war?

To them we are indebted, to the present day, for the roads we travel over, for the passes by which we go through the mountains, for the harbours wherein we shelter our fleets, for the bridges we use in crossing the mighty rivers, for the water we drink, for the laws by which we abide, for all the essential elements of modern civilisation.

Livy seems to think that the greatness of Rome is due to the quality and properties of the soil on which it was built, and by which it was surrounded.

> Not without reason [he says] did gods and men select this site for Rome: healthy hills, a river equally adapted to inland and maritime trade, the sea not too far off . . . a site in the centre of the Peninsula, made, as it were, on purpose to allow Rome to become the greatest city in the world.

No wonder therefore that the Roman Campagna—the cradle of that mighty race—should have become, since the Renaissance of classic studies, an object of investigation for all those who are attracted by historical and ethnological problems.

It is to be regretted that Homer did not bring the divine Ulysses to sail past the coast of Latium. Keen as he was in observing the geological phenomena which were then modifying the aspect of the earth, he would probably have noticed the outburst of the Alban volcanoes, to the eruptions of which the Roman Campagna owes its existence.

He tells us, at any rate, that the Rock of Circe, which marks the southern limit of Latium, was then an island out at sea, and not a promontory connected with the mainland, as it is now.

At a period too remote to be recorded, even by tradition, the waves of the Mediterranean lashed the foot of the

Apennines upon which the cities of Tibur, Praeneste, Cora, Norba, were afterwards built. The undulating plain, forty miles long, twenty-six wide, in the midst of which stand the Seven Hills of the sacred city, was raised out of the bottom of the sea by the accumulation of the lava, cinders, pumice stones, and lapilli vomited by the Alban craters.

At the time of the journey of Ulysses the mouth of the Tiber was *eight miles* nearer to Rome than the present one, and the waters of the Bay covered the site occupied at a later period by Ostia, Portus, Laurentum, and Fregenae.

The volcanoes did not become extinct before the fourth century B.C., and although their eruptive power must have been considerably reduced towards the end, still they occasionally gave vent to fits of fury. In fact it was the fear of these that induced the shepherds to leave the slopes of the Alban hills and migrate to the plain below.

They advanced through the luxuriant fields by slow stages until their progress was stopped by an unfordable river (Rumon, Tiber). Here they found a hill surrounded by marshes and cliffs, which they named from their special goddess Pales (Palatine); here they found springs of pure water, and here accordingly they settled and built their permanent sheepfold. This group of huts and sheepfolds was called by the neighbours *Roma*, which means "the village by the river."

It may interest my readers to know that I have actually seen, not many weeks ago (October 1902), the remains of four Founders of Rome; that I have had in my hands the very cups from which they drank at the spring of the Lupercal, and the very plates with which they laid their offerings on the altars of Pales and Faunus.

It seems that at the time these four individuals were laid to rest in the common cemetery, outside the river-gate of the village, the tribesmen followed indifferently cremation and inhumation in their funeral rites; that is to say, some bodies were incinerated, others were consigned to the earth. As far as our present investigation can tell, both systems were equally

in favour, considering that, of the four graves just found, two contained ashes collected in a cinerary urn, two contained whole skeletons in coffins hollowed out of the trunk of an oak.

The skeletons are almost beyond recognition, owing to the swampy nature of the ground. One belongs to a child, the other to a grown individual who was laid to rest clad in sheepskin, fastened on the left shoulder by means of a brass clasp.

As regards the incinerated remains, they tell a more complete tale. Only one urn has yet been properly examined; and although the incineration of the body must have been accomplished with great care, the bones being reduced to a mass of splinters, still we have succeeded in identifying sixty-five particles of the skull and twenty-four teeth.

The individual, probably of the male sex, was of medium size, strong, and well set, not younger than thirty, perhaps much older, and not different in build from the average Latin peasant of the present day.

The urn, besides, gives us the exact model of the huts in which the builders of Rome lived. They were made of a framework of boughs, with the interstices filled up with straw and mud; the roof, covered with sheepskins, had two skylights or openings for the exit of smoke. The door did not revolve on hinges, but was fastened to a crowbar running through rings.

Last, but not least in importance, comes the knowledge that the builders of Rome were not only shepherds but also agriculturists, considering that four or five grains of *Triticum vulgare* and *Vicia Faba*, and traces of Indian meal (polenta) have been found in the same cinerary urn.

The archaic cemetery in which these remarkable finds have taken place—and from which Roman history will henceforth begin—lies between the temple of Antoninus and Faustina and that of Romulus, son of Maxentius, *fifty-three feet* below the level of the modern city.

In looking at those fifty-three feet of rubbish which separate

the primitive from the modern world, we cannot help wondering at the amount of vicissitudes they represent in the history of mankind. They cover, in fact, a period of three thousand years, from the primitive man who lived on the swamp which then filled the hollow of the Forum, to the pious Emperor Antoninus, routed out of his temple by the Christian martyr Lawrence,[1] to Charles V., who stopped in wonder before its great colonnade during his triumph of 1536, to Napoleon I., who freed the temple from its ignoble surroundings in 1812!

I am sure that at the time of the foundation of the city the Roman Campagna must have been comparatively healthy and prosperous, and well under cultivation. Villages and towns existed then, and flourished in places which are now fit only for wild cattle to graze upon.

This state of prosperity seems to have been dependent upon the activity of the Alban volcanoes. As long as their energy lasted, as long as their sulphuretted emanations purified the air —or, according to the newest theories, chased away the infectious mosquitoes—the low-lying Latin cities could live and thrive; but as soon as the volcanoes became extinct, the malaria—or the anopheles mosquito—invaded the country, and cities and villages were abandoned by their fever-stricken inhabitants.

It was at this juncture that the fight was taken up by the Romans with the clearness of purpose and the pertinacity characteristic of their race. I suppose they did not trouble themselves to investigate the nature of the scourge. They ignored equally the existence of Laveran's bacillus, or the action of the anopheles in inoculating it in the human race; and they had not at their disposal the counter-poison in the form of sulphate of quinine.

Yet, in spite of such drawbacks, they finally won the battle and made the Campagna once more healthy, prosperous, and attractive. These results were attained by the drainage of

[1] The temple of Antoninus was dedicated in the Middle Ages to St. Lawrence, and bears still the name of S. Lorenzo in Miranda.

marshes and swamps—the nurseries of the larvæ of mosquitos—and the canalisation of unruly streams; by the substitution of pure spring water for that of polluted wells or rivers; by the paving and multiplication of country roads; by a more rational cultivation of land; by sanitary engineering applied to the dwellings of farmers, labourers, and slaves; and, lastly, by substituting cremation for burial.

The results were indeed magnificent. Pliny, the younger, says that his villa at Laurentum was equally delightful in winter and summer, whereas the place is now deadly from the beginning of July to the end of October. Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius preferred their villa at Lorium (a malarious district now called La Bottaccia) to all other Imperial residences; and the official correspondence, and the dates of their letters, prove their presence there in midsummer. No one would try the experiment now.

The same may be said of Hadrian's villa below Tivoli, of the villa of Lucius Verus at Acquatraversa, not to mention the cities of the Maremma, like Ostia, Portus, Fregenae, and Alsium, which were considered by the Romans as delightful summer resorts.

The Campagna must have looked in those happy days like a great and beautiful park, dotted with villages, farms, lordly residences, temples, baths, fountains, and tombs. In fact, during the brightest period of their history the Romans were passionately devoted to agriculture and the pursuits of a rural life, and for many centuries war and the cultivation of the soil were regarded as the only occupations befitting a free-born citizen.

At first the land was divided into small lots, cultivated by one family with the assistance of a few slaves or hired hands.

Such was the farm of Cincinnatus, the typical hero of the Republic, and a model of old Roman frugality, integrity, and valour. In 458 B.C. he was called from the plough to the Dictatorship in order to deliver the Roman army from the

perilous position in which it had been placed by the imprudence of its commander.

He saved the army, defeated the enemy, and after only sixteen days of Dictatorship returned to his farm, from which he was called away once more, at the ripe age of eighty, to save the Republic again from the attempt of Spurius Maelius.

With the increase of wealth the small properties disappeared little by little until, at the beginning of the Empire, the Campagna contained only a limited number of huge *latifundia*, many thousand acres in extent; a deplorable state of things which is still lasting and flourishing, I am sorry to say.

These vast properties were called *villae*, and divided into three sections—the villa *urbana*, the *rustica*, and the *fructaria*.

The first comprised the owner's palace and private gardens, fish-ponds, aviaries, and the family vault; the second comprised the habitation of slaves and labourers, the kitchen gardens and nurseries, the byres, sheep huts, stables, pigstys, and poultry yards; the third comprised the productive part of the property —the wheatfields, the fruit farm, the olive yard, the grazing and wood lands, the stud farm, &c., and also the wine and oil press-rooms and cellars, the granaries, the hay lofts, the chaff stocks, the mill, the bake-house, and the threshing-floor, alongside of which was a large covered shed (*Nubilarium*) capable of containing the whole grain crop.

Every detail concerning the management and working of these farms is known to us through the agricultural manuals and calendars written by M. Terentius Varro, a contemporary of Cicero; by M. Junius Columella, a contemporary of the Emperor Claudius; by M. Porcius Cato, the censor; and by Palladius Aemilianus, a writer of uncertain date and doubtful authority.

Besides these special treatises, two books of the Natural History of Pliny (the 17th-18th) are chiefly devoted to matters connected with agriculture; and Virgil has chosen the same subject for the most perfect and charming didactic poem in existence.

We may gather an idea of the activity which prevailed on an ancient farm from the following extract of the "Official Gazette—"Acta Diurna"—published in Rome in the time of Caligula, reproduced by Petronius Arbiter in his "Supper of Trimalchio."

> On June 25 on Trimalchio's farm by Cumae were born seventy children, of whom thirty were of the male sex. The same day fifty thousand modii of wheat (about one hundred thousand gallons) were removed from the threshing-floor to the granaries; five hundred young oxen were broken. The same day one of the slaves, named Mithrodates, was executed by crucifixion because he had cursed the sacred name of the Emperor (Caligula); and lastly, ten millions of sesterces (about four hundred thousand dollars) were deposited in the safe.

The state and condition of the Campagna has only altered for the worse since the days of the Empire. When Rome was made the capital of United Italy in 1870, the Campagna was still divided into a limited number of farms, belonging mostly to nunneries, convents, and chapters, the surface of which varied from a minimum of one hundred and thirty acres (farm of *Muratella*) to a maximum of twenty-six thousand (united farms of *Conca* and *Campomorto*).

Each farm contains a central group of buildings, called *casale*, for the habitation of the employees, to which a chapel is usually attached. These habitations, built on old Roman foundations and surrounded by mediæval battlemented walls, are poor, sometimes filthy, and unfit for human beings to live and die in.

There are no stables; oxen, horses, sheep, have to withstand, unsheltered, the inclemency of the weather, no matter whether it freezes hard for forty-one consecutive days, as in 1878, or rains for seven consecutive weeks, as in 1884.

The suffocating winds from Africa (Scirocco, Libeccio), or the chilling tramontana from the Alps, are equally trying to the cattle which we see seeking the shelter of projecting rocks, or of a cluster of trees, wherever such luxuries exist within their reach. There are farms—incredible to say—within the boundaries of which not *one single tree* is left standing, so

that shepherds and labourers are obliged either to buy their fuel, or to steal it from the neighbouring better favoured lands.

Given such a state of things the reader may ask what is the use of possessing property in the Campagna. The answer is rather surprising to an English farmer. The Campagna in its present condition of semi-wilderness returns a larger income than it would bring if put under rational cultivation.

The ground being entirely left to take care of itself, a handful of men can manage successfully many thousand acres. The income is derived, firstly, from sheep-farming, each animal yielding about one dollar a year in wool, milk, cheese, lambs, and skin—twenty thousand sheep can easily find food in a holding of the size of Conca or Campomorto;—secondly, from the hay crop, the hay not sold on the local market being pressed by machinery into bales and shipped to French Africa; thirdly, from the breeding of horses and horned cattle; fourthly, from the wheat or Indian corn which are usually sown and gathered each third year, so as to save the expense of fertilising the wheatfields; fifthly, from the cutting of the woods, each tract of woodland being divided into eighteen sections, and only one section being allowed to be exploited each year; lastly, from the fishing of the Maremma lakes and ponds.

All these operations require the help of but few hands. The regular *personnel* of a Roman farm consists of a Massaro, or manager in chief, of three or four cowboys, of three or four shepherds, of a few ploughmen, and of one or two cartmen, who carry the milk to the city in the early morning and come back in the cool of the evening with provisions.

Mowing, harvesting, and threshing is generally done by machinery, or with the help of harvesters hired for the occasion. The hired hands, like cattle, have no shelter in the farm buildings; they sleep in caves, or in huts, or under a tent, or in the open air, and they furnish therefore a considerable percentage to the general death-rate of the country.

This state of things is essentially and fundamentally wrong and unjust. A tract of land upon which hundreds and hundreds of families could live and be happy, ought not to be kept untenanted and in a semi-wild condition for the benefit and comfort of only one owner. What can be the feelings of the poor peasants, crowded and half starving in the villages bordering the Campagna, when they gaze at the fertile lands lying idle and deserted before their eyes? No wonder that socialistic tendencies should be fast spreading amongst these ignorant sufferers. They have already attempted here and there to assert their social rights, and sometimes with success. The Farm of *le Erattocchie* (the ancient Bosillae, the birth-place of Julius Cæsar) has been cut up into small lots and distributed among the destitute peasants of the village of Marino; those of *Fontana Candida* and *Torre Tacova*, like-wise, have been subjected to the same process for the benefit of the villagers of Monte Porzio.

Such changes are admirable, considered as acts of charity; financially they are disastrous to the owners, because they will not get from the cultivated land and from their hundred impecunious small farmers half the income they used to gather under the old system.

These are the reasons why the Italian Government, which undertook the redemption of the Roman Campagna as soon as it became an integral part of the kingdom, finds so many obstacles in the accomplishment of its mission. A great deal, however, has already been done.

The marshes of Ostia and Maccarese have been drained; the wandering streams have been canalised; the pure and exquisite water from the old Marcian springs distributed everywhere. Agricultural schools and model farms are open; an Arbor Day instituted as a national feast; the sanitation of farmhouses made compulsory. The Campagna has been dotted with sanitary stations, with field hospitals and doctors, and thrifty experienced colonists from Lombardy have been put in charge of some farms to ascertain whether it is possible

to improve the state of the Campagna without undue injury to the interests of the landed proprietors.

The most interesting result of this campaign has been the colonisation of the once pestilential swamps of Ostia by a band of socialists who have become models of thrift, order, and propriety, since the late King Humbert gave them the means of acquiring possession of the land which they had drained and rescued with their own hands. The tale of this transformation cannot fail to interest in the highest degree the English farmer as well as the statesman and political economist, and I hope to be able to publish it at length in a future article.

RODOLFO LANCIANI.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

[The following sketch of Edward Fitzgerald was written about 1897, by the late Rev. Whitwell Elwin (formerly Editor of the "Quarterly Review"), in connection with a Memoir of Thackeray, which he did not live to complete.]

WHEN Thackeray was asked by his daughter, towards the close of his life, which of his old friends he had loved the most, he answered, "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure, and Brookfield." How ardent his love was for the former may be read in a letter he wrote, October 27, 1852, when he was about to start for his lecturing tour in America, requesting Fitzgerald, if he did not return, to act as his literary executor. "I should like my daughters to remember that you are the best and oldest friend their father ever had. . . . The great comfort I have in thinking about my dear old boy is that recollection of our youth when we loved each other as I do now while I write Farewell."

Fitzgerald was two years and four months older than Thackeray, and was in his last year at Cambridge when Thackeray was in his first. The sum of the time during which they were in residence together could not have exceeded eight months. The two ingredients essential to friendship are mutual trust and sympathy. Length of acquaintance is sometimes necessary to the trust; but youth, having little experience of deceit, is believing, and where the sympathies are strong the rest is assured. What sort of man he was

whom Thackeray loved best of all his youthful friends, and whom he continued to love best in his reflective after years, is now known to us by the publication of the "Letters of Edward Fitzgerald," which have revealed in living detail a personality that else would have been only a name. He had so marked an individuality that he was, what he called himself in 1844, a humorist ("a humorist is best by himself"), employing the word in its popular sense of a man who followed his own humours. A few years later Thackeray, in the title of his Lectures, adopted the term in its second, and less usual sense, to denote a class of writers who cultivated certain kinds of wit. Though the title was not well chosen, being applicable only in a very subordinate degree to his treatment of his theme, the word through his example has almost lost its old established meaning. Either sense would have suited Fitzgerald. He was witty in his speech and writings, and in his conduct he was governed by interior preferences irrespective of conventional usage. From the beginning of his printed correspondence at the age of twenty-three we find him taking the path suggested by inclination, or dictated by duty, regardless of precedent and outside opinion. There was nothing of proud defiance or affected singularity in his conduct. He was humble, and widely tolerant, but, in perfect simplicity, from an innate independence of mind, he was capable of steering his course by his own compass without troubling himself with the judgments of lookers-on. His circumstances favoured his natural bias. He had a small income that enabled him to live a frugal life without the restraints of a profession, and left him free to gratify his private tastes. These were comprehensive, and embraced almost everything that was beautiful in nature, art, and literature. He was an enthusiastic lover of music, had a fine appreciation of the greatest works of the greatest masters, and could compose as well as play and sing. The passion never left him, and he warned his friend Allen against allowing it to absorb him, for the pleasure, he said, so grew that the hours which should be devoted to more useful

occupations got "melted down into tunes." Within the limits of his narrow means he at one time collected pictures, and had a sensitive perception of the refined beauties which are hidden from uncultivated eyes. Here likewise he was, in his modest way, a practitioner. "I poke about with a book and a colour box by the side of the river Ouse, and make horrible sketches." This he wrote at thirty-one. At forty-three he mentions that he had sketched a common, and adds, "I never draw now, never drew well." His fondness for the pursuit was represented by his long and fruitless perseverance in it.

Among his various predilections his enjoyment of literature had the precedence. And, of the varieties of literature, poetry had the ascendant with him at Cambridge. He transcribed the choicest pieces he met with into a book he called his Paradise, and would admit none "but such as breathe content and virtue." "I believe I love poetry almost as much as ever," he wrote twenty years later, and the taste stayed by him till his death at seventy-four. He ascribed its lasting hold on him to his retaining in a contemplative life those "childish habits and sympathies," which might have been overborne and superseded by active duties and press of business. His relish for several other branches of literature was not less constant. His reading, however, was discursive, depending as much upon chance as choice, and he did not, as a rule, follow up a subject with the persistence of a student. He complacently accepted the books that fell in his way, or turned to what suited the humour of the hour, or read "the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones."

His discursiveness he ascribed to hereditary inaction. "She wishes to exert herself," he wrote of a sister, "which is the highest wish a Fitzgerald can form;" and of himself he said that his "besetting indolence was the strongest thing about him." Nevertheless his luxurious commerce with books was exchanged at intervals for laborious plodding, widely different from his ordinary method. He was not an advanced classic on leaving the University, but he bravely put himself to school

again at sundry intervals of his long holiday life, and grappled with the hardest Greek and Latin authors. Two plays of Sophocles and one of Æschylus he turned, with curtailments and modifications, into English verse. At another stage he acquired Spanish, and translated eight plays of Calderon, again chiefly in verse, after the free fashion he had adopted with Æschylus and Sophocles, in the hope or belief that his alterations would fit them for our native taste. Most arduous task of all he, at forty-four, under the tuition of Professor Cowell, sat down to learn Persian, and stuck to his lesson for several years, with the uniform result that he ended by casting Persian poetry into a shape which he conjectured might suit our notions and tongue. In the Greek, the Spanish, and the Persian, the poetry was the dominant attraction; and from his confining himself to translation, and eschewing original composition, we might have surmised that his poetic taste was not combined with creative power, as he made evident by the few short pieces in which he attempted to go alone. He early recognised the limits of his faculty. "I know that I could write volume after volume as well as others of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," he said to Bernard Barton in 1842; "but I think unless a man can do better, he had best not do at all." He had a faith that some stanzas he wrote on his birth-place, Bredfield Hall, showed "real imagination" and "native force," till a friend, hearing a few lines quoted, and mistaking them for Tennyson's, Fitzgerald concluded that he had echoed him unawares. An undoubted echo the verses are in their better half, but not of Tennyson. The unconscious memories of past reading come back to men in the guise of new-born ideas, and the original from which he unwittingly borrowed was Jane Taylor's "Squire's Pew," the graphic picture of the successive generations that had occupied the Pew being transferred to the Hall. Miss Taylor's fine poem is superior in feeling and picturesque description to Fitzgerald's, but he has an exquisite stanza on the hackneyed topic that the long line of owners who inherited the Hall shared the common fate.

Household after household pursued the avocations changing with the fashions of their age,

> Till the Bell that, not in vain,
> Had summoned them to weekly prayer,
> Called them, one by one, again
> To the church—and left them there.

The pathos, the loneliness, and the consolation of death (skilfully indicated in the two first lines of the stanza) were never set forth in simpler and more expressive words. The merits and demerits of his altered versions of foreign authors are of little practical moment. Not reaching the level of English masterpieces, they may be expected to follow the usual course, and drop out of use. Their republication in connection with his letters will not avail to change their natural destiny. There is seldom any gain in bringing back sunk books to the surface. They come up dead.

Fitzgerald says, in a letter to Frederic Tennyson, "Though I cannot write poems, you know I consider that I have the old woman's faculty of judging of them: yes, much better than much cleverer and wiser men; I pretend to no genius, but to taste." He understood his own gifts. His criticism of men, books, pictures, music, is excellent in substance and language. His power of hitting off characteristics in half a dozen simple words is remarkable, and his quiet descriptive brevity has a telling force that outdoes the glitter of pointed epigram. He did not like books to be "tainted with a style," and there is not a trace of this taint from the beginning to the end of his delightful letters. Their incessant felicities have a twofold charm from carrying the evidence within themselves that they have come unsought. His light humour has the same spontaneous air, and inheres in some natural form of thought that has not been worked up into studied facetiousness. As with every man who thinks for himself, the books which pleased the majority of readers did not always commend themselves to Fitzgerald. Incapable of pusillanimous assent, he speaks

out his judgments with uncompromising frankness, but his criticisms are the language of an honest mind, and not of a self-sufficient dogmatist, or carping, envious detractor. His insight is for ever displaying itself in detecting beauties too recondite for common perception, or in separating them from the refuse which sometimes conceals them. His admiration for "Clarissa Harlowe" is an instance of the faculty. He allowed that the work was "almost intolerable from its length and sentimentality"—a sentimentality he calls "twaddle"—but, all deductions made, "it is a very wonderful, and quite original, and unique book" to him, and he was reading the seven volumes for the fifth time in 1863. In the twenty years of life he had before him, he probably read his seven volumes a few times more. Richardson's day is over for most people.

A man with fine perceptions, who tells his genuine convictions, must be an attractive critic, whether we agree with him or not, and Fitzgerald's letters would inevitably beget the wish that he had embodied his literary opinions on a larger scale in a formal work. The little prose he put together for publication checks the regret that he should be mainly represented by his correspondence alone. His principal prose piece is a dialogue named "Euphranor," written at thirty-three. He had a good opinion of it. "I think," he said, "it is a very pretty thing in form, and with some very pretty parts in it." Reading it at an interval of thirty-five years he was much disappointed with it, discovered that it was a fourth too long, and "the rest over-pointed," through "odious smart writing." But he repeated that it was "so pretty," and had "some such pretty parts," that with omissions and alterations it would become "a pretty toy," and be "a picture of what our Cambridge was in better days than now." At seventy-two he "reformed it into its present shape"; "the first and last," he says, "of my little works, and I do think a pretty specimen of 'chiselled cherry-stone.'" Narrow in its compass, his small dialogue had every advantage that could be conferred

upon it by concentrated attention, prolonged reflection, mature judgment, and elaborate revision, and with reluctance I confess that it appears to me but a feeble performance. His aim in it is indistinct, and I may be wrong in supposing that he meant to enforce the doctrine that physical energies, martial prowess, all the qualities which enter into our notion of the heroic, require to be developed, or man is deprived of half his manhood. Be the argument what it may, it is rambling, prolix, empty and wearisome; the illustrative allusions are pedantic and forced; the style is artificial in opposite directions, sometimes pompous, and sometimes affectedly colloquial from the strained effort to be light and airy. In his anxiety to appear at his best before the public he lost his native ease and humour, and missed his end. He said of Crabbe, the poet, that his manner in company was the politeness of the old school overdone. The company manner spoilt "Euphranor."

Our idea of Fitzgerald would be imperfect without a glimpse into his habits of life. In August 1847, he visited Francis Duncan, "a quaint, humorous, quiet" clergyman in Dorsetshire. "He wore cap and gown when I did at Cambridge—together did we roam the fields about Granchester, discuss all things, thought ourselves fine fellows, and that one day we should make a noise in the world. He is now a poor rector in one of the most out-of-the-way villages in England, has five children, fats and kills his pig, smokes his pipe, loves his home, and cares not ever to be seen or heard of out of it. I was amused with his company; he much pleased to see me; we had not met face to face for fifteen years, and now both of us such very sedate, unambitious people." In neither had the ambition been baffled and disappointed; it had died a natural death, dissipated by the attractions of retirement and peace. The towering aspirations of Fitzgerald did not long outlive his Cambridge castles in the air. "I have not been reading very much," he writes to Allen in 1835, "as if ever you expected that I did, but I mean, not very much for me." "I don't know any one who has thought out anything so little as I have," he wrote

again, the same year, and in 1839 he says to Frederic Tennyson, "I live on in a very seedy way, reading occasionally in books which every one else has gone through at school; and what I do read is just in the same way as ladies work—to pass the time away." He once more, in 1840, gives a summary of his day to Allen. "I go on as usual, and in a way that needs no explanation to you, reading a little, drawing a little, playing a little, smoking a little, &c." Having renounced his larger ambitions he tried to be an enthusiast in agriculture, intending perhaps to tack on profitable farming to his ornamental pursuits, but it is an expensive pastime when it is not a strenuous business, and came to nothing.

His father was a country squire of good estate, and none of the local importance to be gained from his connections was pleasing to Fitzgerald. His mode of living accredited his declaration, "Wealth, rank, respectability, I don't care a straw about." His residences show his standard of exterior dignity. His headquarters after leaving Cambridge were for a while at his father's seat in Suffolk, or at his brother-in-law's near Beccles, and then he withdrew to a thatched cottage of one storey outside his father's park at Boulge, near Woodbridge. Here he lived from 1840 to 1853, lacking nothing he coveted. "I really do like," he said, "to sit in this doleful place with a good fire, a cat and a dog on the rug, and an old woman in the kitchen. No velvet waistcoat and ever-lustrous pumps to be considered; no bon mots got up; no information necessary." Happy as he was to have escaped from wearisome formalities to the sweets of independence, he sometimes wavered between the allurements of pure country and the convenience of a few familiars within call to take a hand at cards, and inclined to the compromise of a residence in a country town. The country cottage having carried the day at the outset, his later bias was to the town, and he had lodgings for thirteen years in the pretty town of Woodbridge. Ousted in 1874 from his "dear rooms," which were wanted by his landlord to make way for a wife, he removed to a small farm-house he had bought ten years

previously in the outskirts of Woodbridge, and had since rebuilt. He called it Little Grange. This by comparison was for him a lordly mansion, and there he spent his nine remaining years. His diet was less sumptuous than his dwellings. At twenty-four he became a vegetarian for health's sake. He gained, he said, "in lightness and airiness of head, whereas he was always before clouded, and more or less morbid after meat." Even among vegetarians he was abstemious. He avoided soups, and green vegetables as being "washy and diluent," and kept chiefly to bread with a seasoning of apples and pears. He invigorated his mind by culture, and his body by temperance, and did not seek satisfaction in luxury and sloth.

Crabbe, the grandson of the poet, shared his father's friendship for Fitzgerald, and describes his domestic habits at Boulge, in 1844 and onwards. "He always got up early, ate his small breakfast, stood at his desk reading or writing all the morning, ate his dinner of vegetables and pudding, and walked by himself slowly, with a Skye terrier. He did not visit with the neighbouring gentlefolks, as he hated a set dinner-party." Add that their thoughts were not his, or he might have mixed freely with them at other times. He did not keep up his intercourse with friends by means of set dinner-parties. After his solitary day he frequently enjoyed a social evening, and either went to the house of Bernard Barton, the quaker poet, who was clerk in a bank at Woodbridge—"a generous, worthy, simple-hearted fellow, worth ten thousand better wits"—or to Crabbe, the poet's son, whose rectory at Bredfield was but a mile from Fitzgerald's cottage at Boulge. "He is a very fine fellow in all ways," Fitzgerald said of Crabbe; "one of those happy men who has the boy's heart throbbing and trembling under the snows of sixty-five." The intimacy was interrupted by coolnesses in its infancy, from the sensitiveness of Crabbe, who "took fancies," says his son, "that people disliked him or were bored by him;" but when the two "fine fellows" had grown to have a complete understanding of each other, the rectory became the favourite resort of Fitzgerald. "He

generally dropped in," writes the younger Crabbe, "about seven o'clock, singing glees with us, and then joining my father over his cigar, and staying late, and often sleeping. He very often arranged concerted pieces for us to sing in four parts, he being tenor. He sang very accurately, but had not a good voice." Nor the Crabbes either, according to Fitzgerald's account in 1850. "I hear little music but what I make myself, or help to make with my parson's son and daughter. We, with not a voice among us, go through Handel's Coronation Anthems." Sometimes he gave a little dinner to the Crabbes and one or two more, "everything most hospitable, but not comfortable." His servant was an old woman whom he would not allow to do anything he could do for himself, never ringing his bell, if he had one, of which Crabbe was doubtful. His spare vegetable diet was a poor school for cookery, and the dinner, and the service of it, were an unrehearsed play. The comfort, we may suppose, began when, the little dinner over, they had talk, and glees, and a cigar.

The cultivation of his plot of garden was one of Fitzgerald's favourite employments. His plants in bloom were company to him, and he lived among them with a continuous feeling of their beauty. At Little Grange he had a greenhouse, and in it an oleander. "Don't you love the oleander?" he writes; "I rather worship mine." He looked at the world of nature with the reverent eyes which alone can fully enter into its glories. Once he quotes from Shenstone a stanza complaining that it was tedious to see, spring after spring, "the self-same hawthorn bud and cowslips blow"—a lament worthy that factitious landscape gardener—and said he sometimes sympathised with it. But it was only in moments when he was himself out of sorts that the works of the Creator could look stale to Fitzgerald. "We have had such a spring," he wrote a year afterwards, "and such verdure! white clouds moving over the new-fledged tops of oak trees, and acres of grass stirring with buttercups. *How old to tell of and how new to*

see!" And a year later yet, on the appearance of primroses, he welcomes their return with the jubilant comment, "I suppose no man ever grew so old as not to feel younger in spring." With his many tastes, every season has its advantages. "I certainly," he says, "love winter better than summer," and, as he is writing to Bernard Barton, a picture-fancier like himself, he selects for a reason, "Now one's pictures become doubly delightful to one." There was a drawback. "Could one but know, as one sits within the tropical latitude of one's fireside, that there was not increased want, cold, and misery beyond it." His compassion did not evaporate in barren sentiment. He lived the life he preferred, but his self-indulgence was not of the abject kind which seeks its private enjoyment dissociated from the humanities due to brother men, or he would not have been prized and loved by his companions for the trustiest of friends.

At certain periods of his life Fitzgerald relieved his usual routine by boating on the river, or yachting on the sea coast, or by fishing excursions into Bedfordshire, where he luxuriated in the banks of his favourite Ouse, "still wandering along at his ease through pretty villages and vales of his own beautifying." His general preference for seclusion did not keep him from staying with relations and friends, and in the course of his seventy-four years he looked in upon Scotland and Ireland. His principal dissipation was his annual visit, and sometimes oftener, of a few weeks to London, that he might transact business, hear music, see pictures, and mix with the acquaintances of his youth. But for two reasons London began to pall upon him long before he gave up the habit—he detested its atmosphere, and did not like its society. In the rural districts he discovered strength of character, earnestness of purpose, beings with a soul who worked out of their own convictions. "I am amazed," he wrote in 1844, "at the humour, and worth, and noble feeling in the country." "Every one in the country," he says again, "with whatever stock of intellect endowed, at least grows up in his own way, and flings his

branches about him, not stretched on the espalier of London dinner-table company." "London," he said, "melted away all individuality into a common lump of cleverness," and "the wits had no true purpose and character" in their conversation. He seems to have looked upon them as men who played their part in a social game; the game was everything to them, and they were players and nothing more. The artificial sameness sounded flat to ears accustomed to the unshackled force, the simplicity and freshness of men whose single aim was to tell with off-hand freedom the thoughts within them. Worse than the dull mannerism, the talk was sometimes debased in its tone or topics. He says to Barton in 1845, "I was at a party of modern wits last night that made me creep into myself, and wish myself away talking to any Suffolk old woman in her cottage, while the trees murmured without. The wickedness of London appals me; and yet I am no paragon." Had the conversation been ever so superior it would not have appeased his craving for rural sights and sounds, and a clear and fragrant atmosphere. "Fitz," writes Spedding to Allen, "is on his way to Bedford in a state of disgraceful indifference to everything except grass and fresh air." "I have cold, headache, and London disgust," writes Fitzgerald himself in 1845. "Oh that I could look at my anemones! and hear the sighing of my Scotch firs." A little before he wrote from the country, on a "golden day in Spring," "I cannot but think with a sort of horror of being in London now, but I doubt I must be ere long. I have abjured all authorship, contented at present with the divine poem which Great Nature is now composing about us." The climate and people not suiting him the motives which drew him to London lost their power. "Every year," he said at thirty-nine, "I have less and less desire to go there." At forty he writes, "I have not bought a book or a picture this year; have not been to a concert, opera or play, and what is more I don't care to go." His passion for music had not abated; it was only music in London that had ceased to attract him. One year later and most of his town comrades,

who once had interested him, shared the fate of the music. "I am come to London," he writes to Frederic Tennyson, April 17, 1850, "but I do not go to operas and plays and have scarce time, and it must be said scarce inclination, to hunt up many friends. . . . I get shyer and shyer even of the few I knew. You, Alfred, Spedding, and Allen, are the only men I ever care to see again." And to the same correspondent he writes from London in 1851, that the sole companions he would wish to have near him were Tennyson himself, Spedding, Thackeray, and one or two more. "The rest have come like shadows, and so departed." His moods might vary at times for special reasons, but his leading impressions grew stronger with years, and no life was tolerable to him that was not retired and rural. He at last "scarce saw any one but his Woodbridge fellow townsmen," and, contented with the world within him and around him, cared little for outside events, and had no curiosity to learn the public news of the day. "I wrote," he says, January 29, 1867, "my yearly letter to Carlyle, begging my compliments to his wife, who, he replies, died in a very tragical way last April. I have since heard that the papers reported all the circumstances." But he seldom read them, and, lacking the ordinary means of information, it does not appear to have at all disconcerted him that nine months after she was dead he should have sent his compliments to her through her husband.

A friend within call was needful to Fitzgerald, and from the beginning of his residence at sequestered Boulge he could command him in Bernard Barton, who died early in 1849, and till after he vacated the Boulge cottage in Crabbe, who did not die till 1857. Crabbe hated poetry, and barely excepted that of his father. He made amends by his love for the beauties of nature, and his appreciation of the concerted pieces for four voices. He was a shrewd observer, was decided in his theology, kept abreast with contemporary controversies, was not negligent of literature, and judged it for himself. Here was abundant matter for joint sympathies and enlightened discussion, and

Crabbe's honest and manly Life of his father is an earnest of the sense and vigour he brought to his part in the conversation. Later, when Fitzgerald was established at Woodbridge, he had choice, for evening hours, of elderly playmates to join in the gentle excitement of cards, slender accomplishments sufficing for games in which silence was preferable to speech.

His tastes were easier satisfied than his conscience. Colloquies, amusements, employments, each laudable, or not separately unworthy, formed, in his opinion, a "shabby life." His reflections on the pleasures of one of his fishing expeditions may have often recurred to him. "I begin to have dreadful suspicions that this fruitless way of life is not looked upon with satisfaction by the open eyes above." The misgiving reappears in a letter to Allen, August 1842, expressing his desire for a small house in a country town where he could have his books, "with a few old women close by to play cards with at night." "What a life, you will say!" And he proceeds, as if in self-justification, to quote a stanza from Johnson's noble lines on the death of Levett:

> His virtues walked their narrow round,
> Nor knew a pause, nor left a void;
> And sure the Eternal Master found
> The single talent well employed.

And immediately there follows in Fitzgerald's letter the recantation, "That was not in playing picquet, I doubt." His nature, capable of severe discipline in some directions, had not the ultimate force to master his aversion to the drudgeries of a distinctive calling, and he may have been fitted to perform much more than he undertook, but he was not a person to record or recognise his own virtues—his benignities, his charities, his sympathy with peasants, his goodly influence on those around him—and his best deeds do not find a place in his letters. Six months before he wrote his wishes to Allen he had used the same language to Bernard Barton, and there with an added clause that is almost the solitary hint he supplies for filling up this blank in his written story. "I

believe I should like to live in a small house just outside a pleasant English town all the days of my life, making myself useful in a humble way, reading my books, and playing a rubber of whist at night." To make himself useful in a humble way was, from youth to age, an integral part of his system, and Sir F. Pollock, who visited him in 1872 at his lodgings over a gunsmith's shop in Woodbridge market-place, learnt on the spot that his reputation in the neighbourhood was that of "a *benevolent* oddity." "A very noble character has passed away," said Crabbe the younger, in announcing his death; and no one, from his united knowledge and truthfulness, could be better qualified than Crabbe to write the epitaph of Fitzgerald.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE STRATFORD BUST

OUR poverty in respect of authenticated likenesses of our great dramatist, makes us the more eager to learn all that we can concerning the only two that have been universally accepted, and even makes us patient in hearing what can be said in favour of others more or less doubtful in their pedigree. Therefore, it is all the more surprising that one authentic rendering, produced by a Warwickshire man, who was eleven years of age when the poet died, should have been entirely ignored by all the numerous writers on "Shakespeare's Portraits," especially as it has a most important bearing on the determination of the facial characteristics of the great dramatist. To understand this fully, due consideration must first be given to what are recognised as the "undoubted portraits."

That which was publicly put forward as the poet's likeness, and accepted as such by his contemporaries, was the inartistically designed, and coarsely executed engraving of Droeshout, appearing as frontispiece to the First Folio Edition of the Plays, brought out by his fellows, Heminge and Condell, in 1623.

There was no English *art* at the time worthy of the name, and probably for this reason the people found a double charm in theatrical representations. The actors supplied them with concrete images of the characters whose life-stories interested them, and became to them more closely identified than any

historical portraits are to-day with their originals. Artistic taste and judgment were unknown amongst ordinary people, and even literary men, except such as had had special training, could not be held as art-critics of any importance. Hence, we may be justified in considering Ben Jonson's fulsome praise of Droeshout, in his desire to help the editors, as only possible through his deficiency in artistic sense.

Bad art as Droeshout's is, it nevertheless conveys to us the information that Shakespeare had a high forehead, prematurely bald, fine eyes, long straight nose, small moustache and beard, clean-shaven cheeks, oval face, and rather long hair. The dress is of rather less importance, as it might have been his own, or that of some character in which he had acted. The painting from which the engraving was taken has long been sought for. Some thought it had been found in the so-called Felton portrait. The right panel of this had been split off in the middle of the collar and the foot shortened, to make it fit a frame. It has some details *similar* to, but not identical with, those of the engraving, though it has a little more art in the workmanship, and a little more expression in the features. On the back is written, "Guil. Shakspeare 1597," and two letters, "R. B.," supposed to stand for Richard Burbage. Notwithstanding much that was unsatisfactory in its pedigree, Richardson restored the hair, collar, and dress, after Droeshout, and published it, whence have arisen many reproductions.

A much more important rival has, comparatively lately turned up. Though its pedigree also is hazy, the likeness to the Droeshout print is undoubted, and Mrs. Flower of Stratford-on-Avon purchased it, and presented it to the Memorial Picture Gallery in 1895. Mr. Lionel Cust, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, read a paper about it before the Society of Antiquaries, December 12, 1895, in which he accepted it as genuine. It is, of course, open to the questions whether the picture was painted *for* the engraving or *from* the engraving, and whether it had been painted before or after

the poet's death. The expression is better than that of the engraving. The first reproduction of Droeshout, after the Second Folio, is that which appeared as frontispiece to "Shakespeare's Poems" in 1640. The engraver, Marshall, turned the face the other way, increased the inanity of the expression, flung a cloak over one shoulder, and put a spray of laurel in the poet's hand. "This shadow is renowned Shakespeare's," &c. William Faithorne introduced it into the frontispiece of "The Rape of Lucrece," 1658. Very many varieties of these two engravings have appeared.

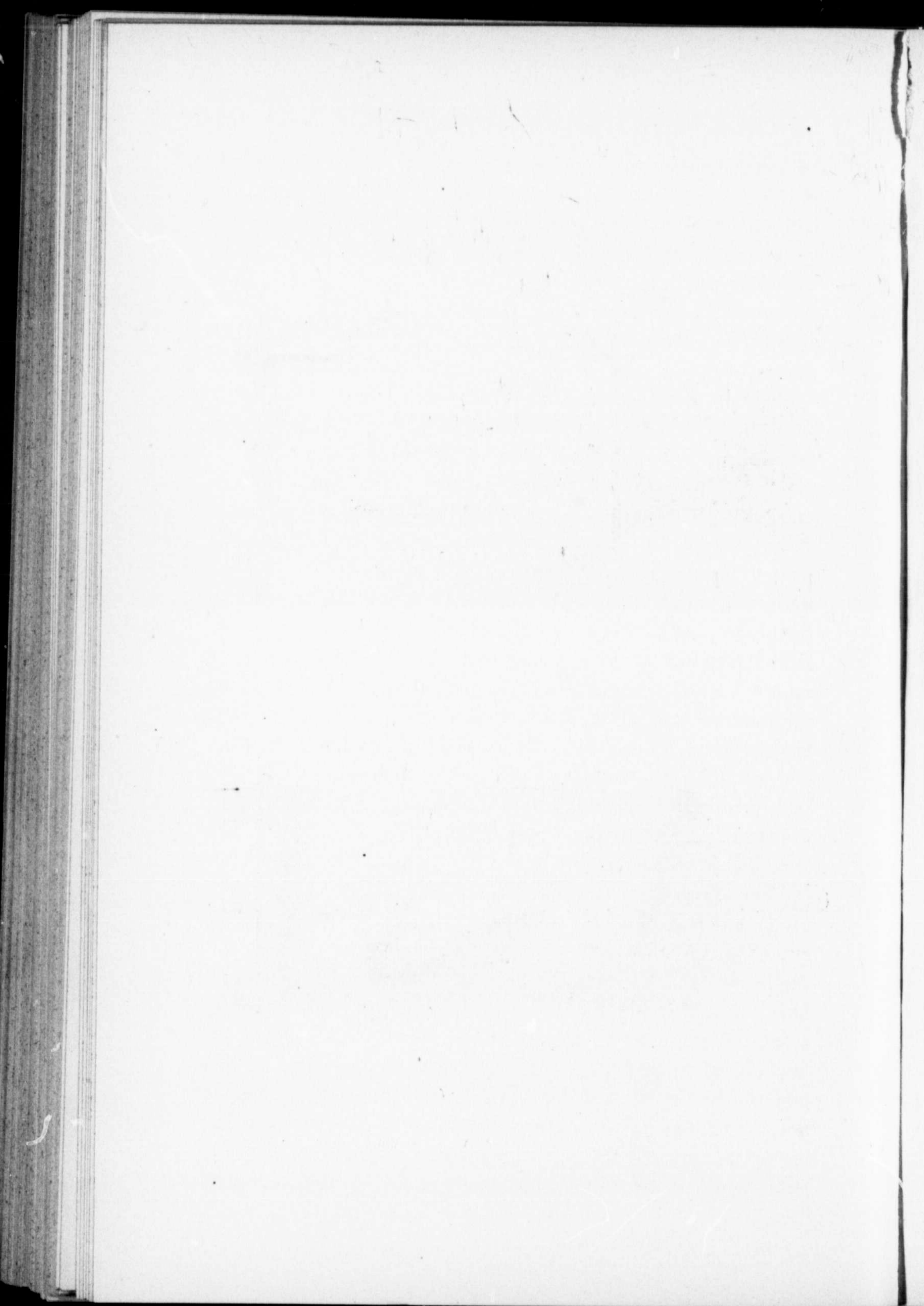
The chief rival of the Felton and Flower portraits is the Chandos portrait, which has a long pedigree. If there is any weakness in the chain of evidence for the authenticity of this portrait, it is only in the first links. It was *said* to have been painted either by Burbage, or by Taylor, the player, to have remained in the possession of the latter until his death, and to have been left by him to Sir William Davenant. It is no objection to this likeness that it should have rings in the ear, because the custom of wearing a rose in the ear was so common among the *jeunesse dorée* of Elizabethan times, that it was quite natural that an actor should have his ears pierced. But one always feels a little in doubt of the good faith of Davenant, because of his known desire to be thought like Shakespeare. The picture passed from Davenant to Betterton. While in that actor's possession, Kneller painted a *portrait* from it, which was presented to Dryden. This came afterwards into the possession of the Earl Fitzwilliam. The original passed from Betterton to Mrs. Barry, Mr. Keck, Mr. Nicholls, whose daughter married the Marquis of Carnarvon, afterwards Duke of Chandos, and thence to his daughter, who married the Duke of Buckingham. The picture was bought by the Earl of Ellesmere in 1848, and presented to the nation on the founding of the National Portrait Gallery.

The first engraving taken from it was by Van der Gucht for Rowe's "Shakespeare," 1709.

Many other oil paintings and miniatures of unproven

The Bust in Stratford-on-Avon Church, as it is to-day

The earliest representation of the Bust, in Dugdale's "Warwickshire," published 1656



authenticity have been put forward as likenesses of the poet, but so diverse are they in their characteristics, that it is impossible that they can be all genuine.

Some fine conceptions based upon composite ideas, others avowedly works of imagination, have been evolved in stone, glass, and oil paintings through the centuries. There is dignity in the Kent and Scheemacher's statue at Westminster, in the Roubiliac statue, genius in Lord Ronald Gower's group, and there is pre-Raphaelite art in Ford Madox Brown's rendering of 1849, but there is no space here to discuss these and other artistic productions. They teach us no *facts.*

The Stratford bust should possess a stronger claim to antiquity and authenticity even than the Droeshout engraving. It is referred to in the First Folio by Leonard Digges, as having been already set up by the time he wrote. It was designed under the supervision of Shakespeare's widow, daughters, and sons-in-law, amidst his friends and kinsfolk, who knew him as a man, not as an actor, and they had it *coloured*, so that the likeness, if at all good, should have been much more striking than the work of the engraver. They, too, suffered from a plentiful lack of art in their sculptor, Gerard Johnson, and from their own deficiency in critical judgment. But there is every reason to believe that they did their best to represent him to the life. They loved him, and they were rich enough to pay for the best they could get.

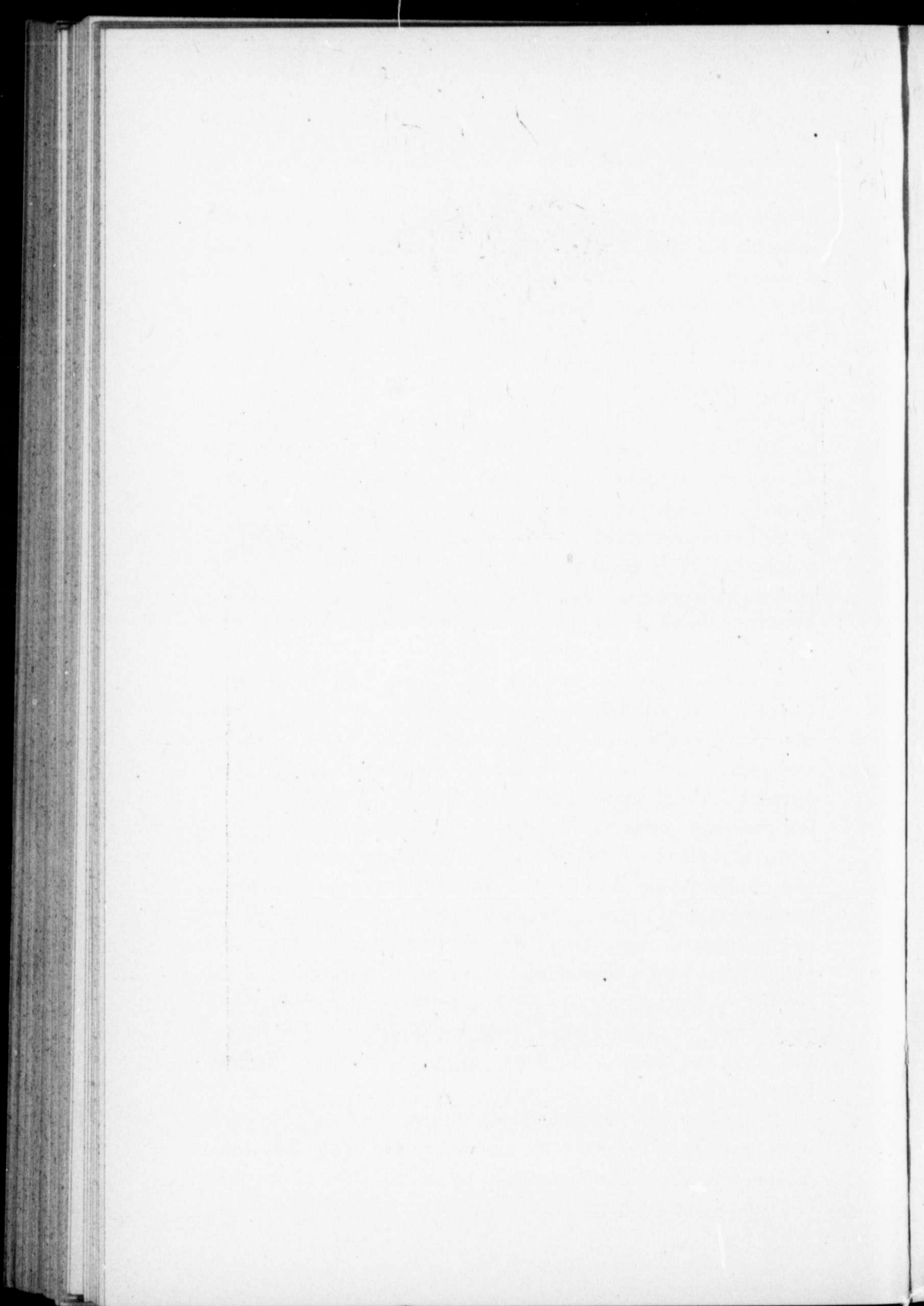
Yet every one who approaches the Stratford bust is more disappointed in it, as a revelation of the poet, than even in the crude lines of Droeshout. There is an entire lack of the faintest suggestion of poetic or spiritual inspiration in its plump earthliness. The designer has put a pen and paper into his hands, after the manner of the schoolboy, who wrote under his drawing of something-on-four-legs, "this is a horse." The pen strives to write "this is a literary man," but there is nothing to support the attribution. The intensely disappointing nature of this supposed simulacrum of the poet, made me, years ago, commence a careful study of all his known repre-

sentations, whether founded on fact or based on imagination. A good deal has been written on the subject from the time of Boaden's "Inquiry," 1824. In 1827 Mr. Abraham Wivell brought out a book upon Shakespeare's portraits, criticising the opinions of Steevens, Malone, and Boaden, and since then many successive writers have more fully classified and illustrated the varieties, and brought our knowledge of them up to date. But none of them gave me what I wanted, an early representation of the Stratford original. I therefore commenced to search with a purpose, and in the very first book I opened I found what I sought, a representation of the tomb as it appeared little more than twenty years after its erection.

This was, of course, in Sir William Dugdale's great "History of the Antiquities of Warwickshire." He seems, judging from the notes in his diary, to have prepared his work in the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon, about 1636, though the publication was delayed by the civil wars for twenty years.

His representation of Shakespeare's bust is therefore entitled to respect as the earliest known engraving, though it has never been calendared, compared, or criticised. The unsatisfactory, or rather, in some aspects, the satisfactory fact is, that *it differs in all important details from the bust as it appears now.* We have here also, doubtless, to grapple with the lack of art-perception in the draughtsman and of the engraver, but there are simple leading distinctions, that could not have been imagined, if there had not been something to suggest them. Far from resembling the self-contented fleshy man of to-day, the large and full dark eyes look out of cheeks hollow to emaciation. The moustache drops down softly and naturally instead of perking upwards, there is no mantle on the shoulders, no pen in the hand, no cushioned desk. The arms are bent awkwardly, the hands are laid stiffly, palms downward, on a large cushion, suspiciously resembling *a woolsack.* It is not unlike an older Droeshout, and the Death-

Enlargement of the earliest representation of the Bust, in
Dugdale's "Warwickshire"



mask might be considered anew beside it. The engraving is, of course, open to the interpretation that Dugdale, or his draughtsman, was careless and inexact in details. In order to compare his work in other examples, I asked a friend to take a photograph of Sir Thomas Lucy's tomb, as pictured in Dugdale, and another from the original, which has been very little restored since it was sculptured in Shakespeare's time. He took that from the book, but found that the tomb itself was in a very bad light for photography, and sent me instead a pencil outline. This supports Dugdale's rendering of important details, though he failed, somewhat, naturally, in catching the expression. It allows us to believe that he reproduced Shakespeare's bust with some degree of fidelity. He was appreciative of his fellow countryman's fame, and would not pass him by as a nobody. It is quite possible, indeed, that he had seen the poet in habit as he lived, and any divergence from the tomb would be more than likely to be in the direction of the reality.

I had reached this stage when I consulted Dr. Richard Garnett. He reminded me that the little red lions that held the railing on the outer front pavement of the British Museum had been wont to be considered great works of art, but modern critics could not praise them. On their being taken down a few years ago, however, in order to broaden the pavement, one of them was subjected to a severe cleansing process, which proved that it was nothing but the successive coats of paint, liberally applied every three years, which had obscured the art of the original conception. His question therefore was, had Shakespeare's bust been repainted frequently enough to cause the plump unpoetic appearance it now has. I could not think so, because no amount of painting would alter the position of the arms, the shape of the hands, or throw a mantle over the figure.

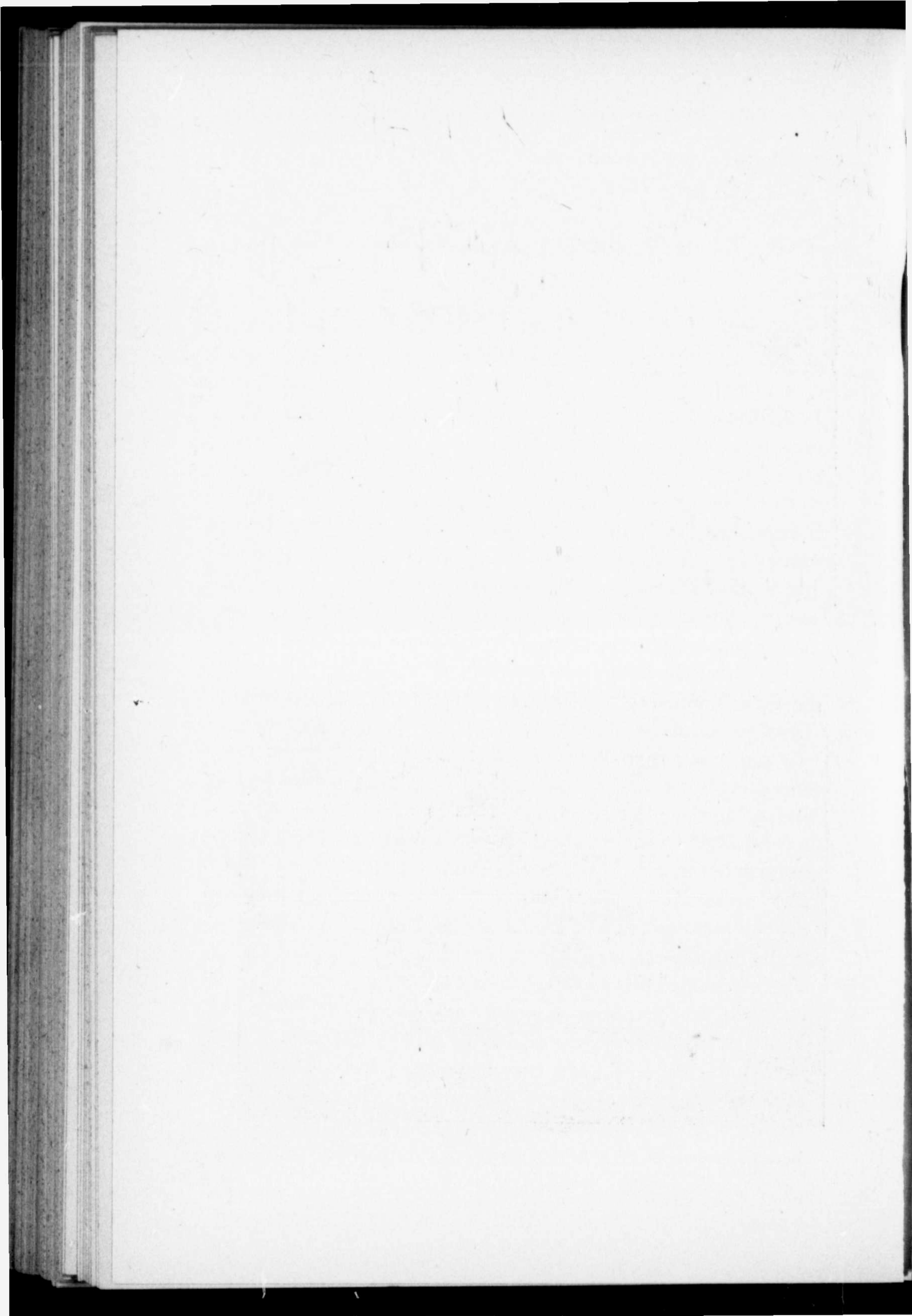
I had therefore to have recourse again to engravings, and went through those in the Print-room of the British Museum. There I found a curious engraving in the Slade collection,

signed "Grignion sculps," which supports Dugdale's rendering. Rowe also, in his first edition of Shakespeare's works, 1709, has a very bad representation of the tomb, which conveys the idea of a certain amount of decay in the original. There is absolutely no expression in the face, which is not quite so thin as Dugdale's, but the figure agrees with the early rendering in all points in which it differs from the modern one. Rowe's edition of 1714 presents a bad copy of his first edition. Dr. Thomas in 1730 expanded Dugdale's Warwickshire into two volumes, but used the original block of the tomb unaltered. In Pope's edition of 1725, we find a remarkable variation. Vertue did not go to Stratford but to Rowe for his copy. Finding it so very inartistic, he *improved* the monument, making the little angels light-bearers rather than bearers of spade and hourglass, and instead of the bust he *gives a composition from the Chandos portrait*, altering the arms and hands, and adding a cloak, pen, paper, and desk. It retains, however, the drooping moustache and slashed sleeves. In Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition, 1744, Gravelot copies from Vertue the monument and the figure, while he alters the face into what seems to be the original of *The Birthplace Portrait*.

Before the middle of the eighteenth century we know that the tomb was "very much decayed." Mr. John Ward, the grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, was in Stratford in 1746, and gave the whole proceeds of a representation of *Othello* in the Town Hall on September 8 towards the restoration of Shakespeare's tomb. Orders were given "to beautify" as well as to repair it. We are left altogether in the dark as to the degree of decay and the amount of reconstruction, but that it was fundamental seems evident. By 1748 the repairs were completed, and the colours repainted by Mr. John Hall, a limner of Stratford-on-Avon. Probably they worked with the *new* edition of Shakespeare before them as a guide, depending upon Gravelot and Hanmer of 1744. Alas for the result! We may apply Browning's words, in another sense than he meant them, to the fate of this honoured memorial:

Version in Rowe's edition, published 1709

Grignion's version, printed 1786 (though the Bust had been restored forty years before)



Wherever a fresco peels and drops,
Wherever an outline weakens and wanes,
Till the latest life in the painting stops,
Stands one whom each fainter pulse-tick pains;
One wishful each scrap should clutch its brick
Each tinge not wholly escape the plaster
—A lion who dies of an ass's kick
The wronged great soul of an ancient master.

Whoever the sculptor was who so much *improved* the figure, it is more than likely he reconstructed the face altogether. It is curious that none of the other editions of the eighteenth century reproduce the tomb either as Vertue or Gravelot rendered it. None, indeed, reproduce it at all, until we come to the second edition of Bell's "Shakespeare," 1788, into which he introduces the "Life" from Rowe's second edition of 1714, and in the "Life" the representation of the tombstone according to that edition. It was engraved by Reynold Grignion, and "printed for Bell's 'Shakespeare,' 1st Dec. 1786." This fact, printed on the plate itself, is important, as Grignion died in 1787, and the book came out in 1788. He rather improved on Rowe's print, as Bell's other engravers improved upon the Droeshout and the Marshall copies. Bad as it is, it represents the same figure as Dugdale did, falling into decay. This engraving is the same as that in the British Museum, "Grignion sculps," so the latter may have been a proof copy.

All later renderings are of the modern type. Then commenced a new series of vicissitudes for the *restored* bust. Not so very long afterwards it was taken down from its pedestal, so that Mr. Malone might take a cast from it. More than likely at that time accident removed the tip of the restored nose, which has left the "long upper lip" a marvel to many since the days of Sir Walter Scott. William Henry Ireland, in his "Confessions," 1805, states that he had been down taking drawings from various tombs in Stratford, and "greatly reprehended the folly of having coloured the face and dress of the bust of Shakespeare, which was intended to beautify it, whereas it would have been much more preferable

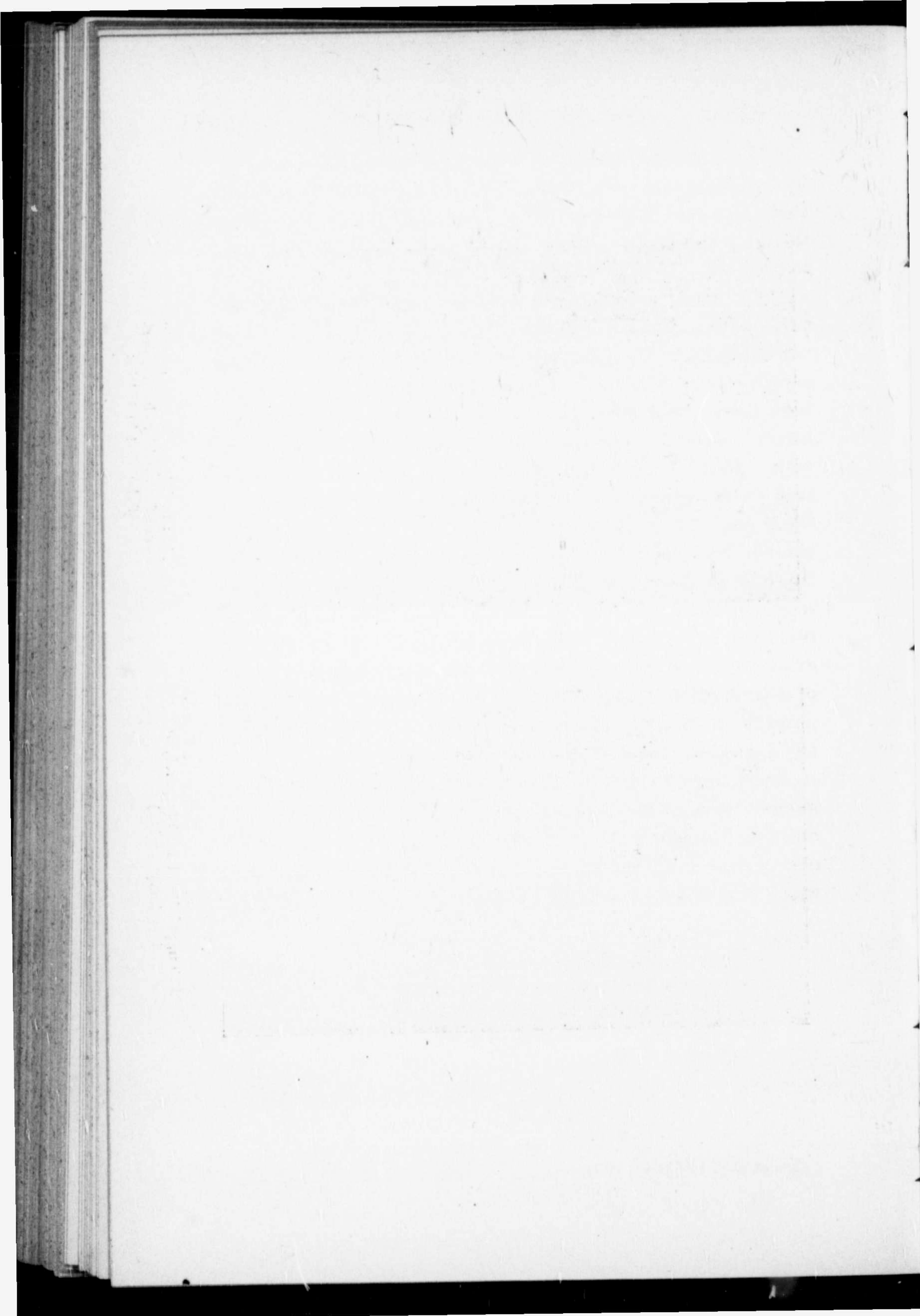
to have left the stone of the proper colour." He applied for leave to "take a plaster-cast from the bust as Mr. Malone had done," but the necessary delay in petitioning the Corporation for permission made him give up the idea. In his drawing of the bust, he makes Shakespeare an eighteenth-century gentleman, moustache turned up, a pen in one hand, paper in the other, and the cushion like a desk. An engraving was made by Mr. William Ward, A.R.A., from a painting by Thomas Phillips, R.A., after a cast taken by Bullock from the bust, and published by Lake on April 23, 1816, the second centenary after the poet's decease. This has the cloak, the pen, and the paper.

We are, therefore, in the bust likeness confronted by greater difficulties than the mere obscuring of the truth by paint, such as occurred in the case of the British Museum lions. We have to consider the much more serious question, the degree to which the features and surroundings of the original, deliberately or unconsciously, have been tampered with. It would seem that the sculptor who collaborated with Hall in 1746 was the culprit who deprived us of the original outlines of a memorial so dear, either through ignorance, vanity, or culpable carelessness. He had Dugdale to consult had he so pleased, but he contented himself with Hanmer. The decay must have been serious, and the alteration fundamental, to have so obscured the design. Mr. John Hall, who was responsible for the colouring, was believed to have followed the tints of the original. Be that as it may, Mr. Malone, like Mr. Ireland, disapproved of them, and in order to suit his own taste, and the fashion of his age, he persuaded the Corporation to have it painted white in 1793. One contemporary, however, wrote in the album of Stratford-on-Avon Church the lines:

> Stranger, to whom this monument is shewn,
> Invoke the Poet's curse upon Malone
> Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays
> And daubs his tomb-stone as he marred his plays.

The Bust as engraved by Vertue for Pope's edition, published 1725 (a purely imaginary version)

Gravelot's version in Hanmer's edition, 1744; mainly copied from Vertue; and followed by the restorers of the Bust in 1746–8



The bust was repainted in 1861 after the *original* colouring, by the artist who *discovered* what has been called The Stratford Portrait, still reverently preserved at the birthplace, though it has no claim to authenticity. Its strong resemblance to the bust is of itself suspicious.

We suffer now, therefore, from the combined action of the various improvers and restorers of old Gerard Johnson's clumsy workmanship. Though the crude colours of Hall shocked the sensibilities of Malone, he thought it no sacrilege to have the bust taken down, and submitted to the moulder's mercenary hands. Several others have been allowed to sin in a similar way. Many have written discourses upon its physiognomy, and based arguments and fancies upon it, unwitting of all these facts. It is comforting to be able to go back to the simple rendering of Dugdale from the original—not a picturesque or poetic rendering, of what was probably a poor representation. But in it there *is* something biographical, something suggestive; it shows us the tired creator of poems, exhausted from lack of sleep, "Nature's sweet restorer," weary of the bustling London life, who had returned, as soon as possible, to seek rest at home among his own people, and met an over-early death in the unhealthy spring-damps of 1616. A happy suggestion of the thoughtful poetic soul, of which the modern restored and adapted representation had deprived us, but only a suggestion. We sadly ask, where is the true likeness of our Shakespeare? and Leonard Digges speaks for us when he says that it is to be found in

> Thy works, by which outlive
> Thy tomb, thy name must, when that stone is rent
> And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument.
> Here we alive shall view thee still, This booke
> When brasse and marble fade, shall make thee looke
> Fresh to all ages.

CHARLOTTE C. STOPES.

GOLIATH

STILL as a mountain with dark pines and sun
He stood between the armies, and his shout
Rolled from the empyrean above the host—
" Bid any little flea ye have come forth,
And wince at death upon my fingernail !"
He turned his large-boned face ; and all his steel
Tossed into beams the lustre of the noon ;
And all the shaggy horror of his locks
Rustled like locusts in a field of corn ;
The meagre pupil of his shameless eye
Moved like a cormorant o'er a glassy sea.
He stretched his limbs, and laughed into the air,
To feel the groaning sinews of his breast,
And the long gush of his swol'n arteries pause :
And nodding, wheeled, tow'ring in all his height.
Then—like a wind that hushes, gazed and saw
Down, down, far down upon the untroubled green
A shepherd-boy that swung a little sling.
Goliath shut his lids to drive that mote
Which vexed the eastern azure of his eye
Out of his vision : and stared down again.

Yet stood the youth there, ruddy in the flare
Of his vast shield, nor spake, nor quailed, gazed up
As one might scan a mountain to be scaled:
Then, as it were, a voice unearthly still
Cried in the cavern of that bristling ear
"His name is little Death!" And like the flush
That dyes Sahara to its lifeless verge
His brows' bright brass flamed into sudden crimson;
And his great spear leapt upward lightning-like
And shook a dreadful thunder in the air;
Spun betwixt earth and sky bright as a berg
That hoards the sunlight in a myriad spires
Crashed: and struck echo through an army's heart.
Then paused Goliath and stared down again.
And fleet-foot fear from rolling orbs perceived
Steadfast, unharmed, a stooping shepherd-boy
Frowning upon the target of his face.
And wrath tossed suddenly up once more his hand;
And a deep groan grieved all his strength in him.
He breathed; and lost in dazzling darkness prayed—
Besought his reins, his gloating gods, his youth:
And turned to smite what he no more could see.
Then sped the singing pebble-messenger,
The chosen of the Lord from Israel's brooks,
Fleet to its mark; and hollowed a light path,
Down to the appalling Babel of his brain;
And, like the smoke of dreaming Souffrière,
Dust rose in cloud, spread wide, slow silted down
Softly all softly on his armour's blaze.

"KEEP INNOCENCY"

LIKE an old battle youth is wild
With bugle, and spear, and counter cry,
Fanfare, and drummery, yet a child
Dreaming of that sweet chivalry,
The piercing terror cannot see.

He, with a mild and serious eye
Along the azure of the years,
Sees the sweet pomp sweep hurtling by;
But he sees not death's blood and tears,
Sees not the plunging of the spears.

And all the strident horror of
Horse and rider in red defeat
Is only music fine enough
To lull him into slumber sweet,
In fields where ewe and lambkin bleat.

O, if with such simplicity
Himself take arms and suffer war;
With beams his targe shall gilded be,
Tho' in the thickening gloom be far
The steadfast light of any star.

Tho' hoarse War's eagle on him perch,
Quickened with guilty lightnings,—there
It shall in vain for terror search,
Where a child's eyes 'neath bloody hair
Gaze purely thro' the dingy air.

But when the wheeling rout is spent,
Tho' in the heaps of slain he lie,
Or lonely in his last content,
Quenchless shall burn in secrecy
The flame Death knows his victors by.

"WHERE IS THY VICTORY?"

NONE, none, can tell where I shall be
When the unclean earth covers me;
Only in surety if thou cry
Where my perplexèd ashes lie,
Know, 'tis but death's necessity
That keeps my soul from answering thee.

Ev'n if no more my shadow may
Lean for a moment in thy day;
No more the whole earth light'n as if
Thou near, it had nought else to give:—
Surely 'tis bright Heaven's strategy
To prove death immortality.

Yet should I sleep and no more dream,
Sad would the last awakening seem,
If my cold heart with love once hot
Had thee in sleep remembered not:
How could I wake to find that I
Had slept alone, yet easefully!

Or should in sleep glad visions come,
Sick in an alien land for home
Would be my eyes in their bright beam;
Awake, we know 'tis not a dream;
Asleep, some devil in the mind
Might truest thoughts with false enwind.—

Life is a mockery if death
Have the least power men say it hath.
As to a hound that wistful waits,
Death opens, and shuts to, his gates;
Else ev'n dry bones might rise and say,—
"'Tis *ye* are dead and laid away."

Innocent children out of nought
Build up a universe of thought,
And out of silence fashion Heaven;
So, dear, is this poor dying even,
Seeing thou shalt be touched, heard, seen,
Better than when dust stood between.

WALTER J. DE LA MARE.

FORT AMITY[1]

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FLAGSTAFF TOWER

TIME pressing, the Commandant had gone straight from the orderly-room in search of Father Joly. As a soldier and a good Catholic he desired to be shriven, and as a man of habit he preferred the old Curé to Father Launoy. To be sure the Curé was deaf as a post, but on the other hand the Commandant's worst sins would bear to be shouted.

"There is yet one thing upon my conscience," he wound up. "The fact is, I feel pretty sure of myself in this business, but I have some difficulty in trusting God."

It is small wonder that a confession so astonishing had to be repeated twice, and even when he heard it Father Joly failed to understand.

"But how is it possible to mistrust God?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know. I suppose that even in bringing New France so near to destruction He is acting in loving mercy; but all the same it will be a wrench to me if these English pass without paying us the honour of a siege. For if we cannot force them to a fight, Montreal is lost." The Commandant believed this absolutely.

Father Joly was Canadian born and bred; had received his education in the Seminary of Quebec; and knowing nothing of the world beyond New France, felt no doubt upon which side

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God was fighting. If it were really necessary to New France that the English should be delayed—and he would take the Commandant's word for it—why then delayed they would be. This he felt able to promise. "And I in my heart of hearts am sure of it," said the Commandant. "But in war one has to take account of every chance, and this may pass sometimes for want of faith."

So, like an honest gentleman, he took his absolution, and afterwards went to Mass and spent half an hour with his mind withdrawn from all worldly care, greatly to his soul's refreshment. But with the ringing of the sanctus bell a drum began to beat—as it seemed, on the very ridge of the chapel roof, but really from the leads of the flagstaff tower high above it. Father Launoy paused in the celebration, but was ordered by a quiet gesture to proceed. Even at the close the garrison stood and waited respectfully for their Commandant to walk out, and followed in decent order to the porch. Then they broke into a run pell-mell for the walls.

But an hour passed before the first whaleboat with its load of red uniforms pushed its way into sight through the forest screen. Then began a spectacle—slow, silent, by little and little overwhelming. It takes a trained imagination to realise great numbers, and the men of Fort Amitié were soon stupefied and ceased even to talk. It seemed to them that the forest would never cease disgorging boats.

"A brave host, my children—but we will teach them that they handle a wasps' nest!"

His men eyed the Commandant in doubt; they could scarcely believe that he intended to resist, now that the enemy's strength was apparent. To their minds war meant winning or losing, capturing or being captured; to fight an impossible battle, for the mere sake of gaining time for troops they had never seen, did not enter into their calculations.

So they eyed him, while still the flotilla increased against the far background and came on—whaleboats, gunboats, batteaux, canoes; and still in the lessening interval along the

waterway the birds sang. For the British moved, not as once upon Lake George, startling the echoes with drums and military bands, but so quietly that at half a mile's distance only the faint murmur of splashing oars and creaking thole-pins reached the ears of the watchers.

The Commandant suddenly lowered his glass and closed it with a snap, giving thanks to God. For at that distance the leading boats began heading in for shore.

"Etienne, he means at least to summon us!"

So it proved. General Amherst was by no means the man to pass and leave a hostile post in his rear. His detractors indeed accused him of spending all his time upon forts, either in reducing or in building them. But he had two very good reasons for pausing before Fort Amitié; he did not know the strength of the garrison, and he wanted pilots to guide his boats down the rapids below.

Therefore he landed and sent an officer forward to summon the garrison.

The officer presented himself at the river-gate, and having politely suffered Sergeant Bédard to blindfold him, was led to the Commandant's quarters. A good hour passed before he reappeared, the Commandant himself conducting him; and meantime the garrison amused itself with wagering on the terms of capitulation.

At the gate the Englishman's bandage was removed. He saluted, and was saluted, with extreme ceremony. The Commandant watched him out of earshot, and then, rubbing his hands, turned with a happy smile.

"To your guns, my children!"

They obeyed him, while they wondered. He seemed to take for granted that they must feel the compliment paid them by a siege in form.

The day was now well advanced, and it seemed at first that the British meant to let it pass without a demonstration. Towards nightfall, however, four gunboats descended the river, anchored and dropped down the current, paying out

their hawsers and feeling their way into range. But the fort was ready for them, and opened fire before they could train their guns; a lucky shot cut the moorings of one clean and close by the stem and, the current carrying her inshore, she was hulled twice as she drifted helplessly down stream. The other three essayed a few shots without effect in the dusk, and, warping back out of range, waited for daylight to improve their aim.

And with daylight began one of the strangest of sieges, between an assailant who knew only that he had to deal with stout walls, and a defender who dared not attempt even a show of a sortie for fear of exposing the weakness of his garrison. The French had ammunition enough to last for a month, and cannon enough to keep two hundred men busy; and ran from one gun to another, keeping up pretences but doing little damage in their hurry. Their lucky opening shots had impressed the British General, and he was one to cling to a notion of his enemy's strength. He solemnly effected a new landing at six hundred yards' distance, opened his lines across the north-western corner of the fort, kept his men entrenching for two days and two nights, brought up thirty guns, and, advancing them within two hundred yards, began at his leisure to knock holes in the walls. Meantime, twenty guns, anchored out in the river, played on the broad face of the fort and swept the Commandant's lunette out of existence. And with all this prodigious waste of powder but five of the garrison had fallen, and three of these by the bursting of a single shell. The defenders understood now that they were fighting for time, and told each other that when their comedy was played out and the inevitable moment came, the British General would not show himself fierce in revenge—"provided," they would add, "the old man does not try his patience too far." It was Father Launoy who set this whisper going from lip to lip, and so artfully that none suspected him for its author; Father Launoy, who had been wont to excite the patriotism of the faithful by painting the English as devils in human shape.

He was a brave man; but he held this resistance to be senseless and did not believe for an instant that Montreal would use the delay or, using it, would strike with any success.

At first the tremendous uproar of the enemy's artillery and its shattering effect on the masonry of their fortress had numbed the militiamen's nerves; they felt the place tumbling about their ears. But as the hours passed they discovered that round-shot could be dodged and that even bursting shells, though effective against stones and mortar, did surprisingly small damage to life and limb; and with this discovery they began almost to taste the humour of the situation. They fed and rested in bomb-proof chambers which the Commandant and M. Etienne had devised in the slope of earth under the *terre-plein;* and from these they watched and discussed in comparative safety the wreckage done upon the empty buildings across the courtyard.

One of these caves had at the beginning of the siege been assigned to Diane; and from the mouth of it, seated with Félicité beside her, she too watched the demolition; but with far different thoughts. She knew better than these militiamen her father's obstinacy, and that his high resolve reached beyond the mere gaining of time. It seemed to her that God was drawing out the agony; and with the end before her mind she prayed Him to shorten this cruel interval.

Early on the third morning the British guns had laid open a breach six feet wide at the north-western angle close by the foot of the flagstaff tower; and Amherst, who had sent off a detachment of the Forty-sixth with a dozen Indian guides to fetch a circuit through the woods and open a feint attack in the rear of the fort, prepared for a general assault. But first he resolved to summon the garrison again.

He chose the same officer as before, a Captain Muspratt of the Forty-fourth Regiment, to carry his message.

Now as yet the cannonade had not slackened, and it chanced that as the General gave Muspratt his instructions, an artillery sergeant in command of a battery of mortars on the left, which

had been advanced within two hundred yards of the walls, elevated one of his pieces and lobbed a bomb clean over the summit of the flagstaff tower.

It was a fancy shot, fired—as the army learnt afterwards—for a wager; but its effect staggered all who watched it. The fuse was quick, and the bomb, mounting on its high curve, exploded in a direct line between the battery and the flagstaff. One or two men from the neighbouring guns shouted bravos. The sergeant slapped his thigh and was turning for congratulations, but suddenly paused stock-still and staring upward.

The flagstaff stood, apparently untouched. But what had become of the flag?

A moment before it had been floating proudly enough, shaking its folds loose to the light breezes. Now it was gone. Had the explosion blown it to atoms? Not a shred of it floated away on the wind.

A man on the sergeant's right called out positively that a couple of seconds after the explosion, and while the smoke was clearing, he had caught a glimpse of something white—something which looked like a flag—close by the foot of the staff; and that an arm had reached up and drawn it down hurriedly. He would swear to the arm; he had seen it distinctly above the edge of the battlements. In his opinion the fort was surrendering, and some one aloft there had been pulling down the flag as the bomb burst.

The General, occupied for the moment in giving Captain Muspratt his instructions, had not witnessed the shot. But he turned at the shout which followed, caught sight of the bare flagstaff, and ordering his bugler to sound the "Cease firing," sent forward the captain at once to parley.

With Muspratt went a sergeant of the Forty-sixth and a bugler. The sergeant carried a white flag. Ascending the slope briskly, they were met at the gate by M. Etienne.

The sudden disappearance of the flag above the tower had mystified the garrison no less thoroughly than the British. They knew the Commandant to be aloft there with Sergeant

Bédard, and the most of the men could only guess, as their enemies had guessed, that he was giving the signal of surrender.

But this M. Etienne could by no means believe; it belied his brother's nature as well as his declared resolve. And so, while the English captain with great politeness stated his terms—which were unconditional surrender and nothing less—the poor gentleman kept glancing over his shoulder and answering at random, "Yes, yes," or "Precisely—if you will allow me," or "Excuse me a moment, until my brother——." In short, he rambled so that Captain Muspratt could only suppose his wits unhinged. It was scarce credible that a sane man could receive such a message inattentively, and yet this old gentleman did not seem to be listening!

Now Diane meanwhile stood at the mouth of her shelter with her eyes lifted, intent upon the tower's summit. She, too, had seen the flag run down with the bursting of the bomb, and she alone had hit in her mind on the true explanation—that a flying shard had cut clean through the up-halliard close to the staff, and the flag—heavy with golden lilies of her own working—had at once dropped of its own weight. She had caught sight, too, of her father's arm reaching up to grasp it, and she knew why. The flagstaff had a double set of halliards.

She waited—waited confidently, since her father was alive up there. She marvelled that he had escaped, for the explosion had seemed to wrap the battlements in one sheet of fire. Nevertheless he was safe—she had seen him—and she waited for the flag to rise again.

Minutes passed. She took a step forward from her shelter. The firing had ceased and the courtyard was curiously still and empty. Then four of the five militiamen posted to watch the back of the building came hurrying across towards the gateway. She understood—her senses being strung for the moment so tensely that they seemed to relieve her of all trouble of thinking—she understood that a parley was going forward at the

gate and that these men were hurrying from their posts to hear it. In her ears the bugles still sounded the "Cease firing"; and still she gazed up at the tower.

Yes—she had made no mistake. The spare halliards were shaking; in a second or two—but why did they drag so interminably?—the flag would rise again.

And it rose. Before her eyes, before the eyes of the parleyers in the gateway and of the British watching from their batteries, it rose above the edge of the battlements and climbed half-way up the mast, or a little short of half-way. There it stopped—climbed a few feet higher—and stopped again—climbed yet another foot, perhaps—and slowly, very slowly, began to flutter downwards.

With a dreadful surmise she started to run across the courtyard towards the door at the foot of the tower; and even as she started a yell went up from the rear of the fort, followed by a random volley of musketry and a second yell—a true Iroquois war-whoop.

In the gateway Captain Muspratt called promptly to his bugler. The first yell had told him what was happening—that the men of the Forty-sixth, sent round for the feint attack, had found the rear wall defenceless and were escalading, in ignorance of the parley at the gate.

Quick as thought the bugler sounded the British recall, and its notes were taken up by bugle after bugle down the slope. The Major commanding the feint attack heard, comprehended after a fashion, and checked his men; and the Forty-sixth, as a well-disciplined regiment, dropped off its scaling-ladders and came to heel.

But he could not check his Indian guides. Once already on their progress down the river they had been baulked of their lust to kill; and this restraint had liked them so little that already three-fourths of Sir William Johnson's Iroquois were marching back to their homes in dudgeon. These dozen braves would not be cheated a second time if they could help it. Disregarding the shouts and the bugle-calls they swarmed

up the ladders, dropped within the fort, and swept through the Commandant's quarters into the courtyard.

In the doorway at the foot of the flagstaff tower a woman's skirt fluttered for an instant and was gone. They raced after it like a pack of mad dogs, and with them ran one, an Ojibway, whom neither hate nor lust, but a terrible fear, made fleeter than any.

Six of them reached the narrow doorway together, snarling and jostling in their rage. The Ojibway broke through first and led the way up the winding stairway, taking it three steps at a time, with death behind him now—though of this he recked nothing—since he had clubbed an Oneida senseless in the doorway, and these Indians—Oneidas all—had from the start resented his joining the party of guides.

Never a yard separated him from the musket-butt of the Indian who panted next after him; but above, at the last turning of the stair under a trap-door through which the sunlight poured, he caught again the flutter of a woman's skirt. A ladder led through the hatchway, and—almost grasping her frock—he sprang up after Diane, flung himself on the leads, reached out, and clutching the hatch, slammed it down on the foremost Oneida's head.

As he slipped the bolt—thank God it had a bolt!—he heard the man drop from the ladder with a muffled thud. Then, safe for a moment, he ran to the battlements and shouted down at the pitch of his voice.

"Forty-sixth! This way, Forty-sixth!"

His voice sounded passing strange to him. Not for two years had it been lifted to pronounce an English word.

Having sent down his call he ran back swiftly to the closed hatchway, and as he knelt, pressing upon it with both hands, his eyes met Diane's.

She stood by the flagstaff with a pistol in her hand. But her hand hung stiffly by her hip as it had dropped at the sound of his shout, and her eyes stared on him. At her feet lay the Commandant, his hand still rigid upon the

halliards, his breast covered by the folds of the fallen flag, and behind her, as the bursting shell had killed and huddled it, the body of old Sergeant Bédard. Its bald scalp grinned at him from the corner of the battlements with a red wound like an open mouth.

Why she stood there, pistol in hand, he could partly guess. How these two corpses came here he could not guess at all. The Commandant, mortally wounded, had grasped at the falling flag, and with a dying effort had bent it upon the spare halliards and tried to hoist. It lay now, covering a wound which had torn his chest open, coat and flesh, and laid his ribs bare.

But John à Cleeve, kneeling upon the hatchway, understood nothing of this. What beat on his brain was the vision of a face below—the face of the officer commanding—turned upwards in blank astonishment at his shout of "Forty-sixth! This way, Forty-sixth!"

The Indians were battering the hatch with their musket-butts. The bolt shook. He pressed his weight down on the edge, keeping his head well back to be out of the way of bullets. Luckily the timbers of the hatch were stout, and moreover it had a leaden casing, but this would avail nothing when the Indians began to fire at the hinges—as they surely would.

He found himself saying aloud in French, "I won't answer for the hinges. Run, mademoiselle!—call again to the red-coats! They will help."

But still, while blow after blow shook the hatch, Diane crouched motionless, staring at him with wild eyes.

"They will help," he repeated with the air of one striving to speak lucidly; then with a change of tone, "Give me your pistol, please."

She held it out obediently at arm's length, but as he took it she seemed to remember, and crept close. "Non—non!" she whispered. "C'est à moi—que tu le dois, enfin!"

From the staircase—not close beneath the hatch, but, as it

seemed, far below their feet—came the muffled sound of shots, and between the shots hoarse cries of rage.

"Courage!" whispered John. He could hear that men were grappling and fighting down there, and supposed the Forty-sixth to be at hand. He could not know that the parleyers at the gate, appalled for an instant by the vision of Diane with a dozen savages in chase, had rallied at a yell from Dominique Guyon, pelted after him to the rescue, and were now at grips with the rearmost Indians—a locked and heaving mass choking the narrow spirals of the stairway.

"Courage!" he whispered again, and pressing a knee on the edge of the hatch reached out a hand to steady her. What mattered it if they died now—together—he and she? "*Tu dois*"—she loved him; her lips had betrayed her. "*Tu dois*"—the words sang through him, thrilling, bathing him in bliss.

"O my love! O my love!"

The blows beat upward against the hatch and ceased. He sprang up, slid an arm around her and dragged her back—not a second too soon. A gun exploded against the hinges at their feet, blowing one loose. John saw the crevices gaping and the muzzle of a gun pushed through to prise it open. He sprang upon the hatch, pistol in hand.

"Forty-sixth! Forty-sixth!"

What was that? Through the open crevice a British cheer answered him. The man levering against his weight lost hold of the gun, leaving it jammed. John heard the slide and thud of his fall.

"Hulloa!" hailed a cheerful voice from the foot of the ladder. "You there!—open the trap-way and show us some light!"

John knelt, slipped back the bolt, and turned to Diane. She had fallen on her knees—but what had happened to her? She was cowering before the joy in his face, shrinking away from him and yet beseeching.

"Le pistolet—donnez-moi le pistolet!"—her voice hissed

on the word, her eyes petitioned him desperately. "Ah, de grace! tu n'as pas le droit——"

He understood. With a passing bitter laugh he turned from her entreaties and hurled the pistol across the battlements into air. A hand flung open the hatch. A British officer —Etherington, Major of the Forty-sixth—pushed his head and shoulders through the opening and stared across the leads, panting, with triumphant jolly face.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE FORT SURRENDERS

The red-coats, who had forced their way up the tower by sheer weight of numbers and at the point of the bayonet, were now ordered to face about and clear the stairway; which they did, driving the mixed rabble of Canadians and Indians down before them, and collecting the dead and wounded as they went. Five of the Indians had been bayoneted or trampled to death in the struggle; two of the garrison would never fight again, and scarcely a man had escaped cuts or bruises.

But Diane, as she followed her father's body down the stairs, knew nothing of this. The dead and wounded had been removed. The narrow lancet windows let in a faint light, enough to reveal some ugly stains and splashes on the walls; but she walked with fixed unseeing eyes. Once only on the way down her foot slid on the edge of a slippery step, and she shivered.

In the sunlight outside the doorway a group of men, mauled and sullen, some wearing bandages, others with blood yet trickling down their faces, stood listening to an altercation between M. Etienne and a couple of spick-and-span British officers. As their Commandant's body came through the doorway they drew together with a growl. Love was in that sound, and sorrow, and helpless rage. One or two broke into sobs.

The British officers—one of them was the General himself, the other his messenger, Captain Muspratt—bared their heads. M. Etienne, checked in the midst of an harangue, stepped to Diane and took her hand tenderly.

She gazed slowly around on the group of battered men. There was no reproach in her look—had she not failed as miserably as they?—and yet it held a world of injustice. She could not know that for her sake they carried these wounds. And Dominique Guyon, the one man who could have answered her thoughts, stared savagely at the ground, offering no defence.

"Dominique Guyon," commanded M. Etienne, "four of you will relieve these *messieurs* of their burden. Carry your master to the chapel, where you will find Father Launoy or Father Joly."

"But pardon me, monsieur," interposed Amherst politely, "my soldiers will be proud to bear so gallant a foe."

"I thank you"—M. Etienne's bow was stiff and obstinate—"but I assert again that I still command this fortress, and the bearers shall be of my choosing."

Diane laid a hand on her uncle's arm. "He is dead," said she. "What matters it?" She did not understand this dispute. "Perhaps if I promise M. le Général that these men shall return to him when they have laid my father in the chapel——"

The General—a tall, lean, horse-faced man with a shrewd and not unkindly eye—yielded the point at once. "Willingly, mademoiselle, and with all the respect an enemy may pay to your sorrow." He ordered the men to give place to the new bearers.

In the chapel Diane sank on her knees, but not to pray—rather to escape the consolations of the two priests and be alone with her thoughts. And her thoughts were not of her father. The stroke had fallen; but not yet could she feel the pain. He was happy; he alone of them all had kept his quiet vow, and died disdaining defeat; whereas she—ah, there lay

the terrible thought!—she had not merely failed, had not been overpowered. In the crisis, beside her father's corpse, she had played the traitress to her resolve.

The two priests moved about the body, arranging it, fetching trestles, draperies, and candles for the *lit de parade*, always with stealthy glances at the bowed figure in the shadow just within the door. But she knelt on nor lifted her face.

In the sunlit courtyard without the two commanders were still disputing. M. Etienne flatly refused to yield up his sword, maintaining that he had never surrendered, had agreed to no terms of capitulation; that the red-coats had swarmed over his walls in the temporary absence of their defenders, gathered at the gateway to parley under a flag of truce, and should be drawn off at once.

The mischief was, he could not be gainsaid. Major Etherington explained—at first in English, to his General, and again, at his General's request, in the best French he could command, for the benefit of all, that he had indeed heard the recall blown, and had with difficulty called off his men from the scaling-ladders, persuading them (as he himself was persuaded) that the fort had surrendered. He knew nothing of the white flag at the gateway, but had drawn his conclusions from the bugle-calls and the bare flagstaff above the tower.

"Nevertheless, we had not capitulated," persisted M. Etienne.

The Major continued that, albeit he had tried his best, the Indians were not to be restrained. They had poured into the fort, and, although he had obeyed the bugles and kept his men back, it had cost him grave misgivings. But when the Ojibway called down so urgently from the summit of the tower, he had risked disobedience, hoping to prevent the massacre which he knew to be afoot. He appealed to his General to approve, or at least condone, this breach of orders. For undoubtedly massacre had been prevented. Witness the crowd he had found jammed in the stairway, and fighting ferociously. Witness the scene that had met him at

the head of the stairs. Here he swung round upon John and beckoned him to stand out from the listening group of red-coats.

"It can be proved, sir," he went on, addressing M. Etienne, "that the lady—your niece, is she not?—owes her life, and more than her life perhaps, to this savage. I claim only that, answering his call, I led my men with all possible speed to the rescue. Up there on the leads I found your brother lying dead, with a sergeant dead beside him; and their wounds again will prove to you that they had perished by the bursting of a shell. But this man alone stood on the hatchway and held it against a dozen Iroquois, as your niece will testify. What you suppose yourself to owe him, I won't pretend to say; but I tell you—and I tell you, General—that cleaner pluck I never saw in my life."

And John, the soldiers pushing him forward, stood out with bent head. He prayed that there might be no Ojibway interpreter at hand; he knew of none in the fort but Father Launoy, now busy in the chapel laying out the Commandant's body. Of all the spectators there was but one—the General himself—who had not known him either as Ensign John à Cleeve or as the wounded sergeant from Ticonderoga. He had met Muspratt at Albany, and remembered him well on the march up the Hudson to Lake George. With Etherington he had marched, messed, played at cards, and lived in close comradeship for months together—only two years ago! It was not before their eyes that he hung his head, but before the thought of two eyes that in the chapel yonder were covered by the hands of a kneeling girl.

M. Etienne stepped forward and took his hand.

"I thank you, my friend—if you can understand my thanks."

Dominique Guyon, returning from the chapel, saw only an Indian stepping back upon the ranks of the red-coats, who clapped him on the shoulder for a good fellow; and Dominique paid him no more attention, being occupied with M. Etienne's next words.

"Nevertheless," said M. Etienne, turning upon Amherst, "my duty to his Majesty obliges me to insist that I have not capitulated; and your troops, sir, though they have done me this service, must be at once withdrawn."

And clearly, by all the rules of war, M. Etienne had the right on his side. Amherst shrugged his shoulders, frowning and yet forced to smile—the fix was so entirely absurd. As discipline went in these North American campaigns, he commanded a well-disciplined army; but numbers of provincials and batteau-men had filtered in through the barracks almost unobserved during the parley, and were now strolling about the fortifications like a crowd of inquisitive tourists. He ordered Major Etherington to clear them out, and essayed once more to reason with the enemy.

"You do not seriously urge me, monsieur, to withdraw my men and renew the bombardment?"

"That is precisely what I require of you."

"But—good heavens, my dear sir!—look at the state of your walls!" He waved a hand towards the defences.

"I see them; but *you*, sir, as a gentleman, should have no eyes for their condition—on this side."

The General arched his eyebrows and glanced from M. Etienne to the Canadians; he did not for a moment mean to appeal to them, but his glance said involuntarily, "A pretty madman you have for commander!"

And in fact they were already murmuring. What nonsense was this of M. Etienne's? The fort had fallen, as any man with eyes could see. Their Commandant was dead. They had fought to gain time? Well, they had succeeded, and won compliments even from their enemy.

Corporal Sans Quartier spoke up. "With all respect, M. le Capitaine, if we fight again some of us would like to know what we are fighting for."

M. Etienne swung round upon him.

"Tais-toi, poltron!"

A murmur answered him; and looking along the line of

faces he read sympathy, respect, even a little shame, but nowhere the response he sought.

Nor did he reproach them. Bitter reproaches indeed shook his lips, but trembled there and died unuttered. For five—may be ten—long seconds he gazed, and so turned towards the General.

"Achevez, monsieur! . . . Je vous demande pardon si vous me trouvez un peu pointilleux." His voice shook; he unbuckled his sword, held it for a moment between his hands as if hesitating, then offered it to Amherst with the ghost of a bitter smile. "Cela ne vaut pas—sauf à moi—la peine de le casser . . ."

He bowed, and would have passed on towards the chapel, a dazed and broken man.

Amherst gently detained him.

"I spare you my compliments, sir, and my condolence; they would be idly offered to a brave man at such a moment. Forgive me, though, that I cannot spare to consult you on my own affairs. Time presses with us. You have, as I am told, good pilots here who know the rapids between this and Montreal, and I must beg to have them pointed out to me."

M. Etienne paused. "The best pilots, sir, are Dominique Guyon there, and his brother Bateese. But you will find that most of these men know the river tolerably well."

"And the rest of your garrison? Your pardon, again, but I must hold you responsible, to deliver up *all* your men within the fort."

"I do not understand . . . This, sir, is all the garrison of Fort Amitié."

Amherst stared at the nineteen or twenty hurt and dishevelled men ranged against the tower wall, then back into a face impossible to associate with untruth.

"M. le Capitaine," said he very slowly, "if with these men you have made a laughing-stock of me for two days and a half, why then I owe you a grudge. But something else I owe,

and must repay at once. Be so good as to receive back a sword, sir, of which I am all unworthy to deprive you."

But as he proffered it, M. Etienne put up both hands to thrust the gift away, then covered his face with them.

"Not now, monsieur—not now! To-morrow perhaps . . . but not now, or I may break it indeed!"

Still with his face covered, he tottered off towards the chapel.

CHAPTER XXV

THE RAPIDS

THEY had run the Galops rapids, Point Iroquois, Point Cardinal, the Rapide Plat, without disaster though not without heavy toil. The fury of the falls far exceeded Amherst's expectations, but he believed that he had seen the worst, and he blessed the pilotage of Dominique and Bateese Guyon.

Here and there the heavier batteaux carrying the guns would be warped or pushed and steadied along shore in the shallow water under the bank, by gangs, to avoid some peril over which the whaleboats rode easily; and this not only delayed the flotilla but accounted for the loss of a few men caught at unawares by the edge of the current, swept off their legs, and drowned.

On the first day of September they ran the Long Saut and floated across the still basin of Lake St. Francis. At the foot of the lake the General landed a company or two of riflemen to dislodge La Corne's militia; but La Corne was already falling back upon the lower rapids, and, as it turned out, this redoubtable partisan gave no trouble at all.

They reached and passed Coteau du Lac on the 3rd.

Dominique and Bateese steered the two leading whaleboats, setting the course for the rest as they had set it all the way down from Fort Amitié. By M. Etienne's request, he and his niece and the few disabled prisoners from the fort travelled in these two boats under a small guard. It appeared

that the poor gentleman's wits were shaken; he took an innocent pride now in the skill of the two brothers, his family's *censitaires,* and throughout the long days he discoursed on it wearisomely. The siege—his brother's death—Fort Amitié itself and his two years and more of residence there—seemed to have faded from his mind. He spoke of Boisveyrac as though he had left it but a few hours since.

"And the General," said he to Diane, "will be interested in seeing the Seigniory."

"A sad sight, monsieur!" put in Bateese, overhearing him. (Just before embarking, M. Etienne, Diane and Félicité had been assigned to Bateese's boat, while Father Launoy, Father Joly and two wounded prisoners travelled in Dominique's.) "A sight to break the heart! We passed it, Dominique and I, on our way to and from Montreal. Figure to yourself that the corn was standing already over-ripe, and it will be standing yet, though we are in September!"

"The General will make allowances," answered M. Etienne with grave simplicity. "He will understand that we have had no time for harvesting of late. Another year——"

Diane shivered. And yet—was it not better to dote thus, needing no pity, happy as a child, than to live sane and feel the torture? Better perhaps, but best and blessedest to escape the choice as her father had escaped it! As the river bore her nearer to Boisveyrac she saw his tall figure pacing the familiar shores, pausing to con the acres that were his and had been his father's and his father's fathers'. She saw and understood that smile of his which had so often puzzled her as a child when she had peered up into his face under its broad-brimmed hat and noted his eyes as they rested on the fields, the clearings, the forest; noted his cheeks reddened with open-air living; his firm lips touched with pride—the pride of a king treading his undisputed ground. In those days she and Armand had been something of an enigma to their father, and he to them; their vision tinged and clouded, perhaps, by a drop or two of dusky Indian blood. But now he had suddenly

become intelligible to her, an heroic figure, wonderfully simple. She let her memory call up picture after picture of him—as he sat in the great parlour hearing "cases," dispensing fatherly justice; as he stood up at a marriage feast to drink the bride's and bridegroom's health and commend their example to all the young *habitants;* as he patted the heads of the children trooping to their first communion; as he welcomed his *censitaires* on St. Martin's day, when they poured in with their rents—wheat, eggs and poultry—the poultry all alive, heels tied, heads down, throats distended and squalling—until the barnyard became Babel, and still he went about pinching the fowls' breasts, running the corn through his hands, dispensing a word of praise here, a prescription there, and kindness everywhere. Now bad harvests would vex him no more, nor the fate of his familiar fields. In the wreck of all he had lived for, his life had stood up clear for a moment, complete in itself and vindicated. And the moment which had revealed had also ended it; he lay now beneath the chapel pavement at Fort Amitié, indifferently awaiting judgment, his sword by his side.

They ran the Cedars and, taking breath on the smooth waters below, steered for the shore where the towers and tall chimneys of Boisveyrac crept into view, and the long façade of the Seigniory, slowly unfolding itself from the forest.

Here the leading boats were brought to land while the flotilla collected itself for the next descent. A boat had capsized and drowned its crew in the Long Saut, and Amherst had learnt the lesson of that accident and thenceforth allowed no straggling. Constant to his rule, too, of leaving no post in his rear until satisfied that it was harmless, he proposed to inspect the Seigniory, and sent a message desiring M. Etienne's company—and mademoiselle's, if to grant this favour would not distress her.

Diane prayed to be excused; but M. Etienne accepted with alacrity. He had saluted the first glimpse of the homestead with a glad cry, eager as a schoolboy returning for his holidays. He met the General on the slope with a gush of

apologies. "He must overlook the unkempt condition of the fields. . . . Boisveyrac was not wont to make so poor a show . . . the estate, in fact, though not rich, had always been well kept up . . . the stonework was noted throughout New France, and every inch of timber (would M. le Général observe ?) thoroughly well seasoned. . . . Yes, those were the arms above the entrance—Noel quartering Tilly—two of the oldest families in the province . . . if M. le Général took an interest in heraldry, these other quarterings were worth perusal . . . de Repentigny, de Contrecœur, Traversy, St. Ours, de Valrennes, de la Mothe, d'Estimanville . . . and the windmill would repay an ascent . . . the view from its summit was magnificent. . . ."

Diane, seated in the boat and watching, saw him halt and point out the escutcheons ; saw him halt again in the gateway and spread out his arms to indicate the solidity of the walls ; could almost, reading his gestures, hear the words they explained ; and her cheeks burned with shame.

"A fine estate ! " said a voice in the next boat.

"Yes, indeed," answered Bateese at her elbow ; "there is no Seigniory to compare with Boisveyrac. And we will live to welcome you back to it, mademoiselle. The English are no despoilers, they tell me."

She glanced at Dominique. He had filled a pipe, and, as he smoked, his eyes followed her uncle's gestures placidly. Scorn of him, scorn of herself, intolerable shame, rose in a flood together.

"If my uncle behaves like a *roturier*, it is because his mind is gone. Shall *we* spy on him and laugh ?—ghosts of those who are afraid to die ! "

Father Launoy looked up from his breviary.

"Mademoiselle is unjust," said he quietly. "To my knowledge, these servants of hers, whom she reproaches, have risked death and taken wounds, in part for her sake."

Diane sat silent, gazing upon the river. Yes, she had been unjust, and she knew it. Félicité had told her how the garrison

had rushed after Dominique to rescue her, and of the struggle in the stairway of the tower. Dominique bore an ugly cut, half-healed yet, reaching from his right eyebrow across the cheekbone—the gash of an Indian knife. Bateese could steer with his left hand only; his right he carried in a sling. And the two men lying at this moment by Father Launoy's feet had taken their wounds for her sake. Unjust she had been, bitterly unjust. How could she explain the secret of her bitterness—that she despised herself?

Boats were crowding thick around them now, many of them half filled with water. The crews, while they baled, had each a separate tale to tell of their latest adventure; each, it seemed, had escaped destruction by a hair's-breadth. The Cedars had been worse even than the Long Saut. They laughed and boasted, wringing their clothes. The nearest flung questions at Dominique, at Bateese. The Cascades, they understood, were the worst in the whole chain of rapids, always excepting the La Chine. But the La Chine were not to be attempted; the army would land above them, at Isle Perrot perhaps, or at the village near the falls, and cover the last nine or ten miles on foot. But what of the Buisson? and of the Roches Fendues?

More than an hour passed in this clamour, and still the boats continued to crowd around. The first-comers, having baled, were looking to their accoutrements, testing the powder in their flasks, repolishing the locks and barrels of their muskets. "To be sure La Corne and his militiamen had disappeared, but there was still room for a skirmish between this and Lake St. Louis; if he had posted himself on the bank below, he might prove annoying. The rapids were bad enough without the addition of being fired upon during the descent, when a man had work enough to hold tight by the gunwale and say his prayers. Was the General sending a force down to clear La Corne out?"

"Diane!"

A crowd of soldiers had gathered on the bank, shutting

out all view of the Seigniory. Diane, turning at the sound of her uncle's voice, saw the men make way, and caught her breath. He was not alone. He came through the press triumphantly, dragging by the hand an Indian—an Indian who hung back from the river's brink with eyes averted, fastened on the ground—the man who, of all men, she most feared to meet.

"Diane, the General has been telling me—this honest fellow—we have been most remiss——"

M. Etienne panted as he picked his steps down the bank. His face was glowing.

"He understands a little French, it seems. I have the General's permission to give him a seat in our boat. It seems he is averse to being thanked, but this is nonsense. I insisted on his coming."

"You have thanked me once already, monsieur," urged John à Cleeve in a voice as low as he could pitch it.

"But not sufficiently. You hear, Diane?—he speaks French. I was confused at the time; I did not gather——"

She felt Dominique's eyes upon her. Was her face so white then? He must not guess. . . . She held out her hand, commanding her voice to speak easily, wondering the while at the sound of it.

"Welcome, my friend. My uncle is right; we have been remiss——"

Her voice trailed off, as her eyes fell on Father Launoy. He was staring, not at her, but at the Indian; curiously at first, then with dawning suspicion.

Involuntarily she glanced again towards Dominique. He, too, slowly moved his gaze from her face and fastened it on the Indian.

He knew. . . . Father Launoy knew. . . . Oh, when would the boats push off?

They pushed off and fell into their stations at length, amid almost interminable shouting of orders and cross-shouting, pulling and backing of oars. She had stolen one look at

Bateese. . . . He did not suspect . . . but, in the other boat, they knew.

Her uncle's voice ran on like a brook. She could not look up, for fear of meeting her lover's eyes—yes, her lover's. She was reckless now. They knew. She would deceive herself no longer. She was base—base! He stood close, and in his presence she was glad—fiercely, deliciously, desperately. She, betrayed in all her vows, was glad. The current ran smoothly. If only, beyond the next ledge, might lie annihilation!

The current ran with an oily smoothness. They were nearing the Roches Fendues.

Dominique's boat was leading.

A clear voice began to sing, high and loud, in a ringing tenor:

> "Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre:
> Mironton, mironton, morontaine. . ."

At the first note John à Cleeve, glancing swiftly at Bateese, saw his body stiffen suddenly with his hand on the tiller—saw his eyes travel forward, seeking his brother's—saw his face whiten. Dominique stood erect, gazing back, challenging. Beyond him John caught a glimpse of Father Launoy looking up from his breviary; and the priest's face, too, was white and fixed.

Voices in the boats behind began to curse loudly; for "Malbrouck" was no popular air with the English. But Bateese took up the chant:

> "Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre—
> Ne sais quand reviendra!"

They were swinging past Bout de l'Isle. Already the keel under foot was gathering way. From Bateese, who stood with eyes stiffened now and inscrutable, John looked down upon Diane. She lifted her face with a wan smile, but she, too, was listening to the challenge flung back from the leading boat.

> Il reviendra-z à Pâques . . .

He flung one glance over his shoulder, and saw the channel dividing ahead. Dominique was leaning over, pressing down the helm to starboard. Over Dominique's arm Father Launoy stared rigidly. Father Joly, as if aware of something amiss, had cast out both hands and was grasping the gunwale. The boat, swirled away in the roar of the rapids, shot down the left channel.

Il reviendra-z à Pâques,
Ou—à la Trinité.

The voice was lost in the roar of the falls, now drumming loud in John's ears. He knew nothing of these rapids; but two channels lay ahead and the choice between them. He leapt across M. Etienne, and hurling Bateese aside, seized the tiller and thrust it hard over.

Peering back through the spray as he bent, he saw the helmsmen astern staring—hesitating. They had but a second or two in which to choose. He shouted and shouted again—in English. But the tumbling waters roared high above his shouts.

He reached out and, gripping Bateese by the collar, forced the tiller into his hand. Useless now to look back and try to discover how many boats were following!

Bateese, with a sob, crept back to the tiller and steered.

. . . . . .

Not until the foot of the falls was reached did John know that the herd had followed him. But forty-six boats were wrecked totally, and eighteen damaged; and ninety red-coated corpses tossed with Dominique Guyon's and spun in the eddies beneath the *Grand Bouillie.*

At dawn next morning the sentries in Montreal spied them drifting down past the walls, and carried the news. So New France learnt that its hour was near.

(*To be concluded*)