

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

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A BREEZE FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN

DURING a recent debate on the condition of the Mediterranean Fleet, an important point was raised as to the line which divides the functions of the Legislature from those of the Executive. The question at issue was whether or not the Mediterranean Fleet had its proper complement of cruisers, and of what are called, not too felicitously, auxiliary vessels. The Executive immediately saw its frontier violated and took a strenuous offensive, which turned what should have been a sober discussion of a serious national problem into an acrimonious party debate. The charge which was formulated from the Opposition benches was that the fleet in question was deficient in cruisers and auxiliaries, that its defective condition had been brought to the notice of the Government by the flag officers concerned, and that the Government had done nothing to make things good. This charge members of the Opposition were prepared to prove. The Government were not prepared to deny it. But with considerable spirit and no little tactical skill they slipped from the threatened position and delivered an overwhelming counter attack from an unexpected direction. It was not an attack merely on the Opposition, but something of greater boldness, and much more in the fashion of the time. It was an attack on the Legislature and its right to intervene in executive matters. The question raised, they said, was purely

one of administration, it was a question of the distribution of the naval forces of the Crown, a question with which the Legislature had no right to interfere. Nothing could be sounder. The offensive movement of the Government was pivoted on one of the clearest and firmest principles of the constitution, and supported by all the weight of practical political experience. Clearly it would be impossible for an Executive to work a system of national defence or to be responsible for the safety of the State, if at any moment the Legislature could step in and perhaps in some passing alarm insist on a redistribution of the forces at the Government's disposal. The smallest joint stock company could not be worked on such a system, and for a great empire it would be obviously fatal. Secure in the absurdity of the position which they had forced upon their assailants the Government hit out merrily, and so brisk was the sport that they were even joined and assisted by certain members of the Opposition, who would have been better employed in pointing out how the Government had left the real position undefended. The result was a complete success for Ministers, and what was worse, another gain of prestige by the Executive at the expense of Parliament. The men who, in response to what was at the time a grave and widespread anxiety, had brought the matter forward, found themselves as it were laughed out of court. This at least appears to be the general view of the country, but the matter should not be allowed to rest there. A government that is attacked on any point of its administration is as well entitled as the squid to mask its vulnerability in a cloud of obscurity, but when it has cleared away there is no reason why we should shut our eyes to the real weakness of the position assailed, or the real justice of the assault.

No one, of course, who is familiar with the complexity of modern government will assert that a large elective or hereditary assembly should have the right to interfere in detail with the distribution of the forces which it has placed at the disposal of the executive. Still less, on the other hand, will any one

assert that the representatives of the nation, in a constitutional state, should forego the right or shirk the responsibility of laying down broadly the objects for which they vote those forces. For instance, it is clearly within the province of the Legislature to decide whether or not such a place as Egypt shall be retained as part of the Empire, but it is not within their province to say exactly what proportion of the Imperial forces at any particular moment shall be devoted to its defence. It is hereabouts then that the line between the functions of the Legislature and of the Executive is to be drawn, so far as concerns the military and naval forces of the Crown. It is a question between the rib-work and the detail of Imperial defence.

Concerning the Mediterranean Fleet, there are still perhaps some serious politicians who can persuade themselves that our presence in the sea at all is a weakness and a mistake; but these men are not to be found in the ranks of the present Government, nor have they any weighty following in the country amongst those who concern themselves with such matters. Both the Government and the country regard the maintenance of an adequate fleet in the Mediterranean as an integral part of the rib-work of Imperial defence. The Navy Estimates are framed by the Executive, and voted by the Legislature in the clear conviction that such a fleet must be maintained. It follows, therefore, that the Legislature is entitled to see that such a fleet is maintained, and sharply to take the Executive to task if it finds them failing in this primary duty. And here lies the justification of the recent attack. It is true the Legislature is not entitled to dictate what the exact strength of that fleet shall be at any moment, but it is entitled to insist that it shall be a fleet.

Now the gist of the complaint, which the Opposition took upon themselves to formulate on behalf of the Legislature and the country, was that the assembly of ships in the Mediterranean was not a fleet. A fleet, like an army, is a complex organism, and if the organism is allowed to grow defective in

any of its parts it ceases, for practical calculations, to be an organism. No one would think of considering as an army a division of cavalry or infantry however large; but in the case of a fleet the truth is more easily forgotten. Yet it is even truer of the sea service than of the land service. In the course of history there have been campaigns won and even conquests made by armies that consisted practically of one arm; but nowhere is to be found in all historical time a conception of a fleet that was not complex in its organisation—that did not contain its several natures of ships—its heavy ships for the serious work of the fighting line, and its light ships of higher or lower degree for the multifarious duties which heavy ships cannot do for themselves, or can only do inadequately. In the old days of galley warfare, when the land and sea services were not so distinctly divided as they afterwards became, the necessity of this complexity was never lost sight of. Before the break came, which for a time divorced naval science from the traditions of the old and exact “art of war,” fleets and armies continued to grow and develop side by side on co-ordinate lines and under the influence of the same habits of thought. The last English fleet of the old time—the fleet with which Henry VIII. wrestled his last throw with Francis I.—was an organism approaching in complexity the ideal fleet of to-day. The change did not come at once. During the succeeding period in which sailing ships were finally established in almost undisputed pre-eminence for all naval work, fleets were greatly simplified in their structure, but still there was little complaint of deficiency in the minor types. The blind animal instinct for naval warfare, which was the mark of the Elizabethan seamen, kept the service from any grave deformities. The greatest of them even came near to bringing naval tactics abruptly back within the orderly lines of the “art of war.” When, in the year after the Armada, Drake found himself at the head of a first-class fleet, and associated in the command with one of the most scientific soldiers of his time, an attempt was made to give the cruisers a definite organisation of their

own as a living member of the organism. But owing to the failure of the expedition nothing came of it, and the seaman and admirals continued to stumble on without science or system, as their instinct dictated, and on the whole their instincts were true enough.

After the failure of the first effort of the Elizabethans to recover the lost thread a canker seems to have been set up, from which the navy has never again been quite clean. Still it was not till their day was done, and the sea service had set out upon its new course that the trouble began. When James I., under the guidance of the clearest and most business-like heads in the country, set to work to re-organise the navy, it was laid down as a fundamental principle that no great provision of minor types need be made in the Royal service since they could always be obtained from private owners. It is the principle on which to some extent, but probably with little more justification, we are going now. The immediate result was seen, ominously enough, in the misfortunes of the first British fleet that ever entered the Mediterranean. In 1620, more than a generation before Blake or Penn went there for the Commonwealth, Sir Robert Mansell, with a formidable fleet as things went then, was despatched within the Straits. Ostensibly his mission was against the Barbary pirates—the ordinary cloak in those days for naval enterprises; but its more serious object was a naval demonstration to check the progress of the Thirty Years War. Mansell failed to make any impression, and his attempt is almost forgotten. Yet the idea was good, and his failure, so far as it rested on naval considerations, was mainly due to a want of cruisers and fireships. The private craft which had been furnished him proved wholly unfit for the duties they were expected to perform, and he actually had to purchase and fit out other vessels at Alicante before he could strike even the feeble blow he did. For years the great Mediterranean powers had been nervously apprehensive of the day when the new English navy would appear within the Straits. It came, and mainly

for want of the minor parts of its organism left behind it an impression of futility that silenced the alarmists in Spain, and left the war to take its course, with the British fleet eliminated for the calculations of Europe.

From that day to the years when Nelson was clamouring in vain for frigates is a far cry, and yet during all that time the same defect seems to cling like an hereditary disease to the Mediterranean Fleet. In such a land-locked sea, studded with ports, from whence run lines of communication in every direction, information is easy to pick up and false scents are easy to lay. For this reason it would seem to be an arena where the secondary members of a fleet have a peculiar and emphasised importance, and for this reason, perhaps, it is there that the shortcomings of a half-formed fleet have most loudly declared themselves. It is needless to recapitulate the instances that fill the pages of our naval history from the time when Mansell found himself powerless before Algiers to the anxious days of Napoleon's evasion and the escape of the Toulon Fleet from Nelson. The same story recurs again and again, and is well enough known to justify a firm and sober protest when signs of the old rust seem to be showing themselves on the time-honoured weapon. Too often we have seen that fleet, by which for nearly three centuries England has held her hand on the levers of Europe, fail from weakness in one part of its members. Too often we have seen it for lack of its minor types as helpless at the psychological moment, as though it were no fleet at all. If quick and sure intelligence was vital in the old days it is doubly so now. Where once naval warfare was a question of weeks, it is now a question of hours, and a mass of battleships without its cruisers and auxiliaries is less a fleet than ever it was.

On this point it is but fair to note the excuse which the Government offered in mitigation of the sin with which they were charged. It was suggested that cruisers could always reach the Mediterranean before trouble broke out. This may be true and they may be right in refusing to listen to the navy

men who protest that such raw material is useless. Until it is assimilated they say it is no more part of the fleet than it was before. From the way the Government dealt with the difficulty their idea would seem to be that this is true of battleships—that they at any rate must be kept together to be wrought with a homogeneous whole, but that the cruisers may without harm be detached wherever they are wanted. But this is only the old canker breaking out again. It is the old vice of measuring a fleet by its battleships alone. Its fallacy has been demonstrated in the most emphatic way by the recent manœuvres, if demonstration were still needed. Prince Kraft pointed out long ago how easily a land campaign might be decided by a cavalry charge—a charge by which the cavalry screen of one side would overpower that of the other and blind its main army. To-day we have seen how easily and how quickly this might happen at sea, and the immediate lesson for us is the importance of training cruisers together, as an independent fighting unit. To think that this need attaches only to battleships is to misapprehend the clearest indications of the lines upon which the next great naval war is likely to run. Such a defence, if it was meant for a defence, is only to add to the sin.

Still, for our purpose, it is better not to further obscure general principles by discussing the merits of the particular instance. It may be that the Government was right, on the whole circumstances of the case, to mutilate the Mediterranean Fleet, to decide that nowhere for the moment could we have a real fleet on foot. It was open to them to make this their defence, but to deny the right of the national representatives to inquire why in no single station, for which they had voted ships, should a single fleet exist, as a perfect organism, is an aggression that cannot be passed. It tampers with the balance of the constitution. It rasps the instincts of a maritime nation; and, instead of smoothing alarm, it raises a grave apprehension that the best traditions of the naval art are still without meaning for the men to whom we have chosen to trust the national forces.

We begin to wonder, when responsible statesmen can speak so easily of crippling the Mediterranean Fleet, whether it is still for them what it was for their predecessors, and what it remains in the blind sub-consciousness of the country. Ever since Blake's appearance within the Straits set the Powers scrambling to be the first to recognise the Commonwealth, it is there England has found her main hold on Continental politics. The Mediterranean still remains the chief centre of international power, as it always was from a time when man's memory—nay, even his archæology—runneth not to the contrary. From all time the destinies of the civilised world have seemed to turn about its blood-stained waters. Each Power that in its turn has dominated the main line of history has been a maritime power whose fortunes have climbed or fallen with its force upon the waters where the three continents meet. It was like the heart of the world, and even the barbarians in their wandering were always pressing to it from the ends of the earth, as though they knew that there lay the fountain of dominion. So, too, the mediæval Emperors in Germany felt themselves no emperors till they could set their feet upon its brink, and one after another they exhausted their resources in a half-unconscious effort to reach it. England, like the rest, so soon as she had fairly established her maritime power, heard its call, and the first use she made of her new strength was to assert herself in the old arena. And there, with scarcely a break, she has remained ever since, always at hand to prevent any Power re-establishing the domination she broke, and always alive to prevent any one of the riparian nations seeking to increase its preponderance over the rest. In the Cabinet of every great Power that fleet is the symbol of the British power—and more than the symbol. They may deride the feeble military strength of the island kingdom, but that weapon is always shining in their eyes and putting a limit to their horizon. They know it is a weight that would turn the scale for or against any conceivable combination, and in this way, if only it be rightly used and rightly treated, it remains, what it

has so often been before, the great guarantee for European peace.

If, then, we see signs of neglect marring the moral effect of the cherished arm to which we owe so much, it is only right that an explanation should be demanded; and if that explanation is lightly given or lightly avoided we cannot but be stirred by a grave anxiety. Is it true, we ask ourselves, that the charge of excessive Imperialism, which is continually made against our present directors, contains this much of reality? Is it true that, as the arena of public affairs opens out more and more widely upon the oceans, that the frontiers are absorbing too much of their strength and their thought, and that the heart of it all is being forgotten? The great Powers are reaching out like ourselves, and we watch so intently that it seems sometimes as though the whole future depends on what is taking place at the limit of our vision. But this is not to see truly. The European system remains a vital thing still; the old forces that controlled it are unexhausted, and the old centres are the centres still. We would therefore gladly see some sign that the old traditions of our foreign policy, out of which the Empire grew, are not being forgotten. It may be, as we say, that the strain of distant calls has been for the moment so great as unavoidably to disturb the scientific distribution of the national forces; but still it is difficult to doubt that were the essential and persistent conditions of the naval art and of our foreign policy fully appreciated and engrained as they should be, like a second nature, upon the judgment of our statesmen, we should have at least one fleet that was a real fleet, and that that fleet would be in the Mediterranean. This at least the country has the right to demand, and when Ministers in heated answer bid its representatives to hold their peace, and cease to meddle, it is time that Ministers were brought to book.

ON THE LINE

The Muses Gardin for Delights. (Daniel. Oxford. 10s. net.) Edited by William Barclay Squire.—It is quite incredible that the present edition of 130 copies should meet even a tenth part of the demand for this little book; for no one who possesses Mr. Bullen's collections of Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books can be satisfied to be without it. From Mr. Squire's concise and scholarly Introduction we learn that this volume of "Ayres, onely for the Lute, the Base-Vyoll, and the Voice," has been long lost; and though a copy was known to have been in existence in 1812 in the library of the Marquis of Stafford, it was not till some years after Mr. Bullen had published his anthologies that Mr. Squire was fortunate enough to rediscover it in the collection of the Earl of Ellesmere, by whose permission it is now given to the public in a form befitting its contents. We need not say more of Robert Jones, the composer of the music of these songs, than that we entirely agree with Mr. Squire in believing him not to have been the author of the words, which are plainly by several different hands, and unequal in merit. That the best of them are very good may easily be shown by quotation. No. iv. begins:

The fountains smoake, and yet no flames they shewe,
Stars shine all night, though undesern'd by day,
And trees doe spring, yet are not seene to growe,
And shadowes moove, although they seeme to stay,
In Winter's woe is buried Summer's blisse,
And Love loves most, when Love most secret is.

The last line is repeated as a refrain in each stanza ; and the same device is used in No. viii.

How many new yeares have grow'n old,
 Since first your servant old was new ;
 How many long hours have I told,
 Since first my love was vow'd to you :
 And yet, alas, she doeth not know
 Whether her servant love or no !

Two of the pieces show humour, one of a tender, the other of a startling and realistic kind. The fantastic lover in No. xi. ends with self-scorn :

Once in my eare did dangling hang
 A little turtle dove,
 Once, in a word, I was a foole,
 And then I was in love.

But he has remembrances less bitter :

Once did I breathe another's breath,
 And in my mistris move.
 Once was I not mine owne at all,
 And then I was in love.

The revolted daughter in No. xv. is more frankly modern than any of her descendants :

You see the mother loves the sonne,
 My father loves the maide,
 What ? Would shee have me be a nun ?
 I will not be delaide,
 I will not live thus idle still,
 My mother shall not have her will.
 My father speaketh like a man,
 I will be married, doe what she can.

In her latest book Madame de Longgarde has reached what is at present her high-water mark. *The Supreme Crime* (Methuen. 6s.) is not a novel with a problem or a purpose ; it does not appear to have been written upon any definite principle of style or construction ; it is not the work of a

realist, an impressionist, or any other kind of 'list : it is simply a story, and a very good one. The characters belong to a land totally unknown to us, and the rules of their life are as strange as their names ; but they are so human, so much alive, that the reader is in a moment perfectly at home in Ruthenia, wandering familiarly among the lilac trees, the maize fields, the golden pumpkins and the orchard-cemeteries, bewitched by Wasylya's singing, carried away by the rush of young and foolish passion. Thence comes the tragedy, the fascinating drama, which, however remote in externals from the possibilities of our own life, is nevertheless so fundamentally true and so unerringly guided that it never for a moment seems improbable and never betrays its secret till the very end. The emotion of pity is seldom so deeply touched as it is here—not by any sound or suggestion of the words, for they are sometimes almost crude, always of the plainest, but by the simple force of the action, or the situation. Poor Zenobia—had she indeed been guilty of the supreme crime? Whether or not—poor Gregor—to him the truth must be death.

A very different story is **Forest Folk**, by James Prior. (Heinemann. 6s.) This, too, is a tale of country life among people with strongly marked character and strange ways of their own ; but the forest is the forest of Sherwood, and the types to which the *dramatis personæ* belong are thoroughly English. From the artistic point of view the narrative is a little diffuse at times ; the local colour is now and then laid on distractingly thick ; there is a good deal of dialect (though it is always intelligible) ; and one incident, that of Tant's ghostly horn, is pressed nearly to the verge of farce ; but Nell Rideout is a good heroine of the fine old Amazon race, and Arthur a courageous hero in more ways than one : their rustic relations are well drawn, with real humour and pathos, and there is a refreshing lack of the Upper Classes and their ways. The long courtship, which forms the backbone of the story, begins in a very original way, with a flogging in the dark—an

unintentional Taming of the Shrew—and ends in an idyll equally original—a sunrise betrothal, followed by a farmhouse breakfast and a visit to “the little quee calf,” which, that morning at least, was sphered, with the greyhound and the pigs, in the seventh heaven of the stable-yard.

A more finished, though not more convincing, study of English country life and manners may be found in Mr. Walter Raymond's *Good Souls of Cider-Land*. (Grant Richards. 6s.) There is no need to tell the innumerable friends of Tryphena that in cider-land they will find scenery names and dialect managed with a master hand. The two longer stories—“Gentleman Upcott's Daughter,” and “Young Sam and Sabina,” which practically make up the book—are both pleasing tales, but it is rather for their picture of country manners than for their plot that we enjoy them. They are full of a humour which, if less pungent, is, we believe, more natural than that of Mr. Hardy's rustics, and their pathos, though rare, is real and delicate. When Sophia Sherman heard at last of her good-for-nothing son's fate it was to be broken to her gradually.

“He wer a-tookt to Bristol. He knew the risk when he comed here : but he made me promise, if the worst should come, never to tell.”

She sat as if dazed, looking into the fire. Then one eager gleam of questioning hope flashed across her face—

“An' they showed noo mercy ?”

“Noo mercy !”

These Somerset and Dorset folk are another race from the hard Northerners of Sherwood; but they have their own points: they are nearer to civilisation in its best sense, more fitted for social life, mellower, infinitely more charitable and genial. The book leaves one with a kindly remembrance of old-world courtesy and dignity, the heritage of that West Country in which, as Mr. Havelock Ellis lately showed us, England has for centuries nursed the more gracious elements of her national genius.

The Life and Letters of Gilbert White of Selborne. Written and edited by his great grand-nephew, Rashleigh Holt-White. (Murray. 2 vols. 32s.)—When the “Natural History of Selborne” was published in 1788, the then Warden of Merton prophesied concerning it with singular felicity: “Depend upon it, the time will come when very few who buy books will be without it.” We are now at last put in possession, after the dignified interval of a century, of a supplement full of details which every lover of Selborne must have longed to know. For Gilbert White was never to be mistaken for an ornithologist and nothing more: he was not an isolated being who corresponded with other learned and curious minds, but, as we now more fully discover, a member of a large and pleasing family circle, very typical of one side of English eighteenth-century society. It is with real pleasure that we make the acquaintance of the ladies and gentlemen whose portraits adorn these volumes. Mary White (II. 96) seems to have stepped straight out of one of Miss Austen’s stories. An immense interval separates her from her grandmother, Anne Holt (I. 16), whose picture is a masterpiece of lachrymose Caroline dignity. The position of the family, with one foot, as it were, in the farm-parlour, and one in the town drawing-room or the College Hall, is well illustrated by the faces of Henry White (II. 138) and his nephew Thomas (II. 16), the latter a handsome and refined young gentleman in ruffles, who lived on to 1841. It is pleasant to set off such country gentlemen as these against the squires and parsons of the Tom Jones period, with which their dates nearly coincided. A charming revelation of the social life of Selborne is given by a summer visitor, Miss Catharine Battie, in her “Little Journal of some of the Happiest days I have had in the happy Valley in the year 1763.” On July 15

Mr. Henry White breakfasted with us; all the morn was spent at the Harpsicord . . . the afternoon was spent in a most delightful manner with Correlli and Handel; at ten went to supper; at one in the morn the gentle-

men and us changed caps and wigs; several minuets were danced. Dr. Stebbing danced a charming one.

Sunday 24 went to church twice; drank tea at Mr. Whites . . . the evening proved fine, we walk'd in his sweet fields.

Certainly this young lady and her sisters Anna and Philadelphia enjoyed life: they danced till three o'clock (with the Rev. Gilbert White for "Spectator"); they rode and came home "like drown'd rats"; they went "to the Hermitage to see it by Lamp-light it look'd sweetly indeed"; they masqueraded as shepherdesses, and had their "shaddows taken" till it was time to dine with "Corridon . . . upon a leg of mutton." At last on August 3,

the pleasing dream is o'er, and I must awake to-morrow and find myself in London. Adieu, happy Vale, enchanting Hermitage, much loved stump, beautiful Hanger, sweet Lythe: to all I bid adieu with grateful thanks. May the Woods flourish, may no mischievous Boy hurt the little Nest, may all the good inhabitants have as many happy days there as I have had.

The "little Nest" betrays the pupil of Gilbert White, who gently satirised, in "Kitty's Farewell to the Stump," her ecstatic use of adjectives, and in his lines "On Selborne Hanger," speaks again of

the scene that late with rapture rang,
Where Delphy danced and gentle Anna sang,
And on her stump reclined the musing Kitty sate.

The reviewer who could praise *Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature* (George Brandes. Heinemann. 6s. net.) as this book deserves to be praised, would have to be learned, wise, and patient as the great Danish critic himself. It may be doubtful whether, in youth, he failed as a poet: he has not that bee in his bonnet which buzzed in the ear of Sir Philip Sidney when he laughed at *The Winter's Tale*, and made Charles Lamb deaf to Sir Walter. Few will deny that he possesses every other qualification for the highest criticism. Humour is not prominent, but it is there; scholarship is not obtruded, but it is there; and the reader is charmed to catch

the slight personal accent—never overdone—which gives to printed words the sound of a living voice. The present volume, “Emigrant Literature,” is the first of a series of six, dealing with the period between 1800 and 1848, and, with the exception of the fine chapter on “Werther,” and a few remarks on Germany and Denmark, it treats exclusively of France, from Chateaubriand to the death of Madame de Staël. France is indeed an admirable land for the collection of specimens; and such a collector every good critic is bound to be.

France has long presented the contradiction of being a country with a feverish desire for change in all external arrangements, unable, once it determines to gratify this desire, to keep within the bounds of moderation, and of being at the same time remarkably stable in everything that regards literature—acknowledging authority, maintaining an academy, and placing rule and regularity above everything. Frenchmen had instituted a Republic and overturned Christianity before it occurred to them to dispute the authority of Boileau. Voltaire, who turns tradition upside down, and uses tragedy as a weapon against the very powers whose chief support it had been, namely, the autocracy and the Church, never ventures to allow his actions to last more than twenty-four hours, or to pass in two different places in the same play. He, who has little respect for anything in heaven or earth, respects the uniform caesura of the Alexandrine.

The sensation caused by “Atala” is welcome after this, although the moderns find it hard to recall the excitement caused by the first appearance of storks, alligators, and virgin forests.

“A parody published under the title of ‘*Ah! là! là!*’ substituted for the long, gorgeous description of Mississippi scenery, an equally lengthy and detailed description of a potato patch—so strange did it seem at that day that an author should devote several pages to the description of natural scenery.” Our eyes and ears are more accustomed to the potato patch than to the Mississippi, and Stevenson himself could not woo us back to the savages. A little of the savage goes a long way in literature, it would appear. He delighted Shakespeare, and Caliban was the result. After that, Europe rested from him for nearly two hundred years—for “Pocahontas” does not

count. He came to life again with Chateaubriand, but he is once more dead as a door-nail; and unless another Shakespeare is born, or at the very least another Browning to write Caliban up to date, dead as a door-nail he may remain, for all we care. Sénancour, Constant, Nodier, follow René. They are described with an intimate knowledge, with a judicious and judicial sympathy that is a lantern in the dark to any one desiring to appreciate these men at their proper value. The first two were perhaps rated above it in their own day, and are rated below it in ours. Matthew Arnold tossed "Obermann" to that odd creature, the British public, and the British public, assisted by the author of "Treasure Island," tossed him back again. Of Constant we know little, and Nodier is not much to us except a name and a charming person in other people's memoirs. All three men are brought before us in these pages. From the moment that Madame de Staël's red turban lifts itself above the horizon, her vast figure crowds out every one else except Barante. We could have done with a little less about "Corinne"; but, on the whole, the space allotted to her is not disproportionate. She drew great nations into fellowship; and to have done that is to have made history. She had not the simplicity, which is as much as to say she had not the genius, of George Sand; she was brilliant rather than deep, and more effective than subtle; but she made the most of a life rich in most varied experience. She did not bow down at the shrine of militarism and worship Napoleon (perhaps her vanity saved her—in the first instance she was clearly willing to be his friend), and she formed a useful division of men into two classes, those who could be enthusiastic, and those who could not.

The knightly man whose picture by Sir Joshua graces *The Military Life of Field-Marshal George, 1st Marquess Townshend* (Colonel Townshend. Murray. 16s.), is, in one way, disappointing. He wears the appearance of a hero; he does not speak or act like one. The book is a

thorough soldier's book from first to last, full of interest; considered as a *Life*, it lacks the great primary qualification—it is not alive. The battles are far more real than the men who fight in them; the reader sees how the thing was done, the doer remains obscure. Biographically, the portrait seems to reveal more than all the rest of the volume put together; one passage from the letters, and one alone, can be found to match it. This was written to a friend after the battle on the heights of Abraham.

I am not ashamed to own to you that my heart does not exult in the midst of this success. I have lost but a friend in General Wolfe. Our country has lost a sure support and a perpetual honour. If the world were sensible at how dear a price we have purchased Quebec in his death, it would damp the general joy. Our best consolation is that Providence seemed not to promise that he should remain long among us. He was himself sensible of the weakness of his constitution, and determined to crowd into a few years actions that would have adorned length of life.

Even here pleasure is damped by the fact that Townshend, as appears from a letter to his wife, written a week before the battle, had no sincere admiration for his chief (“Gen. Wolfe’s health is but very bad. His generalship, in my poor opinion, is not a bit better”); and by the coldly casual allusion to his fall in the letter to Pitt. If, as the author would fain have us believe, the credit of the original plan of attack belongs to Townshend and not to Wolfe, Townshend’s apparent indifference may be explained. It is more easily accounted for on the supposition that he protested against this plan; but the two assertions are contradictory, and certain evidence is not forthcoming. Wolfe had found fault with Townshend about some fortifications, and they did not work well together. He had lost confidence in himself. His letter to the Secretary of State, four days before the battle (“despairing as much as heroes can despair,” says Horace Walpole) spread gloom throughout England. Others besides Townshend had lost confidence in him.

We are acting on the defensive [writes General Murray, after Wolfe’s death].

You have the execution of the plan, and I am persuaded you will manage it with as much tenderness to the memory of the poor General as the nature of things will admit of.

These are not the terms in which we are accustomed to think of the man who gave us Canada.

The private was "the private man" in those days, and carried a sword along with his bayonet and his musket; "centrys" kept the baggage; the strength of a battalion, "with the exception of the Foot Guards, was five hundred, though the complement of officers was generally as now"; the smart officer was "a young man of quality, extremely well disposed," and officer and sergeant both carried a pike, except in the Fusiliers. During the first attack on Fontenoy the British "actually reserved their fire till thirty paces from the French, although being fired into on all sides"—a thing almost inconceivable nowadays. "At the second attack, the infantry advanced with such spirit and at such a pace that the Duke of Cumberland and his staff had to canter to keep up with them." The celebrated answer of Count d'Anteroche to Lord Charles Hay's invitation to the French Guards to fire first, "*Messieurs, nous ne tirons jamais les premiers; tirez vous mêmes,*" is, unfortunately for the interests of romance, explained by an ordinance of the end of the seventeenth century which forbade the French troops to begin. Fontenoy was "a glorious defeat for the British," yet the French lost about 6000 killed and 3000 wounded. The popularity of "the Butcher of Culloden" among his own men is well brought out, and there is a curious description of the bayonet-drill which he introduced to give them confidence against the wielders of the claymore, ordering them to deliver their point not against the adversary in front but to the right or left.

Townshend seems to have had all the virtues of the faultless. His motives were high. He was invariably correct. He refused to be paid for his services in Portugal, when the Government was in difficulty. He made a good Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. It would be interesting to know more

of his appointment—to learn the cause of his duel with Lord Bellamont, the circumstances of his second marriage, the reason for the omission of his eldest son's name in his will; but of course all this has nothing to do with his career as a soldier. His brother, Colonel Roger of the Buffs, “fell gallantly against the French at Ticonderoga.”

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THE ALLEGED ECONOMIC DECAY OF GREAT BRITAIN

IN the course of the past few months there have appeared in the *Contemporary Review* certain articles in which the writer, who signs himself "The Author of 'Drifting,'" endeavours to prove that Great Britain is financially on the road to ruin; and that the professional statisticians who tell us that it is steadily growing richer, not only misstate, but actually invert the truth. He endeavours to demonstrate by a mass of figures and arguments that, instead of growing richer we are annually becoming poorer; and that our outward semblance of prosperity is nothing but an empty shell, which merely serves to blind us to the true condition of things. His conclusions have caused so much alarm and uneasiness amongst persons impressed by his figures and the confident tone of his reasoning, that it is desirable to consider carefully what they are really worth. That some of his observations are just, and many of his figures correct, may be admitted. I propose to show, however, that the facts and figures which he ignores, and apparently has no knowledge of, are quite as important as those on which he has fixed his attention; that when taken in connection with the latter the significance of them is entirely changed; and that his conclusions, as a whole, are as false and misleading as some of his data, taken in isolation, are true.

On our author's mere or minor errors of detail I shall dwell as little as possible. The value of his main conclusions is what here really concerns us. These practically resolve themselves into the two following propositions. (1) The wealth and the income of this country, which we flatter ourselves are continually increasing, have really been decreasing for at least twenty-five years. (2) This decrease is such that we are yearly spending more than we earn; and the demonstrable meaning of this alarming fact is that, year by year, we are spending more and more of our capital. It is to a brief examination of these two propositions that I shall principally devote such space as is here available.

So far as our author endeavours to found his case on anything more solid than his own personal impressions, he mainly relies on the figures supplied him by the "Statistical Abstract," a blue-book, published annually, which contains a mass of information respecting our industries, agriculture, commerce, and economic position generally, and dealing year by year with the fifteen years preceding. Now, the author holds that though the economic decline of our country began at least as early as twenty-five years ago, the process has been most noticeable and rapid during the latter portion of that period. We will therefore confine our attention to the fifteen years which are dealt with in the "Statistical Abstract" published in 1900—the edition which it seems our author has himself used; and we will see how far the information contained in it bears out his conclusions.

Of this information the two most important parts are, firstly, the tables which deal with the amounts assessed to income tax; and, secondly, those which deal with the value of our exports and our imports. The author appeals to the former when maintaining that our national wealth is declining, and to the latter when maintaining more particularly that, as a nation, we are living on our capital. We will take in order these two contentions and the parts of the "Statistical Abstract" by means of which he endeavours to support them.

It will be clear, he says, from ordinary observation, "to most men endowed with common sense, that the sources of our national wealth are rapidly drying up. But," he goes on, "politicians and economic scientists" still maintain, in spite of this, "that we are getting richer *somehow*, as is proved by the rise of the income from property assessed to income tax." And so far as the official statistics, when we come first to consider them, can give us any information, he admits that they are fatal to his position; for, whereas the amount of this income, stated in round numbers, was £630,000,000 in 1885, in 1899 it was more than £750,000,000. He contends, however, that these figures, though correct in a certain sense, do not, when examined properly, bear the meaning which they seem to bear. We must not, he urges, content ourselves with considering the growing total; we must scrutinise the various items of which it is made up; and if we do this, he says, it will very soon be apparent, that what seems a remarkable increase is really a disastrous diminution.

Now, in one respect our author is perfectly right. The gross totals of the amounts assessed to income tax do not, taken by themselves, convey a correct impression of the way in which that amount, if considered from a national standpoint, has grown. We must consider the items separately, and eliminate some of them from our estimates; and this the "Statistical Abstract" affords us the means of doing; for it not only gives us the totals, but it gives us also an analysis of them. We will, therefore, go over the detailed account, examine our author's comments on it, and see what they really come to.

The chief sources from which the total of the estimated income is derived are classified in the Abstract as follows, but I give them in a more lucid order than that which is there adopted:

- (1) The rent of agricultural land.
- (2) The farmer's profit from agriculture.
- (3) The rent of houses.

(4) The income from professions, and industrial and commercial enterprises other than public companies.

(5) The income of public companies other than railways.

(6) The income of the employés of such companies and corporate bodies.

(7) The income from the railways of the United Kingdom.

(8) The interest on municipal stock paid out of rates.

(9) The income from annuities paid out of the public revenues of the United Kingdom.

(10) The income of officials paid out of the public revenues of the United Kingdom.

To these incomes, which have their origin in the United Kingdom, must be added the following, which have their origin elsewhere :

(11) Incomes from securities and businesses other than railways, out of the United Kingdom.

(12) Incomes from guaranteed railways, out of the United Kingdom.

(13) Incomes from other railways, out of the United Kingdom.

(14) Annuities paid to persons in the United Kingdom out of the public revenue of India.

Such are the chief items which made up a total of £630,000,000 in 1889, and of £750,000,000 in 1889; and our author's arguments that the increase which appears in some of them shows no increase in the real wealth of the nation, are, as applied to some of them, altogether correct. Thus, item 10—the income of officials paid out of the public revenues of the United Kingdom, which increased by £4,000,000 during the period now in question, does not show that there was any corresponding increase in our wealth. It merely shows that we have come to spend more on our Government, as we should if we dressed up every beggar as a Government clerk, and gave him £200 a year, from some new fund raised by taxation. In that case there would be a growth in the income assessed to

income tax, but there would be no growth whatever in the income of the nation as a whole.

The argument of our author thus far is correct ; but even here he makes a mistake in his application of it. If it applies to item 10—the salaries paid by the Government—it applies with equal force to items 9 and 8, which he altogether ignores—the annuities paid by the Government, and the interest paid out of the rates. These, instead of increasing by four millions, have decreased by five ; therefore the public outgoings have decreased by one million—a result the precise opposite to that at which he himself arrives. This, however, is a minor point. I need not pause to insist on it. The point which requires to be noticed is of a very much graver character. It is not that he fails to apply his principle to all the items to which it is really applicable, but that he applies it to others to which it is not really applicable at all. These are items 6, 7, and 3—the salaries earned by the employés of corporate bodies, the income earned by the railways, and the rent of houses. All these, he says, stand on the same footing as incomes and interest paid out of the public revenue ; and any growth in them which our statistics show should be struck out of our calculations. It represents no real growth in our wealth, but merely a transfer of money from one set of pockets to another. Thus, he says, from the apparent excess of the income of 1899 over the income of 1885, which amounts to more than £120,000,000, we must, in respect of salaries, railways, and house-rent, strike off a total of £72,000,000, this apparent increment being altogether imaginary. The ignorance or carelessness displayed in this manner of reasoning requires particular notice, for at least one half of our author's case rests on it.

From our estimates of the real wealth and the real income of the nation we strike out the salaries paid to its employés by the State, for the reason that the State is not a productive body. Its salaries are not paid as the equivalent of economically productive work, or of the use of economic products. But this is precisely what the salaries paid by the public

companies are ; what the profits of the railways are ; and what the sums are, paid as house-rent. The employés of the companies who pay income-tax contribute to the productive process just as much as do the ordinary wage-paid workers ; and the sums they receive are proportionate to the value of their productive efforts. The increase of their income is an evidence of increased production. Precisely the same argument applies to the railways also. If the increase in the profits of the railways be no real increase in our wealth, but merely, as our author says, a transfer from one set of pockets to another, the same thing must be true not only with regard to this increase. It must be equally true of the profits of the railways as a whole. The railways not only do not add an increasing amount to our wealth ; but they add to it nothing at all, and might just as well not exist. Even our author himself would admit that this doctrine was absurd. Railways fulfil four purposes. They carry persons who travel for pleasure ; they carry persons who travel on business ; they carry raw material to the manufacturer ; they carry the manufactured product to the retail dealer and the consumer. The luxury of travel with which railways supply the public, is as much a constituent of wealth as the luxury of silk dresses. The conveyance of persons on business is essential to the productive process ; whilst the conveyance of material to the manufacturer, and of finished goods to the consumer, are actually integral parts of it. There is no economic difference between the bringing of material two hundred miles by rail to the factory and the tossing it two yards by some mechanical appliance, from one part of the manufacturing machinery to the other ; whilst, until the finished goods are brought within reach of the consumer, they have no economic value, and are not wealth at all. Our author himself seems occasionally to be aware of this ; he therefore seeks to justify his elimination of the increased earnings of the railways by contending that, though a part of these earnings is a genuine contribution to our wealth, the increase that has taken place in them during the period we are

now dealing with is due almost wholly to an extortionate increase of charges, instead of to any increase in the extent of the services rendered. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent this contention being true. The question is, *is it true?* Our author has persuaded himself that it is so, by confining his attention to the fact that the profits of the railways have increased much more than their mileage. It has never occurred to him to ask whether they have increased more than the traffic. Had he considered this, which is obviously the point of prime importance, he would have seen that between the years 1885 and 1899, though the railway mileage has certainly increased but little, the number of passengers carried annually has increased 58 per cent. and the tonnage of goods 60 per cent.; whilst, as to the profits, they have increased only 28 per cent., and their proportion to the working expenses has not increased, but has decreased. Such is the justification in fact for the author's absurd statement that the increased earnings of the railways represent not increased services rendered, but merely an increasing robbery of one class by another.

The same kind of absurdity is repeated by him with regard to house-rent. The increase in the rent of houses is, he says, mainly due to an increase in competition for house-room, caused by the growth of the population, instead of any increase in the quantity of the house-room itself. Now, of certain congested districts this statement may be true. It is true, too, that, taking the population as a whole, the house-rent per head has increased about 10 per cent.; but the larger part of this increment, which our author desires to eliminate, is due to two facts of which he seems to have no suspicion. One is that the quality of the house-room has been very greatly improved; the other is that the actual number of houses, which he seems to think almost stationary, has increased faster than the population. No fewer than eight hundred and seventy-five thousand were built between 1881 and 1894. Even the author of "Drifting" is not prepared to deny that an increase in house-room is a real increase in wealth; and that, house for

house, houses that are built well are of higher value than houses that are built ill.

But the most important items in the incomes assessed to income tax still remain to be considered; and with regard to them his blunders are yet more wild and ridiculous. The items referred to are those numbered 4 and 5 in our analysis—the incomes from professions and trades other than public companies, and the incomes of public companies. The former, he admits, show a genuine increase; but this increase, he says, is only in exact proportion to the population; so in this respect our wealth is not more than stationary. The sole item in which any real increase of wealth-production is apparent is, he says, the income of the public companies, which was, in the year 1899, £77,000,000 more than it was in 1885. But this increase, he proceeds, is apparent only. He explains it in the following way: Year by year, he says, to an ever-increasing extent, public companies are absorbing private businesses, and income tax is collected from companies with far more success and strictness than it can be from private firms, by which last it is to a great extent systematically and successfully evaded. Accordingly, the growth in the assessed income of the companies does not mean that there has been a growth in the income of the nation as a whole, but merely that parts of it are assessed which escaped assessment formerly. Thus, he says, the tobacco business of Salmon and Gluckstein and the provision business of the Lipton company have between them absorbed the businesses of 1400 private traders; and this he declares to be an example of what is going on everywhere.

To the careless reader this argument may seem plausible; but the very figures which our author himself quotes refute it. Were it true that the companies grew by the absorbing of private enterprises, the income of the latter would fall, as that of the former rises. But, as our author himself admits, this is not the case. The income of private enterprises is so far from falling that it continues to increase at least as fast as the population. The increased income of the companies is therefore a

genuine addition to this, instead of being, as our author contends, a covert abstraction from it. His error with regard to this, the principal item in the income, is no less complete than his error with regard to the others. Indeed, his whole endeavour to prove that the income assessed to income tax is really diminishing, while it seems to be continually growing, is a blunder from beginning to end, with no better foundation than a series of self-deceptions.

And now let us turn to the second of his two main propositions—the proposition that the increasing expenditure of the people of this country, instead of being supplied by any increasing income, is supplied really by increasing drafts upon capital. This second proposition, though closely associated with the first, is advanced by our author on the strength of totally distinct evidence—on the evidence, not of any statistics with regard to our assessed income, but of those which exhibit the relations between our exports and imports. It requires, therefore, to be treated separately.

The broad fact on which our author bases his conclusion is the fact that the value of the goods imported by us is annually very much greater than the value of the goods exported. The question is, how is this excess paid for? It can, he says, be paid for in three ways only—by income which comes to us from investments in other countries; by services which we render to other nations with our shipping; or, thirdly, and lastly, by parting with our capital to foreigners. Now, the amount of the excess is, he says, so enormous—in 1898 it was £260,000,000—that it obviously cannot be paid for by income from our foreign investments; for these, though once very great, are now rapidly disappearing. Of our shipping, having once alluded to it, he makes no further mention; and accordingly he concludes that the excess is being paid for by a sacrifice of our capital.

A critic in the *Contemporary Review* lost no time in pointing out to him that in calculating the amount of the excess he had made an arithmetical error of £100,000,000. On this,

however, we need not insist. The sum which requires to be accounted for being reduced to its true amount, he is guilty of other errors, compared with which this slip is a trifle. The first of them relates to our foreign investments, with which, he says, we have been parting of late so rapidly that only a small fraction remains of what once was ours.

This statement, according to his own admission, represents nothing more than his own general impression. "It is obviously impossible," he says, "to give any figures with regard to the matter, because they do not fall under the observation of the statistician." How little the author understands the figures with which he has himself dealt, is shown by the fact that he has amongst these very figures included some which refer to this very matter. They are taken by him from the "Statistical Abstract"; but he has evidently copied them out without in the least understanding them. They are figures referring to certain of our foreign investments; and they show that between the years 1884 and 1899 these investments, instead of diminishing, had increased 600 per cent. The investments in question are classified under the heading of "Railways out of the United Kingdom," and are given in Table XVI. Our author having copied them out never makes the least allusion to them; but what is still more remarkable is that there is a series of other figures relating to the extent of our foreign investments also, and these he has either wilfully or inadvertently overlooked or suppressed altogether. Our interests in foreign railways are entered under two headings; one being that just mentioned, namely, "Railways out of the United Kingdom"; the other being "Guaranteed Railways" in India and elsewhere abroad. The former, which in 1899 amounted to about £14,000,000, as has just been said, he does notice in passing; but the latter, which amounted to £23,000,000, he does not notice at all. Similarly he passes over two other items—those numbered in our Analysis 11 and 14. He passes over the annuities paid to persons in the United Kingdom out of the public revenue of India, which amount to more than three

and a half millions; and what is hardly believable, he actually passes over all our foreign investments other than railways, the amount of which is nearly nineteen and a half millions. That is to say, we have statistics, in the very book consulted by our author, which reveal to us the possession of an income from foreign sources amounting to £60,000,000, of which in his figures he mentions only a fraction, and as to which he says in his argument that we have no figures at all.

Here then, of that excess of imports over exports, which our author stated to be £260,000,000, and which is in reality about £170,000,000, we have £60,000,000 accounted for by these official statistics, which, according to him, tell us nothing about the question whatsoever; and we now come to another point which has escaped him even more completely. From the declared value of imports there is always a deduction to be made in respect of such charges as freight, commission, and insurance, which amounts to something between 6 and 7 per cent. of the total. From the total of our imports in the year to which our author specially refers, we have in this way to make a deduction amounting in round numbers to £30,000,000. Of the £170,000,000, then, for which we have to account, these two items together will account for £90,000,000; thus reducing the amount about which there is any mystery to £80,000,000. It remains for us to ask what is the explanation of that.

It is impossible to answer this question either precisely or completely; but there are two sources of income, mentioned by our author himself, which will help us towards the explanation we require. Though our author is absurdly wrong in saying that we have no statistics with regard to our foreign investments, he would be right had he contented himself with saying that we have large foreign interests, in addition to those which the official figures record. Thus, in the year 1885 our income from foreign investments, as given in the "Statistical Abstract," amounted to about £34,000,000; but Sir Robert Giffen com-

puted that it was actually £79,000,000. Now we see that, in direct contradiction to everything our author asserts, our foreign income, as shown in the "Statistical Abstract," instead of showing any signs of decreasing, has, during the course of the period we are dealing with, increased in the ratio of 34 to 60. If the total foreign income has increased in the same way, it will by this time amount to something over £130,000,000, or £70,000,000 more than the sum which the "Statistical Abstract" gives.¹ On this hypothesis, the excess of our imports over our exports which yet remain to be accounted for will be reduced from £80,000,000 to £10,000,000; and a sufficient explanation of this remainder would be found in the sums spent annually in Great Britain by the "rich Americans and Colonials," mentioned by our author, who, in increasing numbers, take houses in London, or who crowd our hotels as tourists, both in London and elsewhere. This explanation of the case is, of course, merely conjectural; but the facts on which it is founded show in a general way that there is no reason whatever for resorting to the hypothesis of our author, that we are paying the balance of our imports by getting rid of our capital; that our payment of this balance is easily explicable otherwise; and that his argument, so far as official statistics are concerned, is not only not supported by evidence, but is directly contradicted by it.

Its worthlessness, however, is not shown only by the facts and figures relating to this country. The assumption with which our author starts, that an excess of imports over exports is *primâ facie* evidence that a nation is living on its capital, is conclusively negated by another series of facts, of which he is wholly ignorant, or to which he has paid no attention. These are facts relating to other continental countries, whose growing prosperity he contrasts with our own decline. He will find that the phenomenon which in our case he regards as a sign of ruin, manifests itself in the case of these other countries also,

¹ See Mulhall's Summary of Dr. Giffen's Table for 1885, "Dictionary of Statistics," p. 590.

in almost exact proportion to the increase in their wealth which he celebrates. In 1860, whilst the imports of the United Kingdom exceeded the exports by 27 per cent., the imports and exports in both France and Germany very nearly balanced each other. In 1897 the imports of France exceeded the exports by 25 per cent; and those of Germany exceeded the exports by 34 per cent. In 1860 the exports of Belgium were 5 per cent. more than imports. In 1894 the imports were 21 per cent. more than the exports. In 1860 the imports of Holland were 25 per cent. more than the exports. This excess in 1894 had risen to 33 per cent. In Denmark, in 1870, the excess of imports over exports was 25 per cent.; in 1880 it was 26 per cent.; in 1888 it was 50 per cent. And yet these are countries which, according to the author of "Drifting," are rising into opulence, whilst we are sinking to ruin; which are increasing their own capital, whilst we are squandering ours. If an excess of imports over exports accompanies their economic growth, how, in the case of the United Kingdom alone, can this same phenomenon be a proof of economic decline? The question answers itself. If we want to show at a glance the futility of our author's whole position, we need merely consider the evidence to which he himself appeals.

There is, indeed, with regard to his two main propositions—the proposition that our income is declining, and the proposition that we are living on our capital, hardly a fact or figure noticed by him which he has not completely misunderstood, whilst half the facts and figures he has not noticed at all. Of the minor errors with which each of his articles is strewn, and some of which are no doubt accidental, I have foreborne to speak; but there are certain of his utterances to which attention may be profitably called, in order to show how little real knowledge or judgment lies at the back of the arguments by which so many of his readers have been alarmed.

Let us hear, in the first place, what he has to say of statistics: "It has often been said," he writes in his third article, "that anything can be proved by statistics. But this

is not true. Only one thing can be proved by the fair use of statistics—the truth. Statistics are like book-keeping." At the end of the same article we find him writing thus: "I should like to warn the reader not to attach an undue value to figures on paper, called statistics. Exact statistics do not exist. If the reader wishes to investigate whether Great Britain is economically prospering or decaying, let him ask a large number of traders and manufacturers, &c., how their trade is going." In another place, having asserted that the working classes in Germany are incomparably better off than the working classes in England, he tells us that the evidence for this important assertion is based on the impression which everybody will derive from a "trip" in Germany. We may remind him that the Social Democrats, who have used the same impressionist methods, have reached equally false and entirely opposite conclusions, and maintain that the misery of the German working classes is growing deeper every year. What can we think of the competence of a writer on economic history who in one place tells us that statistics are like book-keeping, and if properly studied can give us only the truth, and in another place tells us that statistics can do nothing whatever for us, except to illustrate the conclusions which we arrive at by gossip and by "trips"? The value of his conclusions from "trip" may be illustrated yet further, by what he tells us about the English railways. Of all his arguments the one which has most weight in it is that in which he insists on the injury to certain British industries by the reduced charges for freight which the railway companies accord to foreigners. This is a point which is really worth insisting on; but he obscures this, and discredits it, by mixing it up with nonsensical assertions, such as these: that English railways are the worst in the whole of Europe; that the trains are the slowest and the most unpunctual, and the entire traffic the most inefficiently managed; that the carriages are toy carriages, the trucks toy trucks, and that both are drawn by nothing but antiquated toy locomotives. The argument from "trip" in

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our own country and on the Continent, can, in this case, at all events, lead us to a correct judgment, and will show us that our author's statements about this particular question are much on the same level as the railing of an angry school-boy. His general conclusions, as they stand, have no higher value.

W. H. MALLOCK.

THE NAVY AT SCHOOL

THE mimic war of 1901 has come to an end and its aftermath of criticism is upon us in the press. It is one of the most hopeful signs of the times that there should be this awakened maritime interest in our democracy. To mark the change one has to remember that, in the last century, the decay of the navy synchronised with the supremacy of the reformed Parliament. This habit of criticism and discussion in the press has stimulated naval thought not a little, and has led to progressive changes which might not otherwise have occurred. The more discussion and criticism we can have the better it will be for the navy. Only the most reactionary naval officer would suggest that even errors do harm, for, as Bacon long ago taught us, erroneous opinions are of main service in leading to the formation of true ones. For the same reason that religion merges into indifferentism when no longer straightly challenged, naval thought becomes apathetic and loses grasp of strategical and tactical principles, unless, from time to time, some free lance unburdens his soul about Gibraltar or some "sea-galloper" has Mediterranean madness following on a diet of "Fanny Adams" at the seamen's mess-table. The times of greatest progress in any country or profession are those when there are the greatest differences of opinion dividing two important sections. There has been no period in the history of our steam navy in which differences of opinion have been more clearly marked than in the present day. Naval thought

is no longer the flabby affair it was in the days when Lord Salisbury declared that naval experts would be found to support almost any opinion. The officers are divided to-day into two camps, as they were over a century ago under Howe and St. Vincent. We may roughly describe these parties, then and now, as the tactical and historical schools. On the one side we find the tactical school subordinating most considerations to the peace efficiency of the ships. On the other hand, the historical school does not always recognise the influence of invention in modifying the practical application of a theory deduced from history. Thus, a century ago Howe, of the tactical school, placed the fleet close to the dockyard, where it could be as well equipped and manned as possible. His scheme was more plausible and popular than St. Vincent's, which kept the fleet struggling with the adverse surroundings of the enemy's coasts. Yet Howe failed even to intercept the French expedition invading Ireland, while St. Vincent wore Napoleon's victorious armies down with a blockade against which they were powerless.

It is curious to note that once again the question of blockade sharply divides the navy. The tactical school advocates watching the enemy while the main body of the fleet occupies a position at sea, a base, or a line formed of a series of rendezvous or points of assembly. In proportion as the torpedo-boat gains in tactical efficiency, this school is inclined to withdraw the fleet from the radius of action of the torpedo-boat during the hours of darkness. Under these circumstances the chances of bringing the enemy to action might be as remote as under Howe's plan, while the persistence with which we have looked solely to tactical efficiency has resulted in a policy of large dimensions for cruisers, and consequently in a reduction of numbers available for scouting duties. On the other hand, the historical school maintains it to be a necessity of our maritime position to keep such touch with an enemy as ensures a battle after he proceeds to sea. The only acceptable alternative to blockade must be one giving a higher probability of

effecting a decisive conflict. If by the maintenance of a strict watch and the judicious use of a secret wireless telegraphy, the battle can be brought about in another way to blockade, the historical school will be the first to welcome the change, for there can be no doubt that blockade is only accepted as an evil necessity. It is evil, because it sins against one of the first principles of war, involving as it does a continual dispersion of force through ships going backwards and forwards to a base to refit or to replenish with coal and stores. Nelson disliked this splitting up of force, with the uncertainty about rejoining that was characteristic of warfare in sailing ships. So he took the whole of his fleet to Maddalena from Toulon, and it was during his absence that Villeneuve obtained a long start in the historic chase to the West Indies and back. Risks there have always been in the wearisome work of waiting for an enemy resting in the security of a fortified arsenal. Some of these, like the lee shore, have passed away with the advent of steam. New risks such as the torpedo-boat have led to the development of destroyers, quick-firing guns, and torpedo nets. My own view of the matter is that we are losing sight of the offensive policy taught by every page in the history of naval war. I believe that, with a proper organisation of such modern developments as the ability to mount long-range ordnance on merchant steamers; and a use of the knowledge of the increased range of the torpedo, and of methods of blocking bottle-necked harbours like Bizerta; we could seriously threaten the position of any fleet refusing to come out and give battle. I do not propose to develop these ideas in this article. They are old ones, forming part of a paper prepared in 1893 at the invitation of the Council of the Royal United Service Institution. The paper never saw the light, as it was suppressed by the Board of Admiralty of 1894. I merely mention the general idea as examples of a habit of thought tending to vigorous warfare, while the tactical school is so largely busying itself about safeguards and evasions, with a good deal of nursing thrown in. One admiral wants a fortified Alexandria, another wants thirty

auxiliary vessels for a single fleet in peace time, and a third, on the principle that docks at Gibraltar are better than no docks at all, proposes that the country, which is now spending at the rate of three battleships a fortnight in South Africa, should pay the price of fifteen battleships for the luxury of an eastern harbour at Gibraltar. The supremacy of the tactical school in the navy is fraught with danger to the country, and the historical school must do its fighting during peace to prevent disaster in war. The tactical school has a firm footing in every ship under the white ensign. The work of the navy in peace is wholly tactical. Its opponents are scattered, and hence they are fighting to strengthen their position by the establishment of a War College at Greenwich. On this question as a *cheval de bataille* the two schools are coming to close quarters. The tactical school, like Lord Goschen as advised by Sir F. Richards, maintains that the proper place to learn tactics and strategy is the fleet. The historical school believes a War College to be one of the necessities of our position, for the purpose of investigating naval warfare in all its branches, using the comparative method of studying history to shed light on to its darkest places. This study they regard as the necessary preliminary of the annual tactical exercises afloat, where we should try how far we can increase the strain on the fleet in the application of principles we have threshed out in the War College.

The naval manœuvres which have just ended may be regarded as a triumph for the theories of the historical school. If there is one principle in war that will endure to the end of time, it is that all movements should have for their object to bring the largest concentrated force to bear on a portion of the enemy's fleet. It follows from this that dispersion of force is justified if it can induce such a splitting up of the enemy's fleet as to enable the separate parts to be defeated in detail. This principle of concentration appears in tactics as well as strategy, and in land as well as sea warfare. It is not so clearly seen in the slow movements of armies, since

on shore we are not dealing with a *tabula rasa* like the sea, and accidents of ground play a conspicuous part. Even on shore it is noticeable, to take a recent example, that the occupation of Mafeking was a useless proceeding unless it multiplied the dispersion of the Boer forces. This happened to be the case. In the naval manœuvres Sir Gerard Noel was given the task of safeguarding the trade of England. A member of the historical school would make the obvious comment on the scheme of naval manœuvres that the only adequate defence of the trade is that furnished by a navy capable of blockading the enemy's fleets and providing squadrons of cruisers actively to threaten roving commerce destroyers. It is obvious that whoever is the naval officer responsible for the scheme of the recent manœuvres he is not a member of the historical school, for he confided the task to a fleet of slow battleships inferior in every respect except numbers to the battleships of the enemy, and having but a slight superiority of cruisers. The task was therefore an impossible one. Under similar circumstances the Dutch laid up their fishing fleet and commerce altogether. By doing so they derived greater unity of aim for the winning of the command of the sea. Admiral Noel's sole hope of victory lay in rapidly striking a blow with a concentrated force. Of his twenty cruisers he placed ten in the vicinity of the Scilly Islands, and whether by the accident of fog or design, these were split up into two groups of eight and two respectively on the first day of the war. The Scilly Islands lay at the junction of the trade routes, and as these islands were handed over to Admiral Wilson as his impregnable arsenal, they were plainly indicated as his principal base in the operations against commerce. He therefore effected at the outset, unknown to his enemy, a concentration of twelve cruisers, which managed to fall on the two groups of Admiral Noel's fleet, so that in the one case there was an overwhelming superiority and in the other a force of twelve against eight.

In the meantime the battle squadrons were drawing near, and the best course for the English fleet for the defence of

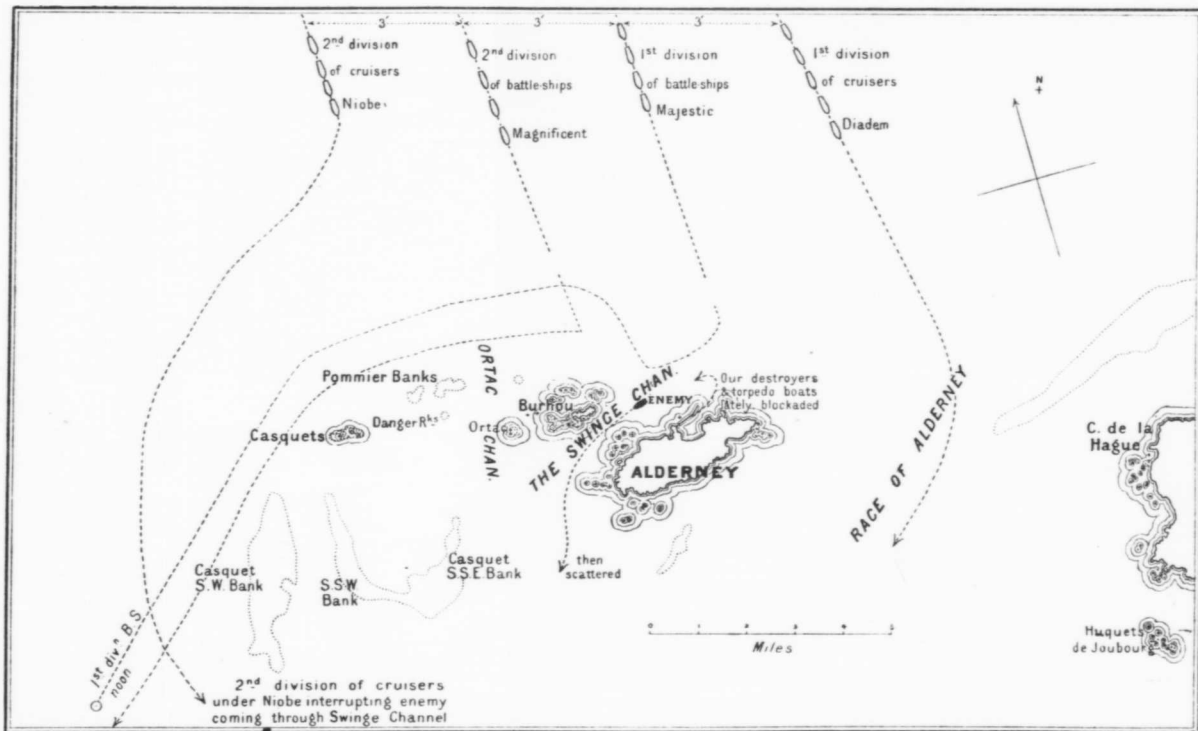
trade was obviously to seek out the main body of the enemy and to remain in concentrated force until that enemy had been brought to action. A delay had to ensue owing to the defective coal endurance of the English squadron, which in this respect resembles existing French and Russian fleets. The torpedo menace appears to have induced Admiral Noel to divert a portion of his force to blockade Alderney. It does not appear to have entered into the calculation that a blockade which can be immediately relieved is no blockade at all. The mere threat of a relief ought to result in raising the blockade unless the probabilities of counter relief are all in favour of the blockaders. Such counter relief involved basing the movements of the fleet on the small force of blockaders or keeping in such active touch with the enemy's main body that they could not proceed to the relief of Alderney without Admiral Noel's fleet appearing about the same time. As neither course was taken we may legitimately assume that :

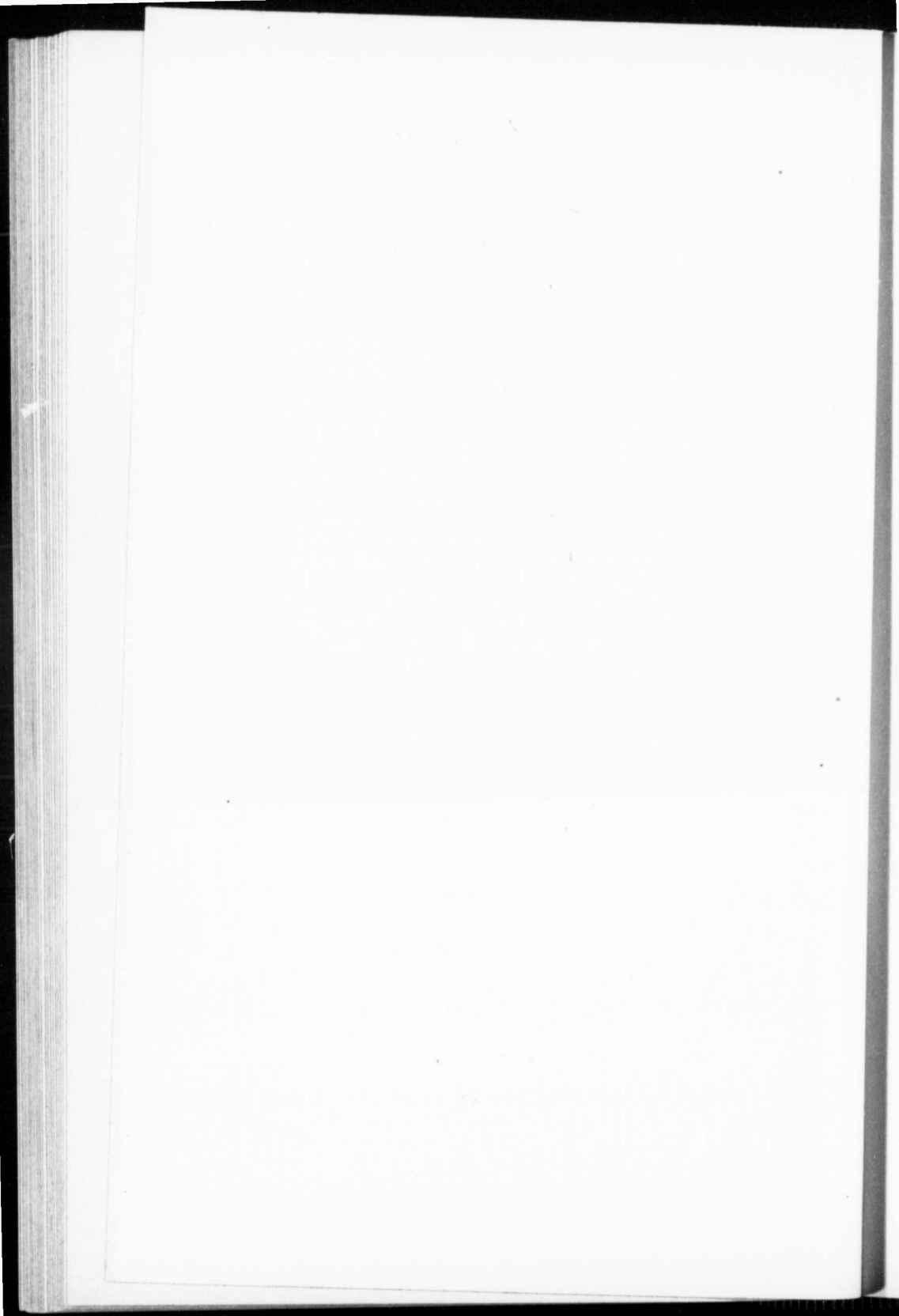
(1) The threat of the torpedo craft at Alderney against the battleships was considered so great as to justify detaching a body of cruisers, gunboats, and destroyers to blockade them.

(2) The safety of these blockaders was hazarded, in the confident belief that Admiral Wilson would not think it worth while to proceed to the relief of Alderney in such force as to envelop the blockaders and prevent their making good their escape.

We now know that the information received by Sir Gerard Noel of our movements was of the scantiest. On the other hand, the blockaders at Alderney, by adopting that crude form of blockade which shows its strength in full view, enabled the signal stations to inform Admiral Wilson by telegraph of their position, strength, and movements. Proceeding to sea in the evening with the whole of his force of battleships and cruisers, Admiral Wilson was within striking distance of his unsuspecting prey by the morning. Placing his two divisions of battleships three miles apart, and on each flank a division of

cruisers three miles farther off, and allowing only a mile and a half as certain effective fire, his front completely covered twelve miles. The result was that on being sighted by the enemy lying close into the coast, they found themselves nearly completely hemmed in by Admiral Wilson's fleet and the land, and they fled under fire through the Swinge Channel in front as the only loophole of escape. In this they were foiled by one division of cruisers under the *Diadem* proceeding to the eastward of Alderney to head them off from the French coast, and the other division of cruisers, under the *Niobe*, proceeding to the westward, followed by the battleships, round the Casquets to meet them on the other side. In addition, they were harassed in rear by the lately blockaded torpedo flotilla. The result was the capture of the whole of the blockading force. The disquieting feature of the situation is the thought that it was the menace of the torpedo craft that induced Admiral Noel to blockade Alderney in such force. There is no getting over the fact that the opinion of many officers who have served, like Admiral Noel, on the Mediterranean station, is that the menace of the torpedo craft is a very real and terrible one, forcing the battleship to take all manner of precautions for her safety. Not only do we find this to be the case, but, as we have seen earlier in this article, it is almost assumed without question that the torpedo has made blockade impossible. How otherwise are we to interpret the fact that though three distinguished admirals—two of whom subsequently became First Sea Lord of the Admiralty—took the trouble to lay down the requisite scale of superiority required by Great Britain for purposes of blockade, that scale has never been tried? If the authorities are wise they will put the scale to the test next year and bring the much vaunted submarine boats to the help of the blockaded fleet. We shall then have something to work upon beyond mere conjecture, and by that time, let us hope, wireless telegraph instruments can be tuned to different and secret wave lengths. In the recent manœuvres the X Fleet took in many of the messages of the B Fleet, and discovering their absurdly





easy cipher—it consisted merely of the addition of two letters to the ordinary signalling letters—were able to lay their plans accordingly, and even to send false messages.

The *Niobe* discovered the enemy's challenge and answer for a certain day, and was so enabled to pass two hostile cruisers. It is easy enough to do so as long as cumbrous flag signals are employed in view of an enemy with good telescopes on board, or flashing lights are used that can be seen for ten or more miles. A secret and reliable system of wireless telegraphy will surmount all these difficulties.

History tells us pretty plainly that where the death-dealing results of a weapon are very terrible an altogether disproportionate value is attached to its use, and but little regard is paid to those limitations which prevent it from being used. It was so in the past with the fireship. It has been so in our own day with the ram, the torpedo-boat, the Brennan torpedo, lyddite, and the dynamite gun. The last absurdity, if possible, made the strongest appeal to the small intellect of the professional alarmist. So much fuss was made over the destroyer, which is so limited as to be coaling every two days, that even the late Admiral Colomb was induced to prophesy in a series of articles that the battleship was doomed. Either this view is right or the British admirals in manœuvres are sometimes guilty of actions to which a strong term might be erroneously applied in actual war. In any case, nothing could be worse for the *morale* of the fleet than the knowledge that the admiral fears to face his work because of the torpedo craft. It is time that we should have something to go upon as to the real menace of the destroyer against the fleet. At present we only know that it can fire a torpedo at an extreme range of 2000 yards, and that many things, such as errors of judgment, helm, and an unstable platform, interfere with the accuracy of an aim which will have to be made under a severe fire. No one in the world has witnessed more naval manœuvres than the *Times* special correspondent who was with B Fleet in the recent manœuvres. I am glad, therefore, to find we are in

complete agreement on this question. In the *Times* of August 10 he says :

Destroyers have now been employed in manœuvres on one side or the other for several years past. So far as I can recollect, no destroyer has ever yet succeeded in torpedoing a battleship, or has ever even claimed to have done so. Certainly I can recall no instance in which the claim of a destroyer to have put a battleship out of action has been allowed by the umpires. Yet whenever destroyers have been employed in manœuvres they have very largely affected the dispositions, both strategic and tactical, of the side opposed to them. Obviously an admiral who kept his fleet at night within short striking distance of a known lair of destroyers would do a very foolish thing. But it does not follow that he does a very wise one if he takes his fleet off into space at nightfall, with little or no regard for the strategic requirements and opportunities of the moment, lest perchance a stray destroyer or two should find their way unawares amongst his ships. Yet this is so constantly done that it almost seems to be regarded as the only right and proper thing to do.

This is the opinion of an impartial observer. We have yet to know why the destroyer has caused us to depart from the policy laid down by the three admirals in the Report of 1889 which I have previously referred to, viz :

The Channel fleet (so-called) should, supposing the enemy to be a great maritime Power, be of sufficient force to blockade the fleets of such Power in their ports, or to bring them to an immediate action should they put to sea ; and that there should always be an effective reserve squadron sufficient to hold the Channel and protect the coasts and commerce of the United Kingdom. . . . Under the altered conditions which steam and the development of attack by locomotive torpedoes have introduced into naval warfare, it will not be found practicable to maintain an effective blockade of an enemy's squadrons in strongly fortified ports, by keeping the main body of the fleet off the port to be blockaded without the blockading battleships being in the proportion of at least five to three, to allow a sufficient margin for casualties—to which the enemy's vessels in a secure harbour would not be exposed—and the necessary periodical absence of a portion of the blockading squadron for the purpose of replenishing fuel, making good defects, &c. A still larger proportion might be necessary if the area to be covered by the blockaders was extensive.

The fact is, the work of blockade has little of the dramatic element, and it is likely to be even more arduous than in St. Vincent's blockade of Brest, when two lieutenants were always kept on watch in each ship. Its profound influence

in naval campaigns is ignored, and the battles forming the culminating points seem to shallow observers to come about by the merest chance. So it is the custom to ignore Cornwallis and to remember Nelson. The only point I am willing to concede to the adversaries of blockade is that the incidence of fatigue is now much greater. We have yet to know that it is too great to bear if we take care to have young and energetic officers who have not been softened by the luxury of a shore life. We have to train the eye, judgment, and vigour of the officers for this arduous work; and I have shown some reason in my past articles for doubting if we are really doing so. A naval officer, like Michel Angelo's artist, "must have his measuring tools not in the hand but in the eye." To sweep away many of the signals, sextants for station keeping, and all the artificial aids, like speed-flags and lights, should be an immediate object of our peace training.

I am far from regarding what I have called the tactical school as wholly evil. It embraces some of the best men of the navy. All I contend is that, unlike the German navy, our own has been too entirely swayed by its members. If I were to summarise a complete indictment, it would run somewhat as follows:

(1) The tactical school is too fond of rapid generalisation, *e.g.*:

(a) From the known results which follow the explosion of a torpedo to the upsetting of the balance of power by the operations of torpedo craft.

(b) From the occasional necessity of a spurt in speed during naval manoeuvres to designing the ship's motive power with this object in view rather than that of endurance speed, which is what will tell in the long run in naval war.

(c) From the evasion of a blockade by a few cruisers to the escape of a hostile fleet. St. Vincent was blown off his blockading station the very first day he put it in force, but he was not so foolish as to generalise that his views were mistaken.

(2) So much is sacrificed to obtaining the greatest peace tactical efficiency of the *personnel*, with the result that specialism, in the organisation of a crew, has grown to an extent which cannot possibly withstand the rude shock of war. This subject was dealt with in Nos. 1 and 5 of the MONTHLY REVIEW, in which the indirect influence of the tactical school on education was also commented upon.

(3) In the endeavour to maintain tactical efficiency, everything which appeals as useful in peace is crowded into the navy without much regard to the probabilities of war.

It is hardly necessary to elaborate on this last point. It may be well, however, to etch in a few glaring contrasts in the economy of a warship. On the one hand we find that the surgeons have no operating-room and no proper methods of carrying wounded men about. This has nothing to do with peace tactical efficiency, so it is ignored. Now let us see how, on the other hand, peace efficiency is favoured. We know that Admiral Stevenson carried out a good deal of towing when in the Channel squadron. Personally I was glad to see the admiral making new demands on the energy and resource of the ships, for it was in agreement with the theory of increasing the strain that I ventured to write at length in this REVIEW. It was part of the theory that the most difficult situations should be preferred for doing work. This, however, does not at all fit in with the ideas of the tactical school. No sooner had Admiral Stevenson performed this evolution of taking ships in tow more than once, than the officers did not like the trouble of getting up some of the superfluous chain cable belonging to the anchor gear, and became enamoured of the idea of having a towing cable. Owing to the predominant influence of the tactical school, a towing cable was accordingly given to each battleship, adding about twenty tons to the weight carried. Surely the Admiralty must have known that our ships already carried more cable for anchor work than was required, and more than foreign ships are in the habit of carrying. All the affectation of smartness in a warship may be traced to the

influence of the tactical school. The useless gold leaf, the showy paint, the gratings concealing gear that is supposed to work but will not because it is stuck with paint or rust, are but hall-marks of its handiwork. The cumbrous mines and sinkers, absolutely useless for fighting purposes, and monopolising space below the armoured deck, would never have been placed on board a warship if the historical school had its proper influence in the navy. We must get rid of all this rubbish, and the best broom will be the revival of the historical school to sweep the navy cleaner than ever St. Vincent swept the dockyards. There is other rubbish which must be swept away, including much that is associated with that sacred word "confidential." I hesitate, as one accustomed to discipline, to couple so profane a word as "rubbish" with anything appearing in the King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, but in June 1899, when the Admiralty issued the present volume, I think that article 901 which says that "when the match is burning, it is always to be over water in tubs, and in charge of a responsible person," might have been left out. I do not possess the encyclopædic knowledge to say whether this Regulation was of use at the bombardment of Acre or at Navarino, but I am very certain that the navy has a prestige to maintain; and to issue this and kindred regulations in 1899, is to make us the laughing-stock of the world!

No greater mistake could be made than to suppose from these indications that the whole organisation is rotten. A splendid body of officers and men, with the makings of an invincible *personnel*, are hampered by fads, obsolete regulations, specialist training, an education in the hands of university men, absurd traditions of smartness and precision of drill and tactics. Against all this, as we did against the masts-and-sails training, we should wage unceasing and vigilant war.

We have a longer service *personnel* than any in the world. It can only be our own fault if it is not the best that the world can produce.

The discipline and centralisation of the navy prevent even

the suggestion of reform coming from below. Nearly all changes are due to the initiative of admirals, but the present lethargic system of promotion by seniority is not the best one for recruiting the flag list. It has been more by good luck than by good system that the country has been so fortunate in the admirals afloat. A fleet is what the admiral chooses to make it. The last manœuvres I watched from a ship which was what a flagship should be, a pattern to the fleet; and she formed part of a squadron that was recently held up to the French navy by Admiral Gervais as an example to follow in coaling ships, which is the most important evolution of modern war. The results in gunnery and coaling could not have been achieved except by a conscientious devotion to work on the part of the different officers, led by their admiral. Thus, the progress in firing may be attributed in part to the fact that under Sir Harry Rawson, eight days in three months were spent over the work instead of rushing it through in a single day. The strain is gradually being increased, and in every detail of training in shooting "the infinite capacity for taking pains" is making itself felt; and the result is progress. No one dare argue now, as was done ten years ago, that "a hand from the plough can in a few days be made as efficient a seaman gunner as any in the service." I hope some day to see the navigation of the ships taught in a similar systematic way—that is, practically under expert navigating lieutenants in ships; for here again it is more by good luck than a good system that we have the navigating officers to take a fleet into St. Mary's harbour, in the Scilly Islands, during a dense fog; or to bring to anchor twenty vessels in a harbour like Guernsey without any of these big ships having been there before. We must remember that war may exact more serious penalties than peace for inexpert pilotage, since the inhospitable coasts of an enemy may as often as not offer wrecking lights as navigation lights.

There is a story told of the Duke of Wellington that the Cabinet consulted him as to the general to send to take Rangoon. He instantly replied: "Send Lord Combermere."

"But," said one of the Ministers, "we always understood that your Grace thought Lord Combermere a fool." "So he is a fool, and a d——d fool, but he can take Rangoon."¹ That is too often the English method. There is another story of Moltke prior to a great war shutting up his office as Chief of the General Staff. All had been prepared, nothing left to chance. That is the German method. It is now being applied to the German navy. May I add that it is also the method of the historical school? In the meantime we have no naval attaché in Germany, where there are far greater shipbuilding resources than in France. Much may be hoped from Lord Selborne, who has shown greater wisdom than his predecessors in recognising that an old-established navy like the British must spread its changes over a greater period of time than the lesser navies, and hence has a greater need for foresight in order that we may commence now to prepare for the probable conflict of ten years hence. Our navy as at present organised may be good enough to beat France. He would be a bold man who should say, if we do not introduce progressive changes into our system, that it will be good enough to beat Germany in the second decade of this century.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

NOTE.—It is instructive to mark how, during a period of seven days, a great fleet of battleships and cruisers was able to keep the sea and threaten British trade while sedulously avoiding the English coast. This fleet could not have been brought to action some fifteen miles from the Lizard had it not deliberately sought a meeting with its opponent. Its power to injure trade was not influenced one iota by the fortifications along the English coast. According to the account of a correspondent of the *Times*, the only occasion on which these fortifications came into play was to sink a number of vessels

¹ "Collections and Recollections."

on their own side. The same distressing mistakes were made by the soldiers in the Naval Manœuvres of 1900. During the eight days war practically half the torpedo craft on either side were lost. The net result of all their efforts against battle-ships and cruisers was the successful attack of four torpedo-boats on the *Minerva*, in which the *Minerva* and three torpedo-boats were adjudged to have been sunk. Yet such is the terror that these craft have succeeded in inspiring that the *Minerva*, in the previous year's manœuvres, fought an action with four *imaginary* torpedo-boats which no one saw except the captain, and the gunners aimed at space. It is a case for the Psychical Research Society. In conclusion, it is interesting to note that, except for Alderney, nearly all the actions of the war, including the cruiser fight of eight cruisers against twelve, and the fleet action, were fought off the Lizard or in the belt of waters which may be considered the meeting-point of the trade routes.

C. B.

UNSOLVED FOREIGN PROBLEMS

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN delivered himself, on a recent occasion in the House of Commons, of the opinion that new military and naval necessities have arisen for us in consequence of the "bouncing policy" of the present government. Mr. Balfour replied that he did not know what that bouncing policy is; but that he did know that "when the right honourable gentleman left office, he and his friends left behind them unsolved five or six great questions between us and the great military empires of the world, each one of which, if mismanaged, might have produced a great war." He might have added that the accusation could never have been made by any honest critic who had studied Lord Salisbury's methods.

No part of the nineteenth century has in fact been more conspicuous than its five closing years, for the solution of foreign difficulties in which England was concerned. Credit must be given to Lord Salisbury for settling questions such as that of the Venezuelan boundary, which had simmered on for many years, and would have simmered on indefinitely, until it suited some Great Power to treat it as a grievance to be summarily redressed; and, in addition, the settlement of the threefold difficulty of Samoa, and of hotly debated and dangerous questions in East and West Africa, with France and Germany, will deserve at some future time a heartier recognition than it has hitherto obtained. It is good, and makes for

the peace of the world, that such sores should be healed in comparatively quiet times, and it speaks well for the watchfulness and tact of Lord Salisbury's diplomacy, that the opportunity has been seized of settling, or of forwarding the ultimate settlement of, many matters which might, at some future time, have caused difficulty between this country and some foreign Power.

Every difficulty thus got out of the way, either by arbitration, as in the case of Venezuela, or by friendly negotiation, as in the case of Crete, Samoa, and West Africa, is an encouragement to all the parties immediately concerned and to the world at large, to persevere in endeavouring to settle their disputes by pacific methods and to limit the area of possible strife. It is not the purpose of this article to deal with the South African and Chinese questions, which now loom before us in such gigantic proportions. I wish rather to recall the attention of the country to matters which recent events have put out of sight, but which are unsettled, or may rather be said to be in a state of suspended animation, while the eyes of the world are focused elsewhere.

The nineteenth century—the last half of which witnessed the moulding into shape—probably their final shape—of Germany and Italy, has left the eternal Eastern question, which so vexed our fathers and grandfathers, practically unsolved. Great as have been the material losses of the Ottoman Empire in Europe and North Africa in the last fifty years—ruinous, apparently, its financial disorganisation—contemptible its maritime strength—Plevna has shown of what a strenuous resistance its military spirit is still capable, while the impudence and egregious folly of Greek statesmen (so called) afforded it the opportunity of once more, and probably for the last time, securing a victory in Europe over a foreign and a Christian foe. How much longer the Crescent is likely to dominate over Constantinople, and the small residuum of Turkish territory in Europe, is a matter almost as much in doubt now as it was fifty years ago; but it is no part of England's duty to hasten

the final catastrophe—nay, rather, her interest, as ruling over immense Mahommedan populations, lies in averting it, as she has already done twice in the last half-century, and, by strengthening the hands of the reform party in Constantinople, in helping to maintain the *status quo*, if the Sultans of to-day and to-morrow will but use their powers and opportunities aright.

It is, however, not the problem of the existence of the Ottoman Empire, but certain subsidiary questions dependent upon it, that are of more immediate interest to England at the present time, and constitute perhaps the most important portion of the questions which are the subjects of this article. Foremost amongst these are the relations between this country and Egypt. Our position there is an extraordinary and an anomalous one—indeed, no Protectorate that the world has known, has ever existed with such extraordinary limitations upon it. Here is England, in common parlance, “running the whole show” since July 10, 1882. Since that day on which the French fleet steamed away from Alexandria, resigning to its ally and heretofore partner the duty of administering Egypt, order has been evolved out of chaos, and all the world has profited. *How* this has been done—how much has been accomplished up to the present time—may best be read in the pages of Mr. H. D. Traill’s book—“England, Egypt, and the Sudan,” published last year. Surely one may say with some confidence that if the Boers of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State had had any knowledge of the work which has been accomplished by this country in Egypt in the last eighteen years—the finances, the army, and the judicial system re-organised, taxation diminished; while, by the successful carrying out of irrigation works, the material prosperity of the country has been enormously increased, and rich and poor live contentedly under the operation of equal laws—they would have been less disinclined than they appear to be at present, to substitute our rule for that of Kruger’s tyrannical oligarchy. We are not a self-advertising nation, perhaps our fault lies too much in the other direction, owing to our political system;

but when the historian of the future, whatever his nationality, has it in hand to describe impartially the connection of England with Egypt, we shall have a record of good work, well done, to be placed to our credit.

And this work has been accomplished, as Mr. Traill says, "not only without assistance from any of those European Powers who should have sympathised with us in the name of our common civilisation, but amid the indifference of all, and against the covert or overt opposition of some." Ever since the action of France broke up the *condominium*, she has sulked, so far as Egypt is concerned. France, backed by Russia, who is always ready to play the obsequious ally when her own interests are not involved, were the only Powers whose commissioners withheld their assent to the grant of half a million for the Sudan expedition from the Egyptian reserve fund. Four commissioners out of six agreed to make this grant, and it was not doubted at the time that the decision of the majority was sufficient, and the grant perfectly valid. The Law Courts, however, decided that the decision must be unanimous, and eventually this country had to find the money, and submit to a "pin-prick" of rather a galling nature. We cannot, however, always expect to be in a position to chuck away nearly £800,000, as we did in 1898, because a foreign Power chooses to play the dog in the manger. England has, by the sacrifices she has made, and by the success of her administration, earned the right to a freer hand in the disposal of the surplus revenue and reserve funds of the country, which now amount to more than seven millions, and as long as its obligations are honourably discharged by us, it ought not to be possible for any Power to object to any application of surplus revenue that we propose, any more than we should object to the application of the revenues of Tunis by the French to the harbour of Bizerta. Whether the judgment of the Court of Appeal in the above case was justifiable or not, it is, at any rate, very unsatisfactory, and might make the position of England as the protecting Power almost untenable.

No opportunity, therefore, ought to be lost in making it clear that the power of the purse, subject to the discharge of international obligations, must be in the hands of England.

As an offshoot of the Eastern question, that of Cyprus demands a passing notice—for its condition is capable of great improvement. With the substitution of English for Turkish rule, there has naturally been a marked change for the better amongst the Cypriots during the last twenty-two years; but that improvement would have been far more substantial had the surplus revenue of the island been available for public works and improvements. Unfortunately, by the terms of the convention of 1878 between England and Turkey, the former Power agreed to pay to the latter whatever should be determined, on the average of the last five years, to be the surplus revenue of Cyprus. This was afterwards fixed at nearly £93,000. Shortly before the above date, Turkey began to default in its payment of the interest on the Turkish Loan of 1855, which had been guaranteed by England and France, and for some years our Government made itself responsible for this interest, squeezing what it could out of Turkey, and some portion also out of France.¹ It occurred, however, to an astute Foreign Office clerk, about the year 1880, that a good deal of trouble would be saved by detaining the whole of the Cyprus tribute for the service of the loan, to the relief of the English and French Governments, and although this arrangement was only regarded at first as being of a temporary and provisional character, it has lasted up to the present time. In the debates which have taken place, in the House of Commons, during the last Parliament, on the Cyprus vote, Mr. Chamberlain has urged that no injustice is done to the Island by this disposition of the tribute, because if it were not handed over to the bondholders it would have to be paid to the Porte; but it is evident that as long as the tribute is applied to its present

¹ In 1882-3, all the sums advanced by France were repaid to her out of the Cyprus tribute, so that up to this time the guarantee of 1855 has cost her nothing.

purpose, its capitalisation and eventual extinction is impossible. It was currently reported that negotiations for these purposes were proceeding in 1880, just before the fall of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, and before the tribute had come to be regularly applied to the service of the 1855 loan. Could this capitalisation be carried out—and it is known that negotiations with Turkey for that object have been recently going on—the situation would be as follows. Cyprus would be free from payment of the tribute of £93,000 a year, but would be liable for the interest and sinking fund on whatever sum was borrowed by England for the purpose of extinguishing it. The English and French Governments would be obliged to fulfil their obligations, contracted in 1855, and divide between them the payment of any deficit which might remain after they had squeezed what they could out of Turkey, and in this connection it must not be forgotten, that the revenues from Smyrna and Syria as well as the residue of the Egyptian tribute, were specially hypothecated to the service of this loan in case of default by Turkey.

The Porte would get a lump sum down for the extinguishment of the tribute, and presumably, for the cession in perpetuity of all her sovereign rights over Cyprus. At first sight it would appear that by such an arrangement Turkey and Cyprus would gain at the expense of the English taxpayer, but half the deficit would have to be borne by France, and secondly no further grants in aid from the English Exchequer, which have amounted, since the occupation, to an average sum of £30,000 a year, would have to be made.

If some such arrangement could be arrived at, the burden on the island would be gradually removed, and Cyprus, as an integral part of the Empire (for no Englishman could contemplate for a moment the possibility of its restitution to Turkey), would have every chance of a prosperous future. Looking at the history of the island for the last twenty-two years, it must be confessed that a comparison of the results of our occupation with those achieved by the French, during their twenty years

administration of Tunis, do not show to our advantage. The present Colonial Secretary has been the first of his office to recognise that, although the Pax Britannica is of infinite value to the inhabitants of a Turkish island, it does not necessarily bring prosperity in its train, and that British capital, which could nowhere be applied with more satisfactory results than in an island of unsurpassed fertility and climate, must be employed to develop its resources and improve its means of communication.

Turning to the American Continent, another difficulty with the French of long standing presents itself in the "French Shore" question, which, like that of Venezuela, has been "simmering" for many years.

Its economical importance to France is small and declining. The right of in-shore cod-fishing, secured to the French by the Treaties of Paris in 1763, and of Versailles in 1783, has been liberally interpreted by the French fishermen in recent years to include not only that of catching and canning lobsters on the Newfoundland shores, but of preventing the natives from doing so. A *modus vivendi* was agreed to in 1890. A Royal Commission went into the subject three years ago, whose report, however, has not yet been published; and as Mr. Bond, the Premier of the Colony, has recently paid a visit to this country, it may be conjectured that, before the close of this year, some arrangement may be arrived at.

The matter is of too slight importance for England and France to imperil the good relations between them, but we owe it to our oldest Colony to safeguard her interests as far as possible.

It is much to be regretted that the small group of disputed questions between this country and the United States still remain unsettled, notwithstanding all the efforts of Lord Salisbury to secure their being dealt with under a general treaty of arbitration.

The circumstances of the time seemed exceptionally propitious for the success of such a Treaty. England was fortunate in being represented at Washington by a veteran diplomatist whose knowledge of the country to which he has now been

accredited for more than twelve years, is only equalled by the respect which he has secured from all classes in America. Mr. Hay, then, as now, Foreign Minister, had ever shown during his stay in this country as United States Minister, the conciliatory and tactful disposition which, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, is usually the characteristic of the able men who have in succession represented the United States in this country, and who seem to be specially designed to smoothe away differences, and soften acerbities which arise on the other side of the Atlantic. With such conciliatory negotiators on each side, and at a time when the general feeling in America was running strongly in favour of this country, Lord Salisbury had good reason to think that under a general treaty of arbitration, all the most important points of difference between the two countries might be satisfactorily disposed of. Of these, the two most important were the Alaskan Boundary and the Seal Fisheries of the Behring Sea.

The former was the subject dealt with by the Anglo-American Commission, of which Lord Herschell was the head, but no decision was come to till after his lamented death early in 1899. The English members of the Commission proposed that this question, which was of importance as involving rights of access to the Yukon Goldfields, should be referred to arbitration, as in the case of the Venezuelan difficulty; but the Americans insisted on some impossible conditions, one of which was that there should be an American umpire for the Court of Arbitration, which was to consist of three eminent jurists on each side, so that the proceedings were abortive; but at the end of 1899 a Provisional Agreement was come to "without prejudice to the claims of either party in the permanent adjustment of the International Boundary," so that the matter may be considered as temporarily disposed of.

With regard, however, to the Seal Fishing question, although there has been much discussion, no arrangement has been arrived at under the Arbitration Treaty, therefore, so far, little has been accomplished. Lord Salisbury by his important

concessions to the United States embodied in the Samoan and Nicaraguan Conventions showed his anxiety to reciprocate and strengthen that remarkable expression of American feeling in favour of this country which signalised the close of the Spanish War. But Senator Morgan and his Anglophobe friends have so far been powerful enough to thwart his endeavours, favourably received though they have been by the President and Mr. Hay for the settlement of outstanding disputes.

The spirit in which the Senate is disposed to regard Agreements between the two countries is shown by the amendments which it recently made in the Convention agreed to in February 1900, by Lord Pauncefoot and Mr. Hay relative to the construction of the Nicaraguan Canal. In order to pave the way for the carrying out of this great work, it was necessary for the United States to obtain from England some modification of the Clayton Bulwer Treaty of 1850, which forbade either Power to "occupy, or fortify, or colonise, or assume, or exercise any dominion over any part of Central America, nor attain any of the foregoing objects by protection afforded to, or alliance with, any State or people of Central America."

Lord Salisbury agreed last year to the Convention unconditionally, and it had then to go before the Senate, which calmly inserted the following words referring to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, "which Convention is hereby suspended."

In the friendly and dignified despatch in which Lord Lansdowne declines to accept the Convention as amended by the Senate, he thus deals with this petulant and unwarrantable proceeding. "The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is an International Contract of unquestionable validity; a Contract which, according to well-established International usage ought not to be abrogated or modified save with the consent of both parties to the Contract." The result is that the Clayton Bulwer Convention remains for the present in full force, and the United States must leave the canal alone until the Senate has learnt that International Agreements are not to be abrogated at its will and pleasure.

So far then as questions between England and the United States are concerned, very little progress has been made in their solution, although, unquestionably, there is a warmer feeling between the two countries than perhaps has ever existed before.

Meantime, it must not be forgotten that there are other parties bent on impeding an *entente cordiale* between the two countries. The deadlock about the Nicaraguan Canal was regarded with unfeigned delight by Continental Anglophobes, always on the watch to make the most of any points of difference which exist between our American kinsmen and ourselves.

“It may safely be assumed that the greatest disappointment which could happen to the many open and covert enemies not only of Great Britain, but also of the United States, would be an agreement between the American and English Governments providing at once for the peaceable abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty—for the exclusive control by the United States Government of any and all Isthmian Canals—equal treatment for British and American commerce in any canals so built, at least for a term of years, and as a necessary consequence the absolute neutrality of such canals in any war in which the United States would not be engaged.”—*Times*, July 1, 1901.

One may reasonably hope that the lengthened visit of Lord Pauncefote to this country will conduce to an early settlement of some, at any rate, of the questions between us.

I have now enumerated the foreign problems of most immediate importance to England apart from China and South Africa, at the present time—and it will be seen that the Power mixed up more or less in nearly all of them is France. France, whose relations with this country have recently been strained almost to breaking-point—France, the Power with whom of all others it is desirable, nay necessary, to maintain friendly relations, and yet at the same time it is most difficult to do so, owing to the vast number of points in which her interests seem to clash with those of this country.

Anything like a rupture with France would be so intolerable a calamity, that recent Governments must not be blamed if they have apparently made some sacrifice of British interests and influence, as in Siam and West Africa, in order to come to terms with her.

Perhaps it is as well that a case like that of Fashoda should have occurred, as a warning to her not to try our patience too far, and certainly, whatever soreness may have been caused by that incident, it has apparently stimulated, rather than hampered, negotiations between the two countries over West African matters. We, on our part, have certainly displayed no undue impatience for the settlement of disputed questions, even where the lives and honour of our troops have been involved.

At the end of 1893, there occurred the slaughter of three British officers and several men at Waima, a place within the Protectorate of Sierra Leone, by a French force operating, as was afterwards shown, more than forty miles beyond its own frontier. The collision was due to an unfortunate mistake on the part of the French commander, who also was killed, and there was some doubt, at the time, as to the geographical position of Waima, but when that had been determined, and the French force proved to have been trespassers on our territory, it was only strong Parliamentary pressure, exercised through several Sessions, which finally compelled the Foreign Office, as late as the summer of 1899, to send a despatch, which showed that Lord Salisbury was in earnest in asking for compensation for the widows and orphans of the slain officers and men. It is satisfactory to know that the French Government at last admitted its liability, and has allowed the case to go to arbitration, which is now pending.

When we think of the number and importance of the questions between England and Foreign Powers in this age of mighty armaments, and at a time when there appears to be prevalent, especially on the Continent, a general jealousy and dislike of England, even the most strenuous supporters of a spirited Foreign policy must pause and reflect whether it would be possible for us with 250,000 men locked up in South Africa to fight Russia to prevent her absorption of Manchuria, or the increase of her influence in Persia—or France, on account of the causes of difference previously mentioned, to which others, less immediately pressing could easily be added. At this time

we must have careful regard for these considerations, and face the position from the common-sense point of view of our own capacity of resistance.

There are in this country, three classes of critics of the Foreign policy of Lord Salisbury. The first, which for brevity's sake may be described as the ultra-Jingo party, accuses the Government of moral cowardice whenever it recedes from its position on some comparatively unimportant question, or fails, in their opinion, to secure the utmost demands that can be made from the British point of view.

The second class consists of those persons who are Jingo only on the one subject in which they are specially interested, but are reasonable enough on all others.

The third are those who first of all look upon it as a sin against humanity that a Conservative Government should exist at all in this country, and secondly, consider that its opponents whether Foreign or domestic, whether Irish Nationalists, or Boers, or Africanders, are to be conciliated, or petted, or fawned upon, because they must be right and a Conservative Government must be wrong. The electors of the United Kingdom have shown with adequate plainness at the General Election that the policy of the war in South Africa has their approval, that it must be fought out to a finish, and that the English race must rule in South Africa whatever Messrs. Courtney, Stead, Labouchere or Lloyd-George may say.

What then is the wisest course for this country to pursue at this critical period of its history? It is, in my opinion to support Lord Salisbury's policy of circumscribing the area of possible differences with other nations, and especially with France, whenever we have the chance; and meanwhile to lose no opportunity of strengthening our connection with Germany with whom our rivalry is entirely commercial, and who, if the present balance of power in Europe is to be maintained, has as much reason to desire an effective understanding with us, as we have to seek it from her.

CHARLES BILL.

ITALY'S CASE AGAINST HER ALLIES

THE Triple Alliance has now been in existence for nineteen years, "*grande mortalis ævi spatium*," and a new generation has well-nigh grown up beneath its shadow. On the whole, it has fulfilled the function which was anticipated for it by Lord Salisbury. It has proved "glad tidings of great joy," in so far as it has implied peace on earth to men of goodwill, but recent events, the remarks of M. Zanardelli, and the speech of Count Goluchowski on May 23, no less than the visit of the Italian fleet to Toulon, the debates in the Italian Chamber, the perfunctory orations of the Foreign Minister, and the recent activity of Austrian and Italian fleets in the Adriatic, are all signs which must be considered if we would forecast the future of this momentous pact. It was readily assumed when the Duke of Genoa saluted President Loubet that France was merely being used as a scarecrow to frighten Germany and Austria into making more satisfactory commercial arrangements with their junior partner; but if anything can be more certain than another, it is that neither of the two empires can afford to irritate further their own conservative protectionists, while in the present economic condition of Italy there is little satisfaction in being told that the aims of high politics must not be degraded by too intimate an association with commercial treaties. That utterance of the Hungarian Premier, to any one who takes the trouble to inquire how the

Triplice has worked from the Italian point of view, is a masterpiece of irony, for the net result of the Alliance to the weaker partner has been a complete exploitation of Italian interests for the benefit of German stability and of Austro-Hungarian political and mercantile development. The manner in which Italy entered the Alliance and the circumstances under which she has from time to time renewed it; the ineptitudes of her own and the selfishness of foreign statesmen, have all conspired to bring her into her present attitude of mistrust and discontent. Unfortunately, we must also take into account the conduct of the English Government, which is to-day regarded by Italy with suspicion rather than affection. The new generation, which knew not Palmerston, is coming to accept the general Continental view that England is the most selfish of the Powers. Was it not our encouragement that sent France to Tunis and Italy to Adowa? And the latter is held to have gained little or nothing, and lost much from the vague promises which at one time Count di Robilant was jubilantly confident bound England to protect the Mediterranean interests of his country.

Europe knows little as yet of the policy or character of the new King of Italy, but every one is well aware that he is, unlike his father, a well-educated monarch who has thought deeply. He is married to a Princess of Montenegro, which means a friend of Russia and an enemy of Austria (for Montenegro has good grounds for disliking and mistrusting Austria), and the new Queen's views form a factor not to be ignored. With King Humbert there disappeared from the Italian Court the immense personal influence exercised by the Kaiser over its decisions. Whether or no in time that remarkable personality may wield the same power over the son as he did over the father it is interesting to speculate, but it seems improbable. It may be early yet to forecast the future of an alliance which has two years to run, but these political arrangements are sometimes worn out before they expire. "Alliances," said Bismarck, "are the expression of common interests and pur-

poses," and it is more than conjectural whether at the present time the interests and purposes of two members at least of the Alliance are not vitally divergent. In fact, to the vast majority of Italians to-day, and to many impartial onlookers, the adversary appears no longer to be France but Austria-Hungary.

The Triplice, though it came into existence in the reign of Humbert, has its roots in the conceptions of Victor Emanuel and Minghetti; but at that time the League of the three Empires still existed, and Italy could be safely ignored by all parties to that compact while Italian policy was unsettled and wavering.

The consequence was that at the Berlin Conference Italy found herself left out in the cold. Austria, at the instigation of Russia and with the acquiescence of the other Powers, secured Bosnia-Herzegovina, and France, acting on hints from England and Germany, began to prepare her way in Tunis. But the most serious outcome of the Conference for Europe was the gradual break-up of the Drei-Kaiser-Bund and the substitution of the Triplice. This had its origin in the irritation aroused in Russia by Bismarck's policy at the Conference.

The Treaty of Bardo between France and Tunis in May 1881, and the Marseilles riots in June were followed by the visit of King Humbert to Franz Josef at Vienna in October (a visit which has never been returned at Rome) and the conclusion of the first arrangements for the Triplice on May 20, 1882. It was Italy, then, who sought the alliance of the other Powers, though the ground had been carefully prepared for her. There was a wild panic as to the designs of France, and Cavalotti hardly exaggerated when he dubbed the arrangement "*Alleanza della paura*." Germany, and we fear we must add England, had helped to make the breach. Gambetta was not far wrong when he said "*La France a été tirée par les cheveux en Tunisie*." Perhaps it was personal contact of our statesmen in Berlin with stronger natures, but it would seem as if the "business-like Imperialism" for which we sigh to-day was better understood twenty years ago. In any case, it was successful in alienating the Latin neighbours for many a long year.

The Alliance was at its inception purely defensive and no way provocative of France but left the Italian sea-board still uninsured against attack. Early in 1885 Mancini entered into those arrangements with England which led to the despatch of an Italian expedition to Africa, the beginning of grievous sorrows for Italy.¹ The vanity and ill-regulated ambition of Italian statesmen have doubtless much to answer for, but we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that we induced her to take ship in

“ that perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,”

to which in an evil hour she entrusted her reputation and the lives of her sons. If the disasters of Dogali and Adowa do not lie at our door, we cannot altogether waive away from ourselves the responsibility for them.

The union of the two Bulgarias and the coldness that ensued, almost to the point of rupture, between Austria and Russia put Italy in a much stronger position with regard to her allies. In September 1885 di Robilant became Premier. He was enabled to renew the Alliance till May 20, 1892, on better terms for Italy after denouncing the Commercial Treaty with France in December 1886. De Robilant suffered the destiny, not uncommon in history, of having to bring about arrangements which he distrusted and accentuate quarrels which he deplored. In 1887, the very year at a later period of which he renewed the Triplice, he was writing to de Launay, the Italian Ambassador in Berlin, “ Italy is weary of this unprofitable alliance, and I do not feel any eagerness to compel her to renew it, for I am deeply convinced that it will always be unproductive for us.” A wise prevision, indeed! But circumstances often overbear convictions, and Italy found herself launched by this doubting prophet himself on another five years of the triple partnership.

This second phase of the Triple Alliance differs widely

¹ As early as 1882 there was an understanding as to a common policy in Egypt.

from the first. It was well understood that the original provisions were purely defensive, and the temper of the different Italian ministries had led them to adopt a conciliatory attitude towards France. With the rupture of the commercial arrangements above alluded to, the adherence to English policy in the Mediterranean, and the advent of Crispi (the convinced friend of England) to power we have to note a change of policy. A dispute about the estate of a Tunisian, who had died at Florence, and another arising out of the consular jurisdiction at Massowah, soon put France and Italy on the worst terms, and the death of the old Emperor William and the visit of the present Kaiser to Rome helped to widen the breach as well as that between Russia and Germany and strengthened the ties which bound the latter to Italy. In spite of the protests of the Radical party and others who found that the Triple Alliance brought no advantage to Italy, and though the fall of Crispi might have inaugurated a new state of affairs, the new Minister, Rudini, trod in the steps of his predecessors and renewed the Alliance eleven months before it would have legally expired, which would have been in May 1892. In June 1891 the new term began to run for six years, at the end of which time it was to enter on a new period of six years if none of the contracting parties raised an objection. This is what has happened, and we are now in this last phase of the compact, which will expire in 1903 or 1904, according as the renewal under Rudini be taken to date from 1891 or 1892, a matter on which authorities differ. It was undoubtedly the growing agitation in Italy against its renewal and the fear that it might be fanned into a dangerous flame that led to the precipitate action of the Rudini Ministry. In any case, the announcement of its renewal was ushered in by scenes so stormy that even Montecitorio has never witnessed their like. Whether or no the popular feeling that had shown itself at Radical meetings, which the Government had finally felt bound to suppress, had been altogether aroused by the Alliance may be doubted, but at any rate, even eight years ago there was a strong disposition to resist its

renewal, on the ground that Italy got little out of it. In fact, Crispi, on his return to power in 1893, threatened to denounce the Triplice unless more explicit promises could be obtained for the support of Italy's African policy by her allies. The lack of support accorded to Crispi by King Humbert has been attributed to the Kaiser's influence with the latter, for, apart from his threatened action, Crispi's close intimacy with Bismarck was no recommendation to William II.

The attitude of France at the time of the Abyssinian disasters following on the massacre of Italian workmen at Aigues Mortes, and almost coinciding with her denunciation of the Italian Commercial Treaty with Tunis, only tended to drive her neighbour more securely into dependence on Austria and Germany. Since that time, and the advent of Visconti Venosta to the Foreign Office in 1896, a gradual amelioration of French and Italian relations is to be noticed. In 1898 a Commercial Treaty was again entered into with the happiest results. The anti-clerical policy of the present French Ministry, as opposed to the Ultramontane leanings of Austria, which have never allowed Kaiser Franz Josef to return an Italian monarch's visit in his own capital, all tend to affect men's minds, and the whole trend of Austrian policy in the east of Europe is rapidly working so as to substitute Austria-Hungary for France as the danger which is most to be apprehended by patriotic Italians.

This was very clearly brought out by the remarks of the *Tribuna* on the speech of Count Goluchowski made to the Hungarian Delegation on May 23. There is nothing new in these expressions to those who have studied Austrian and Italian views of foreign policy, but they deserve rather more consideration than is meted out to them by the *Times*, which complacently bade the Italians, on May 24, not to allow themselves to be disturbed by "apprehensions that Austria-Hungary contemplates a policy in Albania injurious not only to the political but to the economic interests of Italy . . . which we doubt not will prove in the main unfounded." The

irony of the words "in the main" is delightful, for it is in reality no question of "apprehensions" on one side or "contemplation" on the other, but of a policy carefully and consistently pursued for years and rapidly approaching its inevitable consummation.

The acquisition of Bosnia-Herzegovina was the first step in the great advance of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in the near East. A steady and determined "Drang nach dem Mittelmeer" has since become the complement of the "Drang nach Osten." At the Treaty of Berlin, Germany and England saw no reason to dissent from the proposal originally made by Russia to Austria¹ in 1876, whereby the latter made so vast a stride into the Balkan Peninsula. The passionate denunciation of Austrian policy and its egoism launched by Mr. Gladstone at that time was certainly more Italian in its point of view than British. Looked at as a civilising agency the administration of Bosnia-Herzegovina has been a grand success, while for Austria-Hungary it has formed a basis for a wide development of policy.

It is not always remembered that with the right to occupy and administer Bosnia and Herzegovina, Austria also received the military supervision of the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar. This right she has used to the full and more than the full. The district is now completely in her hands, and is marked on some of our own maps as forming part of the Austrian Empire, as, indeed, to all intents and purposes it does. It has now several strongly fortified positions held by Austrian troops. The occupation of this slice of territory not only encloses Montenegro on the east and Servia on the west, but brings Austria up to the frontier of Albania at Mitrovitza, the northern terminus at present of the railway to Salonika. By appropriating Spizza, which had been wrested by Montenegro from the Turks, she further secured her coast line on the Adriatic. It is in connection with the future of Salonika that the occupation of the Novi-Bazar territory will have so serious

¹ See Bismarck, "Reflections and Reminiscences," vol. ii., page 231, *et seq.*

an effect on Italian aspirations. The avowed design of Austria is to connect the line in question with another great trunk railway, the northern terminus of which will be at Vienna. The course of the line is to run from Vienna to Zakany, thence *viâ* Brod and the Save valley to Sarajevo, whence it will make for the junction of the Drina and the Lim, and by that valley into the Novi-Bazar territory, which it will leave at Mitrovitza. There is probably nothing very extravagant in the Austrian official calculation that it will be completed in 1905. A glance at the map will indicate at once how enormous a strategical importance the completion of such a line will give to the Novi-Bazar district. Other consequences must follow. Salonika will become a Teutonic port; the Austrian system will be extended from Bosnia to Albania, where its way has long been preparing; a consummation which only the energetic protestations of King Humbert prevented in 1900. Austria will by the construction of this line hold the hinterland of the Adriatic, and the Balkan Peninsula becomes a German outpost commanding the Eastern Mediterranean, which is the meeting-place of the principle maritime routes of the world.

There is another point to be considered with regard to the railway now in course of construction. It will in time seriously threaten the position of the Brindisi route as the recognised highway to India and the East. The crossing from Salonika to Port Said is about twenty hours shorter than that from Brindisi, and this would leave a considerable advantage to the Austrian line running from Ostend *viâ* Vienna to Salonika over the French-Swiss-Italian route, even though the land journey be longer. For some time to come there is no real danger of the English traffic passing through the wilds of Albania, but the Austrian system once established there, as it has been in Bosnia, it will not take many years to make the journey absolutely without risk. Finally, the completion of this line will definitively throttle the development of Servia, or, rather, will place her completely at the mercy of Austria-Hungary. Especially will this be so when the branch

running from Vischegrad to Uskitze is completed, which will strike her in the south-west. This line would, of course, greatly assist the carriage of Servian produce to Hungary, and Hungary is rapidly becoming the only market open to Servia—*i.e.*, it will involve the dependence of Servia on Hungary. Roumania and Bulgaria already put into their own markets similar products to those of Servia. The price of transport on the existing line to Salonika is too high, and the Danube route to the Black Sea is not fit for cattle, therefore Servia perforce looks to the markets of Hungary. In three years time the new line will be approaching completion, and the commercial treaty with Hungary comes to an end. Servia will then be commercially at the mercy of her big neighbour. The astute policy pursued by the Austrian Government has the merit of killing both the Italian and the Servian birds with the same stone.

As for Albania, Italians know perfectly well the silent struggle that has been in progress of late between Austrian and Italian influence, and are well able to rate the soothing assurances of their advisers in the Press at their proper value. Here Austria has the invaluable assistance of the Roman Church in the carrying on of her propaganda, and the possession of large funds, which are the most powerful agency for political conversion among those populations. It is said that the astute Baron v. Kellay has under his control the distribution of the secret-service money, and that, in fact, he is rapidly becoming as omnipotent in the more civilised parts of Albania as he already is in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Catholic schools and parishes receive large subventions. If merely their avowed reasons for existence are in question there is no doubt that Austrian consuls are extraordinarily numerous in Albania. We find them at Scutari, Durazzo, Vallona, Uskub, and Prizrend. Their sub-agents are to be found in an army of Franciscans who have a seminary in Bosnia, and who do their best to convince the inhabitants that Austria is the Power from whom alone security for life and property is to be expected. This propaganda loses nothing from being con-

ducted with great discretion. The country is poor and Austrian funds are large. The secrecy of the whole campaign probably does much to ensure its success. Every one is being persuaded that his neighbour is in favour of Austria or in her pay. In the same way the secular priesthood in Istria fights against the Italian element, and the handicap of Vatican hostility tells heavily against Italian ambition everywhere, but Italy is rousing herself to meet the Austrian menace.¹

It must be remembered that the connection between Italy and Albania is of old standing. There is Albanian blood in many Sicilians and Southern Italians. Crispi came of that stock, and they are the descendants of the forces led by Scanderbeg into Apulia in the fifteenth century at the time of the wars between the Angevins and the Aragonese. Had fortune decided otherwise, Crispi himself would have forestalled the present state of things, for during his special mission at the Eastern crisis of 1877 he proposed to establish an Italian colony in Albania, and this was agreed to by Lord Derby and Bismarck, but the project came to nothing when the death of Victor Emanuel put an end to the negotiations in July 1878. It is true that efforts have never been wanting to promote an Italian propaganda in Albania, but of late they have assumed more public importance. The present King, through his family connections, is kept well informed on Balkan politics, and Montenegro may now be reckoned as an outpost of Italian as well as Russian influence. An Italian commercial agency has been set on foot at Scutari, where also the Italian Government, which formerly only supported elementary schools, has also established of late a technical institute for commercial training. A chair of Albanian literature has also been set up in the "Oriental Institute" at Naples. But this will not go far to overhaul the immense headway already made by Austria towards the extension into Albania of her Bosnian system, nor will it successfully combat the influence of the Church.

¹ Austria has a certain treaty right to consider herself the protector of the Porte's Catholic subjects in these parts. This dates from the time of the treaties of Carlowitz and Belgrade.

If we turn to the Adriatic we shall see that the same policy has been followed by Austria with equal vigour and success. The arsenal at Pola has been developed with the greatest energy and the Bocce di Cattaro have now been put into a condition of formidable defence. Before these highly fortified ports the Italian coast opposite lies exposed.¹ During the last few years the Austrian navy has grown greatly in importance, and service in it has become increasingly popular among the classes from which the officers are drawn. In addition to the Austrian-Lloyd, three Austro-Hungarian steamship lines are hard at work, the "Adria," the "Hungaro-Croatian," and the "Ragusea." The first two of these lines are highly subventioned by the Hungarian Government. The three between them now do most of the Adriatic trade. It is Hungarian ships that transport Italian wines from Bari, Monopoli, and Manfredonia to Spalato, Metkovitch, and Trieste. When an Italian line strives to organise and develop a service direct from Venice or Bari to the East, the Austrian-Lloyd at once runs a competing line, and the annual Government subvention of the Austrian-Lloyd is now 3,000,000 florins. These enterprises do not all pay the Austrian-Lloyd, but they choke off Italian lines such as the "Puglia," and the "Rubattino" alone has been able to stand up against the competition. The postal service has passed almost entirely into Austrian hands, which means a very considerable advantage in the circulation of her propagandist literature and the suppression of her rival's, of which Austria has taken full advantage. Under the new *régime* a determined effort is being made by Italy to balance this state of affairs, and the "Puglia" is subventioned to run a weekly postal service between the Apulian Coast and Albania, which service has already commenced running. These facts may be enough to make it clear that Italy is not altogether unjustified in entertaining serious apprehensions as to the political future of the Adriatic and its eastern shores. It is true that many Austrian ships are in great part manned by

¹ The Italian Government is said to intend to make Venice once more a port capable of sheltering vessels of large tonnage, and to fortify it strongly.

Italians, but that will not console their country for the extinction of her hopes any more than she is reconciled to the presence of France as ruling Power in Tunis by the fact that her own sons form by far the larger part of the non-indigenous population there, and conduct the greater part of its trade and commerce. Matters could be hardly worse for her if she looks forward to the ultimate absorption of German Austria by her other ally, and a diversion of influence in the Eastern Mediterranean from Vienna to Berlin.

We are neither arguing for nor against Austrian policy; we only point out that it is, as it has been through the course of ages, of necessity selfish. Italy recognises this, and is now asking herself whether it is worth while to continue the present arrangement. The vast majority of the army says "Yes," and the General Staff have issued an ingenious table which proves conclusively that the Italian is mulcted less for his army and navy than the citizen of any other State. The figures seem to be undisputed and come out thus per head in francs:

	Germany.	France.	Austria.	Belgium.	Italy.
Total (francs) . . .	97·02	90·01	16·76	17·11	21·51
Army and Navy . . .	19·52	25·40	11·54	—	11·09
Army alone . . .	15·83	17·22	10·49	8·05	7·50

But it is not so much what is spent in taxation as how large or small the income is out of which it is drawn that is the test of capacity to support heavy fiscal burdens, and here the figures of the General Staff may be rated at their true value. According to the calculations of M. Delivet (quoted by Mr. Bolton King in his excellent work "Italy of To-day"), the cost of the army and navy in Italy absorbs a larger part of the private income of its citizens than is the case in any other country. Here are the figures:

France . . .	4·03
Germany . . .	4·28
Russia . . .	4·43
Spain . . .	4·96
Italy . . .	5·14

Is this gigantic burden worth bearing any longer or will it be wiser for Italy to withdraw from the Triple and strike out her own line, assisting France and Russia, actively or passively, in an attempt to save the situation in the Balkan Peninsula? The proposals put forward with the view of fighting the Vienna-Salonika route apart from direct political action, seem somewhat of this nature.

In the first place, by the completion of the Simplon Tunnel a very considerable saving in distance may be effected on the route from Calais to Brindisi. The actual course to be followed in approaching the great tunnel has not yet been decided upon; it is still the subject of local disputes, but it seems to be approaching solution, and the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean line is disposed to adopt the following plan—a direct line from Paris to Lons le Saulnier by St. Jean de Losne, thence through the Jura by several tunnels of easy construction and without serious curves or gradients, debouching near Gex, almost on the level of Lake Lemman. This would mean that the actual distance by the new line from Paris to Milan would fall to 849 kilomètres in place of 1049 by the Mont Cenis and 993 by the St. Gothard. When this is once effected the menace of the Salonika route to Port Said may be considered averted for some time.

With regard to the wider policy of fighting the proposed Austrian line to Salonika as the main line of communication between west and east, the reigning Prince of Montenegro is credited with the following proposal of a grand trunk line, commonly spoken of as the "Slav Line," from the Danube to the Adriatic, which would connect the Slav and Latin lands, and enable them to trade with and travel towards one another without being in any way beholden to a Teutonic agency. The projected line, starting from Kladovo on the Danube below the Iron Gates, would run to Nisch by the valley of the Tymok. From Nisch to Pristina it would turn south to avoid the territory of Novi-Bazar, thence it would turn north to Ipek and would enter Montenegrin territory. It would serve

Andrivitza and Podgoritza; near the latter place it would re-enter Turkish territory, and finally arrive at Skutari, whence it would reach the sea in two branches, one at Antivari and the other at S. Giovanni di Medua. Latins and Slavs would then have a through route by land and water from Paris to Odessa without touching German soil. The project is at present very much in the air, but has aroused sufficient attention to be met with a counter proposal by the Austrian General Staff to connect the Danube and the Adriatic by means of a canal debouching in two branches, the one near Fiume, the other near Trieste.

These latter proposals are only deserving of notice at present as showing a state of mind, but the completion of the railway running direct from Vienna to Salonika is only a question of a few years; and it has already been indicated how gravely it compromises the position of Italy in the near East. It is the misfortune of Italy that in the present welter of Parliamentary strife in the dual monarchy the Italian representatives exercise little or no influence in the Reichsrath. This is in some measure owing to their own lack of unity, for there are eighteen in all, five from Trieste, six from the Trentino, three from Goritza, and four from Istria. Were they a firmly consolidated group, they might throw their weight with some effect into the scale of Teuton or Slav, but the difficulty is that to the Trieste representatives the Teuton is the enemy and to the others the Slav. The Italians also are scandalously under-represented for their population, compared with the German and Slav portions of Austria. The consequence is that Italian demands are consistently ignored by both parties. The Italian Parliamentary proposals are by no means subversive, and tend to show how far we have travelled since the days of extreme Irredentism.¹ They are purely educational and administrative. In the first place, an Italian University has been called for, ever

¹ Irredentism is, however, by no means dead. At King Humbert's funeral a deputation from the Municipality of Trieste laid a wreath on his coffin inscribed "Trieste, al suo re."

since the cession of Venetia, but the Austrian Government maintains German and Slav Universities on Italian soil with Italian money, and does nothing for the Italian-speaking population. The same thing happens with regard to primary and secondary schools. The Trentino again demands administrative autonomy to keep it free from the encroachments of the Tyrolese authorities, but this is refused by all Ministries, and by Dr. Koerber more curtly than by any of his predecessors. Finally, the mercantile interests of Trieste have long demanded that she should be connected with Central Europe by a direct railway.¹ This would be more likely to follow if, or when, Germany absorbs German-Austria.

From what point of view, then, can it be said to-day that Italy benefits by an alliance with the Central Powers? The rights of her fellow nationalists in Austria are studiously ignored, a merciless commercial rivalry is instituted against her in the Adriatic, every effort is made to kill her political influence in the Balkan Peninsula, and the development of Austrian naval activity is already threatening her coasts. With Russia she has no possible direct ground of quarrel, and her relations with France have plainly been growing much more friendly of recent years. The greatest obstacle against friendship with France in the past has been the Vatican, but the relations of the Papacy and the French Government are not what they were. With the advent of the Archduke Ferdinand, a hot-headed clerical, to the throne of the Hapsburgs, Austrian relations with the Quirinal will not improve, and it must be remembered that the visit paid by King Humbert to Vienna nineteen years ago has never been returned at Rome, and the policy of the Vatican is to assist Austria strenuously in Albania as against Italy. Signs are not wanting that there is a strong commercial current in Italy setting towards France. At the shareholders' meeting of the "Banca d' Italia" held in March,

¹ For a full consideration of the case of the Italian-speaking subjects of Austria, see an article by "An Italian Deputy to the Reichsrath" in the *Nuova Antologia* for May.

the new Governor, Signor Stringher, spoke in the warmest terms of France, and pointed out the superior stability of the French money market at the present time over those of Germany and England. So far as political personages are concerned, it must be remembered that Prinetti has a French wife, and is at one with Zanardelli in his views on foreign affairs.

The programme of the Radical party in Italy is the diminution of military expenditure, the abolition of corn duties, and the denunciation of the Triplice; and the declarations of Signor Zanardelli were warmly welcomed by the *Popolo Romano*, *Il Messaggero*, and the *Secolo*. These are all indications of a popular feeling which a year or two may see developed into a force which the Government might be glad to use as an excuse for taking action from which it is itself not averse.

Besides the Papal question, the menace of France in the Mediterranean is the only ground for Italy joining in an alliance hostile to that country. But to avert such a danger, if it exists now, an arrangement with England is the only reasonable course. When, during the first Ministry of Crispi, the French threatened a raid on Spezzia, it was the visit of an English fleet to Genoa that finally stopped the project.¹ Italy would have been *hors de combat* long before the other members of the Alliance could have made any impression on France. The interests of England may oblige her to assist Italian policy in the Mediterranean with or without the Triplice, but it is doubtful if they do any longer, and if they do not, the history of our relations with her do not lead the cynical to believe that we should do it out of chivalry. Undoubtedly we were at one time, and may be still bound to assist Italy to maintain the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, but this arrangement Italy might now be wise to throw over if she can settle with France. In February 1887 Depretis told his colleagues that "with regard to England no Italian Cabinet would have

¹ If such a project really existed. According to one account the scare arose from a misreading by Crispi of the Italian Ambassador's telegram regarding French naval manœuvres.

dared to hope for what our Count di Robilant has gained; our position is now secure both by land and sea"; and Lord Salisbury made in November of the same year the famous declaration at the Mansion House upon which many conjectures have been built, but which is vague enough when closely examined. Italy's connection with England in the Mediterranean has been by no means altogether happy. It was Lord Salisbury who instigated or encouraged France to go to Tunis; it was England who instigated the Depretis Cabinet to occupy Massowah, and thereby led to the development of the disastrous colonial policy; lastly, the vacillation of Lord Salisbury was the primary cause of the disaster at Adowa. By inveigling Italy into the agreement with ourselves and Austria to put pressure on Turkey in the Armenian business and then letting the opportunity slip, we only drew on Italy the resentment of Russia, which bore fruit in Abyssinia. To make matters worse, Lord Salisbury, listening to French remonstrances, reversed the policy of Lord Rosebery and refused to allow Italy to land troops at Zeila and threaten the communications of the Abyssinians.¹ This made defeat a certainty.

By the agreement with France arising out of the disputes in West Africa, we have put into the hands of the latter the trade routes through the hinterland of Tripoli and deprived that territory of all value to Italy. Finally, ill-feeling has arisen against us, not only on account of the Boer war, but also through the language question in Malta. Mr. Chamberlain, with all his virtues, has no charm for the Latin races. Our policy towards Italy has been of late years perhaps more consistently Machiavellian than in any other quarter, which is unfortunate, as we had there a stronger foundation of solid liking to build on.

Crispi would have been, on the whole, more wisely inspired if on his second advent to power he had not allowed himself to be led astray by his leaning towards England, to refuse the offer

¹ See Stillman, "Autobiography of a Journalist," vol. ii. p. 289, for a full account of this incident, so discreditable to England.

by France of a highly beneficial commercial treaty in consideration of abandoning the arrangement with us in the Mediterranean. Like ourselves of late, Italy has suffered from a want of "business-like imperialism." In her allies she has to deal with two Powers, one of whom has gigantic ambitions in Central Europe and the near East, and the other, by the mere fact of her artificial and purely dynastic construction, must pursue a course of enlightened selfishness. Unfortunately, this policy is, as we have shown, of necessity anti-Italian. Had Germany already accomplished her purpose and absorbed German-speaking Austria and Trieste, the friendship of Italy would be well worth buying with the Trentino. Both countries would then be thrown together by the necessity of combating the Ultramontane danger. Italy would fare no worse if no better with Germany and Hungary in the Adriatic than she has with Hungary and Austria. As matters now are, she has two courses. The wisest, a policy of peace, retrenchment, and reform, cultivation of an understanding with France and concentration of all her resources on the economic struggle. As this counsel of perfection her pride will probably not permit her to follow, she should at all events do her best to secure herself from being sacrificed to the exigencies of the agrarian parties in Germany and Austria. In her present position she surely will not permit herself again to be exploited for the dubious benefit of posing as a Great Power.

"International policy," said Bismarck, "is a fluid element which, under certain circumstances, will solidify, but on a change of atmosphere reverts to its original diffuse condition." So far as Italy is concerned, that change of atmosphere seems to have set in, and perhaps the "diffuse condition" may be for a time most wisely retained. With the grave changes that may at any moment be at hand in Central Europe she may be able, if she bargains skilfully, to sell her adherence to some new system, with or without England, for a better return than she has secured under the present one.

W. B. DUFFIELD.

THE WORK AND FUTURE OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS

NO one, said Daudet, can be expected to tell the truth in the South of France. How could one under that merry, laughing sun? South Africa, too, has a sun and a very merry and laughing one, if heat be merriment and constancy laughter.

Some news from the front has lately inclined people to ask what causes war correspondents to write what is not true. A particular commando was surprised and routed; yet Lord Kitchener knew nothing of it. A British officer and non-commissioned officer were murdered under particular circumstances at Vlakfontein, and again the Commander-in-Chief knew nothing of it. Nay, more, when appealed to he angrily confirmed his ignorance. What prompted the authors of these accounts to include circumstantial but inaccurate details? Can it be the sun? As all the campaigns I happen to have seen have been carried on under a hot sun I am unable to say from experience what would be the effect of cool weather on accuracy. But it is safe to say that the sun is not the only incentive to inaccuracy in South Africa. There may be something peculiar to the country; there is certainly something peculiar to the atmosphere in which all military affairs are conducted. If there be the *mendacium Africanum*, just as for centuries there has been in conventional belief the *mendacium Vasconicum*, we must now add to the list the lie of

indeterminate geographical distribution, the *mendacium militare*. I will endeavour to explain its source and in so doing I shall offer, in some sort, a plea for the war correspondent.

The first point to be noticed is that the war correspondent does not *want* to be inaccurate. All sins of inaccuracy find him out, as he very well knows. The truth is this : that in order to be ahead of his fellows with important news the correspondent is often willing to risk accuracy. He sends off a description of something which he has seen only through another's eyes, knowing that if his news arrive early and turn out to be substantially true he will win more praise than he would ever earn reprobation if the news should turn out to be false. "Substantial truth" is a new standard of sufficiency in British journalism, and it deserves to be discouraged. The risk the correspondent incurs is really a simple sum in proportion ; but British correspondents still work out the sum in different ways. In America more men work it out in the same way ; it is worth risking a good deal to "do a beat." Hence the general observation that "you cannot believe American papers."

The blame for this result belongs to the reader who demands not less than to the correspondent who supplies. To-day the newspaper reader is spoiled ; he sits at his breakfast-table as it were in a stall at the theatre and sees the military drama trip before his eyes. A century ago the fastest ship would have brought him the news of a battle weeks after it had been fought. Delay was ever a great spoiler of the dramatic elements ; and the man who consents to no delay to-day has not evaded the tribute of morbid agitation which his advantages exact from him.

Another reason for inaccuracy among correspondents is the complaisance of some in sending as news what they think their readers would wish to believe. Not being, as a rule, a political writer, the war correspondent sometimes writes on political aspects of the campaign, because for some occult reason it is more gratifying to a man to treat of subjects upon which his

right to speak is not immediately clear. Once admit the political bias and you introduce a tendency to say what will fit in with your political theory. Here we have the source of a readiness to believe everything unfavourable that is said about your enemy on the one hand, and of an unreadiness to believe anything but what is strictly favourable on the other.

I know that in every war each side has to some extent calumniated the other, and the more remote from the field of action the more acute generally has been the calumny. The Boer War has perhaps not been worse than other wars in this respect; it may even have been better. But the war correspondent might quite well make it a rule to send home no story of perfidy or brutality which he has not seen himself, or for which he cannot state unexceptionable evidence. Of "atrocities" in civilised warfare there are three kinds. First, those that happened—a small class; second, those that never happened; third, those that are the result of a misunderstanding.

Misunderstandings are innumerable, and I do not know that the private soldier—an honest fellow, but limited—is deeply to be blamed for turning them into something worse. A shell fired by the enemy at a battery skims over a hill and falls in some place hidden from those who fired it. Probably—such is fate—it falls in or near a hospital. "Firing at the hospital again," growls the soldier, as the shell bursts, for all the world to see, among the red-crossed tents. "Oh, they ain't particular," says another. I have seen a battery of British horse artillery turned on a Boer ambulance train, and the most striking recollection I have preserved from that incident is of the expression of dismay which filled the face of the major when, a puff of wind displaying the flags on the train, he understood what he was doing. But can you doubt what was said on the other side? Correspondents do not often enough allow the benefit of the doubt.

The worst of it is that stories, ill-founded at their birth, work round and round a vicious circle, gaining confirmation as

they go. I remember lying down among some privates of an infantry regiment and watching a bombardment by British guns. To all outward seeming no particular harm was being done; the hill-side was devastated, but no human being stirred there. Yet you should have heard the comments of the soldiers: "We're giving 'em socks up there and no mistake." "They must be pretty well fed up with them things,"—and so forth. You would have thought thousands of men were being visibly killed. "How do you know?" said a voice at last very pertinently. "Know!" was the answer; "why I read in the papers that the effects of lyddite"—and so on. The papers! The soldier quotes from a paper, as though it enjoyed a plenary verbal inspiration, the very information with which he himself has in the first instance perhaps hesitatingly supplied it. Evidence becomes fortified at every stroke of this battledore and shuttle-cock game.

Yet another cause of exaggeration is that the correspondent is expected to make his descriptions dramatic. The simple truth is that modern war is not dramatic. Yet the popular fallacy thrives that the stride of science has made war too horrible to be contemplated; nay, more, too horrible even to be waged again between civilised nations. It would be far nearer the truth to say that the ingenuity of man in escaping the effect of modern weapons has increased out of all proportion to the ingenuity which has invented the weapons. War was doubtless dramatic in the old days when there was no ingenuity; when Cæsar told his men to "strike at the faces" of Pompey's army at Pharsalia; when the spiked boarding bridges fell with a crash from the Roman masts on to the Carthaginian ships; when one line of English pikemen met another line of English pikemen; when one line armed with short-ranged muskets fired point-blank at another line, and then the line that remained less thin advanced over the bodies of the other line; even when Grant in the American Civil War was reduced to hurling masses of men against masses of men; but to-day, no; war is not dramatic. A battle is vague,

scattered, sometimes even insufferably tedious. After Colenso I spoke to an onlooker who had not the least idea that the British arms had suffered a reverse.

And all these difficulties are met by correspondents in an atmosphere, as I have said, which is extraordinarily deceptive. In the theatre of a war second-hand evidence is perhaps the equivalent of twentieth-hand evidence in any other circumstances of life. I take it the reason is this: we are what some one has recently called a "newspaperised" people. At the seat of war just when expectation is painfully acute the channels of information to which we are all used are blocked. There are no newspapers. What happens? Insensibly, unavowedly, but not the less effectually, the whole army sets to work to supply the want. It manufactures information.

I did not count the number of times I was told in the Transvaal, after a long separation from papers, that Japan was at war with Russia, that peace would be declared on Monday or that De Wet was dead. I can only be thankful that I have managed with difficulty to reserve the right of scepticism ever since the day when I accepted the word of a Greek demarch, famed for his integrity, that nine Greeks had killed forty Turks and that he himself had seen the bodies.

If the discretionary work of a correspondent is always difficult, it is trebly difficult now that the war is a thing dispersed and elusive. When an army on one side faced an army on the other, it was the correspondent's fault if he did not see the battle the next morning; but now he is a fortunate man who sees ten shots fired in a month. He is forced to rely upon the evidence of others. And in selecting his evidence in the most difficult circumstances in the world he is oppressed with the sense of competition and with the sense of his employer's itching proximity to the other end of the cable. Labouring under such influences his discretion dwindles rather than grows. He is scarcely suffered to use his judgment.

It was not by the judgment of themselves, for example, that nearly all the correspondents within hail flocked to the head-

quarters of Lord Roberts when the march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria began. They joined that column because they could telegraph every day while they were with it, and that could be done with few other columns. But what were the telegrams worth? Nothing. Lord Roberts, tapping every source of information, telegraphed first; the correspondents, tapping very few, telegraphed afterwards. Competition with Lord Roberts was hopeless. He was far the best war correspondent in South Africa. When the correspondents' messages arrived home in undue course they were found to be inferior reproductions of what had already been said. I remember a friend telling me of a performance he had seen in a Spanish country theatre. The players were word-imperfect to an astonishing degree; but the prompter in the wings happened to have a great voice and a fine gift of declamation, neither of which he scrupled to use. The result was that the players gave a faltering version of what had already been proclaimed to the satisfaction of all. The correspondents with Lord Roberts were in a like case with those Spanish actors.

Meanwhile the predominantly important work of General French went unnoticed—because he carried no telegraph wire. The man who turned one position after another from Blandfort, Vet River and Kroonstad northwards, is still an indefinite though, no doubt, important figure in the eyes of the newspaper reader.

Telegraphing is likely to become less important in the work of war correspondence. Even now a man has no opportunity to emulate the triumphs of transmission achieved by Russell, Forbes, and others; the censor's conditions impose uniformity; they encourage equal opportunity and discourage enterprise; they are a great leveller—the friend of the poor paper, the enemy of the extravagant. In these circumstances is it worth doing? It is a question for editors to decide, if it be not decided soon and summarily for them by the War Office. If telegraphing were disallowed the work of the censors would be enormously simplified.

If newspapers could cast their plans in unison there might be a valuable distribution of energy. Forty or more correspondents with Lord Roberts did what could have been equally well done by six. The rest might have been chronicling in letters events of the first military importance elsewhere. But I will not dwell on this; it is a counsel of perfection.

The work of the correspondent cannot be considered apart from the duties of the censor. The true duties of the censor can be defined in a sentence—to prevent the publication of news that would help the enemy. There can be no other duty. "But," says one, "you would not allow a correspondent to telegraph opinions that would discourage the army and the country?" No; but this comes under the same head. The true faith was never better expressed than by Lord Roberts, when he said: "Never give away a plan, but when events are over say what you please, criticise as you please." The censor must not be a political editor, nor a literary editor, nor an editor, in general, of opinions, nor must he exercise what may be called a moral censorship.

Some persons, indignant at false news from the front, have demanded that the censors should allow nothing to pass which they do not know to be true. This would be fatal; the censors have, as often as not, less means than the correspondent himself of knowing whether what is submitted to them be true or not. If once a moral censorship were established you may be sure that the censors would take no risks. They would suppress all information which did not come straight from the headquarters' staff and none could blame them for it. And yet the persons that desire this censorship are the same persons that demand more news from the front.

Take one example. A correspondent is pilloried in the House of Commons at question-time, and Mr. Brodrick or Lord Stanley is asked if he will not secure the punishment of the man who has sent grossly false news. The answer ought to be this: that if the correspondent has sent the news after being told by the Commander-in-Chief that it was false and

should not be repeated, then he ought to be punished for insubordination—in a military sense. But he should not be punished simply because his news was false. There is only one way legitimately to abate the nuisance of inaccuracy, namely—to send to the front correspondents who have both judgment and honesty.

The work of war correspondence is in an odd state of flux, and it is certain that the conditions of it will soon have to be defined. I believe that a report on the subject will be presented to the War Office. Lord Stanley, who was the chief press-censor in South Africa, has often told me his views on the subject. Let me state the chief of them here, for they are bound to influence the decisions of the War Office.

(1) An elastic list of reputable newspapers should be kept. Only these papers should have the right to send correspondents to a war.

(2) A list of correspondents should be kept by the War Office. Application to be put on the list would have to be made with proper testimonials.

(3) When a war broke out, each paper, with a right to a correspondent, could choose a man from the list, or pool, at the War Office. The paper might possibly have made arrangements with a correspondent beforehand. That would be its own affair; only the correspondent's name must be on the list. Otherwise it might have to wait for weeks till the man's name appeared on the list.

(4) Should a war correspondent be allowed to telegraph at all? This is still an open question, but may quite likely be answered in the negative.

(5) Letters should not be censored at all.

(6) Despatch riders should not be allowed.

(7) A uniform might possibly be authorised for correspondents.

The chief danger in such proposals no doubt is that the fear of being excluded from the pool—which in many cases would mean a man's livelihood—might cause the correspondent

himself to diminish his rights of free criticism. He might even be tempted to sacrifice his country's interest to the interest of the War Office, which would be in the relation of a subsidiary employer to him. Against such an obvious danger Lord Stanley would doubtless be prepared to guard. I simply state his views roughly as they have been set forth in conversation.

One thing is certain, the whole question involved is not whether war correspondents shall cease to exist, but under what restrictions they shall work. A fine brevity has traditionally characterised our military despatches; the country which pays for a war, while admiring this quality of dignity in its proper place, would never consent to despatches as its only source of information.

J. B. ATKINS.

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NATIONALITY IN DRAMATIC ART

WHEN we English people speak of our national drama we mean, nine in ten of us, the drama of the Elizabethan poets. That is the only dramatic literature we have had which fully expressed the character and the ideas and the aspirations of the English race. You often hear it asked in wonder why the theatre was in Shakespeare's day the constant popular resort of all classes, and why it has never enjoyed anything like the same popularity since. The reason is clear. The Elizabethan dramatists were closely in touch with national sentiment. They bodied forth in stirring language, they interpreted by means of rich imagery, the thoughts and feelings that were in the mind and breast of every Englishman. The court gallant and the careful tradesman and the ruffling 'prentice took an equal delight in these dramas, though possibly in different aspects of them: each knew that the plays expressed what he himself and everybody else felt, but could not put into words.

The rough mob of the pit inspired, as it felt, the vigorous life, the rapid transitions, the passionate energy, the reality, the life-like medley and confusion, the racy dialogue, the chat, the wit, the pathos, the sublimity, the rant and buffoonery, the coarse horrors and vulgar bloodshedding, the immense range over all classes of society, the intimacy with the foulest as well as the fairest developments of human temper, which characterised the English stage.¹

¹ J. R. Green. "History of the English People."

Thus the sense of sympathy grew to be an active principle of life. All classes of the community were brought closer together by the theatre. The theatre was one of the main arteries of national life.

Since then we have had a drama of the town—the plays of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, stretching from Etherege and Sedley down to Goldsmith and Sheridan—a drama which expressed merely a phase of society, and appealed only to a small class. The solid elements of English life no longer frequented the theatre. It was no longer a national institution. It had ceased to be a national institution, not so much because of the Puritanical dislike and distrust of art in any shape, as for these reasons—that a national sentiment with power upon the whole race no longer existed; that the break-up of “the Elizabethan social system ordered and planetary in functions and degrees, as the angelic hierarchy of the Areopagite” had plunged all but frivolous or philosophic minds into the all-absorbing tussle with religious and political problems; that the writers for the stage appealed to the frivolous alone, and only recognised the existence of the rest by an occasional sneer or gibe. I think it is possible that, if a group of dramatists had set themselves to deal seriously with noble themes and to carry on the traditions of the Elizabethan stage before its decline, they would have won back the nation to the theatre. But no such dramatists were found, and the mass of the nation, deprived of the emotional and imaginative stimulus of the play, found substitutes for it in the theatrical preaching of Whitfield, and the fervent sweetness of Charles Wesley’s hymns. The Puritans had tried to stamp out of the English race its capacity for pleasurable emotion, and had completely failed. They had, it is true, hindered sorely the development of the art of England—we feel the hindrance to this day. But they had only succeeded in turning emotion into another channel. The stern intellectuality, the chill repression of the Puritan faith could never keep a hold upon the English race. Persuaded that emotion called forth by art was immoral, the

nation surrendered its ideals and grovelled for a period in a slough of grossness and scepticism. From that slough it only escaped by making religion emotional, and finding in it the solace it had once derived from drama, the one art which had gained a really national influence. All that was best in England answered to the call—the larger number in the religious revival of the eighteenth century—a smaller, yet a more picked band, not quite a hundred years later when the Oxford movement gained its fullest force.

All this while, then, the drama has lain outside the track of English national life—so completely outside that only within recent years has it occurred to any one to suggest that some day it might possibly recapture the place it once held. The suggestion, once made, however, found ready welcome. The subject of a national drama is now a stock subject for discussion wherever interests go a little beyond the material concerns of the moment. It may be a *mirage*, a will-of-the-wisp that we follow. But it does seem that, if ever we are to see the revival for which so many of us hope, the times are ripening towards it now. The emotional force of the religious revivals has spent itself. Formalism and eccentricity have damped down the fires of devotional fervour. For a while it seemed as if the novel might take its place as a vehicle for the expression of ideas held in common by the nation at large. Thackeray and Dickens between them covered the whole ground, but neither was able to cover it alone. And then, even while we awaited the arrival of the man who could make a wider appeal, the reading class for which novelists of intelligence wrote was swamped by the Education Act, and the day when a book should be able to reveal the nation to itself was postponed for many a long year. But the drama is not in the same case as the novel. It makes a more direct call upon the emotions. It does not demand for its comprehensions the same training of the mind as would be required to grasp the same ideas conveyed in a book. A fine play is like life itself. Some see in it meanings and suggestions that are hidden from others.

This man's delight in it is intellectual, that man's purely sensuous. You, perhaps, are content merely to watch and smile, while your neighbour is busy with analysis and introspection. But all have their interest aroused and find in it some kind of stimulus. Shakespeare makes some impression upon every one, but makes it in widely differing ways. One man, after a performance of *Macbeth*, will go home like de Quincey and write a philosophical essay upon the knocking at the gate; another will say, with the north-country working man, of whom Mr. Frank Benson once told us, that it has helped him to do a better week's work. *Hamlet* is the most popular drama in the world, because every one can find in it something to engage his attention and to occupy his mind. We can scarcely expect another Shakespeare. For myself I doubt, as Lowell doubted, "whether any language be rich enough to maintain more than one truly great poet, and whether there be more than one period—and that very short—in the life of a language when such a phenomenon as a great poet is possible." But surely we can have a national drama without another Shakespeare. Other nations give expression to their national characteristics through dramatic art, and yet the supply of great poets is not any more plentiful with them than it is amongst ourselves. What do these other nations possess which we lack? They possess a class of writers for the stage who strive to awaken an intelligent interest in drama and to make it contribute to the general flow of ideas; who are not content simply to provide entertainments which shall distract after-dinner audiences and enrich theatrical speculators. These writers, unlike ours, have sentiments in common with the audiences they write for. They are moved by the same springs of passion and emotion; they are interested in the same themes and in the same modes of expression. They appeal to their audiences, not by a process of calculation, but because both they and play-goers are, in virtue of their nationality, imbued with the same feelings, and the same general aspirations; and

because they take, in a broad sense, the same view of life and of dramatic art.

Consider for a moment the foreign plays that we have been lucky enough to see in London during this year. *Place aux dames*. Take France first. *L'Aiglon* is not to us a good acting play. The poetry that we find in M. Rostand's noblest imaginings fails to get over the footlights. Read the Wagram scene and you are struck by its power and beauty; pity and terror cleanse the soul; it is mysterious, haunting, wonderful. On the stage, with a crowd of hoarse "supers" groaning behind the scene, the poetry, the imagination, the mystery have evaporated. What is left appeals not to the deeper emotions, but to the theatrical sense, to the fondness for resonant declamation and striking contrast; in a word, to the traditional French hankering after all that savours of *la gloire*. That is why the piece carries a French audience irresistibly along with it, whereas it leaves us cold and dissatisfied. We English people love poetry: the French people love rhetoric and *la gloire*. We would have the poet suggest to us more than he can put into words, to give us "huge, cloudy symbols of a high romance," to leave something to our imagination. " 'st' Inglesi son matti sul misticismo: somiglia alle nebbie di là," says the scoffing student in Rossetti's *Hand and Soul*. Whereas the French mind dislikes anything that is not logical, clearly expressed, well within the four corners of its comprehension. It agrees with Rossetti's other painter in the Pitti Palace. "Je tiens que, quand on ne comprend pas une chose, c'est qu'elle ne signifie rien." Here then is one side of the French national character successfully appealed to by *L'Aiglon*, as it has been appealed to in the past by Victor Hugo and Dumas père, and M. Coppée, and a host of others.

Again, the average Frenchman's ideal of life is the ideal, to use a phrase now classic, of *l'homme sensuel moyen*. See how faithfully the modern French play represents that. *La Dame aux Camélias* represents it on the sentimental side. *Sapho* and *La Parisienne*, in which Madame Réjane exhibited the immense

cleverness of her realist method, reveal it upon its moralising and its cynical sides. *La Tosca* (I am confining myself to the plays we have seen in London this year) gratifies the appetite for horrors and harlotry which *l'homme sensuel moyen* must now and then indulge. *La Course du Flambeau* catches him in a reflective mood—the mood of “the morning after” when he feels doubtful about the welfare of the human race. The main thing I want to insist upon is that you can trace in all of these plays, and they are a fair selection from the modern French drama, the existence of the ideal of the *l'homme sensuel moyen*, which is the ideal both of the playwright and of the spectators, and which therefore gives the modern French drama the title to be called a national drama in the natural sense of the words.

You find when you examine the modern German drama, that it can make good the same claim to this epithet “national.” Its ideals are quite different from the French ideals. It sets itself for the most part to discuss heavily and without the smallest spice of humour the problems of our super-civilised existence. It offers pictures of provincial and metropolitan life that are strangely real in externals and strangely exaggerated in essence. But this exaggeration is inevitable considering the methods employed. The characters are scarcely human beings, studied for their own sake, so much as abstract types of passion or peculiarity, set up for the purpose of the dramatist's theme. Colonel Schwarze in *Magda*, for example, is an embodiment of the parental idea; von Röcknitz in *Glück im Winkel* merely sums up the German notion of a full-blooded, “magerful” *coureur de femmes*; even in *Johannisfeuer* the interest of the problem is rather universal than personal. As it is with *Sudermann*, so it is with *Hauptmann* as well; perhaps even more so. In *Die Weber* the characters are the playwright's puppets; it is the atmosphere and the episodes that give the drama its marvellous power and intensity. *Einsame Menschen* has more individual interest, but here, too, the people of the play are all carefully labelled. This is in accordance with the

German audience's view of life, with the Teutonic attitude of mind which prefers a studied philosophic generalisation to the presentment of a particular human being. The serious drama of Germany, in fact, expresses the serious side of the national character just as the comic drama keeps touch with the German weakness for fun cut in thick slices. Both varieties are unmistakably German, as much in expression as in idea.

Turn now to a drama that is based upon ideals very unlike those both of France and of Germany—to the drama of Japan, as we have had it interpreted for us by the Japanese players. Here is a form of art that proceeds directly from national character. What do the Japanese chiefly delight in? In beauty of colour and form, from the simplest manifestations of natural loveliness to the strange, exotic imaginings of an art based upon traditions of incalculable antiquity and followed with a passion for perfection that is shown as clearly in trifles as in its most ambitious attempts. First of all, then, the Japanese drama satisfies this desire for beauty. The very scenery brings to us western folk a sense of refreshment and satisfaction; the dresses are things of rare delight, every one; all the movements and gestures of the actors fall into rich harmonies of expression, and an entire absence of self-consciousness lends them a charm like that of music or the ordered, inevitable processes of Nature. And what of the matter of their plays? They are rooted nearly all in that conception of duty which is so strong an element in the Japanese character—the duty which men and women owe to themselves, to one another and to the eternal verities of justice and of truth. In minor ways the drama of Japan satisfies to the full the Japanese sense of the mysterious, the terrible, the inevitable; and it satisfies as well their childlike delight in combats and in playfulness. These players have studied every means of heightening the effect of their efforts. Think of the intermittent striking of the gong throughout the intensely moving last act of *The Wife's Sacrifice*, the wailing voice raised now and again in melancholy chant, the stillness broken only by these ominous sounds and

by the pathetic cheeping of the birds without, symbolic of the heedlessness of Nature to the little tragedies of humankind. If this simple and unfamiliar art, with its unsophisticated directness of method, can produce so deep an effect upon us with our abnormally developed sense of the ridiculous, imagine how it must affect the people out of whose passion for beauty and out of whose simple ethical code it has been gradually developed.

And now let us think of our own drama and ask ourselves how far it expresses any aspect of our national character. We can claim to have evolved during the past generation two art-forms which are distinctively English—the Savoy Opera and Mr. Pinero's farces of character. But then neither of these have "made school." Both depend for the most part upon the humour of individual men. They are not the inevitable outcome of a generally-accepted view of life; they are rather the creations of personal talent, forcing a certain number of people to look at themselves and the world in distorting mirrors. It is true that our peculiar humour makes us, as a race, derive a certain enjoyment from being shown our own absurdities by keen-witted satirists. Exaggeration, too, seems to come natural to us on the stage. So far, then, these two forms of drama are based upon national characteristics, but so far only, and no farther. They are, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "at the bottom fantastic": not so utterly untrue to our real selves as the sugar-plum play (*The Second in Command*, for one instance, *The Wilderness*, for another), or as the many deodorised farces which we borrow from the French and spoil in borrowing; but still fantastic in being removed from the main currents of the English spirit. A more serious drama is needed to reflect these, and that we lack entirely. Mr. Pinero seemed to be striving towards it when he wrote *The Profligate* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, but his interests cling more to the theatre than to the life without. He seems to be more set upon turning out pieces that shall draw the town than upon helping the world to solve the problems of its age, and of all

ages. *The Gay Lord Queex* had no more relation to the main current of our national life than had the latest edition of the never-varying Gaiety entertainment—scarcely so much indeed, for the Gaiety piece does, after all, answer to a mood of a large section of Englishmen. But it is not merely surface moods that drama should reflect. It should drop its plummet to the depths of national character, and show the body of the time its form and pressure. The English race is not, as many writers persist in repeating, phlegmatic, unemotional, unimpassioned, and therefore neither interested nor interesting in drama. Beneath a calm surface there flow in our English nature deep and strong currents of noble emotion, of passionate attachment to ideals, of hidden feeling that, once aroused, sweeps away convention and the obstacles of prejudice or pride in a flood which may not be withstood. This, and the habit of discipline for discipline's sake, supply the chief clues to English character. But where in our drama do we find any hint of that? The French, the Germans, the Norwegians, the Japanese have each a drama that is in harmony with their views of life, their aspirations, their enthusiasms. Why should we be cheated of a like possession?

The Gay Lord Queex did not even offer a faithful picture of the small and uninteresting society with which exclusively it dealt. It represented that society as the gossip columns of newspapers would have us believe it to be: of personal observation, which alone can make such plays tolerable, there was no trace. It is personal observation that is sadly lacking also in the plays of Mr. Jones, who really has a desire to set his compositions in the dominant key of the period. He would write much more interesting and much truer plays if he would write of the life he knows, as he did in *Saints and Sinners*, for example. And he might be a powerful force on the side of the angels if he only had a little more courage. Mr. Jones frequently gets hold of fine ideas, but he spends all his time in running away from them. Think how Dumas *filis* would have treated the idea upon which *Mrs. Dane's Defence*

is based—how he would have rallied all our nobler instincts on the side of the wronged woman—how scornfully he would have brushed aside the coward sophistries of the over-fed, soul-starved society lawyer—how he would have flung his challenge full in the face of the brute majority—how he would have enlarged our sympathies and increased our tenderness for the weak and worsted, and left us with hearts purified and minds cleared of cant! But Mr. Jones had Mr. Wyndham's box-office to consider and the susceptibilities of Mr. Wyndham's audiences to respect. So all that his play represented was :

“ One task more declined, one more foot-path untrod,
 One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God ! ”

The hope, if there is any, of our building up a drama that shall strike its roots deep in our English nature, lies in the younger and so far little recognised playwrights like Mr. Granville Barker, who wrote *The Weather Hen*, or perhaps even more in the numberless unknown writers who are patiently feeling their way towards the expression of their ideas in plays. The unfortunate thing is that with the theatre in its present unorganised state they so seldom obtain a hearing. What we need, above all, is a Theatre of Experiments. Actor managers, who have to earn a profit for the benefit of the syndicates or the individual speculators who provide them with play-houses, cannot be expected to indulge in experiments. Many of them, if they were their own masters, would gladly try new plays by new authors. But they are powerless. The heavy hand of Capital is upon them. They are but driving-wheels in the money-making engine. The piston works them, not as they will, but as the driver wills. To abuse actor-managers alone for the deplorable condition of the theatre is scarcely just. They, after all, must have some enthusiasm for, some pride in their calling, or they would not be actor-managers. It is the hidden speculator who does the mischief, who knows nothing and cares nothing for art, regarding a theatre simply

and solely as an instrument of gain. Until we establish a theatre or two where plays can be acted for their own sake, and for the sake of advancing the interests of dramatic art, not for the sake of amassing large sums of money, we shall stagnate as we are stagnating just now, and we shall never have a drama that can in any sense be called national. When a number of dramatists are at work producing plays full of fresh ideas and getting them acted, the ground will be prepared for the appearance of one or two authors of genius, and these one or two, if they keep on the right lines, will set a standard and hand down traditions and found a school. But we shall never get such a school of playwrights without the one or two authors of genius, nor will the authors of genius make their appearance unless there is manifested a keen interest in the theatre, and a widespread ambition in the playwriting direction. And the first step in this direction is, I believe, an Experimental playhouse, if need be, "supported by voluntary contributions." If we want to encourage the growth of a national drama, we must prepare the ground by establishing some kind of national theatre.

H. HAMILTON FYFE.

A WOMAN-PAINTER AND SYMBOLISM

WE live—so we often hear—in a barren time; inspirers and inspiration have departed, and our only hope is in a hypothetical baby in a hypothetical cradle, who may, even now, be slowly preparing for the consolation of the public. Meanwhile, we are too apt to feel confident that the baby is the child of Mrs. Harris, and we rather forget to look out for it. But the last few weeks have shown us that originality and charm are still living—that a new and lovely imagination has arisen amongst us: a dreamer with dreams worth the dreaming, and a painter with a hand that can impart them. Genius is a big word, and when we think that it is the only one that we have for Shakespeare, we must hesitate to use it too frequently. But a woman of forcible inspiration we undoubtedly possess in the artist, Miss Fortescue-Brickdale, who has just been exhibiting her pictures at Dowdeswell's Galleries in Bond Street.

Many women possess intuition, but few women have possessed genius. And if a woman of genius in any art is scarce, a woman-painter of genius is scarcer still. If we count up the women who have been known as artists we shall be surprised to find out how few they are, and if we look at the work that brought them fame we are forced to conclude that their rarity alone can account for their reputation. There was probably no one worth mentioning before Margaret, the sister

of the Van Eycks, but, as there is no authentic work of hers that survives, we can imagine it as good or as bad as we please. Almost the same may be said of Gerard David's wife, who helped that great master of Bruges on the illuminations of the Grimiani Breviary.

The Renaissance, it is true, produced two or three of its characteristic paragons. There was the famous Sophonisba Aguißola of Cremona, a real artist, born of a family of women-painters, and the only distinguished one among them. Enough of her fine work remains to show that, had there been more, she would have had a strong hold upon fame; but she migrated from Italy to Spain and made a fashionable marriage with a Spanish grandee, leaving scant record behind her, unless it be that of Vandyck, who drew her picture in his note-book when she was ninety-six. Or there was her contemporary, Katherine Hemessen, the Fleming, who also went to Spain, and whose portrait of a gentleman, delicate, but weak, we have in the National Gallery. Or, again, that feminine and rather inferior phenomenon, Artemisia Gentileschi of Rome—who painted Judith, and David and Goliath in the overblown Bolognese style, and came to England and worked at the court of Charles I. There is much more glamour and substance in the later name of Rosalba Carriera, the brilliant *pastelliste*, who took the portrait of Watteau and followed her calling under Louis XV.'s ægis. But she belongs to the eighteenth century, and so did Rachel Ruish, the flower-painter, who did not die till 1750. Meanwhile, there had been no dearth of Renaissance pupils. Most great painters had them and daughters imitated their fathers. There was Judith Leyster, the wife of Molinaer and the pupil of Franz Hals; there were Miss Titian, Miss Veronese, Miss Dolce, Madame Boucher, the painter's wife, and Mademoiselle Ledoux, the disciple of Greuze; or, in England, Mary Beale, Lely's clever follower, and Miss Reynolds and the feeble Maria Cosway. But none of these had an original talent, and most of them are hardly worth remembering. The name of Reynolds, however, brings us naturally to Angelica

Kauffmann, who was such a queen of the Muses in her own generation. Yet Angelica, at her best, does not rise above the pretty—at her worst she sinks into the absurd; while Madame Lebrun, though she had much more charm and character, does not pretend to go beyond the limits of the graceful.

Such a list can be little more than a string of worthless names. The nineteenth century, at all events, produces a few of stronger interest. Rosa Bonheur, Marie Bashkirtseff, Madame Bodichon, Lady Waterford, Mrs. Wells, were all spirits of distinction. So, at this moment, are Mrs. Allingham, the lyric poet of cottage-gardens—and, in her small corner, Miss Kate Greenaway. As for the rest of our contemporaries, the more or less noble army of women, old and young, French and English, who paint admirable portraits, impressionist sketches, or careful genre pictures, they are beyond our compass. For though several of them, especially among the Frenchwomen, are far above the average and the average is a fine one, there is not one of their number who will really influence the imagination of the young people now growing up. And even among all those that have been mentioned—among such, at least, as have left enough pictures to judge by—Rosa Bonheur is the only one who can take rank as a complete genius; and she worked in a restricted area and on subjects not universally appealing. The rest show a vein of genius, or a great gift, but they do not count as enduring creators. Marie Bashkirtseff, who has considerable originality, is too much the pupil of Bastien Lepage to stand forth alone; and Mrs. Wells also, beautiful artist though she was, painted under the present spell of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Madame Bodichon—who, with Mrs. Allingham, is the only landscape-painter of our group—is independent enough, but she rather belongs to the dry school of poetry which lacks inspiration. Lady Waterford was the most originitive, as she was the most attractive of these modern women; yet her pictures (and their charm lies here) will always remain fragmentary: the work of an amateur, in the true sense of the word.

Whether women are creative or not is an old point of debate. History seems to show that they are not, and exceptions only prove the rule. Their gifts are not constructive, but sympathetic; they are critics and interpreters rather than originators. The number of fine actors and fine singers and players among women is surprising; yet there is not one famous woman-dramatist or composer. The drama wants the big impersonal imagination which they so rarely possess. It is different in other branches of literature. There are plenty of good women-novelists and no dearth of great ones; for novel-writing includes many qualities besides purely literary ones: insight, acute sympathies, the social arts, are almost as needful to the novelist as style and the power of story-telling. His craft, too, admits the personal note. Poetry does more—it demands it; and every great poet has the woman in him as well as the man's creative faculty. Where poetry is personal and intense, a poetess can excel. Christina Rossetti's lyre could belong to none but a woman, and the same might be said of Mrs. Browning, Emily Brontë, Madame Desbordes-Valmore. Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, George Sand, are thoroughly feminine in their genius, and it is their strength that they are so. Their outlook, their emotions, their manner of expressing them, have nothing to do with man.

But the art of painting does not offer them the same kind of opportunity for their endowments, still less does music. Both of these are largely impersonal arts, and it may be that this accounts for the scarcity of women-composers and painters. Indeed, in the painting of pure landscape—the least personal of all subjects—there has not been a single woman who is really great. Perhaps it needs a metaphysician, or an American novelist, to define the exact distinction between the personal and the individual, and perhaps, too, there is no particular call to do so; but it seems pretty safe to assert that the two qualities have little enough to do with one another, and that you can destroy the one without affecting the other. For individuality

is always the *sine qua non* of art—the very breath of its nostrils; and the art of the painter who counts is the impress of a man's individual soul upon the world outside him: whether he choose nature or his fellow man as his subject. His pictures show his general tendencies, his attitude towards life; but the bigger they are, the more they would be marred by the presence of his private emotions. Take Jean François Millet, for instance—an artist full of distinct character—his feeling towards labour and suffering is clearly articulate in his drawings; yet they reveal nothing of his own life, they are not autobiographical. Or, to cite examples only of such work as includes sentiment, let us look at Rossetti's masterpieces—his "Girlhood of Mary Virgin," his "Annunciation," his pictures of Dante and Beatrice: they are noble expressions of an intense and exquisite mysticism, of a peculiar relation both to the spiritual and the material, but of nothing more egotistical.

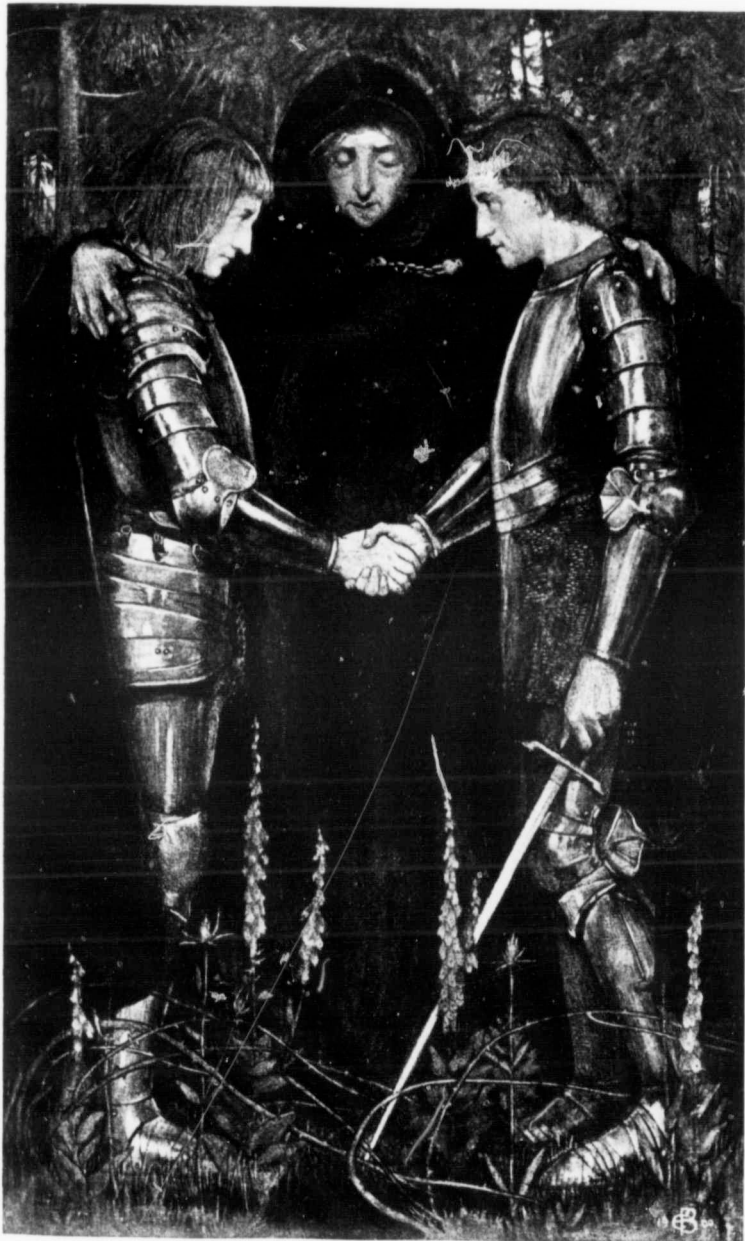
It is not the least of Miss Brickdale's merits that she is an initiator; that she has discovered for herself a new and intimate mode of expression, in which a woman's qualities come full into play: an art which is personal and yet not egotistical; feminine without being weak. She has found a new sort of symbolism; she has invented parable-painting. There have been allegorical painters and symbolists of many kinds; Lady Waterford and Mrs. Wells were also painters of ideas, but they were vaguer and less defined, and Miss Brickdale has kept herself distinct from them and from all the rest. Her allegory is never abstruse—it always takes the form of poetic story-telling. Sometimes she stretches her parables till they nearly become dramas; sometimes she compresses them into painted aphorisms. There is a great deal of wit in her work, and she has given us something like an epigram in her picture of "Youth and the Lady": of the fantastic lady, with dishevelled golden hair, flying breathless (flowers and greensward behind her) after Youth, the fay—Youth, who flies even faster, till he almost recedes beyond the frame.

Parables demand, above all, a poet's creative imagination,

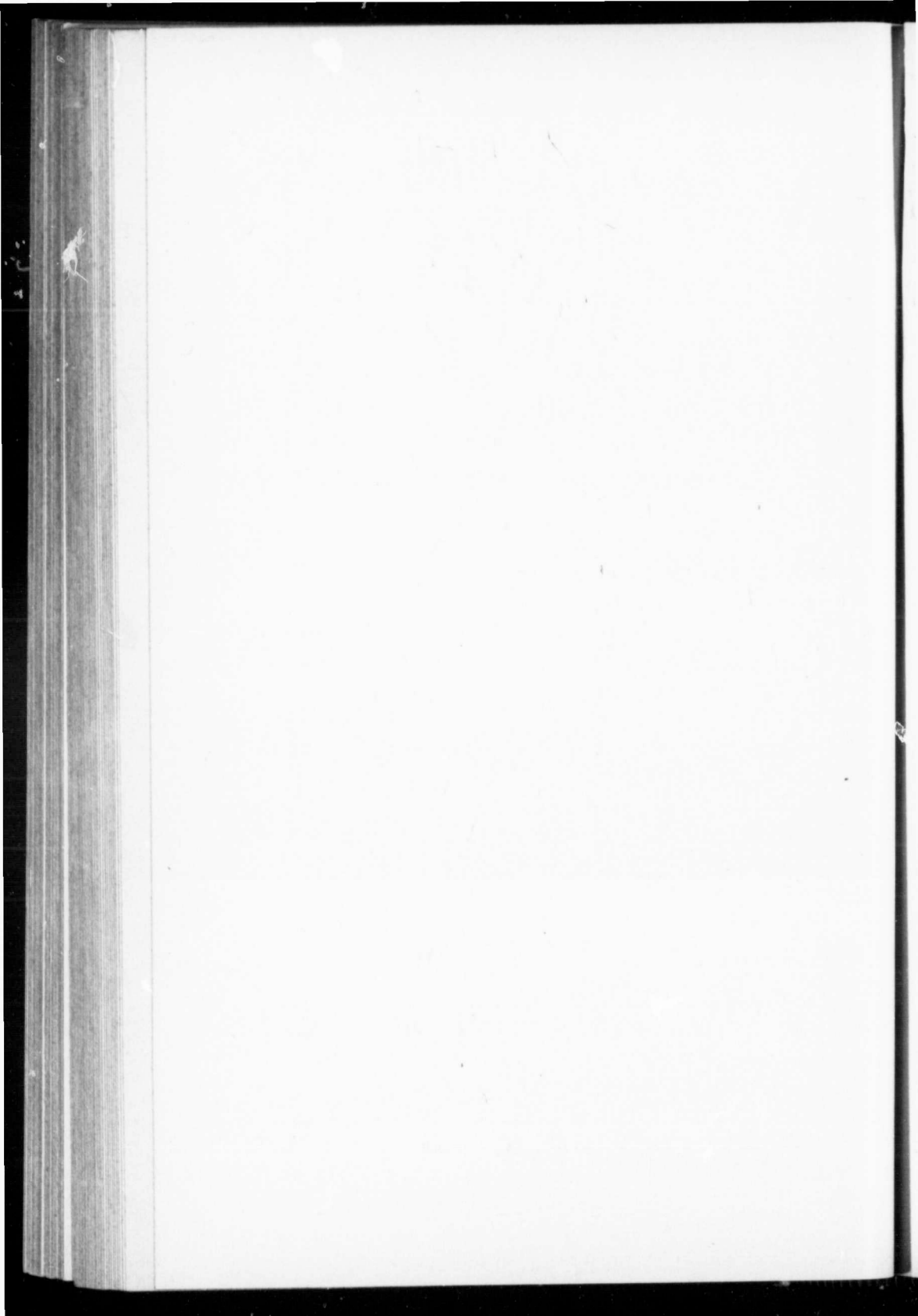
and with that fusing power Miss Brickdale, rare among her kind, is happily equipped. They are a play of the intellect and Miss Brickdale is intellectual, more intellectual than passionate, but then passion is an attribute irrelevant to parables. They need other things, many of the novelist's faculties—subtlety, insight, sympathy—and all these the artist is rich in. She produces, as it were, a personal relation between her pictures and her public.

Yet in painting, though soul means most, body is essential. Subtlety needs grace, allegory a sense of the exquisite, if they are to strike home. A modern realistic parable after (much after) Bastien Lepage, would most likely be an ugly, scientific affair. But Miss Brickdale, of whose striking technique it is not our place here to speak, has dipped her brush in the mysterious well of enchantment, and charms the eye by curve and line and colour. Her colour is a feast, rich and pure enough to compare with Rossetti's, and daring with a southern brilliance and security; whether she is sumptuous, as in the poppy-red robe of her insolent Chance, and the blaring orange of her Fame's raiment; or whether she refreshes us by brightest greens and deepest blues and lilacs. She has, indeed, an especial gift for lilac, that subtlest of colours, so rarely handled by great painters: delighted in by Hans Memling, and Quentin Matsys in his "Life of St. Anne"—or, in our own day, by Puvis de Chavannes, who understood all the romance of it. So does Miss Brickdale, and she knows it in every one of its delicate gradations, from palest mauves to shadowy purples.

She uses it with poetic aptness in one of her finest pictures, "Grief and the Two Enemies." A monk in a robe of violet—the colour of Italian hills at nightfall—his face austere but tender, somewhat hidden by his cowl, is standing in a little pre-Raphaelite wood and joining together the hands of two knights in armour. The sun has gone down; their wrath has died out; Grief's own hands are strong and nervous, and against his purple dress there spring, in the foreground, a few pink foxgloves. Besides this parable of grief, the painter



Griet and the Two Enemies.



has given us another of resignation. In "Time trieth Troth," a middle-aged husband and wife, in mediæval dresses of gold and brown and purple, are trudging uphill, over a carpet of autumn leaves. There is the sense of arduousness, even of strain, in their step and attitude and the beautiful face of the woman is full of loving-kindness and submission. It is turned away from the man, who walks with bent head. Yet they go on together hand in hand, and would do so anyhow, even if the woman's left hand on which the wedding-ring is seen, were not tied to her husband's by an almost imperceptible thread. Before them is the winged foot of Time and part of his figure; he has a wreath of roses hung on his back—no longer at his front as it must once have been; and beneath a tree in the distance there sits a pair of lovers, piping to each other and bound by no tie at all.

Miss Brickdale's problems are so full of interest and beauty that they tempt the inadequate pen to describe each in turn. She has wares for many comers—for the high mood and also for the human. Among the most spiritual of her dreams is the one called "The Departing Soul." A poor wretch lies dead in his prison-cell, and out at the door is passing the regal soul in all its majesty: crowned, sexless, dominant, in a shimmering garment of grey shot with gold. There may, however, be those who are inclined for less exalted fantasy; if so, they need go no farther than "Sleep that Knits up the Ravelled Sleeve of Care"—the delicious little angel of sleep, robed in twilight lilac, who, perched above a misty bank of white hemlock-flowers, against an evening sky, is fiddling into careless slumber the beggar lying in the long grass below. As for those who seek the dramatic, there is enough food to satisfy them. They will probably remain fascinated before "The Remembrance of a Guest that Tarrieth but a Day": a pair of Early Victorian lovers, wandering together in a country churchyard carpeted with marigolds, and plucking the petals from one of these golden-eyed *sans-soucis*. The fair-faced woman with the rose-coloured bow in her hat seems part of the summer sunshine, in

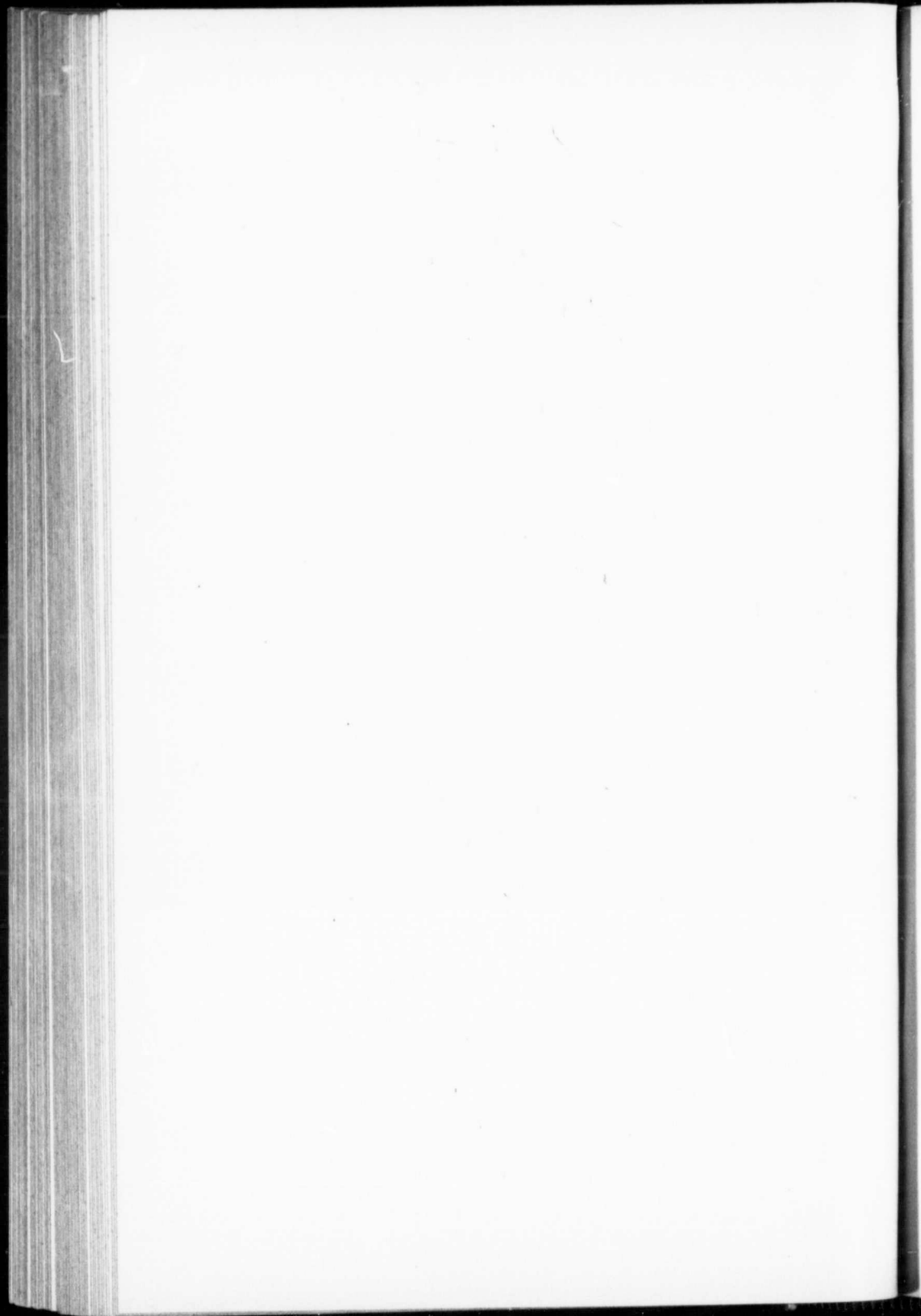
spite of her black dress; the man stands beside her; but neither knows that behind them, near one of the grassy graves, there rises dimly, like smoke in the atmosphere, the ghost of a dead lover—of a dead husband, to judge by the colour of her skirts. The picture is a brief play: the epitome of a poem by Browning.

It must not, however, be imagined that Miss Brickdale only deals in the purely imaginative. She is not wanting in simple natural themes, and gives ample proof of it in "Riches," which is inspired by an almost passionate homeliness. It shows us no more than a working man of the roughest kind kissing his child—an ordinary poor man's baby with red hair and a red and black plaid frock, whom the blue-kerchiefed mother has brought out, probably with the father's dinner—the commonest of themes, dignified by art till it is poetry. The dreary grey shingle, the bare thorns of the place where the navy is working, seem to exhale poverty, but the concentrated love in the man's face transmutes all else into gold. Or (to linger over one more picture) "It is a gift by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me" is homely in another fashion. A haughty young man of the world, in a new-fangled Chaucer dress of April green, returns to show off his gold chains and his splendour to his humble old parents, who stand in their fustian looking at him, divided between pride and shamefacedness—the tailor-father, scissors in hand; the mother creaking up the stairs, probably to fetch her best refreshments. There is humour as well as pathos in the fable.

Miss Brickdale has made for herself a peculiarly complete form of art, as complete as the "Poèmes en Prose" of Tourguéneff, or the Parables of Tolstoi. It is an art perfect within its own confines, and it is not the least distinctive mark of her force that she knows her limitations and, like the artist that she is, does not transgress them. She makes no claim to "tease us out of thought." She does not attempt the Abstract, nor will she probably do anything as big as Watts' great ideal types: his "Love and Death," and his "Sir Galahad"; or as Puvis



“Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrith but a day.”



de Chavanne's exquisite civic allegories at Paris, at Amiens, at Rouen. But to cut his coat according to his cloth, provided the cloth is lovely, is the instinct of the real artist.

Common sense, after all, is as needful æsthetically as in every other walk of life, and there are magic gifts in prose as well as poetry. No matter which fairy was her godmother, she gave Miss Brickdale the faculty of measurement; and once having defined the dimensions best suited to her powers, she is free to excel within them. At all events, whatever she is, she is herself. Like every poet, she has passed—is, perhaps, still passing—under various influences, but her pictures are always her own. Her individuality gains the day, even in both of her most Rossettian paintings: "Conscience"—between his two Temptations—and "I have married a wife, therefore I cannot come." Though the form is the form of Dante Gabriel, it contains something that is not his. It is that something which she shows in the figure of the bride (in the latter picture), who, robed in brilliant blue, sits idle before her mirror, while the bridegroom fastens a pink rose in the red coils of her hair, and the King of the Cross, crown in hand, goes out disappointed through the door. Miss Brickdale takes from her masters what nourishes her, and—true test of vigour—discards the rest. She can afford to do so. For her faults are the faults of wealth, not of poverty; her aim is always in front of her execution, her idea in advance of its expression. She is a symbolist by nature, as much according to the vaguer as the stricter sense of that much-used, much-abused word.

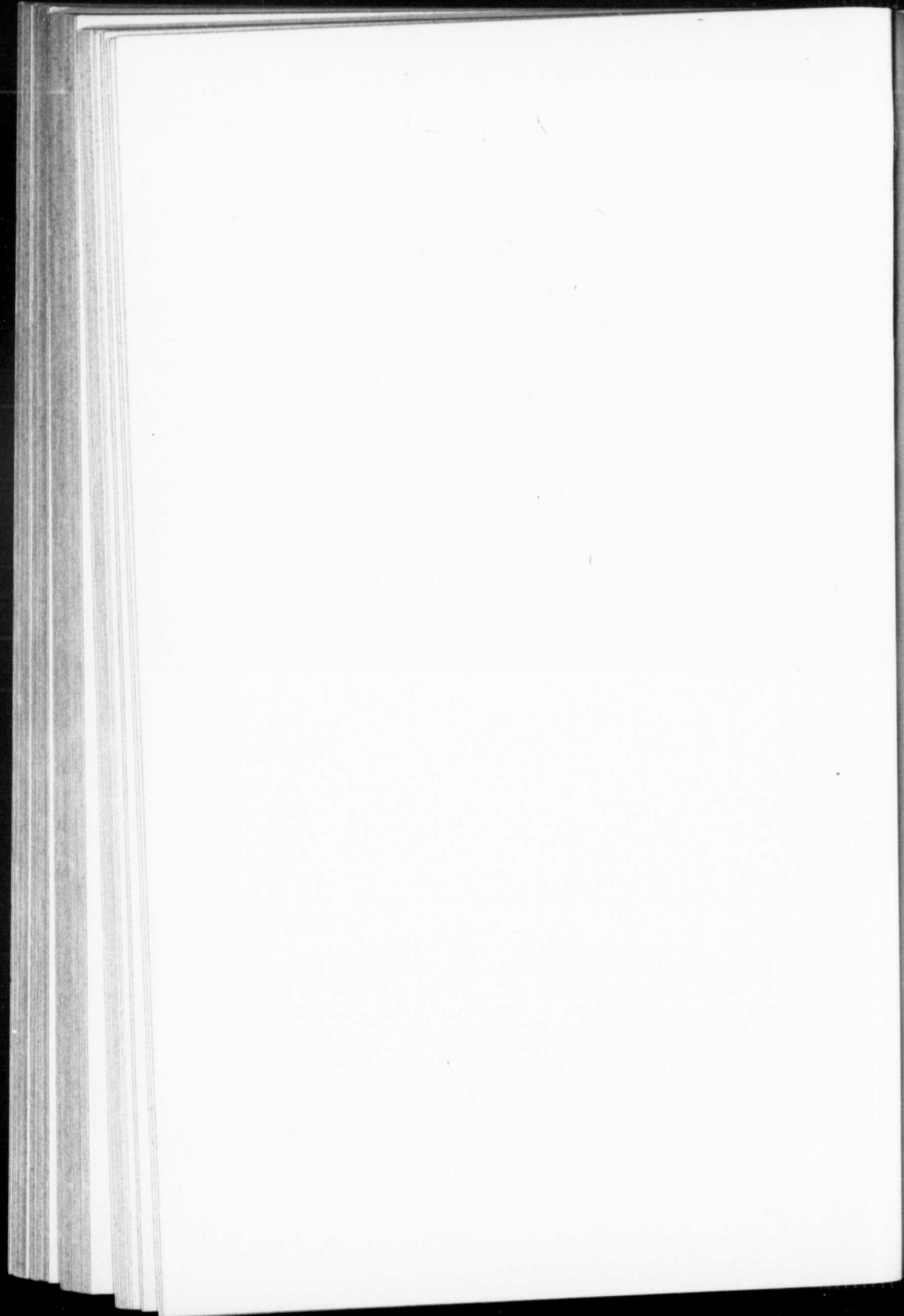
The exuberantly scientific art-critics now in vogue, are fond of preaching that the beauty of a picture consists solely of paints and canvass. But "even the youngest among them is not infallible," and Ruskin, in all his extravagance, is better reading than they are. Every great picture (it is a platitude, after him, to say so) is, in a certain sense, a symbol—a symbol of the idea which inspired and transcends it. If it were otherwise, art would be nothing but illustration or *tours de force*. For where the means exceed the end, and cleverness the

imagination, the result can hardly belong to the first order—even though the hands that made it be the hands of Mr. Sargent. Tolstoi concluded the whole matter when he said that in all art there must be, not morality, but a moral relation between the artist's work and the public. This is especially the case in symbolism—to use the term in its more definite acceptance.

There is all the world between the symbolatry of Dante and of Maeterlinck—of Giotto and the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It is curious enough that a conception which sprang from the child-like simplicity, the naïf thought of mediævalism, should have been revived as the conscious expression of an intellectual and æsthetic attitude—an elaborate outlet for elaborate ideas. In the early days of chivalry and monasticism, symbolatry was a language with its own idioms and parts of speech, as inevitable as if they had been fixed by a spiritual *Académie*. The Fathers of the Church had each his appointed bird or beast; the bunch of grapes stood for the Eucharist; the broken spear belonged to St. George, the whole one to St. Michael; and no painter might take liberties with the allotted signs. Every creature, every flower in the wonderful blaze of old missals had its inner significance. Outside the laws of this saintly heraldry, there was always margin enough for the embroidery of individual fancy; but the main idea was not left to the variable poetic sense of the artist, and only the treatment of it was in his hands. Presently, as Renaissance tendencies began to show themselves, the emblems became more complicated and intellectual, though they still represented traditional ideas. Albert Dürer's "Melancholia," his "Death and the Knight," the works of Mantegna and Botticelli, the mythological pictures of Bellini, are symbolic of fantastic thought rather than of religion. Then, as the New Movement spread, and men resolved to look at things as they were, there sprang up in Venice, and later, in Spain and in the Netherlands, a gorgeous school of materialism—of glorified, ideal materialism, if the paradox be allowed us.



"It is a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me."



Symbolism had had its day, and, unless we count the banal and inflated mythological allegories of the eighteenth century, or the genteel hierarchies of Ary Scheffer and his followers, it did not re-appear till the days of its pre-Raphaelite revival. A revival, indeed, this should not rightly be called, for modern symbolatry belongs to a new category. The literal symbols of early days, regulated by the changeless legendary code, sprang from a living belief and still represent a vital idea. But whatever symbolism has been used in recent times by Rossetti and his brethren, has been subject to no rules and expresses no universal faith: it is the outcome of each man's poetic fancy or poetic creed. Its appeal is to particular persons, and it cannot create as large or as warm an art as if it gave voice to general convictions. Perhaps this is the reason why it has never been revived in its full detail, even among the apostles of "the Germ."

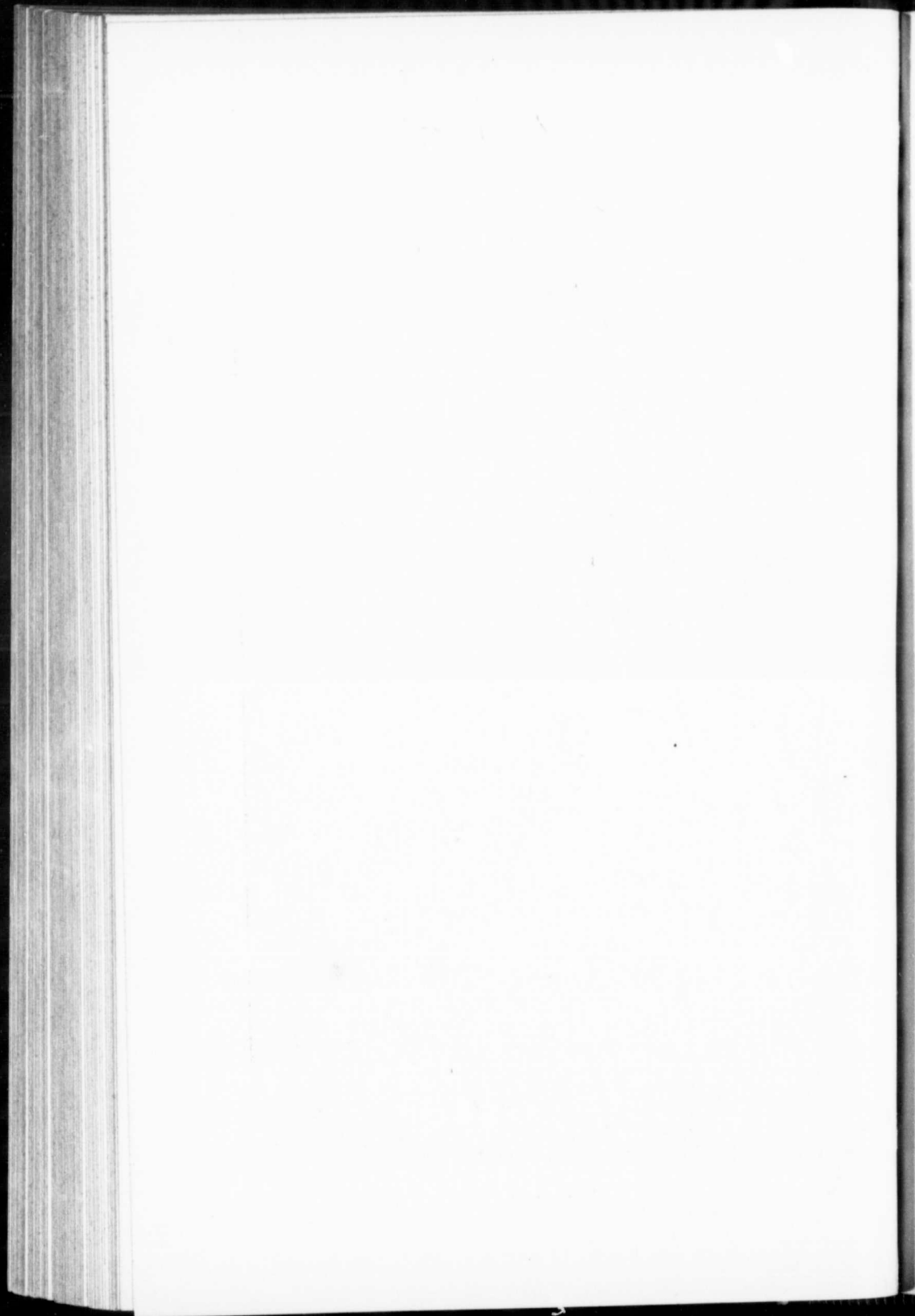
For there are two kinds of symbolism—symbolism of symbols and symbolism of idea, and the pictures of our nineteenth-century symbolists belong mostly to the second kind. Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Watts, Mrs. Wells, Lady Waterford, are all painters of emblematic conceptions; but, as a language of signs, outside the ones that are essential to their thought, their actual use of symbols is rare. In Rossetti's "Annunciation" and "Girlhood of the Virgin," in Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat" and "Light of the World," in Watts' "Love and Death," his "Hope," or "Love and Life," the emblems are necessary features in the story that each one tells. It is, perhaps, only Holman Hunt and Rossetti who employ them in the other and more special way; Holman Hunt in his "Carpenter's Shop," and "Triumph of the Innocents," where every careful bubble has its place; Rossetti in the colour of the robes of Beatrice and of Love's flaming garments; or in the birds and flowers that flutter and blossom round his Fiammettas and Venuses. Neither of them ever violates the central law of symbolism—that the symbol must spring from the depths of the idea and the idea be deep enough to be worth the symbol. And the man of their school

who has used the most symbols is, perhaps, the least of a symbolist in the large poetic sense. Sir Edward Burne-Jones weaves his symbols—and enchanting is the woof—into every one of his canvases, but they are more of an embroidery round his idea than a natural growth from it; intellectual conceits and the sport of a decorative fancy, rather than the outcome of real poetic imagination. As for the ideas themselves, they are hardly strong enough to bear symbolising and we soon come to an end of them. “The Days of Creation,” with their abundant emblems; “Love among the Ruins,” with its excessive sweetness and its obvious imagery; all the flowery and lovely company of pallid knights and ladies, with faces of one pattern, are exquisite pieces of decoration, but we quickly grow weary of them. Of course, there are exceptions; “Love’s Pilgrimage,” for instance, among others, seems, to our eyes at least, a real poem—the brambles that tear the pilgrim’s feet apt and poetic symbols. Yet, if we judge by the sum of his paintings, it is as a great decorator, and not as a great creative artist, that Burne-Jones will live. In the days of famous tapestry his exalted sense of beauty would have left behind it more solid and satisfying work. That sense he certainly possessed in a measure which will place him among the blest, even though not among the immortals. And this is more than can be said about any of the younger men of the rising generation of symbolic painters. Either their affectation mars the sanity of their art, or they manufacture choice cups and pour banality into them. Byam Shaw himself, for all his skill, produces a feeling of too much ado about too little, and leaves us with an uncomfortable sense that the Christmas numbers of the illustrated papers—allowing that they are in their most spiritual mood—would appreciate and even understand him.

But the greatest allegorical artist we have had in our own day has not been English. It is France that gave us the gift of Puvis de Chavannes. He has known, none better, how to unite the two sorts of symbolism; how to flash his idea by luminous emblems on the mind of the beholder; how to



Conscience.



clothe it in gracious classic forms. He brings philosophy out into the sunshine and makes her smile; for his symbols are often philosophical, and he fills them with thought while he clothes them with Hellenic grace. So figurative is his mind that he lends an allegorical significance even to his more literal pictures. His poor naked fisherman in the Luxembourg, with the flat meagre body in the flat meagre boat, seems to stand for the whole dynasty of lowly unremitting labour. And the same spirit permeates his great symbolic works in Amiens and the Paris Hôtel de Ville; his "Knowledge and the Sciences" in the Sorbonne, or the "Arts and Crafts" at Rouen. These big frescoes affect those who know them like music, with their interlacing harmonies of line and colour, searchingly sweet. Who can forget their Elysian bands of men and women, radiant in strength, grave and serene in beauty, eternal in youth? their cool summer valleys, enriched by boughs, fruit-laden—by shining rivers and the deep shade of groves and trees, beneath which the forms of children play together on the grass. Puvis de Chavannes' genius, however, is adapted to public buildings, and his emblems have a public purpose. They have none—they should have none—of the intimacy of mediæval symbolatry.

But this kind of intimate feeling is just what suits Miss Brickdale's subject and just what she possesses. She is not only mystic in idea; she elucidates her idea by symbols that almost have the fanciful detail and minuteness of mediævalism, used afresh to express her new imaginations and ever a natural part of them. *Naïveté*, worse luck, cannot be revived; but if the artist cannot bring to life the old literal signs—the sacred picture-book which children and peasants alike could read—she can give us the added pleasure of guessing at her meaning. She is never recondite and nearly always lucid. Now and again there is some slight obscurity, because she tries to put too much into a small space, or tells her tale by an emblem where she had better have told it by a fact. But this is very seldom, only in two or three of all her forty-five pictures, and

her best ones are distinguished by their simplicity. There is, for instance, something Boccaccian about the imagery of "Life's Travesties," of the band of victims—soldier, fool and prelate—whom Life, the mocking woman, drags behind her in her scarlet net; and nothing could be more fresh and careful than the symbolism (in *Guests*) of the figure of Light Love, who, followed by Death, enters his lady's chamber in a rosy robe sown with tears and edged round the hem with thorns—a tippet of peacock's feathers on his shoulders, and a wreath of roses on his head.

Miss Brickdale gives delightful proof that symbolic art, which can be the most tiresome thing in the world, can also be lovely and suggestive. It is dead when it tries to revive the dead, but it lives when it is applied to new poetic fancies. Perhaps it will be a natural form of reaction against realism, and against the painters who paint a spade so much more a spade than it really is.

Miss Brickdale does not confound ugliness with sincerity. She brings "the invisible full into play," but she does not "let the visible go to the dogs"; for she knows, in spite of Robert Browning, that it matters a great deal. Happily, it is evident that she has much more wealth in store for us. The human interest of her work comes from a spring that does not dry up. She makes no pretence of being a prophetess or a missionary; but she has a gift for the needy world, and a generous hand that loves giving.

EDITH SICHEL.

KOROLÉNKO

I.

IN Russia as in England, the great novelists have passed away. Tolstoi remains as a monument of the past: but Tolstoi has put fiction from him, with all the other vanities of this wicked world. Still, in this new generation there are some notable men, and perhaps most notable of all is Korolénko. He has not the great novelists' gift of even skill over large canvases, but some of his small canvases come very near perfection.

He was born in 1853 of a Little Russian father and a Polish mother. As a discontented student he was soon in trouble with the police, suffering exile and imprisonment. In 1881 he refused to take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III., and suffered three years of exile in a desolate Yakút village, buried away among the frozen forests of North-East Siberia. To these three years of hardship we are indebted for his masterpiece, "Makár's Dream," just as we are indebted for Dostojévski's "Memoirs of a House of the Dead" to his confinement in a Siberian gaol. It was upon his return to Russia at the age of thirty-two that Korolénko began to attract attention by his stories. In 1885 he took up his abode near Nizhny on the Volga, married and settled down to a life of study and production.

Genius of the robuster kind is before all things free from egotism. Your great writer does not regard his misfortunes as matter of interest either for himself or for others, except as

illustrations of the mysterious and melancholy ways of destiny : he makes his harvest of "copy" not by noting the effect of his sufferings upon different portions of his soul or anatomy, but by analysing his circumstances and the companions with whom they bring him into contact, and reproducing the general propositions at which he arrives in specific illustrations. Korolénko's genius is of this sturdy sort. Moreover he is something more than a Russian : he is a Little Russian ; besides all the qualities which go to make the Russian point of view interesting to the West, he has the large, well-balanced geniality of the Ukraine, the product of those centuries of rough chivalry during which Little Russia was the vaward of Slavonic right against the invading Turk and Tartar. In his exile he seems hardly to have known what isolation was : he met soul to soul with Yakút and colonist ; he studied their motives and "world-contemplation," and was contented. Wherever in the social scale Korolénko finds a man struggling with the enemy that wars against us in the guise of cold, hunger, misfortune, injustice, death, his sympathy goes out to him. Above all titles he may claim that of "apôtre de la pitié sociale," which M. de Vogüé gives to the great Russian writers before him.

As soon as Korolénko returned from Siberia he published "Makár's Dream," a prose epic of destiny, containing the essence of all that he had thought, seen and felt while he lived among the half-breeds of the Yakút district. The hero of the story is not so much an individual as a type—like all heroes of epic. But in this case the type and the individual are so low in the scale of organisms that they are practically identical, and realism is saved. Officially, Makár is a Christian ; but when he is ill he calls in the *shaman* or medicine-man, who frightens the evil out of him with loud cries and terrifying grimaces. His mind is centred usually upon his stubborn struggle for life with the pitiless nature of the North : but when he is drunk his thoughts turn heavenwards ; he ponders on the distant hill where there is no work and no taxes. One night, when he is more drunk than usual, he dreams that he dies in the forest

and that Father Iván, his old parish priest, long since dead, fetches him to appear for judgment before the great "Toyon" (Yakút for a magnate of any degree). On the way across the plain that leads to the Toyon's house they pass several persons whose misfortunes afford inoffensive allegories in entertaining disguises. Death has robbed Makár of none of his old attributes: his first thought on perceiving that his feet, as he travels, leave no print in the snow is, what an advantage it will be in poaching the foxes out of other folk's traps. At last they approach their destination, and day begins to dawn.

Then for the first time Makár noticed that the plain was growing lighter. A few bright rays burst forth from behind the horizon, like the first notes of a mighty orchestra. They ran quickly over the sky and put out the bright stars. The stars went out and the moon sank down. And the snowy expanse grew dark once more.

Then over the plain rose the mists and stood circling it round like a guard of honour.

And in one place, in the East, the mists grew brighter, like warriors clad in gold.

And the mists swayed and the golden warriors bowed them down.

And from behind them came forth the sun and rested on their golden backs and glanced over all the plain.

And the plain was illumined with a wonderful blinding light.

And the mists rose up majestically in a mighty choir, parted in the West, and were borne swinging aloft.

And Makár seemed to hear a wondrous song. It was like that old familiar song wherewith the earth greets the sun each day. But Makár had never yet given good heed to it, and now for the first time he perceived what a marvelous song it was.

They enter the great Toyon's log-hut, and Makár's conductor, Father Iván, talks with one of the Toyon's winged labourers who is warming himself by the fire. After replying formally to the formal salutation, "What have you heard? What have you seen?" Father Iván says he has brought with him a man from Chalgán—it is the name of Makár's village.

Humph! says the angel: then I must get out the big scales.

At last the old Toyon comes in for judgment, richly dressed in frieze and furs. Makár enumerates his good deeds, all the

trees he has cut and all the furrows he has driven. But reference to the books soon shows that he has exaggerated grossly, and when all his sins are reckoned up in the opposite scale, and he is detected tampering with the balance, he is condemned to punishment. But at this moment enters the Toyon's son, who has been out on business; and Makár, encouraged by his presence, breaks forth into the first speech he has ever made. The Great Toyon is a little aghast at first; old Father Iván, who stands behind Makár, tugs him vainly by the coat: Makár speaks on. The angels come in from their room across the passage and crowd in the doorway; and soon every one in the parlour of the little *izbá* is weeping for poor Makár's sorrows. All the world has been against him: the police, the priests, poverty, hunger, the griping frost and the parching heat.

The beast of the field plods on with its eyes to the ground, not knowing whither its master would drive it. . . . And so has he plodded on. . . . How should he know what they had taken his son for, when they made him a soldier? or where he died? or where his bleached bones are lying now? They say he has drunk a deal of *vodka*? That's true; but his soul craved for it so. . . .

"How many bottles did you say?" The Toyon turns to Father Iván.

"Four hundred," says the priest, referring to the books.

"Very good," proceeds Makár; "but was it worth calling *vodka*? Three-fourths of it was water, and the rest was adulterated with bad tobacco. . . . He had added on 3000 stakes to his wood-account, had he? . . . Granted! Granted he had cut but 16,000. And is that nothing? 2000 of them, mark you, he had cut while his first wife was lying ill at home. . . . And his heart was heavy within him, and he wanted to sit by his old woman; but needs-must drove him out into the forest. . . . And in the forest he wept salt tears that froze on his eye-lashes, and his grief and the frost together chilled him to the very heart. . . . But still he chopped on!

"And then his old woman died. She had to be buried, and he had no money. So he hired himself out to chop firewood to pay for her home in the other world. . . . But the merchant saw that he was in sore need, and paid him only ten kopecks a load. . . . and there lay his old woman alone in the cold log-hut without a fire; and still he chopped on and cried; and he reckons that those loads ought to be counted at five times their number and more."

Tears stood in the old Toyon's eyes, and Makár saw that the scales of the balance wavered; the wooden scale rose up and the golden scale came down.

Over whatever depths of pathos or poetry Korolénko carries his readers, from time to time he plumbs the waters with some line of humour that serves to show them just how far below lies the hard ground of their everyday mood. Grand and touching as is the scene of Makár pleading before the throne of justice, the reader has always before him the parlour of the log-hut, the big scales, the angel-servants listening open-mouthed in the doorway, the old priest twitching Makár's coat, or referring to the books. Its realism, its Yakút anthropomorphism, contrasting with the sublimity of the subject, give it a humour that drives the pity of it right home.

II.

Very little idea of Korolénko's work can be obtained from any of the English translations. Korolénko is a careful constructor: his translators, unconstrained by any bonds of reverence or taste, hew his stories into shapeless masses. Korolénko is a nice chooser of words: his translators turn his phrases inside out and shuffle metaphors like cards; some of them paraphrase his language as they go, and debase the style to the standard of fifth-rate English fiction. Korolénko is a keen observer of the features and moods of nature: his translators ignore the most obvious facts of natural history. Even where the translation lies within the bounds of correctness, the delicate phrase is broken by rough handling, and simple dialogues acquire a Meredithian inconsequence owing to the translators' failure to represent the minor implications of the original.

The English version of "Makár's Dream," though not the worst of the versions, is a good specimen of what a translation should not be. Most of the indispensable description of Makár's habits, beliefs, and liquors has been omitted. The passage quoted above, describing the sunrise at the approach to the Toyon's hut, is replaced by four or five bald lines from the translator's own inadequate fancy. Tangible errors are an earnest of the general insufficiency of the rendering.

WHAT KOROLÉNKO SAYS :

He could clearly distinguish the *low barrier of wind-fallen wood* and the first trap : three long and heavy beams, resting on an *upright stake* and kept in place by a cunningly contrived system of *levers* and hair-ropes.

From time to time in the Northern sky, *from behind a black semicircular cloud*, uprose, feebly flickering, the first fiery pillars of the Northern light.

The bare *twigs* of the *larches* were *furred* with silvery hoar-frost.

The *shaggy* fir-trees stretched out *broad pans*.

WHAT HIS TRANSLATOR SAYS :

He sees distinctly *the top of the hill* and the first trap : it consists of three heavy beams which rested on a *pointed piece of wood that slants a little*. The whole thing is kept together by a clever combination of *hooks* and cord made of hair.

A Northern light was shining in the North, *half-hidden by a round black cloud*, round which *its flames were leaping up like fiery darts*.

The bare *branches* of the *trees* were *covered* with silvery hoar-frost.

The *moss-grown* fir-trees stretched out their *huge arms*.

The translator is himself of course responsible for such pearls of diction as "the boundless snow-bound taïga," and "a mystery seemed to plane over the boundless taïga." "That peculiar creaking sound one knows so well in winter," as an amplification of Korolénko's "even grating"—of a sledge in snow—is on a par with another translator's "peculiar dull thud which made our hair stand on end" for Korolénko's plain "noise of knocking."

Taking the English versions of Korolénko's stories as a whole, one is surprised at the translators' ignorance of common words and common objects. These are a few of the wonders of nature which they record : "the partridges came out of their holes and stared at him with round eyes," "the bell moaned like a wounded bird," "his lantern, like a falling star, seemed to be suspended in space." Here is a translation of a passage wherein Korolénko speaks of a vagrant who knew the voice of every tree in the forest :

KOROLÉNKO.

The majestic pine with its *dark clusters of needles* tinkling high overhead.

TRANSLATOR.

The tall fir-trees rustle with their *thick green boughs*.

KOROLÉNKO.

The fir-trees talking in loud and long-drawn whispers.

The gay bright *larches* waving their supple twigs.

The trembling *aspen* with its timorous leaves a-quiver.

TRANSLATOR.

The pines whisper mysteriously among each other.¹

The bright green, merry, *leech* trees wave their slender branches.

And the *mountain-ash* trembles.

It would be tedious to enumerate the occasions on which the translators call birches "beeches," sedge-warblers "sparrows," &c. Yet one would have thought that if they were not better at guessing, they might at least have looked the things up in a dictionary.

Two translators make a sentry who is about to fire off his gun at a runaway "pitifully shut his eyes" before pulling the trigger; and "pack of flunkeys" becomes "tribe of Ham."

Those who wish to get a notion of the real Korolénko may go to Golschmann and Jaubert's "Le Musicien Aveugle," Paris, 1895. This translation is literal, correct, and complete. Korolénko's "Blind Musician" is a careful and interesting study of the development of the mind of a boy born blind in easy circumstances. Haunted by the longing common to most human beings to be in touch with the great movement of the world, but thwarted by his physical limitations, he finds salvation at last in music, by which he can act upon the feelings of the many. The history of the understandings and misunderstandings of the blind boy's large nature, pieced out from the sounds he has heard and the shapes he has felt, is a fine study, recalling the youth of de Guérin's young centaur in his dark cave. The story has some faults of redundancy and failures of imagination, but critics have been found to pronounce it Korolénko's best work.

M. Golschmann has published another book of translations from Korolénko, entitled "Le Songe de Makár."

¹ The translator seems here to be trying to cap the grammatical achievement of the old ballad-maker, who sang:

And at their parting brinish tears
Stoode in eache others eye.

Mrs. Delano's "Vagrant," New York, 1887, is a conscientious translation of some of Korolénko's stories: but the pieces in the volume are not his best, and there are too many mistakes for the translation to be called first-rate.

The only other passable rendering, in French or English, is Candiani's collection, "La Forêt Murmure," Paris, 1895: there is a thick layer of Candiani over the Korolénko in this volume; but most of the humour of the original will be found in it, however much the poetical portion may have suffered in translation.

III.

It is a commonplace that many writers of fiction would show their public spirit best by putting away their stationery at Korolénko's age and writing no more; having exhausted their permutations and combinations of incident, and having never found time to add to their first impressions of the universe, all that they can effect by writing after they have reached the forties is to make big incomes and depress the standard of literature with the weight of their great names. Korolénko's method is a guarantee that this generalisation cannot apply to him.

His method is to be gathered from internal evidence and explicit declaration. It begins with observation; not the flickering glance of the mere student of manners, but a diligent analysis of motive and the point-of-view. Compelled by the authorities to dwell among Votiáks, Yakúts, and other barbarians, Korolénko found that the lowest of humanity may be interesting. Since he returned to civilised Russia he has gone wherever there are crowds of men and activity of emotions. He has diligently attended religious processions, pilgrimages, missions, law courts, eclipses, famines—probing enthusiasms, sorrows, fears, and pleasures. He has foregathered with husbandmen, carriers, ferrymen, smiths, bootmakers, Jews, Tartars, criminals, tramps and beggars, and found out, in familiar talk, all that is best in them. In the evenings he has filled stacks of

note-books with the incidents and impressions of the day. This is his raw material.

When a sufficient quantity of raw material has gathered round some moral nucleus, it takes organic form as a story, eking out its body with new matter from memory and imagination. This is not an accusation against Korolénko of writing to inculcate a moral. Like all good writers he regards his moral objectively: he does not solve problems of casuistry; he reports imaginary solutions of them by imaginary people. As often as not the nucleus of the story is an irony, not a moral. In "Makár's Dream" it is an appreciation of true justice. The idea arises from the materials themselves. After much study of Makár and his kind, he conceives the type and its destiny as a comment on accepted ethics—a proof of the inadequacy of moral result as a measure of moral effort, and of the consequent iniquity of statistical justice. He then finds the highest expression of this comment in Makár's own protest against the judgment of the conventional God of whom the priests have told him.

Associating now with respectable acquaintances, now with criminals and outcasts, Korolénko arrived at the conclusion that if you scrape from the rogue his crust of lawlessness, which may be the result of evil circumstances as much as evil will, you may find in him some of the best human virtues in their highest development; while many a worthy and respected citizen may fail in some of the most essential things of life, through an accident of fate or disposition. He has worked out the idea to its most vivid expression in "Keeping Bad Company." The hero of this story, the son of the judge, a little boy neglected by his widowed and sorrow-stricken father, consorts with the very dregs of the people, outlaws that have been rejected even by the pauper dwellers in the cellarge of the ruined castle, and have found a lodgment in the tombs on the neighbouring hill, supporting a miserable existence by means of plunder and fortuitous alms. Among these rogues the boy finds those domestic virtues which are wanting in his

own home ; and it is by the example and precept of one of the worst of the gang that the judge is awakened at last from the moral torpor with which his grief has numbed him, and learns to do the duties of a father. The irony which forms the nucleus of the story is worked out with a wealth of description and character-drawing, treasured from recollections of men whom Korolénko met in Vólogda and Siberia, and remembrances of Róvno where he had been at school fifteen years before.

Korolénko does not convert all his raw material into stories ; much of it he has presented in a lower stage of manipulation ; in appearance, mere sketches, diaries, reports, but in reality worked up on preconceived principles, like an artist's landscapes or a musician's "impromptus." Such are "Behind the Eikon" (1887), "Pávlovo Sketches" (1890), "The Year of Famine" (pub. 1893). One of the best of them is "The Eclipse" (pub. 1888), where he describes the religious terror of the people of Júrjevec and their scornful indignation against the *ostroúms*¹ who are come to take observations of the sun's corona.

Excellent also is "At-Davan." It contains a lively picture of a certain cornet of Cossacks, Arabín by name. Korolénko had seen him modest and obscure in the great town of Irkútsk. Sent on long journeys as Government express to the empty North, seeing none but his inferiors on the way, he became intoxicated with official power. He filled the half-breed Yakúts along all the basin of the frozen Lena with frightened awe. They sat by their fires chanting long epics, wherein the insignificant Cossack was raised to their tribal pantheon as "Arabuin-Toyon," with legs like centennial larches and eyeballs weighing five pounds each. When he arrived at the posting stations, "he burst in like a whirlwind, stormed, spread panic-terror, threatened with his pistol . . . and passed on forgetful of the bill." His track was marked with dead horses and frightened natives. The madness grew. "He galloped through the towns standing in his sledge, waving a red flag

¹ *Ostro-úm*, or "wise-head," is an ingenuous and ingenious mispronunciation of *astronóm*, or "astronomer."

over his head . . . his six horses flying like birds, with mortal terror in their eyes; the driver sitting pale and cold as a corpse upon the box," while the peaceful townsmen fled away on every side. When at last he shot one of the postmasters dead, he was tried in the courts, and found to have brought himself from megalomania to raving lunacy.

A great stickler for truth, Korolénko does not confine himself to describing only what has come under his direct notice. He has the trained observer's power of reconstructing the animal from the single bone. Proszka, in his unfinished story of "Prochór and the Students," is a daintily drawn ruffian, whom Korolénko seems to know to the very bottom of his soul. Thanks to the decline of his prestige as a rogue, to the regenerating influence of natural beauty, and to a large measure of caprice, Proszka feels himself drawn to a virtuous life. We are the witnesses of his soul's awakening.

He lies alone in the long grass one fine morning and grins.

It was a sidelong, indefinite sort of grin. Proszka's face was ill suited for the exercise: there was a twitching like the twitching of a fisherman's float when the fish begin to nibble at the bait below . . . feeble at first and growing more decided as it proceeded. At last the smile spread wide over his fleshy cheek-bones; his mouth expanded; there was a sparkle in his half-invisible eyes. . . . He looked like a cat having its back stroked. . . . Nature's tender caress had found its way to his heart, and he could feel how his spirit was being unwrinkled, smoothed out, and beautified. Something had evaporated out of him, something had sunk and vanished in his consciousness, and from the depths rose in its place something different, unfamiliar, vague, indefinite. . . . At times Proszka felt a vague longing within him; and when, out of habit, he asked himself—do I want a drink? the disinclination that rebelled within him left no doubt that a drink would not meet the requirements of the case. . . . He lay still and surrendered himself to his mood, hoping at last to catch the elusive feeling that troubled him, as at times one strives to recall some pleasant, half-remembered dream. But in this he failed—probably because his attention, unused to the strain, soon wearied—and with the smile still upon his face, Proszka gently fell asleep.

A Russian critic has remarked a certain quality of description which Korolénko shares with Dickens. There is more

restraint in the descriptions of the Russian writer. An instance of the quality is to be found in the picture of the nursery in "One Night"; animate and inanimate nature conspire to fulfil the same impression :

It was nearly midnight. The deep breathing of the sleeping children was plainly audible. In a corner of the room stood a copper basin on the floor. There was a little water in the bottom, with a candle standing in it. The candle was sadly in need of snuffing: the wick was topped by a black cap and sputtered feebly. A pendulum-clock ticked on the wall, and in the circle of light on the floor round the basin were posted several cockroaches. Leaning back on their hind legs and lifting their heads in the air, they sat gazing at the flame and waving their whiskers.

A storm was raging without. The rain pattered on the roof, beat the leaves in the garden and plashed in the puddles in the yard. Now and again it would grow quieter and retreat into the gloomy depths of the night: but it soon came flying back to the house with renewed vigour, blustering more noisily than before, streaming more violently over the roof, and whipping the shutters; at times it even seemed that it was pouring and plashing in the room itself . . . at such moments an uneasy feeling filled the chamber; the clock seemed hushed, the candle made as though it would go out, the shadows came crawling down from the ceiling, the cockroaches moved their whiskers with an air of alarm and made evident preparations for flight. . . .

This story, "One Night," and "A Paradox" are triumphs of the rare and delicate art of depicting children and their ways of thought. Nothing could be more natural than the description of the pleasures and imaginings of the two little boys in the latter story. They have deserted the old wheelless coach that stands on the rubbish heap, the vehicle in which they have journeyed in imagination to such strange lands and met with such wild adventures; and they have discovered a new and entrancing diversion which engages them for seven whole days. They sit upon the fence in the yard and fish in the old tub with brass pins and no bait, in the wild hope—of the absurdity of which they are implicitly aware—that at last one of them will pull out a great struggling silver fish. Even the faint smell of the putrescent water in the tub contributes an element to the pleasure. Great is their shame when the mere appearance of Pavel, the matter-of-fact servant, shatters their little

world of conscious self-deception; they sit blushing on the fence, braving out their disillusion to the bitter end.

IV.

No Russian writer can hope to be taken seriously by the native critics unless he declare for this or that "tendency" or school. Looked at from the Russian critic's point of view, Korolénko must be classified as a Slavyanophil and a *narodnik* or student of "the people." He believes in progress, but holds that it must be national, not imported. He favours the improvement of the peasants' lot, but believes that such improvement must come from the peasants and not from doctrinaires. He declared early for Slavyanophily by contributing to the monthly magazine *Russian Thought*, which is the champion of Slavyanophily against the Hesperiphil *Věstnik Evrópy*.

The moral of "Free Fight in the House" (1894) and "Tongue-tied" (1895), if they have any, is that the Anglo-Saxon is a failure; that Ireland is a most distressful country; that Americans fly in the face of Providence on overhead railways, draw big salaries from Tammany Hall, and encourage the brutal game of "box."

The moral of "Pávlovo Sketches" is more plausible and obvious. The sketches go to show that political economy is a system of generalisations, not of ideals, and that it should be a guide in making economic laws, not an excuse for making none.

It must be confessed that Korolénko has to some extent disappointed the hopes which he raised by his work in the eighties. Some say that he is trammelled by the fear of the censorship; but the main cause of his infertility of later years, and of his downright failure in "Tongue-tied," is that he has deviated from the path which his earlier labours and successes seemed to have marked out so clearly for him. He has given too much time to observation and not enough to creation. He has internationalised his pity for the "people" and ranged

abroad to find food for his sympathy, while his right place is in Russia. In English-speaking countries he is limited to the most superficial kind of observation by his incomplete knowledge of the language. "Také the baggage of miss," is a specimen of his naïve linguistics. In one story a Pole who is studying the language meets an Irishman; they shake hands and hold the following idiomatic conversation:

IRISHMAN. Good-bye. [*Evidently an Irish form of greeting.*]

POLE. Yes.

IRISHMAN. Tammany Hall. Very well.

The latest news of Korolénko is that he is at work on a novel dealing with Pugaczëv, a Cossack of the Ural who passed himself off as Peter III. and raised all the South-east of Russia against Catharine the Great. Puszkin wrote a novel on his rebellion, called "The Captain's Daughter"; but the subject is large enough for two, and we may hope for the best from Korolénko's new venture.

G. L. CALDERON.

THE VALET'S TRAGEDY

THE contest for the gloomy laurels of the Man in the Iron Mask now lies between but two candidates. The favourite is, and has long been, Count Mattioli. Kidnapped in May 1679, by the agents of Louis XIV., this gentleman lay in French prisons till 1694 at least. If he did not die in the April of that year, he was probably the famous masked captive who died in the Bastille in 1703. The claims of Mattioli, to whose fortunes we return, have been almost universally accepted, and are especially urged by M. Marius Topin (1870) and M. Funck-Brentano (1895-1898). The latter scholar, while convinced that Mattioli was the Mask, admits that the next best claim is that of a prisoner styled Eustache Dauger in the correspondence of his gaoler and of the French Minister. Dauger, again, is the chosen candidate of M. Lair, in his admirable life of the great financier, Fouquet (1890). The man Dauger was only a valet, mixed up in an obscure political plot of 1668-1669. After reading the arguments of the advocates of Mattioli, I could not but perceive that, whatever captive died, masked, at the Bastille in 1703, the valet Dauger was the real source of most of the legends about the Man in the Iron Mask. A study of M. Lair's book confirmed this opinion. I therefore pushed the inquiry into a source neglected by the French historians, namely, the correspondence of the English ambassadors, agents, and statesmen for the years 1668, 1669.¹ One result

¹ The papers are in the Record Office.

is to confirm a wild theory of my own (hesitated in a newspaper article) to the effect that the Man in the Iron Mask (if Dauger were he) may have been as great a mystery to himself as to historical inquirers. He may not have known *what* he was imprisoned for doing! More important is the probable conclusion that the long and mysterious captivity of Eustache Dauger, and of another perfectly harmless valet and victim was the mere automatic result of the "red tape" of the old French absolute monarchy. These wretches were caught in the toils of the system, and suffered to no purpose, for no crime. The two men, especially Dauger, were mere supernumeraries in the obscure intrigue of a conspirator known as Roux de Marsilly.

This truly abominable tragedy of Roux de Marsilly is "another story," and cannot here be narrated. It must suffice to say that, in 1669, while Charles II. was negotiating the famous or infamous secret treaty with Louis XIV.—the treaty of alliance against Holland, and in favour of the restoration of Roman Catholicism in England—Roux de Marsilly, a French Huguenot, was treating with Arlington and others, perhaps with Buckingham, in favour of a Protestant league against France. How far, how deeply, the English Ministers and Charles II. were involved in the matter is uncertain. Their position, when Marsilly was kidnapped on Swiss soil, and carried to the Bastille, in May 1669, became extremely delicate. Marsilly had been subsidised by Arlington, had been admitted to many interviews with him, had been a more or less accredited agent of England, and now lay in the Bastille under a capital charge of conspiring against the life of Louis XIV. Our ambassador in France, Lord Montague, betrayed Marsilly, as far as in him lay, told all that he knew; and the wretch, protesting his innocence of murderous intentions, was executed with inhuman tortures (June 22, 1669).

When he started from England for Switzerland in February 1669, Marsilly left in London a valet, called by him "Martin," who had quitted his service and was living with his own family.

This man is the "Eustache Dauger" of our mystery. The French Government was anxious to lay hands on him, for he had certainly, as the letters of Marsilly prove, come and gone freely between that conspirator and his English employers. He might be privy to the strange double game which Charles II. had played with Louis XIV., and Arlington, on the other side, with Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, and Spain. If Dauger had any political secrets, they were secrets which—compromising Arlington and Buckingham, at least—were perilous to the relations of Charles II. and Louis XIV., and to that secret royal policy into which both French and English statesmen were tardily and reluctantly initiated by the two kings. How much Dauger knew, what amount of mischief he could effect, was uncertain. Much or little, it was a matter which, strange to say, caused the greatest anxiety to Louis XIV. and to his Ministers for very many years. Probably long before Dauger died (the date is unknown, but it was more than twenty-five years after Marsilly's execution), his secret, if secret he possessed, had ceased to be of importance. But he was in the toils of the French red tape, the system of secrecy which never released its victim. He was guarded, we shall see, with such unheard-of rigour, that popular fancy took him for some great, perhaps royal, personage.

Marsilly was publicly tortured to death in Paris on June 22. By July 19 his ex-valet, Dauger, had entered on his mysterious term of captivity. How the French got possession of him, whether he yielded to cajolery, or was betrayed by Charles II., is uncertain. The French Ambassador at St. James's, Colbert (brother of the celebrated Minister), writes thus to M. de Lyonne, in Paris, on July 1, 1669 :¹ "Monsieur Joly has spoken to the man Martin" (Dauger), "and has really persuaded him that, by going to France and telling all that he knows against Roux, he will play the part of a lad of honour and a good subject."

But Martin, after all, was *not* persuaded!

Martin replied to Joly that *he knew nothing at all*, and that,

¹ Transcripts from Paris. MSS. vol. xxxiii. Record Office.

once in France, people would think he was well acquainted with the traffickings of Roux, *and so he would be kept in prison to make him divulge what he did not know.*" The possible Man in the Iron Mask did not know his own secret! But, later in the conversation, Martin foolishly admitted that he knew a great deal; perhaps he did this out of mere fatal vanity. Cross to France, however, he would not, even when offered a safe conduct and promise of reward. Colbert therefore proposes to ask Charles to surrender the valet, and probably Charles descended to the meanness. By July 19, at all events, Louvois, the War Minister of Louis XIV., was bidding Saint-Mars, at Pignerol in Piedmont, expect from Dunkirk a prisoner of the very highest importance—a valet! This valet, now called "Eustache Dauger," can only have been our Martin, who, by one means or another, had been brought from England to Dunkirk. It is hardly conceivable that when a valet is "wanted" by the French police on July 1, for political reasons, and when, by July 19 they have caught a valet of extreme political importance, the two valets should be two different men. Martin must be Dauger.

Here, then, by July 19, 1669, we find our unhappy serving-man in the toils. Why was he to be handled with such mysterious rigour? It is true that State prisoners of very little account were kept with great secrecy. But it cannot well be argued that they were treated with the extraordinary precautions which, in the case of Dauger, were not relaxed for twenty-five or thirty years. The King says, according to Louvois, that the safety of Dauger is "of the last importance to his Service." He must have intercourse with nobody. His windows must be where nobody can pass; several bolted doors must cut him off from the sound of human voices. Saint-Mars himself, the commandant, must feed the valet daily. "*You must never, under any pretence, listen to what he may wish to tell you. You must threaten him with death if he speaks one word except about his actual needs. He is only a valet, and does not need much furniture.*"

Saint-Mars replied that, in presence of M. de Vauroy, the chief officer of Dunkirk (who himself carried Dauger to Pignerol) he had threatened to run Dauger through the body if he ever dared to speak, even to Saint-Mars. He has mentioned this prisoner, he says, to no mortal. People believe that Dauger is a marshal of France, so strange and unusual are the precautions taken for his security.

A marshal of France! The legend has begun. At this time (1669) Saint-Mars had in charge Fouquet, the great fallen Minister, the richest and most dangerous subject of Louis XIV. By-and-bye he also held Lauzun, the adventurous wooer of la Grande Mademoiselle. But it was the valet, Dauger, that caused "sensation."

On February 20, 1672, Saint-Mars, for the sake of economy, wished to use Dauger as valet to Lauzun. In the opinion of Saint-Mars, Dauger did not want to be released, "would never ask to be set free." Then why was he so anxiously guarded? Louvois refused to let Dauger be put with Lauzun as valet. In 1675, however, he allowed Dauger to act as valet to Fouquet, but with Lauzun Dauger must have no intercourse. Fouquet had then another prisoner valet, La Rivière. This man had apparently been accused of no crime. He was of a melancholy character, and a dropsical habit of body: Fouquet had amused himself by doctoring him and teaching him to read. In the month of December 1678, Saint-Mars, the commandant of the prison, brought to Fouquet a sealed letter from Louvois, the seal unbroken. His own reply was also to be sealed, and not to be seen by Saint-Mars. Louvois wrote that the King wished to know one thing, before giving Fouquet ampler liberty. Had his valet, Eustache Dauger, told his other valet, La Rivière, what he had done before coming to Pignerol: (*de ce à quoi il a été employé auparavant que d'être à Pignerol*) "His Majesty bids me ask you this question, and expects, that you will answer without considering anything but the truth, that he may know what measures to take," these depending on whether Dauger has, or has not, told La Rivière the story of

his past life.¹ Moreover, Lauzun was never, said Louvois, to be allowed to enter Fouquet's room when Dauger was present. The humorous point is that, thanks to a hole dug in the wall between his room and Fouquet's, Lauzun saw Dauger whenever he pleased.

From the letter of Louvois to Fouquet, about Dauger (December 23, 1678), it is plain that Louis XIV. had no more pressing anxiety than to conceal *what it was that Eustache Dauger had done*. It is apparent that Saint-Mars himself either was unacquainted with this secret, or was supposed by Louvois and the King to be unaware of it. He had been ordered never to allow Dauger to tell him: he was not to see the letters on the subject between Lauzun and Fouquet. We still do not know, and never shall know, whether Dauger himself knew his own secret, or whether (as he had anticipated) he was locked up for not divulging what he did not know.

The answer of Fouquet to Louvois must have satisfied Louis that Dauger had not imparted his secret to the other valet, La Rivière. Fouquet was therefore allowed a great deal of liberty in 1679, might see his family, the officers of the garrison, and Lauzun—it being provided that Lauzun and Dauger should never meet. In March 1680, Fouquet died, and henceforth the two valets were most rigorously guarded; Dauger, because he was supposed to know something; La Rivière, because Dauger might have imparted the real or fancied secret to him. We shall return to these poor serving-men, but here it is necessary to state that, ten months before the death of their master, Fouquet, an important new captive had been brought to the prison of Pignerol.

This captive was Count Mattioli, the secretary of the Duke of Mantua. He was kidnapped on Italian soil on May 2, 1679, and hurried to the mountain fortress of Pignerol, then on French ground. His offence was the betraying of the secret negotiations for the cession of the town and fortress of Casal,

¹ Lair, *Nicolas Fouquet*, ii. pp. 463, 464.

by the Duke of Mantua, to Louis XIV. The disappearance of Mattioli was, of course, known to the world, the cause of his *enlèvement*, and the place of his captivity, Pignerol, were matters of newspaper comment at least as early as 1687. There was thus no mystery, at the time, about Mattioli; his crime and punishment were perfectly well known to students of politics. He has been regarded as the mysterious Man in the Iron Mask, but, for years after his arrest he was the least mysterious of State prisoners. Here, then, is Mattioli in Pignerol in May 1679. While Fouquet enjoyed relative freedom, while Lauzun schemed escapes or made insulting love to Mademoiselle Fouquet, Mattioli lived on the bread and water of affliction. He was threatened with torture to make him deliver up some papers compromising to Louis XIV. It was expressly commanded that he should have nothing beyond the barest necessaries of life. He was to be kept *dans la dure prison*. In brief, he was used no better than the meanest of prisoners. The awful life of isolation, without employment, without books, without writing materials, without sight or sound of man save when Saint-Mars or his lieutenant brought food for the day, drove captives mad. In January 1680 two prisoners, a monk and one Dubreuil had become insane. By February 14, 1680, Mattioli was daily conversing with God and his angels. "I believe his brain is turned," says Saint-Mars. In March, as we saw, Fouquet died. The prisoners, not counting Lauzun (released soon after), were five: (1) Mattioli (mad); (2) Dubreuil (mad); (3) The monk (mad); (4) Dauger, and (5) La Rivière. These two, being employed as valets, kept their wits. On the death of Fouquet, Louvois wrote to Saint-Mars about the two valets. Lauzun must be made to believe that they had been set at liberty, but, in fact, they must be most carefully guarded *in a single chamber*. They were shut up in one of the dungeons of the "Tour d'en bas." Dauger had done something as to which Louvois writes: "Let me know how Dauger can possibly have done what you tell me, and how he got the necessary drugs, as I

cannot suppose that you supplied him with them" (July 10, 1680).¹

Here, then, by July 1680, are the two valets locked in one dungeon of the "Tour d'en bas." By September Saint-Mars had placed Mattioli, with the mad monk, in another chamber of the same tower. "Mattioli is almost as mad as the monk," who arose from bed and preached naked. Mattioli behaved so rudely and violently that the lieutenant of Saint-Mars had to show him a whip, and threaten him with a flogging. This had its effect. Mattioli, to make his peace, offered a valuable ring to Blainvilliers. The ring was kept to be restored to him, if ever Louis let him go free—a contingency mentioned more than once in the correspondence.

Apparently Mattioli now sobered down, and probably was given a separate chamber and a valet. By May 1681 Dauger and La Rivière still occupied their common chamber in the "Tour d'en bas." They were regarded by Louvois as the most important of the five prisoners then at Pignerol. They, not Mattioli, were the captives about whose safe and secret keeping Louis and Louvois were most anxious. This appears from a letter of Louvois to Saint-Mars, of May 12, 1681. "The gaoler, Saint-Mars, is to be promoted from Pignerol to Exiles. Thither," says Louvois, "the king desires to transport *such of your prisoners as he thinks too important to have in other hands than yours.*" These prisoners are "*the two in the low chamber of the tower,*" the two valets, Dauger and La Rivière.

From a letter of Saint-Mars (June 1681) we know that Mattioli was not one of these. He says: "I shall keep at Exiles two birds (*merles*) whom I have here: they are only known as *the gentry of the low room in the tower; Mattioli may stay on here at Pignerol with the other prisoners*" (Dubreuil and the mad monk).

Now, mountains of argument have been built on these words *deux merles*, "two gaol-birds." One of the two, we shall see, became the source of the legend of the Man in the Iron

¹ Lair, *Nicolas Fouquet*, ii. pp. 476, 477.

Mask. "How can a wretched gaol-bird (*merle*) have been the Mask?" asks M. Topin. "The rogue's whole furniture and table-linen were sold for £1 19s. He only got a new suit of clothes every three years." All very true; but this gaol-bird and his mate, by the direct statement of Louvois, are "the prisoners too important to be entrusted to other hands than yours"—the hands of Saint-Mars—while Mattioli is so unimportant that he may be left at Pignerol under Villebois.

The truth is, that the offence and the punishment of Mattioli were known to, or surmised by, European diplomatists. Casal, moreover, at this time was openly ceded to Louis XIV., and Mattioli could not have told the world more than it already knew. But, for some inscrutable reason, the secret which Dauger knew, or was suspected of knowing, became more and more a source of anxiety to Louvois and Louis. What can he have known? The charges against his master, Roux de Marsilly, had been publicly proclaimed. Twelve years had passed since the dealings of Arlington with Marsilly. Yet, Louvois became more and more nervous.

In accordance with commands of his, on March 2, 1682, the two valets, who had hitherto occupied one chamber, at Pignerol and at Exiles, were cut off from all communication with each other. Says Saint-Mars, "Since receiving your letter I have warded the pair as strictly and exactly as I did M. Fouquet, and M. Lauzun, who cannot brag that he sent out or received any intelligence. Night and day two sentinels watch their tower; and my own windows command a view of the sentinels. Nobody speaks to my captives but myself, my lieutenant, their confessor, and the doctor, who lives eighteen miles away, and only sees them when I am present." Years went by; on January 1687 one of the two captives died; we really do not know which. However, the intensified secrecy with which the survivor was now guarded seems more appropriate to Dauger; and M. Funck-Brentano and M. Lair have no doubt that it was La Rivière who expired. He was dropsical, and the dead prisoner died of dropsy.

As for the strange secrecy as to Dauger, here is an example. Saint-Mars, in January 1687, was appointed to the fortress of the Isles Sainte Marguerite, that sun themselves in the bay of Cannes. On January 20 he asks leave to go to see his little kingdom. He must leave Dauger, but *has forbidden even his lieutenant to speak to that prisoner*. This was an increase of precaution since 1682. He wishes to take the captive to the Isles, but how? A sedan chair covered over with oilcloth seems best. A litter might break down, litters often did, and some one might then see the passenger. Now M. Funck-Brentano says, to minimise the importance of Dauger, "he was shut up like so much luggage in a chair hermetically closed with oilcloth, carried by eight Piedmontese in relays of four."

Luggage is not usually carried in hermetically sealed sedan chairs, but Saint-Mars has explained why, by surplus of precaution, he did not use a litter. The litter might break down and Dauger might be seen. A new prison was built specially, at the cost of 5000 livres, for Dauger at Sainte Marguerite, with large sunny rooms. On May 3, 1687, Saint-Mars had entered on his island realm, Dauger being nearly killed by twelve days journey in a closed chair. He excited the utmost curiosity. On January 8, 1688, Saint-Mars writes that his prisoner is believed by the world to be either a son of Oliver Cromwell, or the Duc de Beaufort, who was never seen again after a night battle in Crete, on June 25, 1669, just before Dauger was arrested. Saint-Mars sent in a note of the *total* of Dauger's expenses for the year 1687. He actually did not dare to send the *items*, he says, lest they, if the bill fell into the wrong hands, might reveal too much!

Meanwhile, an Italian news-letter, copied into a Leyden paper, of August 1687, declared that Mattioli had just been brought from Pignerol to Sainte Marguerite. There was no mystery about Mattioli, the story of his capture was published, but the press, on one point, was in error; Mattioli was still at Pignerol. The known advent of the late Commandant of Pignerol, Saint-Mars, with a single concealed prisoner, at the

island, naturally suggested the erroneous idea that the prisoner was Mattioli. The prisoner was really Dauger.

From 1688 to 1691 no letter about Dauger has been published. Apparently he was the only prisoner on the island, except one Chézut, who was there before Dauger arrived, and gave up his chamber to Dauger while the new cells were being built. Between 1689 and 1693 six Protestant preachers were brought to the island. Louvois, the Minister, died in 1691, and was succeeded by Barbezieux. On August 13, 1691, Barbezieux wrote to ask Saint-Mars about "the prisoner whom he had guarded for twenty years." The only such prisoner was Dauger, who entered Pignerol in August 1669. Saint-Mars replied: "I can assure you that *nobody has seen him but myself.*"

By the beginning of March 1694, Pignerol had been bombarded by the enemies of France; presently Louis XIV. had to cede it to Savoy. The prisoners there must be removed. Mattioli, in Pignerol, at the end of 1693, had been in trouble. He and his valet had tried to smuggle out letters written on the linings of their pockets. These were seized and burned. On March 20, 1694, Barbezieux wrote to Laprade, now commanding at Pignerol, that he must take his three prisoners, one by one, with all secrecy, to Sainte Marguerite. Laprade alone must give them their food on the journey. The military officer of the escort was warned to ask no questions. Already (February 26, 1694) Barbezieux had informed Saint-Mars that these prisoners were coming. "They are of more consequence, one of them at least, than the prisoners on the island, and must be put in the safest places." The "one" is doubtless Mattioli. In 1681 Louvois had thought Dauger and La Rivière more important than Mattioli, who, in March 1694, came from Pignerol to Sainte Marguerite. But in April 1694 a prisoner died at the island, a prisoner who, like Mattioli, *had a valet.* We hear of no other prisoner on the island who had a valet. A letter of Saint-Mars (January 6, 1696) proves that no prisoner then had a valet

for each prisoner collected his own dirty plates and dishes, piled them up, and handed them to the lieutenant.

Mr. Funck-Brentano argues that in this very letter (January 6, 1696) Saint-Mars speaks of "les valets de messieurs les prisonniers." But, in *that* part of the letter Saint-Mars is giving reminiscences of Fouquet and Lauzun, who, of course, had valets, and had money, as he shows. Dauger had no money. M. Funck-Brentano next argues that early in 1694 one of the preacher prisoners, Melzac, died, and cites M. Jung ("La Vérité sur le Masque de Fer," p. 91). This is odd, as M. Jung says that Melzac, or Malzac, *died in the end of 1692, or early in 1693*. Why, then, does M. Funck-Brentano cite M. Jung for the death of the preacher early in 1694, when M. Jung (conjecturally) dates his decease at least a year earlier?¹ It is hardly a conjecture, as, on March 3, 1693, Barbezieux begs Saint-Mars to mention his Protestant prisoners under nicknames. There are *three*, and Malzac is not one of them. Malzac, in 1692, suffered from a horrible disease, discreditable to one of the godly, and in October 1692 had been allowed medical expenses. Whether they included a valet or not, Malzac seems to have been non-existent by March 1693. Had he possessed a valet, and had he died in 1694, why should *his* valet have been "shut up in the vaulted prison"? This was the fate of the valet of the prisoner (Mattioli?) who died in April 1694.

Mattioli, then, had a valet in December 1693, at Pignerol. He went to Sainte Marguerite in March 1694. In April 1694 a prisoner with a valet died at Sainte Marguerite. In January 1696 no prisoner at Sainte Marguerite had a valet. Therefore,

¹ M. Funck-Brentano's statement is in *Révue Historique*, lvi. p. 298. "Malzac died at the beginning of 1694," citing Jung, p. 91. Now on p. 91 M. Jung writes, "At the beginning of 1694 Saint-Mars had six prisoners, of whom one, Melzac, dies." But M. Jung (pp. 269, 270) later writes, "It is probable that Melzac died at the end of 1692, or early in 1693," and he gives his reasons. M. Funck-Brentano must have overlooked M. Jung's change of opinion between his p. 91 and his pp. 269, 270.

there is a strong presumption that the "prisonnier au valet," who died in April 1694 was Mattioli.

After December 1693, when he was still at Pignerol, the name of Mattioli, freely used before, never occurs in the correspondence. But we often hear of "l'ancien prisonnier," "the old prisoner." He was, on the face of it, Dauger, by far the oldest prisoner. In 1688, Saint-Mars having only one prisoner (Dauger), calls him merely "my prisoner." In 1691, when Saint-Mars had several prisoners, Barbezieux styles Dauger "your prisoner of twenty years' standing." When, in 1696-1698, Saint-Mars mentions "mon ancien prisonnier," "my prisoner of long standing," he may obviously mean Dauger, not Mattioli—above all, if Mattioli died in 1694. M. Funck-Brentano argues that "mon ancien prisonnier" can only mean "my erstwhile prisoner, he who was lost and is restored to me"—that is, Mattioli. This is not the view of M. Jung, or M. Lair, or M. Loiseleur.

Friends of Mattioli's claims rest much on this letter of Barbezieux to Saint-Mars (November 17, 1697), "You have only to watch over the security of all your prisoners, *without ever explaining to any one what it is that your prisoner of long standing did.*" That secret, it is argued, *must* apply to Mattioli. But all the world knew what Mattioli had done! Nobody knew, and nobody knows, what Eustache Dauger had done. It was one of the *arcana imperii*. Saint-Mars (1669) was not to ask. Louis XIV. could only lighten the captivity of Fouquet (1679) if his valet, La Rivière, did not know what Dauger had done. La Rivière (apparently a harmless man) lived and died in confinement, the sole reason being that he might know what Dauger had done. Consequently there is the strongest presumption that the *ancien prisonnier* of 1697 is Dauger, and that "what he had done (which Saint-Mars must tell to no one) was what Dauger did," not what Mattioli did. All Europe knew what Mattioli had done.

On July 19, 1698, Barbezieux bade Saint-Mars come to assume the command of the Bastille. He is to bring his "old

prisoner," whom not a soul is to see. Saint-Mars therefore brought his man *masked*, exactly like another prisoner carried from Provence to the Bastille in 1695. M. Funck-Brentano argues that Saint-Mars was now quite fond of his old Mattioli, so noble, so learned.

At last, on September 18, 1698, Saint-Mars lodged his "old prisoner" in the Bastille, "an old prisoner whom he had at Pignerol," says the journal of du Jonca, Lieutenant of the Bastille. His food was brought him by Rosarges alone, the "Major," a gentleman who had always been with Saint-Mars. Argues M. Funck-Brentano, all this proves that the captive was a gentleman, not a valet. Why? First, because the Bastille, under Louis XIV. was "une prison de distinction." Yet M. Funck-Brentano tells us that in Mazarin's time "valets mixed up with royal plots" were kept in the Bastille. Yet, in 1701, in this "noble prison," the Mask was turned out of his room to make place for a female fortune-teller, and was obliged to chum with a profligate valet of nineteen, and a "beggarly" pro-Boer, who "blamed the conduct of France, and approved that of other nations, especially the Dutch." M. Funck-Brentano himself publishes these facts (1898), in part published earlier (1890) by M. Lair. Not much *noblesse* here! Next, if Rosarges, a gentleman, served the Mask, Saint-Mars alone (1669) carried his food to Dauger. So the service of Rosarges does not ennoble the Mask and differentiate him from Dauger, who was even more nobly served, by Saint-Mars.

On November 19, 1703, the Mask died suddenly, and was buried on the 20th. The parish register of the church names him "Marchialy or Marchioly," one may read it either way. Du Jonca, the Lieutenant of the Bastille, in his contemporary journal, calls him "Mr. de Marchiel." Now, Saint-Mars often spells Mattioli, "Marthioly."

This is the real strength of the argument for Mattioli's claims to the Mask. M. Lair replies, "Saint-Mars had a mania for burying prisoners under fancy names," and gives

examples. One is only a gardener, François Eliard (1701), concerning whom it is expressly said that, as he is a State prisoner, his real name is not to be given, so he is registered as Pierre Maret (others read *Navet*, "Peter Potato"). If Saint-Mars, looking about for a false name for Dauger's burial register, hit on *Marsilly* (the name of Dauger's old master), that *might* be miswritten *Marchioly*. However it be, the age of the Mask is certainly falsified; the register gives "about forty-five years old." Mattioli was sixty-three; Dauger cannot have been under fifty-three.

There the case stands. If Mattioli died in April 1694, he cannot be the Man in the Iron Mask. Of Dauger's death we find no record, unless he was the Man in the Iron Mask. He was certainly, in 1669 and 1680, at Pignerol and at Sainte Marguerite, the centre of the mystery about some great prisoner, a Marshal of France, the Duc de Beaufort, or a son of Oliver Cromwell. Mattioli was no mystery, no secret. Dauger is so mysterious that probably the secret of his mystery was unknown to himself. By 1701, when obscure wretches were shut up with the Mask, the secret, whatever its nature, had ceased to be of moment. The captive was now the mere victim of cruel routine. But twenty years earlier, Saint-Mars had said that Dauger "takes things easily, resigned to the will of God and the King."

A. LANG.

MAGIC

I BELIEVE in the practice and philosophy of what we have agreed to call magic, in what I must call the evocation of spirits, though I do not know what they are, in the power of creating magical illusions, in the visions of truth in the depths of the mind when the eyes are closed; and I believe in three doctrines, which have, as I think, been handed down from early times, and been the foundations of nearly all magical practices. These doctrines are :

(1) That the borders of our minds are ever shifting, and that many minds can flow into one another, as it were, and create or reveal a single mind, a single energy.

(2) That the borders of our memories are as shifting, and that our memories are a part of one great memory, the memory of nature herself.

(3) That this great mind and great memory can be evoked by symbols.

I often think I would put this belief in magic from me if I could, for I have come to see or to imagine, in men and women, in houses, in handicrafts, in nearly all sights and sounds, a certain evil, a certain ugliness, that comes from the slow perishing through the centuries of a quality of mind that made this belief and its evidences common over the world.

II

Some ten or twelve years ago, a man with whom I have since quarrelled for sound reasons; a very singular man who had given his life to studies other men despised, asked me and an acquaintance, who is now dead, to witness a magical work. He lived a little way from London, and on the way my acquaintance told me that he did not believe in magic, but that a novel of Bulwer Lytton's had taken such a hold upon his imagination that he was going to give much of his time and all his thought to magic. He longed to believe in it, and had studied, though not learnedly, geomancy, astrology, chiromancy, and much cabalistic symbolism, and yet doubted if the soul outlived the body. He awaited the magical work full of scepticism. He expected nothing more than an air of romance, an illusion as of the stage, that might capture the consenting imagination for an hour. The evoker of spirits and his beautiful wife received us in a little house, on the edge of some kind of garden or park belonging to an eccentric rich man, whose curiosities he arranged and dusted, and he made his evocation in a long room that had a raised place on the floor at one end, a kind of dais, but was furnished meagrely and cheaply. I sat with my acquaintance in the middle of the room, and the evoker of spirits on the dais, and his wife between us and him. He held a wooden mace in his hand, and turning to a tablet of many coloured squares, with a number on each of the squares, that stood near him on a chair, he repeated a form of words. Almost at once my imagination began to move of itself and to bring before me vivid images that, though never too vivid to be imagination, as I had always understood it, had yet a motion of their own, a life I could not change or shape. I remember seeing a number of white figures, and wondering whether their mitred heads had been suggested by the mitred head of the mace, and then, of a sudden, the image of my acquaintance in the midst of them. I told what I had seen, and the evoker of spirits cried in a

deep voice, "Let him be blotted out," and as he said it the image of my acquaintance vanished, and the evoker of spirits or his wife saw a man dressed in black with a curious square cap standing among the white figures. It was my acquaintance, the seeress said, as he had been in a past life, the life that had moulded his present, and that life would now unfold before us. I too seemed to see the man with a strange vividness. The story unfolded itself chiefly before the mind's eye of the seeress, but sometimes I saw what she described before I heard her description. She thought the man in black was perhaps a Fleming of the sixteenth century, and I could see him pass along narrow streets till he came to a narrow door with some rusty ironwork above it. He went in, and wishing to find out how far we had one vision among us, I kept silent when I saw a dead body lying upon a table within the door. The seeress described him going down a long hall and up into what she thought a pulpit, and beginning to speak. She said, "He is a clergyman, I can hear his words. They sound like low Dutch." Then after a little silence, "No, I am wrong. I can see the listeners; he is a doctor lecturing among his pupils." I said, "Do you see anything near the door?" and she said, "Yes, I see a subject for dissection." Then we saw him go out again into the narrow streets, I following the story of the seeress, sometimes merely following her words, but sometimes seeing for myself. My acquaintance saw nothing; I think he was forbidden to see, it being his own life, and I think could not in any case. His imagination had no will of its own. Presently the man in black went into a house with two gables facing the road, and up some stairs into a room where a hump-backed woman gave him a key; and then along a corridor, and down some stairs into a large cellar full of retorts and strange vessels of all kinds. Here he seemed to stay a long while, and one saw him eating bread that he took down from a shelf. The evoker of spirits and the seeress began to speculate about the man's character and habits, and decided, from a visionary impression, that his mind was absorbed in naturalism, but

that his imagination had been excited by stories of the marvels wrought by magic in past times, and that he was trying to copy them by naturalistic means. Presently one of them saw him go to a vessel that stood over a slow fire, and take out of the vessel a thing wrapped up in numberless cloths, which he partly unwrapped, showing at length what looked like the image of a man made by somebody who could not model. The evoker of spirits said that the man in black was trying to make flesh by chemical means, and though he had not succeeded, his brooding had drawn so many evil spirits about him, that the image was partly alive. He could see it moving a little where it lay upon a table. At that moment I heard something like little squeals, but kept silent, as when I saw the dead body. In a moment more the seeress said, "I hear little squeals." Then the evoker of spirits heard them, but said, "They are not squeals; he is pouring a red liquid out of a retort through a slit in the cloth; the slit is over the mouth of the image and the liquid is gurgling in rather a curious way." Weeks seemed to pass by hurriedly, and somebody saw the man still busy in his cellar. Then more weeks seemed to pass, and now we saw him lying sick in a room upstairs, and a man in a conical cap standing beside him. We could see the image too. It was in the cellar, but now it could move feebly about the floor. I saw fainter images of the image passing continually from where it crawled to the man in his bed, and I asked the evoker of spirits what they were. He said, "They are the images of his terror." Presently the man in the conical cap began to speak, but who heard him I cannot remember. He made the sick man get out of bed and walk, leaning upon him, and in much terror till they came to the cellar. There the man in the conical cap made some symbol over the image, which fell back as if asleep, and putting a knife into the other's hand he said, "I have taken from it the magical life, but you must take from it the life that you gave." Somebody saw the sick man stoop and sever the head of the image from its body, and then fall as if he had given himself a mortal

wound, for he had filled it with his own life. And then the vision changed and fluttered, and he was lying sick again in the room upstairs. He seemed to lie there a long time with the man in the conical cap watching beside him, and then, I cannot remember how, the evoker of spirits discovered that though he would in part recover, he would never be well, and that the story had got abroad in the town and shattered his good name. His pupils had left him and men avoided him. He was accursed. He was a magician.

The story was finished, and I looked at my acquaintance. He was white and awestruck. He said, as nearly as I can remember, "All my life I have seen myself in dreams making a man by some means like that. When I was a child I was always thinking out contrivances for galvanising a corpse into life." Presently he said, "Perhaps my bad health in this life comes from that experiment." I asked if he had read "Frankenstein," and he answered that he had. He was the only one of us who had, and he had taken no part in the vision.

III

Then I asked to have some past life of mine revealed, and a new evocation was made before the tablet full of little squares. I cannot remember so well who saw this or that detail, for now I was interested in little but the vision itself. I had come to a conclusion about the method. I knew that a vision may be in part common to several people.

A man in chain armour passed through a castle door, and the seeress noticed with surprise the bareness and rudeness of the castle rooms. There was nothing of the magnificence or the pageantry she had expected. The man came to a large hall and to a little chapel opening out of it, where a ceremony was taking place. There were six girls dressed in white, who took from the altar some yellow object—I thought it was gold, for though, like my acquaintance, I was told not to see, I could not help seeing. Somebody else thought that it was yellow flowers, and I think the girls, though I cannot remember

clearly, laid it between the man's hands. He went out after a time, and as he passed through the great hall one of us, I forget who, noticed that he passed over two gravestones. Then the vision became broken, but presently he stood in a monk's habit among men-at-arms in the middle of a village reading from a parchment. He was calling villagers about him, and presently he and they and the men-at-arms took ship for some long voyage. The vision became broken again, and when we could see clearly they had come to what seemed the Holy Land. They had begun some kind of sacred labour among palm trees. The common men among them stood idle, but the gentlemen carried large stones, bringing them from certain directions, from the cardinal points I think, with a ceremonious formality. The evoker of spirits said they must be making some kind of masonic house. His mind, like the minds of so many students of these hidden things, was always running on masonry and discovering it in strange places.

We broke the vision that we might have supper, breaking it with some form of words which I forget. When supper had ended the seeress cried out that while we had been eating they had been building, and they had built not a masonic house but a great stone cross. And now they had all gone away but the man who had been in chain armour and two monks we had not noticed before. He was standing against the cross, his feet upon two stone rests a little above the ground, and his arms spread out. He seemed to stand there all day, but when night came he went to a little cell, that was beside two other cells. I think they were like the cells I have seen in the Arran Islands, but I cannot be certain. Many days seemed to pass, and all day every day he stood upon the cross and we never saw anybody there but him and the two monks. Many years seemed to pass, making the vision flutter like a drift of leaves before our eyes, and he grew old and white-haired, and we saw the two monks, old and white-haired, holding him upon the cross. I asked the evoker of spirits why the man stood there, and before he had time to answer I saw two people, a man

and a woman, rising like a dream within a dream, before the eyes of the man upon the cross. The evoker of spirits saw them too, and said that one of them held up his arms and they were without hands. I thought of the two gravestones the man in chain-mail had passed over in the great hall when he came out of the chapel, and asked the evoker of spirits if the knight was undergoing a penance for violence, and while I was asking him, and he was saying that it might be so but he did not know, the vision, having completed its circle, vanished.

It had not, so far as I could see, the personal significance of the other vision, but it was certainly strange and beautiful, though I alone seemed to see its beauty. Who was it that made the story, if it were but a story? I did not, and the seeress did not, and the evoker of spirits did not and could not. It arose in three minds, for I cannot remember my acquaintance taking any part, and it rose without confusion, and without labour, except the labour of keeping the mind's eye awake, and more swiftly than any pen could have written it out. It may be, as Blake said of one of his poems, that the author was in eternity. In coming years I was to see and hear of many such visions, and though I was not to be convinced, though half convinced once or twice, that they were old lives, in an ordinary sense of the word life, I was to learn that they have almost always some quite definite relation to dominant moods and moulding events in this life. They are, perhaps, in most cases, though the vision I have but just described was not, it seems, among the cases, symbolical histories of these moods and events, or rather symbolical shadows of the impulses that have made them, messages as it were out of the ancestral being of the questioner.

At the time these two visions meant little more to me, if I can remember my feeling at the time, than a proof of the supremacy of imagination, of the power of many minds to become one, overpowering one another by spoken words and by unspoken thought till they have become a single intense, unhesitating energy. One mind was doubtless the master, I

thought, but all the minds gave a little, creating or revealing for a moment what I must call a supernatural artist.

IV

Some years afterwards I was staying with some friends in Paris. I had got up before breakfast and gone out to buy a newspaper. I had noticed the servant, a girl who had come from the country some years before, laying the table for breakfast. As I had passed her I had been telling myself one of those long foolish tales which one tells only to oneself. If something had happened that had not happened, I would have hurt my arm, I thought. I saw myself with my arm in a sling in the middle of some childish adventures. I returned with the newspaper and met my host and hostess in the door. The moment they saw me they cried out, "Why, the *bonne* has just told us you had your arm in a sling. We thought something must have happened to you last night, that you had been run over maybe"—or some such words. I had been dining out at the other end of Paris, and had come in after everybody had gone to bed. I had cast my imagination so strongly upon the servant that she had seen it and with what had appeared to be more than the mind's eye.

One afternoon, about the same time, I was thinking very intently of a certain fellow student for whom I had a message, which I hesitated about writing. In a couple of days I got a letter from a place some hundreds of miles away where that student was. On the afternoon when I had been thinking so intently I had suddenly appeared there amid a crowd of people in a hotel and as seeming solid as if in the flesh. My fellow student had seen me but no one else, and had asked me to come again when the people had gone. I had vanished but had come again in the middle of the night and given the message. I myself had no knowledge of casting an imagination upon one so far away.

I could tell of stranger images, of stranger enchantments, of stranger imaginations, cast consciously or unconsciously

over as great distances by friends or by myself were it not that the greater energies of the mind seldom break forth but when the deeps are loosened. They break forth amid events too private or too sacred for public speech, or seem themselves, I know not why, to belong to hidden things. I have written of these breakings forth, these loosenings of the deep, with some care and some detail, but I shall keep my record shut. After all, one can but bear witness less to convince him who won't believe than to protect him who does, as Blake puts it, enduring unbelief and misbelief and ridicule as best one may. I shall be content to show that past times have believed as I do, by quoting Joseph Glanvill's description of the Scholar Gipsy. Joseph Glanvill is dead, and will not mind unbelief and misbelief and ridicule.

The Scholar Gipsy, too, is dead, unless indeed perfectly wise magicians can live till it please them to die, and he is wandering somewhere, even if one cannot see him, as Arnold imagined, "at some lone ale-house in the Berkshire moors, on the warm ingle-bench" or "crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock Hithe," "trailing his fingers in the cool stream," or "giving store of flowers—the frail-leaf'd white anemone, dark hare-bells drenched with dew of summer eves," to the girls "who from the distant hamlets come to dance around the Fyfield elm in May," or "sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown," living on through time "with a free onward impulse." This is Joseph Glanvill's story :

There was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford who, being of very pregnant and ready parts and yet wanting the encouragement of preferment, was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there, and to cast himself upon the wide world for a livelihood. Now his necessities growing daily on him, and wanting the help of friends to relieve him, he was at last forced to join himself to a company of vagabond gypsies, whom occasionally he met with, and to follow their trade for a maintenance. . . . After he had been a pretty while well exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars, who had formerly been of his acquaintance. The scholar had quickly spied out these old friends among the gypsies, and their amazement to see him among such society had well nigh discovered him; but by a sign he prevented them

owning him before that crew, and taking one of them aside privately, desired him with his friend to go to an inn, not far distant, promising there to come to them. They accordingly went thither and he follows: after their first salutation his friends inquire how he came to lead so odd a life as that was, and so joined himself into such a beggarly company. The scholar gypsy having given them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life, told them that the people he went with were not such impostors as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them and could do wonders by the power of the imagination, and that himself had learned much of their art and improved it further than themselves could. And to evince the truth of what he told them, he said he'd remove into another room, leaving them to discourse together; and upon his return tell them the sense of what they had talked of; which accordingly he performed, giving them a full account of what had passed between them in his absence. The scholars being amazed at so unexpected a discovery, earnestly desired him to unriddle the mystery. In which he gave them satisfaction, by telling them that what he did was by the power of imagination, his phantasy leading theirs; and that himself had dictated to them the discourse they had held together while he was from them; that there were warrantable ways of heightening the imagination to that pitch as to bend another's, and that when he had compassed the whole secret some parts of which he was yet ignorant of, he intended to leave their company and give the world an account of what he had learned.

If all who have described events like this have not dreamed, we should rewrite our histories, for all men, certainly all imaginative men, must be for ever casting forth enchantments, glammers, illusions; and all men, especially tranquil men who have no powerful egotistic life, must be continually passing under their power. Our most elaborate thoughts, elaborate purposes, precise emotions, are often, as I think, not really ours, but have on a sudden come up, as it were, out of hell or down out of heaven. The historian should remember, should he not? angels and devils not less than kings and soldiers, and plotters and thinkers. What matter if the angel or devil, as indeed certain old writers believed, first wrapped itself with an organised shape in some man's imagination, what matter "if God himself only acts or is in existing beings or men," as Blake believed, we must none the less admit that invisible beings, far wandering influences, shapes that may have floated from a hermit of the wilderness, brood over council chambers

and studies and battle-fields. We should never be certain that it was not some woman treading in the wine-press who began that subtle change in men's minds, that powerful movement of thought and imagination about which so many Germans have written; or that the passion, because of which so many countries were given to the sword, did not begin in the mind of some shepherd boy, lighting up his eyes for a moment before it ran upon its way.

V

We cannot doubt that barbaric people receive such influences more visibly and obviously, and in all likelihood more easily and fully than we do, for our life in cities, which deafens or kills the passive meditative life, and our education that enlarges the separated, self-moving mind, have made our souls less sensitive. Our souls that were once naked to the winds of heaven are now thickly clad, and have learned to build a house and light a fire upon its hearth, and shut to the doors and windows. The winds can, indeed, make us draw near to the fire, or can even lift the carpet and whistle under the door, but they could do worse out on the plains long ago. A certain learned man, quoted by Mr. Lang in his "Making of Religion," contends that the memories of primitive man and his thoughts of distant places must have had the intensity of hallucination, because there was nothing in his mind to draw his attention away from them—an explanation that does not seem to me complete—and Mr. Lang goes on to quote certain travellers to prove that savages live always on the edges of vision. One Laplander who wished to become a Christian, and thought visions but heathenish, confessed to a traveller, to whom he had given a minute account of many distant events, read doubtless in that traveller's mind, "that he knew not how to make use of his eyes, since things altogether distant were present to them." I myself could find in one district in Galway but one man who had not seen what I can but call spirits, and he was in his dotage. "There is no man mowing

a meadow but sees them at one time or another," said a man in a different district.

If I can unintentionally cast a glamour, an enchantment, over persons of our own time who have lived for years in great cities, there is no reason to doubt that men could cast intentionally a far stronger enchantment, a far stronger glamour over the more sensitive people of ancient times, or that men can still do so where the old order of life remains unbroken. Why should not the Scholar Gipsy cast his spell over his friends? Why should not St. Patrick, or him of whom the story was first told, pass his enemies, he and all his clerics, as a herd of deer? Why should not enchanters like him in the "Morte d'Arthur" make troops of horse seem but grey stones? Why should not the Roman soldiers, though they came of a civilisation which was ceasing to be sensitive to these things, have trembled for a moment before the enchantments of the Druids of Mona? Why should not the Jesuit father, or the Count Saint Germain, or whoever the tale was first told of, have really seemed to leave the city in a coach and four by all the Twelve Gates at once? Why should not Moses and the enchanters of Pharaoh have made their staffs as the medicine men of many primitive peoples make their pieces of old rope seem like devouring serpents? Why should not that mediæval enchanter have made summer and all its blossoms seem to break forth in middle winter?

May we not learn some day to rewrite our histories, when they touch upon these things too?

Men who are imaginative writers to-day may well have preferred to influence the imagination of others more directly in past times. Instead of learning their craft with paper and a pen they may have sat for hours imagining themselves to be stocks and stones and beasts of the wood till the images were so vivid that the passers-by became but a part of the imagination of the dreamer, and wept or laughed or ran away as he would have them. Have not poetry and music arisen, as it seems, out of the sounds the enchanters made to help their imagination to

enchant, to charm, to bind with a spell themselves and the passers-by? These very words, a chief part of all praises of music or poetry, still cry to us their origin. And just as the musician and the poet enchants and charms and binds with a spell his own mind when he would enchant the mind of others, so did the enchanter create or reveal for himself as well as for others the supernatural artist or genius, the seeming transitory mind made out of many minds, whose work I saw, or thought I saw, in that suburban house. He kept the doors too, as it seems, of those less transitory minds, the genius of the family, the genius of the tribe, or it may be when he was mighty souled enough, the genius of the world. Our history speaks of opinions and discoveries, but in ancient times when, as I think, men had their eyes ever upon those doors, history spoke of commandments and revelations. They looked as carefully and as patiently towards Sinai and its thunders as we look towards parliaments and laboratories. We are always praising men in whom the individual life has come to perfection, but they were always praising the one mind, their foundation of all perfection.

VI

I once saw a young Irish woman, fresh from a convent school, cast into a profound trance, though not by a method known to any hypnotist. In her waking state she thought the apple of Eve was the kind of apple you can buy at the green-grocer's, but in her trance she saw the Tree of Life with ever sighing souls moving in its branches instead of sap, and among its leaves all the fowl of the air, and on its highest bough one white fowl bearing a crown. When I went home I took a translation of "The Book of Concealed Mystery" from the shelf, and cutting the pages came upon this passage, which I cannot think I had ever read: "The Tree, . . . is the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and of Evil . . . in its branches the birds lodge and build their nests, the souls and the angels have their place."

I once saw a young Church of Ireland man, a bank clerk in

the west of Ireland, thrown in a like trance. I have no doubt that he, too, was quite certain that the apple of Eve was a greengrocer's apple, and yet he saw the tree and heard the souls sighing through its branches, and saw apples with human faces, and laying his ear to an apple heard a sound as of fighting hosts within. Presently he strayed from the tree and came to the edge of Eden, and there he found himself not by the wilderness he had learned of at the Sunday school, but upon the summit of a great mountain, of a mountain "two miles high." The whole summit, in contradiction to all that would have seemed probable to his waking mind, was a great walled garden. Some years afterwards I found a mediæval diagram, which pictured Eden as a walled garden upon a high mountain.

Where did these intricate symbols come from? Neither I nor the one or two people present or the seers had ever seen, I am convinced, the description in "The Book of Concealed Mystery," or the mediæval diagram. Remember that the images appeared in a moment perfect in all their complexity. If one can imagine that the seers or that I myself or another had indeed read of these images and forgotten it, that the supernatural artist's knowledge of what was in our buried memories accounted for these visions, there are numberless other visions to account for. One cannot go on believing in improbable knowledge for ever. For instance, I find in my diary that on December 27, 1897, a seer, to whom I had given a certain old Irish symbol, saw Brigit, the goddess, holding out "a glittering and wriggling serpent," and yet I feel certain that neither I nor he knew anything of her association with the serpent until "Carmina Gadelica" was published a few months ago. And an old Irish woman who can neither read nor write has described to me a woman dressed like Dian, with helmet, and short skirt and sandals, and what seemed to be buskins. Why, too, among all the countless stories of visions that I have gathered in Ireland, or that a friend has gathered for me, are there none that mix the dress of different

periods? The seers when they are but speaking from tradition will mix everything together, and speak of Finn mac Cool going to the Assizes at Cork. Mr. Lang, who is more pre-occupied with scientific proofs than I am, tells of a crystal gazer of his acquaintance whose vision was corroborated by historical documents unknown at the time of the vision. Almost every one who has ever busied himself with such matters has found like examples. They are as yet too little classified, too little analysed, to convince the stranger, but some of them are proof enough for those they have happened to, proof that there is a memory of nature that reveals events and symbols of distant centuries. Mystics of many countries and many centuries have spoken of this memory; and the honest men and charlatans, who keep the magical traditions which will some day be studied as a part of folk lore, base most that is of importance in their claims upon this memory. I have read of it in Paracelsus and in some Indian book that describes the people of past days as still living within it, "Thinking the thought and doing the deed." And I have found it in the prophetic books of William Blake, who calls its images "the bright sculptures of Los's Halls"; and says that all events, "all love stories," renew themselves from those images. It is perhaps well that so few believe in it, for if many did many would go out of parliaments and universities and libraries and run into the wilderness to so waste the body, and to so hush the unquiet mind that, still living, they might pass the doors the dead pass daily; for who among the wise would trouble himself with making laws or in writing history or in weighing the earth if the things of eternity seemed ready to hand?

VII

I find in my diary of magical events for 1899 that I awoke at 3 P.M. out of a nightmare, and imagined one symbol to prevent its recurrence, and imagined another, a simple geometrical form, which calls up dreams of luxuriant vegetable life, that I might have pleasant dreams. I imagined it faintly,

being very sleepy, and went to sleep. I had confused dreams which seemed to have no relation with the symbol. I awoke about eight, having for the time forgotten both nightmare and symbol. Presently I dozed off again and began half to dream and half to see, as one does between sleep and waking, enormous flowers and grapes. I awoke and recognised that what I had dreamed or seen was the kind of thing appropriate to the symbol before I remembered having used it. I find another record, though made some time after the event, of having imagined over the head of a person, who was a little of a seer, a combined symbol of elemental air and elemental water. This person, who did not know what symbol I was using, saw a pigeon flying with a lobster in his bill. I find that on December 13, 1898, I used a certain star-shaped symbol with a seeress, getting her to look at it intently before she began seeing. She saw a rough stone house and in the middle of the house the skull of a horse. I find that I had used the same symbol a few days before with a seer, and that he had seen a rough stone house, and in the middle of the house something under a cloth marked with the Hammer of Thor. He had lifted the cloth and discovered a skeleton of gold with teeth of diamonds, and eyes of some unknown dim precious stones. I had made a note to this last vision, pointing out that we had been using a Solar symbol a little earlier. Solar symbols often call up visions of gold and precious stones. I do not give these examples to prove my arguments, but to illustrate them. I know that my examples will awaken in all who have not met the like, or who are not on other grounds inclined towards my arguments, a most natural incredulity. It was long before I myself would admit an inherent power in symbols, for it long seemed to me that one could account for everything by the power of one imagination over another, telepathy as it is called with that separation of knowledge and life, of word and emotion, which is the sterility of scientific speech. The symbol seemed powerful, I thought, merely because we thought it powerful, and we would do just as well without it. In those

days I used symbols made with some ingenuity instead of merely imagining them. I used to give them to the person I was experimenting with, and tell him to hold them to his forehead without looking at them; and sometimes I made a mistake. I learned from these mistakes that if I did not myself imagine the symbol, in which case he would have a mixed vision, it was the symbol I gave by mistake that produced the vision. Then I met with a seer who could say to me, "I have a vision of a square pond, but I can see your thought, and you expect me to see an oblong pond," or, "The symbol you are imagining has made me see a woman holding a crystal, but it was a moonlight sea I should have seen." I discovered that the symbol hardly ever failed to call up its typical scene, its typical event, its typical person, but that I could practically never call up, no matter how vividly I imagined it, the particular scene, the particular event, the particular person I had in my own mind, and that when I could, the two visions rose side by side.

I cannot now think symbols less than the greatest of all powers whether they are used consciously by the masters of magic, or half unconsciously by their successors, the poet, the musician and the artist. At first I tried to distinguish between symbols and symbols, between what I called inherent symbols and arbitrary symbols, but the distinction has come to mean little or nothing. Whether their power has arisen out of themselves, or whether it has an arbitrary origin, matters little, for they act, as I believe, because the great memory associates them with certain events and moods and persons. Whatever the passions of man have gathered about, becomes a symbol in the great memory, and in the hands of him who has the secret, it is a worker of wonders, a caller-up of angels or of devils. The symbols are of all kinds, for everything in heaven or earth has its association, momentous or trivial, in the great memory, and one never knows what forgotten events may have plunged it, like the toadstool and the ragweed, into the great passions. Knowledgeable men and women in

Ireland sometimes distinguish between the simples that work cures by some medical property in the herb, and those that do their work by magic. Such magical simples as the husk of the flax, water out of the fork of an elm tree, do their work, as I think, by awaking in the depths of the mind where it mingles with the great mind, and is enlarged by the great memory, some curative energy, some hypnotic command. They are not what we call faith cures, for they have been much used and successfully, the traditions of all lands affirm, over children and over animals, and to me they seem the only medicine that could have been committed safely to ancient hands. To pluck the wrong leaf would have been to go uncured, but, if one had eaten it, one might have been poisoned.

VIII

I have now described that belief in magic which has set me all but unwilling among those lean and fierce minds who are at war with their time, who cannot accept the days as they pass, simply and gladly; and I look at what I have written with some alarm, for I have told more of the ancient secret than many among my fellow students think it right to tell. I have come to believe so many strange things because of experience, that I see little reason to doubt the truth of many things that are beyond my experience; and it may be that there are beings who watch over that ancient secret, as all tradition affirms, and resent, and perhaps avenge, too fluent speech. They say in the Aran Islands that if you speak overmuch of the things of Faery your tongue becomes like a stone, and it seems to me, though doubtless naturalistic reason would call it Auto-suggestion or the like, that I have often felt my tongue become just so heavy and clumsy. More than once, too, as I wrote this very essay I have become uneasy, and have torn up some paragraph, not for any literary reason, but because some incident or some symbol that would perhaps have meant nothing to the reader, seemed, I know not why, to belong to hidden things. Yet I must write or be of no account to any

cause, good or evil; I must commit what merchandise of wisdom I have to this ship of written speech, and after all, I have many a time watched it put out to sea with not less alarm when all the speech was rhyme. We who write, we who bear witness, must often hear our hearts cry out against us, complaining because of their hidden things, and I know not but he who speaks of wisdom may not sometimes in the change that is coming upon the world, have to fear the anger of the people of Faery, whose country is the heart of the world—"The Land of the Living Heart." Who can keep always to the little pathway between speech and silence, where one meets none but discreet revelations? And surely, at whatever risk, we must cry out that imagination is always seeking to re-make the world according to the impulses and the patterns in that great Mind, and that great Memory? Can there be anything so important as to cry out that what we call romance, poetry, intellectual beauty, is the only signal that the supreme Enchanter, or some one in his councils, is speaking of what has been, and shall be again, in the consummation of time?

W. B. YEATS.

COMMEMORATION

I SAT by the granite pillar and sunlight fell
Where the sunlight fell of old,
And the hour was the hour my heart remembered well,
And the sermon rolled and rolled
As it used to roll when the place was still unhaunted
And the strangest tale in the world was still untold.

And I knew that of all this rushing of urgent sound
That I so clearly heard,
The green young forest of saplings clustered round
Was heeding not one word :
Their heads were bowed in a still serried patience
Such as an angel's breath could never have stirred.

For some were already away to the hazardous pitch,
Or lining the parapet wall,
And some were in glorious battle, or great and rich,
Or throned in a college hall :
And among the rest was one like my own young phantom
Dreaming forever beyond my utmost call.

“O Youth,” the preacher was crying, “deem not thou
Thy life is thine alone ;
Thou bearest the will of the ages, seeing how
They built thee bone by bone,

And within thy blood the Great Age sleeps sepulchred
Till thou and thine shall roll away the stone.

“Therefore the days are coming when thou shalt burn
 With passion whitely hot ;
Rest shall be rest no more ; thy feet shall spurn
 All that thy hand hath got ;
And One that is stronger shall gird thee, and lead thee
 swiftly
Whither, O heart of Youth, thou wouldest not.”

And the School passed ; and I saw the living and dead
 Set in their seats again,
And I longed to hear them speak of the word that was said,
 But I knew that I longed in vain.
And they stretched forth their hands, and the wind of the
 spirit took them
Lightly as drifted leaves on an endless plain.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XXVI

A BUSINESS CALL

“MY dear, isn't there something odd about Mr. Neeld?” Mrs. Iver put the question, her anxious charity struggling with a natural inquisitiveness.

“About Neeld? I don't know. Is there?” He did not so much as look up from his paper. “He's coming with us to Blent to-night, I suppose?”

“Yes. And he seems quite excited about that. And he was positively rude to Miss Swinkerton at lunch when she told him that Lady Tristram meant to give a ball next winter. I expect his nerves are out of order.”

Small wonder if they were, surely! Let us suppose Guy Fawkes' scheme not prematurely discovered, and one Member of a full House privy to it and awaiting the result. That Member's position would be very like Mr. Neeld's. Would he listen to the debate with attention? Could he answer questions with sedulous courtesy?

From the moment of his arrival Mr. Neeld had been plunged into the Tristram affair, and surrounded by people who were connected with it. But it must be admitted that he

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had it on his brain and saw it everywhere. For to-day it was not the leading topic of the neighbourhood, and Miss S.'s observation had been only by the way. The engagement was the topic, and only Neeld (or perhaps Mina Zabriská too, at Blent) insisted on digging up a hypothetical past and repeating, in retrospective rumination, that Harry Tristram might have been the lucky man. As for such an idea—well, Miss S. happened to know that there had never been anything in it; Janie Iver herself had told her so, she said. The question between Janie and Miss S., which this assertion raises, may be passed by without discussion.

He had met Gainsborough essaying a furtive entry into Blentmouth and heading towards the curiosity-shop—with a good excuse this time. It was Cecily's birthday, and the occasion, which was to be celebrated by a dinner-party, must be marked by a present also. Neeld went with the little gentleman, and they bought a bit of old Chelsea (which looked very young for its age). Coming out, Gainsborough sighted Mrs. Trumbler coming up High Street and Miss S. coming down it. He doubled up a side street to the churchyard, Neeld pursuing him at a more leisurely pace.

"It's positively worthy of a place at Blent—in the Long Gallery," panted Gainsborough, hugging his brown-paper-covered prize. "You'll be interested to see the changes we're making, Mr. Neeld. Cecily has begun to take an enormous interest in the house, and I—I'm settling down."

"You don't regret London ever?"

"I shall run up now and then. My duty is to my daughter. Of course her life is changed." He sighed, as he added, "We're getting quite used to that."

"She has come to love the place, I daresay?"

"Yes, yes. She's in very good spirits and quite happy in her position now, I think." He glanced over his shoulder. Miss S. was in sight. "Good-bye. So glad we shall see you to-night." He made his escape at a run. Neeld, having been interrogated at lunch already, was allowed to pass by with a lift of his hat.

Janie was very happy. She at least thought no more of that bygone episode. She asked no questions about Harry Tristram. He had dropped out of her life. He seemed to have dropped out of the life of the countryside too. That was strange anyhow, when it was remembered how large a local figure the young man had cut when Neeld came first to Fairholme; it was stranger still in view of what must soon be. The announcement of the engagement seemed to assume to write *Finis* to Harry as a factor in Blentmouth society. In that point of view the moment chosen for it was full of an unconscious irony. Janie would not have gone back to him now, and Neeld did not suspect her of any feeling which could have made that possible. It was merely odd that she should be putting an appropriate finish to a thing which in the meantime had been suddenly, absolutely, and radically undone. Neeld was loyal to his word; but none may know the terrible temptation he suffered; a nod, a wink, a hint, an ambiguity—anything would have given him some relief.

Harry was mentioned only once—in connection with his letter to Iver about the Arbitration. Iver was not inclined to let him go.

“He has great business ability. It’s a pity to waste his time. He can make money, Neeld.”

“Disney’s a good friend to have,” Neeld suggested.

“If he stays in, yes. But this thing won’t be popular.”

Neeld could maintain no interest in the conversation. It had to proceed all along on a baseless presumption, to deal with a state of things which did not exist. What might be wise for Harry—Harry-nothing-at-all—might be unwise for Tristram of Blent, and conversely.

“I must leave it to him,” Iver concluded. “But I shall tell him that I hope he won’t go. He’s got his way in the world to make first. He can try politics later on, if he likes.”

“No doubt you’re right,” murmured old Neeld, both uneasy and uninterested. He was feeling something of what he had experienced once before; he knew the truth and he had to

keep his friend in the dark. In those earlier days he had one confidant, one accomplice, in Mina Zabriska. The heavy secret was all his own to carry now.

As a consequence of his preoccupation Janie Iver found him rather unsympathetic, and with her usual candour she told him so.

"You don't really appreciate Bob," said she. "Nobody quite knows him except me. I didn't use to, but now I know what a strong character he has."

Unwontedly cynical thoughts rose in old Mr. Neeld. Had he come down to Fairholme to listen to the platitudes of virtuous love? Indeed he had come for no such thing. All young men have strong characters while they are engaged.

"And it's such a comfort to have a man one can lean upon," Janie pursued, looking, however, admirably capable of standing without extraneous support.

There it was again! She'd be calling him her "master" next—as the heroine does in the Third Act, to unflinching applause. What was all this to ears that listened for a whisper of Harry Tristram?

"The most delightful thing is," Janie pursued, "that our marriage is to make no change at all in his way of life. We're going to live at Mingham just as he has lived all his life—a real country life on a farm!" There was no hint that other ideals of existence had ever possessed an alluring charm; the high life with Harry, the broad and cosmopolitan life with the Major—where were they? "I've insisted on it, the one thing I've had my own way in."

Bob was being transmogrified into a Man of Iron, if not of Blood. Vainly Mr. Neeld consulted his memories.

"And Mingham's so bound up with it all. I used to go there with Mina Zabriska." She smiled in retrospect; it would have been pardonable if Neeld had smiled too. "I haven't seen her for ever so long," Janie added, "but she'll be at Blent to-night."

Ah, if he might give just the barest hint to Mina now!

"Bob isn't particularly fond of her, you see, so we don't meet much now. He thinks she's rather spiteful."

"Not at all," said Neeld, almost sharply. "She's a very intelligent woman."

"Oh yes, intelligent!" She said no more. If people did not agree with Bob—well, there it was.

Bob bore his idealisation very well. It was easy to foresee a happy and a remarkably equable married life. But the whole thing had no flavour for Mr. Neeld's palate, spoilt by the spices of Tristram vagaries. A decent show of friendliness was all he could muster. It was all that Iver himself seemed to expect; he was resigned but by no means exultant.

"The girl's very happy, and that's the thing. For myself—well, I've got most of the things I started to get, and if this isn't quite what I looked forward to— Well, you remember how things fell out?"

Neeld nodded. He remembered that very well.

"And, as I say, it's all very satisfactory." He shrugged his shoulders and relighted his cigar. He was decidedly a reasonable man, thought Neeld.

The evening came—Neeld had been impatient for it—and they drove over to Blent, where Bob was to meet them.

"It's a fine place for a girl to have," said Iver, stirred to a sudden sense of the beauty of the old house as it came into view.

They were all silent for a moment. Such a place to have, such a place to lose! Neeld heard Mrs. Iver sighing in her good-natured motherly fashion. But still Harry was not mentioned.

"And if they had a business man—with his head on his shoulders—to manage the estate, it'd be worth half as much again." This time it was Iver who sighed; the idea of anything not having all the money made out of it that could be made offended his instincts.

"She'll have a husband, dear," his wife reminded him.

"I wonder if Bob'll get there before we do," said Janie,

with the air of starting a subject of real interest in lieu of continuing idle talk.

The evening was hot and the hall-door of Blent stood open. Cecily was sitting in the hall, and came out to greet them. She seemed to Neeld to complete the picture as she stood there in her young fairness, graciously welcoming her guests. She was pale, but wore a gay air and did the honours with natural dignity. No sign of strangeness to the place, and no embarrassment, were visible.

"Oh, my dear, how you remind me of Lady Tristram!" good Mrs. Iver broke out.

Neeld pressed the girl's hand with a grip that she noticed; she looked at him in a sort of question and for a moment flushed a little.

"It's very kind of you to come," she said to him softly.

"How are you, Mr. Neeld?" The Imp had suddenly darted out from somewhere and was offering her hand. "I'm staying here, you know." And in a whisper she added. "That young man of Janie's has been here a quarter of an hour, and Cecily wasn't dressed, and I've had to talk to him. Oh, dear!" She had her hand on his arm and drew him apart. "Any news of Harry Tristram?" she whispered.

"Er—no—none."

Her quick eyes looked at him in suspicion; he had hesitated a little.

"You've seen him?" she asked.

"Just casually, Madame Zabriská."

She turned away with a peevish little pout. "Then you're not very interesting," she seemed to say. But Neeld forgave her: she had asked him about Harry. He could forgive more easily because he had deluded her.

Addie Tristram's picture was at one end of the dining-room now, and Cecily's place was under it.

"My first dinner-party! Although it's a small one," she said to Iver as she sat down.

"Your first at Blent?"

“The first anywhere—actually!” she laughed, and then grew thoughtful for a moment, glancing out into the dark and listening to the flap of a bat’s wings against the window.

“You’ll have plenty now,” said he, as he watched her admiringly. He forgot, man that he was, that girls do not find permanent happiness in dinner-parties.

It was evident that Neeld ought never to have come to Blent that evening. For the talk was of futures, and, out of deference to the young hostess, even more of hers than of the engaged couple’s. Theirs indeed was not provocative of discussion; if satisfactory, it was also obvious. Cecily’s opened more topics, and she herself was willing and seemed even eager to discuss it. She fell in with Mrs. Iver’s suggestion that she ought to be a centre of good works in the district, and in pursuance of this idea should accept the position of Patron to Miss Swinkerton’s complicated scheme of benevolence. She agreed with Iver that the affairs of the estate probably wanted overhauling and that a capable man should be engaged for the task, even at some expense. She professed herself ready to cooperate with Bob in protecting the fishing of the Blent. She was, in a word, very much the proprietor. It was difficult for Neeld to sit and hear all this. And opposite to him sat Mina Zabriska, rather silent and demure, but losing no chance of reminding him by a stealthy glance that this ordinary talk covered a remarkable situation—as indeed it did, but not of the precise nature that Mina supposed. Neeld felt as though he were behind the scenes of fate’s theatre, and he did not find the place comfortable. He saw the next tableau in preparation and had to ask himself what its effect would be on an unsuspecting audience. He came to the conclusion that foreknowledge was an attribute not likely to make human beings happy; it could not easily make terms with sympathy.

When dessert was on the table, Iver, true to his habits and traditions, felt that it was the occasion for a few friendly informal words; the birthday and the majority of young Lady Tristram demanded so much recognition. Admirably concise

and simple in ordinary conversation, he became, like so many of his countrymen, rather heavy and pompous when he got on his legs. Yet he made what everybody except Mina Zabriska considered a very appropriate little speech. Gainsborough grew quite enthusiastic over it; and Neeld thought it was wonderfully good (if it had not happened, of course, to be by force of circumstances an absurdity from beginning to end). Cecily was content to say, "Thank you," but her father could not refuse himself the privilege of reply; the reply was on her behalf but it was mainly about himself—also a not uncommon characteristic of after-dinner oratory. However he agreed with Iver that everything was for the best, and that they were entitled to congratulate their hostess and themselves on things at large. Then Neeld had a turn over the engagement (a subject dull but safe!) and the proceedings were stopped only by Bob Bradley's headlong flight when the question of his response arose.

"Thank goodness, that's over!" said Mina snappishly, as she stepped out into the garden, followed by Mr. Neeld. The rest went off to see the treasures of the Long Gallery. Mina turned to him with a quick question: "You saw Mr. Tristram, how is he?"

"Harry Tristram is quite well and in very good spirits. I never saw a man better in my life."

Mina was silent for a moment. Then she broke out: "I call it disgusting. He's in good spirits, and she's in good spirits, and—and there's an end of it, I suppose! The next thing will be——"

"It's not the end, if there's a next thing," Neeld suggested timidly.

"Oh, don't be tiresome. The next thing'll be some stupid girl for him and some idiot of a man for her. How I wish I'd never come to Merrion!"

"Don't despair; things may turn out better than you think."

"They can't," she declared fretfully. "I shall go away."

"What a pity! Miss Gainsborough—Lady Tristram, I mean—will miss you so much."

"Let her!" said the Imp ungraciously. "I've put myself out enough about the Tristrams."

Neeld forbore to remind her of the entirely voluntary nature of her sacrifices; after all he was not the man to throw stones on that account.

"Wait a few days anyhow," he urged her. "In a few days something must happen."

"A few days? Oh yes!" As a matter of fact she meant to stay all the winter. "She's started," she went on, with an irritated jerk of her head towards the Long Gallery, "putting all the things in different places and rearranging everything."

"I should imagine that Mr. Gainsborough's enjoying himself then?"

"She doesn't let him touch a thing," replied Mina with a fleeting smile. "He just stands about with a duster. That contents him well enough, though. Oh, yes, I shall go. The Broadleys won't care about me, and Cecily won't want me long."

Neeld could give real comfort only at the price of indiscretion. Moreover he was not at all sure that a disclosure of the truth would bring any comfort, for Mina wanted to be on both sides and to harmonise devotion to Cecily with zeal for Harry. Neeld did not quite see how this was to be done, since it was understood that as Harry would take nothing from Cecily, so Cecily would refuse anything from Harry.

"We must wait and see how it all turns out," said he.

"I hate people who say that," grumbled Mina disconsolately. "And I do think that the Ivers have grown extraordinarily stupid—caught it from Bob Broadley, I suppose."

When injustice springs not from judgment but from temper, it is not worth arguing against. Neeld held his tongue and they sat silent on the seat by the river, looking across to Merrion and hearing the voices of their friends through the open windows of the Long Gallery.

Presently there came to them through the stillness of the night the sound of wheels, not on the Blentmouth side, but up the valley, on the Mingham and Fillingford Road. The sound

ceased without the appearance of any vehicle, but it had reminded Neeld of the progress of time.

"It must be getting late," he said, rising. "I'll go and see if they think of starting home. Did you hear wheels on the road—towards the Pool?"

"Bob Broadley's cart coming for him, I suppose."

"No, I don't think so. He's going back to Fairholme with us. I heard him say so."

Mina was languidly indifferent, and Mr. Neeld trotted off into the house. Mina sat on, frowning at the idea that in a few minutes she would have to go in and say good-bye; for the voices came no more from the Long Gallery and she heard the guests laughing and chattering in the hall, as they prepared for departure. Suddenly she discerned the figure of a man coming into sight across the river. He walked slowly, as it seemed stealthily, till he came to the end of the footbridge. Then he halted and looked up at the house. It was gaily lighted. After waiting a moment the man turned back and disappeared up the road in the direction of Mingham. Mina rose and strolled to the bridge. She crossed it and looked up the road. She could make out dimly the stranger's retreating form.

She heard Cecily calling to her, and ran back to the house. A wonderful idea had come into her head, born of a vaguely familiar aspect that the bearing of the man had for her. But she laughed at it, telling herself that it was all nonsense; and as she joined in the talk and farewells it grew faint and was almost forgotten. Yet she whispered to old Neeld with a laugh:

"I saw a man on the road just now who looked rather like Harry. I couldn't see him properly, you know."

Neeld started and looked at her with obvious excitement. She repaid his stare with one of equal intensity.

"Why, you don't think——?" she began in amazement.

"Come, Neeld, we're waiting for you," cried Iver from the waggonette, while Bob, in irrepressible spirits, burst into song as he gathered up the reins. He had deposed the coachman and had Janie with him on the box.

They drove off, waving their hands and shouting good-night. Mina ran a little way after them and saw Neeld turning his head this way and that, as though he thought there might be something to see. When she returned she found Gainsborough saying good-night to his daughter; at the same time the lights in the Long Gallery were put out. Cecily slipped her arm through hers and they walked out again into the garden. After three or four minutes the waggonette, having made the necessary circuit to reach the carriage-bridge, drove by on the road across the river, with more waving of hands and shouts of good-night. An absolute stillness came as the noise of its wheels died away.

"I've got through that all right," said Cecily with a laugh, drawing her friend with her towards the bridge. "I suppose I shall be quite accustomed to it soon."

They went on to the bridge and halted in the middle of it, by a common impulse as it seemed.

"The sound of a river always says to me that it all doesn't matter much," Cecily went on, leaning on the parapet. "I believe that's been expressed more poetically!"

"It's great nonsense, however it's expressed," observed Mina scornfully.

"I sometimes feel as if it was true." Probably that Cecily thought that nobody—no girl—no girl in love—had ever had the feeling before. A delusive appearance of novelty is one of the most dangerous weapons of Cupid. But Mina was an experienced woman—had been married too!

"Don't talk stuff, my dear," she cried crossly. "And why are we standing on this horrid little bridge?"

She turned round; Cecily still gazed in melancholy abstraction into the stream. Cecily, then, faced down the valley, Mina looked up it; and at the moment the moon showed a quarter of her face and illuminated a streak of the Fillingford road.

The man was there. He was there again. The moonlight fell on his face. He smiled at Mina, pointed a hand towards Blentmouth, and smiled again. He seemed to mock the

ignorance of the vanished waggonette. Mina made no sign. He laid his fingers on his lips, and nodded slightly towards Cecily. The clouds covered the moon again, and there was no more on the Fillingford road than a black blotch on the deep grey of the night; even this vanished a moment after. And still Cecily gazed down into the Blent.

Presently she turned round. "I suppose we must go in," she said grudgingly. "It's getting rather chilly." They were both in low-cut frocks, and had come out without any wraps. With the intuition of a born schemer, Mina seized on the chance.

"Oh, it's so lovely!" she cried, with an apparently overwhelming enthusiasm for nature. "Too perfectly lovely! I'll run in and get some cloaks. Wait here till I come back, Cecily."

"Well, don't be long," said Cecily, crossing her bare arms with a little shiver,

Off the Imp ran, and vanished into the house. But she made no search for wraps. After a moment's hesitation in the hall, the deceitful creature ran into the library. All was dark there; a window was open and showed the bridge, with Cecily's figure on it, making a white blur in the darkness. Mina crouched on the window-sill and waited. The absolute unpardonableness of her conduct occurred to her; with a smile she dismissed the consideration. He—and she—who desires the end must needs put up with the means; it is all the easier when the means happen to be uncommonly thrilling.

Harry was humbled! That was the conclusion which shot through her mind. What else could his coming mean? If it meant less than that, it was mere cruelty. If it meant that—A keen pang of disappointment shot through her. It was the only way to what she desired, but it was not the way which she would have preferred him to tread. Yet because it was the only way, she wished—with the reservation that it would have been much better if could have happened in some other fashion. But anyhow the position, not to say her position, had every element of excitement. "Poor old Mr. Neeld!" she

murmured once. It was hard on him to miss this. At the moment Neeld was smiling over the ignorance in which he had been bound to keep her. It is never safe to suppose, however pleasant it may be to believe, that nobody is pitying us; either of his knowledge or of his ignorance some one is always at it.

She started violently and turned round. The butler was there, candle in hand.

"Is her ladyship still out, ma'am?" he asked, advancing. "I was going to lock up." He was hardly surprised to find her—they knew she was odd—and would not have shown it, if he had been.

"Oh, go to bed," she cried in a low voice. "We'll lock up. We don't want anything, anything at all."

"Very good. Good-night, ma'am."

What an escape! Suppose Cecily had seen her at the window!

But Cecily was not looking at the window. She moved to the far end of the bridge and stood gazing up towards Merrion, where one light twinkled in an upper room. Mina saw her stretch out her arms for a moment towards the sky. What had happened? It was impossible that he had gone away! Mina craned her head out of the window, looking and listening. Happen what might, be the end of it what it might, this situation was deliciously strong of the Tristrams. They were redeeming their characters; they had not settled down into the ordinary or been gulfed in the slough of the commonplace. Unexpected appearances and midnight interviews of sentimental moment were still to be hoped for from them. There was not yet an end of all.

He came; Mina saw his figure on the road, at first dimly, then with a sudden distinctness as a gleam of moonlight shone. He stood a little way up the road to Cecily's right. She did not see him yet, for she looked up to Merrion. He took a step forward, his tread sounding loud on the road. There was a sudden turn of Cecily's head. A moment's silence followed. He came up to her, holding out his hand. She drew back, shrinking from it. Laying her hands on the gate of the bridge

she seemed to set it as a fence between them. Her voice reached Mina's ears, low, yet as distinct as though she had been by her side, and full of a terrified alarm and a bitter reproach.

"You here! Oh, you promised, you promised!"

With a bound Mina's conscience awoke. She had heard what no ears save his had any right to hear. What if she were found? The conscience was not above asking that, but it was not below feeling an intolerable shame even without the discovery that it suggested as her punishment. Blushing red there in the dark, she slipped from the window-seat and groped her way to a chair. Here she flung herself down with a sob of excitement and emotion. He had promised. And the promise was broken in his coming.

Now she heard their steps on the path outside; they were walking towards the house. Telling herself that it was impossible for her to move now, for fear she should encounter them, she sank lower in her armchair.

"Well, where shall we go?" she heard Cecily ask in cold stiff tones.

"To the Long Gallery," said Harry.

The next moment old Mason the butler was in the room again, this time in great excitement.

"There's some one in the garden with her ladyship, ma'am," he cried. "I think—I think it's my lord!"

"Who?" asked Mina, sitting up, feigning to be calm and sleepy.

"Mr. Harry, I mean, ma'am."

"Oh! Well then, go and see."

The old man turned and went out into the hall.

"How are you, Mason?" she heard Harry say. "Her ladyship and I have some business to talk about. May I have a sandwich afterwards?"

There he was, spoiling the drama, in Mina's humble opinion! Who should think of sandwiches now?

"Do what Mr. Tristram says, Mason," said Cecily.

She heard them begin to mount the stairs. Jumping up she ran softly to the door and out into the hall. Mason stood

there with his candle, staring up after Cecily and Harry. He turned to Mina with a quizzical smile wrinkling his good-natured face.

"You'd think it a funny time for business, wouldn't you, ma'am?" he asked. He paused for a moment, stroking his chin. "Unless you'd happened to be in service twenty years with her late ladyship. Well, I'm glad to see him again, anyhow."

"What shall we do?" whispered Mina. "Are you going to bed, Mason?"

"Not me, ma'am. Why, I don't know what mayn't happen before the morning!" He shook his head in humorous commentary on those he had served. "But there's no call for you to sit up, ma'am."

"I'll thank you to mind your own business, Mason," said the Imp indignantly. "It would be most—most improper if I didn't sit up. Why, it's nearly midnight!"

"They won't think of that up there," said he.

The sound of a door slammed came from upstairs. Mina's eyes met Mason's for a moment by an involuntary impulse, then hastily turned away. It is an excellent thing to be out of the reach of temptation. The door was shut!

"Give me a candle here in the library," said Mina with all her dignity. And there, in the library, she sat down to wonder and to wait.

Mason went off after the sandwiches, smiling still. There was really nothing odd in it, when once you were accustomed to the family ways.

CHAPTER XXVII

BEFORE TRANSLATION

HARRY TRISTRAM had come back to Blent in the mood which belonged to the place as of old—the mood that claimed as his right what had become his by love, knew no scruples if only he could gain and keep it, was ready to play a bold game and take a great chance. He did not argue about what he was

going to do. He did not justify it, and perhaps could not. Yet to him what he purposed was so clearly the best thing that Cecily must be forced into it. She could not be forced by force; if he told her the truth, he would meet at the outset a resistance which he could not quell. He might encounter that after all, later on, in spite of a present success. That was the great risk he was determined to run. At the most there would be something gained; if she were and would be nothing else, she should and must at least be mistress of Blent. His imagination had set her in that place; his pride, no less than his love, demanded it for her. He had gone away once that she might have it. If need be, again he would go away. That stood for decision later.

She walked slowly to the end of the Long Gallery and sat down in the great arm-chair; it held its old position in spite of the changes which Harry noted with quick eyes and a suppressed smile as he followed her and set his candle on a table near. He lit two more from it and then turned to her. She was pale and defiant.

"Well," she said, "why are you here?"

She asked and he gave no excuse for the untimely hour of his visit and no explanation of it. It seemed a small, perhaps indeed a natural, thing to both of them.

"I'm here because I couldn't keep away," he answered gravely, standing before her.

"You promised to keep away. Can't you keep promises?"

"No, not such promises as that."

"And so you make my life impossible! You see this room, you see how I've changed it? I've been changing everything I could. Why? To forget you, to blot you out, to be rid of you. I've been bringing myself to take my place. To-night I seemed at last to be winning my way to it. Now you come. You gave me all this; why do you make it impossible to me?" A bright colour came on her cheeks now as she grew vehement in her reproaches, and her voice was intense, though low.

A luxury of joy swept over him as he listened. Every

taunt witnessed to his power, every reproach to her love. He played a trick indeed and a part, but there was no trick and no acting in so far as he was her lover. If that truth could not redeem his deception, it stifled all sense of guilt.

"And you were forgetting? You were getting rid of me?" he asked smiling and fixing his eyes on her.

"Perhaps. And now——!" She made a gesture of despair. "Tell me—why have you come?" Her tone changed to entreaty.

"I've come because I must be where you are, because I was mad to send you away before, mad not to come to you before, to think I could live without you, not to see that we two must be together; because you're everything to me." He had come nearer to her now and stood by her. "Ever since I went away I have seen you in this room, in that chair. I think it was your ghost only that came to town." He laughed a moment. "I wouldn't have the ghost. I didn't know why. Now I know. I wanted the you that was here—the real you as you had been on the night I went away. So I've come back to you. We're ourselves here, Cecily. We Tristrams are ourselves at Bient."

She had listened silently, her eyes on his. She seemed bewildered by the sudden rush of his passion and the enraptured eagerness of his words that made her own vehemence sound to her poor and thin. Pride had its share in her protest, love was the sole spring of his intensity. Yet she was puzzled by the victorious light in his eyes. What he said, what he came to do, was such a surrender as she had never hoped from him; and he triumphant in surrendering!

The thought flashed though her mind, troubling her and for the time hindering her joy in his confession. She did not trust him yet.

"I've had an offer made to me," he resumed, regaining his composure. "A sort of political post. If I accept it I shall have to leave England for a considerable time, almost immediately. That brought the thing to a point." Again he laughed. "It's important to you too; because if you say

no to me to-night, you'll be rid of me for ever so long. Your life won't be made impossible. I shouldn't come to Blent again."

"A post that would take you away?" she murmured.

"Yes. You'd be left here in peace. I've not come to blackmail you into loving me, Cecily. Yes, you shall be left in peace to move the furniture about." Glancing towards the table, he saw Mr. Gainsborough's birthday gift. He took it up, looked at it for a moment, and then replaced it. His manner was involuntarily expressive. Even if she brought that sort of thing to Blent—! He turned back at the sound of a little laugh from Cecily and found her eyes sparkling.

"Father's birthday present, Harry," said she.

Delighted with her mirth, he came to her, holding out his hands. She shook her head and leant back, looking at him.

"Sit as my mother did. You know. Yes, like that!" he cried.

She had obeyed him with a smile. Not to be denied now, he seized the hand that lay in her lap.

"A birthday! Yes, of course, you're twenty-one! Really mistress of it all now! And you don't know what to do with it, except spoil the arrangement of the furniture?"

She laughed low and luxuriously. "What am I to do with it?" she asked.

"Well, won't you give it all to me?" As he spoke he laughed and kissed her hand. "I've come to ask you for it. Here I am. I've come fortune-hunting to-night."

"It's all mine now, you say? Harry, take it without me."

"If I did, I'd burn it to the ground that it mightn't remind me of you."

"Yes, yes! That's what I've wanted to do!" she exclaimed, drawing her hand out of his and raising her arms a moment in the air. Addie Tristram's pose was gone, but Harry did not miss it now.

"Take it without you indeed! It's all for you and because of you."

"Really, really?" She grew grave. "Harry dear, for pity's sake tell me if you love me!"

"Haven't I told you?" he cried gaily. "Where are the poets? Oh, for some good quotations! I'm infernally unpoetical, I know. Is this it—that you're always before my eyes, always in my head, that you're terribly in the way, that when I've got anything worth thinking I think it to you, anything worth doing I do it to you, anything good to say I say it to you? Is this it, that I curse myself and curse you? Is this it, that I know myself only as your lover and that if I'm not that, then I seem nothing at all. I've never been in love before, but all that sounds rather like it."

"And you'll take Blent from me?"

"Yes, as the climax of all, I'll take Blent from you."

To her it seemed the climax, the thing she found hardest to believe, the best evidence for the truth of those extravagant words which sounded so sweet in her ears. Harry saw this, but he held on his way. Nay, now he himself forgot his trick, and could still have gone on had there been none, had he in truth been accepting Blent from her hands. Even at the price of pride he would have had her now.

She rose suddenly, and began to walk to and fro across the end of the room, while he stood by the table watching her.

"Well, isn't it time you said something to me?" he suggested with a smile.

"Give me time, Harry, give me time. The world's all changed to-night. You—yes, you came suddenly out of the darkness of the night"—she waved her hand towards the window—"and changed the world for me. How am I to believe it? And if I can believe it, what can I say? Let me alone for a minute, Harry dear."

He was well content to wait and watch. All time seemed before them, and how better could he fill it? He seemed himself to suffer in this hour a joyful transformation; to know better why men lived and loved to live, to reach out to the full strength and the full function of his being. The world changed for him as he changed it for her.

Twice and thrice she had paced the gallery before she came and stood opposite to him. She put her hands up to her throat, saying: "I'm stifled—stifled with happiness, Harry."

For answer he sprang forward and caught her in his arms. In the movement he brushed roughly against the table; there was a little crash, and poor Mr. Gainsborough's birthday gift lay smashed to bits on the floor. For the second time their love bore hard on Mr. Gainsborough's crockery. Startled they turned to look, and then they both broke into merry laughter. The trumpery thing had seemed a sign to them, and now the sign was broken. Their first kiss was mirthful over its destruction.

With a sigh of joy she disengaged herself from him.

"That's settled then," said Harry. He paused a moment. "You had Janie and Bob Broadley here to-night? I saw them as I lay hidden by the road. Does that kind of engagement attract you, Cecily?"

"Ours won't be like that," she said, laughing triumphantly.

"Don't let's have one at all," he suggested, coming near to her again. "Let's have no engagement. Just a wedding."

"What?" she cried.

"It must be a beastly time," he went on, "and all the talk there's been about us will make it more beastly still. Fancy Miss S. and all the rest of them! And—do you particularly want to wait? What I want is to be settled down here with you."

Her eyes sparkled as she listened; she was in the mood, she was of the stuff, for any adventure.

"I should like to run off with you now," said he. "I don't want to leave you at all, you see."

"Run off now?" She gave a joyful little laugh. "That's just what I should like!"

"Then we'll do it," he declared. "Well, to-morrow morning anyhow."

"Do you mean it?" she asked.

"Do you say no to it?"

She drew herself up with pride. "I say no to nothing that you ask of me."

Their hands met again as she declared her love and trust. "You've really come to me?" he heard her murmur. "Back to Blent and back to me?"

"Yes," he answered smiling. She had brought into his mind again the truth she did not know. He had no time to think of it, for she offered him her lips again. The moment when he might have told her thus went by. It was but an impulse; for he still loved what he was doing, and took delight in the risks of it. And he could not bear so to impair her joy. Soon she must know, but she should not yet be robbed of her joy that it was she who could bring him back to Blent. For him in his knowledge, for her in her ignorance, there was an added richness of pleasure that he would not throw away, even although now he believed that were the truth known she would come to him still. Must not that be, since now he, even he, would come to her, though the truth had been otherwise?

"There's a train from Fillingford at eight in the morning. I'm going back there to-night. I've got a fly waiting by the Pool—if the man hasn't gone to sleep and the horse run away. Will you meet me there? We'll go up to town and be married as soon as we can—the day after to-morrow, I suppose."

"And then ——?"

"Oh, then just come back here. We can go nowhere but here, Cecily."

"Just come back and ——?"

"And let them find it out, and talk, and talk, and talk!" he laughed.

"It would be delightful!" she cried.

"Nobody to know till it's done!"

"Yes, yes, I like it like that. Not father even, though?"

"You'll be gone before he's up. Leave a line for him."

"But I—I can't go alone with you."

"Why not?" asked Harry, seeming a trifle vexed.

"I'll tell you!" she cried. "Let's take Mina with us, Harry!"

He laughed; the Imp was the one person whose presence he was ready to endure. Indeed, there would perhaps be a piquancy in that.

"All right. An elopement made respectable by Mina!" He had a touch of scorn even for mitigated respectability.

"Shall we call her and tell her now?"

"Well, are you tired of this interview?"

"I don't know whether I want it to go on, or whether I must go and tell somebody about it."

"I shouldn't hesitate," smiled Harry.

"You? No. But I— Oh, Harry dear, I want to whisper my triumph."

"But we must be calm and business-like about it now."

"Yes!" She entered eagerly into the fun. "That'll puzzle Mina even more."

"We're not doing anything unusual," he insisted with affected gravity.

"No—not for our family at least."

"It's just the obvious thing to do."

"Oh, it's just the delicious thing too!" She almost danced in gaiety. "Let me call Mina. Do!"

"Not for a moment, as you love me! Give a moment more."

"Oh, Harry, there'll be no end to that!"

"I don't know why there should be."

"We should miss the train at Fillingford!"

"Ah, if it means that!"

"Or I shall come sleepy and ugly to it; and you'd leave me on the platform and go away!"

"Shout for Mina—now—without another word!"

"Oh, just one more," she pleaded, laughing.

"I can't promise to be moderate."

"Come, we'll go and find her. Give me your hand." She caught his hand in hers, and snatched the candle from the table. She held it high above her head, looking round the room and back to his eyes again. "My home now, because my love is here," she said. "Mine and yours, and yours and mine—and both the same thing, Harry, now."

He listened smiling. Yes, it would be the same thing now.

There they stood together for a moment, and together they sighed as they turned away. To them the room was sacred now, as it had always been beautiful; in it their love seemed to lie enshrined.

They went downstairs together full of merriment, the surface expression of their joy. "Look grave," he whispered, setting his face in a comical exaggeration of seriousness. Cecily tried to obey and tumbled into a gurgle of delight.

"I will directly," she gasped, as they came to the hall. Mason stood there waiting.

"I've put the sandwiches here, and the old brown, my lord."

Harry alone noticed the slip in his address—and Harry took no notice of it.

"I shall be glad to meet the old brown again," he said, smiling. Mason gave the pair a benevolent glance and withdrew to his quarters.

Mina strolled out of the library with an accidental air. Harry had sat down to his sandwiches and old brown. Cecily ran across to Mina and kissed her.

"We're going to be married!" she whispered. She had told it all in a sentence; yet she added: "Oh, I've such a heap of things to tell you, Mina!" Was not all that scene in the Long Gallery to be reproduced—doubtless only in a faint adumbration of its real glory, yet with a sense of recovering it and living it again?

"No?" cried Mina. "Oh, how splendid! Soon?"

Harry threw a quick glance at Cecily. She responded by assuming a demure calmness of demeanour.

"Not as soon as we could wish," said Harry, munching and sipping. "In fact, not before the day after to-morrow, I'm afraid, Madame Zabriská."

"The day after——?"

"What I have always hated is Government interference. Why can't I be married when I like? Why have I to get a

licence and all that nonsense? Why must I wait till the day after to-morrow?" He grew indignant.

"It's past twelve now; it is to-morrow," said Cecily.

"Quite so. As you suggest, Cecily, we could be married to-day but for these absurd restrictions. There's a train at eight from Fillingford——"

"You're going—both of you—by that?" Mina cried.

"I hope it suits you, because we want you to come with us, if you'll be so kind," said Harry.

"You see it would look just a little unusual if we went alone," added Cecily.

"And it's not going to look unusual anyhow? Are you mad? Or—or do you mean it?"

"Don't you think both may be true?" asked Harry. Cecily's gravity broke down. She kissed Mina again, laughing in an abandonment of exultation.

"Oh, you're both mad!"

"Not at all. You're judging us by the standard of your other engaged couple to-night."

"Did Mr. Neeld know anything about your coming?" Mina demanded, with a sudden recollection.

"Nothing at all. Did he say anything to you?" For a moment the glass of old brown halted on its way to his lips, and he glanced at Mina sharply.

"No. But when I asked him if he had seen you he looked—well, just rather funny."

The old brown resumed its progress. Harry was content.

"There's no better meal than fresh sandwiches and old brown," he observed. "You'll come with us, won't you, and keep Cecily company at the little house till we fix it up?"

Mina looked from one to the other in new amazement, with all her old excited pleasure in the Tristram ways. They did a thing—and they did not spoil it by explanations.

"And Mr. Gainsborough?" she asked.

"We're going to leave a note for father," smiled Cecily.

"You're always doing that," objected Mina.

"It seems rather an early train for Mr. Gainsborough," Harry suggested, laying down his napkin.

"Oh, why don't you tell me something about it?" cried Mina despairingly. "But it's true? The great thing's true anyhow, isn't it?"

"Well, what do you think I came down from town for?" inquired Harry.

"And why have we been so long in the Gallery, Mina?"

"You've given in then?" exclaimed the Imp, pointing a finger in triumph at Harry.

"Mina, how can you say a thing like that?"

"It looks as if it were true enough," admitted Harry. "Really I must go," he added. "I can't keep that fly all night. I shall see you in the morning, Madame Zabriska. Eight o'clock at Fillingford!"

"I'm really to go with you?" she gasped.

"Yes, yes, I thought all that was settled," said he, rather impatiently. "Bring a pretty frock. I want my wedding to be done handsomely—in a style that suits the wedding of—" He looked at Cecily—"of Lady Tristram of Blent."

"Cecily, it's not all a joke?"

"Yes!" cried Cecily. "All a delicious delicious joke. But we're going to be married."

After a moment's hesitation Mina came across to Harry, holding out her hands. "I'm glad, I'm so glad," she murmured, with a little catch in her voice.

He took her hands and pressed them; he looked at her very kindly, though he smiled still.

"Yes, it undoes all the mistakes, doesn't it?" he said. "At least I hope it will," he added the next moment with a laugh.

"It's really the only way to be married," declared Cecily.

"Well, for you people—for you extraordinary Tristrams—I daresay it is," said Mina.

"You'll come?" Cecily implored.

"She couldn't keep away," mocked Harry. "She's got to see the end of us."

"Yes, and our new beginning. Oh, what Blent's going to be, Mina! If you don't come with us now, we won't let you stay at Merrion."

"I'm coming," said Mina. Indeed she would not have stayed away. If she had needed further inducement the next moment supplied it.

"You're to be our only confidant," said Harry.

"Yes! Till it's all over, nobody's to know but you, Mina."

The Imp was hit on her weak spot. She was tremulously eager to go.

"Eight o'clock! Oh, can we be ready, Cecily?"

"Of course we shall be ready," said Cecily scornfully.

Harry had taken his hat from the table and came up to shake hands. He was imperturbably calm and business-like.

"Don't run it too fine," he said. "Good-night, Madame Zabriskä."

She gave him her hand and he held it for a moment. He grew a little grave, but there was still a twinkle in his eye.

"You're a good friend," he said. "I shall come on you again, if I want you, you know." He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"I don't know that I care much about anything except you two," stammered Mina.

He gripped her hand again. She seemed well paid. He held out his hand to Cecily. Mina understood.

"I shall be up a little while, Cecily. Come to me before you go to bed," she said; and she stood in the hall, watching them as they walked out together. There was joy in her heart—aye, and envy. The two brought tears to her eyes and struggled which should make the better claim to them. "But they do like me!" she said in a plaintive yet glad little cry, as she was left alone in the silent old hall.

So still was the night that a man might hear the voice of his heart and a girl the throb of hers. And they were alone; or only the friendly murmur of old Blent was with them,

seeming to whisper congratulations on their joy. Her arm was through his, very white on his sleeve, and she leant on him heavily.

"After tempests, dear," said he.

"There shall be no more, no more, Harry."

"Oh, I don't know that. I shall like you in them perhaps. And there may be one more anyhow."

"You're laughing, Harry?"

"Why, yes, at anything just now."

"Yes, at anything," she murmured. "I could laugh—or cry—at anything just now."

They came to the little bridge and passed on to it.

"We talked here the first evening," said she. "And how you puzzled me! It began for me then, dear Harry."

"Yes, and for me a little sooner—by the Pool for me. I was keeping you out of your own then."

"Never mine unless it could be yours too."

Fallen into silence again, they reached the road and, moved by the same instinct, turned to look back at Blent. The grip of her hand tightened on his arm.

"There's nothing that would make you leave me?" she whispered.

"Not you yourself, I think," said he.

"It's very wonderful," she breathed. "Listen! There's no sound. Yes, after tempests, Harry!"

"I am glad of it all," he said suddenly and in a louder tone. "I've been made a man, and I've found you, the woman for me. It was hard at the time, but I am glad of it. It has come and it has gone, and I'm glad of it."

He had spoken unwarily in saying it was gone. But she thought he spoke of his struggle only and his hesitation, not of their cause.

"You gave when you might have kept it; it is always yours, Harry. Oh, and what is it all now? No, no, it's something still. It's in us—in us both, I think."

He stopped on the road.

"Come no further. The fly's only a little way on, and

while I see you, I will see nobody else to-night. Till the morning, dearest—and you won't fail?"

"No, I won't fail. Should I fail to greet my first morning?"

He pushed the hair a little back from her forehead and kissed her brow.

"God do so unto me and more also if my love ever fails you," said he. "Kiss me as I kissed you. And so good-night."

She obeyed and let him go. Once and twice he looked back at her as he took his way and she stood still on the road. She heard his voice speaking to the flyman, the flyman's exhortation to his horse, the sounds of the wheels receding along the road. Then slowly she went back.

"This is what they mean," she murmured to herself. "This is what they mean." It was the joy past expression, the contentment past understanding. And all in one evening they had sprung up for her out of a barren thirsty land. Blent had never been beautiful before nor the river sparkled as it ran; youth was not known before, and beauty had been thrown away. The world was changed; and it was very wonderful.

When Cecily went in to her the Imp was packing; with critical care she stowed her smartest frock in the trunk.

"I must be up early and see about the carriage," she remarked. "I daresay Mason— But you're not listening, Cecily!"

"No, I wasn't listening," said Cecily, scorning apology or excuse.

"You people in love are very silly. That's the plain English of it," observed Mina loftily.

Cecily looked at her a minute, then stretched her arms and sighed in luxurious weariness. "I daresay that's the plain English of it," she admitted. "But, oh, how different it sounds before translation, dear!"

(To be concluded.)