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CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (APRIL).

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IS IT SHAKESPEARE?

IT has been too often forgotten by the holders of creeds that faith is not a fortress, but a camp on the march: a camp too, not of armed men, but of explorers. Till there is nothing more to know we must be moving continually forward, and an undertaking to show us that we are not on the right road is an offer of service, not an attack. We shall do well to accept it readily, but at the risk of the volunteer himself: he must first make trial of the path he recommends and take all the chances of discomfiture, tragical or ludicrous.

There is certainly plenty more to know about the Elizabethan age, and the old guides have not always proved trustworthy on points of detail. Still we have advanced, and the road through Stratford-on-Avon has seemed one of the plainest and the straightest to most of us. The world has paid little heed to those who cry that this is no road at all, that the highway goes in reality by St. Albans, that the sign-posts have been intentionally falsified these three hundred years past. Many an adventurer has plunged with a gallop down that phantom highway, and gone to pot in the end: and here comes another with the same feverish haste and volubility, the same readiness to rush in, the same heroic disregard of obstacles.

It can hardly be from lack of courage that the latest propounder of the question, "Is it Shakespeare?"[1] has concealed

[1] "Is It Shakespeare?" By A Graduate of Cambridge. John Murray. 1903.

his name from us: for he has in the pages of his book dealt with Elizabethan history and literature in such intimate detail as to expose his scholarship to the severest examination. The experts will doubtless be at him with their acid tests: we shall be glad to have their analysis in due course, but in the meantime one or two general remarks occur to us.

First, we would remind the readers and critics of this book, that as Science excludes prejudice, so also she knows no such terms as "profane" or "indecent." Argument, if it is to be at all, must be serious: serious not in the sense of non-humorous, for humour is a trenchant weapon too seldom used, but as being intently directed to carrying the point at issue. So long as the exploration is justified by its object, it may be done as the explorer can best do it, on foot, horse or wheel: if it is really worth while to clear the way at all we must not be afraid of spoiling the landscape or of cutting up the old roads. In our opinion, the authorship of the Shakespearean literature is certainly fit matter for argument: it follows that any serious argument on this matter should be sure of finding a publisher, and that so long as the parties to the argument are in earnest, neither should attempt to silence the other by an irrelevant cry that the moral reputations of the past or the religious feelings of the present are in danger. Those who, in the Shakespearean or any other cause, meet unorthodoxy or criticism with resentment instead of with a scientific examination, are justly suspected of being uncertain of their faith, and too often they add a prudishness which will only admit truth on condition that it be not naked. Such tempers are perhaps in the majority, and the author of the book before us has every reason to expect rough treatment at their hands, for it is hardly too much to say that in the way of reputations he has touched nothing that he has not torn.

This is a work then for the study and not for the drawing-room table. It is, moreover, one to be read with care, for it is written partly wrong way round and partly upside down, in order that the newest and most striking matter, or some of it,

may come first and cover the familiar assumption which forms the real backbone of the argument. The skeleton, if we may rearrange it, is something like this. William Shaksper, of Stratford-on-Avon, was a low-born fellow of no education, quite incapable of reading the classics, writing good English, moving in society or entering into aristocratic views of life. Further, his morality, though imperfect, was imperfect after the normal way, the way of a man with a maid. Francis Bacon, on the other hand, was well born, well educated, intimate with the highest persons in the State, aristocratic in habit and feeling. Moreover, and this is here made an indispensable qualification for the authorship of the Sonnets, he was the kind of incarnate devil known as an "Italianate Englishman," with a taste for vice of the abnormal kind. From these premises two conclusions are drawn; first, that "Shaksper" did not write the Sonnets; secondly, that Bacon did.

One part of this argument is old and has been answered again and again. Probably nine Baconians out of ten derive their opinion mainly from a feeling that the man who on Ben Jonson's testimony had "small Latin and less Greek," could not have written the passages whose learning they admire. They allow nothing for genius: they do not know how much classical knowledge was acquired, for instance, by Tennyson (and still more by Keats) after leaving school; they forget that the creator of "Soldiers Three" was never in the army, that the writer of "McAndrew's Hymn" was not bred up a marine engineer. Moreover, in their eagerness to make the most of their case they minimise absurdly the possible sum of education obtainable at Stratford in the latter half of the sixteenth century. This particular heresy has been fitted with a coffin, if not finally screwed down, by Mr. Churton Collins in the *Fortnightly Review* for April, and we need not consider it further.

The other part of the argument is, however, new: so new that it has not yet had time to reach Mr. Arthur Atkinson in New Zealand, and is consequently not touched upon in the

contrast drawn by him, on a later page of this REVIEW, between the characters of Bacon and Shakespeare. That contrast is so striking and so vital that it must, we believe, in default of direct evidence for their case of a kind hardly imaginable, always prove fatal to the Baconians before any competent jury. Our Graduate of Cambridge knows the difficulty well, and his method of getting round it, though inconsistent (he is often inconsistent), is certainly ingenious. The plays, in which the author has writ large his own character upon a vast and open page, do not help much in the required direction; they form, in fact, a very embarrassing record. They are accordingly treated somewhat cavalierly as the *joint* product of Bacon, the learned, aristocratic and poetical partner, and of Shakespeare, the play-broker, the gag-maker, the handy man, who lent his vulgar shoulders to bear in public the weight of a fame which would have been for various reasons dangerous to the real author.

So our attention is directed mainly to the Sonnets. The view of two well-known but erratic men of letters is first adopted—that the Sonnets contain a revelation of a particular crime, one according with what we know of Bacon's but not of Shakespeare's character. But this thread is tangled up with others: one of which consists of a string of facts and fancies offered as direct evidence that Bacon wrote and claimed to have written the Sonnets and the poems *Lucrece* and *Venus and Adonis;* another, slipped in after an interval of some two hundred pages from "the scandal," is nothing less audacious than the proposition that "as a matter of fact and evidence we may safely say that Francis Bacon, with all his faults, was a man of a higher, nobler, and diviner nature than William Shakespeare." This statement and the argument by which it is led up to, an argument for "a belief in the innocent and platonic character" of the Sonnets, are saved from appearing in their true light, as fatal to the whole inference drawn from Bacon's abnormal viciousness, by a delicately balanced pendulum of inconsistencies, swinging

from talk of sowing "wild oats" to phrases which "exclude the grosser view," and back again to more talk about "the conventions of the age for a courtier." The situation may be cleared up thus: Bacon was criminally vicious, the Sonnets are criminally vicious, therefore Bacon wrote the Sonnets: but it is highly desirable to consider the Sonnets and even Bacon (if possible) as entirely innocent, and we can do so if you will accept his authorship as proved by the *direct* evidence.

What is this direct evidence? Very mixed in character. We will select two examples, the weakest and the strongest. The weakest is perhaps the sonnet preserved in the Lambeth Archiepiscopal Library, written (in French) by one La Jessée about 1595 and addressed to Francis Bacon. It contains the line, "Bien que *vostre Pallas* me rende mieux instruite," which an unprejudiced reader might be excused for taking as a conventional tribute to Bacon's learning, and especially suitable in the case of one versed in statecraft and government. But no: "Pallas," it appears, "was *Hastivibrans*, a Shaker of the Spear or Lance," in the Greek mythology: and in one or two instances, on title-pages and dedications (but unfortunately not on the Sonnets) the name of the poet is spelt *Shake-speare*, with a hyphen. This, to a Graduate of Cambridge, is evidence that Bacon was generally known as Pallas, and translated himself, when dedicating poems, into Shake-speare. He backs it with other stuff of the same kind, including the opinion of an American named Edwards (author of a book on Butterflies!) to the effect that "the name Shakespeare is quite another, etymologically and orthographically, from Shagsper or Shakspere or Shaxpeyr or Shaxper." "It is not in evidence," this expert continues, "that any author lived in the reign of Elizabeth whose family and baptismal name was William Shakespeare or Shake-speare. There is no such historical man—no individual known who bore that name." No individual known to entomologists perhaps: but there is for the rest of us the individual known to the generation before Bacon as Mr. John Shakespeare, father of William, of Stratford-on-Avon, who

applied to the Herald's College for a grant, and for whom was tricked the famous coat of arms whose sole charge is the spear upon a bend. The drawing, with the name and the herald's manuscript notes as to the propriety of the grant, are still in existence. The same can hardly be said of Mr. Edwards, as an authority on historical sources.

Let us turn to the strongest piece of evidence, that set out at the beginning of our book, as most likely to take the reader by storm. *Lucrece* was dedicated by William Shakespeare to the Earl of Southampton with these words among others: "The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous moity." The first two lines of the poem begin with the words "From" and "Borne," so printed that the capital letters, F, R, and B, form a kind of set piece, which any one who wishes may believe to stand for FR. B(acon). This, in some perverse way, explains why the pamphlet is said to be "without beginning." It is also useful as an echo or fulfilment of two lines in Sonnet xxvi., which hitherto have made good sense enough in their context, but are now to be read as revealing "the very name of the hidden author." These two lines are

> Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
> Till then not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

How many of us have used the phrase "he can't show his head there again" without knowing its real meaning! "Head" means, we now learn, nothing like "face" or "person," but is purely and simply the equivalent of "monogram." Bacon "shows his head" when he prints his monogram at the beginning of *Lucrece*. Further, the "love without end" of the dedication is explained by another typographical curiosity, in two lines of the same poem: it is "without end" because the lines form the end of the poem, just as the pamphlet was "without beginning" because "Bacon's head" was at the beginning. The last stanza of *Lucrece* ends as follows:

The Romans plausibly did give con / sent
To Tarquin's everlasting ba / nishment

F / INIS

The transverse guiding line, and the separate spacing of the syllables are, of course, not in the original: they are not even, we grieve to learn, due to the ingenuity of a Graduate of Cambridge; they were made in Germany. Still we welcome them, they appeal to us, they are the kind of evidence we should expect. If Bacon was capable of the stupendous miracle of writing two masses of literary work mutually exclusive in character, he may well have thrown in a delicate allusion to the feat here and there. As a matter of fact—and this discovery is due to an Englishman, though only to a Graduate of Oxford—such cryptograms are freely scattered through the Sonnets. The one in Sonnet xxvi. is the only one we need give here: it is of special interest because it more than fulfils Bacon's promise to "show his head"; it reveals him "in the altogether":

Duty so ***great,*** \ which wit so poor as mine
May make seem ***ba*** \ re, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good ***con*** \ ceit of thine
In thy soul's thought ***all naked*** will bestow it.

Such then, with the addition, of which we here make a free gift to him, is the direct evidence offered by our author; and, he adds feelingly, "When there seem so few possible solutions that will float us out of the sea of difficulty, we are ready to catch at any straw." The cry is natural enough, for what a sea it is! First there is the name of William Shakespeare on the title-page: then the two entire sonnets devoted to playing upon the name "Will," ending with the line "And then thou lovest me, for my name is Will"; then the description of the writer as one for whom Fortune provided nothing better "Than public means which public manners breeds"; who had to go here and there and make himself "a motley to the

view"; who was not of those who could glory in their birth, their skill, their wealth, their garments, their hawks, hounds or horse; nor even learned, but only earnest that his love should advance "As high as learning my rude ignorance." Not much sign of Francis Bacon! But the sea of difficulty is wider and deeper far when we look into the content of the Sonnets. Of the infamous vice which our Graduate postulates in his fourth chapter, to match his evidence of the character of Bacon, there is, to one impartial reader at least, not a trace. "Mine be thy love," says this lover, "and thy love's use *their* treasure." "My *spirit* is thine, the better part of me." He speaks his love "like prayers divine. . . . Even as when first *I hallowed* thy fair name": and his petitions are "Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege. . . . How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!" "Then give me welcome. . . . Even to thy pure and most most loving breast." Sonnet by sonnet, and line by line, the waves of this sea roll over Bacon's head: if he had not shown it once more in his cryptograms he must have been drowned full fathom five. Happily there they are, to restore truth "all naked" to the world, and give our latest benefactor the right to his triumphant question—"If Shakespeare really wrote these poems, why on earth should Francis Bacon want to hide his name at the beginning or end?"

Why indeed?

ON THE LINE

THE two volumes entitled **The Life and Letters of Friedrich Max Muller** (Longmans, 32*s.* net) are not, in the full sense of the word, a biography. Mrs. Max Müller has rightly abstained from attempting a portrait or an estimate of her husband; her book is simply a detailed and admirably compiled record, illustrated by the letters which Max Müller, like other great men, poured forth with astounding fertility, and by a few special contributions from those who had the good fortune to know him intimately. To many the great attraction of the life will lie in the romance of a wonderful career; of this we have already spoken on a more appropriate occasion, when reviewing the autobiographical fragment left by Max Müller himself. And certainly there is a freshness and simplicity about the earlier chapters of the story which give them a special charm, naturally not to be found in the record of the labours and complexities of later life. But this later life, just because it was so laborious and so complex, has a varied interest of its own, not often paralleled. If the whole pattern is less clear than some others of the same kind, it is chiefly because of the greater number of threads in it which insist on catching the eye. It would be an interesting study to take several of these in turn, and follow them right through, keeping each one distinct as far as possible. Among the results would be a chapter on the internal history of Oxford, one on the leaders of thought in the Victorian age, one on the international

position of England, one on *East and West*, and so on: the views expressed being naturally of unequal value, but covering a period full of stirring movements and events, and based in many cases upon unique knowledge. Of these threads there is one which is of peculiar interest at the present moment, when Mr. Myers' work on Human Personality is much in men's thoughts. Max Müller was a believer in the Brâhman doctrine of the *âtman* or soul-in-itself; he believed, we are told, in a "thinker of thoughts," a "doer of deeds," a Self within the person, which was the carrier of his personality, and a Self without, which was the carrier of the world; "God, the highest Self;" these two are ultimately the same Self. In a letter to the Rev. G. Cox in 1888 he is at great pains to express this clearly:

So you yourself, you are a child, a boy, a man, a woman, a father, a mother, an Englishman, a clergyman, a Christian; wise or foolish, good or bad; but all this has come, has begun, will change, and you are something else, something higher—what? the Self, the Spectator, the Witness, he who could look on while he seemed to be a son or a father; nay, who could see his Self in his father-hood and childhood, but know himself distinct from all these phases. A man need not go into a cave because he has found his true Self; he may live and act like everybody else; he is gîvan-mukte—"living but free." All remains just the same, except the sense of unchangeable, imperishable Self which lifts him above the phenomenal Self. He knows he is wearing clothes, that is all. If a man does not see it, if some of his clothes stick to him like his very skin, if he fears that he might lose his identity by not being a male instead of a female, by not being English instead of German, by not being a child instead of a man, he must wait and work on.

Elsewhere he says:

Does our personality consist in our being English or German, in our being young or old, male or female, wise or foolish? And if not, what remains when all these distinctions vanish? Is there a higher Ego of which our human ego is but the shadow? . . . the time comes when we awake, when we feel that not only our flesh and our blood, but all that we have been able to feel, to think and to say, was outside our true self; that we were witnesses not actors.

The effort of the Vedântist to strip the clothes off, to lay

bare "the abysmal deeps of personality," is in reality a double one. The first part of it is perhaps the less difficult. Tennyson found when a boy—and many other boys have found the same—that by sitting down in some lonely place and repeatedly pronouncing his own name aloud he could for the time suspend his sense of personality: the clothes fell off. But he records no gain of insight into what remained. It is with this part of the problem that Mr. Myers is concerned; he has seen enough "to indicate to us how great a reserve of untapped faculty is latent at no great depth beneath our conscious level." This is the subliminal Self, which is many times more extensive than the every day or supraliminal Self; which includes much that is inherited and instinctive and much that is "potentially memorable," though we are unconscious of all this till the moment comes for using it; for "it is the business of the subliminal self" to keep the "ideas which I need for common life easily within my reach." Genius, according to this theory, becomes "a power of utilising a wider range than other men can utilise of faculties in some degree innate in all," and the most obvious advantage to be aimed at practically will be the sorting and stablishing into sanity of "strange bewilderments" and "paralysing perturbations," by means of "some appropriate and sagacious mode of appeal to a *natura medicatrix* deep hidden in the labouring breast." We may be misrepresenting a book which we confess we have but partially read, but so far Mr. Myers seems to us to have unintentionally turned from the spiritual to the organic, and to be pursuing investigations which, however valuable for other purposes, cannot form the basis of an argument as to the nature of the true Self. Probably he was led on step by step until he could no longer see the wood for the trees, or recognise that he had passed over into the forest of physiology, the one most congenial to the Western mind. Max Müller was far more in touch with the Oriental, and we can but regret that he is not at this moment with us to illumine, as he always did, the eddying current of contemporary thought.

There are so many points of view from which **A Free Lance of To-Day** (by Hugh Clifford, Methuen, 6*s.*) might be discussed, that some injustice must be done to discuss it at all within these narrow limits. The conduct of the "Free Lance," an adventurous, unpolitical person, who goes to fight for the Achehnese against the Dutch, raises deep questions: the responsibility of the white race to the brown—of members of different branches of the white race to each other—of the white man to himself and his own conscience. The writer's attitude is that of one who loves the natives, but is not in love with them. He never denationalises himself like the writer of "The Soul of a People"; his imagination has been taken captive, not his judgment. Yet the book does not possess the strange, wandering charm and glamour of "Kim"; the transition from scene to scene is not always perfectly contrived, though the scenes are in themselves admirable. It lacks the relentless artistic force and something of the atmosphere of Conrad's "Youth." With the exception of the degraded European turned medicine-man (and he has a remarkably good funeral), all Mr. Clifford's characters fare well at his hands; he cannot find it in his heart to be cruel.[1] Even the flirt Etta has flashes of pure womanhood; she loves her old father, and in the end it is she who helps her sister to a husband. The plot is not the most truthful part of a book that rings true everywhere else. The shipwreck happens too much *à propos;* the arrival of the British man-of-war suggests a comic opera. These things are thus, no doubt; real life is more unreal than fancy can conceive, but art, in default of sight, demands a visible chain of cause and consequence. One of the subtler problems of art—the introduction of magic—is attacked with skilful courage. Magic occurs in "Kim," but less often and with a greater air of mystery. Mr. Clifford

[1] He behaves to them as Maurice behaves to the Pâwang. "All the same," continued Maurice, "I'm most infernally sorry for you, because it must be very awful indeed to be what you are, and I don't want to make things harder for you than they are already."

treats it in the direct, broad daylight manner of Scott; and handled thus, as if it were a fact among other facts, no more wonderful than they are, it becomes grotesquely effective. Who can help but believe the enchanting story of the little pots—of the dagger that turned to water and then to a headless snake—of the yellow dog—of the heraldic tiger that vanished as soon as Maurice Curzon fired?

Impossible—only I saw it!

Vivid touches of personal experience play in and out of the narrative.

The habit of early rising is one which is formed by most Europeans in the East and is rarely broken, until, on their return to the West, the extreme embarrassment of stumbling over kneeling housemaids has forced itself upon the attention of men who, during long years, have never seen a white woman engaged in menial tasks, and find their ideas of propriety hideously outraged by the spectacle.

And again, when Maurice comes to the rescue of the brave men in a tempest:

His weight, which was nearly double that of any of the Malays, was useful, helping to keep the boat's leeward bulwark clear of the water-line; also he knew that in no other fashion could he aid his comrades; wherefore, so long as the fury of the storm held, he hung out over the side, dripping, cold, but happy with excitement and the uncanny joy which danger sometimes brings with it.

The style of the book is clear, masculine, full of wisdom. Now and then it rises to poetic beauty, as in the analysis of Maurice's feelings when "the mystery of Asia possessed him."

Often he seemed to be standing, holding his breath, on the brink of some portentous discovery, his ears strained to catch the murmured sound that might perhaps be the master-word of a great enigma, his brows puckered by the effort of peering so eagerly into the luminous darkness in which, as behind a veil, moved dim figures secret and wonderful.

Lovely are the pictures of the morning birds that at this hour

are wont to wake with a comfortable rustle of tiny feathers and a sleepy *cheep* or so, ere they settle down to the last nap which is the sweetest of all. But the sounds thus made are drowsy, indolent noises, which drop back into the silence as gently as a leaf falls through still air.

And again, when "it seemed to Maurice that his halting prayer was being completed, amplified, made perfect by God's purer creatures,"

that noble anthem, the evensong of Nature, which bursts forth in greeting to the sunset from a myriad tiny throats, rang suddenly through the endless aisles of the forest.

Maurice is a delightful character. He is not the improbable though charming Fairy Prince, nor the simple fool that has of late threatened to dethrone him, nor the victim of circumstances, nor the introspective dreamer who hates action, nor the swashing fellow whose every word is a blow. He is a young Englishman full of old-fashioned chivalry, one who sees with his own eyes, not through the spectacles of others, courageous enough to feel and to express no shame because he has, once or twice, felt afraid. He is also a man who believes in God and in his own soul, simply—as a matter of course—always.

The infant Goethe, who is now, we will hope, the charm and the bewilderment of some quiet nursery, will be delighted with **James Flaunty, or The Terror of the Western Seas**, by Jack B. Yeats (Mathews, 1*s.* net). His German predecessor looked back to the puppet-show, arranged by a provident grandmother for his edification on the Christmas Eve of 1753, as to one of the great events of life. Whether the infant Shakespeare will be equally gratified is an open question. The infant Shakespeare would, perhaps, wish to act himself—nay, to play every single part himself, and to wear all the clothes. He would not be content with cardboard figures neatly cut out and set on bits of metal. Possibly he would rather invent than learn by heart. But to the Goethes, who are born and bred artists rather than dramatists, these things are capable of

giving infinite pleasure. And any child who has a drop of Italian blood in him will enjoy them; for the Italians, artists pre-eminently, are of all people the most passionate lovers of Marionettes. The opinion of a baby of Greek parentage would be an interesting speculation. The Greeks combined the artistic and the dramatic instincts. They insisted on actors, but they insisted on stilts and masks for the actors, so that they must have been rather like Marionettes on a big scale. *The Treasure of the Garden*, another of these plays for the miniature stage, is not a book at all. It is a toy. Where are the scissors? Where are the little tin stands? How can we get the curtains? It is rather expensive. The play costs 5*s*., the stage costs 5*s*. more—the whole thing, set up ready for acting, costs three guineas; but then more than two pounds eighteen shillings' worth of joy would be lost. The only necessary outlay is the initial 5*s*., which will provide the figures and the scenery. The child who cares to play this game can do the rest. Full, kindly, and ungrammatical directions are given at the beginning,

Mr. Jack Yeats, clearly cut out himself by name and nature to be the author of such works, has caught the spirit of them admirably. Marionettes demand highly sensational treatment, and a jerkiness of plot suitable to the staccato manner in which they move. His plots leave nothing to be desired in this respect. His language is excellent. The ships—for Marionettes are nothing if not nautical—are called the *Spitting Devil*, the *Happy Return*, the *Pearl of the Gulf*, and His Majesty's ship *Cormorant*. The captains are entitled Gig, Flaunty, and Willie McGowan. They talk to each other "as one white man to another," they casually let drop, "A word with you in private!" they swear by the Star of the Sea; when they are condemned to death for conspiring to betray with pirate Blackbeard, they picturesquely desire to be shot on the shore of the creek when the sun is just sinking behind the palms, prefacing this request with the irresistible appeal, "All I would say now is—what one Brave might say to another Brave." Who can hold out against this? And yet the rising generation

shows itself perilously indifferent to puppets. Punch and Judy are by this time little more than a beloved or a terrific memory, as the case may be. Even the dear little Marionette lady who used to shake tiny Marionettes from her skirts as she danced, has vanished from the streets of London. *O tempora! O mores!*

It is usual, in writing about Wordsworth, to mention Coleridge and Mr. Myers. The passionate but discriminating faith and the somewhat one-sided affection which Coleridge entertained for his brother-poet, the perception inspired by companionship and the appreciation which grew by distance—these qualities lend a special point, rare in contemporary criticism, to the references to Wordsworth in the *Biographia Literaria*. Years afterwards, when thought had fallen on a more unproductive age, when the new sweetness of Tennyson, in which the strength had not yet been discerned, seemed a trifle cloying to the palate, Mr. F. W. H. Myers led men back to the claustral founts from which Wordsworth drew inspiration. He revealed the figure of the poet, with a primrose, opening, in his hand, and broke down, once for all, the tradition of austerity which laziness or lack of trust had suffered to obstruct the poet's helpfulness.

What is left for criticism to compass? Years hence, in the fulness of time, we may all be Wordsworthians. We may all accept as a creed what now to most of Wordsworth's readers is rather a kind of aspiration. We may all see and feel with him, and not merely through him, the new heaven and the new earth, founded on a reconstruction, a reformation, of our social and ethical religion. Then the critics of Wordsworth will be critics of life in their own degree. "Those who have undergone his influence," wrote Walter Pater, "and followed this difficult way, are like people who have passed through some initiation, a *disciplina arcani*;" and Mr. Walter Raleigh in his **Wordsworth** (Arnold, 6*s*.) echoes him in saying, "It is a good discipline to follow that intense and fervid spirit, as far

as may be, to the heights that denied him access." Till the peace on the heights be won, there is little more to be said. "Sanity," Professor Raleigh continues, "holds hard by the fact, and knows that to turn away from it is to play the recreant. Here was a poet who faced the fact, and against whom the fact did not prevail. To know him is to learn courage." And till his disciples have acquired the courage of his convictions, and hold it as their own, the criticism of Wordsworth must be hortatory, and not œcumenical. Meanwhile, Mr. Raleigh's volume is a fresh incentive to the goal. Unlike Matthew Arnold and Mr. Morley, he does not apologise for the poet, and his book will accordingly appeal to the believer rather than to the novice. The University Extension student will discover some memorable passages. "Wherever deep emotion fails him, these ornamental excrescences are liable to occur" (p. 104). "A comparison of Wordsworth's greater poems with those which Tennyson wrote under his immediate influence must not be used to depreciate the younger poet. Tennyson was unhappy in yielding too easily to that overmastering influence" (pp. 113–14). "A parish register is not itself a poem; and the poet who aims at a similar economy of matter, while he avoids all the flowery enticements that allure weaker feet, is likely enough to fall out of poetry on the other side" (p. 115). Such sayings will furnish meat for a wilderness of babes, and they are scattered plentifully through the book. But the ordinary reader stops short when he is warned "to divest himself of all literary predispositions, put his books behind him, and begin again from the beginning." The literary trifler does not commonly reflect that, "without happiness for its background, tragedy is inconceivable." Elegant extracts have no room for the following aphorism, "Science has widened man's outlook on created things, and this in itself is a kind of magnanimous happiness"; nor is it to men half asleep that the sermon is preached, "To love and to be strong, this is the fulfilling of the law, for beast and man." These articles of faith are

re-stated for the satisfaction of the Wordsworth-adept, and it is for his benefit primarily that Mr. Raleigh has written this book. He considers the whole man, wholly, and only in such a survey are the "faults" seen in right perspective, as structural and deliberate, not negligible nor due to oversight. We rise from reading it, as from every fresh version of the *religio Wordsworthiani*, with a keen appreciation of the pleasure that went to its making.

Georg Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer. By his Grandson Viscount Goschen. (Murray, 36*s.* net). Goschen's memory is worth preserving because he was a pioneer in the art of beautiful printing (the German Elzevir, the German Didot, he was called), and because he was the friend of Goethe, Schiller, Körner, Wieland, Klopstock and other lights of literature, and lived in the eventful years during which Germany was Napoleon's parade-ground, and when every good German, and especially every good German publisher, had a part to play and a risk to run.

The most interesting part of the book, apart from the general atmosphere of virtue and beneficence in which all Goschen's life is passed, is the series of scenes or sketches in which the great writers of the age come before us. Schiller, as high-souled and all-understanding a genius as ever, but capable of impatience and not undervaluing *honoraria;* Goethe, the Olympian, giving us always the impression of being far greater than any one who came near him; Körner, the struggling man of genius, glorified at last by the war of liberation as poet, hero and martyr; Wieland, the beloved patriarch of German literature; Klopstock, the *sacer vates;* Iffland, the actor and dramatist. Goschen's relations with all these authors were honourable and dignified, but his course was not smooth. His passion was to bring German typography to perfection; and whilst riding this most expensive hobby, he had to found as well as build up his business; he had innumerable calls upon a fluctuating income; authors

great and small were never up to time, and continually demanded payment for work delayed by their own unpunctuality. He lost Goethe by declining to print his now famous Essay *On the Metamorphosis of Plants.* But Goethe, as Schiller testifies (vol. i. p. 271), was never satisfied with his publishers—he lost Schiller in consequence of a dispute in which Schiller showed some want of consideration and even delicacy, Cotta the rival publisher no delicacy at all, and Goschen not unnaturally lost his temper; he did not always know when to give and when to withhold: but no one ever accused him of being in the smallest degree insincere or parsimonious.

The helplessness and despair of Germany after Ulm and Austerlitz is well described in Lord Goschen's notices of his grandfather's struggle and aspirations. After Jena, "neighbouring Weimar, peaceful Weimar . . . had to bear her share of the horrors attendant on a battlefield. The town was swept by the smoke of battle and resounded with the roar of cannon. Shells exploded in the calm home of literature." The murder of the Duc d'Enghien and of the humble printer Palm, and the kidnapping of Rumbold showed that neither treaties nor sanctity of frontiers gave any security against Napoleon's violence. Zacharias Becker, a publisher at Gotha (the capital of an independent and friendly duchy), was suddenly arrested by order of General Davoust, kept in a dark prison at Magdeburg for seventeen months, with the thought of Palm's death always before his eyes, and tried for his life on frivolous charges. He was only at length released by the Emperor himself in a moment of good humour, when he allowed himself to be melted by a personal appeal from the prisoner's mother, "with the stagy effects of an apparent act of grace performed amid the cheers of an admiring crowd." Saxony, hectored into alliance with Napoleon, had to pay a million sterling as a military contribution. Trade was ruined by the operation of the *Berlin decrees.* "The eagerness shown to destroy British commerce has destroyed the commerce of

the rest of the European world." "No one buys . . . we must wait till the horizon clears, and people care once more to read."

When in 1813 the national movement, heralded by the *Tugendbund*, began, Saxony, as the high road of the armies, subject to France but sympathising with Germany, was plundered and requisitioned by both armies; Polish lancers, Russian Cossacks, regular troops, French, Prussian and Austrian, neither friends nor foes, passed backwards and forwards over the unhappy country. "Dresden was taken and retaken, occupied and reoccupied, several times"—the town of Grimma, in which Goschen at this time resided, lie on the road between Dresden and Leipzig, and was continually traversed by the French and allied armies.

Goschen never lost courage nor composure, doing all that a single man could do to help the sick and wounded and to hearten up his townspeople. The cannon of Leipzig was heard at Grimma.

There are passages in this part of the biography which remind one of like scenes in Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*, and show us the patriot and man of affairs not marching to battle, but tarrying by the stuff, and by forethought, wisdom and moderation pacifying the marauding bands, and feeding and supporting his townsmen and country neighbours, bearing the risk and burden of the war but reaping none of its glories.

This is true patriotism: and such Germans as G. J. Goschen, though his virtues and capacities may have been of an every-day order, do honour to their country and deserve the affectionate remembrance of a later age.

It is well that new editions should remind us now and then of such books as **Carlyle's French Revolution**. Such books? —No other such book has ever been written. *Suchness* is not predicable of the *French Revolution*. We thank Mr. Fletcher[1]

[1] "The French Revolution." By Thomas Carlyle. A new edition with an Introduction, &c. By C. R. L. Fletcher. Methuen & Co.

and Mr. Rose[1] for giving us the opportunity of reading the miraculous volumes once again—volumes which only Carlyle's own epithets can characterise; fiery-fuliginous, many-streamed, thousand-tinted, a world-epic, which does what the plodding historians, the slaves of to-day and to-morrow, cannot do; to reveal the poetic-dramatic element in human nature and history, which will not permit itself to be disregarded. Carlyle's doctrine, delivered from his prophetic tripod-pulpit, is that war and revolution are necessary and beneficent agencies for the burning up of rubbish; that great men are the instruments by which God works out the details of His mighty maze, and the salt which preserves *cette maudite espèce* from perishing in the stink of its own corruption. The clear-shining, incorruptible, minatory, thaumaturgic and otherwise-ticketed individuals, if they have not moved the world, have deflected its movement—and their counterparts or *simulacra*, the quacks, Cagliostros and necklace-Cardinals also deflect events, and must be swept out of existence by guillotines, lanternes or whatever other expedients, not of rosewater, the spirit of the age may invent. The mob must have its day of fury, for it too has a work to do; and must then be put down with conscription or whiff of grapeshot by a King or Canning Man. This doctrine, trumpeted to unwilling ears of shopkeepers, gigmen and shot-belt squires, was what Carlyle had to proclaim, and being once spoken cannot be disregarded.

On the other hand, the falsehood which underlies it is that there was wisdom, or at least necessity, in that sudden and indiscriminate conflagration of the past which left twenty-five millions of Frenchmen, creatures of the past, adrift without formulas. "Man lives not except with formulas," says Carlyle himself; and to swallow or burn up all formulas is the most hazardous of experiments. The revolutionists of 1793 vomited formulas from mere repletion of swallowing. It is a formula to say that certain forces operate by the rule of the square of the distance: there are also formulas for squaring the circle.

[1] "The French Revolution." By Thomas Carlyle. With Introduction, &c. By John Holland Rose. George Bell & Sons.

Formulas are good and bad, true and false; a difference too little regarded by Carlyle. The formulas burnt, Carlyle's summary of the probabilities of 1789 is that the insurrectionary movement would follow its own course, "proceeding not as a Regularity but as a Chaos, till something that has order arise to bind it. This something will be not a Formula, but a Reality, probably with a sword in its hand!" In point of fact, considered as a constitution, how was the Empire less a Formula than the Monarchy? It was more reasonable, as not being bound by obsolete tradition: but what are Glory, Conscription, Conquest, but Formulas leading to defeat, depopulation, and reconquest?

Mr. Fletcher finds fault with Carlyle for "accepting without inquiry" the "hungry-and-misery" view of the *Ancien Régime:* thinks it exaggerated and blown up by Paris reports; France was really prosperous before the war; harvests were good and land went up. But he himself allows that famine may go "hand-in-hand with good harvests and extensive cultivation"; it was made easy by the obstacles put in the way of every operation of bread-making, from the furrow to the baker's oven. "In the different provinces there was upon the slightest failure of crops very frequent local and partial distress." He does not, we think, give sufficient weight to Arthur Young's observations and opinions. Young was not infallible; but he travelled in every part of France, conversed with people of all conditions, and had experience as well as insight to direct his observation; and he had read from four hundred to five hundred of the parochial *cahiers.* Writing in the earlier years of turmoil, 1789–1792, he gives a picture of distress and destitution, local but widespread; tracts of waste land ill cultivated by reason of the poverty and ignorance of the inhabitants; itself a result of feudal oppression and neglect; absenteeism combined with feudal dues producing hatred of the nobility. No bands of imported "brigands" were needed to induce the peasant to revenge himself on his seigneur; nor is *national character* a sufficient explanation of the *jacquerie* of

1789. "A whole parish slaves to the lord of the manor": "vexation, ruin, outrage, violence and destructive servitude, under which the peasant, almost on a level with Polish slaves, can never but be miserable, vile and oppressed." . . . . We cannot wonder at his conclusion that "a revolution is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the kingdom."

Mr. Fletcher doubts whether the French peasant of to-day is materially better off than his ancestor of 1789. This is (to use his own phrase) "to ignore all the teachings of history." The French peasant now is master of his own land. In 1789 he owned it subject to feudal dues under which "the industry of the people was almost exterminated," as Arthur Young says. There is a sombre side to peasant life; but it is no longer "miserable, vile and oppressed."

It is strange that Carlyle should have ignored among the causes of revolution, "the free and noble ideas that were afloat in eighteenth-century Europe," inspired by English statesmen and writers, French *philosophes*, and American patriots. Arthur Young heard much of this in all societies. The ideas of 1798 were not created in 1789. They were in all men's mouths, and would soon have burst into action even if there had been no hunger and bankruptcy to quicken them.

Less strange, but not less mistaken, that he should never have been able to conceive it possible for a Roman Catholic to be a sincere believer, still less a Roman Catholic priest. His mind was here as inaccessible to reason as the mind of John Knox.

Carlyle accepts the Terror as a "necessity," and credits the old *régime* with it. There was in fact no necessity for the Terror. If Louis XVI. had had sense and courage, he could have kept down the passions of the Parisian mob by disciplinary measures, and he could have saved the monarchy whilst giving constitutional liberty to France. There would have been no anarchy and no Terror, no Directory, no Empire, and no Moscow. The dangers of invasion, royalist plots, class hatred, the imminence of famine, national bankruptcy, were

real dangers, but exaggerated and inflamed by Parisian panic, caught up and reverberated by provincial panic, a common phenomenon in French history. The Terror was as unnecessary as the anarchy which preceded and followed it; what was necessary and bears fruit to this day was the establishment of the "Principles of '89." The Terror had no principles, and Carlyle in representing it as a beneficent volcano, a violent effort to gain equilibrium, instead of an uncontrolled outburst of ferocity and rascality, a needless and criminal interruption of the natural course of history, confounds two different things and darkens judgment.

When after describing guillotining, scuttling of barges, burning of villages, fusillading, murdering of women and children, the "25 Noyades of Carrier," and the devilries of Tallien, he bursts out into dithyrambs about "the newest Birth of Nature's waste inorganic Deep, which . . . knows one law, that of self-preservation—*Tigresse Nationale:* meddle not with a whisker of her! . . . the Fact, let all men observe, is a genuine and sincere one . . . the sincerest of facts," and so on, he is talking nonsense. The Tigresse was not raging in self-defence, but from mere ferocity. If Danton, Marat, Robespierre and their like are to be held up to admiration by reason of some indefinable virtue called "hatred-of-shams," and the blackest crimes are palliated by the plea of sincerity, then right and wrong have changed names; and we prefer the old cant to the new.

Both our editors dispose shortly of the "legend" of the Girondins, which Carlyle accepts. The Girondins were not "respectable middle-class men who wished to set up a plutocracy.[1] Nor, according to Mr. Fletcher,[2] were they "moderate republicans of austere virtue and splendid talent." The Girondins were the principal authors of the war, and had a hand in the crimes of 1792. They were not directly responsible for the September massacres, but had helped to fill the prisons with those who perished in the massacres. "The

[1] Rose, Introduction, p. xvi. [2] Fletcher, Introduction, p. xliv.

earlier machinery of the Terror proper, viz., the Tribunal of August 17th; . . . its successor, the true Revolutionary Tribunal of March, '93 . . . the Revolutionary Committees in each *Commune* of France . . . the savage laws against the priests and the Emigrés; finally, the Committee of Public Safety, were all either directly proposed by the Girondist leaders, or carried by their acclamation in an assembly in which their influence was overwhelming." [1] They only became moderates when power was slipping from them and their own heads were in danger. The cause of their fall was rather want of faith in their principles than virtuous weakness.

Again, according to Mr. Fletcher, Carlyle was wrong in representing the Terror as a means of carrying out the wishes of the French people. The Convention was elected under the pressure of fear; the moderate deputies sent up from the country were bewildered, and as the Terror developed, "cowered lower and lower in their *marais*." . . . "From June '93 to July '94, the entire nation was gagged and bound speechless and motionless in abject terror." . . . "The drift of opinion all over France was wholly towards constitutional monarchy."

For the reader of this far-sounding epic the important question is this: Did Carlyle weigh justly the forces in action? did he estimate at their true moral worth the human beings about whom he wrote? To such questions as these the two editions before us help to supply an answer. If the pictures—for Mr. Fletcher justly calls the book a succession of pictures, not a history—are true in their main outlines, lights and shadows, we need not trouble ourselves about inaccuracies of facts and dates, plenty of which are discovered by both editors, who have the advantage of Carlyle in access to new material. His portrait-painting is magnificent, of course, and Mr. Fletcher thinks most of his personal portraits faithful: Danton, Marat, Robespierre, almost all except Madame Roland. For the great passages of scene-painting, which in vividness and power

[1] Fletcher, Introduction, p. l.

have never been surpassed, his own description will suffice:[1] "To splash down what I know in large masses of colours, that it may look like a smoke-and-flame conflagration in the distance, which it is. . . ."

Mr. Rose's final characterisation of the great book is, that Carlyle, "while failing to appreciate, or wish to appreciate, philosophic, political or economical generalisations, caring little for institutions, laws or other formulas, and indeed feeling little interest in the collective activities of our race, shows us the working of the human heart." History, as he saw it, was a succession of dramatic scenes, not a conclusion from premisses with illustrations. We must look for that elsewhere. As for Carlyle's creed, here it is: "The people alone are powerless to work out their own salvation; constitutions are as good as worthless; find your great man, and then follow him in utter trustfulness; such is Carlyle's creed when it comes to the 'whiff of grape-shot,' and such it remained to the end of his days."[2] That was his doctrine, right or wrong, and he believed it. "It is not altogether a bad book," he wrote. "For one thing, I consider it to be the sincerest book this nation has got offered to it for a good few years, or is likely to get for a good few."

But the more orderly historians do not move the heart; Carlyle's pictures once taken in are never forgotten. It is excellent to have a giant's strength: and this is a gigantic book. "It is a prose poem with a distinct beginning, a middle, an end. It opens with the crash of a corrupt system, and a dream of liberty which was to bring with it a reign of peace and happiness and universal love. It pursues its way through the failure of visionary hopes into regicide and terror, and the regeneration of mankind by the guillotine. It has been called an epic. It is rather an Æschylean drama composed of facts literally true, in which the Furies are seen once more walking over this prosaic earth and shaking their serpent hair."[3]

[1] Rose, Introduction, p. xxvi. [2] *Ibid.* p. xv.

[3] Froude, "Carlyle's Life in London."

KAFFIR LABOUR AND KAFFIR MARRIAGE

THE Kaffir, like most of the African natives, unless a very considerable inducement be offered him, is averse from the underground labour of the mines. This is scarcely to be wondered at. The hardships he has to undergo are immense; he has to leave his country for a long time, to go a great distance away amongst absolute strangers; and the risks he runs until inured to his new life are far greater than are generally supposed. A considerable number of those who seek work in the Transvaal never see their homes again; not because they are not well looked after there—for in most of the mines they are—they are too valuable not to be—but from the risks attendant upon the journey, and upon a perilous and unfamiliar occupation.

Much indignation has lately been expressed that a native miner should be able in a brief three years to earn enough to live in indolence for the rest of his life; it is never, however, brought sufficiently into prominence how difficult and arduous is his work; that he, just as much as the white workman, is entitled to a heavy wage for it; and that unless he is assured of that he will naturally either remain idle, or will adopt some other form of employment.

Nevertheless, as the success of the South African Mines mainly depends upon a full and constant supply of native labour, the question is urgent: What form of pressure, direct or

indirect, is legitimate, by which he can most rapidly and effectually be compelled or induced to work?

Most of the advocates of indirect coercion seem to be of opinion that the fault lies chiefly with the native marriage laws, and that if a radical alteration were made in them the labour difficulty would be largely surmounted. Mr. Lionel Phillips, for instance, in his answer to Sir William Harcourt, published in the *Times* of February 24th last, writes: "May I in turn protest against the profound immorality of perpetuating a system that not only recognises polygamy (about which there may be differences of opinion), but that countenances the purchase of a number of wives whose labour, and that of their offspring, is treated by their black lord and master as a mere commercial asset, upon which he lives at ease."

This view is very widely held both here and in South Africa. The *Times* itself in a leading article on February 5th speaks of the Kaffir's "natural condition of indolent dependence upon the labour of his slave-wives." And Mr. Chamberlain in one of his Johannesburg speeches was even more explicit. "We had done much to put a stop to slavery," he said, "and in theory we had stopped it. It would therefore be a surprise to some philanthropists at home to hear that we were encouraging it in another form. The Kaffir worked with the object of being able to buy himself a wife who should keep him in idleness," apparently taking it as an accepted and indisputable fact that a Kaffir marriage is merely a form of slavery, that the price in cattle paid by the husband to the father or guardian is the purchase price paid by him for the absolute acquisition of his wife, and that after payment both he and she cease to have any further interest in it.

But is this so in reality? Is not this price an elastic species of dower which has been in force among the South African natives for generations, a payment closely interwoven with their tribal organisation, and one with which it would be exceedingly hazardous, if not disastrous, to tamper?

In the report of the Commission appointed in 1882 by the

Government of the Cape Colony to inquire into native laws and customs (of which it may be said in passing that Sir Richard Solomon, the present Attorney-General of the Transvaal, was a member), there is a valuable and definite pronouncement upon the nature of native marriage and the custom of *ukulobola*, or the purchase of wives by cattle. The whole report will repay perusal, but the sections dealing with this particular subject are of especial importance at the present juncture. The more material of them are as follows. Section 62 states briefly the theory of sale and purchase:

In endeavouring to deal with the subject of native marriages, the Commission was met at the threshold of its inquiry with the objection that the great essential of marriage is *ukulobola*, by some said to be a contract between the woman's guardian and her intending husband, by which, without her consent, she is bartered away for cattle to the highest bidder, and that polygamy is the inevitable and actual outcome of this system, which reduces the woman to a condition of slavery.

Sections 70, 71 and 72 set forth the final conclusions, in opposition to that theory, at which the Commissioners arrived.

Section 70. *Ukulobola* may be taken to be a contract between the father and the intending husband of his daughter, by which the father promises his consent to the marriage of his daughter, and to protect her, in case of necessity, either during or after such marriage, and by which in return he obtains from the husband valuable consideration, partly for such consent, and partly as a guarantee by the husband of his good conduct towards his daughter as wife. Such a contract does not imply the compulsory marriage of the woman. The *ikazi*[1] may, therefore, upon every principle of sound law, be recoverable under such a contract, unless a native marriage involves a condition of slavery, and thus becomes illegal.

Section 71. All the evidence, however, proves that the woman is not the slave of her husband. He has no property in her. He cannot, according to native law, kill, injure, or cruelly treat her with impunity. He cannot legally sell her, and with the exception of paying cattle to her father, as dowry upon marriage, there is nothing to indicate that native law or custom treats the wife as a chattel; nor is there anything in that law to indicate that a child is its father's slave unless it be shown by this contract of dowry. . . .

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[1] *Ikazi*, the marriage contract price.

The next section is even more applicable now than when it was written.

Section 72. As stated in a previous section of this report, the Commission recognises the fact that interference with the long-established customs of any unenlightened people requires considerable care and delicate handling if any beneficial result is to follow. This is specially the case in reference to any custom, the abolition of which would directly touch material interests, or lessen or destroy what was considered, however wrongly, a right and lawful source of individual wealth. Individual interest and national customs and feeling are all thus attacked at the same time. *Such a difficulty particularly surrounds the subject of ukulobola, with the addition, at the present moment, of an irritable and suspicious mood among the whole native people within and beyond the Colony.* . . .

Mr. Ayliff, one of the Commissioners, made a separate report, holding that ukulobola *is* practically a bargain and sale.

An immense mass of evidence was taken, though it will suffice for the present purpose to quote from that given by one or two of the more important witnesses, whose testimony makes the question clearer than do the set findings of the Commissioners.

Cetewayo, ex-king of the Zulus, examined by Sir J. D. Barry, Judge-President of the Eastern District Court, said in reply to Question 24:

Ought not a father to consult the happiness of his own children?

Yes, and that is just the reason why a father now and then marries a girl without her consent. He looks out for her welfare in the future, but did he not do so, a girl would sometimes get married to some man her father did not approve of, and would shortly afterwards leave him, because the marriage was made without much consideration.

Q. 26. Is not the effect of the law this: that you sell your daughter to the man who gives the largest number of cattle?

A father does not look to the number of cattle always he receives. When he determines that a girl must go, she must. But suppose two men want the same girl, he asks the girl to choose between them, and allows her to have the one she prefers.

Q. 27. That is, I suppose, it they will each give the same number of cattle?

The girl is not really married for the sake of the cattle. She would be allowed to have whichever she preferred. In many cases the father tells his daughters to point out to him the men they wish to have, and if he

approves the king says it is all right, and they can arrange about paying the cattle, and then they can have the girls. But if he sees one of these men looking worthless he will not allow him to have his daughter, but marries her to some other man.

In answer to another question he said:

As to the description of labour performed by men and women, the man's work consists in making kraals, huts, digging corn holes, clearing the bush from the ground that is about to be cultivated, herding the cattle, making spoons, baskets, and buckets, and very often, among the lower ranks, helping his wives in hoeing and weeding. The woman's work consists in cultivating, reaping, getting wood and water, cooking, making matting for covering huts, making mats for sleeping on, making "izilulu," *i.e.*, a large sort of grass receptacle for putting corn in, cleaning up the house, and having everything to do with the food; and above all, cultivating and reaping.

Pombani, one of the Fingo headmen, gave similar evidence in a more picturesque way. "It is not a sale," he declared, "because where a husband and wife disagree, the wife can return to her relatives, and that is a proof that there is no sale. Where a husband dies the woman returns to her relatives, therefore there can have been no sale. A husband buying a wife has no right to sell her again, and if you beat her the case is 'talked,' and settled at the kraal of her relatives. If you buy a horse, and have a quarrel with him, would you think of bringing the cause about it to the person from whom you bought it? For this reason, I also say the woman is not bought."

A like interpretation of the custom was strongly supported by the Right Rev. the Bishop of St. John's, Umtata. Nothing can be more decided than his words.

"I consider the *ukulobola* system to have for its objects—

"(1) The protection of the maiden from corruption.

"(2) The security and welfare of the maiden when she becomes a wife.

"And that to a large extent it effects these purposes, more effectually than we by a law could effect them. The consent of the woman is not necessary, and marriage

negotiations may be conducted without reference to her feelings. But it is common for a woman to make the offer of herself, as the first step in the negotiations. 'Falling in love' and courtship take a somewhat similar course as in other countries."

Sir Theophilus Shepstone added the weight of his great authority to the same side, and he showed also, that although the wife works, a great portion of the proceeds of her toil belongs to herself personally, and does not go to her husband —a very different matter to her maintaining her husband in indolence. "A wife," he says, "who by her industry produces corn enough to maintain her family, and with surplus to barter a cow, that cow, with its increase, is looked upon as her property separate from the estate of her husband."

The Commissioners, as the result of their deliberations, finally recommended the adoption of the following alterations in the native law, by which a very large measure of protection was assured to native women both married and single.

Section 74. By the first of these changes, which are now to be made an essential of the marriage contract, the coercion of the native woman into a marriage distasteful to her or quite unsuited to her from age or any other cause, as has often been the case hitherto, is provided against, and any marriage so contracted is, upon evidence being shown, rendered illegal and invalid. And, still further, to prevent a too late remedy for so serious an evil, powers are proposed to be given to magistrates to inquire summarily into any case where there may be information laid that such coercion is being, or about to be, practised. This applies both to the Territories and the Colony.

By the second change proposed, and which applies to the Colony only, native women would, on and after a certain date, be freed, if they so desire it, from the bonds entered into in polygamous unions.

By the third, *ukulobola* has been shaped into its least objectionable form, and recognised as an obligation undertaken to maintain the woman in case of need; while its reception constitutes that obligation. . . .

It will be seen from the foregoing extracts that a Kaffir marriage is very far indeed from placing a woman in a degraded or enslaved condition, that *ukulobola* suits the people, and

that it would be in the highest degree inexpedient, if not dangerous, to interfere with it. As Sir Theophilus Shepstone drily remarked, to attempt to do away with it would be very much like attempting by legislation to straighten the hind legs of a grasshopper.

The opponents of *ukulobola* have not, indeed, as a rule, made it clear whether they wish to have the purchase of wives by cattle abolished altogether (which, as has been pointed out, would be a most risky experiment), or if they merely wish, by cutting down the Kaffir's wages, or by increasing his taxation, to compel him to labour for double as long a period as he now does, before he can save sufficient to enable him to marry. In the latter case the woman would not be benefited; she would still have to labour; for her father or guardian, instead of for her husband; that would be all; and the intending husband would have to wait six years for his Rachel instead of the present three.

The importation of Chinese labour would aggravate and not diminish the difficulty of the situation. Most people in South Africa are agreed that the one thing necessary—indeed imperative—is to force the Kaffirs gradually into becoming an integral part of the labouring community. They are increasing rapidly in numbers, and if they are allowed to live in idleness in their kraals they will become a very real and serious menace; for a Kaffir war would be a far more terrible affair than the late war has been. The true solution to the problem would seem to be contained in the suggestion made by Mr. Hennen Jennings, in the long and careful statement read by him before the Mines Commission which sat at Johannesburg in 1897, that greater facilities should be given to the natives for making their home in the country where they have to work.

> There is much latent possibility in them for learning, but they leave us often as soon as they become really useful. . . . *If they had facilities for making their homes in this country, and if they could be induced to remain with us, I am satisfied that their efficiency could be increased twofold,* and they could even be trained to do much higher grade work than they are now employed at. This

fact is illustrated in these fields by the boys who have worked long periods being able to finish their task in half the time that raw boys require. . . .

What we require from both black and white labour is greater efficiency, which, if really obtained, renders rate of wages a secondary consideration, as shown by the bonus system in sinking deep-level shafts.

Given security of life, protection from ill-treatment, and a sufficiently high wage, and in time the natives will bring their women with them and form regular settlements. In this way, and in this way only, can a mining population be gradually built up, accustomed from infancy to underground work, and accustomed also to work continuously, not only that they may obtain the necessary dower for their wives, but that they may also obtain the luxuries for which a closer contact with civilised habits will assuredly produce an appetite.

There might at present be a practical obstacle to the formation of such settlements, because the bulk of the boys now employed in the mines come from Portuguese territory, and opposition might be made by the Portuguese Government if their own labour-supply were to become permanently depleted by the natives settling in British territory instead of merely going there for a limited period to obtain work. Still if these settlements were really deemed desirable it ought not to be impossible for the two Governments to come to some satisfactory understanding.

It cannot be too often repeated that what is wanted is not the maintenance of the natives in their present isolated state, but that they should become gradually and willingly absorbed, in their own immediate locality, in agricultural, mining, and industrial pursuits, so that they may become bound up in the prosperity of the country and form part of it, instead of being an ever-threatening danger outside. The introduction of Chinese or Hindu labour, or any violent interference with native customs and habits, will only delay the desired consummation; both time and patience will be required to bring that about, but the ultimate benefit of the whole of the peoples of South Africa, black as well as white, is of greater

Imperial moment than the immediate exploitation of the Johannesburg mines.

The ore in many of those mines is of a low-grade quality, and the introduction of white labour in large quantities is impracticable. It would result in the closing down at once of probably half the mines now at work, and in a great reduction of the dividends paid by the remainder. The same result, however, would not follow if an increased wage were to be paid for the native labour which, after all, is the natural labour of the country; the difference in rate is so enormous. Mr. Chamberlain told the House of Commons that the mine owners are reduced to this: "Their choice is confined to Kaffir labour at 50*s.* or 60*s.* a month or skilled white labour now worth £30 a month." There is ample margin, therefore, for a very substantial increase without the natives' wages approaching to anything like those paid to white men.

The only result of such an increase would be that the development of various reefs *might* have to be postponed, and that some of the poorest of the mines *might* have to be shut down for a time; to be worked again when the expense of living has lessened, and the rate of wage has gone down proportionately with it. That would not necessarily be a bad thing. Great Britain does not desire feverishly to exhaust all the wealth of the Transvaal: she wants a slow and steady progress, with other mines coming gradually into operation when the present mines have been worked out, so that Johannesburg may become of permanent value to herself as well as to South Africa. And she emphatically does not desire to run any risk of arousing native discontent.

Since his return, Mr. Chamberlain has definitely stated the amount of taxation now imposed upon the Kaffir in the Transvaal. It is a consolidated tax of £2 a head as against a total of £4 6*s.* 6*d.* for various taxes imposed in Boer times, with, however, a further liability to £2 a head for a second wife, and a graduated increase for every additional wife thereafter. If, then, a man has four wives he will be taxed presumably £10 or £12

instead of the previous £4 6*s.* 6*d.*—a very crushing increase. The tax will not do away with polygamy; it is not possible, in that way, suddenly to alter the ingrained habits of a race; nor is it apparently intended to do so. Mr. Chamberlain has stated its object quite frankly: "Although the discouragement of polygamy may fairly be an object, I do not think it has ever been put forward as an important or principal ground for the tax. On the contrary, what has been said is, that polygamy is taken as evidence of wealth." That is to say, the additional wives to which the Kaffir is by his own code of law, and by the immemorial usage of his tribe, entitled, are to be treated for the future avowedly as taxable chattels. Could there be anything better calculated to arouse a bitter feeling of anger both in the husband and in the wives whenever the wife-tax has to be paid?

By all means tax the natives more heavily if £2 be thought insufficient, but let it be a tax that is not antagonistic to tribal custom. All our experience of subject races has taught us (notably so in India) that we should hesitate greatly about doing anything that conflicts with social or religious usage: nothing inflames suspicion so readily, and no suspicion when aroused is so difficult to allay. Why should this experience be disregarded in South Africa?

The wife-tax, as it stands, is a more galling intermeddling with domestic life than we have ever ventured upon in India (which is a polygamous country just as much as South Africa is), and it is surely the very farthest limit to which Government interference should go. A less provocation led to the Indian Mutiny.

H. C. Thomson.

AMIR HABIBULLAH AND THE RUSSIANS

THE desire of Russia to get into direct communication with the Court at Kabul and to extend her diplomatic relations with the present ruler of Afghanistan, nearest neighbour to the frontier of India, has brought the name of Habibullah into prominence. The son and successor of the late Amir Abdurrahman is by no means a *novus homo*, for his appearance on the scene of political events dates from 1881 when his father had to march against Ayub Khan, his most dangerous rival, and to quell the rebellion in Herat. Habibullah was at that time scarcely eleven years old, for we read in the autobiography of the late Amir[1] (vol. i. p. 146): "On my first arrival in Samarkand (1870) I had married the daughter of the King and Mir of Badakshan, and in the second year the Almighty gave me a son, whom I named Habibullah (Beloved of God). He is now my eldest son and heir-apparent." Later on we find Habibullah as regent in Kabul during the campaign of his father against his rebellious cousin Ishak Khan in 1888, where he behaved splendidly, as may be seen from the praises Abdurrahman bestowed upon his son. "On my return to Kabul on July 24, I found that during my two years' absence my son, Habibullah Khan, had governed the country so wisely, cleverly, and so entirely in accordance with my wishes, that I

[1] "The Life of Abdur Rahman." John Murray. 1900.

conferred two orders upon him, one for his distinguished services in the administration of the kingdom ; the second for having very bravely put a stop to a mutiny, which was caused by my own soldiers of the Kandahar-Hazara battalion. He acted most bravely on this occasion, riding alone in the midst of the rebellious soldiers without showing any fear of their injuring him." The late Amir Abdurrahman speaks also on various other occasions in most laudatory terms of his favourite son, and without giving a too implicit faith to the paternal utterances of the late ruler of Afghanistan, we do not run much risk in presuming certain praiseworthy qualities in the character of the present "Man on the Musnud" in Kabul. Judging from his acts before he came to the throne, as well as from his behaviour after his accession, we may fairly describe him as a prince of mild disposition, lacking the firmness but lacking also the cruel qualities of his father, whose memory he keeps in great reverence, whose advice he is anxious to follow, and whose prestige may well protect and lead him if untoward events, such as rebellion or attack from outside, do not trouble the present quiet waters of Afghan political life. As matters stand to-day, the peace prevailing in Afghanistan has decidedly been a disappointment to the enemies of his country and of England. After the death of the late Amir everybody expected the outbreak of internal troubles owing to the previously current rumours of discord amongst the sons of Abdurrahman fostered by harem intrigues and by the unruly chiefs of the various clans, always ready for internecine wars. First of all it was said that Habibullah's brother, Nasrullah Khan, who enjoys a certain amount of popularity with the army, would contend for the throne, as there were sundry quarrels between the two brothers during the lifetime of their father. Next to this came the news of the plotting activity of Bibi Halima, a name, the literal meaning of which, namely, "the Mild Princess," is not at all consistent with the very ambitious and imperious character of its bearer. This lady, a grand-daughter of Dost Mohammed, appears to have thought that her son,

Umar Khan, a pet of the late Amir, had stronger claims to the succession than Habibullah, whose mother is said to have been a slave-girl from Wakhan. This latter assertion is, of course, refuted by Abdurrahman himself, as may be seen from the above-cited quotation from his autobiography, where it is said that she was a daughter of the King and Mir of Badakshan. But ladies, whether in the East or in the West, stick generally with a particular tenacity to their pretensions; still Princess Halima, whilst acquiescing with but an ill grace in Abdurrahman's order of succession, has nevertheless kept quiet up to the present, peace and order have not been disturbed, and the governmental machine works as regularly as is possible with the unruly and quarrelsome Afghans.

Certainly we do not go too far in appreciation of the personal qualities of the present ruler of Afghanistan, when we assume that the reigning peace is mostly owing to his conciliatory attitude towards his brothers, with whom he honestly shared the offices and dignities of the government by appointing Nasrullah Khan as the head of the army and Umar Khan the head of the government offices. This seems to have contented the ambition of both his brothers; but if the spirit of unity still prevails in the family of the late Amir it is also partly owing to the consciousness of the danger that would result from internal troubles in face of the threatening position of Russia, and partly to the friendly warnings sent from time to time by Lord Curzon, whose practical experience of the country, coupled with his personal relation with Habibullah, cannot fail to produce a salutary effect. Taken altogether we fail to see in the acts of the present ruler of Afghanistan any proof of an estrangement from England, and still less any sign of a vacillating character in his policy, or a hidden leaning to Russia. There are certainly sundry incidents, which have been misinterpreted by his critics and explained as indications of an intentional deviation from the policy bequeathed to him by his father. Such, for example, is the extreme attention paid to the late Hadda Mullah, named Nedjib-ed-din, whom he

invited to his Court, sending him an elephant with a howdah, in order that he might officiate in the accession ceremonies fixed for the feast of Novuz (New Year). To this, however, the ladies of the harem added 12,000 rupees as travelling expenses, which the shrewd Mullah returned, keeping, however, for himself a handsome fur coat of which he afterwards made a present to Syed Akbar Khan of Tirah. The reception accorded to the Mullah, known as the inveterate enemy of the English, was a cordial one, for the young Amir aimed principally at a display of his religious zeal and great piety. He presented to his guest a whole set of the publications of his late father, and drew his particular attention to two tracts, known as "Takwim-ed-din" ("The Strengthening of Religion") and "Targhib-ul-djihad" ("The Prosecution of the Holy War")[1] with the request that he would propagate the contents of these two writings and impress the frontier tribes with the tenets of Islam and with the duty of waging the holy war *only with the consent and by the order of the King of Islam, i.e.,* of the Amir of Afghanistan. Plainly spoken, this means that the border tribes should cease giving trouble to the English and that they should look upon the Amir as their protector and well-wisher. This is beyond doubt an act of friendliness; and the further object Habibullah had in view was to play the part of a religious teacher to his people, as his father did, and thereby ingratiated himself with his fanatical subjects, who, as I can judge by personal experience during my stay in Northern Afghanistan, exceed in Moslem zeal even their spiritual teachers of Bokhara. In this light must also be viewed his first public speech, a kind of sermon, made at the Durbar of Novuz, March 21, 1901, in which he exhorted his hearers to adhere strictly to the Mohammedan Law as laid down by the Prophet himself. this being the only way to earn the blessings of God in this world and hereafter.

[1] A translation of this pamphlet, by Sultan Mohamed Khan, Mir Munshi to the late Amir, was published in the MONTHLY REVIEW for November 1901, under the title *Abdur Rahman: Commander of the Faith.*

Apart from his duties as a King of Islam the Amir endeavours at the same time to follow in the footsteps of his father in worldly matters also. He takes particular care of the army, which he tries to raise in number as well as in efficiency. He is engaged in reforming the uniforms and in preparing arms and ammunition. The total number of his army is to consist of 80,000 men men besides the force serving on the border. The salaries are to be regularly paid and promotion will depend only upon good service, steady industry and integrity, and not upon patronage or recommendation, as was hitherto the case. It is true, his personal qualities are not eminently fitted for military administration, and he has acted wisely in delegating a good deal of power to his brother Nasrullah, but here he is always haunted by hidden jealousy and by the fear of rebellion, and it is for this reason that since the death of General Ghulam Hyder the post of Commander-in-Chief has been left vacant. Quite recently there has been a great deal of talk, to the effect that Asaf Khan, the brother of the Amir's favourite wife, a grand-daughter of Yahia Khan, is to be raised to that high position, but as this would much displease Nasrullah and embroil the two brothers, it is to be hoped that the Amir will drop this plan. Polygamy, always the main source of disorder at Oriental Courts, is threatening to augment the troubles at Kabul, and Habibullah, too accessible to the intrigues and undercurrents of the harem, is in great danger of being led to frustrate his best intentions. We are told that a similar influence prevailed upon him, when, at the instigation of Khwas Khan, the Afridi Malik (Headman), he planned the recruiting of Afridis, which was much commented upon in India and has excited just suspicion. To find the Zakka Khel and other predatory border tribes enlisted in the Afghan Army is by no means reassuring for the peace of the newly created frontier province. Fortunately Habibullah has renounced the carrying of this plan into effect, and it is to be hoped that he will in future keep strictly to the policy laid down by his father, and abstain from measures which must

give umbrage to his suzerain without being profitable to his throne or his country.

In view of the assurances as to his policy given by the Amir to his people and to the Indian Government, we are at a loss to understand the rumours current in India about the dubious attitude of the ruler of Afghanistan towards the suzerain power and about the change he is supposed to be meditating in his relations to Russia. Judging from my long experience of the character and tendencies of Mohammedan princes, I am certainly not in the least prone to expect, either from Habibullah or from any other Moslem prince, a firm and sincere attachment to a Christian Power, and still less can I believe in the unshakable faithfulness of an Afghan. I beg even to differ from the opinion prevalent in England about the former sympathies of Dost Mohammed Khan, for his friendly behaviour during the Sepoy mutiny in 1857 was the outcome of his unsettled situation in Afghanistan, and not of a particular love for the English. Nearly the same was the case with Shere Ali and with Abdurrahman, for no sooner had the latter found his position strong enough to raise his head then he began to come forward with all kinds of pretensions and finally he showed signs of throwing off his allegiance, for in formulating the desire to be officially represented at the Court of St. James, he was paving the way for a future independence. But with the approach of Russia to the frontiers of the Afghan country a great change has set in with respect to the line of policy to be followed by the rulers at Kabul. They are fully convinced of the fact that the English, having rounded off their conquest in India and being anxious to maintain in peace the possessions they have acquired, must and will henceforward look upon Afghanistan as a wall of protection, which they have to strengthen and fortify materially and morally; whereas to Russia, whose goal of desire is the further South, and who will never renounce the idea of becoming an immediate neighbour of India, Afghanistan forms only an *étape* towards the object in view, and must

consequently be conquered. This has become quite clear to every simple Afghan mountaineer. The affair at Penjdeh in 1885 greatly contributed to the corroboration of this view, and seeing the vigorous assistance lent by Englishmen in building up the Afghan rule, it is very natural that the former inimical feeling has nearly disappeared, and in spite of religious fanaticism the English are looked upon as the friends and well-wishers of the country.

Such being the case, I do not see any possibility of Russia's gaining ground in Afghanistan unless she comes forward arms in hand, either by taking Herat—a short way only from her railway terminus at Kushk—or by advancing on the left bank of the Oxus to seize Balkh and Maimena. It is true that the policy of direct conquest, equivalent to a challenge of England, is inopportune and is actually not in favour with the politicians on the Neva. Hence the diplomatic feeler stretched out with regard to the appointment of a Russian representative, or a political agent, at the Court of Kabul, where Russia is anxious to settle occasional frontier troubles and to further indirectly her commercial interests, which are said to be constantly tampered with by Afghan border authorities. This plea is deserving of a full examination. We beg leave to ask : What kind of troubles can Russia have on the frontier which cannot be arranged on the spot without direct communication with Kabul ? We have but to remember the dispute regarding the Kushk River Canals, which arose in 1893 between the Afghans, settled here by the late Amir for the purpose of having pure Afghans on the frontier, and the Turcomans on the Russian side of the Badghiz. At that time the Anglo-Indian Government despatched Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Yate at the head of a Commission, whilst on the part of Russia there appeared M. Ignatieff accompanied by a few officers and Cossacks. A very short time was spent in examining the various canals and the work was finished off at the Chihl Dukhtar Canal in a few days, to the satisfaction of both parties. A similar procedure we noticed when Russia came forward to advocate the interests of

her Bokhara vassal with respect to Darvaz, Roshan and Shignan; this dispute was likewise peaceably arranged between the two suzerain powers, England, of course, giving in on both occasions to the not very plausible demands of her northern rival. If, then, it was possible for Russia in times past to adjust affairs without recurring to Kabul and without forcibly ignoring the rights of the Afghans' protector, we are well entitled to ask: What are the motives of Russia for seeking direct communication with the ruler of Afghanistan? The answer is obvious and near to hand. The politicians on the Neva seem to be tired of waiting for a plausible ground of interference and of watching from a distance for an opportunity to be offered by the gradual evolution of events; hence their anxiety for a position which would enable them to precipitate affairs through personal contact with the leading power beyond the Suleiman range.

It is this and no other purpose that Russia has in view, and in the face of this new method it is worth while to examine also its chances and to ask ourselves whether the present state of affairs in Afghanistan is favourable or not to the secret plans of Russia, and whether England will look on quietly with folded arms at the machinations of her rival at the Bala Hissar? As to the first part of this question, we have pointed out already that the Amir is by no means inclined to alter his course of policy with regard to England, and whatever may by said about his fickleness, as well as about his love of intrigues and secret dealings, he will never depart from the line of policy bequeathed to him by his father, for this is the only means by which he will be able to ward off any danger coming from outside and to find security against internal troubles. Forty years ago, when Shere Ali Khan was fighting for the throne, the then Governor-General of India declared openly that England, unwilling to involve herself in affairs beyond the Khyber, can and will acknowledge only the *de facto* ruler of the country; and he, in fact, abstained from all interference. To-day the situation has essentially changed, greater interests

are at stake, and it is very unlikely that England will remain a quiet spectator if any civil war threatens to shake the foundation of a fabric which she has helped to erect. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that of his own free choice Habibullah will never enter into any negotiations with Russia, whatever be the golden promises employed to allure him. It only remains to be seen whether Russia, which is constantly trying to seduce the Afghan vassal of Great Britain, will be discouraged in her underground work, and whether she will not have recourse to some other means by which the secret enemies and rivals of the present ruler may find sufficient support to induce them to manifest their discontent and to raise the standard of revolt.

Such an emergency, of course, would give a different turn to affairs in Afghanistan, for there is no use in ignoring or denying the fact that the combustible materials are amply at hand and any spark thrown by Russia may cause a conflagration. The intrigues of Bibi Halima to secure the throne for her favourite son, Umar Khan, are still dormant, and it is only the death of General Ghulam Hyder, her staunch partisan even in the lifetime of Abdurrahman, that has frustrated or delayed the realisation of her plans. Besides this ambitious lady the position of Prince Nasrullah Khan must not be left out of account. The relations between the two brothers is not one overflowing with love and tenderness, and in spite of the high position accorded to Nasrullah, he is always trying to gain a party and preparing to come forward at an opportune moment. A peaceful succession to the throne of Afghanistan, such as the last one was, is unique in the history of that country; its main cause lay in the relations with England and not in the lack of pretenders, and if these latter find support from outside they will certainly try their luck, for the Afghan princes are the last in the world to whom patriotic considerations would serve as a barrier against personal greed and ambition. Russia knows all this very well, and being ever ready to augment the troubles of her rival, she will not be

restrained by conscience from availing herself of any eventual discontent at Kabul. It is in order to give effect to this policy that the Governor-General of Russian Turkestan has always received with open arms the defeated opponents of Abdurrahman Khan, in the hope that he may be able to avail himself of their services in any future complication with England. Ishak Khan, a cousin of the late Amir, has been a Russian pensioner since 1888, as well as his son Mohammed Ismail Khan. The former, a fanatic Mohammedan, more in place at the head of an assembly of Dervishes than as a pretender to the throne, has ceased to be of any importance, for he is now an old man and will probably never come out against any one as an antagonist. As to the latter, he must be looked upon as a more serious rival, for he is young, energetic, full of ambition and is supported by General Ghulam Hyder Verdak, a former adherent of Shere Ali Khan, and by a son of Ahmed Shah, the ruler of Herat in the time of Dost Mohammed. Without giving credit to bazaar gossip, which puts him already at the head of an army of malcontents ready for an attack upon Afghan-Turkestan, we believe the man to be capable of mischief, and willing enough if Russia will lend him assistance, or at least if she will connive at his plans. But this is not very likely, since Russia, having once already burnt her fingers with Abdurrahman, will not a second time commit the mistake of helping her enemies. The rest of the Afghan refugees fed by Russia cannot be of much use for future combinations, for a good portion of them have returned to their native country and have made peace with the legal successor of the Amir. The only visible chance Russia may have in her designs upon Afghanistan rests with the Afghan subjects on the left bank of the Oxus, namely, with the Usbegs and the Turcoman tribes of Erzari, Alieli and others, who are bitter enemies to the Afghans and who would hail with joy any power, were it even a Russian, which would deliver them from the hard yoke of their oppressors.

To sum up what we have said with regard to the present

position of affairs, it must be patent to the unbiased reader that the realisation of Russia's schemes upon Afghanistan can hardly be effected from outside and that she must necessarily extend the thread of her machinations to the central seat of Afghanistan by attacking British influence in Kabul, just as General Kauffmann did through the mission of Stolyetoff to Shere Ali Khan. Hence her desire for an official representation at Bala Hissar, for which purpose she has stretched out a feeler, without, however, being determined to press the matter, for there is no doubt that England cannot and will not acquiesce in such a demand by her rival, not even upon the condition of Russia's agreeing in return to the admission of English representatives in Bokhara and Khiva. It is only by sheer force, by open aggression, that Russia can enter Afghanistan, for Amir Habibullah will hardly walk into the trap of Russian diplomacy, but on the contrary, he will be always bent upon keeping the Russians as far as possible away from his capital. Even supposing that he should be inclined to follow the lurking passion for secret dealings, which he shares in common with all Orientals, he will have to take into account the great change which has taken place in the feelings of the people towards England, a power in which every Afghan has learned to recognise the only real and true friend of his country and a staunch supporter in any eventual attack from outside. Russia's demand for an official representation at Kabul is, in short, as matters stand at present, an idle threat by which nobody will be frightened, and by the next visit of Amir Habibullah to Lord Curzon in India the whole bogey will disappear.

A. Vambéry.

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF NORTH-WESTERN CANADA

WINNIPEG

IN the United States wild land, fit for the cultivation of wheat, is no longer in the market.

The wave of migration has spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the tide is gradually rising till it has begun to trickle over the 49th parallel, the barrier that has hitherto dammed its headway to the North. Seven years ago the new settlers entering Western Canada from across the border could be counted on the fingers of one hand; during the past six years they numbered 77,000; in 1902—the fiscal year ending in June—there were 21,672; this year the estimate varies from 50,000 to 150,000, or more.

Pioneering seems to be hereditary, like certain forms of insanity, and the generation of farmers who first established themselves and raised families in Minnesota and the Dakotas is now being crowded out by the steady influx of the main army from Europe and the Eastern States.

There is a method in its madness, however, as there generally is in the movements of the American hustler, rural or urban, for the second generation has grown up and is desirous of acquiring farms of its own near the parental homestead. Now land there is selling for $40, $50, and $60 per acre, while land of the same quality, or better, may be purchased under

the Union Jack for just one-tenth of that price; and, therefore, the successful American agriculturist is selling his holding to the new arrivals, and coming here to buy homes for himself and family out of the proceeds of the said sale.

Hitherto the area of cultivation in this country has been increasing at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum. In 1902, the estimated crop of wheat in Manitoba was 53,077,267 bushels; in the North-West Territories, 14,649,500 bushels; making a total of 67,726,767 bushels raised from 2,625,516 acres of soil. At this rate we should in five years be producing 100 million bushels, with an average crop of 20 bushels per acre; in ten years we should be producing 200 million bushels.

Now in 1901 Great Britain imported 130,195,949 bushels. Without any abnormal increase in immigration (and consequently in the cultivated area) Manitoba and the North-West Territories should be able in six or seven years to produce enough wheat to feed the entire population of the British Isles.

The average Englishman altogether fails to realise the importance of these figures, and he is not much to blame, considering that even experts share his non-comprehension. There arrived in Winnipeg last spring a leading New York grain exporter, who has handled enormous quantities of grain from Manitoba and the North-West Territories, as well as from the Dakotas and Minnesota. He reported that, even in New York, the leading men in his own business, specialists all of them, were extraordinarily ignorant of the conditions of this country. "Till the last few months," to use his own words, "we have regarded Winnipeg as 'the jumping-off place,' and imagined that there was nothing beyond." At the local grain Exchange they showed him an "Elevator Map," and pointed out that there were already 536 elevators, with an average capacity of 25,000 bushels apiece, in the Manitoba Inspection District, some of them being situated 1000 miles beyond Winnipeg.

Now an elevator somewhat resembles a sky-scraping packing

case, approached by a covered driveway. The thresher delivers his wheat into the waggon-box from the sheaf; the waggon is then driven straight to the nearest elevator, enters the driveway and dumps its load, which falls of its own weight into the "pit." Thence it is drawn up by an endless chain of scoops into the cleaner, and subsequently dropped into the hopper of the scales. In five minutes fifty or sixty bushels will be cleaned and weighed, and a receipt ticket made out and handed to the driver, who returns for a fresh load. The amount retained in the elevator is poured through a revolving spout into different bins, according to the grade to which it may be assigned, and thence transferred at the proper time to the railroad car, one of which—with a capacity of 1000 bushels—can be loaded in fifteen minutes.

There are to-day 806 of these elevators, dotted along the principal lines of railway like the blockhouses in South Africa, and if you add to their number the Eastern Terminal elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur, they show a total licensed capacity for the period 1901–1902 of 25,123,100 bushels. Applications are coming in daily for sites for new elevators of similar capacity.

It has always been the policy of the Canadian Government to encourage the construction of colonisation lines, and Southern Manitoba is already pretty well gridironed with railways, including three lines running to the United States border, and there joining the American system. The Canadian Northern has already opened up the Northern part of the Province to the extreme North-West angle, on the edge of Saskatchewan, whence it is to push on through the Yellow Head Pass to the Pacific Coast, thus giving Canada its second transcontinental line. The exact route of the Grand Trunk beyond Manitoba is not yet known, though the line will probably run through Battleford and Edmonton, and thence by the Peace River, Pine River, or Yellow Head Pass to Fort Simpson. The country generally, throughout the province, consists of open prairie, with wooded river banks aud poplar groves scattered

over its surface. The area available for farming is calculated to be twenty-five million acres, of which over three millions were in crop last year.

The "District of Assiniboia" contains an area of fifty-eight million acres, divided by nature into two great sections. Eastern Assiniboia, "the park country" of the North-West, is a vast stretch of rolling prairie, of clumps of trees bordering lakes, meadows, and streams; a soil pre-eminently adapted for wheat growing; while Western Assiniboia is better suited for mixed farming and for ranching and stock-raising. The main line of the Canadian-Pacific Railway runs east and west through the District: from Moose Jaw, about forty-two miles west of Regina, the capital, the Soo Railway affords direct communication with the U.S. points by way of St. Paul; from Regina itself a branch railway runs north to Prince Albert, the principal town of the District of Saskatchewan. The North-Eastern portion is connected with Manitoba by the Manitoba and North-Western Railway, now absorbed into the Canadian-Pacific Railway system.

North of Assiniboia is "Saskatchewan,' with an area of seventy-three million acres, a mixed prairie and wooded region, including in the South a proportion of the great plains, with vast timber areas to the North.

West of these two districts is "Alberta," the great stock-raising, dairy-farming, agricultural and mineral country, situated at the base of the Rocky Mountains, the paradise of the English younger son, containing sixty-eight million acres, and traversed from East to West by the Canadian-Pacific, and from North to South by the Calgary and Edmonton Railway.

The smallest of these four great divisions is larger than England, Scotland, and Wales put together, and the four represent that portion of Western Canada (exclusive of British Columbia) which has been opened up by railways, an area more than twice the size of France. They also form the Southern boundary of the "Territory of Athabasca," into

which the long steel tentacles have not yet penetrated, with an area of over a quarter of a million square miles; and of the great "Mackenzie Basin," reported by Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, in a recent lecture before the Canadian Institute, to be one of the richest wheat districts on the continent.

It is a great field for American enterprise.

The restless racial craving to cut a path through the wilderness, and found new homes in wild lands, must find a scope somewhere, and to-day its only outlet is to the North. The Canadian Government has established agents and sub-agents in all the Western States, who hold meetings, deliver lectures, and personally canvass possible settlers. They form farmers' clubs, whose members select one of their number as a delegate to inspect, report on, and (in many cases) purchase outright land throughout the North-West. Advertisements are being run in over 8000 newspapers, with a combined circulation aggregating over 9,000,000 a week; and carefully selected exhibits are being displayed at all the inter-State, State, and county fairs.

Already the yellow journals are prophesying the peaceful annexation of this section of the British Empire to the United States. They are painting vivid pictures, in three colours, of sturdy American farmers building to themselves homes scattered over the prairie; with the Stars and Stripes flaunting over the little school-house; with portraits of George Washington and President Roosevelt hung behind the box-stove. Wherever the new settler comes he will bring his nationality with him; he will teach his children to scream like the American eagle, and he will not be content to dwell under the institutions of an effete monarchy for an hour longer than he can possibly help. The Uitlander shall inherit the land, and the hour of its destiny has struck. Thus the yellow journal.

The Canadian takes things more quietly. He is too busy just now raking in American dollars to devote much time to questions of Imperial interest. But when he does find leisure

to dwell on the subject, he is apt to point out that there is another point of view from which it may be regarded. He says that a very large percentage of these pioneers from over the border is composed of returned Canadians; of settlers who were attracted to the United States by the glittering promises held out by the very men who are now devoting all their energies to exploiting the virgin soil on this side of the line. To this percentage you have to add the immigrants from European countries, the Scandinavians, the Germans, the Russians, and others whose loyalty to the American flag, and to American institutions, as such, is as yet somewhat tepid, and who would probably never find out that the constitution of the United States differed from that of Great Britain, unless the fact were pointed out to them by some chauvinistic and interested Republican. Lastly, experience has so far shown that the ordinary American, when once he is domiciled in Canada, usually becomes one of the most patriotic citizens in the Dominion, as well as one of the most efficient.

But some of the most far-seeing and most experienced business men in this country hold that the question whether the new immigrants will Americanise Western Canada, or whether they will themselves become Canadianised, is much more grave than even the people here realise; that the importance of the movement can hardly be overrated; and that the consequences, from an Imperial standpoint, are extremely difficult to forecast.

At present—by an apparent reversal of the law of evolution—the different elements of the race that is destined one day to occupy Western Canada are in a state of "definite, coherent heterogeneity." You can get a pretty good idea of these various nationalities by visiting Winnipeg in the month of July, during the great annual Exhibition.

Less than a generation ago this city was a little village clustered round the stockade of Fort Garry, dotted here and there with Indian teepees, and perched above the confluence of the Red River and the Assiniboine. On the banks of these

you could hear the grating creak of the old "Red River cart," built entirely of wood, without a scrap of iron in its composition. You could see the camp-fire smoke of the Bois Brulés, and their long lines of ponies loaded down with fur-packs from the prairie and from the Far North; you could smell the incense of the buffalo meat, and of the marrow-fat, and the beaver-tails. There are men alive to-day who have seen their fellow men scalped within gunshot of the principal hotel in the place; you have only to drive along a country trail to see the bleached bones and skulls of the practically extinct buffalo.

The scene during "Exhibition week" presents a strange contrast. Almost every colour, race and creed has its representative; the red man in tattered European clothes, a pitiful caricature of the painted brave who used to hunt over these very plains; the yellow man, with his pigtail carefully rolled up inside his hat; the negro, who has never seen Africa; and last, but most numerous, the pale-faces, the new masters of the soil. Sturdy Canadians of English stock; "Macs" and O's"; "habitants" from the Eastern Provinces, still dreaming of the land their fathers left, still in this new home living on the banks of the "Seine," still speaking, they will tell you, the true French, the language of the sixteenth century uncorrupted by modern Europe.

There are Doukhobors in peaked caps and wide-skirted coats, who came to this country under the guidance of quiet, sad-eyed men bearing such names as Hilkoff, and Tolstoi, and Kropotkin; Armenians from under the shadow of Mount Ararat; Galicians from the terraces of the Carpathians; Poles who have at last despaired of their own land; Mennonites, once the most persecuted sect in Europe; Jews, who hope to make their livelihood out of the tillers of the soil; flaxen-haired Icelanders, descended from the Vikings, who are reported to have discovered this continent centuries before the birth of Columbus; Assyrians from the Euphrates; ringletted Magyars from Hungary; and Cockneys from Holborn. To-day these

are all British subjects living under the Red Ensign charged with the maple-leaf; and it may be that their children in another generation will be hailed as Sons of the Blood.

But some of the settlers in the North-West manage to preserve their nationality with the same fervent single-hearted devotion as did the Jews of the Exodus. The Mennonites, especially, hive together like bees; they intermarry; they cherish their own language; they hoard every penny they earn; and they hold little or no social intercourse with their neighbours of different race. The Icelanders will take up their abode on the shores of the great lakes, and live by fishing, though they are not so exclusive as the Mennonites; while the Galicians pick up English with extraordinary quickness, and are apparently quite willing to merge their own identity with that of their neighbours.

The mere fact that he speaks the same language as ourselves makes it possible for the American to mix at once with his Canadian compeers. There are one and a half million Canadians now settled across the border, and a large majority of these have taken up their abode in the States that lie along the dividing line. There is no religious bar to separate the two peoples, and their sports—with the doubtful exception of lacrosse—tend to bring them together. Rinks from St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth, contend annually in the great Manitoba Bonspiel; the Winnipeg Baseball Club belongs to an American League; Canadian crews have more than once carried off the championship of the Continent, rowing on American waters; promising youths in Winnipeg business houses have been offered highly salaried positions in New York on account of their prowess at hockey; as a racing centre Winnipeg belongs to an American "racing circuit," whose rules are laid down by an American Turf Club; and most of the best dogs in the United States are entered in the Manitoba Field trials.

As long as it was to the interest of unscrupulous land agents to keep immigration on the other side of the line they

did not hesitate to draw fearsome pictures of the fate which awaited the luckless settler under British rule. He had to pay tithes of all he possessed to the Government. Even if he *could* manage to raise a crop in the frozen tundras of the North-West, what would it profit him, if he were doomed to perish in a blizzard? But to-day circumstances have changed, and the same land agents have reversed the shield, and are now stentoriously calling attention to the dazzling sheen of the other side. The yellow journals in New York are forecasting annexation; and the newspapers in St. Paul and Minneapolis, with their advertisement sheets full of glowing descriptions paid for by Canadian landowners, are preaching peace and unity.

The real danger to British interests lies in the insuppressible American tendency to do everything on a big scale. A European nation thinks it has accomplished great things when it has constructed a line of first-class transatlantic mail steamers; a plain American business man will not be happy until he has acquired control over the entire traffic on the ocean highway. The flood, just now, is only trickling over the dam, but if the great American syndicates are to begin, or rather to continue, buying land in blocks the size of an English county, and colonising them wholesale with inhabitants transplanted by the cityfull from the United States, it is not difficult to see that the map of Manitoba and the North-West Territories might soon be—figuratively speaking—dotted over with garrisons flying the Stars and Stripes. So long as the new settlers arrive individually, or in small clusters, they can settle down among the 450,000 inhabitants who are now occupying that enormous area in the proportion of one human being to five or six square miles. The latter will assimilate them easily enough, and there will be no danger of their leavening the whole lump with disloyalty to the British Empire. But if they come over in swarms, and gravitate together on their arrival, they may fulfil the predictions of the New York *Sun*. They may, quite conceivably, foster their existent patriotism

to the land they have left and insist on teaching their children, in their school hand-books, to dislike and distrust the land of their adoption, till in a few years the annexation of Western Canada may prove to be the "mere picnic" that the American jingo claims it is to-day. At all events, they will create a new public sentiment out here. Not necessarily a desire for political incorporation with the United States; not even, perhaps, a desire for republican institutions as opposed to monarchical. But a sentiment to which the idea of Imperial Unity is, if not actually repugnant, most certainly non-essential.[1]

It used to be reckoned that each individual immigrant was worth a thousand dollars to the country of his choice. Less than a score of years ago the steamship facilities to Canada were so inadequate that the large majority of intending settlers for the Dominion travelled by way of New York, and were intercepted at that point by enterprising agents of American Railway Companies, who diverted them, on all sorts of plausible pretexts, to various points in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Wisconsin, Idaho, and the Western States generally. The object of this, of course, was not merely to capture the railway fares, but to secure future traffic by colonising the lands tributary to their different lines.

Even as lately as 1901 the statistics show that 104,195

[1] The following telegram from Ottawa appeared in the *Morning Post* on March 21, of this year:

"The sales of land made by the Canadian-Pacific Railway during the present month will probably be larger than those made during the first three months of 1902.

The greatest demand for new land continues to come from the United States, and American settlers are crossing the frontier in increasing numbers.

The new settlers are of the best class, and, in nearly all cases, experienced plainsmen, who make the best use of the new land. *There are already settlements in the new country which are entirely American.*

In most cases the Americans prefer to buy land from the Canadian-Pacific Company which is near the railway, rather than take up free but more remote Government land. Purchasers of Company land are not required to become British subjects."—[Editor MONTHLY REVIEW.]

emigrants left Great Britain for the United States, as against 15,757 for the North American colonies. The establishment of a really fast and efficient steamship line to Canada would revolutionise all this, and direct the incoming throng straight to the virgin soil of our own prairies. Meanwhile the influx of British blood into one end of the long arteries that run from the Atlantic to the North-West is forcing American blood into the British veins at the other . . . and is being heavily taxed for doing so.

The syndicates and the land speculators from over the border are doing a roaring trade. They buy in big blocks for three and a half dollars per acre, not infrequently paying the whole price, or an instalment of $50,000 or so, down on the nail. For a long term they pay 6 per cent. to the Canadian proprietors, and then sell for seven dollars per acre to the new settler, charging a similar rate of interest on the hundred per cent. profit. The great railway companies allow speculators six years wherein to pay the purchase-money in full; *bonâ fide* settlers are allowed ten, no principal being called for, by special arrangement, between the first and third years. It is obvious that the capitalist is growing rich, and it is equally obvious that the future emigrant from the British Isles can do a great deal better for himself by making straight for Manitoba and the North-West Territories, instead of settling in the United States and paying enhanced prices for what is, as often as not, inferior land, and for doubtful "improvements," and thereby enabling the more enterprising American pioneer to colonise our own possessions for us.

Let us take the imaginary case of an English farmer coming to this side of the water with $10,000 in his pocket. If he bought 160 acres of improved lands in the United States, he would have to pay, at a very moderate computation, $4800; nearly one-half of his capital. In Canada he could get "wild" land of superior fertility for $480. In addition to this he could "homestead" another 160 acres for a merely nominal fee of $10 by making personal entry at the Land Office for

the district; or vicariously on application to the Minister of the Interior or Dominion Land Agent. After this all that is necessary for obtaining a patent is six months' residence and cultivation in each year for three years, or, as to residence, living with his parents on land in the vicinity, or on land owned by himself. By this means the newcomer will be the owner of 320 acres, and will leave himself a surplus of $9510 wherewith to put up buildings and purchase the stock and agricultural implements necessary to make the requisite improvements.

The average Old-countryman, who crosses the Atlantic in the steerage of a Cunarder or White Star boat, is a little afraid to face the unknown, and is therefore willing to pay extra for the sake of settling within sight of a church or a school-house. But, as a matter of fact, the school system of Manitoba and the North-West Territories makes this an easier matter every day. In the former province the rural schools are dotted about at intervals of three miles or so in the settled districts, and the system is free. There is a general taxation of the land within each such district, whether occupied or not, whether owned by parents or by tenants having no children. In addition to this the Government makes an annual grant of a considerable sum to each school, and out of the resulting fund all expenses are paid, including the teacher's salary. A mere handful of families is enough to obtain this grant, and the schools are inspected at intervals by official inspectors. The education is non-sectarian and national in character, and the ordinary secular branches and general public morality alone are taught during regular school hours, religious instruction being given when desired during hours set apart for that purpose.

The average Canadian is also more cautious than the average American. This may be partly owing to the fact that the million and a half already referred to as having transferred their allegiance to the United States include many of the boldest and most enterprising spirits among the former. Such

men are naturally attracted to a wider field for activity than is afforded in their own sparsely populated dominion, while the more prudent and circumspect mortals remain at home. Where an American will cheerfully "go it blind," a Canadian will look before he leaps, or allow some one else to give him a lead over. For this reason some of the biggest undertakings in Canada have been captained by Americans. There is an actual lack of a necessary capital too, as well as a certain disinclination to risk it.

Think of the amount of energy that is running to waste at every second of time in water-power alone between the 49th parallel and the Arctic circle! A powerful American company, tempted by the opportunity offered by the proximity of this water-power to raw products, and backed by unlimited capital, might found monopolies that it would tax all the resources of the Canadian Government to resist.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: Here in this North-West country is to be found the future granary of the Empire. Canadians themselves have demonstrated their faith in its stability and future prosperity by advancing their capital freely for the last twenty years, till there is to-day under the control of the financial institutions in the City of Winnipeg, a sum of $100,000,000 invested in mortgages on real estate and other securities.

The Americans have suddenly awakened to the fact that it is worth their while to follow our example, and, with their immensely superior resources in money and population, should have no difficulty in beating us at our own game. We are glad enough to have our country opened up; and, if it is not to be done by our brethren from over the sea, the next best thing is that it should be done by our cousins from over the border. But we should prefer the former alternative. We should like to see our farms occupied by British settlers, and our water-power developed by British capital. We should like to see a population here that could send, when called on for purposes of Imperial defence, not four, but forty contingents

of the men bred on the open prairie; of the men who from their childhood have never known the pinch of narrow street life; the men who can ride, and shoot, and meet death smiling when the time comes. [1]

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS.

[1] This article will be followed by one from Mr. Arnold Haultain, of Toronto, answering the question "Who should Emigrate to Canada?"—EDITOR.

IRISH MUSIC

A VOICE beside the dim enchanted river,
Out of the twilight, where the brooding trees
Hear Shannon's druid waters chant for ever
Tales of dead Kings, and Bards, and Shanachies;
A girl's young voice out of the twilight, singing
Old songs beside the legendary stream,
A girl's clear voice, o'er the wan waters ringing,
Beats with its wild wings at the Gates of Dream.

The flagger-leaves, whereon shy dewdrops glisten,
Are swaying, swaying gently to the sound,
The meadow-sweet and spearmint, as they listen,
Breathe wistfully their wizard balm around;
And there, alone with her lone heart and heaven,
Thrush-like she sings and lets her voice go free,
Her soul, of all its hidden longing shriven,
Soars on wild wings with her wild melody.

Sweet in its plaintive Irish modulations,
Her fresh young voice tuned to old sorrow seems,
The passionate cry of countless generations
Keenes in her breast as there she sings and dreams.
No more, sad voice; for now the dawn is breaking
Through the long night, through Ireland's night of tears,
New songs wake in the morn of her awaking
From the enchantment of nine hundred years!

JOHN TODHUNTER.

HISTORY AND DOGMA[1]

A WRITER can hardly escape a feeling of presumption who attempts to treat briefly of a theme so large, so complex, and, when everything is said, so uncertain as the study of theology. If he happens to be a layman he may also find himself charged with a worse fault than presumption in treating of it at all, however keen his interest in any of the great questions which it involves. For in spite of what are often urged in ecclesiastical circles as the rights and the duties of the laity, to exercise them is to discover that in the minds of many of the clergy these rights and duties are meant to be restricted to the sphere of practical activity. They are recognised, that is to say, so far as the application of the faith is concerned, and wherever they may be turned to account in matters of organisation or social effort or mere learning. But if the faith itself is to be discussed they are regarded with alarm. There are communities, indeed, both in and outside the Church of England—to say nothing of the Church of Rome—where a man who is not ordained is scarcely suffered to speak on the great questions of theology ; and where, if he ventures to raise his voice, he is either ignored altogether or else told, directly or indirectly, that he is wanting in the spirit in which these questions ought to be approached. On the other hand, there is an increasing number of the ministers of all denominations who take no such exclusive view of their own

[1] Being the substance of an Address to the Churchmen's Union.

functions; who welcome any effort, whatever its source, to promote a different view; and who perceive that if the reforms which they desire are to be carried out, if the truths of Christianity are to be stated afresh in modern language, if the creed based on those truths is to be brought into greater harmony with our general knowledge, it is from the laity that some, at least, of the driving force of this movement will have to come.

Not, then, because I am a layman do I hesitate at venturing upon this subject, even though all that I can attempt is to suggest some of the considerations which ought to be borne in mind in regard to it. I hesitate because of its immense range, because of its perplexity, because of the confusion which is everywhere visible in it. This confusion is so great, this perplexity is so obvious to all who have any perception of what modern criticism has effected, that one word only seems strong enough to describe the present state of theological study among us. That state is one of *chaos*. In other subjects of serious study there is at least some agreement as to the facts to be investigated and the principles to be applied. But no one can look at the theological literature of our day with an open mind, or read any of the hundreds of books published every year on this subject in Europe and the United States, without becoming aware that here there is hardly any general agreement as to the right way of dealing with the questions at issue; that prejudice and presupposition, and, indeed, sheer ignorance, play a much larger part than they play elsewhere; and that, as for fundamental rules to which all students can alike appeal, they do not exist.

I am speaking, of course, of theology as something which claims to be an intellectual system. I am speaking of something which proposes to give us a theory of the most important element in human experience, and appeals to reason for approval of that theory. In what other system, I ask, are we offered such different views as to the standard of truth, and where else are so many objections raised to each of them in turn? Some theologians assure us that the sole standard of

truth is set by the Bible. But whether and to what extent the Bible is to be regarded as a revelation, when and by whom its books were written, how far it has been altered by scribes and editors, how much of it is mere legend, and how much, although accepted at one time as literally true, must now be taken in a metaphorical or poetical sense — these are questions, as we know, on which there is a profound diversity of opinion. Other theologians, perceiving these difficulties, perceiving also that the Bible will not by itself support the edifice in which they live, maintain that in the last resort truth is to be found in the voice of the Church. Unhappily for this contention, there are many Churches; and even if the oldest and the greatest of them be alone considered, we are confronted with the fact that its voice is not uniform; that sometimes, at least, it has spoken in error; that it has approved much in the past which was false and degrading; and that the only defence offered for its mistakes is the desperate assurance that it was not the institution itself but its feeble and fallible agents who were at fault. Others, again, write as if nothing were of any real consequence but a certain mystical relation between God and the soul; as if truth were the outcome of spiritual experience in the individual; as if it were a question not so much of the intellect as of what we call feeling. Those who have to teach in the Churches, however, tell us frankly that with the great mass of mankind this is a form of theology which is too vague to be of any practical use, and that what is absolutely indispensable is something definite and concrete.

The confusion goes further. If the layman asks what is there that can be said to be definite and concrete, what is the central dogma on which everything else rests, he receives contradictory answers. One school declares that the central dogma is the *Atonement*. But he no sooner begins to study the theory of the Atonement than he discovers that it may mean two quite different things: it may mean vicarious punishment for sin, or else a personal purification brought

about by the example of Christ's life and work. Another school insists, on the contrary, that the *Incarnation* is the central and constitutive dogma of Christianity; and yet on the question how the Incarnation is to be understood, and whether a Virgin Birth and a bodily Resurrection are essential parts of it or merely transient accessories, there are as different views held at this moment as have ever been held in the past about any dogma whatever. A third school seeks relief from these perplexities by proclaiming that the living and abiding element in Christian theology is Christ's own teaching, and that the kernel of this teaching is the doctrine of the *Kingdom of God*. But even here theologians are not at one; for some of them hold that this Kingdom is entirely spiritual, and consists only in the invisible communion of those who acknowledge Christ's sovereignty over their hearts, while others maintain that the Kingdom is, in fact, the Catholic Church with its traditions, its ceremonies, and its claim to be the abode of the Holy Ghost.

No layman who has any appreciation of these dogmas in any of their interpretations, or remembers that they have been and still are the hope and support of some of the best and noblest of his fellow men, will think or speak lightly of them. But he cannot fail to recognise that so far as they are statements of the fundamental fact in Christian theology they do not agree; and in the face of this disagreement, and with so many guides calling him in so many directions, he may well ask what he is to do and what path he is to follow. If he is tempted to think that theology is not a branch of knowledge at all, but only a mass of floating and changing opinion in which nothing is fixed, nothing is certain, he may well, I imagine, be forgiven. For the confusion does not stop even with standards of truth or with fundamental facts. It is to be found in the personal attitude of the theologians themselves. Not only are they divided on the question whether it is the miraculous or the moral that makes the final appeal; but those, too, who ultimately take their stand upon miracles differ as to the events

which ought to be placed in that category. Some of them, indeed, pay the tribute to science and to criticism, that they do their best to make little of their position, for when they speak of miracles they are very careful to add, "or what seem to be miracles." Thus, while the old dispute between believers and sceptics still continues, many of the believers themselves do not know what they believe, and where they do they are not at one as to what they mean.

It is a melancholy spectacle. We may be reminded, however—and the whole history of the Catholic Church and the rise of Protestantism are there to prove the fact—that there have often been disagreements amongst Christians on matters of theology; that the household of the faith has been divided against itself before now; and that the divisions have sometimes been marked by a bitterness which we in these days can hardly realise. We may be told that Christian theology is none the worse for these experiences; that, on the contrary, the very circumstance that it has come through them is a sign of vitality and of inner strength. We may be told that in spite of all the controversy within and without in which it has been engaged it is in all essentials unimpaired; and that if it emerged without serious damage from the great schism of the sixteenth century, and from the metaphysical and rationalistic difficulties put in its way in the seventeenth and eighteenth, it will not be changed, save in appearance, by anything that may have happened to it in the nineteenth.

Whether this assurance is well founded remains to be seen. Those who take refuge in it seem to me to overlook a very important and a very far reaching distinction between theological controversy in the past and theological controversy in the present. Except to a small extent during the Reformation, controversy up to the nineteenth century—up to a time, indeed, when the nineteenth century was well advanced, turned in the main upon speculative questions; upon the meaning, for instance, of the dogmas just mentioned, upon the relation between faith and works, between reason and revelation,

between divine government and the course of nature. That this should have been so was inevitable, and will be recognised as inevitable when we remember that Christian theology, in the full sense, itself originated in speculation, in the necessity for providing an answer to the Gnostic philosophy of the second century. But although theology must always, I believe, contain a speculative element, and although there has assuredly been no lack of religious theorising during the last fifty years, theology is now mainly concerned not with speculative but with historical questions. What this change means some of our theologians have already perceived; but, if I am not speaking too positively for a layman, most of them still seem to be very shy of learning and applying its lessons. That the considerations which it brings with it will dominate the study of theology for a great many years to come can hardly admit of any reasonable doubt, for it has already shown itself to be a more powerful solvent of some elements in the traditional creed than all the assaults of physical science. On its results, then, any reconstruction that the future has in store for us will largely depend, however profoundly such a reconstruction may also be affected by a deeper insight into the nature of religious experience.

If I may describe this change in popular language, the speculative treatment of theology regarded dogma either as having literally come down from heaven, or from another point of view—let us say the point of view taken by the eighteenth century rationalist—as a form of truth which was evolved full-blown from human reason. In this conception of its origin and nature dogma was looked upon as something which lay at the foundation of the faith, and was, as it were, the first term in a long series; something which was given once for all, and was fixed and unalterable; something to be accepted or rejected, discussed and interpreted, but not something to be explained as a product of slow and natural growth. A product of slow and natural growth, however, is just what the historical view of dogma proves it to be. We may admit

that in the case of Christian theology the process was so slow and so complicated that we can only with difficulty trace it; we may admit that much of the evidence of its growth is still lacking, and that the difficulty provides abundant opportunity for arguments that are legitimately drawn from considerations other than historical. Nevertheless, through the laborious researches of many scholars, we now know something of the way in which dogma drew for its first materials upon very simple facts. We are beginning to understand how these facts were interpreted and expanded in accordance with the ideas and the aspirations of the moment; and how, ultimately, they were re-interpreted and transformed by contact with other ideas and other hopes, until finally, after three or four centuries of effort and struggle, of abstruse speculation and political pressure, these simple facts were elaborated into a complex system expressed in the most subtle philosophical language. There were, of course, many theologians before the nineteenth century who were well aware that dogma had a history; some of them, indeed, who suspected that it had a very natural and human history; but it is only, so to speak, yesterday that this history has been laid bare in any fulness and treated in the same spirit of free research and free criticism with which any other history is investigated.

But the historian has not only begun to show us how dogma took shape; he has also begun to show us how the documents connected with it came to be what they are, and by what means the institution which guarded and fostered this system of belief gradually increased in power and influence. He has dealt with the text of the documents, with their date, their authorship, the trustworthy or the legendary character of what they contain; and he has brought light to bear upon them from contemporary records and from investigations in other fields. He has explained the rise and growth of this particular institution partly, at least, as he might explain the rise and growth of any other; namely, by showing that whatever was the inner secret of its persistence it, too, had to adapt itself to

the conditions of its time. What the historian thus offers us is a view of the past, an interpretation of the facts, which is not a mere speculation, but a case supported by evidence and an argument to be decided by no other consideration than the weight of that evidence. He asks that the inferences to be drawn from ascertained and admitted facts shall be such as knowledge and common sense would draw in any other sphere.

But in this sphere, we are told, knowledge and common sense will not do everything for us. It may be urged, nay by the vast majority of Christians it is urged, that Christian theology is superior to every other branch of human knowledge in being a revelation, and that the historian will not proceed historically unless he recognises that fact. Revelation! yes, if we mean by this word the delivery of a truth unknown or unfelt before, it may well be that in the last resort we can make no valid objection to such a plea. But we must ask that revelation be taken in its fullest extent and seen in all its bearings, and that it be not limited, as is commonly the case, to the utterances of a book or of an institution. We have only to free ourselves from the fetters of an accepted usage to perceive that we have as much right to speak of revelation in the domain of science or of art as in the domain of morals or of religion. No historian of any branch of human knowledge will do his duty unless he recognises that all fresh knowledge begins and progresses in the intuitions of genius, and that in all historical research there is a point at which no investigation can carry us any further. It is, as it seems to me, false history and still falser psychology which refuses to allow for this fact. How these intuitions arise, and whence they come, is a mystery which we cannot penetrate; and I am not aware of any better way of conceiving or speaking of them than by regarding them as the gift of God and as leading us to a better apprehension of Him. If the historian will only allow for this revelation and bring it home to us; if he will only refrain from telling us that everything is to be

accounted for by its environment or by the pre-existing conditions, he will be keeping within the limits of his own science and not be going over into matters which no historian can explain. But it is clearly his duty, so far as all available means at his disposal will allow, to lead us up to these limits, and to show us how much—and it is a great deal—*can* be explained.

How much, for instance, has been done in this respect with regard to the books of the Bible! Let us take the case of two of them: one because the results of research in regard to it are now well known, and the other because similar results have yet to make their way in the Churches. A hundred years ago practically the whole of Christendom accepted all the statements in *Genesis* as divinely inspired, and therefore as true. So far as individual Christians allowed the faintest cloud of doubt upon this subject to cross their minds, they felt that in some way they were doing wrong, and that their doubt was a subtle temptation from the Devil. We know now, however, that *Genesis* was not written by Moses with or without the miraculous assistance of the Almighty in the sixteenth century B.C.; we know that it is a work made up from at least three separate and anonymous documents, none of them earlier than the ninth century and one at least as late as the fifth. These documents embodied what in any other sphere would be called myths and legends; and some of these legends have been traced, not to Moses writing at the divine dictation, but to the epic poetry of Babylon, composed at least as long ago as the thirtieth century B.C., and still to be read on later tablets lying in the British Museum. We know this apart from what astronomy and geology have taught us as to the beginnings of the stellar universe and this speck of dust in it which we call the Earth. If such is the state of our knowledge with regard to the first book of the Bible, what is the state of our knowledge with regard to the last? A hundred years ago the whole of Christendom supposed, and probably ninety-nine out of every hundred Christians still suppose, that the *Revelation* was written by John the son of Zebedee on the

island of Patmos, and that it is the authentic and inspired record of a series of visions in which the whole future of the universe was divinely unfolded. What are the facts? Briefly, they are these: that this book is one example only—the book of *Daniel* is another—of a kind of literature which had flourished on Jewish soil for at least three hundred years; that, like *Genesis*, it is made up from various documents; that these documents are not all of them even of Christian origin; and that, whatever measure of unity this work may now have, it cannot, if historical considerations are to have any value for us at all, be attributed to John the son of Zebedee.

I have advisedly drawn attention to the first and last books of the Bible because they illustrate a remarkable feature of the present study of theology. As a safe foundation for dogma, most of our theologians, under the stress of historical investigation, have given up *Genesis*, and indeed much else in the Old Testament; but they still believe, or at least argue as if they believed, that the existing creeds and articles of the Churches can be established by what the books of the New Testament tell us. This is a distinction which, to the layman at least, very plainly underlies much of the higher theological literature of our day. It appears, for instance, in almost all the judgments passed on two recent works in which an attempt has been made to sum up our modern knowledge of the Bible. I refer to the *Dictionary of the Bible* and the *Encyclopædia Biblica*. Most of the critics in the religious press, at any rate in England, approve of the *Dictionary* as a work which may be used with confidence, although this work goes a long way towards applying critical and historical methods to the Old Testament and depriving it of the authority which it once enjoyed. On the other hand, they condemn the *Encyclopædia*, not, indeed, ostensibly because it applies the same methods to the New Testament, but because it carries those methods further than the general opinion of the Churches is at present willing to allow. That there

are mistaken and inadequate theories maintained in both works is sufficiently probable, but in accordance with this general opinion the alleged defects are in the one case treated leniently or as subjects on which opinion may justly differ, and in the other are denounced with extraordinary rigour.[1] The explanation is perhaps to be found in the fear that, if some of the conclusions which the *Encyclopædia* draws are correct, the various books of the New Testament will lose a good deal of their dogmatic value. An analogous contingency in regard to the Old Testament aroused a similar fear, as we all know, thirty or forty years ago. Yet if these methods have brought us to the truth in regard to the Old Testament, the layman, at least, may well ask why should we dread their consequences so much in the other? Why may we be allowed to say that the first chapters of *Genesis* are not history, that few of the *Psalms of David* are by David, that the *Proverbs of Solomon* are of various authorship, that the *Book of Daniel* was written 400 years after Nebuchadnezzar's reign, and yet be forbidden to say that some parts of the Gospels are less trustworthy than others, and that one of the four is not so much a narrative as an argument? If we admit the *Book of Job* to be largely the outcome of a creative imagination, must we be accused of wild theorising if we suggest that a similar criticism may also be true of the fourth Gospel? If we find that the *Book of Isaiah* was the work of several centuries, are we to shut our minds to the evidence that Epistles which tradition assigns to Peter and to Paul are of uncertain date and possibly also of uncertain authorship, or that various passages in the New Testament as it now stands were additions made in the interests of ecclesiastical dogma or under the pressure of philosophical speculation? That some of these additions were late is certain. We have no reason to believe that the idea of the Virgin Birth, for instance, which

[1] *E.g.*, by Mr. Andrew Lang, who suggested in the February number of a certain magazine that one of the Editors of the *Encyclopædia* was "a sneak, a humbug, and a hypocrite."

has played so large a part in Christian theology, was known either to Peter or to Paul, or that, if it was, they made any use of it in their teaching. On the contrary, there is strong evidence to show that long after the latest date to be assigned to the Gospels, long after the days of the primitive community, this and other ideas which we find perplexing had no acknowledged place in the Christian creed.

I can only thus briefly indicate the kind of results which historical and textual criticism appear to establish in regard to the growth of Christian theology. That growth, as every scholar now admits, was largely determined by the intellectual conditions of the first three or four centuries; nay, it could not have been otherwise determined if Christianity was to live and to conquer. The process is often summarised in the statement that in this way theology became the subject of an orderly development, and that dogmas were the forms in which the truths of the religious life were gradually unfolded. But, if the expression of truth for any age must follow the thoughts and emotions of that age, this very circumstance ought alone to suggest to the student of theology that the same expression may not hold good for other ages in which different thoughts and emotions prevail, and that formulas which were true for one age may become inadequate or even false for another. This relativity of doctrine, however, although generally conceded in theory, is not so firmly held but that some of the doctrines of the past are still embraced as if they and they alone were a complete embodiment of the spiritual experience of the human race. Much of the confusion, indeed, now observable in the theological domain is due to the attempt to fit the ideas of the Greek spirit as understood in the second and third centuries to modern conceptions of philosophy and science, and there are many among us who still argue, in effect, that unless the attempt succeeds Christianity will suffer violence. Yet what is that but to claim for the formulas of the fourth century an absolute value, and to demand that the religious life must be lived within their

limitations? Were any similar pretension advanced in any other sphere than the theological it would be at once rejected, and, unless it be rejected in this sphere, too, the study of theology must inevitably fall into complete discredit.

Here again, of course, we have a proposition which in the abstract is hardly any longer disputed. But, like other commonplaces which are praised on paper, its usual fate is to be neglected in practice. It is neglected for very obvious reasons. There are great forces always at work which hinder the transformation of theological ideas and make the abandonment or even the alteration of formulas almost an impossibility—forces which really underlie and explain the passionate conviction that the voice of the Church is the voice of truth. In the first place, with the great mass of Christians these formulas, whether drawn from the Johannine or the Pauline theology, from the decrees of the Councils or from the Protestantism of the sixteenth century, tend to be themselves regarded as the spiritual facts of which they are only an expression. Those who can rest in religion as a purely spiritual experience—as a sense, for instance, of the divine Fatherhood—are always the few. The great majority, absorbed in the pursuits of the material life, demand either some clear-cut, articulate statement of the relation between the human and the divine, or else some mysterious incomprehensible assertion which at once feeds and overawes their imagination. In the second place, there is the natural disposition of the human mind to persist in ideas when they have once been formed, especially when those ideas become, as it were, official, and are part of the very life of great institutions rich in historical associations and full of hope for the future. With difficulties of this kind in the way of any re-statement of the creed, we must not be too sanguine of early reform. We must frankly recognise that until the public opinion of the Churches is further roused to the need of reform, and there is a wider knowledge of the way in which the existing formulas actually arose, all that we can do is to shift the emphasis on to those of them which can best bear it.

But we must also, I would insist, make a strong effort to cultivate in ourselves and others a clear sense of the evidence, often very precarious and quite as much psychological as historical, on which in the last resort those formulas rest. As much psychological as historical—this, indeed, is always to be remembered in any study of the elements of theology. The history of theology will mislead us if it suggests that the historical is the final point of view, or that, as certain critics seem ready to imagine, when we have explained how any belief arose we have explained that belief away. This is clearly not so where a great idea like that of God's existence is in question, and it is only less so in the case of subordinate ideas. The dogma which is in a measure vitiated when its intimate dependence on the intellectual conditions of a given age is made clear will come by its own again under other conditions, if it has given any expression to the ultimate truths of religion. The husk may be cast aside; but so far as the kernel arises out of and satisfies the perennial needs of the mind and heart, it is a seed that will show its life in favourable soil and develop afresh. The truth that has its roots in our inmost nature can never be destroyed by research, however plainly it may be shown to derive its form and figure from its environment; and that it is able to adapt itself to different environments is the only certain evidence that in our inmost nature its roots are to be found. In this way, then, we attain a view of theology which in some sense places it above the assaults of any historical criticism. Dogmas thus become the embodiment of an immediate spiritual experience; they are justified by their appeal to the individual soul; and so far as the claim is made for them that they follow from historical events, the claim must allow for such events being variously estimated in different ages. Spiritual experience has a method of its own, and between it and history there can be no conflict, because it is one of the facts with which history has always had and will always have to reckon.

T. Bailey Saunders.

THE EMANCIPATION OF EGYPT

EGYPT, in her progress towards financial emancipation, has reached a parting of the ways. "The period of fiscal reform on which the Government has been engaged for the last twelve years has now," says the Financial Adviser to the Khedive, in his Note on the Budget for 1903, "almost come to an end." The financial situation is no longer a question of any concern to those who are responsible for the payment of the coupon. The assured prosperity of the country is such that the difficulty is not merely to establish an equilibrium of the Budget, but to know how to deal with the annually increasing savings now being hoarded in an unprofitable Reserve Fund. Under existing conditions, imposed on Egypt at a time when the country was almost bankrupt, five and a half millions are locked up in the Conversion Economics Fund and cannot be touched without the consent of the Powers. The result is that the Government have to pay over *cent. per cent.* when, as in the case of the Assouan dam or in the recent repayment of the Sudan Campaign loan of half a million, any provision has to be made for capital or extraordinary expenditure. So severe are the restrictions placed on their liberty of action that even so cautious and responsible a critic as Lord Cromer felt compelled to remark, in his Annual Report for 1899: "Egypt, so far as I know, is an unique example of a country the financial position of which is extremely prosperous,

but which is debarred by International Agreement from benefiting to the full extent possible from its own prosperity. . . . It is difficult to believe," he adds, "that such a system will be allowed to continue for an indefinite period." And again, in his Report for 1901, Lord Cromer states: "It is easy to foresee that, if the present system is allowed to continue, a situation will eventually be created which will be little short of absurd."

These are strong words. Coming from the virtual ruler of Egypt, and backed up by the evidence which I shall presently submit, they are extremely significant words. Indeed, unless Lord Cromer is indulging in an idle protest, his pronouncement may be held to indicate the dawn of a new era. Has the time arrived to release Egypt from the International fetters that impose so heavy a burden on the taxpayer without in any way benefiting her creditors? And if so, is it not the duty of the Tutelary Power to demand from the Signatories of the London Convention (1885) a more equitable readjustment of the financial situation? To these two questions must be added a third, which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up the others. Is there, in the present state of International relations, any indication that the Powers are agreed in principle on the problem of Egypt's destiny? I, myself, believe that an affirmative answer may be returned to all these questions, and that, within the next two years, a British Protectorate or its equivalent will be established over the entire Nile Valley. Such an issue being in the long run inevitable, the only doubt is whether his Majesty's Government recognise that fact, and are consequently prepared to seize the psychological moment for action? That they are thus convinced and prepared is the only rational explanation I can find for the Anglo-German co-operation in Venezuela, since Germany, in her favourite *rôle* of "honest broker," usually exacts payment in advance, and nowhere more than in Egypt are we in need of German diplomatic support.

Within the last few months, the diplomatic representatives

in Egypt of France, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Greece have all been replaced, as also has the French Commissioner of the *Caisse de la Dette*—the most important of all. This concurrent action on the part of the Dual and Triple Alliances would appear to point to a complete change of policy. But still more significant are the cordiality of the Khedive and the total absence of opposition to the British domination in Egypt. This was very evident on the occasion of the Duke of Connaught's recent visit to Egypt, and is further attested by the fact that, during the current year, all the available moneys of the General Reserve Fund administered by the *Caisse*, will (for the first time in its existence, I believe) be devoted to reproductive expenditure: that is to say, a sum of £1,294,000, leaving only the prescribed minimum balance of £800,000 at the close of the year. The *Caisse*, having agreed to grant out of the General Reserve Fund the difference between the sum originally provided for the Assouan and Assiut reservoir works and the actual expenditure, recognise the fact that artificial restrictions cannot obstruct Egypt's needs; and the Commissioners are now not only willing, but even eager, to act up to the extent of their powers in order to meet Government requirements.

That the Egyptians themselves realise the end of French opposition to the *Maison Britannique* may be gathered from the fact that, by the end of this year, there will be no pupils on the French side of the Primary Schools. In 1889, there were 26 per cent. of English and 74 per cent. of French pupils in the Government schools; in 1897, the percentages were 49 and 51 respectively; and in the following year, when the reservoir scheme was floated and the Sudan reconquered, the English pupils numbered 67 per cent. As a commentary on the British Occupation, these figures afford an accurate index to the native mind, because parents are absolutely free to select either French or English as the medium of instruction for their sons, and, since all hope for Government employment, they naturally side with the dominant Power.

The anglicisation of everything in Egypt is too obvious to escape the notice of those who spend their winters on the Nile; there has been an extraordinary development in that respect within the last five, and especially within the last three, years. English capital, too, is pouring into the country—indeed, some of the companies formed are over-capitalised—and one well-known English financier has sunk many millions in the thirsty land of the Pharaohs. It is even rumoured—I know not with what truth—that he is further prepared to take over the railways, convert the Unified Debt, or any trifle of that sort: so that it is evident that he, at least, believes in the prosperity of Egypt and the permanence of the British Occupation. That our *de facto* Protectorate is becoming *de jure* may be seen in our recent treaty with Abyssinia, negotiated directly between the Sovereigns, without any reference to the Khedivial Government.

Enough has been said to outline the general situation. The Sudan has been "restored" to Egypt; a complete and (for the time being) adequate system of irrigation has been created; the National Tribunals have proved their efficiency; financial equilibrium has been established on a firm basis; and, whilst the real expenditure of the country within the last twelve years has only increased by £300,000, the real revenue within the same period shows an increment of £1,700,000. In 1901 there was a real surplus of nearly two millions, but the effective surplus amounted only to £700,000. In the words of Sir Eldon Gorst, the Financial Adviser, "from 1905 onwards the revenue may be expected to show a yearly increase. . . . One by one the chief blots in the fiscal system which existed in 1883 have been removed, and, with the total suppression of the octrois, it may be said that no tax of any importance now remains which is not sound in principle and just in practice." At the end of the current year Egypt will, according to my estimate, have nearly eight millions of funded capital (including the Economics Fund), with her Debt standing at a high premium, only ninety-five millions of which are held by the

public. At the same time she is losing, according to Lord Cromer's figures, in his Report for 1898, little short of two millions a year on account of the Internationalism that is forced on her. Under a British Protectorate this would be saved. Thus, the Financial Adviser, instead of anticipating for 1903 a surplus of only £25,000, might safely rely, according to my estimate, on a million and a half, if Egypt were in the enjoyment of complete financial and administrative freedom. Finally, in the year 1905, there will be no International obligations, apart from Turkish *firmans*, restraining Egypt from a legitimate attempt at emancipation.

The release of Egypt from her financial bondage to Europe connotes, of course, entire administrative freedom, apart from the checks imposed by the International Courts and Capitulations. It will be necessary therefore for me to show that, under the present *régime*, there is no likelihood of Egypt lapsing from the high standard of self-government to which the Tutelary Power has raised her. In any readjustment of guarantees, the bondholders would have a right to insist on the continuance of the Single Control, under which Egypt now flourishes.

Not even the most sanguine optimist, having any experience of the country, could seriously believe in Egypt being able to govern herself independently. In all that regards initiative, supervision, and checks on corruption, Egypt depends, and must continue to depend, on the high officials in the Khedivial service, most of whom are Englishmen. Although few in number, their influence dominates every Department of State, and is now no longer challenged. The Egyptian Ministers, themselves, are little more than figure-heads, in so far as the functions of Government are concerned. Remove them, and the administrative machine would go on working as smoothly as before—perhaps more smoothly, and certainly with greater economy; but take away their European coadjutors or advisers, and the machine would ease off and stop, if only for want of power. Egyptians

complain that our whole system is designed to achieve that object. In effect, it may be so; but we maintain that we cannot make ourselves responsible for the Administration unless we control it: and our control, so far, has proved that natives promoted to the higher administrative posts are apt to relax their efforts, shirk responsibility, and shun initiative. It is quite inconceivable that Egypt, under existing conditions, could ever again produce a Nubar or a Riaz, because, in order to develop powers of statesmanship, Ministers must enjoy freedom of action and an initiative at present denied to them. Consequently, the Single Control must be upheld.

If we admit this—and there are few at the present day, outside Nationalist circles, who venture to dispute it—we must also insist that the Single Control, or Anglo-Egyptian Administration, shall be kept up to its highest possible efficiency, in order to retain the confidence of Europe. People at home are so accustomed to hear eulogiums on the Egyptian Civil Service that it must sound like rank heresy if I speak in dispraise of it. But, since the whole Egyptian structure is based on the purity and efficiency of the Administration, it would be folly to close one's eyes to its deterioration. Five or six years ago I found nothing but terms of praise in which to describe the working of the various Departments of State. The falling off since then, and especially within the last three years, is so obvious and so widespread that it is now freely commented on both in English and native circles. The Department of the Interior comes in for most blame; but throughout the Administration there is a notable relaxation of the strenuous efforts made formerly in all the Departments to reach the highest possible stage of efficiency: and one can only account for this lapse by assuming the absence of obstruction or criticism in quarters which were not wont to be friendly or indifferent.

But the mischief lies deeper than that. Until there is an organised Civil Service, as in India, the existing haphazard system, which conduces to favouritism and nepotism, is likely to

prevail. Unless this defect be remedied, it is easy to foresee that the Anglo-Egyptian Administration will fail to inspire complete confidence in the future, thereby affording a pretext for the continuance of International checks. The increase of crime, the recent Municipal scandals and corruption in the octrois are only a few of the signs of the times. In Egypt, as in England, we must "wake up."

The financial situation in the Sudan, too, is not altogether satisfactory. In spite of the Condominium, the entire cost of the Administration is borne by Egypt alone. Whether the country would benefit by a grant-in-aid or a guaranteed loan is a point that may be usefully considered.

The annual deficit in the Sudan Budget is over £E350,000. To pay off this, Egypt has to raise twice the amount in taxation—since, of course, it is not included in "authorised expenditure." On the other hand, military expenditure is included in the above sum. The military charge, on account of the Sudan, has now been reduced to £E120,000 *per annum ;* and it has been agreed in principle that Egypt's contribution on account of Civil charges shall not be diminished: so that the annual increments of the steadily increasing revenue will be devoted to the development of the country. In other words, since the bulk of the Egyptian army can be most usefully employed and best trained in the Sudan, it may be said that the actual cost to Egypt for holding and administering the territories on the Upper Nile amounts to about a quarter of a million annually.[1] This is a considerable charge to bear, and the double of it is a heavy burden on the taxpayer. But although, economically speaking, the Sudan is merely a colony, in so far as Egypt is concerned, its value to her is not to be expressed in Pounds Sterling. The possession, or half-ownership, of the Sudan ensures Egypt's water-supply and secures her territorial

[1] If, however, the entire cost of the army be deducted, and also the Customs receipts collected in Egypt (say, £70,000) on account of the Sudan, the actual out-of-pocket expenditure would be considerably reduced. The "policy of accounts" is reduced to a fine art in Egypt.

integrity, besides opening up a field for expansion. The Condominium relieves her of the Capitulations and Mixed Courts; and the moral connection is of incalculable value. Politically speaking, it binds her to Great Britain in such manner that it is difficult to conceive of any satisfactory arrangement by which the Protectoral Power could evacuate Egypt or relax her control. To all intents and purposes, the Sudan is almost a British Protectorate: at least, there is no doubt as to who is the dominant partner in the Condominium. The entire Nile Valley is subject to British policy.

This being the case, it would be only reasonable if the Sudan Government applied to Parliament for a grant-in-aid, in the event of any extraordinary or capital expenditure becoming absolutely necessary. Such a necessity must arise when the time comes for beginning the great engineering works in connection with the Lakes reservoir scheme, to which I shall subsequently refer in detail; and it may arise when the two and a half millions are required to build the Suakin-Berber railway. In the latter case, however, a British guaranteed loan would be better than a grant-in-aid, because it would leave the Sudan Government with a freer hand.

As things are, Egypt has to raise money on ruinous terms, and does so, rather than apply to the Powers. The construction of the Assouan and Assiut dams was a case in point. Another still stronger instance of financial bondage is the recent Daïra Sanieh settlement.

It will be remembered that, in December 1896, the mixed Tribunals (Court of Appeal) decided that the *Caisse* had no power to devote any portion of the General Reserve Fund to defray military expenditure in the Sudan, thereby compelling the Government to raise in England a loan of half a million for the prosecution of the war. In order to pay off this loan, it is obvious that the Egyptian Government could not make a fresh appeal to the Powers; neither could the money be found out of its own resources, which are pledged to reproductive expenditure. Therefore, by a roundabout way, peculiarly

Egyptian, the financier who advanced the money receives in exchange 10,000 Founder's shares, or 40 *per cent.* of the profits in the new Daïra Sanieh Company. These shares, when the Daïra Sanieh Debt is redeemed in 1905, will, it is calculated, be worth three millions sterling, on account of the cumulative sales of land allowable under the Decree (Art. 8) of June 6, 1890, relating to the conversion of the Privileged Debt. Consequently, the Government suffer a prospective loss of over two millions in order to meet an immediate demand for half a million. Such reckless financial expedients remind one of the days of Ismail!

It is not quite clear that the authorities were fully aware of the bad bargain they were making. But, even when all allowances have been made for their fettered freedom of action, surely it was their duty to protect Egypt against such serious waste of public money? Although Internationalism is primarily responsible for the situation—levying, as it were, blackmail on the country—this was clearly a case in which the Protectoral Power, whose flag flies side by side with Egypt's in the Sudan, might have been called upon to grant so small a sum. *Noblesse oblige.* If we are not strong enough to raise awkward political issues in Egypt, we should be generous enough to bear the cost. The time cannot be far distant when our duty to Egypt will compel us to protect her from the extortions of Internationalism by providing, as only we can provide, the means for her financial emancipation. We take pride in our great work in Egypt: one is almost nauseated by the encomiums of the Press. But, if we shirk the responsibilities which are the logical outcome of Egypt's prosperity, we shall fail in our duty to the country under our control and be open to the charge of craven opportunism.

The vast and remote territories of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan are so thinly populated that, for many years to come, progress in the development of the country must necessarily be slow. Instead of the three and a half millions of the present

day, twice or thrice that number are required before the Sudan can be fully developed. It is true that gold has been found in modest quantities, that copper and iron are known to exist, and that there is some slight hope of discovering coal—Mr. H. M. Cadell, the geologist, having come across traces of it during a recent visit to the White Nile. Although Beni Shangul—the most promising gold-bearing region, so far as is known—has been ceded to Abyssinia, more than one prospecting party in the Eastern Sudan has sent home glowing reports of their success, even at spots previously worked by Mohammed Ali; whilst no serious attempt has yet been made to search for gold in the river-bed. The copper mines of Hofrat-el-Nahas are too remote to promise profitable working, and the search for petroleum has not yet met with very encouraging results; but if mineral wealth—and especially coal, which now costs £4, and formerly cost even £6, a ton at Khartoum—is added to the natural resources of the Sudan, its commercial development will receive an enormous impulse. Apart from minerals, however, there is very little prospect of its becoming a wealthy country. When the Suakin-Berber railway is built, coal at Khartoum will be reduced at once to about £2 per ton; and the exports to Arabia, principally cereals, will be immensely augmented. On the other hand, the Sudan export trade will compete favourably with Egypt's exports to Arabia, and may compel the latter to build the projected Keneh-Kosseir railway—a very desirable outlet.

Fortunately, the Sudan Government are not in too great a hurry to introduce wide measures of reform or to promote paper schemes for commercial development: their policy, so far, has been extremely cautious, considering the temptation to make some display of progress. It will take many years for these devastated regions to recuperate, many years to study all the requirements of the country, and many years to create order out of chaos or industrious communities out of free-booters and slaves. The only thing that cannot wait is the construction of railways, linking up the regions of supply and

demand. Trade does not necessarily follow the flag, but it does follow the lines of least resistance.

Unquestionably, the most important connection is between Khartoum and Suakin, the metropolis and the natural port of the Sudan, although Akik, on the Red Sea, has still greater potential advantages in its favour. It has been decided to build a railway between Suakin and Berber (reaching the Nile at the confluence of the Atbara) at a cost of two and a half millions. Being the shortest route, it is of strategical importance. But, apart from this consideration and the question of cost, the wider scheme of connecting up the grain-producing regions and distributing-centres had very much in its favour. Thus, a line from Khartoum to Gos Regeb—an important nodality, or commercial centre, in former days—and thence on to Tokar and Suakin, offers no engineering difficulties and would be little longer, although far more expensive to construct. This trunk line would throw out feeders, or light railways, to Kassala, Gedaref, Galabat, Wad Medani and Sennar, thereby opening up the most promising regions of the Sudan, which otherwise must suffer from an arrested development. Doubtless all these railways will be built in time; and it is possible that, for some years to come, the Suakin-Berber line will be adequate to meet the immediate economical and political needs of the country. A light railway from Khartoum to El Obeid, in order to tap the gum trade of Kordofan, is certainly required, since the necessity for it is already felt; and all the others should take precedence of the grandiose Cape-to-Cairo railway scheme.

Direct railway communication between the Red Sea and the Upper Nile will be all the more necessary if, in view of the great hydrographical problems now being studied here, it be decided to create reservoirs and embank the White Nile in its passage through the *Sudd* country. Many years may elapse before such vast engineering works are undertaken. In the meantime two expeditions are now in the field. One has gone to Lake Tana; the other, under Sir William Garstin, is making

a thorough examination of the river between Lake Victoria and Khartoum. A well-equipped private expedition also is making a special study of the Blue Nile with reference to its advantages as a trade-route. When reports from these expeditions have been received, the authorities will be in a position to decide on the momentous questions of communications and irrigation, as affecting both Egypt and the Sudan. If Egypt alone were concerned, all future requirements for irrigation could be met by building a dam in the Second or the Third Cataract, and by raising the barrage at Assouan another two or three metres; but this would not help the Sudan proper. Moreover, the unity of the Nile is as obvious in its *régime* as in its political aspect.

A. Silva White.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE WONDERS OF THE SUDAN

LORD CROMER has recently been visiting the Sudan, from Wady Halfa to the remotest military post—Gondokoro. He reports that everything is hopeful for its future. But it is barely five years since the battle of Omdurman, and the destruction of the Dervish power. Khartoum has arisen from its ruins, and is already a model town. Everywhere contentment and progress is found under the *Pax Britannica*.

Lord Cromer, in his speech at Khartoum, alluded humorously to the superabundance of everything he does *not* want—sand, sudd, crocodiles, hippopotami; while there is a scarcity of everything needful for its development: railways, irrigation, British capital—but above all, population.

Under Lord Cromer's wise administration, much has been done for education, but still he needs more teachers. The Sudanese, although a fine race, are too illiterate to fill any important trust. The cost of running the country is much beyond its revenue, and it still forms a heavy charge on Egypt. But Lord Cromer tells us he is more hopeful for the Sudan than he was for Egypt when he took charge of it. Seeing Egypt's condition to-day this ought to be enough to satisfy us. Let us trust all to Lord Cromer's policy and rely on his wise guidance.

Gold was once a great source of wealth to the Sudan, and there are hopes of the rediscovery of the mines. Ancient

workings have been found and are now being examined by mining experts. In addition to this, however, Lord Cromer tells us that the geological surveys give indications of veins of coal and iron, which would do far more than gold to provide wealth for the impoverished land.

But if the Sudan be poor in material resources, it is rich to embarrassment in antiquarian remains. There are hundreds of miles of land along the river, once inhabited but now depopulated—whole regions thickly strewn with the sites of ruined cities, temples, pyramids and tombs. There was once a vast population. The same fine climate exists, the country enjoys a peace it never possessed before; with slavery and slave-raiding abolished, the people will soon increase and multiply.

When visiting these regions in 1902, I was much struck by the abundant indications of great ancient wealth and civilisation, and I ventured to call Lord Cromer's attention to the importance of preserving these relics. I saw that once the great measures now in progress for the regeneration of the country were carried out, the time would come when the antiquities of the Sudan would draw tourists from all parts of the world, such as now annually visit Egypt. Lord Cromer replied, "We will do all we can," and this was enough for me. I am happy to say the authorities have already made a beginning. The monuments are to be preserved, and the first steps are being taken, but as the ruins are spread over hundreds of miles, it will take time, and we must be patient and not press Lord Cromer too much. He is straining every nerve to develop the resources of an enormous region, to make it pay its way as well as Egypt. Meanwhile the natives will be instructed, through their sheikhs and head men, that all ancient ruins are the property of the State, and must be guarded from injury.

When scientific explorers visited the Upper Nile in the last century the destroying Turk was the ruling power. It was then considered a virtue to carry off any portable monuments for safety. In this way the museums of Europe were enriched by Lepsius, Lord Prudhoe, Ferlini, and others.

Semneh, Temple on the Left Bank—*Caillaud*

Group of Pyramids near Gebel Barkal—*Lepsius*

The Southern Pyramids of Meroe (Bakrawiyeh)—*Lepsius*

Colossal Lion in black granite from Gebel Barkal, originally at Amenhotep's Temple at Solib—*British Museum*

Now the case is different, the whole land is under British control. Antiquities that may be removed from their original places will all be deposited in a Museum of Antiquities at Khartoum —nothing need be carried out of the country. As soon as possible a Department of Antiquities for the Sudan will be formed, presided over by a competent British official. For the development of such a Department, help will be needed from home, and a beginning has been made. The Trustees of the British Museum have lent the eminent Egyptologist, Dr. Budge, to inspect and report on the best means of preserving the monuments—naturally a difficult matter where the area is so vast, but a beginning can be made and future developments planned. We hope that Dr. Budge may, during his visit, discover some bilingual inscription which will elucidate the mystery of the Nubian hieroglyphs, but may sympathise with him in his difficult task in a matter that has puzzled Lepsius and all who have attempted its solution.

It is satisfactory that the Sudan Government have taken these steps so promptly. The inhabitants will see the importance the Government attaches to the monuments. The building of mills and sugar factories under similar circumstances in Egypt, before the British occupation, resulted in the ruins being used as quarries for stone, and many important temples were entirely carried away—this will now be impossible in the Sudan. A general scheme for protection and future exploration being planned, districts now inaccessible to tourists can be opened up by degrees. Assistance will doubtless come from home, as it is needed. The development of such a wide expanse of records of the past may prove too much for the resources of the struggling new country, but any outside help must be under the appointed British authority at Khartoum. The Sudan, to the general British public, is a *terra incognita*. In the last century several scientific expeditions traversed it, publishing many records and illustrations of the antiquities. These works are scarce and costly. In order to give some idea of the rich store of monuments awaiting further exploration, I

propose to give notes of an imaginary journey from Halfa to Khartoum, with a few illustrations from the travels of Cailliaud, Hoskins, and Lepsius.

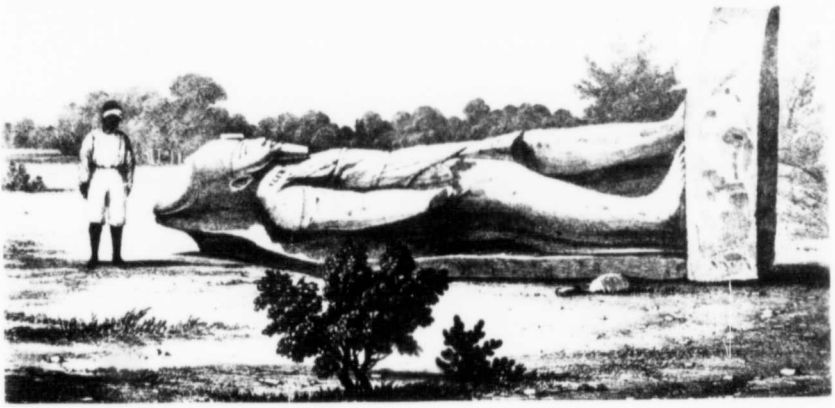
The military railway from Halfa to Khartoum cuts direct across the desert to Abu Hamed, thus avoiding the winding Nile for nearly 750 miles—along this portion of the river the greater part of the ancient cities flourished. Lord Cromer has now under consideration the question of the old line of railway of Gordon's time, which, however, only extends at present as far as the Third Cataract, about 250 miles from Halfa. This old railway, if improved, would render a visit to many of the ancient sites possible. At the present moment there is no wayside accommodation for travellers on the direct line between Halfa and Khartoum, as between these places the train travels at express speed without stoppages.

At Wady Halfa there are some remains of a small temple, which was built to record the first conquest of the "Land of Cush" by the Egyptians 2760 B.C. A stele from this temple recording the towns conquered as far as Kummeh and Semneh, is preserved at Florence. The name and titles of Usertesen I., second King of the XII Dynasty, are found thereon, and another stele from the same place is preserved at Oxford.

Usertesen I. was always regarded as the conqueror of the Sudan. The Tomb of Ameny at Beni Hasan tells of the campaign, and that much gold was brought back. The royal signet of Usertesen is in my possession. It is the most massive ring of the kind known—678 grains of solid gold—and may have been made to signalise the opening of the gold mines of Ethiopia when the land was first held by Egypt.

About thirty miles above the Second Cataract we find the two ancient Egyptian forts of Semneh and Kummeh on opposite sides of the Nile. Each fort contains a temple originally founded in the XII Dynasty, but rebuilt and extended by Thothmes III. in the XVIII Dynasty. Important records of the Nile's height in time of flood are recorded at Semneh, showing a higher level by twenty-four feet than in our days.

Temple, Wady é Sofra—*Hoskins*



Colossal Statue of Sebekhotep III., Island of Argo—*Hoskins*

Solib, Temple of Amenhotep III.—*Hoskins*

At Amara, there are important ruins of a temple with sculptured columns. The stout Queen and her Consort, afterwards frequently seen at Meroë, are shown on the drums, and the inscriptions are in the mysterious Ethiopian hieroglyphics. Lepsius thought this temple to be of 1000 B.C.

At Sâi are the extensive remains of a town and a Coptic church, and ruins of a temple with inscriptions of Thothmes III. and Amenhotep II. Extensive cemeteries exist hereabouts showing the great population of the region in early times.

At Sedeinga, Amenhotep III. (whose colossi are at Thebes) built a fine temple to his wife Tyi. Only one column stands among a heap of ruins. Here also is an immense cemetery. Still travelling south, we reach Solib on the left bank, where vast ruins of a splendid temple built by Amenhotep III. have still many graceful "papyrus" columns standing. They are evidently by the same architect employed by Amenhotep on his temples at Luxor, Karnak and elsewhere. The Ram-headed Sphinx which Lepsius carried off to Berlin, and Lord Prudhoe's fine Lions in black granite, now in the British Museum, originally came from Solib. They had been removed to Gebel Barkal by Taharqa seven hundred years after their erection by Amenhotep III. Such a temple must have been built for a large population, whose tombs cannot be far off. We have never been told if there are mummy pits in this region, possibly no excavations have ever been made. Lepsius seems only to have occupied himself with inscriptions and architectural illustrations. It is possible, if properly searched for, papyri of great value might be found in this vicinity, which seems to have been long and powerfully held by the earlier Egyptian dynasties.

The place called Sesebi by Lepsius is south of Solib. The temple was built by Seti I., father of Rameses the Great, about 1275 B.C. There are the walls and other remains of a large city, of which a huge platform remains. Now the neighbourhood is quite deserted. The columns of the temple have palm capitals with Seti's cartouche.

Proceeding south towards Dongola we pass the ruins of many towns whose old names are lost. Ancient forts crown the hills, testifying to a powerful people who could hold their own against invasion. Here almost every heap of ruins possesses evidence of the fate of its Christian defenders, in its destroyed Coptic church or monastery. Christianity was done to death by Moslem fanaticism, and does not own a single town or village in all the wide domain of ancient Christian Ethiopia, save what may remain in modern Abyssinia.

We are now at the termination of the old railway. It goes no further than the Third Cataract. On the island of Argo there lie two remarkable colossal statues of Sebekhotep III. of the XIII Dynasty, and on the island of Tombos to the north, a third is still lying in the quarry unfinished.

Lepsius states that the quantity of monuments in this region was wonderful, nearly all of the old Pharaohs. Two great brick forts are here, evidently of remote antiquity; they resemble the Kom es Sultan at Abydos. Exploration would, no doubt, prove their origin. Lepsius thought this neighbourhood had been a strong Egyptian settlement at the time the Hyksos ruled in Egypt. There are enormous granite bridges and inscriptions of Thothmes I. (about 1540 B.C.).

Old Dongola is a heap of ruins, quite deserted. It was the capital of the old Christian Kingdom, and evidently a powerful place before its overthrow. On a mountain near it, commanding a delightful view, stands a mosque in which the destruction is commemorated on a marble tablet. "This was opened in the 20 Rabi el anel, in the year 717 (June 1, 1317) after the victory of Safeddin Abdallah e' Nasir over the infidels." Thus perished the Christianity of the Ethiopians of the Nile valley.

Here the Nile takes a wide bend to the north. At Tanqassi, Kurru and Zûma we come to pyramid fields on both sides of the river, twenty to thirty in each, some of stone throughout, others, like those at Dahshur in Egypt, having been built of brick but cased with stone. When we recollect

Ethiopian King from Meroë (Bakrawiyeh)—*Berlin Museum*

Colossal Ram of Amenhotep III. from Gebel Barkal, originally at Amenhotep's Temple at Solib—*Berlin Museum*

the wonderful treasures found in brick pyramids at Dahshur by De Morgan, we may have more respect for the builders of the apparently inferior structures.

We are now in the ancient Ethiopian Kingdom of Napata, which gave a line of kings to Egypt, of whom Taharqa was the greatest, about 700 B.C. He is mentioned in the Bible (2 Kings xix.) as the deliverer of Hezekiah, by overthrowing the army of Sennacherib. Ruins of several cities and fortresses abound in the district, the most important being near the remarkable isolated hill Gebel Barkal, "the Holy Mountain." Here, again, are seventeen more pyramids—these being built of stone and each with its little temple attached. There is also on the opposite bank of the Nile a huge assemblage of pyramids and temples—those of Nuri—about twenty-five, and at the Wady Gazal the remains of a fine Christian church—eighty by forty feet. The ruins of Taharqa's temple and, possibly, his palace, are important. Many objects from them adorn the museum at Berlin, while Lord Prudhoe's lions are in the British Museum. Taharqa was a pious restorer of temples all over Egypt. I obtained a fine scarab of his at Medinet Habu, where he left a record of his having added to the temple. He seems to have succeeded to the throne of Egypt through his wife, and on the scarab in my possession he places, beside his own, the cartouche of Piankhi, an earlier king from whom she was possibly descended.

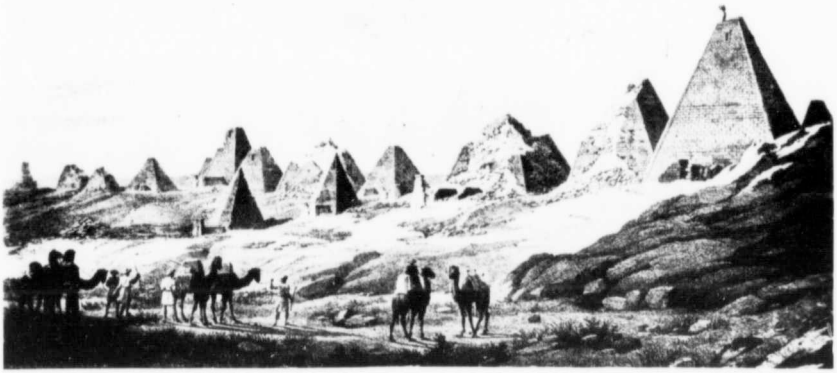
Taharqa, the Ethiopian conqueror of Egypt, came back to his native land in his old age. Perhaps one of these pyramids contains his remains. The whole region abounds with historic records never yet investigated properly and affords much scope for learned research. One most promising field for exploration is the native town on, or near, the site of Napata, now called Merawi, possibly a survival of the Greek name used by the classical writers—Meroë. The deity worshipped here was Amen-Ra, and it is believed that the cult was brought by the Egyptian priests who fled from Thebes after its destruction by Cambyses. If this be true history

many ancient papyri may yet be discovered in the tombs which abound in the district.

The Nile Valley trends northward to Abu Hamed; the banks for many miles have not been explored, but doubtless will yield many memorials of the historic and prehistoric times of this once thickly peopled land. The next well-recorded field of pyramids and temples is found near Shendi. They form a remarkable group as seen from the military railway. This region has been recently more generally known as Meroë, although it is possibly an offshoot from the original locality we have described above. Certainly the style of architecture of both localities is the same, and it appears that in many cases the same kings and queens are mentioned in the inscriptions and sculptures; but the pyramids were all royal tombs and must be those of different individuals.

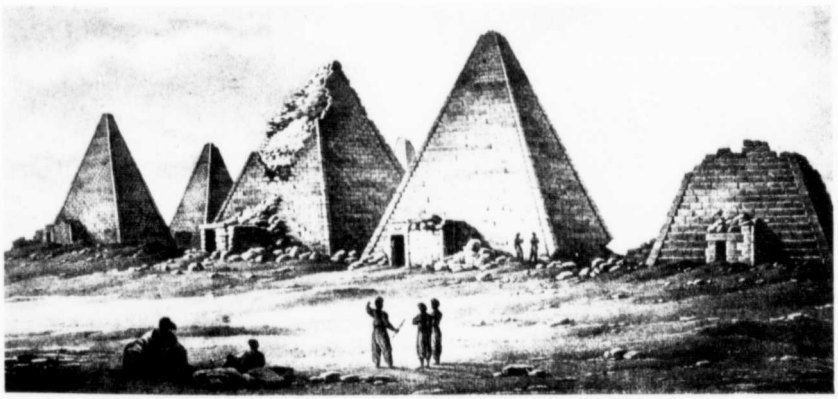
Dr. Budge is of opinion that some time after Taharqa's day Nubia became independent of Egypt and had its own line of Kings whose pyramids we have passed. But some of the ruins are possibly much older, belonging to princely Nubian families. Regarding the Ptolemaic and Roman times, Dr. Budge tells us in his admirable "History of Egypt" (vol. viii. p. 169), that the later Nubian Kings reigned from 200 B.C. to 200 A.D., and adopted the prenomens of some of the early Egyptian Kings, but for their second cartouches gave their own native names. But as the latter are in the Meroitic text it is impossible to give the correct readings of the Nubian titles, until this text is explained by the discovery of some bilingual inscription.

There are three separate groups of pyramids—nearly a hundred in all—at this second Meroë (now called Bakrawiyeh), —evidently of different ages. Lepsius thought he found on one the cartouche of Queen Candace, whose name is mentioned in the Acts, chapter viii. Nearly every pyramid has lost its top. There was an upper chamber in each, and as treasures had been found in one of them, doubtless they have all been injured by the search for booty. They are, however, still very interesting;

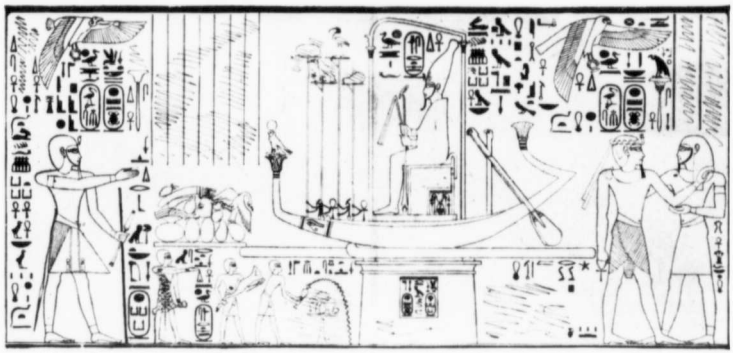


Pyramids of Meroë (Bakrawiyeh), general view from the North East—*Caillaud*

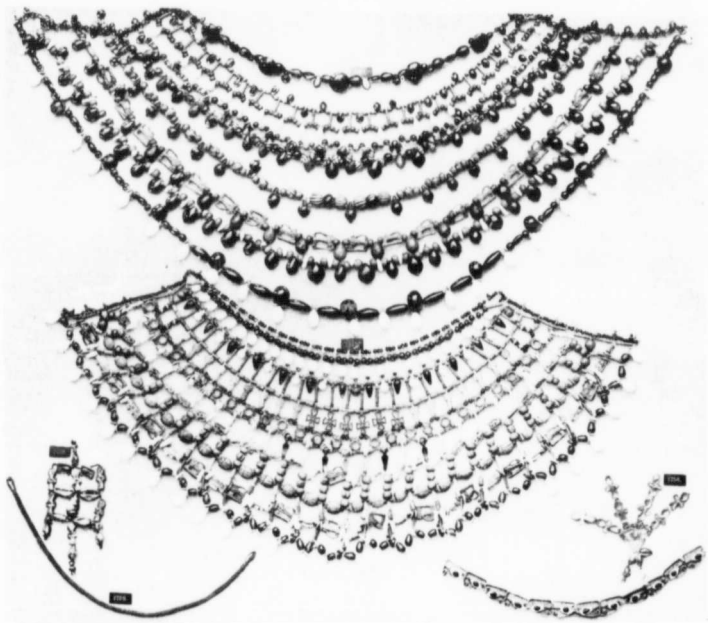
Sesebi, Temple of Sety I.—*Caillaud*



Gebel Barkal, group of Pyramids from the South East—*Caillaud*



Temple of Semneh, Thothmes III. adoring Usertesen I.—*Hoskins*



From the Ferlini Treasure, Pyramids of Meroë, now at Berlin—*Lepsius*

Painting at Gebel Barkal, Taharqa worshipping, the cartouches of his wife and himself in the centre—*Lepsius*

each pyramid has its little temple, on the eastern side, and many of them are covered with inscriptions in the Meroitic text, with figures of kings and the stout queens so much admired in those decadent days of art.

At Berlin is preserved the Ferlini treasure found here by the Italian traveller in 1834. It is of high artistic merit, more than 500 objects principally of gold and silver jewellery.

Ferlini wrote an intricate account of the treasure and its discovery. I obtained a translation of it, which I have presented to Sir Reginald Wingate for the proposed Museum at Khartoum, hoping to stimulate a desire to prevent the robberies of still existing hidden relics.

The following is an extract from Ferlini's account of his researches, from which it would seem that the queen for whom the pyramid was built was buried in the upper chamber:

"Dejected at our barren researches in the smaller pyramids I determined, as a last resort, to try for a better result in one of the larger ones standing at the top of the hill, and decided to work upon the only one that remained intact. . . . It was formed of sixty-four steps. . . . the whole height was twenty-six metres, and about forty-two metres on every side. I saw that the summit could easily be demolished as it was already beginning to fall. . . . there was soon room for other workmen. . . . We could see through the hole that was opened, into the hollow space holding certain objects. It was composed of roughly wrought stones. After the larger stones which covered the upper storey were removed, we discovered a long square space formed by the stones of the steps of the four side walls, about five feet high, and six or seven long. The first thing that met our eyes was a large body covered with white cotton cloth or byssus, which crumbled to pieces at the first touch, and underneath this a bier or litter of wood, quadrilateral, supported on four smooth cylindrical legs, its balustrade formed of a number of pieces of wood placed alternately, a large and a small, and representing symbolical figures—lotus flower, uræus, &c. &c. Under this bier was found the vases which contained the precious objects wrapped in woven-cloth. There were four vases and a semicircular cup—these were all made of a kind of bronze. . . . In the centre of the pyramid was a niche formed by three stones. When these were removed I saw some objects wrapped in cloth. These proved to be two bronze vases, perfect, of elegant shape and workmanship. . . .

Then follows an elaborate description of the treasure—necklaces, bracelets, armlets, gold and silver rings by the

hundred, adorned with enchased ornament and enamel. The brutal way in which this poor queen's sepulchre was despoiled fully explains how so many of these pyramids have been ruined, and how nearly every one has lost its top. In the hope that means may be promptly taken to prevent further destruction, and that future searches for treasure may be scientifically conducted without destroying the monuments it is well to make Signor Ferlini's account known. The only advantage resulting to science in this case is that the beautiful jewellery is all preserved in the Museum at Berlin. Had it been found by natives the whole would have been melted down for the gold or silver. The mere list of the objects found covers a dozen octavo pages.

Lepsius considers that these pyramids prove the existence of a well-grounded empire for about a thousand years, till the land became Christian, in the second century A.D., when, he considers, the capital was possibly moved elsewhere.

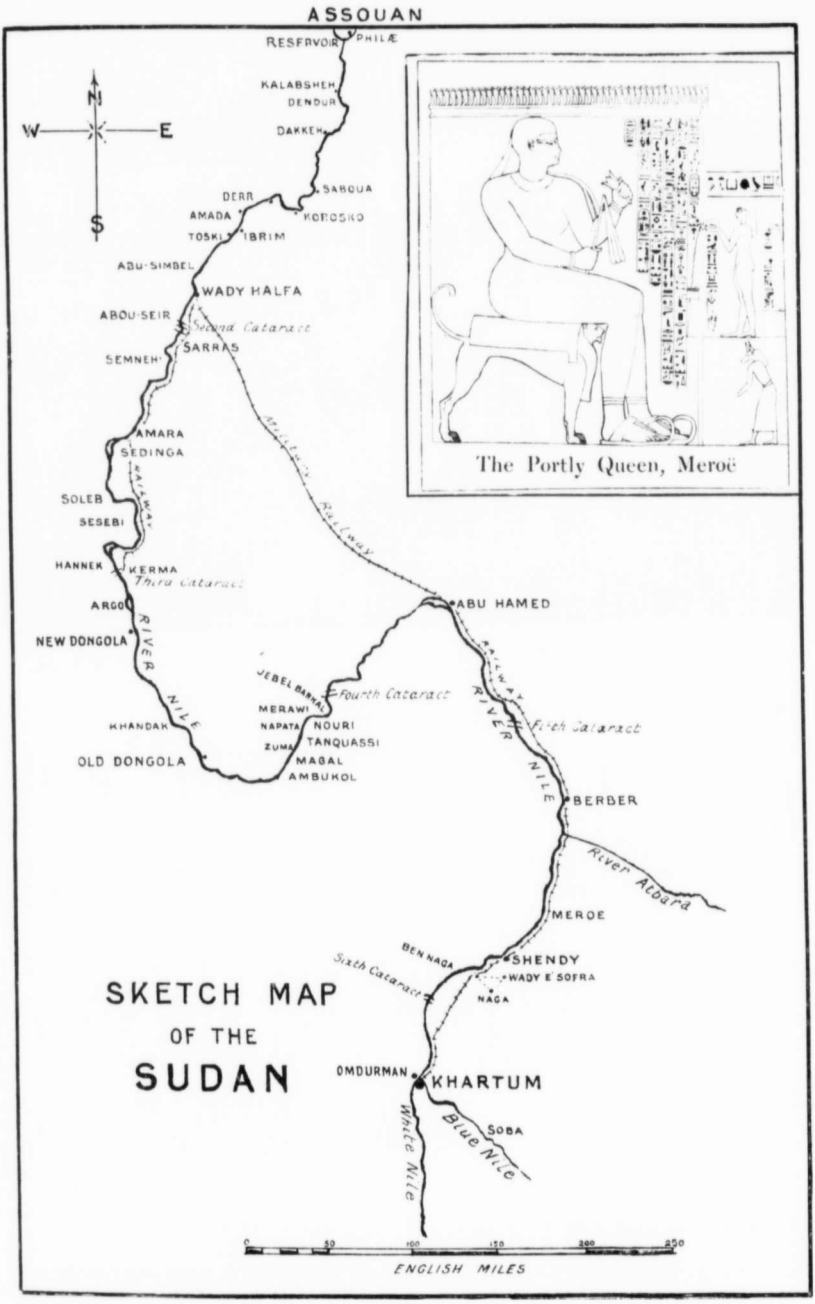
Doubtless the ruins of a city are not far off towards the east. This region has its rainy season and traces have been found of extensive reservoirs for the storing of water.

At Naga, about a hundred miles farther south, there are several remarkable groups of ancient buildings, but no pyramids. Some of these structures seem to be of Greco-Roman style, but the greater number imitate Egyptian architecture, generally on a small scale. They are covered with sculptures fast wearing away, and with numerous inscriptions in Meroitic hieroglyphs.

It is strange to find pseudo-classical architecture farther south than the Greeks or Romans penetrated, as far as is recorded. Lepsius found Greek inscriptions both here and at Soba, on the Blue Nile beyond Khartoum.

In the Egpytian Fayum many classical manuscripts have been discovered in tombs of the Greco-Roman period. These Sudan cemeteries should be searched for similar treasures.

Half way from Shendi to Khartoum are the ruins of several ancient cities, now known as Ben Naga, Naga, Wady e' Sofra. These cities were supplied with water from huge


ASSOUAN
RESERVOIR
PHILÆ
KALABSHEH
DENDUR
DAKKEH
DERR
SABOUA
AMADA
KOROSKO
TOSKI
IBRIM
ABU-SIMBEL
WADY HALFA
ABOU-SEIR
Second Cataract
SEMNEH
SARRAS
AMARA
SEDINGA
SOLEB
SESEBI
HANNEK
KERMA
Third Cataract
ARGO
NEW DONGOLA
RIVER NILE
JEBEL BARKAL
Fourth Cataract
MERAWI
NAPATA
NOURI
KHANDAK
TANQUASSI
ZUMA
MAGAL
OLD DONGOLA
AMBUKOL
ABU HAMED
RIVER NILE
Fifth Cataract
BERBER
River Atbara
MEROE
BEN NAGA
SHENDY
Sixth Cataract
WADY E SOFRA
NAGA
SKETCH MAP
OF THE
SUDAN
OMDURMAN
KHARTUM
SOBA
White Nile
Blue Nile
0 50 100 150 200 250
ENGLISH MILES
The Portly Queen, Meroë

cisterns for storing up the rain, a method which would allow of the presence of a large ancient population. Now the land is almost deserted. There are traditions of the ruins of several other cities along an ancient road extending through the desert to Soba on the Blue Nile. I have described these regions in an article on "Khartoum" in the MONTHLY REVIEW for August 1902.

The whirligig of time has placed the control of the entire Nile Valley in our hands. We have, thanks to Lord Cromer's wise administration, done our best for Egypt. May he long be spared to effect the regeneration of the Sudan! It takes a long time to restore a country that has been devastated by fanaticism, denuded of population, and has, at the best, few natural resources. But much has been done and Lord Cromer expresses his confidence in the ultimate result. We antiquarians must not worry him; he has said, "We will do what we can"—that is enough. If he asks the help of the mother country, no doubt he will obtain it. The new realm is vast, but it can be made accessible to the world by degrees. Already the Sudanese Government has organised the best express train service in Africa, from Halfa to Khartoum. As the arrangements for visiting the monuments are gradually perfected, hotels and rest-houses can be established at points now unsupplied with accommodation for tourists. When this time comes no doubt the *trains de luxe* will be much more used by strangers. At present the only place to visit is Khartoum, which at most occupies only a few days. When the programme of interesting places is gradually filled up, there will be plenty of tourists.

After all, the glamour of ancient glories forms the principal attraction to the Nile, and there may well be more antiquities, counting those known and those yet undiscovered, in the Sudan than in Egypt.

JOHN WARD.

THE EVIDENCE FOR LIFE ON MARS

THE recent discussion on man's place in the universe has raised once more an old controversy. The question whether other worlds are habitable was found long ago to be in the abstract an unprofitable matter for dispute. One might admit the possible existence of beings constituted to enjoy the fierce sunshine that beats on Mercury, or the dismal cold in which Neptune moves, and at the same time deny the probability that they would have developed on lines so nearly parallel to ours that we could form any conception of their life. Even in the case of the planets Venus and Mars, that seem more suited to our own ideas of living, sound opinion is sceptical. As Sir Oliver Lodge says, in the *Commonwealth* for April: "We sometimes think that the planet Mars is inhabited. Perhaps it is; but I venture to think that on the whole it is most probable that we are at the present time the only intelligently inhabited planet in the solar system." He might have added that direct evidence of such intelligent inhabitation is still more probably for ever out of the question. Only by a glimpse of their works on a gigantic scale we might know that there are inhabitants on Mars, and at the best an argument based upon the interpretation of unnatural looking detail as artificial involves a conception of artificiality entirely our own. From admitting that a planet is habitable to proving that it is inhabited must, therefore, be a long step.

This step, however, Mr. Percival Lowell resolved to take. Determined to see for himself what could be done with the best telescopes under the best possible conditions, and grasping the all-important fact that in such an enterprise fine and steady air is the first necessity, he fitted out an observatory expedition to Flagstaff in Arizona, and delivered in Boston, before he started, a characteristic lecture, announcing that he was on the eve of pretty definite discovery in the matter of life on other worlds. Nor was Boston disappointed. Within a year, after one short season's observation, he wrote a very entertaining book, "Mars," full of drawings of what he claims as intelligent design on the part of the Martians; for they are a design whose meaning we can comprehend, of a purpose which we can assign to an intelligence not unlike our own. The Martians, he asserts, enjoy a climate not more unlike ours than ours is unlike itself in different parts of the earth; the air is thin and almost cloudless, and the country badly watered; the people must irrigate to live; and the complex system of Schiaparelli's "canali" is the evidence of their irrigation works.

It is no common testimony to the interest of the book that this confession of personal bias has not deprived his work of serious consideration. But, indeed, confessed or not, the bias is evident. He seems to select the order in which each point should appear, and finds at once "phenomena so startlingly suggestive of this very thing as to seem its uncanny presentment," when one might prefer to say, startling phenomena so canniiy suggested as to seem their very presentment. His enthusiasm at each designed coincidence is paralleled only by Paul Bertillon's exclamations over the *bordereau*: "Imagine my astonishment! The coincidence was exact."

And yet this estimate of the work is superficial. It is based upon an easy misconception of the scope of a book which one ought not to judge by the usual canons. One is accustomed to see an astronomer's results presented first as a series of dry facts; speculation as to their meaning should be

kept to a separate chapter, and then, if the speculation be proved wrong, there is no damage to the credit of the facts. This method may seem dull, but it is safe. Mr. Lowell's is neither. He is not concerned with stating the bare facts that he has discovered—and this is why he sometimes seems to mistake well-known things for new—but he is engaged in constructing an argument from them to prove what he wants to prove, that Mars is inhabited by an intelligent race. Facts and theories are so tangled that it is impossible to judge how the facts would appear by themselves, before they were woven into the web of the argument.

But this difficulty has been removed by the later publication of two splendid volumes of "Annals of the Lowell Observatory." The first contains in order the details of all the observations that were drawn upon to make the book. With the finished drawings are the pencil sketches from which they were drawn; the notes of changes first suspected, and then better seen, and at last made plain; records of the steadiness of the air, and the figures of the measurements, and the little notes of doubts removed and difficulties gradually cleared up which go far towards conviction. The trouble about this Mars observation has always been that the detail of the planet is so hard to see. Very few people believed Schiaparelli at first, because no one else could see his canals. Now, as Mr. Lowell pleasantly observes, it is the fashion to see them. And just because it is the fashion there are still some astronomers who doubt the truth of these straight, hard lines that are drawn on the map of Mars, and for their benefit Mr. Lowell has written "that they are straight is certain—a statement I make after having seen them, instead of before doing so, as is the case with the gifted objectors."

It is very hard to deny the force of this contention, that no one has a right to an opinion about the truth of the drawings but those who have worked for months in a climate as good as the Flagstaff, where they were made; and there is perhaps only one other observatory in the world under a sky so fine, the

southern station of the Harvard College Observatory at Arequipa, in Peru, which has no very powerful visual telescope—its energies are photographic. Mr. Lowell's reply to criticisms on the facts must therefore be accounted good; it is at least possible that none but himself and his assistants have been in a position to see what he has drawn. And if it is objected that there may have been a kind of a competition to see what was expected—admittedly the observers did not see the finer detail until they had learned gradually *at the telescope* what they might expect to see—the objection can scarcely be sustained. Mr. Lowell has done his best to dispose of it by leaving almost entirely to his assistant, Mr. Douglass, the preparation of the second volume of the Annals, with the results for the work of the season 1896–97. They began this campaign at Flagstaff with a bigger and much better telescope than the old one; they escaped the snowy and windy winter of Arizona by a timely removal of the whole observatory to Mexico; came back in the spring to avoid Mexico's summer storms, and finished the work in the old place. We miss in Mr. Douglass's volume the picturesque arguments and the gentle digs at critics that made the first delightful, but there is a sober array of drawings and notes that is more convincing. Mr. Lowell's earlier results are by no means always confirmed; there is room for wide revision of the conclusions about atmosphere and climate; but the maps of the hard, permanent features, the canals and the gulfs and the oases, are essentially the same. In spite of the fact that there are acute observers who have worked in favourable conditions, and who still assert that they have never seen anything remotely resembling a geometrical arrangement, we take it that there can be hardly a doubt that there is substantial truth in the representation of the surface of Mars which Schiaparelli drew, and which has been confirmed and elaborated by Lowell and Douglass.

The map gives a clearer idea than any words of the configuration of the planet's surface. Provisionally we may call the bright areas land and the dark areas seas, and we must

bear in mind that the map is on Mercator's projection, which swells the polar regions out of all proportion and makes Greenland look as big as South America. It appears that the northern hemisphere of Mars is nearly all bright, and a great part of the southern equatorial regions is dark. The bright land is covered by a network of narrow streaks which are straight: that is to say, they run on great circles of the sphere, they are the shortest distances from point to point along the surface. And they are not arranged haphazard. In a belt about north latitude 50° there is a row of places that look for all the world like railway centres, whence the main lines diverge and join them to other places further south. On the borders of the seas there are other centres to which the lines converge as to great ports; and at all the principal junctions there are dark spots and patches like big towns. Trunk lines run due north and south at roughly equal distances apart, and others run at a long slant across the planet, keeping straight on their course for a thousand or two thousand miles. We have spoken of railway centres and ports and main lines thus deliberately because a nomenclature is wanted that does not involve for the present anybody's theory of their real nature, yet expresses at the same time their very artificial look.

Schiaparelli, who drew them first, was impressed with this strangely unnatural geometrical arrangement, like a railway system or a diagram of the principal stations and connecting lines of a great geodetic triangulation; and he went so far as to admit that some people might deem them artificial. "I am very careful not to combat this theory, which includes nothing impossible," he wrote with truly scientific moderation. Mr. Lowell is not prepared to admit any other than the artificial view. They exhibit "a hopeless lack of happy irregularity," he says; "the crossings seem to be the end and aim of the whole system." And this is only a small half the truth; the greater is that the crossings lie strung four or five together on great circles, which is doubly artificial. It is not true of an earthly system of railway junctions, for the railways had to go

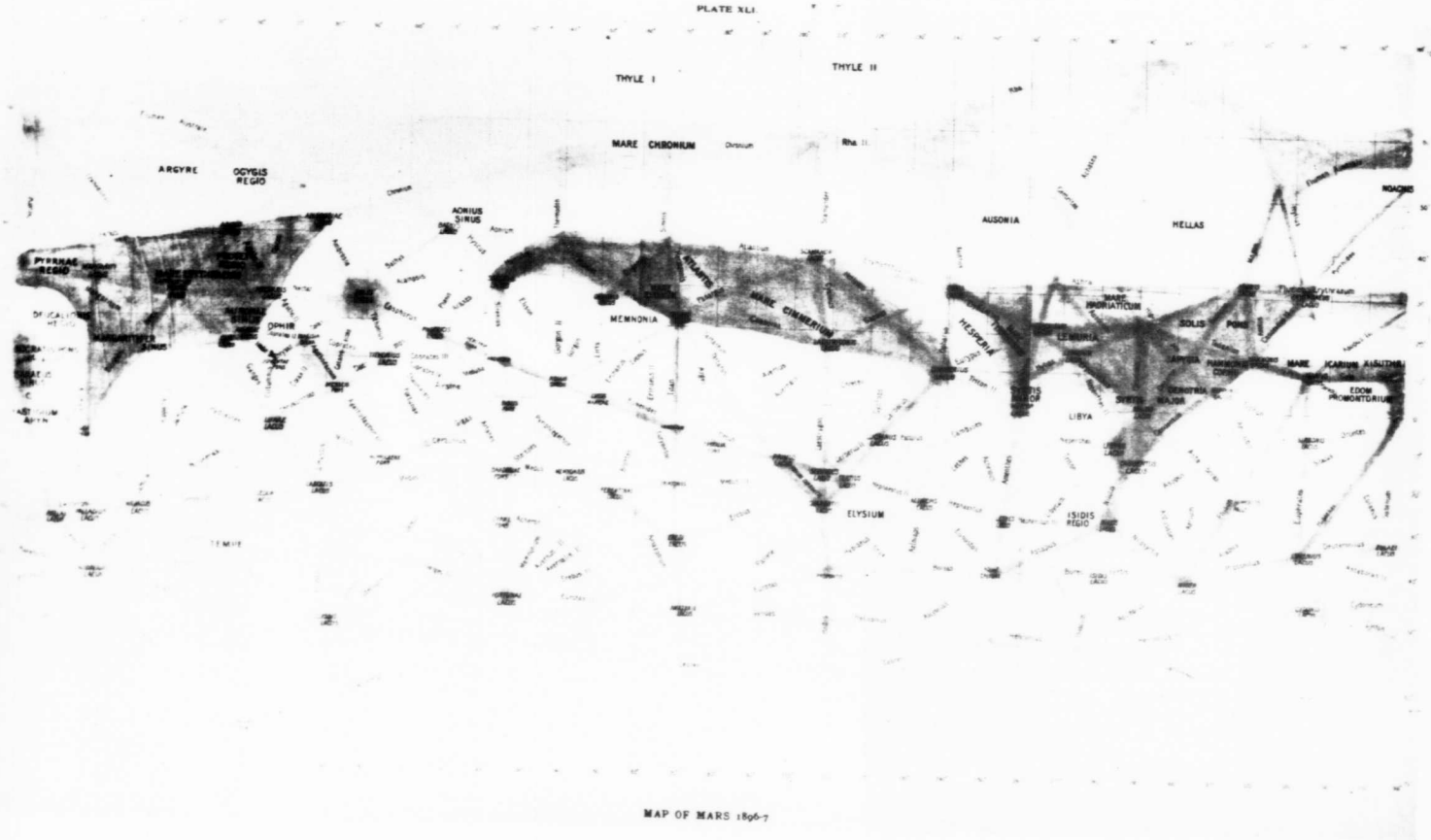


PLATE XLI.
THYLE I
THYLE II
MARE CHRONIUM
ARGYRE
OGYGIS REGIO
ACIDALIUM SINUS
AUSONIA
HELLAS
MEMNONIA
ELYSIUM
LIBYA
ISIDIS REGIO
SOLIS
MAP OF MARS 1896-7

Map of Mars

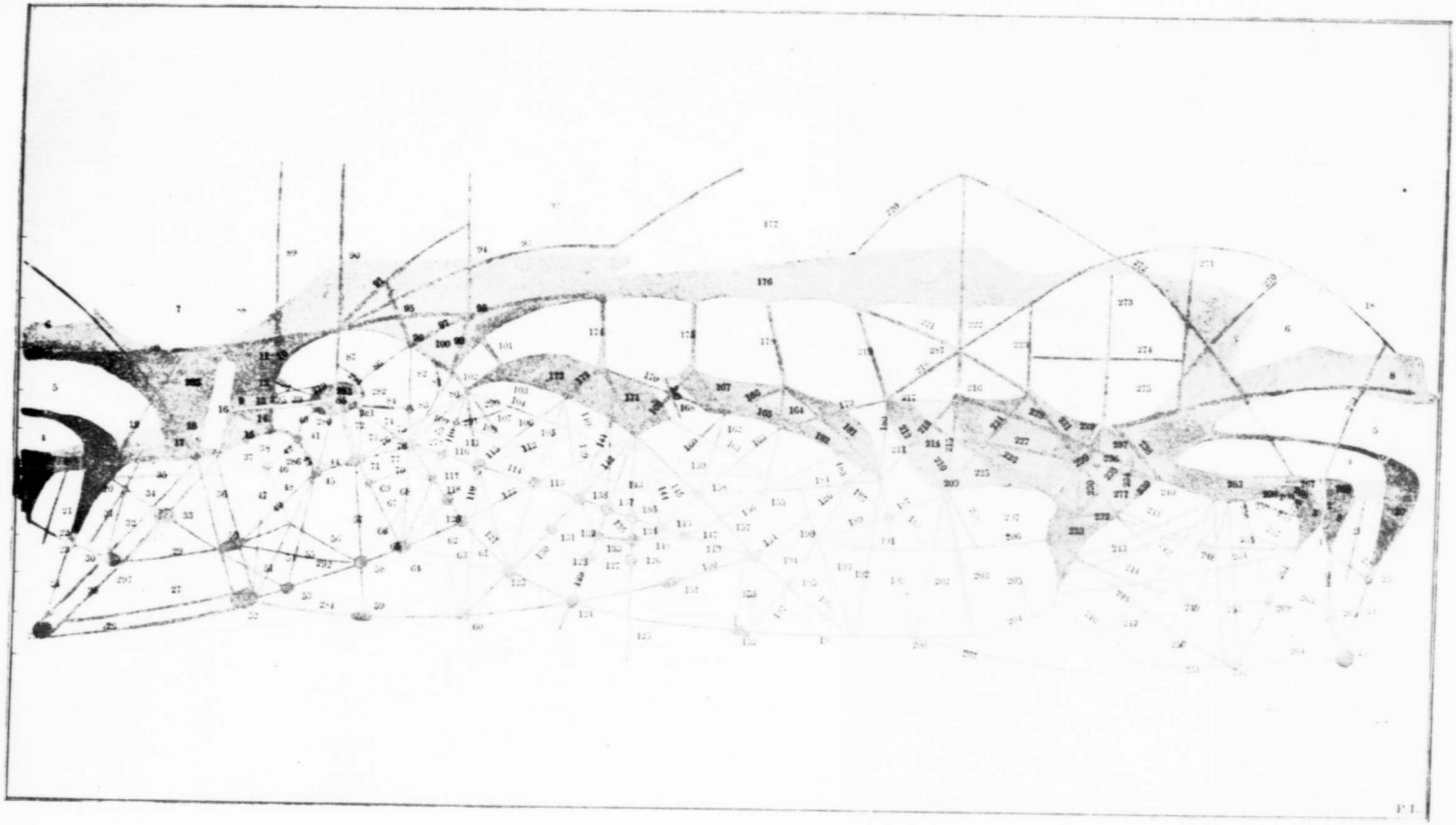
where the towns lay. It is not true of the points of a survey, which must be selected by the configuration of the ground. Some Czar of all the Martian dominions might have taken his ruler and said, The line between my capitals shall run straight, thus, and twelve chief cities of the Empire shall be moved on to the same line, and there shall be no city that does not lie in line with five others at the least. That is the curious point of this system of Martian markings. If it is artificial, it is artificiality unlimited by natural restrictions. If we tried to interpret the "canali" as railway lines we should have to explain how it is that the lines can be driven straight without regard to the lie of the land, and how it is that the towns are arranged in such an unnatural manner.

And now to come to the explanation of this system, in which Mr. Lowell works out a suggestion made by Schiaparelli; they are irrigation canals, or rather, the tracts of vegetation on each side of the main canals. Mars, he says, is very badly off for water, "so badly off that the inhabitants of that other world would have to irrigate to live. As to the actual presence there of such folk, the broad physical features of the planet express an opinion beyond the silence of consent." Without venturing ourselves to interpret this eloquent silence in a manner so advantageous to any theory, we may even accept for the moment the notion that the canals are artificial, constructed by beings whose intelligence we can comprehend, and see how Mr. Lowell develops the working of this irrigation system, granting him the inhabitants and the drought. Although there is an apparent absence of water, and not much evidence of cloud in the atmosphere, at least over the equatorial regions, a large polar cap forms late every winter and rapidly melts. This polar cap has always been supposed to be snow, and it is made the reservoir to supply the water for the spring irrigation. The appearance round it of a belt of blue or green, which represents the water from the melting snow, is the beginning of a "wave of seasonal change," which in the hemisphere's spring sweeps down to the equator, and perhaps

beyond it. At the end of the winter the canals are invisible; with the melting of the snow they appear progressively, and by the time the equatorial regions have been watered, the polar sea is dried up. The actual water in the canals is, of course, not seen; it is the burst of vegetation as the water is led over the land that makes them visible.

Having granted the drought and the need of irrigation, we may admit that the melting of a polar snow-cap, which forms quickly and must be thin, can supply water enough to irrigate many hundred thousand square miles of country; we may grant everything that is demanded for the scheme to make it work, and yet find difficulties. A great deal has been made of the statement that the effects of the north polar flood extend beyond the equator to the south, and *vice versâ*. If it is true, the canals would have to be constructed so that water would run both ways in them, which is a serious difficulty, even in a land where gravitation is so much less effective than it is with us. And it is awkward that there are canals in the seas. The dark areas to the south of the equator, the so-called seas, grow lighter in patches towards the end of the summer, and then it is seen that the dark canals which thread the land are continued uninterruptedly across the seas. The seas, it is true, are probably not open water but well-watered vegetation; but that makes it the more unlikely that the Martians should be at such pains to irrigate them when water is so scarce elsewhere; that in the very regions where, if anywhere on the planet, vegetation can flourish naturally, they should spend water in keeping green long strips a hundred miles across at a season when things do not require to be kept green, but left to ripen. These canals persisting in their straight lines through the dark areas were most of them seen for the first time by one of the observers at Flagstaff. They are a new feature, and it is unfortunate that they should be so disposed to hoist with a home-made petard Mr. Lowell's great scheme of Martian engineering.

But it would be wasting words to insist further on a local



Map of Mars on Mercator's Projection

difficulty when there is much in the whole irrigation theory that is hard to understand. In Mars' northern hemisphere there are about five million square miles to be supplied with water from the pole. How would an engineer proceed? We must admit many things in his favour which he would not find on earth. The country must be dead level, or the canals could not be driven straight. It must be uniformly fertile, or the strips of vegetation along their banks would not be uniformly straight, as they are. It would seem simplest to run a set of radiating canals down the lines of longitude; and this is conspicuously not the main feature of the plan. The longest canal of all runs at a small angle to the equator half way round the globe. It is inconceivable why such a canal should be dug to bring water from the poles. And the argument applies with scarcely less force to half the system. They are transverse, cutting across the main feeders, joining points hundreds of miles apart which must be very nearly at the same level.

Again, what explanation are we to find of the circular spots at all the more important junctions? Mr. Lowell has termed them "oases," with the suggestion of increased fertility at the meeting of many canals. He has even said that a circular spot is what we might expect; the greatest area could thus be irrigated from a given centre with the least labour. But this argument would be correct only if the canals were employed to bring water to certain centres without distributing any *en route;* whereas the very visibility of the canals is explicable only on the supposition that they water fifty miles of country on each side. Nor is the difficulty lessened when we remember that many of the biggest "oasis" junctions lie on the edges of the dark areas, which if they are not seas are at least well watered; they are the ports of our railway simile.

There is something more, then, in this scheme of canals than a means of irrigating a maximum of country with a minimum of labour. The cross canals would be intelligible if the water supply were more abundant in some longitudes than

in others, owing to differences of level; but this is negatived by the straightness of the canals. They would be explicable if some regions were more fertile than others; but the uniform width of the canal belts of vegetation argues a uniform fertility. It is no help to understanding them to suppose that the oases represent centres of population, for again we are met by the difficulty that they are disposed eight or ten in a line. There is something underlying this arrangement which is neither natural nor intelligent, so far as our experience of nature or our measure of intelligence goes. With everything granted in its favour—dead level, widespread fertility, ample water supply at the poles, people of Herculean power and singleness of purpose—we cannot conceive how the scheme would work. Are we justified in assuming that this is only because we are not intelligent enough? We are not willing to commit this intellectual suicide. We may admit that these researches into the topography of our near celestial neighbour have led us to the threshold of a better acquaintance with that world, without allowing the propriety of offering the Celestial insult of performing a happy despatch on the doorstep. To have made the best map of another world is a notable feat. To say that it represents a scheme of intelligent design, and a particular scheme, irrigation, which may not appear workable, but must be so because nothing else has been suggested, is neither good science nor good sense.

The manner in which Mr. Lowell's enterprise has been presented to the world is so curiously unnatural as to suggest artificiality in itself. His verdict was anticipated in the lecture which he gave before he looked through his telescope; he summed up the case from his point of view in the book "Mars"; then he published a volume of evidence, the first of the Annals. And when it came it proved to be but the evidence for the grand jury. A true bill was clearly returnable; and the real trial commenced in the second season's campaign of the new observatory, with the bigger telescope and the higher training of the observers who had by that time grown

old to the work. It is interesting, therefore, to compare the second volume with the first, to see how far early views are confirmed by prolonged gazing, and how far it is likely that if Mr. Lowell were to rewrite his book now he would be able to maintain some of his conclusions in the light of greater experience. Fortunately for our purpose the inquiry need be neither minute nor long; there is a crucial point on which the evidence is brief and clear.

The whole basis of the irrigation scheme is obviously the assumed sufficiency of water from the melted polar snow-cap. Schiaparelli has described the dark belt that surrounds the northern cap as it is disappearing, and suggests that it is a flood caused by the melting snow. Mr. Lowell extended these observations to the south. At the very beginning of his first season's work the southern cap was in active process of dissolution. Around it was the "polar sea"—blue, and therefore water, though we find afterwards that the dark areas farther south are blue—and vegetation. The sea quickly disappeared, and progressively the canals came out dark. It is easy to find the suggestion of the irrigation theory here, and to understand how each item of the seasonal changes that followed may well seem confirmation—until one begins to ask how it all works. And yet it is probable that if the observations had been commenced a few months earlier the scheme would never have suggested itself at all. This idea is to be found in Mr. Douglass's discussion of the second season's work. It has always been supposed that the polar cap is snow, in spite of the fact that it has more than once been observed that it did not form until after the vernal equinox, and began to melt at once. This late appearance hardly bears out the notion that the snow can be of any thickness, and it would take a deal of melting to provide water for a whole hemisphere. And now it seems that the greater part of the cap may not be snow at all, but cloud. Mr. Douglass sums up the changes which he observed in the north polar cap of 1896–97 thus: In Martian January the cap was "undoubtedly cloud, perhaps accompanied

by vegetation," for a dark green border was sometimes seen. In February "it was composed of a wide non-continuous cloud zone, and an occasional glint of real snow," and in some longitudes it had a grey or black border. In March it was considered a real snow-cap, large and invariable, "and undoubtedly by the moisture of its melting it supported a dense vegetation on its border and in its lower areas." In April it acted like real snow and grew steadily smaller in extent. By June 1st it was reduced to a very small snow-spot near the pole, surrounded by a considerable cloud-zone.

These observations are by far the most interesting result of the Lowell's Observatory's second season's work on Mars, and it will be readily seen how entirely they have altered the complexion of affairs. The part played by snow in the north polar cap seems to be relatively small; it is mainly cloud. Before the snow falls there are evidences of vegetation or water, and as the snow apparently covers the ground yet melts quickly, the former is more probable. Until the vernal equinox there is little snow at all, and what there is is already melting to support vegetation. The evidence for a northern polar sea has almost disappeared. What Schiaparelli took for it Mr. Douglass now thinks may be vegetation, for it was there before the snow came. The corresponding early phases of the southern cap were missed in the first season at Flagstaff, and it seems fair to suppose that could that work have begun a little earlier we should never have had there the suggestion of a polar sea at all. But this is fatal to the irrigation theory altogether. There were always grave difficulties about the adequacy of the water-supply. They were put aside for the time when it was a question of seeing whether the irrigation scheme would work with unlimited water. Now that the later evidence fails to show the existence of any considerable body of water at any time, we need have no hesitation in passing upon the case for which Mr. Lowell is advocate a verdict of not proven. We are tempted to add a rider to the effect that it is much to be regretted that the book "Mars" was written upon evidence

which was so incomplete. It is a dangerous thing to appear to lend countenance to the idea that astronomical results are arrived at in so light-hearted a spirit. It leads people like Mr. Nikola Tesla to stir a watch-night meeting with a message by wireless telegraph from another world, "One! two! three!"

There remains the difficult question, How far is it possible to draw any conclusions at all from the apparent artificiality of the markings upon Mars, in the absence of an intelligible explanation of what the artificiality may mean? So long as their purpose cannot be explained, we ought not to deny that they may be natural, even though nothing like them had ever been observed in nature. The essence of Mr. Lowell's argument is that nature is haphazard; a geometrical construction on a grand scale must be due to man's intelligence, because upon earth natural geometry is found only in small things, in the forms of crystals and the patterns on the scales of insects. But we need go no further than the moon to find an example of natural geometry on a scale as large as that of Mars. Any one who has looked through the smallest telescope is familiar with the bright streaks that radiate from Tycho and some other of the grander craters. They have precisely the more remarkable characteristics of Martian canals, radiating six or eight from a point, straight like the spokes of a wheel, regardless of the inequalities of the ground. There is no explanation of them, though we can examine the moon at close quarters. It is rash beyond legitimate scientific boldness to deny *in toto* a natural explanation for geometrical markings not unlike these, on a world more than a hundred times as far away. We dare not assume in our dilemma that human knowledge covers the whole range of nature's operations.

The special question, how we are to recognise life on another world, is small compared with the general, what we are to recognise as life. But it is of more immediate interest to our limited powers of conception, because in asking it one tacitly assumes that the life is to be such as ours, recognisable

by works which we can conceive ourselves constructing if we were placed in a similar position. And if evidence of what we may call human design is to be found anywhere outside our earth we should look for it first upon Mars. The things that have been discovered in the last few years may even give rise to the hope that we are at last on the right track through the tangle, but it is a pity for people to shout as if they were already out of the wood.

ARTHUR R. HINKS.

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE: A CONTRAST

THE world of letters has declined to take the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy seriously. "Some argument, some ridicule, some eloquence," is one of Gerard Hamilton's maxims for the debater; and certainly more ridicule than argument or eloquence has been expended upon the Baconian theory. This is perhaps as much as it deserves. Mr. Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram" made no converts because nobody could understand it; and Mrs. Gallup's "Bi-literal Cipher" makes none because everybody can. In making the latter statement I may seem to be overlooking Mr. Mallock. He has written two articles to show that, if not a convert, he is very nearly one; and it may be that in years to come when the brilliant scepticism of his "New Republic" has been forgotten, the courage and gallantry of his attempt to believe in Mrs. Gallup will still be held in admiring remembrance. But all Mr. Mallock's chivalry does not suffice to remove the cipher-mongers and cryptogrammatists from their proper place in the history of paradox beside the circle-squarers and the perpetual-motion-ists. Nor does the literary criticism by which Bacon's claims are supported stand on a much higher level than the cipher business. But though the whole Bacon-Shakespeare literature is only worth the serious study of those interested in the pathology of criticism, the study of Bacon is good, and the study of Shakespeare is good, and

there may be some profit in an attempt to compare the personalities of the two men with one another and with the characteristics of the works respectively ascribed to them, and to see what light the comparison throws upon the theory of a common authorship.

Our knowledge of Bacon's personality from every point of view is exceptionally complete; and if his character still remains somewhat enigmatical, that is not from lack of information but from intrinsic reasons which must have made it equally puzzling to his contemporaries. "What difference (of opinion) there is," says Mr. Spedding, "will be rather as to the sentiments with which it should be regarded than as to the thing itself." Of Shakespeare the man, it is true that we know much less; but of the writer of the plays we can glean much from the plays themselves. The attempt to infer a dramatist's personal opinions from those he ascribes to his characters is necessarily attended with much risk; and the greater, and therefore the more objective and impersonal, the writer the more dangerous the attempt. But, for all that, there is behind his *dramatis personæ* and inspiring them the soul of the dramatist, of which through its various masks we get inevitable glimpses. "Men," said Canon Mozley, "are made up of professions, of gifts and talents; and also of themselves." From this law of personal identity even the most impersonal of dramatists can as little escape as from the law of gravitation. Mr. Bagehot expresses the same truth with characteristic felicity: "People do not keep tame steam-engines to write their books." The god in the machine is really the writer himself. It will not be difficult to show that only on the steam-engine theory can Bacon be deemed the author of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Henry IV.* and the rest; and that what we know of Shakespeare the man—his birthplace, his early years, his associations, his tastes, his character—offers many points of agreement and none of disagreement with the man behind the plays.

The maxim, *Cherchez la femme*, will put us on to one

excellent ground for comparison and contrast between the philosopher and the poet. "The stage is more beholding to Love than the Life of Man," says Bacon; yet even to the life of man love has something to say, and to Bacon and to Shakespeare its messages were very different. Both men varied widely from the mean in this respect, but in opposite directions, the one by defect, the other by excess. Shakespeare's temperament was ardent and passionate; Bacon's tepid, not to say chilly. Bacon, as Dr. Rawley, his chaplain, informs us, "first fell into the dislike of the Philosophy of Aristotle" at sixteen; and he first fell in love at forty-three and married at forty-six. Whether indeed he ever fell in love may be doubted; his marriage was perhaps merely an economic experiment undertaken in the spirit, and according to the canons, of the Inductive Philosophy. We know, at any rate, that he had contemplated marriage nine years previously, when at the age of thirty-seven he had designs on Sir William Hatton's young widow, who was handsome and, what was probably more to the point, "well provided." Mr. Spedding, who certainly sets down naught in malice against Bacon, concedes that "the worst disease from which Bacon was at present labouring would have been effectually relieved by a wealthy marriage"; and the admission was inevitable, seeing that the suitor himself refers to the project in a letter to Essex—he still had Essex then—as "touching a fortune I was in thought to attempt *in genere economico*." He asks Essex to help him in his wooing: "My suit to your Lordship is for your several letters to be left with me dormant to the gentlewoman and either of her parents."

It is hardly necessary to say that there is no record or tradition of Shakespeare's ever having had to make any such request; and oddly enough in the very year in which Bacon wrote this letter to Essex (1597), Shakespeare—or was it really Lady Hatton's suitor?—was ridiculing this kind of wooing by proxy in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Slender makes love to Mistress Anne Page in the same

fashion. There is indeed something Baconian about both parties to Slender's suit:

> O what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
> Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

is the lady's remark when she sees Slender getting ready for business. This is quite according to Bacon. On the other hand her suitor is strictly Baconian in getting Justice Shallow to do for him what Essex did for Bacon:

> *Shallow:* Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.
> *Slender:* Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

A little more of this fast and furious Baconian love-making, and then Mistress Anne cuts it short with

> Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Lady Hatton perhaps took the same view. At any rate, her hand and her fortune went not to Bacon but to his hated and hateful rival Coke; and to relieve his distress the broken-hearted suitor made advances to the Star Chamber Clerkship instead.

When Bacon's thoughts again turn to matrimony, we find the context to be *in genere economico* as before. On July 10, 1603, he writes to Cecil:

> For my purpose I desire to meddle as little as I can in the King's cases, his Majesty now abounding in counsel; and to follow my private thrift and practice, and to marry with some convenient advancement . . . . I have found out an alderman's daughter, an handsome maiden, to my liking.

Was Alice Barnham really handsome? I have my doubts. The context is suspiciously suggestive of the tactics of Mr. Gilbert's young barrister who conveniently "fell in love with a rich attorney's elderly ugly daughter." The Shakespearean parallel is Petruchio in the *Taming of the Shrew*, who, for gold enough, was ready to marry "an old trot with never a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses." These comparisons are perhaps doing Mistress Barnham a great injustice, though not her suitor. All we really know of

her is that her father, like other aldermen, was rich; that her mother was a "little violent woman"; and that she had a tongue herself. Bacon, at any rate, found her handsome enough with her dowry to be more to his liking than the philosophy of Aristotle; and he married her three years later, receiving with her, as Rowley says, "a sufficiently ample and liberal portion in marriage." Their twenty years of married life were unblessed with children but untainted by the breath of scandal, though his revocation "for just and great causes" of all the provision he had previously made for her by his will seems to show that her heart, if it had ever been his, had towards the close of his life been ousted by his philosophy and his science and given to another.

Shakespeare's matrimonial affairs present a very different picture. He married, at the age of eighteen, a woman considerably older than himself; and young as he was, the marriage was evidently hastened to save his lover's honour. The discredit attaching to it is thus of precisely the opposite kind to that of the Baconian marriage for "convenient advancement"; and however the moralist may apportion his censure between the two, the former is certainly more in accord with the poetical temperament. If Bacon was not committed to a life-long bondage by the impulse of youthful passion, a sufficient reason was that he had no passion to mislead him; if Shakespeare fell and paid the penalty, at any rate he did not need a nobleman to write his love-letters. Shakespeare might have been happier if he had imitated Bacon and wooed by deputy; but he would have been less like a poet and less able to make us happy if he had been of the nature to need such assistance. His marriage, if not positively unhappy, was certainly devoid of the higher elements of happiness. His wife appears to have remained in Stratford all the twenty years of his activity and fame in London, and was evidently unable to enter in any degree into his intellectual life; but that they were not wholly estranged is proved by his maintaining his connection with Stratford throughout his London career and

joining her again there on his retirement from the stage. On this account I fail to see that the allusion in the *Tempest* (iv. i, 15–22) to "barren hate, sour-eyed disdain and discord," as the inevitable fruit of pre-nuptial intimacy can reasonably be taken as describing the poet's own experience.

Of Shakespeare's private life in London we have very little authentic information; but though one may gladly follow Mr. Lee in holding the amours of the *Sonnets* to be imaginary, it is also difficult to resist his conclusion that the various scandals traditionally associated with the poet's name "belie the assumption that he was known to his contemporaries as a man of scrupulous virtue." It is immoral to condone the irregularities of genius, but it is absurd to deny that genius is often irregular. It is not characteristic of genius to come home to tea. The coolness and method which make a good philosopher may make a bad poet. The passion which makes a good poet may lead him astray, especially in his early years. The antinomy is characteristically expounded by Victor Hugo:

> "He is reserved and discreet . . . he is sober."
>
> What is this? A recommendation for a domestic?
>
> No. It is the panegyric of a writer . . . Be of the temperance society. A good critical book is a treatise on the dangers of drinking. Do you wish to compose the "Iliad"? put yourself on diet . . . If ever a man was undeserving of the good character of "he is sober," it is most certainly William Shakespeare.

The moral which Sir Leslie Stephen deduces from Coleridge's career implies a still more sweeping estimate of the disqualifications of genius for practical life:

> Never marry a man of genius; don't be his mother-in-law, or his publisher, or his editor, or anything that is his.

The most essential part of this warning is well illustrated from opposite aspects by the men we are discussing.

How far is this wide contrast between Bacon and Shakespeare in their love-affairs reflected in the works respectively ascribed to them? Bacon's practical philosophy of life is embodied in the "Essays," of which Dr. Abbott says:

With all their faults they show Bacon at his best; Bacon as he thought himself to be, and as he wished the world to think of him; Bacon as he might have been if his better nature had prevailed, and if no temptation had come in his way to bear down his weak, intermittent tendencies after good.

Bacon has often to be allowed the usual wide margin between profession and practice, and in some cases, as for instance with regard to judicial integrity, a very wide one. But as to love and marriage he needs no allowance at all; the Essay on Love shows no higher ideal than was realised by the man who, at the age of forty-six, gave his virgin heart to the alderman's daughter with a "convenient advancement." In other words, it reveals, as Dean Church says, "an utter incapacity to come near the subject." "It is impossible to love and to be wise" is a saying that the Essayist quotes with approval; and Bacon was always wise. Love to him is a nuisance, to be made terms with in case of necessity on a strictly business footing. The "Essays" profess to deal with subjects that "come home to Men's Businesse and Bosomes," and love belongs to the business department. It is significant, by the way, that Bacon puts business first in this much quoted phrase. When Hazlitt applies it to the functions of poetry he inverts the order. Though Shakespeare was a better business man than the Essayist, the inverted and the true order was his in life and in poetry. The Essay on Love, which is unfortunately too long to quote in full, is thus summarised by Dr. Abbott:

Love is fitter for the stage than for life and business. Love is the great flatterer, and the lover loses both himself and riches and wisdom. Love is strongest when men are weakest: it must not be suffered to interfere with business.

A few sentences I will quote at large:

This Passion hath his Flouds in the very times of Weaknesse; which are great *Prosperitie*, and great *Aduersitie*; though this latter hath beene lesse obserued. Both which times kindle *Loue*, and make it more feruent and therefore shew it to be the Childe of Folly. They doe best who if they cannot but admit *Loue*, yet make it keepe Quarter: And seuer it wholly from their serious Affaires and Actions of life: For if it checke once with Businesse, it troubleth

Mens Fortunes, and maketh Men that they can no wayes be true to their owne Ends.

The love of married life is dismissed in a single clause of the concluding sentence which only appeared in the last edition:

Nuptiall loue maketh Mankinde; Friendly loue perfecteth it; but Wanton loue Corrupteth and Imbaseth it.

Nuptial love has apparently, according to Bacon, no share in the perfecting of mankind; and even his ideal of friendly love is a low one, far lower than that of the despised Aristotle. He quotes more than once the precept of Bias, "Love as if you should hereafter hate; and hate as if you should hereafter love"; merely adding in the *De Augmentis* the qualification that it be not turned to perfidious uses. It was not perfidy to take a brief against a friend on trial for his life. Such was the latitude allowed to "friendly love" as cultivated by Bacon on the principles of Bias.

Within the limits of decency no man ever took a narrower or lower view of love than Bacon in his acknowledged works; no man ever idealised it so loftily, so intensely, and so variously as the poet of the plays, or gave to the world such a gallery of pure, loving, and adorable women. Ophelia, Imogen, Rosalind, Cordelia, Juliet, Perdita—were these fascinating creatures given their power over our hearts by a man who had no heart himself, by the man who wrote the Essay on Love and married the alderman's daughter? I could as soon believe that he wrote the Pentateuch, or won the Battle of Waterloo, or laid down his life to save his friend's. Bacon and Perdita—what a collection! We can as easily associate her with the Binomial Theorem. Perdita among her flowers is a vision of innocence and beauty:

daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,

> That die unmarried, ere they can behold
> Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
> Most incident to maids.

But alas! the spell is now broken, the secret is out. The hand that scatters the flowers is the hand of Perdita, but the voice is the voice of Bacon. To the eagle eye of "the Baconian *savante*," as Mrs. Gallup calls her, the botanical knowledge which Perdita parades betrays the prompting of the natural philosopher. In her pamphlet, "*Did Francis Bacon write Shakespeare? Thirty-two Reasons for Believing that he Did*," Mrs. Henry Pott illustrates the proposition "that the Plays may be elucidated by a study of Bacon's scientific works" with this convincing note:

> *Horticulture.* Of the thirty-three flowers of Shakespeare, Bacon enumerates thirty in his "Essay of Gardens," or in his scanty notes on flowers in the *Sylva Sylvarum*. His scientific observations accord closely with those on flowers in the Plays. The colours of flowers, the peculiarities of their smell, the figuring or streaking of their petals, the seasons of their blooming, the mode of "meliorating" them, are the points chiefly considered in both groups of works.

When Mrs. Pott proceeds to quote Bacon as saying that "the flowers that come early are the primroses, violets, and daffodillies," our suspicions are immediately aroused; and they are aggravated by the reminder that in the "Essay on Gardens" the daffodil is mentioned as coming in *March*—the very month which, as the italics duly indicate, Perdita herself had named, though if left to the light of nature, the hussy would have been as likely to choose December. Any lingering doubt that remains is dispelled by the damning addition:

> N.B.—Simple as these observations seem, they were new in the days of Bacon.

We see at last that Perdita had really never picked a flower in her life; she had merely been studying the *Sylva Sylvarum*.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly hails Mrs. Pott's epoch-making discovery with delight, and agrees with her in holding that in

this speech of Perdita, and elsewhere, the poet displays "all the precision of the natural philosopher." He extends the same treatment to another of Shakespeare's most ethereal creations. In Ariel's song

> Full fathom five thy father lies,
> Of his bones are coral made,

Mr. Donnelly finds "a reflection upon the indestructibility of matter and its transmutations," which to him is the unmistakable hall-mark of Bacon's handiwork. An unfortunate schoolboy who was set to paraphrase Ariel's song boiled down the lines about the "sea-change" into this proposition: "The chemical action of the salt water converted his tissues into substances which are interesting and valuable." There was enough of the natural philosopher about that schoolboy—and about the ruffian who set him such a task—to have pleased Mr. Donnelly. Poor Ariel, a mere creature of the laboratory, though we had thought him to be coloured with the hues of heaven! Poor Perdita, a pedantic little blue-stocking, who had captured our hearts by the grossest of false pretences! Mr. Andrew Lang, or some other profane person, has said of the scientific pedant that

> A primrose by the river's brim,
> A dicotyledon was to him,
> And it was nothing more;

and of such was Perdita! Cannot you see her botanising upon her mother's grave with a trowel in one hand and the *Sylva Sylvarum* in the other? Or are you still old-fashioned enough and unscientific enough to find in her no more natural philosophy than any ordinarily observant child must pick up in the Stratford meadows in Spring, and also a tenderness, a girlish grace, a natural and unstudied charm, which outside of Shakespeare is found in nature alone, and which Bacon could no more have compassed than he could have grasped the rainbow? If so, you are to be envied. But I must pass on from this very tempting theme with apologies to Juliet and Cordelia and the

others, for whom I could have said nearly as much as for Perdita if they too had been accused of natural philosophy. Where Shakespeare got his models is a question we cannot answer. His wife can hardly have helped him, though perhaps his mother did. All we know for certain is that he had a nature as susceptible to such influences as Bacon's was the reverse.

In their general outlook and range the contrast between the two writers is almost as great as in the sphere we have just considered. The first edition of the "Essays" appeared in 1597, and in the same year *Henry IV.* was produced by the writer of the plays. *Romeo and Juliet*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and some half a dozen other plays had appeared previously, as well as *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece;* and the *Sonnets*, or a majority of them, had probably been written, though not printed. Contrasted with these, the very names of the subjects discussed in the "Essays," are enough to suggest the gulf which separates the essayist from the poet. "Of studie," "Of discourse," "Of ceremonies and respects," "Of followers and friends," "Sutors," "Of expense," "Of regiment of health," "Of Honour and reputation," "Of Faction," "Of Negociating" —these are the titles of the ten essays included in the first edition. Are these the subjects that would have been selected as most concerning "men's business and bosoms" by the man whose heart and brain had already given Juliet to the world and were then teeming with Falstaff? The narrow range, the cold, prudential morality, the precise and measured utterance of the Essayist, are as remote as possible from the passion, the intensity, the manliness, the broad humanity, the ease, the variety of the dramatist. The mind that conceived Polonius could also have conceived the Essayist, or most of him; but the poet was as far beyond the Essayist as Hamlet beyond Polonius. Bacon and Falstaff are surely as unthinkable a combination as Bacon and Perdita or Bacon and Juliet. Not that Bacon was devoid of humour; but his is a refined and subdued humour, never of the rollicking or Gargantuan type,

"holding both its sides" and compelling us to do the same. We smile occasionally at the "Essays" but I do not think that there is a laugh in them from beginning to end. In the animal spirits required for the making of a Falstaff Bacon was entirely lacking. And the man who drew Falstaff was also well acquainted with the inside of a tavern—another qualification which Bacon lacked, but which is not denied to Shakespeare by his most bigoted detractors.

Hotspur in the same play was as far beyond Bacon's reach in another direction. Honour in its higher senses was as foreign to Bacon's thoughts as to his practice. There is not a single word about real honour in the essay "Of Honour and reputation," as published in 1597; a single sentence was devoted to it in the edition of 1625. If the man who drew Hotspur in 1597 and Henry V. in the following year—the two finest incarnations of honour in our literature—had been putting his name to a prose treatise on the same subject at the same time, he would not have waited till his third edition, published nearly thirty years later, before announcing the belated discovery that

> There is an *Honour* likewise, which may be ranked amongst the Greatest, which happeneth rarely: That is of such as *Sacrifice themselves* to Death or Danger, for the *Good* of their *Country*. As was *M. Regulus*, and the Two *Decij*.

Nine years before the Essayist made his first appearance a certain Invincible Armada, which set sail from Spain for England but failed to reach it, discovered that there were men in England of that rare degree of honour to "sacrifice themselves to death or danger for the good of their country," and even enough of them to conquer the invincible. The lesson was not lost upon the Spanish King, but it made no impression upon the cold heart of Bacon. Within ten years, at any rate, he had forgotten that there was such a virtue as that which had saved England; and when at the age of sixty-five he reminded himself of its existence among men, it was as of a thing "which happeneth rarely," and of which he had to go

all the way back to Roman history to find examples. The dramatist, on the other hand, shows himself as susceptible to the claims of patriotism and honour as to those of love. In his *Richard II.*, which appeared in 1593, he puts into the mouth of the dying Gaunt what Coleridge calls

> The most magnificent, and, at the same time, the truest eulogium of our native country that the English language can boast, or which can be produced from any other tongue, not excepting the proud claims of Greece and Rome . . . Every motive to patriotism, every cause producing it, is here collected, without one of those cold abstractions so frequently substituted by modern poets.

Is it fanciful to find in the poet's thrilling eulogy of

> England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
> Whose rocky shore beats back the envious surge
> Of watery Neptune,

an echo of the struggle against Spain which had culminated so gloriously five years before and made less impression upon the philosopher than what he read in Livy and Plutarch? And how complete the contrast between the tone of Bacon's meagre reference to the honour "which happeneth rarely," and that of Shakespeare's Henry V. at Agincourt or Hotspur at Shrewsbury:

> O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
> To spend that shortness basely were too long,
> If life did ride upon a dial's point,
> Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

Of course, we cannot credit a poet with all the fine qualities with which he endows his characters, but they certainly afford an index to his standpoint and his ideals. A Tyrtæus is not necessarily a good soldier, nor even a brave man; but a writer who had so clear and rousing a conception of honour as is put before us in these two plays certainly would not have treated it in a prose essay of the same date as a species of self-seeking to be classed with "Ambition" and "Vain Glory."

ARTHUR R. ATKINSON.

APRIL ON WAGGON HILL

LAD, and can you rest now,
There beneath your hill?
Your hands are on your breast now,
But is your heart so still?
'Twas the right death to die, lad,
A gift without regret,
But unless truth's a lie, lad,
You dream of Devon yet.

Ay, ay, the year's awaking,
The fire's among the ling,
The beechen hedge is breaking,
The curlew's on the wing;
Primroses are out, lad,
On the high banks of Lee,
And the sun stirs the trout, lad,
From Brendon to the sea.

I know what's in your heart, lad,—
The mare he used to hunt—
And her blue market-cart, lad,
With posies tied in front—
We miss them from the moor road,
They're getting old to roam,
The road they're on 's a sure road
And nearer, lad, to home.

Your name, the name they cherish?
'Twill fade, lad, 'tis true:
But stone and all may perish
With little loss to you.
While fame's fame you're Devon, lad,
The Glory of the West;
Till the roll's called in heaven, lad,
You may well take your rest.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

ART AND THE PRINTER

IN an article which I contributed some years ago to one of the Reviews, I ventured to hazard the prediction that we were "on the eve of a great revolution in the art of typography and book-decoration"—a remark which, I remember, brought down upon me the comment of some critic that I was "a gentle dreamer." Since those words were written, the number of so-called "artist-printers" has been steadily increasing alike in England and America. Already the revolution has been partially accomplished—but it has been a revolution in the wrong direction.

In his "Note on the Kelmscott Press," William Morris attempted a final classification of the rules which he considered essential to the artistic production of the printed book. In the course of centuries, the art of printing had undergone a constant degeneration. Increasing demand had led inevitably to haste and carelessness in production; increasing cheapness, through stress of competition, to cramped type, inferior paper, and disregard for margin. When Morris set himself to the study of typography, he was quick to discover that, if he would succeed at all, he must necessarily go back for inspiration to the earliest masters of the craft. He was concerned less with producing what I may term "readably printed" books than with the desire to rescue a lost art from oblivion or neglect. It was the aim of William Morris to revive the former traditions of typography, to design volumes which should be in themselves

decorative objects, quite irrespective of their literary value. First and foremost, Morris should be considered as a decorator. Just as he endeavoured to beautify the humblest articles of furniture—a towel-horse, a kitchen dresser—so it was his ideal to beautify the printed book, to show what it might be capable of decoratively in the hands of an artist as opposed to a mechanic. Ornamentally conceived, the Kelmscott books were intended for ornamental use. For purposes of practical utility, they were not intended.

Mediæval as he was by instinct, it was natural that there should be an archaic element in everything which Morris undertook. Unfortunately, his followers, getting, as it were, their mediævalism at third hand, in most cases play the mediæval game without his enthusiasm and sincerity. No one who paid a visit to the last exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society can fail to have been struck by the prevailing "Morris-madness." Everywhere one perceived, not new life infused, but the struggle to infuse it by close adherence to Morris and his example. So it was with the books, with the hangings, with the wall-papers; so it was with the carpets; so it was with the furniture, twisted and tortured into a semblance of archaic form. Instead of development, there was the going back, not to mediævalism, but to make-believe mediævalism, according to Morris, based upon Rossetti. Carried to such excess, the new fashion, which Morris inaugurated in domestic decoration, is really more insufferable than Victorian horsehair and shams, because of its greater artistic pretensions.

Well! If we want to see to what lengths a folly of this kind can be carried, we have only to cross over to America. There occasionally reaches me from New York a stray announcement of one of the latest things in "printing ventures": the circulars of the Elston Press, an undertaking conducted by Mr. Clarke Conwell upon "artistic" principles. Mr. Conwell is an enthusiastic follower of William Morris. Lest any one should inadvertently suspect him of originality, he has even

avoided the temptation to design a fount of type. Instead, he has re-cut the "Troy" and "Chaucer" types of Morris. His volumes are of course printed entirely by hand, in blackest ink, and on the roughest paper. All the blocks for the numerous "very beautiful" borders, half-borders, decorations, and initial letters are "destroyed at once after use." Art and craft, we are told, "have again united in forming a perfect ensemble, at once beautiful and substantial." It need not surprise us that Mr. Clarke Conwell is convinced that his books "will quickly become an object of desire." Indeed, the "specimen pages," with which from time to time he has presented me, are strangely picturesque with their wealth of ornament and "Gothic" characters. After glancing through them, I begin to wonder whether, after all, I am living in the twentieth century, or whether I have not wandered accidentally into the Middle Ages. When I first had the good fortune to hear of Mr. Conwell, he was on the point of commencing his enterprise with an edition of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese": a work which, for some reason, appears to be especially favoured by all owners of "artistic" presses. For this purpose, he had made elaborate preparations in the most approved mock-mediæval manner. The completed volume—so far as I am aware, the first book which has been printed wholly on a hand-press, direct from the types, in America, for many years—is a veritable triumph of misapplied talent in book-decoration. Not a few of the ornamental initial letters are undecipherable save by an expert. Such is the plenitude of border, that one is almost tempted to regret the inclusion of the letterpress. As a "new note" in wall-papers, the Elston decoration would be above reproach. Its application to the printed book is calculated unduly to distress the reader who has not hitherto conceived of Mrs. Browning in connection with a mural pattern scheme. Mr. Conwell's productions are books which one would like to stand upon an easel, to respect and admire at a distance, as one might admire the Kelmscott "Chaucer"—in a case at the British Museum.

Provided only that with Morris' mediævalism, Mr. Clarke Conwell may happen some day to combine Morris' sense of artistic fitness and sincerity. In any event, I am unable to imagine the person who would care to purchase Mr. Conwell's initial effort with any intention of reading the "Sonnets from the Portuguese."

Mr. Clarke Conwell is an excellent example of the fallacy which, consciously or unconsciously, Morris undoubtedly encouraged. There are many bibliomaniacs who suffer from a similar delusion: that no book-lover can be truly happy unless he possesses at least two editions of a favourite author, the one, simple, to be read; the other, fearfully elaborate, to be kept in tissue paper and occasionally exhibited to visitors—after preliminary washing of the hands. It is quite possible to understand even a reader delighting in the ownership of an old book in an old dress; a folio "Montaigne" has a charm which is denied to its reprint in Messrs. Dent's far more convenient Temple Classics. But the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" in imitation Gothic! A man must surely be lacking in a sense of humour who does not feel the incongruity.

Philistine, indeed, as we may be, we no longer live in the Dark Ages. The twentieth-century mortal has ceased to chain his volumes to a lectern, albeit it is alleged that in some American public libraries the practice might be profitably revived. Many of us have learnt by experience that "artistic" chairs are not always comfortable to sit upon, however ornamental they may be as furniture. In the same way, "artistic" books are rapidly becoming an object of aversion to those misguided creatures who still buy books for the mere pleasure of reading them, and who are not disposed to view their acquisitions in the light of so many items of æsthetic upholstery. A Kelmscott volume may lend itself admirably to a general scheme of decoration; none the less it is just as much a piece of furniture as is a Morris bedstead or a waste-paper basket from the design of Mr. Walter Crane.

I am not myself a practical printer, nor can I claim to have ever set up a page of type. It is not without a certain diffidence that I venture to commit myself to an assertion so strongly at variance with the existing theories of "artist-printers" as that the first essential of the printed book is perhaps, after all, not "art" but legibility. With the mediæval craftsman generally, ornament was only incidental. The mania for elaboration, which is so curious a characteristic of present-day mock-mediævalism, has tended to raise ornament out of all proportion to utility.

"Dignify thyself with modesty and simplicity for thy ornaments" is an old-fashioned motto which might be suitably suggested for the use of "artist-printers." On most of the occasions on which Morris employed his three founts of type, it was in conjunction with a mass of bewildering initials, letters "an ell long," buried among foliage. Sometimes a spray of vine leaves would wander by the side of the page. Often it was barely possible to see the wood for the trees. Certainly it is in the best interests of typography that Morris' designs and blocks have been immured for the next century in the British Museum.

I suppose that Mr. Ricketts' Vale Press may be considered the most important undertaking in "artistic" book-work now among us. Like his fellows, Mr. Ricketts prefers to regard a printed book as a mere piece of decorative furniture. He is apparently unable to understand the attitude of a man who values a book for its legibility as much as for its outwardly artistic beauty. This peculiarity of Mr. Ricketts' temperament is the more to be lamented since, in several of his later volumes, it is possible to detect a new endeavour towards simplicity which seems to indicate that some restraining influence has at last been exerting itself to good purpose in the Vale workrooms. The "Shakespeare" especially marks such an improvement in Mr. Ricketts' methods that one is almost inclined to quarrel with his determination to close the Vale Press on its completion. In these volumes, while

there is, as usual, a quite unnecessary luxuriance of leaves and floral ornament, Mr. Ricketts has been at the pains so to dispose his half-borders that they do not materially interfere with the comfort of the reader, while the excellence of the type and the absence of initial letters combine to render the books very nearly as suitable for use as for display. The affectation displayed in the lettering of the half-title is, I imagine, to adopt Mr. Ricketts' own expression, "no more than a matter of opinion."

One of the grounds upon which I base my criticism of Mr. Ricketts' work relates to his distressing habit of placing in a page of capitals a single word or letter in the lower-case. Any one who owns to an elementary acquaintance with the productions of the Vale Press will find it easy to unearth a number of examples. I fancy that it was in the "Chatterton" that I came across the extraordinary word "SKyNS." The Vale edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim," to select another instance, opens with a leaf printed entirely in capitals, after the manner of the Kelmscott books; the single word 'young,' however, figures among its brethren in lower-case letters, owing to considerations of spacing, which Morris certainly would have avoided. The eye, looking at the page, is at once arrested by the incongruity, and unnecessary emphasis is imparted to an unimportant word. In his "Defence of the Revival of Printing," Mr. Ricketts comes forward with an explanation. It is "a trifling eccentricity that no one regrets more than I; it occurs in some ornamental pages where the text is cramped between the border and initial . . . and against this blemish we must set the decorative advantage of a beautiful page of capitals." Unfortunately, it is precisely there that I join issue with Mr. Ricketts. At the best of times, a "beautiful page of capitals" makes hard reading. Framed as a picture one might possibly appreciate it. In a printed book, it is a trifle disconcerting. Mr. Ricketts' ingenuous plea, that his "eccentricities" occur only in some ornamental pages "where the text is cramped between the

border and initial," is of course in reality no defence at all. Surely if decoration be indeed needful to the printed book, it should be at least subordinate to the exigencies of the text. The border must be arranged to fit the text and not the text the border. It must harmonise with and be subservient to the entire scheme. If a border, however beautiful in itself, cannot be used without cramping the text into fantastic attitudes, why then—I would suggest that the border might be better dispensed with altogether. The "decorative beauty of a page of artistic lettering" is not enhanced by eccentricity of setting. Let me quote "from another place" so eminent an authority as Mr. Ricketts himself! "Use decoration only when it can be urged as an added element of beauty to the book, let it accompany the text and not gobble it up!"

It is always easy to say that these things are trifles and of small importance. Perhaps it is for this very reason that I have dwelt on them. They may be insignificant in themselves. Mass them together, and their effect upon the printed book becomes self-evident.

One of the things which I have never been able to understand in "artistic" book production is the apparent relationship between foliage and printing. It has come to be inevitable that an "artistic" volume should be liberally besprinkled with imitations of a garden product. In some of the works of the Vale Press a small leaf is prefixed to every paragraph; I have counted as many as nine upon a single page. Morris occasionally indulged in the luxury of an entire branch, while there exists an American printer who exhibits a cluster of roses at the head of each new chapter.

Mr. Ricketts owes much of his success to his wonderful skill in designing ornamental borders. I can conceive that it was his desire to produce borders which first suggested the thought of the Vale Press. Not the most carping of critics could withhold his admiration from these unconventional adaptations of foliage and flower. There has been nothing of the kind in our time more exquisite than the border of

violets in the "Campion," or that of wild hop which decorates the "Constable." I possess a copy of the latter which has been coloured by the hand of some artist, and makes one of the prettiest decorative pictures imaginable. It need not surprise us that Mr. Ricketts looks upon the printing of books mainly as a vehicle for the display of his borders and initial letters.

A study of "artistic" presses, indeed, brings one to the conclusion that the professions of an artist and a printer are not compatible with one another. Bearing in mind that simplicity is of the very essence of legibility, and that a book which is not legible is no book but a piece of decorative furniture only, it becomes necessary for the would-be "artist-printer" to efface his own personality in a way which, under modern art conditions, seems impossible. The beauty of a book is one thing, the beauty of a picture is another, the beauty of a chair or table is another. To treat a book decoratively, as one might treat a chair or panel, is to misunderstand the function of the printed volume. It is the individuality of the artist showing through his work which makes the difference between one decorative object and another. In the printing of books the contrary should be the case. It is imperative that everything should be in absolute subordination to the subject-matter. The artist may be there, but he must not be visible. If any one, it is the author in whom we should be interested, not the artist. The "new theory" of artistic typography yields the chief place to the "decorator" as opposed to the real author. In other words, it is as if, in painting, the frame-maker or the gilder should be accorded pre-eminence over the mere painter, and the picture admired in proportion to the excellence of its decorative setting. In the production of books, the artist should be satisfied to occupy a position of secondary importance. Morris in his Kelmscott Press, Mr. Ricketts in his Vale Press, and their followers almost without exception, make it their first object to centre upon themselves the attention of the reader, to the exclusion

of the author and his subject-matter. It is Morris and not Keats whom we are called upon to admire in the Kelmscott edition of that poet's writings; it is Mr. Ricketts and not Keats of whom we are to think when we turn over the pages of the Vale edition.

Would we estimate at its real value the work which Morris has accomplished in the domain of book-production, we should do well to set the Kelmscott books altogether on one side. It has, in fact, been reserved for Morris' executors to make the first real application of the typographical principles which he advocated and which his decorative instincts hindered him from following. There is a series of "Lectures by William Morris," which has been for some time in process of publication by Messrs. Longman. One of these volumes, "Art and the Beauty of the Earth," now lies before me. It has been "printed at the Chiswick Press with the 'golden' type designed by William Morris for the Kelmscott Press," and is published on behalf of his executors. The book is completely free from foliage or ornament. It is printed in black, very plainly and simply, on paper similar to that used by Morris. There is no opening page of capitals, no ornamental border, not even an initial letter. The closest scrutiny has failed to reveal the presence of a paragraph-mark. The margins are correct, the spacing between words is properly preserved. The book is unassumingly enclosed in blue-grey boards, with a linen back.

I am far from asserting that there should not be individuality in the printing of books as in every form of art. Only let that individuality be such as is requisite to the proper presentment of the author and no more. Throughout it should be in harmony with the subject-matter, in sufficient harmony, that is to say, to be inseparable from it, in no way forcing itself independently upon the notice of the reader. Decoration, if it be used at all, should be used sparingly and should be unobtrusive. The type should be square and clear, and large enough to be read with comfort. The volume should be

light, and of a convenient size to hold in the hand. There should be no vestige of eccentricity nor affectation. Once these conditions are conformed to, the individuality of the "builder" may be permitted to come into play. It is merely necessary for him to remember that in the printing of books such individuality must be confined strictly within limits. "La vanité, c'est un sentiment contre lequel tout le monde est impitoyable."

I doubt whether in this respect there exists in England at the present moment any more singular example of artistic perversity than is afforded in the case of Mr. C. R. Ashbee, of the Guild of Handicraft. The object which the Guild sets before it in all its undertakings is "to make things that shall be serviceable and at the same time beautiful, and this only when their production is carried on under healthful and pleasurable conditions." Good handicraft, it is explained, cannot be produced except with "the good will, the fancy, and the content of the handicraftsman," and it is the purpose of the Guild to encourage, wherever possible, that individuality of its members which they in their turn seek to impress upon the work of their hands. I am, I fear, hardly competent to speak as to the "conditions" which may prevail in Mr. Ashbee's workrooms, but I may be pardoned for hoping that the "plate, pottery, table service, jewellery, lustre ware, furniture, and personal adornment" of the Guild of Handicraft display the beneficial results of the "good will, the fancy, and the content of the handicraftsman" in a more marked degree than do the printed volumes which are issued by the Essex House Press under the Guild's direction. Among the numerous books which have been "built" by Mr. Ashbee, it would, I fancy, be difficult to find one which is not distinguished above all rivals by some eccentricity of form or setting. "Historiated bloomers" are the prevailing characteristic of the Essex House edition of the Psalms of David; Erasmus' "Praise of Folly" is diversified with a "cloth cover in motley" and a "set of illustrations, borders, frontispiece and initial";

Walt Whitman's "Hymn on the Death of Lincoln" is printed throughout on vellum with a new hand-coloured "alphabet of bloomers" and a coloured wood-block frontispiece. Mr. Ashbee's crowning achievement is, however, less his "historiated bloomers" than his extraordinary fount of type. The earlier volumes of the Essex House Press were printed in a type which, if not exactly beautiful, was legible. Since then, Mr. C. R. Ashbee has been at the pains to design a type which is more in harmony with his ideas of book-making. This new fount is sufficiently fantastic to gratify the most fastidious book-lover. It is clear that simplicity offers no attraction to the minds of those who are responsible for the Essex House productions. The irrational swellings and projections which make early printing so difficult to read must be as child's play to such persons as are accustomed to peruse the Psalms of David in Mr. Ashbee's version. There is scarcely a character in Mr. Ashbee's fount which does not exhibit the highest degree of development to which whirls and twirls are likely in our day to attain. The ingenuity displayed in the contraction for "and" or in the formation of the lower-case "g" ought alone to ensure for Mr. Ashbee a typographical position inferior only to that of the more illegible "Gothic" printers of the Middle Ages.

During the last few years much has been written on the subject of the printed book. We have been told *ad nauseam* that the earliest books are as admirable as most of the later ones are bad. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, we live under different conditions from our ancestors, and what was suitable for them is not invariably suitable for us. The progress of civilisation has been slow indeed if, to ensure beauty, we must necessarily re-model our efforts upon those of the Dark Ages. By way of apology for the oddity of his interrogation mark, Mr. Ricketts has pleaded "extenuating circumstances, having detected a form, like the one I use, in Jenson." For my own part, I fail to see what Jenson has to do with it. As a printer, he was possessed of many excellent qualities—

beauty, clearness, legibility. It by no means follows that his methods, however commendable in his own generation, need be slavishly copied in the twentieth century. The value to us of the early printers lies in certain traditions which have been handed down by them. There is the question of margin: the inner margin the narrowest, the top somewhat wider, the outside wider still, and the bottom widest of all. There is the question of type: that it should have boldness, system, and conformity. There is the question of spacing: that the spacing between words should be as nearly equal as possible. Lastly, there is the question of ornament: that the ornament, whether pattern-work or illustration, must submit to certain limitations, must be as much a part of the page as the type itself, and must be strictly subservient to the entire scheme. These traditions of typography are all that need concern us as our inheritance from the first printers. That they were lost sight of during the last three centuries and are not even yet correctly grasped by a majority of printers is—or should be—the reason of the existing revolution in the art of printing. That this revolution, instead of confining itself to these principles, has wandered off into a circle of over-elaboration is a direct result of the decorative movement which was inaugurated by William Morris and of the mock-mediæval temperament which influenced his labours.

I have selected Mr. Ricketts as the most prominent type of the "artist-printer" now among us. Space alone would prevent me from mentioning his numerous followers and rivals. Of these, by far the most satisfactory is probably the Doves Press of Mr. Cobden Sanderson and Mr. Emery Walker. Unlike the majority of their competitors, the projectors of the Doves Press have hitherto wisely eschewed all decoration in their work. Were it not, indeed, for a certain thinness in the type, and the annoying use of an obtrusively black, old-fashioned paragraph-mark, the specimen page of their folio edition of the Authorised Version of the Bible would be deserving of unqualified approval. There is no trace of eccentricity, no

"historiated bloomers" such as disfigure Mr. Ashbee's volume of the Psalms. The printing is throughout plain and straightforward; even the abbreviated "and"—one of those needless contractions upon which the "artist-printer" delights to lavish all his ingenuity—requires no previous "art training" for its immediate recognition.

The work of Mr. Cobden Sanderson and Mr. Emery Walker is the more notable as an endeavour in the true direction of simplicity, since it is capable of such effective contrast with the absurdities of the modern typographical art movement. It is becoming increasingly difficult to enter one of the larger bookselling establishments without being confronted with the perpetrations of some new "artistic" printing press: the Caradoc, the Bedford Park, the Tulip. But it is by no means only among the misguided enthusiasts who are responsible for these undertakings that the new tendency reveals itself. Nearly every day one comes across books in which the text is almost swamped by a gigantic border or which are disfigured by some atrocity in the form of title-page or of initial letter; an example is to be found in many of the volumes which are published by Messrs. Dent and others with "decorations" by such artists as Mr. W. B. Macdougall. Mr. Walter Crane, especially, has won for himself renown as a prime offender in these matters; of him it may be truly said that he touches nothing which he does not adorn. His sumptuous edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," issued some years ago by Mr. George Allen, is a remarkable illustration of how a book should not be decorated. Doubtless it is only natural that "trade commodities" should so take their cue from the productions of the "artist-printers."

This craving for excess of ornament is above all regrettable since many of the "artist-printers" are, in other respects, fully in agreement with the correct principles of book-production. That the effect of their collective efforts has not been more salutary is due mainly to their reluctance to efface themselves. It may be that to ask a modern artist to efface himself is to

inflict too severe a demand upon his powers, for we live in an age when the artist seems hardly capable of existence without the aid of self-advertisement. But until the artist shall have learnt this lesson of effacement, it were the wisest part of modesty for him to abstain altogether from troubling the condition of the printed book. When I look at a pastel by Mr. Rothenstein, it amuses me to read that artist's personality into his drawing. I have encountered Mr. Walter Crane in a set of fire-irons and have derived pleasure from the meeting. I have caught a glimpse of Ford Madox Brown in a bedroom towel-horse, and of William Morris in a row of hat-pegs. In neither of these cases have I experienced a sense of disappointment. On the other hand, should I be ever tempted to embark on a course of "Sonnets from the Portuguese," I should be distinctly annoyed to find Mr. Clarke Conwell or Mr. Ricketts perpetually bobbing up between the verses. Probably Mr. Clarke Conwell would barely have the temerity to "beautify" Mr. Rothenstein's pastel with the addition of a floriated border. It is surely as unfair to the respected memory of Mrs. Browning that he should be allowed to "ornament" her "finished workmanship" with fanciful devices.

There exists a race of journalists after the school of Mr. Andrew Lang who consider it a bounden duty to "improve" the simplest English classics by means of prefaces and annotations—often of larger dimensions than the text itself. "A bountiful inclusion of ana," to quote from a publisher's announcement now before me, "cannot but impart to the authorised text an undeniable literary quality." In the same way, I suppose, the decorative "ana" of Mr. Ricketts is primarily designed, like the critical "ana" of Mr. Andrew Lang, to impart to the writings of the hapless "English classic" that undeniable artistic and literary quality which alone can prevent their relegation to an upper shelf. Among the "ana" of a new reprint of Stevenson's "Father Damien" in my possession, are to be found comments in verse and prose by Stevensonians, the bibliographical story of the "Open

Letter," extracts from letters by Stevenson, quotations from Archibald Ballantyne, H. D. Rawnsley, Browning, and Shakespeare, and an "illuminative study" entitled "Stevenson's Literary Apprenticeship." The "Father Damien" itself occupies but an inconspicuous position in the volume. In the modern "decorated" production of the "artist-printer," the importance accorded to the mere text of the author is perhaps no greater. The attention of the printer has been directed to more serious essentials than the legible arrangement of so many pages of what after all is only literature. Instead, we are bidden to admire the "symbolical" frontispiece, the marginal foliage, the printer's mark. Sometimes, as in a recent edition of Ben Jonson's "Volpone," a series of five or six initial letters is held to justify the addition of an essay on "the genius of the artist."

No doubt, as the "decorative movement" progresses, the author will gradually sink still lower. I do not altogether despair of a near future when Mr. Stephen Phillips may be commissioned by some "artist-printer" to compose an epic poem "which should harmonise in treatment with the enclosed historiated bloomers." That we are slowly drifting towards some such millennium is a theory which can be hardly dismissed contemptuously as one outside the bounds of possibility. Already art and the printer have done their best to reduce our books to the level of so many items of æsthetic furniture.

ALBERT LOUIS COTTON.

A SONG AGAINST SPEED

(APRIL 1903)

VELOCITY—its praises ring
That those who race may read:—
The joyousness of hurrying,
The ecstasies of speed.
Yet flame-like though your progress be,
Some thrills you've yet to gain;
Not dead to all sensations we
Who loiter in the lane.

Of speed the savour and the sting,
None but the weak deride;
But ah, the joy of lingering
About the country side!
The swiftest wheel, the conquering run
We count no privilege
Beside acquiring, in the sun,
The secret of the hedge.

We wait the poet fired to sing
The snail's discreet degrees,
A rhapsody of sauntering,
A gloria of ease;

Proclaiming theirs the baser part
Who consciously forswear
The delicate and gentle art
Of never getting there.

To get there first!—'tis time to ring
The knell of such an aim;
To be the swiftest!—riches bring
So easily that fame.
To shine a highway meteor,
Devourer of the map!—
A vulgar bliss to choose before
Repose in Nature's lap.

Consider too how small a thing
The highest speed you gain:
A bee can sport on gauzy wing
Around the fastest train.
Think of the swallow in the air,
The salmon in the stream,
And cease to boast the records rare
Of paraffin and steam.

Most, most of all when comes the Spring—
Again to lay (as now)
Her hand benign and quickening
On meadow, hill and bough—
Should speed's enchantment lose its power;
For "None who would exceed"
(The Mother speaks) "a mile an hour,
My heart aright can read."

The turnpike from the car to fling,
As from a yacht the sea,
Is doubtless as inspiriting
As aught on land can be;
I grant the glory, the romance,
But look behind the veil—
Suppose that while the motor pants
You miss the nightingale!

E. V. Lucas.

REVIEWS OF UNWRITTEN BOOKS

VI.—TACITUS'S "SCRIPTURÆ DE POPULIS CONSOCIATIS AMERICÆ SEPTENTRIONALIS"

THERE are many ways of writing history. There is the artless and chronological method, in which the writer merely states a lot of facts which he has gleaned from other people's writings. Sometimes he proves some of them to be true. His chief desire is to be accurate. And therefore he is never artistic. Then there is the second-intentional method, in which the writer never says all that he means; and always implies more than he says. This method is used chiefly by contemporaneous historians. It was used to perfection by Julius Cæsar. It is an artistic method; and demands the fullest attention of the reader. There is also the poetic method, in which the writer uses his subject as an inspiration to his verse. Here we have quite parted from mere truthfulness. Shakespeare, of course, has made this mode entirely his own. Even Æschylus in his *Persæ* failed to reach Shakespeare's level. A variant of this mode was used by Carlyle in his *French Revolution*, which resembles Shakespearean history in its sumptuous deflections from accuracy. Undoubtedly to Carlyle history was merely a prop on which to display his phrases. But there is yet another way of writing history, the satiric method. Tacitus was the inventor of the method; and

he has had no successors. He indeed epitomises the styles of all historians. His arrangement apes the simple chronological methods of to-day: his phrases seem to point to the influence of Carlyle: his multitudinous breadth of view is quite Shakespearean; and his motive bears a resemblance to that which inspired the *Bellum Gallicum*. He always writes with a purpose. For instance, he wrote the *Annals*, not to give an account of things which happened at Rome during the early Principate, but to support his theory that government by one man was the wrong thing for Rome. Incidentally he had to abuse Tiberius, or rather to select facts which would lead one to suppose that he was abusing Tiberius. There is no doubt at all but that, in private life, Tacitus and Tiberius were two men who would have got on together splendidly. With regard to his *Scripturæ de Populis Consociatis Americæ Septentrionalis* the case is very different. We possess an idiotically accurate knowledge of the history of North America. Consequently we can read Tacitus's account of the American Democracy with the clear remembrance that he is selecting and arranging his facts to prove his point. If we had only Tacitus to read, we should no doubt have an entirely different notion of the prominent men in America from Washington to Roosevelt.

Just as Tacitus wrote his *Annals* with a purpose, so he wrote his *Scriptures* with a purpose, to prove that modern democracy is a sham because it is socialistic to the core when it ought to be individualistic. He conclusively proves that the apparent "liberty" of the American citizen is a fraud; and that, far from being free, he is tied and bound by the tyrannous chains of the demos-brute and the opulent caucus which tends the brute. It would be a simple matter for a man of Tacitus's ability to turn round and write an anti-Scripture to show that this theory is erroneous, just as it would be easy to point out the overwhelming advantages which the Roman world gained in the first century from autocratic rule.

An analysis of the first five books of the *Scriptures* reveals a curious result. The first book deals with the War of Inde-

pendence and the career of Washington. The second entreats of the long period from the death of Washington to the election of Lincoln: it is chiefly concerned with the constitutional troubles which led to the Civil War. The third book is entirely taken up with the campaigns of this war. The fourth discusses the negro question, taking us back to early times, through the war, and down to our own day. And the final book is occupied by a masterly review of the industrial decadence of the last thirty years, culminating in the marriage of the Duke of Marlborough, and the accession of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Now this is clearly a disproportionate arrangement from a chronological point of view. The second book covers far too long a period. This indicates that Tacitus selected his facts with distinct intention; and was quite indifferent about the accurate completion of his work. Any critic who supposes that some intervening books have been lost is exactly in the same position as one who supposes that we do not possess in their entirety the *Annals* and the *Histories*.

It is evidently impossible here to discuss all the interesting points raised by Tacitus in these *Scriptures*. Only a few can be noted, chiefly those which find a parallel in the *Annals*. Where Tiberius stands as protagonist of the *Annals*, we have Washington in the *Scriptures*. He is the man whom Tacitus blames for the whole subsequent tragedy of the American democracy. It is indeed a lurid picture of veracity. Crowned with that indomitable vice, which blasts the innate originality of human thought, he stands, this rocky claw-fast figure, and rivets millions of mankind to the unified unyielding solidarity of the American Constitution, that hard and antiquated mass of asseverations from which not one single statesman has ever arisen. But it is upon the personal motive that Tacitus harps so ruthlessly with endless insinuations. We might have hoped that Washington sinned in ignorance of the appalling curse which he was laying upon his country: but Tacitus never leaves us with that consolatory savour in our mouths. He adds the *sauce piquante* which tickles our digestion. Washington

socialised America to prevent the rise of any other man who might overshadow his own prominence. "Qua spe, ut opinor, tantula inductus animos minorum inlustriores servili mediocritati damnavit." This was the motive which led him to condemn to a servile mediocrity the brighter spirits of succeeding ages. Tacitus does not ridicule Washington, though he cannot resist one gibe at his "insulsum capillamentum." The whole work is a solemn arraignment of the American Constitution and its incarnation.

The story of the Civil War in Book III. is told with that graphic and succinct potentiality which the campaigns of Germanicus have made familiar to the readers of the *Annals*. There is little to note here, beyond the unerring instinct with which the author has picked out the more picturesque episodes, and which has made this the only readable account of what undoubtedly was a most decorative war. A couple of paragraphs are dedicated to the doings of Walt Whitman in the hospitals; and to his subsequent treatment as a Government official, his poetry, and his demise. The phraseology here recalls that which Tacitus used in the corresponding account of Petronius Arbiter in the *Annals*. It is not a little curious that Tacitus should thus have hinted at the parallel between the two men.

On the negro question Tacitus professes to give us facts only; but the profession is a little thin. Of course he only gives us his own theory. It is not a pleasant one. But it is the logical conclusion from a belief in the superiority of the white man. A pre-Christian moralist is able to view these problems in a light very different from that which is granted to us as heirs of the Ages of Faith.

But it is the last book which is of the most absorbing interest to those of us who have not yet visited America. In it Tacitus mercilessly dissects, by the scalpel of implication, the character of the modern American. He does not vituperate the people. He shows that their awful plight is only the final outcome of the policy of Washington which cut them

off from the blessings now enjoyed by loyal Canada. He discusses with scientific care that crude and almost barbarous retrogression, which makes it so hard for us to realise that these strange people are—as they really and truly are—descendants of the men of the Middle Ages, of the men from whom we ourselves are descended. Their extraordinary uniformity of appearance and manner, their unnatural yearnings after pick-me-ups and the wrong ideals, their senseless velocity which makes them seem like poor trapped creatures rushing madly "around" to escape their inevitable and half-realised doom, their suicidal attempts at salvation by Trusts or by marriage—these are the reasons why Tacitus has branded Washington to the infamy of all who read the *Scriptures*. It is like the final act of a great tragedy, this fifth book; and the curtain artistically falls just before the climax.

But . . . oh yes, certainly, Tacitus must be read with great caution by those who desire accuracy.

VII.—WALT WHITMAN'S "GRANDEE SPAIN SUCCUMBING"

CERTAINLY Walt Whitman is the triumphant fact which justifies the enterprise of Christopher Columbus. We could have done without the Emersons and Longfellows and Francis Halseys and Vincent O'Sullivans and Hamlin Garlands and Henry Harlands and Archibald Clavering Gunters; for these may be met on the street any day. But it would be sad to be without our Whitman; and Columbus contributed to his evolution.

Leaves of Grass is magnificently informate. If it has some traces of a beginning, it undoubtedly has no real ending; and, now that we have this new Annexe, there seems to be no reason why it ever should end at all. *Grandee Spain Succumbing* consists of eleven songs; and takes its title from the first three words of the first song. The astounding shape of the book, 24 by 5 by ¾ inches, reminds us of nothing so much as a sheaf of kakemonos. This form has the advantage of displaying a complete poem on a single sheet, enabling the devout Whitmaniac to have his favourite verses hanging over his mirror while he combs his hair. It has, of course, its disadvantages: but this is not the place for categories of the obvious; and we content ourselves by commending this new departure in book-making to the notice of the American Society of Book-Builders. Of course the songs are intensely patriotic. In the lines where Whitman has permitted himself to be patriotic, he is hardly at his best. We think it kinder not to pay any attention to them. When people wish to scream, they always ought to perform the unpleasant operation in remote wildernesses, or on solitary icebergs: never in public, and certainly never in print. Everybody is bound to scream

at least once in his life. But nice men screaming are most nasty. Discretion demands that we should take no notice of casual lapses from urbanity on the part of those whom we admire. The fact is that Whitman was under the impression that he embodied the States. The pitiful thing is that he did nothing of the kind. He never embodied the States: he was quite incapable of such a thing. He thought much more highly of the States than a discriminating judgment will permit. That was merely his "maggot." He had a most just and laudable appreciation of his own excellence: but he never realised that he was not nurtured on the catch-words of the Yallerbook, or that he was in fact right away ahead of his environment. We cannot agree with him in desiring the Americanisation of the Universe (which would be too hateful and ugly for anything), yet that is the implied desire of all his patriotic songs: but, down at the root, perhaps the cause for this inability to agree vanishes. The Whitmanisation of the Universe is not so far from that ideal which some of us are seeking. Whitman is a man to be loved, as Nature is loved, not for the sake of geysers and volcanoes and other crudities, but for the sake of sympathy. It is an ideal and blessed thing to be in a state of nature, despite the absurdity of the creature who first remarked the fact.

We do not propose, therefore, to touch upon the patriotic qualities of this work. There are many qualities more rare, because more near and circumscribed and yet more far and boundless. *Leaves of Grass*, for example, totes us further from books than any other book. It totes us away right here to a Place Desirable, where there is one Man—is it Whitman or the reader?—and the Cosmos: nothing else, of course, nothing else: not even a Trust or a telephone: but also nothing less. In that Place, sympathy is born, right away from individual men and things. And, when the one Man has dropped down to that Place Desirable, has done his thyrsus-bearer act, and is come back a full-blown mystic, he brings with him that cosmic sympathy which is the father and mother of all other

sympathies, and of all true love. The world would be a real natty place wherein to dwell, if we all were Whitmanised. This will appear ridiculously untrue to those who have never visited that Place Desirable. They don't know what it is to feel real good.

It is unfortunate for the friendly reviewer that the very first song, which he has to criticise here, should deal with such a banal subject as the Hispano-American War. Whitman is entirely American. He practically ignores the Spanish point of view. Yet, of course, there are many things to be said on both sides. That is why it is desirable to think as keenly and as clearly as possible, of what Americanism really meant to Whitman, in order that we may become capable of appreciating his work at its true value. Whitman is inflamed by no desire of aggrandising the American nation and her Emperor Theodore right now, nor is he inspired by any ideal of a strenuous life of hostility to Spain. He is merely declaring his belief that the new state of things will enable a lot of people to lead a life which is just so, a life more like his own, a human life in communion with Nature inspiring exquisite thought such as :—

> Not but what poignancy stimulates
> If it connotes recollection, of loves that are withered,
> Connected with rocks and with seas now before me.
> And they are such seas!
> Not cheap and chippyish choppyish channelish
> Purry-purr pussy-puss south-wasty ripples:
> But real oceanicalised undulations, and breakers a league long
> Which push on the land like large lovers, or oily and curly Assyrian bullocks.
> Say, boss, don't these unbreezy *κυμαια*
> Fill you with thoughts animistical?
> Oh I just guess that they come up alive
> Right out of the sunset to congratulate me.
> Now what do you think of it?

Four of the songs are twenty-two inches (minion) long, and treat of certain social and political aspects of the War.

War and Politics being what they are, merely matters of business and quite unprofessional, we prefer to leave them alone. Whitman on purely personal and social topics is far more edifying. What can be more graphic than his treatment of that mood which we all know so well, the mood in which we feel that, unless we can get away for a change of some sort, the show will burst :—

> Oh I am glutted with sundry domestic insanities :
> I am replete with the turbulent chorus of sour-voiced women,
> Unmusical, catchy, chic, gowned like Her Queenship of Sheba,
> Just when I want to have confabulations
> With hispid and heavy-fringed brown men,
> To drop down to the dry-goods-stores,
> Bars, and theaters, and hotels,
> Specially hotels, hotels huge, flashy, and reckless,
> Where I need not to be speaking to salesladies
> Travelers, magazinists, and stenographers.

Four other songs describe incidents of the actual fighting. The poet has not chosen the most important and best known engagements ; but four heroic deeds, which as yet have not been advertised, nor their doers multitudinously kissed. Of these he furnishes pictures firmly and finely drawn, of the kind with which he has already made us familiar in his descriptions of events in the War of Secession.

The three remaining songs are concerned with ambulance work and scenes in the hospitals. Here indeed the poet sings from a full heart. The ninth song, called "The Letter," is pretended as having been found on the heart of a private soldier, a mysterious personality, who seems to have been a square peg in a round hole, who, by the hasty error of his own favourite comrade, had fallen mortally wounded in the very moment of victory. After $3\frac{2}{3}$ inches (minion) of prologue, we get to the letter itself. It is wonderfully human. It makes us want to know, not only the writer but the friend to whom he writes. Their characteristics are so evident and so distinct, so rude, so genial, so germane in the Ciceronian sense of the term. Let these excerpts make our contention clear :—

We are queer friends, you and I, I opine. Are we not?
And what a pity it is that we met one another.
I judge we ought to have written, not spoken.
Oh from the first I'd a feeling 'twas better thus:
But I for ever rejoice that I gave you the opening.
Better you had not got up such an interest.
Therefore I think we'll be happier toward one another
Let's say in a year's time.
It's your misfortune that I am your junior.
That's at the root of this as of all big affairs.
I am a child, on his pinafore dribbling, compared with you all ways.
Te auctore I ought to be naught but the slave of you.
Well I am not.
Certainly I'm not your equal in any way.
Learn to despise and dislike me a little, please:
But not too much: for, if I believed that you did so,
I guess that I'd woo you with tears and with sweet suaviation.
Now let us mutate the topic,
And talk about dancing the german,
Or a surtout that fits to a contour.
But what have you got in your gripsack?
Religion? No. There we shall disagree.
Say, but your faith seems to me to be only the thing unexpected.
Shows that I don't know you yet? You're a gum-drop!
Well then, I'm quite of your mind about house-cats.
Mine was a house-cat before he belonged to me;
But he's so dear, so inodorous.
Oh you 'ld just bathe in him:
Really his beauty would render that quite unavoi.able.
But in principio you're right: they should be as they were.
All the same, gentlemen often are noisomely notable,
Nor are the ladies just what they ought to be.
By the way, don't you just love being out on a rainy day?
Yesterday evening was most interesting,
For there were spring-tides and high ones,
And they came wandering up the Ma
In the wet moonlight.
We boddled down and up in floody meadowlets,
Tracking and tracing and meting
And seeking the highest point
Reached by the pulse of the swelling sea;
And oh so happy we were when we found it out.

Say, do you take an intelligent interest?
I always get quite excited on tides;
And try to cognosce them.

All sorts and conditions of men fought for freedom under the Stripes of the Star-spangled Banner; and the tenth song describes the delirium of a poet in the camp-hospital outside Santiago. As a piece of literary art it is one of the finest delineations of the poetic temperament released from all control, of the eye in a fine phrenzy rolling, of unmitigated raving, which we can call to mind since Henley's assault on the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, except perhaps a few belated passages in Hall Caine's *Eternal City*. We give the peroration :—

I want to have eyes altogether interminable;
And of course I want new ones
Say three times a day before meals and in water,
And also the prudence that tallies with my immortality.
Like a star without mast
I am driven in face of a gale that is teeming with various fantasies.
Nothing I see save a cow which is kerry and mottled and so forth;
And sprinting along on her back is the linea alba,
(Marvellous cow,) while her horns widely flare
Here and there: a good sign.
Would that she were no cow but a wild steer
All tossy on high with the rage of her eyes μετεωρους.
Then I would go out all fearless,
And chafe up and down till I tamed her
And made her obey my strong will. See you?
Then some wild trumpeter surely would vibrate capriciously
Tunes in the sunlight;
And I most alertly would catch the notes shuddering
Like unto tempests, and surging around
Chaotically 'mid dust clouds and thunder rolls
Black-a-vised cannoneers,
Rapine, and murder, and brigands,
Just like a blooming big brown buzzing beautiful blue-bottle
blunder-bug.
O fearsome music-song. Cheers and loud laughter.

The eleventh song is most touching. We can compare it

only with the *Vigil Strange*, one of the most exquisite threnodies in existence, barring, of course, Politian's *Monody for Lorenzo de' Medici*, and that of Meleager *For Charixenos*. Death becomes a Thing Desirable when it can inspire such verses as these.

To analyse the beauty of these poems, to find the method of Whitman's workmanship, to see how the thing is done, is extremely difficult. Perhaps he wrote by instinct, and himself could give us no insight into his artifice. It is impossible to move a word in these apparently random lines without mutilating the whole. That is where the wonder of Whitman's style lies; it is evanescent, subtile, beyond imitation, but its vim is indubitable. It is no mere metrical trick. Any one can reproduce his "notevole tendenza dattilica." But who can write a Whitmaniac song which will bear comparison with the least of Whitman's? We may make the attempt. It looks easy. But we fail to produce more than caricature. Well, the secret lies here. We must liken our lives to his. After all, that is what he is always advising us to do; and his advice is as good as we deserve.

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

IX

THE following morning, about an hour or so after breakfast, Lady Snowdon and Mrs. Vernon, escorted by Mr. Hancock, were mounting a garden path in search of a certain summer-house, where their host had arranged to meet them in secret conclave ; and, after many unacknowledged errors, Mr. Hancock succeeded in finding it. Mrs. Vernon had brought with her a sheaf of unanswered letters. Lady Snowdon had brought her knitting—a kind of work which she cultivated as a means of rebuking idleness rather than as a practice of industry.

After some delay, voices were heard approaching, and Glanville made his appearance, accompanied by Lord Restormel. "I was kept," he said, "by Sir Roderick. I'll tell you about that afterwards. Now let us open our proceedings. See ; I have brought a note-book."

"Business-like man!" said Lady Snowdon. "But where is your friend, Mr. Seaton? And where, I ask, is Mr. Brompton —that luminary of the new religion? He's rather a dark horse, as our friend Sir Roderick would say."

"Never fear," said Glanville, "he'll make his running presently. He's only waiting till the Bishop is off the premises. When the Bishop is present, he's shy of his new religion, just as a little girl is shy of a new frock. As a matter of fact, my

friend Seaton and he have struck up an experimental friendship, and have gone off for a walk together."

"And Mr. Seaton," said Lady Snowdon, "tell us about him. I like his looks; and I'm quite sure, from his hair, that he holds opinions of some very superior kind."

"He, too," said Glanville, "has a frock of his own; but his is an old one, which was worn by his great-grandfather. I was trying yesterday to show him it was worn out. Seaton imagines that he knows, and that no one else can doubt, the very thing in which all the doubt of the modern world centres. He imagines himself certain that his mind was made before all worlds—a sort of self-evolved ant-hill of things which he calls ideas; and that the universe is a projection of what goes on in the ant-hill, rather than that the ant-hill is a reflection of what goes on in the universe."

"Now that," said Lady Snowdon, "is just one of those statements which an ordinary woman does not quite understand. Can't somebody put such things in ordinary simple language for us? It seems to me that philosophy can't be worth much if it doesn't end in something which plain common sense can grasp."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Mr. Hancock gaily, whose own philosophy was of the shrewd rather than of the profound order.

"I agree with you," said Glanville. "Dick Jeffries is not a student of Darwin; but he knows, as he put it last night, with an eloquence beyond the reach of science, that he and his horse are all in the same box."

"And now," said Lord Restormel, "the question is, How are we to open our Parliament? Rupert must begin by giving us a King's speech."

"May I," said Mr. Hancock, "submit to him a list of subjects? One question," he continued, as he took paper and pencil, "would be this. It would perhaps be the first. Whereas, till so lately as fifty years ago, nine-tenths of the civilised world accepted Christianity as indubitable, and never even took the trouble to call its fundamentals in question, why are we to-day not Christians at all?"

"Surely," said Mrs. Vernon, "that's a little too sweeping."

"Well," said Mr. Hancock obligingly, "suppose we put it in this way: Why are we not Christians in the sense in which our fathers and mothers were?"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Vernon, "we can few of us object to that."

"No doubt," said Lady Snowdon, "all this will be a most excellent spiritual exercise: but I think that most people, though they mix the two things together, are less preoccupied with the value of the Christian version of religion than they are with the question of what truth there is in any religion of any kind."

"Yes," said Lord Restormel; "but Mr. Hancock is right. We should take these questions in what I may call their pictorial order, beginning with those which are in the foreground of our own experiences. Very soon we shall be like sea-going boats, which pass from the little squalls that disturb the harbour of orthodoxy, and find ourselves alone with the vastness of the seas and stars."

"True," said Mr. Hancock prosaically, who had meanwhile been scribbling notes. "And here I think, are the farther questions that will await us. Number two," he went on, reading from what he had written, "What reason have we, apart from any assumed revelation, for believing that a Deity exists who is capable of having communication with us? Can we infer such a Being, from the existence and constitution of the Universe? We shall have," said Mr. Hancock parenthetically, "to worry that question well."

"With regard to that," said Glanville, "my friend Seaton will help us."

"Now," resumed Mr. Hancock, "for Question three. This will deal, not with the universe as a whole, but with life as an exceptional part of it. How do these little pools or puddles, which we call conscious minds, appear on the rocks of the lifeless, and reflect the whole universe in a slop-basin? Do the rocks distil them, or have they dropped from

the sky? And now comes Question four. This will deal not with life as a whole, but with human life in particular, as related to and contrasted with other life. Does the human mind differ from that of a monkey more than the mind of a monkey differs from that of a mollusc? Then, from Question four we come to Question five, which is this: If the human mind is really in any respect essentially different from that of the other animals—if we have any responsibilities and destinies which we don't share with fleas or water-wagtails—there is something in us which does not belong to the cosmos—a free power, as Sir Roderick Harborough would tell us—which alters the movements of matter, but which does not obey its laws. We have, in fact, what religion means by a soul. Have we any grounds in reason for supposing ourselves really possessed of this detachable principle—this foreign lodger who takes furnished apartments in our brain, and then mysteriously decamps, without leaving any address? Does the evidence show that we have? Does it even do so much as fail to show that we have not? Personally I'm an Agnostic; but the discussion is always interesting. If we have not, of course there's an end of religion—and also, I suppose, of our inquiry."

"You're wrong there, my dear fellow," said Lord Restormel. "For practical purposes, we've only come to the beginning. If we fail to see that religion has any rational basis, the question still remains for us, what shall we do without it?"

"Yes," said Lady Snowdon gravely, "that's the practical question. Put that down, Mr. Hancock.—Well, Mr. Glanville, what do you think of the Syllabus?"

"We may have to alter it," said Glanville, "in some few particulars; but it will do. To me it shows one thing, at all events—that, when we begin to think about these matters, the thoughts of all of us flow into the same mould: and so we'll begin our conference at the very first opportunity. Keep the notes, Hancock, and we'll put them in order by-and-by. But meanwhile, as I said, I've got something to tell you. Sir Roderick has had a telegram from Ballyfergus—the little

watering-place where his yacht is lying—saying that one of his ladies, with whom he has had a quarrel, has appeared at the hotel and threatened to board his yacht, and probably to ensconce herself in the cabin which he has set apart for the Bishop. Roderick knows how to manage her. He'll put her to flight somehow; and he's just started in my steam-launch to do so. But he won't be able to get off—he's afraid—till to-morrow evening, when he means that the yacht shall come here, to pick up him and his party. So we shall have the Bishop to-night, and for some part of Sunday also. I ought, I suppose, to ask him if he'd like to preach, or would rather sit still, and merely listen to the mind of the Church. Meanwhile we may give our own minds a rest; and as Roderick has got the launch, we will go in the afternoon for a drive."

"Mr. Glanville," said Mrs. Vernon, "I've just had a letter from a niece of mine. She's been having a rest-cure, and is completing it at Ballyfergus. I wonder if you'd allow me to ask her here for a day or two."

X

THE expedition suggested by Glanville took place, and was most successful. When the party returned home, Sir Roderick was strutting on the terrace in a coat of so striking a check that a giant might have played at chess on it. Glanville at once went to speak to him. He was smoking a large cigar, and the peculiarly rakish angle at which he held this in his teeth, showed that his own expedition had been crowned with success also. The upshot of it was, as Glanville presently learned, that the lady, who was known amongst her intimates by the solitary name of Maude, had been rendered amenable by a cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds. She was, indeed, at that moment on her way back to England, telling her heart contentedly, in her own delicate language, "The old boy was a good sort, after all." Presently the Bishop

joined them, and betrayed his imperfect acquaintance with the matter of Sir Roderick's difficulties by asking him "if he had managed to get his propeller mended."

"Yes," said Sir Roderick, with a momentary glance at Glanville. "My own launch was here to-night, and we can be off the first thing in the morning. They tell me at Ballyfergus they are hoping you'll be able to preach there." And to escape further questionings he retired into the house.

"I was going," said Glanville, when he and the Bishop were alone together, "to have asked you to preach here, in case you could have stayed over Sunday. Two clergymen are coming to take the services, and I heard from Canon Morgan this morning that he proposes to bring a third. Any one of these would be pleased to surrender his pulpit to yourself."

"I fear," said the Bishop, "I must keep my engagement at Ballyfergus. And yet, Glanville, now that you've suggested it, I confess I should have been glad of the opportunity of saying a few plain words about those great questions which last night were discussed so lightly."

"Wait," exclaimed Glanville. "What do you think of this plan? Will you read prayers to-night in the dining-room, and say a few words to us afterwards? Many of our party—Lady Snowdon, for instance—would be much interested in hearing you."

"I should not," said the Bishop, to whom the proposal was more and more commending itself, "keep them above a quarter of an hour. And I think it would be better, perhaps, if the address could be kept to ourselves—I mean if, after prayers, the servants were to leave the room. It would be a pity if their faith were scandalised by anything I might have to say. To defend a certainty is sometimes to suggest a doubt."

Glanville undertook to arrange that the primitive faith of his establishment should not be shaken by being shown the pillars on which it rested; and when the time arrived, he was able to assure the Bishop that the whole party, not excepting Sir Roderick, though his orthodoxy was so robust that it did

not need to be fortified, were not only willing, but anxious to hear him speak.

By half-past ten the dining-room had been got ready for the occasion; and if any one had entered it with any inclination to laugh, this was at once checked when the Bishop began his office. He read the prayers with a simplicity so severe and yet so touching that a tear stood in the corner of one of Sir Roderick's eyes; and Captain Jeffries, at their conclusion, surprised both himself and his neighbours by muttering to the cushion of his chair, "He's a good chap that—whatever he is or thinks."

Then the old butler, who was aware of his master's wishes, marched out his regiment—a not wholly unwilling one—almost before the echoes of the last petition had subsided, leaving the rest of the congregation expectant, with the Bishop on his feet, facing them.

"As I am," he began, "not going to preach you a sermon, but merely to talk to you on certain serious subjects, at rather greater length than ordinary conversation would permit of, I may dispense with the formality of a text. What has made me wish to speak to you, and, I think, made you willing to listen to me, was the conversation that sprang up in this very room last night, about that tremendous subject, freedom and moral responsibility. Now I confess that though the tone of some of your observations pained me, yet the interest which the subject excited appealed to me very deeply, because it showed how, when two or three are gathered together, even for ordinary social intercourse, God, or thoughts of God are there inevitably in the midst of them: for to think of freedom is implicitly to think of God, and to deny freedom is to deny Him—to deny Him in the only sense in which he can be an object of religion for us.

"Such being the case, it seemed to me—I must say it fearlessly—that the very principle of all religion was lightly questioned by some of you—that religion was assumed to be a thing of the ignorant past which modern science has put an

end to—like an alchemy of the soul that has given place to a chemistry—like an astrology that has given place to an astronomy. It, therefore, seemed to me also, that, since the present opportunity has offered itself, I ought not, as a representative of this Church, to go from this hospitable house leaving behind me the impression that the Church is afraid to meet any and every criticism, and has not a triumphant answer for the sophistries of modern science.

"To-day," the Bishop continued, "these sophistical ideas are, as we say, in the air; and I admit that those who doubt religion to-day have a certain excuse which was wanting in previous ages. But," said the Bishop, rapping the table sharply, "it is an excuse only. It is not a justification. For these ideas, which call themselves scientific, are shallow ideas, they are false ideas. They are ideas which are contradicted by true science itself. Scientific denials of religion only seem plausible for a moment, because those who urge them deliberately exclude from their purview the fundamental scientific facts by which the reality of religion is attested. To these fundamental facts I referred in conversation last night. I will now put them before you in a more orderly way; and every one of them—mark you—is admitted, and, indeed, explicitly affirmed not by the professors of religion only, but by men of science themselves—by the most illustrious of those that oppose religion.

"These facts are three in number. Firstly, the universe consisting, as we know, of lifeless things and of living, and the lifeless universe being made up of matter and energy, between the dead matter and the energy which moves and directs it the gulf is infinite and impassable. Secondly, between the lifeless universe and the very beginnings of organic life, the gulf is infinite and impassable. Thirdly, between the organic life, however highly evolved, and the human soul, which is essentially not an organism, the gulf is infinite and impassable. Physics teaches us the first of these facts. Biology teaches the second. Scientific psychology absolutely demonstrates the third. And now, to these three admitted facts of science, let

me add two axioms common to all philosophers. Like can only come from like. The greater cannot come out of the less. Let us apply these. Man who is a conscious being cannot have arisen out of the unconscious. Man who is a purposive being cannot have arisen out of the purposeless. Man whose will is free cannot have arisen out of the conditioned. Man with his ethical conscience cannot have arisen out of the non-ethical. Thus the mere existence of this moving and orderly universe is a proof that there is a mind which moves it; and the mere existence of man proves this mind to be an ethical God—freedom and conscience, as it were, being the very signatures of God in man, marking man's independence of this lower universe of matter, which is all that science can study, and which it fancies, forsooth, to be the whole.

"Science in the partial unscientific sense of the word—the sense in which these great facts are excluded from it—resembles a stained-glass window seen against a moonless night. It shows us nothing but confused lines and reflections from uneven surfaces; but let these great facts, like daylight, shine behind it, and then at once, in the beautiful words of Tennyson, we see 'the prophets blazoned on the panes'; and the supreme miracle of the Universe being consummated on the hill of Calvary.

"But," said the Bishop after a pause, "in these last words, I anticipate. The basic facts of science, to which I have just alluded, show us that God is, and that the soul is; and the soul, being what it is, naturally cries to God. The answer to that cry is Revelation. This is the point which I am now going to impress on you. Since God loves infinitely every separate human soul, common sense tells us that He could not leave it desolate, stretching its arms in vain to Him. He must—with reverence be it spoken—have made some direct response to it. The nature of that response is recounted for us first in the Bible, and secondly in the growing life of the Church from the earliest days to these. Ah, but, some of you will say, the Bible is now exploded. Science proves it to be

untrue; and, if untrue, it cannot be inspired. Shallow argument! But it brings me to what I am going to urge on you. The utmost science and scholarship have done in the modern world is not to prove that the Bible is less true or inspired than we thought it was, but to show us that we must get at its truth in a new and a larger way. Thus Genesis, no doubt, except in one or two verses which bear some rough resemblance to the modern doctrine of evolution, and were therefore undoubtedly written by the very finger of the Holy Spirit itself, is merely a divine allegory; but the reality of the Fall which that divine allegory represents to us is attested everywhere to-day by the universal sense of sin; whilst the reality of the facts—not allegories—recorded in the New Testament, is similarly attested by our universal need of redemption. Man, ever since the Fall, at whatever date that mysterious catastrophe took place, has cried to God for redemption—to be once more made at one with Him: and we know—we not only think but know—that the age-long secret of redemption was at last revealed to us in the person of the Divine Master, who is God once more walking with us as erstwhile he walked with Adam. Speaking after the manner of men," continued the Bishop with deep pathos, "if I may quote from a sermon preached by Archdeacon Wilberforce, 'it must have cost God much to keep this secret down the ages; and to suffer men'—infinite numbers of them for all those untold millenniums—'to think so erringly about himself'—to die in their misery, not knowing, or else reviling Him. 'But,' so the Archdeacon continued—I remember the words well—words which do honour to the philosophy of the Church of England—which echoed through the arches of our splendid national Abbey—'the great purpose was in God's heart all the while'—the purpose to reveal the essential secret one day—'a purpose which he kept hidden from the very foundation of the world.' What a simple, but perfect, answer to all rationalistic cavilling. And then," the Bishop continued, "when it *was* revealed, man's heart at once recognised it—partly by the signs and wonders which the so-

called higher criticism, having once denied them, now admits to be incontestable; and partly, and still more, by the nature of the secret itself. What does it matter by which, or in what decade, the Gospel narratives were written, or what local conditions may have affected the writers' styles? The general content of the Gospels is itself an attestation of their veracity. But," said the Bishop, slightly changing his attitude, "I will not leave the question there. I have spoken of the new way in which we are learning to study the Bible—the Old Testament and the New alike. Let me explain more precisely what I mean; for I will leave no difficulties unanswered. God has taught us, through science and scientific scholarship—which are also his revelation—that a literal interpretation of many parts of the Bible would grievously dishonour him, and convict him not only of false history and false science, but of false morality also. We are learning, therefore, that the Bible consists of various elements; and that though it remains as a whole, if I may say so, God's great Epic of Redemption, it is yet so richly composite that it contains matter which is purely legendary, matter which is truly or else approximately historical; matter which is gross and immoral, and which has been included in the sacred volume, by a typical Divine economy, in order to bring into prominence the essential divinity of the rest; matter which, in its general tenour, is intrinsically and sublimely edifying; and, lastly, matter which is, in the strictest sense, inspired, and must be interpreted by an exegesis of the very words and syllables of the original. As an example of how differently these different elements must be treated, I will merely mention that whilst we see which book —namely Genesis—with the exception of a few verses, it would be impossible, as I have said already, to put any literal interpretation at all, there is in the New Testament a single momentous word, on whose strict philological meaning one of the dearest hopes and confidences of the Christian Church rests. This is the word 'æonian' as applied to the pains of Hell. Till a few years ago 'æonian' was interpreted as

'eternal' or 'everlasting'; but we now know by the light of modern spiritual criticism, that it means merely 'for very considerable time'; or perhaps merely 'for a time that will seem considerable to the sufferer.'

"I might multiply instances," continued the Bishop, "but this one is sufficient to show my meaning, and to carry me to the last point I will touch upon. It will be asked—it is sure to be asked—since the Bible is a book so composite, by what human power its various elements are to be separated, so that we may know how to distinguish words and sentences that are to be taken literally from whole books whose literal meaning we may disregard with the utmost freedom? And to this I answer, by no human means at all, but by the growing Christian consciousness, or, in other words, by the Mind of the Church. And now let me explain what the Mind of the Church is. Christianity, let us remember, resembles a grain of mustard-seed, not only in the sense that its adherents are to increase numerically, till they include, as they are rapidly doing, the inhabitants of all heathen countries; but also in the sense that, as the centuries flow on, it is to grow ever clearer and ampler in each Christian soul; so that the Christian's knowledge of God, in this world-wide course of education, may become more perfect and intimate. Hence the Church knows to-day, what it hardly knew even fifteen years ago, that an eternal Hell would be inconsistent with God's goodness; and it recognises, in the light of this knowledge, the diamond-glint of an inspired adjective, which proves that God in his Gospel had already revealed this fact to us. And," said the Bishop, his voice rising somewhat, "if you ask how we are to distinguish what the Mind of the Church tells us, since the Churches appear to differ, I answer that those doctrines are ratified by the Mind of the Church, with regard to which all the provinces of Christ's kingdom agree—not each province separately—the Roman, the Greek, the North German, and the English—but all. At present, no doubt, this healing, this illuminating truth, is consciously apprehended within the English Church only; but

in God's own time it will spread. God never hurries. He has all eternity before him in which to accomplish his plans; and it is surely no more wonderful that the English Church, for the moment, should be the sole possessor and guardian of the entire Christian truth, than that a small, ungrateful, rebellious tribe like the Jews, should for ages have been the sole recipients of God's gift of revelation. And, meanwhile, let us be grateful for the mercies we ourselves enjoy, knowing that wherever else the Mind of the Church may be, it at least speaks to us there. To belong to the English Church is to know that Mind and to feel it—to see, in fact, that it is a living, working reality, just as to read the Gospels is to know that they are historically true. I have no hesitation," exclaimed the Bishop, "in saying that if St. Paul and St. Peter could visit England to-day, their spiritual insight would at once enable them to discern, in all essentials, the one mind, the one spirit, the one Gospel, which they preached themselves, changed only in having grown from childhood to maturity. They would find also, that though we now live in that 'blaze of light,' as Canon Wilberforce calls it, which science has shed upon us—though we thus look out on immensities, eternities, and a vast lower world of uniformities, of which the Apostles had no conception, that we can face the knowledge of our own time as fearlessly as they faced the knowledge of theirs; and that when we speak of what science has discovered, and what science really means, we speak of that which we know, and prophesy of that which we understand. I hope there are none here whose minds, with the divine assistance, these few words of mine may not be the means of quieting."

XI

By seven o'clock next morning the Bishop had started for Ballyfergus, accompanied by Sir Roderick Harborough, who discussed, on the way, fishing, cricket and golf with him, in a tone which showed how successfully he could adapt his manners

to his company, and which really expressed, in this case, a veneration for his companion's office. Sir Roderick's thoughts were very often unutterable; few of them, if uttered, would have been very much to his credit; but his mood was never profane. In spite of Maude, and of Maude's two rivals, he devoutly meant to make his peace with God ere he died. He was to return with his yacht in the evening to fetch the rest of his party, when the tide would permit of the vessel coming close to the shore.

The launch, as had been arranged, came back with two of the expected clergymen—that is to say, Mr. Maxwell and Canon Morgan; while the third, who was specially anxious to officiate at some evening service, preferred to come on foot like a pilgrim, over eighteen miles of mountain. The prospect of three services, when it was first disclosed at breakfast, was not welcomed with a quite universal enthusiasm; but one of the party, when the pilgrim's name was mentioned, exhibited a pleasure at once so devout and vivacious, and described him as possessing both a character and a mind so marvellous, that the terrors of his advent were gradually converted into curiosity. The enthusiast who effected this change was none other than Mrs. Jeffries. "I would not," she said, "have missed him for anything—not for all the Sir Rodericks and all the yachts in the world. You must hear him," she went on, speaking to Lord Restormel, who was near her. "You will come—won't you," she continued, "to please me?"

"Next to the privilege of kneeling *to* you," said Lord Restormel gallantly, "is that of kneeling beside you."

Further conversation, however, about the claims of Mrs. Jeffries' hero was checked by the entrance of Mr. Maxwell and Canon Morgan, the former of whom was to take the morning service, whilst the latter explained, not without many apologies, that he would himself be precluded from being present at this, as he had to complete his notes for his promised discourse in the afternoon.

The attention of the congregation during the course of

morning prayer was perhaps somewhat disturbed by the aspect of the place of worship which was certainly far from being up to Mrs. Jeffries' habitual standards. The architecture was Italian; but it certainly failed to convey any suggestions of the errors or truths of Romanism. The family pew, resembling an enormous tribune, faced a chancel which might have been an alcove in a dining-room, if it had not been for an altar furnished with some velvet cushions; whilst the body of the building differed from a neglected concert-hall mainly by reason of a huge pulpit and reading-desk, and a font inscribed with testimonials to the taste of the episcopal builder.

To this structure, in Mrs. Jeffries' opinion, the aspect and demeanour of Mr. Maxwell were very much too suitable. A black stole and a surplice alone proclaimed him a priest. The elegiac sing-song of his voice was a poor substitute for intoning. She even feared that he might, though he did not, ascend the pulpit in a gown. But the preacher, once in his place, found the family pew attentive—the more so as it was known that Glanville had privately suggested to him the propriety of addressing himself especially to intelligent and educated listeners, and that to this Mr. Maxwell had very gladly assented.

"In the eighteenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings," Mr. Maxwell began, "and in the fifteenth and sixteenth verses, it is thus written: 'And Hezekiah gave him all the silver that was found in the house of the Lord. At that time did Hezekiah cut off the gold from the doors of the temple of the Lord, and from the pillars which Hezekiah, King of Judah, had overlaid, and gave it to the King of Assyria.'

"God's dealings with the inhabitants of Palestine," Mr. Maxwell then went on, "and, I may add, with the enemies of these inhabitants, are, as we all know, His only dealings with the human race of which we have any inspired record for any extended period; for the New Testament practically stops short at the very beginning of His dealings with us under the new covenant. And of all these dealings, which are thus

infallibly recorded for us, His dealings with King Hezekiah, and with King Hezekiah's contemporaries, are those which give the clearest lesson to the world as it is to-day.

"Hezekiah's was a mixed character," Mr. Maxwell proceeded. "Devoted to God as he was, he yet could rob God's temple, in order to conciliate his enemies, instead of simply confiding, as events showed that he might have done, in the protection of Jehovah's arm. Moreover, his bribe failed altogether of its purpose. His treacherous enemies attacked him nevertheless; and then, but not till then, did he betake himself to his true refuge. We all know how richly he was rewarded. By one of the most marvellous miracles recorded in Holy Writ, the God of Israel, simply by his merciful fiat, annihilated at one blow the great mass of the Assyrian army, proving His superiority to any earthly general by killing in one night nearly two hundred thousand human beings. When we think of this we see how truly long-suffering the Lord is, as well as how mighty. But with what difficulty did King Hezekiah learn this great truth! And yet one would be apt to say that he might have learned it easily—that we, had we been in his place—could hardly have helped learning it; because only five years before he ascended his throne he had seen want of faith punished in a manner indeed amazing—a want of faith, too, which, humanly speaking, must have been pardonable. When the Assyrians had carried away the Israelitish inhabitants of Samaria, the King of Assyria colonised that country with men of various races—men from Babylon, Cuttah, Ava, Hamath, and Sepharvaim; and the men of each race brought their own religion with them—the only religion with which they had any acquaintance. But in spite of this last fact the Lord vindicated His divinity by sending, as the scripture says, 'lions among them, which slew some of them.' Now, if those who had never known the Lord could be thus punished for not trusting Him, Hezekiah might surely have realised how heinous was his own offence in failing to trust One whom already he knew so well, and in seeking to make

peace with the enemy by surrendering Jehovah's treasures. But, oh my Christian brethren, before we cast a stone at Hezekiah, on account of this act of sacrilege, let us look into our own hearts, and see if in these days we are not ourselves tempted to make peace with the enemies of the Church by a surrender of the same kind."

Mr. Maxwell, whose discourse had been hitherto a sort of somnolent amble, now suddenly roused himself, and proceeded at a brisker pace. "In Hezekiah and the Jews," he said, "may not we all see a type of the true Church—the pure kingdom of Christ—the custodian of the Gospel once committed to the Saints? And in the Assyrians, now taunting Hezekiah and now threatening him, do not we see a type of the enemies of the Church to-day? On the one hand are the avowed infidels; and on the other—more dangerous, because more insidious, are the degrading but seducing superstitions and idolatries of the lapsed Church of Rome—that Church which makes God's commandments to be of no effect through her traditions; which intrudes between us and God fetiches of wood and stone; which grovels before fellow creatures, saintly, indeed, but yet erring like ourselves; which instead of true prayers gives us vain repetitions; which parodies the miracles of God by childish attempts at reproducing them; which presumes to deify the mother of the Lord's mortal body; and degrades the spiritual meaning of the Lord's simple supper into a rite more blasphemous than any which the children of Sepharvaim and Hamath ever practised in the high places of Samaria.

"And now, dear brethren, let us ask ourselves very seriously, How do some of ourselves meet these enemies of Israel? Do not some of us endeavour to make our peace with them by surrendering to them, as Hezekiah did, the very treasures of the Lord's Temple, the gold and the silver of pure evangelical truth? Do not we, some of us, go further even than Hezekiah, and build, as did the Samaritans, whom the lions of God slew, high

places of idolatry in imitation of theirs? Alas—and I must add more. I said just now that the avowed infidel was less dangerous to us than the priest of the lapsed Church. Yes—and of the avowed infidel this is no doubt true. But have not we—even we—traitors within our own body, who are infidels at heart though they wear the garments of Christ—who, whilst pretending to defend the Bible, our one sure revelation, are doing with their disguised denials the work of the open enemy—who, instead of surrendering the simplicity of the Gospel to Assyrians of idolatrous Rome, are surrendering its divinity to the Assyrians of so-called science and scholarship—who concede to the objector, here the reality of a miracle, here a period of chronology, here the fulfilment of a prophecy; until at last all the treasures of God's house have surrendered—for this is a process which, as ordinary common sense might tell us, can never stop till the uttermost farthing has been paid. To doubt that the sun stood still at the bidding of Joshua is to doubt the miraculous darkness enshrouding the whole earth, which marked the completion of the great vicarious sacrifice; and to doubt that darkness is to deny the sacrifice itself. And, dearly beloved brethren, we must remember this also. Let us pay to the Assyrians what bribes we will, they will not keep their compact with us. Having taken from us our supernatural faith, they will still assault us, and encompass Jerusalem with their armies, until they have taken from us our natural faith also; unless, in our extremity, we at last learn true wisdom, and return to that revealed Jehovah who is alone powerful to save. We must not, indeed, in these days look for a miracle in the old sense. The age of the miraculous is past; but we live under a dispensation of special divine providences, and though it would be presumptuous to hope that our Father will in these days protect His children by an actual slaughter of the innumerable human beings that differ from them, yet His arm is not shortened, and He will, if we only trust in Him by some secret method of His own, cause the hosts of the modern Assyrians

with their weapon of false science, to disappear from before Jerusalem, like a mist that melts in the morning."

The congregation thought, for a moment, that Mr. Maxwell had here ended. He could not, however, having got on the subject of miracles, resist the temptation of pursuing it, and he accordingly went on to explain that miracles were of two kinds, one of which was performed by the direct agency of the Almighty, whilst the other was performed by means of natural and secondary causes. The destruction of the Assyrians was an example of the first. The lions which ate some of the Samaritans was an admirable example of the second. He elaborated these points at so great a length that his blessing, when he came to give it, was received by his hearers with a thankfulness more devout than could be accounted for by even its intrinsic value; and the imperfect degree to which he had managed to retain their attention was illustrated by the fact that on leaving the sacred edifice, the first observation audible—it was addressed by one of the ladies to another—was, "My dear, there's a hook at the back of your dress unfastened. I've been noticing it all the time. Do let me put it right for you."

But if any of the party had been—which, indeed, was the case with some of them—disposed to think that already they had had preaching enough for a month, their views were changed when they encountered Canon Morgan in the library, who, evidently satisfied with the results of his own labours, was dropping the ashes of a cigarette over a page of Professor Huxley's Essays.

"Capital fellow, Huxley—" he said, as he closed the volume. "Good—honest—straight as a die. I knew him. My dear Mr. Glanville, there was more Christianity in Huxley— What did you say? A walk—a little walk before luncheon? Done with you—I'm your man."

These manners were so different from those of Mr. Maxwell, which somehow suggested his sermon diluted with daily life, that the prospect of hearing him preach

was soon felt to be almost exhilarating; nor when, in due time, the prayers of the Church were over—prayers which he read with an exquisite and enlightened taste, as though they were the subject of his admiring criticism in addition to being the vehicle of his feelings—and taking his stand in the pulpit began to address his hearers, did the latter feel that they were in any danger of being disappointed. Mr. Maxwell was not present. He had started after luncheon for Ballyfergus, in consequence of Mrs. Maxwell being, as he delicately expressed it, about to necessitate his ninth order for a perambulator. To some of the congregation it seemed that his absence was fortunate, though there was in Canon Morgan's text nothing to alarm the most conservative. It was taken from the Epistle to the Romans, and consisted of these words. "In the spirit, not in the letter." But if this impressed anybody as an unduly conventional exordium, the impression produced by what followed was of a singularly different character.

"I am going," Canon Morgan began, with perfect veracity, "to set out with telling you something which, for many reasons, may startle you. But, let me say in the grand words of Shakespeare:

> Season your admiration for a while
> With an attent ear.

New truths need new ways of expressing them. I don't know," he continued, looking round him with a pleasant air of inquiry, "whether any of you here have ever believed or taken interest in the alleged facts of spiritualism. I hope you have; for I should like to call your attention to the strange case of a certain Letitia Morton—a medium whose powers, though the fact is not generally known, were, according to a number of carefully written depositions, tested and attested by a group of the most prominent of the men and women who made England famous during the course of the nineteenth century. Letitia Morton claimed the power of throwing herself into a trance which no physician would be able to distinguish from death. In this trance she

declared herself willing to be bound hand and foot by experts in the art of binding; and to be locked and sealed up in any iron safe that would hold her. She engaged to remain there for forty-eight hours at least—the safe being watched every hour of the night and day—and then at a given moment, the safe being still locked, to loose herself, to escape from her prison, and appear either in the room above, or even at some distant place, should the investigators of her case desire it. She, moreover, undertook that they should see her in the actual process of levitation.

"Her pretensions, rightly or wrongly, were affirmed in certain circles to have been verified so completely by what she actually did, that, according to the confident statement of an eminent divine, Dean Church, the following persons determined to test them for themselves. These persons were the then Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Huxley, Lord Palmerston, George Eliot, Miss Harriet Martineau, and others, and every one of them was, so Dean Church declared, convinced that this woman's alleged powers were genuine."

"Surely," whispered Mr. Hancock, "Palmerston had been dead many years before Church was a dean. What is our friend talking about?"

"Now I confess," Canon Morgan continued, "that this mere statement, striking though it no doubt was, would not have had much weight with me, if the Dean, who was not an eye-witness, had not referred to the depositions of persons who, as he said, were so; and if he had not also stated where their written depositions were to be found. They were to be found in a house in West Kensington, where the experiment in question took place; and they were written respectively by Mr. Man, the vicar of the parish; Dr. Bull, the doctor of the family to which the house belonged; Mr. Lyons, the family lawyer; and Mr. Bird, a Cambridge tutor. Well—I visited the house, and these depositions were shown me. I was told that the gentlemen in question each wrote his own independently, and that, though none was written till a year or two after the

events, each of the writers could vouch for every detail mentioned by him. I examined the documents, and I confess they fairly staggered me—the coincidence of the evidence for even the most incredible of the occurrences seemed so striking. I showed them, in confidence, to the late Professor Freeman and others; and for some days we were all of the same opinion. But after a more careful reading some curious facts began to dawn on us, the most important of which were these. All the accounts agreed that the alleged manifestations took place in August, immediately after the prorogation of Parliament. Parliament that year was prorogued on a Thursday, the next day being a holiday in honour of some Royal marriage, which fact the accounts all mention also. When, however, we came to go more narrowly into details, we found that between the various writers there were many suspicious discrepancies. The Cambridge tutor declared that the distinguished party of investigators met Letitia Morton, saw her put herself into a trance, bound her and locked her up, at the house in question, on the Friday—that is to say on the holiday. The others declare that all this took place on the Thursday, Mr. Gladstone having driven to West Kensington straight from the House of Commons. The Cambridge tutor, moreover, says that the medium had forced herself on Mr. Gladstone's notice. The others say that he had got hold of her by means of a private detective. The Cambridge tutor says that the medium was locked up in the safe late in the evening, after dinner. The others declare that this took place directly after five o'clock tea. Mr. Man, the vicar, affirms that the moment the safe was locked, all the pots and pans in the kitchen were violently flung into the room, as if by a *poltergeist*, one of them very nearly killing Professor Huxley. The others say nothing of this astounding circumstance. Mr. Lyons and Dr. Bull say that the medium was tied up by George Eliot and Miss Martineau. Mr. Man does not mention that she was tied up at all; whilst Mr. Bird says that this office was performed by Lord Palmerston—aided, which seems strange, by Sir Moses

Montefiore. Mr. Man also adds that at Professor Huxley's suggestion, five policemen were had in to watch the safe, who were bribed by him to say that the medium had taken a skeleton key with her. In the other accounts this fact is not mentioned. Now we come to the phenomenon of the medium's alleged escape. That she actually did escape, and was gone by the appointed hour, was admitted by all the accounts; but when we came to consider the details, what did we find? None of the investigators themselves appeared to have kept watch; but about the hour in question—whatever this may have been—they came to the house in cabs. But as to who came, and in what order they came, and even as to the hour of their coming, the writers were in hopeless disagreement. Mr. Man said that the hour was six o'clock on Friday evening; Mr. Lyons that it was Saturday morning at sunrise; Mr. Bird said plainly that the sun had not risen yet. Mr. Man said that the first arrivals were Miss Martineau and George Eliot, who came alone. Mr. Lyons said that they brought another lady with them; Dr. Bull that they brought with them a large party of ladies; and Mr. Bird said that George Eliot came alone. Again, Mr. Man said that the first-comers found the safe locked; that it was opened by a mysterious stranger; that the door on being opened exploded; that the five policeman fainted for fright in a corner; and that the ladies looked in and saw that the safe was empty; whilst the mysterious stranger told them that Letitia Morton was in Edinburgh. The three other writers made totally different statements, all saying that the safe was found open already; but even amongst these there were very startling disagreements. Mr. Lyons said that there was a mysterious stranger present, who told them that they were to look for Letitia Morton in Edinburgh. Dr. Bull said there were two strangers instead of one, but it appears that Edinburgh was not mentioned by either. Mr. Bird said George Eliot, who came alone, at once went off in a hansom, and returned bringing with her Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli. Then the three together looked

into the safe; they found that it was empty; and there was no stranger present to give them any information. He adds, however, that as soon as Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli had gone, a woman came into the room, whom George Eliot took for the housekeeper. The woman, however, said that she was really Letitia Morton; and George Eliot, convinced, went and told the other investigators. And now for the end of the story. According to three of the accounts, this was not very clear. Dean Church told me that the most remarkable part of the whole was the appearance of the medium to the investigators after her escape from her prison, when she demonstrated her supernatural powers by being levitated in their presence—a feat which, as has been just now indicated, they were led to believe she undertook to exhibit at Edinburgh. With regard to this, however, Mr. Bird's account said nothing. Mr. Man and Mr. Lyons spoke of it in the vaguest terms only. Dr. Bull alone gave any coherent account of it; and according to him it took place on Primrose Hill.

"Now I ask you," said Canon Morgan, "can you think these accounts good evidence? But I need not ask you. It stands to reason that you can't. The evidence is, indeed, so bad, that I shouldn't be at all surprised if you set down my whole anecdote as a mere invention of my own. Well," continued the Canon, "and to be frank with you, so it is. This medium is imaginary; the investigation is imaginary; and so, naturally, are the four accounts and their writers."

Canon Morgan paused a moment to enjoy the sensation he had produced.

"What!" gasped Mrs. Jeffries. "And so none of all that was true! I never heard anything that wasn't true in church before."

"Lucky woman," said Lord Restormel sardonically.

"But I didn't," continued the Canon, slightly altering his voice, "tell you my story—my parable, I may call it—for nothing. It has a point, which is this. If the medium had existed, if the investigation had really taken place, and if the sole records of it were the four accounts I have described, the

discrepancies between them are so flagrant that no human being in his senses would accept them as proofs of the reality of the medium's supernatural performances. Well, in the discrepancies of my four imaginary writers, dealing with the miracles supposed to be performed by a medium, you have an exact, though a somewhat abridged, parallel—to the discrepancies that exist between four other writers whose symbols are a man, a lion, a bull, and a bird—in their accounts of the last meal, of the burial, of the resurrection, and of the ascension of their Great Master. The imaginary narratives I have been dealing with simply give equivalents *seriatim* to specific contradictions and differences between the narratives of the four Evangelists, in so far as they relate to those ultra-miraculous incidents which they seek to associate with the close of their Master's life; and which, having been accepted for ages as credentials of the truth of Christianity are now affecting the world," —Canon Morgan's voice rose here, and he startled his hearers by stamping with sudden vehemence — "are now affecting the world as so many credentials of its falsehood, and are thus alienating those whom it is its continued mission to save. Some," he continued, "will say it is irreverent to give utterance to such criticisms; or that if they are uttered they should be uttered with the apology of bated breath. I utterly deny the contention. In matters of religion, less than in anything else, can that which we know to be false ever deserve reverence; nor does it show faith—nay, rather, it shows a want of it—to fear lest the character of our Master could lose a tittle of its true divinity by our fearlessly dissociating it from fables which the world can no longer believe. Lose—did I say? Lose! Will it not rather gain, as a precious statue would gain if denuded of tinsel or drapery; or as the moon gains in lustre when she shows us her naked brilliance, emerging from the banks of clouds whose edges she has been long silvering?"

I have every sympathy," muttered Lord Restormel to Lady Snowdon, as he administered a slight kick to a hassock, "with a parson who gives up his living and attacks the

Church like a man. I've none with an Apostle like our friend there, who betrays it with a slobbering kiss."

"Hush!" said Lady Snowdon. "Not so loud. I agree."

"Yes, but let us be just. The moon does silver the very clouds that hide her; and even so the character of the Master has, as an historical fact, irradiated the legends which have gathered round his divine life; but it is not the alleged miracles—the alleged magical incidents—which have in reality rendered that life credible. It is the divine life that for a time has lent credibility to the incidents. We can, therefore, now, not irreverently, but with a new reverence, cast the latter away from us, and find ourselves yet nearer—nearer and ever nearer—to the former. Miracles! Did I say that we were getting rid of miracles? Yes, it is true that we are getting rid of miracles, but only to the end that these may give place to a miracle—God's grand and holy and undivided miracle of the Universe, in which for us man is the image of God himself, and the man Christ is the divine image of Humanity. Thus we see that, in the splendid words of Browning, the old world of miracles, in the sense of magical irregularities

> Decomposes, but to recompose,
> Becomes our universe that feels and knows,

and is recognised at last as miraculous in the true sense of the word, with the same sacred figure still radiantly central—a figure not unnaturally begotten, as the Indian's fable of Gautama, but divinely—that is to say, naturally—evolved;"

——"Fudge!" murmured Mr. Hancock. "This sort of stuff makes me sick. He doesn't even know what the word 'evolution' means"——"and in a sense far higher than any that is merely physical, we see that central figure not only crucified for our sakes in the sorrows which we all share with Him, but buried in the flesh as we shall be buried likewise, and risen again in the undying example which he has given to us, as we also, let us pray, may in due time rise for others. 'Ye Men of Galilee,' said the Angels, 'why stand ye gazing up to Heaven?' In this rebuke there

was a strict scientific truth. The heavens—the sky—watery vapour—ether—blueness which any chemist can to-day make in a test-tube—what has the salvation of the soul to do with such things as these? Not in the ether, which is merely an elastic jelly—not in the cloud, which is merely sunlit steam—not there, but in the heart, the soul—must ye look for your risen Lord.

"And now, one word more. I have spoken of our great Example and his ascension—of the souls of each of us, and of their ascension also. Let me speak, in conclusion, of the Church. The Church is a body—an organism; and being an organism, science shows us this—that the Church, like the individual, has its own collective life. It was once spoken of as a building. We now have been taught to discern that it is literally a living body—a living body of which its Founder is the determining vital principle; and like an individual it grows. But in one sense it is not like an individual. The Church does not die; but it ascends from stage to stage without the intervention of death—for the Church has its ascension also." Mr. Hancock's irritation had by this time become so great that he was trying to calm his nerves by chewing a quill toothpick. "And its true ascension," continued the Canon, "consists in that very process which seems to timid souls to be merely its dissolution and ruin. It consists in the casting away of these outworn legends and dogmas which are seen now to bear no relation to realities, but which some of us, for old sake's sake, are sentimentally reluctant to lose. False reluctance—sign of our little faith! For as those encumbrances drop from the sacred limbs—as science from the sacred back looses this age-long burden—the figure, lately bowed, once more stands erect; the expression of the face changes only to become lovelier. The Church is no longer the foe of science, or of the evolution which science reveals to us. The gaze of knowledge mixes into her gaze of love; and lo, even as we look, the divine body rises—if we may once more have recourse to the symbolism of primitive legend—and is received from our sight—nay, not in a cloud—but in the blaze of the universal light with which she has become one."

"I never in my life," said Mr. Hancock into his hat, unconsciously repeating a devotional attitude of his youth, "I never in my life heard such a tissue of nonsense."

"He's exceedingly," whispered Lady Snowdon, who overheard this act of devotion, "like my own Broad-Church brother. I would willingly bear the discredit of being the mother of all of them, if only I might have a mother's privilege of giving them a good whipping."

The Canon's discourse affected his different hearers differently. Lady Snowdon had made notes of it on the fly-leaf of an Apocrypha; whilst Mrs. Jeffries, who was bewildered by the beginning of it, and indescribably shocked by the middle, was partially soothed by her failure to understand the end. She was not, however, really comfortable till, the party having left the Church and betaken themselves to the terrace where tea was already awaiting them, her eyes encountered an object which made her ample heart become suddenly almost too big for her stays. In shape, colour, and texture, this object was like an alpaca umbrella-case, standing upright, and crowned with some sort of hat. "Ah," exclaimed Mrs. Jeffries, pressing her agitated breast with the daintiest of grey gloves, "there he is! There's Father Skipton!"

XII

GLANVILLE, hearing this, hastened at once to the stranger, who, on turning round, exhibited, to his extreme surprise, the aspect and also the manners of a self-possessed and well-bred gentleman. Father Skipton had, indeed, in his University days been renowned at Cambridge as an actor of ladies' parts in theatricals; and the gleaming eyes which illuminated his now attenuated face, seemed still, though they only seemed, to have an artificial shadow under them; whilst his mouth had a trick of quivering as though with chronic emotion. Glanville expressed a hope that he had had some suitable refreshment, and also that he was not over-tired.

"Our Order," said Father Skipton, with a pleasant and

almost gay laugh, "enjoins us, in one way or another, a good deal of physical exercise; but as to refreshment, I shall welcome a cup of tea. I brought my lunch in my pocket with me, and had a positive banquet on the hill."

"My dear fellow," said Glanville kindly, "come and sit down, do. Why you're lame—you're actually limping."

Father Skipton raised his eyebrows, and laughed lightly again. "Our Order," he said, "I'm afraid, won't let us boil our peas."

"Good heavens," thought Glanville, as he looked at the Father's eyes—his gleaming eyes and his oddly receding forehead—"this poor creature's pilgrimage has been an elaborate penance. I shouldn't be surprised if, at any moment, he broke down."

He did not break down, however. Mrs. Jeffries, who with passionate devoutness, was presently clasping both his hands in her own, and pouring the rays of her eyes over his face, which was half averted, apparently exercised a soothing influence on his nerves, and in spite of his cassock, which took the place of a coat, he joined in the conversation of the tea-drinkers with a subdued, but unaffected, ease. Any one could have seen, however, that his real thoughts were far away, and that they only expressed themselves occasionally, in a whisper or by a glance, to Mrs. Jeffries. "I think," said this lady to Glanville, as soon as a move was possible, "he'd like me to show him the Church; and should you object to my asking your butler for some candles? The service won't be long. As we don't dine till nine, if he had it at eight, it would be all over by dressing-time. And—I hope you won't object—it is part of his duty to get support for his Order—you won't mind, will you, if there's a collection?"

Glanville promised with a laugh that everything should be as he wished; and the Father and his disciple went off together accordingly.

As eight o'clock approached, from the ultra-protestant tower a bell began to tinkle with a sound that suggested Italy; and the visitors once again entered the great pew. The body of the Church was now filled with twilight; but the occupants of the pew were converted from worshippers into

surprised observers by a spectacle which faced them; and this was the transfigured chancel. The altar, and the altar alone, was shining with a constellation of lights; and Glanville recognised an array of his own dining-room candlesticks, whose intended use he had, indeed, vaguely suspected when he extracted them from the care of his unwilling but unsuspicious butler. There was for a minute or two a solemn and expectant silence, broken only by a whisper from Captain Jeffries to Miss Hagley —"It's all for the world exactly like a Christmas tree"; followed by another which was not entirely logical—"My poor old father would turn in his grave to see this." Presently before the chancel steps a shadow was seen to move. It was a solitary figure, which had been kneeling, and now raised itself; and as it raised itself, there emerged from the vestry door another figure in garments whose embroideries glistened in the candlelight—a figure which first turned to the dining-room candlesticks, subsiding before them in a deep, prolonged genuflection; and then rose, and, advancing, stationed itself on the chancel step. Here it raised an arm, and began in a high voice—"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti—in nomine Matris Dei, immaculatæ, semper Virginis, atque omnium sanctorum. Amen." Then, to the relief of the excited and bewildered audience, Father Skipton dropped into the language of his native country, though without altering either the pitch of his voice or his intonation.

"I propose presently to say a few words to you on behalf of an Order which represents, more fully than any other, the true spirit of the Anglo-Catholic Church. The Order I refer to is the Confraternity of the Seven Sacraments. But I will first ask you to join me in certain acts of worship which, though not specifically provided for in that Book of Common Prayer which our holy ordination vows bind us to accept as our guide, are yet so entirely in accordance with its whole spirit, that they may indeed be said to be written by implication between its lines."

Father Skipton then clasped his hands before him, making with his two forefingers a neat isosceles triangle, and proceeded,

in a kind of rapid chaunt, "First join with me, then, in the Litany of the Seven Sacraments." Having said this, he dropped on his knees where he was, and ejaculated the names of the Sacraments in quick succession, beginning with "Sacrament of the Font, save us"; and ending with "Sacrament of Extreme Unction, save us." Then, rising to his feet, "Join with me," he said, "now, in the Litany of Mary of England." "What Mary is that?" whispered Captain Jeffries in bewilderment. "The wife of William, or t'other one?" Meanwhile Father Skipton had turned, and kneeling at one side of the altar, was already exclaiming, "Oh vase overflowing with luscious spiritual honey, pray for us—pray for our country—pray for our country's Church, and may the tongues of all be moistened with thine ineffable sweetness." Father Skipton had a genius for the concrete, and presently, with increased fervour, he was exclaiming, "Beautiful lips of the Queen of Heaven, smile on us!" when a sudden response was made for the first time in the pew, though its words—to say the truth—were more devotional than its manner. It consisted of two simultaneous exclamations of "God, God!" accompanied by a stamp from two simultaneous feet. Lord Restormel and Mr. Hancock had both risen from their seats; and muttering, "I could hardly have believed it," prepared to make their exit. "In the hour of death, hands of Mary, fondle us!" These were the last words which they heard as the door closed on them. "It's Rome," exclaimed Mr. Hancock, "pure, unadulterated Rome." "It's Rome," replied Lord Restormel, "minus one thing—minus every trace of the thought, which has made Rome the intellectual wonder of the world." Meanwhile, Father Skipton, within, had reached another stage of his proceedings. "And, lastly," he was saying, "join with me in the adoration of the absent Host—absent from our altars now, but not to be absent long. Let us make," he proceeded, "a monstrance in our minds, and let us place it on the high altar." Here he turned, and sinking before the embroidered medallion of the altar-cloth, began "Oh creatures of flower and water, which, consecrated by the powers truly transmitted to us from the

Apostles, are the maker and the redeemer of our souls, we adore you. Oh wafer which wast before all worlds, we adore thee. Oh almighty wafer which did'st create the universe, we adore thee. Oh almighty and all-pitiful wafer, which did'st die for man, we adore thee." Over the occupants of the pew, as Father Skipton proceeded, his voice at each fresh adjective quivering with increased intensity, a feeling gradually stole scarcely less intense than his own. One after another they rose, and quietly left the Church, Glanville alone remaining, who waited to watch the end. "What will happen?" he thought. "Will he preach to the empty echoes?" His question was answered in a way which he had not looked for. Before Father Skipton had come to the close of his Litany, his voice failed him, and he seemed to collapse, sobbing. At the same instant the shadow before the chancel hastened forward, and placed itself at the Father's side. Glanville, as quickly as he could, made his way to the spot himself, where he found Mrs. Jeffries holding her pastor's hands. At Glanville's approach she rose; and Father Skipton at the same moment, hardly knowing yet where he was, pulled himself together with an effort. He stood up, and was led by the others into the vestry. Here, evidently by a strong exertion of will, in a very short time he recovered his normal condition; and with it came back a touch of his old mundane courtesy. "What a fellow I am," he exclaimed, as they helped him to take off his vestments, "to break down in that absurd manner. Upon my word, I must have overdone myself, walking. I'm dreadfully sorry. I should only have given you a little bit of a sermon; but I'm not up even to that."

"Never mind," said Glanville. "We'll consider your sermon preached—especially as, before you began, I did your collecting for you; and not to trouble you with a pocketful of silver and sovereigns, it's my privilege to hand you this ten-pound note for your Order." Father Skipton looked at him with eyes of amazed gratitude, and grasped his hand in a way which made thanks superfluous. Mrs. Jeffries thanked him

also with eyes that had real tears in them; and presently, with reverent solicitude helping the Father to walk, she left behind her in the vestry a strong smell of parma violets. Glanville meanwhile peeped surreptitiously into the church, and saw two footmen removing the dining-room candlesticks.

Of all the exponents of the Mind of the Church of England, Father Skipton, though he had not preached, had made the deepest impression—an impression of contemptuous melancholy.

"Has our good old Church," said Miss Hagley, "really come to this? I'd very much sooner be a holy Roman at once."

Canon Morgan, indeed, was disposed to treat him lightly, saying merely with a grave smile, "Poor fellow—he's a queer customer." But over the rest of the company at dinner there still hung a cloud of sadness, the meaning of which was not ill-expressed by Lord Restormel, who quoted to Mrs. Vernon, with a somewhat vice-regal loudness:

> Can such things be,
> And overawe us like a summer cloud,
> Without our special wonder.

Glanville, however, took the bull by the horns; and applying to the Father, who sat by him, the best restorative possible, questioned him gently with regard to the opinions of himself and his party. "Then what," he said at last, "prevents you from joining Rome? You adhere to all her doctrines."

"They are ours by right," said the Father, "just as much as hers. Still, if you like to put it so, we do adhere to her doctrines; but what we protest against to the death is the authority on which she claims to base them. Next to this so-called authority of the Pope of Rome himself, the most despicable is that of many of our own bishops. Ah," he said, indulging himself in a half-glass of champagne, "this reminds me of the old days at Trinity."

(*To be continued.*)

ERRATUM

In the April Number of the MONTHLY REVIEW, p. 70, last line should read: "is concerned, or rather a *Macedo-Roumanian and* Greek one, when we consider the"