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BEAUJEU (CHAPTERS I—IV)—H. C. BAILEY

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THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR

WHY should we be interested in a lonely rock-bound harbour, thrust like a sore thumb out of the map of Northern Asia? Bone of the world's contention, yet the people fighting for it are not ours, the quarrel is not ours. The spot is distant eight thousand miles. Still, we look there because it is the focal point of world politics, where two civilisations meet in death grapple, where fighting conditions are as desperate as at any period in history, and where sublimity of soldierly heroism is equalled only by the height of diabolic ingenuity. The world is not deaf, nor blind, nor without heart. Elections come every four years, floods and murders, diplomacies and scandals arise periodically, but not every generation can boast a siege of Port Arthur.

About the siege of Sevastopol the libraries hold thirty volumes, about Plevna twenty; Port Arthur surpasses both. Politically, vaster interests are to be decided by it; dramatically, it produced a greater climax. In a military sense, the operations have been much more extensive.

On August 19 I ran four miles to see the fall of Port Arthur. Most of this was up a mountain. It took me a month to get my breath—not from the climb, but from the spectacle; an iron chain of forts hung on the brow of a mountain range and spitting fire at hosts of tiny brown figures swarming up as ants swarm over a pile of mouldy crusts. By night there was a change; searchlights playing pitch-and-toss

in the dark, and star bombs bursting blindingly on the mountains.

Thus it has gone day and night now for five months and a half. After a while I got down into the action and saw the human impetus, the pallor and agony of it, the unspeakable bravery. I saw three grand assaults, seven skirmishes, a battle on the plain, seven bombardments, two naval engagements, and the sweat and toil of monster heroism in downright hard digging of dirt and shale, such as labourers for money dream not of. Therefore some excuse exists for these descriptions, observations, and conclusions.

In the limits of a review article, however long it may be, only the distal fringes of this tremendous situation, which will in time burden the library shelves, can be touched.

I did not see the fall of Port Arthur, but I saw something greater—the stand of Port Arthur. Looking back, it seems a dream; at times ugly like a nightmare, again a celestial bar let through the coating of man's inner life. For I learned that the tales history records and romance weaves—Thermopylæ, Syracuse, Arcola, Troy, Jerusalem—are not the burnt-stick blurs of a poet's dream, but that these things actually do happen. What is more, that you and I have touched shoulders with an age that has produced men as willing to fight and die for the grand old cause as any that ever trod the earth. Yet it was glory too costly for joy. Recalling that mighty panorama—batteries peppered by shrapnel, but hanging to their work like microbes to disease; the wounded whom no first aid could touch; the dead whom no burial squad came near; the sappers, creeping, digging in the night, run to earth by shells; the infantrymen in assault, losing comrades, right-hand messmates, never pausing, onward going, the dots of fœtid clay livid among the slopes, until a handful out of a host crawls up and flings itself, fanatical with the lust of battle, and worn in the charge so that life can never be the same again in sweetness, into the redoubt paid for a dozen times in blood, which, even then, is but introduction to agony more terrible, for far

beyond, rising tier on tier, series on series, are redoubts and forts, moats and batteries—dwelling on that the soul grows sick to think that the price of Port Arthur should be so vast a sacrifice.

The Japanese did not take Port Arthur on August 19, as previously arranged, because they were fighting not man alone, but Nature, which did well by the Russians. They had not only forts, and batteries, and a great foe to face, but they fought also against a mountain range. The forts are built on the shoulders of these mountains, and it is notorious that though earthworks may cave, mountains are not much affected by shell fire. That is why the fact that the Japanese had thrown twenty tons of steel and iron, bursting, into Port Arthur did not suffice to reduce the fortress. Mining operations are also difficult, and except where the troops have fought their way up the slopes to the parapets of the forts, impossible. Artificial fortifications stormed by besiegers are sometimes undermined and blown up, but you cannot blow up a mountain range. There have been two instances in which dynamite has become effective, but these entail vast labour, and the results have proven them hardly worth their cost.

Consequently the Japanese have been compelled to come back to the ancient and honourable method of warfare, whose weapon is the bayonet. There is but one way to take the forts—by assault. There is but one way to reach the forts—by climbing the slopes.

Study the placing of these forts and you will see what their intricacy is. They are so arranged that each one is dominated by at least two others, and some of them by a dozen others. The moment one is in danger the others concentrate fire there. If the Japanese take it, the guns of the whole fortress are turned on the captured redoubt. One thing alone saves the Japanese from larger casualties, working, as they are, so close to the forts. This is the lack of Russian ammunition. Had the enemy plenty, to stay so close would be unbearable. As it is, the Russians send useless naval shells which do not

explode on land unless they strike a rock, until the moment of assault comes. Even then they wait, as Prescott told his men at Bunker Hill, until they see the whites of the enemies' eye-balls. Then the work is not the sport of war, where change of ground is made with each battle. It is murder, for the Russian guns are pointed in grooves, trained for three months against a real, and for seven years against an imaginary foe. To sight the gun is unnecessary; they merely wait for the Jap to reach the certain spot. He can go but one way—when he gets there the Russian pulls the trigger. Thus the death-lovers find what they are looking for. It is not warfare; it is more like the hangman's signal in an execution chamber.

At the nearest point the Japanese are within a quarter of a mile of the town—at the most important point, from half a mile to two miles, so if distance were all, a before-breakfast walk would bring them there; but "nearness" means accessibility. You may be "near" your friend across the street, but if the police have stretched the fire-lines and the air is filled with flame, you are far indeed. Some idea of the gigantic defence may be gained from a knowledge of this fact; in three months the Japanese advanced just one half-mile, and three miles remained before they could topple the last defenders to the sea.

Not through any fault of the Japanese was the failure, not through lack of bravery, nor lack of generalship, nor lack of ingenuity, nor lack of patience, nor lack of numbers, but simply because they have been facing the most cunningly devised system of forts on earth, manned by fine defensive fighters who are allied with the Power that is greater than the military engineer, for this Higher Power made the mountains, and without the mountains the forts would not be what they are.

Keeping this in mind, let us follow briefly the Japanese Army in its advance, feel something of its superhuman task, share a bit of its dangers, look in upon its labour beyond price, and know a few of the many thousand heroisms which are bringing this insignificant spot on the map of Asia into the white glare of the world's history.

On August 9, the loss of Taikushan and Chokuzan (the Big and Little Orphans) drove the Russians into their permanent works. Allowing a few days for entrenchment and rest, the plan then was to enter the town of Port Arthur on August 21. Every man in the Japanese Army confidently expected this; the Empire was sure of it, the world thought it due. To pierce the Russian right centre, enfilade the left flank and stand Port Arthur on end—this was Nogi's intention. Gloriously it was attempted, nobly it failed. Regiment after regiment went in, regiment after regiment went down. The plain in front of the forts was piled with dead, the creek ran red to the sea, its bed clogged with corpses six and eight deep; on the sand were wounded men, dying of thirst. Through seven days and seven nights, without cessation, from sun to searchlight and from searchlight to moon, the fight raged.

Companies were wiped out, batteries demolished; regiments came in over ranks of regiments who had gone before, all of whose numbers lay dead or dying on the field. The famous Ninth Regiment, the Black Watch of Japan, became immortal on this day. Ordered to cross the plain and take the north battery of the great Cockscomb series of redoubts, it started in. Before it reached the last ravine on the farther side, thirty per cent. of the men had fallen from shrapnel and shell fire. Looking ahead and having reports from reconnoitring parties of pioneers, the colonel, named Takagagi, sent back word to the commanding general that the assault was not feasible. He advised a halt. He suggested that his troops should rest where they were, throw up temporary entrenchments for the night, project sappers, and wait for the slow, sure, and comparatively safe method of engineering advance. An order to proceed was instantly forwarded to him. The commanding general curtly replied that one regiment was enough to take one battery. Up to this time Takagagi had been marching, as colonels usually march, at the rear of his men, the front being under charge of his line officers, but

receiving the command from the general, he leaped out of the ravine at the head of his men, calling to them as he went:

"On, boys!"

He fell with four bullets through his breast ten paces on. One after another his officers were shot down; the men likewise. Of the three thousand Takagagi commanded, two hundred and seventeen survived that day. They were ordered to join the reserves.

But the commanding general, frightful though his character may seem, was not one to order his men to go where he would not go himself. It was the same general—Ichinobe—who became the Japanese Marshal Ney two months later, on October 29. In the advance during the grand assault, two battalions under his command succeeded in entering another outwork of this great Coxscomb fortification, called the P. Redoubt. This P. Redoubt was in a difficult situation, wedged up against the Chinese Wall, which was the main line of permanent Russian defence, and commanded, as all redoubts at Port Arthur are commanded, by several other more important batteries. Yet, in spite of this fine situation, the Japanese did succeed in getting into it and holding their line there all the afternoon and evening. Ichinobe retired some time after midnight, secure in the feeling that his work had been successful. Toward three o'clock in the morning he was roused by an orderly, who reported that his men had been driven from the P. Fort. He was then half a mile as the crow flies—nearly one and a half miles as the trenches lay zigzag, affording protection across the valley before reaching the slope of the redoubt. Leaping from his couch, he called about him his staff officers, issued hurried orders to the reserves, and at the head of his immediate followers ran through the zigzag trenches. Reaching the foremost line, now hot under the fire of Russian machine guns, he found his men not demolished, but surprised, outnumbered, and being sullenly driven back. Drawing his sabre he thrust the ranks aside, passed through, and at the head of his men

charged up the slope into the contested redoubt. With his own hand he killed five Russians. When dawn came in his brigade occupied the P. Redoubt. His immediate commander, General Oshima, had an account of the exploit telegraphed to the Emperor at Tokio. That afternoon an imperial order reached the army, christening the fort "Ichinobe." On the map to-day and in the despatches one may read of it as a critical position on the main eastern line of defence, and called Ichinobe Fort.

It was still nearly another two months, that is, December 18, before that battery against which Takagagi and his heroic regiment lost their lives, namely, the north battery of the east Keekwan Fort, was finally taken.

Some little description of the operations against this battery, extending over a period of four months, will give an idea of the general nature of the vast work at Port Arthur, of which this may be considered a detail.

In the first assault, on August 21, the few men who reached the parapet received in their faces storms of what the Chinese call "stink pots"; that is, balls of fresh dung. This assault wholly failed. The dead were left to rot where they lay, and the wounded were shot as they lay, the stench of the corpses being used as a weapon of offence against the Japanese, trying to maintain the advantage they had gained at the foot of the slope. The next time they assaulted, which was on September 19, the Japanese were met with hand grenades of gun-cotton. It was not a grand assault, but merely a demonstration. It also failed. In the third assault, on October 29, half-way up the hill the advance stumbled over a mine, and the entire lower shoulder of the mountain was blown into the air, taking with it some twenty-five men, heads awry, legs and arms twisted, lives shattered. Still new volunteers advanced through the crater thus formed, up the glacis of the redoubt, until they reached what they had been unable to distinguish from the valley below, owing to its cunning concealment under the parapet, level with a height that, appearing innocent of

depression, looked precisely similar to every furze-covered height in the vicinity. This was a moat, into which men leaping were easily lost. Yet the Japanese did not hesitate to leap in. That leap was to death, for at each corner of the moat, at each turn that it made as it worked its way under the parapet of the redoubt, was a masonry projection, called by the cunning men who devise such traps a *caponnière*. These *caponnières* rose out of the bed of the moat several feet, and each was large enough to shield three or four men with rifles and a machine gun. Consequently, under perfect protection and with their foe in limited area, trapped like rats in a pit, unable to escape, the Russians merely dealt out whistling steel at their leisure. Surprising and disheartening as this was, yet the Japanese did not falter. On that third grand assault they made their stand, and were able, by sacrifices not large in numbers, for the total numbers lost in that moat was less than one hundred, but beyond computation from the standpoint of individual heroism, they were able to capture, and have since held, the two northern *caponnières*.

Under the parapet of this fort, dominated by all the artillery of the two armies, has occurred some of the grimmest fighting that history records or the imagination can devise.

The second night of the occupation, a Japanese lieutenant, by name Oda, asked for a volunteer party, called "Keissheitai," an expression which in English would mean "certain death." Thirty "Keissheitai" men came forward. Oda put himself at their head and ventured along the bed of the moat toward the rearmost *caponnière* with the idea of capturing it. The fort is very long (about one and a half times the length of an ocean liner), so there was room and time for adventure. In the blackness, for there was no moon, and the searchlights were playing on other parts of the field, this being too close under the noses of the Russians for them to operate their lights to advantage, and half-way down the moat, Oda met a Russian lieutenant with a similar party bent on a similar errand. There the two had it out, not with bullets in the prescribed

way, but bayonet to bayonet, fist to fist, and even teeth and claw. The two lieutenants grappled with one another, neither having time to draw his sword. Oda and the Russian, in locked embrace, reeled back and forth, falling, rising, clawing, first one on top and then the other, each losing sight and control of his men, all of whom were engaged in similar individual combats. The two leaders, grasping for an opportunity that each sought, bobbing against the walls of the moat, fighting in this cramped arena, reached, without knowing it, an embrasure which led to the rear of the fort and into the gorge. Tripping over this, not knowing where they were going, the two plunged headlong down the slope, above which frowned two Russian batteries, and beyond which rose the great red-capped skyline of the Cockscomb. More than one hundred yards, scratched by the stones, smashed by the shale, they slipped and writhed, until they struck a tiny plateau half-way down the mountain. On this they lodged like stones toppled from their resting-place. In the catastrophe Oda had been able to get his right arm free, and by reaching over across his enemy's back he grasped the hilt of his keen, straight, samurai sword. Pulling it half-way out of the scabbard, which was tightly lashed to his waist, he sawed and pulled until the slender tapering steel had gashed though the Russian's clothes, through thigh and bone, full to his vertebræ, his vitals gushing out. Late the following night, after the sun had gone, Oda crawled into his own trenches at the base of the mountain. His men had been repulsed by a second party of Russians who had made a second sortie to relieve the first. Still the Japanese held their two *caponnières* at front, and the Russians the two in the rear.

The Japanese, during the two nights, had hastily tossed up approaches, and had a partially covered way from the base of the mountain to the moat. This gave them their vital hold on the north battery of the Cockscomb. Yet so determined was the Russian defence, so resolute were they in holding every inch of ground, that a full month and a half had elapsed

before the valiant Japanese could take the complete fortification, and remember that is but one of three great batteries which form the series, called East Keekwan, and which is but a portion of the eastern line of permanent land defence.

The method of the final taking of this North-East Keekwan battery further illustrates the intricacy and difficulty of the operations. Inside the fort, beyond the parapet, so well protected by its moat and *caponnières*, is a shelving earthwork, called the counterscarp, crossing which, troops, successful though they might be up to that time, would find a close and unerring fire from the men concealed in the traverses formed of timber balks and sand-bags, which lie a few yards beyond. Then, below these traverses are galleries where the garrison lives, and below the galleries are the bomb-proofs protecting the ammunition. Under the traverses, covering the galleries and bomb-proofs, is heavy masonry from two to three feet thick. Then, covering the whole is a pile of earth two feet thick. The original intention was to have on top of all that a thick wall of concrete, but this intention has been effected but partially on one of the forts, not the East Keekwan.

All through November the engineers were busy mining from the advantageous hold they had on the north battery. They began digging straight down through the solid rock. Remember that they were fighting not only what the engineers of the subway and the engineers of a railroad tunnel have to fight. The processes and the hidden subtleties of Nature they were fighting, as well as the scientific ingenuity and all the bitter hatred of a resourceful and hardy human foe. They had to use pick and shovel on this shell-swept height, and they could do it only by night; yet by night the Russians used their searchlights, and whenever the searchlights found them out they had to cease work and lie low. They could continue only when the searchlight went away. Then they could work but a few men at a time, and they could work only while the line protecting them, but a few yards in advance, was held

by their comrades, vigorously firing to keep down the garrison, one hundred feet beyond. In the midst of this, sometimes half concealed in the earth, sometimes wholly underground, and toward the later stages many yards below, there would suddenly break forth a company of desperate Russians, stimulated by hope of reward, for Stoessel promised his men the Cross of St. George, the highest decoration of Russian merit, as well as money prizes to those who broke up any Japanese work. Thus at night, tormented by shells, hounded by searchlights, and routed by heroes from across the way, the work has gone on. Forty feet down the digging went. Forty feet was necessary to get below the level of the galleries and bomb-proofs, then another twenty feet forward to pierce a line direct to their heart. At length the work was done, and on December 18 a quarter of a ton of dynamite having been placed in two of such mines, the galleries and bomb-proofs of the north battery were blown into the air, carrying with them the demolished bodies of some forty-five Russian troops, forming the garrison. The numbers of Japanese engaged in such work as this are not, and could not possibly be as the despatches read, very great. The whole force engaged at any one time against such a single point is but several hundred, and the losses on one day, unless it be a day of grand assault, do not exceed one hundred. Yet the total loss mounts into the thousands, while the expenditure of knowledge and the test of the finest stuff that men are made of is the most exhaustive and most stringent which physical conditions can impose on man.

Another illustration of difficulties. Against the great Ehrlung Fort, known to all who have ever seen Port Arthur as the Red Earth Redoubt, for it sticks out against the skyline more conspicuously than any other fortification there, known to our language as the Mountain of the Two Dragons, assaults of the same number and of equal fierceness have been conducted.

During the assault on October 29, which was expected to

reduce the fortress, introductory to a grand entrance into Port Arthur on the Emperor's birthday, November 3, the besiegers ran up against one of the numerous Russian surprises. They knew a moat lay around the Two Dragons, but how deep or how wide that moat was they did not know and could not determine. For the same reason they could not determine the presence of the *caponnières* in the North-East Cockscomb. Scouts were sent out to investigate, but they had to operate within one hundred yards of the Russian sharpshooters, over ground bare of any cover. Their work was done so hastily that apparently it was not done well. From their reports and the investigations of the distance through glasses, Colonel Imazawa, the constructing engineer, devised scaling-ladders to be used by the assaulting party when they reached the moat, for the purpose of crossing it. The scouts reported the moats were ten metres wide. Imazawa made his ladders fourteen metres long. On the afternoon of October 29 the assaulting party went in under heavy fire with the scaling-ladders. The dead and wounded dropping out of the ranks, they reached the brink of the moat, rested the ladders against one side and dropped them across. The ladders failed to touch the other side, failed to touch the bottom and disappeared in the moat. That night the pioneers issued from the sap-heads nearest the fort and dropped one thousand sand-bags at one place into this frightful moat. The sand-bags were swallowed up. There was no sight of them; hardly any sound of them. When morning came the sappers sank wearily to rest, and the scouts, disheartened and nonplussed, returned for consultation to Imazawa. That is the reason the Japanese did not enter Port Arthur on the Emperor's birthday.

But the doughty Japanese are not the ones to be given nay. They did not turn back, did not weep, showed no despair, came to work, to meals, as cheerfully as ever in the rice paddies. Yet winter was coming on, the wind was bitterly keen, the thermometer fell to zero and below, while the equinoctial gales blew in from both seas. They were living in

trenches, surrounded by the charnel-houses of their own making, and protected by miserable hasty dug-outs, shielded from cold and wind by a few broken boughs, light shelter-tents, and hastily packed earth. Death was preferred to a wound, for the wounded had small hope of succour, yet living was welcomed, cherished, and fostered.

Meanwhile the Russians were busy; all their available kerosene was taken through a subterranean gallery of the Two Dragons into the immense moat, and there laid with piles of straw along the bed. Thus they waited. On the fifth grand assault, when the north battery of the East Cockscomb was taken, the Two Dragons were simultaneously attacked. The kerosene and straw were set on fire, and the parties who leaped into the moat, expecting to find the *caponnières* as they existed in the Cockscomb, were caught by flame. There were no *caponnières* on this fort. Many perished miserably. Some valiantly fought the flames. A few survived. These few—that is, the few who do the work in warfare—the few who accomplish that for which the thousand die—these few made possible the Japanese advance. Through, over, and beyond these few lay the entry to Port Arthur.

Of course, silly, sensational reports come from the siege. One of the silliest is that the Japanese will massacre the garrison when the citadel surrenders. To massacre means to kill wantonly. They will not kill wantonly, but they will kill, because war is not an afternoon tea nor a Queensberry contest.

There should be no criticism of the Russians for holding the Japanese in the stench of their own dead, for shooting wounded lying between the lines, for using hand-balls of dung in defence of their forts. I merely recall the facts which I saw and was a part of. Every war is horror. These gruesome details are but a part of what the world must expect. Archimedes was not dishonoured in the use of Greek fire, nor Bayard in the use of boiling pitch.

But neither do the Japanese have respect for the rules of

warfare. According to all scientific maxims the forts they take are untenable. Dominated by other and superior forts, wise generalship would seem to dictate that they should retire until such time as they can take a series, *in toto*. Thus Napoleon laid down; this Von Moltke believed; not Nogi. Give him an inch, and he keeps it. If he has done nothing else at Port Arthur, he has given the lie to the critics of the Japanese at the beginning of the war, who predicted that, though these new wonderful soldiers might have Irish *élan* and Yankee impetuosity, they would prove to be without the dour British pluck when the long reverse came. But they have borne up for months under conditions as heartrending as soldier ever faced, have not jibbed a moment, have kept at it patiently night and day, not to be denied, never resting, never appalled, however severe the losses or however great the hardship.

The Japanese soldier holds on because he can exist in conditions that would unnerve those of another race. By nature cleanly, in all his instincts neat, abstemious by necessity, he lives there on the same space of ground under which he will eventually lie—a six-foot plot. In some places, like the bloody angle of the Eternal Dragon, he is surrounded by the stench of his own dead, and would welter in his own filth were he not a marvel for sanitation. Wedged in between the Russian forts, with the enemy within fifty yards on three sides, under the menace of three Russian batteries whose guns at any moment may rip him out, he yet lives and holds his stake there, with something of the reluctant certainty a man would have were his head between his enemy's legs.

The great forts held out although there had been five grand assaults—one on August 19, one on September 19, one on October 28, one on November 28, and one on December 18. They came about a month apart, for an army needs that time for rest and the progress of its subsidiary operations. All the assaults had been at the same objective —to pierce the Russian right centre. All had failed and

succeeded—failed to break the right centre, but yet had succeeded in driving one more nail, little or big, as the case may be, into the Russian coffin. The great slaughter was during the first assault. Since then the losses have been small. The Japanese are learning that there are some things that even fanaticism and fatalism cannot do.

Crossing the Shuishing valley in August entirely without protection, Nogi lost 25,000 men and did not take the forts. Then the army sat down and went to work with pick and shovel by night. This was done under the enemy's searchlights and star bombs and within rifle-range. In places it was done through solid rock, in others through shelving shale, in two places through villages, in one through the spur of a mountain and for a portion of the way along a creek bed. The economic angles of advance were studied out by expert engineers engaged in the most hazardous of scouting. Then a party of sappers went out, never more than a hundred at a time, and hastily, under fire, scraped out a shallow trench. While they were doing it the enemy threw shrapnel into them and sent out sortie parties to impede the work. Thus every night from a tenth to a third part of the command was lost.

There are two kinds of saps, the flying sap and the slow sap. The flying sap takes in a hundred yards at a time where the range from the enemy is a thousand yards and over. The slow sap is used where they are within a few hundred yards. In the slow sap only six inches or a foot advance is made at a time by two engineers working on their bellies behind a steel plate which the enemy vainly attempts to riddle with bullets. After the sappers are through the infantry rushes in and widens the trench with mattock and spade. Finally the pioneers come to strengthen the sides and cover the exposed places overhead with timber balks and to conceal the turnings and piles of earth with maize stalks. The latter is a trick learned from the Boers in South Africa, who in turn learned it from the Kaffirs.

In this way eighteen miles of these parallels and approaches

have been cut across the Shuishing valley. Troops live in the parallels by day and emerge from them at night for work, or at dawn and at sunset they leap from the sap heads for assault. So the plain covered two months ago with dead is to-day alive with ant-like figures, and the Japanese generals can pour their divisions almost to the parapets of the Russian forts without losing a man.

One can easily go across the Shuishing valley, over which bullets and shells constantly fly, and across which all the bombardments take place. Twice I was in the captured fort called Banduzan by the Japanese, Panlung by the Chinese, and the Eternal Dragon by the English. The work done on the plain was amazing. It was incredible when one knew how it was done, under conditions that would have unnerved the stoutest heart, with the dead bodies of comrades forming some of the intrenchments and with other comrades constantly falling about the workers. Yet it showed as much care as the American miner would use in cutting a mine shaft. The lines were all mathematically correct, the planks had been sawed square, and the sand-bags piled in geometrical patterns. Looking back across these eighteen miles from the Russian side, looking at them as the Russians do, I could see no evidence that an army had wriggled through the ground as a monster crustacean through the mud of the seashore. Only, instead of mud here was rock, instead of the fisherman here was Mr. Bombshell, his vicious children the shrapnel and his nasty relatives, the tiny, deadly bullets. But where had the thousand tons of that enormous digging gone? As well ask where the chipmunk puts the dirt from his hole.

Living conditions are worse than dying conditions. Men on this side of the water think it hard if they have to live in a valise. The soldiers of Nippon before Port Arthur live in a pocket-handkerchief, and the handkerchief is of paper the size of a letter-head. In the front trenches a soldier occupies the same space living that he would dead—six feet of earth; to be exact, about five feet and a half, which is the average Japanese size.

In the Eternal Dragon, which the Russians held in a vice, being within fifty yards on three sides for two months, and which was called the "bloody angle," because the dead of both sides were piled up five deep there during the three days' fighting when it was taken, so deep that hostilities were suspended because of sheer inability to wade through the corpses, the Japanese garrison hung on virtually by the eyelids and toe-nails. Compelled in the hurry of entrenchment the night of the capture to fling the slain bodies into the embankments, they were never after able to disinter them from the partial interment. If any man showed so much as a hand above the works it was instantly pierced by sharp-shooters less than fifty yards away. Compelled to lie among the dead, they did not give up the advantage won with such difficulty. They stuck there and kept sentries along a forty-yard front, and nearly every night battled with heroic sorties from the other side, quite as willing to fight and die, but not quite as willing to live so desperately as the Japanese. Here we can see the whole philosophy of the war. Both sides are equally willing to die; but the Japanese, though they may not be more willing, are more able to live, They can exist on a ball of rice a day in their five-foot-six space of earth, smiling with fatalistic contempt, living that they may die, and dying that they may live.

The front of the Eternal Dragon was called "the thirty-minute trench," because so intense was the strain with stench, sun, and Russian sharp-shooters combined, that even Japanese soldiers could stand only one watch of thirty minutes in eight hours, and sentries were changed that often. In the course of two months they widened that front and lessened that strain, but not until their men had gone crazy over it.

And the Russians? They have not had as hard a time as the world imagines. The loss of their fleet did not worry them. Since the beginning it has been doomed, and since August 10 they have made no extraordinary attempt to save it. The heavy guns of the remaining vessels were two months

ago placed on shore, the ammunition carried in, and the seamen brought off to man the defences. While it was still above water it was a menace. So the Japanese have sunk it, but it does not bear a vital relation to the impregnability of Port Arthur.

Stoessel is worthy of his command. Not a Russian, but a Swiss, he combines the prudence, foresight, and indomitable will of his ancestry with the century-famed defensive fighting ability of the land of his adoption. He has been four years in Port Arthur, has superintended the building of the forts and knows every inch of the ground. His wife, a sympathetic woman, who spends much time in the hospitals, is with him. He is in the prime of life, forty-five years old, and in perfect health, despite the constant rumours that he has been wounded. He is the most rigid disciplinarian in the Russian Army, and is heartily disliked by the soldiers on that account. The first order he issued in Port Arthur after the Japanese warships began to bombard was for every disorderly woman to leave the place. Leave they did, some to Liaoyang, some to Shanghai. No women remain now but the wives of officers, all of whom devote their time in the hospitals.

The second order Stoessel issued concerned drink. He made the penalty death for any officer or man found drunk, and imprisonment on bread and water for any who sold or bought liquor beyond the ration. The ration per day for each soldier is a tot of vodka, amounting to about two gills and to each officer a pint of champagne or a gill of brandy or whisky. Three privates and one officer have been shot in Port Arthur within the past four months for violating this military order.

Stoessel has also availed himself of every weapon of defence on which he could lay hands. Japanese burial-parties have not been permitted to inter their own corpses nor the corpses of Russians fallen between the lines of the bloody angle. The result has made living for the Japanese next to unbearable. The Russians above, safe in permanent works,

smiled in grim glee. The dead were helping them as the living could not. Wounded in this zone have been shot by men in the Russian line and left to rot. In hand-to-hand fighting nothing possible has been omitted—grenades, pistols, bayonets, sabres, pocket-knives, stones, cudgels, fists, teeth, and lead-weighted boots have been in the final scrimmages.

Stoessel is tricky. One night in August he let his searchlights go out, as if hit, and then when the assault went in under the parapets, suddenly threw the whole face of the hill out with the quickly displayed light. In this way two Japanese regiments were trapped and almost entirely destroyed. At all times he reserves his fire until it can be used with the most deadly effect. At one time a flag of truce was raised on the shoulder of the Keekwan Fort—this was August 24—and when the Japanese advanced to accept surrender they were met with shell and bullet. But this should not be charged to Stoessel, for it was probably due to some desperate private at an advanced post.

The Russians have enough food. In the beginning they had flour and canned beef to last a year, and otherwise the place was well provisioned. Since then a number of junks—perhaps a dozen—and at least one 6000-ton steamer have run the blockade. If they can beach anywhere on the Liaotishan coast their mission is accomplished. Hundreds of junks are sent out from the Russian agents in Chefoo and Shanghai. About one in twenty reaches its destination. The rest are picked up by the Japanese navy. But one in twenty makes it worth while, and the successful Chinaman is made independent for life. Five thousand roubles is the price paid a junk for running the blockade. This means as much to a Chinaman as a million dollars would to the average American. One fact which alone would prove this statement of the food condition is the nature of the supplies picked up by the Japanese on these junks. They are mostly fresh vegetables, about 25 per cent. delicacies, apparently for the officers' tables. Over half of the plunder is onions. Stoessel's whole object seems

to be to prevent scurvy. If he is paying five thousand roubles for fifty tons of onions, he is not suffering for beef or flour. Doubtless he would know how to do justice to a full-course dinner, but as for the eating of horseflesh and shoe-leather and all that starving nonsense—pshaw!

There are two sources of information about Port Arthur—deserters and refugees. In general the deserters all agree with one another, the refugees with one another. The deserters say there is scarcity and desperation, the refugees that there is sufficiency and excellent morale. One who has seen the repulse of a grand assault needs no testimony as to morale. The Russian dead and prisoners look well enough fed.

As for water, the Russians have apparatus for condensing sea-water, two fine artesian wells and a number of good Chinese hand-wells, besides three of the four pumping-stations they originally held.

Ammunition? Here is the crux of the situation. The whole question of Port Arthur now resolves itself into this: How long will the ammunition hold out? They are short of shrapnel, which, next to rifle bullets, is the most essential thing. If they had plenty of shrapnel they could make it very hot for the advancing Japanese, but as it is, they always save every shot until it can tell. What they do fire into the Japanese camp is naval ammunition and it does little harm. It is believed they have plenty of small-arm ammunition, and if this is true, as it seems likely, the assaults can be repulsed until every defender is killed. It is not probable that the Japanese shell fire has done much real harm, though it has knocked the ships and town about and displaced much earth on the forts. About one in four hundred of the Russian shells has done damage. A shell appeals to the imagination and lets the hotel correspondents at Chefoo, seventy miles away, see blood on the moon, but for casualties we must look to bullets.

Bullets make little noise and little wounds. Yet there

have been about forty million discharged at Port Arthur in the past five months, and forty million bits of steel flying about are bound to hit some hearts in Japan and other hearts in Russia. Even though men have been known to get them in the brain and walk off the field, many are sure to find arteries and spines. Some 30,000 Japanese have got them thus, for good and all, or at all events for disablement. How many Russians Stoessel alone knows.

Men? In the beginning Stoessel was supposed to have about 25,000. A quarter of that number should be enough to man the line of permanent defence, whose front is but eight and a half miles long and superbly entrenched.

The losses in resisting assaults have been small. Where the loss has been heavy is in sorties. And there have been sorties nearly every night. The preservation of morale impels it; the men must be kept at work or spirits flag. The prizes for success are the highest that can be offered, and thus spurred the desperation of the attempts to win glory and fortune sneers at description.

The Japanese losses have been vastly over-estimated. The censorship has been so absolute that no word of authentic news has leaked out, and the origin of nearly all the reports about numbers is Chefoo, an insignificant treaty port on the China coast, seventy miles away. The Chefoolish blunder has been the cause of the loss of more men at Port Arthur than the whole Empire of Japan could furnish. There has been but one time when the losses were really great—in the seven days' battle, from August 19 to 25. Then the Japanese casualties in killed and wounded amounted to upwards of 25,000 men. No other grand assault cost more than 5000. The usual loss for a hard day's fighting is about 3000. That is a frightful number if you come to think of it. Fighting in extended formation over a small area does not let the number mount.

On December 5 Chefoo said that 15,000 had been killed in taking 203 Metre Hill. Not half that number could have

been engaged, the point of attack is so small and the assaulting formation so loose. I saw the attempt to take 203 in September, when its outwork, Namicoyama, was captured. The whole force engaged then was a scant two regiments, about 4500 men. The loss in the two days' action was 2013. It is not likely that it cost as much to take the fort as it cost not to take it.

Tokyo said that when 203 was captured it gave the Japanese command of the town, and was a strategic move of great value. We have had these despatches very frequently for some months. They are from the Japanese, who must report progress. The command of the town or of the fleet is not essential. It is not Port Arthur, but Stoessel and his forts that Nogi is after, just as it was not Richmond, but Lee and his army that Grant was after.

Yet the taking of 203 is a certain advance. On September 19 I walked ten miles to see the taking of 203. Two months and a half of waiting and sapping, then one day of assault and the place was won. It means the beginning of the end. This for the reason that, mathematically, every contraction in the Russian line means a gain in Japanese strength. The smaller the circumference the less the resistance. And, after all, it is simply a question of mathematics. The loss of life appals, the spectacle attracts, the glory enthrals, but the intellect commands. A chess-board and two skilled players —such are Port Arthur, Nogi, and Stoessel. The checking move was made as long ago as May 26, when the battle of Nanshan was fought. The fate of Port Arthur was sealed then, just as it was again sealed the other day when 203 was taken. A lot of sealing, you say. Good wine always needs it.

Nogi has fought the campaign in masterly fashion. It has been said he looks like Grant. So he does, with a grim smile, taciturn jowl and power in the joints. He is a soldier and a philosopher, a Japanese and a samurai, that is to say, a piece of granite cast in human mould. He has held consistently to his plan of campaign from the first, that is, to demonstrate on the

west, where 203 is, while he pierced the Russian right centre. He has been piercing that right centre for three months. But clever engineers and back-to-the-wall fighting, allied with the Higher Power who built the mountains, were in the way. Yet he fought it out on that line, though it took all summer, a regular Grant. He has had to turn from Grant to Hannibal and weather the Alps, for he will find the Manchurian mountains bleak with wind, sleet, and snow, and bare of cover. He is fortunate in soldiers. They are marvels of endurance, seem to stand anything, exist on a promise and a principle, and conquer all things, save when some Higher Power reinforces the clever engineers.

RICHARD BARRY.

(The only American correspondent attached to the Japanese forces from the beginning of their investment.)

THE HUNGARIAN CRISIS

As Hungarian affairs are again exciting interest in an unpleasant way, the editor of this Review has requested me to put before his readers the Opposition view of our present crisis. I most gladly fulfil that request, because English public opinion is of great importance to us, for, in our judgment, it carries real moral weight. And English public opinion does not seem to be well informed as to the real meaning of the great constitutional conflict which at present divides Hungary into two hostile camps. My chief business, then, is to lay the facts, just as they are, without prejudice, before that large audience which gathers round the tribune of The Monthly Review, trusting the sound English sense of fairness to appreciate them truly.

The crisis broke out after a breach of the rules of the House, perpetrated on November 18, at the Prime Minister's instigation, by Mr. Speaker Percrel. But why was such a deed done? What impulse—what real or pretended necessities—led to it?

To answer these questions I must begin by referring the reader to my article, "The Army Question in Austria and Hungary," published in the July issue of The Monthly Review. There I gave a precise account of the obstructionist proceedings used during the last year by some sections of the Opposition, and I clearly expressed strong disapproval of that method of Parliamentary warfare. In the same article I told

how Parliamentary peace had been restored in March 1904, and how since then a tranquillity akin to apathy had reigned in the House. That comfortable state of things lasted till the autumn. No trace of the spirit of obstruction could be discovered in our latest debates, delicate and unpopular measures were passed with a proper amount of lively discussion indeed, but without serious difficulties. It was almost too much of a Parliamentary idyll and no symptom of a change for worse was in sight. From that cloudless sky fell upon us the thunderbolt of a Ministerial attack on the peace of the House, such as nobody could have anticipated. I will now give as clear and fair a statement as I can of the events which led to the conflict.

Great was our surprise when, just before the opening of the autumn session, October 9, the Prime Minister published a letter to his constituents in which, after violently assailing the Opposition and denouncing obstruction (of which there was no impending danger) as the chief peril to the constitution, he declared a thorough reform of the House to be the paramount business of the session, the most urgent task of Parliament. In the same document he spoke out his mind with sufficient clearness as to the sort of reform he contemplated; some of the measures he hinted at were acceptable, but some of them were so provokingly draconic and dangerous to freedom of discussion that even he felt compelled to mitigate them in a banquet speech delivered a few days later. The funny aspect of that most serious affair was, that the Prime Minister, after having done his best to irritate the Opposition by wanton abuse, expressed with an innocent face his hope and his ardent wish that the "serious and moderate elements" in the Opposition would support him in this work.

Now proceedings so incongruous and apparently without motive, on the part of a highly gifted man, require an explanation. The explanation lies in the fanatical belief which long ago took hold of Count Tisza's mind, that it is his providential mission to restore Parliamentary order in Hungary,

which—according to his ideas—is threatened only by the danger of obstruction. Well, no man in his senses will deny that this statement contains a certain amount of truth, that it covers part of the ground of the whole truth—but only the smaller part of it; and on that partial truth do his supporters at home and in the foreign press insist as if it were the whole truth and were known to them and to their leader only, while the Opposition is denounced as stubbornly shutting its eyes to it; as committing, as it were, the sin against the Holy Ghost: to resist known truth. Now, this way of stating the case is certainly a very comfortable one for the Prime Minister's supporters, but unhappily it is not true. We don't shut our eyes to the evils of obstruction, nor do we absolutely oppose the idea of reforming the rules of the House, with a view to combat these evils, as far as our peculiar circumstances permit, which make it inadvisable to break any one of the weapons of national resistance. But we cannot admit that obstruction is the only—not even that it is the greatest—defect of present Hungarian Parliamentarianism. The chief evil in our constitutional life, the source of all other evils, is *misrepresentation*, owing to the fact that no progress has been achieved towards the extension of the franchise for half a century; that we still have rotten boroughs and, in sum total, not one million of voters in a population of over seventeen millions; that Government patronage—meaning in most cases Government pressure—extends over such a mass of electors that, with our system of open voting, an almost incredibly large percentage of the most intelligent people are practically without a vote. These circumstances explain the fact, otherwise unaccountable, that the same party remains in power for forty years, and that the Opposition must always consider its case as hopeless at general elections.

I wonder what the temper of an English Opposition placed in similar circumstances would be. Our point of view, then, is that an efficient remedy should first be applied to these fundamental evils attending the present state of our Parlia-

mentary system, that a thorough reform of the electoral law, including gradual extension of the franchise, voting by ballot (in cities at least, which are swamped by official voters), redistribution of seats, stronger legislation against bribery and undue influence (though something has been done in that direction under Mr. Széll's Government)—in a word, that real and true national representation should first be ensured. When this is done, when the nation is made secure that the majority in Parliament is a genuine expression of her will, then—and in proportion to the result obtained in that direction—let us make the majority secure of its rights by a corresponding reform of the rules of the House. Now, will anybody, especially anybody in England, deny that our view of the case embraces the whole truth, in opposition to the half truth of Count Tisza, that it goes to the root of the evil instead of trifling with outward symptoms, that it means organic cure, as opposed to clumsy surgical attempts? Nor can this tacking of Parliamentary reform with the reform of the rules of the House be considered as an attempt on our part practically to throw out the other measure, since Count Tisza, in former declarations, *pledged himself to bring in Parliamentary reform before the next elections.* If he meant to keep his pledge, there was no earthly reason against postponing the revision of the rules of the House to the time when the promise should be fulfilled and when no serious difficulties would be encountered, or, if encountered, could be met and defeated. Why, indeed, not wait for such a better opportunity, as there was no impending danger of obstruction or of irregularity of any sort?

But now let me again take up the story of recent events.

The irritating effect of Count Tisza's ill-fated letter did not deter him from pushing forward his scheme. A few weeks after its appearance he moved the nomination of a Select Committee to prepare the reform of the rules. All sections of the Opposition declared their intention to take no part in the proceedings of that committee, as it seemed clear to them that

their participation would be a screen only, behind which violent measures could be decorously devised; Count Tisza's repeated declarations that he meant a moderate reform, that freedom of discussion would not be touched, that the wishes of the Opposition would meet with fair appreciation, were received with unbounded distrust. The lion had shown his claws, it was too late to draw them back; abandoning the metaphor—what Count Tisza had betrayed of the particulars of his scheme was in flagrant contradiction to his previous benevolent declarations. No wonder they were disbelieved. Later events have shown only too thoroughly how right we were in disbelieving them.

The debate on Count Tisza's motion, nevertheless, took its regular course; there was no agreement between the different sections of the Opposition as to their tactics. In fairness it must be owned that some symptoms of impending obstruction began to appear after the first days of the debate; but, dark as the prospects were which Count Tisza's motion opened before us, so many leading influences on the left of the House exerted themselves on behalf of meeting it by regular methods only, that the case was far from being a hopeless, or even a very dangerous one. But Count Tisza soon lost patience. Without even an attempt at conciliation he resorted to the most extreme weapons of desperate warfare, of a war of extermination, or how am I to call a motion which was introduced in the course of the debate by one of his friends, to the effect that, previous to the wholesale reform of our rules, a temporary modification of them should be enacted (to last one year at most), implying extraordinary powers for the Speaker, and—among other draconic measures—the possibility of stopping discussion at the request of fifty members? And this guillotine rule would have been applied, among other important matters, to the "discussion" on the new rules of the House! True, it was enacted (as must in fairness be mentioned) that these new rules should contain no closure clause, except, however, from that absolute freedom of the

discussion of the appropriation clause of the Budget; but still, what prospects of vexatious measures opened before us! Imagine the sort of rules fanaticism like that of Count Tisza and his more ardent supporters would have framed when emancipated from every restraint; imagine rules of the House being constructed without the minority being permitted to express an opinion on them: and under the temporary rules contained in that second motion the decision whether it would or would not suppress discussion depends merely on the good-will of the majority.

It was perfectly preposterous to expect that any minority should meekly submit to such a prospect. But not even then did the Opposition try any other weapons in self-defence than the continuation of debate. It was only when the existing rules of the House were for the first time broken by a decision to sit twice a day (which, according to well-founded juridical opinion, was illegal) that the Opposition resorted to the technicalities of those rules to frustrate that illegal second sitting, while in the first sitting of every day regular discussion would have continued as before. All this had begun on November 18, and on the very same day, without even an attempt to get out of the self-created difficulties by regular means, at an hour of the evening when the House ought no longer to be sitting, even in the terms of its illegally improvised new time-table, Count Tisza coolly declared that there was "enough of that comedy"; the members of the conspiracy (nobody knows whether they comprised the whole majority, or even the greater part of it) then rose from their seats crying, "Division, division." On this the Speaker, Mr. Percrel, rose from his chair, and, amidst an incredible tumult, muttered something, which was afterwards taken down as granting the request for division, a request which, according to the existing rules, he had no right to grant, the discussion being still open. On a waving of his handkerchief the majority rose, but whether it was in order to vote,[1] or simply out of excitement, nobody

[1] In our Parliament we generally vote by rising from our seats.

could ascertain, as many members on the Opposition side, too, had risen from their seats. Again the Speaker's lips moved—as was afterwards said—to declare that the second motion—the guillotine rule—was accepted; a moment later a royal ordinance of prorogation was produced, and the Speaker left the chair in the midst of a tumult which only the shortness of time and the good sense of several leading members prevented from degenerating into a hand-to-hand fight. All this was done in less than two minutes.

Now, whatever the Speaker may have mumbled—inaudibly to us—*the vote thus irregularly taken is void*, and the new rules thus carried are of no more legal value than the private opinion of any group of members. It will never do to enforce them against 180 members of the House who are perfectly decided not to submit to them, because they consider them a juridical nullity, and because such an attempt to make violence prevail against the rules of the House must be frustrated, or it would become a most dangerous precedent.

This is the *juridical* aspect of the question. The *political* consequences of these scandalous proceedings can be summed up very briefly.

Parliament is now, indeed, driven into anarchy. What rules will the Speaker apply—since there is no agreement as to the validity of either the old or the new ones? How can a Speaker who has openly and confessedly broken the rules apply henceforth any rules whatever? With what face can he request any member to listen to his admonition, or to submit to his measures? The sittings of the House in all probability will lose any semblance of regular Parliamentary discussion. Should some mock vote still be carried, in the same style as on that memorable night of November, such a vote would again be a legal nullity: because whatever is done by the aid of illegal rules is legally void, just as those rules themselves are null in law. But what if, on the basis of such a vote of the House, laws are framed? These, also, are legally null, and everybody is entitled to offer such resistance to them as he has

power to do. There are prospects of endless confusion before us if what has been illegally done is not undone in due form and in proper time. For the moment all sections of the Opposition, suspending their differences of programme, have coalesced for the purpose of restoring the broken continuity of law in the proceedings of Parliament. They have nominated a common committee to decide on common tactics, to the decision of which everybody submits.

Some twenty to thirty members left the ranks of the Government party, among them its foremost men: Count Andrássy, the former Prime Minister Széll, the former Cabinet Ministers Darányi and Weassics, and so on. Count Andrássy and Mr. Széll wrote letters to their constituents in which—though taking exception to some proceedings of the Opposition—they most energetically condemn the illegal act perpetrated by Count Tisza and Speaker Percrel, and declare their conviction that the so-called resolution of the House, enacting the famous temporary rules, is legally null.

In all matters connected with this, our common conviction, and in the management of impending elections, this group will act in close connection with the united Opposition. The entanglement is indeed a hopeless one.

Parliament was to meet again on December 13. Though Count Tisza, with almost incredible infatuation, seems at first to have anticipated that the Opposition, after a few outbreaks of anger, would submit to what he considered *un fait accompli*, some misgivings must have arisen later in his mind. To meet all emergencies the Speaker, degraded into a mere tool of the Prime Minister, organised during the recess a Parliamentary guard, consisting of some forty athletic men, whose task it would have been to assist him in his endeavours to enforce the so-called new rules, or, to speak without disguise, to eject those members who should not submit to them. As the number of these members was about 180, the scheme was as preposterous practically as it was legally, according to the fundamental principles of Hungarian public law. And here

I must ask my readers in a general sort of way not to criticise—as Englishmen are apt to do—foreign, and especially Hungarian, constitutional questions by simply applying to them the standard of English public law or Parliamentary practice. Our constitutional government offers many aspects of analogy with the English one, but, being quite original and a spontaneous product of an extremely different racial individuality, it contains quite as many contrasting peculiarities. The English Speaker, whose dignity from time immemorial embodies the independence of Parliament, and whose power was always considered a safeguard of the privileges of the House, is quite another person from his Hungarian colleague, who up to 1878 was a nominee of the Crown. True, since that date he has been freely chosen by the House, but something of old memories still lingers round his chair, and even the new aspect of his dignity is not yet sufficiently emancipated from party allegiance, or the suspicion of it. Owing to all this, neither law nor tradition, nor the rules of the House invest him with anything like the power of an English Speaker. His legal and moral authority rests entirely on a fair application of the rules of the House: it is gone the very moment he ventures one step beyond their limits. It will not do, therefore, to quote Mr. Speaker Brand's well-known *coup d'état* (which I have no business or intention to criticise from an English point of view) as an excuse for the Hungarian parody of it, nor can the introduction of guards into the Hungarian Parliament be judged by English rules and precedents. The English Speaker may have a right to use physical coercion against recalcitrant members; the Hungarian Speaker has no such right. When coercion is used to enforce illegal rules, the application of which must be considered as an act of arbitrary violence (for this is what the presence of those guards assuredly meant), there is most undoubtedly a breach of privilege in the sense of the Law xiii. 1791, which enacts "that the States and Orders should transact Parliamentary business in lawful liberty." That legal aspect of the

question must always be borne in mind if you wish to judge fairly what happened on December 13.

On that day the Opposition came into the House half an hour before the time of the sitting, simply in order to prevent surprise of any sort. Arriving there, we saw the guards posted at all entrance doors, around the Speaker's chair, and at several other "strategic points," like a besieging army. We were not prepared for such a sight, and therefore no previous agreement existed as to what should be done in the emergency. Some members addressed the guards, and, appealing to their sense of legality, requested them to withdraw. Of course the poor fellows, mostly under-officers of the police force, selected for exceptional muscular strength, could not comply. Then a scuffle ensued, in the course of which some furniture was destroyed, and which ended in the expulsion of the guards who, not knowing how far they were empowered to use their superior physical force, withdrew after some show of resistance and never came back again. Of course no sitting could be held on that day.

These proceedings, the unpleasant aspects of which I shall not venture to palliate, have occasioned an outburst of assumed and—where ignorance prevails—sincere indignation against the Opposition. In truth and fairness the responsibility for them must be laid on those who, heaping illegality upon illegality, broke through the rules of the House first and then did not recoil from an attempt to bring agents of unlawful violence into the precincts of Parliament. The Opposition did *not use* violence, it *repelled* violence; it had to do this by force, as there was nobody to appeal to, the Speaker himself being the aggressor on the legal liberty of the House. It was unpleasant business, but it had to be done; anything rather than submit to illegal coercion. I have some friends in England, and in America too, who know me well enough to give me credit for habits of decorous behaviour; before them and before the whole world I readily assume the responsibility for the deed of lawful self-defence which the Opposition performed on December 13.

There may have been some excesses in the heat of actual conflict, but that does not alter the essential lawfulness of the proceedings based upon the above-quoted Law xiii. 1791, and upon the natural right of every freeborn man to repel lawless force by force if need be. No amount of sham indignation can alter that true aspect of the question. I have no patience with that sort of canting prudishness which goes into hysterics at the sight of a broken chair or two, but has no word of reproof against the breaking of a constitution, nor do I think much of all that sense of justice which in a case like this condemns self-defence and absolves aggression.

At all events the guards disappeared once for all, and with them disappeared Mr. Speaker Percrel, whom we had no opportunity to see any more in the chair. The vice-president who took his place tried to apply the "new rules," but as 180 members, including some of our foremost statesmen, had pledged themselves not to submit to these rules, and as those stalwart men were wanting whose muscular strength should have filled up the gaps of legality, there was no possibility of enforcing them. In fact the business of the House was stopped; the authority of the chair was gone. To this paralysis of Parliamentary life there was only one remedy, but that an unfailingly efficient one: to recognise the legal nullity of the sham vote taken on November 18, to restore legal continuity by going back to the old rules of the House, which alone are valid. But this the Government would not do, and the majority, though not much active support could be got out of it, passively followed Count Tisza's dictation. The case was a perfectly hopeless one for him—but for him alone; any other Government could not only have got out of those difficulties in no time, but—as was ascertained and expounded before the House by Count Andrássy after repeated conferences with the leaders of the Opposition—could have easily obtained a thorough reform of the rules in connection with a very moderate reform of election laws. But Count Tisza had no intention of giving way; he persisted in his scheme and prevailed upon the King to dissolve Parliament.

Now is this a remedy for the intricacies of the situation?

No, it is not, it only makes matters worse. To begin with, the dissolution is illegal in the conviction of nine-tenths of the nation and of most authorities on public law. Again, I must point out the different aspect of some constitutional questions from the standpoint of English and of Hungarian law. The right of the King of England to dissolve Parliament—though practically regulated by certain principles of sound constitutional practice—has no legal limitation; on the contrary, that same right of the King of Hungary is limited by the Laws iv. 1848, and x. 1867. Now it appears that dissolution under present circumstances infringes the enactments of these laws, the last of which is part of that celebrated compromise of 1867, which restored peace and confidence between King and Nation. This is certainly my own opinion, so strongly and decidedly so that it was chiefly on this ground that I cancelled allegiance to that compromise from my political creed, considering it as broken and deprived of all moral force. But I don't mean to argue out the legal question here, that would tax the patience of my readers too heavily and they would hardly feel competent to pass judgment upon it. Be it sufficient to state that in the opinion of most Hungarians the Crown has been persuaded by its present constitutional advisers into an unconstitutional act; a shadow has fallen then on the brightest glory of the present reign—though the good faith of his Majesty is nowhere questioned. The mere fact of having exposed an act of the Crown to such controversy condemns the proceedings. Count Andrássy, who does not think the present dissolution illegal, none the less truly and strongly stated in one of our last sittings that giving such advice to the King was not only a fault but a political crime.

But what can the practical results of the dissolution be? Of course everybody knows that the Government will have a majority in the next Parliament, that is the beauty of our present Parliamentary system—to preserve which Count Tisza has upset the whole country and broken through all legal

restraints—because it is impossible for an Opposition, even when the tide of public excitement runs highest, to prevail against the all-pervading influence of Government patronage and against the election funds which the existing powers are always able to collect. But precisely because this is known beforehand, like the winning of a game played with marked cards, the mere fact of having kept a majority does not mean victory for the Government. Nothing less than an actual crushing of the Opposition, a reduction of its numbers to a shadow, could enable Count Tisza to call himself victor of the contest. Now such a sweeping result is out of the question. It is always unsafe to venture on predictions in electioneering matters, but after having attended meetings in almost every part of the country, and after having witnessed the enthusiasm which greets almost everywhere the banner of the Opposition, I feel strongly confident that we shall win a couple of seats. But in this I may be mistaken; when these lines appear in print the reader will already have the results before him. Let me then suppose the worst, let us anticipate that instead of winning we lose a few seats; the most optimist calculations on the Government side go no further than that. What then?

The situation in the new House will be exactly what it was in the old one; 170 or 165 (instead of 180) members out of a total of 453 will stick to their conviction that the so-called new rules, stealthily proclaimed on that famous November 18, are legally null, and they will not submit to them. Elections cannot decide the legal question; electors are called to *choose legislators* but not to *legislate* themselves; our constitution is not a plebiscite, but a representative constitution; no vote of the electorate can either invalidate what has legal force or validate what is legally null. The Opposition then will go on to ask for the restoration of legal continuity, *i.e.*, for an express recognition of the nullity of the November rules, and an express restitution of the old ones; it will stop all proceedings in the new House till this lawful request is granted.

What then? Will the guards reappear? Will there be 80 or 100 of them instead of 40—as the latter number was proved insufficient? Will the whole Opposition be driven out of the House and a Rump go on performing the rites of legislative business, framing laws which half the country will not recognise as such, and to which half the citizens will not submit? Or will there be another dissolution, with a similar result and similar consequences?

What an endless prospect of confusion is opened up if matters are not brought to a timely end by the downfall of the Minister who calls himself the "Saviour of Parliamentarianism."

But, then, of the fundamental principles of Parliamentarianism he seems to know one only, which he isolates and magnifies into a caricature: the omnipotence of the majority —of any majority. About that still more deeply fundamental principle, that Parliament should represent the will of the nation, he does not concern himself. He insists, therefore, upon a draconic and excessive reform of the rules which would crush the minority, but he does not care for an electoral reform which would make the majority a sincere representation of the national will. Some sort of electoral reform he will bring in—if time is left for it—but, as we must infer from his declarations, it will be mere trifling with the question, no serious change with a view to get a really independent electorate, and even such modest Parliamentary reform as he contemplates he refuses to bring into connection with the change in the rules of the House. No, it is our present sort of majority, entirely dependent on those in power, created by them for their own purposes, which is to be made omnipotent. And that majority, after the precedent set down on November 18, need not trouble about rules. If inconvenient, they are set aside by a wave of the Presidential handkerchief, because the will of the majority is the main thing; rules are, according to this philosophy of Parliamentarianism, not limits to the power of the majority, not safeguards to prevent that

power from degenerating into tyranny, but mere "forms," always to be over-ruled by the requirements of the "essence of things"—meaning thereby the temporary convenience of the majority.

Should such a scheme prevail, life would become intolerable in our country; constitutional forms would then cover an arbitrary power, which, in the long run, would be neither Count Tisza's nor any other Hungarian statesman's. That highly gifted man is so blinded by his domineering passion that he does not see for whom he is ultimately working. But we see it; we feel the hand of other Powers pulling the wires behind the scene, of those Powers which I introduced to the readers of this Review in my July article, Powers centuries old, always defeated, but never destroyed; Powers which cannot get themselves reconciled to the idea of an independent Hungary, but are always striving to dwarf her into an Austrian province. A Hungarian Parliament incapable of offering any serious resistance to the scheme of Austrian militarism, unable to enforce strong progress towards the national ideals of Hungary: what a dream of happiness, what a promise of success to our old friends the pan-Austrian schemers! And are not such Parliaments in store for us if a draconic reform of the rules of the House crushes the spirit of the minority, while an electoral law, which converts elections into a sham, makes the powers that be always secure of having a majority subservient to their wishes? Who, then, is in truth to be made omnipotent by the omnipotence of such majorities?

From these obvious considerations the English reader may draw his conclusions as to the real nature of the present contest in Hungary, and he may determine on which side his sympathies are to be enlisted.

ALBERT APPONYI.

THE HON. WHITELAW REID

A GREAT AMERICAN EDITOR

MR. CHOATE, the present American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, is to be succeeded by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, editor and proprietor of the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Reid has many claims to distinction, but it is as the editor of the *Tribune* that he has achieved his greatest fame. He undoubtedly stands first among American editors and journalists, and is perhaps the most eminent living American publicist. He is, moreover, in all respects the very best type of the self-made man—the type that appeals most powerfully to the imagination of the American people—a type without spot or blemish. The present American Ambassador to Great Britain was born to a very great name in the legal world, and has added new lustre to it, for he was the recognised head of the American Bar when he received his present appointment from President McKinley. Mr. Choate embodies in himself the best traditions of New England. He was educated at Harvard, is a wit and an orator of the first rank ; a man of deep culture, and bears an untarnished professional reputation. Yet he has never held office in his own country. He was a candidate for the United States Senate, but—to the dishonour of New York State—he was beaten by the Party boss, Mr. Thomas Platt. Mr. Choate is fitted, both by ability and character, to discharge the duties of the greatest office within the gift of the American people, but it is no disparage-

ment of him to say that he is not the type of man that appeals to his countrymen. He has not been forced to struggle; success has come easy to him, and his career has been, from the first, on a plane above the life of the workaday American. There has been a certain New England aloofness about Mr. Choate which has, in spite of his genial humour, prevented his becoming popular. He is greatly respected and admired; more than that, he is the kind of man that Americans hold in the very highest esteem, but he could never become a favourite son of the nation.

Mr. Reid has some points in common with Mr. Choate. He is—to use an American expression—a college graduate. He is well born, and is by nature an aristocrat. But he owes nothing to the circumstances of his birth or family connections. He has made his way single-handed and by sheer force of exceptional talents and energy. He had the advantage, however, of first seeing the light of this world in the State of Ohio—the State of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, of Hayes, Harrison, Garfield, McKinley, and many other eminent Americans. Roosevelt is the first Republican President since Lincoln—a period of forty years—who was not born in Ohio. This is a very remarkable Presidential record for one State, and the title of "Mother of Presidents," which used to belong to Virginia, is now held by Ohio, the Buck-Eye-State. The world has always believed in luck, and will go on believing in luck in spite of science and philosophy. It may be said therefore of Mr. Whitelaw Reid that he was born lucky. He began his journalist's career in the State of his birth, soon after taking his degree of B.A. (with first honours), and had been the editor of a country weekly paper for two years when the American Civil War broke out in 1861. At the first call of President Lincoln for volunteers, the young editor resigned his post and went to the front as the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*—the chief Republican paper of Ohio. He was, I believe, the first war correspondent that ever reported, by telegraph, from the field, a battle in actual progress.

Young Reid distinguished himself, not only by this novel enterprise, but also by his remarkable energy, intelligence and judgment, which was so conspicuous as to attract the attention of the military authorities, and he was soon given a staff appointment with the rank of Captain. His letters from the front thus acquired a quasi-official character, and he served in this dual capacity of correspondent and staff officer till the end of the war. He then left Ohio for Washington and New York, where he soon became assistant editor to the famous "Horace Greely," the founder of the *New York Tribune.* This was in 1868, and his connection with this paper has existed without a break ever since; and as it is through this connection that Mr. Reid has won his great distinction as a journalist and editor, some account of the *Tribune* and its founder seems necessary, or at least useful, in our study of Mr. Reid's career. The *Tribune* was founded by Horace Greely in 1841. Mr. Greely was a self-educated as well as a self-made man, and belongs to the very distinguished company of Great American Characters. He was in many respects the Franklin of his time. He was born in the State of New Hampshire, and began his life as a printer in the State of Vermont. He came to New York in 1831 wholly unknown, with but ten dollars in his pocket, his pack on his back, and nothing to recommend him to favour but his pen. But this was a very big pen and was master of a style that commanded at once the attention of the public. Greely as a writer of English can only be compared to such supreme masters of style as Franklin, Lincoln and John Bright, men who, like poor Shakespeare, knew no Greek. Greely had been ten years in New York when he founded the *Tribune*, the American daily journal which best corresponds to the *Times* in England. The *Tribune* threw in its lot with the fortunes of "The Whigs," and when the Republican party was founded upon the ruins of that old party, the *Tribune* at once gave the new party its zealous and powerful support. Mr. Greely, in fact, played a very important part in its organisation, and

soon became its oracle. Greely had been known, up to this time, more as a great writer than editor, and it was now that he began to show his great gifts as an editor. He gathered about him not only the best writers of the day, but also the greatest personalities—men and women too—or at least one woman—who were profoundly earnest in their efforts to set the highest possible standards of life and character before the American people. This company—this editorial staff—included such persons as George William Curtis and George Ripley—both of Brook Farm fame—W. H. Fry, Charles A. Dana, Bayard Tayler and Margaret Fuller. It was the custom of the *Tribune* staff to meet almost daily and discuss the most important topics of the times. Distinguished outsiders were also frequently present at these editorial discussions. Greely would usually start a subject and take up some very strong position in regard to it. He would then sit quietly by for the rest of the evening, as a rule, and listen to the *pros* and *cons*, and when the discussion had ended write his leader, and this leader almost invariably was just the opposite of what he had advocated at the editorial conference. By this method he drew out all the strong points on both sides of the question, which gave his editorials a reach and a grasp that was really marvellous, and soon convinced the public that the editor had thoroughly mastered his subjects. It was in this manner that Greely, as time went on, gained the character of an oracle. One of Greely's assistants, Mr. Richard A. Dana, was afterwards the editor of the *New York Sun*, and has left a reputation as journalist and editor second only to the founder of the *Tribune*. Greely was a large and very powerful man, somewhat given to profanity, and to the very last affected the dress and manners of an unsophisticated countryman. He wore the bow or knot of his black silk neckcloth under his left ear. This was done with a studied negligence that was perfectly understood by those who knew him well, but it sometimes happened that an innocent-minded outsider would call his attention to it. The cravat would then be put

right for the moment, only to be readjusted under the favourite ear on the first opportunity.

This great editor, like all great men, wrote a very illegible hand. It was, in fact, almost undecipherable, and there are many traditions in the office concerning the confusion this caused. On one occasion Mr. Greely wrote a letter in wrath dismissing one of his proof-readers, who promptly used it as a recommendation, and by it secured another situation. There was but one man in the office for several years who could be depended upon to read the editorial manuscript, and Mr. Greely had a real affection for this man. It happened one day that complete nonsense was made out of a great editorial utterance. The subject was of unusual importance, and Greely was furious. With paper in hand and finger on the offending word, he strode into the composing room and called out in a loud and angry voice, "What damned lunatic did that?" When to his dismay the old proof-reader, whom he almost loved, came forward and confessed that he was the culprit. "Just my luck," roared the editor. "This is the worst case in months, and you are the only man in the office I can't swear at." Greely was one of the courageous band of original abolitionists who opposed all compromises with slavery. He had also presidential aspirations, and supported Lincoln's nomination in order to defeat Seward. He also urged Lincoln to issue an Emancipation Proclamation immediately after his election. But when the war was over Greely came forward, to the amazement of the whole nation, north and south, and offered to go bail for Mr. Davis, the ex-President of the defunct Confederacy. He also took up a hostile attitude towards President Grant, and the *Tribune* broke completely with the Republican party, which it had done so much to create.

There was now a third party, organised under the leadership of Charles Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, and Horace Greely. This party held its first and only convention in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1872, and nominated Greely for the Presidency. This nomination was ratified by the Democratic party in its General

Convention. Mr. Whitelaw Reid was present at the Cincinnati Convention, and had the great pleasure of sending a telegram to his chief informing him of his nomination; and from that moment Mr. Reid has been Editor-in-Chief of the *New York Tribune*, for Mr. Greely at once resigned the editorship into the hands of his young sub, where it has remained ever since —a period of nearly thirty-five years.

Greely was badly beaten by General Grant, and his disappointment was so great that he died a few months after of a broken heart. A story was then started to the effect that after his defeat Greely wished to resume his editorship of the *Tribune;* but that the young man from the West (anything beyond the Alleghany Mountains was called West in those days), his former sub-editor, would not permit him to write at all for the paper, or even to enter the editorial rooms. And it was this treatment from the hands of the man whom Greely had made that broke the great editor's heart. I have only mentioned this newspaper legend in order to give it a positive, an authoritative, and I hope a final contradiction. Mr. Greely was always free, to the hour of his death, to use the columns of the *Tribune*, but he was never in a condition after his defeat to write. This I have from the lips of his only surviving child, Mrs. Clendenen, of West Chester, New York. Mr. Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. Clendenen have always been on the best of terms, and are in fact the best of friends.

After the death of Mr. Greely the *Tribune* came back into the political fold from which it had strayed, and here it has remained ever since, a stalwart of the stalwart Republicans.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, as we have seen, won his editorial spurs very young, and, as they were very big spurs, the biggest that were going, it was but natural that he should have envious and jealous rivals. He was not a New Yorker; he was "a young man from the West," and "the young man in the tower"—his editorial rooms being in the top of the *Tribune* building, which was very high for those days. It was reported that he put on great airs, and was almost unapproachable; that

he was wrapped up in red tape, &c. &c. But the young editor had no time, if he had any disposition, to heed such reports, for his work was one requiring consummate tact, as well as exceptional ability; for having brought the rebellious paper back to its original political fold, it was no easy matter to rehabilitate its character, and to regain for it the confidence it had once enjoyed and forfeited, as the organ, *par excellence*, of the Republican Party. This was the new editor's great task, and this he completely accomplished, and was soon recognised, not only as the ablest editor in New York, but as a journalist of the very highest ambitions, who reflected everything that was best in the national life and character. The Ambassador-Designate is never a hail-fellow-well-met, as the typical journalist is supposed to be; nor is Mr. Reid, in truth, a popular man. But there has never been a time during the last twenty years, at least, when the editor of the *Tribune* would not have been chosen by his fellow American craftsmen as the representative of their best methods and highest purposes.

Mr. James Gordon-Bennett has had a better known and more picturesque editorial career, and the late Mr. Charles A. Dana was perhaps a more striking personality. But Mr. Gordon-Bennett has pursued a very eccentric editorial course, to say the least; and Mr. Dana discounted his influence very much by his violence. Mr. Reid has been able to wholly resist the modern spirit of sensationalism which has captured nine-tenths of the daily papers, both in America and England; and there has never been the slightest disposition on the part of the *Tribune* to adopt any of the methods of yellow journalism. The best evidence that this editorial dignity has been generally appreciated, even by the yellow journalists themselves, is seen in the fact that the editor of one of the most prosperous of these papers—the *New York World*—gave a million dollars the other day to found a Chair of Journalism in Columbia University, and nominated the editor of the *Tribune* to the post of first lecturer. Again, when Mr. Reid's

nomination as Ambassador to Great Britain was announced, all the New York papers, so far as I know, approved the appointment in the strongest possible terms. This good opinion of his editorial contemporaries must be very gratifying to Mr. Reid, and is a far better reward than millions gained at the enormous cost of self-respect.

There have been few Americans in any rank of life who have had more self-possession than Mr. Whitelaw Reid. He has not only never been carried off his editorial feet by the excitement of the moment, but he has never trimmed his editorial sails to catch the passing breeze. Mr. Reid has been self-contained as well as self-possessed. He did not follow the example of his famous predecessor in the editorial office, and did not surround himself with a large staff of eminent writers and conspicuous personalities. He has had no great sub-editor as assistant, so far as I know. The *Tribune* has made a speciality of its foreign news and has always employed the best talent that could be had in its foreign correspondents. Mr. George W. Smalley is an instance. He was sent to Europe to report the Franco-Prussian War, and remained as the London correspondent of the *Tribune* for at least five-and-twenty years; and newspaper gossip says that Mr. Reid dispensed with Mr. Smalley's very distinguished services soon after this correspondent's famous letter in which he announced that he had thrown Mr. Gladstone over on account of his Home Rule scheme. Mr. Reid probably thought that a correspondent who could throw a Gladstone over was too big a man even for the *Tribune*. Mr. Smalley is now—as is well known—the *Times* American Correspondent.

The *Tribune*, I am sorry to say, has always been a strong advocate of a high tariff, but there are signs just now—that is, since the last Presidential Election—that Mr. Reid has modified somewhat his views on this subject. Mr. Reid has been a farmer and a cotton planter as well as an editor. He served for a short time as Librarian of Congress, and was a candidate for Vice-President with Harrison in 1892. He was Minister

to France from 1889-92, and it was through his diplomatic efforts that the French embargo on American pork was removed. Mr. Reid has been sent to Great Britain twice as special Ambassador—first to the Queen's Jubilee in 1887, and again to the Coronation of King Edward VII. in 1902. He was one of the High Commissioners to the Paris Conference for the Treaty of Peace between Spain and the United States. His principal publications in book form are "Ohio in the War," "After the War," and "Problems of Expansion," 1900."

Mr. Reid married a daughter of Mr. D. O. Mills, who brought him a very large fortune.

The Ambassador-Designate to Great Britain is a tall, slight, handsome man, with great dignity of manner, and distinction is written upon him in the plainest possible characters. He is not a wit, but is a very graceful and accomplished speaker, and I venture to predict that in the long line of eminent and brilliant Americans who have represented the United States in England the editor of the *Tribune* will easily rank among the best.

G. Monroe Royce.

THE MEDALS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

THE POPES

II

THE Papal medals are interesting, not only for their artistic merits, but for their historical value as forming a consecutive series illustrating the lives of the Popes year by year: they recorded their treaties against the Turks and with other Powers, their victories over the Infidel, the massacre of the Huguenots, and other more peaceful domestic events. The Popes embellished Rome with their buildings, and were proud of handing down their likenesses in imperishable bronze. Their triple tiaras, jewelled and embroidered vestments, gave great scope to the art of the medallist. In the best periods of art, however, in the obverse the head was generally left uncovered, in order to secure greater individual expression and concentration of effect on the features, and even in the seventeenth century an informal head-dress was often preferred to the official tiara. In the reverse the range of subjects was wide, and scenes from sacred and profane history, pictorial effects, landscapes, and architectural background were freely introduced.

Of that age Gregorovius says that there was

> a desire to represent the argument of Christianity in the beautiful forms of paganism. As churches were then built in the proportions and style of the antique, according to the rule of Vitruvius, so it was desired to treat Christian doctrines and legends in the forms of Classic Art.[1]

[1] Gregorovius, vol. viii. p. 366.

In the same way in the Papal medals we see reflected, from the middle of the fifteenth to the middle or end of the sixteenth century, the classical tendencies of the age in which the Popes were the leaders of the new culture, and patrons of all the arts; after that date and to the end of the seventeenth century we equally see the traces of the Catholic reaction in the Christian and religious character of the medals.

We are fortunate in having a record of the medals of the Popes during the best period from Martin V. to Innocent XII. by Bonanni,[1] who gives a full account and engravings of all the medals extant at that time (1699), and the events to which they refer. Besides the medals mentioned by him, G. Paladino, who worked in the style of the fifteenth century, copied carefully the likenesses of all the Popes from Martin V. to Pius V., either from contemporary originals or from the restorations of the Quattrocento. Another Milanese, G. Battista Pozzi, carried out a series from St. Peter to Alexander V. (1410), which were not founded on any authentic portraits, but were purely the creations of his fancy.

A medal of Paul II. (1464–1471) was dug up in 1857 under the cellars of the Palazzo di Venezia, in Rome, built by him, and other medals have been discovered in the foundations of the buildings which are represented on them. Fig. 1 is an oval medallion of this Pope with the legend, "Italiæ pacis fundatori"[2]; it was struck at Rome, and has no reverse.

One of the best of the medallists was Antonio del Pollaiuolo (1429–1498), the author of the medal of Innocent VIII. (1484–1492). This medal (Fig. 2) was found in the crypt of the Vatican when the tomb of Innocent VIII. was opened in 1606. The reverse has the figures of Justice, Peace, and Plenty in the classical style, and alludes to his appeal to the European Powers to make up their differences and unite against the aggression of the Turks; the inscription on his

[1] Bonanni, "Numismata Pontificum Romanorum," Rome, 1699.

[2] The founder of Italian peace.

tomb names him "Italiæ pacis perpetuo custodi."[1] His reign is remarkable for the friendly relations between Rome and Constantinople, caused by the episode of Zizim, the brother of Bajazet, who, after his defeat, had taken refuge in Rhodes, and eventually was kept in custody in the Vatican at the annual charge of 4000 gold pieces, given by the Sultan; the latter, in return, sent to the Pope the head of the sacred lance which pierced our Lord's side; this was originally preserved at Antioch, and being taken by the Crusaders thus found its way to Constantinople.

The best medals of the Popes were struck by artists who were often not natives of Rome, but were drawn there by the demand of skilful designers for the coins of the Pope. Sixtus IV. (1471–1484) was the first in modern times to have his likeness stamped on his coinage. He is represented with a sloping, conventionally decorated tiara; the reverse is classical—Constancy, a slightly draped female figure with a long spear in her right hand, leaning on a column to the left; at her feet are Turkish prisoners and a fleet in the distance, with the legend, "Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos, Sixte potes"[2]; at the foot "Constantia." It is by Andrea Guazzalotti (1481). This commemorates the expulsion of the Turkish invaders from Otranto.

The best goldsmiths and engravers of gems came from Florence. Francia designed the dies at Bologna for Julius II.; Caradosso for Leo X.; and Benvenuto Cellini for Clement VII. He was succeeded in the time of Paul III. by Giovanni Bernardi da Castelbolognese (1496–1553), a famous engraver of gems, who designed at least the medals of Charles V. and Clement VII., which were identified by Vasari; the best of them (Fig. 3) was struck of the latter on the occasion of the return of the Medici, in 1530, to Florence, after the siege by Charles V. (1529). The reverse contains a group of highly finished figures: Joseph making himself known to his

[1] The perpetual guardian of Italian peace.

[2] O Sixtus, you can spare the conquered and vanquish the proud.

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Fig. 4

Fig. 5

Fig. 4

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Fig. 3

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brethren, with the legend, "Ego sum Joseph frater vester."[1] This was intended to show the clemency of the Pope towards his fellow citizens in Florence, who sent an embassy to him, and in answer to the prayers of those who are represented as kneeling before him, he answered he would show he loved his native land and his fraternal love towards them. This Pope is said to have been the first who was represented with a beard, in consequence of having been imprisoned[2] in the castle of St. Angelo in 1527, after the sack of Rome by the Germans, as after that date he wore a beard.

Alessandro Cesati, by birth a Greek, worked in the Roman Mint under Julius III., Paul IV., and Pius IV. Vasari mentions him as the best worker in gems and cameos. He executed a fine medal of Paul III. (A. Farnese), 1534–1549, praised by Michael Angelo, though it is in a rather florid style. The reverse represents Alexander kneeling before the High Priest, and the legend, "Omnes reges servient ei."[3] He also executed two other classical medals of this Pope. The reverse of one is a nude figure of Ganymede with his left hand touching the eagle; with his right hand he empties water from a classical vase over the lilies, the badge of the Farnese, with a canting motto in Greek, ΦΕΡΝΗ ΖΗΝΟΣ ΕΥ(Φ)ΡΑΙΝΕΙ,[4] being a play on the word Farnese. Paul III. is also represented by a medal (Fig. 4) in 1550, the reverse of which commemorates the restoration of Tusculum to the seat of a Cardinal Bishop. The walled town is represented below, and the Villa Rufina above, one of the villas for which afterwards Frascati was famous, viz., the Borghese, Aldobrandini and Ludovisi. Giovanni G. Bonzagna (1508–1565) presided over the Mint under Paul III., and struck the medals to commemorate the Jubilee of the year 1550. It is mentioned on the inscription on his tomb that he was a distinguished imitator of ancient coins.

Marcellus II. was the first of the reforming Popes (1555),

[1] I am Joseph your brother.
[2] Bonanni, vol. i. p. 185.
[3] All kings shall serve him.
[4] The gift of Jove gladdens.

but only held office twenty-two days between Julius III. and Paul IV., mentioned below. He is represented by seven medals; three are mentioned in the Catalogue of the Medici Museum, and a fourth, now in my possession, is mentioned by Bonanni; the authors are unknown. The reverse of Fig. 5 represents a stately figure of a woman seated, an open book in her right hand, from which she is reading, and in her left holding the rudder of the ship of St. Peter.

In the reign of Clement VII., his refusal to dissolve the marriage of Henry VIII. with Queen Katharine induced the King to repudiate the authority of the Pope, and was one of the causes which led to the Reformation in England (1534). The following medals relate to the re-establishment of the Papal supremacy: (1) That of Julius III. (Fig. 6); the reverse is interesting to Englishmen, and records the mission of Cardinal Pole to Queen Mary on her accession to the throne. It represents the reconciliation of England to the See of Rome. The Pope is represented holding by the hand a kneeling female figure (England), and bidding her rise again, as in the legend, "Anglia resurges ut nunc novissimo die."[1] The Cardinal Pole, with the silver processional cross as the badge of the Papal legate, stands in the background; the Emperor Charles V. is introducing the kneeling figure, and Philip II. and Queen Mary are standing by. This medal is by Giovanni Cavino, 1554. (2) That of Paul IV. who received the three legates from England sent by Philip and Mary to ask forgiveness of the Pope at the termination of the schism, and to obtain his blessing and absolution. This was granted, and he added Ireland to the dominions held under the English Crown, in a Papal Bull dated 1555. The reverse represents the three English envoys, Viscount Montague, the Bishop of Ely, and Sir Edward Carne, kneeling before the Pope, with an altar and council of Bishops in the background, and the legend, "Hæresi restinctâ."[2]

[1] England thou shalt rise again, as now, at the last day.

[2] On the extinction of heresy.

Fig. 7

Fig. 7

Fig. 9

Fig. 12

Fig. 9

Fig. 8

Fig. 8

Fig. 11

Fig. 12

Fig. 11

Fig. 10

Fig. 10

Another medal of Paul IV. contains for the reverse a fine head of our Saviour with the usual "nimbus" and the legend, "Beati qui custodiunt vias meas."[1] There are medals of this Pope by different authors. The one represented (Fig. 7) is by an unknown artist in Rome (1559). This Pope at first governed without nepotism, but he afterwards gave way to it for political purposes and allowed his nephew the privilege of compounding with criminals by fine. But before his death he banished his offending nephew from Rome.[2] This is alluded to in the reverse, "Discite justitiam moniti,"[3] showing that he administered justice to all equally.

Pius V. is here represented by two medals. The reverse of Fig. 8 has the legend, "Fœderis in Turcas sanctio,"[4] and three female figures representing Spain, the Republic of Venice, and the Papal States joining hands against the Turks, and beneath them are the Eagle, the Lion, and the Mystic Lamb, representing the three States. This is the work of G. Antonio de Rossi, the Milanese (1517–1579), who worked at the Mint in Rome and struck medals of our Saviour with long hair and short pointed beard, with the reverse the Adoration of the Magi; and also of Henry II. of France.

Pius V. was a reformer, who lived an exemplary monastic life, and used his influence in combining the Christian Powers against the Turks. This Catholic reaction and combination of the Powers of Spain, Venice and Rome led to the decisive victory of Lepanto in 1571, at which 25,000 Turks were slain, 5000 taken prisoners, 170 Turkish vessels captured, and 15,000 Christians were rescued from the galleys,[5] which to them seemed to partake of the nature of a miracle. This was commemorated by a medal by G. A. de Rossi. The reverse has a view of a naval engagement, and the legend, "A Domino

[1] Blessed are they who watch over my ways.

[2] J. A. Symonds, "The Catholic Reaction."

[3] Being warned learn justice.

[4] League against the Turks.

[5] Stirling-Maxwell, "Don John of Austria" (1883), vol. i. p. 430.

factum est istud."[1] The appearance of the Pope on these medals (Figs. 8 & 9) corresponds with the description given of him, as lean, wasted, with sunken eyes and snow-white hair; his hand is stretched forward in the attitude of prayer, to which he devoted all the time he could spare from the transaction of affairs. The reverse of Fig. 9 appropriately has the traditional head of our Saviour, without the "nimbus," in high relief, with the legend, "Domine quis similis tibi."[2]

F. Bonzagna struck the small bronze medal (Fig. 10) of Gregory XIII. (1572–1585) to commemorate the Jubilee[3] (1575); on the reverse the Pope, represented as breaking through a wall with a pickaxe, followed by his Cardinals, opens the Porta Sancta. The legend is "Domus Dei et Porta Cœli."[4] This medallist struck about 50 medals under Paul III., Paul IV., Pius V., and Gregory XIII.

Gregory XIII. was in the hands of Jesuit directors, and was a great builder of churches in Rome. "He displayed a monastic and Christian mode of living;"[5] he was a keen opponent of the Protestants, and struck a medal to commemorate the massacre of the Huguenots (1572), with the reverse, an Angel, with a sword in his right hand, and the cross uplifted in his left, striking the Huguenots in their flight.

Among the sacred subjects we find on the reverses is that of St. Peter and St. John healing a paralytic, with the legend, "In nomine Jesu surge et amb."[6] Another of this Pope of a classical type is Fig. 11. The reverse has a female figure slightly draped, with her head resting on her right hand

[1] This is the Lord's work. [2] Lord, who is like unto Thee.

[3] The Jubilee was first instituted by Boniface VIII. in 1300, part of the ceremony of which was the opening by the Pope of the sacred door, which except on these occasions, is bricked up. It was intended to recur once a century, but its repetition was subsequently made once in every fifty years; Gregory XI. fixed it for every thirty-three years, and Paul II. for every twenty-five years.—British Museum Catalogue.

[4] The House of God and Gate of Heaven.

[5] Symonds, part i. p. 116.

[6] In the name of Jesus rise and walk.

Fig. 13

Fig. 13

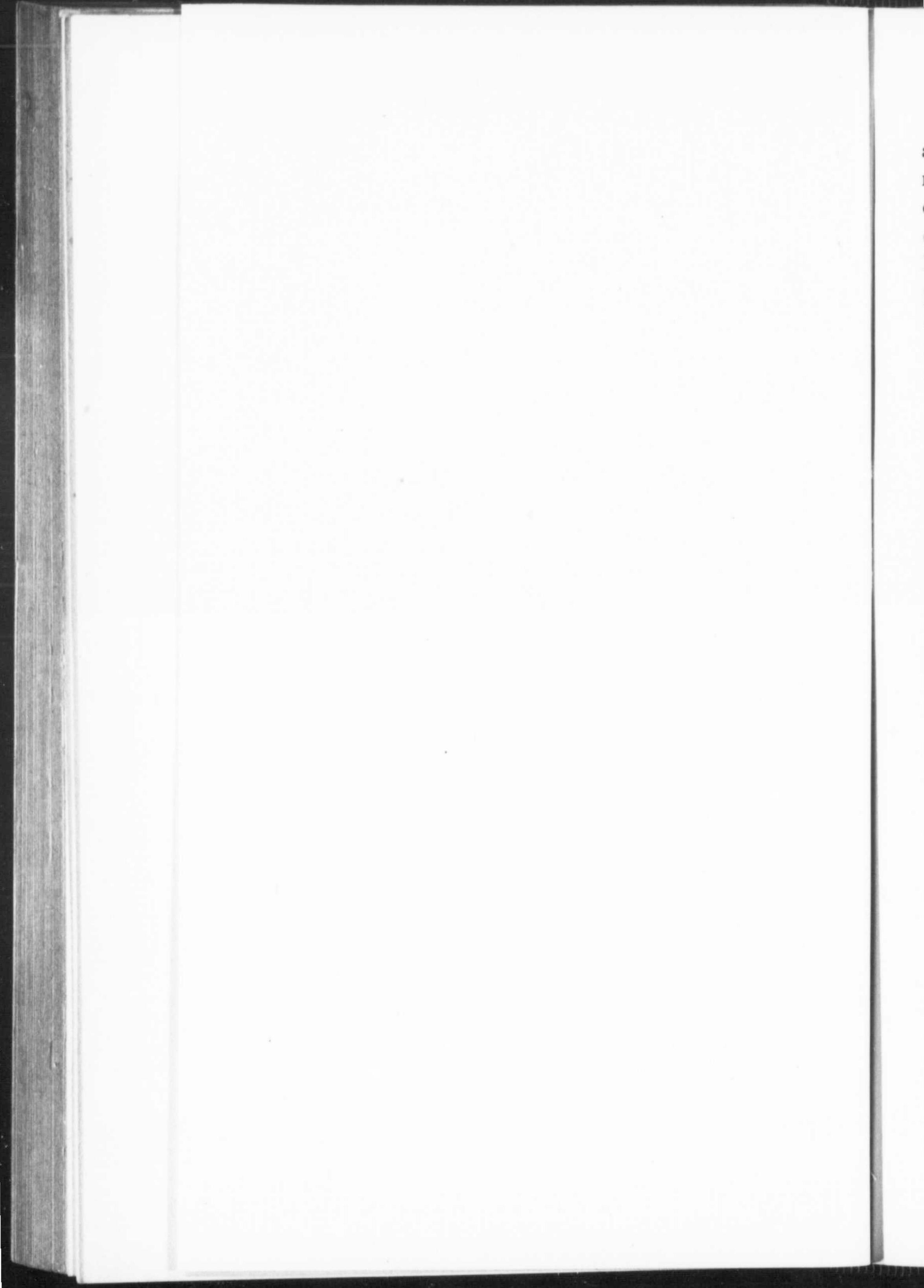
Fig. 14

Fig. 19

Fig. 19

Fig. 15

Fig. 15



and in the left holding a sceptre or lance. She is seated on a richly carved classical bench, an altar with fire burning in front of her, and a torch by the side emblematical of the pure flame of religion which she is watching in perfect security. The legend is copied from one of the coins of the Roman Emperors, "Securitas populi Romani."[1] It is signed under the obverse "LAV : PAR," and is the work of Lorenzo Parmensi, Master of the Mint in Rome (1572–6), a clever imitator of antique medals.

The brothers Niccolo and Emilio de Bonis in succession worked under Sixtus V. and the following Pope. The elder brother undertook the striking of medals from 1580–1592, notably one of Sixtus V., the great builder who completed the dome of St. Peter's (1590) among other improvements in Rome, erected the Vatican Library, and to whom may be attributed the triumph of Catholicism over the Renaissance and its pagan sympathies; Emilio continued this work down to the time of Clement VIII. In the time of the latter Pope, Georgio Rancetti, a Florentine goldsmith, was the leading artist. He struck the Jubilee medal for the year 1600 of Clement VIII. (Fig. 13), with the reverse, "Jubilei Indictio," and about twenty-five medals of this Pope and of Paul V., who added the porch to St. Peter's shown on his medals.

Paul V., 1616 (Fig. 12), has the reverse the Quirinal. He enlarged the palace and gardens during the years 1610–1616. This is the palace now occupied by the King of Italy.

There were forty-eight medals struck of Alexander VII. (1655). In the largest (Fig. 14) the reverse illustrates the story of Androcles and the lion. The lion, after he entered the arena, is represented crouching at the feet of the ancient companion of his den, who had extracted the thorn which lamed him, and the legend records his gratitude: "Et fera memor beneficii."[2] Jacobatius, in gratitude for benefits con-

[1] The safety of the Roman people.

[2] Even a wild beast is mindful of kindness.

ferred on the Church, himself cast this medal in bronze in 1659, and it was also made in brass, silver, and gold. This is a good specimen of the art of casting, which was still practised even in the seventeenth century for large medals such as this.

Fig. 15 is another medal of the same Pope; the reverse has an altar, with bishops on each side, under a baldachino of very florid style, surmounted by cherubs flying, and rays of light proceeding from a dove above, representing the third person of the Trinity. The legend is "Prima sedes fidei regula ecclesiæ fundamentum," alluding to the first claim of the Pope to sit in the chair of St. Peter, the rule of faith being the foundation of the Church. Fig. 16 has on the obverse a similar bust with a highly ornamented cope and tiara, and underneath the letters G. M. On the reverse is the front of St. Peter's and the piazza with the colonnade; below, "Vaticani templi area porticibus ornata"; and above, "Fundamenta ejus in montibus sanctis."[1] This colonnade, the design of Bernini, was built by Alexander VII. in 1661, and finished by his successor, though the centre was left with one wide opening instead of two.

Fig. 17 is a medal of Innocent XI. to commemorate the defeat of the Turks at Barcan by John Sobieski, after he had relieved the siege of Vienna. The reverse has the grand standard of Mahomet, with a battlefield below, and Madonna and Child seated above, with the legend: "Sub Tuum præsidium."[2] At the base is "Turcas ad Parcan cesis et Johanne III., Pol Rege. A. 1684." The standard was sent to the Pope to be placed in the Church of St. Mary of Loreto, under whose guardianship they had fought; it was of great length, made of red silk and camels' hair, and embroidered with golden lilies and stars and double swords, representing the Empire in East and West, together with Arab inscriptions.

Fig. 18 is a medal of Innocent XII. in the second year

[1] Her foundations are upon the holy hills.

[2] Under Thy protection.

of his pontificate (1693). There is no effigy on the obverse, but a tiara and cross keys and his arms—three pots. On the reverse is the figure of a pelican, an emblem of the Church, plucking its own breast to feed its young, with the legend, "Non sibi sed aliis." [1]

Fig. 19.—The head of Innocent XII. (1694) the reverse with the figure of St. Peter watching over the town of Rome, and the words, "Vigilat qui custodit eam." [2]

Fig. 20.—This and the two preceding ones are the work of the Hamerani family, whose name is inscribed thereon. Beatrice, as well as her father and grandfather, Alberto Hamerani, were well-known medallists. It has for reverse the legend, "Egrediatur populus et colligat," [3] alluding to the Israelites going out to collect manna in the wilderness; the camp is represented in the background and the pots of manna in the foreground, thus connecting the arms of the Pope with this incident in the Bible.

The medals of the Popes of the seventeenth century may fitly close by one stamped during the vacancy of the Papal See in 1676, between Clement X. and Innocent XI. (Fig. 21). It has the cross keys and umbrella, a shield with six stars, the arms of Clement X., and "Sede vacante." [4] The reverse has the Holy Dove representing the third person of the Trinity, with rays and lambent flames below it, and "Dabitur vobis paracletus." [5]

We have passed in review the medals of some of the Popes from the time of the Renaissance through the palmy period of the art to that of the counter Reformation. The collection of the Medici Museum terminates with the end of the sixteenth century, as from that date the character of the medals began to deteriorate. The list of Papal medals

[1] Not for self, but for others.

[2] The guardian is watching over her.

[3] Let the people go out and pick up.

[4] The seat being vacant.

[5] The Holy Ghost shall be given you.

described by Bonanni is closed by Innocent XII., a century later, and I have included a few representative medals of the seventeenth century to show how much the art had lost in simplicity, grace, and charm of composition. With multiplicity of figures the clearness of design was lost, though they are sometimes executed with great technical skill. They are mainly worthy of notice, as they commemorate the principal historical acts of the Popes and the architectural features of the principal churches and buildings erected by them.

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NIHILISM:

ITS MORAL JUSTIFICATION AND POLITICAL NECESSITY

IN the year 1801, a short time after the Czar Paul had been strangled in his bedroom by the high officers of his *entourage*, a Russian nobleman wrote to Count Münster: "Le despotisme tempéré par l'assassinat c'est notre Magna Charta." This saying has become famous throughout the world, and it is only too true, for if we closely look into Russian history we find that assassination is a national institution in Russia. Indeed, rightly considered, assassination is as much the basis and the guarantee of all national and popular rights in Russia as the Magna Charta is in Great Britain.

From time immemorial Russia has been ruled in the same manner in which most Oriental states are governed. Princes have come to power by violence, have ruled by tyranny, and have been removed by murder. The word of the Bible, "Those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword," has nowhere been more true than it has been in Russia.

Every country has its malcontents, and every Government has its Opposition. The manner in which popular discontent manifests itself is very different in different countries, and naturally depends on the form of government, its character, and its methods. In the liberal Anglo-Saxon countries, where The People is the Government, popular discontent manifests itself in orderly parliamentary opposition; in pseudo-constitu-

tional countries where The People has an apparent, but not a real, participation in the government and administration such as Germany, opposition assumes the more dangerous shape of Socialism; in autocratic countries such as Russia, Turkey, Persia, the people are powerless to make their voice heard, unless they have a benevolent and liberal ruler. Therefore, if in autocratic countries the people are dissatisfied with their Government and its methods, and wish to change their ruler or their rule, they must needs resort to force. Anarchism from above provokes and creates anarchism from below.

The Russian Government rules not by reason but by force, and it punishes with merciless severity its subjects if they express their discontent in word or print. Deprived of freedom of thought, freedom of the press, and freedom of speech, the Russian masses cannot make known their wishes or their dissatisfaction. Consequently discontent and opposition must either remain mute or meet force with force. The Russian Government pursues deliberately the policy of the steam-roller, and one cannot argue with a steam-roller.

It is a popular error to confuse Nihilism with Anarchism and Terrorism. In the eyes of the public a Nihilist is a semi-lunatic, who indiscriminately uses bomb and dagger instead of argument. But this conception of Nihilism is wrong. Nihilism is in reality the creed of all Russians who are dissatisfied with their government, and one might almost say it is the creed of all enlightened Russians excepting those whose personal interest it is to preserve the present *régime.*

Whilst the misdeeds of Anarchism are done by crackbrained irresponsible individuals, criminals who have sprung from the lowest stratum of society, Nihilism finds its strongest supporters among the Russian aristocracy of birth and of mind, and among the intellectual and cultivated classes. Therefore, aristocrats and leading intellects, such as Count Leo Tolstoi, Tourguenieff, Bakounin, Prince Kropotkine, &c., are the leading preachers of Nihilism. None of these men are in favour of violence for its own sake. All love their country, desire to improve the lot

of the down-trodden population, and preach the doctrine of Nihilism though they need not call themselves Nihilists.

If we wish to understand the cause of Nihilism and its aims, we need not study its proclamations and manifestoes, but need only read the novels of Tourguenieff, Tolstoi, Dostoyewski and Maxim Gorky, which show clearly that Nihilism is the expression of dissatisfaction with the misery of the Russian masses and with the Government and its organs, which are held responsible for the sufferings of the people.

Nihilism wishes to abolish the arbitrary and oppressive government of Russia, and to put a constitutional and liberal government in its place. To possess a popular, mild and just government, has been the desire of the Russian people for centuries, and the Russian people have from time to time tried to obtain a better form of government by movements which, though not Nihilistic in name, were certainly Nihilistic in fact. During the reign of Alexei (1645-1676) popular revolts occurred in various parts of Russia, and in the south-east of Russia the runaway serfs and the free Cossacks of the Volga rose under the leadership of Stenko Raxin, hanged the tyrannical landlords, and wished to settle their accounts with the Boyars in the Kreml itself. In 1773 Pugatchev roused the Ural Cossacks to revolt again their oppressors, hanged the landlords and officials in Eastern Russia, and ravaged the country. Lastly, in 1825, there occurred the so-called Decembrist Insurrection, which, for a moment, imperilled the throne of the Czar Nicholas I. The aim of that insurrection was the same as the aim of the present Nihilists. They wished to emancipate the serfs, establish a constitutional government, and secure for the people freedom from oppression. This movement, like many minor risings which with a similar aim and at various times were undertaken in many parts of Russia, was ruthlessly suppressed by the Government, and the aristocratic and idealistic leaders of the Decembrists ended their lives where Russian reformers usually end their lives—in Siberia and on the scaffold. But the seeds which the

Decembrists had sown were not lost, and from them sprang the Nihilist movement.

The Nihilist movement was on the whole idealistic, intellectual, and orderly in the beginning, as may be seen from the fact that men like Alexander Hertzen and Nicholas Tchernevsky were its leaders. Their aim was before all to help the Russian peasants upon whose poverty and sufferings they took pity. It is true that the serfs had been emancipated by the Act of 1861, but the peasants were worse off after their emancipation than they had formerly been. They had gained paper rights, but they had lost property in consequence of their emancipation, and they were more severely oppressed by their poverty, the landlords and their Government, than they had been whilst they were serfs.

Feelings of pity and compassion for the sufferings of the people were the origin of Nihilism. In 1870 and the following years many young men and women abandoned their homes, wealth and position and went to villages all over the country, where as teachers, doctors, midwives, nurses, &c., they tried to improve the lot of the poor, sharing with them their burdens and their life of privation. They meant truly to carry out the exhortation of the apostle: "Bear ye one another's burden and so fulfil the law of Christ." But the Russian Government did not approve of their action, and took strong measures against these self-chosen and sometimes rather indiscreet missionaries and reformers. Between 1873 and 1876 about 2000 people who had taken part in the movement for the elevation and the education of the masses were arrested and many of them were kept in prison for many years without trial.

At last in 1877 193 of the chief culprits were tried, but the treatment which the reformers received whilst in prison was so horrible that seventy-three of them died or lost their reason.

During the reign of reaction the Russian Government took stronger and stronger measures against all those who ventured

to oppose or to criticise its rule of coercion or who dared to contravene its countless restrictions. Year by year thousands of those who wished for reform were imprisoned or deported to Siberia, whether they were Nihilists or not. Violence begat violence, and at last the hounded and exasperated Nihilists adopted those terrible means of revenge whereby alone they thought they could impress the country's rulers and cause them to introduce constitutional and just government and liberal reforms. At last, after many unsuccessful attempts, the Nihilists succeeded in killing the Czar on the Catherine Canal on March 13, 1881.

If we wish to see clearly whether the Russian Nihilists are a small band of terrorists, as they are usually depicted, or the most determined section of a vast truly national party of opposition and of reform, we need only study the celebrated letter which the Executive Committee sent to the Czar Alexander III. two days after they had killed his father with their bombs. This dramatic document is of the highest interest and importance for the knowledge of Nihilism, for it shows clearly that the Nihilist party is not a party of destruction and of anarchism, but a party striving after reform and liberal government. In view of the great importance of this authoritative declaration, which is a clear statement of Nihilism, its cause, and its aims, it is worth attentive reading. It is the weightiest document which has ever been issued by the Russian Nihilists, and we therefore give it herewith in full:

YOUR MAJESTY,—The Executive Committee thoroughly understands the mental prostration you must now be experiencing. It does not, however, consider that it should, from a feeling of delicacy, defer the following declaration. There is something higher even than legitimate human feeling; it is the duty towards our country, a duty to which every citizen should sacrifice himself, his own feelings, and even those of others. Impelled by this imperious duty, we address ourselves to you without delay, as the course of events which threatens us with terrible convulsions and rivers of blood in the future will suffer no delay.

The sanguinary tragedy of the Catherine Canal was no mere chance occurrence, and could have surprised no one. After what has happened during the

last ten years, it appears inevitable; and therein lies its significance, which should be thoroughly understood by him whom destiny has placed at the head of the State.

Only a man utterly incapable of analysing the life of the people can characterise such occurrences as crimes of individuals, or even of a "band." During an entire decade, we have seen that the Revolutionary movement, in spite of the sternest persecution, notwithstanding the sacrifice of the late Czar's Government of everything—liberty, and the interests of all classes of the people, and of industry, nay, even of its own personal dignity; notwithstanding, in a word, all the measures adopted to appease it, the revolutionary movement continued to increase; the best forces of the country, the most energetic men in Russia, and the most willing to make sacrifices came forward to swell its ranks. For three whole years the desperate war has lasted between it and the Government.

Your Majesty will admit that the Government of the late Emperor cannot be accused of "want of energy." The innocent and the guilty were hanged alike; the prisons, like the remotest provinces, were filled with the condemned. So-called "leaders" were taken and hanged by the dozen.

They died tranquilly and with the calmness of martyrs; but this did not stop the movement; on the contrary, the movement increased and continually gained in strength. A Revolutionary movement, your Majesty, does not depend on individuals. It is a process of the social organism, and against it the gibbets erected for the most energetic representatives of that process are as powerless to save the existing order of things as the punishment of the cross, inflicted upon the Nazarene, was powerless to save the decaying ancient world from the triumph of reforming Christianity.

The Government may continue to arrest and hang as long as it likes, and may succeed in suppressing single Revolutionary bodies. We will even admit that it may succeed in destroying the essential organisation of the Revolution. This will not change the state of things. Revolutionists will be created by events; by the general discontent of the whole of the people; by the tendency of Russia towards new social forms.

An entire nation cannot be suppressed; and still less can the discontent of a nation be suppressed by rigorous measures. These, instead, will increase its bitterness, its energy, and its forces. The latter naturally will be better organised, profiting by the experience of those who have preceded them. Thus, with the progress of time, the Revolutionary organisations cannot but increase in number and in efficiency. This was precisely our case. What advantage did the Government derive from the suppression of the "Dolguscinzi," the "Ciaikovzi," the Propagandists of 1874? Other and more resolute leaders of the party came and took their places.

The rigours of the Government after 1876 and 1879 gave birth to the Terrorists. In vain the Government slaughtered Rovalsky, Dubrovin, Ossinsky,

Lisogub; in vain did it crush and destroy dozens of Revolutionary bodies. For this imperfect organisation more strongly constituted bodies were substituted by a kind of "natural selection." At last the Executive Committee appeared, against which the Government still struggles in vain.

If we cast an impartial glance upon the last sorrowful decade, we may unmistakably and easily foresee what will be the future of the Revolutionary movement should the policy of the Government not change. It will increase; it will extend; the Revolutionary organisation will take a more perfect and a stronger form. Meanwhile there will continually be fresh causes for discontent; the confidence of the people in the Government will go on diminishing. The idea of the Revolution, its possibility, and inevitableness, will constantly gain ground.

A terrible explosion, a sanguinary revolution, a spasmodic convulsion throughout all Russia, will complete the destruction of the old order of things.

Your Majesty, this is a sad and frightful prospect. Yes, sad and frightful. We feel more than anybody what a calamity the loss will be of so much talent and energy in the work of destruction and in sanguinary encounters, at a time when the same forces under other circumstances might be devoted to fruitful labours, to the development of the popular intelligence, to the general welfare. But why the sad necessity for this sanguinary struggle?

For this reason, your Majesty, that a just government in the true sense of the word, does not exist among us. A Government should, in conformity with the reason of its existence, be the expression of the aspirations of the people, it should carry out only the will of the people. With us, however—pardon us for saying so—the Government is a perfect camarilla, and deserves the name of a "band of usurpers" much more than the Executive Committee deserves it.

Whatever may be the intentions of the Emperor, the actions of the Government have no concern with the aspirations and welfare of the people.

The Imperial Government had already deprived the people of personal liberty and made them the slaves of the class of the nobles. It now creates the pernicious class of the speculators and shareholders. All the reforms only end in rendering the people worse off than before. The Government in Russia has gone so far, has reduced the masses to such poverty and misery that they are not even free to act for their own interests, are not secure against the most infamous inquisition, even in their own homes.

Only the blood-sucking officials, whose knavish exactions remain, enjoy the protection of the Government and the laws.

How frightful, on the other hand, is the fate of an upright man who labours for the common welfare! Your Majesty, you yourself well know that it is not the Socialists alone who are persecuted and transported.

What kind of Government is this which maintains such "order"? Is it not really a band of usurpers? This is why the Government in Russia has no moral influence over the people; this is why Russia produces so many Revolu-

tionists; this is why an event like the killing of the Czar excites sympathy among a great part of this very people. Pay no heed to flatterers, your Majesty. Regicide in Russia is very popular.

There are only two outlets from such a situation; either a revolution, which will neither be averted nor prevented by condemnations to death, or the spontaneous surrender of supreme authority to the people to assist in the work of government.

In the interests of the country, and to avoid a useless waste of talent and energy, and those terrible disasters by which Revolution is always accompanied, the Executive Committee addresses itself to your Majesty and counsels you to select the latter course. Be sure of this, that directly the highest power ceases to be arbitrary, directly it shows it is firmly resolved to carry out only what the will and the conscience of the people prescribes, you will be able to get rid of your spies, who dishonour the Government, dismiss your escorts to their barracks, and burn the gibbets which demoralise the people.

Then the Executive Committee will spontaneously suspend its own activity, and the forces it has organised will disband and devote themselves to the fruitful work of civilisation, culture, and the welfare of the people.

A pacific struggle of ideas will take the place of the violence which is more repugnant to us than to your servitors, and to which we are now compelled to have recourse solely by necessity.

We address ourselves to your Majesty, dismissing the prejudice and distrust inspired by the past. We will forget that you are the representative of that power which has deceived the people and done them so much injury. We address ourselves to you as to a fellow citizen and an honest man.

We hope that personal resentment will not suppress in you either the sentiment of duty or the desire of hearing the truth.

We also might feel resentment. You have lost your father, we have lost not only our fathers, but our brothers, wives, sons and best friends. Nevertheless we are ready to forget all personal rancour, if the welfare of Russia demands it, and we expect as much from you.

We impose upon you no conditions of any kind. Do not take offence at our proposals. The conditions which are necessary in order that the revolutionary movement should give place to a pacific development have not been created by us but by events. We simply record them. These conditions, according to our view, should be based upon two principal stipulations:

1. A general amnesty for all political offenders, since they have not committed any crime, but have simply done their duty as citizens.

2. The convocation of the representatives of the whole of the people, for the examination of the best forms of social and political life, according to the wants and desires of the people.

We, nevertheless, consider it necessary to point out that the legislation of the representatives of the people can only be arrived at when the elections

are perfectly free. The elections should therefore take place under the following conditions:

1. The deputations shall be chosen by all classes, without distinction, in proportion to the number of inhabitants.

2. There shall be no restriction of any kind upon electors or deputies.

3. The elections and the electoral agitation shall be perfectly free. The Government will therefore grant provisional regulations until the convocation of the popular assemblies, namely:

(*a*) Complete freedom of the press.
(*b*) Complete freedom of speech.
(*c*) Complete freedom of public meeting.
(*d*) Complete freedom of electoral addresses.

These are the only means by which Russia can enter upon the path of peaceful and regular development. We solemnly declare, before the country and before the whole world, that our party will submit unconditionally to the National Assembly which meets upon the basis of the above conditions, and will offer no opposition to the government which the National Assembly may sanction.

And now, your Majesty, decide. The choice rests with you. We, on our side, can only express the hope that your judgment and your conscience will suggest to you the only decision which can accord with the welfare of Russia, with your own dignity, and with your duties towards the country.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

March 23, 1881.

(Printed at the office of the *Narodnaia Volia*, March 23, 1881.)

From the foregoing letter, it is clearly apparent that the Nihilists are not irresponsible fanatics, and the enemies of mankind, who wish to destroy, but that they ought rather to be described as liberal-minded patriots, who wish to reform their country, and who find themselves compelled to adopt violent measures, argument having proved useless against the inflexible will of the Russian autocracy. Commenting on this remarkable document, the *Times* wrote in April 1881, "The Nihilists ask for concessions which are the commonplaces of every free community."

Can any one deny the truth and justice of this observation?

Of late we have witnessed another outbreak of Nihilism which clearly shows its moral justification and its political

necessity in a country like Russia. M. de Plehve, who long before had been condemned to death by the Nihilists, or, rather, the Revolutionary Socialists, as they call themselves, was assassinated, and the Press of the whole world, in commenting on that shocking event, was strangely unanimous in its opinion that nothing but a violent end could be expected for the man who had ruled Russia with a rod of iron, and who had been Russia's gaoler. At the same time astonishment was generally expressed that he had not been done to death much earlier, for the whole world had been accustomed to see in M. de Plehve the evil genius of Russia. By his orders the Poles were cruelly persecuted, and the university students were flogged and impressed into the army; he initiated the massacres of defenceless Jews in Kishineff and other towns; by his authority the venerable Armenian Church was despoiled and its property, which had been accumulating for more than a thousand years, was confiscated by soldiers, who proceeded with incredible violence against the Armenian clergy; strikes were treated as rebellions, and suppressed by the indiscriminate use of firearms and the knout; lastly, Finland, the most loyal and the most cultured part of Russia was Russianised by "the policy of the steam-roller." By his brutal treatment of the various sections of the nation, and especially by that meted out to the Finns, M. de Plehve caused a violent outbreak of Nihilism and signed his own death-warrant.

Finland had been ceded to Russia in 1809, and Alexander I. and his successors had sworn to respect the fundamental laws of Finland. Therefore her finances and her judicial, educational, clerical, and economical administration were entirely in the hands of the Finnish Diet and Senate. As long as Finland was left alone, she was peaceful, happy, prosperous, and contented, progressive, and free from crime—a very model country, but Finland was too Finnish for Russia's liking. Hence, on February 15, 1899, an Imperial manifesto was issued which declared:

Whilst maintaining in full force the now prevailing statutes of Finland, we

have found it necessary to reserve to ourselves the ultimate decision as to which laws come within the scope of the general legislation of the Empire.

This brief declaration brought independent Finland completely under Russia's thumb, and destroyed with a stroke of the pen the precious ancient privileges of the loyal grand duchy. A rough soldier, General Bobrikoff, was ordered to reduce the free country to that absolutely mechanical and soulless obedience which is characteristic of Russia. The Imperial representative immediately set to work to break down the old constitution and the spirit of the Finns. He made the Russian language compulsory, notwithstanding the fact that only a few thousands (hardly one-third per cent.) of the population are Russians. He deposed the native high officials, judges and governors, and nominated in their stead Russians who did not understand the language of the people. He suppressed all independent newspapers, introduced the censorship and domiciliary visits, closed the Finnish schools and institutions, banished and imprisoned many of the most prominent and respected citizens, some of whom had never taken an interest in politics, without trial. He introduced compulsory military service, and destroyed and closed the ancient Finnish Parliament.

The Finns were an orderly, peaceful people, used to popular government. Consequently they tried for a long time with exemplary patience to reason respectfully with the Russian authorities, whom they thought ill informed or ill advised. In 1899 a deputation of more than 500 Finns petitioned for the restitution of their constitutional rights, but their petition was not even received by the Czar. An international petition signed by 800 of the most eminent men was also not received At last, in 1901, a monster petition, bearing 471,131 signatures, was sent by the unhappy Finns, but all was in vain. Reason, argument, and entreaties proved completely unavailing, and the plea to treat the country, not with forbearance, but merely with common justice, and to respect the treaties which the Czars had sworn to was not heard. Therefore, many Finns

left their native land in despair in order to escape oppression and the number of emigrants grew fivefold between 1899 and 1902. At last, finding all representations hopeless, and maddened by the merciless and unendurable tyranny by which the country was outraged, a Finn, belonging to the leading circles, made up his mind to rid his country from the tyrant and assassinated General Bobrikoff. Needless to say, the Russian autocracy and its organs explained that this deed had been a Nihilistic outrage, for the Russian authorities apparently treat every attempt at revolt as Nihilistic. M. de Plehve was the next victim of the despair which his policy had created throughout Russia. He also was murdered by a former law-abiding citizen who had been driven to despair. Rightly considered, it was Russia which introduced into Finland, with her peculiar conception of civilisation, the crime of political terrorism, which is the only effective form of political opposition known to Russia, and which hitherto had been unknown in the grand duchy.

Shortly after M. de Plehve's assassination the Russian Revolutionary Socialist Party issued a manifesto to the world, in which it was said that for all his crimes against the people and the fatherland, against civilisation and humanity, M. de Plehve had been condemned and executed by the fighting committee of the association. However, the following significant and very important proviso was added :

> The necessary violence of our methods of combat should not obscure from anybody the truth. We absolutely condemn, as did our heroic predecessors of "the Will of the People," a terrorist policy in countries which are free. But in Russia, where, owing to the reign of despotism, no political discussion is possible, where there is no redress against the irresponsibility of absolute power throughout the whole bureaucratic organisation, we shall be obliged to fight the violence of tyranny with the force of revolutionary right.

There is evidently a wide gulf between those men who are usually termed Nihilists and the Anarchists. According to the Nihilists, a terrorist policy is considered suitable only for Russia, and they emphatically condemn "a terrorist policy in

all countries that are free." Anarchism is international and visionary, Nihilism is national and has a distinct aim. Consequently Nihilism can hardly be considered the Russian form of anarchism. Bentham has truly said, "tyranny and anarchy are never far asunder." Despotism is a perfectly legitimate mode of government for ruling savages, provided the rulers govern wisely and conscientiously, meaning to elevate and to benefit the people over whom they rule, but it is not legitimate for a government habitually and continually to rule a great nation by measures which fit a convict prison but not a civilised country.

Attention cannot too strongly be drawn to the fact that not only men belonging to the suppressed or oppressed races and creeds of Russia become Nihilists. The Russians are idealistic and sentimental at heart, and they are capable of absolute self-sacrifice for an ideal. Therefore it comes that many of the foremost Nihilists, and especially the intellectual leaders of Nihilism, belong to the privileged classes and have no personal grievance whatever against the autocracy. This explains why so many of the best known Nihilists were aristocrats, and why not a few conspiracies to murder the Czar have from time to time been discovered among the military officers. These men preached, conspired and acted not through hatred, fanaticism, lust of destruction, or thirst for notoriety, which are the motives of semi-lunatic anarchists. Their revolt has been a revolt of pity. They saw the sufferings of the Russian masses, they wished to alleviate them, and, after having exhausted all other means, at last resolved when driven to despair to help their suffering country by employing force, the only effective argument by which the Russian Government can be influenced in political matters.

On paper the Russian people possess far-reaching liberties including liberty of the person, of speech, of thought, &c., but in reality they possess no assured liberties whatsoever. Whilst the vilest robber or murderer receives the benefit of a regular trial, a political offender, a political suspect, and even a

personal enemy of a high official may be packed off to Siberia, kept in a dungeon for years, or be secretly executed without a trial. A man who commits the most horrible outrage against his fellow men is treated with more consideration and humanity by the authorities than a man who reads one of the many thousands of proscribed books, or who holds political opinions which are not approved of by the Government. According to Kropotkin, nearly 20,000 exiles were yearly transported to Siberia, half of whom were thus punished by "administrative order," that is to say, by the mere order of the local or central administrations, and without a trial,

Nihilism has been described as synonymous with Anarchism, with which in reality it has nothing in common. It is true that the aims of Nihilism are purely negative, but would any sane Russian attempt to map out a comprehensive policy of progress and of sweeping reforms for his country when it is a crime to criticise the existing Government or any of its measures? But even if Nihilism was consciously or unconsciously Anarchistic, it could hardly be condemned because it merely wishes to destroy what it considers bad and is so engrossed by its immediate task as to forget the ensuing task of building up a new Russia. Anarchy from below is terrible, but anarchy from above is more terrible, for it is more lasting. Godwin has truly remarked:

> Anarchy is undoubtedly a horrible calamity, but it is less horrible than despotism. Where anarchy has slain its hundreds despotism has sacrificed millions upon millions, with this only effect, to perpetuate the ignorance, the vices and the miseries of mankind. Anarchy is a short-lived mischief, whilst despotism is all but immortal. It is to despotism that anarchy is indebted for its sting.

One might think that Godwin, who was an abstract thinker, and who lived and wrote a hundred years ago, had intended to depict in these lines the present state of Russia.

Execution is not murder, and those few Nihilists who are determined enough to vindicate the rights of man at the risk of their lives with revolver, dagger, poison, bomb, or mine, act

with the same serenity with which a judge acts in condemning a felon to death or with which the hangman acts in carrying out the sentence. Nihilists of the most desperate type consider themselves neither as murderers nor as heroes. They act as did Hamlet, and those who wish to know how most of these desperate men live and act, feel and think, need only read Shakespeare's masterpiece, in which they will find the trues delineation of the Nihilist's mind and soul.

The majority of the Nihilists are highly cultured, highly educated, and high-minded people. They act not spontaneously but deliberately, realising fully that they carry their lives in their hands. They know the character and the traditions of the Russian Government. They believe that their activity is morally justified and politically necessary for the salvation of Russia; and if we look impartially at the whole question it seems as difficult to condemn those unhappy men who are willing to immolate themselves for the good of their country, and who are actuated by no personal and by no impure motives, as it would be to condemn the pathetic and imposing figure of Hamlet and to declare that the Prince of Denmark was a common criminal.

ALEXEI.

LIVING LEGENDS OF THE FIANNA

WHILE I was working at my book of ancient Irish legend, "Gods and Fighting Men," I often asked my neighbours, old people who have drifted into workhouses, sea-weed gatherers at the foot of Burren, turf-cutters on Slieve Echtge and the like, what they could tell me about the Fianna. For though the stories that have gathered about that mysterious race are thought by many to come from the earliest days, even before the coming of the Aryan Celt, the people of the west have a very long memory, especially the old people without book-learning. An old basket-maker once told me, "Sure, no one can have any memory that reads books;" and when a farmer says, "I had no education but minding a distrained farm my father took, to keep the cattle from straying, unless that on Sunday my mother would put a clean shirt on me, and send me to Claregalway to learn the Catechism," I know it is likely he is a guardian of the old unwritten lore. And I look on these memories as of equal value with those that were written down few or many centuries ago. Some time ago a poem was taken down in Irish from some countryman, and afterwards the same poem was found in an old manuscript in the Irish Academy. There was only one word different in the written and the spoken version, and in that it was manifest that the pen had made the slip and not the tongue.

These tales of the Fianna are far better remembered than

those of the Red Branch, and this it is suggested is part proof of their having belonged to the aboriginal race. Cuchulain's bravery, and Deirdre's beauty, "that brought the Sons of Usnach to their death," find their way, indeed, into the folk-poetry of all the provinces; but the characters of the Fianna, Grania's fickleness, and Conan's bitter tongue, and Oisin's gentleness to his friends and his keen wit in the arguments with St. Patrick, and Goll's strength, and Osgar's high bravery, and Finn's wisdom, that was beyond that of earth, are as well known as the characteristics of any noticeable man of modern times.

A tall brave race of hunters they seem to have been, before the days of chariots and of wheat. "In those days they never tilled the ground or sowed any crops, but they were all for keeping horses and dogs and going hunting, and it was by hunting and killing and eating meat they lived. Maybe they ate nuts sometimes, for there were some people, such as saints, used to go out into the wilderness and to live on nuts and herbs they would gather, when they laid their mind to it. But as to the Fianna, they had houses, and in every house there used to be a hundred and forty-one men, and a hundred and forty-one fire-places."

An old man I talked with on the beach beyond Kinvara, told me "They were very strong in those days, and six or seven feet high. I was digging the potato garden one day about forty years ago, and down in the dyke the spade struck against something, and it was the bones of a man's foot, and it three feet long. I brought away one bone of it myself, and the man that was along with me, but we buried it after. It was the foot of one of those men. They had every one six or seven dogs, and first they would set two of the dogs to fight, and then they'd fight themselves. And they'd go to all countries in curraghs that were as strong as steamers; to Spain they went in their curraghs. They went across from this hill of Burren to Connemara one time, and the sea opened to let them pass. There are no men like them now; the Connemara men are the best, but even with them, if there was a crowd of

them together, and you to throw a stick over their heads, it would hardly hit one, they are mostly all the one height, and no one a few inches taller than another."

Another man says, "They were all strong men in those times, and one time Finn and his men went over to Granagh to fight the men there, and it was the time of the harvest, and what they fought with was sheaves, and every one that got a blow of a sheaf got his death. There is one of them buried now in Fardy Whelan's hill, and there's two headstones, and my father often measured the grave, and he said it is seven yards long."

On Slieve Echtge I was told, "Oisin and Finn took the lead for strength, and Samson, too, he had great strength." "I would rather hear about the Irish strong men," said I. "Well, and Samson was of the Irish race, all the world was Irish in those times, and he killed the Philistines, and the eyes were picked out of him after. He was said to be the strongest, but I think myself Finn Mac Cumhail was stronger." And again, "It was before the flood those strong men lived here, Finn and Oisin and the others, and they lived longer than people do now, three or four hundred years.

"Giants they were; Conan was twelve feet high, and he was the smallest. But ever since, people are getting smaller and smaller, and will till they come to the end; but they are wittier and more crafty than they were in the old days, for the giants were innocent though they were so strong."

I hear sometimes of "a small race and dark, and that carried the bag," and that was probably the aboriginal one. "There was a low-sized race came, that worked the land of Ireland a long time; they had their time like the others." And, "Finn was the last of the giants, the tall strong men. It was after that the Lochlannachs came to the country, they were very small, but they were more crafty than the giants, and they used to be humbugging them. One time they got a sack and filled it with sand, and gave it to one of the Fianna to put on his back to try him. But he lifted it up, and all he

said was, 'It is grain sowed in February it is.'" Another says, "An old man that was mending the wall of the house used to be telling stories about the strong men of the old time; very small they were, about three feet high, but they were very strong for all that."

Grania is often spoken of as belonging to that small race, as if her story had come from a very early time. "She was very small, only four feet. She was the heiress of the princes of Ireland, and that is why they were after her." "They say Diarmuid and Grania were very small. They made the big cromlechs, there's a slab on the one near Crusheen sixteen men couldn't lift, but they had *their own way* of doing it." And again, "Diarmuid and Grania were very small and very thick." Another says, "Grania was low-sized; and people now are handsomer than the people of the old time, but they haven't such good talk."

I do not know if it is because of Grania's breach of faith, or of lack of belief in her beauty, but I never hear her spoken of with sympathy, and her name does not come into the songs as Deirdre's does. A blind piper told me, "Some say Grania was handsome, and some say she was ugly, there's a saying in Irish for that." But the old basket-maker was scornful and said, "Many would tell you Grania slept under the cromlechs, but I don't believe that, and she a king's daughter. And I don't believe she was handsome either. If she was, why would she have run away?"

An old woman says, "Finn had more wisdom than all the men in the world, but he wasn't wise enough to put a bar on Grania. It was huts with big stones Grania made, that are called cromlechs now, they made them when they went away into the wilderness."

Once, "As they were passing a stream, the water splashed on Grania, and she said, 'Diarmuid was never so near to me as that.'"

A much greater favourite among the stories is the call of Oisin to Tir-nan-Og, the Country of the Young.

Some say he was led away by a deer, "for he was the son of a deer, and he lived in the woods for twenty-one years among the deer, and then he came and lived among the men. And it was in the form of a deer the woman came that brought him away to Tir-nan-Og. He leaped into the water after her, and when he was in the stream he saw she was a woman. It was over westward he was brought, and it was to the Clare coast he came back. But as to where Tir-nan-Og is, it is all about us, in every place."

Here is the deer story again: "Out hunting they were, and there was a deer came before them very often, and they would follow it with the hounds, and it would always make for the sea, and there was a rock a little way out in the water, and it would leap on to that and they wouldn't follow it. So one day they were going to hunt, they put Oisin out on the rock first, the way he could catch a hold of the deer, and be there before it. So they found it and followed it, and when it jumped on to the rock, Oisin got a hold of it. But it went down into the sea and brought him with it to some enchanted place underground, and there he stopped a very long time, but he thought it was only a few days he was in it."

"Did he have a wife there?" "Not at all. Don't I tell you he thought it was only a few days he was in it?

"Well, he began to wish at the end of the time to see the strong men again, his brothers; and he asked whoever was in authority in that place to give him a horse and to let him go. And they told him his brothers were all dead, but he wouldn't believe it. So they gave him a horse, but they bade him not to get off it or to touch the ground while he would be away, and they put him back in his own country. And when he went back to his old place, there was nothing left of the houses but broken walls, and they covered with moss, and all his friends and brothers were dead with the length of time that had passed. And where his own home used to be, he saw the stone trough standing that used to be full of water, and where they used to be putting their hands in and washing themselves.

And when he saw it he had such a wish and such a feeling for it that he forgot what he was told, and he got off the horse, and in the minute it was as if all the years came on him, and he was lying there on the ground, a very old man, and all his strength gone."

Here is another version: "Oisin was taken to another country, the Country of the Young, and he stopped there two hundred years, but he thought it was only a fortnight. He had another wife there, I suppose his first wife was dead. And at the end of the two hundred years he began one day looking about him for a bit of a rope, and they asked what was it for, and he said, 'I didn't see my dogs this last fortnight, and I'm looking for a bit of a rope to tie them up with when I get them.' So then they told him it was two hundred years he was there, and when he heard that he said he must go back to Ireland to see it, and they must lend him a pony. So they lent him the pony, but they said he must not leave go of it or get off when he was away, or he'd never come back again. So he went, and when he got on Irish soil he saw a man striving to put up a sack on the back of a horse, for I suppose they had no cars in those days. And the man called him and asked him to lend a hand, and he was vexed when he saw that they couldn't do it, and he stooped to lift it, and with that he fell, and there he lay on the ground, and he was not a young man any more, but an old man, and able to do nothing, but withering away through the world."

And here is yet another story: "Oisin lived the longest of all, because of those years he was away in a trance. It is near Seefin they used to be, the Seat of Finn. It is a very high place. It is likely he used to go there to parade his soldiers.

"And there was a forth in the county Clare, and a spring of water coming from it, and the women about used to go there for water; but if they were using the water at the turning of the tide it would go away from them out of the house and out of the can, or if it was in a cake they were putting it, it would

go away and leave nothing but the flour. And in the summer time when the green corn came up, horses would come out of the forth and eat it. And the Fianna went one time to the forth to watch the horses that would come out, and then they tried to catch them, but they all escaped. But Oisin had the luck to catch a foal by the tail, and he brought it up and reared it, and it was very strong. And one day the gentlemen of the County Galway Club were going out hunting, and Oisin went out to hunt with them, for he thought that whatever the horse would do, he would be able to manage it. But in the hunt they came to the top of the hill at Seefin, and when the horse saw the county Clare before it, it rose up in the air and Oisin with it. And it brought him away to a farm-yard that was called Tir-nan-Og, and Oisin got a wife there. And in that place you wouldn't feel the time passing, and he saw the beauty of heaven, and kept his youth there a thousand years; and when he thought he had been there a twelvemonth he said he would like to go home and to see his friends, and his wife told him he would see none of them in it, but he wouldn't mind her. And she gave him a ring off her finger, and she told him if he was ever hungry or dry he had but to look through that and he would be satisfied. And she gave him her pocket-handkerchief to stand on if he would get off the horse, for if he was to touch the soil of Ireland he would never come home again. So he went back to Seefin, and he found none of the houses there where his friends used to live, but only thorns and nettles and briars. And he asked any one he'd meet if they knew where the strong men were now, and some would say, 'I heard my father or my grandfather saying such people used to live there a long time ago.' And they told him of one very old man that was called the Grand Adviser, and bade him to go to him. And when he went to him he said, 'My father told me that they all died long ago.' And everybody wondered to see such a fine man riding here and there upon his horse. It was in lifting the sack of stones he fell, and the horse left him. But he wasn't too badly off,

for he had the ring yet. But one day he was washing his hands, and someway he lost it, and then he was done for. It was at that time that St. Patrick came by and saw him and converted him. But some say St. Patrick put up the sack of stones on the horse and called to him to help him, so that he'd fall and be nothing, and he could convert him."

It is usually white-handed Niamh herself who lures him away. "They were all hunting deer, and a white lady came to them, all her dress was white, and she was riding a white horse, and she said she came to Ireland to get the strongest man that was there. And Oisin was the strongest of them all, and he went up on the horse behind her, and she brought him away to fight some man that was doing her harm. And they fought for nine days and nine nights, and then Oisin killed him."

And wise old Mary Glynn, coming out of her little weed-grown cabin on Slieve Echtge, said it was four thousand years Oisin was kept among the ever-living ones, and that he thought it was but four hours he was in it. "And at the end of that time they gave him a donkey to come home on for a while. So he got the donkey and he went away through the air on it, and when he got to Ireland he saw men lifting a sack of corn that was after slipping off the horse's back. And they were surprised when they saw the big Dane coming through the air. So they called to him to help them, and he stooped to give a hand, and when he did, the girth gave way, and he fell on the ground and there was nothing left of him, that was the biggest of the Danes, but a little fistful of bones."

I hear from another old woman that Oisin "tried to bring away something out of Tir-nan-Og, with ropes he let down, knotted they were. But he was not let bring it away, no one is let bring anything out of Tir-nan-Og, and it is a fine place and everything that is good in it. And if any one is sent there with a message he will want to stop in it, and twenty years of it will seem to him like one half-hour. They say Tir-nan-Og is there yet, and so it may be, in any place."

An army pensioner, who is more of a theologian, says of Tir-nan-Og, "I think it was the Promised Land, that the people of Ireland didn't get after, because they were so disobedient. But Moses promised the Irish people that they would have a land that no snakes would live in, and so they have. There is a man in Gort brought a snake with him in a trap, and so soon as it was put out and touched the soil it died. And when I was in India, I saw a crock at the cathedral there that was brought out by the clergy, and it full of Irish earth, and shamrocks growing in it, for the shamrock won't grow on English earth. And a snake came and coiled itself up in the crock, and it died there because ot it being touched by the soil of Ireland."

The arguments between Oisin and St. Patrick are given by Irish speakers with never-ending delight, partly, I think, because of the love of drama that makes all such poems of argument a joy. They are the last cry of paganism against the new belief that took its place, and its assertion of its own sufficiency:

"The Fianna used not to be saying treachery; we never had the name of telling lies; by truth and the strength of our hands we came safely out of every battle.

"If myself and Fergus and Diarmuid were together on this spot, we would go in every path we ever went in, and ask no leave of the priests."

This is how I have been told the story: "It was after Oisin fell from his horse St. Patrick began to instruct and to convert him. And he asked where all his companions were, and Goll the champion of Ireland. And it is what St. Patrick said, that God had them all shut up in hell with the devil. And Oisin said, 'If I could see them I would draw them out of that, and the devil with them, and his whole forge.' But St. Patrick gave him a sight of hell after that, and they were all tied up in flames, and he asked Goll the champion of Ireland what could they do for him, and he said, Give me a sod under my feet and a flail to be thrashing the

devil with.' So they gave him that, and he has it yet, and he's thrashing the devil with it ever since. He didn't kill him yet; but if it wasn't for it, he might be doing more harm than what he is.

"And St. Patrick told him about Adam and Eve, and how they were turned out and lost for eating the forbidden fruit, an apple he called it. And Oisin said, 'Although God has all my friends shut up in hell, if I knew fruit was so scarce with him, and he to think so much of it, I'd have sent him seven cartloads of it.' It was very decent of Oisin to say that; he always had a very decent name for those sort of things.

"And Oisin said another thing to Patrick; he said, 'Don't the blackbird and the thrush whistle very well, and don't they make their nests very nice, and they never got any instruction or teaching from God?' And what St. Patrick answered to that, I don't know.

"And then St. Patrick asked him would he come with him to Loch Dearg, the Red Lake. It was called that because of Oisin having killed a fiery dragon that was in it, and that was after swallowing ten men, and had its mouth open as wide as a gate; and when he killed it all its blood went through the lake and coloured it red, and it keeps its name to this day.

"And Oisin said, 'I will not go with you there, for I would get nothing but bread and water, and that wouldn't serve an old man.' And St. Patrick said, 'If you will come, I will try could I get you a sight of the treasury of Heaven.'

"It was not long after that, St. Patrick got him converted, and as soon as he converted him, he was in such a hurry not to lose a minute but to baptize him at once, that he struck down his spear on his foot without seeing it, and pinned him by the instep to the ground. And when he saw a stream of blood coming from the instep he said, 'Why did you make no sign when the spear struck you?' And Oisin said, 'I thought it was a part of the rite of baptism, and I wouldn't begrudge

a little drop of blood to God Almighty.' He died soon after that and was saved, because he showed such patience. But all his friends are in hell; but when they lived angels used to come sometimes to see them and to talk with them, they were so nice and so respectable."

An old wood-cutter told me something the same story, adding, "Oisin said he'd send cartloads of apples into Heaven if he knew they were so scarce. He must have been a man with a very strong mind to be saying things like that, just to be vexing St. Patrick, but St. Patrick got the better of him in the end. The young chaps have no stories like that now, like the old people had, they have got so crafty and so enlightened."

Another story of Oisin's bravery says: "There was a cloak that would cover no man if he had any sin at all, but would leave a part of him bare. And when it was put on Oisin, his small toe was left bare. And he told St. Patrick to cut it off, and then he called for a saw and he cut it off himself. But if he did, with respects to you, there was a bit of his flesh left bare yet, so he cut no more off, but went out."

A farmer, himself very tall, winds up the story of Oisin's heroism under the rite of baptism with, "It's an old saying that every generation of men in Ireland would get smaller and more liary, more apt to be telling lies. And that is true, for what man is there now in the country that could hold a bow unless it is your own brothers? And as to people telling more lies than they did, well, it's my opinion that they do."

I am also told, "It was Oisin used to be breaking all the commandments—that's what made it so hard to humanise him; there was no one but St. Patrick could do the job." But a Slieve Echtge man says, "Did St. Patrick have much trouble to convert him? Not at all; he was as blind as that floor."

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, in an article on "Gods and Fighting Men," says:

Beyond the practice of magic, the ancient Irish had nothing that can be called religion. There is neither worship among them, nor ritual, nor any form of prayer or sacrifice. It is hardly possible that they can have regarded the Sidhe really as gods, or have believed in anything in the nature of a Supreme Spirit.

I have heard that it is one of the doctrines of magic that every man contains in himself a part of the Supreme Spirit, and, according to the people, the strong men had something of this belief. "They had no religion; every one of them made a god of himself"; or, "If one of us has a field of oats or of barley ripening in the sun we'll say, 'Thanks be to God.'" But if they had a field of oats or of barley ripening, they'd be thankful to one another or to themselves, for they thought themselves to be as much as God.

And an old woman with whom I shared the shelter of a shed during a heavy shower told me, "Oisin was talking one day, and a man said, 'What sort of a year is it?' And Oisin said, 'A hot summer and a rough autumn and a fine winter and a dry spring.' And the man said, 'God is good.' But Oisin said, 'As long as men are good to one another, that is enough.'"

Conan has the same sharp tongue in the memory of the people as in the old writings, but is swift and brave as well. A man living by the sea tells me, "There was an old man near this had a song that gave the coats-of-arms of all the Fianna, and Conan's was a briar. That was because he was always drawing troubles and quarrels between them. That cairn you see beyond, on the big mountain to the west of Burren is said by the Connacht men to be where Conan was buried. They say there was a stone found there one time that had on it this writing, 'Conan the swiftfooted, the barefooted.' He was not so strong as Goll Mac Morna, that would break down a gate with a stone, but he was a good runner, he would come up with a deer.' 'He was not so nice as the others, he was someway cross,' or 'Conan was the strongest of them all, but someway the others used to be humbugging him.'"

There was one adventure, however, in which he saved all the

rest of the Fianna, that of "The Danish Wedding." It is a very favourite story, and I have heard versions in English and Irish. This is a prelude to it, I heard from an old poet in Oughterard workhouse: "It was a giant came with one eye; and a deer came, one side as white as lime, and the other side as black as coal, and it was as joyful as the leaves of a tree in summer time. Dearg Mor, the giant, was from Spain, and Goll wounded him, and he was killed, and they buried him. Then the King of Lochlann's son came, and his men and the Fianna fought for eleven days, and the son was killed."

The rest is partly his, and was partly told to me by others:

"And, after some time, the King of the Danes sent a messenger to Finn, and bade him come there and marry his daughter. But it was to make a trap for him he did that, the way he would kill him in revenge for his son. But when the messenger came in, he stood for a while and said nothing, and Conan, that was son of a mermaid, hit him with his fist when he didn't speak after coming in. And Finn said, 'You are teaching manners to another, and you have no manners yourself.' They were all vexed with Conan because he was so cross and so contrary and they couldn't teach him manners, and they said he should not come with them to Lochlann. Conan was angry then, and he went to Finn, and said he should go. And Finn said, 'Can I have no quiet at all with you always fighting? And I will not bring you with us,' he said. And it is what Conan said, 'That you may be seven hundred times worse this time next year, if you are the king, and if you did get your knowledge from a blind salmon. And that you may never be cross till you meet with your death,' he said. That was a great curse that he put upon him.

"Then Oisin gave Conan a place in his boat, but Osgar drove him out of it again. Conan gave them great abuse then, and reproached Oisin with his mother being a deer, for Conan always had a stone in his pocket. And then he went and cut the sails and the masts of the other ships that were ready for the Fianna. Some of them set on him then, to make an end of

him, but he ran from them. Finn called to him to come back, for his brothers would not let him be harmed, but Conan said, 'There's no use in having brothers if you haven't got a good pair of feet to run with as well.'

"So Finn and his men set out for the Danes' country, eaving Conan after them. Then Conan went to Mannanan, son of Lir, that had all sorts of enchantments, and asked for his help to follow them over the sea. 'And I will make a little boat for myself,' he said, 'and I will twist it in and out with wicker work.' 'You need not go to that trouble,' said Mannanan, 'for I will lend you my own boat. And you will be in Lochlann two days before them,' he said. It was for the sake of the Fianna Mannanan that was king of fairies did that, for the fairies were very friendly to the Fianna at that time. All the boats had fairy music with them, and they going over to Lochlann.

"So Conan set out, and Mannanan brought him to the other side before the others, and when they got there, Conan took the clothes of the King of Denmark's son that he had brought with him, and put them on; and when the king came out he passed himself off as his son that had come back to him from Ireland. Mannanan put enchantment on him, the way he could do that. So the king gave him a great welcome, and he brought him in to where his great grandmother was, and he said, 'Here is your grandson come back again'; and she said, 'I'll rock the cradle no longer now he has a sword.' But after that she said, 'I know his clothes, but I don't know his face or his voice.' And on that Conan gave her a clout that knocked her down dead. 'Oh, why did you do that?' said the king. 'It is a fashion I learned in Ireland,' said Conan; 'if any old woman interrupts the talk of kings, to give her a clout that will kill her.'

"He made every sort of sport when he had not the old woman to put him down, and after a while the king sent him down into a cave where his youngest son was kept and was fed on bird's marrow the way he would be a giant. And he

gave Conan a great welcome, and they sat down to play cards, and what they used to play for at that time was whatever you would wish for. So the king's son won the first time, and he asked nothing of Conan. And Conan won the next, and he said, 'This is what you must do. I want to know are you a good soldier; so put down your head on a block of wood, and I will hold my sword over you, and if you do not stir at that I will say you are a good soldier.' So the king's son did that, thinking it was his own brother asked him, and then Conan struck his head off him with his sword. It was very treacherous of him to do that; he ought not to have done such a thing as that to a dog.

"Then he went out of the cave and he found the Fianna just landed and shaking hands with the king. And they were brought in to a feast, and a very big ugly man came in, that had no invitation, and Conan was vexed to see so ugly a man come in where kings and princes were without being asked; and indeed it was a very unmannerly thing to do. And he took him by the nostrils and dragged him out to where there was a cliff, and threw him over it and made an end of him. And there was great laughing at the table; there was never such great laughter in Denmark as when they saw Conan bringing out the ugly man by the nostril.

"Then they sat down, and every man with a Dane beside him, and Conan took notice that they had their arms, and he knew it was their intention to kill Finn and his men, for they had told him of that before. So he pulled out his dagger and he said, 'I will cut the first of the meat,' and he struck it into the man beside him that he fell dead, and the rest of the Fianna killed every one his man, and then they drew their swords and went down to the sea, and there was a great army before them, but they cut their way through it; and Mannanan, by his enchantments, made the wild birds drive their beaks into the mouths of the Danes to kill them as they came up. So they went safe back to Ireland. Conan did well for them that time, anyhow.

"The King of Denmark's daughter? It is only to trap them he sent the message to Finn about her. How do I know if he had one at all?"

Goll is usually boasted of by Connacht men as the strongest, but one says, "I think myself Osgar was the best, because it was in fair fight he won. But the time Goll had the fight with Dearg Mor, that lasted through three days, Dearg Mor used to be brought away by the women every night, and there was music and dancing, and he got no rest, but Goll used to have his sound sleep. And I don't think that was very fair dealing."

As to Finn, the head and leader of all, he always seems to me more impersonal than the rest; he is spoken of with less intimacy and sympathy. It is the same in the old writings, his memory and his life seem alike a little lonely, he was beyond and outside his comrades and his friends. I think sometimes his sin was that of Prometheus, he stole the sacred flame, the wisdom that the gods had not intended for him. They were more friendly to his followers than to him; Angus takes Diarmuid's part and helps Grania in her flight; Mannanan helps Conan just after he has put a curse on Finn; it is a daughter of the immortals who lures him to the bottom of a lake and sends him back to earth grey and withered. He is never long happy in love or in marriage, and if he refuses love his hounds are brought away to an unseen dwelling, or madness falls upon himself. And now, after all the centuries, his great name has the most grotesque of the folk stories hung about it. It is more natural they should belong to him than to bitter-tongued Conan who has left successors, or to Oisin who argued like a heretic of to-day. But though his strength is sometimes made less of by his being given a giant's body, his good looks cling to him, for personal beauty was almost an essential of leadership, and the Fianna, like their high kinsmen the Tuatha de Danaan, would not have followed a maimed king, maimed even in battle. "He was a very nice man, with fair hair hanging down his back like a woman—a grand man he was."

Here is one of the commonest of the giant stories, in which he is the ordinary folk giant, outwitted by a woman's wit:

"He came to a house one day, and the mother saw him coming, and her son that was a grown man was sitting by the fire, and she bid him get into the cradle and hide there. Then she began to make a cake of bread, and she baked the griddle within in it. And when Finn came in he said, 'What sort of things would the men of this house be doing to be amusing themselves?' And the woman said, 'When the wind blows one way they'll turn the house round the other way,' for there was but one door to the house. So he put his thumb in his mouth, and he turned the house round as she said. Then he asked again what other sort of thing could they do. And there were two little hills outside the door, and she looked out and she said, 'They'll take one of those hills, and they'll put it on the top of the other.' So he put his thumb in his mouth, and he did that too. Then he took up the cake to eat a bit of it, and when he found it so hard, having the griddle inside, he went over to the cradle and he said, 'Wait till I see what sort of teeth have they got here,' and he put his thumb in the boy's mouth. And when he felt the thumb he bit it off. And when it was gone, that one had no power at all to do anything more."

As to his birth-place, it is claimed in many places. Here one says, "He was brought up at Coole, and his mother was an O'Shaughnessy and lived at Kiltartan Cross;" another, "It was here they used to live, that's why it got the name of Coole (Cumhal), but he got his learning in Kildare;" and another, "Finn used to live some place within Coole demesne, and when his mother would go out for the day she'd put him in a field, and a hare along with him, and the job she'd give him to do would be to keep the hare within in the field. And it would go running around, and every now and again it would make a leap to the top of the wall, and Finn would make a leap after it, and catch it with his two hands like this."

Here is another story of his young days: "He went to

Kerry after his father had been beaten by his enemies, and he had no means left, but to be a king's son. And in Kerry there was a queen, the handsomest in the world, and her parents said they'd give her to no one but the man that would leap a cleft there, for they wanted to keep the family smart. And a great many young men, kings' sons, had tried to leap it, and had got their death there. But when Finn came he leaped it easy, and not only that, but back again. But the parents didn't want to give him their daughter then, because of him not having any means. But the daughter wanted him because he was so handsome, and so was she herself. So Finn said, 'Leave it to herself;' so then she took him after that, and he overcame his father's enemies, and became king of all Ireland. An honourable man he was, and very strong; and it is often said in Irish, 'If you were as strong as Finn Mac Cumhal, you couldn't do that.'"

He was very wise. An old woman in Galway workhouse says "he had more wisdom than all the rest of the men of the world. He could do as much, and understand as much, as a child of a twelvemonth old, and no other man had that much knowledge.

"What can a child of a twelvemonth do that we cannot do? Did you never see a child the way it is busy about the house, and doing little things, and no one knowing why it does them. The mother herself can't understand what the child is doing, and that is the time she takes the most pride in him."

"When he would chew his little finger he would know all things; and he understood enchantments as well. Grania was training up her three sons to kill Finn, and he was told that, and so he coaxed her to marry him. It was with enchantment he coaxed her, and with enchantment he killed Diarmuid too."

An old miller tells me how he got his wisdom: "The way he got it, he was driven away by the natives, and he took service with a great king. And there was a prophecy that there would be a very big salmon caught some day in the river, and so there

was, and it was given to Finn to cook, but he was to be beheaded if he let any spot come on it. And he saw a bulge in the skin, and he put his finger on it to put it down. And from that time, whenever he would put his finger to his mouth, knowledge would come to him. So he was made the captain of all the bullies, and he was a good leader to them because he was so witty."

"Finn hadn't much luck himself? Well, that's true, he didn't, or much good out of his life. That's the way with people that set their minds on fighting and on taking other people's goods. Look, now, though I don't like to be saying it, look at the English, the way they went against those poor Boers to take their living from them, and their land, and they with plenty of their own before. Covetousness led them to it, and curiosity. They thought to go shooting them just as if they were snipe or woodcocks. And it wasn't long before they were stretched in the field, and the royalty of England along with them, and not a knocker in London town without a bit of crape on it."

I have never been able to hear an account of Finn's death, or been told where his grave is. One says, "I never heard what way Finn died. By a fisherman? That's not likely for a man like him; it's more likely he was drowned, or maybe he didn't die at all." And an old woman in Gort workhouse says, "The end of Finn, is it? Ah, that is a story that has no end. A thousand times I heard that story begun, but I have never yet heard an end to it."

It seems as if his death, like Parnell's death, is not yet fully believed in by the people of Ireland.

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

WHAT IS AN ELEMENT?[1]

IT was for long held that things around us, animals, vegetables, stones, or liquids, partook of the properties of one or more of the elements—Fire, Air, Earth, or Water. The doctrine was a very ancient one; it probably originated in India; it reached our forefathers though the Greeks. Fire was supposed to be "hot and dry"; air, "hot and moist"; water, "cold and moist"; and earth, "cold and dry." And substances which partook of such qualities were supposed to contain appropriate amounts of the elements, which conferred on them these properties.

But in the reign of Charles II. of England, about the year 1660, Robert Boyle, an English philosopher and chemist, restored to the word element the meaning which its derivation implies. "Element," or *elemens* in Latin, is supposed to be derived from the three letters L M N; and to denote that, as a word is composed of letters, so a compound is composed of elements. Boyle, in his celebrated work "The Sceptical Chymist," restricted the use of the word element to the *constituent* of a compound; and that is the meaning which is still attached to the term.

It has often been asked: Does a compound *contain* an element? Are the elements actually *in* the compound? If this means, for example, that iron is present as iron in iron-

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rust, the answer must be: No. The properties of rust are wholly different from those of iron; no iron particle can be detected in the rust by any tests which are suitable for the recognition of the metal as such. But if it is meant that iron if exposed to damp air changes into rust, and that by suitable treatment metallic iron can be extracted from rust, then the answer must be in the affirmative.

The fact that an element, when it combines with other elements, entirely loses its original properties, led to the not unnatural supposition that it should be possible to change an element into another, or to transmute it. Long before the notion of "element" was formulated by Boyle, innumerable attempts had been made to convert one metal into another; and, indeed, it would appear on the face of it to be much easier to transmute lead into silver or gold than to convert it into the yellow earthy powder which it becomes when heated in air. For on the old doctrines, the properties of gold—its lustre, its ductility, its melting in the fire—were much more similar to those of lead than the properties of litharge, or oxide of lead, produced by heating lead to redness in air. After Boyle's day, however, it gradually came to be seen that certain substances resisted all such attempts to change them into others *without increasing their weight*. For example, all changes in nature not of a temporary and evanescent character which iron can be made to undergo, are accompanied by an increase in the weight of the iron; they are produced by the combination of iron with other elements, and the addition of another element to iron invariably increases the weight, for the weight of the combining element is added to that of the iron, and the result is a compound differing in properties from iron. It was slowly discovered that about seventy substances must be classed as elements—the minimum number of the present day is seventy-four—and of these ten are gases, two are liquids, eight elements are usually classed as non-metals, since they do not possess the lustre and some of the other properties of metals; and the remainder are metals. These substances are classified as

elements solely because no attempts to convert one into another have up till now been successful; not because such change is in the nature of things impossible. But inasmuch as the properties of these elements, and the changes which they undergo on being brought together with other elements or compounds, have been the subject of an enormous number of experiments, and because no hint of transmutation has been found, the conclusion as regards the immutability of elements has been arrived at. Hence the "transmutation of elements" has generally been regarded as impossible, and as unattainable as perpetual motion, or as the "quadrature of the circle."

Speculation, however, has a deep fascination for many minds; and it has been often held that it is not impossible that all elements may consist of a primal substance—"protyle," as it has been called—in different states of condensation. It will be worth while to spend a few minutes in considering the reasons for this opinion.

About the beginning of last century, John Dalton revived the old Greek hypothesis that all matter, elements included, consists of atoms or minute invisible particles; these, of course, like the matter which is formed of them, possess weight. Although they are so minute that any attempt to determine their individual weight would be out of the question, Dalton conceived the idea that at least their relative weights could be determined, by ascertaining the proportions by weight in which they are present in their compounds. The compound of hydrogen and chlorine, for example, commonly known as muriatic or hydrochloric acid, consists of one part by weight of hydrogen combined with $35\frac{1}{2}$ parts by weight of chlorine; and, as it is believed to contain one atom of each element, it follows that an atom of chlorine is $35\frac{1}{2}$ times as heavy as an atom of hydrogen. On the same principle, the relative weights of the atoms of other elements were determined. And so, taking the weight of the lightest atom, hydrogen, as unity, the atom of nitrogen weighs 14 times as much, of oxygen 16, of iron 56, of lead 207, and so on.

Attempts to classify elements according to their properties soon followed; and at first the divisions were somewhat arbitrary. The non-metals were distinguished from the metals by their lack of lustre, their feeble power of conducting heat, and the fact that their oxides when mixed with water generally formed acid substances, while those of the metals were earthy insoluble powders. Certain of the metals, which either do not unite with or are difficult to unite with oxygen at a red heat, were called "noble" metals; others, which are at once attacked by water, such as sodium and potassium, and which give soapy liquids with a harsh taste, were named "metals of the alkalies," and so with the rest. In 1863, however, Mr. John Newlands, a London analyst, was successful in arranging the elements in groups, so that each element in a horizontal column showed analogy with others in the same column. He found that by writing the names of the elements in horizontal rows, beginning with the one of lowest atomic weight, each eighth element possessed properties similar to those of the elements which preceded or followed it in the vertical columns. And in general the composition of the compounds of such similar elements was similar. The first two lines of such a table are reproduced here, so as to show what is meant:

Name.	Lithium.	Beryllium.	Boron.	Carbon.	Nitrogen.	Oxygen.	Fluorine.
Atomic Weight	7	9·1	11	12	14	16	19
Name.	Sodium.	Magnesium.	Aluminium.	Silicon.	Phosphorus.	Sulphur.	Chlorine.
Atomic Weight	23	24·4	27·1	28·4	31	32	35·5

If one were to proceed further in the same manner, we should find five elements in the first vertical column—namely, lithium, sodium, potassium, rubidium and cæsium. All of these are soft metals, easily cut with a knife, white in colour like silver, rapidly tarnishing in air, attacked violently by water so that they either catch fire or run about on the surface of the water and rapidly disappear. Their compounds with chlorine each consist of one atom of each element: for

example, using Na (natrium) as the symbol for one atom of sodium, and Cl for one atom of chlorine, the composition of the compound of chlorine with sodium (common salt) is expressed by the formula NaCl, implying that the compound is formed of one atom of each element. So with the others : the chloride of lithium is LiCl, of potassium KCl, of rubidium RbCl, and of cæsium CsCl. They all resemble common salt; the taste is similar in all cases, the salts dissolve in water, they are all white in colour, they all crystallise in cubes, and possess many other properties in common. The oxides, too, are all white powders, which dissolve in water and give liquids with a soapy feel and a burning taste. For these and other similar reasons, all these elements are believed to belong to the one class.

Let us take an example, too, from the other end of the table. Fluorine, the first of the column, is a pale yellow gas, with a suffocating odour. It combines instantly with hydrogen, yielding a colourless gas, soluble in water, and giving an acid liquid, which corrodes many metals. Chlorine, the second member, is a greenish yellow gas, very similar in properties to fluorine. The third member, bromine, is a dark red liquid, but below the temperature of boiling water it changes into a red gas, with a smell similar to that of chlorine; iodine, though a black solid at the ordinary temperature, becomes, when heated, a violet gas. Like fluorine, they all form compounds with hydrogen, of the formulæ HF, HCl, HBr, and HI; these are colourless gases, soluble in water.

Enough has been said to show that Newland's method of classifying the elements brings together in vertical columns those that have similar properties. This method was developed by a German chemist named Lothar Meyer, and by a Russian named Mendeleeff, and it is now universally acknowledged to be the only rational way of classifying the elements.

If we consider one of the horizontal rows, we shall also discover a peculiarity. The number of atoms of the elements

which combine with an atom of oxygen gradually alters; and, if they form compounds with hydrogen, the same kind of regularity can be observed. For instance, the elements of the first horizontal row given above form the following compounds with oxygen and hydrogen:

Name.	Lithium.	Beryllium.	Boron.	Carbon.	Nitrogen.	Oxygen.	Fluorine.
Formula of Oxide	Li_2O	BeO	B_2O_3	CO_2	N_2O_5	—	—
Formula of Hydride . .	LiH	unknown	BH_3	CH_4	NH_3	OH_2	FH

The elements of the subsequent rows show similar regularity.

Up till recently, no elements were known which refused to combine with other elements. In 1894, however, Lord Rayleigh and Sir William Ramsay discovered that ordinary air contained such a gas, and they named it "argon," a Greek word which signifies inactive or lazy. This gas had been overlooked because of its resemblance to another constituent of the atmosphere, present in nearly one hundred times greater amount—nitrogen. Argon cannot be made to combine, and hence it is left behind when the nitrogen and oxygen have been removed from the atmosphere.

Shortly after the discovery of argon, Ramsay found that certain minerals, when heated, give off a gas similar to argon, inasmuch as it forms no compounds, but with a much lower atomic weight; for while argon possesses the atomic weight forty, the atomic weight of helium (the name given to this new gas) is only four. Now, these elements evidently belong to one series, for they are both colourless gases, incapable of combining with other elements. And it appeared almost certain that other gases, similar in properties to these two, should be capable of existence. And Ramsay, in conjunction with Travers, spent several years in a hunt for the missing elements. They heated upwards of a hundred minerals, to see whether they evolved gas, and, if so, whether the gas obtained was new; but, although they discovered that many minerals give off helium when heated, no new gas was found. Mineral waters

were boiled, so as to expel dissolved gases; again, only argon and helium were obtained. Even meteorites, or "falling stars," were heated; only one was found to give off gas incapable of combination, and that gas consisted of a mixture of the two which were already known.

As a last attempt, Ramsay and Travers prepared a large quantity of argon, by removing the oxygen and the nitrogen from air, and then forced the gas into a bulb, dipping in a vessel immersed in a tube full of liquid air, which is so cold that the argon changed to liquid. It forms a colourless mobile liquid, just like water. When the liquid air is removed, the argon begins to boil.

It was hoped that the distillation of crude liquid argon might separate from it other gases boiling at a lower or a higher temperature; that if it contained any other liquids of lower boiling-point, these would distil over first, and could be collected separately; while any "heavier" gases would be the last to distil over. The hope was not disappointed—at all events as regards the first expectation; for the first part of the gas which evaporated was considerably lighter than argon, and had a much lower boiling-point. After a few redistillations, however, it was found that liquid air was not sufficiently cold to condense this light gas to liquid. But Dr. Travers was equal to the emergency. He constructed an apparatus by help of which hydrogen gas was condensed to liquid; and the boiling-point of liquid hydrogen is much lower than that of liquid air; it is $-252{\cdot}5^{\circ}$ C. On cooling the mixture of gases which had been separated from the argon, a portion only condensed, while about one-third still remained as a gas; the gaseous portion was helium, and the liquid (or solid) portion evaporated into a gas which was named "neon," the Greek word for "new."

It was also found that two other gases could be separated from air by allowing a large quantity of liquid air to boil away. These gases have a much higher boiling-point than oxygen, nitrogen, or argon, and therefore they remain mixed with the

last drops of liquid after most of the air has evaporated. They were separated from each other by "fractionation"; one was named "krypton," the Greek for "hidden"; and the other "xenon," or "strange."

Five new gases were thus obtained; they are given with their atomic weight in the following line:

Helium, 4; Neon, 20; Argon, 40; Krypton, 81·6; Xenon, 128.

Their position among other elements is well seen from the following extract from the whole table of the elements:

Hydrogen, 1	Helium, 4	Lithium, 7	Beryllium, 9·1, &c.
Fluorine, 10	Neon, 20	Sodium, 23	Magnesium, 24·3, &c.
Chlorine, 35·5	Argon, 40	Potassium, 39·1	Calcium, 40, &c.
Bromine, 80	Krypton, 81	Rubidium, 85·4	Strontium, 87·6, &c.
Iodine, 127	Xenon, 128	Cæsium, 133	Barium, 137·4, &c.

It will be noticed that their atomic weights lie between those of the elements in the vertical rows; and that they separate the active elements of the fluorine group from the equally active elements of the sodium group.

The discovery of these elements, however, has added little to our knowledge as regards the nature of elements in general, except in so far as to show that elements which form no compounds can exist. It might be supposed that the same agencies which are successful in splitting up compounds into the elements of which they consist might decompose elements into some still simpler substances; of course the elements thus decomposed could no longer be called elements. And it appeared not impossible that in a series of elements closely resembling each other, like those of the sodium column, or the chlorine column, it might be possible to decompose those of higher atomic weight into those of lower atomic weight, and perhaps something else. Such agencies are: a high temperature or an electric current. Water, for instance, can be decomposed into hydrogen and oxygen either by heating steam to whiteness or by passing an electric current through water. But it is need-

less to say that the elements have been repeatedly exposed to the highest temperature and to the strongest electric currents and yet have remained elements. There are, indeed, reasons for supposing that at the enormously high temperatures of the sun and of the fixed stars some of our elements are decomposed; but it has hitherto been impossible to reproduce such extreme conditions on the earth.

The element carbon is characterised by the enormous number of compounds which it forms, chiefly with hydrogen and oxygen, although many other elements can be induced to combine with it. And one instructive fact is to be noticed as regards such compounds: the greater the number of atoms they contain the more easily they are decomposed by heat. Indeed, some compounds are so unstable that they decompose at the ordinary temperature, not into their elements, it is true, but into other compounds of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Such compounds are stable only at a low temperature, and the higher the temperature the more readily they decompose. Judging by analogy, we should expect elements of high atomic weight to show tendency to decomposition, granting, of course, that any element at all is capable of decomposing. Now among the three elements of highest atomic weight known is radium, an element belonging to the barium column, of which the atomic weight is 225. This remarkable substance exists in a mineral named pitchblende, an oxide of uranium; its recent discovery by Madame Curie, of Paris, is one of the most remarkable of recent events in chemical history.

The second element of high atomic weight is thorium (232·5). It was discovered by Professor Rutherford, of Montreal, that if air was passed over a salt of thorium, or bubbled through its solution, it carried with it an "emanation" which possessed for a short time the power of discharging an electroscope. Radium salts also give off such an emanation, or gas, which, however, retains its properties for more days than the thorium gas does for minutes. Uranium, the chief constituent of pitchblende, too, has also the power of discharging an

electroscope, but it gives off no emanation. Its atomic weight is 239·5; it is the highest known.

The gases evolved from compounds of thorium and radium can be condensed to solid or liquid by passing them through a tube cooled with liquid air. But they are present in such excessively minute quantity that they have never been seen, even as a minute drop. They are as inert as argon, and they are members of that group of elements; and the radium gas shines in the dark, so that a tube containing it gives off a whitish phosphorescent light, like that given off by stale fish, or like the luminosity of the sea on calm summer evenings, or like the head of a lucifer match if it is gently rubbed in the dark. If the gas from radium is mixed with air, it is possible to see it passing through a tube in the dark, and to recognise it by its faint shining when it is transferred from one glass tube to another.

It is very easy to remove oxygen from a mixture of gases; if a piece of the element phosphorus be heated in oxygen, a solid compound of the two is formed, and all oxygen can then be got rid of; or oxygen may be absorbed by passing the mixed gases over red-hot copper. Hence it is convenient to allow the emanation from radium salts to mix with oxygen rather than with air; for nitrogen, the other constituent of air, is more difficult to remove. And it is then possible to collect the radium emanation, mixed with oxygen, in a glass tube, and then to absorb the oxygen, leaving only the emanation present.

Now, as has been said, the emanation gradually loses its power of discharging an electroscope. After four days it requires twice as much emanation to produce the same discharging effect as would be required if the emanation were freshly prepared from radium salts. And the question suggested itself to Mr. Soddy and Sir William Ramsay: What becomes of the emanation? Does it merely lose its luminosity and discharging power, or is it changed into something else?

Chemists have long had at their disposal a means of recognising almost inconceivably minute quantities of matter. All substances, when made into a gas by intense heat, give out light; and that light, if passed through a prism, is seen not often to be all of one kind. For example, the light given out by sodium gas at a red heat is yellow; and if passed through a slit, and then through a prism, two yellow lines are seen—the spectrum of sodium. Similarly, potassium salts, in a spirit-lamp flame, gives out a violet light; and the prism shows us that the light consists of two kinds—one red and one violet. And so for other elements. If the spectra of gases have to be examined, they can be made to glow by passing an electric discharge through a very narrow tube containing a minute trace of the gas. Helium, for example, if examined in this way, gives out light consisting of many colours: red, yellow—the most intense—green, green-blue, blue and violet. Hence it is easy to recognise the presence of helium in such a capillary tube, by passing an electric discharge through it, for the exact position of the lines in its spectrum is easily recognised.

Now Ramsay and Soddy found that the emanation from radium salts, though it gave out a special light of its own when made luminous by an electric discharge, showed none of the lines characteristic of helium. But after standing for three days the yellow line of helium began to be visible, and that is the one most easily seen. As time went on, and as the emanation lost its self-luminosity, the other lines denoting the presence of helium became distinctly visible. The conclusion was forced upon them, therefore, that, as the emanation disappears, helium is formed, or, in other words, the emanation is changing slowly into helium.

Professor J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge, has of recent years been investigating the motion of particles which are shot off from the negative pole when an electric discharge is passed through gases; and he has succeeded in showing that some of the particles move with enormous rapidity, and that they

possess a weight which cannot be much more than one-seven-hundredth of that of a hydrogen atom. It is almost certain that radium salts continually emit such rapidly moving particles, and it is known that while doing so the temperature of the radium salt is some degrees higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere; radium, therefore, is continually giving off heat. We are wholly unacquainted with any similar change; these properties are new. But we do know of compound substances which decompose with slight provocation, give off a great amount of heat in doing so, and at the same time are wholly converted into a large quantity of gases; perhaps the most familiar example is gun-cotton, of which most of the high explosives used for blasting and in the manufacture of modern gunpowder are made. The differences between the two phenomena, moreover, are sufficiently pronounced: gun-cotton decomposes almost instantaneously, with explosive violence; radium salts slowly; gun-cotton requires to be started by the explosion of a percussion-cap; radium salts decompose spontaneously, and the rate of decomposition, so far as is known, appears to be independent of temperature; the amount of heat evolved when gun-cotton explodes, though great in itself, is small in comparison with that evolved during the decomposition of an equal weight of radium salt; and it is not known that any electrical phenomena accompany the decomposition of gun-cotton. Still, it appears reasonable to suspect that the two kinds of change may, after all, be similar, and that the heavy atom of radium is decomposing into the lighter helium atom. It is pretty certain that helium is not the only substance produced when the emanation from radium decomposes; and it is not known whether radium, when it gives off its emanation, produces at the same time any other decomposition product. Much has yet to be discovered. Yet it must be acknowledged that a distinct advance has been made, and that at least one so-called element can no longer be regarded as ultimate matter, but is itself undergoing change into a simpler form of matter.

The young student, when he learns what is known, is too apt to think that little is left to be discovered; yet all our progress since the time of Sir Isaac Newton has not falsified the saying of that great man—that we are but children picking up here and there a pebble from the shore of knowledge, while a whole unknown ocean stretches before our eyes. Nothing can be more certain than this: that we are just beginning to learn something of the wonders of the world on which we live and move and have our being.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., F.R.S.

THE WARDSHIP OF EMPIRE

THE NEW SCHEME OF NAVAL ORGANISATION

THE new scheme of naval organisation, which was given to the public on December 12 last, and which is already in operation, falls into two chief divisions. The first deals with the strategical distribution of naval forces over the waters of the globe; the second, with the Reserve of those forces. The subsidiary provisions deal with the efficiency of ships and of men.

Before explaining the new system of strategical distribution, the principle of all strategical distribution of forces must be considered. The first essential is to decide quite definitely for what purpose such forces exist. They exist for purposes of defence against aggression. Now, it is an old and a true maxim that the best defence is offence. The words, in fact, are interchangeable. We might combine the vital significance of both terms in the ancient word, wardship. To the Navy is committed the wardship of the Empire: to the Navy first, rather than to the Army; because the Empire consists of detached pieces of territory, islands or bits of continent, scattered all over the world; so that the Imperial frontiers are fluid, and must be guarded by ships; instead of solid, to be guarded by men marching a-foot or mounted. So much is clear to all.

What, then, is the principle upon which the wardship of so vast and far-flung an Empire may most effectually be main-

tained? There are two theories. One theory asserts that the best method of defence is to fortify the islands and provinces, to drill and to arm their inhabitants, and to keep in being a set of naval squadrons to cruise about their coasts. This may be described as the passive theory of wardship.

The other theory abandons static defence altogether; affirms that the business of the fleet is wholly comprehended in a short formula: seek out the enemy's fleet wherever it may be, and destroy it. The principle is, of course, that if you destroy your foe or ever he approaches, all static, or passive, defence is thereby rendered unnecessary. It presupposes, however, the existence of a navy whose strength shall be more than equal to the strength of the navies of any two Powers combined.

With regard to the first theory, which I have called the theory of passive defence, it may suffice to remember that the whole testimony of history goes to prove its falsity. The last evidence extant is furnished by the case of Port Arthur. All strategy is but the result of the application of what is called common sense to a particular situation. The main principles are perfectly simple; they are the details of adaptation, as applied to individual cases, that are complicated. And it is obvious that, if you have a number of isolated places distributed over the world, each one fortified and self-contained, the aggressor has only to concentrate his forces on each one in turn, and the reduction of the whole will only be a question of time.

Are we, then, to build no fortifications, to mount no big guns, to drill and to arm no militia? The answer to that question depends upon the extent to which our second theory answers to the requirements of the whole situation. If it covers them wholly, we require, indeed, no forts or guns or militia whatsoever. In other words, if each foreign Power possessed one ship only, and to the ships of two such Powers we could oppose three or four ships, all passive defence would be unnecessary.

Now for the second theory—the theory that the essential principle of naval wardship is expressed in the formula as aforesaid: seek out the enemy's fleet wherever it may be, and destroy it. This, of course, was Nelson's theory. In the wars of his day it was never the French theory. The French principle was to harass the enemy up to the point when the existence of the particular French squadron in question became gravely endangered, and then to haul off, so saving the ships to fight another day. It is a perfectly logical theory, but in practice it was found to be defective. The French sometimes saved their ships, but they often lost the battle; and what then was the use of the ships?

The verdict of history, then, is in favour of our second theory, which—discarding such delusive catch-titles as "Blue-Water School" and the like—we may call the theory of active defence. And again, the Russo-Japanese War affords the last evidence on record. It was Admiral Togo, with his swift and terrible blows, that flung the Russians from the seas, so that the islands of Japan were immediately secured from all invasion, and her sea-frontiers made a safe passage. But supposing Admiral Togo had hung about Nagasaki and Tokio, waiting?

So far, then, we are justified in assuming that active defence is the right principle of wardship. But, as we have seen, its perfect application must necessarily depend upon the existence of a navy numerous enough and strong enough to overwhelm any two foreign navies combined. Here is the point about which discussion becomes confused and contradictory. For, it is very difficult rightly to estimate relative strength, if only by reason of the fact that the personal equation is always an unknown quantity. But, of late years, the Admiralty has provided ships and men upon the assumption that we shall only be called upon to deal with two Powers at once. Such an assumption was reasonably adequate, upon the evidence. In any case, we could not afford to build and to equip upon a higher standard. And it may be affirmed at

once that the two-power standard has been attained. But, at this moment, Germany is building fast, the United States faster; and Japan has arisen in the East, to what destinies none may predict. And meanwhile, the naval expenditure of the United Kingdom has touched its limits. We can spend no more; we cannot, indeed, spend as much—indefinitely. It is suggested that the Colonies should contribute the necessary balance. But, whether they will or will not, they are contributing very little at this moment; and it is with the moment that we have to deal.

We are, then, confronted with the plain fact that a higher standard is beyond our means; and that the two-power standard will very soon be beyond our means also. What, under these circumstances, becomes of the theory of active defence? If we have not the force sufficient to execute it effectually, does it therefore fall to the ground? Certainly not. The principle remains eternally true; but, instead of the result of its application being a practical certainty, such result becomes highly uncertain, and the margin of risk to the islands and provinces of the Empire is increased, in exact proportion as the fleet decreases in comparison with the forces of two, or three, or more, combined Powers.

Are we, therefore, to provide against such a margin of risk? Or are we to ignore it, in the traditional British way? And if we are to provide against it, in what manner are we to do so? To do us justice, we are awake to the emergency, though in no very clear mind concerning it. And as to providing against aggression, it is at once evident that, with a strong and mobile fleet ranging the seas, we have not to prepare for a concentration of forces on the part of the aggressor, but for a lesser invasion. Having exhausted the possibilities of active defence, we are, then, to supplement its defects by such static defence as we may contrive. And, in static defence, the first necessity is to provide fortified bases where our ships may coal and refit; and the second is to drill and to arm the inhabitants of our islands and provinces. In so doing—and here is a vital point—we

shall incidentally strengthen our active defence by setting it free to leave the coasts and to seek out the enemy. For, all considerations of strategy notwithstanding, in the event of war, the mass of the people, which has not enjoyed the advantage of studying strategy, would undoubtedly insist upon the ships being tied by the leg about these islands, unless they were self-secured. Demos is chiefly (and rightly) concerned about his belly; and he will assuredly be taken with a panic unless you give him a rifle and some big guns.

Such, then, would appear to be the right policy at this moment as regards the strategical distribution of forces: to keep the whole fleet at as high a strength as we can afford as a free striking force, and, at the same time, to provide bases for it, and to prepare for emergencies by a measure of passive defence.

It may be observed, at this point, that no scheme of Imperial defence can be complete or adequate unless the Navy and the Army are regarded as the two arms of one force, combined in a single aim. How far this is from being the case, we need not stop to explain: it is notorious, and will presently be disastrous. But, at present, we have only to consider the action of the Navy. The Admiralty is acting for itself; and Admiral Sir John Fisher is acting for the Admiralty. The whole Board is, of course, associated with the constitution of the new scheme; but, as Sir John Fisher is First Sea Lord, and, by virtue of his office, responsible for the distribution and efficiency of forces; and as, furthermore, every one is perfectly aware that the new scheme is of his planning, one need hardly scruple to refer by name to that powerful administrator.

The new scheme, as we have seen, falls under two heads, the first dealing with the strategical distribution of naval forces over the waters of the globe. Let us see how these were distributed up to last December. The principle upon which that distribution was arranged is as old as Nelson, its chief article being the provision of a powerful fleet in the Mediterranean. With the Mediterranean Fleet was associated the Channel Fleet;

with the Channel, the Home Fleet, which cruised on the four seas of Britain. With all three was associated a Cruiser Squadron of ten fine ships. The rest of the stations, as they are called, have come into being as exigencies arose. They were: North America and West Indies, Pacific, Cape of Good Hope, China, Australia, and South Atlantic. The force on each station respectively was approximately as follows: Mediterranean, eleven battleships, nine cruisers and thirty destroyers; Channel, eight battleships and two cruisers; Home, eight battleships and three cruisers, associated with those destroyers and submarines of the home ports which are in commission; Cruiser Squadron, ten ships; North America and West Indies, four cruisers; Pacific, one cruiser; Cape of Good Hope, four cruisers; East Indies, five cruisers; China, five battleships, nine cruisers, five destroyers, together with sloops and river boats; Australia, nine cruisers; and South Atlantic, three cruisers.

Statistics bewilder. Let us simplify them by reckoning only the battleship, the ship of the line, as constituting the main fighting unit: Mediterranean, eleven; Channel, eight; Home, eight; China, five—total, thirty-two battleships in active commission. The total number of battleships on the official list is fifty-eight—the seven now building or projected may be neglected for the immediate calculation—so that, besides the thirty-two, we have twenty-six battleships. Of these, six are practically obsolete, and eleven are to be reckoned as second-class, having been superseded by a more advanced type. That leaves nine first-class battleships in the Reserve, besides the eleven second-class ships and the obsolete ships, also in the Reserve; so that we have thirty-two battleships in active commission, and nine in the Reserve, with eleven second-class and six obsolete. The rest of the forces, for the sake of simplicity, may be reckoned as attendant upon the battle fleets, or as cruising in detached units upon patrol duties in all parts of the world.

The principal changes in the distribution of forces provided by the new scheme are: that the extra ships which make the

superiority of the Mediterranean Fleet are to be transferred to the Home Fleet—which is to be called the Channel Fleet—so that it will consist of twelve battleships; the Cruiser Squadron is to be increased and divided into four squadrons, the First Squadron affiliated to the Channel Fleet, the Second to the Atlantic Fleet (late Channel), the Third to the Mediterranean Fleet, the Fourth, or Particular Service Squadron, to the North America and West Indies Squadron; and that the squadrons on the stations of the Pacific, East Indies, of China and Australia are to be merged into the Eastern Fleet. The South Atlantic Station is abolished. The Cape of Good Hope and the North America and West Indies stations remain.

The main strength is thus concentrated in home waters, reaching out through the Atlantic Fleet to the Mediterranean, linked from thence to China and the Cape by the Eastern Fleet, which is linked to the Western Fleet on the North America and West Indies station by the Cape Squadron. Thus has Sir John Fisher put a girdle about the earth. It is to be supposed that the object of the strengthening of the squadrons in home waters is to provide a safeguard against German naval power. Probably no one desires to make war upon Germany; we have no such thing as a war party in this country—quite the contrary, in fact; but, since in Germany there is a belligerent faction of blood and iron tenets, we can scarce do less than recognise its existence. That, perhaps, is all that need be said.

And here there falls to be made a distinction. Says the First Lord's Memorandum: "The ideals which the Board of Admiralty have always had before them have been that the peace distribution of the fleet should be also its best strategical istribution for war." The statement sounds plausibly upon the ear; but, what does it mean? "For war?" What war? It is hardly to be supposed that one strategical distribution can be "the best" for any or every possible war. But, if the Memorandum does not mean that, what does it mean? So

far as we are aware, there is no particular war in immediate prospect. If that bold affirmation means anything, it must mean that, in the opinion of the Admiralty, after taking all circumstances and contingencies into consideration, the best approximate disposition has been made. Such a disposition can only be that which, upon the outbreak of war, may be most easily modified according to strategic requirements. Then we are to consider such circumstances and contingencies, and to inquire if the disposition in question seems to cover the essential strategic requirements of immediate and swift concentration of forces. But, as it stands, the statement of the First Lord is highly misleading and therefore mischievous. The public mind is by no means so clear on such a vital matter as that of national defence that a Minister can afford to talk thus loosely.

The second part of the new scheme deals with the Reserve forces. As the Reserve is at present constituted, the ships in the A Division (with which we are alone concerned) are kept in readiness for sea at twenty-four hours' notice. Upon the issuing of the order for mobilisation, the crews are drawn from the depôts, the coastguard, the gunnery and torpedo schools, and the Royal Naval Reserve. We have never, in fact, had enough active service ratings in the depôts to man the Reserve without drawing upon the men under training, the coastguard, and the Royal Naval Reserve. The plain fact is, we cannot afford them. There are two chief disadvantages incident to the present system. One is, that the Reserves required to make up wastage in war are largely depleted; the other—as experience has shown—is that numerous breakdowns are inevitable, for the simple reason that the crews are necessarily unacquainted with the idiosyncrasies of their ships.

Under the new scheme, all ships in the Reserve will be kept in actual commission; and to this end they will be manned by crews numbering two-fifths of the full complement; such "nucleus crews" consisting of active-service ratings, who are highly trained men—engineers, gunners, torpedo-men,

signalmen and their officers. The brain of the ship is thus provided out of existing material. Such a system will remove the cause which results in breakdowns; will keep the men in active training, while providing them with what is practically a shore billet; and will—and here is the essential point—hold the entire fleet instantly prepared for war.

The brains, we say, are provided. But what of the muscle? Where are the other three-fifths to come from? It is arranged that certain ships in the Reserve should be provided with a full complement—but, what of the rest? On this vital point the Memorandum is wholly silent. Unless the coastguard and the Royal Naval Reserve and the men under training were all withdrawn, thus depleting the Reserve supplying wastage, where are the men to come from? If a suggestion were permitted it would be—what two or three writers upon naval matters have long been advocating—that they should be drawn from the Army. And here, we touch the link of the chain, which, when completely forged, will, we hope, bind the two Services in one. For each is essentially the complement of the other; the wardship of the British Empire will never be effectual until the two are indissolubly one. The working together of the two Services in war-time—which is inevitable—will never be perfectly accomplished, until the men are trained together, and until combined manœuvres are practised in peace-time. Here, then, is the opportunity to begin—the completing of the nucleus crew; such complement to be trained afloat in time of peace.

The next link of the chain will be the organisation of passive defence. The Admiralty are doing their part: they are building the naval base of Gibraltar, which is to be the headquarters of the Atlantic (late Channel) Fleet; Malta, which is to be the base of the Mediterranean Fleet, is being extended; so is Hong-Kong for the Eastern Fleet, and Cape Town for the squadron on that station. At home, Devonport and Chatham are being extended; and Rosyth, as a naval base for the North Sea, is—if official pronouncement may

be credited—in course of preparation. But, all these are provided solely for the purposes of victualling, coaling, and refitting, and of building; they are sufficiently armed to protect the ships thus temporarily within them; and there the use of fortified ports begins and ends. A fortified port is not to be used as a harbour of refuge for ships awaiting attack. Nor will it serve to protect the country behind. That protection must be given by the Army, whose business it will be, not only to invade foreign territory but, to act as a complement to the striking force of the Navy.

The subsidiary points of the new scheme deal with the methods by which the fleet in commission is to be kept efficient, both as regards the ships in being, and to be built, and the men to be trained. Thus, "not more than two battleships are to be absent at any one time from the Channel (late Home) Fleet for the purpose of refit or of visiting their home port for leave, and only one battleship at a time from the Atlantic (late Channel) and Mediterranean Fleets," and only one cruiser at a time is to be detached from a squadron for these purposes. And, in order to maintain a continuous policy with regard to the design of new ships, a Committee of Design is to appointed. The need for such a committee is incidentally illustrated by another provision of the new scheme, which withdraws from the Service a large number of ineffective ships —probably about a hundred. There must, of course, be experiments, but the proportion of resultant ineffectives seems excessive.

With regard to the training of the seamen, the scheme provides for the transference of the cadets, boys and youths from the detached vessels in which their sea-time is done, to the comparatively modern cruisers of the Particular Service Squadron, which is to cruise on the healthy zone of the North America and West Indies station. And all ships are to be commissioned for two years instead of three, such commission to be a continuous service; so that the old practice of treating the Channel and Home Fleets as training squadrons, which

withdrew twenty-five per cent. of their men after six months for foreign service—a practice both unfair to the officers and detrimental to efficiency—has by this means been abolished.

Upon the details by means of which these changes are to be brought about, there is no need to dwell, since they have been fully treated in the newspapers. Enough has been said, one hopes, to convey the import of these reforms, and to indicate the larger problem of which they are a part.

One word more. The new scheme, whose provisions are so thorough and so conducive—so far as a lay student may be competent to judge—to the real purpose of a fighting navy, is, as we all know, largely the work of Admiral Sir John Fisher. He took up his duties as First Sea Lord on October 21; and by December 12 he had completely reorganised the Navy. So much can one man do, if you get the right man. When we have an administrator of like intellect and vigour and fearlessness at the War Office, we shall be in view of that completeness and unity of Imperial Wardship of which we spoke anon. But, not until then.

L. Cope Cornford.

COUNTER-REFORMATION PLOTS AND PLOTTERS

THE name of Dr. Thomas Graves Law, though probably unknown to the majority of our readers, is familiar to all who have studied the history of the sixteenth century, and in particular to all who have devoted attention to the Counter-Reformation and to the doings of Mary Stewart and Queen Elizabeth, during the last five and twenty years. As "custodier" of the Signet Library in Edinburgh, he was helpful to a generation of students; as honorary secretary of the Scottish Historical Society, perhaps the most prolific and the most flourishing historical society in this country, he conferred unforgettable benefits on all lovers of Scottish history. During the seventeen years of his secretaryship, no less than forty-four volumes of Scottish records, books, documents, memoirs, were published by the society; and all these passed through his hands, revised and perfected by his studious care. Beyond this, some fifteen or sixteen volumes, bearing mainly on later Reformation history, and numerous essays on this and cognate subjects, attest his indefatigable energy and the sureness of his research. His death, in March 1904, after a long and painful illness, uncomplainingly borne, removed from the scene of his beneficent labours one whom those who knew him will not soon forget, a true scholar, a generous, wise, and large-hearted man.

The more important of his contributions to periodical

literature have now been re-published in a volume of "Collected Essays and Reviews" (University Press, Edinburgh), to which his friend Professor Hume Brown has prefixed an affectionate and appreciative but restrained and judicious memoir. Dr. Law's earlier career eminently fitted him for the special studies to which he devoted the latter part of his life. Born a Protestant, of a distinguished family—his grandfather on one side was the first Lord Ellenborough, on the other the first Baron Graves—he was carried over, at the age of fourteen, by his father's conversion to the Church of Rome. Educated at Stonyhurst, he at first prepared to enter the army, but subsequently determined for the church, and under the influence of Faber and Newman, joined the Oratorians. "A scholar by instinct, he found in that community both the opportunity and the means of pursuing his natural bent." Applying himself first to Biblical criticism, he produced a dissertation on the Vulgate, which was prefixed to the 1877 edition of the Douay Bible, and "which he continued to regard as his most important contribution to scholarship." "An accident, however, turned his attention to the subject which was to be the absorbing interest of his life." The canonisation of Roman Catholics who had suffered martyrdom from the reign of Henry VIII. onwards was under discussion; and Law became a member of a commission appointed to consider the various claims. A Calendar of English Martyrs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was the result. But these studies had an unforeseen effect.

> Gradually, as he pursued them, the conviction was forced upon him that the beliefs he had so ardently accepted did not rest on satisfactory evidence. . . . In 1878 he took the step which he could no longer conscientiously postpone: he quitted the Oratory and severed his connection with the Church of Rome.

Fortunately he was not left stranded by thus resigning, at the age of forty, a connection in which his energy and talents must have secured him promotion. "In Mr. Gladstone he found a powerful friend"; and it was principally through his

recommendation that Law became "custodier" of the Signet Library. In this post, and through his subsequent connection with the Scottish Historical Society, he found the opportunity of doing the historical work for which his previous researches had fitted him, and which his heart desired. During the twenty-five years of life that still remained to him, the leisure which the duties of his onerous post, most conscientiously and efficiently discharged, allowed was spent upon his historical studies, some of the finest fruits of which took shape in the essays that lie before us.

Two or three of these deal with the culture of the Middle Ages. In one he describes the whole system of the book-trade in fifteenth-century Paris. The Scots of those days, "never at home but when they were abroad," crowded to Paris, in search of the academical education which was not then to be found in their own country. Dr. Law takes us on a personally conducted tour through the narrow streets of Paris, and shows us the stationers or writers who copied manuscripts, the parchment-makers, the illuminators, the binders, the *librarii* or booksellers, all engaged in the making and distribution of books. The University kept a tight hold on these gentlemen, and by right of its privileges imposed regulations on them against which they occasionally rebelled. But rebellion was useless; the University put on an academical boycott; and the stationers were starved into submission. In another article the author discusses Biblical studies in the Middle Ages:

> To a mediæval Catholic [as he says] the Bible was something more than the source of dogma. It was, in the phrase of Gregory the Great, *epistola Dei ad creaturam*. . . . Its highest end was not intellectual but moral.

If it was not the book of the people till after the Reformation, it was profusely commented on. The standard commentary was the "Glossa" of Walfrid Strabo, a Benedictine of the ninth century. But commentary succeeded commentary, as with the Hebrew Talmud. Mystic interpretations and derivations abounded.

Ludicrous trivialities appear side by side with solid matter. The name of Eva, we are rightly told, means Life. "Yet" (says Peter Comestor, "the devourer" of books) "the name was given after the curse, as if to lament the misery of man, Eva in a manner bearing an allusion to the cry of infants. For the male child, recently born, cries *A* and the female *E*. Thus all who are born of Adam cry *E vel A*." Comestor's book may be taken as a typical product of the scholastic mind.

Yet there was in the Church a progressive school of criticism; and for a short time after the Reformation "prominent Catholics taught a freer doctrine of inspiration . . . and held broader and sounder principles of textual criticism than those generally current in the opposite camp."

The only article in the volume which belongs to the period when the author was a member of the Church of Rome is the long and important essay on "The Latin Vulgate as the Authentic Version of the Church." The impartial and enlightened mind of the true scholar is shown in this learned treatise, in which Dr. Law, after discussing the grave difficulties which encumber the theory of verbal inspiration owing to the "difficulty in discovering the genuine words of the inspired writers," remarks:

> If the autographs of the inspired writers are no longer accessible, and the extant copies of the original texts differ among themselves . . . how are we to be certain . . . that we possess a faithful copy of the Divine Word, which is the source of true doctrine? This is the question which the Council of Trent set itself to answer in the year 1545.

He describes at length the determination of the Council to select, among the variety of translations, the Vulgate; the great pains taken to secure the best text; the studies, prolonged for more than forty years, which eventually issued in the publication of "the authentic Vulgate" in 1592. The value of the Vulgate, as helping to correct the oldest Greek MSS. that we possess, cannot be overestimated. St. Jerome, in editing and revising the still older Latin version that existed before his time, the "Itala," had advantages which we no longer enjoy.

There are extant no more than two or three Greek MSS. and perhaps as many Latin, which reach as far back as St. Jerome's own time. He probably had a dozen where we have only one of the oldest class, such as the Vatican codex, and many of a far earlier date, such as we can never hope to discover. Moreover, he could discriminate between these ancient forms of the text in a way no longer possible to us.

It was only gradually, and in the face of much opposition, that the work of St. Jerome made its way, but eventually it established a dominant position; and the Vulgate, in the edition of 1592, became the authoritative Bible of the Roman Church. It is, perhaps, the most lasting outcome of the Council of Trent.

The essay on John Major, one of the earliest of Scottish historians, affords a transition from these mediæval studies to the field in which Dr. Law did his most valuable work—the sixteenth century. Major, he says, "was the first man to write the chronicles of Scotland, or rather of 'Greater Britain,' in a broad and independent spirit." At a time when England was the enemy, he earnestly advocated the union of the kingdoms. But it is not as an historian that Dr. Law discusses him here; it is as "the single genuine schoolman whom Scotland can boast of." This affords an opportunity for a very lucid and interesting sketch of mediæval scholasticism, from the limitations of which Major by no means escaped. He has been called "the first Scottish radical;" but his theory of the Papacy and the Council shows that "his political liberalism—the only matter in which he was liberal at all—was essentially the liberalism of the Middle Ages." He was of the school of Aquinas and Scotus, a Realist rather than a Nominalist, but "in truth he was a thorough eclectic." He had neither originality nor culture; and his subtlety, as well as his views of natural science, may be inferred from his discussion, in regard to fasting, as to whether a beaver is a fish.

As to the beaver [he says], who always keeps his tail and hinder parts in the water and his anterior part out of the water, you may eat the posterior without breaking your fast, but not the foreparts.

As most people would sooner fast than eat beaver, the question does not seem practical. More pertinently, *apropos* of relics, he considers whether the head of John the Baptist can be "in many places." This, he says, is a question of fact; and with some hesitation he decides that it is at Amiens, and nowhere else. Nevertheless, his "History," written in 1521, and first translated fourteen years ago, is one of the most important of early Scottish records.

An interesting piece of bibliographical research, on "Sham imprints in the reign of Elizabeth," enables Dr. Law to unearth many works of the Jesuits and other Roman Catholic plotters and pamphleteers who made the great Queen's head lie so uneasy. A book of "Reasons why Catholics refuse to go to Church," masquerades as written by John Howlet (or Owlet) and printed by Lyon at Douai. But no Lyon ever printed at Douai; and Howlet is no other than the notorious Parsons. The whole process by which the war of pamphlets was carried on, the subterfuges to which writers and printers were put, the astuteness with which Walsingham hunted them down, are here exposed with a masterly hand.

Another article reveals the depths of superstition which were utilised by the adherents of the old faith in their endeavours to raise the country against the Government. "Devil-hunting in Elizabethan England" describes the prodigies which were "performed in the light of day, in the neighbourhood of London, in the houses of noblemen and distinguished Catholics . . . above all, in Sir G. Peckham's house at Denham." Devils in abundance were cast out. "A young gentleman, an eye-witness, went boldly to Lord Burghley and swore he had seen the devils like fishes swimming beneath the skins of the possessed." Lord Burghley, we are told, laughed—such is the cynicism of the Cecils—but crowds believed. The proceedings in some cases remind us of the miraculous performances of Mr. Maskelyne. Pieces of rusty knives, old nails, and bags of sand were extracted by the exorcist from their patients. Dr. Horsnet, afterwards Arch-

bishop of York, collected many depositions in a book which he entitled "A Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures." The book "so struck the fancy of Shakespeare, that he borrowed from it for 'King Lear' not only the names of devils and the mad fancies of the demoniacs, but even the phraseology of the writer." From one Sara Williams were expelled devils called "Frateretto, Fliberdigibet, Hoberdicat, Cocabatto, with forty assistants;" but she was subsequently "possessed by Hobberdinance, Lusty Dick, Kellico, Hob, Cornercap, Putt, Purr, Kellicocum, Wilkin, Lusty Jolly Jenkin, and many more." Some of the patients deposed that the priests had first put into them the rusty nails, &c., which they subsequently extracted; but most of them, having been forced to swallow "the holy potion"—a pint of sack, salad oil, rue, &c.—and having had their heads "held over a dish of burning brimstone, assafœtida, and other stinking gear," were hardly in a condition to observe what the priests did.

These practices were intended to impress the public mind with the conviction that the envoys of Rome possessed supernatural powers, and to prepare the way for that general conversion for which Parsons, Campion, and Cardinal Allen laboured so long and, it must be allowed, devotedly, though in vain. Of Cardinal Allen Dr. Law gives a full and very valuable account, in the course of which he successfully defends the government of Elizabeth against the charge of persecution on religious grounds. He shows that until the Bull of Deposition was issued there was no persecution at all; that even after that there was little until the concerted attack upon the Queen's power and the plots against her life began to take shape about 1580; and that it was not till after these political designs had become manifest in their full scope and danger that persecution, enforced under the Act of 1585, became really severe. In the campaign against the Reformation in England, Allen took a leading part.

It would not be easy [says Dr. Law] to name a single Englishman of the Elizabethan age whose life and writings could give a better insight into the

character of the religious and political conflict between England and the Pope, than those of William, Cardinal Allen.

That the machinations of Allen and his friends were behind the rebellion of the northern earls is clear. For a time, owing to the difficulty of evading the Act of 1571, the obligation on Roman Catholics to act on the Bull of Deposition was, at Campion's suggestion, suspended; but the Jesuit mission of 1580, organised by Allen, showed that the period of temporising was past. From this time forward, Allen "becomes the centre of interest"; the plot thickens; open war is practically declared. Father Knox, the editor of Allen's "Letters and Memorials," who, up to this point, seeks to minimise his share in the intrigues, remarks that he was "now at length launched upon the sea of political transactions; and his great gifts, moral and intellectual, soon placed him in the first rank among his compeers." He cannot escape the blame of organising the plots to kill the Queen, whose escape from the fate that overtook William the Silent and Henry IV. is little short of miraculous. Father Knox approves these murderous attempts; he surmises that the Pope approved them—they were indeed the only logical outcome of the Bull; and he defends them on the ground that it is legitimate to kill "a chief of banditti who seizes an unoffending traveller (Mary, Queen of Scots) . . . and demands an impossible ransom." What so good a Catholic as Lord Acton thought of such doings, and of the stigma they fix on the Papacy, we know. We knew, too, in a general way, that Cardinal Allen had a large share in them; but it was not accurately known till the publication of his "Letters and Memorials," the outcome of which Dr. Law has so admirably summed up in this essay.

It was in unravelling the intricacies of the subterranean struggle between Rome and the Reformation in this country that Dr. Law took special delight; but, while his previous studies and experiences in the Roman Church gave him rare advantages in this kind of research, he never displays that bitterness with which converts are apt to assail the religious

community from which they have departed. While condemning their methods and their aims, he can sympathise with the energy and devotion of these champions of a lost cause. He tracks their steps and exposes their policy with the ingenuity of a detective and the judgment of a trained historian. Various episodes of this desperate campaign pass before us in a long sequence, and are regarded from different points of view. In one article Dr. Law describes the intrigues of English Jesuits in Scotland in the critical years 1581-2; the adoption by Parsons and Campion of political measures instead of a merely religious propaganda; their influence on the Catholic Lords of the Highlands; their intention to convert James VI. or, if he would not be converted, to depose him with a view to Mary's restoration; the zeal of Creighton and Hay (Catholic envoys to Scotland), which outran their discretion and endangered Mary's life; the seizure of their agents and the failure of their plot. Connected with its discovery is a curious tale. Father Creighton, being captured on board ship, thought to destroy incriminating letters by tearing them up and throwing the pieces overboard; but a puff of wind carried back some of the fragments, whence the sense of the whole was discovered. It sounds an improbable story; but it turns out to be true. That the plotters were not without some reasonable hopes of converting King James is shown by an article on the famous "Spanish Blanks" and the intrigues which were carried on after the defeat of the Armada.

> James [says Dr. Law] would at any moment have welcomed the alliance of Spain against England if only he could have been sure that circumstances would not force him in self-defence to become a Catholic, or that Philip would not snatch Elizabeth's crown for himself.

He had no leanings to Romanism; nevertheless, in 1592,

> when the Jesuits and the earls were in the thick of their intrigues, he had actually drawn up, not indeed a plan for a Spanish invasion of England, but a memorial carefully weighing the pros and cons of such a project in his own interest.

This curious document, still preserved at Hatfield and printed

in full by Dr. Law, must have come into Lord Burghley's hands, and goes far to justify Elizabeth's reluctance to acknowledge the shifty Stewart as her successor.

Did space not fail us, we should willingly dwell on Dr. Law's interesting sketches of those adventurous Scots, soldiers of fortune like Colonel William Sempill, the betrayer of Lierre and founder of the Scots College at Madrid; of Robert Bruce, not the great king of that name, but "conspirator and spy," known under various aliases to his fellow intriguers at Douai and elsewhere; of Sir William Stewart of Houston, who after fighting in the Low Countries with William of Orange, returned to take a high position at the Court of James, acted as Scottish ambassador to various countries, and having a grudge against the Dutch who (he asserted) owed him money, obtained letters of marque from his obliging sovereign, and, making private war on Dutch commerce, forced the tenacious Hollanders to repay him his debt. "The spacious times of great Elizabeth" certainly offered unequalled opportunities to eccentric character and individual activity. With real gusto Dr. Law recounts the true story of "Archangel" Leslie, one of the many ardent spirits who undertook to re-convert their native country to the ancient faith—a story which, expanded and embroidered like a mediæval legend, has "recently taken a new lease of life" and found its way, as historic fact, into "The Annals of the Franciscans," published so lately as 1881.

Romance and adventure were, however, by no means confined to these heroes of the Romanist league. John Craig, the author of "A Shorte Summe of the whole Catechisme," was born in the old faith, was converted by reading the "Institutes" of Calvin, was seized in Rome by the Inquisition, and was only rescued from the faggots by the opportune death of Pope Paul IV. on the eve of the day fixed for his execution. This "brand saved from the burning," released by a riotous mob, was making his escape, in a penniless condition, through a town in Austria, when, as Row relates, a dog came and fawned upon him.

> Mr. Craig [says this veracious historian] did boast the dog from him fearing that he should be challenged for stealing so pretty a dog; but the dog would not be boasted from him, but followed him a space out of the toune. . . . At last Mr. Craig began to make of the dog and was content, seing he wold not goe back, to take him to beare him companie in his travells; and so the dog followed him for some dayes, and waited carefullie on him as his master.

Overcome with heat and fatigue, Craig one day betakes himself to prayer, when

> his dog, his kynd fellow-traveller, comes to him, and with his foot skreapes upon his shoulder. After he had skreaped once again and the thrid tyme, Mr. Craig lookes up and sies in the dog's mouth a full purse. The dog shakes the purse upon Mr. Craig, offering it to him. He was astonied, and feared to touch the purse; but, the dog looking kyndlie in his face . . . Mr. Craig took the purse out of the dog's mouth, and, opening it fynds it ane purse full of gold . . . and, being then well provided, he travels on, and, after some stay in France, he comes home to Scotland, and brought with him to Edinburgh the dog, the purse, and some of the gold.

No wonder that Dr. John Hamilton, who was on the other side in religion, opined that the dog was black, and that, in fact, he was no other than the devil, like Faust's poodle, in disguise. We commend the story to the attention of our contemporary, the *Spectator*, which shows so praiseworthy an interest in the marvellous actions of dumb animals. What John Craig did after his return to Edinburgh—how he (in this respect resembling his opponents) upheld the right of subjects to depose iniquitous princes; how he refused to solemnise Mary's marriage with Bothwell; how "at Aberdeen he passed six years of incessant activity on a stipend of £16 13*s.* 4*d.*"; how he rose to be Moderator of the Assembly, and how he eventually died in 1600, at the age of eighty-nine, honoured at last even by his anti-presbyterian sovereign—all this is related by Dr. Law with the same delightful combination of vivacity, learning, and historical insight which marks the whole book.

G. W. P.

COAL FOR RUSSIA

It is to be regretted that the discussion of the supply of coal to the Russian Fleet by British shippers must hinge on the decision of a somewhat obscure legal point. A matter of high policy, which at first sight is a fit subject for public discussion, is reduced to an affair of legal quibbling. The interpretation of statutes, indeed, is acknowledged to be the department of law in which our courts shine most dimly. It is this fact that makes lawyers distrustful of all projects for the codification of the law. They know that the code would be treated by the courts simply as a huge statute. They are also aware that the interpretation of statutes, and their incrustation by precedent, in the tribunals of England is unsatisfactory to a degree. The interpretation of the common law is always controlled by common sense. But, as Viscount Esher was accustomed to remark, "You need not look for common sense in a statute."

Particularly unsatisfactory is the application of the ordinary jejune methods of interpretation to statutes dealing with the law of nations and the customs of the sea.

It is true that an Imperial statute can neither abrogate nor be nullified by the law of nations; but its meaning may be entirely altered when it is read in the light of that law. If it has any bearing at all on international relations it must be so read; for "international law is part of the law of England."

A decision on patent law, or on any question of natural

science, is infinitely more satisfactory when the judge is well acquainted with chemistry. Let any one listen to Mr. Fletcher Moulton speaking in defence of a new invention, and it will speedily be seen how the scientific atmosphere illuminates the legal argument. It is not that the scientific counsel has got up the bare scientific facts of the case in hand, but that he has a grasp of natural science as a whole, which enables him to treat the case with such lucid mastery.

A statute like the Foreign Enlistment Act is not to be construed like a measure for regulating the transfer of land or the early closing question. Its provisions are eminently material for the exercise of the Higher Criticism.

Unfortunately, the breadth of view which is required in order to free the interpretation of an Act of Parliament from pedantic narrowness has not always illuminated the discussion of the legislation in question. That legislation, we may be excused for reminding the reader, began in 1819. The occasion was the long-drawn-out revolt of the South American colonies from Spain. Jefferson had just laid down a standard of neutral strictness which marked a decided advance on the views that had previously prevailed. The limits within which foreigners might use the territory of the United States for the preparation of expeditions against their enemies had been made manifest by the disapproval with which the Federal Government treated the proceedings of the French Minister Genet. His attempts to arm and fit out privateers in America were nipped in the bud by the energetic action of the authorities, and notably by the passage, in 1794, of an Act of Congress which has been the model for the subsequent British and United States Acts. It was re-enacted, with improvements, in 1818, and in the following year the first British Act was passed.

It has been held, time and again, in the United States, that their statute is directed against the *animus belligerandi* and not against the *animus vendendi*. It prohibits the fitting-out and arming of vessels for war in considerable detail; but only when the accused was concerned in the expedition.

A mere commercial transaction was not within the Act. So patent a transaction as the sale of a fully-armed ironclad by Elswick to Japan would be quite untouched by its terms. It is tolerably plain from the case of the *Alexandra*, before Lord Chief Baron Pollock and his puisnes, that the British Act was, no more than the United States one, directed against the mere commercial sale of ammunition and ships.

The *Alabama* case resulted in the certainty of the liability of Britain being established for the escape of that celebrated vessel. The immediate result was to create a demand for fresh and more drastic legislation. It was hardly called for, in reality. The old Act of 1819 was sufficient. The defect was not in its provisions, but in its administration. The powers of the executive were ample, but they were not used with vigour. Nevertheless, a new statute was passed—the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870. It may have been thought that it was better to terrify shipbuilders by more and more Draconian law, than to secure the vigilant performance of their duties by the local representatives of the executive.

The Foreign Enlistment Act cast its net wide. It made the *animus belligerandi* immaterial, enacting that reasonable cause to believe the ship destined for warlike purposes should be sufficient to render the building, commissioning, equipment, or despatch of a vessel illegal. It made action easy for the Government, by granting wide powers of detaining vessels and by personal indemnities to the local authorities and the Secretary of State. And it entered into minute details of what should be included in the meaning of certain cardinal words. Old statutes look clumsy, with their reiterations and tautology. But it is certain that, for all their uncouthness, they are a great deal easier to understand than the modern Act of Parliament which balances itself uneasily on an interpretation clause. The "crux" of the topic under discussion is an awkward piece of drafting of this latter kind.

But before we look at it we should consider how the law of nations stands. Succinctly stated, it is simply thus: A

neutral nation may not allow a belligerent to use the safe shelter of its ports and waters as a base for the conduct of warlike operations. It is not clear how far it must prevent the belligerent warships from resorting thither—(certainly it is not bound to thrust them out in twenty-four hours, or any definite period; nor to intern them if they refuse to leave)—but one thing is clear, that it must not let the belligerent State organise and create a force within its territory, nor must it let the belligerent ships increase their fighting efficiency there; though it may properly allow them to improve their navigability. After all, one's friend does not cease to be one's friend because he has quarrelled with another friend. And his ships are entitled to the hospitality of friendly harbours, just as they were before, saving the interdiction of deadly weapons.

These two parts of a nation's duty—to suppress the organisation of naval force within its limits, and to prevent the augmentation, in a lethal sense, of force already organised and coming within them—have been clearly recognised and provided for from the outset. The American Act of 1818 deals with them in different sections. Sections 3 and 4 deal with "the fitting out and arming," and with the "commissioning" of vessels "with the intent that they shall be employed in belligerent service"; that is, it treats of the preparation of a hostile expedition. Section 5 deals with the augmentation of the force of vessels which are *already* ships of war. So, in the British Act of 1819, the two things are kept distinct. There is a great difference between organising an expedition under neutral protection and merely obtaining warlike stores for one's ships in neutral ports. To allow the former is to permit a belligerent to carry on the functions of government in one's territory. It is to permit war to be waged from one's own shores. To allow the other is merely to give greater facilities for obtaining contraband than are legitimate. When the Portuguese adherents of Donna Maria were followed from England by H.M.S. *Walpole*, and stopped at Terceira in the Azores, Great Britain

was fulfilling her duty of preventing an expedition, which had originated under her protection, from coming to a successful issue. When the Confederate *Shenandoah* was supplied with coal at Melbourne, there was no such organisation of any expedition. Even had she been supplied with powder, instead of coals, there could have been no allegation of the kind. It would have been clear, instead of doubtful, that she had violated our neutrality. But it would have been violated in quite a different way from that in which the Terceira expedition infringed it.

Does the Act of 1870 preserve the distinction? Undoubtedly. Amongst all the elaborate paraphernalia of verbiage which obscures its meaning, it is clear that it treats the augmentation of a force already existing as a thing entirely by itself. Section 8 deals with the matter of sections 3 and 4 of the U.S. Act of 1818. Section 10 deals with the matter of section 5. Let us look at its language.

> 10. If any person within the dominions of Her Majesty, and without the licence of Her Majesty . . .
>
> By adding to the number of guns, or by changing those on board for other guns, or by the addition of any equipment for war, increases or augments, or procures to be increased or augmented, or is knowingly concerned in increasing or augmenting the warlike force of any ship which at the time of her being within the dominions of Her Majesty was a ship in the military or naval service of any foreign State at war with any friendly State—such person shall be guilty of an offence, &c.

It will be noticed that this is entirely limited to acts done within the British dominions. This must mean that the physical acts of equipment must be done there in order to be illegal. It would be ridiculous to contend that a ship is supplied with guns or coal in England simply because the order was given there. There can be no pretence that English or German shipowners equip the Russian fleet in England, when they send it coal from here. And is coal within the section at all? "Equipment," according to the interpretation clause, may mean almost anything useful in navigation, from a handspike to a potato; but is coal an equipment "for war"? The words "for war" must have some special meaning, because

the section is professedly dealing with warships ; and if everything used on board a warship is an equipment "for war," the words would be useless. Their meaning is quite obvious to the international lawyer. They are directed to prohibit the putting on board belligerent warships of those lethal articles which a neutral may not allow them to have. Among these coal has never been formally reckoned.

If section 8 means or includes the same thing, section 10 is mere surplusage. But it means something quite different. It is an expansion, in precise terms, of the old enactment against "fitting out and arming, or commissioning." It strikes at four things—building, commissioning, equipping, and despatching. It speaks of each in virtually the same terms. We need only quote the third sub-section :

> [8. If any person, within Her Majesty's dominions, without the licence of Her Majesty, does any of the following acts, that is to say—] (3) equips any ship with intent or knowledge, or having reasonable cause to believe that the same shall or will be employed in the military or naval service of any foreign State at war with any friendly State— [such person shall be deemed to have committed an offence against this Act. . . .].

Now, of course, a person who supplies anything whatever to a foreign belligerent warship has not only cause to believe, but knows perfectly well that she will be occupied in the belligerent's naval service. So that section 10 of the Act is useless and meaningless if the section just quoted is meant to apply to the supply of goods to ships already in the hostile fleet. Such a nugatory result is too absurd. Nor has it ever been thought, during thirty-four years, that it meant hard labour to supply provisions or water in a British port to a belligerent vessel without the licence of the Crown under the sign manual. If coal is an "equipment" so are these articles. The contention is absurd beyond belief, that a foreign warship entering a British harbour in time of war cannot take in the commonest necessities of existence at sea (which are all, equally with coal, comprised in the term "equipment") without a personal application to the sovereign, and the fortification of a licence under the King's own hand.

Such a startling construction is not necessitated by the words of the clause ; nor is it even their natural meaning when the section is read as a whole and in the light of International Law. "To employ" is an ambiguous word. It may mean to take a person or thing into one's employment. Or it may mean to occupy them in it. In this section it means "to take into employment." Stress must be laid on the expression "shall or will." It is a vessel which "*will*" be employed by the belligerent State—not including one which "*is and will*" be so employed—that is hit by the section. Equipment, for the purposes of sub-section (3) is something like in nature to building, commissioning, or despatching. It means something *ejusdem generis* with these acts. It is the participation in an original expedition.

This is a reading of the statute in accordance with common sense, the experience of thirty-five years, and the most rigid principles of construction. But it does not entirely acquit the neutral collier. He is said to have despatched or equipped his vessel in the "naval service" of Russia.

Most people would say that the "naval service" of Russia was the Russian Navy. They would be considerably surprised to be told that it means a service done to Russia at sea. That is, broadly speaking, the contention of those who think, with the Foreign Office, that to send coal to follow the Russian Fleet in its course is to despatch a vessel to be employed in the naval service of Russia. The Act is quite wide enough, and drastic enough, to dispense with such strained interpretations. Before a vessel can be said to be in the naval service of Russia it must be established that she is for the time being in Russian hands and under complete Russian control. True, the Act specially mentions "user as a store-ship" as one aspect of "naval service." But it is only as an aspect of naval service that it is mentioned at all. If a vessel is navigated under Russian control, it does not matter that it is not a fighting-ship. That is all the Act means by including service of a store-ship in the obnoxious employments. But it is not putting a ship under Russian control to send a collier, or seven colliers, once

or twenty times to the Russian Fleet The supply of contraband to a fleet is a well-known operation, and a perfectly legitimate one. It is one of the great tests of the contraband nature of a cargo to know whether it is going to a belligerent fleet or not. Moreover, as all contraband is destined for naval or military use, every single ship carrying contraband is employed in the naval or military service of the belligerent, and is doing a highly penal act, if to perform a sea service to a State is to be "employed in its naval service."

This of itself is enough to explode the contention that the mere carriage of coal to a belligerent fleet can be against the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act. There are one or two cases which at first sight appear to militate against the doctrine that the mere performance of a commercial service at sea to a belligerent cannot be penal. But they are really illustrations of it.

The *Gauntlet* was a case decided during the Franco-Prussian war. A German prize, bearing the characteristically Teutonic name of the *Lord Brougham*, was brought by the French into the Downs. The British authorities, with "twenty-four-hour" rules ringing through their minds, insisted on her removal from territorial waters. After much trouble, the French prize-master secured the services of the *Gauntlet*. The Commissioner of Customs, unfortunately *not* "under the sign manual," told the Frenchman and the tug-owner that it was "all right"; and the tug towed the *Lord Brougham* away. She did more; she took her safely into Dunkirk. For permitting this, her owners had to forfeit her to the Crown. Sir R. Phillimore, the one international lawyer of outstanding reputation produced by England in the mid-Victorian period, was overruled by two eminent Chancery lawyers, a retired Indian judge, and Sir Montague Smith, who held that the tug had been employed in the naval service of France. So she had; for she was, throughout the voyage, entirely subject in every detail of her navigation to the belligerent prize-master of the *Lord Brougham*. It is a well-known principle of shipping law that tug and tow are identified. For the time being the

tug is a mere piece of the tow's machinery. The master of the towed vessel gives the orders, and the tug's duty is simply to carry them out. It was an extreme case. But it fell fairly within the rule.

Why the Crown prosecuted it to forfeiture, and were content simply to claim a penalty in the case of the *International*, it is difficult to say. The *International* was actually engaged by the French Government to carry telegraph material to France and to lay cables, which might have been of considerable (though only accidental) military service. The claim failed. In a previous case of "Burton *v.* Pinkerton," the question arose incidentally. A British ship, the *Thames*, had accompanied Peruvian vessels as a store-ship during the war with Spain, and her captain and part owner admitted that she was navigated throughout under the entire control of a Peruvian agent on board.

This is very different from the simple export of coal to a fleet in a vessel under neutral control from first to last. It may be said that there is no practical difference between allowing Russia to use one's ship as a collier and sending one's ship to her fleet with coals. It is sufficient to reply that in the one case Russia gets a collier over which she has control and in the other she does not.

It is of the utmost importance to Japan that Great Britain should be preserved as a market where warlike munitions are to be had. For the moment the advantage appears to be in favour of Russia in the particular matter of coal. But it may not be a bad thing, from Japan's point of view, to provide the Baltic Fleet with the means of pursuing its remote and risky peregrinations; whilst it is of vital moment to her to be able to obtain from her ally the *matériel* which she, far less than Russia, can produce at home or import overland. It will be greatly to be lamented if we allow our commerce to be tied up so strictly as to cripple the forces of our friends, whilst neighbouring nations remain perfectly willing to supply our enemies.

T. Baty.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS

THE subject of the religious instruction to be given to the children attending our elementary schools has been more frequently debated than discussed, and there are not wanting indications that the controversial protagonists on this side and on that not infrequently fail to understand one another's position. Weary as we may be of the strife of tongues, it is certain that the last word in this *vexata quæstio* has not been uttered; and a plain statement of the case, as it presents itself to the minds of at least a considerable minority of those most deeply interested in education, may have its value.

It is important at the outset to be quite clear as to our fundamental conception of education. By education we understand not the infusion of knowledge, but the development of capacity; the promotion of the growth of the child —physical, mental, moral, and spiritual—to the highest attainable perfection. Educational systems and methods fall short of the ideal, and result in practical failure, if their aim and scope be less wide than this.

It is evident that the overwhelming majority of parents in Great Britain are of one mind as to the importance of including religious instruction in the curriculum of the school which their children attend. There does not appear to be any considerable body of opinion in favour of the evasion of difficulties by confining primary education to secular subjects. Indeed, it is probable that many who might have preferred, in the

abstract, a purely secular system of State education, are deterred from advocating it by consideration of the long tradition and existing sentiment to which it would be opposed. To their minds the case is not unlike that of Church "Establishment." They would be glad if the Church had never entered into a compromising union with the State, and, if it were a case of *tabula rasa*, would vote against "Establishment"; but under existing circumstances, they shrink from the upheaval of disestablishment, as from the secularisation of the schools, for the same reason: namely, that either policy would wear the semblance of an act of national apostasy.

But if the overwhelming majority of the parents desire that the education provided in public elementary schools shall include instruction in the Christian religion, it must be conceded that they are largely indifferent to the conditions and methods under which it shall be imparted. Probably they would be quite content that the religious teaching given to their children should be the same as they themselves received, say, fifty years ago. The varying presentations of Christian doctrine by the different religious bodies appear to them as variations, little more than sources of irritating perplexity. In general, they incline to favour the plausible notion that, inasmuch as the main body of revealed truth is held in common by all Christians, an "undenominational" residuum may be arrived at by the elimination of "sectarian" differentia and sufficiently supply the subject-matter of the religious instruction in public elementary schools.

On the other hand, the more closely the undenominational theory is studied, the more impossible is it to look to it to supply the solution of the problem which confronts us. The overwhelming objections to it have been stated with admirable force and clearness by the late Canon Moberly, in a pamphlet which has recently been reprinted.[1]

[1] "Problems and Principles," by the late A. C. Moberly, D.D. (John Murray, 1904.) Part II., No. 9, "Undenominationalism as a Principle of Primary Education."

We must dismiss somewhat briefly the question of the injustice involved in using money supplied exclusively from the nation at large for the purpose of imparting religious instruction which probably few or none regard as adequate and satisfactory, and which certainly many believe to be equivalent to the dissemination of false and erroneous ideas on subjects of the highest importance. Is it justifiable that the State should use rates and taxes, contributed by Agnostics, Atheists, and Positivists, and other non-Christians—to say nothing of the Unitarian, Socinian, Roman Catholic, or Anglican Churchman—to teach a religion which is regarded as false by one and all? The attempt to discover a colourless residuum of religious truth to which no one will object is logically absurd, and must result practically in a constant tendency to reduce the "religion" in the teaching to a vanishing quantity. Again, the question may well be asked: Whether the teaching described as undenominational be regarded as true or as false, by what right does the State, or its representative organ—the School Board or Educational Committee—select the form of religion to be taught, to the exclusion of any other, in the public elementary schools? Are the convictions and wishes of parents as to the religious education of their own children to be ignored simply because they belong to the poorer classes? Is the system morally defensible by which the image of undenominationalism is erected by the State in the schools which the children are compelled to attend? It is true that the children, though in a sense invited to partake of the spiritual "skilly" provided, are not compelled to do so. It is open to the parent to plead conscientious objection and withdraw his child from the religious instruction. But in that case the child gets *no* religious instruction, and meanwhile the ratepayer—perhaps the objecting parent—pays the cost of whatever teaching is given. From the point of view of a Christian believer the religious education of children should begin as early as possible. From the first, that education should be directed by the parents, in accordance with the injunction, "Parents"—"bring up (your children) in

the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The child's earliest school of religion is ideally at its mother's knee. To ignore, or needlessly defer, religious instruction must of necessity involve the atrophy of faculties and aptitudes belonging to the original spiritual outfit of those who by their baptism were made members of Christ and children of God. It is no matter of surprise to the Christian teacher to find that the child's opening mind reveals singular affinities with Divine truth. It welcomes and embraces Christian ideas with remarkable facility and—so to say—naturalness, an observed fact which demonstrates the wisdom of the Church's counsel that religious instruction should be provided for the child "so soon as he shall be able to learn."

Again, it must not be forgottten that religious education means much more than merely intellectual instruction in facts of history and statements of doctrine or moral truth contained in the Bible. Its more important part is moral and spiritual training, the "nurture and admonition of the Lord"; regarding each child as a disciple or pupil in the school of Christ, and "teaching him to observe all things" whatsoever Christ commanded. In other words, Christian instruction means the training of a soul in the worship of Christ; development of faith by the exercises of faith, and formation of devotional habits; teaching the child to pray, and to love and fear and worship God, and to read the Bible, not as a lesson-book, but *faithfully*.

It will be objected, however, that even admitting the correctness of this view of religious instruction, such teaching cannot be given in a public elementary school. And we should be prepared to admit that there is a measure of truth in that contention. What is essential, however, is that such religious teaching as is given should be imparted with reverent faith by those who are themselves Christian believers. A system under which there is, and can be, no guarantee that the teacher of Christian truths is in any sense a Christian, is nothing less than an outrage upon conscience and an insult to common sense. Yet, under the School Board, the

secretary of an atheistic society, well known for his propagandist activity, gave religious instruction regularly in a large school in South London; while another teacher in the North of London succeeded in implanting an utter contempt for Holy Scripture as an authority upon the subject of religion in the minds of those he taught. It is nothing to the purpose to urge that such cases are exceptional. Such an assumption cannot be verified; and, even if true, the system which admits one such case may admit any number, and cannot be too strongly condemned. Yet it still exists.

Another aspect in which the system of religious education known as "undenominational" appears seriously defective, is in its inevitable failure to do justice to the social idea of the Christian religion. The notion of the Church, the corporate body of the believers, is of the *essence* of the Christian system. It is of necessity ignored and left out of account in the undenominational scheme of instruction. And among other fatal consequences is the very serious falling away from all religious practice, which has been observed as a general rule in the case of the children on leaving the Board Schools. Undenominational instruction on the subject of the Christian religion must be almost consciously directed to holding the children aloof from any existing organisation or society of believers. In any case, such is, in general, its practical effect. From the point of view of historic Christianity, religious instruction which leaves the child who has received it unattached to any visible society of Christians is inconsistent with the teaching alike of Scripture and of the universal Church.

Once more; a scheme of religious instruction which deliberately fences off certain departments of Christian doctrine and doctrines of set purpose and declines to teach them, does, in effect, teach that they are of comparatively slight importance; and this amounts to discrediting them. To the Churchman, at all events, Christian instruction which ignores Christ's teaching concerning the Church and the Sacraments disseminates falsehood by implication.

In the opinion of some teachers in our "provided" schools, the religious instruction given therein is, and must be, a practical failure. If it diffuses knowledge of facts about religion it is none the less ineffective in forming religious habits, or developing religious instincts and spiritual capacity. The undenominational theory has been given a sufficient trial. The fallacy which underlies it has been demonstrated by logical arguments that have never been answered, and are, indeed, unanswerable. But the "moral monster" remains the fetish of an unreasoning multitude, and exercises the most pernicious influence upon the religious life of the nation. It is a stream of tendency making for agnosticism and irreligion. How long will this process continue before men's eyes are opened to recognise the wisdom of the views expressed by such men as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour; and to recognise clearly that while the State does well to encourage religious instruction as an element in the education of the young, that instruction must be given to the children in full accordance with the religious beliefs of their parents, by teachers commanding their confidence, and specially qualified for that most important work?

Recently gathered statistics afford too much reason to fear that the tide of Christian faith and life here in London is on the ebb. There has been of late years a marked falling off in the matter of religious observance. The Lord's Day, as such, is but slightly regarded, and, for the great majority of the population, has almost entirely lost its religious character and associations. Public worship, though regarded by Christians as an essential duty, is generally neglected by both rich and poor. Bishops deplore the fewness of those presented for confirmation. Whether or not there is an increase of explicit and articulate unbelief is very doubtful. But Christian belief and practice will not long survive the abandonment of all formal worship, and "confession" of faith "before men" in public assemblies of the faithful, and such facts as we have referred to are ominous as to the future of religion

among Londoners. Among other explanations which have been offered with regard to the causes of these unsatisfactory phenomena, not the least reasonable would seem the ineffective character of the religious instruction in many of the elementary schools. For ineffective and futile undenominational teaching must of necessity prove in the long run. So far as it is logically consistent, its only possible outcome, its only legitimate offspring, is the spirit of critical indifference and agnosticism.

We shall no doubt be told, on the other hand, of good teaching by good men in many "Board" (or "Provided") Schools; and we gladly admit the fact. But the better the teaching, the more surely is it open to the charge of inconsistency and disloyalty in relation to the undenominational principle. And it is difficult indeed to conceive that a system of religious instruction, to which (according to some of its staunchest supporters) the Apostles' Creed is abhorrent, can produce results satisfactory to a Christian parent, otherwise than by felicitous deviation from its own fundamental principle. If the religious teaching in a provided school has real religious value, it is merely *per accidens*, and in defiance of the system.

Many, we hope and believe, will be found to agree with our criticisms of the specious but delusive system which originated with the Cowper Temple clause—that system which has become an instrument of coercion and tyranny, and to which the greatest Liberal statesman of our age referred as "the popular imposture of undenominational instruction."

But it will be asked: Is any alternative system, under all the circumstances, within the range of practical attainment? To which question we would reply by another. Why should it be thought impossible to devise a scheme which should secure, on behalf of the overwhelming majority of the children in our public elementary schools, religious instruction corresponding to the professed belief of their parents? Why should not the local managers of each school, with all the facts and

figures before them, and taking into consideration the percentage of children of each "denomination" represented in their school, be authorised to consult with the various ministers of religion in the area served by the school, with a view to providing, so far as might be possible, for the instruction of each child in his parents' creed? To a large extent such teaching might be given by the ordinary staff; but the services of accredited teachers, whether ministers or laymen, belonging to the same respective denominations as the children in the school, might well be welcomed, even if they could be offered only on two or three mornings of the five working days of the school week. The system should be conceived and administered with absolute impartiality as between the various denominations; as regards method and instrumentality, it should be as elastic and adaptable as possible. In many cases, it might be convenient and desirable for the religious instruction to be given off the premises; and with due security for registration of attendance during the "religious hour," there could be no reasonable objection to such an arrangement. Occasional attendance of the children at the places of worship of their denomination should moreover be gladly encouraged, the value of a hearty children's service as a means of "religious education" being far greater than that of any class in school.

The policy of wisdom, justice, and liberality is to encourage to the uttermost denominational teaching of religion in our public schools, especially with a view to the attachment of the children to the religious bodies to which their parents belong. Thence would come the best hope of drawing the children to Sunday School and public worship on the Lord's Day, as well as of saving them from drifting away from all religious influences when they leave school for good.

One weakness of the present system must be scrupulously avoided in the future. No teacher in any school should be set to the task of teaching a religion which is not his own. It is an insult and an outrage to ask a man to teach what he does

not himself believe. Whatever be the religion taught to children, for God's sake let it be taught *believingly*.

In the foregoing brief outline of a possible solution of a thorny question, we have of necessity passed by many important details. And, on the other hand, we have purposely ignored the kindred problems connected with the religious instruction in the voluntary or non-provided schools. With reference to the latter, we would merely register our conviction that the interests of religious education demand that denominational distinctions should be observed with scrupulous impartiality in "non-provided" as in "provided" schools in all arrangements for the religious instruction; and every child, as far as possible, educated in his parents' creed by a teacher who holds it.

EDWARD BICKERSTETH OTTLEY.

THE HYPOCRITE

THE Golden Valley was flooded with the light of a cloudless summer morning. In the river-meadows the ripe grass lay in long, irregular swathes, but of the needed harvesters there was neither sight nor sound. Even over the village street the stillness of a Sabbath seemed to brood; the little shops were closed, and the cottage blinds were drawn, in mute indication of the presence of death. The silence was oppressive; the children, instead of playing with boisterous mirth their favourite game of fox-and-hounds among the lanes, were gathered in groups on doorstep or in garden, happy, as always, but somehow doubtful of their right to make the day alive with laughter and with the quick sounds of scurrying feet. Presently one, then another, and yet another cottage door were opened and shut, and everywhere men and women were seen wending their way towards the bridge, and thence through the sunlit fields towards a large house hidden in a grove of tall Scotch firs almost directly opposite the middle of the village.

From far and near came the country folk, on horseback, in dog-carts, and in waggons, to pay a general, though, perhaps, reluctant tribute to the memory of the woman whose charity and austere religious zeal had for thirty years made her famous in the west. She had not been regarded with affection; somehow her good deeds had never been gratefully recognised; her life had been a stranger to that sweet sympathy uniting

heart to heart, and tightening imperceptibly the bonds of a mutual attachment, in which the giver is thankful for the privilege of being able to show loving-kindness, and the recipient is ever glad and ready to acknowledge it. Nevertheless, her gifts to the poor, and to the religious interests of the neighbourhood, and her position as a wealthy landowner, entitled her to some show of respect from her neighbours; and it was fitting that they should assemble for the final farewell, and in mournful procession walk by the unclosed coffin, to look with apparent reverence on the well-known face, now for ever passionless and calm.

The last rite of the sin-eater had been performed, as he consumed the symbolic wafer from the platter on the coffin-lid; and the village minister had read part of the meditation of the Hebrew sage on the failing of desire, the loosening of the silver cord, and the breaking of the golden bowl, and had prayed to "Hollalluog (the Lord of Lords), in whose hands are the issues of life, and from whom no secret can be hid." The great funeral hymn of the Cymry, floating from the riverside mansion on the morning air, sounded through the village street, and echoed from the neighbouring hills, with a deep, harmonious undertone eloquent of the suddenness of death, of the loneliness of the grave, of the dread mystery of the long hereafter.

Soon, with slow and measured movement, the mourners crossed the village bridge above the rapids, turned upward through the hillside street, and wended their way to the little moorland cemetery. There, among the shadowing pines, that sighed and murmured in the gentle summer wind, they laid the dead to rest, while the white-haired minister stood on the slope by the grave, and recited the deeds of her whose days had passed beyond recall. For thirty years his "departed sister" had been the mainstay of the congregation, foremost among the chosen few who, by rigorous self-examination and self-denial, had followed the path of the just.

Appointing the minister her executor, she had endowed the "sect" with nearly all her property. The will, read by a solicitor when the relatives and friends returned to the mansion from the funeral, brought disappointment to many of the mourners, as well as surprise to all but the minister and the solicitor; it became the subject of eager conversation in the village, and ultimately the cause of angry dispute among the minister's flock, whose members were divided in opinion as to the merits of the fund to be benefited by the first of the unexpected legacies.

As may readily be inferred from the character of rustic gossip, every trifling incident was generally discussed. Back beyond the thirty years, however, in which the prim, unloved old lady had gradually built up a reputation for religious zeal and large charity, lay the blurred records of another life that had passed through the fires of affliction and had come forth purged, it might be, of its thousand sins, but alas! with the loss most certainly of the faith, the aspiration, and the love of youth.

As the afternoon wore on the villagers, laying aside the garb of mourning, resumed their wonted tasks, the shops were opened, the labourers went forth into the fields, and carts and waggons rumbled down the dusty road. All was silent in the immediate neighbourhood of the mansion that now, amid the beauty of the calm eventide, stood lonely and desolate.

In the wide belt of trees beyond the fringe of the valley estate two woodmen were stacking bark from the felled oaks lying here and there among the whinberry bushes. When the last song of the robin was hushed in the glade, the men relinquished their labour and resorted to the kindly shelter of a hut by the nearest gateway, there to enjoy a frugal meal and prepare for needed rest. Presently the smoke from their camp fire curled up towards the sky, and the only sounds that mingled with the crackling of the wood were the bark of a sheep dog in some distant meadow and the doleful note of a brown owl from the deep recesses of the hillside copse.

One of the foresters, an old white-haired man who had

"seen better days," sat strangely still, musing on the recent events. He seemed to take but little interest in his surroundings; with almost mechanical precision he ate the food which the younger man placed before him, and, when the flames flickered out and the embers glowed on the rude hearth of the blackened stones, with stolid indifference he smoked his short clay pipe, while not a single word or movement betrayed the drift of his thoughts.

The younger man did not attempt to disturb his companion's reverie till everything within the hut was made ready for the night's repose. Then, lying on the grass between the hut and the fire, he suddenly asked, in the Cymraeg, "Father, why didn't you go to the funeral?"

The old man said nothing for a few moments, then he slowly replied, "Come nearer to me, Ieuan, and I'll tell you my story. Now that the woman is dead I needn't keep it secret—not from you, at any rate, and none of the family will come to the village again. I couldn't be at all sorry for her they put in the ground to-day, but my heart is always sorry for him we buried in the churchyard away in the moonlight yonder, just thirty years ago. He was a good Master to me, better than I deserved, except that I'd have died for him, if only I could have saved him from himself."

The old man paused a moment while his companion moved closer to his side, then he continued, in his expressive native tongue, which can hardly be translated, "Ieuan, I remember him as if he, not she, had been buried to-day. It may be blasphemy, almost, to breathe such a thought, but I can't help it; though some folks always talk about God bringing them to their husbands and wives in Heaven, I hope, this time, that God'll make a sort of mistake, or, leastwise, arrange things a little different by giving him the girl he broke his heart for, and, if there be animals in Heaven, by letting him have back his setter dog to follow him in the green fields by the great River of Life.

"I've just been thinking about Heaven, and what the

Squire could do there. God knows best, and we must leave it to Him to find us all employment, but if there be fields and rivers in the Happy Land, surely there'll be partridges and trout. Then, if it could somehow be managed that fish shouldn't suffer and die, however they might be caught, and that birds shouldn't feel pain when shot, or if God threw a kind of make-believe over everybody and everything, so that every pleasure in this life could be had again in the next, without fear and grief and hurt, I'd like to go a-fishing and shooting with my old Master once more. I'd like to see the old dog ranging the stubbles in the early winter afternoon, and then I'd like to hear the girl that broke the Squire's heart greeting him in the hall when we came home, and while I stood outside the door, pretending, innocent-like, to sort and count the bag. As for his wife, the woman they buried to-day, I hope she'd pass from our minds for ever.

"I knew pretty well everything about the Squire—I studied him so close. I heard all the talk, day after day, from the servants in the kitchen, but that was only in the first years after he got married, when the place was as busy as a beershop in a fair. Long after, when the great strong man seemed to be always lonely, and always carrying a big load on his shoulders, when only he and me and old Betty the housekeeper lived in the mansion—well, of course, I knew most all his secrets; I was with him every minute of the day."

"But tell me the story from the beginning, father," pleaded the young forester.

"Well, boy, I can't help wandering like this; my mind will go off anyhow when I speak of these things. But I'll try not to forget that you don't know what I do. 'Twas fifty-two years ago, come August, when I entered the Squire's service, and I was with him for just twenty years. Once, however, he went abroad for a twelvemonth, and then I was left behind; and so I don't quite know the run of things joining the old life with the strange life after his coming back to the valley yonder. But that, I fancy, is about all I don't know.

"He and me'd played many a time together when we were boys. He'd meet me by a big sycamore beyond the lodge, close to where we're sitting now. I was just a bit younger than him, but I was up to any mischief, and often, when he was supposed to be fast asleep, we were over the bank above the village, and at our larks, slinging dust-shot from our catapults at lighted windows when the old folks were going to bed, opening the doors of the pig-styes and sending off a whole drove of pigs helter-skelter into the fields, pulling a ladder away from the loft where the farm servants were courting, digging up new-sown potatoes and planting artichokes instead—anything, so long as it was mischief, and we could make the farm-people think that miracles were happening, or that the end of the world was nigh at hand. Soon he left for school; and by-and-by he went to college. I was sent, off and on for a few years, to a little school on the moor, four miles there and four miles back, and after that I was apprenticed to a carpenter. When the young Squire came home from finishing his education by a trip round the world, he wouldn't let his father rest till I was made a sort of handy-man about the big house, ready to do any odd job that might come my way, and, specially, to go shooting and fishing with my old playmate.

"Things began to go wrong with the estate. The interest of the mortgage fell behind, and it seemed as if parts of the land would have to be sold. The man who had the money on the estate was a tradesman retired from a big business, a low-bred fellow whose riches made him think himself the equal of a duke. Beforetimes he never darkened the doors of the mansion, but now he came when he liked, as bold as brass; and sometimes he brought his whole tribe with him. It was his daughter that the young Squire married.

"There was something in the wind: what it was I never could find out; but it was more than simply debts and mortgages, I'm certain. The wedding was put off again and again; and when at last the day came round, the whole family in the big house seemed to be going to a funeral. I couldn't bear

the business. Almost every evening after dinner, for months, the Master was talking and talking to his father and mother, and whenever I saw the old lady she seemed to've been crying. One morning the young Squire came up to me in the home fields behind the house, and, putting his hand on my shoulder, said, 'God knows, Gwilym, what I'm going to do. I don't. Put my head in a halter, I think.' And I answered, 'Master, let us go away to foreign parts.' With that he shook his head, muttered something about the devil and the deep sea, and went quickly back into the house.

"After the young Squire's wedding the old people moved to a seaside place, and lived there quietly, never mixing with their equals, but pretending to take a great interest in a little boat and half an acre of garden.

"And now a queer state of affairs commenced at the mansion. The wife's friends were there nearly every day of the year; her father took out a game licence, fancied he could hit a partridge flying, peppered the keeper instead, and then, frightened a bit, did nothing but prowl alone with the gun, and bowl over a rabbit or two sitting to feed in the clover by the hedges. I will say this, however: the wife wasn't a bad sort of woman just then, though there were some queer tales to be heard of her carryings-on with some relative, a lanky, good-for-nothing fellow of the same age as herself, who spent most of his time at the house. Had the woman been poor I believe the Squire could have loved her with all her faults, but she would throw her money in his teeth if he only ventured to frame his lips for a word of reason; and she'd do it even when the servants were tending them at table. Not that the place was terribly mortgaged, for there was enough in it to support the Squire and his family comfortably in a small way.

"But things went on from bad to worse. No youngster came to brighten the old place; maybe, if there'd been a little one the wife's temper would have grown sweeter. Then the Squire and she seemed to drift further and further apart. At

first he used to try his best to consider her in every way, treating her as if she was, like himself, a victim of fate. But my lady was much too free. I caught her kissing that relative of hers one evening in the shrubbery, and told the rascal straight what I'd seen. There was an awful row after that; the woman tried to treat me like a dog; the fellow started to thrash me, but found he'd tackled the wrong man; and it ended in the woman and her tribe clearing out of the house for nearly a year. A few of the servants were discharged, and the Master and me spent a jolly time in the stubbles and by the river. Then she came back, saying she'd have her rights—she'd claim them through the Courts, if necessary.

"Well, there was nothing left for the Squire but to go—it was either that or I must be dismissed. He and me travelled about the country together, sometimes staying with his friends, sometimes fishing in Ireland or Scotland, sometimes lodging in private rooms near London. He varied his name to suit his purposes—that was the first sign of the great change gradually passing over his soul.

"Six years came and went. The only letters he received from his wife told him that 'she never wished to see his face again; he should walk his own path; she would go hers.' But something that came to his ears roused him to action, and he threatened her with divorce. A lot of correspondence passed between their lawyers, and the upshot was that an arrangement was come to by which the mortgage was cleared through the sale of the greater part of the estate, and he kept the house and a few of the nearest farms, while she and her relations left the district. The old Squire and the old lady came to the valley once more, but both died in a few months, and the Master's roving diposition was such that he could not settle at home just then.

"In his travels he met, by accident, with the girl I spoke of at the beginning of my story. Almost as soon as he set eyes on her I knew, somehow, he'd found his fate. They tried honestly to avoid each other, but a sort of spell seemed

to draw them together in spite of themselves, till the magic in her eyes held him against all reason, and a wonderful sympathy, almost like the yearning of a mother for a sick child, chained her, heart and soul, to him. He fought with himself; she tried to help him, and, poor little thing! only made matters worse. I saw her one evening under the apple trees in the garden, sobbing her eyes away, while he sat at the end of a log near by, with his head on his hands, looking down at the grass. She actually came to him once, when he'd shut himself up in the old mansion trying to forget her. How I wish he'd divorced his wife!

"The poor girl went away quietly, after a long talk with him outside the study window, and by the sad, brave look on his face and hers I thought they'd settled to do without the joys of love. That night he said to me, as though he meant nothing, 'Gwilym, what do you think of life?' and I answered him, 'Master, the way is very dark.'

"Six months passed before he saw her after that; then he went off one morning suddenly, leaving me to take care of the place. I knew nothing of his whereabouts till I received a letter telling me to prepare the house for some one he was bringing home. He came, and she was with him. It puzzled me; I felt I ought to leave him, not liking it at all, but the old text, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged' was continually running through my mind, and so I stayed on.

"How different everything soon became! At first, she was pale and tired-looking, and seemed afraid of her shadow; then—why, the roses came all red and beautiful to her cheeks, and she went about the house singing like a bird that's found his mate in spring. And they were happy, so happy that I think, Ieuan, boy, there was never a happier couple in the whole wide world.

"He worshipped her, and she worshipped him. Wherever he went, she went, following him as if she wanted his protection every minute. She was as pretty as a flower after rain. Said I to myself: 'It's too good to go on.' One day I asked him

quietly, 'Master, are you happy at last? Will it be always like this?' And I can see, as plain as if 'twas before me now, the haggard, careworn look that crept over his face as he replied: 'Gwilym, pray God it may be always so.'

"As often as my mind wanders back to the time of idleness and peace which began with the coming of that sweet-faced woman to the old mansion, I think that no winter gale, no flood, no snowstorm could have happened then, but that all was sunshine and moonlight in the valley. However, she died—just like everything beautiful dies—after she and the Master had lived together for only four short years, and the little one, he died also, and by that, it seems to me, God showed how He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. We laid her and the baby to rest in the churchyard across the river; and then the Master broke down beneath his punishment. I thought he'd have gone mad. He hadn't strength to throw off the hand of torture gripping him. Some folks laugh at the idea of a broken heart; well, I myself don't believe it's so common a complaint as story-tellers make it out to be; but if the Master's heart wasn't broken, I'm sure nobody's could be. Day after day he hardly spoke; he walked in a dream, with his head bowed on his chest, and his thumbs twitching and twirling behind his back. It was a sight different from ordinary grief—it was like the beginning of a curse.

"From what I've said, my boy, you might fancy the Master a bit weak or queer, or something like those men we meet in life who'd be better for a horse-whipping occasionally to bring them to their senses. He wasn't that sort in any way. He stood six feet tall, a broad, strong man, with a spirit like a lion when he was roused. But he wasn't easily roused—worse luck. Anybody knowing him only a little would say that his nature could never be disturbed; it seemed like the deep, calm pool of the river yonder by the bend, with the moonlight sleeping on its breast. The truth was this: when the Squire was happy he seemed twice as happy as any ordinary mortal, and when trouble came he

seemed twice as sorrowful—he was just built that way. Four people on all the earth had gained his love; for anybody besides he hadn't cared a rap. His mother and father he revered—else he wouldn't have married even with the idea of saving the estate, or whatever it was he married for. He loved me—else I couldn't be telling you this story. In a way I could never understand he idolised that gentle girl—else he would never have stood out against the world for her sake.

"For something besides, he also cared—his setter dog. In the days when the young Squire and I played together, the old Squire, his father, always owned two or three brace of red Irish setters. A special breed had been in the family for generations—a breed of beautiful, upstanding dogs, fast in the field, with keen scent, and as sweet-tempered as kittens. Their pedigree was as long as your arm, and the gun-room had any number of cups and show-cards to prove how well they'd done on the 'bench.' After the old man went from the valley, the son, during the time of his trouble, took no pains to preserve the 'strain'; and, besides, he was too poor to keep a large kennel. When the little mistress came to the mansion only one of these thoroughbred setters was left, as good a dog as ever ranged a stubble, and of him she made a great pet; he understood almost every word she said, and would sit before her, with his big paw on her lap, looking up into her eyes as if he wanted to tell her some great secret. She would feed him with some nice scraps from the kitchen and brush his shiny coat with the horse-whisk that the old Squire had always used for his dogs; and then he'd lie at her feet as she sat in the garden, and often in his sleep he'd growl and whimper as if he dreamed of somebody daring to do her harm.

"After her death the dog couldn't be managed for months. He was very fond of the young Squire; but he missed the gentle stroking, and the little half-whispered speeches, and the soft bed of clean straw that was fresh every day. As I've

told you, the Squire nearly went out of his mind when his sweetheart was laid in yon churchyard. It was pitiful to see him, and it was pitiful to see old Roy. We lived by ourselves —we three, and a housekeeper that had been the Squire's nurse before he went to school. There was nothing doing; every little joy and comfort had gone from life.

"About eighteen months or so had gone when at last I contrived to coax the Squire to bring out the dog and have a shot at the partridges again. He took to it kindly, more because of the setter than himself, I think. Roy had been as good at his work as any setter I can remember, but now he was as stupid as a sheep; he was broken-hearted, like the Master, nothing more or less, and blundered over the fields, pointing at where the wild pigeons had been, or where a lark was feeding, as if he didn't know the smell of a partridge. It was late in the season, and, when we did happen to come on a covey, the birds were as wild as hawks. At last Roy pointed near a ditch, and, from the way he stood, I could tell he was on game. We walked up; nothing rose. I went into the ditch and beat the bramble clumps—still, there was nothing. The dog wouldn't budge, though I searched high and low in front of his nose. But, Ieuan, I can't really tell you all that happened then. I'll say only this: the Master wasn't himself, he lost his temper, and he shot his dear old dog-companion, the creature that had worshipped his mistress, and had been loved by her. Directly the cruel deed was done, a big cock-pheasant rose from a clump of grass close by, where he'd lain as still as a stone, though I'd nearly trod on him."

The grey-haired forester lifted his head, and with his torn, smoke-stained neck-cloth wiped away a tear that was trickling down his cheek. The last ember of the fire had blackened into dust and the night was lit with twinkling stars. Not even the hoot of an owl broke the stillness. Nothing was heard save the ceaseless murmur of the river over the stones at the ford. The tower of the church loomed on the horizon beyond the orchard-meadows.

The speaker could faintly discern the form of his companion against the background of the woodlands opposite as he continued, "Ieuan, boy, the shadows that fell on my poor Master's soul were every bit as strange as those around us now. I'm not a superstitious man, but I can't, for the life of me, decide whether it was his great troubles that altogether unhinged the Squire, or whether in truth the faithful dog had come back from the land of the hereafter to haunt him day and night. Anyhow, till his broken heart ceased to beat, and we carried him to his long home, the Squire seemed always to feel near him the presence of the dog. If we happened to be a-fishing, he'd make a cast in such a way that I couldn't help believe he was trying not to hook something behind him in the field. When we were shooting, I've known him stop, and walk up to a place right away from the line, and raise his arm, and call out gently, 'To-ho! to-ho!' just as if a dog was pointing game before his eyes. Sure enough, when he would get to the spot, a strong covey would jump up with a whirr, and fly over the nearest hedge. That was in the middle of a hot September day, but I felt cold and clammy at the sight, and begged him to come home; I couldn't endure any more of that kind of shooting. Sometimes, when we were walking along the lane beyond the gate of the orchard, the Squire would say, quietly, 'Good Roy! good Roy!' and lower his hand to pat the dog he felt was at his heel. Then, again, if we were out of doors at night, he would lift his hand quickly, and say, 'Gwilym, old Roy licked my finger, and his tongue was cold as ice!'

"As years went on the Master grew more contented with his lot, and almost glad of the ghost-dog's companionship. Not only was Roy with him in the fields—his presence haunted the house as well. I used to pick up bits of meat from the floor where the Master, while he ate his food, had dropped them for his favourite. When the Master rose from his chair after a smoke, ten chances to one he'd step over some part of

the hearthrug where the dog was lying before the fire. I got used to it all in time, though to be told that the shadow of the setter was passing along the wall was strange, and I'm afraid got on my nerves, specially if I thought the dog was coming near my legs. I, too, had loved old Roy; poor as I was, I'd have given a year's wages to save his life that November day when he struggled for his last breath, his great beautiful head on my arm, while I knelt on the prickly stubble and cried like a child. But I felt I could do without his ghost.

"The trouble could come only to one sad end. The Maste got soaking wet one bitter winter day in wading a flooded brook to put a wounded partridge out of pain. I was at the other end of the field just then. I hurried him home, however, and got him to bed. But it was too late. His constitution, weakened by his loneliness, and by the wearing of a constant sorrow, couldn't bear the strain. He sickened and died, and we buried him beside his sweetheart and their child. I think he was glad to join them.

"I could never see the dog—my sight was different from the master's—till on the evening when the Squire passed away. Then, as I entered the bedroom to say good-bye, my heart suddenly stood still. As sure as I'm speaking to you, Ieuan, the dear young mistress sat beside the bed, one hand clasped in the Master's, the other holding that of a boy who seemed to be about six years old, while Roy, the setter, his muzzle grey with age, stood looking into the master's face. I rubbed my eyes, and in that moment the picture vanished. All that I afterwards saw was the Squire, a smile on his pale countenance, lying motionless in death.

"Four years passed, and then the wife returned to the valley. She had sinned more deeply than the Squire. But, hypocrite that she was, she talked of her 'poor, erring husband,' of misunderstandings she couldn't help, of preachers she had entertained, of what she would like done for the needy among the chapel people, of the wickedness of fashionable life, and I don't know what altogether; and people began to take her for

a saint. My own opinion is that God punished her in letting her body live, while little by little he killed her soul by the memories of her shame."

The tale was ended, and for a while there was silence between the forester and his son. Then the old man rose slowly to his feet.

"Ieuan," he said, "what is the wages of sin?" And Ieuan answered, "Death."

Around the lonely hut the dew lay thick on the grass as the dawn lightened the east, and the gold-flushed globe of the moon sank below the copse near the farm on the hill above the grey church tower.

ALFRED W. REES.

ON THE LINE

THE appearance of another work, **The History of the Boer War**, vol. ii., by F. H. E. Cunliffe (Methuen, 15*s*.), on the South African War inevitably invites comparison between that campaign and the one now raging in the East. Further consideration of the subject makes it abundantly clear that the Russo-Japanese War has completely overshadowed the South African, dwarfed generally its proportions, and rendered its tale of losses insignificant. It has even done more. It has shown that some of the South African lessons had been too hastily drawn, at any rate in our own case; and that, owing to the peculiar circumstances which then prevailed, the experience acquired does not universally apply to all the conditions of modern warfare. As regards the work itself, we have nothing but praise. The author is not a professional, or even an unprofessional, soldier. Yet by dint of the most careful study, he has managed to write a book in the true military spirit; whilst the trouble he must have taken to acquire familiarity with the use of technical military expressions must have been enormous. Fault might, perhaps, be found with one feature of the work. As a result of his extreme carefulness, he has possibly erred in narrating the details of the smaller engagements with almost the same minuteness which he has brought to bear on the great battles; and this tendency has had the effect of obscuring to some extent the general thread of the whole story.

Mr. Cunliffe issued his first volume, which dealt with the opening stages of the struggle, and with Buller's and Methuen's early operations, four years ago; and the present volume begins with the siege of Ladysmith. The history now presented of this phase of the campaign is certainly the most authoritative which has hitherto appeared; whilst the extreme fairness and impartiality with which the highly controversial subject of Sir Redvers Buller and Sir George White has been treated is a noteworthy feature. Unlike most other writers, the present author is by no means inclined to glorify the latter at the expense of the former, and he is one of the few who, since that time, has done justice to the difficulties which confronted Sir Redvers Buller. It has often been said that the relief of Ladysmith was materially affected by the capture of Cronje; but this legend Mr. Cunliffe has been successful in dissipating, although it is true that some of the burghers who had served in Natal were subsequently opposed to Lord Roberts in the Free State.

Great trouble has evidently been taken to arrive at the real history of the investment of Ladysmith from the regimental as well as from the purely official sources, and this subject has been presented in very much detail. Turning to Lord Roberts's opening campaign, he treads upon more familiar ground, this episode having been exhaustively discussed in the official account prepared by the German General Staff. The relative advantages of the direct route through Norval's Pont, and the route actually undertaken, with the subsidiary operation of the relief of Kimberley added, are once again discussed by Mr. Cunliffe, and the arguments on both sides are very fairly brought out. As a result, the author has come to the conclusion that, considering the vitally important effect of the capture of Cronje, and the reversal of the positions previously occupied by the belligerents, in that the initiative then passed from the Boer to the British side, a comparison of the advantages of the direct route and the one adopted is of too problematical a character to be in any way convincing.

Honoré de Balzac: His Life and Writings. This clear, connected, and unassuming biography, by Mary F. Sanders (Murray, 12*s*. net), forms a timely complement of a real gap in our literary biography. Since the letters "à l'Étrangère" were published five years ago, no one, strangely enough, has attempted to render a living picture of the greatest novelist who ever revolutionised romance, and one of the most romantic natures that ever created character. The authoress of this volume has studied her theme. She has had access to the original documents, collected with zeal and affection by the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul. She has consulted Biré and the Memoir by Balzac's favourite sister, Madame de Surville, as well as the critical studies by Brandes. She does not, however, mention Champfleury among her authorities, although in Balzac bibliography Champfleury holds a place of importance.

Balzac's personality presents the contradictions that epoch-making genius so often displays. At once proud and vain, irritable and patient, gentle and violent, humble yet arrogant, he seems to reconcile opposites by the central and unvarying force of his imagination. It is as a great imaginative psychologist that he fails and triumphs, attains and strays, misses and achieves. His intensity was all flame; his volatility was but the flicker around it. And he was encyclopædic. The French Revolution had been preceded and attended by a burst of unimaginative, "reasonable" encyclopædism. Then followed Napoleon, who was a practical incarnation of encyclopædism in action, daring everything, annexing all Europe as his province, opening out limitless vistas of opportunities and possibilities. Balzac was part of the Napoleonic influence in life and literature. The fatalism alike and the opportunism of existence ruled his ideas and pervaded his course. His own and most characteristic words, written to the Duchesse d'Abrantès in 1828, cited in this volume, will bear repetition here:

I have the most singular character I know. I study myself as I might

study another person, and I possess, shut up in my five feet eight inches, all the incoherences, all the contrasts possible; and those who think me vain, extravagant, obstinate, high-minded,[1] without connection in my ideas—a fop, negligent, idle, without application, without reflection, without any constancy; a chatterbox, without tact, badly brought up, impolite, whimsical, unequal in temper—are quite as right as those who perhaps say that I am economical, modest, courageous, stingy, energetic, a worker, constant, silent, full of delicacy, polite, always gay. Those who consider that I am a coward will not be more wrong than those who say that I am extremely brave: in short, learned or ignorant, full of talent or absurd, nothing astonishes me more than myself. *I end by believing that I am only an instrument played on by circumstances. Does this kaleidoscope exist, because in the soul of those who claim to paint all the affections of the human heart, chance throws all these affections themselves, so that they may be able, by the force of their imagination, to feel what they paint?* And is observation a sort of memory suited to aid this lively imagination? I begin to think so.

This outlook was certainly realised in the adventures both of action and feeling that accompanied his extraordinary life. Born of Languedoc stock, and with something of the Gascon about him, he rejoiced, like the sun of his province, to run his course; nothing was hid from the heat thereof; nor had heredity small play in his amalgam. His father, who had laid out his little fortune in annuities, hoping that he would remain a bachelor, was always boasting of the wealth he would bequeath to his offspring through the valetudinarianism which might enable him to survive his co-annuitants and profit by the tontine. He was at once calculating and careless, cautious and sanguine. The mother, who lavished affection on two of her children, never understood the unpractical genius that was always trying in vain to turn stones into gold. Under her many trials she became alike contriving and inconsiderate. To Balzac in boyhood she was most unsympathetic, abandoning him for years to the chill severities of the Oratorian Fathers, and leaving him unvisited at school; yet she was the sole watcher, forty years afterwards, by that strange and desolate deathbed amid the sloven splendour of its surroundings, when Victor Hugo gazed for the last time on his expiring friend. Like Bolingbroke, Byron, Heine, Mendelssohn,

[1] This surely should have been rendered "high-handed"; the translations are among the few weak points of this work.

Macaulay, Disraeli, he loved his sister to distraction; like the first three of these, Balzac was consoled and inspired by the affection of extraordinary women. In all these characteristics there was nothing very "French" as it is usually understood. His restless violence of mood and action, his combative awkwardness, his withdrawal into a secret circle of an inner world, and intimate companionship with the creatures of his own brain, his defiant irregularities were alien alike to the romantics and to the stylists of Parisian elegance; and it was with justice that Sainte-Beuve said of the Academy's petty refusal to elect him among the "immortals:" "He is too big for our chairs." His spasmodic *tours de force* were equally repugnant to the French spirit, just as his manuscripts, dashed with concentric confusions, were the despair and irritation of publishers and printers.

In August 1835 he thus describes his routine:

> Work, always work! Heated nights succeed heated nights, days of meditation, days of meditation; from execution to conception, from conception to execution! Little money compared with what I want, much money compared with production . . . I received 8000 francs for the "Lys": half of this came from the publisher, half from the *Revue de Paris.* The article in the *Conservateur* will pay me 3000 francs. I shall have finished "Séraphita," begun "Les Mémoires de deux Jeunes Mariées," and finished Madame Béchet's edition. I do not know whether a brain, pen, and hand will ever before have accomplished such a *tour de force* with the help of a bottle of ink.

Even in his early days (when his novels bore no likeness to the Balzac of fame), between 1821 to 1824, he wrote no less than thirty-one volumes, and in the last year he added an argumentative pamphlet, "Du Droit d'Ainesse," to the number.

The "little money compared with what I want" is a lifelong refrain. He was always raising the wind for grandiose schemes which ruined him and his friends, and which yet, oddly enough, often succeeded when they passed into less extravagant and more businesslike hands; now it was type-founding, now home-grown pineapples to undersell the market. Like Defoe, he was a born projector. But, apart from his native contrariety and obstinacy of optimism, his financial escapades

alone sufficed to raise a pestilent crop of enemies. Within a brief space, even after his death, his house was besieged with creditors. There was a strain also of megalomania about him. He was ever dreaming of princely luxuries and magnificence, and his abnormal energy was as voracious of these as of less material enjoyments. He had, too, a most brief spell of dandyism, of the cane topped with ivory studded with turquoises, and the after-opera banquets, with whose fame all Paris resounded.

It is well said in this book that his early struggles as the founder of his hapless printing concern inaugurated an enlargement of his mind. He sympathised with, observed, and threw himself into the little lives of all the toilers with whom he was brought into contact,

> Believing nought is commonplace
> Whereat a man has wept or smiled.

A great gulf is fixed between the author of "La Dernière Fée" and the author of "La Peau de Chagrin," between him of "L'Héritière" and him of "Eugénie Grandet," still more of "Cousin Pons," "Père Goriot," and "Cousine Bette."

One of Balzac's lasting illusions—from the youthful days when he found all his family asleep over his reading of "Cromwell," to the failure of "L'Ecole des Ménages"—was that he could indite a signal drama. His powerlessness to do so arose, we think, from his inability of putting many characters into proportionate relations; with two he was always successful.

The book has much to tell us of his affairs and mystifications of the heart, of his relations to the Carrauds and to Delphine de Girardin, but above all of his association both with Madame de Hanska, his future wife, and Madame Berny, his muse and guardian angel, whose death desolated him. It is a pity that portraits of these guiding faces were not obtainable for this book.

Balzac has indeed made his world. It remains for our world, so to speak, to make him; and towards this consummation the work before us is a real help.

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER V

SIR MATTHEW DANE GOES WALKING

THAT night Squire Silas, lean and grim, sat over the embers of a dying fire alone. To him came Sir Matthew, crying, "My dear brother——!" and in tender affliction could say no more. Impulsively he flung out both hands. Silas Dane looked up.

"You are kind, Matthew," he said quietly, and held one hand a moment. So Matthew sat down and wiped his mouth.

"You have heard, then?" he said in the tone of relief, then became lachrymose again: "I heard but an hour ago. I ordered my horse on the instant. Dear brother, a sore blow!" Silas stared at the fire.

"Would that it had been I!" he answered, and Sir Matthew started at an aspiration so marvellous. "Better the old tree. But I am proud of my son."

"Proud?" Sir Matthew echoed and gaped. "Proud—oh—ay—I take you. Sure I can never hold the boy guilty of treason, neither." Pale blue eyes turned upon him glittering, eloquent of scorn.

"Treason? Treason to slay this whore-master, this man of blood, this——"

"Silas! Silas!" Sir Matthew cried in horror. "Bethink you—'tis your King!"

"I have no King but God. I am earnest in prayer that the man Charles Stuart may not go down to his grave in peace. I give thanks that my boy hath sought to be his Ehud."

"But they say it was murder he planned," Sir Matthew suggested, who had excellent knowledge of what they said. Silas laughed.

"Murder? Did Jehu murder who smote Jehoram in his chariot? Did——" A cry at the door happily cut off the catalogue.

"Master Tom have a bubbled of he! Ho, ho! Master Tom have a bubbled of he!" and Mr. Smithers waddled cursing into the room while the old butler chuckled behind him. Sir Matthew started up, became pale yellow, and stammered:

"Sirrah—sirrah——" But Mr. Smithers scowled.

"I demands for to search this house and tenements in the King's name!" he cried.

"Ay, ay. Ye may seerch he up and seerch he down, and seerch he cross and athurt and find pig's leavings for all, Bandylegs," the butler chuckled. Silas Dane turned, made a sign for silence, and glowered upon Mr. Smithers.

"You have searched once, fellow."

"And fine and naughty treasonous writings we did find laid by, stick me. Now, Mr. Jack Presbyter, your rogue of a son be turned bolter, and I be here to smoke un out of his hole."

"Mr. Dane escaped you, sirrah?" cried Sir Matthew.

"The prigster scoured with our horses."

"Then, fellow, let me tell you that——" Sir Matthew suddenly restrained his wrath and told him nothing. Whereat Mr. Smithers laughed.

"Ods bones, I knew as one man would be mighty gay at hearing of it. Odso, come on, boys!"

The damp tipstaffs surged in, and with oaths and violence to the wainscot began to hunt. But since Mr. Dane was somewhere else they did not find him there. While they

rummaged, even when they were gone, Silas Dane sat still in his big chair and rested his head on his hand. Sir Matthew fidgeted, watching Mr. Smithers furtively, who shrugged his shoulders and grinned when he caught Sir Matthew's eye. Mr. Smithers went out last. And then, "Brother, I am heartily glad," said Sir Matthew, having taken time to mature that feeling. A ghostly chuckle came from behind the door, where Mr. Smithers listened. Silas did not look up.

"I would have chosen that he should die," he said slowly.

"Lud, brother!" Sir Matthew was shocked by the callous sire.

"Not without blood will the deliverance come. Not without blood. The Beast is with power. I would have had my boy of the martyrs. God forgive me if that be frowardness. Many must be killed before the idolater, seed of that old serpent, Charles Stuart——"

"Brother! brother!" Sir Matthew cried, catching a rustle at the door. "Have a care!" Silas Dane looked up and Sir Matthew pointed to the keyhole. Silas laughed.

"Ay, it were grievous that you should be taken listening to treason. You had best flee speedily, Matthew."

"Brother, you are unjust," cried Sir Matthew indignant. Silas laughed again.

"Nay, go, go!" And that was Sir Matthew's desire so.

"Not in anger, then!" he said, and held out his hand. "Sure, we are brothers always." He looked into his brother's cold eyes.

According to his expectation, he found Mr. Smithers without, and from him heard the lamentable history of the dive and the hat and the horses. At the end of which he was constrained to call Mr. Smithers an ass. "So I be, or I would not be what I be," said Mr. Smithers philosophically. "But what I asks 'e Sir Matthew be this: not what be I, but where be he?" To which Sir Matthew, being exceeding angry, replied by calling him fool again. So Mr. Smithers wished him pleasant dreams and went off to hunt in the barns.

The white mist hid the ground and condensed in chill drops on Sir Matthew's nose. On the park of Bourne lay the dead silence of a winter's night. When his own horse whinnied Sir Matthew started in the saddle and peered round. He saw nothing but the wet white cloud, heard nothing, and so passed out of the park, and on by the track through the heather. Here and there a fir loomed gaunt above him or a clump of gorse rose dark out of the mist; but still the only sound was of his own riding, the splash of a hoof in a stagnant pool. He had come over the brow of the little hill to the corner where four tracks met when first he heard a thud behind him. He reined up, listened, could hear nothing. He rode on again. Again came the sound of hoofs.

"Who comes?" he cried, reining round. On the word came the scurry of a canter, a horseman broke through the mist to his side.

"Dear uncle, should I leave you without thanks?" cried Mr. Dane, and caught his uncle's bridle. "Ride on, brave knight!" he jerked the horse round, and they trotted on shoulder to shoulder.

"Tom—my dear boy—this roughness—let me give you joy."

"Dear uncle—my wetness—you shall give me your cloak." Mr. Dane, spurring on, disrobed his amazed uncle. "Also your hat. Dear uncle, thank heaven that I had no wig to lose. Else had you gone home bald as you were born. And now, dear uncle, your purse!"

"Dear lad, this is folly!" Sir Matthew cried. "O, stop and consider——"

"Nay, trot and deliver!" Sir Matthew tried to rein up. "Dear uncle——" Mr. Dane slipped his own reins under his leg, caught Sir Matthew's in his left hand, and so freeing his right, delivered a lusty buffet—"you outrage the ties of kinship," he said plaintively, as his uncle retired backward over the tail of his steed. His uncle had no more than sat up and pushed the wig out of his eyes when Mr. Dane was standing

over him. "You grieve me. Nay, you pain me. Do you rub yourself? Think of me who rub my affections, my bruised illusions. Now, dear uncle, that purse." Sir Matthew, sitting in a puddle, groaned.

"Thomas—this violence—these wild words. You forget yourself. Do you doubt me, do——"

"Nay, uncle, not I."

"Can you think that I should betray you?"

"Why no—not in person. It were indecent. But, uncle, that purse!" he pounced upon his uncle and swiftly extracted the black pouch of calf's skin. Then, with his foot in the stirrup, laughing: "Dear uncle, salute for me your noble allies—Mr. Smithers—Mistress Charlbury—my very good Lord Sunderland."

"Thomas, you think me a traitor?" cried his outraged uncle.

"Dear uncle, devil a bit! Without a horse!" Mr. Dane galloped off with the two steeds and was swiftly hidden in the mist.

So Sir Matthew must needs trudge three muddy miles in his riding boots. That was doubtless of service to his invaluable health, for the mist had been cold on an uncloaked rider, and walking brought him heat.

Two days after, a horse-coper of Dorking came with an offer to sell him his own cob for one hundred pounds.

Sir Matthew was deeply moved. He stormed mightily, and swore that the horse-coper should smell the smell of Guildford gaol. At which the horse-coper grinned largely. Sir Matthew raved anew, and the horse-coper remarked that he were a very fine talker.

The gentleman, he added, had advised him to take the cob to my Lord Sunderland, and state that this was Sir Matthew Dane's beast lent to his nephew for escape. "But bless 'e, I ben't minded to be hard on gentry," quoth the amiable horse-coper, and grinned again.

Sir Matthew gaped and gasped and paid the money in a

hurry. The horse-coper went radiant away, and Sir Matthew strove to console himself with the reflection that at least he would not have to pay my Lord Sunderland for sparing his nephew's life. The world, nevertheless, appeared to Sir Matthew deceitful and desperately wicked.

Mr. Smithers had discovered his steeds tethered tidily in the village gravel-pit. For all else his portion was, according to the word of the prophetic butler, pig's leavings.

CHAPTER VI

A FRENCHMAN DRINKS OCTOBER

Now my Lord Sunderland timed admirably well his conversion to the cause of divine hereditary right. He was (my Lord Halifax said it) "a little before the mobile, a little behind the wits." The apt place this for statesmen who must ever seem to lead, yet never make men fear that they be wise. The Papists came out of hiding. The Whigs went into their places. Whig plots became the fashion in Westminster Hall, Whig legs on Temple Bar. And my Lord Sunderland found them profitable as the staler kind of old. Those that had set the mobile howling for Papistical blood heard it yell for their own, and, to be just, died decently. Their devil of bloodthirst was not easily laid or soon. The Whigs paid their murders treble-tale. Church and King forgot no debts. The lawyers raved in a long debauch of slaughter, and King Charles laughing found (he said) peace at last.

In four years Whig-killing lost its flavour. The Whig leaders were in quarters or exile. Then King Charles died more gentlemanly than he had lived, and James his brother was King in his stead. James II. was marvellously acclaimed —King by divine ordinance and three votes in the House of Lords. He was indeed a Papist, but for that "we have the word of a King for our faith," cried a parson to my Lord Halifax, "of a King who was never worse than his word."

My Lord Halifax took snuff: "This is treason, doctor," said he.

But the kingdom reeked of loyalty. The few Whigs who found themselves in the House of Commons (Mr. Wharton compared them privately to the household of Lot in the town of Sodom) gave up their party name and wisely attempted nothing. The King was dominant as never his brother had been, and found a most admirable tool of autocracy in my Lord Sunderland.

It is recorded that King James in those months of domination looked happy. But his bastard nephew, James, Duke of Monmouth, speedily unfurled in Devon the blue flag of Protestant revolt, and proclaimed that the King was his mortal and bloody enemy, a tyrant, and a usurper. This eloquence brought to him a throng of west-country peasants, and King James began to be afraid. My Lord Sunderland also began to be afraid. The scandalous Court whispered that my Lord Sunderland was playing double.

But the Whiggish shires—the Midlands, the Fens—were quiet as the grave. What Whig leaders were left whole, my Lord Devonshire, Mr. Russell, Mr. Wharton, gave no sign. To Mr. Wharton came in anguish a veteran of plots, Colonel John Wildman, and begged him in the name of things human and divine declare for Monmouth. "The Lord is on our side, Mr. Wharton!" he cried. "Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton, "the Lord loves fools no more than I, Jack Wildman." Nor then nor after had Mr. Wharton a mind to be hanged or help his friends to a hanging. So he winked to the Midland shires and they lay still.

Monmouth's army grew and multiplied in the west, and my Lord Sunderland fluttered and fidgeted at Whitehall. At last Churchill and the Guards met his Grace of Monmouth in the Somersetshire marshes. The silly rustic army stayed to fight it out, and were slain in their ranks. The Duke of Monmouth ran away, and was thereafter caught in a ditch.

So he was brought to the Tower. He begged (not very

bravely) to see the King. The King granted his petition. The unkind at Court whispered that his Grace would surely blab of my Lord Sunderland's treason. But they were put to confusion. His Grace of Monmouth did but beg humbly for his life. He was incontinently beheaded. My Lord Sunderland's honour was shown spotless to a wondering world.

Then began a new great slaughter. My Lord Jeffreys made holiday. Not only those that had fought for Monmouth, not only those that had given his hunted soldiers shelter, any man whom the King or a courtier deemed dangerous, any man by whose death some rogue might gain—all must fear a hanging. Gibbets lined the high roads in the west and the south. The King knew nothing of mercy. What pardons came were bought with good guineas. The Queen and her women filled their jewel-boxes with the price of lives. And my Lord Sunderland prospered vastly. It was a great and profitable massacre. But faintly through the glee of the Court was heard a murmur of distaste. A lord, a Tory lord, dare tell the King that the air stank with his traitors. To requite him, my Lord Jeffreys, a man of delicate humour, hanged a man in chains at his park gates. And yet, to the King's surprise, the murmur grew.

On a bright November afternoon of this happy year two guests came to the "White Lion" in Guildford.

"Stop is it?" says one as the first dismounted. "Sure I am heartily with you, Beaujeu. But I would be glad to know what we'll be doing here."

"I also, Healy." Mr. Healy shrugged his shoulders and looked at M. de Beaujeu. They were a pair more than common tall and long-limbed, with no burden of flesh, and in holsters and belts they bore each two pair of pistols.

"You are troublous with your riddles," said Mr. Healy as the ostler came running. "Now this is a mighty fine town of yours." The ostler grinned and pulled his forelock as at a tribute to himself. "I'll wager you'll have been here before, Beaujeu?"

"Guildford, is it not?" says Beaujeu to the ostler, who gaped at the ignorance. Mr. Healy chuckled. M. de Beaujeu made a gesture at the inn. "A house for gentlemen—yes?"

"Oons, we has none but the gentry."

"It is ver' well; there!" M. de Beaujeu bestowed silver with a lordly gesture and swaggered away, bearing his pistols. Mr. Healy followed, to find him saluting graciously the landlord, and demanding

"The good wine, the good supper, the good beds?"

"'Tis a desperate trinity to ask of one inn," says Mr. Healy.

"Why, sir, yes, sir. But the 'White Lion' has 'em all in his belly," quoth the plump landlord. M. de Beaujeu clapped him on the shoulder and laughed merrily.

"Good, good! He is a wit, our host. My friend, let us enter the amiable belly of the 'White Lion.'"

"'Tis surpassing the late Daniel," says Mr. Healy, and followed into the oak parlour.

There, on the black wainscot, the sunlight flamed in many colours split by the rough glass of the casements; there, gorgeous also in crimson and purple broadcloth, with faces to match, stood two lusty squires. They appeared to disagree, for

"Oons, Sir Richard, I swear it is a dirty trick, and a dirty trick it is!" cries one.

"And, damme, Zouch, I say he is a vile Whig; and if you take his part you be no better!"

"Whig, sir?"

"Damme, Whig. Swallow that, Zouch!" Hands had come to sword-hilts when M. de Beaujeu said blandly:

"Monsieur, servant—servant, monsieur," and gave a magnificent pair of bows. Breathing hard, they turned and stared at him, and he smiled and looked vastly amiable. "Messieurs—an honour—may I beg? But to drink a cup of wine." Sir Richard bowed stiffly and clapped on his hat.

"Servant, mossoo. I have other work. Zouch!"

"Curse me, I wait for you!" Zouch growled.

"Oh, messieurs; I am desolated. But I challenge you then——"

"You?" the two roared together.

"Ah, messieurs, but in kindness—in kindness. To drink to your King. An Englishman, he refuses that challenge never—*hein?*" M. de Beaujeu smiled archly.

"Not I, damme!" says Sir Richard; and

"Have with you, mossoo;" Mr. Zouch, anxious for his loyal repute.

"I am honoured of you, messieurs. But wine, then, wine!"

M. de Beaujeu lifted up his voice, and the drawer appeared.

"Odso, mossoo, but my stomach 'll not stomach your claret," says Sir Richard hastily.

"*Hélas*, monsieur, what you lose! But me, I shall drink the ale, then, the ale of Old England. Yes?"

"And a damned good liquor, mossoo." Mr. Zouch felt it due to himself to be truculent. M. de Beaujeu laughed and tossed back his black curls, revealing thereby a scar from his ear to his big chin.

"Too good for dirty Whigs, Ned Zouch! And there is for you!" cried Sir Richard; but the pacific Mr. Healy, clapping each on the shoulder, struck in laughing:

"But for jolly Tories a liquor to drown in, eh, gentlemen?" and

"*Allons, allons*, drown us!" said M. de Beaujeu hastily to the drawer, who vanished at once. The two honest squires glared at each other. In a moment the tankards were brought. They drank deep to King James, and the squires, gasping, glared again.

"Now, here's hell to you Whigs, Ned Zouch!" cried Sir Richard, and drank again once more.

"Hell to all Whigs—and all liars, Sir Richard!" roared Mr. Zouch; which sent Sir Richard's liquor awry, and, dropping his tankard, he sprang forward spluttering.

Mr. Healy intervened. "Sure, you are very tumultuous, gentlemen," says he.

"Ods blood, sir, he called me liar!" roared Sir Richard.

"Begad, you called me Whig," says Mr. Zouch. "Now, mossoo, and you, sir, be you judges——"

"Aha; it is a point of honour? Good! I love them." M. de Beaujeu kissed his hands to points of honour.

"You must know, mossoo, we have devilish few Whigs here in Surrey——"

"I felicit you," says M. de Beaujeu.

"But there was one, a sour old saint, Squire Silas Dane——"

"What a name of horror!" says monsieur.

"Begad, mossoo, he was as horrid as his name. Had a conventicle in his stable and preached to his servants, the ranting, canting Jack Presbyter!"

"But your eloquence!" monsieur murmured.

"Oons, no honest gentleman has a good word for him. Nor have I, damme. Mark ye that, mossoo."

"I mark it," says monsieur, "with impressment."

"His son, now, I wunnot say as I had no liking for his son——"

"How? He had a son? A vile Whig to have a son? Impudent! But you liked him, monsieur? Ah! what condescensions. Pardon. Continue then."

"Yes, he had a son Tom. Well, Tom Dane, he fled the country——"

"Damme, with the tipstaffs after him, Ned Zouch, mind ye that," growled Sir Richard.

"The miserable! Another vile Whig—*hein?*"

"Why, mossoo, I do have doubts. He'd an eye for a lass and a mouth for a bottle, and your Whigs be surly saints for such. But Tom hath no more to do here than this—when he was fled and attainted the heir to Squire Silas was his brother Sir Matthew of Send Place." Mr. Zouch paused for breath and a drink. M. de Beaujeu played with his mug, and murmured:

"Continue. Continue always, monsieur."

"Well, mossoo, a long tale and a dry tale I do make. But

I had to tell you this or you would be no judge of the rest—you would be at sixes and sevens with it." Mr. Zouch took another drink.

"But you are to me ver' delightful," says monsieur.

"Now belike you have heard tell of the bastard Monmouth's damned rebellion?"

"Ah, a crime foul, unnatural!"

"And a fool crime, too," Mr. Healy put in.

"Oons, gentlemen, I am with you there. Well, now some of his runaways (blast their bones!) came running to Squire Silas and he hid them in his loft. Now mark ye, mossoo, 'twas a damnable disloyal trick, and I do say I am as hot against that as any man."

"Your adorable loyalty!" M. de Beaujeu murmured, and, leaning back in the shadow, put his mug to his lips.

"But, damme, I do hold to it that for his own brother to smoke him and bear tales to the tipstaffs was a damnable——" M. de Beaujeu put down his ale in a hurry, and leant forward breathing hard. Mr. Healy stepped swiftly between him and the light.

"Here, mossoo, what ails you?" cried Sir Richard, for the Frenchman's face even in the shadow showed white, and the line of his scar was livid. M. de Beaujeu laughed:

"*Hélas*, messieurs, this old October—it is ver' strong—I think—I think it has waked my gout." He rose and limped away down the room. "But continue, continue always," he gasped over his shoulder.

"An old wound—the gout strikes it—'tis a damned thing, gout, gentlemen," says Mr. Healy sympathetically.

"Begad, so it is," quoth Sir Richard with fervour.

"But continue, monsieur," cried M. de Beaujeu sharply.

"Ods blood, mossoo, I am done. I say for brother to hang brother for the sake of his acres is a damnable dirty trick, and I do hold that."

"And I say, damme," Sir Richard cried, "a loyal gentleman could do no less than hang the dirty Whig."

"Sure 'twas Roman virtue," says Mr. Healy. "And to know he would be gaining by it must have made it mighty hard f.. the dear Sir Matthew. 'Tis a gentleman I would like to be meeting."

"Bah," says Mr. Zouch. "Well, mossoo?"

M. de Beaujeu turned and smiled upon him. "Ah, messieurs it grieves me that two brave gentlemen quarrel over one nasty Whig. *Mordieu,* he is hanged soon. What imports how? In a week his quarters, they will feed the crows."

"Damme in a day," says Sir Richard, chuckling.

"So? Reason the more to forget. Eh, drown his memory in another cup. Mr. Zouch—to all loyal gentlemen—nay, drink, Sir Richard—to all loyal hearts. Good, good! So you have drunk to yourselves, each to the other:" he laughed and rubbed his hands. "Also to the brave Sir Matthew Dane." Mr. Zouch gaped. Sir Richard scratched his wig.

"Nor I would not drink to him neither," Sir Richard muttered, and looked round for an explanation of his own mingled puzzling sympathies. Mr. Healy supplied it.

"Sure, gentlemen, you are both of a mind. You both hate Whigs and you both hate rogues, and one hates t'other more than t'other hates one. And 'tis mighty honourable in both of you." On which lucid statement Sir Richard gave a hoarse chuckle and cried:

"Damme, so it is! Here, Ned Zouch," and he flung out his hand. Mr. Zouch met it. "Oons, mossoo, we be your debtors. This is better than sticking each other, what, Ned? Curse me, I would have hated to stick ye."

"Begad, so would I. Mossoo——"

"Messieurs, the pleasure is mine, quite mine." M. de Beaujeu made them a bow of such magnificence that the two honest squires were abashed and shuffled. They begged him come to Ripley, to Horsley, and they would show him a partridge worth shooting and an ale worth drinking, and departed.

Mr. Healy, having watched them out, turned to the pale

face and the gleaming eyes of M. de Beaujeu. "Now I would be glad to know where you have gout, Beaujeu," says he with a grin. M. de Beaujeu was not amused.

"This squire—Silas Dane—I knew him," he said slowly.

"Now I wondered what we would be doing here," says Mr. Healy.

"My God, do you think I guessed this?" cried Beaujeu. Mr. Healy stared. Then monsieur laughed. "Bah, the more fool I!" and sat down and cuddled his chin.

CHAPTER VII

THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS

GUILDFORD town was dark and silent. It was past nine o'clock, and even the naughtier taverns were going to bed. Round to the slippery kidney stones of Quarry Street clattered M. de Beaujeu and Mr. Healy, Mr. Healy leading a third horse which objected to turning on the greasy hill. "Do you not like it?" Mr. Healy mutters, "Begad no more do I. Come on!"

Where the Castle keep towered above them in the gloom they halted, and Beaujeu sprang down and thundered on a door in the wall. Mr. Healy knotted three bridles to a spike. A red face appeared at a grating. "Who be you? Want a lodging?"

"In the King's name! An order from my Lord Sunderland," says Beaujeu, and held up before the grating a paper with a big red seal. The bolts groaned and the door fell open.

"Who be you?" says the gaoler, holding his lantern to Beaujeu's face.

"Apparitors to the High Court—Jeremy Marsh and Vincent Nicholl."

"Humph. Well, and the devil has a plenty fine names too. And what be your business, Mr. Jerry?"

"Order for an interrogatory," says Beaujeu.

"And what like fowl be he? Well, come your ways in, my nabs. Ap—paritors, be 'e? Lord love me! Have ye heerd now as the devil be christening hisself Beelzebub? He, he. Come your ways." Mr. Healy coughed and nudged Beaujeu as the door was shut behind them. Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. They went after the gaoler down a small rough passage, while before them his lantern quivered like a will-o'-the-wisp in the gloom. "Mind your feet, my nabs. The beetles be slippy when you squash them. Yes, I thought as ye 'ld hit your heads theer. He, he. And theer again, my nabs. Now here we be, and let me see your order." They were in a little square room used by master gaoler for all the needs of life, to judge by its furniture, infrequently cleansed to judge by its smell. Mr. Healy pressed with both hands a kerchief to his delicate nose. "Lord love ye, and this stink be mild beside the prison, too," says the gaoler, holding out his hand for the order. Beaujeu gave it and put his hands inside his cloak to ease his sash. Mr. Healy, still holding his kerchief, moved to open the window, and so came close behind master gaoler. Master gaoler was examining the seal when Beaujeu's hands flashed out of his cloak: he flung a noose over the gaoler's head, pinioned his arms and knotted it while Mr. Healy clapped the kerchief over his mouth and jammed a wedge hard between his jaws. Pouncing swift as a hawk, Beaujeu had another cord round his ankles before he thought of kicking, and made all fast. Healy lowered him like a log to the ground, and Beaujeu snatched the keys and went swiftly out. They were clearly gentlemen of experience.

Master gaoler stared with swelling eyes at Mr. Healy, who passed to the door and stood there on guard. The gaoler made a noise like to snoring and groaned faintly. "Indeed, my dear, I am not enjoying myself neither," says Mr. Healy. "And I would like to know what we are doing as much as yourself."

M. de Beaujeu was seeking the treason cell. A dull medley of oaths and ribaldry told him where the common prison lay, and beyond he found a stair, stumbled up and hit a door with his face. At last he found the key. As the door swung groaning a faint glimmer of light shot out across the darkness. On the dirty uncovered wooden table one candle flared and sputtered and smoked and stank. From the bed Silas Dane raised himself and peered with bloodshot eyes at the visitor. His face was haggard and yellow.

"Father!" M. de Beaujeu cried, springing to him and grasping his hand. "Father!" Silas Dane rose and moved unsteadily to the light. He held it aloft in the foul thick air and his hand shook.

"You? You?" he said quietly.

"Yes, sir, I thank God, in time. Let us go hastily."

"Go?"

"I have the gaoler bound and gagged and a horse for you at the gate. Come, sir, quickly. Each minute is perilous." He tried to drag his father to the door, but the old man withstood him.

"I thank you, I thank you. You did esteem it duty I doubt not."

"Ay, sir. Come quickly. We dare not tarry." The old man smiled.

"Nay, go you. I am earnest in prayer to thank my God that I am here."

"Here, sir? To die on the morrow? Dear sir, 'tis madness this! Pray you, come."

"Boy, I would not ask for mercy. Am I like to flee the penalty?"

"My God, must I force you?" cried Beaujeu. The old man drew himself up.

"Dare you?" he cried.

"Father, can I let you die?" Beaujeu groaned.

"Ay, boy, ay, for the cause of our God. Not without blood will the deliverance come. My heart rejoices that I

am of the elect. The blood of the martyrs shall cry from the ground for vengeance on James Stuart and wake the dead spirit of this people. To them that suffer, a crown in the city of God." His eyes gleamed strangely. "Worthy, worthy is the Lamb. I do choose the better part." His voice was high and clear, and he smiled. Beaujeu stood staring, dazed. "Boy, boy, shall a man fear to follow in the path that women have trod? Nay, go you. You are young. For you God keeps other work. I shall be zealous in prayer for you this last night. Farewell."

"Father, for God's sake——" Beaujeu flung out his hands in despair.

"For God's sake I stay. May He have you in His keeping." And Beaujeu fell on his knees, muttering:

"Father—father——" The old man raised him.

"Nay, rejoice rather even as I rejoice. What better end for worn-out body than to die in the cause of God?"

"Then I stay. I stay," said Beaujeu, through his teeth.

"Nay, not that. Not that." Beaujeu faced him stubbornly. "I bid you go, boy."

"God! Do not make me a coward, sir!"

"Coward?" the old man laughed. "Would a coward be here? Nay, go you. Still the Beast is with power. There needs who shall fight him. Fight! Fight! Go, boy. And now farewell—I thank you, I thank you. Go. You are—truly—mine own son." With gentle force he drew Beaujeu to the door, who caught his hand and kissed it and groaned. His father shut him out in the dark.

Beaujeu stumbled on through the darkness, falling, rising again, careless as a madman. Speedily he came upon Mr. Healy, and Mr. Healy, amazed at his reeling gait, his wild eyes, caught his arm, and muttered:

"Man, where is he?"

"He would stay," said Beaujeu.

"To be hanged. Sure, 'tis an original taste," says Mr. Healy. Beaujeu broke away from him and staggered on

Mr. Healy jumped to the gaoler, whose eyes were now like to come out of his head. "Now, my dear, consider," says Mr. Healy, wagging a finger at him. "There is no poor soul that we will be taking from you. We have done, do you see, just nothing at all. In two minutes you shall, if you please, be raising alarms, but we will be gone, and you would but tell your friends that you have let yourself be bubbled. Do you perceive? If you do, wink for me, my dear," The gaoler laboriously winked. "Sure, 'tis worth a guinea to see your agility," says Mr. Healy, put a guinea on the table, stooped and sliced the bonds on master gaoler's ankles and lifted him. "On your left front—march! 'Twill be healing to your stiffness. Oh, sure, you will see your guests to the door"—as the gaoler resisted, Mr. Healy wrapped him in a mighty arm and bore him along. "Sure, 'tis narrow for two. I'm grazing you? Begad, I am flaying myself." They came to the open door, the keys were still in the lock, Beaujeu was in the saddle waiting. Mr. Healy cut free the arms of the gaoler, who jerked the gag from his mouth at once and fell a-coughing.

"No thanks now, my dear," says Mr. Healy, pushing him in: "'tis polite, but superfluous," and he shut the door and sprang to his saddle. "And where is it now, Beaujeu?"

"Back to the inn," Beaujeu muttered. Back they went and roused the landlord, to whom, since amazement loomed behind his politeness, Mr. Healy courteously explained that M. de Beaujeu had had a fall, and was too shaken to go further on his journey. The landlord bustled monsieur to his bedroom, and there commiserated him at length, while Beaujeu stared through him with wide unanswering eyes. When at last the two were left alone:

"Sure, Beaujeu, 'tis all very dramatic, but a trifle confusing to me," says Mr. Healy. Beaujeu laughed.

"Ay," he said, "ay," and laughed again. Mr. Healy resigned the riddle and went philosophically to bed. And Beaujeu sat all night wide-eyed, torturing himself with imaginings of the morrow.

CHAPTER VIII

A FAMILY AFFAIR

M. de Beaujeu, haggard, dull-eyed, made a breakfast of ale, and the landlord counselled him a surgeon.

"I shall find my own cure," said Beaujeu. The landlord hoped indeed that mossoo would do so, and was surprised by a laugh.

Beaujeu went to the window, and stood looking out on the steep street, while Mr. Healy ate heartily. He was biting his nails when Mr. Healy joined him. "Begad, is it a holiday?" cried Mr. Healy amazed, for there were scores of people hurrying up the hill, a throng wondrous in a tiny town, strapping lasses and lads sun-burnt and ruddy, in rough grey frieze, and their clogs clattered for their haste, and all were mightily gay with knots of red ribands and shrill in laugh and chatter. "Is it a holiday, my lass?" says Mr. Healy to the waiting maid.

"Aw no, sir, 'tis a hanging." Mr. Healy took out his pipe. "The devil!" said he. "And you would be giving your eyes to see it, eh?"

"Aw, sir, I be going, I be going," she cried, and scurried off. Beaujeu's eyes gleamed as he watched.

"Well, will you follow the lady?" says Healy, with a chuckle and a wave of his pipe.

"I?" Beaujeu laughed.

"Sure, and I have no taste for cold meat neither," said Healy, and fell to sucking his pipe. Beaujeu stared at him.

Then there rose on the air a dull roar. The folks in the street began to run. Beaujeu shook and caught at the sill, and his knuckles grew white, his arm quivered with the grip. The roar endured a while and was hushed, while they heard only the noise of those who ran to be in time for the death. Mr. Healy was gazing in wonder on emotion visible in his friend.

The noise in the street grew fainter: the last comers had come and there was silence.

Then rose a louder roar, and grew and grew, broke into volleys of cheers and yells and still endured. Beaujeu's broad chest was heaving and his lips were white. Healy heard him groan. A little boy came running down the street, then others close upon him. A woman screamed from a window:

"Be they have hanged he, Willyum?"

"Naw—did cut off he's head."

"Might so well have bided at home, then. Come in, ye little houn'."

Beaujeu's hand let go its grasp, and he reeled against the wall gasping. Mr. Healy arose, and—

"Why, what is ailing you now?" he said. "The poor devil is out of his pains."

"He—he was my father," Beaujeu gasped. Mr. Healy dropped his pipe and came to put his hand on the quivering shoulder. Beaujeu flung it off and turned with eyes ablaze in his haggard face. "My father, you understand? My father!" Mr. Healy bowed his head. Beaujeu's face was not for a friend to see. Then Beaujeu caught his shoulder roughly. "Healy—you heard the tale yesterday—his brother—my uncle—you see? Will you come?

"Why then?"

"To hang him." Healy started back and stared at him. "Will you come?" cried Beaujeu fiercely.

"By God, I will!" said Mr. Healy slowly, looking into his eyes. Beaujeu clapped his hands and demanded the reckoning and his horses.

Down the hill, and by devious lanes shunning the sight of that bloody market-place, M. de Beaujeu went out of the town. Once he laughed: "Healy, I came to see my father and my uncle. I shall have seen them both."

"You will be proud of your father," said Mr. Healy with a keen glance. Beaujeu frowned. They came to the wider London road at last, and trotted on between the brown

bracken. The blue deep-bosomed downs close above them barred their view on one side, while on the other tilth and meadow and moor lay dark and flat as far as the sky. Soon they wheeled round to a hollow lane where the dead leaves stank, then came quickly to the sunlight and clean air again and passed by a grey rubble lodge to the rolling turf of Sir Matthew's park. A horseman passed them going the other way, and Beaujeu eyed him keenly. But face and figure were hidden under a cloak and he rode at a gallop.

" 'Tis not my uncle," said Beaujeu, " my dear uncle."

" Sure, and it might have been simpler if he were." Beaujeu laughed.

" No. It would have relished less. Out of my dear uncle's own room opens a secret chamber. None know the trick of it but we of the Dane blood. Better men than my dear uncle have lain there *perdus*. We will take him there. When I undo the door he may guess who I am. That should comfort him." Again Healy looked at him sharply.

" Well! 'Tis for your father," he said at last.

" What do you mean ? "

" Just that," said Mr. Healy.

But when they came to the mellow-red walls of Send Place the butler told them that Sir Matthew was gone to Bourne. Beaujeu, wheeling round, muttered to Healy, " Already ! " and laughed.

" Aceldama ! " said Mr. Healy. Beaujeu laughed again.

" Was Judas the brother of Christ ? "

They rode on a while before :

" You hold to it, Beaujeu ? " said Healy.

" Does he not ask for a hanging ? " cried Beaujeu.

" Sure, 'tis a very foul knave," Mr. Healy confessed. " But 'twas not a gentleman did the hanging for Judas." He looked at Beaujeu. " Still, if your father desired it——," and he shrugged his shoulders.

" What do you mean ? " cried Beaujeu for the second time.

" Did he ? " said Mr. Healy. Beaujeu bit his lip.

They rode on silently, and Beaujeu slackened his pace, went out of the park by the river gate, and splashed through the ford into the dark grass of Woking common-mead. Then on past the grey church and up the hill to the bare dark moor, where the villagers were chopping dry furze for the winter fires. Beaujeu drank the smell of the heather while Mr. Healy conceived that he had come upon the abomination of desolation, mile upon mile of billowy barren land with a clump of firs in the west, dark and gaunt against the golden sky.

There came a cottage or two with a scrap of garden stolen from the heath, then stony brown fields, outposts of the corn-land, and then, as they dropped down the hill, the green valley meadows. With the red roofs of the village in view, and the slim church spire, they turned away to Bourne Manor, hidden behind great oaks in a dell of the park. There was no sign of life. The little casements amid the ivy were shuttered, and for long no one answered Beaujeu's rapping on the door. Came at last an old dame unknown, who told him sourly that Sir Matthew was in the orchard ordering the setting of new trees. Beaujeu laughed. Tying their horses by the door, they went round the house, and on their way met a pair of gardeners.

"Yes, sir, in the orchard he be," says one to Beaujeu's question. "Ha' just bid we go."

Behind the tall yew hedge Beaujeu checked and gazed. There was his uncle, plump, swarthy as of old, but with him a younger man taller than he, who was crying:

"I am come, sir, to learn if this damned tale be true. Will you tell me?"

"My dear lad, my dear lad," said Sir Matthew feebly, and the two voices were very like. Then as the younger man turned to face him and showed his face to the sun,

"My God!" Beaujeu muttered, and caught Healy's arm.

"'Twill be the gentleman's son?" Healy whispered, Beaujeu nodded. "Now will we be hanging his father before his face?" And Beaujeu, staring at them, muttered:

" No . . . no . . . not that."

" Will you give me an answer, sir ?" cried the son.

" Now wait," says Mr. Healy, " Wait ! " to Beaujeu, and strode out across the grass, leaving Beaujeu lurking. " Sir Matthew Dane ?" Sir Matthew started round. " Sure, your conscience is quick this morning. Sir, I am grieved to tell you that your brother has died like a gentleman. Ay, it will be most distressing to you—" as Sir Matthew became pale yellow. " But I am charged to bear to you fervent congratulations on your ingenious devices."

" F-from whom, sir ? " Sir Matthew stammered.

" Sure, from the devil," says Mr. Healy.

" Sirrah — sirrah—" Sir Matthew cried. Mr. Healy approached him.

" Do you desire satisfaction of me ? " he asked, and his breath beat upon Sir Matthew's cheek. " Begad, I am desirous myself." He flashed out his sword. Sir Matthew started back. Mr. Healy laughed.

" Sirrah, I am an old man, else——"

" But, begad, here is a young one ! " Mr. Healy swung round upon his son. " Will you fight, sir, will you fight for the father that's Judas to his brother ? "

" Sir, will you give him the lie ? " Jack Dane cried to his father. " Did you betray my uncle ?"

" I did my duty to my King," said Sir Matthew, not without a snuffle. " I would to God, my dear boy, this grievous burden had fallen on another." His son flung away with a laugh of contempt—then came upon Mr. Healy's steady eyes and stood a while staring.

" I cannot meet you in this cause, sir," he said in a low voice. Mr. Healy slapped his sword home and turned on Sir Matthew :

" Mr. Judas," says he, " I envy you your proud joys at this present." Sir Matthew was gasping in short breath.

" Have you shamed me enough, sir ?" Jack Dane muttered flushing. Mr. Healy made him a bow.

"Sir, 'tis not you that are shamed," said he. "Sure, you are true kin to the man that died."

"I do not forget it, sir," said the lad proudly.

"He would ask you no more. He nor his friends."

"You were of them?"

"I am friend to all of his, sir. James Healy, your obedient." They bowed to each other.

"May I beg—will you wait me at the Red Barn Inn, Mr. Healy?"

"'Tis a pleasure," said Mr. Healy, and with that departed.

Behind the hedge Beaujeu held out his hand and the two men gripped. Then, as they rode away: "You were right, Healy," says M. de Beaujeu. "You were right."

"Begad," the merciful Mr. Healy gave a merciless chuckle, "there's worse things than a hanging." And he jerked a nod to the orchard where the son was left to deal faithfully with his ingenious sire. "But will you tell me now where we will find the boy's Red Barn Inn?"

M. de Beaujeu flushed very dark. He appeared to attempt speech and fail. He pointed with his whip.

Mr. Healy, observant, seemed to himself a man in a fairy tale, and came to the inn with anxiety as to whom his friend would be hanging now.

(*To be continued*)